

TESTING THE TEACHER.

A Curious Old School Report Made in Boston in 1722.

In the town records of the city of Boston there is a curious passage which records how a schoolmaster was examined and what happened. The manner in which the visit of inspection is recorded makes one incline to the view that the unlucky schoolmaster may not have had fair play, although if he was really inefficient he may be said to have been judged by his peers.

In the record for the 23d of May, 1722, it is set forth that: "Coll Pen Townsend, Jeremiah Allen Esqr. & John Edwards together with the Select men, Vissited the writing School at the Southerly End of Boston on Thursday the 24th april 1722, and Examined the Scholars under mr Ames Angers tuition as to their proficiency in Reading writing Scyphering & Instructing youth his rules & methods therefore And are of Opinion That it will be no Service to the Town to Continue mr anger in that Employ."

Whereupon it was voted that the said Mr. Ames Anger should not continue master of the "Said South school."

It is true that nothing is said of the methods of spelling inculcated at the "writing School," and it is also possible that a clerk rather than the committee was responsible for the errors of the record, but there is certainly something absurd in the passage as it stands.—Exchange.

THE BLUE WHALE.

A Monster Skeleton That is Eighty-seven Feet in Length.

What is claimed as the largest animal in the world is represented by a colossal skeleton in the museum of Christchurch, New Zealand, says the London Globe. This is the remains of a large specimen of the blue whale stranded on the coast of that country. This whale is probably the largest of all living animals. The length of the skeleton is eighty-seven feet, and the head alone is twenty-one feet. The weight of the bones is estimated at blue tons. This gigantic whale gets its name of blue whale from the dark bluish gray of its upper surface. The tinge of yellow on its lower part has led to the name "sulphur bottom," by which it is known on the western side of the Atlantic. It is otherwise known as Sibbald's rorqual (Balenopectera sibbaldii).

The chief food of this gigantic animal is a small marine crustacean (Thysanopoda lermis), known to the whalers as "krill." Another species of the same shrimp-like group has been obtained in thousands from the stomachs of mackerel caught on the Cornish coast. The nearly related opossum shrimps found in enormous numbers in the Greenland seas form the chief food of the common whale. Some of the thysanopoda are phosphorescent and contribute to the luminosity of the sea.

After the Show.

A well dressed man, said to be an Englishman, has been arrested in Montmartre, Paris, on a charge of tendering half sovereigns for dinners and entertainments, which reminds us of the story about the touring company which has been doing very bad business in "the smalls." While the proprietor and sole responsible manager was standing outside the temporary theater (the Corn Exchange) a very small boy with a very large melon arrived and proposed to barter the fruit for a seat in the gallery. The bargain was duly concluded, and the scene now changes to the interior of the theater after the performance. "Boy," says the manager severely, "that melon was rotten." "That's all right," returns the youthful critic; "so was yer show."—London Globe.

Difference in Time.

When it is noon at any given place it is similarly noon at all other points having the same longitudinal meridian, and the sun is in its zenith where meridian and equator intersect.

For business convenience every fifteen degrees of longitude evenly divided from Greenwich has the same time, being the distance that the earth travels in one hour. In the United States we have eastern, central, mountain and Pacific time. Thus when it is noon at New York it is 11 a. m. at Chicago, central time, and 9 a. m. at San Francisco, Pacific time.—New York American.

As Represented.

Irate Stranger—Look here! I thought you told me that dog I bought from you had a good many fine points. He looks like he has been shot full of arrows.

Mountaineer Pete—Those be the fine points, stranger. He tackled a porcupine the day before you bought him.—Los Angeles Times.

One Foot in the Grave.

"You see that strapping, robust man? When I saw him last night he had one foot in the grave."

"Extraordinary! Who is he?"

"He is playing the gravedigger in 'Hamlet' at the local theater."

Inconsistent.

"He vowed he would love me always, no matter what happened."

"Well?"

"And got mad five minutes later because I had a pin in my belt."

The Part It Was.

Teacher—In this sentence, "The sick boy loves his medicine," what part of speech is "loves?" Small Boy—Please, ma'am, it's the part that ain't so.—Chicago News.

Jet.

In his "Mirror of Stones" Camillus Leonardus calls jet "black amber" and states that it possesses the peculiar property of attracting to it when rubbed light substances of all kinds. He also tells us that the thin smoke produced by the friction of rubbing was used by the ancient Britains for driving away devils and dissolving spells.

"Jet," says Dr. Young, "appears to be wood in a high state of bituminization." And certainly jet often appears with traces of lignous structure. At the same time there are specimens of bones which seemingly have been gradually impregnated with and at last wholly replaced by this substance. Among the jet rock there is found a liquid hydrocarbon somewhat resembling petroleum oil, which occurs in the cavities of ammonites, etc., and is also sometimes found in nodules, the presence of which is generally supposed to point to a rich vein of jet.

From these and other observations it would appear that jet existed as a liquid substance and that this substance gradually permeated between the laminations of the shales, etc., covering over or in some cases entirely replacing any woody matter which it met with.—New York Post.

Snuff Spoons.

All the world is familiar with snuff-boxes, but snuff spoons are pretty little refinements of which this generation has hardly heard. Very probably they came into use about two years after Sir George Rooke's expedition to Vigo bay in 1702, when he captured half a ton of tobacco and snuff from the Spanish galleons, and snuff thus became a common article in England.

One of the characters in a comedy published at Oxford in 1704, entitled "An Act at Oxford," by Thomas Baker, says, "But I carry sweet snuff for the ladies," to which Arabella replies: "A spoon too, That's very gallant, for to see some people run their fat fingers into a box is as nauseous as eating without a fork."

In the forties and fifties of the last century snuff spoons were still in use on the Scottish border. They were of bone and of a size to go into the snuff-box. People fed their noses, it was said, as naturally as they carried soap to their mouths. As late as 1877 a farmer at Norham-on-Tweed was seen using one.—London Saturday Review.

A Tramp of Resource.

Much experience of thirteenth tramps had caused the author of "A English Holiday," J. J. Hissey, to foreknow almost exactly what they would say to him. One day, when sending his motorcar slowly along a shady English road, he met one of this guild, who accosted him with the preliminary touch of his cap. Mr. Hissey anticipated him by exclaiming: "I be mortal thirsty! Have you, good sir, the price of a glass of ale about you? I've driven nearly fifty miles today, and since the morning not a bite of food has passed my lips."

The look of astonishment that tramp gave me was a delight to observe. But this tramp was a man of ready resource, and, seeing I was a hopeless case, he rose to the occasion and promptly exclaimed, with what dignity he could command and with a comically serious expression: "If there were a policeman in sight I would give you in charge for begging, that I would!"

Between Two Fires.

She was desperately gone on them both, and she couldn't think which one to choose. It was rather perplexing, no doubt, for one she was bound to refuse.

She gazed at them both in despair, quite puzzled to know what to do. As soon as she thought about one she cared for the other one too.

They still remained under her gaze, little recking the trouble they brought. It really was hard to decide. They were both so delightful, she thought.

She couldn't say which one she'd have; her efforts fell hopelessly flat.

It's really exceedingly hard selecting a new autumn hat.

He Told Her.

Housekeeper—You promised that if I'd give you a good meal and a suit of old clothes you'd tell me how to keep the premises free from tramps.

Tramp—Yes, mum, an' I'll keep me promise, although that meal wasn't no great shakes an' this suit of clothes ain't much of a fit. But I'll tell ye.

"Well, what course am I to pursue?"

"Never give 'em anything, mum. Good day, mum."

Good and Simple.

Let it not be in any man's power to say truly of thee that thou art not simple or that thou art not good, but let him be a liar whoever shall think anything of this kind about thee, and this is altogether in thy power, for who is he that shall hinder thee from being good and simple?—Marcus Antonius.

How He Raised It.

"How on earth did you ever cultivate such a beautiful black eye?" asked Brown's friend.

"Oh," replied Brown, who had unintentionally been illustrating the fall of man on roller skates, "I raised it from a slip."—Everybody's Magazine.

Shows No Improvement.

"I don't see that her college education has improved her much."

"No?"

"No. She helps her mother with the housework just as if she hadn't been educated."—Detroit Free Press.

An Apt Simile.

Some men have a career like a golf ball. They are helped out of one hole only to get into another.—Lippincott's.

OLD ANNE ROYALL.

She Was Once One of the Quaint Characters of Washington.

Old, queer, sharp tongued Anne Royall, traveler, editress and interviewer, was for many years a familiar figure in the streets of Washington, trotting indomitably about her business, very poor, very persistent, often troublesome, often rebuffed, but with qualities of honesty and courage to be respected.

There is given in the story of her life by Sarah Harvey Porter a delightful glimpse of her visit to ex-President Madison and his wife. The contrast between the gracious mature beauty of charming Dolly Madison, elegant in her rustling black silk, and the funny little lumpy, shabby figure in antiquated skirts and ridiculous wadded bonnet, could scarcely have been enhanced.

As usual, old Anne Royall had tramped to save carriage hire; as usual, her errand, probably none too welcome to her hosts, was to secure an interview and use a descriptive background. But Dolly Madison saw in the absurd, inquisitive, bespattered person before her neither the reporter nor the guy—only an aged and weary woman who was her guest. She hurried to bring her a glass of water, then quite simply stopped and retied her loosened shoe laces and wiped the Virginia mud from the tired old feet.

It is small wonder that Mrs. Royall's clothes were queer. She was scarcely of a bent of mind frivolously to pursue the fashions had she had the time and money, but she had neither. Her paper, the Huntress, of which she was owner, editor and chief reporter, once published conspicuously on the editorial page a notice which is perhaps unique in journalism:

"No paper will be issued from this office this week. We really must take one week once in ten years to fix up our wardrobe, which is getting shabby. Our next issue will welcome congress."

WILD GEESE.

They Never Feed Without Throwing Out Scouts or Sentries.

Some of the common sayings concerning birds are stupidly wrong.

"You stupid goose!" is an expression constantly heard, yet the goose, whether wild or tame, is most sagacious. Wild geese, for instance, never feed without throwing out scouts or sentries. J. G. Millais describes how he saw a flock of geese feeding with sentries out and how after a time one of the sentries went up to a bird that was feeding and gave it a gentle peck on the back. The latter thereupon left its grazing and went off to take up guard, while the sentry took its turn to feed.

"Gentle as a dove" is such a common proverb that the dove has become the emblem of peace. Quite a mistake, for all the dove and pigeon tribe are great fighters, and in the breeding season the cock birds indulge in battles royal.

The foolish prejudice against all birds of prey includes that pretty little hawk the kestrel. Now, if the kestrel were known as the mouse falcon it is possible that keepers would not invariably shoot it on sight. The kestrel lives mainly on mice and wireworms. It is quite innocent of killing partridges.

In a game preserving district in southern Scotland kestrels were practically exterminated a few years ago. What was the result? Over a tract of country of 1,200 square miles field mice increased in such myriads that the grazing was absolutely ruined. One sheep farmer lost \$8,000 in one year.—Exchange.

The Wheel Problem.

Which, at any given moment, is moving forward faster—the top of a coach wheel or the bottom?

The answer to this question seems simple enough, but probably nine persons out of ten, asked at random, would give the wrong reply. It would appear at first sight that the top and bottom must be moving at the same rate—that is, the speed of the carriage. But by a little thought it will be discovered that the bottom of the wheel is in fact, by the direction of its motion around its axis, moving backward, in an opposite direction to that which the carriage is advancing and is consequently stationary in space, while the point on top of the wheel is moving forward with the double velocity of its own motion around the axis and the speed at which the carriage moves.

The Whistle Tankard.

A rare form of drinking vessel is in the possession of the corporation of Hull. This is a whistle tankard which belonged to Anthony Lambert, mayor of Hull in 1669. This fine specimen of old English silverware is fitted with a whistle, which comes into play when the tankard is empty and is evidently meant to be used as a signal for more liquor. It is said that only one other whistle tankard is to be found in England, so temperate is England now!—London Chronicle.

A Good Alarm Clock.

Husband—Why don't you have the cook shut the kitchen door? One can smell the breakfast cooking all over the house. Wife—We leave it open on purpose. The smell is all that gets the family up.—Judge.

No Terminal Facilities.

"They say Harold Codrington has brain fever."

"Impossible! Could an anglerworm have water on the knee?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Beauty is part of the finished language by which goodness speaks.—Elliot.

School Officers for the Year beginning June 21st, 1909. Tillamook County, Oregon.

No. of Dist.	Three Years.	Two Years.	One Year.	District Clerk.	P.O. Address.
1	P. Brown.	J. Rupp.	A. Tinnerstedt.	Mrs. Rose Crawford.	Tillamook.
2	W. R. Hillingsworth.	L. A. Edgar.	C. S. Wells.	Maggie Hillingsworth.	Tillamook.
3	E. H. Lane.	W. Kusb.	W. B. Smith.	Wm. Armstrong.	Nehalem.
4	Fred Scherzinger.	W. Tubbesing.	Wm. Schollmeyer.	Mrs. Mina Pollett.	Oretown.
5	D. Arance.	L. J. Redberg.	W. H. Christensen.	George W. Phelps.	Netarts.
6	E. K. Gilbert.	Chas. Lee.	M. L. Barber.	W. J. Gilbert.	Beaver.
7	H. T. Botts.	M. A. Jackson.	A. Bann.	Alva Finley.	Tillamook.
8	John Erickson.	Geo. B. Lamb.	W. C. King.	Chas. A. Swenson.	Tillamook.
9	C. E. Ailey.	Erick Glad.	James Williams.	H. V. Alley.	Nehalem.
10	James Christensen.	S. Scovel.	Charles Desmond.	Mrs. Ruth Desmond.	Hemlock.
11	Aad Nelson.	John Hopfield.	H. L. Sherwood.	E. E. Cross.	Hebo.
12	Charles Johnson.	F. M. Shearer.	N. McMillan.	Mrs. S. McMillan.	Garibaldi.
13	P. E. Norton.	H. A. Miles.	Gilbert Belleque.	W. E. Robedee.	Hobsonville.
14	F. D. Stafford.	James Taggart.	C. A. Curry.	Dollie Ward.	Woods.
15	J. C. Foster.	A. Prasier.	L. E. Whitman.	F. J. Dunn.	Oretown.
16	Frank Worthington.	Ira Dimond.	Mrs. Lillie Edwards.	E. E. Webb.	Cloverdale.
17	T. J. Bibby.	D. A. Bailey.	A. Arstelt.	Mrs. Theresa Martin.	Sandlake.
18	Albert Eason.	Henry Rogers.	M. T. Chance.	Mrs. Dora Daniel.	Tillamook.
19	Frank Fraser.	O. A. Lommen.	Chas. Eason.	C. J. Crook.	Tillamook.
20	G. W. Wallace.	Frank Elliot.	L. W. Hiner.	John Creecy.	Blaine.
21	J. Hollett.	E. E. Rowland.	E. E. Richard.	Geo. R. McKimms.	Nehalem.
22	Fred Zundach.	George Loerpabel.	S. M. Batterson.	Mrs. Pauline Batterson.	Balm.
23	S. Barber.	John M. Bodle.	John Borba.	Miss Lucy E. Doughty.	Bay City.
24	Albert E. Nichols.	W. D. Gladwell.	U. Zndrich.	R. V. Blalock.	Beaver.
25	C. E. Fearson.	John Simmons.	St. Bauer.	James Goldsworthy.	Hemlock.
26	W. D. Winters.	M. L. Sutton.	Paul Kingston.	Paul Huhl.	Wilson.
27	J. P. Recher.	J. W. Gilmore.	J. S. Davis.	H. J. Tohl.	Hemlock.
28	P. Newberg.	M. C. Kellow.	Orley Kellow.	Mrs. Nellie Wallace.	Dolph.
29	David Imiah.	J. H. Hathaway.	C. A. Elliott.	Mrs. L. A. Elliott.	Tillamook.
30	W. Elliott.	D. S. Boyakin.	J. W. Thompson.	Mrs. Mary R. Boyakin.	Nehalem.
31	B. A. Todd.	S. W. Grabel.	George Higgins.	F. D. Mitchell.	Bay Ocean.
32	J. A. Biggs.	John Fleck.	John Fleck.	J. J. Hudson.	Cloverdale.
33	E. A. Lane.	Alvin Juhrs.	Mrs. Alvin Juhrs.	G. W. Eichinger.	Hobsonville.
34	M. Crumloff.	John Church.	E. L. Kinnaman.	Mrs. M. M. Johnson.	Beaver.
35	L. P. Smith.	A. Zimmerman.	J. A. West.	Chester A. Tooze.	Otis.
36	Wm. Zimmerman.	G. Hanekratt.	Chas. Seamon.	Mrs. Albertine Zimmerman.	Nehalem.
37	Mike Abplanalp.	Jacob Kumm.	S. Stuevina.	S. V. Anderson.	Tillamook.
38	Jacob Nicklaus.	E. T. Coulson.	Mrs. Jacob Nicklaus.	Mrs. Minnie B. Ely.	Beaver.
39	Wm. E. T. Coulson.	C. E. Doughty.	Henry A. Ely.	F. L. Lent.	Hemlock.
40	Thomas Knobel.	W. H. Hoskins.	Mathias Zettel.	Mrs. W. H. Hoskins.	Pitner.
41	John Hickey.		S. Barber.		Hobsonville.

W. S. BUEL, County Superintendent.

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