



Adding to the Appearance and Usefulness of Shingles.

Curled and warped shingles on roofs of suburban and country houses are a common but not a pleasing sight in all parts of the country where buildings are covered with wood. Shingles warp and curl because after a wetting, and they get many—the upper side dries first. In a few years the roof leaks, decays, and must come off. Many years ago farmers made what they called "ever-lasting" roofs of white pine, cedar, and black walnut shingles, free from sap, rived with a row, and shaved with a drawing knife. Such shingles can now be had, for the fine straight grained timber necessary for their manufacture is scarce and very expensive.

Formerly good wood was plentiful and shingles cheap. It costs more to replace a leaky roof now, and earnest search has been made for ways to check the warping and decay of shingles, and make the roof last longer.

The Forest Service has studied the shingle problem along with that of preservation of farm timber. It is found that shingles treated with creosote by a special process which the Service has invented, warp but little and decay slowly because water is kept out of the tissues of the wood. One such roof will outlast two or three left in the natural state to curl, spring leaks, and fall to pieces. The creosote used is nothing more than the dead oil of coal tar, but it keeps water from entering the pores of the wood and renders it immune to decay for a long time. A roof of that kind costs a little more at first, but it is cheaper in the long run. Woods which are usually classed as interior, such as loblolly pine, beech, sycamore, and others which are quick decaying, readily take the preservative treatment and are given a largely increased value.

The preserving apparatus is neither expensive nor hard to operate. One such outfit will serve several farmers. The main item is an iron tank (an old engine boiler will do) with preservative fluid in it and a fire under it, and another tank of cold preservative. The shingles or other woods to be treated are immersed for a sufficient time in the hot creosote, and then in the cold. Full details of the operation are given to applicants for information by the Forest Service at Washington.

Shingles are one of the most important product in this country. Last year nearly twelve billions were made. Even this enormous number was a heavy falling off from the total of the year before. It is a significant fact that the chief source of shingle supply is now the forests of the far northwest, from which shingles are brought even to New York. The eastern sources of supply are not able to meet the eastern demand. It is therefore fortunate that shingles are so easily given a preservative treatment by which their life is lengthened.

Many handsome residences in all parts of the country have their sides and gables covered with shingles. This architectural use often calls for staining or painting in harmonious colors. Such coloring is less frequently seen on roofs, where it does not last long, because rain washes it off.

The Forest Service has been experimenting in this field, also, and has found that stains may be carried into the shingles along with preservatives by the new process. The coloring matter is mixed with the creosote, reaches

every fiber which the creosote touches, and lasts as long as the creosote lasts—and that is a long time. Such a stain does not easily weather out, whether on walls, gables or roofs. It is expected to prove much superior to the old way of staining or painting the surface only.

Don't Grumble.

Down in Douglas, Wyoming, is a quaint little print shop from which issues in the form of "Sagebrush Philosophy," some very pertinent though homely reflections. Bill Barlow handles a text without gloves and sometimes says very questionable things, yet the bulk of his philosophy is well directed and full of truths which cannot be disputed. "Sagebrush Philosophy" discerns the weaknesses of humanity and punctures them without mercy. The following is Barlow's estimate of a grumbler:

Facing me, upon the wall, there hangs a card bearing a quaint yet pertinent proverb—coined I believe by one Carson, the cornfed, whose smile is burned in, whose heart never failed a friend and whose pencil I find is often inspired. It is without sanctimonious twang or priestly preface—his language is lamentably lacking in both grammatical polish and literary lustre—but say, it does preach a red hot and straight-from-the-shoulder sermon.

"Don't grunt—do your stunt." Present day philosophy teaches that life is largely a matter of attitude—the which, by the way, is a heap more than machine-made aphorism. Humanity is a mirror—one smile invariably inspires another—and the two will throttle, if not kill outright that monster we term trouble. Environment is the mother of contentment if one will; hope and anticipation her first born, and best. Believe the world is full of good people and kindly blessings and they fairly line life's lane—to people it with princes of the royal blood rather than perverts and paupers is a duty—no less a privilege. Your chronic grumbler never gets on—never yet did success in any walks of life abide with the pessimist who has a whine in his heart. Constant complaint warps character, and is an evidence of weakness—invites derision and disaster—is the hiss of the serpent discontent and belongs to the vocabulary of the coward and the cur. To whine is to thrice arm your enemy, weaken the mind, enervate the spirit and damn all inspiration—and spells prearranged failure, always. Moreover, the whine shuts out all possibility of sympathy, for the world is a big one and busy, and don't care a cuss what you think of it or for the troubles your imagination creates. All nature loves the sunshine, and her children in God's image were not created to grouch in the gloom.

"Don't grunt—do your stunt." The cowpuncher has a proverb which avers that "a hungry six-pistol always gets a plenty." No man ever hunted for trouble long—it meets him more than half way. To advertise for misfortune is to find it at one's elbow—to whimper under stress of circumstances is a signal call to the demon of distress. To fairly ache to kill is to prepare for your own funeral.

"Don't grunt—do your stunt." We know, now, that the ghosts of superstition are the creatures of an overwrought and fearful subjective mind. Most of our ghosts are of tomorrow—born of today, perhaps, but still indistinct and without real form other than as clothed in our fears.

Psychology proves that a ghost is a case of mental appendicitis which can and ought to be cut out with a club. Troubles will come at times—unbidden and possibly undeserved and which we are powerless to prevent. But accept your sorrow with a stout heart; stand erect, and add to the world's store of good traits a conscious courage. The sun shines somewhere—we always get well.

"Don't grunt—do your stunt."

Mrs. Walter W. Bruce Recital.

The entertainment given at Duncan's hall on Friday night of last week by Mrs. Walter W. Bruce, of Portland, assisted by local talent was first class in every way and was well received by the moderate sized audience that was present. The weather was quite stormy and few who had not purchased tickets beforehand left shelter to attend.

In her readings Mrs. Bruce gave ten numbers, which makes heavy work for one evening, and all were good. Her ability to render a lengthy program to the delight of her audience, and in spite of adverse circumstances, seems to be her strong point. At times the patter of the rain on the tin roof overhead made it quite difficult for her to speak but she never faltered. The strongest numbers rendered were "My Ships," "The Woodticks" and "Little Hallelujah's Convert."

That part of the program rendered by the local talent was much above the average and was well received. The violin solo by Miss Doris Gregory was so well received that she was called back for a second number.

PROGRAM.

DUETT—
"Oh That We Two Were Mating" Smith
Katherine Romig and Prof. J. S. Carrick

READINGS—
(a) "The Court of Boyville" William Allen White
(b) "The Night Wind" Eugene Field
Mrs. Walter W. Bruce

VIOLIN SOLO—
"4th Concerto" Seitz
Doris Gregory

READINGS—
(a) "As You Like It" Shakespeare
Act I Scene III
(b) "The Laboratory" Robert Browning
(c) "My Ships" Ella Wheeler Wilcox
(d) "The Woodticks" Ben King
Mrs. Bruce

TRIO—
"Serenade" Leslie
Messdames Robertson, Nelson, Spaulding

READING—
"Little Hallelujah's Convert" Alfred Milton Kerr
Mrs. Bruce

VOCAL SOLO—
"For All Eternity" Angelo Mascheroni
Katherine Romig

READINGS—
(a) "Wimmin's Rights" Marrietta Holley
(b) "The Recessional" Rudyard Kipling
(c) "A Confidence" Paul Lawrence Dunbar
Mrs. Bruce

Ferguson-Bogart Wedding.

The prettiest wedding of the season was celebrated Thursday, November 21st at the beautiful new home of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Caldwell, when Lura A. Bogart was married to Lynn B. Ferguson, by Rev. F. H. Adams, of McMinnville, First Baptist church. As the wedding march was played by Miss Elsie Mackie,

the couple took their places under a large white dove where the ceremony was performed. The bride was gowned in cream laced down enprincess, panel of hand made lace and she carried an arm bouquet of brides rose buds, which was caught by Miss Lelia Littlefield. After congratulations, a dainty five course supper was served. The decorations were, Oregon grape and white chrysanthemums in the parlor, pink and white in the reception room and red caranations in the dining room.

The many beautiful presents were displayed upstairs, on a table that is an heirloom in Mr. Ferguson's family. The guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Baker, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Nelson, Dr. and Mrs. M. Bogart, D. C. Bogart, Miss Icy Ralston, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. James, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. John Larkin, Mrs. M. L. Littlefield, Misses Ida Woods, Olive Stratton, Elsie Mackie, Helena Ferguson, Nadine Bryan, Lelia and Hazel Littlefield, Ellen Brewer, and Messrs. Dr. H. A. Littlefield, Dr. George Larkin, Maynard Redmond, Archie Seeley, James Daniels and little Mildred and Jessie Ferguson and Kenneth Caldwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson will be at home after December fifteenth, in their new home, on Sheridan and Blain streets.

Whence the Harvest?

When time began, who shot athwart the sky the livid light, As vanquished Chaos slunk away like some grim-visaged knight? Who swung upon the fleecy breast of boundless space afar The unknown worlds, the burning suns, the moons and every star? Who gave the morn its ruddy glow, and stooped to tint the rose While smiling on the streams and fields, and every tree that grows? Who taught the birds to sing, the bees to hum and garner sweets Against the winter's storms which sweep the earth's deserted streets? Who steth up the dew of heaven and pours it forth in showers Upon the thirsty fields, to gladden and perfume the flowers? Who gives the earth its seasons and its bounteous harvest times? Who guards and feeds His children all, in near or distant climes? Ah, we know Thee, thou Eternal One, who reignest up above. Thou dwellest with the cherubim—thy wonderful name is Love. We magnify thy blessed name and bow the head and pray For an undying love to Thee, on this Thanksgiving Day.

—SOLON L. GOODE.

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