

CLOVERDALE COURIER

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Frank Taylor, Editor and Publisher.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 17 1918.

A GOVERNMENT THAT COMMITTED COMMERCIAL SUICIDE

The business people and traders of Germany are much concerned about the outcome of the war, and what the allies will do to their country in the exchange of commerce.

Prior to the war Germany had built up a world wide trade. Her industries had a monopoly of the world markets. Her ships were traveling every sea and entering every port of account, not only not hindered, but with a welcome. One would almost naturally jump at the conclusion that with such a tremendous trade in every land, Germany would have remained satisfied. Her business people were. They were the greatest opponents of the war idea, but they were outnumbered by the Kaiser and his war lords, who, having built up a massive war machine to perfection, wanted to try it, and see how it would work toward world domination. Bitter as the experiment has been, they are still trying to bring success to their arms.

For more than three years German ships have been swept off the oceans. The only vessels Germany has maintained were raiders and submarines. She has lost her market and has lost her merchant marine. Her business men are left in dire straits, and will be in worse condition when the war ends.

The German government has forced commercial suicide upon her merchants and people generally. It has deprived them of the right to engage in commerce and to retain the vast trade which they had taken more than a half century to construct. Their protests to the government were like futile appeals to a north wind.

They would give a vast amount of money were they placed on the same basis as prior to August, 1914, and if there had been no war engineered to order. The German hope of getting into Paris by Christmas and forcing a peace "made in Germany" was blessed and with it the world trade of Germany.

Leland B. Erwin
PIANO INSTRUCTION
 Diploma from the Chicago Musical College
 Will be in Cloverdale on Thursday of each week.
 Those desiring to take lessons please engage a lesson period now. Leave word at the Cloverdale Hotel or write me at Tillamook.
 Terms \$1.00 Per Lesson.

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 The Best Antiseptic
 Healing Germicide
 Lyseptic is completely soluble in water. A teaspoon full to one quart of water is the average strength to be used for antiseptic, germicide, deodorants, wounds, cuts, nail punctures, mange, hoof rot, mud fever, lice, fleas, dandruff, shampoo, being of a soapy nature proves very effective for washing the animals' and stable utensils, and if used in general, improves stable conditions, infection, among cattle, abortion, foul discharge and externally to prevent the spread of diseases.
CHAS. I. CLOUGH,
 Reliable Druggist, Tillamook, Ore.

KNOW JUST WHAT HE NEEDED

Man-With-the-Grouch had Blinks Sized Up to Perfection, and Told Him So.

Very indiscreetly the Man-With-the-Grouch invited Blinks into the grill room of the big hotel. The two men met by chance on the chilly street just in front of the inviting door.

Of course, it was a temptation not to be resisted. The two men went in and sat down by the warmth and glow of the sea-coal fire.

The Man-With-the-Grouch ordered hot Scotchies. Yes, of course, it was extravagant but the day was cold and affairs were generally depressing. A little stimulant was necessary.

The Man-With-the-Grouch realized that he had made a blunder when, after two potatoes, Blinks began to weep and talk foolishly.

"I'm getting to be an old man," he sobbed between swallows, as he wiped his eyes. "It's this war, old man. This war shows me that I'm getting old."

"Well, what of it?" asked the Man-With-the-Grouch. "You're not the first man to grow old. There's nothing exceptional in your experience."

"I know it," blubbered Blinks, "but what distresses me is the fact that the world is passing me by. My life is



"My Life is Stale, I Need a Great Pain."

stale. I need a great pain, or a great sorrow, or a great sin, or a great love—something to assure me that I am a living soul and not a mere machine. I need—"

"You need a good swift kick where it will do the most good," answered the Man-With-the-Grouch. "You don't need a great sorrow or a great sin or anything of that sort."

"What you really need is a great effort. You put your nose to the grindstone, or your hand to the plow, or whatever is the euphemism for doing your own little job. Then you'll forget all this patter about your soul."

"By the way, have you saved the branches off that big tree you hauled into your cellar last month after the big storm broke it off?"

"No," said Blinks. "Well, you go home and saw wood. Then you won't have these morbid spells. And next time I see you I won't invite you to take a costly drink. I'll ask you to sign the pledge."

GREAT!



"How is Hiram making out at college?"

"Great! Rains the bull while, I guess, fer he sez he takes a shower bath every day. By hep! Let's try it next time it rains. He sez it's fine!"

Let Go.

Holding fast is a much-esteemed virtue, and rightly so, but the art of letting go, of being able to let things go when they are no longer worth holding fast, is an equally valuable trait. We hold fast to old customs that have outlived their usefulness, we hold on to our failures and mistakes instead of dropping them and going on, and especially do we hold fast to our wrongs and injuries, brooding over them instead of casting them off.

Studying Plant Life in India.

In order to encourage arboriculture and the study of plant life the government of India has offered a series of valuable prizes to be awarded to those who are most successful in various lines in connection with the growth of trees and shrubs on government land.

FROGS AND WHAT THEY EAT

Croakers Thrive on Almost Any Form of Animal Life Small Enough to Be Seized and Swallowed.

The food of the frog consists of earthworms, insects, spiders and any form of animal life small enough to be seized and swallowed. Large frogs will often devour their smaller relatives. The big bullfrog is an especially dangerous enemy to other members of its kind. It has been known even to eat small birds. Some frogs are fond of snails and will swallow them shells and all, says Boy's Life.

It is interesting to note that frogs can eat bees and wasps notwithstanding the sting. In seizing food it usually makes use of its curious extensible tongue, which can be thrust out of the mouth with surprising rapidity. The tongue is attached to the front of the jaw, its forked rear end free so that it can be flipped out of the mouth. It is supplied with a sticky secretion that picks up the food. The frog cannot see an object near to itself. Any dangling bait should, therefore, be at a distance of from two to three feet.

Frogs may be caught by dangling small bits of red yarn before them on a hook and sometimes even without a hook. When the yarn is seized the animal may be jerked out of the water. Bullfrogs kept in captivity readily attempt to swallow one's fingers.

TIMES AND PLACE FOR SLEEP

Churches and Street Cars Are Favored But the Cozy Bed Affords a Most Delightful Pastime.

There are lots of people who say they don't sleep well at night. But there are many who regularly go to sleep in the street car. Of course, those who go to sleep in church are not counted. That might be construed as libel, observes the Milwaukee News.

But why do perfectly healthy folks want to sleep in street cars? Is it a protest against the wistful-eyed strap-hanger who gazes at their large and pathetic laps? Is it mere whim, desiring to shut out the events of the day and snatch a quiet moment of dreaming as a respite?

It is often mere pique, just a rampant indigestion. It is also the bad air due to offices that devilize the worker compelled to breathe it eight hours. It is also due to the terrible habit of shutting all available car windows in dread of that fresh air which is the best friend a workman has.

Going to sleep is a delightful pastime—at night, in bed with the proper accompaniment of pillows and paraphernalia. It is exotic in the daytime, save as a mere relaxation for a few minutes after lunch, which is a good habit, and seldom, therefore, followed.

Beer's Words Considered Infallible.

No one doubts the fortune teller in China. His word is regarded as infallible. When he becomes rich on the offerings of the credulous, the Chinese reader of the future installs himself in luxurious apartments. There, in a darkened room, the wealthy visit him just as the candle did on the street.

Even a westerner becomes impressed with the sense of mysticism when he enters one of these chambers. About the wall hang red and black curtains, embroidered with Chinese characters. Strange, hideous faces of bronze idols peer from dim recesses; wavering lights flicker and cast protean shadows. Spiral rings of incense ascend and evolve into mysterious shapes.

In the center of the room sits the spectacled orator. Before he talks some one in the distance begins beating tom-toms; there are ghostly cries as he consults the spirits, but as he begins to speak in a monotone other sounds discontinue and one can almost hear the knees of the superstitious patrons knocking together in the semi-darkness.

Find Relics of Saxon Kings.

Capt. Vaughan Williams of Old Windsor has discovered what he believes to be the site of the palace of the Saxon kings and the pre-conquest town of Windsor. It is believed that there once stood at Old Windsor the palace of Edward the Confessor, but although several Saxon mounds have been excavated here from time to time the actual position of the palace has never been decided.

Tighe and Davis, in their "Annals of Windsor," say that Old Windsor was probably selected by the Saxon kings as a residence for the same reason as it was subsequently re-occupied by William the Conqueror, in account of its convenience for hunting in the forest. The lands of Windsor, granted by Edward the Confessor and exchanged by the abbot of Westminster with William, appear to have had reference to Old Windsor, and did not include the site of the present town or castle. King William held Old Windsor as his own demesne.

A Question.

Why don't we get dimples instead of wrinkles?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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A LITTLE BIT HUMOROUS

A Busy Line.
 "Central, how much longer must I wait to get 4476 Jump?"
 "How long have you been waiting?"
 "About ten minutes."
 "Judging from the kind of conversation I heard the last time I listened in, there's an engagement ring at 4476 Juniper that is about to be returned. You may have to wait at home."

Unbeautified.
 "Do you think that anyone beautifies a thought?"
 "Not always," replied Mr. Perotiglo. "The prophet is not rendered more altering by the fact that some of the days to come are to be meatless, wheatless, sweetless and possibly heatless."

The Fate of Genius.
 "I don't see Three-Finger Sam around Crimson Gulch any more."
 "No," answered Broncho Bob. "Sam met the fate of genius. He had so many original ideas he got to introducing 'em new rules in every card game and we just naturally had to make him feel unwelcome."

Long Winded.
 "Let's go."
 "No. Let's wait a while longer. I believe the orator is reaching his penetration."
 "You're mistaken. That's his handkerchief he's reaching for. He'll mop his brow with it and start all over again."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

With the easy grace of those who are accustomed by long habit, we swung and swayed upon an East Cleveland street car. As we chatted pleasantly with our next strap neighbor, a man sitting near us arose and offered his seat to a lady. And then we commented to our n. a. neighbor.
 "I've been riding on this line for eight years," we said, "and I have never given up my seat to a lady."
 "Then you have never had any manners," snubbed our friend, severely.
 "Not so," we answered. "I have never had any seat."
 How easily one is misunderstood in this cruel world!

Exhausted.
 After telling the story of the wanderings of the Israelites in the wilderness a teacher the other day asked:
 "W-u-n at last after forty years they found themselves out of the wilderness, what would they be?"
 She expected the answer that they would be old men and women, but a little girl who put up her hand promptly replied:
 "Out of breath."

NOT ALWAYS



"Why did you never marry?"
 "I don't feel that I could support a wife."
 "Don't let that worry you. If she finds you can't she'll leave you."

At Least an Effort.
 The man who fights and runs away. Each moves the fairy to delight. Compared to one who wants to stay. Run and not attempt to fight.

Often the Case.
 The old man took a few drinks today and imagined he could wipe up the town.
 "What happened?"
 "Oh, when he got home his wife made him wipe his feet before he could even come into the house."

Class.
 "These class meetings make me sad."
 "As to how?"
 "We were all in the same class once."
 "Well?"
 "But how few of us are in the same class now."

A Home Body.
 "So you spend all your evenings at home?"
 "Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta has speeches to make and we can't keep a servant. Somebody has to look after the house nights."

By Slow Degrees.
 "Do you really enjoy Camembert cheese?"
 "I'm eating it as a matter of discipline. If I can learn to like it maybe I'll get so I can stand a cold-storage egg."

PROBABLY NOT



"I think we could be very happy together."
 "But do you think we could be as happy as we could apart?"