

THE HORRORS OF WAR

We turn back the leaves of life's history; bloody is every page, the deep crimson tide of human life forming rivers of blood thousands of years in length and wide as the world. A scarlet stain upon the map of time.

We see great ships of war, manned by naval pirates, and armed with mighty instruments of destruction plowing the waves of the rolling deep, belching forth fire, brimstone and steel hail in angry contention for the mastery of the ocean, and at every throb of those powerful engines the world weeps tears of blood, as the decks are drenched with human gore.

We see trenches filled with the maimed, the dead and the dying. We see the last struggle, the gasping for breath, the horror of countenance as the king of terrors waves his wand above their heads.

We see the submarine as a cowardly assassin arise from the depths of the ocean to wreak vengeance on those that float upon the wave. And yet unsatisfied, they have invaded the air, to drop their bombs on the innocent and unsuspecting.

Again we see tens of thousands of horsemen marshaled upon the plain in battle array.

We hear the shouts of officers as they give their commands. We see the men draw from their scabbards their flashing blades. We see the fearful charge. We hear the deadly thud, and the clash of steel on steel. Like a tornado they are swept from the field.

We see horses, men and weapons left in one promiscuous heap upon the field of slaughter. We hear the cries of agony. The pitiful call for water and the sighs and moans of the maimed and dying. Then why not touch the heart—unless it be a heart of stone—and stay the hand, ere it takes part in such tragic scenes?

Once more we see the serried ranks march forth to strains of martial music, company, regi-

ment and brigade; banners waving, bands playing and friends cheering; sweethearts silent, mothers in anguish and sisters weeping. Our loved ones we bid a last good bye.

Again we see the contending armies meet upon the plain in deadly conflict; we hear the shouts of officers and the cannons deafening roar; we see the charge and recoil; we hear the screech of shells, and the dull thud of leaden hail as it tells the last sad tale of life's journey done. Tens of thousands fall at Armageddon. We see them swept from the field, their bayonets dim with blood from their brothers' breasts. Before that army the earth was as the garden of Eden, in its rear a desolate waste. Homes in ruin and fertile fields a mine.

Only a few short hours have passed away on that hot summer day since the battle passed away, yet the dogs of war, and vultures are gathering to feast upon the slain, and after the vultures, the pestilence to complete the havoc.

The toiling millions who are the life of the nations, place their lives as pawns on the chess board of greed and ambition. In war they do the fighting, and when peace is restored they return to their desolate homes to repair the havoc their hands have done. They furnish the sinews of war, sacrifice their lives and pay the cost. They murder each other at the behests of those they consider their superiors, and their mandates they dare not disobey. They salute, in silence, those, their aristocratic masters, and pawn their lives for a bauble, the warriors crown, and their wreath of fame, their brothers' blood.

B. A. Snider.

BOYS' ESSAY ON WAR

A short time ago C. W. Bradshaw offered a prize of a pig to the person not exceeding 20 years of age who would write the best essay, showing the evils of war and preparation for war. The only one who furnished a paper

was Joseph Heston. It is given below.

War costs millions of dollars for every year.

One war vessel costs from \$10,000,000 to \$18,000,000 which brings a high tax on the people. The money that it cost for the last warship, \$18,000,000, would run the school of Newberg for seven hundred twenty years. That would educate a large number of children.

War costs millions in human life—the people on the Luistana for instance.

In the European countries there are hardly any men left to support a family of children. The women have to work the farms and feed the soldiers. All the men that are left are old and crippled.

In England even the women leave their homes to go and fight and leave the children with some of the old ones who do not care for and protect them.

Belgium was a neutral country and the Germans went through and destroyed all the crops and took the food for the soldiers.

Each country sees how much property and human lives they can destroy, which can never be paid for.

There is great suffering at the front. The soldiers have to be out in all weather and are in foreign places where the climate is unhealthy.

The soldiers spread a gas through the air that smothers the enemy.

Many young men go to the war from home and family never to return. Many men are fighting their own relations who reside in another country.

When a large ship goes out on the ocean she doesn't know whether a submarine or mine may sink her and destroy all the lives aboard.

Many men are made cripples for life by having an arm or leg shot off or by being made deaf by the roar of cannon.

When a nation builds a large ship and sends it to sea, it may be sunk in just a few minutes and all that money be lost forever and the people will have to put up money for a ship to take its place.

When a nation prepares for war like Germany did they always get it.

The Bible says "Thou shalt not kill," but when the kings and emperors send out an army they want them to kill the enemy.

War is a cruelty for when a man is taken prisoner he is subject to foul water to use, as in Andersonville prison.

When a wounded person is taken prisoner, he seldom gets medical care and in many cases dies of hunger. A sentinel in Andersonville would shoot a man as soon as look at him.

I am opposed to war on these accounts.

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MYSTERY OF STEEL

Our Modern Civilization is Based on a Freak of Nature.

If it were not for one tiny, erratic break in nature's orderly progression we should never have had the machinery that has brought about modern civilization. For we should not have had steel. It is true we should have had iron, but pure iron is almost useless. It is only when a small quantity of carbon is added to it that it becomes hard enough to take a cutting edge. Then it is called steel.

Why steel hardens is an unsolved problem. The Scientific American reproduces some extracts from an address before the British Institute of Mechanical Engineers, delivered by Professor Arnold, who has for many years been investigating the chemical and mechanical relations between iron, carbon and other metals, and Sir Robert Hadfield's experiments that called attention to this "break" in the order of nature which alone makes steel possible.

Nickel and cobalt are so closely related to iron in their properties and in their position in the periodic classification—atomic weights, specific gravity, fusing point and valence being almost the same—that it might be expected they would behave identically when united with carbon. Not so, however. Sir Robert Hadfield found that when the "steel" made of nickel and cobalt was heated or hammered the carbon came out of the composition and was precipitated as graphite. If iron behaved this way too steel would turn to cast iron as soon as heated. And it is on the fact that it does not—a seemingly quite erratic departure on nature's part from her orderly plan—that modern manufacture is founded.

LOFTY ACOMA

Strange Indian Village Perched High Up in the Air.

Perched on the top of a great rock in the neighborhood of 300 feet high stands Acoma, in New Mexico, in some respects the strangest village in this country. Acoma is an Indian settlement of some 600 people and means "the people of the rock." Though the founding of the village is lost in the mist of antiquity, it is supposed the Acoma Indians chose this site as a measure of safety against the warlike Apaches and Navajos of their day. Their selection was made with admirable judgment, for the walls of the rock are almost perpendicular.

The earliest Spanish explorers found the tribe settled securely in their natural fortress. Acoma has remained delightfully untouched by the influences of Spanish and American civilization. These Indians are quite well to do in sheep and cattle, which are pastured on the grazing lands of the valley, where summer villages are located and where the minimum of effort is required to care for the flocks and herds. Although less than twenty miles from a railroad, the village is comparatively unknown.

The natives do not care for curious visitors. They do not wish to be stared at and photographed. Nevertheless, the irrepressible tourist with his camera occasionally scales the steep cliffs that baffled the Navajo. Nowadays it is no longer practicable to suppress him with a tomahawk, so the Acoma are philosophically making the best of a bad job by collecting \$2 a day for a camera license. The gray adobe village peers from its eyrie over miles of gray plain dancing in the glare of a burning sun, broken only by the sheer outlines of buttes and mesas.—Argonaut.

The Cherokee Tribute Stone.

There are, of course, stairs running up the inside of the Washington monument, but few people walk up the stairs. Of course there are stones set in the wall by different states that are well worth the climb, but at sunset time the majority of folk think that it is better to ride. There is so much to see in our capital and feet are only feet. As the elevator crawls up one sees the New York stone, the Ohio stone, the Kansas stone and many others. One sees a blurred stone labeled "The Cherokee Nation." Somehow that stone depresses a few people, for the white man has done little for his Indian brother in return for his land, his game, his dying race—his memorial stone.—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in Christian Herald.

Races of Mankind.

Authorities differ greatly in the classification of the races of mankind. Cuvier makes three races: Pritchard, seven; Agassiz, eight; and Pickering, eleven. But the classification most commonly accepted is that into five races, as made by Blumenbach, as follows: The Caucasian, European or white race; the Mongolian, Asiatic or yellow race; the Ethiopian, African or black race; the American Indian or red race; the Malay or brown race.

The "Earl Strad."

The most valuable remaining product of Stradivarius, the famous seventeenth century violin maker, is part of the Havemeyer collection of New York and is known as the "Earl Strad." because the master dedicated it to the earl of Northumberland in return for financial favors.

Having.

"John, the cook has been drinking again."

"Is she very drunk?"

"Oh, very. She says she'll never leave us."—Washington Star.

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LIFE OF A PEARL

A Good Jewel Never Gets Sick Nor Dull, Says an Expert.

In his book, "The Magic of Jewels and Charms," George F. Kunz, the jewel expert, explodes the sick pearl fallacy. He says:

"For years a statement has been going through the press that pearls are liable to become diseased and die and that the famous necklace of pearls presented by President Thiers of France to his wife and bequeathed by Mme. Thiers to the French government had lost their luster and died, perhaps owing to the death of the owner. For there is an old belief that pearls, as well as opals and turquoises, lose some of their luster when the owner or wearer becomes ill and change to a dull and lifeless hue when the owner dies.

"An examination of the necklace by the writer showed that the pearls were in good condition, and to confirm his statement to this effect he had the director of the Louvre museum write him a letter. In this official communication the director not only states that the pearls had not sickened and died, but that they were in as 'healthy' a condition as they had ever been.

"The invariable experience of the writer has been that whenever pearls have been said to have suffered in this way the true explanation has been that they were old and poor at the time of their purchase and that this romance was started on its travels as an excuse to cover up the defect of such pearls and to arouse the belief that they had been remarkably beautiful and valuable when they were originally acquired."

The Carl Before the Horse.
Mr. Harbord had a jewel of a servant called Johanna. One day he found his bedroom a foot deep in old and muddy tea leaves. Johanna explained, "The missus said I made such a dust when I swept the floor and that I must put tea leaves all over the carpet, so I emptied the old barrel standing by the kitchen door, and I put them on the floor like missus said, master, after I had swept the carpet."—London Telegraph.

Perfectly Tame.

To say of a man that he will make a good husband is much the same sort of compliment as to say of a horse that he is perfectly safe for a woman to drive.—Pack.



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