

**CLOVERDALE COURIER**

Published Every Thursday

Frank Taylor, Editor and Publisher.

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THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1917.

A murder by a mob is murder just the same and should draw the same penalty.

A lady in one of our Oregon cities has compiled a book of 500 names for children. That's nothing: Last week a Ford driver ran into another machine in Tillamook County and the other fellow called the Ford driver 600 names.

**ARE YOU ONE OF THEM?**

The so-called good citizen was given a few good pointers by ex-Governor Carlson, of Colorado, at the Chautauqua Friday afternoon.

He showed in an unmistakable way that the most dangerous citizen we have and the one that causes most trouble to the community and helps to put more people in the prisons is the so-called good citizen.

The so-called good citizen is the one who never wants to get in trouble or trouble himself to see that the laws of the land are enforced. When a crime of a minor nature is committed he regrets that the one who commits the crime is in trouble and immediately arraigns himself against the law and, even if he does not give evidence to equit, he does not step up like a man and protect society by giving his evidence, that which he knows will cause justice to be meted out.

There are a number of just such characters in every community and instead of being a benefit to anyone they are materially helping to fill the prisons and adding expense to the government. In fact, this so-called good citizen is more dangerous in the community than the really hardened and established criminal.

The great trouble in Colorado a few years ago which the state has many times sorely regretted, was laid by the speaker to the class of people who are looked upon as good citizens, for had they in the beginning arraigned themselves on the side of law and order and assisted the officers in the protection of the people when the crimes were minor then the great trouble between the striking miners and the state would never have occurred.

We have never seen a town so small that it did not have a few of these so-called good citizens and the larger the town the greater the number. They mean right, they want to do someone some good, but they are so shortsighted that they allow a small blaze to assume such proportions as to become an uncontrollable fire.

As a result of the sins of commission and omission on the part of these so-called good citizens today there are hundreds of men in the penitentiary that would not have been there had the good citizens done their duty at the beginning.

The growth of the I. W. W. can be laid to the very doors of the so-called good citizen. In the inception of the I. W. W. had the good citizen came forward in the support of the officers doing their duty it would not have assumed the proportion that it now has. The I. W. W. has grown and flourished until today it has practically become a national menace.

**Disease and Cold Air.**

Diseases cured or improved by cold air are specified in a medical magazine as malaria, tuberculosis, digestive disturbances, yellow fever, tetanus and organic troubles affecting the blood pressure. Cold air contains more oxygen, requires fewer respirations and less heart energy—vital matters when the heart is affected, as is the case in fevers and wasting diseases. The magazine hints that a study of arterial tension in cold climates would yield the "key to much which is now locked from us" of the benefits of cold air.

**A Decision Between Rivals**

By ALAN HINSDALE

"Lucile!"  
"Good gracious, Aunt Jane, what's the matter?"  
"I have just heard something that concerns you very deeply."  
"What is it? Tell me at once."  
"You know Jules Le Fevre?"  
"I should know him well. He has been boring me to death."  
"And Francois Garnier?"  
"He is as persistent and disagreeable as Le Fevre."

"Well, these two men are going to fight a duel, and about you."  
"About me?"  
"Yes; Le Fevre has accused Garnier of having taken unfair advantage of him in respect to you. He says that Garnier stands in his way, preventing his securing your hand in marriage."  
"Nonsense! I would not marry Garnier on any account."

"And Garnier has accused Le Fevre of taking an unfair advantage of him. He says that Le Fevre has made him appear ridiculous in your eyes."

"M. Garnier needs no one to make him ridiculous in my eyes. The fact is, Aunt Jane, I find both of the men to be most insupportable bores, and I must find some way of ridding myself of their attentions."

"Nevertheless they are going to fight about you."

"How do you know all this?"  
"I got it from Julie Linthlon, who is in love with one of them."

"Poor child! And I am standing in her way!"

"Could you not stop this affair by choosing one of these men?"

"I will stop it by choosing neither of them. Where can I find them?"

"It is too late tonight. To have any effect upon them you must see them together. You might confront them on the field."

"You are right. Where do they fight?"

"In the Bois de Boulogne. All duels take place on the same spot there."

"Very well, aunt. It is now 11 o'clock. What hour do they fight?"

"At 6 o'clock in the morning."

"I will call for you at 5."

"Must I go with you?"

"Certainly; I need a chaperon."

"In that case I shall expect you at 5."

The next morning sharply before 6 two motorcars drove up to the dueling ground, one closely following the other. M. Le Fevre alighted from one, M. Garnier from the other. Each had a second with him, and a third automobile followed containing a surgeon, who stepped out lightly, carrying a satchel containing surgical instruments, etc. One of the seconds approached the other and said:

"This duel has come to the knowledge of the lady who is at the bottom of this meeting."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Mlle. Linthlon, who is devoted to M. Le Fevre, learned of it and let it out purposely to prevent the meeting and M. Le Fevre from possible death. She contrived that it should get to the ears of Mlle. Lucile Devereaux, who, I understand, is to come here and forbid our principals to fight on her account."

"Then they must fight on some other account."

"Such as?"

"I will attend to that. Here comes the lady now."

An auto arrived containing Miss Devereaux and her aunt. The ladies did not leave their car, but Miss Devereaux spoke from her seat behind the wheel:

"I have learned that two gentlemen are about to fight a duel here this morning. The cause?"

She hesitated. One of the seconds advanced a few steps toward her car, doffed his hat, bowed very low and said:

"The cause does not concern mademoiselle."

"Indeed! What then is the cause?"

"M. Le Fevre spoke of M. Garnier's head as a squash."

"And what did M. Garnier say of M. Le Fevre?"

"He said that M. Le Fevre's head was a cabbage."

"M. Le Fevre's head is not at all like a cabbage."

"And M. Garnier's not like a squash?"

"No."

"Perhaps mademoiselle will deign to decide between the two heads."

"I shall be happy to do so provided my decision shall prevent the encounter."

The seconds went to the principals and told them that the lady would decide between them provided they would agree not to fight for her. They assumed that her decision would be concealed in what she would say about their heads. It was not to be expected that her preference would be expressed thus publicly in so many words. The principals accepted the situation and gave their promise not to fight.

Then the lady was asked to speak.

"When M. Le Fevre spoke of M. Garnier's head as a squash," she said, "he did not speak aright."

She paused for a moment. All were intent upon her words.

"And when M. Garnier said that M. Le Fevre's head was like a cabbage he misrepresented it entirely."

Another pause and eager ears.

"M. Garnier's cranium is a bowl of jelly and M. Le Fevre's is a bag of pudding."

Miss Devereaux's horn snorted, and her car started with accelerating speed. The dueling party looked at one another and laughed.

**The Castor Oil Plant.**

The plant which is referred to in the fourth chapter of the book of Jonah as the "gourd," which afforded shade to the prophet before Nineveh, was the castor oil plant. This plant, a native of Asia, is now naturalized in America, in Africa and in the south of Europe.

In India the castor oil plant grows to a considerable height and is almost a tree. In England it seldom attains a height of more than three or four feet. In the United States it grows to three or four times that height in new ground or where cultivated.

**A General's Last Order.**

It is over a hundred years since General Mallet was shot for a conspiracy against Napoleon. The circumstances of his death, told by G. Duval in "Shadows of Old Paris," were curious.

The general had asked that in consideration of his past services to the nation he might give the command to fire to the soldiers who were to execute him. "As they lifted their muskets to take aim the general's practiced eye discovered a want of union in their movements, which he reproved, ordering them to repeat it properly, and with the word 'Fire!' on his lips he fell, pierced by the bullets of twenty muskets."

**Noise and a Giraffe.**

Among the curious characteristics of the giraffe is its strange indifference to loud noises as contrasted with its peculiar "scarciness" with reference to slight sounds. Noisy sounds, like that of a man walking near in hobnailed boots, the giraffe does not appear to notice, but should it be approached by a woman whose skirts give out but the slightest rustle the sound thereof causes the giraffe to start up with pricked ears and eyes distended in fear. Giraffes fear the lurking foe, and a big bang scares them hardly at all. To them the faint, rustling sound is a token of the greatest danger. In that respect they are like deer.

**Books and Beches.**

"Beck is a word that comes from the German buche, or beech," said a bookseller. "But what connection has a book got with a beech? I'll show you?"

The bibliophile led the way to a superb Caxton.

"This volume, you see," he said, "is bound in boards—not pasteboards, real boards, beech boards. That is how all books were bound when printing began. Yes, when printing began in Germany each incunabulum, or early book, was bound in buche—in beech boards half an inch thick, covered perhaps with leather, tipped and clasped with brass and studded with precious or semiprecious stones."

**Notice of Sheriff's Sale.**

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Tillamook, on the 23rd day of July, 1917, and to me directed, in a suit wherein E. J. Claussen was plaintiff, and Thos. Coates, administrator of the estate of Wm. J. West, deceased, was defendant, and in which the plaintiff recovered judgment against the defendant for the sum of \$1,100.00 together with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent. per annum from the 20th day of February, 1915, and for \$150.00 attorneys fees and \$16.20 costs and disbursements, and a decree foreclosing a mortgage upon the real property hereinafter described, and ordering and directing that the same be sold to satisfy the said judgment, and commanding me as Sheriff of said County, to sell the said property as by law provided, to satisfy the said judgment, attorney fee, costs and accruing costs;

Now therefore by virtue thereof, I will on Saturday, the 1st day of September, 1917, at 10 o'clock of said day, at the Court House door of said county, expose for sale, and sell to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all of the right title and interest of the said plaintiff and of the deceased, of, in and to, all of the following described real property, situate in Tillamook County, Oregon, to wit: The southeast quarter of section twenty-two in T. 2 S. R. 8 W. W. Mer. in Oregon, containing 160 acres according to government survey, to satisfy said judgment, attorney fee, costs and accruing costs.

Dated at Tillamook, Oregon, this 23rd day of July, 1917.

W. L. Campbell,  
Sheriff of Tillamook County,  
State of Oregon.

It's futile for Opportunity to knock at the door if we haven't saved up money enough to take advantage of her proposition.—Detroit Free Press.

FRANK TAYLOR,

Notary Public

Cloverdale, Ore.

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