

TIME AND THE CLOCKS.

Curious Contradictions That Spring From Our Present Methods.

The paradox of time, reckoned as we have come into the habit of reckoning it by which a cablegram that leaves England at noon is received instantly in India at 5:20 p. m. and in New York at 7 a. m. has long since been discarded by astronomers and mariners. To these the time is always Greenwich time, and it is on Greenwich time that the wireless signals of all the world are based since the international time conference which met in Paris in 1912 declared that "the universal time shall be that of Greenwich."

The Scientific American analyzes the paradox and prophesies that the day will come when all the world will have but one standard time. We should then abandon our time zones, with their strangely irregular boundaries based upon the exigencies of railroad systems and political frontiers and the "curious fiction of the international date line could be given up."

"It would be first some strange to the New Yorker to begin work at 4 a. m. instead of 9 a. m. and dine at 3 p. m. instead of 7 p. m.," says the Scientific American, "but as these changes would be merely nominal and involve no displacement of his habits with respect to daylight and darkness he would soon become accustomed to them."

As things are now we are so familiar with such contradictions as receiving a telegram four or five hours earlier than it was sent and finding it 7 o'clock on one side of a street when it is 8 o'clock on the other that they do not strike us as strange. Yet now is always and everywhere now, no matter what we may call it. When it is now in New York it is now in Calcutta and in London. "Call it what you like, the time remains identical."

We have inherited our ideas of time from ancestors whose only clock was the sun and who divided the day into twelve hours between sunrise and sunset. In summer these were very long hours and in winter very short. How perplexed a Greek or Roman biologist would have been near one of the poles where his "hours" would have been as long as many modern days! With clocks numbered from 1 to 24 we could abolish "a. m." and "p. m." as several countries have already done. "Noon" at any place would be when the sun was at the meridian, and it would not matter in the least what clock time coincided with it. Today in the United States the only places at which noon and 12 o'clock exactly coincide are those precisely on the meridian. For example, when it is "noon" in Florida it is 1 p. m. just across the border in Georgia and when it is "noon" in Georgia it is only 11 a. m. in Florida. Similar conditions exist in many places.

Garlic in the Milk.
As to milk diluted by the light diet of the cow, what is this compared with the milk to which any one at breakfast in Italy in spring is subject with our warning? The mere tourist is no doubt guarded by a taster in the hotel keeper's service, but the resident may any morning find his milk or his butter or both made impossible by a flavor more rank than any onion. The Italian cow evidently loves the garlic plant and inconsiderately feasts upon it, with consequences overpowering to the senses of man.—London Mirror.

Von Der Goltz a Novelist.
A good deal of the late Field Marshal von der Goltz's reputation rested upon his military text books, and it is interesting to recall that he first won literary fame by writings of a very different character. When a poor cadet at Grosslichterfelde with a widowed mother to support he turned his hand to novel writing and gained a considerable reputation by a series of sentimental romances.—London Chronicle.

Heard on the Highway.
Troubles are so far scattered it takes a lifetime to get around all of them. Mighty few rest places on the road to the promised land. The motto is, "Keep a-going till you get there."
Sometimes a cabin may be roomy enough to hold all the happiness one needs in a lifetime.
Heaven is all the time near us, while we're flying from star to star to find it.—Atlanta Constitution.

Rejuvenating Your Pipe.
To make an old tobacco pipe as good as new plug the stem with a bit of match, fill the bowl with alcohol, light and let burn. Do this three or four times and the pipe will be as clean and as sweet as when new without the bother of breaking it in.—Popular Science Monthly.

Yes, She Could.
"I don't see why mothers can't see the faults in their children," said Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Jones.
"Do you think you can?" asked Mrs. Jones.
"Why, I would in a minute if my children had any"—New York American.

Quite Natural.
Proud Mother—This is a toy tea set my little girl has for afternoon parties. She likes to serve make believe tea and make believe sandwiches. It's a harmless fancy. Guest—Perfectly. I've been to grownup affairs where they did it.

Tied.
"They say he's tied to his wife's apron strings."
"His wife is far too ripe to wear aprons. Purse strings is the term."—Kansas City Journal.

It is estimated that there are 170,000,000 real neerws in the world

LEATHER FROM THE SEA.

The Product of Shark, Sturgeon and Angel Fish Skins.

It is a curious fact that many sorts of leather are got from sea creatures, some of which are very beautiful. The skin of sharks is a beautiful bluish-gray or bluish color. The surface resembles finely grained leather since it shows many tiny prickles all over its way. This property of shark skin renders it especially valuable to the manufacturer of shagreen. Since the skin is at once tough and easy to work it can be used for many purposes where decorative effects are desired.

In spite of its lumpy armor the sturgeon furnishes a valuable and attractive leather. It has been found that when the bony plates are removed the pattern remains on the skin, just as the patterns of alligator scales remain on alligator leather, a circumstance that adds greatly to the value of the product. From the sturgeons that abound on our Pacific coast and in the great lakes we get a tough leather that is used for the making of leathes to join leather bolting for machinery. It is said that the being frequently outwears the bolting itself.

There is found in Turkish waters a strikingly unattractive fish called the angel fish, classed among the Hloral sharks. This fish yields an extremely high quality of green leather, much esteemed in the Ottoman dominions.—Kansas City Journal.

THE DARK HORSE.

How the Name Was Applied to a Political Possibility.

A novel written by Disraeli, earl of Beaconsfield, entitled "The Young Duke" and published in 1831, contained a description of a horse race in which the following sentence occurred: "A dark horse which had never been thought of and which the cavalier St. James had never even observed in the list, rushed past the grand stand in sweeping triumph."

This was only a horse race, but it gave prominence to the fact that the race was won by a dark horse which had not attracted any notice until he came in a winner.

This may have been the origin of the phrase "a dark horse," which, as used in American politics, means a person not prominently considered as a candidate when a convention meets or during its earlier ballots, but who suddenly develops unexpected strength and wins.

A notable case in point was that of James A. Garfield in the Republican national convention of 1880. On the first ballot for president he did not receive a single vote, but he received ten votes on the second ballot, one vote on the twentieth ballot, fifty votes on the thirty-fifth ballot, and was nominated by 559 on the thirty-sixth ballot.—Philadelphia Press.

Foot of the Fly.
You have seen a boy use what he calls a "sucker," a round, flat piece of leather, which is soaked in water and fattened against a stone so that all the moisture between the stone and the leather is pressed out. He picks up a brick with a string attached to the leather. Since there is no air between the leather and the stone the atmosphere presses the leather so firmly against the stone that the stone can be picked up by the leather.

A fly has suckers on his feet, the Popular Science Monthly explains, which act very much on the same principle. As soon as he puts down a foot he automatically squeezes the air out between it and the surface upon which he is walking. The atmosphere therefore presses him against the ceiling or wall.

Knocked Down.
Some years ago in a certain county court, which was not one of the best fitted up places, three auctioneers were seated in a row in contrivance awaiting the judge's order to give evidence. All at once there was a terrible noise in court, and a dense cloud of dust flew up.

"What's that?" asked the judge.
"Oh, it's nothing, your honor," replied a ready and facetious lawyer. "It's only three auctioneers gone off in one lot."
The seat had given way.—Chicago News.

The First Steam Engine.
The first known use of steam to drive a kind of steam engine was described by Hero of Alexandria, probably in the first or second century B. C. But the first real steam engines were those used at the end of the seventeenth and in the early eighteenth centuries for pumping water out of mines. New comen's engine was used in English mines about 1711.

Another Story.
A Glasgow antiquary recently visited a ruined castle and asked one of the villagers if he knew anything of an old story about the building.
"Aye," said the rustic. "There was another auld story, but it fell down long since."—London Telegraph.

One of Many.
"Then you think you won no permanent place in her heart?"
"I'm just a notch on her parson's handle; that is all."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Summed Up.
Knicker—Of what does a shad consist? Bocker—A backbone, a wishbone, a funny bone and then some.—New York Times.

The grand maxim nowadays is "to work, always to work and still to work."—Leon Gambetta.

RETIRED FARMERS.

Land Values, Not Agriculture, as a Rule, Make Them Rich.

The country is pretty liberally sprinkled with retired farmers, but a correspondent points out that in nearly every case they have probably retired not as farmers, but as landowners—that is, the capital which enabled them to retire accrued not from the profits of farming, but from the enhanced value of farm land. There are about 2,500,000 tenant farmers, but a retired tenant farmer, he believes, is a very rare bird. About as rare a bird, we imagine, is the farmer who has accumulated from the profits of his farming operations sufficient capital on which to retire.

The profits of farming, of course, constantly capitalize themselves in the market value of farm lands, and the rental value rises proportionately with the farm. A man may have taken a half section of Kansas land thirty years ago and actually spent since then every net dollar it produced, yet now be able to retire in very comfortable circumstances. Indeed, through poor management he may never have made a dollar net on the farm. That particular farmer may even be producing more than it produced thirty years ago, and still the owner may be able to retire.

It is true, therefore, that the number of retired farmers is no indication of the amount of net savings from farming operations.—Saturday Evening Post.

INTERRUPTED THE SERMON.

A Beecher Father and Son Incident in Old Plymouth Church.

Rev. Charles R. Brown in the Congregationalist relates an interesting incident of the past in which Henry Ward Beecher, the famous minister of Plymouth church, and his venerable and hardly less distinguished father figured.

Many years ago, he says, one of my friends was present in Plymouth church when the incident occurred. It was in the days when Lyman Beecher had come to make his home with his three sons, and every Sunday he was in the pastor's pew. One morning Henry Ward Beecher was unfolding some aspect of the new theology, as he had come to hold it, when suddenly up rose Lyman Beecher, saying, "Henry, may I say a word just there?"

Beecher paused in his sermon and, with a look of filial affection, at once responded, "Certainly, father; say on."
Then Lyman Beecher turned to the congregation and said, "Henry puts it that way, but it is not that way; it is this way." And he proceeded to state the truth as he saw it.

Henry Ward Beecher stood listening to his father, with an expression on his face that blessed the listening, wondering congregation more than many a sermon. And when Lyman Beecher had concluded he paid a beautiful tribute to his father's influence upon his own life and then resumed his sermon where he had been interrupted.

Emmet's Presence of Mind.

A story is told of Robert Emmet which proves his secretive power and resolution. He was fond of studying chemistry, and one night late, after the family had gone to bed, he swallowed a large quantity of corrosive sublimate in mistake for some acid "rooting powder." He immediately discovered his mistake and knew that death must shortly ensue unless he instantly swallowed the only antidote, chalk. Timid men would have torn at the bell, roused all the family and sent for a stomach pump. Emmet called no one, made no noise, but, stealing down stairs and unlocking the front door, went into the stable, scraped some chalk which he knew to be there and took sufficient doses of it to neutralize the poison.

Your Tramping Companion.
He may be all right in the city, a pleasant chap to lunch with and a good companion for an evening at the club, but beware of taking him along on a fortnight's hike through the woods or a cruise in a twenty-five footer. Test him thoroughly before you give him the chance to spoil your vacation. He may be grouchy before breakfast, or he may be a plain shirker. Possibly the thin veneer of civilization conceals the primordial bog.—Outing.

Electric Light.

The basic discovery of the possibility of electric light was made by Sir Humphry Davy in 1810, but for the next fifty years the developments were solely scientific and no practical use was made of them. In 1862, however, an arc light was installed in a light-house at Dungeness, and this is generally believed to be the first electric lamp in regular service.

Conscience Money.

A West Virginia man sent a farmer \$3 in payment for a watermelon he stole fifteen years ago. If every boy that ever lived in the country were to develop a conscience like that the farmers would own most of the money in the world.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Different Route.
"How far is it to Guildford?"
"Well, sir, as the crow flies, I should say it be ten miles."
"But if the crow were riding a bicycle how far would it be?"—Fall Mail Gazette.

Proof.

"How do you know she's older than you are?"
"Why, she admitted it herself. She said 'You and I are just the same age, dearie.'"—Cleveland Leader.

CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

How to Be Well Dressed and Not Look Like a Cloudy Winter Day.

In the American Magazine is an account of one of the most successful insurance solicitors in the country, who attributes a large part of his success to the fact that he always looks well dressed and prosperous.

"If you have only one suit of clothes, change off from one suit to another frequently and keep all of them spotted and well pressed. I never wear a suit longer than the second day at a time. To change every day is better. It gives the clothes a chance to rest. I always hang my clothes on hangers the minute I take them off. It gives them a chance to 'come back' into shape and the nap to come up again."

"It is a great economy to have lots of good clothes. A suit will last twice and three times as long and always look well if you keep changing off from one to another. Besides, people get tired of seeing a man in the same suit day after day for a whole season."

"When I started in the insurance business years ago I realized that to make a good appearance was to look prosperous, and I paid much attention to my dress. I avoided solid colors and always selected clothes with some life in them. A dash of color about your person, whether it be in the field of the suit, the shirt, tie, hat or handkerchief protruding from the coat pocket, will take away the monotony of one's appearance and is sure to please. But, in adding this 'life' and 'pop' to one's appearance, avoid, above all things, the colors that clash. Get clothes with 'nap' and 'life'; avoid those which make the wearer look like a cloudy winter day."

WON THE AUDIENCE.

Bernhardt's Clever Trick Turned Coldness to Enthusiasm.

Once when Sarah Bernhardt was acting in Italy the audience was rather unfriendly, owing to the fact that the prices of the seats had been considerably increased.

After the first act Mme. Bernhardt called her maid and gave her some directions in an undertone. The maid left the theater, but speedily returned, and just before her mistress went on the stage again she handed her something as she stood in the wings. The scene progressed. "The Divine Sarah" sang a song. She tried to clear her throat, passed her handkerchief across her mouth, and suddenly a stream of blood poured from her lips, and she fell into the arms of the actor with whom she was playing.

The curtain was promptly rung down, and the audience waited breathlessly to hear the worst. All their previous venation was turned to sympathy, and when it was announced that the great actress would shortly resume her part rather than disappoint them the cheering was deafening. When madame came on again the people applauded her as loudly as formerly they had shown their disapproval, and the rest of the play was one long triumph.

But that audience never knew the truth, for when madame had sent her maid out of the theater it was to get her a small bladder of red ink, which she kept in her handkerchief and which she bit through with her teeth so as to produce the alarming effect that had transformed her audience.—Pearson's Weekly.

An Eskimo Dinner.

Admiral Peary was talking in Washington about the hardships of polar exploration.
"The white north is the country of hardships," he said—"hardships that are borne cheerfully and gayly, in the spirit of the Eskimo woman."
"An Eskimo woman at the dinner hour served out to her family half a candle spiece."
"Light refreshments," she said, smiling.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

His Mistake.

A long standing creditor resolutely climbed the steps, rang the bell and asked if Mr. Spender was at home.
"Yes, sir. Walk right in, sir," said the footman cordially. "Mr. Spender is at home, sir."
"Thank goodness," said the creditor. "I'm going to see my money at last."
"Oh, don't make that mistake, sir," said the footman. "If Mr. Spender had any money he wouldn't be at home."—Washington Star.

Plain Enough.
"How do you like America, count?"
"Quite much, but your figures of speech are somewhat hard to understand. Now, when it dawns upon you?"
"You begin to see daylight," explained the other man.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

She Couldn't Understand.

Mamie—Why did you leave your last place?
Katie—The master and missus was forever quarreling behind locked doors.
"But wasn't there a keyhole?"
"Yes, but they always quarreled in French."—Yonkers Statesman.

Repartee.

"My mother always told me that in taking you I was marrying beneath my station."
"Beneath your station, eh? That wasn't a station your family had; it was just a water tank."—Detroit Free Press.

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