

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Before putting potatoes in to roast cut a small piece off the ends of them. This will let out any moisture and make them mealy.

To remove old paint or varnish, take a dish and dissolve lye in a little water. Then take an old brush and apply it to the old paint or varnish and let it remain a few minutes. Then scrub with clear water. Oxalic acid dissolved in hot water will remove paint from windows or glass.

When You Clean Blankets

After blankets have been washed and hung on the line and are thoroughly dry beat lightly with a carpet beater. The wool will become light and soft and wear like new.

Auction bills printed at the Graphic office.

SHILOH RELIEF CORPS NO. 23

Meetings held 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month at 2:30 p. m., in Duncan's Hall, 311 First street. ANNA BARTHOLOMEW, Pres. EMMA L. SNOW, Secretary.

NEWBERG CHAPTER NO. 55

Order of Eastern Star Regular meetings first and third Thursday each month. CLARA HILBERT, W. M. VERONA H. NELSON, Secy.

NEWBERG CAMP NO. 113

Woodmen of the World Meets every Monday night at 8 p. m. Visiting neighbors welcome. JAMES MOWHANDEL, C. C. TOM TYNDALL, Clerk.

WILLAMETTE LODGE NO. 96

I. O. O. F. Meets every Thursday night at 8 p. m. SCOTT LIVENGOOD, N. G. A. C. STANBROUGH, Secy.

NEWBERG LODGE NO. 104

A. F. & A. M. State communication every second and fourth Thursday. Visiting brethren welcome. P. W. BAUGHMAN, W. M. OLIVER KILHAM, Secy.

CITY OF NEWBERG TAX BUDGET

The Budget Committee of the City of Newberg, appointed to estimate the Income and Expenditure of said City of Newberg during the year 1923, upon which estimates to base the tax to be levied by said City of Newberg, do make the following estimates of income and expenditures:

ESTIMATE OF EXPENSE

1-Interest:		
1-Sewer Bonds	\$3875.00	
2-Park Bonds	660.00	
3-Fire Equipment Bonds	180.00	
4-City Hall Bonds	750.00	
5-General Bonds	150.00	\$ 5,615.00
2-Police Department:		
1-Salaries	\$3000.00	
2-Special Police	50.00	\$ 3,050.00
3-Street Department:		
1-Salaries	\$2100.00	
2-Equipment and Repairs	550.00	\$ 2,650.00
4-Library Fund		1,000.00
5-Street Lighting		2,625.00
6-City Attorney's Office		600.00
7-Special Assessments		1,170.00
8-Supplies and Materials		60.00
9-Fire Department:		
1-Salary of Driver	\$ 600.00	
2-Equipment and Repairs	1000.00	1,600.00
10-Emergency Fund		1,000.00
11-City Treasurer:		
1-Salary	510.00	
2-Bond and Supplies	100.00	640.00
12-Outstanding Warrants		\$11,736.02
TOTAL		\$31,736.02

ESTIMATE OF INCOME

1-Fines	\$ 1,500.00
2-Licenses and Franchises	2,000.00
3-Forfeited Bail	200.00
4-City Hall Rentals	1,200.00
5-Special Tax Levy	10,336.00
TOTAL	\$15,236.00
Necessary to raise by general taxation	\$16,500.02

Dated September 29th, 1922.

L. F. Moore, L. S. Otis,
C. H. Fitzpatrick, Geo. H. Lutz,
L. G. Pike, E. C. Baird,
J. C. Colcord, Clarence Butt,
Tom Tyndall, S. P. Timberlake,
H. M. Hoskins.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the council of the City of Newberg, to be held on October 8th, 1922, at 7:30 o'clock P. M. on said date at the council room in said City of Newberg, any tax payer may appear and be heard relative to the above budget or any item thereof.

REBECCA W. H. SMITH,
Recorder of the City of Newberg.

TIME CERTIFICATES

issued by this bank are a safe, convenient and profitable investment. On certificates issued after July 1, 1922, the following interest rates will apply:

Twelve month certificates, 4 per cent, payable semi-annually.

Six month certificates, 3½ per cent, payable at maturity.

Savings accounts, 3 per cent, payable January 1 and July 1.

If you are not one of our large number of satisfied customers, we invite you to make use of our facilities, believing that we can render a service unexcelled by any bank in the Willamette Valley.

A Roll of Honor Bank

UNITED STATES
NATIONAL BANK
OF NEWBERG, OREGON

RADIO JOINS AMERICAS

Five Stations to Bridge 2,000 Miles Between Continents.

Two Big Companies Place Orders for Equipment Planned to Form New Air Lines of Communication in Central America.

Linking of the Americas by radio through five broadcasting stations, two of which will be erected in the United States and three in Central America, each with a radius of 2,000 miles, is being contemplated by two big western companies, the United Fruit company and the Tropical Radio Telegraph company. Orders for the stations have been placed, says an announcement from the Radio Corporation of America.

The terminals in the United States of the proposed system will be at New Orleans, La., where the present station of the Tropical Radio Telegraph company is to be enlarged, and at Miami, Fla., where a new station will be constructed by the company.

The three stations in the southern part of the group will be located at the corners of a triangle embracing Honduras, Nicaragua and at Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras. These stations will connect with the station of the United Fruit company at Almirante, Panama.

Communication between these five stations and ship-to-shore communications with them will open up entirely new routes of intercourse between the Americas, one of which will be the opening of a 2,000-mile radio from Colombia, South America, and the United States.

The area embraced by the five stations covers 54,000 square miles, with a network of smaller stations joining the five main offices at the larger gaps. In the case of the Tegucigalpa station, the delicate radio apparatus and heavy steel girders to build the station must be transported over an 80-mile mountain trail. This station will be completed by November 1, 1922, it is planned.

Old papers suitable for under carpets, for packing purposes, etc., for sale at the Graphic office at 5c per bundle.

COLUMNS DECAY BUT BEAUTY OF POSTPILE GROWS

Phenomenon of Far West is Seldom Visited.

INTERESTS FOREIGN SCIENCE

This Marvel, Which Thus Far Has Attracted So Little Interest, Is But Few Hundred Miles From Los Angeles—Located in the Heart of Heart of the Stupendous Sierra Nevada—Likely to Hold Out for Another Thousand Centuries.

The Devil's Postpile, natural world wonder and national monument, is crumbling. Mysteriously wrought in the cosmic crucible, possibly when our planet's foundations were laid, it gradually is succumbing to the onslaughts of elemental forces. But let not this startling statement occasion immediate alarm or regret, for here's a comforting paradox. The basaltic marvel of the California wilds improves as its destruction progresses! And as it likely will hold out for another thousand centuries there remains time to go and look it over.

Disintegrating agencies under the masonry of the remarkable structure, and frost, earthquake, tempest and thunderbolt rend, topple and shatter its adamantine supports, but always the heavily exposed columns stand forth stronger and more perfect of form, more brilliant in their pristine glory. So huge is the mass, says John L. Von Bion in Dearborn Independent, that it must endure for ages before demolition will be complete. Fortunately, it affects only the outermost segments, hence a year discloses but slight change.

Devil's Postpile.

Do you know where the Devil's Postpile is? Have you ever heard of it? Though set apart by the President a decade ago, authoritatively recognized as the best example extant of its peculiar type of columnar basalt, and readily accessible in summer, it remains virtually unseen and unknown. Not more than one out of every 10,000 Americans has heard of it or could tell its location, while foreign governments and institutions send their scientists to study the splendid tower of long, dark, glistening prisms in all its fascinating aspects. This phenomenon, which thus far has attracted so little interest among our own people, is but a few hundred miles from Los Angeles, an easy drive of a day or so northward along the eastern base of continental America's loftiest mountains—a trip of varied picturesque and rare charm. From San Francisco the distance is about the same via the Yosemite valley—also a route of grandeur. The nearest highway is the transcontinental National Roosevelt Midland trail, almost direct from Montauk Point, Long Island, to the "postpile" and the Golden state's major cities. Two or three hours by trail, afoot or in the saddle, will take you from a resort called Mammoth to the weird, enchanted precincts of his satanic majesty's reputed post-setting or pile-driving operations. The spectacle is astonishing and inspires awe.

In the heart of hearts of the stupendous Sierra Nevada, surrounded by scores of white-robed peaks two and a half miles in the sky, residual glaciers, gorgeous lakes, dreamy meadows, boiling springs, and ice-chilled, dashing brooks, the Devil's Postpile occupies the center of a region of magnificent scenery, more beautiful than the imagination can conceive or mere words describe. It seems a grim sentinel holding watch over the idle fork of the San Joaquin river, which noisily rushes by within a hundred yards. The curiously attractive and impressive prodigy is set at an elevation of 7,500 feet above sea level and is itself a pygmy as compared with the titanic heights all about. Nevertheless, even a prosaic visitor would give heed to naught else the first day or two. The one object enthralled.

Formation of the Wonder.

The "pile" is a mile long, half as wide, and 400 feet high. The odd formation, whence its appellation is derived, is not everywhere in evidence, cropping out only in certain places. The most striking columns constitute more than 1,000 feet of its western face. They rise more than 100 feet above the talus—a vast heap of broken "posts" accumulated through the never-ceasing battering of the cliff by nature's processes. Ultimately all will be leveled in this agglomeration. How far downward they extend man knoweth not; it may be that they go far beyond the heat-radiating center of the ball comprising our tiny share of the universe, but probably they pinch out close to the surface. The geological experts gladly would pay a liberal admittance fee for a peep under.

The columns in this amazing bluff are arranged in rows as regularly as the pipes of a cathedral organ. At most perfect prisms, they are fitted together like cells in a honeycomb, each placed with the nicest care of true artisanship, and really look as if carved by human hands. The ends above were polished to a gloss by grinding glacial motion, and may be compared with a parquetry floor. The mosaic effect is startling.

These columns range from 14 inches to more than three feet in diameter. Most of them are pentagonal, whereas elsewhere, as in the Giants' Causeway, the general shape is hexagonal. The Devil's Postpile affords strange deviation in this respect, some of its immense columns being eight-sided, many seven-sided, and the remainder hexagonal. In one extensive section they are straight as sawed timbers and perpendicular. In another they lean and are gracefully curved on mass and the individual prisms twisted and fluted in the making of the cooling as sticks of pliable candy might be shaped. At one point they have the wavy appearance of flowing water. At the southern upper end they project almost horizontally and resemble gigantic railroad ties or evenly corded wood on a hillside. All the columns sparkle like precious stones in the glare of the mountain sun and the sight is bewildering. They are black in the main, but colorful withal, some in varying shades of green, blue and gray, a few white as alabaster.

For many years the handsomest of all the columns, tall and symmetrically tapered, was separated from the body and stood upright and alone, a proud, stalwart symbol of independence, but it is there no more. During my last visit to the postpile it was struck by lightning and fell with a reverberating crash, seared from end to end. Happily, it was broken into few sections.

Center of Electrical Storms. It would be difficult to find a locality where more sudden and violent electrical storms come booming up. At midday, while the sun shone brightly, a small cumulo-nimbus cloud floated over the range from the west and in less than a few minutes three blue-white streaks darted earthward, and each shivered a tree. The fourth and final bolt, with a peal that made the mountains themselves tremble, took the column. No raindrops pattered, scarcely a shadow appeared on the grand landscape. The lavatic formation, which has the metallic ring of iron and somewhat its hardness, may tend to draw electricity. At that altitude, eternally shut in by tremendous granite ramparts, the summer lightning season is brief, the winter long and vigorous.

During the warm months the region is fragrant paradise of bloom and bird-song, a medley of sweetest melody. The whole is a forest of pink, tamarack, fir and other sturdy trees, which cover even the postpile where the basalt is not actually bare. Wild flowers carpet the meadows and shaded places and away breast high in the balmy air—thousands upon thousands of kinds, many of which grow here only. Few are more interesting than the squaw's carpet or mahalia mat, a little evergreen trailer that literally covers the ground with its foliage and feathery clusters of violet blossoms and later bears odd scarlet fruit. The botanist who does not go to the high Sierras misses more than he ever can realize.

At the very upper edge of the crumbling cliff, where a "cornice" has formed, their roots fastened in the columnar jointing, a number of gnarled, torn, dwarfed cedars are hanging for dear life, even as dying humans cling to hope, the while their precarious support is tumbling away. This carries with it sufficient soil and punice to afford a foothold in the talus below for lustrous quaking aspens, which spring up rapidly and shine as the breezes stir their leaves. A meadowsweet locally known as "postpile tea" and used by knowing mountaineers to make a palatable, refreshing beverage, also thrives amid the wreckage of the scintillant pillars. Above, where moisture comes from the lines of cleavage, delicate rock ferns and dainty mosses give a touch of softness to relieve the harsh glister of unyielding surfaces.

Where Trails Meet.

The Devil's Postpile is at the junction of important trails leading after in various directions. Close by, the government has a log cabin that sometimes shelters storm-bound tourists. At times it is occupied by trappers, who bring out thousands of dollars' worth of furs. Big game and wild life abound.

Down stream two miles, and a part of the national monument, is Rainbow Fall, a gem unique and worthy of its name in that it literally is the birthplace of rainbows. The San Joaquin flings itself like a delicate curtain of lace and silver more than 100 feet over a ledge of black basalt—a continuation of the postpile, though without the columns—into an abyssal bow canyon. When the sun's rays reach into the fairy bow, rainbows arch the mists that flood the chasm—rainbows so clear that color photographs register them distinctly. The setting of this fall, in the bosom of the virgin forest and between exalted heights, is a masterpiece of nature, exquisite, sublime. There is not another elsewhere to match it. The picture lives in memory without fading as time rubs across it.

Aids Public Spanker for Bad Boys.

A public spanker for boys who are too young to send to jail for their misdeeds is asked by Chief of Police Dickson of Toronto, Canada. Corporal punishment is better than probation for mischievous lads, the police chief declared.

Beggars Offered to Pay 'Cop' for Stand.

After offering to pay \$5 a day for permission to beg on a street corner in Chicago, John Brooks, a professional beggar, was fined \$10 and costs for vagrancy. Brook, who is a cripple, pleaded that he was poor and unable to pay the fine.

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