

PATHETIC RUINS OF FRANCE

Once Prosper Villages Which Are as Dead as the Ruins of the Roman Forum.

Most of the villages of northern France are as dead and cold as the ruins of the Roman forum—and not half so beautiful. Here were no great architectural splendors. No priceless art collections. They were nothing but plain, humble little hamlets of plain, hard-tilling peasants. The houses were destroyed and the simple, brave, hardy folk who owned them were also destroyed. The graveyards of the men I had seen at Soissons, Champagne, Verdun, now upon silent rows. Here were the graveyards of their homes, village after village, as dead as the men. The only difference was that the soldiers had been buried underground while these ghastly mutilated wrecks still remained exposed to view, writes Elizabeth Fraser in Saturday Evening Post.

There was more of this kind of scenery. And more. And more and more. And at last—so soon does the mind become sated by mere flat external spectacles of horror—I began to feel welling up inside of me a vague irritation against all these graveyards of gaping, mutilated specters of what had once been human habitations for being so monotonous, so repetitious, so dumbly, blankly, impassably the same. I wanted them to get better or I wanted them to get worse—or I wanted them to be blotted clean off the map. Those mutilated corpses of towns, with their stark immobility, their contorted postures, their shattered members lying rigidly outstretched on the pavement, began to get on my nerves. They had the same stiff fixity, the same grotesque sprawl that one notes in a human corpse frightfully mangled by a shell. I had heard of men blown to pieces in battle and unrecognizable, even their identification plates gone. Here were their counterparts in hamlets. The lieutenant, searching his map murmured doubtfully: "It might be A—or it might be B—It's hard to say."

These nameless ones I put into a list all by themselves and called them X. But presently I gave it up. It was too much like trying to count the volume of water in a reservoir by means of an eye dropper.

He Is Coming.

"But a few short years ago, lay-dees and gen-tle-men," said the side show lecturer, in tones admirably adapted for declamatory purposes, "we had here, as our greatest living curiosity, that hideous human horror, the wild man of the Everglades, who three times a day leaped upon gurgling fish and devoured them with terrible ferocity and blood-curdling yells. He was in due course succeeded by the repulsive freak of nature you now see before you—the bestial and bristly bogabevik. He will not work, he never bathes, but day and night kicks incessantly, and in the unintelligible three-cornered language of his native land screams denunciations of everything in existence. Probably year after next he will be superseded by the last pedestrian, a white-eyed, shuddering wretch who will leap 18 feet sideways if you will make a noise like an auto horn."—Kansas City Star.

HAS SOMETHING OF A JOB

Bill Is Finding That Thinking Up an Explanation Has No Means an Easy Task.

Bill Dudley and eleven other placid players who are members of a progressive bridge club left their South side homes to go to Beech Grove the other night. While at Fountain square waiting for the Beech Grove car Bill and Joe Beck got too far away from the car to catch it and the other ten went to Beech Grove. Then Bill got an idea and he and Beck stole home to where Bill's car rested—for his wife won't let him take it out after dark. They opened the garage door noiselessly, pushed the car out and down the street for a block and then stepped on the starter. They got to Beech Grove before the rest of the club did.

Bill and his friend Beck drove home after the club meeting and repeated the performance in getting the car back in the garage. Then he went into the house. Presently the crowd came along and yelled at Bill through the window. Of course, that entailed explanations on Bill's part to his wife as to how he got home first. The other members of the club say Bill has not yet been able to explain to his wife how he beat them home.—Indianapolis News.

Where Allies Got Timber.

Timber was essential to military operations, as carried on during the war against the Huns. The chief war theater was northern France and timber was available largely because France had practiced forestry for generations. One hundred years ago the southwestern corner of France, extending from Bordeaux to the Pyrenees mountains was almost as treeless as the prairie, and was fringed by sand dunes which were constantly in movement, burying fields and houses and even whole villages. Napoleon called in engineers and foresters. These men succeeded in holding the dunes in place by planting with maritime pine; and then they planted up the whole interior of the region with the same tree. During the war this region was the largest source of lumber not only for the French army, but for the British and American armies as well.

Trees as Aerials for Wireless.

It is difficult indeed to find something really new in radio communication. Things which are hailed as new in the daily press are more often apt to prove merely developments or improvements along well-known lines, and it is in that class that the recent tree aerial tests at Washington fall. As far back as 1907, experiments were carried out in which trees were employed as aerials. In the recent tests messages were received over quite a distance by means of tree aerials. It was also pointed out that messages could be transmitted through the agency of tree aerials over short distances. However, in view of the remarkably sensitive receiving apparatus available today, the use of tree aerials is no more remarkable than it was back in 1907, with the relatively crude instruments of that time.—Scientific American.

Subscribe for the Graphic and get the home news.

FIRST SETTLERS IN GEORGIA

James Oglethorpe, Leader of Colonists Who Had Homes Where Now Is City of Savannah.

The first white settlers in Georgia landed at Yamacraw bluffs, on the site of the future city of Savannah, 183 years ago, and the event is now annually commemorated as "Georgia day." James Oglethorpe was the leader of the colonists, who made the trip from England in the good ship Ann, commanded by Capt. John Thomas, and the party included 83 families, besides General Oglethorpe and Rev. Thomas Bosomworth. Through Mary Musgrave, the Indian wife of a Carolina white man, the colonists obtained the consent of the Creeks to establish a settlement, Mary acting as interpreter, accounts say. Just a week later the first house was commenced and the settlement that sprang up on the spot later became the city of Savannah. It is noteworthy that Hebrews were among the first settlers in Georgia. Forty Jews were sent out to the colony and reached Savannah in the July following Oglethorpe's landing. A government was soon organized and one of the first acts of the trustees, passed in August of 1733, was to prohibit rum in Georgia. Before the year was passed a party of Saxons and another of Bavarians reached Georgia.

Submarine Signals.

During the war, as is well known, submarine sound-signaling made great strides. In Schifbau an account is given of a device employed in Germany. In this device the receiver is secured to the outer layer of the ship's hull from inside and is filled with water, the liquid being in contact with the outer plating of the vessel. The essential point in this device appears to be that the means for producing the sound are placed externally on the wall of the liquid tank, whereas in most cases the sounding device has hitherto been arranged inside the tank or receiver. Another special feature is an automatic arrangement for maintaining constant, or adjusting, the level of the water, which can be manipulated externally.—Scientific American.

Immigration Statistics.

Between 1790 and 1830 the estimated number of immigrants was 386,985, while the increase in population from other sources was 5,322,254; 1830-40, immigrants 604,125, others 3,802,308; 1840-50, immigrants, 1,814,257, others 4,308,166; 1850-60, immigrants, 2,569,214, others 5,853,231; 1860-70, immigrants, 2,318,824, others 4,708,229; 1870-80, immigrants, 2,812,191, others 6,285,221; 1880-90, immigrants, 5,246,618, others 7,230,851; 1890-1900, immigrants, 3,844,420, others 6,527,905; 1900-10, immigrants, 3,808,308, others 1,171,408. Until 1856 all alien passengers entering the United States were classed as immigrants, hence the figures until this date do not take into account travelers and are in consequence inaccurate.

Too Limited a Route.

"Would you object to marrying a traveling man?" "Not if he travels far enough." Applied Miss Cayenne. "I couldn't care for one of these chaps who puts in all his time traveling between here and Baltimore."

POOR WAY TO WOO SLEEP

Man Who Experimented Prehensile Insomnia "Cure" to Be at Least of Doubtful Value.

A new cure for insomnia, we read, is to "list the first names of all your friends and acquaintances, taking each letter of the alphabet in order."

Of course this is only a variant of the old device of counting imaginary sheep jumping over a wall. Personally we never found that to work at all. We counted between 11,000 and 12,000 of these alleged soporific sheep one night, and then the alarm clock went off and it was time to get up, which we did with a groan, a headache and a pair of stigmatic eyes.

Making an alphabetical catalogue of your friends' first names is an even more stimulating and nerve-exciting process. We would be willing to wager that no normal persons could get further than the N's before being interrupted by the first call for breakfast. It is doubtful, at least, if the night contains enough time to go through with the whole list from Alfred to Zorilla. We should say that this might be the surest way to banish sleep altogether.

The best way to woo slumber, we have been told, is to go into the silence, relax all muscles and nerves, and then in a mental way, pull all the edges of the mind into a dead mental center and fold them in. It is hard to say just how this is done, but it sounds plausible. Frequently, of course, there are some difficulties merely in going into a silence. Somewhere on the premises, perhaps in an adjacent apartment, there may be someone who has gone to sleep without going into the silence. This interferes materially with the working of all anti-insomnia devices. If there is no neighboring obstacle of this sort it is a much easier matter.

And yet, even after the silence is arranged, the mind is apt to go on providing its own disturbance. Arithmetical and alphabetical diversions only accentuate the tumult. The only thing to do is to regard the very center of the mind as a hypothetical hole, or vacuum, contract the mind until it is all pulled into this hole, and then pull the hole in after it. And there you are. Of course if there is a certain degree of reality in this imagined condition, one does not have to exercise the hypothesis, and that makes it so much easier.—F. H. Young in Providence Journal.

Lithuania and Its People.

Lithuania is situated in the basin of the Niemen and Dvina rivers on the southeastern coast of the Baltic sea. The capital is Vilna. Its area is approximately 80,000 square miles, the population about 9,000,000, of whom 7,000,000 are Lithuanians 3,500,000 Lithuanians proper, 1,500,000 using Slavic dialects and 2,000,000 Letts. The country also contains a third of a million Poles. The rest of the population consists of Jews, White Russians, Germans and Mongols. It is said that there is no trace in the world's history of any other people having lived in these regions. Although situated between the Slavs and the Teutons, the Lithuanians are in no way related to them. They claim that their language is one of the oldest now spoken in the world. It is said strikingly to resemble ancient Sanskrit.

Many Tyrants.

He was a high school pupil, and was imbibing many bits of philosophy. At home he watched the women folk and the ways they devised for doing as they pleased and for getting every other person to do as they wished them to do. And from these he drew conclusions which he later voiced.

"Times have changed since my history was written," he told his father one night. "Then the tyrants were the men who used to stamp around and kill and frighten people into submission. Today the tyrants have dropped those weapons and use much more subtle ones—tears. I think a woman who cries in order to get her own way is a bigger tyrant than ever those old fellows of long ago were." Anyway, it set father to work thinking.

Primroses of Picardy.

Nature in her own way is looking after the solitary war graves scattered throughout the shell-shattered Picardy countryside, according to a writer in the London Daily Chronicle. Those that lie in the thrice-fought-over ground between Albert and Comblès are covered with early spring primroses. In Liermont the daffodils are blooming, and the brambles on the graves in Bernafay wood are green with new leaves. The lonely warriors are to be gathered together in the central cemeteries under the care of the imperial war graves commission. The French government, in compliance to the British soldier, has purchased the necessary land, and has presented it for all time to England.

Hotel Chateau Thierry.

There is said to be a plot on foot for a large American-managed hotel at Chateau Thierry. If it is built a small bet might be placed that the services of a German-speaking clerk will not be required there on the opening day. Their memories of that section will not be so keenly pleasurable that Germans will return there in great numbers.

Rhetorical Spendthrifts.

"How's politics coming out your way?" "It isn't what it used to be. Every time anybody would think up a good husky epithet he'd use it on the Hohennollerns instead of saving it up for the local campaign."

New Blacksmith D. CANTWELL

The new blacksmith, will be found on West First street. All kinds of repairing and wood work.

Newberg, Oregon

WE PAY CASH FOR

Cream-Eggs-Poultry

We handle on consignment your VEAL AND HOGS

ACCURATE WEIGHTS AND TESTS

Hazelwood Co.

By V. A. VINCENT

Notice Our Livestock Exchange

Variation of Dialects.

Dialects of variation in spoken language are the result of peculiarities of speech, first involuntarily adopted by individuals and then perpetuated and extended by the unconscious imitation of others. They are not premeditated or assignable to any definite cause, except the constant tendency of language to become diversified. The same causes that have produced different languages among different nations tend to produce dialectic variations in the language of every nation. The results are apparent, but the cause cannot be defined.

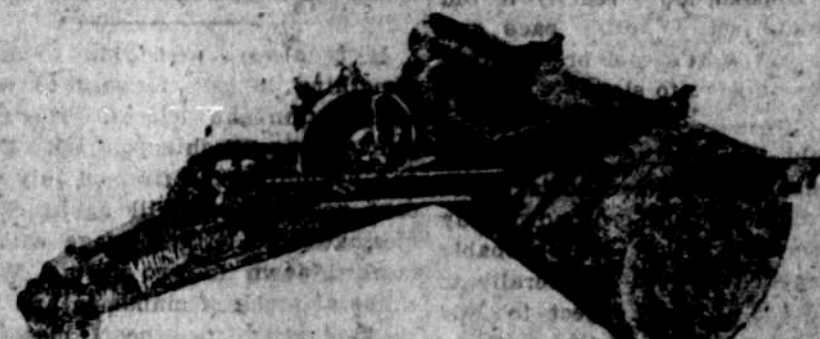
Farm and Country.

Secretary Daniels said at a dinner: "When the layman tries to talk nautically he makes as many mistakes as the city girl on the farm."

"This city girl was smoking her after-dinner cigarette in the hammock on the lawn when a cow began to low mournfully. The city girl blew a smoke cloud into the air and said: "Listen to that poor heifer mewing for her colt!"

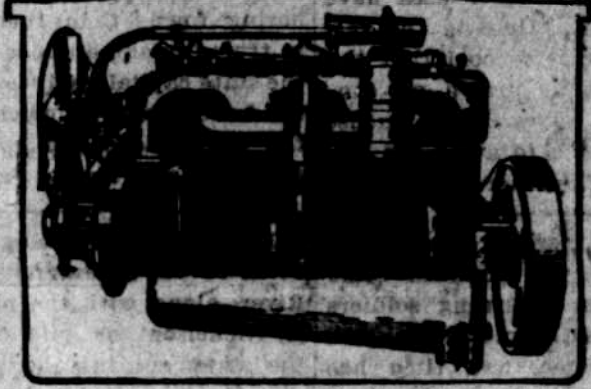
The Graphic turns out first class job work. Come in and see us.

THE VAUGHAN—THE ORIGINAL DRAG SAW MACHINE



If you have wood to cut or wish to operate light machinery around the farm you need one of these machines. Ask your dealer for information or write the VAUGHAN MOTOR WORKS, Inc. 475 E. Main St., Portland, Oregon

Studebaker MOTOR CARS



THE motors in the new Studebaker Motor Cars embody many refinements and important mechanical improvements. A perfected method of timing together with increased valve lift and hot-spotted mainfold gives a 20 per cent increase in power, smoother operation and greatly reduced gasoline consumption.

Beautiful in Design Thoroughly Modern Mechanically Right

McCoy Bros. Garage NEWBERG, OREGON

Chehalem Valley Mills

Dealers in

Flour and Feed

HAY AND GRAIN

All kinds of Mill Feed Alfalfa Hay,

NEWBERG, OREGON

For mileage



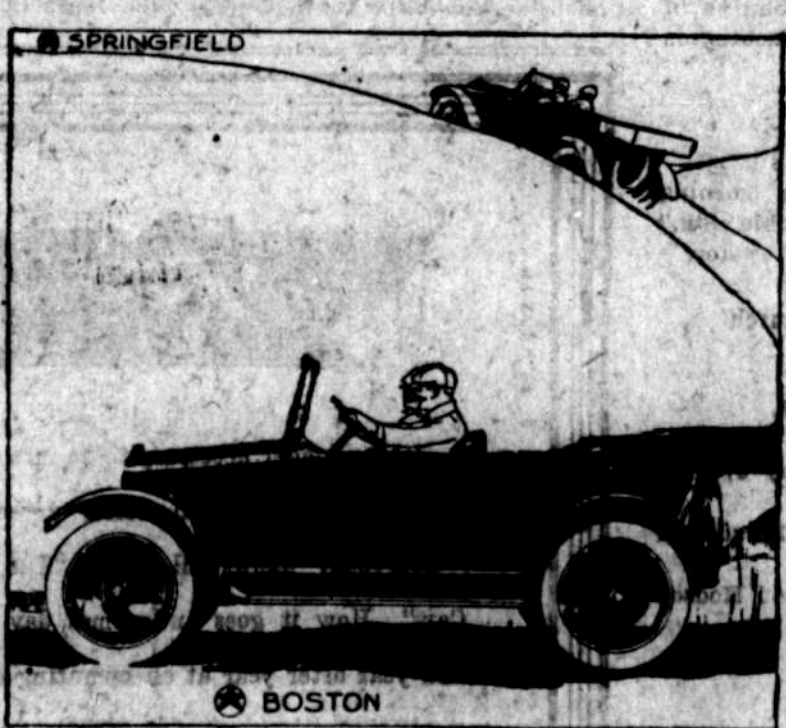
"Red Crown" gives greater mileage because it is correctly made, straight-distilled, all-refinery gasoline. Look for the Red Crown sign before you fill.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (California)

The Gasoline of Quality

V. D. MILLER, Special Agent Standard Oil Co., Newberg

Overland



Still Another Endurance Record

More than 3852 miles in 168 hours of continuous running, at an average speed of 25 miles an hour, without a stop of the motor or variation in the fixed schedule.

That is what two stock Model 90 cars did in 7 days and 7 nights non-stop run between Boston and Springfield recently.

Every stock Model 90 is capable of the same high degree of performance. Let us show you an exact duplicate of these record makers.

D. A. HART, Dealer, Main St., Newberg, Ore

Overland Model Ninety Five Passenger Touring Car, 1921 1. 1. 1. Toledo