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FRENZIED ELOQUENCE.

An Outburst of Oratory That Enlivened a Ball Game.

"I have heard learned discourses full of high sounding phraseology," said Frank Houseman, a retired ball player, "and I must say that in my time I have encountered many men who could throw the English language around most delightfully, but I wish to say that there was once in my life when I realized the possibilities of English, the glories of our native tongue and the flexibility of the unwritten dictionary. This occasion was in Florida many years ago. I was wintering down there with a lot of other players, among them being Johnny McGraw.

"We were playing a game one afternoon, and I was on third base. McGraw had reached second and thought he saw a chance to get clean home when a safe drive went whizzing out in the field. I saw that he could do it; also that the umpire was looking after the ball, and as Mac drew nigh I gave him the hipcock and the double tackle. He whirled round and out and shot far away into the suburbs. Over and over he rolled, bringing up with his face in a clump of weeds and his mouth full of sand.

"McGraw scrambled back to the base before the ball could reach him, and I judged it best to move up the line a bit, out of his reach, and there he stuck, with his foot on the bag, and delivered an oration. And what a speech it was!

"Sometimes I wake up in the night and think I hear once more the words Johnny used. Eloquence, fire and forcefulness, complaint and denunciation, classified reference to my personal habits and appearance, my destination after death—all these were features of McGraw's oration. I listened spellbound, but I did not move. Not even when he added persuasiveness to his elocution and offered me attractive inducements to come within his reach did I change my position.

"I have heard Bourke Cockran. I have heard William Jennings Bryan. I have heard them all. But never in all my life, before or since, have I heard anything to equal the speech McGraw delivered there upon the coral sands of Florida."—New York World.

It Made a Difference.

An excited man rushed into a lawyer's office and without any preliminary burst out, "Has a husband a right to open his wife's letters?" "Certainly, sir, certainly," was the reply. "Open all you please." "Well, here is a letter my wife has written to your wife and asked me to deliver. I think there's something unpleasant in it about me. I wish you'd open it and if there is just burn it." "Humph! Does my wife know your wife is going to write to her?" "Yes." "And if my wife doesn't get this letter she'll soon find it out, won't she?" "Of course." "On second thoughts," said the lawyer thoughtfully, "I believe there is a legal finding to the effect that it is a criminal offense to open a wife's letters. I couldn't take the risk, sir; indeed, I couldn't."

A Queer Compliment.

A nice but not especially clever young man went to a little evening party in the east end last week—so the story goes.

This young man was introduced to several pretty girls, but he showed a preference for a certain one of these, and her he led to supper and distinguished among all others by his favors. Finally he got her into a corner and stammered forth his admiration thus:

"I like you a lot!"

"Why do you like me?"

"You're the only college girl I ever liked."

"But why am I?"

"Aw—all the other college girls seem to know so much!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Very Much Impressed.

In the days when the sight of young America abroad was not as common as it is today a beautiful Connecticut young woman made the ascent of Mont Blanc in the company of a party of English and Americans, mostly artists. The others had given expression in awe-struck whispers to the impression which the sublime scene made on them, while the young lady stood apart in silence, gazing out over the vast prospect with eyes bright and lips parted.

Finally they turned to her for some expression of her emotions, and she suddenly exclaimed: "My! Ain't I high!"—Everybody's.

Filmy Evidence.

She—But how do I know you love me?
He—Why, I can't sleep at nights thinking of you.
She—That proves nothing. Pa can't sleep at night thinking of you, but I hardly think it is love.—London Telegraph.

TREES THAT TALK.

Living Masts That May Be Used in Wireless Telegraphy.

In a certain very real sense trees can "talk." Their voice is not the sound of the wind in their branches, which the poets have called "whispering" or "sighing" or "howling." Real "tree talk" consists of vibrations that do not affect the unaided ear and are perceptible only by the aid of delicate instruments. In fact, these vibrations are the electric waves used in wireless telegraphy, to which trees are curiously sensitive.

The discovery was made quite accidentally by officers of our signal service in the course of experiments connected with the improvement of the field telephone system of the army. In setting up certain telephone wires it was found that a tree was an especially good conductor of an electrical current. Struck by this fact, the officer in charge of the experiments determined to find out whether he could use trees in wireless telegraphy instead of the tall masts that are usually set up. He believed that trees would catch or send the electric waves even better than masts, because trees have a multitude of "antennae" in the twigs and leaves of their outspreading branches, whereas the masthead presents only a small point.

He put his theory to the test, and the result was the introduction in California of a wireless system of tree telegraphy, which may prove to be of great value in time of war. Messages can be sent from one part of an army to another with remarkable rapidity. It would be unnecessary to haul about cumbersome masts and go to the trouble and labor of setting them up. Instead, the signal officer could rush to the nearest big tree and communicate his message to it.

He need only pierce its bark with a sharp nail, connect that with his instrument and set every woody fiber of the tree pulsating and every twig and leaf snapping off Hertzian waves. Thus the tree would proclaim his message to all the other trees and set them in turn throbbing with the same vibrations. If another tree were provided with a receiving instrument properly attuned the apparatus would immediately begin to tick off the words of the message and communicate to the trained human ear what all the treetops are chattering about.

It is said that wireless messages sent by means of trees may be distinctly heard for about three miles. Beyond that distance they become too faint to be interpreted.—Youth's Companion.

His Limit.

The absentminded customer had bought something on one of the upper floors of the big department store and had started for the elevator. Happening to notice that the movable stairway was running, however, he decided to use it instead. It carried him down to the next floor, where another movable stairway was in operation, and he kept on going. At last he came to a floor where there appeared to be no stairway of any kind. An elevator stood not far away, with the door invitingly open, and he stepped inside.

"Going down?" he asked.
"I hope not, just yet," said the elevator boy. "This is the basement."—Chicago Tribune.

Sugar.

It is not known who invented or discovered sugar. Sugar has, it seems, been known since the dawn of history, but not in all countries. The Chinese appear to have delighted their palates with some sort of sugar for more than 3,000 years, and it was known in India earlier than in Europe, being made from a juicy reed or cane. One of the generals of Alexander the Great is said to have carried sugar to Greece in the year 325 B. C., as Sir Walter Raleigh, some 2,000 years later, carried tobacco from Virginia to England. But even so late as A. D. 150 sugar was still a rarity in Greece. The famous physician Galen used it as a remedy for certain maladies.—Exchange.

Probably She Would.

Mrs. Newbridge came hurriedly into her husband's study one morning.
"Herbert, dear," she said, "this recipe for lemon pie says to sit on a hot stove and stir constantly."
"Well, Alice," replied the doting husband, "if you do sit on a hot stove I think you will find that you will stir constantly."—Ladies' Home Journal.

His Name.

"Who is that long haired fellow?"
"Uriah Rembrandt Peiggs. He's making quite a name for himself."
"I should think he would. If my parents had given me a name like his I'd have started to make one for myself at once."

MACARONI AND SPAGHETTI.

How the One is Made Tubular and the Other a Solid Stick.

In the modern macaroni factory, when the dough has been well mixed and kneaded in a powerful machine, it is ready to be formed into macaroni, which is of tube shape about one-fourth inch in diameter, or into spaghetti, which is a solid stick of about one-eighth inch in diameter.

The dough is forced by hydraulic pressure through a cylinder with a flat circular bronze die at the bottom. This macaroni die or mold contains many holes each of a diameter of one-fourth of an inch. Each hole has adjusted within it a small pin, directly in the center. This pin is the means whereby the "hole" in the macaroni is made. The pin divides the dough on one side as the mass starts through the hole. Before the dough arrives at the end of the hole, however, the divided sides come together, making a perfect tube.

In the case of the spaghetti tube the die contains only plain holes about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, arranged in groups. When macaroni and spaghetti emerge from the cylinders the next step is to cut them into certain lengths, these depending upon the mode of curing or drying to be pursued. Sometimes this curing or drying is done on trays and sometimes over rods.

It is highly important to the macaroni industry that there should always be an adequate supply of freshly milled durum wheat semolina. For the most part chemical analysis is necessary to determine the percentage of gluten and starch and whether they are present in the proper proportions, in order that there may be obtained a well balanced product of proteins and carbohydrates.

Macaroni made of fresh durum wheat semolina and pure water shows a golden color very much like that of the semolina. Moreover, it is translucent. Imitations, while they may be colored to resemble the best macaroni, will not be translucent.—Harper's.

Pliny's Remedies For Colds.

Pliny, the Roman writer, prescribed various remedies for coughs and colds. These include wolf's liver dissolved in hot wine, honey mixed with the gall of a bear and powders made from rabbit skins and bullocks' horns burned and pounded together. Another is to wrap any of one's fingers in the skin of a freshly killed dog. Tree frogs, too, are excellent for all forms of catarrh. Place one in the mouth for a minute, and when he makes his escape he takes that cough with him. No harm is done to the frog, for coughing and croaking are all the same to him. For a cold in the head Pliny advises a simple yet infallible remedy—three kisses on the mouth of a mule.

In Old Nantucket.

Nantucket island is full of strange names. Here are a few of them: Coatee, Coskata, Nauma, Wauwinet, Pocomo Squam, Quidnit, Quaise, Cachacha, Sankoty head, Polpis, Siasconet, Poebick, Tom Never's head, the territories of the late Sachems Wannochmuck, Autapocot and Poconet, the Shearing Pens, Shawkemo Shimmo, Monomoy, Massasoit bridge, Nopque, Wannacomet, the Washington pond, No Bottom pond, Saul's hills, Cain's hill, Hensdale, Popsquatchet, Trot's hill, Maddequet, Whale House lookout, Micomet pond, the Haulover, Turnernuck, Muskeget, Abram's point, Jeremy's cove, Wigwam ponds and Egypt. — Magazine of American history.

Why the Judge Groaned.

The attorney for the defense had just completed the reading of his hypothetical question. He looked at the clock. It had taken him one hour and twenty-six minutes. He looked at the witness.

"Have you heard the question?" he said.

The witness nodded.

"And what is your answer?"

The witness wriggled uneasily.

"I guess I didn't just catch the drift of it," he apologetically remarked. "Won't you please read it again?"

And the presiding judge fell back with a hollow groan. — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Hamlet" in Japan.

When "Hamlet" was first played in Kobe, Japan, the Herald of that city said:

"The Prince of Denmark appears first in a silk hat and a swallowtail coat, then on a bicycle, clad in a bright blue cycling suit and striped stockings, and then in evening dress again with a flower in his button-hole."

Ophelia, for the purpose of the play, was transformed into a fellow student of Hamlet at the University of Tokyo. — Chicago News.

TALES OF JUJUTSU.

An Expert at This Japanese Game Is a Dangerous Opponent.

In his book on "The Fighting Spirit of Japan" E. J. Harrison says of jujutsu: "The word is written with two ideographs, the first 'ju' meaning to obey, submit to, weak, soft, pliable, and the second meaning 'art' or 'science.' The use of the first character is intended to imply that 'jujutsu' relies for its triumphs not upon brute strength, but upon skill and finesse, the ability to win by appearing to yield. Thus in 'jujutsu' the opponent undermost may have the other at his mercy, though to the novice he may appear to be defeated. 'Jujutsu' is the art which every samurai (noble or warrior) under the feudal regime was compelled to learn, and it was often a point of honor among the higher minded ones, if attacked by a vulgar opponent, whether with or without a weapon, to try first to overcome him by means of jujutsu before drawing their own sword. Nowadays, however, jujutsu is no longer a monopoly of the military class, and the various 'dojo' or schools in the large cities render it possible for any respectable person to practice it."

Mr. Harrison tells of an expert who was sitting in a restaurant when he "fell foul of a coolie and promptly threw him downstairs. The coolie returned to the fray with fourteen comrades, but the expert calmly sat at the head of the stairs, and as fast as the coolies came up in single file, owing to the narrowness of the passage, he simply choked them in detail and hurled them down again. In the excitement of the moment he was rather more rough than was strictly necessary and so broke one man's neck. The rest fled in terror, carrying off their dead and wounded. The 'judo' expert was arrested, but as he was easily able to prove that he had been one man against fifteen he was, of course, acquitted. Nevertheless the kodokwan temporarily suspended him for his conduct, which was deemed unduly violent."

Violence above what the combat calls for is condemned in jujutsu. Mr. Harrison quotes a native exponent, who says: "The employment of violent physical strength in jujutsu is not desirable, but is sometimes admissible. The pupil, however, who has not completely mastered his art must avoid the reckless use of force, which tends to hamper the free movements of the body and limbs and therefore to prevent him from learning the mystery of the art."

Oldest Dogs in the World.

Greyhounds can boast of very ancient lineage and are probably the oldest family of dogs in the world. They figure on Egyptian frescoes of the early pharaohs, were used for coursing by the Greeks, and a fine Antonine sculpture in the British museum of two greyhounds fondling each other proves they were appreciated by the Romans. They were favorites with almost all the English kings, from Canute to Charles I., and King John repeatedly took greyhounds in payment for the penalties he inflicted. Until modern times they were aristocratic dogs, which only "gentlemen" freeholders were permitted to keep. A trace of this snobbish regulation can be found in the fact that until 1853 a special tax of 22 shillings each was placed on greyhounds to place them beyond reach of democracy.—Westminster Gazette.

She Indorsed It.

She advanced to the paying teller's window and, handing in a check for \$50, stated that it was a birthday present from her husband and asked for payment. The teller informed her that she must first indorse it.

"I don't know what you mean," she said hesitatingly.

"Why, you see," he explained, "you must write your name on the back so that when we return the check to your husband he will know we have paid you the money."

"Oh, is that all?" she said, relieved.

One minute elapsed.

Thus the indorsement: "Many thanks, dear. I've got the money. Your loving wife, Evelyn."—Everybody's Magazine.

Acts of Kindness.

Might we not all resolve that every day we will do at least one act of kindness? Let us write a letter in such terms that the post will bring pleasure next day to some house; make a call just to let a friend know that he has been in our heart; send a gift on some one's birthday, marriage day or any day we can invent. Let us make children glad with things which they long for and cannot obtain, and a thousand other things which we could do within a year if we had eyes to see and a heart to feel and had the will to take some trouble.—Ian Maclaren.

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