

THE PATIENT HOTEL CLERK.

As He is Viewed From the Commercial Traveler's Standpoint.

Hotel clerks are a suave, polite, hard pressed, very busy class, wearing fine raiment, diamond studs and occasionally the smile that won't come off; likewise the air of a millionaire minus the cash.

They can answer more questions in five minutes than an occult lawyer can in two hours and have to; can keep their temper like a graven image and bang the office bell and yell "Front!" with the tone and jar of a steam calliope. Hotel clerks were originally counts with nothing to count. The hotel's entire responsibility rests on their fashionably garbed shoulders, while the landlord sits in the back office, and they can say "Four-fifty, please," for two meals and a room as if it were a nickel.

They survey the arriving guest as a hawk would a left alone chicken, gauge how high priced a room he will stand for with the accuracy of tested scales, and when it comes to the size of his wad there is only one case on record where a skilled clerk ever had to "guess again."

Their nerve is chilled steel, poised that of Gibraltar, endurance like the rock of ages, and the only two people who ever jarred one of them were Carrie Nation and Dr. Mary Walker. They can give cards and spades to a drummer on the fine art of polite prevarication and beat him to a frazzle; can preach a sermon, lead in prayer, time a horse race and umpire a ball game.

It has been said that no human being can do two things at once, but this is a rank blunder, for a skilled hotel clerk can do five—viz, answer two questions, size up an arrival, hand out stationery and yell "Front!" all in one breath; also repeat the performance ten times a minute. Their two most valuable assets are fluency of smiles and ability to recall the name of every "once was" guest.

Hotel clerks catch all the latest jokes and stories on the fly. Their fund of good humor is exhaustless. Their faces must reflect morning sunshine persistently and continuously to hold their jobs down, even in spite of kicks thicker and more exasperating than "skeeters." And how many and what fool ones most of these are none but those doomed to yell "Front!" every five minutes and keep smiling will ever know.

There are a few patient servants who in due time earn a halo. And of these the always patient hotel clerk is one.—Commercial Travelers' Magazine.

Old Time Snuff Takers.

Snuff taking was practically unknown in England until 1702. In that year Sir George Rooke burned the French and Spanish shipping anchored in the port of Vigo and sacked the town. Besides large quantities of bullion and jewels, his booty included fifty tons of the finest snuff, which was brought to England and thrown on the market at a very low price. This novel form of taking tobacco rapidly caught on, and in a few years the snuffbox had to a large extent ousted the pipe. Connoisseurs used to accumulate special blends of snuff, as nowadays they hoard choice cigars. When George IV. died the contents of his snuff cellar were sold for £400.—London Chronicle.

Took It to Himself.

When General Moreau was in England he was once the victim of a rather droll misunderstanding. He was present at a concert where a piece was sung by the choir with the refrain:

"Tomorrow, tomorrow." Having a very imperfect knowledge of English, he fancied it to be a cantata given in his honor and thought he distinguished the words: "To Moreau, to Moreau."

Each time the refrain was repeated he rose to his feet and gracefully bowed on all sides, to the great astonishment of the audience, who did not know what to make of it.

The Crowd Behind Him.

There were times when McFee gloried in the fact that he was the father of nine children, even if they were on the lines of the proverbial human stepladder, but on the day when he was taking them out for a walk he felt chagrined. He was walking along at a fairly good gait when he was halted by a policeman, who asked, "I say, you, what you been doin'?" "Nothing," replied McFee. "Why?" "Well, what's the crowd followin' you for?"

A Doctor's Dilemma.

Aunt—You think of studying to be a doctor, eh? Don't you do it.

Young Man—Why not, aunt?

Aunt—Well, you can't get a practice till you are married, and you can't get married until you get a practice, that's why!

THE AIR BRAKE.

It Averted a Tragedy the Day It Was First Given a Trial.

Persons who should have known better thought Westinghouse visionary when they were told that he proposed to stop a train by air. Nobody seemed inclined to let him try his plan on a real train, but they did not object to his working a model of it in a shop where he couldn't do any harm or involve anybody else in expense. He knew his scheme would work, but he could not make any one else believe it. So he continued to sell his invention for replacing derailed cars on the tracks and to talk about his brake to any railroad man who was willing to listen.

"Well, have you ever stopped a train with this air thing of yours?" they would ask.

No; he couldn't say that he had done so. Nobody would let him try it even on a train of dump cars.

One day he arrived in Pittsburgh, selling his other invention and talking about his brake notion to a man connected with a railroad there. "That's a great idea of yours," said the man. "We will try it on our line."

So the officials of this railroad permitted Westinghouse to put his new "kickshaw" on one of their trains. But he had to agree to indemnify the road for any damage that might be caused to the train as the result of the trials. The train was equipped. On the designated day the confident inventor and a group of skeptical railway men boarded the train on which the first air brakes were fixed. Off went the train on its trial trip. The engineer put on full speed, and just as he had rounded a curve he saw ahead, at a grade crossing and in the middle of the track, a loaded wagon, a man and a boy and a balky horse. The engineer moved his little lever, and the first train that was ever stopped by air pulled up at a standstill several feet short of the obstruction.

Thus, on its first trial, the Westinghouse air brake saved life and prevented damage to property. Thenceforward talking was unnecessary; all that had to be done was to make brakes. The inventor thought of that clause securing compensation to the railroad for any damage he might do to the train, and he laughed. His fortune dated from that day. He was then only twenty-two.

Women of Muscle.

In the time of Louis XV. there was an actress engaged at the Theatre Francaise—Mlle. Gauthier—who could break a coin between the fingers of one hand and roll a silver plate into the form of a cup of conical shape. No one could bear the pressure of her hand, and only Maurice de Saxe, one of the strongest men of his time, was able to open her closed hand.

In the same century there lived in England a woman, Miss Bettie Thompson, who could break chains with her hand.

Miss Kerra, a young mulatto woman, who appeared in most of the capitals in Europe, was, we believe, the first to perform the feat, while hanging with the bend of her knees in a trapeze, of holding a man at his belt with her teeth and turning him rapidly round with her hands.—Exchange.

Lung Capacity.

It has been shown by recorded tests made principally abroad that by the means of systematic exercise the capacity of the lungs may be increased to the extent of more than 12 per cent. This figure was the average increase noted in the gymnasium at Bonn. In some individual cases the beneficial results of the exercise were far greater, but the lung capacity of the average student on entering the institution was found to be 207 cubic inches, whereas after a course of training it was increased by twenty-five cubic inches.

Sunlight For All the Leaves.

The telegraph plant of India has a method all its own for catching the sunshine. Each of its leaves is composed of three leaflets. The larger terminal one erects itself during the day and turns sharply down at night, while the other two smaller leaflets move constantly day and night, describing complete circles with a peculiar jerking motion like the second hand of a watch. Occasionally they rest for a period and then go on again, thus bringing every part of every leaf to the full action of the sunlight.

What He Saw.

"I never saw such a storm in all my life."

"Pardon me, my friend; since you 'saw' the storm, no doubt you can tell us what color it was."

"Certainly. The wind blew and the storm rose, you nunny."—London Home Weekly.

LAUNCHING A VESSEL.

The Crucial Moment Comes When She Takes the Water.

That a launch is a matter of mathematics, as well as of great skill and labor, is shown by the fact that the man of science who has the matter in charge always makes a set of calculations showing the strain of the ship and its precise condition at practically every foot of the journey down the ways.

If a boat should get in the way, or if it should take an unusual length of time to knock out the keel blocks, or if any one of half a dozen things should cause serious delay, the scientific man knows just how long he can wait and just how far the limit of safety extends.

There is always one supreme moment in a launch, and it is at a time that escapes the average spectator. It is when the vessel gets fairly well into the water. This is when an important factor known as the "moment of buoyancy" comes into play.

If you can imagine a vessel sliding down an incline without any water into which to drop you can see that the vessel would tip down suddenly at the end which has left the ways and would rise at the end still on the incline. But really in successful launches the stern of the vessel is gradually lifted up by the water, and this throws the weight forward on that part of the ship still resting on the ways. The force of the water is called the "moment of buoyancy," and the natural tendency of the ship to drop to the bottom of the stream is called the "moment of weight."

Now, the moment of buoyancy must always be greater than the moment of weight, but it must not be very much greater, for if it were it would throw too much weight forward on the part of the ship still on the ways and might break them down or injure the plates or keel. When the English battleship Ramillies was launched this did really happen, and so great was the strain near the bow that parts of the cradle were actually pushed right into the bottom of the vessel.

It is this danger of disaster that causes the scientific launcher to make the most careful calculations as to the conditions surrounding the ship at every foot of her journey into the water.

The Gates of Paradise.

When the plague which visited Florence in the year 1400 had subsided the people decided as a thank offering to add bronze gates to the baptistry of the Church of St. John the Baptist, and the guild of merchants invited the best artists to compete. The design of Ghiberti was considered faultless, and he was intrusted with the work on Nov. 23, 1403. It was twenty-one years before the two folding doors were completed, and so exquisite were their design and workmanship that Michelangelo a century later said of them, "They are worthy to be the gates of paradise." This applied also to another door wrought and designed by the same artist, which was put in place June 16, 1452, a most important creation of Florentine art and one which evidently influenced Michelangelo himself.

Neat.

A Washington man called upon a charming but homely woman, who had not long before had her portrait painted. The artist had done his work well, from a friendly point of view, and the lady was correspondingly pleased. She was not, however, so blind as not to see that the portrait was, as one might say, a trifle "idealized."

As she exhibited it to her caller she said: "What do you think of it? Has not the artist rather flattered me?"

The visitor looked at the picture, then at the lady, and with an eloquent sigh answered, "Ah, my dear lady, how could a painter sit in your company and not flatter you?"—New York Press.

In No Hurry.

"I'm next," said the lanky man in the barber shop, "but you can have my turn."

"That's good of you," gratefully responded the last comer, "but you will have to wait an hour or more before you get in the chair."

"I wish it was six hours. There's a chap on the other side of the street with a bill waiting for me to come out."—Chicago Tribune.

His Accomplishment.

Little Willie—Oh, Mr. Henpeckke, won't you play something on the violin?

Mr. Henpeckke—Why, really, Willie, I would be glad to if I knew how.

Little Willie—Oh, I guess you know how all right. My pop says you always play second fiddle to Mrs. Henpeckke.—New York Times.

WANTED AND FOR SALE

Newberg Lodge No. 104 A. F. & A. M. Regular meeting First and Third Wednesday evenings of each month. Visiting brothers always welcome. By order W. M., G. A. Best. T. L. Cummings, Secretary.

Ranch For Sale—See L. M. Carey. 1t

MONEY TO LOAN—See Atty. B. A. Kliks, McMinville, Oregon.

I keep a thorough-bred Jersey bull, price \$1 cash.—Fred Werth.

Ice for sale at Palace Meat Market deliveries made in forenoon.

Hand power cider press for sale at S. W. Comer's, First and Hancock streets. 43-2.

Wanted—Hop pickers. Write J. M. Martin, Dundee, Route 1 or phone 616 Dayton. 45-pd

Get your tomatoes fresh from the Benton Greenhouse, 700 North Meridian Street. 44-Pd

FOR RENT—Furnished house. Call at 611 Sheridan street or phone, Red 36.

Lost—Clergy R. R. certificate book. Finder please return to Graphic office and receive reward 1t-pd.

Order now your beans for canning. Kentucky Wonders 4 cents per pound. Route 2, Box 118. J. Groff. ti.

Real strawberries dipped in chocolate for sale at Diment's confectionery. Come and have a sample. 38-ti

For Sale—Pony, gentle for women; buggy and harness.—G. S. Hoaglin, 1½ miles west of Newberg. 1t-pd

For Sale—Two horses, and a No. 1 German coach colt ready to wean. J. T. Haworth, 1002 Second Street. 1t-pd

The coolest place in the city to eat ice cream and get cold drinks. Diment's Confectionery and Ice Cream Parlor.

The Volunteer class will have a candy sale Saturday, August 10, on First street, just west of the Graphic office. 1t-pd

We have two more horses than we need. No reasonable offer refused for them; harness and wagon. Moore Bros., Rex. 1t-pd

For Sale—Fine strong Kale, Cabbage, and Cauliflower plants. John Gower, East Side Greenhouses. Phone Blue 202. ti.

For all kinds of cement work see Rob. Jacobsen, 504 Grant street or J. P. Jensen, North and College streets. 45-pd

For sale or rent, new modern 7 room bungalow, with basement; garden, chicken yard and barn included. 1258 East First street. 42-43

WANTED—All kinds of sewing to do for ladies and children. Prices reasonable.—Mrs. Bankson, 515 S. Meridian St. 32 tf

City Transfer does all kinds of hauling, including piano moving.—T. H. Thorne. Residence phone White 46 or call Black 4.

The winter term of the Remington school of shorthand and typewriting begins October 1. Prospective students please report at once. Anna M. Fogle, Teacher. 4t-43

Lost—Airdale Terrier, bear dog. Color yellow and iron gray. Answers to the name of Hans. J. M. Henderson, McMinville, Oregon. 1t

S. B. Dodge has just repapered and carpeted his Confectionery Store which makes it the most attractive stand in town. Mr. Dodge solicits your ice cream and fountain trade. He keeps the best.—602 First St., S. B. Dodge. 42-tf

HOP PICKERS WANTED

Wanted, 100 hop pickers, by John P. Ranzau near Dundee. Will last 3 to 4 weeks. Fine place to camp and excellent water. Picking will begin about September 2. Write or phone Red 162. 46

Notice.

Wanted bids on 6 cords of 4 ft. fir, 2 cords of 4 ft. oak wood to be delivered on or before August 15, 1912 at Chehalem Center schoolhouse. D. A. Honey, Clerk District No. 9.

Wood For Sale.

Good old dry fir and hard maple wood in small lots at \$3.50. Orders over five cords at \$3.25. Second growth fir, dry and all split at \$3 a cord. A reduction in price on large orders. Send your orders by postcard. Fred Werth.

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

What Occurs When Two or More Peers Want to Speak at Once.

There is no rule against a dozen peers, or the entire peerage for that matter, rising and addressing the lord chancellor at the same time. The lord chancellor has no power to select the peer who shall speak. A lord chancellor's leg may be pulled, we imagine, but his eye can never be caught. For all he can do, two peers wishing to address the house and refusing to give way one to the other could stay on their feet until one of them dropped from exhaustion.

This is no exaggeration. Within living memory two peers engaged in an adventure which at first threatened to develop into a tiring down contest after the manner of Goldsmith's dancers. It happened in 1884 on a warm July day and was very entertaining while it lasted.

The two were Earl Granville and Lord Cairns. Both rose simultaneously to speak. The two peers stood facing each other at the table, and each tried to speak, while their partisans kept shouting "Granville!" and "Cairns!" in an aristocratic manner. Lord Selborne sat on the woolsack helpless. The scene might have lasted until either Earl Granville or Lord Cairns had fallen fainting had not Lord Beauchamp earned immortal fame by creating a precedent in the house of lords. He moved, in a tone of anger, that Lord Cairns be heard, and Lord Cork, in a similar tone, moved that Lord Granville be heard.

A vote was taken, and Lord Granville won by a majority of one in a house of fifty-three excited peers. So if the lord chancellor at any time finds himself confronted by two noble but obstinate orators there is a precedent to fall back upon which may be found useful.—London News.

That Was All.

A young girl who is always trying some new thing was present once when the doctor set a neighbor's broken arm. She was sure that she knew exactly how it was done and was anxious to put her knowledge into practice. Some time later a hen out in the chicken yard broke its leg. The girl directly announced that she meant to set it "and make it as good as new." Accordingly it was put into a plaster cast and left for the proper length of time to knit. When the day came to take off the cast the girl ran out to the henhouse in great eagerness to see the result. Presently there was a scream that brought every member of the family to her side. The chicken was jumping miserably over the ground sideways instead of directly forward. You know a hen's leg has a crook. Well, she had crooked it the wrong way; that was all.

The Tower of Pisa.

The famous leaning tower of Pisa is a campanile or bell tower. The building, which is cylindrical in form, is 197 feet high and 50 feet in diameter, made entirely of white marble. It is called the leaning tower from the fact that it inclines some thirty feet from the perpendicular, and it is not generally known that this inclination, which gives the tower such a remarkable appearance, was not intentional. At the time it was about half done the error in measurement was perceived. It was guarded against by the use of extra braces in the further construction of the building and an adaptation of the stone in the highest portion. There are seven bells on the top of the tower, the largest of which weighs 2,000 pounds, and these are so placed as to counteract as far as possible the leaning of the tower itself.

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