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WHIMS OF AN ARTIST.

Turner's Red Wafer Setting Sun and Finger Print Landscape.

Turner not only took strange liberties with the topography and architecture of the landscapes he painted, but showed his eccentric genius in the materials he employed. Some masterly effects he obtained in ways which, although amusing, were questionable, and must, some hold, in time impair the value of his work.

On one occasion he clapped in a setting sun by means of a common red wafer, and finding it looked as he desired, left it there and painted up to it. Again, wishing to secure the contrast of some animated figure upon a terrace in silhouette against a golden sky just put in, he cut out a barking dog in black paper and applied it by way of experiment. It proved successful, and the paper dog was not afterward removed or replaced.

Still more extraordinary is the story told of Turner's invitation to three children to collaborate with him. The artist was staying at the house of a friend at Knockholt and had brought with him a fine drawing, of which the distance was already carefully outlined, but the foreground of which remained blank.

One morning, instead of resuming work himself upon this drawing, he called in his host's children and, rubbing in three separate saucers three cakes of paint, red, blue and yellow, gave one to each child, telling them to dabble their fingers in the bright colors and then amuse themselves by making prints and marks upon his unfinished picture. Of course they accepted the unexpected invitation with glee, and presently he was gravely looking on while thirty smelly fingertips did their very best to convert his sketch into a crazy rainbow.

Suddenly, in the midst of the frolic, he cried out, "Stop!" They stopped, and he took back the drawing, added imaginary landscape forms suggested by the accidental coloring, and rapidly completed a striking and beautiful whole.

Shortly afterward at dessert one day, Turner amused himself by arranging some varicolored sugar plums upon his plate. When suddenly disturbed and the pattern scattered he cried out in vexation: "There! You have made me lose 50 guineas!"

He had been evolving a color scheme in candy for his next landscape.—New York Press.

Early Table Manners.

Strict etiquette was observed at the table long before forks made an appearance. The fork came into common use in the seventeenth century, but gold and silver ones existed in the thirteenth century. Edward I., for instance, could boast of six silver forks and a gold one, and Piers Gaveston possessed three for use in eating pears. These, however, were exceptions. The ordinary individual dining out found only a trencher, a napkin and spoons laid before him. His knife he brought with him in a case. A new course meant no clean spoon. There was bread to hand, and the guest was expected to use his ingenuity and clean his spoon as best he might. Those were the days of the expert carver in attendance.—London Chronicle.

The Unexplored.

More than 20,000,000 square miles of the earth yet remain unexplored. Africa has the largest unexplored area, nearly 6,500,000 square miles, while North America contains fewer than 1,500,000 square miles of virgin territory. The largest continuous stretch of unexplored country is

in Liberia, Africa. The tract consists of about 20,000 square miles, all of which is within 200 miles of the sea. Regions adjoining the Kongo, the basin of the upper Nile, parts of Morocco, Abyssinia, Somaliland, have yet to be surveyed, mapped out and if suitable commercially exploited.

A Use For Him.

"Boy, if you'll come around some day when I am not so busy I'll see if I can make a place for you."

"Thank you, sir. It seems rather difficult for us business men to coordinate in arranging our moments of comparative leisure, doesn't it? Good after!"

"Hold on, youngster. I'll give you the job of standing off the college presidents when they come around here with subscription papers. Hang up your hat."—Chicago Tribune

Sacred Keys.

Every person's feelings have a front door and a side door by which they may be entered. The front door is on the street. Some keep it always open, some keep it latched, some locked, some bolted with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in, and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front door leads into a passage which opens into an anteroom, and this into the interior apartments. The side door opens at once into the secret chamber. There is almost always one key to the side door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters and friends often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. The wedding ring conveys a right to one. Alas, if none is given with it! Be very careful to whom you trust one of these keys of the side door.—O. W. Holmes.

Children's Books in Olden Times.

The earliest books for children were schoolbooks pure and simple. The titles of some of them suggest entertainment and refreshment, but the arid pages belie the promise. For instance, an old Latin grammar, published in 1570, had for subtitle, "A delectious Sympre newly Clarified for Yonge Scholars yt thurst for the Swete Lycore of Latin Speche," but the "Lycore" is a very turgid, confused flow of pedantry. A different style is suggested by the name of another schoolbook written by one Elisha Coles in 1675, "Nolens Volens, or you shall learn Latin whether you will or no," a title which suggests a vigorous application of the birch.

In Doubt.

An aged colored man was passing a fish-store when he stopped to examine a huge turtle chained in the doorway as an advertisement. He had never seen a turtle before, and he prodded the strange creature curiously. Suddenly he popped his finger into his mouth with a howl of pain. After the finger had stopped bleeding he gazed at it ruefully, then eyed the turtle apprehensively. "What's the matter, Rastus?" asked the fish dealer, with a grin. "Nuffin, sah, nuffin! Ah was jest wonderin' whether Ah had been bit or stung."—Lippincott's.

The Secret of Strength.

A kindly elderly bald gentleman was telling some lads the story of Samson. "He was strong," said the speaker in summing up, "became weak and then regained his strength, which enabled him to destroy his enemies. Now, boys, if I had an enemy what would you advise me to do?" A little boy considered the secret of that great ancient's strength, and his hand went up. "Get a bottle of hair restorer!" he exclaimed.—London Chronicle.

SUNKEN SHIPS.

Wooden Wrecks Sometimes Rise to the Surface.

When a ship disappears beneath the waters it is by no means certain that it will never be seen again. It may rise after a few days or even a few hours and continue afloat for months, a constant menace to navigation. This, of course, applies only to wooden ships. When an iron ship goes down it stays down.

Some years ago a coal laden schooner collided with an unknown vessel in a thick fog at night a hundred miles from Cape Hatteras. The unknown continued on her way and was swallowed up in the fog, but the schooner, with a great hole torn in her bows, began to settle, and her crew was launching the boats when seen and rescued by a passing southern liner. The abandoned ship was then two-thirds full of water and bows under. In less than ten minutes after the crew had been taken off the schooner's stern rose in the air, and she made her final plunge. As she went down the deck blew up with a noise like thunder. Two months later she was sighted floating bottom up below Cape Hatteras, drifting south in the trend of the gulf stream. The explanation of her resurrection was a simple one. Her cargo had shifted forward when the bow tilted down with the inrush of the water and the rolling of a rough sea. As she went down the coal ran out through the great hole there before she reached the bottom, and, relieved of its weight, she rose again, turning turtle as she did so. A ship with a broken back is also likely to rise as soon as her cargo floats out or disintegrates under the action of the salt water.

A wreck in ballast or with a light cargo drifts with bows from the waves if there is no current worth mentioning, but in a strong, swift current the bow will face in the opposite direction to that in which the current is moving.

A ship bottom up will float with about an eighth of the depth of her hull out of water and in a heavy sea will lie lengthwise of the waves. When a ship has been down long enough to become thoroughly waterlogged and riddled by worms it never rises again from its ocean grave.—New York Press.

Balzac at Work.

The most extraordinary of all literary workmen was the French novelist Balzac. When engaged on a novel he retired from all contact with the world and saw no one but his printer. He began his daily task at 2 o'clock in the morning, his desk brilliantly lighted with candles. Clad in a black robe, he sat down and worked away, drinking great cups of black coffee as a stimulant. No matter how much daylight there was on the outside, none of it was permitted to enter his room. When thoroughly exhausted he would retire for refreshment and sleep and the next morning at 2 o'clock would again seat himself at his desk. Thus for weeks and sometimes for months he would go on until his work was completed. Then he would retire to the country or take a journey for recuperation and rest.

His One Brother.

One of the most curious instances of longevity is found in Miss Louisa Courtenay's "Notes of an Octogenarian." A witness in a will case in which Bellenden-Ker, the great English conveyancer, was engaged was asked if he had any brothers or sisters. He replied that he had had one brother who died 150 years ago. The court expressed incredulity, and documentary evidence was produced in support of the statement. This showed that the witness' father, who married first at the age of nineteen, had a son who died in infancy. The father married again at the age of seventy-five and had a son who lived to appear in the witness box at the age of ninety-four and made the above startling statement.

His Part.

"Oh, ye-es," remarked Ketchley in a self satisfied way, "Lulu and I will start out in married life under very favorable circumstances. Her mother gives us a neat little home, her father furnishes it, and her uncle De Long has given a carriage and pair. Besides, Lulu has a snug income in her own name."

"What part do you furnish?" "Well, principally the name.—London Answers.

Utilizing an Accomplishment.

"I'll be kind of glad when Josh gets home from school," said Farmer Cornstossel. "I have an idea he can be right useful."

"Are you going to put him to work?"

"Maybe. I've exhausted all the language I know on that team of mules. But I haven't given up hope. I want to see whether Josh can't startle 'em some with his college vell."—Washington Star.

ROTHENBURG.

An Ancient City That Is Still Stately and Fascinating.

For a thousand years Rothenburg has been a city. For more than 500 years it was a free city of the empire. It is not like those ancient towns which, through centuries of strife, preserved their entity through being huddled near the base of some great castle. It is not like those towns that were protected by powerful princes, for it has maintained itself by its own unaided sturdiness. If great barons came to Rothenburg they came to receive protection, not to give it, or else they came to be entertained with the lavish open handedness that made the city a place to which emperors themselves found pleasure in resorting.

By crusaders and pilgrims Rothenburg was held in affectionate regard, not only for its generous hospitality, but because, seen from the river, it bore a striking resemblance to Jerusalem. But there was order in those times of turbulence, and in an old, old house used by Palestine's pilgrims House there is an ancient stone, bearing upon it an ancient carving of a hand and a hatchet, with the ominous inscription, "He who quarrels in this house shall have his hand cut off."

Yet since those early days the town has been comparatively forgotten. Even yet it has not become a haunt of the tourist and the traveler, although each year a few Americans resort there, bringing back tales of this city that out-Nurnbergs Nurnberg. It is easily reached, being on a little branch line from the railway between Frankfurt and Munich.

It is a place where the sightseer cannot go wrong, for everywhere is fascination. There are both stateliness and beauty. There are towering houses with crisscrossed fronts.

There are deep dungeons under the Rathaus, reached by stairways dripping with moisture, into which not a ray of light can enter, and in one of these dungeons some five centuries ago the men of Rothenburg placed the burgomaster who, more than any other in the long burgomasterial line, gave to the city power and wealth and prosperity. But they charged him with conspiring with the emperor and not only gave him no light, but edged their animosity by deliberately giving him no food. It is in all a fiercely dramatic story, for friends who were still faithful tunneled to the cell and madly cut through its prodigious wall and reached the prisoner, but only to find him dead.

Nowadays they treat unpopular burgomasters with more consideration. Each burgomaster is chosen for three years, and at the end of that time he is either elected for life or gives place to a successor. But an election for life does not give unchecked power, for it is a simple matter with these townfolk, if they tire of a life chosen mayor, to make him "so crazy with vexation," as it was expressed to me, that he is glad to resign and accept the pension that they palliatively offer. Only recently they thus got rid of one.—Robert Shackleton in Harper's Magazine.

An Old Enemy.

Persons who rise in the world are not always as frank about their former places in life as good sense and humor might lead them to be. Dean Hole in his book of reminiscences, "Now and Then," tells a little story of one whose humor did not desert him in time of prosperity. A footman who had begun life as a doctor's boy grew interested in the study of medicine and spent his leisure hours reading medical books. He came to the United States, worked hard as a student and as a physician for many years and attained a large practice. After some years of absence he returned to England. Seated one day at luncheon with those whom he had formerly served, he suddenly astonished the company by holding up the mustard pot and addressing it with, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?"

Afterward he explained that the only reproach he had incurred from the lady who was then at the head of the table was evoked by the neglected condition of the mustard pot.

When the Woman Fainted.

This happened on the Lake Shore fier not long ago. A man rushed in from the car behind, evidently in great agitation, and said: "Has anybody in the car any whiskey? A woman in the car behind has fainted. Instantly dozens of flasks were produced. The man who had asked for it picked out the largest one, drew the cork and put the bottle to his lips. With a long, satisfied sigh, he handed it back and remarked: "That did me a lot of good. I needed it, for it always makes me feel queer to see a woman faint."

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"Bulls" Not Irish.

Those who are not Irishmen sometimes trespass on Irish property. A French cure, preaching about sudden death, said, "Thus it is with us—we go to bed well and get up stone dead!"

An old French lawyer writing of an estate he had just bought added, "There is a chapel upon it in which my wife and I wish to be buried, if God spares our lives."

A merchant who died suddenly left in his bureau a letter to one of his correspondents which he had not sealed. His clerk, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom, "Since writing the above I have died."

Expectations.

"I gave her a plush album on her wedding anniversary. It was one I had about the house for some time, but it looked like new."

How an Orang Outang Travels.

It is a most interesting sight to watch an orang outang make its way through the jungle. It walks slowly along the larger branches in a semierect attitude, this being apparently caused by the length of its arms and the shortness of its legs. It invariably selects those branches which intermingle with those of a neighboring tree, on approaching which it stretches out its long arm and, grasping the boughs opposite, seems first to shake them as if to test their strength and then deliberately swings itself across to the next branch, which it walks along, as before. It does not jump or spring, as monkeys usually do, and never appears to hurry itself, unless some real danger presents. Yet, in spite of its apparently slow movements, it gets along far quicker than a person running through the forest beneath.