



Edwards-York Wedding.

One of the most beautiful weddings ever witnessed in Newberg was solemnized at the delightful home of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Edwards last Tuesday evening at 7:45 o'clock, when their daughter Maybelle was united in marriage to Mr. Miles Milton York, of Elwood, Indiana.

Mrs. O. K. Edwards accompanied by Mrs. W. F. Edwards at the piano, sweetly rendered "Because" after which Rev. A. J. Weaver entered, followed by the bride and groom who were made one by the beautiful ceremony of the Friends Church.

The bride was handsomely gowned in a princess messaline satin over taffeta, adorned with princess lace, bridal tulle and studded with jeweled knots. It also bore a touch of fringe from her mother's wedding gown. The groom wore the conventional black.

The reception hall and parlor were decorated in green and white with lacy festoons of smilax and clematis and banks of vine maple and asters, while the diningroom was artistic in smilax, pink tarlatan and asters.

Those present at the wedding were the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Edwards, the three brothers C. J., W. F. and O. K. Edwards with their respective families, Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Weaver, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Woodward and daughters, and Miss Evangeline Sprague, of Portland.

After the ceremony the company retired to the diningroom where the wedding supper was served.

At 8:30 the home was thrown open to a large reception of friends who came with best wishes for the happy couple.

Refreshments were served by Mrs. F. A. Elliott and Mrs. W. S. Parker, assisted by the Misses Sibyl and Bernice Woodward and Ruth and Katherine Romig. The Gregory sisters entertained the guests throughout the evening with sweet strains of music from violin and piano.

Newberg has been the home of Miss Edwards since a child and she has a large circle of friends here who are loth to give her up. She is a young lady of many talents and one who will be greatly missed. The last three winters she has spent in Indianapolis, Indiana, finishing her course in music and is a very accomplished musician.

Mr. York is a promising young business man of Elwood, Indiana, and although having been here but a short time has by his gentlemanly bearing and sterling qualities won many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. York left Wednesday for a short trip to the seaside but will return to spend several days here before leaving for their future home in Indiana.

Those present at the reception included the following: Messrs. and Mesdames B. C. Miles, L. M. Parker, F. A. Elliott, W. S. Parker, Chas. Fuller, J. C. Hodson, C. A. Hodson, John Larkin, J. T. Smith, W. O. Robertson, C. K. Spaulding, J. C. Colcord, David Martin, Calvin Martin, C. F. Moore, S. Kentner, Tho. Miles, J. H. Douglas, Wm. Clemens, I. A. Hanning, Dr. Geo. Larkin, Pres. Kelsey, Prof. Jones, Prof. Hadley, Rev. Wooton, C. A. Butt, Walter Whitten, N. C. Christenson, Dr. Harrold, Morris Heacock, Everett Heacock, D. J. Gilbert, Mrs. Bowerman; Messrs Archie Seeley, Sherman Seeley, Dr. Romig, W. A. King, James Mills, S. J. Madson, Guy Bennett, Curtis Parker, Wallace Newlin; Misses Jessie Britt, Lyda Wilson, Myrtle Gause, Ella Macy, Margaret Inglis, Anna and Grace

Dudley, Emma Dorrance, Olive Stratton, Ione Hill, Nora Parker, Ruth and Katherine Romig, Mabelle and Jessie Gardner, Jennie Miller, Ellen Brewer.

The Founding of a College.

"I give one dollar for the founding of a Christian college in Iowa. Appoint your trustees to care for that dollar."

These are the words ascribed to a minister some sixty years ago, and with the care of the dollar which he laid on the table, the history of Iowa College began.

The incident is worthy to be remembered because it is typical of the poverty of money and the rich endowment of faith with which innumerable enterprises have begun that make for the welfare of men. The dollar has grown to hundreds of thousands and the annual return on the investment has been the enlightenment and uplifting of hundreds of young lives into positions of leadership and influence.

But how came that minister there with his dollar and who were his companions, from whom the board of trustees was to be appointed?

In 1843 there went forth from an eastern college a group of eleven young ministers who called themselves "The Iowa Band." Already, while Iowa was a territory, three men from the same college had gone into Iowa and had sent back reports of the opportunities in that new commonwealth which fired the hearts of the eleven. It is impossible for us now to realize how far west of New England Iowa then appeared, or to estimate the sacrifices which the young men believed themselves to be making; but they carried out their resolve and gave their lives to the work.

What did they undertake to do? First they intended that each man should found one permanent church in the coming centers of influence. That was the individual work of the men. Then they determined, working together, to plant a Christian college on the prairies, and although empty of pocket but rich in faith, they did what they undertook to do.

The dollar was cared for by the trustees and in time other dollars came, and the college prospered and stands.

Death has removed those brave men one by one. Only one of them now remains. He lives serene and vigorous, in the city by the river where he began his work two generations ago. Recently a portrait of him was unveiled in the Capitol at Des Moines, a somewhat infrequent honor to be paid to a living man. The governor himself delivered the address at the unveiling. Said he, "Men of his character have made Iowa what she is—a great, noble, peerless, Christian commonwealth."—Youth's Companion.

A Touching Incident.

There is a great deal of inconsistency among hotel keepers. For example, some of the most aristocratic of them will exclude dogs from their luxurious apartments while they readily take in people that are no better than dogs. At least these persons class themselves with dogs and therefore they can hardly complain if other people assign them to the rank. Mrs. T. W. Godfrey, spouse of a great eastern plutocrat, seems thus to demand classification with the canine species and to glory in it. Visiting Chicago the other day this dame went to the Auditorium hotel with a string of four terriers lol-

lygagging along at her satin-shod heels. Where her children were the account does not say, but there is no doubt about the dogs. Entering the portals of the hotel she first kissed each dirty beast on the snout, as is the habit of women of her kind, and then ordered the flunkies to take them to her room. They declined to do so, saying that the rules of the house forbade. In fact there was no choice but to lodge the four brutes in the basement.

It was at this sorrowful moment that Mrs. Godfrey displayed the lofty capacity for heroic sacrifice which is inborn in every truly womanly soul. Did she desert her four darlings in their distressful predicament? Did she permit herself to loll on down in a silken-hung chamber while they pined dismally in the coal hole? Not she. Grandly did Mrs. Godfrey rise to the occasion. She might have deserted her children, but her dogs never. She followed them down into the dark basement and sat weeping over them and kissing their noses all that long, sad night. Where in all the annals of feminine devotion shall we find a deed to compare with this one in pure renunciation for the sake of the ideal? It is such self-denying heroines as Mrs. Godfrey that make us proud of the generation we belong to and the age we live in. Our women cannot bear children to replenish the earth, but they can nurture dogs to adore it, and what more can we ask?—Morning Oregonian.

A Calf's Skin.

When I was a good deal younger and nimbler I went out with some boys one day and volunteered to ride a large calf. I did not have any other business to attend to, so I told the boys I would break the calf to ride and then go on with any other matter that might come up. The calf was lying down chewing its reflections and I found that by crawling up to it on its off side I could mount it without much unnecessary publicity. I proceeded to do so. I did not notice one of the boys following me, nor did I see him twist the calf's tail just as I mounted it. Something seemed to surprise and astound the calf, or else it suddenly thought of some unfinished business that had to be attended to at once. Anyhow it arose with more expression than I had ever seen in a common calf, and went bellowing around the lot.

Just then I saw something hanging head downward on the barb wire fence near to where the calf had been lying. I discovered that it was me. I had hung myself up to dry that way when I had dismounted. The boys were gone so I decided to stay there for the time being. There was no particular reason for hanging around there, but there was no place to go, so I stayed.

The boys came and pried the fence loose from my person after a while and lowered me to the ground. They found my face running over and several toenails loose and eight feet of cuticle lost off me somewhere until I looked like a checker board, but I was all right otherwise.

I do not try to ride anything now, unless it is the water wagon. If I find a nice gentle water wagon that is not overworked and with no boys around to twist its tail, I will take a chance but I will not let a calf skin me any more.—Tanglefoot Magazine.

H. R. Cobb is prepared to do your express or other light hauling at reasonable rates.

Notice to the Public.

At a meeting of the Springbrook Development League held Sept. 12 the following proposition was unanimously adopted.

For the purpose of fostering our native and imported game birds and the protection of our property we, the undersigned, respectfully warn all hunters, under penalties of the Oregon Game Laws, against trespassing on our premises.

R. S. Newby	W. A. Pickett
A. Newby	Wm. Shires
A. P. Waller	John Rush
Levi E. Lewis	J. Angus
Paul Macy	F. E. Hadley
J. H. Haworth	J. H. Rees
Wm. Kincaid	A. R. Mills
L. M. Carey	Isaac M. Pollock
Foster Mills	C. E. Burke
H. E. Newlin	Z. Mills
W. C. Smith	G. Heater
J. E. Holladay	E. L. Heater
Chas. F. Kuenzler	C. E. Newhouse
Albert Heater	J. I. Hadley
F. A. Burgoyne	J. L. Haworth
Dennis E. Mills	W. H. Galland
C. S. Calkins	L. M. Metcalf
O. Baldwin	J. T. Morrow
Preston Mills	M. M. Gumm
C. A. Payne	J. C. Sanders
C. H. Graves	Tillie Hoskins
M. G. Markell	John Kramien
A. C. Justice	I. H. Hutchens
James Jones	A. E. Bowman
Chas. Justice	C. F. Mackie
C. N. Mackie	Joseph Hall

Recital of Music.

The public is cordially invited to a recital of music to be given by the music department of Pacific College, assisted by Mrs. Wilson, at the Friends church Friday evening, September 25, at 8 o'clock sharp.

PROGRAM.

Duo Peer Gynte Suite No. 1, Grieg, Mrs. Hull, Mr. Hull.
 Song—(a) Lassic With the Lips So Rosy, Franz; (b) Morning Hymn, Henschel, Mr. Hull.
 Piano—(a) Nocturne, Chopin; (b) Kamennoi-ostrow, Rubinstein, Mrs. Hull.
 Song—(a) Monotone, Alexander Hull; (b) Secrecy, Hugo Wolf, Mr. Hull.
 Piano—Butterfly, Grieg; Serenade, Moszkowski; Valse, Henry Holden Huss, Mrs. Hull.
 Song—(a) Because, Guy D'Hardelot; (b) Mr. Dream-Maker, Huntington Woodman, Mr. Hull.
 String—(a) Adagio (from G Maj. Trio) Bohm; (b) Adagio (from A Maj. Trio) Bohm; piano, Mrs. Wilson; Violin, Mrs. Hull; Cello, Mr. Hull.
 Admission, free.

New W. C. T. U. Officers.

The Newberg W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. Bowerman on Wednesday, Sept. 9 for business, in which the reports for the past year were filled out by the various superintendents ready to send to the State Convention in October. Most of the reports were full yet let us hope to accomplish more this present year.

The names of the new officers are as follows: Pres., Olive Crumley; rec. sec., Lorena Hodson; cor. sec., Loretta Estle; treas., Maria Bowerman; evangelist supt., Mary J. Newlin; purity, Jennie Williams; medal contests, Mrs. Moore; Sabbath observance, Lizzie Cook; social and red letter days, Lora Spaulding, Mrs. Achsa Morris, Ida Allison; flower mission, Mary Illig; narcotics, Carrie Nelson; health and heredity, mothers meetings, Mary E. C. Scott; press, Margaret E. Kopp; sci. temp., Mary Williams; peace and mercy, Mary Royce; literature, Frankie Martin; franchise, Mrs. Webber; organist, Ida Henshaw; music, Mary Royce.

May we all do our best to make this a banner year for Newberg Union.
 MARGARET KOPP, Press Supt.

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John F. Pettengill