



Notes on Arbor Day.

The school law of our state fixes the second Friday in the afternoon in April of each year as "Arbor Day" in order that the children of the public schools may be trained to assist in beautifying the school grounds, and also to inspire them to set trees and shrubbery about their homes. On Friday of this week is the date and every school in the country should observe the day by holding appropriate exercises and engaging in tree setting.

It was formerly the custom in selecting a site for a school house in the country districts, to select a patch of ground in some out of the way place that was uninviting and that could not well be utilized for farming purposes, and thus it remained a neglected, unsightly appearing place year after year.

Where the writer learned the three Rs however, the grounds were large and well shaded by stately old beech trees, some of which not only served as bases in playing "black man" and others games, but also furnished an ever abundant supply of willow branches that were liberally used by skillful hands as corrective agencies, when "rules" were broken. Under the old regime it would have been difficult to get up much enthusiasm among the boys for planting more trees for furnishing "switches," but it is different now, since milder means are resorted to in guiding the youth. The boys are no better but they take more interest in "Arbor Day."

For the benefit of our younger readers we give a poem by Miss Gould, which will be easily recognized by many of the older set as one of the favorites during their school days:

The Pebble and the Acorn.

"I am a Pebble! and yield to none!"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;
"Nor time nor seasons can alter me;
I am abiding, while ages flee.
The pelting hail and the driving rain
Have tried to soften me, long, in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.
"There's none that can tell about my birth,
For I'm as old as the big, round earth.
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world, like blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That's gone from sight, and under the sod!
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment, abashed and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;
And she felt, for a time, at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.
But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or keen retort;
At length, she said, in a gentle tone:
"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element, where I grew,
Down to another, so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head in dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm,
Nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel,
Has ever subdued, or made to feel!"
And soon, in the earth, she sunk away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak:

And, as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and wondering said:
"A modest Acorn! never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell!
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its little cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
Which proves that nothing could hide its worth!
"And oh! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering toward the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I!
Useless and vain, a cumber here,
I have been idling from year to year,
But never, from this, shall a vaunting word
From the humble Pebble again be heard,
Till something, without me or within,
Shall show the purpose for which I have been."
The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

The beautiful lines by Lucy Larcom should be an inspiration to the children and youths of Oregon on tomorrow. The first stanza runs:

"He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves fold unto horizon free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heaven sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy thoughts shall be?"

W. H. Venable closes his "Forest Song" with these beautiful lines:

"Hurrah! for the beautiful trees!
Hurrah! for the forest grand,
The pride of his centuries,
The garden of God's own hand."

Other selections follow which are appropriate for "Arbor Day" exercises.

When the Green Gets Back on the Trees.

In the spring when the green gets back
on the trees,
And the sun comes out and stays,
And your boots pull on with a right
good squeeze
And you think of your barefoot days;
When you ort to work and you want to
not,
And you and your wife agrees
It's time to spade up your garden lot—
When the green gets back on the
trees,
Well, work is the least of my ideas,
When the green, you know, gets back
on the trees.

When the green gets back in the trees
and bees
Is a buzzin' aroun' agin,
In that kind of a "lasy go-as-you-
please"
Old gait they hum roun' in;
When the groun's all bald where the
hay-rick stood
And the crick's riz and the breeze
Coaxing the bloom in the old dogwood
And the green gets back in the trees—
I like, as I say, in such scenes as
these,
The time when the green gets back on
the trees.

When the whole tail feathers o' winter
time
Is pulled out and gone,
And the sap it thaws and begins to
climb,
And the sweat it starts out on—
A feller's forrered, a-gittin' down
At the old spring on his knees—
I kind o' like jes' a loaferin' aroun'
When the green gets back in the
trees—
Jes' a-potterin' roun' as I-durn-please,
When the green, you know, gets back
on the trees.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The Tree.

What do we plant when we plant the
tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the
sea.
We plant the masts to carry the sails,
We plant the planks to withstand the
gales,
The keel, the keelson, the beam, and
knee,
We plant the ship when we plant the
tree.
What do we plant when we plant the
tree?
We plant the house for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the
floors,

We plant the studding, the lath, the
doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be,
We plant the house when we plant the
tree.
What do we plant when we plant the
tree?
A thousand things that we daily see.
We plant the spire that out-towers the
crag.
We plant the staff for our country's
flag.
We plant the shade from the hot sun
free.
We plant all these things when we
plant the tree.
—HENRY ABBEY.

Little by Little.

"Little by little," the acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed.
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."
Little by little each day it grew;
Little by little, it sipped the dew;
Downward it sent out a threadlike root;
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot.
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear;
And the slender branches spread far
and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.
"Little by little," said the thoughtful
boy,
"Moment by moment, I'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not mispending my time in play;
And still this rule in my mind shall
dwell;
Whatever I do I will do it well.
Little by little, I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago;
And one of these days, perhaps, will
see
That the world will be the better for
me."
—Selected.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Suggestive Questions on the Sunday
School Lesson by Rev. Lincott
for the International Newspaper
Bible Study Club.

April 18, 1909.

The Conversion of Saul.—Acts
ix: 1-30.

Golden Text.—He fell to the
earth and heard a voice saying
unto him, Saul, Saul why per-
secutest thou me? Acts ix: 4.

Verses 1-2.—From experience,
philosophically, theologically,
psychologically, or any other
way, how do you account for
the bitter hatred of Saul for
Christians?

After his conversion, did he
show the same hatred toward
those who opposed Christianity?
Does history justify the state-
ment that, zealous religionists,
who have not known, nor ex-
perienced the love of God, have
been exceedingly cruel and bitter
men?

Verses 3-4.—What was the
nature of the light that shined
around Saul? (See Acts xxii: 6,
xxvi: 13, I Cor. xv: 8.)

Whose voice was it that Saul
heard?

What reason is there to believe
that this was a real voice with
outward sound?

Is there any sinner so bad that
Jesus does not call him to repent?

Had Saul actually been per-
secuting Jesus? (See Matt. 23:40)

If we hurt or help a Christian,
is that actually done to Jesus?

Is there a sense in which a
Christian is the actual Christ?

Verses 5.—Did Saul know from
the first who it was that spoke
to him?

Does it always consciously
hurt to fight against God?

Does wrong-doing always hurt
whether done in ignorance or
not?

Verses 6.—What makes sinners
always tremble when God re-
proves them for their sins?

At what stage does God for-
give a convicted sinner?

When was Saul actually con-
verted?

Why did not Jesus tell Saul
there and then, what he wanted
him to do?

Verses 7.—Why does the super-
natural always frighten people?

Verses 8-9.—What had blinded
Saul?

How did Saul spend the days
that he was without sight?

Did he fast because he had no
desire for food, or was it a
religious fast?

Is fasting of any use in these
days as a help to spiritual life?

Verses 10-12.—May the ability
to hear God speak, be acquired
by all true Christians?

Have you any experience of

God telling more than one person
the same thing, so that when
they came to compare experi-
ences, God's message was con-
firmed?

Will God always prepare us for
our work, and prepare the work
for us?

Verses 13-16.—Is God pleased,
or displeased, if we do not accept
what he says, when it is not
clear to us?

Verses 17-18.—Did Saul at this
time receive the Holy Ghost, or
at the time of his conversion,
and when do Christians gener-
ally receive him? (This question
must be answered in writing by
members of the club.)

Verses 19-22.—Do all genuine
converts like Saul, commence im-
mediately to get others convert-
ed?

What was the power in Saul
which gave him his great zeal,
and is the same power available
for every Christian?

Verses 23-25.—If a person feels,
or acts, in a bitter spirit toward
one of a different faith, is that
proof that he is not in touch
with the true God?

Verses 26-30.—Are Christians
justified in being cautious in re-
ceiving strangers?

What is the best way for a
young convert to show he really
is a Christian?

Is a true earnest aggressive
Christian, as liable to give offense
in these days as was Saul?

Lesson for Sunday April 25th,
1909—The Gospel in Antioch,
Acts xi: 19-30; 12: 25.

Obituary.

Died at his home near Laurel
Saturday, March 20th. Mr.
Hardy M. Pitman, aged 70
years, 7 months, 25 days.

Mr. Pitman was born in Pettus
County, Missouri, July 25, 1838,
but most of his boyhood days
were spent in Kentucky where
he resided until the opening of
the Civil War, when he went
North and enlisted with the
Union Armies. After the expi-
ration of his term of enlistment,
he again went North and reinlist-
ed for three years, receiving
honorable discharge at the close
of the war in 1865. While in
Pennsylvania before reinlisting
Mr. Pitman met the young lady,
Miss E. E. Tate, who afterward
became his faithful, life-long
companion. He was married in
Pennsylvania in 1865 and moved
to Kansas in 1866, then to
Oregon in 1873, coming directly
to Yamhill County where he
located on the present home farm
in 1878.

Deceased Pitman leaves a wife
and eight children, four sons,
Wm. O. Hillsboro, F. C. of Sell-
wood, J. M. of Beaverton, J. B. of
Buxton, and four daughters,
Mrs. J. E. Lilly of Gales Creek,
Mrs. B. A. Collins of Turlock,
California, Mrs. J. L. Harris of
Gaston, Mrs. C. S. Palmer of
Laurel. He also leaves two
brothers, John Pitman in
Oklahoma and Lafayette in
Texas.

Mr. Pitman died as he had
lived, a Christian, and many
friends gathered to pay their last
respects to the man they had
learned to value as a friend.
After services at the house, loving
hands laid him to rest in Oak-
grove Cemetery.

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Newberg. Our line of Ladies' Suits and
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are now complete. Our prices are ab-
solutely the lowest, and we will find
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Announcement

The Bank of Newberg, a private corporation, was organized
and opened for business in 1889 when Newberg was but a mere
hamlet. By strict adherence to conservative business principles,
it has gained the confidence of the public, while its growth has
kept pace with its section. In 1905 the capital stock was increased
to \$50,000.

It has recently been converted into a National Bank, and in
the future the business will be conducted under the name of the
United States National Bank of Newberg.

The Bank is now under the supervision of the National Gov-
ernment, and is conservatively managed by a Board of Directors,
all of whom have been well known residents of this vicinity for
many years.

We take this opportunity for thanking our many depositors for
their liberal patronage, and we cordially invite the business of
others, to whom we are prepared to extend every courtesy and
accommodation consistent with correct and progressive banking
methods.

J. L. HOSKINS President
J. C. COLCORD Cashier

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