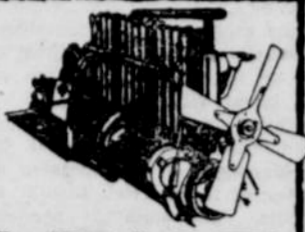


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## POLES DRIVEN TO GERMANY TO WORK

Hun Commander's Brutal Order Issued to Conquer and Helpless People.

Every Able-Bodied Man Forced to Leave His Starving Family and Labor Under Shocking Conditions for the Oppressor.

This I have seen. I could not believe it unless I had seen it through and through. For several weeks I lived with it; I went all about it and back of it; inside and out of it was shown to me—until finally I came to realize that the incredible was true. It is monstrous, it is unthinkable, but it exists. It is the Prussian system.—F. C. Walcott.

F. C. Walcott, a member of the United States food administration, and during the time America was feeding the civilian populations of Belgium, Serbia and northern France an assistant of Mr. Hoover in these invaded countries, has pictured in a graphic way the conditions he found among the people it was his duty to help. After describing the terrible conditions in Poland in 1918, the millions that were dying of starvation, the hundreds of thousands of defenseless people that had been ruthlessly cut down by the sword of the German conqueror, he says:

In that situation, the German commander issued a proclamation. Every able-bodied Pole was bidden to Germany to work. If any refused, let no other Pole give him to eat, not so much as a mouthful, under penalty of German military law.

This is the choice the German government gives to the conquered Pole, to the husband and father of a starving family: Leave your family or die or survive as the case may be. Leave your country which is destroyed, to work in Germany for its further destruction. If you are obstinate, we shall see that you surely starve.

Staying with his folk, he is doomed and they are not saved; the father and husband can do nothing for them, he only adds to their risk and suffering. Leaving them, he will be cut off from his family, they may never hear from him again nor he from them. Germany will set him to work that a German workman may be released to fight against his own land and people. He shall be lodged in barracks, behind barbed wire entanglements, under armed guard. He shall sleep on the bare ground with a single thin blanket. He shall be scantily fed and his earnings shall be taken from him to pay for his food.

That is the choice which the German government offers to a proud, sensitive, high-strung people. Death or slavery.

When a Pole gave me that proclamation, I was bawling. But I had to restrain myself. I was practically the only foreign civilian in the country and I wanted to get food to the people. That was what I was there for and I must not for any cause jeopardize the undertaking. I asked Governor General von Beseler, "Can this be true?"

"Really, I cannot say," he replied. "I have signed so many proclamations; ask General Von Kries."

So I asked General von Kries. "General, this is a civilized people. Can this be true?"

"Yes," he said, "it is true"—with an air of adding, Why not? I dared not trust myself to speak; I turned to go. "Wait," he said. And he explained to me how Germany, official Germany, regards the state of subject peoples.

It is hard for us to imagine such a condition in America as Mr. Walcott has described as existing in Hun-riden Poland, and yet that is just what would exist should our boys, and the boys of our allies, now fighting in France fail to defeat the soldiers of this murder empire. This fair country of ours would be made into a German province; our people would be the slaves of the Junkers of Germany, subject to the beastly whims of the officers of the German army. In no war in which America has ever engaged have the stakes been so great as in this present conflict. Should we, by any chance, lose; should the Hun, by any chance, win; our liberties, our happiness, everything Americans hold dear, would be lost.

### WILL "USE NOTHING GERMAN"

Club Organized for the Purpose of Boycotting Products of Hun Manufacture.

Chicago.—High art and low art, music and literature and dolls that talk and walk are to be taboo forever and forever to members of a new club here, when they bear the "Made in Germany" stamp or flavor.

"Use Nothing German" is the name of the club. And the women who have formed it swear that they mean what they say, and that after the war they intend that the kaiser does not recuperate from the ills he has brought upon himself through their aid.

The club expects to spread its message countrywide, and thus to induce women throughout the United States to back them up in ignoring everything German.

### FELT THAT HE NEEDED "PEP"

Little Fellow Simply Had to Spend a Nickel of the Dime in His Possession.

Frank Groninger, attorney, has a pink-cheeked, tow-headed youngster, whose name to every one who knows him, is synonymous with effervescence, overflowing spirits. He is a thinker, too, this small Jack.

It was he, who some years ago (he has now attained the mature age of eight years), after gravely meditating on the phenomenon that ensued when things were planted in the ground—i. e., that duplicates of the thing planted accommodatingly took root and grew up out of the ground—was discovered in the yard by his mother, carefully patting and slapping down a pile of wet mud with his small spade.

"What are you doing Jack; planting something?" Jack's evident reluctance to disclose the nature of his agricultural activities aroused his mother's suspicion. Grasping one of the miniature garden tools at Jack's feet she dug vigorously into the wet mud. A glint caught her eye, and in horrified silence she scraped the mud from her jeweled gold watch.

But, if Jack didn't succeed in growing nice little timepieces, that a small boy could hear tick undisturbedly, he has kept right on being active. Hence, his mother's surprise the other day at a reply of his.

Jack's father, before leaving for his office, gave Jack a dime. Afterward Jack's mother seeing the coin in his hand, admonished him to put the dime away and save it.

"O mother," Jack exclaimed insistingly, "I simply got to spend a nickel of it to give me some 'pep.'"—Indianapolis News.

### FAMOUS FOREST QUITE GONE

Absolutely Nothing Left of the Once Beautiful Woods That Were the Pride of Verdun.

Lovers used to stroll arm in arm through the well-ordered forests of Verdun. To stroll arm in arm where these forests once stood is no longer possible, Gouverneur Morris writes in Collier's. You must go alone. If there has been rain you should have nails in your boots. The smooth convolutions of the hills have been tortured and turned into ridges and hollows like the Atlantic ocean during the equinoctial gales.

I doubt if there is to be found one single square yard of the original forest floor. I doubt if there is to be found one single perfect example of a shell crater. One crater breaks into the next, and there, merged into one shocking hollow, are a dozen which at the first moment of looking appeared to have been but one.

It has been well but truly "worked," that forest floor; but not for 100 years can it ever again be worked by man in any peaceful and profitable pursuit. Rich soil (doubly rich now), it will be shunned by the farmer with his plow; a prospect very rich in copper and iron, the prospector will shun it, for here, buried and half-buried, the shells, great and little, which did not explode at all, are as thick as temptation in the life of every man.

### British Rural Life Changes.

With women taking the place of men workers, conditions in many parts of the country are undergoing a remarkable change. This is most noticeable in parts where woman land workers are making their homes.

The Woman's Institute is largely responsible for the movement, which is gradually revolutionizing village life, making it more attractive and stimulating a sense of citizenship. In conjunction with the food production department, a parliamentary meeting is called which elects a democratic committee representing farmers' wives, cottagers and landed women, who thereafter manage affairs, arranging for monthly social gatherings where useful lectures are given, exhibitions of housecraft or gardening skill held, and old, treasured recipes and household hints exchanged.

Several hundred villagers already have their committees and the food department is inundated with demands for organizers and lecturers.

### Surgical Dressing Work.

Some skeptical people, who usually aren't doing anything themselves, think that the production of surgical dressings by patriotic women is being overdone. If they could see conditions in some of the French villages, where not a single able-bodied man remains, they would not feel so.

In these colossal battles, where hundreds of thousands of men are engaged, all previous wars and needs are outclassed. A great many men are wounded in these battles. With prompt care and abundant material handy, the vast majority of the wounded are saved.

Vast storehouses should be filled in France at all times for this need. A Red Cross doctor who recently returned from France reports a case of a soldier so badly wounded that it took a whole case of dressings to save him. Under the strain of such demands, a great mountain of supplies will quickly melt away.—Virginia Enterprise.

### New Disease.

A disease new to science and provisionally called "X" has broken out in the west and northwest of New South Wales and has already caused a number of deaths. The symptoms somewhat resemble those of cerebrospinal meningitis, but it differs pathologically from that disease and in some respects is somewhat akin to pneumonia.—Scientific American.

## MURDER OF NATION BY RUTHLESS HUNS

How the Poles Were Slain and Starved and Frozen During the German Drive.

F. C. Walcott Tells of the Scenes of Horror He Witnessed Along the Road From Warsaw to Pinsk—Million Persons Homeless.

This I have seen. I could not believe it unless I had seen it through and through. For several weeks I lived with it; I went all about it and back of it; inside and out of it was shown to me—until finally I came to realize that the incredible was true. It is monstrous, it is unthinkable, but it exists. It is the Prussian system.—F. C. Walcott.

The following is a statement by F. C. Walcott, who served as an assistant to Mr. Hoover during the time America was doing all that was possible to feed the starving millions of Belgium and Poland and northern France. In this work he was brought in direct contact with German military officials, and saw the conditions which the German invasion had created among the civilian population:

I went to Poland to learn the facts concerning the remnant of a people that had been decimated by war. The country had been twice devastated. First the Russian army swept through it and then the Germans. Along the roadside from Warsaw to Pinsk, the present firing line, 230 miles, nearly half a million people had died of hunger and cold. The way was strewn with their bones picked clean by the crows. With their usual thrift, the Germans were collecting the large bones to be milled into fertilizer, but finger and toe bones lay on the ground with the mud-covered and rain-soaked clothing.

Wicker baskets were scattered along the way—the basket in which the baby swings from the rafter in every peasant home. Every mile there were scores of them, each one telling a death. I started to count, but after a little I had to give it up, there were so many.

That is the desolation one saw along the great road from Warsaw to Pinsk, mile after mile, more than two hundred miles. They told me a million people were made homeless in six weeks of the German drive in August and September, 1916. They told me four hundred thousand died on the way. The rest, scarcely half alive, got through with the Russian army. Many of these have been sent to Siberia; it is these people whom the Paderewski committee is trying to relieve.

In the refugee camps, 800,000 survivors of the flight were gathered by the Germans, members of broken families. They were lodged in Jerry-built barracks, scarcely water-proof, unlighted, unwarmed in the dead of winter. Their clothes, where the buttons were lost, were sewed on. There were no conveniences, they had not even been able to wash for weeks. Filth and infection from vermin were spreading. They were famished, their daily ration a cup of soup and a piece of bread as big as my fist.

In Warsaw, which had not been destroyed, a city of one million inhabitants, one of the most prosperous cities of Europe before the war, the streets were lined with people in the pangs of starvation. Famished and rain-soaked, they squatted there, with their elbows on their knees or leaning against the buildings, too feeble to lift a hand for a bit of money or a morsel of bread if one offered it, perishing of hunger and cold. Charity did what it could. The rich gave all that they had, the poor shared their last crust. Hundreds of thousands were perishing. Day and night the pictures is before my eyes—a people starving, a nation dying.

The above statement by Mr. Walcott is a terrible arraignment of the Hun, but no more terrible than he deserves. What has happened in Poland, in Belgium, in northern France and every other country that has been blighted by the Hun's presence would happen in America should the allies, by any chance, fail to win this war. It would mean the enslavement of American men, the starving and death of American women and children. Either the Hun or humanity must perish.

### KILLED BY GERMAN HELMET

American Soldier Hunting Souvenir Picked Up Charged Headpiece.

Shamokin, Pa.—Writing from a dug-out in No Man's Land, France, Leo Comer, a corporal in the Twenty-third United States Infantry, forwarded to his sister here, Miss Cecelia Comer, a bunch of strange flowers he had gathered while on patrol duty.

Comer had promised a younger brother a German steel helmet as a war relic, but in writing informed the brother that he was doomed to disappointment until the Americans reach Berlin. He had seen a fellow soldier pick up a steel helmet and then fall dead.

The helmet had been electrically charged by the Germans.

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