

Normal Alumni Association.

Wednesday, June 18, was a busy and interesting day for the Alumni Association.

The annual business meeting was held at the Normal building at 2:30 p. m., there being a large number in attendance. Many matters of interest were discussed and planned for the future.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Y. O. Russell, of Wasco, Oregon, President; Freda Gist, of Yamhill, Oregon, 1st. Vice President; J. B. V. Butler, of Monmouth, 2nd. Vice President; Mrs. Alva Craven, Monmouth, Secretary; E. S. Evenden, Monmouth, Treasurer. The President appointed the following Executive Committee for the year: Harry Belt, Dallas, J. B. V. Butler and Bessie Graham, Monmouth, to act with the President and Secretary of the Association.

The public program was given at 8 p. m. Mr. W. C. Rutherford, of McMinnville, giving the annual address. The musical numbers consisting of a piano solo, Burton Arant, and vocal solos by P. O. Powell and Freda Gist, were well received and enjoyed.

The banquet was served by C. C. Mulkey at the gymnasium, which was most beautifully decorated for the occasion. Mr. Mulkey can certainly be recommended as doing the right thing in this direction. Harry Belt presided as toastmaster in one of his most happy and pleasing moods. Mr. Tyler's Orchestra added much to the evening's enjoyment. After a song in which all participated, good night was said, and another year rolled into the past.

A MAN OF EXTREMES

Will Usually Swing as Far One Way as the Other

By MARGARET BROTHERTON

Edgar Crane from the time he could talk was considered peculiar. As a little boy he evinced a distaste for little girls, and as a youth his antipathy for the opposite sex increased rather than diminished. By the time he came of age he was a hardened woman hater. Such men usually are devoted to their own sex. Not so Crane. He had but little more use for men than women.

An aunt vainly endeavored to get what she called "this nonsense" out of him and, failing, told him that he would some day become a convert to her views and surrender under circumstances no more sensible than was his opposition. When she died her nephew was still of the same opinion. The old lady left him her fortune, \$100,000, with the stipulation that if he married half the amount was to go to a foundlings' home. Thus did she arrange to show her spleen after her death.

Edgar Crane had \$100,000 of his own, and, taking his fortune with him, he went west to become a raucher. He bought a large tract of land and built a house in the middle of it, thus keeping as far as possible from neighbors. His house was comfortable, and his domain was attractive, being made up of plains and rolling land, partly wooded. He stocked it with a few sheep, but spent more money for books to put in his library than for sheep to stock his ranch.

His lands were so extended that it was some time before he had visited every part of them. Indeed, he spent most of his time at home reading. When he did ride out it was for the purpose of seeing if there were trespassers on his grounds. Several years passed and he showed no signs of dissatisfaction with his mode of life. Then one day when riding up on an eminence he saw a little shanty built of a few logs, some boards and considerable brush on a spot that he

knew was within his bounds. With blood in his eye he put spurs to his horse and rode to the cabin. Reining up before the door, he called for the trespasser to come out. Receiving no reply, he dismounted and put his head within the door. He surveyed one room, all there was. A mud chimney with an open fireplace stood at one side. Instead of a bedstead a bunk was built in a corner. There were a chest of drawers, a table and several chairs, the bottoms of the latter being imperfect.

Crane went inside with a view to leaving a notice for the trespasser to quit. A charred stick he found on the clay hearth served his purpose, and a board which constituted a part of the wall stood in lieu of writing paper. He wrote simply: Leave at once.

OWNER OF PROPERTY

He was turning to leave when on the bunk he saw a heap that excited his curiosity. Removing a light covering, he looked upon the face of a sleeping babe. The covering had evidently been laid to protect it from flies and other insects. There was something in this little lump of unconscious non-resistance that was diametrically different from Edgar Crane's combative-ness.

The child slept on, unmindful of being at the mercy of the man on whose property it had illegally squatted.

As Crane looked down upon the innocent face his pugnacity began to ooze out. A fly lit on the soft round cheek, causing a slight twitching on the part of the sleeper. Crane brushed it away. Then, carefully replacing the covering, he tiptoed from the bunk lest he should awaken the baby. Leaving the cabin, he mounted his horse and rode away.

He had no sooner left the influence of the innocent little squatter than the habit of his life regained its mastery. He was pleased at reminding himself of his notice to quit—not that he expected the child on awakening to pay any attention to it, but when the parents, who were away doubtless providing in some way the necessities of life, returned they would see it and understand that they must move on.

The rancher gave the squatters three days to get off his premises—not that so much time was needed, but he didn't wish to listen to excuses; then he went to the spot again. He found the same status as before. No one was at home but the baby, and this infantile squatter was asleep. He approached the bunk to find that, though the head was covered, a foot and five little toes were exposed. Crane was about to draw the clothing down over them when he paused for a look. From a look he proceeded to a touch. How waxy they were! He bent down to examine them more closely, and the first thing he knew he had touched his lips to them.

The baby pulled its little foot out of sight and that ended its connection with Crane's visit. Turning, he looked for a reply to his message. Though he searched everywhere he found none. With a charred stick he wrote: Will give you three days more.

Instead of giving three days he gave six and doubtless would have given more had not a herder he employed ridden up to his house one evening and said to him:

"Mr. Crane, did you know y' got a foundlin' asylum on yet ranch?"

"What do you mean?"

"Some one has put up a mud and board shanty over by the creek and left a baby in it. I rode past there as I come in and hearin' a child squatter in, looked in, and there was no one there but the baby."

"I'll go and see about that," replied Crane with severity, though in his heart was a fear that the pink toes had been deserted by its parents.

Somehow the conditions under which his aunt had left him her fortune came up to mock him. She had predicted that he would eventually do something erratic in the way of marriage, and in case he did he must turn over the legacy to a foundlings' home. He had just been informed that he had a foundlings' home on his ranch. There was something uncanny about the affair.

Nevertheless he rode on. When he came near the cabin he heard the child crying piteously. All was dark. He entered and after a search found a candle and some matches. Striking a light, he went to the baby and began to pat and sing to it as he had heard mothers and nurses do. The baby ceased to cry. Taking the candle to the bunk, he let the light fall on the baby. The little thing blinked its eyes, and Crane held the candle where it was not to be seen. Then the tiny face broke into a smile.

But the child was hungry, and its good humor did not last long. Crane, divining the cause, went to an cupboard made of a box, where he found milk, and since there was plenty of wood for a fire he soon had the food warmed and in the baby's bottle. Then, putting it between the pink lips, he had the satisfaction of seeing his charge pull lustily.

Ten o'clock came, but no human being. Eleven passed, and when an old

ed 12 Crane came to the conclusion that the baby had been left to die. Lying down beside it, he determined to remain with it till morning, then take it to his own house.

He awoke to see the sun shining in at the open door. And he saw something else—a woman about twenty years old, standing, looking down on him and the baby, who was using his breast for a pillow and had one leg thrown over him. On the woman's face was an expression of terror, which as she looked faded into one of satisfaction, then broke into a smile. For a few moments while Crane was awakening he was too confused to speak. When he did so he said:

"For heaven sake, why did you leave this baby here all night alone?"

"Are you the owner of this land?"

"Yes."

"Well, we hadn't anything to eat, and I took one of your lambs. A herder saw me do it and took me in. I told him my baby was here alone, but he wouldn't believe me. Just before daylight he fell asleep, and I got away."

"Where's the child's father?"

"Dead."

"Were you his wife?"

"No."

Crane understood. Matrimony in that region was regarded rather as a luxury than an essential.

The rancher went home and sent back to the mother a good breakfast, with fresh milk for the child. He had not yet sufficiently recovered from his prejudices to bring them to the ranch house. Instead he built them a fine cabin near by.

Crane considered that he had saved the child's life or might have saved it and regarded the fatherless little thing as under his especial protection. The mother needed protection as well as the child. Crane took care to build her cabin just far enough from his house to prevent her troubling him. She was a comely young woman and, though uneducated, developed under better surroundings than those to which she had been accustomed a good deal of sense. Crane got into the habit of going to talk with her, then consult with her, and in time she became necessary to his comfort. His books meanwhile had lost a good deal of their freshness for him. He visited "his kid," as he called the little trespasser, daily, and he couldn't very well see the kid without seeing its mother.

Several years went by, and Crane began to think of bringing the trespassing family to his home, marrying the mother so that he would have them handy. But his aunt's will stood in the way. He was too honorable to attempt to get round his aunt's provision or to compromise those who were in his power.

Then he went east for a while to try a separation, but he had had few friends there, and they had scattered. He returned to his ranch and his squatter family.

It was hard for him to make up his mind to take a widow who had never been married and hard to give up half his estate but as time wore on he couldn't see anything else for himself to do.

He was drifting toward the inevitable. At last he succumbed. His wife proved a treasure to him, and living in a land where there was no social station to keep up the family did not live under a cloud. The child, a boy, grew to be a fine young fellow and children were born to Crane as well.

"My aunt," Crane said, "had a remarkable faculty for looking ahead."

Doubtless the old lady recognized the fact that a man of extremes must pass from one extreme to another. At any rate, she got ahead of the man whom she could not influence and made him pay well for his obstinacy.

HOW MUSSELS ARE CAUGHT.

And What Happens to the Mollusk After They Are Landed.

The gathering of mussels forms an important industry in the middle west. The mussel fisherman's outfit consists of a boat and a pair of dredges. A dredge is composed of ordinary gas pipe where to a number of hooks are attached, each hook showing four prongs.

Fastening a stout rope to his dredge, the hunter drops it overboard, and as the boat drifts with the current the dredge drags along the bottom of the stream. The mussel lies with shell open, and when the prong of a hook strikes within the opening of the mussel's two shells the deluded mollusk, under the impression that it has captured something edible, closes down on the hook with a viselike grip. After floating twenty or thirty yards the dredge is pulled up and the remaining dredge is dropped from the opposite side of the boat. It is not unusual for a fisherman to capture as many as a hundred mussels at a single drop of the dredge.

When the fisherman has got as many mussels as his boat will conveniently carry he rows ashore and undertakes the "cooking out" process. The mussels are transferred

SUMMER VACATIONS SEASHORE OR MOUNTAINS

VIA THE



Season Tickets on Sale Daily Until Sept. 30

3-Day Tickets on Sale Saturday and Sunday

Tillamook and Newport Beaches

Season fares from the principal stations to Newport or Tillamook Beaches are as follows:

FROM	TO	FARE	TO	FARE
Portland	Newport	\$6.25	Tillamook	\$4.00
Oregon City	"	6.25	"	4.70
Salem	"	5.15	"	6.00
Albany	"	4.00	"	7.30
Corvallis	"	3.75	"	7.10
Eugene	"	5.80	"	9.00
Roseburg	"	8.75	"	12.00
Medford	"	12.00	"	17.20
Ashland	"	12.00	"	17.75

Corresponding low fares from other points. Week end tickets on sale from various points.

SUNDAY EXCURSION TRAIN ON THE C. & E. R. R.

Leaves Albany at 7:20 a. m., Corvallis 7:50 a. m. and connects with the S. P. trains 16 and 14 Northbound and No. 13 Southbound.

EXCURSION FARES EAST

Tickets will be sold from all main and branch line points in Oregon to Eastern destination one way through California or via Portland. Stop-overs within limit.

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY TO SEPT. 30

Final Return Limit Oct. 31st

For beautifully illustrated booklet "Vacation Days," and booklets describing Tillamook County Beaches, Newport and other points, as well as information about Eastern fares, routes, stop-overs, etc., call on nearest Agent or write to

John M. Scott, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon

Church Directory.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH

W. A. GUEFFROY, Pastor.

Morning service at 11:00 o'clock
Evening service at 7:30 o'clock
Sunday School at 10:00 a. m.
Y. P. A. Meeting at 6:30 p. m.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

J. M. ORRICK, Pastor.

Morning Service at 11:00 a. m.
Evening Service at 7:30 p. m.
Sunday School 10:00 a. m.
Y. P. S. C. E. 6:30 p. m.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

G. A. POLLARD, PASTOR

Sunday School at 10:00 a. m.
Morning worship, 11:00 a. m.
Evening worship, 8:00 p. m.

W. C. T. U.

Local Union meets every second and fourth Friday in the Evangelical church at 2:30 p. m.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of the terms of the last Will & Testament of Roena E. Meeker, deceased, the undersigned executor of the estate of Roena E. Meeker, deceased, will from and after the 20th day of June, 1913, proceed to sell the following real estate, to-wit: Lot No. 1 in Block No. 5 in the city of Monmouth, Polk County, Oregon, belonging to said estate, at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash, in accordance with the terms of said will and in the manner prescribed by law, subject to confirmation by said County Court.

Bids may be made to the undersigned at his residence at Monmouth, Oregon, or sent by mail.

Dated this 22nd day of May, 1913.

W. M. MEEKER,

Executor of the estate of Roena E. Meeker, deceased.
B. F. SWOPE, Attorney.

THE Weekly Oregonian

The best Weekly Journal of the Northwest. Gives all the News of the World.

Price per year..... \$1.50
Herald one year..... 1.00
Both papers for..... 2.00

B. F. SWOPE,

Attorney at Law and Notary Public.

Home Phone:
Office, No. 1320,
Residence, No. 3712.
Office in Cooper building,
Independence, Oregon

A Plant That Coughs.

All have read of carnivorous plants, of laughing plants and of plants that weep, but who has heard of a plant that coughs? There is the authority of a French botanist, however, for the statement that a plant in various tropical regions actually possesses the power to cough in the most approved manner. The fruit of this plant resembles the common broad bean. It appears that the coughing plant is something of a crank, that it easily works itself into a rage and that it has a curious horror of all dust. As soon as a few grains of dust are deposited on its leaves the air chambers that cover their faces and are the respiratory organs of the plant become filled with gas, swell and end by driving out the gas with a slight explosion and a sound that resembles so much the cough of a child suffering from a cold as to carry a most uncanny sensation to the one beholding the phenomenon.—Chicago Record-Herald.