

What the Editors Say.

The rumor makers were busy last week and if they could have had their way the United States would now be at war.—Independent.

Charles K. Spaulding has started an organization for a \$600,000 paper mill to be established at Salem. Strength to his right arm, if it will reduce the price of paper.—Telephone Register.

Probably it is only a coincidence, but simultaneously with the announcement of \$7 onions and \$3 potatoes there are rumors that Billy Sunday is to transfer his activities from the munition prosperity of the east to the potato prosperity of Oregon.—Independent.

The late Bishop of London was once ordered by his physician to spend the winter in Algiers. The bishop said it was impossible he had so many engagements. "Well, my lord bishop," said the specialist, "it either means Algiers or heaven." "In that case," said the bishop, "I'll go to Algiers."—Williamina Times.

It is refreshing to note that a bevy of dancing girls now doing a bare-foot stunt at the vaudeville circuit in Portland do not belong to that class of itinerant actors seeking the attention of the stage door Johnnies. We are told of the strictest solemnity that these girls permit no familiarity from the ogles and that their ambition is not to indulge in late suppers and sensational joy rides with strangers but rather to elevate the stage and depict true art. We hope it's true.—Sheridan Sun.

It is all right to economize, merge commissions, reduce salaries etc., but the state should not go daffy on this point. The state is considering the spending of \$7,000,000 on highways and is planned to have this vast sum paid out for labor and material by a non-salaried commission. Do the people expect service and if they do, what right have they to expect men of ability and experience in road building to give their service for nothing. The people of the state should be willing to pay for such service that represents the expenditure of millions, and we believe they are.—Banks Herald.

With England mining a goodly part of the North sea, and Germany establishing a war zone around England and France, it looks as though the only choice left the men who go down to sea in ships was that between going to the bottom from hitting a mine or being sent there by a torpedo from a submarine. An old negro preacher once told his congregation that there were two roads, one "the broad way that led to eternal damnation and the other the narrow road that led to sure perdition. 'Ef s'at am de case?" said an old negro of his congregation, "dis chile am going fru de wods."—Capital Journal.

The immense commotion at Salem during the past week has developed the interesting and instructive fact that the ordinary legislature is for good roads, doubtless because the public as a whole has been educated away from the old and expensive practice of regrading any kind of road as a good enough road. It is not. The best is none too good for any county or any community in Oregon. A primary investment which guarantees a highway for a term of years, and not merely for a single year, is now known to be sound economy. It is a mistake—it is worse, it is sheer waste—to build a dirt road or a macadam road, for heavy and continuous traffic, for it will speedily go to pieces. The cost of repairs and maintenance far exceeds the interest charge and the upkeep on a first-class thoroughfare.—Oregonian.

Whatever comes, we must never forget that there are no better citizens than our German fellow citizens—no better Americans than the children of our German fellow citizens grow up to be. The present apparent attitude of Germany is but the attitude of the Prussian oligarchy that since the Franco-Prussian war has grown to assume that Germany is the foremost of nations, and that any means necessary to impress that belief upon the world is justifiable. The German people would be glad to be at peace with all the world, and especially with the United States, for it has been the

dream in a million German hearts for fifty years to sometime find a home of peace and equal rights for themselves and their children on American soil. And in Germany today are thousands of grandmothers whose eyes are aching for a sight of their grandchildren in the United States. The present condition is due to the arbitrary will of a few war lords in Berlin and not to the will of the German people. So while the American people will heartily support every measure of defense and offense dictated by the government; they will do so hoping all the time that the storm will quickly pass and that the old friendly relations with the German people will be restored.—Seaside Signal.

People Are Tired of Promises.

Governor Willis, of Ohio, who recently retired said: "Ohio is over officered and over inspected and the people and business of Ohio are being inspected to death." And with this has come a drift of patriotism. Some have become indifferent for they believe that someone will provide in case of emergency. Oregon is as bad as Ohio. Here we have state commissions and boards eating up the money of the taxpayers, but the legislature has not seen fit to call a halt either to eliminate or discard. Even the lesson taught by the farmers of North Dakota to their neighbors in securing control of every branch of the state government, has not been heeded. What has been accomplished in that state can be done by the rent payers and taxpayers of every state. In the agriculture states the change will come for the farming classes are being organized and they are awakened to believe that in the game of love as in politics the words of John Alden to the captain of Old Plymouth are not without meaning: "Would you do a thing well, do it yourself." The North Dakota farmers by thorough organization captured the seats in the legislature and perhaps in the not distant future Oregon farmers will decide to make their own laws and do the very things they have long waited for others to do for them. The future will show that the farmers are becoming tired of promises and desirous for action.—News Reporter.

Getting Down to Business.

Everybody feels jubilant today. The Oregon legislature is down to business—good and hard—the live-wire representatives of the great state of Oregon have at last "hit the nail on the head" and drove a wedge for economy that will tickle the old taxpayers into a "fit of despondency." Senate Bill No. 202 is responsible. It is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Listen, here is the full text of the bill—right off the "griddle"—and "done to an even brown" on both sides:

"Senate bill No. 202, introduced by committee on consolidation, and read first time February 6, 1917.

"A bill for an act to amend certain laws and to repeal certain laws.

"Be it enacted by the people of the State of Oregon.

"Sec. 1. That the offices of governor, secretary of state, state treasurer, supreme court, state senate and the sergeant-at-arms of the house of representatives be and the same are hereby abolished and the duties and power heretofore performed and exercised by said officers are hereby transferred to the public utility commission.

"Sec. 2. That the public utility commission be and the same is hereby abolished.

"Sec. 3. Inasmuch as this destructive measure is necessary for the peace, happiness and tranquility of the people an emergency is hereby declared to exist and this act shall become effective immediately.

"There is nothing further to be done at Salem if this 'billy-goat' goes through—and it is almost a 'cinch' that the bill will meet with the approval of every senator and representative—including the janitor—when it comes up for final disposition. The Douglas county delegation will be 'instructed' how to vote on this important measure by local citizens who are always alert to all matters vitally affecting their pocketbook.—Umpqua Valley News.

Ten Commandments.

A French newspaper reproduces the following "ten commandments," said to be contained in a circular issued in Germany just prior to the war:

First: Even in your smallest purchases think of the Fatherland and the interests of the Fatherland.

Second: When you buy a foreign article, even for a penny, you diminish by a penny the fortunes of the Fatherland.

Third: Your money should bring profit to Germans and Germans only.

Fourth: Do not profane German soil or German workshops by the use of foreign made machinery.

Fifth: Do not permit foreign dishes or foreign fats, butter, and such like to appear upon your table.

Sixth: Write on German paper, with a German pen, and dry your German ink with a German blotter.

Seventh: Wear nothing but German stuff.

Eighth: German flour, German fruits, German beer, these, and these only, give German strength.

Ninth: Drink Coffee raised in German colonies. If you prefer chocolate or cocoa, let the cocoa or chocolate be German.

Tenth: The only products worthy of a good German citizen are the products of Greater Germany.

This is sound policy and good protection policy, war or no war. The policy of using only articles produced by home labor and industry made ours the richest country on earth; made wages the highest; the standard of living the highest, and all business the best. It is a policy to which this country must and will return.

What the Break with Germany Means

A break in diplomatic relations is a procedure preliminary to or coincident with war. Russia broke relations with Japan and Japan began torpedoing Russian battleships. A break puts the next move in the other nation's hands. German submarines are thought to be in American Atlantic waters. Admiral Mayo might find them in his fleet in Guantanamo. America must dismiss the illusion that a break with Germany can be made comfortable, safe or effective without sacrifice. Germany must go our way or we must fight. We must fight, if we do, as savagely as Great Britain is fighting. It must be made the whole business of the nation until the end desired has been accomplished. We must prepare, train, reorganize and make the first consideration of the nation to find a peace which will serve American interests.

We cannot have a bloodless war. If we broke off relations with Germany and continue thus to express our disapproval of German methods and policy it would be our destiny to find later that Europe had settled its difficulties but that we had not settled ours. Now we may have allies. Then we should stand alone.

A Germany from association with which we have withdrawn must be a defeated Germany for our own subsequent security. If we expressed disapproval by a few harmless motions we should be as sensible as a man who slapped the face of an infuriated man, and then turned his back to him.

"Why Arn't You in the Army?"—A Common London Question.

London, Eng.—"Why arn't you in the army?"

Next to calling a man a German, that is the favorite insult, amounting to "fighting words," now in use in London. The civilian hasn't much chance of a comeback except with his fists, so if he retorts at all is usually with his right.

The waiter with little gold or silver stripes on his sleeves, meaning he has been shot or gassed, throws a sneering glance at the civilian diner. The soup is cold and the diner says, "The soup isn't cold in the army."

"The waiter's come-back. 'Why aren't you there?'"

Americans generally escape because their "accent" excludes them from English army consideration. But once in a while some one makes a mistake as a bus conductor did with a New York chauffeur.

"Why arn't you in the army?" demanded the conductor after a trivial argument. The New Yorker's reply was made to order.

"Sa-ay, listen, Cockney," he said contentiously, "my army has licked yours twice and if they have to do it again, I'll be with them."

THAT KNIFE-LIKE PAIN.

Is Only One of Nature's Warnings of Weak or Disordered Kidneys.

Have you lame back, aching day and night? Do you feel sharp pains after stooping? Are the kidneys sore? Is their action irregular? Use Doan's Kidney Pills—the medicine that is recommended by so many people in this locality. Read this Hillsboro resident's experience.

Mrs. A. R. England, 728 W. Oak St., Hillsboro, Ore., says: "Two years ago I had such a bad attack of lumbago that I wasn't able to get up or down stairs. When I sat down on a chair, I could hardly straighten up. Sharp pains, like a knife sticking me in my back, nearly killed me at times. I could hardly drag myself around, as I felt so completely played out. I had taken only a few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills when my back commenced to feel stronger. I had used only one box when I was able to get about as well as ever. Since then I have never had any trouble with my back or kidneys."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. England had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Something Good.

Those who hate nasty medicine should try Chamberlain's Tablets for constipation. They are pleasant to take and their effect is so agreeable, and so natural that you will not realize that it has been produced by a medicine. For sale by Lamas Drug Store.

MARKO'S DILEMMA.

An Old Servian Legend of a Prophecy and Its Fulfillment.

Prilep, in Servia, is dear to the hearts of all Servian peasants, for around it cluster countless stories of one of the nation's most popular legendary super-men—Marko Kralljevitich, otherwise King's Son Marko.

The ruins of the castle of King's Son Marko overlook the town, and if the visitor proves to be a sympathetic auditor the guide will no doubt point out to him in the slabs of rock which strew the approach to the stronghold the indelible hoof prints of the master's favorite steed, Sharatz. And if you should happen to be in Prilep on the anniversary of Marko's festival, or "slava," you can prove to your own satisfaction whether there is any truth in the widely credited peasant legend that at midnight the doors of the castle chapel burst open and the hero, fully armed, rides in on his piebald charger, although the Marko of the flesh has been dead for 500 years.

In an old Servian ballad called "Marko's Judgment" there is recited this prophecy: Kral (King) Vukashine, Marko's father, whose chief fortified city was Prilep, speaks first: "Son Marko, may God slay thee! Thou shalt have neither monument nor posterity, and ere thy spirit leaves thy body the Turkish sultan thou shalt serve." Then speaks the czar, Stephen Dushan: "Friend Marko, may God help thee! Bright be thy face in the senate, sharp thy sword in battle. Never shall hero surpass thee. And thy name shall be remembered so long as sun and moon endure."

And here, according to peasant folklore, is how that prophecy was fulfilled: Upon the death of Vukashine, Lazar Hreschlanovitch, Count of Sirmium, was elected czar. Bitterly disappointed at the failure of his own candidacy, Marko threatened the life of Lazar and was forthwith deprived of his life. Peniless and disheartened, Marko turned to the court of the hated sultan and enlisted in his army to fight the Moslems of Asia Minor. (It should be remembered that it was no disgrace for a Servian to fight with the Turk, provided the opposing forces were other Turks, for a Turk less, in whatever cause slain, was a blessing in the eyes of the Servians.)

In time, however, Marko's command was brought west to wage war against the orthodox prince of the Roumans. Loyal to his Mohammedan sovereign, when he came upon the field of battle, Marko's heart failed him when he saw the men of his own faith drawn up against him, and, facing the dilemma of choosing between proving traitor to his chief or lifting his sword against those of his own faith, he cried out, "Oh, God, do thou this day destroy all those who fight against Christendom and foremost Marko!" Saying which, he threw his body on the Christian spears and died without striking a blow.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

Beginning of the Drama.

The theater in the only sense that is worth considering was born in Athens. Both tragedy and comedy spring from feasts in honor of Bacchus, and as the jests and frolics were found to be out of place when introduced into graver scenes a separate province—the true drama—was formed and comedy arose. The father of the Greek comedy was Aristophanes, who had lots of fun lampooning the public men of Athens. The creator of Greek tragedy was Aeschylus, born B. C. 525. In sublimity Aeschylus has never been surpassed. He is to the drama what Phidias and Michelangelo are to art.

Soldiers and Socks.

The German soldier does not wear socks, but fust-lappen. These are strips of cloth soaked in tallow and wound about the feet. They are supposed to be preferable to socks, in that they wear more evenly, are more easily cleaned and, when properly worn, are not so likely to wrinkle and cause blisters.

Military authorities disagree, however, as to the relative value of socks and tallow soaked strips. Either covering, though, is considered preferable to the custom of wearing no socks, which has prevailed in the French, Spanish and Italian armies.—Outlook.

The Absentminded Motorist.

"There's an automobilist in distress. Suppose we stop and ask him if there is anything we can do?"

"Are you referring to the man who is sitting still, with a faraway look in his eyes?"

"Yes."

"I know that fellow. He's probably wondering where he's going to get the money to pay the next installment on his car."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Quite Possible.

"Here's an account of a man's death which said he was in perfect health a few minutes before he expired. Now, that's ridiculous."

"Not at all. He might have smoked too near a gasoline tank."—Baltimore American.

Valued Testimony.

The Mistress—Does this hat make me appear younger, Mary? The Maid—Yes, mum. When we went to market together yesterday they took you for my daughter.—Puck.

Its Endurance.

"Does your wife always insist on having the last word?"

"Yes, and it lasts all right too."—Baltimore American.

One grain does not fill the granary, but it helps its companions.—Portuguese Saying.

"The Ne'er Do Well."

Rex Beache's Fascinating Story of Love and Adventure in Panama Vividly Visualized in ten parts, amid scenes of Tropical Splendor, with impressive views of the Panama Canal in the building.



Kathryn Williams, leading lady in "The Ne'er Do Well."

At Gem Theatre Monday,

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Matinee at 2:30. Admission 15c for everybody. Evening Show at 7. Doors open at 2:00 and 7:00. Admission for Evening Show 25c. for everybody.

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Miss Howley will be remembered as one of the characters in "The Purple Lady."

A Sister's Forbearance gives film a happy ending.

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A story portraying the wiles of a fascinating woman.

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