



New-Year's Eve.

Good old days—dear old days
When my heart beat high and bold—
When the things of earth seemed full
Of life,
And the future a haze of gold!
Oh, merry was I that winter night,
And gleeful our little one's din,
And tender the grace of my darling's
face.
As we watched the new year in,
But a voice—a specter's, that mocked
at love—
Came out of yonder hall;
"Tick-tock, tick-tock!" 't was the sol-
emn clock
That ruefully croaked to all.
Yet what know we of the griefs to be
In the year we longed to greet?
Love—love was the theme of the sweet,
sweet dream
I fancied might never fleet!
But the spectre stood in that yonder
gloom,
And these were the words that spoke,
"Tick-tock, tick-tock!"—and they seem-
ed to mock
A heart about to break.
'T is new-year's eve, and again I watch
In the old familiar place,
And I'm thinking again of that old time
when
I looked on a dear one's face.
Never a little one hugs my knee
And I hear no gleeful shout—
I am sitting alone by the old hearth-
stone,
Watching the old year out,
But I welcome the voice in yonder
gloom
That solemnly calls to me:
"Tick-tock, tick-tock!"—for so the clock
Tells of a life to be;
"Tick-tock, tick-tock!"—'t is so the
clock
Tells of eternity.

EUGENE FIELD.

Whitlaw-Beach Wedding.

A pretty home wedding was solemnized at the noon hour, Sunday, December 26 at the residence of E. N. Whitlaw, a half mile northeast of Newberg, when their eldest daughter, Grace E. became the bride of Leslie J. Beach.

Rev. R. D. Benham officiated and the ceremony, which was a very impressive one, was performed under a canopy appropriately decorated with Oregon grape and mistletoe. The bridal couple were attended by Mr. Loyd Tilbury, of McMinnville, cousin of the bride, and Miss Lelia Whitlaw. The contracting parties entered the parlor to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march played by the bride's sister, Miss Fenelia Whitlaw. After congratulations had been extended the bride and groom led the way to the dining room where a bountiful wedding dinner was in readiness and to which the guests did ample justice.

The bride was charming in a gown of cream silk lustre, with ribbon and lace trimmings, and carried a bouquet of white carnations. A number of beautiful presents were given.

In the evening the newly wed

rode to the railway station in Mr. Tilbury's automobile where they took the train for Portland where they visited for a few days.

The guests present were Mr. and Mrs. Tilbury, and Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Nelson, McMinnville, Mr. and Mrs. John Lorett, Dayton, Rev. D. Benham, Portland, Rev. W. C. Ward, Dr. H. D. and Alice Bowers and son Myron, the Misses Estella and Jennie Tilbury, McMinnville, Gladys, Wayne and Glenn Lovett, Dayton, C. O. and Alvin Whitlaw, Robert Young, Hillsboro, Iva Nelson, Clarence and Everett Nelson, Veron Tilbury, McMinnville.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Evans Surprised.

The home-coming of a scattered family is always an enjoyable occasion and one that is looked forward to with great anticipation, especially by the parents when it has been announced before hand, and while a surprise arranged by the scattered flock for father and mother robs them of the anticipation, the happy realization lives with them long afterward.

On Christmas day the children of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Evans gathered at their home in Newberg without previous announcement, this being the first time they had all been together in eight years, and took them by surprise by not only presenting themselves and their children, but bringing all the good things necessary to make a great Christmas dinner.

There were Elmer Evans and wife and little one, Mr. and Mrs. Bates and Miss Myrtle Bates, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Davis and little daughter Myrtle, and Willard Evans, of St. Johns, Mrs. Olsen, of Washougal and her three small children. Mr. Bates is a brother of Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Olsen and Mrs. Davis and Elmer and Willard Evans are their children.

Mr. Bates furnished a big fat turkey, Miss Myrtle Bates took ten pounds of fancy candy of her own making, while Willard Evans made a raid on the Daddy Rittenhouse confectionery and loaded up with oranges, bananas and nuts, and withal the table fairly ground with the load of good things.

Two nice Morris chairs were presented by the children and the happy events of the day were closed by Mr. Watts appearing with his camera and taking a picture of the group.

Married.

Miss Christiana R. Raab was married to Mr. William D. Quick, of Forest Grove at the noon hour on Christmas day at the home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Buehler, the ceremony being performed by Rev. G. J. Reiker, pastor of the German M. E. church. The bride was handsomely gowned in silver gray while the groom wore the conventional black. The rooms of the Buehler residence were beautifully decorated with garlands and evergreens.

After the ceremony a bountiful dinner was served. The bride is a sister of Mrs. G. J. Reiker and has made her home in Newberg the greater part of the time for the past three years, she coming here from Michigan.

The happy couple left for their new home at Forest Grove on Monday morning amidst a shower of rice, the best wishes of a large circle of friends following them.

John Brown in Town.

John Brown who has been sojourning at Jamestown, California for the past two years has been in town during the week calling on his numerous friends of former years. "Jintown" as it is best known, is the location of the early California haunts of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller and others who later became noted as writers, but who followed the crowd to the gold fields of that district. Mr. Brown says the old timers who are still on the ground delight to point out the cabin where Mark Twain taught school and tell of their acquaintance with him and others.

Miners are still following the old "mother lode" and Mr. Brown made the rather surprising statement that last year was the only year that Alaska had ever exceeded California in the gold output. He says the gold mines in that section are operated in a quiet, business like way, the machinery grinding away on the quartz day after day, much the same as sawmills are operated in this country.

He is exploiting the "Treasure Gold Mining Company" with a view of working a mine near Hornitos in Mariposa county which he is convinced is a good proposition.

If John Brown ever had an enemy in the world he never showed up about Newberg, so far as the knowledge of the Graphic goes, and here's hoping that he may yet strike it rich in delving into the earth. Mrs. Brown is visiting with her sister, Mrs. G. W. Mitchell near Corvallis.

Leather Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Butler celebrated the third anniversary of their marriage on Christmas eve, there being present as guests, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rees, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. George Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Boyes, Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Woodward, Mrs. Georgia McCloud, of Portland, F. A. Morris, Raleigh Fletcher, Master Wendell Boyes, Miss Beula Blum.

Refreshments were served and some very nice presents in leather, including a leather rocker were presented.

Ralph Rittenhouse, a former resident of Newberg is here from Seattle visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Rittenhouse.

Glass-Smith Nuptials.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Glass on Christmas eve a very pretty wedding was solemnized when their daughter, Miss Leola Glass, was joined in wedlock with Mr. Arthur Smith.

The wedding party entered the parlor, with Miss Erma Heacock as bridesmaid and Mr. Clifford Smith as best man, Miss Kathryn Bryan softly playing Mendelssohn's wedding march, and taking their places under a floral arch they were pronounced man and wife, the ceremony being performed by Prof. Metzger, of Dallas.

The bride was beautifully gowned in white crepe de chine and carried a bouquet of white carnations. Following congratulations refreshments were served, Mrs. Arthur Smith taking charge of the bride's cake.

Those present beside the immediate relatives were the Misses Lillian Johnson, Erma Heacock, Kathryn Bryan, Petty Dower, Tressa Watson, Ruth Seth, Lola Kaufman; Mr. Guy Seth and Mr. Foster Mills.

The Trend of Therapeutics.

The American Pharmaceutical Association held its 57th annual session at Los Angeles, California, a few months ago. The pharmacists at this National meeting complained of a "falling off in business," and they declared that osteopathy was largely to blame for it. So President Oldberg advised that they quietly wage war on osteopathy as an "irrational fad which will soon wear out." Post these statements in your stores was his dictum.

The osteopaths have no objections if the pharmacists want to do the ostrich stunt and "delude" themselves, but they have another guess coming about this "wearing out."

In the July No. of Scudder's Medical Journal, Dr. H. L. Henderson, of Astoria, Oregon, gives this the scientific treatment that needs the law to protect it from the drugless "quack?" Rah for your opium-loaded soothing as a rambling harangue under the caption "The Facts in The Case." He calls all drugless methods "Barnacles, Vampires, Fakes and Quacks." He says, as an honest disciple of Aesculapius, that "medicine has not kept pace with the general progress of the world." Then I wonder why he boasts so of the "Great system of Medicine?" Strange, too, that he would rake his profession over the coals for not keeping "abreast of the times." Isn't it? With fear and trembling he warns the medical profession that "unless they change their tactics and knowledge, and offer something more tangible in form of cure, the people will be imbeciles if they employ them."

Shades of Hippocrates! What a strong arraignment and self-confession from a dyed in the wool M. D., who gives to all drugless therapeutics the "euphonious" names of Fakes and quacks. Who are the "fakes?" The name Boomerang is especially fitting here. Hesticks close to the old motto, too: "Better that the patient die by orthodox methods than live and get well by those drugless methods."

Just a few pages further on in the same Journal Dr. H. L. True, in discussing "Convulsions" delivers himself of this scientific (?) dictum: "Keep the child drowsy with drugs and it won't have any spasms!" Ye gods, is syrups!

WITH The Season's Creetings

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Dr. R. R. Ross, superintendent of the Buffalo General Hospital, in a paper read before the American Hospital Ass'n., September 23, at the New Willard Hotel, declared that drugs were finding their level. In a recent dispatch to the New York Sun he gives in authentic figures a summary showing how rapidly the use of drugs is being abandoned. Dr. Ross was appointed chairman of the committee of "finance and economics of administration" at the last annual meeting. He says: "The investigation disclosed that in the last fifteen (15) years the average expenditure of hospitals of the U. S. for drugs has decreased from \$2.90 for each patient to 91 cents." Just think! There is over a 300 per cent reduction. What more need any one wish to show the trend of the times. No one can doubt the truth of the statement coming from such an authority, either. Again is the osteopaths contention brought into view—"that drugs are not necessary and their use is destined to decrease more and more."

There is good food for thought, too, in the correlated facts that the National Pharmacists Association openly admits that osteopaths are responsible for their "slack business," and their secret warfare upon it; and the report of the National Hospital Association that the expenditure for drugs has decreased so much in the past fifteen (15) years. Osteopathy has only been practiced about that length of time, so draw your own conclusions.

We wonder if Dr. Henderson, or the editor of Scudder's Medical Journal hadn't better give us some more "facts in the case" (?)

Could the good Astoria Dr. possibly have been reading the

works of Prof. Magendie, of the University of Paris Medical School, the leading medical teacher of Europe in his generation? Note a brief quotation from this most eminent practitioner: "I hesitate not to declare, no matter how sorely I shall wound our vanity, that so great is our ignorance of the real nature of the physiological disorders called diseases, that it would perhaps be better to do nothing and resign the complaint we are called upon to treat to the resources of nature, than to act—as we are frequently compelled to do—without knowing the why or wherefore of our conduct, and at the obvious risk of hastening the end of the patient."

In the face of that some osteopaths are wanting the M. D. degree. What in the world do they want with it? If they are not successful as osteopaths, delving to the depths in "dope-dom" won't bring success. Old medical dogmas are fast disappearing. Where could you find better proof than in this article? Osteopathy is a distinct school of therapy. Shall it remain so? Can we preserve our identity? Yes; but only by steering clear of drugs. We have made mistakes, but we mustn't make that larger mistake. We, as osteopaths, have been able to do for humanity what medicine could not do. We do not need to crawl and cringe. We have failed to cure cases; so have the M. D.'s—myriads of them. Here is hoping that those osteopaths who advocate it, and our professional journals will cease to publish such rot as the osteopathic colleges conferring the degree M. D. on their students. I suppose some though have an "axe to grind."

Local Osteopath.

DO YOU NEED

A GUN, Fishing Tackle, Base Ball, Sporting Goods of any kind, a good Bicycle—new or second-hand—pocket knife, or razor? Or do you wish something repaired, or made over? If you do, call on us and we'll do the rest.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Gordon on the Way to Visit the Blarney Stone.

Our friend J. D. Gordon is not only a great lover of good horse flesh but he is considered one of the best judges of good drivers, as well as heavy horses, in Oregon. In his recent trip to the old country he had his weather eye out for the best, and the above picture shows the turnout he selected when he and Mrs. Gordon were arranging for a drive to Blarney Castle. The Graphic is indebted to the Rural Spirit for the use of the cut.