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PREPARING CHICKENS FOR
THE POULTRY SHOW

"As the judges at poultry shows award premiums on the appearance of the fowls on judging day," says Professor Lunn of the Poultry department of the Oregon Agricultural College, it is necessary that the boy or girl who is going to exhibit poultry at the county and state fairs not only give them the best of care in getting them ready, but also in cooping and shipping them. As the final wind up of the boys' and girls' poultry raising contest is at hand, in a short time these birds will be shipped to compete for prizes. The appearance of their plumage and vigor upon the home farm will not be a factor. The judge will not consider the care spent upon them nor make allowances for distance traveled.

"Here are a few points which may mean the winning of a premium otherwise lost. Every boy and girl should send for a premium list of the show where the birds are to be exhibited, decide what premiums are to be tried for, then select and prepare the birds accordingly. The more nearly mature the fowls are the better. They should have a maximum of strength and vigor. They should be in good flesh and healthy, showing no signs of disease, especially scaly leg.

"In preparing fowls for the show it is necessary to wash the white colored ones about four days before the birds are shipped. Use three tubs. The first should be half full of warm water, the second tub of luke-warm water, and the last tub with water from which the chill has been removed. Put the fowl into the first tub and hold it under water until the plumage is soaked. The head may be held under a moment or two. Place the fowl on a clean table and thoroughly soap with a good white soap. The plumage is now ready to be scrubbed, which is done gently with a small brush, in the direction the feathers grow. The bird is then rinsed in the second tub removing all the soap so that the feathers will web out properly. The legs should be scrubbed and if necessary the dirt under the scales removed with a tooth pick.

"The third tub is used for the final rinsing. If bluing is used in this water there should be not too much of it and it must be thoroughly mixed with the water or it will stain the plumage. The feathers are dried by hand, rubbed with towels, and the bird played in a well-heated room until thoroughly dried. It should then be placed in a clean coop with four or five inches of chaff on the floor so that the feathers will not be soiled. Dark colored birds may have their plumage rubbed with a silk handkerchief and their legs washed as above. Now train them to handling and to exhibition coops. Stroke and speak to them as this will make them pose better when the judge is looking them over. If dull, the comb and wattles may be rubbed with an equal mixture of sweet oil and alcohol.

"In shipping, the coops should be large enough to give the fowl ample room, about thirty inches for the tallest birds, grading down to a foot for the tiniest bantams. The comb should never touch the top of the coop. The width should be such that the plumage will not be cramped. A single coop should be provided for each male, but females may

be placed two or three together. A little grain may be sprinkled in the chaff, but it is not best to put drinking water in the coop. A few vegetables or apples will answer the place of water very well and will not soil the plumage. It is not necessary to put grit or other food than grain in the coop."

BAFFLES SCIENCE.

Why Hot Steel Is Tempered by a Sudden Cooling.

SLOW COOLING KEEPS IT SOFT

Yet the Busy Brain of Man Cannot Succeed in Reasoning Out Why This Is So—The Mysterious Properties Exhibited by Water, Tin and Glass.

Here is a fact, known to everybody, which is as mysterious as would be the actual appearance of a ghost, by which I mean that the fundamental explanation of the phenomenon is about as far beyond our reach in the one case as in the other.

The fact to which I refer is the production of tempered steel by quenching in cold water. If hot steel is cooled very slowly it becomes soft and cannot take a cutting edge, but if it is cooled suddenly it becomes very hard and can be ground into keen swords, knives and cutting tools.

Now, why the difference? Have you ever thought about that question? If you have not, many a man of science has, and has been puzzled over it.

Here is another related mystery. If you heat an old Japanese sword, which for centuries has retained its capacity to slice off a head at a blow, or to open a swift passage for the soul of the victim of the harakiri mania, to the temperature of boiling water it gradually softens and loses the keenness that once made it so formidable. It is the same steel, but it, too, seems to have lost its soul. At a temperature of 150 degrees centigrade the hardened steel commits harakiri in a few minutes. Surely there is something strange in that.

Then consider this: At zero temperature water changes from a liquid and suddenly becomes solid. But if you put the water in a vase and carefully protect it from dust you may cool it as much as 20 degrees below zero and yet it will not freeze! But now shake the vase or drop in a bit of ice, and the water immediately solidifies!

I owe the collection of these facts to a paper by Professor James H. Walton, Jr., of Wisconsin university. The explanation which he gives is that substances like the hardened steel and the unfreezing water are in a state of "suspended change." That accounts for the phenomena, but in a certain sense they remain mysterious, just as life is mysterious.

Many substances possess the same curious characteristics. Professor Walton says that if a flask containing sodium acetate, which has been cooled below its natural freezing point without solidifying, is opened in a room containing dust of the solid acetate the fine particles of the latter dropping into the flask will cause the whole contents to solidify.

Tin is a very strange metal with regard to this state of suspended change or "metastability." A severe winter cold will sometimes cause it to lose its hardness and crumble.

Objects made of tin sometimes undergo such change and are then said to be suffering from "the tin disease." The contact of "diseased" tin with bright, hard tin is capable of setting up the transformation.

Glass, Professor Walton informs us, is "an undercooled substance"—that is, it is in a metastable condition. If old glass tubes through which water has frequently passed are heated the glass crystallizes and loses its transparency.

All substances in this state are liable to change, and the change, under proper conditions, may be sudden. Hardened steel is in a similar category. If it were as perishable as tin it could not be safely used for many purposes for which it is habitually employed. Fortunately steel exhibits great resistance to change of state after it has been tempered. Transformation is retarded or arrested.

"Does steel slowly return to the stable form and thus grow softer?" asks Professor Walton, and then answers: "That we do not know; we can only say that if such a change does take place, hundreds of years are necessary to bring it about."

The same ancient Japanese swords, which, when heated, as before described, become soft, retain all their hardness if carefully preserved.

It is evidently of the highest importance to the practical world that science is investigating these things and discovering the way and the circumstances in which the changes come about, even if it has not unveiled the underlying mystery of their cause.—Garrett P. Service in New York Journal

Correct Interpretation Essential.

Many of the most beautiful pieces of poetry in literature would seem uninteresting and flat if read by a bad reciter. In the same way a good reciter will make attractive a poem whose beauties are not so apparent. A fine painter will light up each little beauty in his pictures until the smallest detail is attractive and strikes the eye. It is only the mediocrity whose work is characterized by sameness and lack of interest.—Strand Magazine.

THE BALL PLAYER.

He Faces Many Trying Ordeals In His Early Experience.

MAKING A BIG LEAGUE CLUB.

Tribulations of a Veteran Star Who Started in With a "Swelled Head" and Got Fired and Then Worked His Way Back into Fast Company.

In the American Magazine Hugh S. Fullerton writes an article entitled "The Making of a Big Leaguer." It is a true story of the development of one of the greatest ball players in the United States as told by himself to Mr. Fullerton. This player, of course, began the game as a boy and passed through all the stages from amateur to minor league teams and then into the big league. In this early experience he became a great victim of the "swelled head," hit the first ball pitched when he went to bat after being told to wait for two strikes and finally lost his position on the big league team. After many vicissitudes he lost his "swelled head" and got into the big league again, where today, at thirty-four years of age, he is one of the great veterans of the game. Of his final entrance into the big league he says:

"In June I was purchased for a large sum by the club which then was the strongest in the country. I didn't say a word about money, although the club paid over \$4,000 for me. The new manager sat down with me in the hotel the night I joined his team.

"All I want," he said, "is for you to get out there and hustle and behave yourself. I've heard you're hard to handle, but I'll take a chance."

"You won't have any trouble with me," I assured him. "All I want is a chance to show that I can play."

"You'll get all the chance you want," he said quietly. "You're in the lineup tomorrow."

"Stage fright! Did you ever suffer it? I did that night. My nerves were jumping, and a thousand times I figured out plays—yes, and made them—in planning what I would do the next day.

"We were playing a game against a team which we figured we would have to beat out to win the championship. I pictured myself hitting home runs and making triple plays, and when I awoke in the morning I was nervous, a shaky, uncertain and scared ball player. In practice before the game everything hit my way I either fumbled or threw wild, as my nerves were ragged. The crowd seemed to be sorry for me when they weren't mocking. It was a relief when the game started.

"I was second at bat in the lineup, on a foreign field and with a hostile crowd roaring. The first man died out. 'Wait him out. Take two,' said the manager as I picked up a bat. The first pitched ball cut the heart of the plate. I saw it all the way up and knew it would have been easy to hit it hard, yet I let it go. 'Strike one,' the umpire yelled, and the crowd howled. I was cool as a Boston east wind. The second ball came whizzing up straight over the plate with nothing on it, and I tried to hit it, yet let it go for the second strike.

"Then I settled to hit, expecting a curve ball. The curve went wide. A fast one went high and wide. I figured that the pitcher thought he had a sucker at bat and would curve one over. He came with a fast ball a foot high, and I swung at it and struck out. My heart nearly got spiked as it sank into my toes going back to the bench.

"That's the boy," said the manager. 'Wait him out. Make him pitch.'

"I could have kissed him for those words. I went to short with my nerves steady and my system full of confidence. The first ball hit was a sizzler over second. I got the ball with one hand, and there wasn't a chance to throw the runner out if I stopped to straighten up, so I threw without looking and without waiting and plunged forward onto my face. The yell from the crowd told me the first baseman had caught it, and as I scraped the dust out of my eyes and trotted back to position I felt at home.

"I wasn't excited nor elated, but the confidence that had carried me through the minor leagues came back with a rush and all fear was gone. I was a big leaguer and knew it. The next time at bat I crowded the plate, jockeyed with the pitcher and watched. He whipped a curve inside the plate. I pretended to dodge and let the ball hit me. It hit hard and I squirmed, but as the manager bent over me I limped down to first and stole second on the first ball pitched, sliding clear around the baseman. On my third trip to the plate I cracked a clean hit over second base and, after being sacrificed to second, stole third because I figured no one would expect a recruit to do that.

"In the clubhouse that night the manager said, 'You'll do, kid, if you don't get swelled.' And I replied, 'I've gone through that.'"

One to Five Meals a Day.
In England people are sometimes addicted to five meals a day: breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner and supper. The continental fashion is a snack for morning coffee, a midday meal and an evening meal. But when the great army of Xerxes was marching through Asia Minor, and city by city had to provide food for the day, the people thanked God that Xerxes and his army ate but once a day.

The path of success in business is invariably the path of common sense.—Samuel Smiles



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