

The Timber Line

Being Affairs of Vernonia Schools and Published Each Week in the Eagle

Veldon Parker President Of Student Body

The associated student body held elections for the next year officers. The elections are as follows: President, Veldon Parker; vice president, Della Cline; secretary, Helen Hieber; treasurer, Ward Gooding; girls athletic manager, Mildred Hawkins; boys athletic manager, Donald Hodges; yell leader, Phoebe Greenman; reporter, Catherine Hoffman.

Sophomore Party

The sophomore class planned to have their skipday picnic in Shelley's grove Tuesday afternoon, but on account of rain, they were compelled to have it in the gymnasium.

Farm Market Review

Walnuts

Prospects are favorable for a better crop of walnuts in France than last year. Bordeaux prices for shelled walnuts showed a pronounced downward tendency in recent weeks from the high levels of last November.

Strawberries

The crop in eastern states was damaged from 7 per cent to 57 per cent in various states by frost, freeze, rains and floods, and maturity will be delayed.

Potatoes

The southern early crop is estimated to exceed last year by more than two million bushels, but much damage has been done by frosts and floods and maturity will be delayed.

Wheat

The market remains firm with European demand absorbing heavy world shipments. Latest estimates indicate 33 million bushels less winter wheat this year in the United States than last year. Soft winter wheat is estimated to yield 40 million bushels less than a year ago. Seeding of spring wheat has been delayed generally. Prices tended to advance last week on soft wheat and for high protein. The first new crop wheat arrived at Los Angeles.

Feed Grain

Continued delay in corn planting and light market arrivals caused further price advances on corn and held other feed grain markets firm. Receipts of barley were low and crop conditions abroad less favorable causing price advances. The California barley crop will probably be smaller than a year ago. Shipments of new California barley are increasing.

Hay and Pasture

Markets continue irregular. Demand has been good for Yakima alfalfa and timothy. Stocks of hay on farms on May 1 were nearly two million tons less than the 10 year average and materially less than last year on the same date, but the condition of meadows indicates a better crop. Pastures are in better condition than average in the United States and materially better than last year, but western ranges are not so good.

Butter

Storage stocks totaled only 3,432,000 pounds on May 1 compared to 17,527,000 pounds a year ago.

class spirit and enjoy the prom. Gilbert Bergerson a junior tried Games were played. Ice cream and cake was served about 2:30. A good time was enjoyed by all.

The sophomore play was to be given at Timber Tuesday, May 17, but as there was no stage at Timber they could not give it there.

Art Exhibits

Friday, Saturday and Sunday the work of the sewing class and the art class of the high school was on display in the windows of the Miller Mercantile store. The display was exceptional. Both classes have done much work and by the exhibit there was shown to be skilled students in each class. Much credit is due to their instructors, Miss Goodin and Miss Perce.

Junior Prom

The junior class of 1928 gave their annual entertainment for the seniors, Faenly, and Alumni. The

but owing to Williams size Gilbert lost.

Miss Hickman and Mrs. Hammack were present to enjoy some of the fun, and Mr. Wilkerson complemented the juniors on their enjoyable evening of entertainment.

The juniors are glad that they gave their senior friends a farewell entertainment.

The commencement exercises will be held Friday, May 20, at eight o'clock in the Evangelical church. Prof. N. H. Comish of Oregon agriculture college will deliver the address.

A junior class meeting was held Monday at 12:45. It was decided that the juniors would decorate the evangelical church for commencement.

Balloon Trip to North Pole Proved Failure

Attempts to reach the North pole by way of the air were made as long ago as the Civil war, points out Lieut. Walter Hinton, the famous aviator, in an article in Liberty. "They have tried to reach the North pole in free balloons," Lieutenant Hinton writes. "At about the time of our Civil war, Nadar, a Frenchman, built a colossal balloon with a wickerwork house about thirteen feet square in place of a basket. It even had a boudoir for the ladies who were among the nine passengers when the craft sailed away from Paris one morning, bound for the pole by way of St. Petersburg, Russia.

"They soared merrily across Holland," the writer continues, "and were above Hanover, when the wind threatened to take them over the North sea. An anchor was tossed out. It uprooted a tree and the rope broke. Another anchor ripped the roof off a house and carried it through the air.

"When the rope gave way, the loss of weight sent the outfit bouncing straight up at breathless speed. To prevent the gas expanding and bursting the bag in the rarefied atmosphere, the pilot pulled the cord, thus freezing the gas. The balloon dropped like a shot into a thick woods, breaking the arms and legs of the occupants."

"Light and Heat by Sun"

Prediction of a time not very distant when office buildings and factories will be so equipped that the sun's rays may be used for heating and lighting has been made.

The theory is not particularly new. But the promise of its early development along practical lines arouses a rather keen interest. Especially so since mortal ingenuity has been doing so many revolutionary things in recent years.

When that day comes what is possible in the factory and office building will speedily be applicable to the home as well. And with a fire resistant, permanent common brick home, upkeep wiped off the slate and sunlight utilized for storing up light and heat, life will really be worth living.

Mrs. Rollingson was right. Mrs. Rollingson, who was thinking of buying an automobile, had had the agent show her the carburetor, the differential, the transmission and everything she thought seemed important about the car. Then she said, "Now, are you sure that you've shown me all the things I ought to know about?"

"Why, yes, madam, I think so," said the agent.

"Well, where is the depreciation? I am told that is one of the most important things to know about when you are getting a car."

"Mother Dog's Gratitude"

Horace Hutchison of East Branch testifies that gratitude is another admirable quality of a good dog. He saw a puppy struggling in the ice in the river and a moment later the mother dog plunged in and swam frantically to the little dog. Hutchison got a ladder and succeeded in rescuing both animals. On reaching shore the mother dog jumped upon him, placed both paws on his shoulders and kissed him again and again. Then puppy and mother trotted out of sight.—Boston Herald.

No Birds, No Crops

There is no comment necessary to add, says Nature Magazine, to the following editorial from the Waco (Texas) Times-Herald. The paper tells the whole story when it says: "Over and over again has this newspaper shouted from the housetops, No birds, no crops. More than once has it alluded to the fact that a farmer in south Texas had no insects in his cotton because turkeys ranged the field."

A good poultry house is located on high or sloping ground, with dry, well drained soil.

Open-front houses are desirable in western Oregon, where the winters are not very cold.

SOME EXCITEMENT FOR MARTHA

(By D. J. Walsh.)

FOR three generations the Dowles family had cherished Pickeredel cove as something belonging exclusively to the family. True, it was charted on the government maps as part of the river, and as such was officially federal property. But family precedent is strong, and all the living Dowleses had first waded timidly along the pebbly shore, and as they grew into robust youth and acquired bravado the cove furnished abundant sport in the way of fishing and swimming.

The Dowles farm extended from the state highway to the river's edge, and a roomy boathouse stood on the bank. A cabin cruiser, a motor boat two rowboats and a canoe composed the Dowles fleet. Pickeredel cove was as pretty a haven as any boat lover could wish for.

Two hundred yards back from the cove stood the old Dowles homestead where Robert lived in a happy state of seclusion with his mother, father and a maiden aunt. Robert Dowles was twenty-seven years old, unmarried and his marital choice, or lack of choice, was a matter of grave concern to Martha, his dotting aunt.

One bright morning in early July Martha came rushing into the Dowles living room, glanced about furtively then inquired breathlessly:

"Where's Robert?"

Mrs. Dowles laid aside her knitting while her husband looked up from his newspaper wonderingly.

"Robert drove to town this morning," answered Mr. Dowles. "Why what's wrong? Did the cows get into the corn again?"

"Worse than that," replied his sister. "A shanty boat has tied up in our cove. I saw them as I went down there to look for lilies."

"Tshaw! Is that all? No harm in that. No doubt they'll move on again in a day or two."

"William, you ought to know I don't approve of shanty boaters," she said. "They are simply floaters and riff raff of the river. And there's a young woman on the boat with an old man I judge to be her father. A rather good-looking hussy. Robert must not see her. We must chase them away before he comes back."

"Now, Martha, calm yourself," admonished her brother. "Robert is a sensible young man and you do him a grave injustice when you assume that he would lose his heart over the daughter of any illiterate shanty boater that happens along. And you apparently forget that he is engaged to the daughter of Professor Fowler, his old college instructor."

"Anyhow, we really don't own the cove. We merely own the land as far as the shore line."

"In that case we can prevent them from tying off on our land," replied Martha, triumphantly. "And if you are too chicken-hearted to assert your own rights I will do it for you." Seizing her parasol (for she had a wholesome fear of sunburn) she dashed from the house and disappeared into the willow grove. Mrs. Dowles sighed and shook her head.

A half hour passed and Mr. Dowles was beginning to doze over his paper. Suddenly the outer door slammed. Martha tramped heavily into the room and slumped breathlessly into a chair. For a moment she sat speechless, fanning her flushed face. Then her agitation spent itself, and she gasped:

"It's happened! Just as I expected! Oh, it's terrible! I started down toward the cove and as I came out of the willows into sight of that shanty boat, I spied two persons sitting on the guard rail—a man and a woman—and they were holding hands. One was that hussy and the other was—Robert!"

"Impossible," cried Mrs. Dowles. "Why, he left for town in the car only two hours ago."

"Well, he's down at that shanty boat right now," insisted Martha. "And making love to that low river woman."

Robert's poor parents stood stunned and speechless as the full import of their son's astounding conduct dawned upon them. But perhaps Martha had been mistaken.

Then the door opened and Robert himself stepped into the room. For an instant he stood silently regarding the battery of accusing eyes that were turned upon him. Then a smile of comprehension spread over his handsome face.

"Snap out of it, folks," he cried cheerfully. "I understand, now. Martha's been scaring you. I caught a glimpse of her as she ran through the grove, and I came right up here after her to explain."

"That woman—" commenced Martha, scathingly.

"Is Betty Fowler, my fiancée," replied Robert.

"What?"

"Why—"

"Good heavens."

Robert smiled as these ejaculations of amazement burst upon him.

"Now let's sit down comfortably and I'll tell you all about it. I started for town in the river, and I met the mailman. He handed me a letter. It was from Betty, and I opened it and read it at once. Since the university had closed for the summer, the letter read, her vacation plans had been altered. You know Betty's dad is professor of biology at the Dearborn university,

and a large sportsman's society has commissioned him to prepare a report on the pollution of river water and the destruction of fish through industrial chemicals. This report is to be incorporated in a bill which will be introduced in the state legislature this fall.

"Now, Professor Fowler had long contemplated a trip down the river in order to carry out some private biological research and study the minute organisms of the water. So Betty suggested that they buy a little houseboat and spend the summer vacation floating down the river clear to the Mississippi, thus combining business and pleasure. Of course, the professor agreed with alacrity. You know he is a widower, and Betty is almost like a guardian to him. When she mentioned the pretty green and white boat they bought I had a hunch, for I saw a green and white boat tied off down at the cove early this morning. So, instead of going to town, I drove back along the old river road to investigate. And, sure enough, it was Betty and her dad.

"He's got one end of the boat all fixed up as a biological laboratory, and I left him with his eyes glued to a compound microscope, studying a drop of water. Betty insisted upon dressing in more conventional attire before consenting to meet you. So I left her to dress. Now, my dear folks, I want you all to come down to the cove with me and meet my future wife and father-in-law."

It was a happy quartette that wended its way through the willow grove a few minutes later, and none was more gay than Martha. Soon it was a sextette that chatted gaily on the forward deck of the "shanty-boat" that Martha had so violently condemned but a short time before. The spinster had affectionately embraced Betty and was addressing her with the utmost confidence.

"You know, my dear, I happened to be down here looking for lilies a short time ago and spied you and Robert together," she confided. "And do you know, I was positive in my own mind that it was you; but, of course, I didn't want to interrupt a lovers' meeting, so I went away. You know I was young myself once."

And she bestowed a coquettish smile upon the confused professor, who shifted from one foot to the other.

Evolution of Staff of Life Through History

A loaf of bread baked in the Stone Age has been found among the remains of the lake dwellers in Switzerland. It was hard, flat and a bit charred. One of the discoverers who broke off a piece and ate it said the flavor resembled sawdust.

The endurance test in present-day breads would undoubtedly be won by the unmillied rye loaf of Norway. This doughy product of the Norse country has a hole in the center and is strong on poles hanging across the beams in the kitchens. When more than a few days old the strength of an average man's hands is taxed to break it apart.

All dark-complexioned breads the blackest, also made of rye, is the patt bread of Lapland, northern Scandinavia and Russia. With fur garments outside and this bread inside, the natives are well equipped to withstand the rigors of a long, cold winter.

The inhabitants of cold countries make the darkest bread; the natives of tropic Paraguay and Brazil the whitest. Indians in the Southwest of the United States artificially color their bread. The staff of life is the corn stalk throughout Mexico and Central America. The North American negroes also have a leavening the same way.

Dried fish pounded to meal is the preferred bread base of Iceland. Potato bread is popular in Ireland. In Italy chestnuts are used. In lean years Russia resorts to flour ground from tree bark.

The Chinese, along with their other "firsts," are credited with having made the first loaf of wheat bread.

The first use of machinery was for grinding meal for bread.

The largest and heaviest loaf of bread is made by the Boer housewife. It is the size and shape of a cartwheel. Baking is done once in ten days. The oven stands in the back yard, convenient to the kitchen door. French ovens turn out loaves longer than yardsticks, which are sold in bakeries by the foot. Belgian bakers make a bread especially for horses—huge, heavy-framed horses whose strength is proverbial. Any noontime one can see drivers cutting thick slices from a coarse, dark loaf and proffering them to their hungry steeds.—Mentor Magazine.

Man Worth While

"Credit the Doer!"

"It is not the critic who counts, nor the man who points out how the doer of deeds could have done better.

"The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat; who strives valiantly; who errs and may fall again and again, because there is no effort without error or shortcoming, but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who does know the great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who, at the best, knows in the end the triumph of high achievement and who, at the worst, if he fails, at least falls while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat."—Theodore Roosevelt.

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