

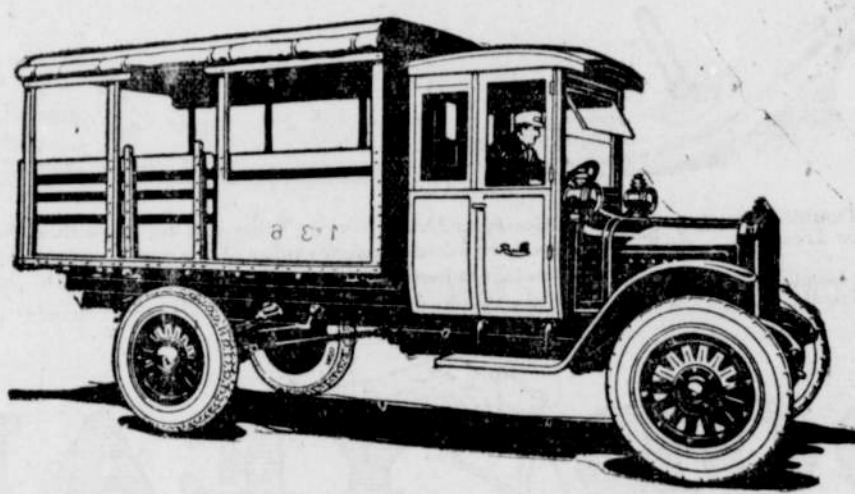
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Feeding Test Cows.

A short time ago I wrote an article on the value of water for the dairy cow. It gives me great satisfaction to note that this article, was taken seriously by some of the broad-minded dairymen of the county, as is evident by the fact that they have installed drinking cups in their barns, and also improved the drinking facilities in their pastures.

At the recent dairy festival I was requested to speak on Feeding Test Cows. But I preferred to put my remarks in print where they could be referred to when needed, in connection with this subject I wish to say something about feeding the bull. Many dairymen are negligent in this matter, often going to two extremes, either over or underfeeding, both of which are wrong. The bull should be fed a ration consisting, concentrates and succulent feeds, according to his age, and the amount of service to which he is put. Also the bull should be provided with plenty of exercise. This fact I learned from experience during my early days in the dairy game. I purchased a yearling bull from the Hood farm in Massachusetts and shipped him to my farm in Vermont. Being young and overzealous I overfed him so he became too fat and did not prove to be a sure breeder. So I changed my feeding methods and put him to work on an old-fashioned tread mill by which he did the churning. His superfluous flesh soon disappeared and he proved to be a splendid sire, and also captured several blue ribbons at the fairs.

It has been talked of, and I hope soon to see the day when there will be a state law forbidding the use of any but a purebred sire. Also a standardization of the sale of purebred bull-calves. For I have seen young bulls sold and shipped away which were a detriment to the breed and the community from which they came.

It is impossible to make up an ideal ration that is adaptable to all Cows differ in tastes and appetites, and the breeder must study each cow and learn just what she prefers before he can compound her ration. It should not be necessary to say that the cow should have sanitary quarters, pure drinking water and salt before her at all times. Grooming, kindness, quick clean dry milking at regular hours all have their influence on production.

The idea seems prevalent among the dairymen that there is a great deal of mystery connected with feeding a balanced ration. I would advise the beginner to send to the O. A. C. or purchase any of the standard works which will furnish him with tables showing the nutritive value chemical analysis of all the different feeds. This knowledge is absolutely necessary in order to compose a balanced ration.

By a balanced ration we mean one which contains the proper proportions of protein, carbohydrates and fat which are essential for the bodily maintenance of the cow and for milk production. Protein provides material for the upkeep of the body, and is the source of the case in and albumen in the milk. Carbohydrates supply the body with heat and energy, and the sugar and fat in the milk. The fats in the ration accomplish the same work as do the carbohydrates, but are listed separately on account of their greater value.

Choose your greater value, roughage, concentrates and succulent feed. Then figure the weight of your cow, amount of milk she is giving per day, and the percentage of fat contained in same. For example a 1,000 lb. cow giving 30 lbs. of 4 per cent milk needs:

Protein Carbohydrates Fat

body maintenance	7 lbs.	1 lb.	1 lb.
milk production	1.62	7.5	32
total nutrients	2.32	14.3	32

For a larger or smaller cow it is easy to figure, the ration from the above table. A ration which would about meet the requirements of this table would be alfalfa hay 20 lbs.; roots or other succulence, 25 lbs.; barley, 4 lbs.; Millrun, 2 lbs.; ground oats, 2 lbs.; cill-meal, 1 lb.

I believe it is much better to compound your ration from the separate grains as many of the prepared feeds are of doubtful value. Feed the cow all the hay she will eat, and right here I want to make a suggestion which will save dollars to every dairymen who has to buy expensive hay. Cut every bit of hay and moisten it slightly. There will be no waste of stalks as is always the case where the hay is not cut.

Kale and roots, also silage are among the best helps to a large milk flow. Where these are not available I have found best pulp to be one of the most important parts of the ration. In fact I have won three milking contests when pulp was all the succulence I could provide. I prefer to soak the pulp for at least twelve hours before feeding, mixing with the grain at each milking. Some pulp comes prepared with molasses but if the plain pulp is used mix molasses with the water while soaking.

Great precaution must be taken to start the cow at freshening with a light grain ration, taking at the last three weeks to get her onto a maximum feed. For a test cow producing 3 lbs. of fat a day, I have found the following ration, with possible slight variations to suit the different cows, to be a very satisfactory one. Divide the grain ration into as many equal parts as you have milkings, and feed at the rate of 1 lb. grain for each 4 lbs. of milk per day.

All the hay ration cow will clean up, 9 lbs. bet-pulp, 3 lbs. molasses in water used for soaking. Grain composed of 5 parts mill run, 2 parts barley and 3 parts oil-meal. If roots kale or silage are available, the pulp should be omitted and as high as 30 or 40 lbs. of whatever succulent feed is on hand will take its place.
B. A. Fowler.

Coaxing You to Smile.

The Whole Show
"The play doesn't give me a fair chance."
"No play can. There is only one vehicle that will give an actor of your ability a really fair chance."
"What is that?"
"A monologue."

The Mystery.
"The fool and his money are soon parted," observed the Old Fogey.
"That is to be expected," replied the Grouch. "The mystery is how they ever happened to get together in the first place."

Mistake or Confession?
The nervous bridegroom was called on to make a speech at the wedding breakfast.
Putting his hand upon his bride's shoulder, he hesitatingly remarked, "Ladies and gentlemen, this thing has been thrust upon me."

Nothing to Worry Over.
"I don't know what to name the child."
"Why worry, ma?"
"Huh?"
"The boys will give him a name that will last until he's twenty. Then I hope he'll whirl in and make a name for himself."

The Proper Number.
"Mr. Gloom, how many prizes do you think we should give at our baby show next week?"
"How many babies do you expect to be in the contest, Mrs. Clatter?"
"About one hundred, probably."
"Then give one hundred first prizes."

Wasn't Open.
A rather green countryman has just returned from his first visit to New York.
"Well, Si," said the postmaster, "what did you think of the metropolis?"
"Wat say?" gawked the other, "stumped by so big a word."
"I asked how did you like the metropolis?"
"Oh, that—'twan't open," said Si.

His Reputation Followed Him
Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a misstep and fell to the ground; the other leaned over and called:
"Are ye dead or alive, Mike?"
"I'm alive," said Mike feebly.
"Sure, yer such a liar I don't know whether to believe you or not."
"Well, then, I must be dead," said Mike, "for you would never dare to call me a liar if I were alive."

The Modern Maid.
Mrs. Jones thought she'd try the effect of a little praise on her new maid.
"How nicely you have ironed these things, Jane!" she said admiringly as she inspected the garments hanging before the fire to air.
Then glancing at the glossy linen, she continued, in a tone of surprise: "Oh, I see; they are all your own!"
"Yes," replied Jane, "and I'd do yours just like that if I had time, ma'am."

None The Less Deplorable.
"Isn't it deplorable that a big, strong, healthy man like the one going there should be crippled in such a manner," remarked a stranger the other Sunday, indicating a well known town man whom he saw walking out West Harvey with one leg stiff as a crutch.
"Huh! That guy ain't crippled," replied a home guard. "His wife don't want him to play golf on Sunday and he's sneaking out to the course with a mid-iron down his pant's leg."

Might Be Much Later
The railroad official invited the stern citizen to communicate his troubles.
"I want you to give orders," demanded the visitor, "that the engineer of the express which passes through Elm Grove at 11:55 be restrained from blowing his whistle on Sunday mornings."
"Impossible!" exploded the official.
"What prompts you to make such a ridiculous request?"
"Well, you see," explained the citizen in an undertone, "our pastor preaches until he hears the whistle blow and that confounded express was 20 minutes late last Sunday."

No Place For Innocence.
A motorist was summoned before a magistrate for exceeding the speed limit. The magistrate, a good-natured man, was not, however, convinced that the car had been driven too fast, and the motorist insisted that he had been progressing at the rate of only six miles an hour. "Why, your worship, I was going very slowly because I was afraid it would break down completely! I give you my word, sir, you could have walked as fast as I was running."
"Well," said the magistrate, after due reflection, "you don't appear to have been exceeding the speed limit, but, at the same time, you must have been guilty of something or you wouldn't be here. I fine you two pounds for loitering!"

"Well, Harold," said the proud father, "now that you've gone through college, what do you think of following as a regular occupation?"
"It will keep me busy the rest of my life," gloomily answered Harold, "correcting the family English."
"I am grieved to hear, my boy," said the father, "that you have told your mother several falsehoods. Always tell the truth, even if it should bring trouble upon you. Will you promise me to do so?"
"Yes, father," replied the boy.
"All right. Now go and see who is hanging at the door. If it's the landlord, say I'm out."

Money Talks
"Sorry," said the constable, "but I'll have to arrest y^e—ye've been drivin' along at the rate of 50 miles an hour."
"You are wrong, my friend," said the driver, "and here's \$2 that says I wasn't."
"All right," returned the minion of the law, pocketing the money. "With all that against me I ain't goin' to subject the county to th' expense of a trial."

Wasn't There Yet.
Breathlessly the spiritually inclined lady bent over the ouija spelling out the communications from her departed spouse.
"John, are you happy there," she asked.
"John, are you happy there?" she asked.
"Yes, d-e-a-r-r."

"Are you happier than you are on the earth?"
"Yes, d-e-a-r-r."
"Ah," she breathed, "Heaven must be a wonderful place."
"I g-u-e-s-s s-o, b-u-t I'm n-a-t-l-e-r-e-y-e-t."

A Reasonable Suspicion
"Something mighty funny at this yer watch of mine!" grumbled citizen of Straddle Ridge, Ark. hain't kept no decent sort of time since I had the jeweler over at Tinsville fix it. First-rate good watch too!"
"How much did it cost you in the first place?" asked an acquaintance.
"Swapped a dog for it and got a dollar to boot nine years ago, betcha, by cripes, that there c stole the jewels out of it. That what I'll betcha."

His Advice.
"A cat sits on my fence every night and makes the night hideous with his infernal row. Now, I don't want to have any bother with my neighbor but this nuisance has gone far enough, and I want you to advise me what to do."
The young lawyer looked as solemn as an owl and answered not a word.
"I have a right to shoot that cat, haven't I?"
"I would hardly say that," replied the young lawyer. "The cat does not belong to you as I understand."
"No but the fence does."
"Ah!" exclaimed the light of the law, "then I think you have a perfect right to tear down the fence!"

A Last Resort.
The evening party was over, and most of the guests had gone, so the story goes. As one young man took leave of the hostess the lady said, "I'm sorry you found Miss Biggie a poor conversationalist."
"Poor conversationalist!" exclaimed the guest, "She's absolutely the limit! Why the only thing she said to me during the entire evening was 'No', and I had to propose to her to get that out of her."

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In Shabbytown
In Shabbytown they do not care if things look seedy everywhere. They have no Pep, they've lost their grip, they simply go around and yip in envy's tones, of Glossyville, the shining village on the hill. Oh, Shabbytown is pink and gray, and it shows symptoms of decay, and strangers passing thought remark: "It surely dates back to the ark." "Clean and paint up" makes men frown along the streets of Shabbytown. A can of paint makes no appeal to this bum village down at heel; the people think there is no sense in going to so much expense; so things are always going down and getting worse in Shabbytown. It always gives me a thrill when I arrive in Glossyville. The town looks like a blooming bride; the people take a hearty pride in making things look clean and bright, and in their labors take delight. They're lavish with the help of light, selecting colors, chaste or quaint, and decorating every shack thus warding off decay's attack, and making all the buildings look like buildings read of in a book. And strangers, when they see the town, and raise us nineteen kids apiece, and here we'll come and settle down, and live and die as sleek as grease. This happy burg goes right ahead.

while old Shabbytown is prone and dead.—Walt Mason.
Governor Cox predicted that his acceptance speech would be one that a child could understand. And remembering the Governor's 1916 campaign cry, "He kept us out of war," it might be added that only a child would believe it.
In 1916 the Democratic party was for war in the east, peace in the west; this time it is trying to be wet in the east and dry in the west. But every time a bunko artist tries his game the suckers are a little harder to catch.

Notice.
To Whom It May Concern:
Whereas, the Chinese (Torquatus) Pheasants and in the County of Tillamook, State of Oregon, are being threatened with extinction from excessive shooting and otherwise, and Whereas, the State Board of Fish and Game Commissioners of Oregon is desirous of protecting the Chinese (Torquatus) Pheasants and in the County of Tillamook, State of Oregon;
Therefore, Notice is hereby given by the State Board of Fish and Game Commissioners of Oregon, that the open season for the shooting of Chinese (Torquatus) Pheasants is hereby closed to shooting of any kind in the said County of Tillamook, State of Oregon, until again opened to shooting by said State Board of Fish and Game Commissioners of Oregon, as by statute provided.
And it is and shall be unlawful to hunt for or to shoot Chinese (Torquatus) Pheasants anywhere in the County of Tillamook, State of Oregon, from and after the date of this notice until the said open season is declared by the State Board of Fish and Game Commissioners of Oregon, as by statute provided.
Any person or persons found violating the provisions of this order will be prosecuted as by statute provided.
Dated at Portland, Ore., this 9th day of August, A. D. 1920.
STATE BOARD OF FISH AND GAME COMMISSIONERS.
By E. V. Carter, Chairman of the Board.
By I. N. Fleischner, Commissioner.
By Marlon Jack, Commissioner.
By E. C. Simmons, Commissioner.
By John Gill, Commissioner.
By F. M. Warren, Commissioner.
By Chris Schmidt, Commissioner.
By Chas. Hall, Commissioner.
By Jas. H. Driscoll, Commissioner.

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