

CLOVERDALE COURIER

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Frank Taylor, Editor and Publisher.

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My Job Department is complete in every respect and I am able to do all kinds Commercial Job Printing on short notice at reasonable prices.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1917.

Tillamook County is to have five miles of hardsurfacing done on its roads this season, if the plans of the State Highway Commission and the County Court do not fail.

STRIKES SHOULD BE AVOIDED.

In these troublesome times strikes should not occur. It is bad for both employer and employe in times of peace, but now, while our country is at war, there should be no strikes. They can be avoided only to the extent of loyalty of the employer and employe. The employer who holds the wage scale down to its lowest ebb in order to make big profits is as unpatriotic as the striking employe.

With the number of places that are now open to employment we see no reason for a strike of labor. There is no reason why a man at a job where the wages are not satisfactory cannot leave and get a position where the wages and conditions suit him better. There is no place on the program for a strike.

SOAK 'EM LOUIE.

Members of congress are complaining because Washington hotels and cafes are robbing them. They charge that they are required to pay \$5.00 for a meal that can be purchased in London for \$1.60. It hits them hardest where it counts the most—in the pocketbook.

Bully! Soak 'em Louie! Pile it on and pick 'em to the bone!

It gives us poor devils who are writhing in the strangling grasp of food speculators an opportunity to laugh, to howl, to literally double up and shriek in unrestrained glee.

The fact that the food pirates are robbing the people blind does not bother the average gentleman in Washington, but when the pirate creeps into Washington and picks the congressional pocket Mr. Congressman roars like a stuck pig.

It's a great sport to see doctors and congressmen gulping down their own medicine once in a while.

Go to it! Soak 'em again, and soak 'em hard!

HYSTERIA NOT PATRIOTISM.

There are those who would have us believe that because the people of this country are not ablaze with enthusiasm and shouting their patriotism from the housetops they are necessarily not in sympathy with the war program. But no greater mistake in judgment was ever made.

The American people as a mass have regretted the necessity for going to war. We had hoped against hope that it could be avoided. Even at this day there is an undercurrent of hope that in some way, consistent with honor, the dire consequences of war as felt by the European nations may be avoided.

But while this hope is in the national heart, there is also in that heart a grim, deadly determination that certain objects must be attained, even though our sacrifice equal or exceed that of the others.

Our people are slow to arouse, even yet are only partially awake, but in the great heart of the nation there is steadily awakening that inherent loyalty to our great ideals that has carried us triumphantly through every crisis that has ever confronted us. This feeling is not built upon froth. It is not the result of hysteria. It is born and bred in us, and is as much a part of us as our very life blood.

The attitude of the American people today is that of facing a duty—a very disagreeable duty—but one of which there can not be the faintest thought of our evading or shirking. We are coming to see before us a gigantic task, but a task upon the accomplishment of which depends all we have hoped for

and longed for and striven for during the century and a half of our existence.

It is the solemn realization of this task and the grim deadly earnestness with which our people are setting about its accomplishment, that has produced over the land a quiet determination that, to the superficial observer, might be mistaken for indifference. But the man or nation that thus judges is due for an astonishing awakening in the months to come.

Americans, aroused, are invincible, and they know it. Hence we have no need for hysteria.

Home Cookery

Cabbage Salad.

Cut a very small head of cabbage in quarters and let it stand in ice water to chill. Drain, cut out and discard the hard center, dry thoroughly and shred finely. Shred also a green pepper—freed from seeds and veins—exceedingly fine and add to the cabbage with one tablespoonful of minced parsley. For a pint of the combined vegetables mix half a teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter of a teaspoonful each of mustard and paprika, four tablespoonfuls of oil and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Blend the dressing with the salad and garnish with slices of cooked beef and lengthwise quarters of hard boiled egg.

Scalloped Bananas.

Cut half a dozen bananas into half inch slices. Cut some bread into small pieces and put a layer of this into the bottom of a buttered baking dish. Add a layer of bananas and half a tablespoonful of lemon juice. A sprinkle of sugar may be used. Repeat these layers until all have been used, having bread as the top layer. Sprinkle the top with sugar and bake for thirty minutes in a quick oven.—Country Gentleman.

Olive Sandwiches.

Use the small stuffed olives and chop finely. Add to each half cupful of the olives two tablespoonfuls of minced celery tops and one chopped hard boiled egg. Moisten with either a dollop of mayonnaise dressing and use between alternate slices of buttered white and graham bread. Cut into rounds.

Beef and Tomato Pie.

Slices of cold beef should be arranged in a pie dish with layers of thickly sliced tomatoes and onions, then add seasoning. Continue the layers till the dish is full. Add sufficient gravy to moisten the whole, cover with par-boiled potatoes cut in slices and bake in a moderate oven for an hour.

Potato Doughnuts.

One cupful of mashed potatoes, one large cupful of sugar, one cupful of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of shortening, two eggs, nutmeg or mace, salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flour enough to roll.

The Innocents.

Mr. Newlywed—Did you say this was pound cake, my dear? Mrs. Newlywed—Yes, darling, and I made it all myself. Mr. Newlywed—Are you quite sure you—er—pounded it enough?—Town Topics.

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. Claassen 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 \$16.29 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. Wil. 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.

MAKING A MARKET

By RICHARD MARKLY

When I finished my detective story, "The Octagon House," I sent it to every publisher without success. I had used up my funds while writing it and was confronted with starvation. One of the publishers had suggested that I invent some method of making a market for my work. I didn't understand what he meant, and he explained that I think up some story about it that would attract the attention of the public. I told him that I had done inventing enough in writing the novel and had no ingenuity left.

I put an advertisement in a newspaper stating that a man of large experience wished a position in a detective bureau. I received one reply. It was from a man who lived fifty miles away from where I lived, and I was obliged to go to see him by train. I feared to risk finding him, but since I had nothing else in view I concluded to do so. Throwing a few things into a suitcase, I went to the station and was soon jogging along on a way train for my destination, with my hand baggage in the rack above my head.

It was not long before I saw a man looking at me from a seat on the opposite side of the aisle. I first noticed that he was intent upon my suitcase, the end of which protruded from the rack. When he lowered his eyes he seemed to take me in for some purpose. I assumed that he suspected me of being some one else and was trying to make up his mind as to my identity.

When the person sitting beside me left the train the man who had been observing me—he was a brutal looking fellow—came and sat down beside me. "Howdy, Mack," he said in a low voice.

I turned and looked at him. Now, a writer of detective stories and one ambitious of shining as a detective is not likely to throw an adventure over his shoulder. I hazarded a guess that the man was a crook and had mistaken me for another crook. It was not flattering to be mistaken for a jailbird, but in the hope of turning up something I put my pride in my pocket.

"When did you get out?" I asked.

"Two weeks ago."

"Have you got on to anything since?"

"Yes, but the cops have got me tied up with it. I can't realize on it without their spottin' me."

"Maybe I can help you."

He made no reply to this for awhile. It occurred to me that he would not relish trusting me. I broke the silence by asking him what kind of swag he had got on to. He said it was silver plate. Plate is bulky, and I had no doubt that he would find difficulty in disposing of it.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said after considerable reflection. "I'll put a part of it into your hands and give you a quarter of it you'll turn it into cash. If you're straight about that and succeed I'll give you some more."

"No such risk except on halves," I said.

He asked me how I proposed to do the job, and I replied that I would melt the stuff and dispose of it as raw material. I made up a story about my ability to get a fire hot enough for the purpose and I had molds for ingots that I had acquired for a similar purpose.

"How much of it is there?" I asked.

"Well, to tell the truth," he replied, "there's not much of the silver, but there's some jewels that belonged to a woman of the multimillionaire class, including a seven string necklace of pearls."

"You won't get rid of that very easy," I said. "I'll do the silver for you, because melted metal is like dead men—it tells no tales."

I made an arrangement with him to call at a deserted, dilapidated old building the next evening to remove the silver or such part as he was willing to trust me with as a first test of my honesty and separated from him. Before leaving him I asked him what there was in me to attract his attention. I supposed it was the name McCoy painted on the end of my suitcase, but he said he would have known me by my own "ugly mug."

After leaving my pal I visited the party who had advertised, and it required but a few minutes to prove that neither had use for the other. Then I went to the town from which my pal hailed and informed the police that I had got on to some stolen goods. From what I told them they located the robbery and said that the pearl necklace was worth \$60,000. There was a reward offered for it alone of \$10,000. I secured a written agreement with them and the next night piloted them to the address that had been given me.

Nearly \$100,000 worth of property was recovered, the rewards for which aggregated \$15,000, all of which was paid me.

I asked my victim what made him

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FRANK TAYLOR,

Notary Public

Cloverdale, Ore.

KIND WORDS.

Don't be afraid of speaking a kind word. The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion and is within the reach of the humblest.—Faber.

Primitive View of the Bullfrog.

The frogs in America, it must here be observed, make a most singular noise, some of them being absolutely whistling, while others croak so loudly that it is difficult at times to tell whether the sound proceeds from a calf or a frog. I have more than once been deceived by the noise when walking in a meadow. These last frogs are called bullfrogs. They mostly keep in pairs and are never found but where there is good water. Their bodies are from four to seven inches long, and their legs are in proportion. They are extremely active and take prodigious leaps.—From an Old Book of Travels.

Madagascar's Two Climates.

The island of Madagascar has two distinct climates, two classes of natives and two classes of fauna and flora. The island is about the size of France. Along the coast it is tropical and malarious, and the natives are darker than in the interior. The interior is a high tableland and mountainous. There the climate is cooler and the natives smaller and lighter in color than on the coast. But in the interior they are more intelligent, and they rule the island.

so certain I was a former messmate of his at the state prison, and he said I was the image of Jim McCoy, whose picture was in the rogues' gallery. I went to the gallery, saw the likeness and found that the original must be near enough like me to be my twin brother, though of a different kind.

When I went home I rejoiced my wife with a sight of my rewards, but said nothing about the picture in the rogues' gallery so nearly like me.

I went into business with my capital, forever eschewing detective work and detective stories, though my capture of the stolen property made a market for both my novel and a position as a detective.

Many women are successfully engaged in fruit cultivation in this country, the number in this occupation in California comparing quite favorably with the number of men thus engaged.

Customer—The poison may be excellent, but the rats won't take it. You'll have to make it more tasty. Druggist—I've tried that already, but the apprentice boys eat it.—Filegunde Blaetter.

Visitor—I saw your husband in the crowd in town today. In fact, he was so close that I could have touched him. Hostess—That's strange. At home he is so close that nobody can touch him!

It has been shown that heredity in wheat seed is not so important as good soil and cultural methods. Good seed, good soil and good farming count for more in crop producing than fancy variety.

Hobb—You've been spending a week with Perkins, haven't you? How is his house furnished inside?

Nobb—I never noticed.

"Well, he always did have good taste."—Life.

"A seaman's strike is the most serious of all kinds."

"How do you make that out?"

"Because vessels can't start on their cruise unless the crews first start on their vessels."—Baltimore American.