

LOOKING OVER THE GROUND.

United Railways Officials Visit Tillamook City and Bayocean.

President C. R. Gray, of the United Railways and the Hill railroad interests in Oregon, with his son, G. R. Gray, Jr., and Engineer L. B. Wickersham and Wilber Coman, general freight and passenger agent, drove in over the Wilson river road on Wednesday on a visit of inspection.

This is Mr. Gray's first visit to Tillamook. He has been over every foot of main line and branch track under his jurisdiction, and over a great portion of the territory through which new roads are proposed. His present trip to Tillamook, it is admitted, is for the purpose of making plans that will put the United Railways into this district without much further delay.

Mr. Gray was greatly impressed with what he saw coming over the Wilson river, especially the timber, and when told of the large amount of cheese that was shipped from Tillamook City, the hub of the county, he was somewhat surprised to find such a large quantity. Mr. Gray could not give out any information at present when work would be started on the United Railways project into Tillamook, but it is generally understood that this will be the first work undertaken, and word to that effect may be looked for at any time.

Boulder Creek.

Louis Krake is helping L. P. Gray put up his hay this week. R. Y. Blalock went over the Mt. Hebo trail to Sheridan, last Saturday, and came back Monday.

John Sheets, general manager of the Mutual Telephone Co., was looking after the line and various business matters in our neighborhood last week.

Quite a large number of people attended the basket meeting at Kumm's ford last Sunday; a good meeting is reported in spite of the hot weather.

Miss Eliza Dawson, of Tillamook, has been visiting Mrs. Roza Borba the past week.

Mrs. Della Jensen and Mrs. Alice Mills went to the Hotel Oceanway last Saturday to attend the auction.

L. D. Krake and sons, L. D. Jr., and John are making hay for R. Margarell this week.

John Borba went to Tillamook and back last week.

Geo. Freshour, Chas. Sears, Robt. Fowler and H. A. Chopard are haying for John Borba today, (Monday.)

H. A. Chopard went to Hebo Tuesday to work for his brother-in-law, J. W. Hester, through haying.

M. E. Church.

10 a.m., Sunday School. Last Sunday's attendance 114.

11 a.m., song and sermon. Subject, "When man loves."

7 p.m., Epworth League. This is young people's hour, largely attended service, alive, devout, inspirational.

8 p.m., song and sermon, subject, "When God loves."

J. T. MOORE, pastor.

Notice.

This is to give warning to parties not to buy a promissory note for \$31 given to Vaughn & Co., of Pikeville, Tenn., for a sewing machine, as the same was obtained under a misrepresentation.

T. H. MCCORNACK.

Dairy Farm for Sale.

I will sell my dairy farm, either as a whole or cut it up into small tracts, on the Wilson river, at a greatly reduced price.

L. G. FREEMAN.

Apply to J. C. Bewley.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern. That the County Court of the State of Oregon for Tillamook County, has appointed the undersigned administrator of the estate of Peter Asp, deceased, and any and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same properly verified to me at the office of George Willett, attorney at law in Tillamook City, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated June 6th, 1911. E. W. STANLEY, Administrator of the estate of Peter Asp, deceased.

Death of Mrs. John Aschim.

Mrs. Nell Whittemore Aschim passed away quite suddenly at her home in this city Saturday morning at seven o'clock, only having been seriously sick since Thursday evening.

Nell Whittemore Aschim was born at Pendleton, Oregon, November 12, 1883 and the early part of her life was spent in that city.

She graduated from the Pendleton Academy in the class of 1905 and January 1, 1909, went to Corvallis, Oregon, where she enrolled as a student of the Oregon Agricultural College. After spending one term in this institution, she came to Tillamook in August, 1909, and August 4, 1910, married John Aschim, who together with an infant son, Richard survive her. In addition to her husband and son she is survived by her mother, Mrs. H. C. Perry in California, her brother, Doris Whittemore and sister Gertrude Davidson, both of California, Ruby Morris, a sister at McMinnville, Ore. and Blanch, Clyde and Eunice Whittemore, sisters in Tillamook, Ore.

Mrs. Aschim was well known throughout this county, having been a saleslady for Halton's during the winter of 1909-'10. She was a woman of very kind disposition, extremely well liked by all with whom she came in contact.

Funeral services were held from the house Tuesday morning at 10:30 interment being made in the I. O. O. F. cemetery. Rev. D. L. Shrode, who married Mr. and Mrs. Aschim a little less than a year ago, had charge of the funeral services. Halton's doors were closed during the services through respect to the deceased.

At the time of death, Mrs. Aschim was 27 years, 8 months and 3 days old. She had been a member of

the Rebecca Lodge for a number of years.

She leaves an innumerable multitude of friends to mourn her untimely death, all of whom sympathize fully with Mr. Aschim, who was ways a true and loving partner.

Church of Christ.

We got something good for you at ten o'clock next Lord's day. Did you ever see a "Front Rank" Bible School? If not, come and we will "show you." Front Rank pennant was awarded at Portland Convention. Sermon at 11: "First they gave their own selves." That C. E. meeting at 7:15 needs your C. E. Sermon and song at 8 o'clock:—Subject,—"Opportunity and responsibility."

Resolutions of Condolence.

Whereas, It has pleased our Almighty Father in his infinite wisdom to remove from our midst Mrs. Nellie Aschim, wife of John Aschim, and a member of our Invincible Literary Society, be it resolved; that we extend to John Aschim and relatives of the deceased, our sincere sympathy in this their great bereavements. And be it further resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be placed upon the records of the Invincible Literary Society and also printed in both local papers.

EDGAR MUNSON, CLYDE DAWSON, Committee.

Wanted to Trade.

Two eighty acre tracts, uncleared, one with 1,500,000 ft. timber, the other good farm land, in Jackson Co., Ore., to trade for property in Tillamook, or acreage near by.—Address Box 567, Newberg, Ore.

The Star has a drama and comedy reel every night.

The New Ocean Going Yacht

BAYOCEAN

Leaves PORTLAND Tuesdays. PORTLAND Saturdays. BAYOCEAN Mondays. BAYOCEAN Thursdays.

Round trip from Portland to Bayocean, \$10.00.

Further information apply to T. B. POTTER REALTY CO.'S Office at Bayocean, or phone.



MARKETING by TELEPHONE

YOUR FAITHFUL Bell Telephone always at your elbow, steadily increases in usefulness. It does a score of errands while a messenger is doing one. You come to accept telephone service as a matter of course, like the air you breathe or the water you drink.

Your Bell Telephone performs these daily service of neighborhood communication, and it does more—it is a unit in the universal system and enables you to reach any one any time within the range of the Long Distance Service.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY. Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System.

OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE. DIGNIFYING THE INDUSTRIES. This is the title of a beautiful 64-page book, which will show any boy or girl how to SUCCEED. Drop a postal in the mail TODAY and it will be sent FREE.

OLD TIME SCHOOLS.

Methods in Days When "No Lickin', No Larnin'." Was the Rule.

The schoolroom practices of a half century ago are incredibly modern pupil. It is well that they have not been continued, but an account of them by an eyewitness is often amusing. One incident from A. H. Hall's "Old Bradford Schooldays" brings up a teacher who clung to the old principle, "No lickin', no larnin'."

Horace Walton, at recess, climbed to the top of the highest nut tree and, losing his hold, fell to the ground. He struck on many of the limbs in his descent. The boys were terribly frightened as he struck the ground. Just as we crowded about him to see if he still lived, our faces as white as his, the bell rang for the resumption of studies.

The last boy in was Walton, and just as he fell rather than sat down in his seat the master shouted, "Come out here instanter!" He gave him a flogging that made the fall from the tree seem the lesser of the two evils.

A few years ago, meeting Walton for the first time for many years, he remarked that he well remembered how that master at last succeeded in bringing things into routine order in the school. Each morning as the school assembled this order was observed: "First bell, come to order; second bell, attention; third bell, lick Walton."

WOMEN IN WALL STREET.

They Are Good Winners, but Drown Their Losses in Tears.

To many brokers women are hoodoos, and some stock exchange houses refuse absolutely to have anything to do with the fair sex. The majority of brokerage firms try their best to keep women's speculative accounts out of their offices. Some houses are obliged to take women's accounts as a matter of personal friendship, but they will not open accounts for other women, no matter how well they may be introduced.

Wall street men do not have a high opinion of the average woman's business sense. Most women have an idea that one needs only to get a "tip" from some "insider" in Wall street to be sure of making "barrels of money" —for new gowns, hats and jewelry.

The dictum of Wall street is that women are good winners, but bad losers. It is difficult to reason about money and business with an angry or weeping woman. Her view of Wall street and all its works suddenly becomes entirely emotional, and only a broker with infinite patience can calm her. Many a time a stock exchange house has taken a woman customer's loss rather than face her tears.—Strand Magazine.

The Queer Carabao.

The carabao is said to be slower than a camel and more obstinate than a mule. Every one seems agreed that the chief ambition in life of a carabao, if he has any at all, is to lie down in a puddle of water with just his nose and horns sticking out. Consequently considerable commotion rules the wagon train when it approaches a stream that must be forded. The soldiers who are walking behind the carts as guards lay aside their rifles and begin to belabor each animal. In the middle of the stream the excitement reaches its highest pitch. The carabao will begin to stretch his neck and bend his knees and grunt—infallible indications of his intention to lie down. Everybody works like a beaver to prevent him from accomplishing this fell purpose, but their labors are not always successful. They may get him over the stream, but this is unusual good fortune.—Harper's Weekly.

Siren in Skirts.

Which is the most recent siren (of the animal variety) in history? Jacobus Noteras relates that in 1403 a siren was captured in the Zuider Zee. She was (says Mr. Norman Douglas in "Siren Land") brought to Haarlem and, being naked, allowed herself to be clothed; she learned to eat like a Dutchman; she could spin thread and take pleasure in other maidenly occupations; she was gentle and lived to a great age. But she never spoke. The honest burghers had no knowledge of the language of the sea folk to enable them to teach her their own tongue, so she remained mute to the end of her days.

Making Use of It.

"There is no use giving you a check, my dear. My bank account is overdrawn."

"Well, give it to me anyway, George. And, say, make it for \$500. I want to pull it out of my shopping bag with my handkerchief at the bridge game this afternoon."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Easy.

"What is the hardest work you do?" "My hardest work," replied Senator Sorghum, "is trying to look like my photograph and talk like my speeches when I get back to my home town."—Washington Star.

An Easy Task.

"Pa, what is a philosopher?" "A philosopher, my boy, is one who tells other people that their troubles don't amount to much."—Detroit Free Press.

A Finishing Touch.

"When Essau gave up his birthright for mere pottage?" "Yes, I know—he made a mess of it."—Exchange.

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how.—Lowell.

A HUNGRY PYTHON.

The First Course of His Meat Got Him Into Serious Trouble.

In my travels I visited the jail at Thayet-Myo, in Burma. On the morning of my visit there had undoubtedly been an unusual occurrence. A python twenty-two feet long and twenty-eight inches in girth had entered the vegetable garden and crossed it to the fowl pen. Besides the fowls, there were some five ducks in the pen. Now, the front of the pen was fenced with diamond mesh galvanized wire netting of a strong type.

The snake could not resist a fat duck, so, putting its head and neck through the stout diamond frame, it seized and swallowed one. I have no doubt whatever that it would have "mopped up the bunch" inside the house, but that in adjusting No. 1 to make room for No. 2 it became aware of an uneasy feeling owing to the wire around its waist. Neither have I any doubt that in addition to becoming uneasy it became seriously alarmed.

Being now unable either to disgorge or to get away, it tore off the whole section of netting, 6 feet by 8, and returned with the necktie or waistband through the cabbage. Not unnaturally, I think, the sentry, seeing a 6 by 8 foot wire section of fencing marching through the cabbage patch without any visible means of support, gave the alarm and then opened fire.

The prison guard rushed out and also opened fire, and very shortly our hero lay dead in his frame. He was skinned and his skin cured and dressed in the jail, where they are noted for this kind of work.—Forest and Stream.

A COMPETENT WITNESS.

The Mule's Testimony Was Taken and Accepted by the Judge.

The originator of a widely known probation system, Judge William J. Pollard of a St. Louis police court, is the subject of a Boston Herald story which illustrates his unique way of dealing out justice to minor offenders. A driver had been brought before Judge Pollard, charged with cruelty to animals. He had been driving a galled mule, but he had an expert witness in a veterinarian who testified that the sore on the mule's back did not pain the animal in the least.

The judge listened attentively to the long technical opinions and then demanded to know the mule's whereabouts. He was informed that it was harnessed to a wagon which stood on the street in front of the courthouse. The judge then ordered that court to be adjourned for five minutes.

He took his cane and proceeded to the street, went up to the mule and with the end of his cane gently touched the sore spot on the animal's back. The mule promptly tried to kick the dashboard off the wagon. Once again the judge touched the sore spot with his cane, and the mule responded as before.

Judge Pollard returned to the bench. The prisoner was called before him.

"With all due respect to the expert testimony you have had introduced in your behalf to show that the mule's back does not pain him, I will fine you \$50," announced the judge. "I asked the mule if the sore hurt him, and he said it did."

Punctuality in London.

There is plenty of rush and hurry in business London, just as in America, but the English ways seem to be much more systematic and dignified. The man of business is always attired with care—pink necktie, chamois gloves, frock coat, spats—for business procedure in England must be met with due compliance to English ideas of propriety.

Appointments must be made by written notes—not typewritten, mind—and when the appointment is made it is to be kept to the dot. I kept nine appointments in one day and found every man ready and waiting. When you think that old London is slow just wake up. They don't make much fuss about things, but they just plan and do what they set out to do.—Joe Mitchell Chapple in National Magazine.

The Egg and the Shell.

Eggs are made chiefly of carbonate of lime, and the yolk is half water, half oil and albumen, while the white of an egg, as it is called, consists of water chiefly with albumen and a little phosphorus and sulphur. The yolk always floats at the top of the white, so to be as near as possible to the hen when she sits upon it to hatch it, while two cords attached to the yolk, one at each end, prevent it from actually touching the shell.

Ignorance.

A Scottish minister was asked to pray for rain. He did so, and the rain came down in floods and destroyed the crops. Irritated at the result, one disgusted elder confided to another that "this comes o' intristin' sic a request to a meenister wha isna acquent wi' agriculture."

Why They Are Cleaner.

"Women's minds are much cleaner than men's," said a woman to her husband.

"They ought to be," replied her husband. "They change them so much oftener."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Spitful.

"I wonder why Mabel looks in the glass so often?" "Maybe she has a grudge against herself."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Manners must adorn knowledge and smooth its way through the world.—Chatterfield.

THE NAME STUCK.

And Yet the Man Who Owned It Didn't Feel Flattered.

They had been speaking of sakes, and one of the group had mentioned with pride that not only four nephews and two grandsons had namesakes, but that a business lately built in his native town had taken its name from him.

"And I like it," he said heartily, "consider it an honor. You know how I feel," he added, turning to one of his friends. "I hadn't been in your town more than an hour before I saw your name at the turn of a road. 'Howard's Corner.' You must think it's gratifying."

"May be to you," said the other, "but, as it happens, the name that's called 'Howard's Corner' is because, when I was about twenty, I knew more than I ever have since, took the girl that I was courting on a new top buggy with a lively horse and tried to show off how fast a turn I could make.

"I tipped her out just as a party of summer boarders came along. The buggy was smashed up some, and the girl rode off with the boarders, made a hornet. There was a young man among them whom she afterward married.

"I don't begrudge her to him, but got a finer girl later on, but when I name the boarders gave that place the road stuck and by and by was up on the signboard while I was west I can't say that it ever struck me as any special cause for pride. Youth's Companion.

PREVENTED TOOTHACHE.

The Old Romans Did It by Devoting Two Rats a Month.

If it be true that ancient remedies are always the best it may be of interest to those afflicted with tooth troubles to know how the ancient Romans dealt with such ills. The ancients recognized two types of treatment, the magical and the medicinal. The following are some of the prescriptions advised by the magicians:

Take the head of a dog that has died of rabies, mix the ash with cyprus and inject the product into the ear of the affected side.

A water snake's vertebra will not so scarify the gum provided that it is obtained from a white skinned snake or for the same purpose may be used a lizard's frontal bone obtained when the moon is full, or, if that fails, chicken bone will do, provided that be dried in a hole in a wall and thrown away immediately after used.

It is good treatment to inject into an aching ear oil of lemon in which have been macerated mallow leaves should this last give rise to itching. A worm fed on a particular herb a cabbage caterpillar can conveniently be placed in a hollow tooth, but it is equally simple to chew an allium heart.

Prevention being better than cure, sovereign preventive will be found in the eating of two rats a month.—London Hospital.

Two Points of View.

Nice discrimination would be required to decide which is the pessimist and which the optimist in the pending war reminiscence.

During one of the battles of the freshboro a group of wounded men huddled about a field hospital, waiting surgical attention, when a big trooper, with a bullet in his left arm and another in his right arm, hopped up, holding his wounded arm in his left hand.

"Doc," he drawled, "the Johnson came pretty near hitting me."

Another fellow blowing blood profusely from his nose, the point of which had been shot off, promptly interrupted: "Doctor, the rascals"—again—"came near"—another blow and another—"missing me."

Many Generations.

The case of six generations living given by Tennyson thus: "Daughter arise; thy daughter to her daughter take whose daughter's daughter is eth." George Hakewell in the seventeenth century had imagined a descent more, for in his "Apology" he writes that the mother said to her daughter, "Daughter, bid thy daughter tell her daughter that her daughter's daughter hath a daughter." credible injunction in the case of a centenarian only.

A Telescope His Tomb.

After Keeler had become head of the Lick observatory and died there and his ashes were brought back to Allegheny for burial it was his brother Brushbear who sealed them up in the last resting place, a hollow in the supporting pillar of the thirty inch telescope, which is Keeler's monument. McClure's.

His Sent.

"How did the young man who was ed to go in the newspaper business along?"

"It was a pretty race for success, but he won by a nose."

"What do you mean?" "A nose for news."—Ballou's American.

Gave Him Time.

"Judge," wailed the prisoner, "you give me a little time to think of thing over?"

"Certainly," replied the magistrate. "Six months."—Philadelphia Record.

Practical.

The Deck Passenger—I notice that the steerage passengers bolt their food I wonder why. The Steward—bolt their food to keep it down.—Congo News.