

## Locals and Personals

### Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains.

Trains for Portland	Trains from Portland
6:35 A. M.	9:05 A. M.
9:10 A. M.	11:02 A. M.
1:15 P. M.	5:24 P. M.
4:05 P. M.	7:00 P. M.
2:25 P. M.	2:05 P. M.
*1:00 A. M.	*12:55 A. M.

\*Saturday night only.

Mrs. C. B. Wilson was down from McMinnville Wednesday.

L. M. Carey, of Springbrook, was the first to show up in Newberg with ripe cherries.

D. W. Stainbrook expects to go to Montesano, Washington, this week on a prospecting trip.

Falley Rasmussen who has been working on a farm at Dayton, spent Saturday and Sunday at home.

Miss Dorothy Ehret has gone to Park Place, Hood River county to work for a family who live on a ranch.

Mrs. H. Schuette who was in town a few days ago with strawberries, left a fine sample at the Graphic office.

B. O. Arney, the ice cream maker at the creamery, has moved into the third street property just north of Friends church.

Attorney Clarence Butt is expecting his mother and one of his sisters out from the old Pennsylvania home soon to make an extended visit.

P. G. Jourdon, who recently traded land at Redmond, Crook county, for the Star theater, joined his son here the first of the week, who has had charge of the theater.

Word has been received here of the birth of a daughter on May 6 to Prof. and Mrs. L. H. Mendenhall. Prof. Mendenhall was a member of the college faculty last year.

Mrs. McLeod, who spent some time visiting in the Chealem Center neighborhood with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Warner, left for her home at Omaha the first of the week.

An old G. A. R. veteran, F. L. Fornshell, who was living in one of the H. M. Williams houses on Willamette street, died last Sunday, at the age of 78 years. The body was sent to Salem for burial.

J. H. Rees received a telegram from Spokane Wednesday giving information of the serious illness and expected death of his sister, Mrs. Lizzie Judd who is well known to many of the readers of the Graphic.

Edgar J. Bundy, a former Indiana friend of Rev. Chas. O. Whitely, who lives at Prineville, was in town last Friday. His wife had been in a Portland hospital and he was down looking after her.

A full blood white legged game-cock belonging to O. B. Kyle, of Barcroft's drug store, disappeared a few days ago and that gentleman is now offering thirty dollars reward for the return of the said rooster.

Mrs. Bass called in Tuesday morning to say she had received a telegram from her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Davy, of Goldfield, Nevada, telling of a new son, Russell Benjamin, who made his initial bow in the family Saturday, May 8, for the first time.

Uncle Henry Mills has been very much interested in the fight against the saloons in Danville, Illinois, and he called in at the Graphic office Tuesday morning to say he was rejoicing over the victory recently won there by the dry forces, which will result in putting seventy saloons out of business and give "Uncle Joe" another jolt.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wiley, the latter a sister of Mrs. M. Kaufman and Thomas Rood, who recently returned from San Francisco, were in Newberg a few days ago. They went from here to Hood River, where they will try the climate for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ayers arrived here from Missouri the first of the week and expect to remain about six months. He is a brother of Mrs. Alonzo Hadley. Back in Indiana some years ago—several years ago in fact—he and the writer attended the same school and played "town-ball" on the same "diamond."

Mrs. Martha Vestal, who has a room at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Henry Ehret, has been having quite an interesting experience with a robin which makes daily visits at her window. She says it seemed quite tame when it first appeared, and as she talked with it a bond of union was awakened between them. At 5 o'clock the following morning the bird again appeared at the window, and again they communed together. For nine days the little feathered songster made regular morning visits, and always seemed glad to be talked to. Sometimes it remained more than an hour before flying away.

Ex-Governor T. T. Geer and George H. Himes, assistant secretary of the Oregon Historical Society, came out from Portland Wednesday and spent the day at West Chealem school, now the Ewing Young school. Mr. Himes had some of the handwriting of Ewing Young framed which he said he would present to the school. Evans, the photographer, was taken along for the purpose of securing some pictures. Mrs. Smith, of La Fayette, the mother of John U. Smith, was to meet them at the grave of Ewing Young on the Smith farm. Mr. Geer and Mr. Himes will talk to the students and faculty of the college today.

The combined ages of three horses owned by Frank Jones is more than 100 years, so he says, and one of them is 35 and "roin on," which shows that the age of the Oregon horse can be well prolonged when favored by being in good hands. Frank is something of a stayer himself. He was born out in the Fernwood neighborhood where he settled down and married, after having grown to manhood, and there is growing up about his fireside a family of bright children, of which any parent might be proud. Although seriously handicapped from childhood by an injury to one of his limbs, he has stuck to the farm and is making good where men with less courage and determination would have failed.

On Friday of last week a Portland paper contained an account of an auto accident which occurred in that city, and stated that Sam McVey, of Newberg, had struck a negro with his machine, breaking one of his limbs, and that the injured man was taken into the auto and hurried to a hospital for treatment. Now, Sam says, they have the wrong white man connected with the accident, for at the time he was at Tillamook. While in Portland a few days ago he looked the matter up and learned that some one who saw the accident took the number of the machine and reported to the police, who found on calling up the office of the secretary of state, at Salem, that the number corresponded to that of the McVey auto license. Of course, it is likely that the party who took the number of the machine that struck the negro got the numbers mixed.

Harry Hanson, who has a contract for getting out crushed rock for the company that has the contract for the improvement of the Rex-Tigard road, is getting the plant ready to begin work at once.

George W. Jones, a pioneer resident of McMinnville, died at his home in that city Tuesday night at the age of 81 years. He was one of the best known men of the county, he having held the office of county clerk for several terms, besides being a long time resident of the county.

Emil W. Martin, the Portland man who put an auto bus on the run between Newberg and Portland last week, sold out before the end of the week, the last run being made Saturday evening. The party who bought the big machine said he was going to use it on a run in Portland.

On last Friday night at about the hour of eight o'clock the dwelling of J. W. Bates, located on the old brickyard grounds, just out of town to the southwest, caught fire in some unknown way and, with its contents, was completely consumed. Mr. Bates says he built a fire in the stove at four o'clock for the purpose of heating water for bathing and had no fire going later than that. He was at church when the fire started and is unable to account for its origin. The house was without much value, but he estimates his loss at \$1400, with insurance of \$470. He had a valuable collection of curios, which he had gathered from all over the world, which went up in flames with the rest.

### FLY SWATTING CAMPAIGN

The ladies of the Civic Improvement Club have instituted a campaign for the extermination of "The Fly," the bane of good health and the carrier of disease. A committee was appointed to push the work to seek the co-operation of other organizations, and eventually the entire community, until we can say as Cleveland, Ohio, can now say "we are a flyless town." We are hoping to organize the school children, who we think can do much to forward the work. Through the children the wire swatters will be placed free in the homes. They will be expected to kill, and save up the flies in cans and closed boxes and at the end of each month the committee will designate the place to bring them, where 1st, 2nd, and 3rd prizes will be awarded on quantity. Killing the flies is of great importance, yet this will not exterminate them until the breeding places are eliminated. These are in all places of filth, especially,

manure piles, swill pails, spittoons, all unscreened filth. Persons handling the refuse should be very careful not to spill or slop it about as that only accommodates the flies. Parties with barns should have bins for the manure, with close screens for the top. Smaller screens should be kept by those having swill pails, to set down over the top. The same should be provided for crates of chickens, pigs, and the like which are brought into the ware houses and freight rooms for shipping. Now some will say why all this trouble and expense. It may seem a good deal, but it's far better than disease and death. Prevention instead of cure. The fly is one of our greatest enemies. He killed more American soldiers in the Spanish-American war than all the bullets of the Spaniards. It is accepted that the horse fly (a fly just a little larger than the common house fly) carries infantile paralysis in children. When his majesty leaves the vault, the manure pile, or the spittoon, and is allowed to enter the kitchen and dining room, he walks on the bread, fruit and vegetables, wipes his feet on the butter, and bathes in the milk, he carries all manner of filth on his wings and hairy feet. Inasmuch as you esteem your health and that of your family, kill the fly, destroy their breeding places, use the wire screen paddles, or any way, but kill the fly.

On behalf of Committee.

### A PARTY SURPRISE

The neighbors and friends of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Newhouse walked into their house last Saturday evening about 8 o'clock for a surprise. The young people and some who were not so young, monopolized the lawn under the big fir tree, and played games, while the rest visited and talked politics in the house.

About eleven o'clock refreshments were served and all departed declaring they had enjoyed the evening to the fullest extent.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Carl Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Darnell and Paul, Cleone and Dorothy Darbell, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchison and little Earl and Edna, Ruth Hutchison, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Hodson and Miss Elsa, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Jordan, Miss Etta Jordan; Misses Johnson, from McMinnville, with another young lady whose name we did not learn; Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wood, Percy and Herbert Wood, Thomas Herd, James Herd, Walter Herd, and Mr. Johnson and the three Misses

Herd, Miss Nina Johnson and Master Raymond Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. George, Mr. Harvey Livingston, Mr. and Mrs. Newhouse.

One who was present.

### CAPE HORN'S GHOST SHIP.

The Rocky Phantom That Lures Passing Vessels Into Peril.

Mariners sailing from Europe to the west by way of Cape Horn have often been startled by something that looked like a derelict with the waters washing over her deck.

The ill-fated Crown of Italy was standing close to the jagged black rocks at the entrance of the strait of Le Maire when she sighted what seemed to be a waterlogged bark drifting on the rocks of the strait. Presently the phantom ship disappeared, and soon afterward the Crown of Italy herself went fast ashore and was broken up by the waves.

About seven years ago the Norwegian bark Servia got into Seattle with a tale of the "ghost ship" that almost exactly corresponded with that told by the crew of the Crown of Italy.

The numerous reports of a derelict that appeared and disappeared like a phantom led the government of Argentina to look into the matter. A tender went out from the nearby lighthouse to make an investigation. The apparition was found to be caused by a strange freak of nature. Among the black, jagged rocks that lined both sides of the strait of Le Maire there was one that under certain atmospheric conditions bore a curious resemblance to a ship. The formation of the rock and the shadows that the other rocks cast on it combined to produce the effect of a bark running under short sail.

The ship seems to be standing head on, pointing to the south, and is very low in the water. The sails appear to be shortened as they would be in what sailors call "half a gale." There seem to be three masts, and the fore is higher than the main. When you come abreast of the vessel the illusion vanishes, and the "ship" resolves itself into a conglomeration of black rocks. The perpetual fog of those regions helps, of course, to confuse the seaman's vision.

The rock that looks like a ship is by no means a rare natural formation. On Clipperton island there is a great white rock that looks like a three masted craft leaning on the wind, with her royals set and the sun shining on her white sails. Some distance west of Honolulu there is a rock known as "French Frigate rock" because once upon a time a French frigate went ashore on it. The cliffs looked so much like a ship that the frigate's officers were deceived and thought they were meeting another vessel. St. Paul island, in the middle of the Atlantic, is said to resemble a ship very closely when it is approached from a certain direction, but it is a place to which mariners prefer to give a wide berth—Youth's Companion.

### Disguised Hands Always Blame.

"Here is a truth," says a handwriting expert, "that is as widespread as the ether: A disguised hand always tries to be poorer than the real hand. That axiom is a great help to us experts. For instance, when a letter done in a disguised hand is brought to us we always know that the writer of the letter is in a higher station than the hand would lead us to infer; hence in our detective work we are able to save much valuable time by eliminating all persons socially below the appearance of the letter and concentrating our attention on those only who are above it."

### The Regular Thing.

The little boy felt that at last his conduct entitled him to recognition and reward.

"See here, mother," he said, "are you going to buy me that goat?"

"Not just now, Willie," she replied.

"Of course not! Of course not!" exclaimed Willie bitterly. "That's always the way. No matter how good I am, all you will do about this goat business is to let me be one."

### Reciprocity.

"Dear Harold," with sadness she wrote to her former fiance, "as you are probably aware, I am to be married to Mr. Anthony the coming month. I shall therefore appreciate it if you will burn all the little notes I sent you, assuring you of reciprocity in regard to those you sent me."

She immediately received this reply: "Dear Dorothy—I shall certainly comply with your request at once. And, incidentally, as your new fiance holds a few notes of mine I shall deem it a great favor if you will induce him to burn them with the rest."—National Food Magazine.

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