

The Doors of Prosperity

are always open to the man who saves. Hard times lose much of their terror for the individual who has provided against the lean days.

Don't spend all you earn. Put some of your earnings away and you'll be ready for your opportunity when it comes. A savings account at this bank gives you absolute security and a profitable investment for your funds.

United States National Bank

1889—"OLDEST BANK IN NEWBERG"—1915

Parlor Pharmacy

"QUALITY STORE"

A first aid to cupid is a box of chocolates. There is nothing which appeals to a girl, or to a woman for that matter, like a box of luscious chocolate creams. Many a man has won his way into the affections of a girl through the medium of the candy box. The next time you go to see her take a box of our candies with you, and if already married, take home a box to your wife and recall the happy days of courtship.

E. W. Hodson, Pharmacist
Phone White 35 Newberg, Oregon



J. L. VAN BLARICOM

Staple and Fancy Groceries

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

We please the most particular. Phone us a grocery order and see if our prompt service doesn't surprise you. We want your trade

CHEHALEM CENTER

Rev. George Rounds, of Newberg, delivered a "Peace" sermon at the church Sunday morning which was appreciated by all.

Rev. Walter Wilson, of Springbrook, will give his thesis on "A Community Church" next Sunday evening. Everyone will want to hear it.

Mr. Fannie Liter, at one time an Alaska missionary, will hold the services next Sunday morning.

Rev. and Mrs. Melville Wire and James Burgess, of Gresham, have been visiting at the home of M. C. Wire lately.

Miss Edith Walton is taking up the study of music with Mrs. Hitchen.

Miss Marguerite Johnson and Teddy Johnson journeyed to Dundee Saturday to visit Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Chase and Chandos Chase, of Newberg, and Mr. Gene Earl and Mr. Gummer, of Omro, Wisconsin, were callers at the J. C. Wills home last Tuesday.

On Thursday of last week Mr. and Mrs. Bachmeyer, of Albany, Oregon, were dinner guests of the Misses Maude and Mildred Wills.

Miss Elma Paulsen and Harold Paulsen, of Newberg, were callers at the J. C. Wills home Saturday.

Mrs. Jenny Harrison returned home last Friday.

REX

Mrs. O. Woodworth spent two days of last week in Portland visiting a sister from Seattle.

Mr. F. R. Harries, a prominent poultry man of Seattle, passed Sunday with Moore brothers inspecting their up-to-date duck ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wallace and small grand-child, of Portland, are spending a couple of weeks with the family of their daughter, Mrs. A. H. Dean.

Rev. Wilson, of Springbrook, gave a most interesting thesis, "The Community Church," Sunday evening at the Rex church.

Mr. and Mrs. Oaks and daughter,

of Caldwell, Idaho, while passing through in their car on their way to Seaside, visited a short time Monday with the family of C. W. Williams.

Miss Lestia Newlin, of Newberg, spent a few days of the week with Miss Madge Morrison.

J. W. Moore is having a large refrigerator built to thoroughly cool his dressed ducks before shipping them to market.

Two very enjoyable parties, both occurring on Wednesday, were the birthday surprise on Mrs. Deree originated by Mrs. John Winters, and the surprise given by Mrs. R. N. Morrison in honor of Mrs. F. Castricious who is leaving for her home in the East in a few days. Owing to the short distance between the two houses where the different festivities were held, a number of guests were able to attend both functions.

My Auto, 'Tis of Thee.

[Published by Request.]
My auto, 'tis of thee, short cut to poverty—of thee I chant. I blew a pile of dough on you a year ago, and now you quite refuse to go, or won't or can't. Through town and countryside, you were my joy and pride; ah, happy day. I loved thy gaudy hue, thy nice white tires so new, but now you're down and out for true in every way. To thee, old rattlebox, came many bumps and knocks, for thee I grieve. Badly top is torn, frayed are thy seats and worn; the whooping cough affects thy horn, I do believe. Thy perfume swells the breeze, while good folks choke and wheeze as we pass by. I paid for thee price 'twould buy a mansion twice, now everybody's yelling "ice"—I wonder why? Thy motor has the grip, thy spark plug has the pip and woe is thine. I, too, have suffered chills, ague and kindred ills, endeavoring to pay my bills since thou wert mine. Gone is my bank roll now, no more 'twould choke a cow, as once before. Yet if I had the mon, so help me John, amen, I'd buy myself a car again and speed some more.—Exchange.

Weekly Oregonian and Graphic one year, \$2.25.

THE OPIUM USER.

He Helped Suffering Humanity and Died a Wretched Hero.

The worst railroad wreck I ever saw developed a real hero in the person of a morphine addict.

The transcontinental sleeper in which I was a passenger was going through the deserts of Utah. I had just finished shaving when there was a terrific crash, and the car began to roll over and over down the high railway embankment. When it stopped I managed to crawl through a broken window. The porter of the car in which I was traveling emerged through the shattered window behind me. I told him I was a doctor, that among my effects he would find an instrument case and a small hypodermic pocket set, and he returned to get them for me.

Knowing that the greatest need for my services would be in the vicinity of the engine—for it was a head-on collision—I went as fast as possible to this locality. Near the locomotives I came across the body of one of the engineers, whose leg was almost severed, the blood from a torn artery spurting high in the air. With the towel still in my hand with which I had been drying my face at the time of the accident I made a tourniquet, and, jerking a rib from the bleached bones of a coyote's carcass lying near, tightened it until the red flow was stanch.

To the gathering passengers I announced that I was a physician and would take charge of the injured as they brought them to me. An operating table was improvised from the door of the baggage car, seats and trunks, and as the wounded arrived I gave whatever first aid was possible. The excited but un-hurt hysterical women were calmed by being ordered to make bandages from sheets commandeered from the sleepers. In all I attended about 100 passengers.

The small supply of morphine in my pocket hypodermic case was soon exhausted, and as the sufferings of the victims became greater I realized the great necessity for more. Every doctor is familiar with the characteristic and peculiar pallor of the opium user. I had recalled seeing one of these unfortunates on the train, and guessed that he would have a supply of this narcotic with him. Leaving my temporary operating table, I went among the passengers in search of this man, and finally found him, badly bruised, lying beside one of the demolished cars. I asked him to give me what morphine he had. He cheerfully complied, handing me all in his possession, two bottles.

What that drug meant to the many injured on that hot, treeless desert no one but a physician can ever understand.

My first act, after seeing that the badly injured were given attention, was to get some morphine and hunt for the dope fiend. I found him—dead. The shock of the collision, his run down condition and the fact that he had been deprived of the stimulating effects of the drug had killed him.—W. E. Aughinbaugh, M. D., in Every Week.

Taking No Chances.

"So you're leaving to get married, Mary?"

"Yes, mum."

"And how long have you known the young man?"

"Three weeks, mum."

"Isn't that a rather short time? Don't you think you ought to wait until you know him better?"

"No, mum. I've tried that several times and every time the man changed his mind when he got to know me better."—Detroit Free Press.

Between Two Fires.

"I'm in trouble with my girl," said the first youth disconsolately to his friend.

"Why, what's the trouble?" said the other sympathetically.

"I've been saying such nice things to her that she's getting conceited. Now, if I stop she'll think I don't care for her any more, and if I go on she'll think she's too good for me."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Sharp Professor.

"Now," said the medical college professor to the class, "we will proceed to the dissecting room, where the body lies, just ahead."

"I beg your pardon, sir," remarked the fresh student, "but how can it be a body if it's just a head?"

"It can't be," replied the professor, beaming benignly over his glasses. "That's the reason I said it lies."

Unjust Discrimination.

"Oh, no!" soliloquized Johnny bitterly, "there ain't any favorites in this family. Oh, no! If I bite my finger nails I gets a rap over the knuckles, but if the baby eats his whole foot they think it's cute."—Exchange.

VAGARIES OF MEMORY.

Curious Case of an Ignorant Girl Who Could Recite Latin.

The psychologists have given much study to the vagaries of memory, which are among the most interesting of mysteries. Why do we forget certain things and remember others? This question, together with many others of a like nature, seems as yet to be unanswered.

William James in the course of a paper on the subject says something which we have tried in vain to recall will afterward, when we have given over the attempt, "saunter into the mind" as innocently as if it had never been summoned.

Then, too, curiously enough, bygone experiences will revive after years of oblivion, often as the result of some cerebral disease or accident.

Such a case was that of the young woman in Germany, who could neither read nor write, but who was held to be possessed of a devil, since, in a fever, she was heard raving in Latin, Greek, and in an obscure rabbinical dialect of Hebrew. Pages and pages of her talk were written down, and they were found to consist of sentences intelligible in themselves, but not having the slightest connection with one another.

Finally the mystery was cleared up by a physician, who traced the girl's history to the age of nine. Then, he learned, she had been taken to the house of an old pastor, a great Hebrew scholar. She remained in this house until the pastor's death. It had been for years the old scholar's custom to walk up and down a passage near the kitchen and read to himself in a loud voice. His books were examined, and among them many of the passages taken down at the girl's bedside were identified. The theory of demoniacal possession was of course then abandoned.—Washington Star.

Human Blocks and Pulleys.

The block and pulley, or "tackle," was a great mechanical discovery, but nature made every man carry several of these about with him at the very beginning of creation. The most important of these tackles is found in the eye. If you turn your eye to the tip of your nose you use this block and pulley, which are just as perfect as any erected on a ship to hoist sail. The muscle which moves the eyeball works through the block easily and smoothly and without friction, for nature has supplied to all of her machinery automatic or mechanical lubricating inventions. These never fail to work unless we are ill.

The Business Gyroscope.

"Going to work tomorrow? Surely you aren't strong enough yet, after your long illness."

"My friend," replied the convalescent, "did you ever hear of the gyroscope? It's a thing that will keep a street car going upright, right side up, on a single rail. Well, the gyroscope of business works the same way in a man's life. I could name you a dozen fellows who would keel over and give up in a minute if they didn't have the gyroscope of business to keep them on their feet. I shall go to business tomorrow and hitch on the gyroscope again, and never know I've been an invalid."—Newark News.

He Walked Across a Field.

Early Methodist preachers had reason to deplore the power of the all mighty landlord. Charles Wesley himself suffered, for he was summoned and fined £10 (£50) and heavy costs not for firing ricks or uprooting hedges, but for walking across a field to address an audience. Here is the record: "Goter versus Wesley; damages, £10; costs taxed, £9 16s. 8d., July 29, 1739. Received of Mr. Wesley, £19 16s. 8d. for damages and costs in their cause. William Gason, attorney for the plaintiff."—London Mail.

A Quick Dodge.

Walking along Wall street the other day, he was accosted by a shabbily dressed man evidently armed with a hard luck story.

"I beg pardon, sir," began the stranger, "but could you help a poor man along? Now, I'm not looking for money, sir; but—"

"Well," came the almost breathless answer, "if you're not, I am. Good day."

And in a moment the young man was halfway down the street.—New York Post.

His Selection.

"Do animals possess the sentiment of affection?" asked the teacher of small Margaret.

"Yes, ma'am, almost always."

"Correct," said the teacher. "Turning to young Harold, 'And now tell me what animal has the greatest natural fondness for man?'"

With but a slight pause the little fellow answered, "Woman."—Everybody's.

THE HUMAN FOOT.

In Its Primitive State It Was Larger Than It Is Today.

Artists say that no Greek sculptor would have ever dreamed of putting a nine inch foot on a five and one-half foot woman. The types for the classic marble figures were taken from the most perfect forms of living persons. Unquestionably the human foot, as represented by the ancient sculptors, was larger than the modern one, and, in fact, the primitive foot of all peoples whereof we have any record, either of statuary or otherwise, was considerably larger than the restricted foot of modern times.

The masculine foot, forming an approximate average of four different countries, was about twelve inches long. This would require at least a No. 10 shoe to cover it comfortably. The average masculine foot today is easily fitted with a No. 8½ shoe and is, therefore, not above ten and seven-sixteenths inches. Now, by the old sculptural rule of proportion a man five feet nine inches in height should have a foot eleven and one-half inches long, or one-sixth his height. It was of no great consequence what size sandals he wore, but he would have required a modern shoe of at least a No. 10½ for a minimum fit or a No. 11 for real comfort.

For women, allowing for the difference in the relative size of the sexes, which was about the same then as now, a woman of five feet three inches in height would have had a foot ten inches long, requiring a modern shoe of the size No. 6 as the most comfortable or a No. 6½ as the limit of comfort.—Washington Star.

Shakespeare and Cervantes.

April 23, besides being the festival of England's national saint, says the Pall Mall Gazette, is also the anniversary of the death of both Shakespeare and Cervantes. But, though both Shakespeare and Cervantes died on April 23, 1616, there was actually an interval of ten days between the two deaths.

The explanation is that in 1616 England was still using the Julian calendar, which in Roman Catholic countries had been superseded by the Gregorian calendar in 1582. Cervantes died on a Saturday; Shakespeare died on the Tuesday falling ten days later.

Chios is the most probable birthplace of Homer and shows the blind bard's cradle, school, house and tomb. Near the poet's alleged "school," says the Pall Mall Gazette, is a little wine shop bearing across the front the coarsing saying of Hector to Hector, "Wine doth vastly increase the strength of a weary man." Although almost exterminated by the terrible massacre of 1822, the people of Chios are the most prosperous in the Levant. Nearly all leading Greek bankers and merchants hail from this island, and the well known families of Ralli and Rodocanachi are of Chiot origin.

WITH HONORS OF WAR.

Rights Those Conditions Confer Upon a Defeated Foe.

Ordinarily in all siege operations a surrender of a fortress is unconditional, and the vanquished tacitly agree to accept whatever terms the victor, in his wisdom, may impose, relying upon the latter's magnanimity for good and lenient treatment. The usual course is this: The garrison is disarmed. They are made to fall in, all so many prisoners, and escorted to wherever their conquerors decide they shall be detained.

The conquerors, of course, see that the escort is a strong guard, properly armed, able to put down at once any attempt on the prisoners' part to escape or disobey orders. Worst of all and certainly the most galling to any real soldier, the almost sacred trophies of the different regiments become the spoils of the victors.

Guns, ammunition, colors and such like things all have to be given up, though men have given their lives to defend them. For the future they grace the homes of the enemy or are turned against their old owners in the field.

It is in these things that the humiliation of surrender becomes complete. Yet all of it is saved when the beaten garrison is granted the "honors of war." That means the defenders were simply "defeated, but not disgraced."

By its use the successful besiegers admit to the world that the garrison was able to make something better than an unconditional surrender. Their heroic defense had not left them at their last gasp. They could maintain hostilities for some time yet, and, although they would undoubtedly be beaten at the finish, the fortress could only be taken after more loss had been suffered.

In such a case all that is demanded of the beaten men is that they should evacuate all their positions. These the enemy takes possession of as what he has been striving for. All the colors and other trophies are retained by the garrison. The defenders are not prisoners of war, compelled to surrender. They are simply beaten men, voluntarily giving up the unequal contest.

They are not disarmed and escorted by guards. Mustering under their own leaders, they have no enemy over them giving orders. Heeded by their own hands, with their own colors flying above them and no foreign flag near, they "march out" of the positions they have so nobly held, saluted by their successors and acclaimed by the world as heroes for whom circumstances have been too strong.

It has been previously settled where they should go, and thither they march by themselves, their officers wearing their swords by their sides, just as if they were victors instead of conquered men. They merely evacuate their positions and to all purposes are free men, not prisoners.

This is marching out with the "honors of war."—Peterson's.

Lone Fir Dairy

Pure Milk and Cream is conducive to good health.

This is the kind we supply our customers.

Our Dairy is frequently inspected by the State Dairy and Food Commissioner and has been highly commended by that official. Give us a trial.

Phone Red 66 R. B. LYLE

Tillamook Seashore Resorts

where thousands of people delight to spend their summer vacation

5 Hours From Portland

over the most wonderful scenic trip on the American Continent

Two Daily Trains

Tillamook Passenger - Lv. Portland 7:45 a. m.

Seashore Special - Lv. Portland 1:40 p. m.

Parlor Observation Car with buffet lunch on the "Seashore Special"

Daily and Week End Fares

FROM ALL POINTS

Ask for folder, "Seashore Tillamook County," giving list of hotels, rates, etc.

A VISIT TO THE

Two World Expositions

at San Francisco and San Diego is an event of a life-time, and one you cannot afford to miss

Special Fares in July

to San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego on certain dates

Low Round Trip Fares Daily

with stop-overs in either direction

4 Fine Trains Daily in Each Direction

Stop-Overs at Expositions

All tickets to the East via California permit stop-overs at San Francisco and Los Angeles to see the Expositions

Ask nearest Agent for "California and Its Two World Expositions" and "Way Side Notes, Shasta Route."

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

John M. Scott, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon