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EXTENSION TO TILLAMOOK WILL GO FORWARD AT ONCE.

United Railways to Tillamook to be completed in Twelve Months.

Electric cars will be operating over the extension of the Oregon Electric Railway from Salem to Eugene before the end of the present year as a result of the conferences held in the past few weeks by John F. Stevens, who has returned to Portland, and officials of the Hill system in the East.

Mr. Stevens, who is president of the North Bank road and who has charge of all the Hill construction work in Oregon, said that work on the Eugene extension will begin as soon as the route is selected.

Rights of Way Surveyed.

Four or five different rights-of-way are available and all of them have been surveyed. Three of these lie in the valley and the others lead over the hills. Mr. Stevens will spend the next few days in considering the advantages of each, after which he will select the line that is in his judgment the most advisable.

Contracts for the construction work will be let at once and the road rushed to completion. As the line, which will be virtually 75 miles in length, will be built over a country that will permit of comparatively easy grades, little difficulty is expected in having it built before the end of the year. A franchise has already been secured in Eugene, as well as in several of the smaller towns through which the road will build.

No definite plans have been made for the extension of the line south or west of Eugene, although Mr. Stevens spoke hopefully of such procedure at some future time. He denied, however, any connection between the Hill interests and the Lane County Asset Company or any other local corporation organized recently for the ostensible purpose of building a railroad toward the coast by way of Elmira and with the probable intention of eventually reaching Coos Bay.

Coast Line to Be Built.

"We have no purpose at present," he said, "except to complete the work already undertaken. This, in addition to the Deschutes line and the Oregon Electric extension, will include the completion of the United Railways to the coast with a terminal at Tillamook."

"We are planning to start work on the Tillamook line beyond the present terminal at once. It is not likely, though, that we can have it completed within the year."

Whether the Tillamook road will be built by the company itself or constructed by contractors has not been determined, but it is likely that the work will be done in the same manner as that on the line thus far completed, the company building part of the road itself and letting contracts for tunnel and bridge construction.

While both the Oregon Electric and the United Railways are being built with the immediate view of operating by electricity, the road beds are so constructed that they will permit the operation of heavy steam trains. That both roads will eventually be turned into steam lines is a foregone conclusion. Mr. Stevens said last night that this action was very likely to be taken on both roads within the next few years.

Final Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the undersigned, as administratrix of the estate of E. W. LAMM deceased, has filed her final account in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Tillamook, that Monday, the 13th day of February, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, in the court room of said court, has been appointed by the said court as the time and place for the hearing of objections thereto, if any there be, and the settlement of said estate. All persons having objections to the said final account are hereby required to file the same with said court prior to the time fixed for such hearing.

Date of first publication January 12th, 1911. LAURA N. KERRON, Administratrix.

Wood For Sale.

Wood for sale, Spruce and Hemlock body, dry at \$1.25 a cord on the place, 7 miles south of Tillamook.—T. DARPAZ.

BAD FAITH OF MINISTER IS CHARGED.

Rev. V. E. Hoven "Knocks" a Sister Church in a Letter to a Young Woman.

EDITOR OF TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT, I would like to have a little space in your paper regarding the following:

Last September the following letter was sent to several of the Protestant churches in this city:

DEAR BROTHER,—You and your people are most heartily invited to attend, co-operate and enjoy with us the revival services to begin Lord's Day, Sept. 25th.

We give the converts liberty to go into the church where, under God, they feel nearest the Saviour and most in harmony with the word of God.

United we can take Tillamook for Christ. Come let us work for the salvation of hundreds who are without God and hope in the world.

Fraternally yours,
 (Signed),
 V. E. HOVEN, Minister,
 D. O. OLSON, Evangelist.

During the Olson meetings a young relative of mine was persuaded that it would be proper for her to become baptised by immersion, which was done. She was told before being so baptised that she could retain her membership in the church with which she was then affiliated, which was the Presbyterian Church, of Corvallis. After being baptised she was told that she was then a member of the Christian Church, also known as the Church of Christ. It seems that the minister of the latter church discovered that the young lady intended retaining her membership in the Presbyterian Church and affiliating with the church here. It is common knowledge that the Methodists, United Brethren, Presbyterian and Christian Churches united in holding the late Taylor revivals, with the understanding that any convert was at liberty to join the church of his or her choice; that the services were for the advancement of Christianity and not for the furtherance of any church or creed.

In view of the invitation from the resident minister of the Christian Church and of Evangelist Olson, and the open understanding between the several ministers prior to and during the recent Taylor meetings, I was surprised to see the following letter, which is given in full:

I have been informed that you intend to leave the Church of Christ and join the Presbyterian Church. I wanted to see you, but opportunity did not present itself, hence I write this. Of course, I cannot hinder you from doing anything, but I want to set before you some results of your action, if you leave the Church of Christ, so that you

cannot blame me at the judgment of our God. Read carefully the following references and all, and think:

1.—Christ must have first place in your life or none.—Matt. x., 36-37. If you yield to friends or relatives and change from the Church of Christ to please them, Jesus says we are not worthy of him. Such a step you cannot afford to take.

2.—To change from the Church of Christ to another church not named in the Bible, is to deny Christ. The church named in the Bible (Matt. xvi., 18; Rom. xvi., 16) is the body of Christ. Eph. i., 22, 23. If you go back upon His church, His body, you go back upon Him. The Presbyterian Church is not named in the Bible, and many of its practices are not found in the Bible, hence it is not of Christ, but of men. Don't risk your salvation upon man's words and works.

3.—To join a church not named in the Bible is to stand for the division of God's people, to hinder the answer to Jesus' prayer for the union of his followers, John xvii., 20, 21, and to hinder the salvation of the world—all of which is sin. I. Cor. i., 10-13.

Keep on the safe side. Would like to talk with you, if you can come over.

Faithfully your friend and brother,
 (Signed), V. E. HOVEN.

This letter was handed to Miss Whittemore one evening during the Taylor meetings. I do not care to get into any newspaper controversy about this matter, but in view of all these things, was it in a spirit of fairness that Mr. Hoven entered the Taylor meetings and were his action honorable and Christian like? The young lady entered the church of her choice, entirely upon her own wish, no relatives nor friends having influenced her in any way. I am not a member of any church and am not well versed in the Bible, but I do like to see fair play.

It is unnecessary for me to take up Mr. Hoven's last letter given above, as its unfairness, especially in the light of the invitation to the other churches, is apparent to all, and the other churches and people can see the unfair methods used against them.

Respectfully,
 H. E. MORRIS.

We understand that Evangelist Taylor wanted to read the Whittemore letter at the revival meetings, but Rev. S. G. Finney, pastor of the Presbyterian church, for fear that it might impede the good work of the revival meetings, requested that it be not read.—ED.

AN UNREAD REPORT.

The Methods of Barney Barnato in His Mining Ventures.

Barney Barnato before the tragic termination of his career was widely known because of his large fortune won in mining ventures. His rapid accumulation of wealth was popularly attributed to luck, but luck of the persistent variety usually rests upon a more solid basis than mere chance. An insight to Barnato's methods is afforded by an incident recently related by A. A. Blow, an American engineer once in Barnato's employ. After an exhaustive examination of a mine whose purchase was under consideration Blow prepared an elaborate and voluminous report. It was accompanied by maps and selections and was a piece of work of which the engineer felt that he could be justly proud. When it was handed to Barnato to read, however, the latter laid it aside unopened.

"Tell me about it," he said.

Blow proceeded to make an oral report.

Barnato dozed. Finally he exclaimed:

"I employed you because I think you know something about this business, and I do not. Now, I do not want to hear all of this scientific rot about this mine. All I want you to tell me is whether it is good business?"

Blow told him "No."

"Then that settles it," said Barnato.

"You are willing to accept the responsibility of turning down this property at the price offered?"

"Yes," was Blow's reply, "but I want you to examine the reports, maps, assays, plans, etc., and see the reasons I have for my conclusions."

"Why should I do this?" Barnato inquired. "You tell me that it is not 'good business.' And as I cannot understand your report why should I waste my time on anything that is not good business?"—Moody's Magazine.

READY FOR A JOKE.

The Customs Official Had a Sense of Humor Himself.

In the smoking room of the Hotel des Iles Britanniques at the lovely resort of Mentone, on the French Riviera, some three years ago two Englishmen met. After half an hour's conversation the Englishman from Manchester said to his new acquaintance from London:

"I say, old fellow, would you mind taking a small parcel for me to Paris and have it sent to this address there? I'm leaving for Milan in the morning."

The Londoner willingly consented to do this much for one of his countrymen.

"Awfully good of you. I'll have the boy take the parcel to your room in the morning," acknowledged the Englishman bound for Milan.

In the morning the package was left at the other's room.

"So that is what he calls a small parcel," he exclaimed. "And what might it contain? A package of such size the custom officers would certainly want opened. What—cigarettes and 3,000 of them? Is it possible that any one could have the audacity to ask such a favor—to smuggle 3,000 cigarettes into France! That chap shall pay for this, for I shall declare these cigarettes and leave them to be called for when the duty is paid."

The Londoner left Mentone that afternoon. The following day he was in Paris at the Gare de l'Est, his luggage ready for examination.

"Anything dutiable?" asked the customs officer.

"Nothing," replied the Englishman, "excepting in that parcel there."

"What does it contain?"

"Three thousand cigarettes," said the Londoner, with a smile upon his face—a smile of embarrassment at having such a parcel with him.

The Frenchman raised his hands in the air and laughed heartily. He, too, was as ready for a good joke as any one, and on each piece of the Englishman's luggage went his O. K. cross.

Hardly realizing what had happened, the Londoner found himself riding in a taxicab along the streets of Paris with the parcel of 3,000 cigarettes under his arm and nothing left to do but to deliver it as he had been asked.

VOCAL TRAINING ABROAD.

The Handicap American Music Students Face in Paris.

"The American voice is better handled at home than abroad," is the conclusion that years of experience have led Mr. Savage to reach. "For here it is better understood than it is there. Vocal training acquired, Europe offers the advantage of generations of tradition and an opportunity to crystallize individual ideas of interpretation. Here the singer has his courses of technology; there he finds the Beaux Arts for polishing."

"One thing that must be keenly felt by Americans studying in Paris and who for years have spent their money and time there is the chauvinistic attitude of the French toward American singers."

"Here are, it seems, 3,000 American music students in Paris. You can count on three fingers those in that number who will ever really 'arrive.' In many cases their people are slaving at home to meet constant demands for more money. Yet those students have no more chance of a Paris engagement than an icicle in regions ultra tropical."

"At the Paris Conservatoire, a most excellent institution, they find native pupils on conclusion of study for years of appearances at French opera houses. In Paris there are the Grand Opera, the Opera Comique and the Lyrique, all signing them for engagements. From these they are in turn sublet to such outlying theaters as those of Bordeaux, Lyons and elsewhere in the provinces. The French do not want the money to go out of the country."

"And still the cry is: 'Go to Paris to study! Go to Paris to study!'"—William Armstrong in *Inslee's*.

Farm for Sale.

For sale by owner: The south half of the place known as the Hill place on the Nestucca River, half of mile of Hebo, will sell with or without cattle, some one is going to get a bargain, it is going cheap. Easy terms. Write for price.—HENRY THOMPSON, Hebo, Ore.

"ARIZONA."

Here it is at last, "Arizona" in 4 acts, Opera House, two nights, Thursday and Friday, January 26th and 27th. Absolutely the best show ever given in this city. Following are the names of the people taking parts:

- | | |
|---|---------------------|
| Col. Bonham, 11th U.S. Cavalry | Mr. John Aschim |
| Sam Wong | Howard Woolfe |
| Henry Canby | B. J. McCowell |
| Mrs. Canby | Miss Daisy Allender |
| Estrella Bonham, wife of the Col. | Miss Eliza Dawson |
| Lena Keller | Elsie Lamb |
| Lieut. Denton, 11th U.S. Cavalry | Horace Sappington |
| Bonita Canby | Mrs. J. Hiner |
| Miss Maccullough, a school teacher, | |
| Miss Blanch Whittemore | |
| Dr. Fenlon, surgeon 11th U.S. Cav., | Clarence Stanley |
| Capt. Hodgman, 11th U.S. Cav. | Carl Dawson |
| Tony Mostano, a vaquero | Jim Hiner |
| Lieut. Hallock, 11th U.S. Cav. | Cloyd Dawson |
| Sergt. Keller, from Berlin, 11th U.S. Cav., | |
| John Zumstein | |
| Lieut. Young, 11th U.S. Cav. | Burr Beals |

New scenery complete for this play. Hear Jim Hiner sing the great Mexican love song "Adios Amor," sung only in this play.

Seats are now selling at Lamar's drug store. You'll have to hurry.

"THE ALCO CLUB"
 MEETS IN THE
TILLAMOOK OPERA HOUSE
 Every Saturday Evening,
 9-12.

Best of Music and Floor Management.

The Best Hotel.

THE ALLEN HOUSE,
 J. P. ALLEN, Proprietor.

Headquarters for Travelling Men.
 Special Attention paid to Tourists.

A First Class Table. Comfortable Beds and Accommodation.

THE RAJAH OF BUSTAR.

The rajahs of Bustar are hybrid rajputs, claiming to be of the family of the moon, and have reigned in Bustar for between five and six hundred years. The family bears the name of Ratputty, and every year the rajah has to sit on the rath at the festival of the Dusseerah wearing the jewels of the goddess Duteshwarre, the tutelary goddess of the state, which are brought from Dautawara temple for the purpose.

"Save for the jewels he is clad only in wreaths of flowers," says a writer in the Wide World, "and when we saw him he looked very solemn—almost ashamed of himself—as he passed us."

"In connection with this ceremony there used to be a brutal custom of dragging the rath, a huge sort of juggernaut car weighing many tons, over the bodies of live buffaloes, often only partly killing them."

"This horrible practice was stopped by British officials."

Indispensable.

Three camels presented themselves at the dock where the ark was tied up, whereas but two animals of a kind had been called for.

"One of you fellows will have to step aside!" shouted Noah very peremptorily.

But the three ships of the desert smiled knowingly.

"I," said the first of them, "am the camel which shall pass through the eye of a needle sooner than a rich man shall enter the kingdom of heaven."

"I," said the second, "am the camel which so many people swallow while straining at a gnat."

"And I," said the third and last, "am the camel whose back was broken by the last straw."

Whereupon Noah, perceiving that posterity could ill spare any of these and would be lost for illustrations without them, graciously made an exception in their favor.—Puck.

A Famous Vine.

In the Cumberland Lodge portion of the royal gardens at Windsor there is a vine, known all over England as the Cumberland Lodge vine, which is a shoot of a still older vine which grows at Hampton Court, but the shoot has far outdistanced its parent in dimensions and productiveness. In England grapes are generally grown under glass, and the Cumberland Lodge vine has a great glass structure, 120 feet long by 20 wide, all to itself. Growing with astonishing luxuriance, the vine spreads itself over a roof area of 2,400 square feet and bears annually a crop of approximately a thousand huge bunches of the finest flavored grapes. These grapes are frequently found on the royal table, and the subject who is presented with a basket of them considers himself highly favored. The shoot from which the great vine has grown was planted in 1775.

Cliff of Natural Glass.

A cliff of natural glass can be seen in Yellowstone park. It is half a mile long and from 150 to 250 feet high, the material of which it consists being as good glass as that artificially manufactured. The dense glass which forms the base is from seventy-five to a hundred feet thick, while the upper portion, having suffered and survived many ages of wind and rain, has naturally worn much thinner. Of course the color of the cliff is not that of natural glass—transparent and white—but is mostly black and in some places mottled and streaked with brownish red and shades of olive green and brown.

Exclusive.

At an evangelistic service at Glasgow the preacher at the end of his address cried, "Now, all you good people who mean to go to heaven with me, stand up!" With a surge of enthusiasm the audience sprang to its feet, all but an old Scotchman in the front row, who sat still. The horrified evangelist wrung his hands and, addressing him, said, "My good man, my good man, don't you want to go to heaven?"

Clear and deliberate came the answer, "Aye, Awm gangin, but no wi' a patornally conducted party!"—St. James Gazette.

Kindly Fruits.

The expression in the prayer book "Kindly fruits of the earth" has for most persons no definite meaning on account of the difference in significance now attached to the word kindly from that used when the expression was first written. The word kindly in that connection meant as nearly as possible "of its kind," and the expression "kindly fruits of the earth" meant "the fruits of the earth each after its kind."

Why Waste His Breath?

Teacher—Now, Tommy, suppose you had two apples and you gave another boy his choice of them. You would tell him to take the bigger one, wouldn't you? Tommy—No, mum. Teacher—Why? Tommy—Cos 't wouldn't be necessary.—Suburban Life.

Fairly Warned.

He—My dear, I can't afford to buy you that hat. She—Still, you'd save money if you did. He—How so? She—Because I'll just be ill if I don't have it, and you know what doctors' bills are.

Hit Both Ways.

"It ain't no fun bein' a kid," observed a boy bitterly. "You always hafta go to bed when you ain't sleepy an' git up when you are."—Toledo Blade.

It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking at the bright side of things.—Johnson.

BEAT THE BANK.

A French Naval Officer's Daring Expedition at Monte Carlo.

Those who have visited Monte Carlo have heard of it not seen the pitiful ruin of many an unfortunate person who has lost his last franc in playing at roulette in that palatial gambling den. All are not so fortunate as to have an armored cruiser at their disposal, as was the case with a French naval officer some years ago. He had gone ashore in the morning with naught in his pockets but his own earnings. By noon it was all gone.

If he had had another 500 francs he was sure of winning. During those morning hours of failure he had worked out a system, and with just a few francs more success was certain. He would use the ship's money. Perhaps it was not just the right thing to do, but in another two hours he would be able to return it, would have recouped his own loss and have won who knows what fortune besides.

At sunset he returned to his ship a ruined man. The system, like all systems of the sort, had failed. What was to be done? To return home would mean a dishonorable discharge, lifelong disgrace, if not even more severe punishment. Death seemed the only alternative. But no; he would make one final attempt to save himself. He would force the authorities of Monte Carlo to return to him what he had lost or he would blow up their gambling palace!

As soon as he was again on board his order was: "Clear decks for action. Raise the muzzle of every gun and let them point toward the heights of Monaco."

Whatever the sailors might think of such an order mattered little; obey they must. With all haste a messenger was sent ashore with a note, and the captain meanwhile paced the deck in silence awaiting the reply—a reply which meant life or death to him.

Finally the messenger returned carrying a bag of gold coins. That night the French cruiser weighed anchor and quietly steamed out into the Mediterranean, her captain happy that he had fared no worse and the authorities of Monte Carlo only too glad to be rid of so dangerous a visitor.—Washington Star.

Virtuous Indignation.

"The reporter who came to see about the fancy ball was a horrid creature."

"Why?"

"He asked for my picture to publish with the account, and I told him indignantly I did not care for such notoriety. Then I had to go out of the room a minute and forget my picture, which was lying on the table near where he was standing, and—"

"He took it and put it in?"

"No; he left it there."—Baltimore American.

Bossing the Boss.

"Your clerks seem to be in a good humor," remarked the friend of the great merchant.

"Yes," replied the great merchant. "My wife has just been in, and it tickles them to death to see somebody boss me around."—Philadelphia Record.

On Her Side.

"I didn't know you had any idea of marrying her."

"I didn't. The idea was hers."—Lippincott's.

Perplexed.

"Your daughter's brain, madam, appears to be normal."

"Dear, dear, we've never had anything of that kind in the family before, I'm sure!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Our generosity should never exceed our abilities.—Cicero.