

Stray Leaves from the Diary of a Stray Oregonian.

September 3—Professor Henry Morse Stephens, head of the History department here, who is one of the best known historians and authorities in the United States, and by the way my faculty advisor, got the following off in a lecture to our class in Modern European history. It came in connection with his notice of a certain war, and was said with such force that it was almost like an explosion: "This absurd thing of going to killing people just because of some difference of opinion! Is there anything more crude and silly and preposterous than people trying to settle disputes by killing other people? It doesn't alter the case that the people have been trained and paid to be killed. Oh, this clumsy inexcusable thing called war!" And it struck me what sweet music that would have been to some of our earnest Quaker advocates of peace as Aunt Elizabeth Miles, John F. Hanson, James Ljelling, etc. It wasn't very extended but was fully as much to the point and as satisfactory as a certain Fourth of July peace (sic!) address which a little man got off at Newberg once upon a time.

September 4—No difference how busy this household is, twice every day its members literally sit up and take notice—and that is on the arrival of the postman. Even if you haven't any good reason for expecting an offering from his hand, you have a lingering hope that there will be one anyway and the element of uncertainty is sufficient to make you look up eagerly when the bell rings. And then if it is the others who are remembered I try awfully hard to rejoice with them, especially as I wasn't looking for anything anyway, and with a halt sensation of desertion by my friends, get my hat and steal off down to the city library where the Oregonian is on file to look through the hotel arrivals to see if I can't find the name of some wayfarer from Newberg whom I know. (Pathos; drop tear of pity here.)

September 5—For as fine and pretty a little university city as Berkeley is, it is rather remarkable that the service of some of her public utilities is so wretched. About half the time you have to stand under the electric light bulb to read easily, which helps some in my case, and nearly every other night the light goes off altogether for a few minutes. The water given us is tepid and the color of sassafras tea. I suppose it's all in getting used to it though, as I was told the other day of a Californian wrote home from Old Yamhill this summer that she did long for a drink of good warm California water!

And the postoffice service here has for some time been simply abominable. A few weeks ago the postmaster announced his resignation, and it came out a little later that he was removed for general incompetency. The congressman from this district and the two Senators immediately got busy and sent in the name of a young man here, a smooth politician, to fill the vacancy. Pres. Wheeler said the University had some interest in the matter, and that the office shouldn't be used as a mere sop for politicians. He accordingly recommended another man directly to the president and Roosevelt appointed him in the teeth of all the politicians, who are raging and saying some naughty things. Apparently Pres. Wheeler is something of a "rough rider" himself.

September 6—I attend the ec-

ond university meeting today. These are the "chapel exercises" of the University and are held every other Friday morning at 11 o'clock. Two short addresses are usually given, by members of the faculty or outsiders, well flavored with the college yelling and singing. It doesn't take a fellow long to get into the spirit of the latter, with so many hundred students engaged in it, and this morning I found myself yelling "Oski Wow Wow" and singing "California, California" and the "Golden Bear song." People seem to run to music down here anyway. Even the little Quaker church, with a membership a third as big as that of the church at home, sports a piano and three organs, and all in the building at once. I got on the ground in time to help buy an organ. They found one cheap and just couldn't let such a bargain go by.

September 7—David Harum said that fleas on a dog are a good thing—they keep him from brooding on the fact that he is a dog. According to that classic dictum the people of Berkeley have mighty little time in which to worry over their identity—for fleas they have with them all ways. Mosquitos may come and mosquitos may go but fleas go on—no, stay on—forever. Having tried to no avail everything but catching and feeding the little varmints some of the Frenchman's flea powder, we have concluded to be generous—to live and let live—and that's a greater concession than the fleas have seemed inclined to make so far.

September 8—We almost have a Pacific College faculty meeting here today at 1906 Bonita, with W. Irving Kelsey, the new president, who is on his way north to assume his new duties, Miss Esther Andrews, who with her sister, is returning to service and sacrifice and R. W. K. and Las ex's. Prof. Hadley had married the traditional wife (not that Mrs. H. is traditional) and couldn't come, although he is now on his way north. There is just one thing I regret—that I won't be present at the college opening and see him "get his" when the different members of the faculty begin telling what pleasant and profitable vacations they have spent!

September 9—This is "admission day" in California which means "another one of these infernal holidays," as one of the professors put it. His students laughed at the particular unction with which he expressed himself but without accepting his point of view. We celebrated tonight by going to the circus down at Oakland. Kelsey explained to friends that he went (hear! hear!) to study sociology! It may have been but I hadn't heard the term sociology applied to that part of the performance to which he gave special attention. But this is such a day for specialization, and there has apparently been a new branch added to the subject of which I am ignorant. As for myself, there was nothing left for me to do but to take the children, who had really given me no peace since the show bills had gone up, so we went to see the giraffe and the daring antics of the pretty—horses.

September 10—University atmosphere and its more material accessories come rather high in Berkeley. In the first place, the climate here is illy adjusted to the fuel supply. The calendar tells us that we have been having summer and the calendar is the only evidence we have had of the fact. On the other hand the wood and coal bill would suggest that somebody had a "con-

flict" for which we are suffering, or paying rather. Coal is near the dollar mark per sack and still ascending to where there is "always room" while we are paying from 20 to 25 cents per bushel for wood, or fifty cents per sack! As to eatables, if a fellow wants ripe fruit, he can get four or five pears for ten cents, if he wants a meal of roasting ears he can enjoy the same at the rate of forty cents per dozen, many other good things being correspondingly dear. A ten-cent store has just been opened in town. When apprised of the fact, one lady of our acquaintance refused to credit the statement as she said she didn't believe anything could be bought in Berkeley for ten cents. A quart of milk per month comes at \$2.75. Last week the city council passed a stringent pure milk ordinance, and within three days the dairymen announced that owing to the scarcity of milk the tariff would be raised two cents on the quart. From which it doth appear that one fifth of what we have been drinking for milk is something else. We would like to turn in the initial order for a case of the first product turned out by Newberg's new milk condensery.

September 12—As one issues from the university library on the hillside overlooking Berkeley, and looks straight west, out over the beautiful bay and directly through the Golden Gate and on in his mind's eye to the Orient, he is made to appreciate the strategic position of the University of California as the great cosmopolitan institution of learning of the Great West. For that is what it is. Through the Golden Gate go scores of graduates trained to take their places in new fields of activity which are being opened up in the far East. From far Cathay too, came as many foreign students to be trained in the arts of American progress. Especially is this true of the Japanese who form a no insignificant part of the student body. In fact San Francisco is rather down on the University because it is so liberal in its treatment of the ambitious little brown men. Practically all peoples are represented here with students—German, Dutch, French, Italian, Mexican, Indian, Negro, etc. In one of my classes at least a half dozen languages are represented. My classes vary in size from one of a half dozen members to one of nearly two hundred.

This is strictly a co-educational institution. The number of nearly 3000 students is divided very equally. By the way there is a depressing number of pretty coeds to be seen rambling about on the paths of knowledge. For one ever inclined to turn his attention in such frivolous directions it would be hopelessly bewildering.

W. C. W.

G. H. King Loses Team.

Last Sunday's Journal gives the following account of the accident:

"While left unattended for a few minutes a valuable team of horses backed into the Willamette river off the Couch street dock at four o'clock yesterday afternoon and drowned. One of the horses made a gallant attempt to keep afloat, but the heavy wagon gradually dragged him down to certain death. The animal had been partly freed from the harness, but the rein attached to the mate failed to give and the poor brute struggled in vain.

The horses belonged to G. H. King, of Newberg, who hauls brick for the Pacific Face Brick company of that place. The

brick had been shipped here over the Jefferson street branch of the Southern Pacific and was being hauled to the Couch street dock for shipment to Marshfield on the steamer Alliance. King was delivering the last load when the accident occurred.

Ralph Cook, another teamster hauling brick to the wharf, was unloading when King arrived with his team and the latter went to assist lowering one of the crates. In the meantime his horses backed until the rear wheels of the wagon slid off the edge of the dock. It hung there for a few minutes but every effort on the part of the teamsters to extricate the horses or raise the wagon failed. Its weight finally became too much for the horses and they were dragged into the River.

King bought the team about a year ago and says they were worth at least \$400. He said they represented all his worldly possessions and their loss also deprives him of his employment. He will attempt to recover the wagon and harness as soon as possible. The outfit went down in about forty-five feet of water. The brick that went overboard was worth about \$100."

Marriage Licenses.

Amba Irene Daniels age 25, to Walter Brooke Hadley age 30.
Edith A. Robertson age 26, to Ward Lantes age 25.
Mary Elizabeth Edwards age 17, to Robert Grey Grames age 28.

A Special Word.



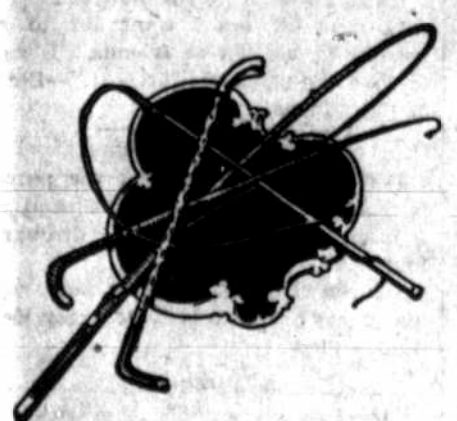
Unless the delicate, exactly adjusted parts of a watch are kept clean and lubricated, they are certain to become worn to a greater or less extent and the movement will surely lose its accuracy. Tiny particles of grit are bound to work into the best protected movement; the oil will become gummed in time and these combined will serve to cut and grind the pivots and cause friction.

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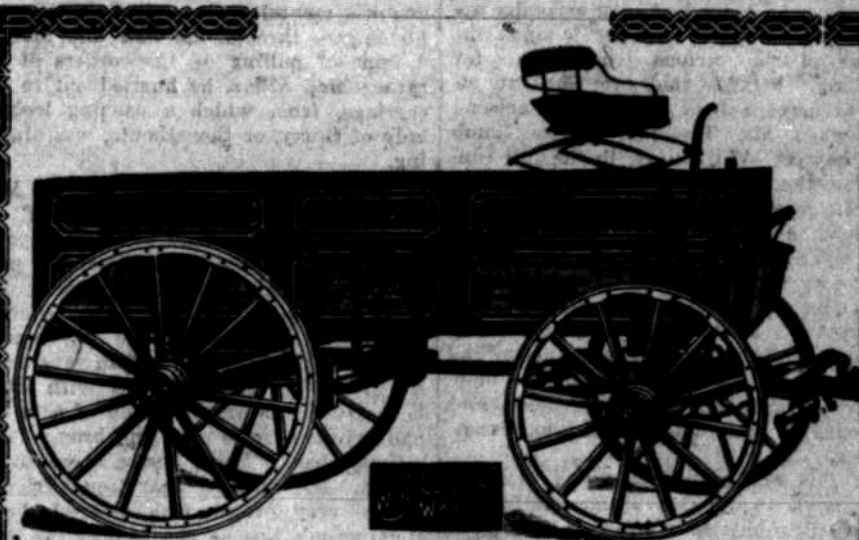
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