



ON THE OREGON TRAIL ONCE MORE.

"Parting is such sweet sorrow." A sympathetic, consoling, sentimental and half-tearful statement that, which may be true and may not. It all depends. If the visitor has manifested the kind of staying qualities which have made his welcome look like the old family sofa after generations of use which has to be blanketed for appearance's sake, the sorrow of parting is certainly very sweet in quality—to the visited. If on the other hand, the guest has been bored, the ray of satisfaction at parting is also his. To be personal, our visit, lengthened beyond our intent, eliminates the latter conjecture. As to the attitude of our entertainers, we can only hope for the best and trust that their sorrow on our departure was not too highly flavored.

Kansas showed us her very best in the weather line clear to the last. Friends kept writing to us of the winter sports we must be enjoying—skating, sleighing, etc. Winter sports forsooth! We were there two full months and candor compels us to remark that with the exception of a little breeze now and then, the winter was nearer ideal than the one we spent in Southern California two years ago. "Rank heresy!" we hear some of our California friends exclaim. We do not claim this is typical Kansas winter. The honest Kansans themselves said it was unusual, and let us record right here to their credit that so far as the writer's observation has gone this is the first known instance where the "unusual weather" dodge has been used other than as a sugar coat. We are picturing Kansas as we saw her—not as we had heard of her. And if, for the benefit of two Oregonians, she saw fit to be on her good behavior, under so much the greater obligations are we.

So, after waiting vainly for the long heard-of blizzard which never came, one morning as the first faint tints of dawn heralded the arrival of another day of sunshine, we bid farewell to Kansas—to her rolling prairies, her happy, prosperous homes, her hospitable people, her stalwart sons, and, yes, her winsome daughters—

"O Kansas girls, sweet Kansas girls, With sky-blue eyes and teeth like pearls" etc. which reminds us that the Kansas girl deserves a chapter all to herself. But the writer's natural proneness to embarrassment withheld his praise when he was with her and now that he is home again, he doesn't dare.

But before taking final leave of Haviland a few personal items might be of interest.

No Oregon man was more asked after than was Prof. H. D. Crumly, formerly principal of Haviland Academy, for whom, with his wife, who also taught there, Haviland people have the very highest regard.

Wm. Ellis, a brother of Enos Ellis, owns a good 160 acre farm in the vicinity, which he is running successfully. He has long been on the Graphic's list and is one of its most appreciative readers.

A. C. Martin has a first cousin there, Riley Hanson, who holds the same kind of position, that of rural mail carrier.

The postmaster, Nereus Mendenhall, is a cousin of Mrs. Jesse Edwards of Newberg.

Claud Woodward, who attended Pacific College a few years ago, is senior member of the general mercantile firm of Woodward Bros., one of the two leading business firms of the place. He has two clerks of his own coming on who are the finest boys in Kansas.

We had, sometimes marveled at the ease and fluency with

which Milo Elliott would speak in public and had to go to Kansas to get the clue. An old caddy of his said they fed hogs together when growing up, and while one would deal out the corn the other would preach to the assembled swine. And he seemed to think Milo showed greater zeal in exhorting than in getting the feeding done. The writer might add a little story about rolled corn silks, etc., but will forbear for the sake of the moral effect upon M. P.'s young sons.

Before leaving Kansas we spent a few days most pleasantly at Wichita, where hospitable friends did everything for our enjoyment. Wichita is the business center of Western Kansas, and is a city of no mean pretensions. Away back in the '80s, in boom times, it had the boomiest boom of all and took accordingly the hardest fall. From the very bottom it began to climb up again, until now it is a real city in fact as well as in name. It has been greatly handicapped by untair freight rates, so its people declare, but they have taken courage from the recent rate legislation and are telling Kansas City to look out. Wichita is the natural center of a vast and rich agricultural territory, and there is no valid reason why she should not do more of its business. Situated at the confluence of the winding Arkansas rivers, with its pretty homes and forest of shade trees, it is a city of no little attraction.

Wichita is no mean educational center. Of especial interest to us was Friends University, one of the new and steadily growing educational institutions of the Friends church, which it was our privilege to visit. The building is very pretentious, and is said to be the largest school building under one roof in the United States. The university has formed the nucleus of a very desirable addition to the city, which is steadily growing. Other educational institutions here are Fairmount College of the Congregationalists, Lewis Academy of the Presbyterians, and Mt. Carmel Academy and St. Marys College of the Catholics.

A ride about the city furnished the writer an impressive object lesson as to how open and flagrant may be the violation of law when officers are indifferent or weak in the spine or when the public conscience is drugged and dormant. Nominally of course, there are no saloons in Kansas—but they exist here, except in name, with no pretense of secrecy. Cigar stands are known as head-quarters for wet goods, and in the straight drinking houses, the word "refreshment" appears in gilded letters on the window in place of "saloon." What's in a name anyway? If there is any justification to be found for such a state of affairs however, the Wichita people are certainly entitled to it, for as a change from the alkali water which is their portion any kind of a drink with a different flavor might with some show of consistency be called "refreshment."

Several former Newberg people were seen in Wichita—more than we had expected to find.

Orin Emery, well remembered as a newspaper man here of some years ago, is on the staff of the Wichita Beacon, and we enjoyed a visit with them in their nice new home out near Friends University, in which their son Clare is a student.

Miss Lida Hanson, a graduate of Pacific College of the class of '96, is teaching in the Wichita public schools.

Ernest Jackson, a former student here, is at home with his parents in Wichita attending the University, he being a member of the senior class.

Miss Elva Osborn is living with her mother in West Wichita. Her father Israel was kicked by

a horse and killed a little over a year ago.

H. D. Fox, one of Newberg's pioneer butchers, has a shop in West Wichita. The oldest son Ray, who has been farming up in Dakota, is there for the present. He is married and has two little daughters. Leslie has a position in a city drug store, while the youngest boy Norman is in school and a member of the University band, he being quite a musician.

On the way home we stopped off in Denver for a few days' visit with Prof. and Mrs. C. E. Lewis, he being pastor of the Friends church there this winter. An agriculturist, or rather horticulturist by occupation, at their home at Paonia, Colorado, he is certainly deserving of the title of the Quaker Cincinnatus, for when an urgent call for help reaches him, to serve as president of Pacific College or pastor of some church, down he lays the pruning hook and answers the summons. And his self-sacrifice is not without appreciation.

We were privileged to view the eclipse of the moon through the rarified Colorado atmosphere. However as the moon is very frequently eclipsed in Oregon at this time of the year we weren't sufficiently enthusiastic to lose much sleep over the phenomenon which Coloradoans made so much of.

We had been absent from the verdure clad hills and vales of the homeland for nearly three months, and our eyes had become familiar with vast prairie and the tiresome barrenness of the Rockies. We came across the greater part of Oregon in the night, and at the first approach of gray dawn as we were rolling along the banks of the Columbia, the writer awoke and raising his "bed room" curtain, was greeted with the sight of the stately fir monarchs of the forest gracefully waving welcome, and we thrilled with appreciation of them. A little later we chanced to look back toward the East, across to the Cascades, and there before us towered royal old Mt. Hood, snowclad, bathed in the crimson glory of an Oregon sunrise. And verily it seemed good to be in Oregon again.

W. C. W.

God's Country, February 16, '06.

Washington and Lincoln—An Appreciation of the Nation's Founder and Saviour.

A good audience gathered at the Baptist church Sunday evening and listened to a thoughtful and instructive discourse by the pastor, Rev. H. L. Howard, upon the character and services of the Nation's greatest men—its father and founder on the one hand, its son and saviour on the other.

"On his way to Washington to be inaugurated as president," began the speaker, "Lincoln stopped off at Philadelphia and assisted in raising the flag over Independence Hall on Washington's birthday, in the light of which significant incident we see that patriotism is a duty, and further—a privilege. Lincoln's birthday coming on the 14th and Washington's on the 22nd of the month, it seems peculiarly fitting that on this day exactly between the two memorable dates, we should devote a service to the consideration of the lives of these two great men, and their meaning to the country they served."

Rev. Howard first considered their birth and environment—patriots in the making. On the one hand was the aristocrat and the cavalier—on the other the poor white and the plebeian—refinement and culture matched against ignorance and vulgarity, yet destiny called these two men

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