

GUILTY IN GERMAN APPEAL

Council of Women Propaganda Intended to Deceive Sympathetic Ones.

A "native daughter of Oregon" writes to the Oregonian in regard to the appeal of the "Council of the Women of Germany". She says: "Must the slush and rot of German propagandists be dinned into the ears of the public again? Before we entered the war—and after, whenever they thought it safe—certain persons went about saying, 'We don't want to go over there and kill those poor Germans do we? They never did us any harm!'"

Now, German sympathizers go about saying, "We don't want to be hard on the poor German people do we? It wasn't their fault!"

And now cometh the "Council of the Women of Germany" with an appeal to Mrs. Wilson and the pacifist, Jane Adams, saying in part: "Let it be through you, Madam (this to Mrs. Wilson), to implore our sisters in the United States of America, who are mothers like ourselves, to ask their Government and the allied governments to change the terms of armistice so that the long-suffering of the women and children of Germany may not end in unspeakable disaster"

An appealing plea, indeed! And will it work on easy going, tender-hearted Americans? Or shall we remember a few things? Shall we ask the "Council of Women of Germany" if they protested to their armies in behalf of the women and children of long suffering Belgium? Oh! the women and children of Belgium! Will the world ever forget the brutal unspeakable things done to those women and little children?

Did the "Council of the Women of Germany" protest when the Lusitania was sunk and the cries of the women and children made "music in the ears" of the submarine commander who did the sinking? Or did the said "Council of German women" join in the holiday—made in Germany—to celebrate the killing of those innocent women and children?

Now that the German women are howling for food it is pertinent to inquire if they ever protested against the billions of tons of food sent to the bottom of the seas by German submarines—on the God given water routes of the world? Let them get their boasted German efficiency working and resurrect the food—sent to the bottom by their devilish submarines—they would have enough to keep them fit and fine for the rest of their lives.

However, we have it from good authority, Germany is not in any danger of starving.

France has been "bled white" "The number of British killed, exclusive of her colonies and dominions, has been more than a million."

Let France and England set Germany's penalty! Americans, let us keep "hands off." This slush by the "Council of Women of Germany" is appeal calculated to work on American sympathy. American women! Mothers, sisters and wives of American soldiers! Let us protest against our prominent women playing into the hands of the sly and foxy Germans!

Bombs What They Understand.

Dr. Rosemeier, a distinguished German journalist—who escaped Germany—was asked why he did not write something to move the German people to a sense of justice and right. He replied:

"Nonsense. Haven't I been writing my fingers off for thirty years. What those fellows need is not ideas for their brains; they need bombs on their skulls. Help can come from only one place, Bethlehem—Bethlehem, Pa."

"They will cheat you yet, these Junkers. Having won half the world by bloody murder, they are going to try to win the other half with tears in their eyes, crying for mercy."

"Der Tag"

You boasted the day, and you boasted the day.

And now the day has come. Blasphemer, braggart, and coward all Little you reek of the numbing ball, The blasting hell, or the white arm's fall,

As they speed poor humans home. You spied for the day, you lied for the day,

And worked for the day's red spleen.

Monster, who asked God's aid divine, Then strew His seas with ghastly wine,

Not all the waters of the Rhine Can wash thy foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the day, you schemed for the day,

Watch how the day will go. Slayer of age, and youth, and prime (Defenseless slain for never a crime) Thou art steeped in blood as a hog in slime,

False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sworn for the day, you have grown for the day,

Yours is the harvest red. Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?

Can you see the heap of slain that lies,

And sightless, turned to the fame-split skies,

The glassy eyes of the dead?

You have wronged for the day, you have longed for the day,

That lit the awful flame. 'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain Yield sheaves of dead amid the grain, That widows mourn for their loved ones slain.

And mothers curse thy name.

But after the day there's a price to pay

For the sleepers under the sod,

And He you have mocked for many a day—

Listen and hear what he has to say: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay"

What can you say to God?

Rudyard Kipling.

SIZE DOESN'T COUNT.

16-Year Old English Boy Tells How He "Got" His First Hun.

Tommy Kehoe, a 16-year-old English boy, tells how he "got" his first Hun. Not a hundred feet away they were when our lads were jumping to the parapet to meet them with their bayonets. I made a leap for the top of the ladder, grabbed at it, missed and slipped back. Somebody reached out a hand and pulled me up.

Almost on us they were—and Oh, never in my worst dreams—and I've had many a bad one since then—have I seen a more dreadful sight than that. They came at us out of the dark like fiends from another world, like the pictures I've seen of men from Mars; for their heads were covered with the most evil looking masks that anybody could imagine, masks with huge round eyes and long piggish snouts. Shells were bursting about them, machine guns were tearing through their ranks and their masks were white and ghastly in the light of the rockets.

Many a time I had thought of what war would be like, but never had a thought I should look on such a sight as that.

"Fight or die Tommy Kehoe! Fight or die!"

That's what I told myself as I crouched in front of the sandbags, with my bayonet ready for them.

Whooping big men they were, head and shoulders above me. But as I waited there a thought flashed through me of the Bantam regiment, little fellows, scarcely bigger than I who had made good even against those giant Prussians. Size didn't count behind a bayonet. I was sure of it. If I didn't then it was all over with me.

Even then, when they were almost up to us, how the guns were mowing them down! It looked as if none could be left in a moment or two. But those that didn't fall came on like madmen and poured through the lanes where the big guns had leveled our wires.

One—he was a six-footer if he was an inch—ran straight for me with his bayonet—thrust upward. His bayonet went over my shoulder. He staggered and fell over my gun. I had got him! I had got him! in the stomach!

"Twas lucky for me there was no time to think over it or to stand there gaping at him—the dead Hun hanging over my gun with his masked head almost touching me—for it was terrible. For a second or two I turned dizzy and sick. But it was fight again or die. I jerked my rifle back and stumbled over the dead man as he flopped to the ground.

"Make for their stomachs, Tommy Kehoe. Make for their stomachs!" I told myself. "Size don't count."

To Get 'Em Back.

Only three months will be required to bring the American troops home from France, according to the Shipping board, after peace shall be declared. It has been assumed it would require at least fifteen months. According to estimates worked out by the board, however, by transforming cargo boats into transports the boys can be brought home in the much shorter period. The War and Navy departments are believed to have assented to the program. The trips will be much shorter than at present, when the submarine peril requires sailing in convoy.

The Brigand Stands Alone.

Germany now stands alone. Abandoned one after another by all her accomplices in the crime of 1914, she confronts the wrath of the civilized world infinitely the greatest malefactor of all, the instigator of the war in which her allies only did her bidding.

There is no trace of heroism in the attitude she assumes in the hour of defeat. The magnanimity so often manifested toward a conquered foe is denied to her because she is unworthy of it. Pity for her distress, which is beyond the power of calm endurance, is withheld for a like reason.

She has shown no pity herself, she deserves none. She is a criminal nation whose offenses transcend all human experience. The only concern the world feels as to the degree of her punishment is that it shall completely and forever put it out of her power to bring about another embroilment of the nations.

Ripened Judgment.

"Then we're engaged?"

"Of course."

"And I am the first girl you ever loved?"

"No, dear, but I'm harder to suit now than I used to be."

INFLUENZA TOLL IS HIGH.

Deaths From Epidemic Exceed Casualties of Yankees in War.

Washington, Nov. 17.—The recent epidemic of influenza in the United States caused more deaths than occurred among the American expeditionary forces from all causes from the time the first unit landed in France until hostilities ceased. This announcement today by the Census Bureau was based on unofficial estimates of the total casualties among the overseas forces and reports from 46 cities having a combined population of 23,000,000, which showed 82,306 deaths from influenza and pneumonia from September 9 to November 9.

"Total casualties in the American expeditionary forces," said the announcement, "have recently been unofficially estimated at 100,000."

VIEWPOINT OF ARMY.

Soldiers Reflect on Recent Armistice Notes Sent to Germany.

Germany's reply to President Wilson's latest communication and the reports concerning the Austrian note requesting a separate peace have reached virtually the furthest advanced American troops throughout the sector.

As was the case with the previous notes, and the various political developments of recent weeks, the news was promptly communicated to the fighting line by telephone from main headquarters, through the army corps division and down to the brigades, where it was practicable. Behind the lines where the news spread more rapidly the men have watched developments with that keenness of intelligence that marks the citizen army.

The rank and file do not hesitate to comment and speculate on the final outcome of the negotiations, but in his long trips over the front and behind the lines the correspondent has found at each step that the disposition of the men is to speculate on the character of the next development rather than to express an opinion of what should be done.

The bulk of the American army now has been soldiering long enough and seen enough hard fighting to become imbued with the principle that it is America's duty to fight if ordered to do so, and to accept without any question the orders of its government, upon whose request it entered the war, and upon whose decision it is willing to abide.

In other words, the general army viewpoint is that the American government declares for an armistice then an armistice is what the army will approve of. If not, well and good; the men will go on fighting.

The decision of the situation has mostly been quiet and earnest, but there also has prevailed the typical American jocularity, with weird bets made as to when and how the war will end. Meanwhile the fighting goes on, men are landing at the bases and the great war machine moves forward as if peace had never been mentioned.

Drafting Highways to do Their Bit.

Fifty per cent of all the food raised in this country never reaches the consumer!

Nearly 60 per cent of this year's crop of potatoes either spoiled or wasted!

These are the statements of one of the most eminent food authorities in the country. Such conditions are caused by the distance of the producing from the consuming centers, the delays in transportation and the number of handlings required before the produce can be marketed. Is it any wonder that food prices are high and that so many of us must practice real self-denial?

But we have the means to improve these conditions and already market changes in our transportation system have occurred. It was little more than a year ago that the majority of trucks were operated with a paying load in but one direction—systematic arrangements for securing a return load were unknown. Last winter some states, through government pressure, inaugurated the first arrangements for road plowing and snow removal, so that assistance to the railroads could be rendered at the time it was most necessary.

With such rapid strides as these we can almost predict that, in a few years, state interference with the passage of trucks from one community to another and a lack of uniform laws which work a real hardship on any company undertaking an intercity hauling contract will be relegated to the dead past with such laws as those requiring a man on foot with a bell or red lantern to proceed every self propelled road vehicle.—Harold W. Slauson, in Leslie's.

About Croup.

If your children are subject to croup, or if you have reason to fear their being attacked by that disease, you should procure a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and study the directions for use, so that in case of an attack you will know exactly what course to pursue. This is a favorite and very successful remedy for croup, and it is important that you observe the directions carefully. For Sale by Lamar's Drug Store.—Pd Adv.

TUNNEL UNDER GIBRALTAR.

An Old Project Revived: "By Rail From London to Africa."

Interest has lately revived in the scheme for a tunnel beneath the Straits of Gibraltar, which has, like that for a railway link between England and France, made an appeal to engineers for a generation or more. Some of the technical aspects of the project have been under discussion before the French Society of Civil Engineers, and it does not appear to be thought that there are any abnormal difficulties on the engineering side.

Owing to the depth of water and character of the sea bed and the underlying strata it would be necessary to construct such a tunnel at a depth, it is believed, of some 840 meters; and the length between Tarifa, the suggested point of departure on the Spanish side of the straits, and either of the alternative points of emergence on the Moroccan coast, would be about 15½ miles. It is assumed by the advocates of the scheme that the cost of construction would not exceed \$50,000,000, but necessary port improvements would call for the expenditure of an additional \$20,000,000.

There can be no doubt that the linking of the European and Africa railway systems would give a great stimulus, to French and Spanish trade, and on the assumption that the tunnel beneath the Straits of Dover is constructed, the tunnel would provide over the Trans-African railway a through route between England and South Africa.

The scheme now put forward by Henri Bressler does not differ in its essential aspects from that planned by Bedjler 20 years ago; but it is felt that the case for the tunnel has been strengthened in the interval, and it is believed that the capital could now be found without seeking any financial aid from either the French or Spanish government.—London Times.

COAXING YOU TO SMILE.

Accepts his advice.

Sufferer—"I have a terrible toothache and want something to cure it."

Friend—"Now, you don't need any medicine. I had toothache yesterday, and I went home and my loving wife kissed me and so consoled me that the pain soon passed away. Why don't you try the trick?"

Sufferer—"I think I will. Is your wife home now?"

His Repentance.

Old Mummy Mary Persimmons called one day on a village lawyer.

"Well, old lady," he said "what can I do for you?"

"Ah want's to divorce my husband," said Aunt Mary.

"Divorce Uncle Bill?" cried the lawyer. "Why?"

"Bekase he's got no religion dat's why," said Aunt Mary, "an' we ain't had a chicken on de table for six weeks."

Never Saw Him Before.

"I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am," insisted a conductor, speaking to a quiet-looking little woman. The woman declined to pay.

"You'll pay for that boy or I'll stop the train and put him off," he persisted. "All right, put him off," she said calmly. "You ought to know the rules." "How old is that boy?" "I don't know. I never saw him before."

A Defeated Candidate.

"Are you related to the bridegroom-elect?" asked the busy usher.

"No."

"Then what interest have you in the ceremony?"

"I'm the defeated candidate."

Tit for Tat.

An elderly lady, telling her age remarked that she was born on the 3rd of April. Her husband who was present, observed, "I always thought you were born on the 1st of April."

"People may well judge so," responded the lady, "in the choice I made for a husband."

Discriminating.

Two political candidates were discussing the coming local election.

"What did the audience say when you told them you had never paid a dollar for a vote?" enquired one.

"A few cheered, but the majority seemed to loose interest," returned the other.

Farmer's Reason.

Ex-President Taft was talking to a farmer and asked him why it was that farm products should cost so much more than formerly.

"They don't of themselves," replied the farmer. "It's because a farmer has got to know so much more." "Why" said the ex-president, "does that affect the price?"

"Well" replied the farmer, "when a farmer is supposed to know the botanical name of what he's raising, an' the botanical name of the insect that eats it, an' the pharmaceutical name of the chemical that will kill the insect, somebody's got to pay him for getting the knowledge."

SANITATION.

That the germ is the cause of most deadly disease is more than mere theory—it is a real fact. The work of tuberculosis sanitoriums, the typhoid hospitals in the canal zone, the vaccine laboratories are all evidence of the fact that the safety of man does not depend on good or bad luck, but upon the fight which each individual makes upon the disease germs, the cause of most losses of life and dollars. In selecting a weapon to kill the germs of disease several vital questions must be looked squarely in the face or disinfectanting will be little better than useless. First—Has the disinfectant the power to kill all kinds of disease germs? 2nd, Can the disinfectant be used safely whenever disease germs are found? 3rd, Is it effective, when used anywhere and every where, and by any body, and can it be used with safety? Therefore a disinfectant that can be used with safety must not be a poison or caustic acid, whereas poisonous disinfectants endanger the life of human beings or animals, this can be verified by turning to the files of our daily papers. When buying a disinfectant be sure what you buy as your life may depend on that purchase, look at the label, note the germ killing power and if it is poison or not. Disinfectants are measured upon the germ killing strength of undiluted carbolic acid, which they term a phenol coefficient. Look for the phenol coefficient on the label.

B. K. was tested by the United States Hygiene Laboratory and found to have a phenol coefficient 10 plus or ten times stronger than undiluted carbolic acid as a germ killer. Much stronger than coal tar disinfectants—much safer.

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