Newberg Graphic

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THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1917

Get the Chautauqua spirit.

We will be kindly disposed to the unfortunate when the road to Portland is paved, and ask them to come by way of Newberg.

If the people of Newberg and the surrounding country respond to the Chautauqua call as the Graphic believes they will, there will be no deficit to be made up by the list of backers.

July 8 to 13 there will be featured in Newberg, intellect, oratory, art and music—six full days of clean, wholesome entertainment. Get season tickets for yourself and family and prepare to take a week off for rest and recreation—and live happily ever after.

And Newberg is to have a paved road all the way into Portland. Almost too good to be true, but our old friend Simon Benson told us that was what would result if the $6,000,000 bond issue carried. And didn't Newberg almost make it unanimous on election day?

Newberg's first Chautauqua is billed for July 8-13—only ten days hence. With 22 separate attractions offered, the price of a season ticket is small, and a large advance sale ought to be easy for the ticket selling committee. And it will be if all get into the Chautauqua spirit and do their bit.

If you are lacking in enthusiasm for Chautauqua week see Dr. John S. Rankin. He will prescribe for you without charge and if you will follow his directions the Graphic will vouch for a cure. He not only has the spirit but can impart it to others without the laying on of hands.

The first number of "Oregon Exchanges," published monthly by the School of Journalism, University of Oregon, is at hand, and the Graphic is free to say that if numbers that are to follow shall be kept up to the standard set by this initial number, they will be watched for with interest at this newspaper print shop.

"Words of appreciation"—Out at the big feed at Rex on Wednesday, Editor Dow of the Enterprise, after having disposed of the second helping of strawberry shortcake, heaved a sigh and remarked that he wished he had passed up the chicken, as good as it was, which would have given additional capacity for shortcake.

There is food for thought in the story that is told of a young lad, who for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. The waiter asked him "what will you take to drink?" Hesitating for a moment he replied, "I'll take what father takes." The answer reached the father's ears, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. In a moment his decision was made, and in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said, "Waiter, I'll take water."—Lebanon Criterion.

F. R. Rundell, of Newberg, attended the first Chautauqua ever held, which was inaugurated near his boyhood home on the shores of Chautauqua Lake in western New York, in 1874, by Lewis Miller and the Rev. John H. Vincent, as the Sunday school association. The first meeting lasted two weeks, was well attended, and comprised courses of biblical study, a normal department, lectures, and recreation. A novel feature was a relief map of Palestine, 300 feet in length, laid out by the lake. In the following years the development was rapid, sessions were lengthened to two months and courses of study were provided in a large variety of subjects. The Chautauqua of today, as represented in the six or seven days' circuit, is on a somewhat different scale, running more to entertainment, though it is clean and high class. Much of it is inspirational, and the programs offered are well worthy of a place in any community.

The skids are being placed under King Alcohol these days at a rate that must be alarming to the manufacturers of old rye. Recently the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association, representing over 200 of the leading manufacturers of that state, passed a resolution favoring complete war prohibition by a vote of 176 to 1. The American Medical Association, the most representative body of its kind in the world, at its National Convention held in New York this month, adopted resolutions declaring alcohol to be neither a food nor a stimulant. Last Friday the administration food control bill which prohibits the use of food stuffs for the manufacture of alcoholic beverages, passed the house by a vote of 365 to 5. The bill goes to the senate where it will "lie in state" long enough to allow a large part of the stock on hand to be consumed, but such a demand is being made from all sides for its passage that it is not likely that it can be defeated.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Henton N. Brown to Dan M. Kirby and Wm. B. Duerst 79.97 ac s 31-32 t 5-6 s r 6 $3000.

Montgomery Farmer to Will C. Miller and wf 611.60 ac Adam Matheny and Wm. Miller dlc t 5-8 s r 3 $1.

John A. Grossen and wf to O. C. Jackson and wf 80 ac and rdw s 13 t 3 s r 5 $7000.

David Hiatt to P. F. and Rose Hawkins l 5, 6, 7, 8 and s½ l 1, 2, 3, 4, blk 56 Edwards' add Newberg $10.

Rosina L. Miller to Alton M. Vernon 95.25 ac and rdw John Carlin dlc t 4 s r 4 $10.

Will C. Miller and wf to Montgomery Farmer 611.60 ac Adam Matheny and Wm. Miller dlc t 5-6 s r 3 $1.

Palus D. Newell and wf to Hiram Gould 10.70 ac Wm. Jones dlc t 3 s r 2 $10.

B. T. Pawelski to H.L. Weatherly l 9 blk 3 Cavell's add Newberg $100.

A. M. Vernon and wf to Losena L. Miller 95.25 ac and rdw John Carlin dlc t 4 s r 4 $10.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Clara Adeline Swift to Harry Black Brookhardt.

Lillian Van Cleef Whitman to James Lawton.

Pheobe Isabel Wyatt to William R. Osborn.

Comforting.

Aunt Anna was recovering from an illness and was much annoyed by the well meaning but tactless friends who persisted in telling her how badly she looked. Sympathetic little Edward was trying to comfort her.

"Don't you let them make you fell sorry, auntie," he begged. "I don't think you look one single bit worse than you always do."—Exchange.

A deal has been closed by which Astoria is to have another shipyard. The new company is to be headed by F. Rogers, former mayor of Salem.

A Matter of Sizes.

"I wish a ton of coal, please."

"Yes, madam. What size?"

"Dear me, I didn't know coal came in sizes. I wear a No. 3 shoe and a No. 6 glove."—Kansas City Journal.

He Married His Grandma

And by That Act He Saved a Fortune.

By BRADFORD C. ALMY

I was in Switzerland and about to start to climb the Jungfrau when I got a letter stating that my grandfather, Sherman Wellesley, aged eighty-five, had married and died the same day.

In a twinkling I was deposed from a position of heir expectant to a great fortune to—I did not know what. My grandfather had bitterly opposed my propensity to travel and especially to climb mountains. I was his only descendant, and he had long endeavored to induce me to settle down to the care of the millions which he had willed me. He lived in constant terror lest I should make a slip on one of my climbs, go several thousand feet down over a precipice and the fortune that had been accumulating during his life time would go a-begging.

His intention in marrying was plain to me. He had doubtless lost all patience with me and at the last moment married some woman who would supply my place as an heir. I left for home at once, and as soon as I landed I wrote my new grandmother asking for information as to her husband's disposition of the property. By return mail I received this reply:

Your grandfather, being taken suddenly ill, concluded to destroy the will leaving you his sole heir, not having confidence that you would settle down and attend to the property. Having but an hour or two to live, there was no time to make a detailed will. Having great confidence in me, he married me on his deathbed and signed a will comprised in a few words leaving me all his property. He, however, exacted a promise from me that if you desired to marry me I would take you for a husband.

Phew! Marry my grandmother!

Well, all depended upon what kind of a woman she was. A hope sprang up in my breast that she might be of a suitable age for me and passably good looking. I wrote her that I would run up for a conference and politely assured her that if she was not favorably impressed with me I would release her from the verbal condition by declining to marry her. This, I flattered myself, was a very foxy way of putting it, my real object being to decline to take a wife with a fortune if I didn't like her.

I was doomed to a terrible disappointment. I found my grandmother a veritable grandmother. She was sixty-five years old, fat, bald and not a tooth in her head that was her own. I cursed myself for a fool to have declined to comply with my grandfather's wishes during his life, for now that the blow had fallen I realized my folly.

Having taken sufficient time to make up my mind what course to pursue, I sounded her as to whether I could marry her, take an allowance and spend my time anywhere but with her. She said she would think it over, and I had hope. But the next day I was informed that such a course would not be carrying out her late husband's wishes. He had desired that I should take care of the property.

The medium through whom I received this answer was Agnes Dorchester, my grandmother's secretary, a young woman not quite my age. Indeed, I was obliged to transact everything through this girl, and it was not long before I saw plainly that Mrs. Wellesley was completely under her thumb.

I spent some time at my grandmother's endeavoring to bring her to some terms. She declined all my proposals, adhering to her late husband's intentions. She would fulfill her promise and would not consent to any subterfuge to get around it. A month passed, and I was about to give it all up and go away when Mrs. Wellesley herself came to me with a proposition.

"I sympathize with you heartily," she said, "in being obliged to give up a fortune or take with it an old woman like myself. I will tell you what I will do. I am as attached to Miss Dorchester as if she were my daughter. She is of suitable age for you and a woman of rare good sense. I can safely trust her to carry out your grandfather's intentions toward you. If she will have you and you will have her I will make a will leaving my property to you both jointly, giving her meanwhile control of the income."

I had no hope that Miss Dorchester would marry me simply to gain a fortune, and in any event I should have to live with her and carry out my grandfather's wishes. But anything rather than beggary. I went to the young lady, told her of Mrs. Wellesley's proposition and asked her to be my wife.

What did she do but toss her nose in the air and decline to have anything to do with such a proposition.

I left her furious. She would rather give up a fortune than be my wife. I spent the next twenty-four hours in inventing imaginary ways of torturing her. The upstart! I resolved that I would make Miss Dorchester love me, then toss her aside as a wax doll.

In a few weeks I had softened her so far as to receive a proposition from her.

"I cannot bear," she said, "to stand between you and a fortune. I feel that it will be impossible for Mrs. Wellesley to carry out your grandfather's intentions toward you. I will agree to her proposition to marry you provided you will promise to go away and not trouble me."

"Are you aware," I said, the color rising to my cheek and a spark glittering in my eye, "that you are by no means flattering?"

"But I supposed what you wish is to go abroad and break your neck climbing mountains."

"Oh!" I exclaimed ironically. "In that case you would not be troubled with me further."

"And death would release you from living with a wife you had married for convenience."

In this retort I fancied I could detect something womanly—something of pain. I was surprised. I went to her and laid my hand on her arm. I was not repulsed.

"I think," I said, "that you could carry out my grandfather's wishes. At any rate, try. I will do all I can to help you."

"To retain your fortune," she said, pouting.

"And become a loving husband."

* * * * * * *

The evening before the wedding, when I was a hundred miles from my intended bride, I was thrown into a wild state by the receipt of the following telegram:

You must marry your grandmother, after all, or lose your fortune. AGNES.

What new complication could have arisen? Why could not those lawyers be certain of anything? I had become violently in love with Miss Dorchester and would not in any event give her up. I replied:

Grandmother be hanged! I will marry you tomorrow.

I could not get a train till early the next day, but after a sleepless night at 5 a. m. was steaming toward my bride that was to be. On my arrival I dashed up to the house in a carriage, alighted and hurried up the steps. Agnes was standing in a front window in bridal array, her face radiant with happiness. Rushing into the room where she was, I caught her in my arms.

"What's the matter?" I asked, breathless.

"You're going to marry your grandmother."

"No, I'm not. I'm going to marry you."

"I'm your grandmother." Her eyes were dancing a hornpipe.

Then I saw it all. My grandfather had married her instead of the old woman. She had been playing a game with me. My grandfather in the presence of death had hit upon the expedient of marrying the girl who had been supplying my place by devoting herself to him. This would make her inheritance stronger in law, though he left a will in her favor telling her that it was his wish that she should marry me and make a man of me.

But she had no mind to make a business transaction of the matter. She had therefore put an old woman forward to personate her as the widow while she stood in the background. The old woman had nothing else to do with the matter except to receive a handsome salary. I had been completely duped, but had become so impressed with the ability and good sense of my real grandmother that the moment I was piqued I was hopelessly in love.

Worked Both Ends.

Queens at their best are but women. Said Mary of Modena once in her days of exile, "It took all the jewels that all the goldsmiths could procure to decorate my crown."

An Queen Caroline, too, the wife of George II., used to allude to Lord Hervey's rather personal remark that her crowning dress "was as fine as the accumulated riches of the city and suburbs could make it, for, besides her own jewels, she had on her head and shoulders all the pearls she could borrow of the ladies of quality at one end of the town, and on her petticoat all the diamonds she could hire of the jewelers at the other."

The Women of Carthage.

There is a grand old story told about the supreme devotion displayed by the women of Carthage. When their city was besieged by the Romans ropes were needed; but, as there was no flax to make them in the city, the women, headed by their heroic queen, came to the rescue. They one and all cut off their glorious tresses and made ropes out of their hair.

BAIRD'S

Voile Waists One lot of Ladies' Voile Waists. These waists are very pretty, hand embroidered. Special .....Each **$1.00 to $2.00**

Crepe One lot of Crepe. These are some carried over from last season. Good patterns, regular 25c value. On sale while they last at..... **10c a yard**

Ginghams We have a big assortment of Ginghams to retail at 15 cents a yard. It will pay you to buy them now as they will soon advance to 18c..... **15c a yard**

Fancy Hair Ribbons One lot of fancy plaid Silk Hair Ribbons, wide. Special. **30c and 35c a yard**

Cotton Voiles 36 inches wide. We have a large assortment of patterns in stripes and figured to select from. Special value at..... **25c a yard**

Ladies' Undergarments Either muslin or knitted. We have a most complete stock that was bought early so we are now selling these garments at prices below the present market.

E. C. BAIRD

CASH PAID FOR EGGS

VAGARIES OF THE TIDE.

Mysterious Currents, the Secrets of Which No One Has Solved.

There are as many vagaries in the waters as in the winds. Why, for instance, should great ocean currents send their warm waters across the wide Pacific and Atlantic? Other and equally mysterious currents exist in well nigh all parts of the world.

It is on record that the sea has run for weeks out of the Java sea, through the strait of Sunda and thence back again for the like period without any perceptible rise and fall during those times.

Then there is the equatorial current that flows into the Caribbean sea, the ever flowing current to the eastward around Cape Horn, the cold stream flowing from the icy regions of the north past Newfoundland and Nova Scotia and along the American coast to the extreme end of Florida, the continual current running with a velocity of from four to five knots an hour through the strait of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean sea, the swift current running across the rocks and shoals off the end of Billiton island, which apparently starts from nowhere and ends somewhere in the vicinity of the same place, and the current which, starting halfway up the China sea, runs from two to three knots an hour to the northeast and finally ends abruptly off the north end of Luzon.

Then we have those tidal vagaries known the world over as bores. Those that run up the Hugli and Irawadi rivers, from side to side, till they reach their limit, often tearing the ships from their anchorage, originate nobody knows where or why.

At Singapore it has been observed for days at a time that there has been but one rise and fall in the twenty-four hours.—Boston Globe.

Bagdad.

Bagdad is one of the most famous meeting places of Islam, over 100,000 pilgrims passing through the city yearly.

Although the city is embowered in trees and a refreshing contrast to the desert without, the streets are narrow, crooked, unpaved and dirty, full of ruts and strewed with garbage, which is for the most part removed by dogs, the only scavengers in the east.

Many scenes vividly described in "The Arabian Nights" were laid in Bagdad.