

NOTHING AGAINST THE YOUNG MAN EXCEPT THAT HE HAS NO MONEY

Goldwyn Pictures present
MAE MARSH in
Oliver Morosco's Famous Stage Success
The Cinderella Man
by Edward Childs Carpenter

...the good, the beautiful, the kind, the true, the one who is a thing like that

Tuesday, Mch. 26.

THURSDAY, March 28.
AT THE GEM THEATRE,
"FOR LIBERTY."
Five reel William Fox Photoplay,
featuring Gladys Brockwell and
"THE RETREAT of the
GERMANS at ARRAS."
Adults 20c. Children 10c.

MAE MARSH, the Quaint Star of
the Screen will appear in
her third Goldwyn Picture
"THE CINDERELLA MAN."
Taken from Oliver Morosco's stage
success by Edward Child
Carpenter.
GEM THEATRE,
TUESDAY NIGHT, March 26th.
Adults 20c. Children 10c.

MORAL OF U.S. ARMY.

Dr. Jack Olson, of Tillamook, Sends Some Valuable Information from France.

Dr. Jack Olson, who is First Lieut. with the 16th Ambulance Co., stationed in a evacuation Hospital "somewhere over there," sends the following interesting article and poem:

To the fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, wives, sweethearts and friends of the men in the American Expeditionary Forces:

We hear that you have been regaled with some alarming stories about us of the A. E. F. and our conduct here in France. In fact, some of those stories have been relayed to us, and if they weren't so far from the truth we might be inclined to get really mad. But knowing the authors of some of them—for some of the hysterical stripe has really been over here—our first inclination is to laugh.

But, after all, it's no laughing matter to be talked about behind our backs in such a reckless and irresponsible way by reckless and irresponsible people, though no doubt some of them have the best intentions in the world and think that they, and they alone, can save us. (They have probably told you that, and asked you to contribute money to their worthy cause, haven't they?) What hurts, most, however, is the thought that, though we know you are loyal to us and have the firmest of faith in us, perhaps these dire tales may have caused you anxiety, may even have brought you to believe that perhaps, after all, we had become a bit neglectful of our trust and that, so believing, you might have been sorely, and entirely unduly, distressed in spirit.

Be assured that these sensational stories are nothing but myths. Absolutely nothing else. And we have the facts to prove that they are. Listen: The percentage of venereal disease in this army of yours is three-tenths of one per cent.—the smallest percentage on record of any army, or any civil population, in the world's history. It is a sober army, and a well-behaved one. The statistics in the possession of the Judge Advocate General's department prove that there have been, in proportion, fewer cases of drunkenness, fewer breaches of military discipline among its members than has been the case with any army whose records have been preserved.

Now, to speak of specific instance. A certain self-constituted "board of morals" is quoted in a dispatch from the United States to the effect that 1,046 men from the "northeastern states" were locked up in the guard house following their first pay day, for drunkenness.

That is the story; here are the facts.

Since the troops referred to as coming from the "north-eastern states" came to France, the total number of their men locked up in the guard house for all offenses—not for drunkenness alone, mind you—has been exactly 134 to date. In other words, the self-constituted champions of sobriety generously multiplied by eight the number of men imprisoned for all offenses—including as it does those punished for infractions of rules, insubordination and the like—and passed the enlarged figures on to you as representing the number of men locked up for drunkenness alone! No wonder you were scared—as they probably intended you should be.

Just to refute them again, here is a quotation from the report of a Protestant Chaplain on active service with these same maligned troops from the "north-eastern states." Bear in mind, too, that this particular chaplain has been in the army but a short time, and therefore brings a fresh and impartial judgment to bear on the problems. This is what he says:

"In performing my priestly functions it has been my privilege to travel considerably among the troops, and it pleases me immensely to be able to state that I find moral conditions most satisfactory. The military authorities are vigilant in removing temptations. We have a clean army; and I am honestly convinced that the men in France are in less danger morally than they would be in service in their own country."

"The men in France are in less danger morally than they would be in service in their own country." That last clause is worth repetition. Ponder on that, dear people at home.

Here's something more. The Catholic chaplain attached to these same

slandered troops declare that, out of thousands of men admitted to the confessional, only three have confessed to sins of any magnitude. A correspondent of an internationally-known daily newspaper, whose business it is to get facts and to report them accurately, add, this:

"I was in the only town of any size in the whole area occupied by the troops referred to on the night when they were first paid off in France. The majority of these men received from two to three months pay, totaling in some cases \$100 or more. The streets were crowded with soldiers buying up everything in sight, from candy and chocolate to clothing, but—it's the absolute truth—I did not see a single drunken soldier; while the provost guard records show the smallest number of arrests. Since then I have seen a good deal of the troops referred to as 'North-Eastern,' as a result of which I can unhesitatingly state that if the troops training in the United States conduct themselves as well, they're doing nobly."

Finally, the commanding officer of this same body of men—and our commanding officers are our severest critics and also our only really comensible ones—volunteers this, this by way of clinching the argument:

"I never knew any army garrison in the United States before the war to have anything like so good a record." As to conditions in general, both Allied and neutral military observers have expressed themselves as astonished at the remarkably good behavior of this army of yours. The world does move. Armies no longer live by forage, loot and pillage; but even at that, this pay-as-you-go, behave-as-you-go American Army has been a revelation to our European allies.

Take it all in all, these American Expeditionary Forces constitute an army which is in every way a worthy successor to the first army of liberty, whose commander was George Washington. If is proud of its heritage, proud of you people at home who are supporting it and who are backing it with your labor, your money, your hopes and your prayers, proud of the Government that sped it on its way overseas, proud of the cause for which it is fighting—the greatest cause which any army was ever called upon to champion. It would rather rot under the soil of France than to do anything that would cast discredit on the homes it left, which would impugn in any the good name of the great people from whom it was recruited.

Bear all this in mind, good people back in God's country, if you hear any more stories about us made up out of the same whole cloth. If by any chance any of you should hesitate to believe us, write to our commanders, or chaplains, our doctors—anybody in authority. They will back us to the limit—and we, for our part, will guarantee to come home to you clean in body, exalted in mind and heart, and with the record behind us of a man's size job manfully done.

Jim.

Honest, but Jim was the sorest man in all o' Comp'ny G. You could sing and tell stories the whole night long, but never a cuss gave he.

You could feed him turkey at Christmas time—and Tony the cook's no slouch— But Jim wouldn't join in "Three cheers for the cook!" Gosh, but he had a grouch!

He wouldn't go up to the hill caisy when our daily hike was done, And sip his beer, and chin with the lads the crabby son-of-a-gun; He'd growl if you asked him to hold the light, he'd snarl if you asked for a butt.

At last the gang was 'most ready to put Jim down for a mutt.

About the first time that our mail came in, we all felt as high as a king "What luck?" somebody hollers to Jim; he says, "not a dad-blamed thing."

And then he goes off in his end of the shack and Tom Breed swears at the crier:

But when somebody went and repeated Jim's words, by gad, Tom lied.

We were gettin' our mail irregular-like for about a month or two; But Jim? He never drew anything, and bloney! but he was blue; Not only blue, but surly; he was off'n the whole darn shop.

And once he was put onto 'heavy' for talking back to the Top.

'Twas a day or two before New Year's

when the postal truck came in; The orderly fishes one out for Jim; he takes it without a grin, And then, as he opens the envelope—eyow! How that man did yell: "A letter from James J. Junior, boys! the youngster has learned to spell!"

So nothin' would do but the bunch of us had to read the letter through; 'Twas all writ out by that kid of his, and a mighty smart kid too. For it isn't every six year old at school as can take a prize.

Like the boy wrote Jim as he had done) and you oughter seen Jim's eyes!

Well, Jim had a mighty good New Year's; he stood the squad a treat, And now, 'stead o' turning out sloppy he's always trim and neat;

Fact is, the lieutenant passed the word that if Jim keeps on that way He'll be wearing little stripes on his arm and drawing a bit more pay.

Don't it beat hell how a little thing will change a man like that? Now Jim's as cheerful as anything instead o' morn as a bat.

An' the reason? Why, its easy! A guy is bound to fall Of bein' a proper soldier if he don't get no lamby mail.

If all those post office birds were wise to the change they made in Jim They'd hustle a bit on our letters, for they's lots that's just like him;

It may be a kid, or it may be a girl, a mother, a pal, a wife— And believe me, this hearin' from 'em Why, it's half of the joy of life

"For Liberty" at Gem Theatre.

A new William Fox photoplay is announced for next Thursday, March 28 at the Gem Theatre. It is called "For Liberty" and it deals with events of today.

Gladys Brockwell is the star and that in itself insures a brilliant performance, for it is declared that in spite of all the fine work this star has done, her performance in the new play which is to appear here shows her in a different and greater light.

This story tells of the conditions that immediately preceded the war in Berlin, and of the terror and alarm that came when the declaration was made. It is, however, a story of the life of a brilliant woman who goes through all the ordeals that beset American women who were in Germany at the time, and who is true to her country and to her love. The love element predominates and survives war and tribulation. "For Liberty" is a story of a woman's life that is wonderful and inspiring. It is set in the midst of war, and this makes it intensely real to us who know that such conditions prevailed, but who only have a glimmering of the real truth.

It is understood that the play is quite new in its treatment of the positions with which it deals, and is beautifully set and finely cast.

Death of Mrs. C. M. Allen.

Cynthia Mason Allen was born Oct. 3, 1848, at Stockton, N. Y.

March 12, 1872, she was married to Nelson Allen, who died in 1901, at Stockton, N. Y. Mrs. Allen leaves three children to mourn her absence, Glenn Allen and Clair Allen, both of Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Arthur Beals, of this place.

In 1864 Mrs. Allen was converted and united with the Baptist Church in which church she remained until coming to Tillamook, when she joined the Methodist Church.

Mrs. Allen was a great sufferer for many years for the last three months she suffered unusually, until relieved by death about midnight Friday, March 15th, when she went to "Sleep in jems, blessed sleep from which none ever wake to weep."

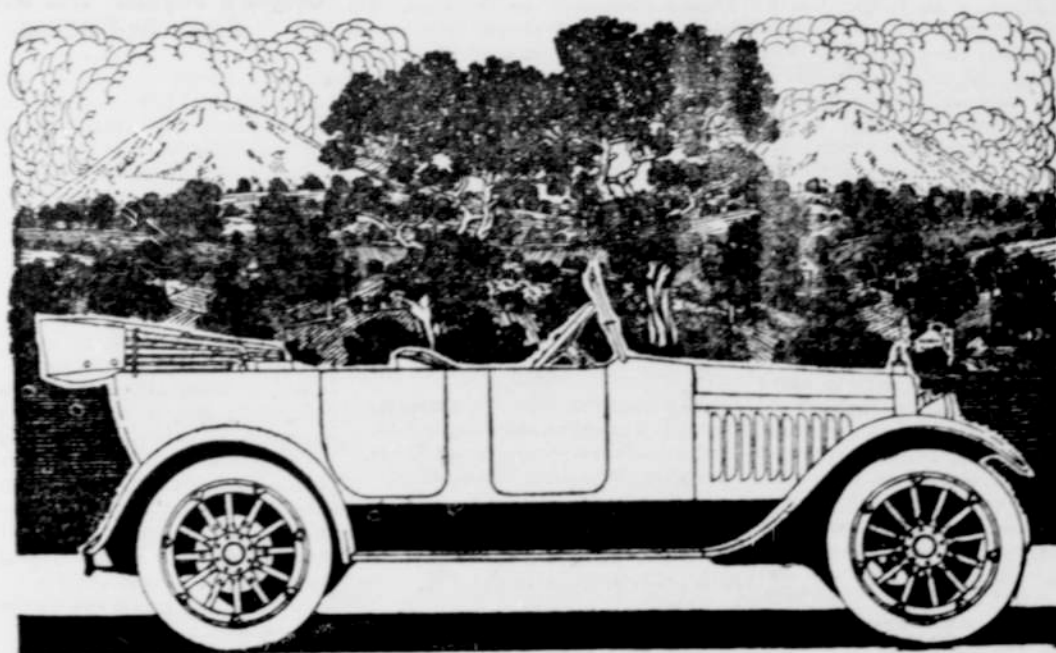
The funeral services were held at the house and the remains were laid to rest in the Fairview Cemetery Sunday afternoon, March 17, 1918.

Announcement.

To the voters of Tillamook County: I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination for County Commissioner on the Republican ticket at the primaries to be held May 17th, 1918. If nominated and elected I will render the people of our county and nation, faithful, conscientious and patriotic service, and will favor road building of a permanent nature.

Respectfully,
H. V. Alley.

An engine that wrings from gas more power than was ever taken out of gas before—through its "Hot-Spot" and "Ram's-Horn" Manifold—Chalmers devices.



Tests of exhaust vapors have shown weaknesses in many engines. By such tests you can always tell how good an engine is.

In the great Chalmers engine so very little in the way of unused or unburned gas comes out of the exhaust as to be almost negligible. The gas is used up—all of it—in the Chalmers.

The moment it passes from the throat of the carburetor it strikes the now noted "Hot-Spot" where it is heated and "cracked-up" and then rushed on to the combustion chambers via the "Ram's-Horn" Manifold.

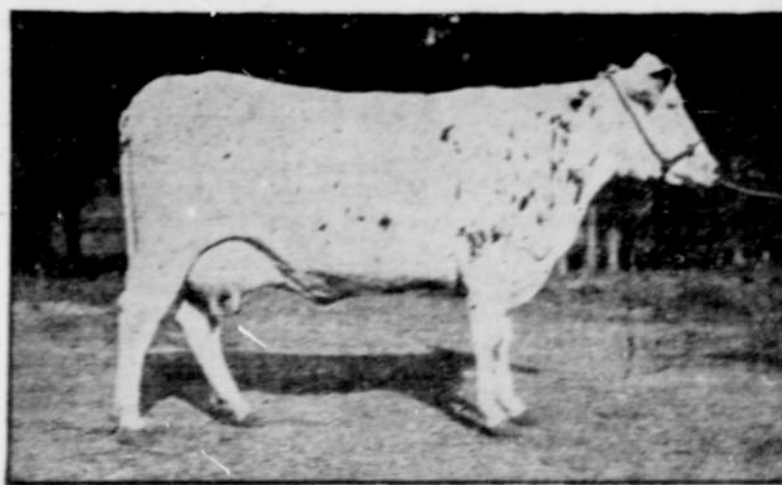
When the spark touches it off there is translated a power such as a gas engine has never known; all the brute force imaginable, yet tamed down into a softness that is as smooth as deep water.

Once you play with it with your right foot you will be amazed at the thrill it'll give you.

TOURING CAR, 5-PASSENGER	\$1525	TOURING SEDAN	\$1750	TOWN CAR LANDAULET	\$2050
TOURING CAR, 3-PASSENGER	\$1400	CARRIOLET, 3-PASSENGER	\$1175	LIMOUSINE, 7-PASSENGER	\$3700
STANDARD ROADSTER	\$1100	TOWN CAR, 5-PASSENGER	\$2700	LIMOUSINE LANDAULET	\$2650

ALL PRICES F. O. B. DETROIT SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

Dealer, D. L. SHRODE.



Miss Valley Mead De Kol Walker

Purchased Holstein cows are certainly doing their level best to respond to Hoover's injunction to increase production. Records are being broken so rapidly that a cow no sooner gets used to her championship laurels than another one snatches them away.

Miss Valley Mead De Kol Walker has just added to the dairy farm of California by breaking the record for butterfat production in the junior three year old class, by producing 24.01 pounds of butter in seven consecutive days, in the division covering tests begun not less than 240 days from freshening.

of milk, yielding 36.80 pounds of butter. She is making a large yearly record and is due to calve again within the year.

By yielding more than 24 pounds of butter in a week after having been milked for eight months she has established a new world's record, displacing Fimderene Hologene Payne, whose record, begun 365 days after freshening, is 23.91 pounds of milk and 22.57 pounds of butter.

Miss Valley Mead De Kol Walker is owned by A. W. Morris & Sons, Woodland, California. Her sire is Prince Gelsche Walker and her dam is De Kol of Valley Mead 2nd.

MERCHANT'S WIFE ADVISES TILLAMOOK WOMEN.

"I had stomach trouble so bad I could eat nothing but toast, fruit, and hot water. Everything else soured and formed gas. Dieting did no good. I was miserable until I tried buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler's-ka. ONE SPOONFUL benefited me INSTANTLY." Because Adler's-ka empties BOTH large and small intestine, it relieves ANY CASE constipation, sour stomach, gas and prevents appendicitis. It's QUICKEST action of anything ever sold. J. S. Lamar, dr.