

WEST CHELSEA

Mr. Lamb, who has lived in Newberg for a few months, has returned to the Dolph farm. The people of this community are glad to have him back again.

Mrs. Omar Fendall and Joe Wilson spent from Wednesday until Friday with Mrs. E. G. Fendall.

Mr. and Mrs. Chambers and sons, Joe and Reed, matored out to Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Nelson's Sunday evening.

S. M. Calkins and family were joyful Saturday afternoon upon the arrival of the mother of S. M., Mrs. Amelia Calkins, his sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nightingale, of New York. Mrs. Calkins will make her home hereafter with her son. Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale will remain for several months.

H. Anderson and family were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Shaw.

Chester Noble was unfortunate Sunday afternoon, when he received a severe sprained ankle.

The school on Ribbons Ridge will close some time during the week. Ewing Young school will finish a busy school year Thursday afternoon. The pupils will meet Friday morning at 10:30 to receive the credits. At the noon hour a picnic dinner will be served by pupils and patrons. A program will be given in the afternoon. The school across the valley, under the supervision of Miss Masie Bickford, will be dismissed the following Friday, after a successful year.

Mrs. Carroll Starr came out from Portland the first of the week to visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Anderson and sister, Mrs. Amoth.

Philip Fendall and wife, of Willamina, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Fendall from Friday until Sunday. Other Sunday guests of their's were Mrs. Omar Fendall, Eb. Sitton and son Otto, of Carlton.

Mr. and Mrs. Repp and children, from Portland, are now living in the new house which has been erected on the Elmer Dixon farm. Mr. Dixon is having a large barn built at the present time and is expending to build another house in the fall.

Favorable reports are coming from Raymond Morris, who went to Montana some weeks ago.

Oliver Worden went to The Dalles last Thursday.

Miss Carrie Nelson was a Sunday guest of Miss Mary Robinson.

Albert Root is having lumber delivered for a new barn.

Oliver Boatman, James and Walter Rogers have gone on a fishing trip to the coast.

As a side issue to raising grain and hops, N. P. Nelson has gone into the manufacturing of an attachment to be used for the guiding of harrows, cultivators and clod mashers while working in orchards and hop yards. He has already placed a few among his neighbors and expects to have more on the market soon.

REX

Commission men, from Portland and Seattle, were in Rex last week, calling on strawberry growers.

The first berries shipped from Rex was on the 17th by two Japanese from the L. S. Otis farm.

Mrs. H. P. Burnham was a Portland visitor Saturday.

Mrs. J. P. Sawyer and small daughter left here Sunday morning for Staples, Minnesota, where she will visit relatives and friends.

A. Astleford and family, of Scotts Mills, who were visiting at N. L. Wiley's, went home Tuesday morning.

Miss Erma Kane spent the week end in Newberg, taking a

hike with her class in high school to the Locks, then staying with friends Sunday.

N. L. Wiley attended the Prohibition Convention held in Portland Friday.

C. G. Lewis took a business trip to Portland Saturday.

The Rex School Improvement Club has been organized for about three years and now has \$20.30 in the treasury, has purchased for the club and school at \$131 piano, dishes \$15, material for the programs \$5.49, a lamp \$1.30 and \$5 for decorating booth at fair. Also are going to have three new chairs. The club has done well and is doing the best they know for further school improvement.

Jas. Ferguson and family, from Newberg, is living on the Otis farm near Rex.

Mr. Quittenbaum and family are living on their small tract, a piece of the old A. J. Winters place.

The program committee of the Improvement Club is planning an interesting program for Saturday, June 3, when Portland talent secured by J. W. Moore will be seen at Rex.

J. O. Gustin and wife celebrated their golden wedding, May 17. Also F. L. Gustin celebrated his 49th birthday.

Clayton Peters was at La Fayette Locks Saturday picnicking with his high school class.

The Young People's Sunday School Class held their meeting at the home of N. L. Wiley Saturday evening.

Mrs. Vera Nelson reports her eighth grade scholars all passed, although other scholars took the examinations. Those receiving diplomas were Dorothy Dean, Arthur and Margaret Cordier.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Della Dodge et al to R A Cooper interest in n $\frac{1}{2}$ of ne $\frac{1}{4}$ sec 19 t 4 s r 5 w \$150.

Almon Fletcher et al to John and Addie Parks 10 ac Francis Fletcher dlc in t 4 s r 3 w \$750.

B F Hawley to Joseph D Hess and wf lot 5 blk 7 Hurley & Large add to Newberg \$10.

Mary I Johnson Estate to Charles Gross 2 ac in Nehemiah Martin dlc in t 4 s r 4 w \$615.

E A Plummer and wf to Clara Jane Upton 100'x200' se cor tract 30 Hurley & Large add to Newberg \$3300.

Victor Russell and wf to Sarah J Russell int in 350 ac J Baker dlc and lots in sec 15, 16 in t 5 s r 5 w \$1803.

United States to Daniel Chaplin and wf w $\frac{1}{2}$ of se $\frac{1}{4}$ and e $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{4}$ of sec 33 and w $\frac{1}{2}$ of ne $\frac{1}{4}$ and e $\frac{1}{2}$ of nw $\frac{1}{4}$ of sec 26 t 3 s r 2 w Pat.

Aron Widener and wf to Sherman and Lydia Springer sw $\frac{1}{4}$ of sw $\frac{1}{4}$ sec 21 t 2 s r 5 w \$1000.

SERVICES AT NEWBERG CHURCHES

PRESBYTERIAN

Morning—Memorial Day sermon on "Wrongs and War."

Evening—Baccalaureate service, high school class of 1916, "Knowledge Gives Liberty."

Tuesday, 2:00—Memorial Day address in this church.

Wednesday, 8:00—Gal. 5, "The Holy Spirit and Freedom."

CHRISTIAN

9:45 a. m.—Bible school.

11:00 a. m.—"Pure Religion."

7:00 p. m.—C. E. prayer meeting.

7:00 p. m.—Intermediate Junior Endeavor prayer meeting.

8:00 p. m.—Sermon, "Conversion of the Phillipian Jailor."

Tree Spraying Done

Those wishing to have their fruit trees sprayed with the arsenite of lead solution, against the codling moth, may leave their orders at 114 School street or phone Black 72. B. E. Langworthy.

CARIBOU OF THE YUKON.

Caution of an Old Bull in Guiding and Guarding His Herd.

In his book, "Campfires in the Yukon," Harry A. Aner tells how his party watched through powerful glasses an old bull manage a herd of caribou:

"Five miles into the sea of peaks above our camp we saw a herd of thirty-four caribou that had been summering in the high altitudes, but were now driven out by the winter and were on the march to lower levels. There were cows, calves and small bulls in charge and under the strict domination of a fine old bull with a big head, which we decided not to shoot for fear of alarming the sheep that might be within hearing distance.

"We were quite content to watch the old patriarch manage his large family. We saw him lead the way to a small willow patch, and after his flock had browsed a few minutes he deliberately drove them away and headed them down the valley toward us, rushing first on one side and then on the other and finally at the rear of the column, trying to keep his charges from straggling or wandering off the course.

"When the caribou saw us at about 200 yards they started to stampede in different courses, but the old bull ran to the head of the column and changed the leader's course and, utterly regardless of his own danger from us, he rushed about, herding the animals in the way he had selected and was himself the last to follow, and as the flying band vanished around a low ridge the old fellow was charging a few smaller bulls from behind, driving them forward to make a compact formation."

ORIGIN OF WORDS.

Expressions Sometimes Stray From Their Original Meanings.

The word "sweetheart" seems everything it ought to be for expressiveness. One would naturally think that it had been coined for the occasion, like such a word as "honeysuckle."

But that is a delusion and a snare. It has no more to do with "heart" than it has with "lungs." It is a word that belongs to the class which includes "stagger" and "coward" and "dullard" and "niggard." Pretty company for a poet's word! But it is true, though said, that "sweetheart" ought to be spelled "sweetard."

Who has not joined in a country dance? Of course the country dance reminds one of maypoles and merry-makings and harvest homes. Sir Roger Coverley and his quaint rural manners and ways seem inseparably connected with the dance. But it has no more connection with fields and haystacks and cornricks than the turkey trot. The partners in the dance face each other, and the French therefore called it a "contre danse." There you are! The secret's out.

What are "hickshaws"? Just the French "quelques choses," which means "anything."

What is the origin of trawling? It is short for Outram way, because a man named Outram invented them, just as a man named Macadam invented macadamized roads.—London Answers.

Traditions of Mother Shipton.

Of all British prophets Mother Shipton is beyond doubt the most celebrated. She was, in fact, all that a prophet and witch should be, in strange contrast to the serious and scientific Nostradamus. The day she was born the sky became dark and gloomy and, according to her biographer, "belch out nothing for an hour but flames, thundering after a most hideous manner." Her personal appearance, described by her admiring biographer in 1662, is scarcely flattering: "Her physiognomy was so misshapen that it is altogether impossible to express fully in words or for the most ingenious to line her in colors, though many persons of eminent qualifications in that line have often attempted it, but without success."

His Favorite Phrase.

Once when they were talking literature Mrs. Isobel Strong said to Robert Louis Stevenson, "At least you have no mannerisms," whereupon Stevenson took a copy of his own "Merry Men," which she was reading, out of her hands and read, "It was a wonderful clear night of stars." "Oh," he said, "how many, many times I have written a wonderful clear night of stars."

A Test Case.

"Father," inquired the small boy, "what's a test case?" "A test case, my son," replied his parent, "is a case brought into court to decide whether there's enough in it to justify lawyers in working up more cases of the same kind."—Exchange.

These Things Endure.

Some of the things that are not easily worn out by much using: The ground we walk on (but we can exhaust it by bad farming), the love we live by (but we can tarnish it), the mirror in which is reflected the true appearance of things.—Collier's Weekly.

Standing By.

"Didn't Mistoh Pinkly stand by you when do mixup took place?" "Yes," replied Mr. Whiffletree Dawson. "He were standin' by me, jes' close enough to take a good aim when he bit me behind the ear."—Washington Star.

Inherited.

Knicker-Jones has a bad memory. Bocker—His mother never knew what were trumps, and his father couldn't remember anything on the witness stand.—New York Sun.

Those who can command themselves command others.—Hastill.

RADIANT HEAT.

It Is Not Real Heat, but Only a Form of Wave Motion.

When a fire is lighted it throws off what we call heat rays or waves. These waves are very much like the waves of light which come from a light or the air waves which produce sounds. The rays of light and heat which come from the sun are like the rays of light and heat from a fire.

Heat is of two kinds—heat proper, which is resident in the body, and radiant heat, which is the kind which comes to us from the sun or from a fire. This radiant heat is not heat at all, but a form of wave motion thrown out by the vibrations in the ether. The heat we feel is the sensation produced upon our skins when it comes in contact with the waves created by the fire.

Heat was formerly thought to be an actual substance, but we know now that radiant heat is known to be the energy of heat transferred to the ether which fills all of space and is in all bodies also. The hot body sets the particles of ether in vibration, and this vibrating motion in the form of waves travels in all directions.

When these vibrations strike against our skin they produce a heat sensation. Striking other objects these vibrations may produce instead of a heat sensation either chemical action or luminosity. This is determined by the length of the vibratory rays in each case.—Philadelphia Press.

WHEN A SHIP TURNS TURTLE.

Often the Bottom of the Vessel Is Blown Out as She Goes Down.

To "turn turtle" means in nautical language that a ship rolls too heavily, fails to recover herself and after a brief period on her beam ends turns topsy-turvy, so that her keel points skyward. Then, of course, she goes down.

Frequently the compressed air imprisoned in her hull blows her bottom out as she goes down, or if she is a steamer her boilers burst, with similar results.

As a rule, ships turn turtle because they are burdened with too much "top hamper" or from lack of sufficient ballast or both causes combined.

Rarely does it happen that there are any survivors, but there is one notable exception in the case of the battleship Captain, which was lost after this fashion in the bay of Biscay. In her case exactly three minutes elapsed from the time she first turned turtle until she finally sank, and forty of her crew of 500 men clambered up her side as she rolled over and on to her keel. Of these eighteen men were eventually rescued and were able to describe later on precisely what occurred.—Pearson's Weekly.

How Gold Plate Is Made.

There is practically no solid gold plate. The so-called gold plate services are silver gilt, and only a few pieces of pure gold are owned by the English crown or any other crown. It may interest our readers to learn how this is done. Pure gold and mercury are mixed into a paste. The silver article to be gilded has been chemically cleaned, is rubbed all over with this paste, which has been placed in a silk bag, just as the blue used in washing is put in a bag. When the piece of plate has been rubbed over it is perfectly white. It is then put into an oven, and gradually the mercury goes off in fumes, leaving on the article a deposit of pure gold, which has practically become one with the piece of silver and will last for centuries.—New York Post.

He Got Valuable Information.

The story is told of the times of Aretas Blood and the old Manchester locomotive works that a student came to Mr. Blood once and wanted to study the business of locomotive building in his vacation days. The student came well recommended, and Mr. Blood, who never had much use for these "tech" people, sent him down to the boiler shop and placed him in charge of the old foreman. The old man took the "tech" man around, and in the course of the inspection of the shop they came across one boiler on the inside of which was a man at work.

"How does that man get out?" inquired the "tech" man.

"Oh," said the venerable pilot, "he doesn't get out. We always count upon losing at least one man in building a boiler."—Manchester Guardian.

Surface Heat of the Sun.

We think the sun is pretty hot in summer when the thermometer goes up to 90 degrees in the shade or out. We begin to get sunburned a long time before it reaches that high. But right on the sun's surface it is between 10,000 and 15,000 degrees hot. That is, of course, a degree of heat which we cannot conceive. How much hotter still it is on the inside of the sun we do not as yet know.

Fashionable Call.

"Who rang the doorbell just now, Katie?"

"A woman who found you out, ma'am."

"But I'm not out, Katie."

"I know, ma'am, but the woman looked as if that was what she wanted to know."

Pretty Careful.

"Bill is one of those careful, saving fellows, isn't he?"

"Yes; he puts the cork in the ink bottle between pen dips."—Yale Record.

Know the Outcome.

Sympathetic Father.—Parted from Henry forever, have you? Well, perhaps it's just as well not to see each other for a day or two.—Life.

Provision for others is a fundamental responsibility of human life.—Woodrow Wilson.

Cunning Scheme.

This from a conductor on a North-western street car: "A north side resident has been riding on this car for a number of years twice a day, and I often noted that he never bought tickets, but paid his fare in cash. One day I asked him why he did not buy tickets and save 25 cents on the dollar. 'Well, you see, it's like this,' the patron replied. 'Very often I meet an acquaintance on the car, and when the conductor comes for the fares I offer the money, while the acquaintance generally has tickets and immediately offers to pay the two fares with his tickets and in this accommodating manner permits me to save my money. I find the money saved by this scheme exceeds the amount saved by the purchase of tickets.'"—Indianapolis News.

A Cotton Legend.

Cotton was the theme of one of the most fabulous nature stories on its first introduction into Europe. Travelers re-

lated that in Tartary there grew a shrub that when its ripe fruit was cut open within was "a little Beastie in fleece, in bone and blade as though it were a little Lamb with outer wool." The flesh of this "vegetable lamb" was eaten, ran the story, and the wool made into cloth. The basis of the legend is the way in which the cotton pod ripens and bursts, showing the white fluffy raw cotton, which closely resembles wool. Raw cotton is still called "cotton wool."

Parental Conscience.

"My boy Josh has got me kind of worried," said Farmer Cornsweal. "Ain't he beavin' it?" asked the neighbor.

"I hadn't thought about that. What I'm wonderin' is whether I kin spruce up an' be the kind of a father he thinks he's entitled to."—Washington Star.

Not in His Line.

The Lady—Didn't I hear you quote Omar Khayyam just now? The Broker—I think not. In fact, I don't think I ever heard of the stock.—Boston Transcript.



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