

## MORPHY, THE CHESS WIZARD

Marvelous Skill of the Greatest Master of Modern Times.

Paul Charles Morphy, the famous American chess player, is classed as "perhaps the most remarkable chess player of modern times." He was born in New Orleans in 1837 and was notably precocious as a child. He showed this precocity particularly in games of chess, and before he was thirteen had defeated many well known amateurs. For several years he studied law at the College of South Carolina and played chess only occasionally. But in 1857, at the first American chess congress, held in New York, he easily defeated the best players that could be brought against him.

In 1858 Morphy went to England and there defeated Lowenthal, Boden and Bird and performed the most astonishing feats in simultaneous games without the board. When he was in Paris, the same year, he won five out of eight games with Harrwitz and gave many exhibitions of blindfold playing. It was these last that were responsible for the early breakdown of his health.

After his return to the United States in 1859 he defeated the visiting German expert, Anderssen, in seven out of eleven games. He was admitted to the bar and began to practice law in New Orleans. But the strain of his blindfold contests had been too great for his mind, and he was forced to give up chess altogether and then to abandon all mental occupation. He lived in retirement until his death in 1884. His activity thus covered a comparatively short space of time.

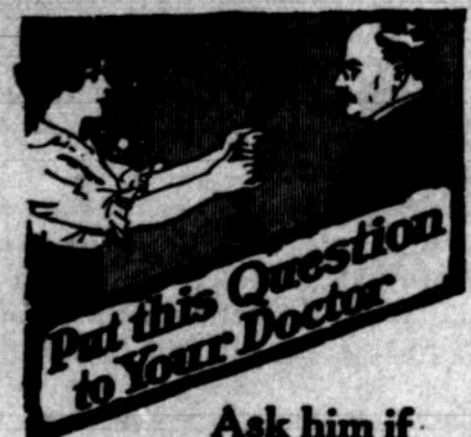
Morphy's skill is described as inexhaustible. He never was a close student of chess. He played his games easily and quickly, with no preparation and little hesitation. Yet his combinations were "remarkable for finesse, depth, elegance and soundness." He also possessed a phenomenal memory.

—New York Times.

Charles Lamb in British Museum. The British museum reading room was a favorite resort of Charles Lamb in the days following his retirement from the East India House. "I am going through a course of reading at the museum," he writes to Bernard Barton in 1826. "The Garricks play, out of part of which I formed my 'Specimens.' I have 2,000 to go through and in a few weeks have dispatched the tythe of 'em. It is a sort of office to me; hours 10 to 4, the same. It does me good. Man must have regular occupation that has been used to it." Mary Lamb expressed her delight in her brother's fondness for the museum "as occupying his time and keeping him from his walks, which she seemed to think over-long."

His Modest Position. "I don't envy the men who manage the big hotels in the cities," gloomily said the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "It is as much as I can do to make a bluff at keeping the peace between the little bunch of help I've got. Yesterday one of the two dining room girls said that the other one's best feller had two left feet, and in less than no time those two young ladies had sew to it with ketchup bottles and so forth. Just imagine the spritely function there would be in a hotel with 700 employees, all battling with ketchup bottles!"—Judge.

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## SECRET OF A MOTHER BIRD.

How Does the Chimney Swift Get Her Brood Up the Flue?

In the autumn chimney swift nests often made the chimney smoke, and they had to be fished out or knocked down by lowering a pine branch on a rope from the roof.

Once upon a time, of course, these swallows built in hollow trees. But a pair of them, flying over Plymouth in 1621, spied something which looked like a new kind of tree, and the breed was on its way to a new procedure.

Possibly the fact that chimneys are safer from squirrels, coons, owls and other possible enemies was a factor in determining the change. Then, too, it is undoubtedly easier to find chimneys today than hollow trees. I well remember, as a boy, hearing a noise in one of our chimneys and pulling out the stovepipe hole cap in my chamber. There, directly opposite the opening, perched on a protruding brick, a swift was building a nest of sticks!

I watched the whole process, fascinated by the sticky mud which the bird secreted in her salivary glands to fasten the sticks together, and after the mother was sitting gradually got her so tame—or, rather, sufficiently subdued her wildness—that she would remain occasionally on the nest when the cap was removed. My great desire was to see how she got the young birds up the chimney after they were large enough to leave the nest, but, alas, that feat was accomplished one day when I wasn't looking! I felt certain then that she must have carried them up in her bill, though I was laughed at for my belief.

Has any one observed a chimney swift getting her young up the flue? Curiously enough, I myself have never had another chance to watch.—Walter Prichard Eaton in Harper's Magazine.

## HOME IN ITS TRUE SENSE.

Each Must Help to Make It, but One Alone Can Mar It.

To say of the home which marriage ought to create that it is "a man's kingdom, a child's paradise and a woman's world" is to blur its meaning.

The home is no one's kingdom, no one's paradise, no one's world. The only kingdom it resembles is the kingdom of heaven, because it is within you. Home is dependent for its reality—and its reality is as deep as anything we know—upon a condition of spirit.

This indeed is embodied or at least shadowed forth in this or that physical symbol—the sheltering roof, the fireplace, the common table—but it is dependent on no one of these.

For Omar the symbol was the loaf, the jug and the book; for Deirdre and Naisi it was the tent "as tidy as a beehive or a linnet's nest," or the open sky "among the snipe and plover."

Home means love and companionship and mutual dependence, the spirit of common service and of common loyalty. It may be achieved by a husband and wife or by a family or by two friends or even by a single person who has the home feeling toward the world without.

To say that it is the woman's hardest task to make the home is to miss its most exquisite meaning. No one of the group can make the home, though any one can mar it. It must be made by all for the uses of all.—Atlantic Monthly.

Real Academic Dignity. Max Muller tells a story of one of Dr. Strachan Davidson's predecessors as master of Balliol. "Once when returning from a solitary walk Dr. Jenkins, whose regard for his own dignity was very great, slipped and fell. Two undergraduates, seeing the accident, ran to assist him and were just laying hands on him to lift him up when he descried a master of arts coming. 'Stop!' he cried. 'I see a master of arts coming down the street,' and he dismissed the undergraduates, with many thanks, and was helped on his legs by the M. A."—London Chronicle.

For Safety's Sake. A captain of a small trading vessel having some contraband goods on board wanted to unload them at a small port.

"Joe," he said to the customs man, whom he knew well, "if I was to stick a pound note over each of your eyes could ye see?"

"No," replied the man, "and if I had another over my mouth I couldn't speak either!"—London Tit-Bits.

Aroused Her Suspicion. "I see," he said, "that coal has gone up again."

"Has it?" she replied. "And they're raising rents," he continued.

"Well," she exclaimed, frowning up, "if you wish to have our engagement broken off say so. I always hate to have people beat about the bush in a case of this kind."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

At the Museum. "Is that the artist's name in big letters on that picture, pop?"

"No, my son. That is the name of the rich man who presented the picture to the museum. You will find the artist's name in very small letters down in the lower right hand corner."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Somewhat Safer. "I'm going to get a lot of money soon."

"Who told you that?"

"A fortune teller."

"I'd rather have that sort of information from a paying teller."—Pittsburgh Post.

That is the bitterest of all, to wear the yoke of your own wrongdoing.—Elliot.

## HIS TWO BAD DAYS.

Lord Byron Had a Positive Dread of Fridays and Sundays.

The belief in palmistry and soothsayers is not, as is sometimes supposed, confined to the ignorant and the credulous. Lord Byron was not a skeptic in these matters. Just before his death, as recorded in "Byron—The Last Phase," by Richard Edgewood, "he said he had reflected a great deal on a prediction which had been made to him when a boy by a famed fortune teller in Scotland.

"His mother, who firmly believed in chiromancy and astrology, had sent for this person and desired him to inform him what would be the future destiny of her son. Having examined attentively the palm of his hand, the man looked at him for awhile steadfastly and then with a solemn voice exclaimed, 'Beware of your thirty-seventh year, my young lord; beware!'

"He had entered on his thirty-seventh year on Jan. 22, and it was evident from the emotion with which he related this circumstance that the caution of the palmist had produced a deep impression on his mind, which in many respects was so superstitious that we thought it proper to accuse him of superstition.

"To say the truth," answered his lordship, "I find it equally difficult to know what not to believe. \* \* \* You will, I know, ridicule my belief in lucky and unlucky days, but no consideration can now induce me to undertake anything either on a Friday or a Sunday. I am positive it would terminate unfortunately. Every one of my misfortunes—God knows I have had my share—has happened to be on one of those days."

## HORSES IN BATTLE.

Methods of the Days When Chariots Were Used in Warfare.

In the old days when the Romans and Greeks fought furious battles the charioteers drove their cars in all directions, hurled their javelins and by the din and clatter of horses and wheels commonly threw the ranks of the enemy into disorder and, making their way among the squadrons of the enemy's cavalry, leaped down from their chariots and fought on foot.

The charioteers then withdrew little by little out of the fight and placed their chariots in such a way that if they were hard pressed they could readily retreat to their own side. Thus in battle they afforded the mobility of cavalry with the steadiness of infantry.

Daily practice enabled them to pull up their horses at full speed when on a steep slope or to run out on the pole and stand on the yoke and to get snugly back into the chariot.

With the introduction of cavalry in the later iron age came larger horses, but their use for this purpose seems to have been restricted to isolated areas. There is no doubt that the west German tribes as late as the campaign of Caesar in Gaul used only the shaggy pony. It is said in cavalry actions they held it disgraceful and slothful to use any kind of saddle, and instead of charging in squadrons they dismounted and fought on foot.

As far as England is concerned the art of riding seems to have been introduced by the Normans. The Saxons appear to have been but indifferent horsemen.

## Dickens' Last Letter.

The last paragraph of the last letter written by Charles Dickens read: "But I hope I may be ready at 8 o'clock. If I can't be—why, then I shan't be. Ever affectionately, C. D."

This was written an hour or so before the fatal seizure. Every word droops below the level from which each starts, each line of writing descends across the page, the simple C. D. is very shaky, and the whole letter is broken and weak. Charles Dickens was not "ready" at "8 o'clock." He died at ten minutes past 6 p. m.

A Woman's Solace. "Silas, I often think of the time when you came courting—it's a woman's solace. And when I entered the room you hastened to assist me to a chair—near your own. And now I select my own chair."

"Yes, Samantha, I remember it. I was always afraid you would stumble and fall and have fidgets. But I learned long ago that you are able to take care of yourself."

"And also of you, Silas."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

The Sultan's Dreaded Shadow. Isphahan has been for long interesting to Europeans as the home of that romantic person Zill-es-Sultan, the uncle of the last shah. A strong, bullying autocrat, his name became a word of terror, a bogey. When a southern Persian's horse refuses to drink he asks it: "What's the matter? Do you see your shadow (zill) in the water?"

Efficiency of the Human Face. No stone crusher ever devised possesses relatively one-tenth the force of the human jaws. No nicely adjusted mechanical contrivance ever approached the precision and delicacy of the human eye, writes Dr. William P. Cunningham of New York in the Medical Record.

Safety First and Last. Mrs. Catterson—I am actually afraid to get my bank book balanced for fear I have made a mistake. Mrs. Hatterson—Why don't you do as I do? I keep on drawing the money out until they won't let me have any more.—Life.

Still an Amateur. "Have you ever loved before?"

"Not enough to affect my amateur status, dearest," he replied.—Baltimore American.

## FERTILE TASMANIA.

Nicknames Applied to the One-Time Convict Settlement.

"Tasmania is perhaps the most interesting of the states of our commonwealth," remarked the Australian. "It is a large triangular island lying to the south of Melbourne and was once a convict settlement.

"The climate is delightful and the soil remarkably fertile. The island is practically one large orchard. As fruit trees do not require much tending, leisure is a notable characteristic of the inhabitants, and Tasmania is known throughout the antipodes as the land of lots of time or the land of sleep a lot. It is also called 'the jam country' and its natives familiarly termed 'jam eaters.' This is on account of the presence of an enormous cannery on the island, where some of the orchard products are converted into jams, jellies and preserved fruits.

"But this by no means ends the list of Tasmanian nicknames. Two Dutch explorers, Tasman and Van Dieman, had to do with the discovery of the island, and although the name Tasmania is now used, it is often referred to in old schoolbooks as Van Dieman's Land. We find it amusing to twist the latter name a bit and call the Tasmanians 'demons,' which is a shame, as they are the mildest and best fellows in the world. They speak of themselves as 'Tasles,' and that may be accepted as their unofficial designation."

## THE HOUSE A BIRD BUILDS.

A Hammerhead's Nest Has Three Rooms, All Big and Strong.

No single room apartment satisfies the hammerhead. When he builds his nest he divides it into three rooms—a reception hall, a drawing room and a bedroom.

The entire structure is built of sticks, dome shape, and sometimes six feet in diameter. The bird is so good a carpenter and engineer that the nest will bear the weight of a man.

In appearance the bird looks always as if he needed a haircut. His long locks, hanging down his neck, have given him his name, hammerhead.

The entrance to this domelike nest is small and on the concealed side. The first room is the hall, where the hammerhead lives when he fears attack. Behind this is the drawing room, the home of the young birds when they outgrow the bedroom.

The bedroom is higher than the rest and safe from floods. Here the female bird deposits eggs on a nest of leaves, and both parents take turns at keeping them warm.

The hammerhead lives in Africa, usually builds his nest near a stream and eats fish, frogs, lizards and small snakes.—Philadelphia North American.

## The Word "Chap."

"Chap" is simply an abbreviation of chapman, the merchant of former days, and is derived from the Anglo-Saxon, "cheap," a bargain. The word almost brings before us the loud voiced "cheap jack" as he cries his wares in the cheaping or market. Chap seems to have come into common use at the end of the sixteenth century and is rarely mentioned in books before 1700. Johnson does not recognize it, though Steele uses it in 1712 in the Spectator ("If you want to sell, here is your chap"), and it is found in Bailey's Dictionary, 1731. Its original meaning of a buyer or seller still lingers in the dialects of many counties. Coupled with the adjectives old, young, little, poor, it was and is used in familiar language, as in its relative, a queer "customer." Todd, 1818, affirms that a good chap meant one to whom credit might be given, whereas not qualified by good it was a term of contempt.—London Standard.

## Thrift on a Raft.

Scottish thrift received a severe blow not long ago after a shipwreck. Two Scotchmen had got on to a raft, but had nothing to support life or spirits except a little tobacco and some matches, but no pipe or cigarette papers. Succor seemed never coming. At last they gave it up as hopeless; but, desirous of having a little comfort before the seemingly inevitable end, they made some cigarettes with banknotes one of them had in his pocket. The banknotes were no sooner sacrificed than relief came, and they were saved. Their feelings cannot be described.—London Telegraph.

## They Saw the Wonder.

A woman with a family of children recently moved from the heart of Indianapolis to one of the suburbs, where they found various new educational opportunities. One day a neighbor met them all walking back from the edge of town and asked whether they had been out in the country.

"Yes," said the woman; "the man who brings our butter said he had a cow out there, and I took the children out to see it."—Indianapolis News.

## Ancestral Precedence.

"One of my ancestors was a signer of the Declaration of Independence."

"Indeed?" replied the haughty lady.

"Well, an ancestor of mine was one of the men who helped draw up the paper and who told the others where to sign their names."—Washington Star.

## Fitting Sequel.

"Flattery is dangerous to sensitive ladies," said Chauncey Depew. "I am always very careful in the matter, because one evening I told a lady that she was as sweet as honey, and the next day she had bees."—New York Tribune.

As you cannot do what you wish, you should wish what you can do.—Terence.

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