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How a Bear Fishes.

Few people have had the opportunity of seeing a bear feeding—that is, in his native state—and fewer still have seen him fishing. But fish he does, and in it he displays an amount of patience and dexterity that is amazing. He will lie motionless upon an overhanging log or bank with paw poised and little beady eyes attentively scanning the water. Salmon and trout are his chief delight, and should one come near enough to the surface he is snapped out on the bank with a flip and a twist and vanishes in brui'n's capacious maw.—St. Nicholas.

Telephone Quirk.

Did you ever notice that if you place the transmitter of the telephone against your chest, instead of before your mouth, it makes no apparent difference to your auditor? If you are talking over a desk instrument it is often easier to hold it against the chest than to the mouth. Simply hold the transmitter to your chest and talk into the open air. The entire chest wall vibrates in unison with the voice and will transmit the sound vibrations over the telephone as well as your voice.—American Boy.

Both Bad Writers.

Alf Hayman says that two of the worst penmen he ever knew were Charles Frohman and James M. Barrie. They always corresponded in long hand.

"C. F. would send for me," says Mr. Hayman, "and ask if I could make out what Barrie was writing, and Barrie used to write to me to ask if I couldn't get C. F. to use a typewriter, as no human being could read his writing."—New York World.

Scarf of Iris.

The ancient Greeks called the rainbow "The Scarf of Iris." Iris, in their mythology, was the attendant of Jupiter, always represented as being exceedingly beautiful.

BATTLE SCARRED JUNE.

Summer's First Month Notable For Many Historic Conflicts.

The battle of Dunker Hill was fought on June 17, 1775, one of many memorable battles fought in the month of June.

Waterloo, the declaration of war between Great Britain and the United States in 1812, the Shannon-Chesapeake fight in that war, the battle of Naseby, the storming of the Mamelon redoubts by the French in the Crimean struggle, Maroubo, Friedland, Raab, Kolln, Flassey, the battle of Monmouth and the fight at Port Moutrie all were in June.

Many of the most famous struggles of the war between the states took place in June. The Kearsarge sank the Alabama on June 19, 1864; Memphis fell on June 6, 1862; the seven days before Richmond began on June 26, 1862; the battle of Cold Harbor was fought from June 1 to 3, 1864; Winchester was fought on June 13-15, 1863; Lynchburg on June 17-18, 1864; Mechanicsville on June 26, 1862; Gaines' Mill on the following day, and the siege of Petersburg lasted from June 15 to 30.

The massacre of Custer and his men by the Indians on the Little Big Horn, the greatest disaster that has befallen United States cavalry in decades, also took place in June—June 25, 1876, a date that always will be kept as a day of mourning by the Seventh cavalry.—New York Herald.

WATERING THE LAWN.

A Task That, as a General Rule, Is Not Properly Performed.

There are probably more mistakes made in connection with the watering of the lawn than in any other phase of its management.

The practice of sprinkling, as it is almost universally followed, is fundamentally wrong—not that the sprinkler does not furnish enough water to the grass during the season, but that it does not furnish it in properly distributed quantities.

Sprinkling for a short period may appear to wet the sod thoroughly, but in reality the water does not penetrate much below the surface. This encourages the formation of surface roots and makes the grass less resistant to the severe conditions of weather and usage.

Except in rare cases the lawn should not be watered oftener than two or three times a week. A thorough soaking is necessary and should be given in the late afternoon or early morning. The ordinary type of revolving spray is quite satisfactory, but the amount of water applied by it is usually much less than appears.

The point to be borne in mind is that the ground should be thoroughly saturated at each application to at least three inches in depth.—Kansas City Journal.

British Julius Caesar.

Julius Caesar, who on one of the closing days of August in 55 B. C. landed on the Kentish coast, has had many British namesakes, including a great cricketer, but the best known is Julius Caesar, master of the rolls under James I., about whom Lord Clarendon in the first volume of his history tells the amusing story, "Remember Caesar." The unpopular Earl of Portland set up all night in a barricaded house with his friends and retainers armed to the teeth because he found in his pocket a slip of paper adding him "Remember Caesar," which really had reference not to the assassination of the Roman statesman, but to some prearranged promise to the son of Sir Julius Caesar. The tomb of Sir Julius Caesar, with a quaint epitaph in legal phraseology, is among the many curious monuments of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.—London Mail.

Watching Royalty Eat.

The Saxon court appears to have been the last to preserve the custom of dining in public. Initiated at Versailles under the ancient regime, Lady Clarendon notes in her journal on Oct. 1, 1844, when she and her husband were traveling through Germany: "We were invited to dine with the king and queen of Saxony at their villa, near Dresden. The dinner was handsome, and what I liked best was to observe that the galleries commanding a view of the table had people quite of a common order in them. I was told that any one who chose was freely admitted."—London Express.

On Being Up Betimes.

A maiden lady said to her little nephew, "Now, Johnny, you go to bed early and always do so and you'll be rosy cheeked and handsome when you grow up."

Johnny thought over this a few minutes, and then he observed, "Well, aunt, you must have set up a good deal when you were young."—Atlanta Journal.

Hopeful.

Young Wife—John, do you think our baby will ever be president? Young Husband—Doubtful, my dear! If this invention of mine for freezing the ocean so that submarines can't come to the top is a success he'll be too rich for the job!—New York Globe.

Sounded That Way.

Patience—I like to see a man act and not talk. Patrice—Oh, you mean to say you like the pantomime actors best.—Yonkers Statesman.

We acquire the virtues by doing the acts. We become builders by building, and so by doing right acts we become righteous.—Aristotle.

IODIDE OF NITROGEN.

An Explosive So Deadly That to Make It Is Suicide.

Explosives are solids which under certain conditions suddenly change into heated gas occupying many times the original space of the solids.

Ordinary gunpowder when fired turns into gas, of which the volume is 4,000 times as great as that of the powder. No wonder the bullet in front of it leaves the muzzle of the rifle in a hurry.

Today there are scores, even hundreds, of different sorts of explosives known to science. Some, such as lyddite, require a very considerable shock to explode them. Others, such as nitroglycerin, are fearfully dangerous to handle, for a few extra degrees of warmth or a very slight jar is sufficient to turn them instantly into gas.

Of the latter type there is nothing quite so unstable as iodide of nitrogen. It has to be made in alcohol. When allowed to dry it appears as a brown powder, and so unstable is this powder that a touch with a feather will set it off. The experiment has been tried of leaving a few grains upon a table mixed with a few grains of sugar. The first blue bottle that flew on the table and began to crawl among the grains caused an explosion.

The mere jarring of the air by a loud shout or a heavy footstep is sufficient to detonate iodide of nitrogen, and it need hardly be added that no one in his senses would attempt to make this terrible stuff. To do so in any quantity would be equivalent to committing suicide.—Pearson's Weekly.

BRINGING UP CHILDREN.

There Are Some Curious Customs in This Quaker World.

There has been much discussion over the proper bringing up of children, but ideas continue to differ. And the farther you get away from home the stranger the ideas seem.

The Filipino father cries out with proud delight at his three-year-old girl baby takes her puff at her first cigar.

Among the Seri Indians of the gulf of California the father is the last one expected to have any influence on the children. The mother rules the younger members of the family, and when she must enforce her authority by physical force she calls, not on the father, but on one of her brothers or some other male adult of her family. The father must never chastise his children.

A Navajo father administers punishment to his children very much as any other father does, but the Navajo boy has a means of protection denied to white boys. He has only to catch a rat by his own unaided efforts. From the moment he has accomplished this feat, no matter how young he may be, his father may not lay hands on him.

The children of the Point Barrow Eskimos have special training in politeness to foreigners. In conversing with strangers who make mistakes in the native dialect children must carefully note those mistakes and repeat them, even to imitating the wrong pronunciation of words. To speak correctly in such a case is likely to bring punishment from the parent of the child.—New York Sun.

Retold For Choir Singers.

One of the wealthy members of a fashionable church in Boston approached her pastor with the complaint that she was greatly disturbed by one of her neighbors.

"It's positively unbearable," said she. "That man in the pew in front of us destroys all my devotional and pious feelings when he attempts to sing. Couldn't you ask him to change his pew?"

The good pastor was sorely perplexed. After a few moments' reflection he said:

"Well, I naturally would feel a little delicacy on that score, more especially as I would have to give a reason. But I will tell you what I might do." Here the pastor's face became illuminated with a happy thought. "I might ask him to join the choir."—Harper's Magazine.

Hard Luck.

"People can talk of their troubles," said Mrs. Waggleigh, "but I think Mrs. Jones has the hardest luck of any one. She is absolutely deprived by nature of enjoying a woman's greatest pleasure. She's a deaf mute and can't talk. She can only use her hands. Now, if that isn't awful tell me what is!"

Mr. Waggleigh looked up from his evening paper. "I met her husband this afternoon," he said, "and he was tickled to pieces. His wife cut her fingers with the bread knife yesterday, and now she can't talk at all."—New York Telegram.

Sign For a Dog.

"I've bought a bulldog," said Parson to his friend Leasop, "and I want a motto to put over his kennel. Can you think of one?"

"Why not use a dentist's sign, 'Teeth Inserted Here?'" suggested Leasop.—Kansas City Star.

Unforeseen.

"Really, doctor, the medicine you prescribed for me is splendid. I think I shall be all right in a few days."

"Well, well! Who would have thought it?"—Pittsburg Blatter.

Switzerland's Cupola Fort.

The Swiss reckon that their cupola fort on the St. Gothard, manned by 200 riflemen, could easily hold the pass against an army of 50,000.

If a man wishes to be treated with courtesy he should show courtesy to others.

IMITATION DIAMONDS.

They Lose Their Sparkle When They Lose Their Sharp Edges.

Only the expert can tell an imitation diamond from a real stone when the imitation is new, but after the fake stone has been worn for a little time it soon loses its lustre. It is this which makes a real diamond valuable. No matter how long it is worn it will keep its sparkle almost as well as ever.

The real reason for this is the hardness of the diamond. It is not due to any special quality in the stone itself, except its transparency and its hardness.

The sparkle of a diamond depends on the sharpness of the edges and the points of its facets. When the light falls on one of these it is reflected to another facet, lying at a different angle and is refracted again, and so on, many times. Each time the light is reflected it gives a point of brilliance, and, in most instances, splits up the light so that the red and blue rays are seen.

The imitation stone, to begin with, seldom has as many facets as a diamond. But, even if it had, the sharpness of these edges would wear off. Even exposure to the air will wear away any substance that is not extremely hard. And just as soon as there is any dulling of the edges of a facet, so soon there is a dimming of the brilliance of the stone.—New York American.

CALLED THE GAME.

Two Foul Balls Shocked the Australian Sense of Propriety.

A game of baseball that was scheduled as a feature of the police and firemen's patriotic carnival at the agricultural show grounds came to an abrupt and dramatic conclusion almost before it was started. It was a match game, America versus Australia.

In America's second inning a player deflected a fast ball straight for the densest portion of the crowd, and a scream was heard. The ambulance men rushed to the spot and found that a woman had been struck on the head by the ball, but was not seriously injured.

Without waiting to see if any damage had been done the players coolly procured another ball and continued the game just as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. A few moments later this ball was also deflected to the upper story of the pavilion, striking a man on the shoulder.

At this Mr. Flowers, the minister for health, who was present, rushed out on to the ground and called out, "Stop this silly game!"

The players promptly obeyed his orders, and play ceased.—Sydney (Australia) Herald.

The City.

Cities are made, not born. No two cities are alike. The sum of one city is never equal to all the parts of another. Once a city, not always a city; sometimes only a dust heap. A city is made up of a part of the country filled with inhabitants. It consists of houses, streets and debts. No city is complete without a hospital and a franchise plant. The hospital is used to shelter its victims and to provide its surgeons with plenty of working material. The franchise plant enables it to support politicians. A city without politicians would be like a steam laundry without any steam.

Citrus are an antidote for farms. Up to date, however, no cure has been found for the antidote.—Life.

The Stuart Penny.

A pamphlet published in 1677, entitled "The Worth of a Penny, or, a Caution to Keep Money, With the Causes of the Scarcity and Misery of the Want Thereof in These Hard and Merciless Times," contains a list of articles obtainable for a penny in the days of Charles II. These include "a dish of coffee to quicken your stomach and refresh your spirits," "a fair cucumber" and "portions of such commodities as nuts, vinegar, grapes, cake, onions and oatmeal." The catalogue of penny-worths obtainable at an apothecary's is a lengthy one and includes "lettuce to make you sleep, mithridate to make you sweat and aniseed, which may save your life in a fainting or swoon."—London Mirror.

Odd Name Oddly Won.

The inn known as the "Same Yet," at Prestwich, has a curious history, which Mr. Hackwood relates: "The house originally bore the 'Seven Stars,' but many years ago it became necessary to have its faded sign repainted. When the painter asked the landlord what he was to put on the board he received the answer, 'The same yet.' And the name took him at his word."—London News.

Certainly Foolish.

We never heard of a man who tried to free himself of a manslaughter charge by pleading guilty to murder, but an up state man tried to prove he wasn't crazy the other day by claiming he was in love.—Milwaukee Journal.

A Joker Among Birds.

The bluejay is a practical joker. It is his habit to conceal himself in a mass of leaves near the spot where small birds are accustomed to gather and when they are enjoying themselves in their own fashion to suddenly frighten them almost to death by screaming out like a hawk. Of course they scatter in every direction, and when they do so the mischievous rascal gives vent to a cackle that sounds very much like a laugh.

Found Out.

"What's the matter with your arm, Sam?"

"I was arguin' with a mule this mornin', sah."

"Didn't I tell you never to argue with a mule, Sam?"

"Yes, sah, but I wanted to see what sort of an argument he'd put up sah."

"Well, Sam, how was it?"

"His argument was very striking, sah!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Artist Gets a Jolt.

De Auber (proudly)—Here is a little painting I have just finished. What do you think of it, old chap? Artless—It isn't half bad. By the way, did you draw on your imagination for those ostriches in the background?

De Auber—Ostriches! Why, you measly, squint eyed duffer, those are angels.—Indianapolis Star.

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