

CHURCH NOTES

METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday school Sunday morning at 10 a. m. A class for every man, woman and child. Your presence will be appreciated. Morning worship at 11 subject, "Christian Citizenship or Duty to One's Country." Evening service at 8 subject "The Folly of a Secret Told." Prayer meeting at 8 p. m. Wednesday evening. Choir meeting Thursday evening at 8. All singers will be welcome.—Simpson Hamrick, Pastor.

Mrs. Lou Wilson, who has been visiting relatives here, returned to her home in Oregon City Sunday.

A travelling impersonator named McGinley is making the round of the logging camps in this county giving recitations, violin and banjo music and songs and charges no admission taking voluntary contributions and is said to be doing well. A novel and popular way of getting audiences.

CATERPILLER ARMY IS ON RAMPAGE

Over in Lincoln county billions of caterpillars have suddenly emerged from somewhere mysteriously and are mowing their way eastward up to the summit of the coast range and Corvallis people are alarmed and fear that a general invasion of the Willamette valley may result. From all reports the crawling insects are taking gardens and meadows as they go and are cutting a wide swath. The Agricultural college bugologists are out studying the invasion and are said to be formulating some plans to check the onward rush. An ex-army man is studying plans for the use of poisonous gas such as was used on the battle fronts in France during the late war. Farmers are all stewed up about the coming horde and are thinking of asking for government or state aid to check the devastating army of insects. The leading question is where did they originate? As they are going due east, there is not much fear that Tillamook county will be invaded.

TILLAMOOK-PORTLAND STAGE SCHEDULE

The Tillamook-Portland stage now leaves Tillamook daily for Portland as follows: 7:30 a. m., 12:30 noon, 5:30 p. m. and 10 p. m. Leaves Portland for Tillamook: 12:30 midnight, 7:50 a. m., 12:50 p. m. and 5 p. m.

FRED LOCKLEY IS TOURING BEACHES

Fred Lockley, the man who writes up personal biography and pioneer history for the Portland Journal, was in the city last Friday, accompanied by Mrs. Lockley. Fred has interviewed more people and told more interesting stories of Oregonians and has given mere of pioneer history than any one, perhaps, since the days of Frances Fuller Victor and Junius Henry Browne. His interviews with Oregon people are especially valuable since they contain so much of previously unwritten history that has escaped the eye of the historian. The writer first knew Fred when he was a city mail carrier in Salem. Later he worked on the Salem Journal and still later became identified with the Pacific Monthly magazine. After the latter went out of existence, Fred became a writer for the Portland Journal, and for many years has been its free lance special writer going and coming when and where he pleased, but always producing something for the people to read. His letters in the Journal are a daily contribution and thousands of persons each evening look for Lockley's story which never fails to appear on the editorial page of his paper. Mr. Lockley and wife are both strong for the Tillamook beaches, and have many friends in all the towns and resorts along this part of the Oregon coast and as Mr. Lockley always has something nice to say of Tillamook and the other outlying communities that fact no doubt adds to his popularity as a writer in this section of the state.

CHATTER IN THE CITY'S TALL UNCUT

The robin and the sparrow occupied near by perches on a Tillamook telephone pole. The day was warm and the robin had been yanking fish-worms out of a nicely trimmed lawn and was full up as well as quite tired with the exertion of getting its breakfast. The robin, moreover, felt quite

gay, and condescended to open a conversation with the dingy, rather disreputable looking sparrow.

"What do you think of this burg?" asked the robin, settling its feathers comfortably and glancing with pride at its vest of red, which has caused it to be referred to as "the red-breasted robin."

"Oh, its a nice enough town in some respects," said the sparrow, flicking at a piece of twine to the ground, which it had once thought of taking home to Mrs. Sparrow to weave into a nest. "In detail," said the robin with a toss of its superior head, "Mr. Sparrow, just what are your real impressions? Bird to bird. You know."

"Well, since you put it that way, I am an outspoken bird, and I often am led to tell the truth when a little lying flattery might be better."

"You interest me," said the persistent robin, "please go on."

"While this is a live town and has been wonderfully endowed by nature, yet it seems to me that some of its people sleep too late and forget to mow the grass along the parkings and sidewalks, which gives visiting birds a very poor impression of our civic pride. Don't you think so, Mr. Robin?"

"You are a bird after my own heart," admitted the robin, coming a bit nearer. "Now, recently, I heard two men talking about the money that dairymen pay out for hay every year that is imported into the county from east of the mountains, where the meadow larks sing so blithely in spring and one of the men told the other man that all of this importation of hay was unnecessary. He said that if the people of this town would go to work and cut all of the high grass along the parkings in front of their residences and along the sidewalks there would be enough to feed all the cows in the county for a whole year."

"What did the other man say," asked the sparrow with a show of interest.

"He said if some of the people here would take as much pride in keeping their parkings and sidewalks free of these great jungles as they do in shining up their automobiles that Till-

amook would be the prettiest town in Oregon."

"When I see a man trimming his lawn with a pair of sheep shears or with a lawn mower I know that man to be a mighty progressive citizen and one who has lots of civic pride," twittered the sparrow with a crooked attempt to smile.

"I know a cat that was lost for two days in one of these parking jungles" chatted the robin and when I discovered it, the feline was about starved. I was sitting on a telephone pole and I saw its predicament and told it which way to get out."

"Good thing for you that you didn't go down on the ground near it," said the sparrow, winking mysteriously. "Those miserable animals have it in for our kind something awful."

"I never hunt for angle worms except on an open lawn," said the robin answering the wink in kind, "for I know the habits of those nasty little beasts as well as you do. Only last year our little baby bird was just learning to fly and I cautioned it against these roving cats but it persisted in flying down in the uncut grass along the parkings and one day as I hovered overhead a big Tom cat came out of the jungle with a rush and that was the last of poor robin, our bird baby. Now if the jungle grass hadn't been there robin junior would have been alive today, and hunting fish-worms." "Sad, but true," sniffled the sparrow. "My motto is: 'Keep off the ground in a high grass town.'"

"Cherries are ripe, cherries are ripe," came a clear robin soprano from a tall tree near by. "That's my wife calling to dinner," said the robin "Au revoir, old timer."

"Olive oil," answered the sparrow. Then to itself it murmured: "I guess I'll go home too, and take that piece of string. The old lady bird told me to go and get it and come right back but here I've met up with that big fat talkative robin and a whole hour has slipped by. I suppose I'll get the scolding of my life but us poor male birds never know the value of time," and away it flew, retrieved the string and beat it for an awning over a store whose proprietor doesn't believe in

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