

NEWBERG GRAPHIC



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WEDDING BELLS ARE SOUNDED

Miss Florence Hazel Pike Becomes the Bride of Oswald Howell Best. Wedding Thursday.

The marriage of Miss Florence Hazel Pike, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Pike, to Oswald Howell Best was solemnized at 8 o'clock on the evening of Thursday, June 15, at the home, 1208 Eleventh street, Newberg, Rev. George H. Lee, pastor of the Presbyterian church, officiating.

The bride was charmingly attired in white satin, the groom wearing conventional blue.

The rooms were decorated with carnations and sweet peas, and the ceremony was performed in the parlor, where the pretty decorations lent a charming effect to the scene.

Following congratulations a wedding luncheon was served, after which the newly-weds departed for Portland in company with the brother-in-law and sister of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. De Vere Foreman, in whose home they will make a visit.

The bride is a most gracious and accomplished young lady and has been prominent in social circles in Newberg. By her attractive disposition and graces she has won many friends who congratulate the fortunate groom and wish the happy couple the fullest realizations of their fondest anticipations.

The groom, who is a returned soldier, is the son of Mrs. Jennie Best, of Newberg, and is a young man of excellent character and good business ability. He holds a lucrative position at the local Standard Oil station.

The out-of-town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. De Vere Foreman, brother-in-law and sister of the bride, and Miss Alva Best, of Portland.

TOO HOT TO MOVE

"I have changed my mind about going to Arizona for a vacation," said Al Meierhofer a few days ago. "I received a letter from a friend there the other day and in an effort to show how hot it was he wrote: 'Saw a dog chasing a jack rabbit and they were both walking.'"—Minonk (Illinois) Herald.

"Color Blindness."

Next Sunday morning at the Friends Church the pastor will speak on the subject, "Spiritual Color Blindness."

Suet chopped fine and rendered in the oven makes excellent fat for frying.

PACIFIC HIGHWAY WORK IN LINN COUNTY

The County Court has begun grading on the Pacific highway between Albany and Tangent with one of their new grading outfits, consisting of a large traction engine and heavy road grader. They expect to keep the machines busy for the balance of the road working season throwing up the grade on that section of the road directly south of Albany along the bottom lands of the Calapooia river where a heavy fill is to be made. It is expected that at least two years will be taken to finish the highway south of Albany to the county line at Harrisburg.—Lebanon Criticon.

Y. M. C. A. MASS MEETING

The people of the county are invited to attend a Y. M. C. A. mass meeting to be held in the city park at McMinnville on Sunday afternoon, July 25, at 3 o'clock, to listen to an address by C. C. Hatfield, recently returned from Y. M. C. A. service in Russia. The meeting is held under the auspices of the Executive Committee of the Yamhill County Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Hatfield has served three years in Russia. He has much inside information on the conditions in that country. To hear him will be a rare opportunity for the people of Yamhill county. Early in the war he responded to a call to go to Russia. His work there, under handicaps and with much personal danger and hardship will make an interesting story and reveal much as to the real conditions in that stricken country.

There will be a special program of music and community singing under a competent leader. You will enjoy the afternoon and be benefitted by hearing Mr. Hatfield.

THE ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS

Toronto Kelly enters the following as his effort to get the prize this year on the spring chicken stories: A Methodist preacher went fishing, and, suddenly sneezing, lost both sets of his teeth in the river. He tied a chicken leg on a string, dropped it in the water, and as soon as he felt a pull, drew out the line and found his upper and lower teeth firmly fastened in the chicken's leg.—Lawrence (Kansas) Gazette.

The nature faker of the Brimfield News says a sow in that county dropped a litter of 19 pigs and had but 15 faucets to care for them. If raised the others will be bottle pigs.—Avon (Illinois) Sentinel.

POLK CO. JERSEY MAKES REMARKABLE RECORD

Perrydale, Oregon, July 17—(Special)—Frank E. Lynn, who owns and operates a large Jersey breeding establishment just north of Perrydale, has been notified by the American Jersey Cattle Club that his cow, Poppy's Dortha, has broken the world's record for junior 3-year-olds of the Jersey breed by producing 994.4 pounds of butterfat on a yearly test.

The former record of 892 pounds was held by Vive La France, owned by Pickard Bros. of Marion, Oregon. Vive La France, however, still retains her world's record of 1,031 pounds as a senior 4-year-old.

The new champion was bred by Mr. Lynn. She was sired by St. Mames Golden Poppy, a bull from the famous Ed Carey herd at La Fayette, and her dam is the imported cow, Ladyslipper of Stilton, bred on the Island of Jersey.

The new record not only gives Poppy's Dortha first place among Jersey junior 3-year-olds, but also fifth highest record for cows of all ages of that breed. She is looked upon as a future champion butterfat producer, irrespective of age.

Poppy's Dortha is a beautiful cow with splendid conformation and remarkable udder development. During her test she produced 17,800 pounds of milk.

"OLD ZEALAND" IN NEW ZEALAND

On March 24th and 25th I was delivering Chautauqua lectures in the fine progressive town of Hawera, New Zealand. Mr. Strack, the head master of the public schools, gave me an invitation to visit his schools on the afternoon of the second day.

At the appointed hour I appeared promptly. On entering the school, I saw through an open door a crowd of boys and girls standing in systematic order, filling the entire assembly hall.

I was conducted by Mr. Strack to a platform in this assembly on which stood a group of lads with drums.

Without either of us sitting, Mr. Strack at once announced that "we have with us a gentleman from the United States of America, the land of the Stars and Stripes." Now, said he, give the salute! At once the drums sounded, while in front, each one of the hundreds of pupils held flags aloft and waved them vigorously.

Imagine my surprise at noting that every other flag was a flag of the U. S. A. Also imagine a real American in a strange land more than 7,000 miles from home, after six months absence, facing a scene like that! Perhaps you may think you could preserve your self-composure through it all. Well, try it. Try it by attempting to reply to an invitation to make a speech, as I did.

Americans, you may think you appreciate your country and your flag. You doubtless do. But six months in New Zealand will make you conscious of your love of this U. S. A.

"Where the sky is full of sunshine and the flag is full of stars."
—From Arthur D. Carpenter.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If you spill ink on the carpet or on cloth, dry up all you can with blotting paper, then dampen the place with water and cover with cooking soda. After standing two or three hours you will find all traces of ink gone.

To polish mahogany furniture rub it well with cold linseed oil and polish by rubbing with a dry cloth. Do this once a week and your mahogany will become so finely polished that hot water will not injure it. The linseed oil hardens when exposed to the air and fills all the wood surface, making it like glass.

If in washing spinach a handful of salt is put in the second water, all the sand from the greens will sink to the bottom of the pan and the vegetables when raised the third time will be thoroughly cleaned.

When making steamed bread bread a much lighter and better tasting bread is made by using Graham flour instead of corn meal, or part Graham.

WHY OUTPUT OF BEET SUGAR IS GROWING LESS

Despite the enormous price the consumer is paying for sugar, despite the exorbitant profits flowing into the pockets of the sugar manufacturers and refiners, the acreage of sugar beets and the quantity of beet sugar produced in the United States show a persistent decline. The Far West alone could produce every pound of sugar consumed in the United States. Why isn't it done? Why doesn't the farmer produce the sugar and make money?

The margin of profit is there. In Boise recently the federal grand jury indicted several officials of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company, a concern connected with the Mormon hierarchy, on charges of violating the Lever Act by selling sugar costing 9 1/2 cents to manufacture for 24 cents a pound. Of course the farmer's share of the loot is far less than 9 1/2 cents.

But the farmer is not growing sugar beets to enable sugar companies to make a profit of 15 cents a pound. If that profit had gone to him, he would be able to pay labor ten dollars a day, with the result that this fall we would have all the sugar we need, for the production of beet sugar has become purely a labor problem. Thinning, weeding, topping and cultivating sugar beets is hard, back-straining work. So long as easier farm work can be had for equal or higher pay, labor will keep away from the beet-sugar fields. The only way to get it there is by offering extraordinary high wages. We are now paying sugar prices so high that the farmer could well afford to pay ten dollars a day if he were receiving a fair share of the money the public pays for sugar.

Unfortunately, he is not getting his fair share; the sugar manufacturers keep nearly all of it, with the result that our sugar-beet acreage is dwindling and sugar has to be rationed.

The time is rapidly approaching when disagreeable, unpleasant work will command the highest instead of the lowest possible rate of pay.—August Sunset.

YARD OF DOLLAR BILLS

A yard of dollars isn't nearly as valuable as it looks and sounds, a Kansas City man of an ingenious turn of mind found out the other day. To make his "roll" more convenient to carry he pasted the ends of the bills together. In doing so he made the discovery that a yard of dollar bills represented exactly \$4.80.

His curiosity was aroused and he determined to find out what the worth of a yard of dollars was when translated into terms of clothes, food and other essentials of life. So he strolled into his tailor's shop and inquired the price of a new Fall suit.

"Well, we have something very good for \$75, and something not so good for \$60. The lowest-priced suit is \$50," said the tailor.

Further conversation developed the fact that about three and one-half yards would be required for the inquirer's suit. So his yard of dollars represented less than a third of the price of his Fall suit a yard. In other words, a yard of cloth is worth more than three times the value of a yard of dollars.

"I wonder how far a yard of dollars would go in buying a yard of goods for my wife's wear," remarked the ingenious man to himself. He proceeded to find out. His wife has a fondness for Georgette crepe, and he discovered that a yard of dollars just about equaled the value of a yard of the prized Georgette, the latter being quoted to him at \$3.50 to \$4.50. Friend wife had been admiring the new material, duvetyne, which promises to be popular this Fall, and he accordingly measured the value of his yard of dollars with that of a yard of duvetyne, to the utter shame of that yard of dollars. A yard of duvetyne he found was quoted at \$13.50.

"Tricotine is going to be mighty popular for women's suits," hinted the genial saleswoman, so again the yard of dollars was brought forth for comparison. And again the yard of dollars was put to rest.

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS CONTINUOUS GOVERNMENT SERVICE

Washington, July 20th—After 65 years of continuous Government service, regarded by officials here as a record never before equalled, Henry J. Wylie, clerk in the Quartermaster's Department of the U. S. Marine Corps, will retire on August 20 with an annuity. Mr. Wylie has served the Marine Corps for 45 years in the same department.

Mr. Wylie entered the Government service in the post office in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, when 17 years old. In 1861 he enlisted in the army and saw service in three of the great battles of the Civil War. At the close of the war he was appointed clerk in the Washington navy yard. He left the navy yard to join the clerical force of the Marine Corps in 1875.

During his service in the Marine Corps, Mr. Wylie has administered the oath of office to the following commandants of the corps: Major Generals Heywood, Elliott, Biddle, Barnett and Lajeune.

Mr. Wylie was born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in 1838.

Tricotine, it was found, was priced at \$5.98 to \$8. The yard of dollars was much less precious.

"How about some plain gingham?" inquired the possessor of the yard of dollars.

Here at last was found something less valuable per yard than dollars, for the gingham was priced to him at 75 cents to \$1.50 a yard. A face veil, which his wife had suggested she was in need of, came pretty close to being worth as much a yard as dollars, for the sort she desired was \$3 a yard.

"We've needed a new rug a long time," suddenly bethought the searcher after knowledge. "Wonder how rug prices compare with my dwindling yard of dollars."

He found out considerably to his dismay. A standard Axminster, he was told, was worth about \$8.50 a yard, though it isn't ordinarily priced in quite that way. A handsome Wilton, he was told, he could acquire by the expenditure of about \$10 a yard.

A first-class carpet, he learned, was worth right close to as much a yard as were dollar bills. Only the fact that it perhaps was more durable, he conjectured, made it more serviceable for that purpose than the abused Treasury notes. Certainly the latter would make a more distinctive design for the floor of the old home place.

Passing a combination grocery and meat market he came upon two things that measured a yard and still were worth less than his little prized yard of dollars. They were bologna and spaghetti.—Kansas City Star.

To clean a grater use a small vegetable brush.

FOUR KILLED IN AUTO WRECK

Southern Pacific Train Hits Car Four Miles North of Harrisburg

Albany, Ore., July 20—(Special)—Four persons were killed at Alford crossing, four miles north of Harrisburg, at 11:50 a. m. today, when the automobile in which they were riding was struck by northbound Southern Pacific train No. 18.

The dead: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Paul Schrimsher, 1563 Ellis street, San Francisco.

Mrs. R. V. Joste, Oakland, California, Mrs. Schrimsher's daughter.

Billy Joste, 3-year-old son of Mrs. Joste.

Mr. and Mrs. Schrimsher had been married in San Francisco on June 2 last, according to a marriage certificate found in their effects. Her name had been Mrs. Mary E. Rowe. They had gone to Portland soon after that and had lived at the home of Mrs. Kenneth R. Downing, 550 Hoyt street. They were driving from Portland back to San Francisco when the accident happened, traveling in a small machine.

Mrs. Schrimsher was killed instantly. The others, all terribly injured, were placed aboard the train to be brought to a hospital here, but Schrimsher died before the train reached Halsey, about six miles from the scene of the accident, and Mrs. Joste died as the train was pulling out of Shedd. The little boy died in St. Mary's hospital here at 4 o'clock this afternoon.

The front end of the automobile was about in the center of the track when the engine of the train hit it. The car was carried and rolled along for about 120 feet and then tumbled into the ditch. The car, except the rear portion, was entirely demolished.

Mrs. Joste was thrown out near the crossing and dragged a few feet by the train. The others were carried with the car ahead of the train. The boy was under the wreckage of the car and the dead body of the elder woman beside it under a pile of bedding tossed from the wreck. The man was thrown about 20 feet beyond the wrecked car.

Neither Schrimsher nor Mrs. Joste ever regained consciousness. The man died without speaking at all. The woman talked rationally on the train, grieving in her semi-conscious condition over the injury to the child. The little boy was able to talk before he died and nurses at the hospital thought he said his name was Joe Ross, but because of his youth and suffering nothing definite could be learned.

Dr. Ng Poon Chew

Chinese Statesman and Journalist Comes on Third Night of Chautauqua



Probably no member of the Chinese race in America is more highly respected and admired than Ng Poon Chew, the journalist, humorist and statesman, who comes to Chautauqua on the third night.

The Los Angeles Times of recent date says: "A more brilliant speaker has not addressed a Los Angeles audience in many moons than the Chinese statesman, scholar and editor—Ng Poon Chew. With his wit and wisdom, his eloquence and logic he won round after round of hearty applause and provoked peals of laughter from the audience which filled the big auditorium. Dr. Chew is managing editor of America's first Chinese daily."

Songs of Long Ago

Chautauqua Presents Bess Gearhart Morrison's Company, Featuring Old Melodies



Two musical programs that will thoroughly delight and please everyone in the big Chautauqua tent are scheduled for the third day in the coming of the Morrison Girls. This company has been coached by Bess Gearhart Morrison and every detail of the two programs arranged by this talented woman who so won the hearts of Chautauqua audiences last year. She is sending them out under her name and that is sufficient indorsement to assure everyone of the class of their concerts.

The Morrison Girls will present two programs of infinite variety including costumed songs and sketches, vocal and instrumental solos, orchestral selections, readings and choruses. The charming old songs of the days of long ago will be a prominent feature of their two concerts.