

What the Editors Say.

The shortage of German dyes inspired a Louisiana man to devise the scheme of dying cotton as it grew. It is said that he saturated the seed with any dyes desired and that his plantation presented a pretty appearance this fall with flaming red and blue fields alternating with the pure white bolls. Cotton thus dyed has withstood rain and will not fade.—Telephone Register.

The people of Germany would lose if they win and by the same token they will win if they lose. It's a pity they are so befuddled by their rulers as to be blind to this truth. It is costing the Allies billions of dollars and thousands of lives to give Democracy to the oppressed of Europe, and when they win they will give the German people the benefit of it, in spite of themselves.—News Times.

Yamhill county is now the champion silo county in the state. When Mr. Shrock was appointed the beginning of the year 1916 he found 60 silos in Yamhill county. He started out with the plan of adding 100 to the number during the year, but only 54 were built in 1916. This year, however, 108 silos have been erected—possibly a few more that have not been reported. They include most of the types sold in this region. Prospects now are fine for more than 100 more silos to be built next year.—Telephone Register.

Through money with which to carry on the war to victory is the immediate consideration in the Government's war savings certificates and thrift stamp appeal, real and lasting benefits to the nation are going to accrue by virtue of the more general practice of national thrift which the campaign is expected to develop. The Government hopes to make us a more thrifty people, not merely for the duration of the war but for all the time. Uncle Sam feels that if he can make us a nation of savers he will have made us a nation of servers to all mankind.—News Reporter.

Among the numerous dreams which his kaisership entertained about three years ago was one in which he saw a revision of an old and well known song which would make it read, "All hail the power of Wilhelm's name, let freemen prostrate fall; Bring forth the Prussian diadem, and crown him Lord of all." Had this dream come true, instead of proving only a nightmare, he no doubt would have been ready to dissolve partnership with the Almighty to go it alone. Any person who believes that the world is dealing with any other kind of monstrous egotist had better scan the record again.—Forest Grove Express.

And we say this, our United States, the melting pot of all nationalities, recognizes no cast of native or naturalized citizens when the two stand shoulder to shoulder in undivided loyalty and not only by pledge but by their acts prove that loyalty. But we would add this, that the United States should make a distinction in citizenship when it is apparent that the naturalized citizen shrinks, and should the native born be so craven as to do likewise, he too with the shirking naturalized should be interned in the cast of non-citizenship until it shall be proven the mantle of democratic suffrage is deserved.—Sheridan Sun.

The latest stunt of Hooverizing is to conserve paper and string. The idea is all right and could be started with good effect by those who are advocating all these different methods of winning the war. Every country paper in the Union receives dozens of letters weekly telling of the things they may do to help win the war, and telling of things they can suggest to others as ways for them to win the war. A country editor would have to spend nearly all his time reading correspondence to get through all this various communication. We are heartily in sympathy with this idea of conserving paper, and we know how a lot of it could be saved.—Sentinel.

Mrs. Jennie Kemp, field agent for the food administration reports finding at the head of the schools at Coburg a man who takes no interest in the war and does not read the newspapers because he does not wish to be stirred up, believing that all should keep their minds serene and calm and pay more attention to sociology and other important subjects. We hardly see how such a man expects to qualify at a patriotic citizen or what business he has attempting to direct the minds of our future citizens. "Keep your minds serene and calm!" Had the English and French kept their minds serene and calm, Kaiser Bill would now be landing troops on our shores and a bayonet properly applied to the seat of this school teacher's trousers might, by this time, have aroused him from his condition of serenity and calmness which is so apothetically declares to be our proper condition in times such as these.—The Sentinel.

There can be no two ways of looking at the war situation. You are either absolutely and unreservedly for Uncle Sam or you are against him. There is no middle ground and half-hearted support or attempts to weaken endeavor are middle ground and dangerously approach opposition. The enemy who is just as dangerous as the one armed with rifle or gas

tank is the one who endeavors to create despair and lack of confidence. He is the one who hints as impossibility of victory, endeavors to instill lack of confidence in those in charge of important matters and hints at financial disaster. But it can be said of him that now that he is understood he is out in the open and is no longer a secret enemy, and all that remains is his punishment. It may that he is cunning enough to skate close to the edge without overstepping the boundary between what the law punishes and what may only be punished by public opinion, as is the case when the draft is opposed, but not in the presence of one of draft age. But public opinion should see that he is punished. If he spreads his poison in your presence call him and call him hard, and tell your friends about him, that all may know that he is a man who lacks confidence in the institutions he lives under. He may be a plain coward or may be voicing his secret hopes, but it makes no difference. Let him be known for what he is.—Independent.

The Need of Economy.

When we put a million and a half soldiers in the field we withdraw those men from productive enterprises. They do not while they are actually in service produce anything. They do, on the other hand, consume much. There is nothing more expensive on earth than to support and maintain a great army in the field, especially if it is on the fighting line. The attrition of supplies and everything else is tremendous great when we have a fighting army in the field. America is the one great remaining storehouse in the world of supplies and credit. We must maintain and make effective as possible our own soldiers and sailors of those nations who are fighting for us. We must therefore draw as little as possible upon our common store of supplies and money. The more we lessen our domestic demand the more we can contribute to the support and effectiveness of our allied armies.

Economy is now a national duty, such a duty upon the people at home as fighting is upon those Americans who are bravely offering their lives for the honor of America and the preservation of liberty and justice.—Itemizer.

Something New in Swindling.

National and State governments are making it increasingly difficult and dangerous for swindlers to ply their nefarious arts with the investing public. However, something new in the swindling world is reported from San Francisco, and it is gratifying to report that the officials got quick action and suppression.

For falsely advertising and demonstrating a device called a "butter merger" at the San Francisco Land Show, the demonstrator was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of \$250 or spend 250 days in the city jail.

The man who was selling this device claimed that it would make two pounds of butter from one pound of butter and one pint of milk. Professor E. J. Lea, director of the state food and drug laboratory, testified that he had visited the booth conducted by the defendant and observed numerous women completely deceived by the statements of the demonstrator. He said the pure food standards require 80 per cent butterfat, but the product made by the "butter merger" contained less than 50 per cent butter.

It would be thought that the fallacy of a scheme to make two pounds of butter by mixing a pound of fat and a pint of milk would have been apparent to any person of even ordinary intelligence. The scheme could not have been much more preposterous if it had purporting to make a quart of milk by "merging" a pint of water with a pint of real milk.

It is not likely that any farmers were caught by this coarse bait. It is more likely that the victims were city women of the poorer classes eager to bite at anything that offered a means of reducing the high cost of living.—Oregon Farmer.

Time to Swat the Traitor Fly

(By Charley L. Gant.)

It's time to make the fellows mash—the vile spawn of predation—who still keep up the kaiser slush and teach our boys sedition. We've got no time for foes and spies, no time for coward slackers, we have no place for him that tries to make our lads bushwackers and foes to that old flag that floats above the land so proudly; we ought to hang the man that gloats about the kaiser, loudly. There is not a bit of use for us to let a foe keep shouting; it's time to catch and hang the cuss that will start the routing of all the wobblers, all the spies—loyalty's our mission. Let's all turn out and swat the flies—the blow flies of sedition.

It's time to swat the Wobbly flies—and in the selfsame manner—smash the soap box gink who tries to once insult that banner, the stars and stripes which proudly floats above the greatest nation that ever stood the test of time. The kaiser's whole relation who are not with us in the fight are with the other fellow; it's time to swat the big spy fly and make the wobbly bellow. We have no use for German goose, the gobblers or the vandars, but we have guns to put to use; we'll not forget old Flanders. We've got to swat the heartless Hun, the turbaned Turk and German, in fact our work will not be done till we

kill all the vermin. Peace is the goal, peace is our price, humanity our mission. How true it is that nits breed lice and wobblers breed sedition.

We care not who a fellow is if he be true and loyal, we'll put our hand right into his and always treat him loyal; but when a man insults the flag and keeps up spying, plotting, and teaches our young men to slag—that fellow he needs swatting. The quickest thing that we can do to circumvent the kaiser, is to swat a dirty spy or two and make the rest look wiser. The man who will not own his flag and stand for it uprightly, but turns away to shout and brag about the kaiser nightly, is nothing but a dirty skunk, bent on a dirty mission—the fly which we would swat ker plunk—the men who preach sedition.

Let every man who loves his land come forward and declare it, and let no slacker, traitor band of German spies impair it. Take all the slackers from the game, and spies from off the benches—the foes at home are more a sham than those out in the trenches. One fights the honored soldiers' fight the other vile and rotten, is a fly that is a fly-by-night—a fly that sure needs swatting. The big gad fly, he's over there, vermin's chief adviser—but first lets swat the flies at home and then go swat the kaiser. He is the slimy ooze of hades, the devil's vile secretion, who incubates the worthless jades who spy and preach sedition.

Big Bluff Bill Kaiser Culture Stuff

Eye witnesses of inhuman acts tells experiences at Red Cross meeting at Tacoma, Wash.

"I want to tell the American people to look out for nice appearing Germans like myself in your country, for some of them are the worst devils this side of hell."

This is the message that has been sent to Americans by an officer of the German army, who formerly resided in Chicago. He sent it as he lay on his death bed in France, a prisoner of the French. The message was delivered by Captain G. Mural Gordon, American aviator, Saturday.

Speaking of German atrocities, which he claims to have seen with his own eyes, Captain Gordon said:

"Near Mons I helped take 21 children from a school building, all of whom had their right hands cut off at the wrist. They said one German held them over a desk, while another cut off their hands with his sword."

"A few days later," he continued, "I entered some trenches that had just been captured and saw seven women with holes pierced through their hands, having been literally crucified. At another time two American boys who were fighting with the French were captured by the Germans. They were fastened on sharp sticks and raised over the German trenches as a warning to Americans."

That "kultur" stuff makes one sick at heart. It is nauseating to decent, respectable and honorable people. If that is what some want let them back up as quick as possible and get over there where that miserable kaiser thing is dishing it up. The American people will be glad to help them get out of our grand country, a country worth fighting for. A nation recognized as the light of the world.

Made in Germany.

It is announced that a cargo of German toys valued at \$4,000,000 bought by Americans and paid for before the beginning of the war, but held up on the other side of the Atlantic under the embargo enforced by Great Britain, has been released. At the time these toys were sold to the American dealers, we were operating under the Democratic tariff, which encouraged the purchase of toys made in Germany. We shall not only get these toys now, but when the war is over we will resume the sending of millions of dollars of good American money to Germany to pay for toys that could as well be produced from American material by well paid American labor.

The release of these toys from the embargo serves to emphasize the importance of the re-enactment of the Protective Tariff before the war shall end.

Eating Too Much.

You're digging your grave with your teeth, you're eating your way to your doom; then someone will come with a wreath and fasten it onto your tomb. Your stomach is weary and sore; long, long as it yearned for the rest; and still you keep throwing in more, the which you would have it digest. Go slow on your eating I beg; the money you blow in for pies, would buy some poor cripple a leg, or fix him with with vitreous eyes. Oh, list to my patient harangues, don't turn from my rede in disgust; your digging your grave with your fangs while millions are craving a crust. All Europe is hungry they say; the women and children are lean, the helpless, the stricken and gray, can't find in the larder a bean. And you are devouring the rusks, consuming the doughnuts and pies, you're digging your grave with your tusks, all dead to the hungry folk's cries. Says Hoover, "You're helping us win, by cutting out sugar and fats, by dieting till you are thin, reducing the lard on your slats." Stand up for allies, whose flags are borne in a cause that's sublime! You're digging your grave with your snags when eating too much is a crime.—Walt Mason. L.



AS A FAMILY CHRISTMAS GIFT This Wonderful Instrument

HOW much is spent in your family for Christmas presents given to one another? Amounts to a substantial sum in the aggregate, doesn't it? And, after all, many of the gifts aren't perhaps exactly appropriate. So often they reflect the donor's tastes rather than the recipient's.

Nowadays many families are eliminating the numerous small presents. They achieve the little personal touch through a card or leaflet. And they pool their Christmas funds for the purchase of one really worthwhile gift one which will pay for bigger dividends in real solid enjoyment to each member of the family.

The NEW EDISON

"The Photograph with a Soul"

makes an ideal group gift. It adds something real and vital to the life of each member of the family. You can't measure what it means to dollars and cents. It stands for countless happy hours; delightful evenings spent in absorbing the world's great music; listening to the world's greatest artists.

The New Edison is comparable to no other phonograph. It actually recreates the artist's voice or the music from his instrument. By re-creates we mean that no human ear can detect the difference

between the living artist's rendition and that of the record. This is not a mere claim; it is a demonstrated fact. The famous tone tests in which thirty great musicians sang or played in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of their respective interpretations proved the truth of our assertion. Out of more than a million listeners, not one could tell when the voice left off and the record began.

Come into our store and hear the wonderful instrument. The proof of the New Edison is in the hearing. And think over our suggestion of its purchase as a family gift.

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