

Newberg Graphic

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THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1916

Those who are interested in beach resorts ought to be fairly well satisfied with the weather we are having this week.

Hughes and Fairbanks—New York and Indiana—couldn't have done any better if we had been on the ground and had the naming of the ticket.

The Valley Canning Co. is boosting for Newberg. Isn't it about time for Newberg to get in and do some boosting for the Valley Canning Co.?

Any community desiring to start a knockers' school can easily find ample material for a full "faculty" by making application on the streets of—, well, say San Francisco. Compensation immaterial.

There is general rejoicing over the fact that a new and better cannery is being built. Many women and girls who had been looking forward with expectancy for an opportunity to earn some money during the summer in the cannery, were very much depressed by the fire, but they, with others, are feeling jubilant over the new outlook.

Here is a spectacle that presents itself to Newberg. The Valley Canning Co., that was recently burned out sleek and clean, is going ahead before the insurance has been paid, trusting to the future for that, rushing the building of a larger and better plant as fast as material can be furnished and men can do the work, thus showing their faith in Newberg, while on the other hand we have a few individuals who seem to be not only willing, but glad to discredit the company as far as possible in the eyes of the public, and thus throw obstacles in the way of the success of the undertaking. Hasn't Newberg stood enough of this sort of thing, and isn't it about time to call an indignation meeting and protest against such procedure?

FERNWOOD AND VICINITY

Roxie Hobson left last week for Westport where she will visit

with her sister, Mrs. Arthur Baird.

J. M. Jones went to Portland Tuesday.

Lee Jones is busy at home this week building a new barn.

Mrs. Lee Le Du, who has been very sick, is slowly gaining.

Several Fernwoodites attended the carnival at Portland last week.

Fred Gould, of Sherwood, was a week end visitor at the Wohlgeuth home.

The Fernwood band will play for the boat races at Butterville Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Nealond was out from Portland Sunday visiting with his daughter, Mrs. Gill.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Fairbank and family took Sunday dinner with Mrs. H. C. Ross.

Wilbur Jones whose home is on Chehalem Mountain was in Fernwood the last of the week.

The dance at the gymnasium was well attended Saturday evening and a good time is reported.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, of Portland, were out visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Geo. Smith and son, of Parrett Mountain, spent Sunday with Mrs. Smith's mother, Mrs. Harry Baker.

The Fernwood Orchestra played at the Children's Day exercises given at the Christian church in Newberg Sunday evening.

A number of the young people of this community spent Monday evening in smoothing up the tennis court near the school house.

Mrs. R. O. Bristow visited at the home of W. A. Parrish last Sunday. Mrs. Parrish's mother returned home with her in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wohlgeuth and children and Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig Adolf and son Henry motored to Cornelius Saturday, returning Monday.

Wallace Jones goes up to the Parrett Mountain school house and preaches each Sunday afternoon. We wish him much success in his work.

CHEHALEM CENTER

Quite a number of the Chehalem Center people attended the Friends' Yearly Meeting the past week in Newberg.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Flaughter, of Sacramento, California, arrived Monday. They are relatives of Mrs. Mary Johnson and are there at present.

Miss Ethelyn Armstrong and Rollin Armstrong, of Salem,

were overnight guests at the home of Mrs. Mary P. Johnson during yearly meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Johnson, Miss Nina and Master Raymond Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Loveland attended rose carnival in Portland last Thursday.

Mrs. Sheldon Stubbs and little Kathryn and Miss Lucy Shats went to Portland Wednesday to attend the Rose Carnival, returning Monday afternoon of this week.

Thursday evening, June 8, a number of the young people were invited in at the home of Miss Violet Staley in honor of her birthday. Icecream and cake were served and all report a jolly time.

Ellyn Smail, Harry Crater, George Hodges and Sheldon Stubbs and the Misses Lila Hodges and Edna Lyle attended the carnival in Portland Friday. Also Miss Btta Hess and Mrs. Walter Hess.

Tuesday evening the 5th of June being Miss Nellie Crater's birthday, Mrs. Sheldon Stubbs invited a few of the young people in at the Stubb's home in honor of the occasion. A very pleasant time was reported.

REX

Visitors, from Portland, were at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Morrison Sunday.

Guy Hickman came home Tuesday evening and returned to his work in Raymond, Washington, Sunday evening.

Miss Halcyon Wiley is home on a visit. Miss Esther Coulson came with her. They attended Yearly Meeting in Newberg.

Mrs. R. N. Morrison returned from a short visit in Portland and her grand-daughter, little Miss Conway, came with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Ford Boyd went back to their home in Salem Tuesday. Mr. Boyd has been working in a nursery near Tualatin for about two months.

Rev. John Riley had the evening service at Rex church Sunday. Frances Lister, the pastor, was attending the Yearly Meeting in Newberg and Mr. Riley took her place.

Paul M. Lewis came home Saturday from Corvallis where he has been attending O. A. C. We are very glad to know that Mrs. C. G. Lewis is well again. Her niece, Mrs. Buckner, is helping her with the work.

DENMARK ONCE A POWER.

When the Tiny Kingdom Conquered and Ruled Great Britain.

Among the little nations of Europe there is one that is seldom mentioned, except when some vessel contrives to thread its dangerous way through the Skagerrack and Cattegat. Then Denmark comes into the daily news. Did you know that Great Britain was once ruled from the capital of this tiny and remote kingdom?

It has been almost 900 years since the stalwart Canute completed the conquest of England, expelling both the Celtic and the Saxon rulers of the British Isles. When he had completed his conquest and soothed the feelings of his new subjects by marrying the widow of their former king he added Norway to his crown possessions. One of his successors ruled over the whole of the Scandinavian peninsula and a large section of what is now German and Russian territory, surrounding the Baltic sea.

Today Denmark dips one hand in the icy waters of the north and the other in the blue gulf stream, for she rules not only Iceland and Greenland, but Santa Cruz, St. Thomas and St. John, known as the Danish West Indies. From the earliest times, when Charlemagne established the buffer state, known as the Danish Mark, on his northern frontier, the Danes have been a powerful seafaring people, emerging from piracy into legitimate commerce.

When the old princely line died out a prince of Schleswig-Holstein was invited to the Danish throne, and in 1661 the clergy combined with the common people against the nobility and in behalf of the king. A constitution was not granted until the year 1868.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

REGAINED HIS CASTE.

A Rich American's Bluff in a Land Where Horses Represent Wealth. "The bai is so rich," said my host of the Siberian steppes (bai is the Kirghiz word for lord and master), "that what

IT PAYS TO TRADE AT BAIRD'S

Just received many new things in spring and summer Dress Goods. We invite you to look them over before purchasing

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36-inch percales, extra heavy, fast colors, neat designs and patterns, per yard. 12½c

Cotton Voiles

Cotton Voiles in stripes, 28 to 40 in. wide, fast colors, yd 25c

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Rice Cloth in plain white and figured designs, 28 to 40 in. wide, yd 25 and 35c

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You always find the most complete line of fresh vegetables and groceries at Bairds. All orders promptly delivered by our own delivery wagon. Let us supply your wants. We'll save you money.

CASH PAID
FOR EGGS

E. C. BAIRD

we have must seem very small to him. But he has seen our herds; does he think our horses beautiful?"

I replied that we admired his horses very much and that, although they were not so large as ours, their conformation was very fine.

"I have a thousand horses," continued Koorman. "How many has the bai?"

I stammered that I owned five. This information produced a most depressing effect.

"The bai is so rich," he said, "and yet he only owns five horses. I do not understand it. Sultan Djingir has 4,000 horses. Sultan Djumabek has 2,000 and Adam Bai is said to have 3,000; and you say that you have only five! How many sheep does the bai own?"

"I regret to say that I own no sheep," I replied.

"Ah! Probably the bai owns large herds of cattle?"

"I have two cows," I said.

The conversation was assuming a most unfortunate turn, and I felt that I was losing ground every minute; something desperate had to be done. I remembered that I had in my pocket a colored photograph of a gorgeous hotel at Palm Beach, which I had lately received from a friend in Florida.

"It is true, my friend," I said, "that I do not own any cattle or sheep or horses, but see the house in which I live when I am in my own country," and I showed them the brightly colored print. The effect was magical; the card was passed from hand to hand with every expression of amazement and delight; my stock doubled upward and never after that fell below par. May I be forgiven for my deception!—R. Nelson Fell in Outlook.

AN ANCIENT CHURCH.

It Has Been in Use in France For Over a Thousand Years.

Before dinner we walked for a little in the gray evening and came to an old church—one of the oldest in France, it is said, built in the ninth century and called St. Michael's. (At Nantua, in the French Juras.) It is more than a thousand years old and looks it. It has not been much rebuilt, I think, for invasion and revolution appear seldom to have surmounted the natural ramparts of Nantua, and only the storm beat and the erosion of the centuries have written the story of decay. The hand of restoration has troubled it little.

We slipped in through the gathering dusk and tiptoed about, for there were a few lights flickering before the altar, and we saw the outlines of bowed heads. Presently a priest was silhouetted against the altar lights as he crossed and passed out by a side door. He was one of a long line that stretched back through more than half of the Christian era and through most of the history of France.

When the first priest passed in front of that altar France was still under

the Carolingian dynasty—under

Charles the Fat, perhaps, and William of Normandy was not to conquer England until 200 years later. Then nearly 400 years more would creep by—dim, mediæval years—before Joan of Arc should unfurl her banner of victory and martyrdom.

You see how far back into the mists we are stepping here. And all those evenings the altar lights have been lit and the ministrations of priests has not failed.—Albert Bigelow Paine in Harper's Magazine.

SALUTES BY GUNFIRE.

Origin of the Custom and of the 101 Salutes For Monarchs.

There is a good deal more in this most delicate and important matter of salutes by gunfire than is always understood. It has a history of its own, which goes back nearly as far as the use of gunpowder in war, and whether it was adopted as a means of reassuring one's visiting acquaintances that one's guns were empty of cannon balls and one's soul of guile or whether it was begun merely as an organized noise in honor of a guest does not greatly matter.

Toward the end of the fifteenth century a salute of guns was a recognized compliment, though the number to be fired seems to have varied. An accident is said to have settled when to stop firing in the royal salute. The Emperor Maximilian I., returning to the city of Augsburg after an expedition, was received with what should have been a salute of a hundred guns. The officer in charge of the artillery lost count in his nervousness and in order to make sure that the full number was rendered discharged an extra piece.

The city of Nuremberg, which was the next to have the honor of entertaining the emperor, thought that the new number was official and followed the example of Augsburg. Thus the highest honor that was payable by gunfire became 101 rounds.

The greatest salute ever fired was that of 1,001 guns, which in 1840 greeted the arrival in France of the ship bearing Napoleon's body from St. Helena, although at the imperial durbar in 1911 the imposing salute of 101 "guns," each fired by salvos of six pieces, was no bad second. Of others there was a salute fired some few years ago at the blessing of the waters of the Neva by the present czar that might well have marked an epoch. There was also the salute without which the kaiser on his famous visit to Palestine refused to land at Beirut.—Pearceval Landon in London Telegraph.

GROTESQUE FASHIONS.

Hats and Hair Frills in the Time of Marie Antoinette.

Some of the fashions in France during the reign of unfortunate Queen

Marie Antoinette were exceedingly absurd, particularly hairdressing and hats, which were trimmed with such an extravagant wealth of feathers that the coaches had to have their seats lowered. According to Mme. Campan, "mothers and husbands murmured, and the general rumor was that the queen would ruin the French ladies."

One day Louis XVI. decided to forbid the court in a body to follow the royal hunt in coaches. In order to be freer he wished only to permit real sportsmen to attend. The noble ladies immediately rebelled, and the Princess of Monaco criticized the decision by means of her headdress, upon which arose a miniature royal coach, followed by two gentlemen on foot in gaiters. On the left of this was displayed a cypress garlanded with black tears, the large roots being formed of erape.

More absurd still was the hairdressing of the mother of Louis Philippe, upon whose head every one could admire her son, the Duc de Beaujolais, in the arms of his nurse, as well as a parrot pecking at a cherry.

Contemporary Opinion of Beethoven.

When the First Trios and the First Symphony appeared the conservative critics declared that they were "the confused explosions of a talented young man's overweening conceit." The Second Symphony was called a monster, a dragon wounded to death and unable to die, thrashing around with its tail in impotent rage! Later Von Weber declared of the sublime Seventh Symphony that "the extravagance of this genius have reached their ne plus ultra, and Beethoven is quite ripe for the madhouse!"—Dole in "Famous Composers."

A Remarkable Shawl.

The empress of Russia was once presented with a shawl of a remarkable kind. It is contained in a box only a few inches square, in which it fits easily, yet when it is shaken out it is ten yards square. This notable gift was the work of some women weavers in Orenberg, southern Russia, by whom it was presented. The box containing it is of wood, with hinges, hoops and fastenings of beaten silver.

Parrots of Mexico.

What the wild pigeon once was in point of numbers to the United States the parrot, of varying shades of color and all sizes, is to old Mexico. Flights of these birds frequently darken the midday sun in the hot country, and they become so tame around the camps of engineers that the birds are given individual names and soon become regular pets. Whenever the parrots desert the forest and alight on the ground in the open spaces of the jungle the natives recognize their actions as sure warning of an impending earthquake.

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