

PLANT A TREE

Yes, plant a tree. In the ages now far remote it was said by a very wise man, "Bring up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." While this saying might be taken with a few grains of allowance, yet as a rule it works out along that line. May it not be said, train up a tree in the way it should grow and when it is full grown it will not depart from it. The first orchard that we have any account of was planted eastward in Eden by the great architect of the Universe away back when the human race was created in that far distant day and he put our primal ancestor there to dress and keep it. That the fruit was of the choicest varieties we may justly infer as it is said that the trees were pleasant to the sight and good for food. Having finished every department of the creation work it was seen to be very good. That care was taken in planting seed and propagating fruit bearing trees is clear as when a long succession of generations had come and gone and Israel's armies were besieging and wasting the cities of the Canaanites they were commanded not to destroy trees that were good for fruit by forcing an ax against them, because it was said that the tree of the field was man's life. Taking another leap across the ages and pause long enough to listen to the prophet Jeremiah who upholds the system of tree planting along rivers, for he says her leaf shall remain green and there shall be no cessation from yielding fruit. That fruit bearing trees are one of the provisions of a wise Providence for the use of man from the very earliest ages and will continue to contribute to the health and happiness of the race down to the very latest generations is a conceded fact, and having stepped just over the threshold across the river, the whiskered seer of Patmos caught a glimpse of a tree which he called the tree of life and it bore fruit.

The late Commodore Vanderbilt was an enthusiast on tree planting and at one time was heard to say that he would plant a tree today if he knew that he would die tomorrow. In planting care should be taken in the selection of location. It is now well known that some sections of our country are vastly better adapted to fruit growing than others. At one time it was thought that the great inland empire of the Mississippi valley would lead but this section having fallen behind in the last two or three decades it has become clear that the dreams of its promoters will never be realized. While the Southern States are barely holding their own, the North sea coasts of the Atlantic and Pacific are forging to the front. That there is a revival of the fruit industry in the east is clearly apparent, while the Pacific coast states offer the greatest inducements to the fruit grower. Fortunes have already been made and the outlook is most flattering. Organized effort in the care, harvesting and marketing of fruit has come to be a necessity. Only the best specimens pay. In planting it costs no more to set a tree that will produce luscious, fine flavored fruit than it does to set and propagate one whose fruit is incipid and actually offends the taste.

Oregon with its mild climate, fertile soil and plenty of rain in most places for fruits and other crops has attracted world wide attention. Oregon apples have commanded the highest prices during the past few years in the eastern markets ever paid for fruit. Bear Creek, Rogue River, Umpqua Valley and the famous Willamette Valley where it is said the largest prune orchards in the world are located, are at the present attracting settlers at a rapid rate, who are buying up large tracts at prices hitherto unknown for this section of

country. The writer paid a hasty visit here eight years ago and on his return a few months ago to locate permanently was somewhat dismayed to find that land in many places had doubled and trebled in value and yet each day brings a new list of home seekers. While all this is going on, our home capitalists are waking up to the importance of securing large as well as smaller holdings for tree planting, before prices reach a higher point on an ascending scale. Among our enterprising citizens who have invested heavily are J. D. Gordon and Son, Clarence A. Butt, Haworth Bros., Rev. Ritchey, John Hutzen, Baughman Bros., Sam Atkinson, I. N. Campbell and Mr. Allan, of Dundee, and others. In gleaning the above facts I am largely indebted to Mr. I. A. Hanning, Newberg's reliable dealer in nursery stock.

ASA KELSEY.

TITLES IN DENMARK.

There Are Nine Classes of Rank, With Innumerable Subdivisions.

The Danish classification of rank is a very elaborate one, built up of offices, orders, birth and titles, writes J. Brochner in "Danish Life In Town and Country." There are nine classes, which are divided into as many as a dozen subsections, each of which may again comprise a score or two of different titles and offices, yet there was a complaint in one of the Danish papers that it was anything but complete.

Holders of titles have to pay an annual tax ranging from \$44.50 in the first class to a miserly \$3.33 in the ninth. There are about a score of different titles, several of which are again divided into "real" and "others," the "real" being several shades better than the "others."

These titles are always used in conversation, as, for example, "Will not the chamberlain have a cigar?" or "Mr. Chamberlain, will you not have a cigar?" And it requires a fairly clear head and a good memory to give everybody his due in a large party, especially as some of them are decorously long, as, for instance, geheimeconferentsraad.

Then there are ladies, who generally have "inde" (the English "ess") added to their husbands' title or office. A colonel's wife, for instance, is called oberstinde, and the wife of the chamberlain to the king kammerherreinde, and so forth.

But the subtleties of the additional titular address in writing even excel the verbal form. That persons of the first rank are "excellencies" is only natural, but gentlemen of the second class have on documents addressed to them a "high well born" prefixed to their title and name, and those of the third class a "high and well born." I much regret that I cannot explain why the addition of this "and" should somewhat detract from the value of the same words.

Gentlemen of the ninth class are addressed as "well honorable and well bred," which is, I think, almost more than they could expect for their \$3.33.

The Revolver Won.

Robert Pinkerton once told a story of his father, the founder of the detective agency, which illustrates the elder Pinkerton's caution. A noted criminal was detained in Pinkerton's Chicago office. The elder Pinkerton left the room and when he returned took the precaution of holding a revolver in front of him.

He saw the criminal standing by the door with a snuffbox he had picked up from Pinkerton's desk in his hand.

"This is good snuff," affably remarked the crook as he took a sniff. "For the eyes or the nose?" asked Pinkerton, who knew that the crook had intended to blind him in an effort to escape.

"Well," remarked the criminal, "I'm sorry to say that the nose gets it this time."

An Opportunist.

Some facility in trimming sails to the passing breeze was very useful to the newspapers of a hundred years ago. This is how one of the Paris papers announced the arrival and advance of Napoleon after his escape from Elba: "The Corsican brigand has landed at Cannes," the next day, "The rash usurper has been received at Grenoble." Then the tone changed: "General Bonaparte has entered Lyons," a few days after, "Napoleon is at Fontainebleau," and finally, "His majesty the emperor alighted this evening at his palace of the Tuilleries." Mr. C. F. Warwick recalls the incident in "Napoleon and the End of the French Revolution."

BOKHARA'S POOL.

A Bazaar Day in the Capital "at the Back of the World."

Bokhara, that strange capital at the back of the world, on which every road in Asia is said to have converged, might well be called the Mecca of central Asia. It is more than that, for, besides being a religious center, it is also a great capital and trade center.

The name of Bokhara is well known, yet it has been visited by but few. Fifty years ago it was as impregnable as Lassa, and of the few travelers who penetrated to within its walls fewer still ever came out again. Bokhara is completely surrounded by a wall, and I had to enter by one of the eleven gates. If by chance I had been benighted I should have had to stay outside, or at least leave my caravan behind and enter by the tiny door beside the main gate, through which a man can literally only just squeeze.

When once inside the walls the whole pageant of the east burst on me—intense light and shade, brilliant colors, the richness of the great men and the squalid poverty of the beggars, the cleanliness of the mosques and the filth of the streets, the aching glare of the cloudless sky and the cool shade of the deep bazaars. Nowhere in the world, I claim, can such a perfect picture of the unspoiled, unregenerated east be seen as in Bokhara. It is as if a chapter of the "Arabian Nights" had been put upon a stage. Here one looks down through a long vista of years and sees the east as it was long before the west existed.

Let us stand a minute beside the "pool." This is the very heart of the city and is situated in a square surrounded by giant madrasas and a motley crowd of booths and shops. Here at midday the people of Bokhara congregate to pray in the mosques near by and to take a meal on the terraces that surround the pool. Men of every eastern race assemble here. One can see Afghan and Hindu, Persian, Arab and Mongol, wild looking Turkoman and slouching Tartar, all enjoying the delights of a bazaar day in Bokhara, "at the back of the world."

The "pool" itself is nothing but a large stone reservoir of filthy water. Under a brilliant sky and shadowed by great trees it makes a fitting foreground to the gay costumes of the men, the dark bazaars and the madrasas piled up behind. When I saw men on the steps of the tank washing themselves in this water I felt surprised, to say the least. But when farther along I noticed men filling their water skins from the same supply I realized that east is really very far from west.—Professor D. Carruthers in Wide World Magazine.

A Strong Appeal.

"When Bob Taylor was governor of Tennessee," said a statesman, "an old negro walked into his office, leading three pickaninnies."

"Well, Mandy, what do you want?" asked the governor. "Ephraim is in de penitentiary an' I come to ask you all to pardon him."

"What did he do?" asked the governor.

"He stole a ham of meat."

"Is he a good boy?" asked the governor kindly.

"No, sir. He is the biggest scoundrel in this part of the country," was the startling answer.

"I guess we had better let him stay there awhile, then," the governor answered.

"But, governor, I's out of meat," replied Mandy appealingly.

A Tribute to Grass.

Next in importance to the divine profusion of water, light and air—those three physical facts which render existence possible—may be reckoned the universal beneficence of grass. Lying in the sunshine among the buttercups and dandelions of May, scarcely higher in intelligence than those minute tenants of that mimic wilderness, our earliest recollections are of grass. And when the fitful fever is ended and the foolish wrangle of the market and the forum is closed grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead.—J. J. Ingalls.

A Doubt.

"I can't figure out," said Van Dusen, "whether from what Knicker told me about the cook's answer at the club, when Jorkins pitched into him about the birds always being generally cold, the cook gave him a stinging retort or the bird cooked as he wanted it."

"What did Knicker say?" asked his friend.

"He said, 'When Jorkins carried on that way, I tell you, the cook handed him a hot one.'"

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GUMPTION ON THE FARM

Do not try the patience of the good wife by giving her green wood to burn.

Many a man wears himself out trying to keep up with his good intentions.

The funniest thing about a big man is that he is apt to have a little wife.

Whitewash your barn, but never undertake to whitewash a crooked politician.

You are better than you seem; better than you believe yourself to be. So don't give way to discouragement.

There are more people dying for the lack of a kind word, a pat on the back and a little encouragement, than there are from disease.

Hot water on the grindstone will spoil it after a little so that it will have no grit. Use warm water, not hot, for taking the frost out of your stone.

What a lot of strength there is wasted chopping with dull axes! Spend a few minutes at the grindstone and see how nicely the world will go after that.

Some folks make themselves so lame kicking about things, that they tire themselves all out and never make anything out of life. It doesn't pay.

The boys and girls get enough hard knocks out in the world without your being stern and harsh with them. Let your home be to them a shelter and a refuge from the storms of the world.

Gets pretty slippery around the house and barn sometimes. Get a barrel of sand, coal ashes or sawdust, and when such days come, scatter some on the icy spots. Easier to save bones than it is to mend them.

"Who pays the taxes?" asks Wallace's Farmer. So far as we have been able to discover pretty nearly everybody pays. The tax collector is as relentless as death, and few are able to side-step him.

Do not track mud into the house. Provide a scraper and mat outside the door, and do not forget to use them before going into the house. Scrubbing floors and sweeping carpets are not easy tasks, and the thoughtful man will not add to his wife's burdens.

The horse blankets get torn sometimes. Some blustery day, take a stout needle and thread and see what a good job you can do mending the rents. It is a good thing for the men folks to do such little jobs as this, and not call on the women so much. They have their own work to do every day.

If you are thinking of moving, better look around first to see if the time, energy and money you would spend seeking a new location would not, if wisely spent about the old place, result in an increase of profit and comfort that would justify you in staying with the old home. Better do this than be sorry.

To keep plows from rusting: To three pounds of tallow mix one pound of white lead. Melt

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Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company

TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT

Announcement

The above named company was incorporated December 23, 1910, for the purpose of taking over the following lines:

The Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company
Oregon and Washington Railroad Company
The North Coast Railroad Company
Idaho Northern Railroad Company
Ilwaco Railroad Company

In future these lines will be operated by and in the name of the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company.

F. W. ROBINSON
General Freight Agent
Portland, Oregon

WM. McMURRAY
General Passenger Agent
Portland, Oregon

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the tallow in an old iron pot; stir in the white lead. When using, heat the mixture and apply it with an old paint brush. In the spring just put the plow in the ground. This will clean the moldboard as bright in a few yards as it was before. The same applies to any farm tool used for cultivating.

The rude, vulgar and often malicious pictures put forth in

the guise of wit and caricature through the daily and Sunday press, are destroying the artistic sense, if not the kindly instincts, of a whole generation of young people, who are growing to maturity looking upon them as one of the ordinary incidents of life. Carry the abominable things out of the house with the tongs, for the sake of the children.

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