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LOST IN A GLACIER.

Fate of a Prospector Who Slipped Into a Crevasse in Alaska.

"In the winter of 1898-9," said Robert C. Losey, "I was one of a party of prospectors in Alaska. We were crossing the Kampt mountains, in central Alaska, on the way to Quail creek, from which locality had come reports of a great gold find. A member of another party near us, in going over the mountains, had broken through a crust of sand and gone down into the crevasse of a glacier.

"He had gone down a distance of thirty-eight or forty feet, where he had lodged. We could not see him, but we heard him and we talked with him. We tried to reach him with a rope and finally tied a pick to the end of the rope, hoping to bring him out. He asked us to quit pulling on the rope; that we were making his position worse. He finally pleaded with us, his voice growing fainter and fainter, to go away and leave him.

"He evidently was freezing, not, as we have heard, a painful death, and he did not want to be bothered. He gave us his name; said he was fifty-four years old and told us to notify his folks at some town in Missouri. We stayed there until we could hear his voice no longer.

"He certainly made a record of being the coolest man, and then he froze to death."—Indianapolis News.

A Garrick Incident.

David Garrick, when speaking was concerned, was the pride of London. Members of parliament envied him his powers. Burke envied him. There is that instance in parliament when, during a heated debate, a member moved that the gallery be cleared. This was ordered to be done, and the strangers withdrew, all save Garrick. Still the member objected. They up spoke Burke. Would it be fair to exclude from their debate the master of eloquence, the genius who taught them the art of speaking? he demanded. For himself he was proud to acknowledge his indebtedness to Garrick. Fox followed in the same strain, and Townshend. The house then voted that the "stranger should remain." And Garrick did not budge.—St. James' Gazette.

Soho Square, London. Soho is perhaps the most curiously

derived place name in London. According to Samuel Pegge, the antiquary, Soho square, which has given a name to the district, was first called Mognmouth square when the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth had a house there. Upon the duke's defeat and execution in 1685 the square was ordered to be called King's square, and a statue of King Charles II. was set up in the middle of it. But the partisans of the Duke of Monmouth, wishing to preserve a distant remembrance of their leader, called it Soho square, from "Soho" a hunting cry adopted by the duke as his watchword at the battle where he was taken prisoner.—London Saturday Review.

A Sunday school teacher had been telling her class of little boys about crowns of glory and heavenly rewards for good people.

"Now, tell me," she said at the close of the lesson, "who will get the biggest crown?"

There was a silence for a minute or two, then a bright little chap piped out:

"I'm wot's got 't' biggest 'ead."—London Tit-Bits.

Futility of Argument.

Plato defined man as "a two legged animal without feathers." Diogenes, who heard this, plucked a cock. "This is Plato's man," said he. But never you think the old fellow lacked a "come-back." He added to his original definition the words, "With broad flat feet." Such is the futility of argument.—Springfield Republican.

The One Advantage.

"Traded your motor boat for an aeroplane, eh? What's the idea?" "Well, there's this about an aeroplane—even if the engine does break down, you're bound to land somewhere."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Passionate people always deny their anger, and cowards often boast their ignorance of fear.

A Shade of Doubt.

"What do you think of my graduation essay?" asked the young man. "Fine!" replied his father. "Only I'm afraid a lot of people are going to be bashful about offering plain wages to a man whose intellect is so much above the average."—Washington Star.

THE NARROW BOSPORUS.

At Its Greatest Width It Measures Only 9,338 Feet.

The Bosphorus contains few dangerous submarine rocks or shoals. The locality of these few is indicated by lighthouses or buoys. The water is only slightly tinged with salt and is marvelously clear. The sands, glittering apparently near the surface, may be twenty feet below.

On a map, of whatever scale, each of those familiar straits, which cleave lands and continents asunder, seems hardly more than a silvery thread. Yet as one sails over their famous waters the opposing shores on either hand sometimes appear far away. The strait of Gibraltar, which wrests Africa from Europe, is sixteen miles wide; that of Messina, forcing its way between Italy and Sicily, is from two to twelve; that of Bonifacio, which, like a blade of steel, cuts Corsica and Sardinia apart, is seven miles in width at its most contracted point; even the Dardanelles expands from over one to four.

But the illusion as to distance created by the map is reality as to the Bosphorus. Off Buyukdereh, where it attains its largest breadth, its hemmed-in waters broaden to only 9,338 feet, or about one and four-fifths miles. Between Roumelli Hisar and Anadolu Hisar they shrink to one-sixth of these dimensions, or to 1,541 feet. From "Constantinople," by Edwin A. Grosvenor.

THE MUDDY MISSOURI.

How the River Lowers the Surface of the Land It Drains.

The Missouri is the muddiest river in the Mississippi valley. It carries more silt than any other large river in the United States except possibly the Rio Grande and the Colorado. For every square mile of country drained it carries downstream 331 tons of dissolved and suspended matter each year. In other words, the river gathers annually from the country that it drains more than 125,000,000 tons of silt and soluble matter, some of which it distributes over the flood plains below to form productive agricultural lands, but most of which finds its way at last to the gulf of Mexico.

It is by means of data of this kind that geologists compute the rate at which the lands are being eroded away. It has been shown that the Missouri river is lowering the surface of the land drained by it at the rate of 1 foot in 8,036 years. The surface of the United States as a whole is now being worn down at the rate of 1 foot in 9,120 years.

It has been estimated that if this erosive action of the streams of the United States could have been concentrated on the isthmus of Panama it would have dug in seventy-three days the canal which was completed after ten years' work with the most powerful appliances yet devised by man.—Geological Survey Bulletin.

Quarantined.

In one of the little mountain towns of the south a Chautauqua meeting was held last summer for the first time. The fact was advertised for some distance round the town, but the older negroes especially did not understand what it was all about.

Across the front of the little hotel of the village was hung a banner bearing the one word "Chautauqua."

Up to this hotel one day drove an old negro in a one horse wagon containing a few vegetables, which he hoped to sell to the proprietor, as he had done on former occasions. But when he saw the banner with its ominous word he was seized with fright and would not go into the building or even get out of his wagon. When the proprietor appeared the old fellow inquired nervously, "What disease is you all quarantined for, boss?"—Youth's Companion.

Tossing in a Blanket.

Tossing in the blanket is a very old sport or punishment. "Blanketing" Ben Jonson called it, and in Hollinshed (1577) we find a denunciation of "jesting, plucking, blanketing and such other filthy and dishonorable exercises." The French have a special verb, "berner," for it, "berne" being the name given to the sheet or blanket used. The verb "berner" is also used for the Moorish punishment, in which four men hold the victim by his ankles and wrists and send him as high as they can—presumably with no blanket to catch him.

Now He Has Millions.

"See that fellow in the limousine?" said one man to another at Washington and Illinois streets as a big car passed. "Well, I can remember when he didn't have but one pair of socks; now he has millions." "Gee, he must have some washings," replied the friend whose mind does not run to finances.—Indianapolis News.

By Comparison.

"Dubkins is a great comfort to me." "I don't see how you can say that. He's the most tiresome chump I have ever met." "That's just it. Although I don't amount to much, it's true, every time I look at Dubkins I feel that I could amount to less."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

His Favorite Play.

Edith—That Mr. Phan is conversationally impossible. Ethel—Why so? Edith—We were talking about the theatre, and when I inquired what was his favorite play he said if he had any favorite it was seeing a man steal second.—Boston Transcript.

FAIR ISLAND.

Scene of a Romance and a Tragedy of the Spanish Armada.

Fair island, twenty-five miles south of all the other Shetlands, has had a strange enough pageantry passing over its rocky surface. For not only was it the home of the Picts, and then of the Norse, and for the Norse the signal beacon to give warning of the coming of the hostile sail. Besides that, it supplied a chapter in the romance of the Spanish armada.

For here was wrecked the ship of Don Gomez de Medina, and that noble and his men were for a time most generously entertained by the islanders. But time passed, the Spaniards stayed, the meal and the mutton diminished. Then the islanders, wrapped in by the wild storms, unable to get to any other island and fearful of famine, hid their food. The forced guests grew weak, many died of starvation, and some, it is said, were pushed over the tall cliffs into the sea.

At last one Andrew Umphrey took the Spaniards away in a ship, and since that day the name of Umphrey has been powerful in the Shetlands.

The Fair island people show plain traces of Spanish blood, but they resent the suspicion of it, saying that the Spaniards were isolated when on the island.

It is hard to conceive how isolation could well be possible on an island two miles square. Besides, the Fair island people do not deny that the strange patterns and the lichen dyeing of the stockings and caps and shawls their women knit were taught them by the Spaniards, and indeed the same sort of handicraft is found to this day in country places of Spain.

The Fair islanders were great smugglers in the old days, and they are still good bargainers. They are very intelligent, seeming to know instinctively how to read, and not so very long ago they would follow the mail steamers in their light canoe shaped boats, which none but themselves can manage, begging for newspapers and books.

One of their terrors is of infectious disease. Another is of the dog tax man, against whose coming they are said to hang and drown their dogs. Another is of emigration, for they love Fair isle. Yet emigrate they must. About forty-five years ago a hundred of them went, unable longer to coax a living from their bare rock. Their greatest joy is the occasional visits of the minister, more frequently now than in the old days, when he arrived but once in about two years to marry and christen. He preaches every day of his stay, and they prolong his visit on every possible pretext, using, when all else fails, the solemn prophecy of a storm.—Maude Radford Warren in Harper's Magazine.

Struggle and Labor.

There is pleasure in mere struggle, so it be not hopeless, and in overcoming resistance, obstacles and hardship. When to the pleasure of exertion is added the satisfaction of producing a new value and the further satisfaction of earning a livelihood through that new value we have the common pleasurable conditions of productive labor. Every workingman who is worth his salt, I care not whether he works with his hands and brains or with his brains alone, takes satisfaction—first, in the working; second, in the product of his work, and third, in what that product yields to him.—Charles W. Eliot.

True Stoicism.

It was sentence day in the city court. A man in the prisoners' pen who had been sentenced to two years for larceny began to cry softly. The big man next to him, who was going to serve seven years for bigamy, said:

"Aw, wotcher sniffin' about?" "I'm—I'm—th-th-thinkin' about leavin' [sob] my—my—family—leavin' my wife."

"Aw, cut it out! Look at me. I ain't cryin', am I? An' I'm leavin' two of 'em."—Dallas News.

Seven Ages of Man.

As disclosed by his interest taken in the average newspaper:
First age—Comic section.
Second age—Sporting section.
Third age—Situations wanted.
Fourth age—Society columns.
Fifth age—Political notes.
Sixth age—Financial news and stocks.
Seventh age—Current news section.—Life.

He Didn't Know a Good Thing. "No use," said the actor peevishly. "I simply can't take this part. If I do I have to die in the first act." "Sure you do. What are you kicking about?" asked the manager cheerfully. "You die a respectable death, don't you? If you ever had a chance to come on in the second act you'd get killed."

LIFE AND LONGEVITY.

Simply Prolonging One's Days on Earth Is Not Real Living.

What really constitutes life? Is it action, or is it merely existence? Who is the more useful, the man who gives his all in curacy to service or he who conserves his forces and thereby prolongs his days? He lives most who accomplishes most. Activity in useful, productive or constructive effort is the real test of life. Length of years may content some, but restless, energetic souls will press forward, regardless of time, striving for a goal they may never attain, but always striving, and these only really live.

Life insurance presidents, being interested in the prolongation of existence of risks, bend their efforts to the teaching of elements of living, the avoidance of excesses, exposures or unnecessary risks of any kind and in this way really serve the world because they increase the productive years of man.

As a result of modern methods man really lives longer and better, but this is not the all in all of life. To live is to be active, to have a part in the creative effort of mankind, regardless of whether the span be long or short, so long as it is busy, for "an end is an end, whether it cometh on the winged heels of a week or the dull stretch of a century."—Omaha Bee.

Mr. Wise Guy.

Mr. Wise Guy sat beside the road watching his chauffeur doctor a puncture. Presently a farmer, leading a youthful calf, passed.

"Where'd you get the calf, Ruber?" Mr. Wise Guy inquired impudently. "Set a hen on a bottle o' milk," was the reply.

And Mr. Wise Guy was mean enough to threaten to fire the chauffeur for laughing.—Indianapolis News.

Where It Would Be Eliminated.

"Well, Aunt Dinah," asked the cook's young mistress, "are you going to have the word 'obey' eliminated from the marriage ceremony?"

"No, child, I ain't," said Aunt Dinah, "but I sho' am gwinter hab it done 'limited from de matrimony."—Ladies

Why It's "Horse" Chestnut.

A generally accepted reason why the horse chestnut is so called is on account of the resemblance to a horse-shoe that is to be found when the twigs of the tree are sliced obliquely. In the south we may admire the bloom of this early flowering tree, but in the north, in certain parts of Yorkshire, mothers pay more regard to the nut, which, when grated, they hold to be an infallible cure for whooping cough.—London Chronicle.

Not War Talk.

"The right wing should be advanced considerably, but the left wing should remain in its present position, while the center ought to be pushed back just a trifle."

No, it isn't war talk. It was overheard in a milliner's shop the other day.—San Francisco Examiner.

"There is one power in nature which the greatest engineer could never utilize."

"What is that?" "The horse power of a cold."—Baltimore American.

STRUGGLES OF AN ARTIST.

Story of the Peasant Painter Millet and "The Angelus."

It was only after long years of struggle and dire poverty, through which Millet was consoled and supported by his wife, that the peasant painter was able to take the three roomed cottage at Barbizon and "try to do something really good."

It was then that he began to paint that most beautiful poem of poverty, "The Angelus," which is today one of the most valuable pictures in the world. Again and again he threw aside the picture in despair of ever finishing it to his satisfaction, and as often his wife replaced it on the easel and induced him to continue.

On one occasion he was so incensed at not being able to produce a certain effect that he seized a knife and would have destroyed the canvas and ended the matter once for all had not his wife fortunately seized his hand and induced him to give the picture another trial.

Thus it was that at last "The Angelus" found a place on the walls of the Louvre. The success it won encouraged Millet to paint many more pictures and thus place himself among the immortals in art.

A Sign of Rain.

An east side girl says she has come upon an infallible weather indicator. She can tell if it is going to rain without even glancing at the sky or casting her eyes over the weather forecasts in the daily papers. And it's the simplest thing in the world—just the disappearance of all umbrellas in sight. "Umbrellas are perfectly safe in our office up to twenty-four hours before a storm," said she, explaining. "You can leave them anywhere. Even the pearl and gold handled ones are immune from abstraction. Indeed, one can hardly chase them away. So if I want to know the weather for a day ahead I must glance at the umbrella racks. If I find them becoming empty I make a bee line for the best rain shade of those that are left and make all other necessary plans for rain."—Columbus Dispatch.

Scene Painting.

In the past half century and more, especially since the improvement of the electric light, scene painting has become very elaborate and very expensive. Instead of being kept in its proper place as the decoration of the drama, as a beautiful accessory of the action, it has often been pushed to the front, so as to attract attention to itself and thereby to distract attention from the play which it was supposed to illuminate. Shakespeare has been smothered in scenery, and the art of the actor has been subordinated to the art of the scene painter. Brander Matthews in Scribner's Magazine.

Phonetic Spelling.

Phonetic spelling was evidently in fashion in the sixteenth century, when even Shakespeare could not spell his own name consistently. There is a letter dug from the correspondence of a lady of the sixteenth century in the book of the "Cotsword Family"—the Hicks-Beaches. Juliana writes—it is a matter of debt between the cautious widow and "My lord a Kaidler"—"My lord Ammaril and your wife I honour and love, but your false swearing and promise I boterle n pore." What she really meant was "utterly abhor."

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