

Scraps of Paper.

A Missouri Democrat who recently delivered an address before the Rotary Club, of Dallas, Texas, told his hearers that if any of them wanted his youngest child to be able to say he had ever seen a Democratic President, he should take the baby to Washington and let him look at Mr. Wilson before his present term expires, because the chance would never come again.

No, Mr. Bursleson isn't the whole trouble with the telephone and telegraph system, or Mr. McAdoo or Mr. Hines with the railway system. Increased rates and decreased service to the people are the natural results of politicalized bureaucracy. The advocates of political ownership and operation of everything and everybody are hunting around for goats. That is, perhaps, why Mr. McAdoo got out while the getting was good. But these men have done as well as any other politician could do in politicalized industry.

Moses got the ten commandments on Mt. Sinai, Joseph Smith dug up the Book of Mormon in New York, and the reverent administration organ, the Springfield Republican, says that Lloyd George gave out about all of the fourteen points but the now misplaced freedom of the seas doctrine three days before Mr. Wilson announced them in Congress, when as Ambassador and Official Eulogist George Herro says, "the Senate rostrum became as God's flaming altar." But, as has before been remarked in this paper, some people think the fourteen points are Holy Writ, and some consider them wholly rot.

Ray Stannard Baker has succeeded George Creel as the administration press agent in Paris, George having come home to keep the propaganda machine going in the United States. The way to make a professional muck raker begin to squirt perfumery is to put him on the public pay roll.

The friends of the administration who propose that instead of calling Congress into session President Wilson call to begin a self-constituted or Presidentially appointed soviet, hand picked from various classes, to map out the reconstruction program, evidently proceed on the theory that the country is ready for the bolshevist system.

After having had complete control of the government for six years and failing to give the Philippines independence in accordance with the platform pledges while they had the opportunity to do it, administration leaders are now promising the Philippines early action by a Republican Congress, although the Republicans never have hauled down the flag. Quite characteristically Wilsonian, isn't it?

The Democratic national platform plank against "government by injunction" has at last had attention at the hands of the administration. Postmaster General Bursleson has been getting injunctions against state governments which have attempted to prevent the administration's 20 per cent increase in telegraph tolls.

One of the best instances of retributive justice in history is the case of the muck raking and hammer wielding magazines, who kept up the ywag against the Republican party until until they got a Democratic Congress, and the Democratic Congress gave the magazines the zone rate of postage! Moral: Don't yell too loud for reform; you might get it.

Lloyd George complains that while the peace conference has been on, intruders have been hanging around the keyhole. What has a keyhole got to do with "open covenants openly arrived at."

Evidently the bolshevik, who have started out to purchase recognition from the United States with concessions for certain private American interests evidently believe all the mean things Woodrow Wilson said about our commercialized politics and public life in his "New Freedom."

If they keep on killing General Zapata the man will soon be as dead as Villa.

The friends of the administration who are trying to repudiate Postmaster General Bursleson should not overlook the fact that the distinguished Texan is one of the main props and pillars of the Wilson cabinet and that it is inconceivable that he did any of the drastic things the public is complaining about without the knowledge and consent of the head of the administration.

When Attorney General Palmer and former Senator Bailey have finished their debate on "What is a Democrat?", we hope somebody will come forward with a reasonable explanation of "Why is a Democrat?"

Senator Pomerene, of Ohio, is in into the breach as a Presidential candidate by the administration effort to head off the Cox boom. Secretary Baker is reported of having his hat on Ohio's favorite sons

in the next Democratic national convention goig to be triplets?

Do President Wilson and Secretary Baker imagine that they have the right to tell a delegation of Filipinos that this country intends to withdraw its authority from the Philippine Islands? Do they not know that decision of the future relationship of the Philippines is in the hands of Congress that will not be dominated by advocates of what McKinley called the "scuttle policy?" What can they hope to accomplish by holding up false hopes and making unauthorized promises to representatives of the Philippine Islands relative to independence, except to stir up unrest in the islands?

At a meeting of the Teachers Union of New York City the board of Education "was represented as tyrants, oppressors, a privileged class." Why, that's exactly what the kids say about the teachers! The glad time is coming when the question of whether the teachers spank the pupils, or the pupils spank the teacher, is going to be settled by a school referendum.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer is not alone in holding to the amusing theory that the way to end "partisanism" is for every American citizen to let Woodrow Wilson and the Democratic party to do his thinking for him.

At the close of the war the War Department, it is reported, had eighteen curry combs on hand. A curry comb lasts several years, and the government had less than a million horses and mules. It is too bad the war department has so much success in acquiring curry combs than in procuring airplanes and heavy artillery.

The Presidential press agents are now busy making it equally clear that the threat that Mr. Wilson would pick up his doll rags and go home was unauthorized, and also that the clever ruse of our diplomatic representatives at Paris was responsible for forcing Clemenceau to the Wilson terms.

Thank God for Bursleson, he has killed the government ownership movement. The fellow who gets up in future and talks about how the government could run anything at less cost with better service will draw a vegetable shower every time.

Some time ago George Creel announced that he was going to de-louse public life, but at last accounts he was still drawing his official salary.

Every few days some leader of the National Woman Suffrage Association sends President Wilson a message thanking him for what he has done for suffrage. What he has done for suffrage, of course, still remains quite a mystery to most people.

A majority of the Democrats in the House voted against an increase in soldiers' pay when the war was on, but under Champ Clark's lead they are loudly demanding "justice" for the soldier now that they are out of power, and the war is over.

A Little Matter of Fifty-Seven Billions.

The Sixty-fifth Congress appropriated fifty-seven billion dollars. The Fifty-first Congress, which was denounced by Democratic politicians as "the billion dollar Congress," appropriated \$1,035,686,921. The war lasted nineteen months. If it had lasted four years it is evident that the United States would have been "busted", for the money spending was just getting well under way when the armistice was signed, and the outlay has been increased even though the war is over, from the mere momentum of the spending habit.

Congress has power to investigate the expenditures made under these vast appropriations, granted without question by the law making branch of the government at the demand of the executive branch, under the spur of war emergency. The people have a right to a full accounting. They demand it. They do not begrudge a penny of the legitimate expenditure; they want the responsibility fixed for every item which represents waste or worse.

A great hullabaloo is now being raised by Democratic politicians over "world problems." They are manifestly anxious to change the subject. They are now vigorously presenting the thought that in the midst of such an emergency as we now face it would be wrong to rake up the "old issues" of the war period. But the statute of limitations has not been out of these expenditures either morally or legally. This Democratic demand to drop the subject may awaken some echo in certain alleged Republican quarters. The interests anxious to prevent any probing are large and influential.

"Open the books" and "turn the rascals out," these were the Democratic battle cries of an earlier day. They have a peculiar timeliness now, for the evidences of waste and worse are piled mountain high. The administration has turned a deaf ear to the voice of protest. It has refused to divide responsibility. It has insisted upon running things on a personal

and partisan basis. It is time to demand an accounting of the stewardship. It is the duty of the Republican Congress to make and enforce that demand. The fear that it will do so is doubtless accountable, in part, for the refusal to call Congress together despite the declared publicity necessary. But come early or come late, it is the duty of Congress to go to the bottom in these matters, fix the blame and suggest the punishment.

COAXING YOU TO SMILE.

Why She Waited.

One of the funniest cases came before Judge White not so very long ago. A negro had been arrested for beating his wife and in the course of the wife's testimony she admitted that he had beaten her many times before.

"But why didn't you have him arrested yourself; why did you wait until neighbors got an officer to come to your rescue," asked the judge.

"Well, yoah honor", said the woman, "I done think of it several times, but I aint neber had enuff money all together at one time to pay his fine."

The Last Straw.

One night—or morning, rather—Mr. Brown returned just as dawn was breaking.

"What time is it?" called his sleepy spouse.

"A quarter to eleven my dear," replied Mr. Brown.

His wife switched on a light and looked at an alarm clock that stood near her bed. It showed twenty minutes past four.

She took her husband to task; where-upon he put on his hat and started out in a dignified manner.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

The First Motor Van.

An ancient motor van usually managed to have a break down about once a week and generally at a most inopportune moment in the thick of traffic. One day, after slowly snorting its way right into the middle of traffic, there was a sudden whirring of wheels, a loud snap, and the weary and worn frame work came to a dead stop.

"Look here," said the policeman on duty to the driver, "this infernal thing is always breaking down. Let's see; what's your number, Yes 1599."

"Damn!" came from the youth who was in charge of the vehicle immediately behind. "That ain't its number; that's the year it was built."

A Sillier Song.

An Italian soldier, who had been captured by the Austrians, was singing the Italian national anthem as he worked. An Austrian officer came up to him and said with an Austrian sneer:

"Can't you think of a sillier song than that?"

The Italian started furiously at the Austrian, but caught himself. His rage cooled—or seemed to cool—and he smiled.

"Certainly, I know a sillier song than that," he said softly. "Would you like to hear it?"

And he began to sing the Austrian national anthem.

The Choir Got Even.

Once in a while the choirs get back at the minister. In a Connecticut church the other Sunday morning the choir had sung its anthem, as his text. "Now when the uproar had ceased." The singers bided their time patiently and, when the sermon was over, rose and rendered in most melodious fashion another anthem beginning, "Now is the high time to awake after sleep."

"Where are you going John?"
 "To raise the wind."
 "What for?"
 "To meet a draft."

Soldiers Held to "Snap" Wilsons.

The needs of the President and his peacy party in the way of photography have aroused some little comment in Washington since Senator Poindexter, of Washington, has made public a letter from an enlisted man in the army photography section, stationed at Paris, who says that something more than \$1,000 prints of the President and his party already have been made.

The soldier in question complains bitterly against being held in Paris, together with 274 other enlisted men solely to take pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and their party. He wants to come home, he says, and the officers and men in the unit want to do likewise. In writing to Senator Poindexter the soldier says:

"Major Griffin was the head photographer on the George Washington on her first trip. Under his supervision 300 negatives were made of the Presidential party on the way over. When he landed in France sixteen copies of each negative were made. This means 4,800 pictures.

When Hector was a pup his kennel was big enough

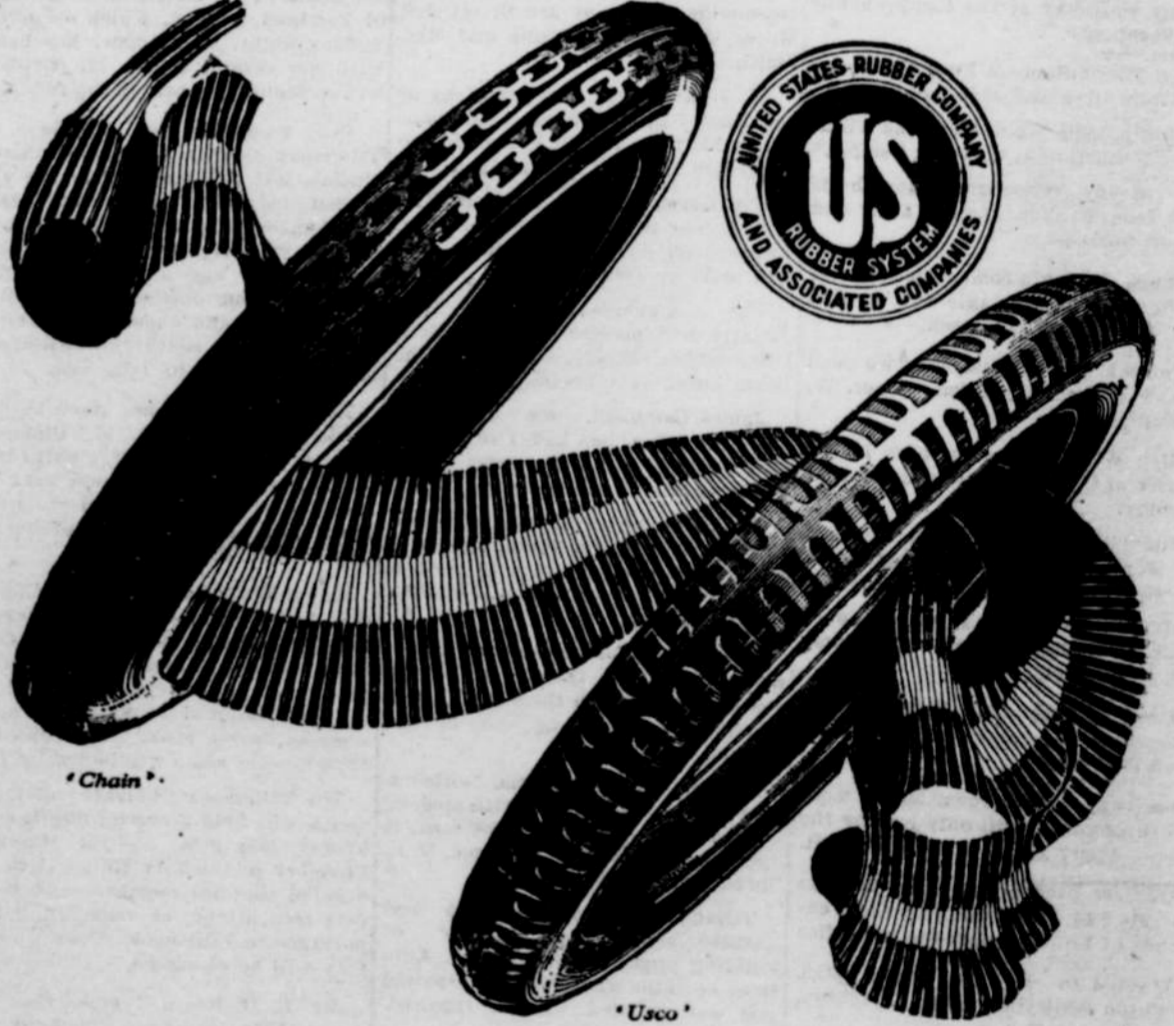


But Heck grew up!

When you built your house your fire insurance was ample. But values have soared! Figure what it will cost you to rebuild in case of fire. Then you will realize what you stand to lose. This agency can serve you in two ways—by giving you greater protection and by helping you reduce the chance of fire.

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