

The Scrap Book

"Tanks" Have Them Guessing.
Nothing in the war since the German guns of 1914 that smashed the Belgian forts and were to drop shells in Dover has so captured the general imagination of the amateur as the death crawlers known as "tanks." The airplanes are more vivid, but they lack the mystery of the tanks. Nobody knows how many England has, but nobody guesses under a thousand now in service. Doubtless the Germans will provide some device for putting them out of service—something corresponding to the depth bombs which have scuttled the submarines they have met. Probably the tank will pass before the war is over from the limelight. But they hold the center of the stage at present, masked, grim and mysterious, like the old actors of Greece.

Overhasty.
John Murphy had secured a license to marry Mary Manning, but the intended bride "rued" and six weeks later John made his second appearance in the clerk's office.
"Mother Johnson," said he, "in February I got a license from you to marry Mary Manning; an' I didn't marry her; an' now, please yer honor, wud yer be so good as to either it so fit wud fit Honora Moriarity?"
"No," replied the clerk. "You must get a new license to 'fit' Honora."
"An' pay for it?"
"Certainly; it will cost you a dollar, the same as the first one."
"Och, indeed! Thin I'm ruined intirely, intirely, fur I jist courted Honora to save the dollar."

With a Chuckle.
As Mr. Jones unlaced his boots he remarked casually to his wife: "Have you heard about the catastrophe which happened at the Smiths' house to-night?"
"No. What was it?" asked Mrs. Jones.
Jones paused for an aggravating moment to pull on his slippers before he replied: "Why, Mrs. Smith gave the baby a bottle to play with, and while she was out of the room it fell from the cradle and broke its neck."
"What! The poor little baby?" shrieked his wife.
"No; the bottle!" replied Mr. Jones with a fiendish chuckle.

Boon to Red Cross Workers.
Women in Red Cross groups who have blistered their hands making clippings from cloths with which to fill fracture pillows for our army hospitals will welcome a new machine described in Popular Mechanics Magazine, that clips about eight times as fast as a person can with a pair of shears. It is provided with four knives mounted like the spokes of a wheel, which are turned on an axis by means of a handle. As they revolve they pass a stationary blade across which torn strips of the proper width are fed by means of two rollers.

Loving a Child.
Loving a child is key
To Heaven's mystery
Loving a child, and giving
It knowledge, this is living
Loving a child brings pain,
And is life's greatest gain.
Loving a child is knowing
The fierce joy of a sowing
That shall cause mighty reaping.
Loving a child is weeping,
And fearing, too, and praying;
This, there is no gaining.
Loving a child is being
A part of God, and seeing
The world beneath one's hand
Enlarge, expand,
Be different, and grow
To one's thought. Even so.

Loving a child is key
To every mystery
Loving a child is laughter
And heartache after
—Heartache and grief and pain
But always joy again
—Mary Carolyn Davies, in Good House-keeping

Claudine Hurls the Ketchup.
"What's the trouble up there in front?" asked the cook of a rapid-fire restaurant, addressing one of the waitresses.
"Aw, Heloise said that Claudine wasn't any better than she ought to be," was the reply. "And Claudine says she is, too, and if anybody thinks different she'll make 'em prove it. That's how the customer got hit with the ketchup bottle."

Rare Experience.
"Do you find your new car all the salesman said it was?"
"All and more," replied the happy owner.
"You are one purchaser in a thousand."
"Maybe so, but the chap who sold it to me was one salesman in a thousand. He kept his eloquence within reasonable bounds and told me the truth."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Nothing Doing.
"I know who has the lost money."

stated the visitor.
"Then why come to me?" demanded Sherlock Holmes.
"I want you to get it back for me."
"Who has it?"
"My wife has it."
"Watson, kindly show the gentleman out," responded the astute Sherlock with a yawn.

A Suspicion.
George—Jones says he is an idealist.
Evelyn—Yes, but I am afraid that he is one of those who believe that the first test of an idealist is to be idle.

Nature is Outwitted.
The man who invented the sewing machine achieved what he was after when he stopped trying to imitate the human hand. If you go into a factory you will see machines doing things which only human skill could do but a short time ago, but the processes are quite different from the manual method. The inventors have risen superior to the formulae that nature would seem to have laid down for them.

Natural Gas.
Natural gas is probably formed in the earth by a process of natural distillation from the animal and vegetable remains of past geological epochs, and is nearly the same product as is distilled from coal in the retorts of gas factories, only instead of the heat of fires the internal heat of the earth, aided perhaps by chemical decomposition, has caused its formation on a magnificent scale.

Shield for Soldiers.
No single instrument of destruction is playing a more vital role in the present war than the machine gun. To deprive Germany of this weapon by offsetting its effect is the purpose of an inventor who has developed a bullet-proof fighting shield that is perhaps worthy of study. The device is a wedge-shaped shelter mounted on one front and two rear wheels and intended to accommodate ten infantrymen. The shield is designed to be folded flat and carried through the communication trenches to the firing line, where it could be assembled quickly under cover of darkness, ready to protect Sammys, Tommies or Poles.

An Artless Maid.
I'm not a fright, but day and night
I fret and pout because
I long to be as pretty as
The girls that Crosby draws.

Dad gets in debt to robe me, yet
I'm sighing all the while
For dainty dresses and silk hose
In C. Cole Phillips' style.

My glass says: "Dot, cheer up, you're not
A clothepin or a bag"
But O, for fetching curves as made
By James Montgomery Flagg!

I walk the sands and wring my hands,
My hair is turning gray,
Because my bathing suit won't hang
The Orson Lowell way.

I have a . . . my friends declare,
That's rather smart, but then
I crave that chic and Frenchy touch
Of girls from Gibson's pen.

My pearls, my pup, my polo cup,
To the four winds I'd hurl,
To be a Crosby-Phillips-Flagg-
Lowell-Gibson girl!

—Ethel Duffy Turner in Life.

Information Desired.
"How to Instill the Ethical Idea in the Child." A friend of ours thinks that would be a good title for an illuminating article if anybody could write an article illuminating enough to live up to the promise of the title. He says it can't be done.
He says that he said to his little boy the other day:
"My son, never be afraid to tell the truth."
"I ain't," asserted the child.
"Never."
"Naw. What I'm scared of is lookin' scared when I tell a lie. How do you fix it so you don't?"

IN A FEW WORDS
Club rooms for American nurses and other American women engaged in war relief and recreation work in France will be opened soon by the Woman's War Relief corps.

It will require approximately \$150,000,000 to reconstruct or strengthen 15,000 miles of roads in Great Britain after the war, in order to enable them to carry on the growing motor traffic.

The Japanese department of agriculture and commerce forecast the rice crop at 55,000,000 bales, showing an increase of 1,000,000 bales over last year, or 6,000,000 over the average years.

The Swedish Aeronautical club is taking active measures for the realization of its long contemplated air service between Stockholm, Malmo and Gothenburg. There are to be 14 intermediate stations.

Prince William zu Wied, the former prince of Albania, has by no means given up hopes of regaining the realm. He has sent to the German federal princes protests against the protectorate of Albania proclaimed by Italy.

The former officials of the Danish government in the Virgin Islands, who were dropped from the pay rolls when the American flag was raised, have been granted compensation by the crown in the form of life pensions for those who had served more than ten years and half salary to cover the number of years they have served if less than ten years.

Warsaw was beflagged and flower-decked for the celebration of the Kosciusko centenary. Archbishop Lakowski conducted a special commemorative service in St. John's cathedral, at which the reconstruction of an "independent Poland," as now projected by the Germans and Austrians, was presented as the realization of the ideal for which Kosciusko strove.

Appeal to a Dry Constituency.
"Did you ever make any temperance speeches?"
"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum.
"Did they help anybody?"
"I should say so. They helped me to get elected."

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Half Million for Paintings.

The acquisition of six rare paintings by Fragonard, the famous French decorative artist, by Judge Elbert Gary of the United States Steel corporation, at a cost probably approaching \$500,000, represents the most important art transaction this season in New York. The five beautiful panels and the self-portrait of the artist, which form this prized collection, are among the most valued items of European art to reach this country this year. The pictures came from the Mortmart-Rocheschnart family, with the exception of the portrait, which came from the collection of Baron Maurice De Rothschild, Paris.

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