

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE

By J. C. AKERS, Newberg, Oregon

ARE THERE VAMPS IN NEWBERG?

A commercial traveler at the Imperial hotel the other day propounded a question to a group of loungers in the lobby, which none of them were able to answer.

The question was, "Who are the V's of Newberg?"

In explanation of the question, the drummer stated that he was in attendance at the football game recently played at Corvallis, and observed two young men in company with two extremely bewitching young ladies, and overheard a young man standing near, enquire of his companion, a young fellow who resides at Corvallis, if the two pretty girls in question were residents of that city. The answer was, "Yes, those girls are neighbors of ours, in fact live just across the street from us and are at our house nearly every day. We call them sweet Alice and her sister, but of course you want their proper names which—"

"I don't care what their names are, I will learn that when you introduce me for I am going home with you on purpose to get an introduction," interrupted his friend.

"Well," said the other young man, "It won't do you a particle of good, for those two young fellows you saw with the girls have the inside track, and while they are here, the girls won't have a thing to do with any other boys, and there is something strange about the business and that is, we can't find out who those boys are. I have asked sweet Alice and her sister a dozen times and she always smiles and says, 'those boys are the two V's from Newberg,' and that is all the information we have about them. Some of our boys call them the two Vamps, and some few who are ill natured call them the two vagabonds, but vamps or vagrants, I would give a box of good cigars to find out their identity."

The drummer said he knew the young man who offered the cigars as a reward for the true names of the two V's, and he had hoped to learn their names so that he could collect the cigars next time he went to Corvallis.

If one only knew the names of all the Newberg boys who attended that ball game he might figure out who it is that are such prime favorites with sweet Alice of Corvallis and her fair sister.

MOONSHINE

Yea, verily, the moon shines still on the hills of Kentucky, but moonshine stills in these latter days are found among other hills than those of Kentucky, long famed for fast horses, fair woman, burley tobacco and bourbon whisky.

The moonshine still is still found in Kentucky, and it is also found among the verdant hills of our own Oregon, yea, even among the mountains which look down on Newberg.

In ye olden time, man born in the mountains of Kentucky was of feud days and full of views. He fished and fiddled, and cussed and fought all the miserable days of his life, and shunned water even as a dog with hydrophobia, and he drank much bad whisky. When he desired to raise Cain, he planted a neighbor, and lo, he reaped twenty fold.

He arose even from the cradle to seek the scalp of his grandsire's enemy and bringeth home in his carcass the ammunition of his neighbor's cousin's uncle's father-in-law, who avengeth the dead. Seelah?

In Oregon the moonshiner fills his hide to repletion with mountain dew and repairs to Newberg, where the officials of the city put him in the Hoose Gow and the J. P. fineth and costeth him to the limit, and sendeth him to the county jail, while the Revenue men wantonly break up and destroy his innocent still.

In Kentucky in ye olden days life was uncertain, and a native knew not the hour he would be jerked hence. He went forth on a journey, half shot, and came back on a shutter shot. He arose in the night to let the cat out and it took nine doctors to pick the buckshot out o' his anatomy. He went forth in joy and gladness and came back in scraps and fragments. Seelah?

He emptied a demijohn into himself and a shotgun into his enemy, and his enemy's son lay in wait for him on county court day, and lo, the coroner plowed up a four acre field to bury the scattered remnants of the man.

Woe, woe was Kentucky, for her eyes were red with moonshine and her soil was red with the blood of innocent moonshiners.

And now, when the poor persecuted moonshiner endeavors to escape from the land of feuds and earn

an honest living by supplying the natives of Chehalis mountain with a brand of booze that is warranted to make a man commit a murderous assault on his grandmother, the minious of the red-eyed law, breaketh up his business and destroyeth his still and confiscateh his whisky and confineth him in a bastille.

Verily it is true that the moonshiner and the bootlegger are not getting a square deal in this part of the country, where it seems that they have no rights which are respected. They are hounded and persecuted on every hand until they can scarcely earn an honest penny. There are fewer paupers, and not so many widows and orphans, and less hell raising throughout the country, but poor moonshiner is not to blame. If he were permitted to attend his business free from molestation he would sure make things lively in this neck o' woods, but it is to be feared that the shiner will, in a few years hence be classed with the dodo. Museums would do well to secure their specimens now, before they become extinct.

A FRIEND

A friend is a person who is for you all the time under any and all circumstances.

When charges are made against you he does not ask for proof—he tells the accuser to get out.

He likes you just as you are and would not change you in any way if he had the power to do so.

Whatever kind of coat you wear suits him. Whether you have on a dress suit or overalls, blue shirt and no collar, he thinks it all right.

He likes your moods and enjoys your pessimisms. He likes your success, and your failure endears you to him the more.

He is better than a lover in that he is never jealous.

He is the one being with whom you may feel safe; with him you can utter your heart, its badness or its goodness.

You don't have to be careful. There are many faithful wives and husbands; there are few faithful friends.

Friendship is the most admirable, amazing and rare article among human beings.

Anybody can stand by you when you are right; a friend sticks to you when you are wrong.

The highest known form of friendship is that of a dog for its master. You are in luck if you can find a man or a woman on earth having that kind of affection for and fidelity to you.

Like the shade of a great tree at noonday heat, is a friend.

Like a home port, with your country's flag flying after a long journey is a friend.

He is an impregnable citadel and refuge in the strife of existence.

It is he who keeps alive your faith in human nature and makes you believe the universe is good.

He is the antidote for despair, the elixir of hope, the tonic for depression, the medicine to cure suicide.

When you are vigorous and spirited you like to have your pleasure with him; when you are in trouble you want to tell him; when you are dying you want him near.

To him you give without reluctance and borrow without embarrassment.

If you live seventy-five years and find one true friend, you are to be numbered with the fortunate.

Several business men on First street, complain of the loss of their morning papers which are left at the front entrance to their places of business before opening hours, and carried away by someone passing. It should be remembered that

It is a sin to steel a pin,
A crime to cut a throat;
A dirty caper to steel a paper,
Of that please make a note.

"O, where are you going my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to Newberg, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"O, no indeed, kind sir," she said.

"Pretty maid, tell me the reason why? For I'm inclined to give it a try."

"You'd better not," said she with a frown, for the Fool-killer lives at Newberg town."

Mr. Newlywed—"Did you sew the button on my coat darling?"

Mrs. Newlywed—"No love; I couldn't find the button, so I just sewed up the button hole."

Foreign Advertising Representatives
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THE BACHELOR'S DREAM

Backward, turn backward, O Time
In your flight!
Give us a maiden with skirts not
so tight;

Give us a girl whose charms many or
few,

Are not exposed by much peek a
boo.

Give us a maiden, no matter what
age,

Who won't use the street for a vaude-
ville stage;

Give us a girl not so sharply in view,
Dress her in skirts that the sun won't
shine through.

Then give us the dances of the days
long gone by;

With plenty of clothes and steps not
so high;

Oust turkey-trot capers and butter-
milk glides,

The hurdy-gurdy twist and the wig-
gle-tail slide;

Then let us feast our tired optics
once more,

On a genuine woman as sweet as of
yore.

Yes Time, please turn backward and
grant our request

For God's richest blessing—but not one
undressed.

A FARM BOY

A farm boy, one who loves every
part of the farm and farm life, will
often find his thoughts on the things
of the farm, even when he is in the
school room and trying to digest
English, mathematics and history.

And it is not such a bad fault either.

A teacher in a rural school recently
told of her experience in trying to
get a class interested in American
history. She decided that by telling
them the stories of the discovery of
America and of the different peoples
who came here to help make our
great nation, and to tell these in her
own language, she would have better
success in interesting her class, and
especially one boy who had not
shown great interest and advance-
ment. The teacher gave what she
thought to be a well prepared story
of the landing of our Pilgrim fathers,
emphasis being placed upon the fam-
ous Plymouth Rock located at the
harbor where the Pilgrims landed.

The children were shown a picture
of the rock during the recitation of
the story, and the teacher concluded
by asking them to draw a picture
of Plymouth Rock as it appeared to
them from memory. A hand went
up, and it was that of the boy who
was never interested. "What is it?"
the teacher asked. "Do you want us
to draw a hen or a rooster?"

DISASTER RELIEF PROVES BEST NATIONAL INSURANCE

When the man on the street is asked for his annual Red Cross dues of \$1 during Roll Call week, November 11 to 25, he will know that half of that dollar stays in his own community. If he has done an average amount of Red Cross reading he will know that a small slice out of the other 50 cents is appropriated to "disaster relief."

But unless he is one of the exceptionally few he will not know what "disaster relief" has meant to the world during the life of the American Red Cross, nor will he realize what small slices of dollars will do if there are enough of them.

In the Northwestern Division, time after time the relief organization has met its crisis and has stood the test. Twice in Oregon in December of 1919—at Mosier when fire left families destitute and again when the Marshfield chapter cared for survivors and recovered bodies of the dead from the wrecked schooner "Chansior"—the test was met. In 1920 came the landslide at Juneau, Alaska, and the hotel fire at Klamath Falls, Oregon. More people learned that "disaster relief" means things in the lives of men.

In the 38 years since its incorporation up to June of 1919, the American Red Cross had participated in 180 disaster relief expeditions. It directed the expenditure of approximately \$12,500,000. Before the organization had attained its present large membership funds often were raised through popular subscription for such large disasters as the Mississippi floods and cyclones of 1882 and 1883, the Texas famine, the Armenian massacres of 1893 and 1894, the Martinique volcano eruption and many others.

A list of all the Red Cross relief work in times of fire, flood and famine would take pages. Long before the organization under the stress of war and war's results had grown into the lives of millions, disaster relief was one of its foremost activities. The Congressional Charter under which the Red Cross has operated since 1905 sets forth as one of the chief purposes of the organization: "to continue and carry on a system of . . . relief and to apply the same in mitigating the sufferings caused by pestilence, famine, fires, floods and other great national calamities."

And now, with its wonderful organization of chapters, branches and auxiliaries reaching to the farthestmost parts of the nation, its members instructed and ready for action when the occasion arises, Red Cross "disaster relief" has become accident insurance for the world.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN PEACE TIME



Boys and girls who learn early to take proper care of their teeth, throats, eyes, ears and stomachs, have made a long step toward healthy manhood and womanhood. Through its public health and nursing services, the American Red Cross aims eventually to reach all school children with teachings regarding disease prevention and health promotion. Here's a school nurse treating a little girl for sore mouth, at the same time implanting a valuable lesson in teeth brushing and proper diet.

Last year in the United States, the Red Cross aided more than 30,000 victims of flood, fire, tornado or other unavoidable disaster in 150 stricken communities.

Newberg Steam Laundry

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WATER FIRST AID SAVES LIVES ON WEST COAST



Red Cross first aid activities in the Northwest division this year have been chiefly devoted to "water first aid" instruction and organization. Several units of swimmers have been organized and trained in communities on the sound and western rivers, and rescues have already resulted from the Red Cross work.

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THE "SHASTA"—Train Nos. 11 and 12. A new through train. Handles standard sleeping cars only, dining car and observation car.

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