

# HIGHEST COURAGE.

The Bravery That Goes Hand in Hand With Cowardice.

## A MEDICAL VIEW OF HEROISM.

The World's Estimate of True Valor, It is Claimed, is Superficial and Silly, as That Which It Stamps With Approval is Lack of Sensibility.

"What is true courage?" asks the American Journal of Clinical Medicine, and answers that the world's estimate of courage is superficial and silly.

"Highest in the world's scale of heroism," it says, "is the cool, careless audacity that marches up to the mouth of the cannon with a flower in its cap and a frivolous song on its lips, as serene as on parade. Such bravery is really the very lowest in the scale, if indeed it be in the scale at all, except in the sense that zero is a part of the scale. It is not courage at all, but sheer lack of sensibility, either from ignorance or from carelessness. It is in quality the same mental attitude in which the ignorant, impassive mine worker walks around in the fire damps, and when they explode he, too, becomes a popular hero.

"Next highest in the world's gauge—next lowest in the true scale—is the courage that dares a quick danger in a sudden emergency. In itself this is hardly a more genuine brand of courage than the first, except that it involves a more or less unselfish disciplining of the man previous to the demand that is made on him. Even so, it is more a matter of habit than of quality. The fact that there is no time to count the cost robs it of any deliberate merit. Many a man, in fact, is surprised into a heroism which is really no part of him. Certainly it is no high grade of courage. Rather, let us say, it is a negative sort of quality, to which if a man does not respond on demand we conclude there is some positive quality of poltroonery about him.

"Still lower in the world's estimation—still higher in actual worth—is the courage which calmly and deliberately holds its course of duty in the face of almost certain calamity and misfortune, the quiet resolution to meet one's fate in the face of foregone disaster and disappointment, the steadfast setting of one's face to go to Jerusalem. Of all forms of heroism none will so surely win the love and confidence of human hearts, which is worth a hundred times the admiration of human minds, than this.

"Higher yet in the true scale—lower yet in the popular gauge—is the courage that sustains itself, as it were, upon nothing but its own unconquerable stamina. The man who, though his fights be all defeats, still fights, who, though he has been a failure in the past and knows himself (as many a keenly sensitive man knows himself) to be a failure and is doomed to be a failure for the rest of his life, rises patiently and indomitably every morning to face the inevitable defeat of the day with equanimity and sweetness—there is a courage, my masters, of which the kings and victors of the earth are not capable.

"But there is a yet higher quality of courage, the highest of all in the true scale, but so little esteemed in the popular mind that it will hardly be accorded a place in the scale at all unless, as I said in respect of the first type, to be zero is to be a part of the gauge. It is the courage of cowardice, the bravery of the man who is afraid, but who in mortal funk and abject fear, with throbbing heart and sweating brow, forces himself to do the thing from which he shrinks. This, which the world sneers at as cowardice, is the highest courage of all. In fact, it is the only true courage, for it sets all the agonized effort of a man's soul against all the fears and terrors that the powers of darkness can bring upon him."

**First Indian West Pointer.**  
The first Indian to receive an appointment to West Point was David Moniac, a Creek. He was born in Alabama and was a cadet of the Military Academy from Sept. 18, 1817, until July 1, 1822, when he was graduated and appointed a brevet second lieutenant in the Sixth infantry. On the expiration of his graduation leave on Dec. 31, 1822, he resigned from the army to become a cotton planter in his native state. During the war in Florida in 1835 against the Seminoles, Moniac became captain in a regiment of mounted Creek volunteers and became a major in that regiment Nov. 15, 1836. He was killed six days later in the battle of Wahoo swamp.—New York Sun.

**A Rival to the "Marseillaise."**  
Writing in Musical Opinion, Gerald Cumberland says: "The records of history contain but few examples of great works of musical art created during a time of war. The 'Marseillaise' is one such example, and Sir Edward Elgar's 'Chantons, Belges, Chantons,' is another. Greatly as I admire the former, undying melody, I do not believe it is in any respect greater than the latter."

**Real Chivalry.**  
"I want you," said the fair society leader, "to give me a plain opinion about my picture."  
"Madame," said the gallant cavalier, bowing, "to speak in plain terms, of that portrait would be impossible."—Baltimore American.

Always take the short cut, and that is the national one. Therefore say and do everything according to the soundest reason.—Marcus Aurelius.

# CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

An Unexpected Meeting With a Long Lost Set of Dishes.

In the American Magazine the story of a curious coincidence is told in a letter written by Elsie B. Hart of San Gabriel, Cal.

"In the early days in California very little china was used that did not come from the orient. A man whose home was in Folsom, who preferred the china of Europe, took advantage of a visit to England to order a complete dinner set ornamented with a design of his own selection. In the course of time this was packed and shipped to San Francisco by sailing vessel round the Horn, but after long delay the vessel was given up as lost and was never afterward heard from.

"Years afterward the Californian while traveling in China was invited to dine at the home of a missionary. What was his astonishment to find the table set with his own dishes, purchased so long ago! Conceiving his surprise, he commented on the beauty of the china, and this called for an explanation from his hostess. She told him the china had an interesting history, as it had been washed up on the nearby shore, and they had bought it from the man who had recovered it from the ocean.

"Surprising as it may seem, he never told his host that he was eating off his own dishes!"

# THE UNIVERSE.

Our Own Stellar System and What May Be Beyond It.

In one of the latest conceptions of astronomers the stellar universe has a diameter of 10,000 to 15,000 light years, with a thickness of 2,000 to 3,000, and our sun has a place a little removed from the center. It embraces 30,000,000 to 50,000,000 stars within the range of telescopic visibility, with dark and invisible bodies whose number cannot be counted.

So far as can be determined the stars are surprisingly uniform in mass, the range of variation being not more than fiftyfold, but in density the range is from more than twice that of the sun to only one-millionth and its absolute luminosity or brightness from 3,000 times that of the sun to about one three-thousandth. The temperature rises from near absolute zero in the nebulae to 20,000 degrees C. in certain giant hot stars.

It is suggested that our universe may be not the only one and that the small Magellanic cloud, for instance, perhaps 30,000 light years distant, may be a relatively small universe of about 1,000 light years in diameter.

Another separate star system at similar distance is possibly, astronomers hold, the Andromeda nebula.—Newark News.

**Ants Are Six Eared.**  
In the matter of some of their sense organs the ants are more than ordinarily endowed. Strange as it may seem, each ant has at least six ears. Aside from the at least six pairs, they are located in just about the queerest place imaginable—on the legs. They seem deaf to all sounds made by the vibration of the air, but detect the slightest possible vibrations of solid material. This is supposed to be to their advantage in that such things as approaching footsteps tell more of the possibility of danger than such sounds as are transmitted through the air. So sensitive are their feet that they detect the impact of a small bird shot dropped on the table from a height of about six inches and about fourteen feet distant from an artificial nest placed at the other end of the table.—St. Nicholas.

**She Needed Them.**  
"I wish, John," she said regretfully, "I had had sense enough not to destroy all the letters you wrote me during the year and a half of your courtship."

He smiled in a gratified way. "I knew you would regret that some time," he said.

"Indeed I do," she replied. "I need a little change the worst sort of way, and the man who buys rags and old paper was here today. How wonderful we are in our youth!"

He looked at her reproachfully, and almost involuntarily his hand sought his pocketbook. It is seldom, indeed, that a resourceful woman has to make a direct request for money.—Chicago Post.

**Cheerful Inducements.**  
The following advertisement once appeared in the London Post: "A rock built, craggy castle, buffeted by the Atlantic surge, at one of the most romantic and dreaded points of our iron-bound coast, in full view of the Death stone; shipwrecks frequent, corpses common; three reception and seven bedrooms; every modern convenience; 10 guinea a week. Address," etc.

**Nice Business.**  
"I think I'll go into the real estate business."  
"Looks good to you, eh?"  
"Yes; the real estate business seems to be one in which two men can swap property and both make money."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Natural Sequence.**  
"The prisoner was sunk in dejection."  
"What sank him?"  
"The fact they couldn't bail him out."—Baltimore American.

**Not an Ornament.**  
"Can you give me any ideas about making my yard more beautiful?"  
"Yes. Remain in the house."—Houston Post.

# LOST CITY OF PETRA.

May Have Been the Resting Place of the Children of Israel.

Petra, lost city and called by the few white travelers who have seen it one of the wonders of the world, lies in the Arabian wilderness, a shadow of its once princely self.

Almost forgotten, it is believed by historians and archaeologists to have been the place where the children of Israel lingered for twenty years when they were on their way from Egypt to the promised land. Although it is believed to have contained at one time a population of 500,000, it is now one of the interesting places of which explorers know comparatively little. It has no modern history, and, strange as it may seem, it lay absolutely forgotten as far as Europe was concerned for fourteen centuries.

In the centuries long passed Petra was an important trading station for the caravans that moved between Persia and Egypt, and India and the holy land and Syria. It is built in a colossal bowl of pink, and its palaces, temples and tombs are carved out of solid rock. Certainly some of its carvings are 4,000 years old. Its walls preserve the history of architecture, for its structures date from the days of cave men to the magnificent buildings of Greece and Rome.

Today Petra has about thirty inhabitants. They keep a few goats, go beyond their city into the desert to trade with passing caravans and, altogether, lead a miserable life. They have made trouble for many travelers who attempted to visit them, for a legend survives that a Pharaoh of Egypt hid his country's treasures in the Kazneh, the beautiful building which is today known as Pharaoh's treasure house.

For many years they tried to keep white travelers from entering the city, because when the treasure was found they said it belonged to them. But today they welcome visitors. Nominally the city of Petra is a personal possession of the sultan of Turkey, and it is theoretically against the law to remove anything without his permission. But there is nobody to stand watch and guard the historic treasures. Every traveler helps himself, and the natives assist him in his search, hoping to derive a few cents for their labor.—Argonaut.

# THE NEGRO AND THE BANJO.

There Was No Affinity Between Them in Old Plantation Days.

To represent the negro in his comic aspects and in his sentimental moods was what the minstrel pretended to do, but the pretense was often only a hollow mockery. Even the musical instruments they affected, the banjo and the bones, were not as characteristic of the field hand or even of the town dandy as the violin.

Indeed, the bones cannot be considered as in any way special to the negro; they were familiar to Shakespeare's Bottom, who declares: "I have a reasonable good ear in music; let us have the tongs and the bones." And the wise recorder of the words and deeds of Uncle Remus declared that he had never listened to the staccato picking of a banjo in the negro quarters of any plantation.

"I have seen the negro at work," so Joel Chandler Harris once asserted, "and I have seen him at play; I have attended his corn shuckings, his dances and his frolics; I have heard him give the wonderful melody of his songs to the winds; I have heard him give bar-baric airs to the quills (that is to say, to the Pan's pipes); I have heard him scrape jubilantly on the fiddle; I have seen him blow wildly on the bugle and beat enthusiastically on the triangle, but I have never heard him play on the banjo."—Brander Matthews in Scribner's Magazine.

**When Turtles Were Big.**  
Of the turtles it may be said that they represent the most ancient type of all vertebrates, resembling closely as they do the reptiles of their kind which existed so far back as the mesozoic era. There were sea turtles during that epoch which measured twenty feet in spread of flippers, while some terrestrial turtles were not less big in body, measuring twelve feet from head to tail.

**One View of Love.**  
"Do you think there is anything remarkable in love at first sight?" asked the romantic youth.  
"Not at all," answered the cynic. "It's when people have been looking at each other for four or five years that it becomes remarkable."—Pearson's Weekly.

**Sense Principle.**  
"These south sea islands are a queer lot. They have many things which are taboo, mustn't be touched."  
"I see nothing strange about that. It is the same principle on which we carefully plant a lot of grass for people to keep off of."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Odd Tomb Inscription.**  
There is at the entrance of the Church of San Salvador, in the city of Oviedo, Spain, a most remarkable tomb, erected by a prince named Bilo, with a curious Latin inscription which may be read 270 ways by beginning with the capital "B" in the center.—London Express.

**The Contradictory Truth.**  
"Why don't you put your flying machine on the market, Jones?"  
"I can't start the thing on air, you know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Knowledge is Power, but it won't take the place of gasoline.**—Kansas City Journal.

# HIGH VELOCITY STARS.

Their Fearful Rate of Speed in Space is Somewhat Puzzling.

The average velocity of stars ranges from about six kilometers, or between three and four miles, per second for "young" stars to about thirty kilometers per second for "old" ones. But notable exceptions occur. At Mount Wilson solar observatory of the Carnegie Institution some stars have been found to move with velocities of 141, 150, 170, 223, 516 and even 525 kilometers per second, the highest speed yet known.

These high velocity stars are sometimes described as runaways because they seem to be quite beyond the control of the gravitational power of the universe. At their speed the attraction of the entire known stellar system would be wholly insufficient to check the star's career through space.

The astronomer, Simon Newcomb, once calculated that the maximum velocity attained by a body starting with velocity zero at an infinite distance and passing through a stellar system containing 100,000,000 stars each five times as massive as our sun and distributed throughout a disklike spheroid of certain extent cannot exceed 40 kilometers per second. Yet the star "Groombridge 1890" has a speed nearly nine times this value, and the massive star Arcturus has a speed probably four times this value.

If existing velocities owe their magnitudes to the gravitation of the system the quantity of attracting matter in the whole stellar system would have to be at least eighty times that assumed by the calculations of Professor Newcomb.—Baltimore American.

# HE ASKED FOR DONALD.

And Much to His Surprise He Got the Answer He Sought.

Dr. Norman Macleod, the famous Scottish divine, before visiting India, called on an old highland woman in Glasgow, says a writer in the Scottish American. "When you gang the India," he said, "ye'll be seen' ma Donald" that went awa the India ten years ago an' never sent the scrape of a pen tae his mither since."

"But, Katie," said the doctor, "India is a very big place, and how can I expect to find him?"

"Oh, but ye'll just be askin' for Donald," what for no?"

So, to please the old woman, he promised to ask for Donald, and he conscientiously kept his word. At various ports he made inquiry among British ships, although it seemed very much like looking for a needle in a bale of hay. But it is the unexpected that happens. As Dr. Macleod's steamer went up the Hugi river an outward bound vessel passed close by. A sailor was leaning over her bulwark, and, moved by a sudden impulse, the doctor shouted out:

"Are you Donald Macleod?"

To his intense surprise the man answered, "Yes."

Dr. Macleod had only time to shout, "You're to write to your mother!" as the vessels drew apart. The result of his amazing meeting was that the old lady received a penitent letter from her long neglected son.

**Not Quite.**

"Young man," inquired her father sternly, "will you give her a home like the one she has been used to?"

"No," replied the truthful suitor, "for there will be no grumpy father to come home and make every one miserable by his kicking over trifles and swearing at matters in general. There will be no mother to scold her from morning to night for wasting time merely because she wants to be neat. There will be no big brother to abuse her for not doing half of his work and no little brother to make enough noise to drive her crazy when her head aches. There won't be any younger sister to insist on reading some trashy novel while she does all the work. She will not have with me a home like she has been used to, not if I can help it."—Boston Journal.

**A Monstrous Tide.**

The bay of Fundy forms a cul-de-sac at which the Atlantic ocean seems to have taken a special spite and at regular intervals pours into it an enormous amount of water. Take the harbor of St. John as an illustration of what this mighty tide must be. In most parts of the world a tide of ten feet is considered something abnormal, but at St. John it rises twenty to twenty-four feet in good weather. In stormy weather the monotony is varied by the high water mark being pushed up even ten or fifteen feet higher.

**Drawing the Line.**

Mrs. de Fashion—My dear, I have picked out a husband for you. Miss de Fashion—Very well, but I want to say right now, mother, that when it comes to buying the wedding dress I am going to select the materials myself, so there!—New York Weekly.

**There Are Lots of Them.**  
Eokus—Old Gotrox is devoted to music. There is a clause in his will leaving \$25,000 to establish a home for poor singers. Pokus—How inadequate! Twenty-five millions wouldn't begin to house all the poor singers.—Life.

**Good Reason.**

"So you have written a book on cemented basements. But why did you choose such a subject?"  
"Because I wanted it to be among the best sellers."—Baltimore American.

**Always take the short cut, and that is the national one.**—Therefore say and do everything according to the soundest reason.—Marcus Aurelius.

# Combination Offer

If you want a daily paper by mail we have something to offer that ought to appeal to you. Here it is:  
Daily Journal one year - \$5.00  
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# Registration of Land Title.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Yamhill County.  
John C. Lemson and Josephine C. Lemson, Plaintiffs and Appellants.

Samuel Hobson and Mary A. Hobson, his wife, Jesse Hobson and Mary Hobson, his wife, Anna Blair and A. T. Blair, her husband, Arthur Thibodo, Napoleon Thibodo, Aida Shelton, and John H. Shelton, her husband, Lesta Walton, Waldo H. Reece, and Inez Reece, his wife, Arthur Austin, Grace Howell, John R. Kelso, and Anna E. Kelso, his wife, and All Whom It May Concern, Defendants.

In the Matter of the Application of John C. Lemson and Josephine C. Lemson, the above named Applicants, to register the title to the following described tract of land, to-wit:

Sixteen acres, lying and being in Yamhill County, State of Oregon, and being a part of the Oliver J. Walker Donation Land Claim, Notification No. 1706, Claim No. 53, and school land adjoining said claim on the North, all being in township 3 South Range 2 West of the Willamette Meridian, in said Yamhill County, State of Oregon, and the part of said claim and of school lands herein to be registered by particular description as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point 36 rods East of the North West corner of section seventeen (17), said township and range; thence running south eighty-four rods to a point in the center of county road sixty-six (66) rods North of the South line of said Donation Land Claim; thence East along the center of county road sixty-eight (68) rods thence North eighty-four (84) rods to the North line of said section 17; thence West sixty-eight (68) rods to the place of beginning, containing 35 acres, more or less.

To Samuel Hobson, Mary A. Hobson, his wife, Jesse Hobson and Mary Hobson, his wife, Anna Blair and A. T. Blair, her husband, Arthur Thibodo, Napoleon Thibodo, Aida Shelton and John H. Shelton, her husband, Lesta Walton, Waldo H. Reece and Inez Reece, his wife, Arthur Austin, Grace Howell, John R. Kelso, and Anna E. Kelso, his wife, and All to Whom It May Concern, the above named Defendants.

# TAKE NOTICE:

That on the 7th day of July, A. D. 1915, an application was filed by John C. Lemson and Josephine C. Lemson, in the Circuit Court of Yamhill County, State of Oregon, for final registration of the title of the land above described. Now, unless you appear on or before the first day of September, A. D. 1915, in the above named court in the above-entitled cause, and show cause why such application shall not be granted, the same will be taken as confessed, and a decree will be entered according to the prayer of said Application, and you will be forever barred from disputing the same.

In testimony whereof, the undersigned, as clerk of said Circuit Court, has subscribed his name hereto and affixed the seal of said court hereto, this 7th day of July, A. D. 1915.

C. B. Wilson, Clerk of said Circuit Court. Clarence Butt and Ramsey, Lange & Nott, Attorneys For Said Plaintiffs and Appellants.

First issue July 15, 1915  
Last " Aug. 26, " "

# In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Yamhill County.

William A. Weidner, Plaintiff vs. Margaret Weidner, Defendant. To Margaret Weidner, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and suit, on or before Thursday, September 2, 1915, and if you fail so to appear or answer said complaint, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the above entitled court for the relief prayed for in his complaint now on file in the above entitled suit, and which relief hereby is for a decree of divorce upon the ground of willful desertion on the part of the defendant continuing for the period of more than one year prior to the commencement of this suit, and that the marriage relation between the plaintiff and the defendant be forever dissolved.

This summons is served upon you by publication in the Newberg Graphic for six consecutive weeks by order of the Honorable J. B. Dodson, County Judge of Yamhill County, Oregon, upon an order dated July 20, 1915.

The first publication of this summons is July 22, 1915. B. A. Kiles, Attorney for Plaintiff.

First issue July 22, 1915.  
Last " Sept. 2, 1915.

Portland Daily Journal and Graphic, one year, \$5.