

Uncle Silas Says.

Mother, I have heard that some boys of our neighborhood have organized a "male quartet," propose to practice three nights a week at the schoolhouse this coming winter, and that Bobby Jenkins, the future lawyer and judge, will take a prominent part in the squall. Now, while I wouldn't condemn anybody's harmless amusements, I must say that nothing gets on my nerves so disagreeably as to hear a bunch of squeals murdering melody with their discordant voices in unison. I like to listen to singing when it is good. The blending of human voices when it is harmonious and modest is pleasant to hear, but when all the participants are males, swag as they squall and each renders himself brazenly conspicuous by his efforts to shriek louder than the others, the display of egotism causes me to forget whatever of harmony there may be in their voices. But Amos will be at the agricultural college and in his leisure hours will have better amusement than squalling and strutting like a peacock as those boys will do in public after they have learned the words to some ragtime alleged music. Therefore, this don't apply to him in the least. Don't understand by what I have said that I dislike singing, for I don't. I am very fond of vocal music, even by a quartet composed of equal number of male and female voices. I dislike the home quartet, because wherever there are saloons that name is suggestive of beer, which is responsible for most of the male singings named. In those sinkholes of perdition let half a dozen men get to drinking together, and after the fourth or fifth round, someone is sure to start squalling "Down on the Swine River" or "The Old Oaken Bucket." Then a tall, thin guy who used to sing third bass in a circus sideshow, and a short, fat boob with Caruso aspirations and a tin-whistle voice, are sure to start a vocal contest that will land them both home about 2 a. m. Of course, it is better for them to sing than to fight, as they might do otherwise, and the only objection that can be found with it in the circumstances is that it incites others to similar efforts. It is wonderful how such fellows can remember words and music of nearly 200 songs and yet not remember whether Aaron Burr or John Hancock was second president of the United States. Some heartless people deliberately applaud such efforts and are responsible therefore. That beer is responsible for male quartets is further evidenced that nobody ever saw four young women standing in a group facing each other, bowing, swaying, grimacing idiotically and having a battle royal by screaming "Are You Sincere?" or "Some Day When Dreams Come True."

Uncle Bill, our neighbor Perkins who, as you know aspires to political honors and emoluments, especially later, because to get money in the service of the dear people is easier than plowing, came over today and asked me to authorize him to nominate me as a delegate to the county convention next week. It didn't take me long to get onto what he expected me to do for him, and I sidestepped his proposition by telling him that I had important business engagements that would prevent me from accepting the honor he proposed to confer on me. However I recommended Jenkins as my substitute, and thus another honor will be added to the name of that illustrious family. I have never attended a political convention as a delegate and probably never will because I hate political juggling and I don't care to mix myself up in a gabfest of any kind or be pulled or shoved around in a crowd. The average convention consists of an assortment of men and their wives (not assorted), who are thoroughly disguised with medals and badges. When one of the real dignitaries walks down the street you can almost imagine that he is wearing castanets, and his whole performance resembles a clog dance. Automobiles are always donated for the use of visiting delegates; they are whisked all over and shown the principal places of interest—except the pawnshops. This bewildering view of the town enables the delegates and their wives to argue half the night as to whether the bells on the trolley cars mean early mass or an alarm of fire. The wives of the delegates are unable to determine whether the town folks are flirts, or just trying to read what it says on their neargold medals that adorn their breasts. It is a fact, however, that a medal will attract more attention to a woman than would a split skirt, and maybe she can be kept away from any convention after she has worn one. (Medal, I mean.) But I don't think so. Hubby, too notices that all the pretty girls give him the once over, he feels that the medals are not all to blame. Conventions afford visiting delegates and their wives an opportunity to return home and impress their neighbors with a slightly exaggerated account of the wonders that they have seen. From their sensational descriptions, the folks at home imagine that they can go up to the top of the courthouse and pluck a harp right out of heaven. Just for a moment imagine Jenkins, his wife and Bobby, the future judge at the convention, bobbing around covered with badges, riding in automobiles seeing the sights, and then after their return home to see them swell up and strut and listen to their graphic descriptions of their wonderful experiences, and Bobby's boasting of the part his daddy took in the most important work of the convention, will be a roaring farce never to be forgotten. I am delighted to know that Jenkins will go, because I'm in need of a spasm of laughter to revive my drooping spirits because the kids are soon going away to school for the winter.

Gertrude, you have always wanted a parrot, and now that we have one I hope it will prove intelligent and interesting. There is a great difference between them as there is in animals and persons. Some of them quickly learn to talk fluently, while others are

dull and interested only in eating. If, as some persons claim, parrots cannot think and realize what they are saying, they certainly come very near it. I remember reading in a newspaper of a remarkable bird owned by a lady in New Orleans, whose brother, mate of a ship that plies between that port and South America, bought a parrot, brought it home and gave it to her. At first she did not like the bird, but time cured that, and it soon became her special pet. She taught it many things, such as going up stairs to wake her husband in the morning, and saying, "Telephone! Telephone!" when the phone bell rang. Then she taught it to go to the front door in answer to the bell, and although it had no means of opening the door or of knowing who was here, she succeeding in teaching it to know when the mail carrier came. If the person at the door got impatient and rang offener than once the bird would shout, "Avast there! Coming right away sir!" a phrase it picked up aboard. If it happened to be the postman, the man would ring and drop the letters through the slot in the door, and the parrot, seeing the letters would shout, "Letters, letters!" and pick the mail in his beak, bring them out and lay them on the kitchen table. If it happened to be the paper carrier, he put the paper through the slot and the bird would pick it up and carry it out to the kitchen. Polly had a strange hatred for cats, and if one came into the yard and the door was open it would fly out and make the fur fly. Never did a cat succeed in getting the best of Polly, and in fact, all the neighborhood cats learned to avoid the yard as their very lives depended upon it. I see your Polly seems to dislike Sport, but if it ever tries to scrap with him, after the fracas is over, all that will be left of Polly worth mentioning will be some beautiful feathers for your newest hat.

Gertrude, doubtless you have it said that the finding of money is generally regarded as a bit of good luck which most anyone would like to have come their way; and the queer part of it is that if anyone sees you pick up a coin, they almost regard you as having stolen it, and very likely your observer will claim to have lost it. On this line a funny incident occurred when I was in the city a few days ago. In with several others, waiting on a street corner for a car, when a well dressed young girl stooped down and picked up from the pavement something that looked like a silver quarter and put it in her pocket. Just as the car came, a little squint-eyed newsboy touched her on the arm and said "scuse me, miss, th' quarter ye found I lost just afore ye came up." The girl laughed and asked: "what do you mean, That wasn't a quarter I picked up; it was this;" and she took from her pocket a round pasteboard tag. Then everybody laughed at the boy who sneaked away like a whipped cat. Well, we got into the car and had gone about half a square when a little dried-up old man who looked like miserly skinflint who was on the other side of the street when the girl picked up the tag and didn't hear her answer to the boy, went up and said that he had lost the money which he had seen her pick up. Again the girl brought from her pocket the round pasteboard tag. "Oh!" he grunted, as he sneaked away from her and left the car at the next corner, his departure being hastened by sarcastic comments of the passengers. Now, what the girl picked up looked to me like a quarter, but the question in my mind was, did the girl pick up the tag or was it really a coin? If it was a tag, what use could she make of it? It was a coin, doubtless she believed in luck and would rather tell a fib than give it up.

Mother, what do you think of the proposition of those New York high-brow professors that instead of taxing bachelors because they have sidestepped the marriage relation because of the bother of bringing up a family and being bossed by a woman, that an additional tax should be levied on married men on account of their home pleasures which the bachelors are deprived of. They contend that married men, by reason of their home ties, have more interest in the country and greater responsibilities in its upkeep than married men, and, therefore, should bear a greater part of the burdens thereof. Just listen to this in today's paper: "Believing that the world is already too crowded and that population has a tendency to increase faster than the means to support it, these selfish bachelors of philosophy and professors of foolishness are begging the New York Legislature to make married men pay a heavier and yet heavier tax until marriage is made prohibitive. The married man's burden is already heavy and is would seem cruel to fine him additional while he is already working out a heavy sentence." Now, mother, it is jealousy that prompts such a scheme—a proposed reprisal for the old proposed tax on voluntary bachelors, who are moral delinquents. Married men are the foundation of our prosperity, the bread-winners of the rising generation, without whom civilization would perish. Truly an educated fool is champion of all fools. Now, the majority of bachelors I have known are good, fair-minded fellows and wouldn't object to a special tax on bachelors for the support of widows and orphans, but some of them remind me of a story of a visiting minister at a church meeting, who, speaking of the right way to live, referred to the weakness of mere men when under the influence of so-called strong-minded women. He hasn't a chance in a thousand," he said "of getting a reasonable hearing in anything, and his best plan is to just steer clear of danger. He gave advice, men—don't get in any way stuck on these domineering women. They will vote the ballot. If they go so far as to propose to you be a man for once and refuse. It's better to say no now than to have to say Reno afterward!" He insisted that his advice was founded on actual experience, but it was founded later that he was a confirmed bachelor, who had feared the so-called sharp-minded women, instead of having suffered through one of them.

German Peace Talk.

The persistent recital of German terms of peace, beginning with the tentative suggestions Dr. Dornburg made before leaving the United States, might be called semiofficial, vague as the expression is. The terms are so specific and have been so modified as to fit the events as to leave an impression that they are inspired. It may be taken for granted that all the belligerents would welcome peace. The war has been a staggering burden. Its toll of killed and maimed has never been equaled in the annals of nations. Its cost in material treasure would have ruined all ancient governments, in spite of their fabulous stories of untold wealth.

Germany would no doubt be especially glad to end the war now. Except on the sea and in its remote colonies it has been victorious beyond expectations. Its armies have swept the Russian forces back as rubbish. The allied expedition against Constantinople is a confessed failure. The Germans occupy Belgium and the richest section of France. Their lines have repulsed long-heralded attacks. The Germans and Bulgarians have met with great successes in Serbia. Germany and Austria profess to be equipped for a long struggle. There is no doubt as to their having an adequate supply of guns and ammunition although there is some suspicion as to other supplies, based on utterances of a suppressed Socialist paper and the seizure of all food by the imperial government, to husband it. But the economic successes would make any peace terms humiliating to Germany before have the central powers been in a better position to dictate terms.

There have been cabinet crises in Great Britain and France. The people are dissatisfied, but their discontent appears to be because of lack of aggressiveness and of success. Much as they may desire peace, there is no evidence that the allies would agree to German terms. Lord Kitchener may yet admit that Mr. Cobb correctly quoted him as predicting that the war would last three years from the start.

Its a Long Road.

Peace on earth, good will to men, is not an idea that has faded from earth, except temporarily in a number of what were formerly called the most enlightened nations. How these countries, once resenting any thought of defective civilization, can go into another Christmas season and feel comfortable, could not easily be comprehended. One way exists, but the Christian peoples, armed to the teeth and lunging ferociously at each other, grant it scant notice. Their days are given to slaughter, and their nights to planning destruction. No doubt it is true that in the present stage of the world's development a millennial peace is but a vision of the dim future but at the end of fifteen months of war the fighting along continent-wide lines is still wholly inconclusive. The sword is not cutting the knots. Tens of thousands are slain monthly—treasure runs to waste by billions, and the end seems no nearer than it was last Christmas that passed in sad eclipse. Problems exist, a fact denied by nobody. But the frightful means chosen to settle them make no headway.

The combatants are unable or unwilling to say clearly what they want. Originally, they thought to overpower each other, to extort a cry of final defeat and surrender. It was a miscalculation. Not one of the nations engaged is out of men or money. None is suffering for food or employment. Yet bloodshed and devastation darken many lands. It is a blind struggle, though the most colossal in history. As another Christmas draws near, these silent trusts should not be denied the rights of a still small voice. Our planet, though one of the least that circle round the sun, is yet much too large to be the plaything of a conqueror, or a single nation or race. Dreams of ruthless conquest have never been anything but a miasm fatal to those who yield to the spell.

A few days ago in dealing with the subject of religion the Japanese cabinet declined to broaden the place assigned to Christianity among other faiths. Is it to be wondered at?—Globe Democrat.

Notice of Appointment of Administrator.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Tillamook County.

In the matter of the estate of James McGhee, deceased.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern that by an order of the County Court of Tillamook County, Oregon, made and entered of record therein, on the 14th day of October, 1915, the undersigned was appointed the administrator of the estate of said James McGhee, deceased, and all persons having any claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, properly verified to the said administrator at the Tillamook County Bank, within six months of the date of this notice.

Dated this 14th day of October, 1915.

C. A. McGhee,

Administrator.

State of Ohio, City Toledo, ss.

Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATHARIC CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1899.

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Think of spending another winter in those trenches! And is this war? Having been recognized, will Caranza next touch us for a loan?

There may be no new popular war songs sung at the front because they can't be heard above the cannonading.

It's a grand campaign the women suffragists have made in New York, and this week tells the sequel of the story. Just Before the Ballot, Mother.

So-called prophecy of Kitchner that the war would begin in May, and of the kaiser that it would end in October, are now both exploded.

Tired business men may wish for just one day in which he could be as free from care as those whose only task is to rake the dead leaves.

Sales of a popular novel now frequently run to several hundred thousand; the 100,000 more or less Carnegie libraries must account for part of them.

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