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- BECAUSE** your money should be drawing interest.
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RICHARD'S MAXIMS

Franklin's Proverbs of Thrift
Especially Applicable at
This Time.

It is a postal savings bank is established on the proposed lines, it might be well to recognize on the deposit card and on the bonds that are to be issued the wholesome maxims of Franklin, the first American philosopher. Poor Richard's savings would in this way have a deservedly wide circulation and would be read by the plain people greatly to their advantage as they were read in the early days of the republic. Here are some of these maxims, taken from the Pennsylvania almanac for 1758, of which Benjamin Franklin, under the pseudonym of Richard Sanders, was editor and publisher.

Many words will not fill a bushel.

God helps those who help themselves.

The used key is always bright. Do not squander time; time is the stuff that life is made of.

The sleeping fox catches no poultry.

"Time enough" always proves little enough.

He that riseth late must trot all day and shall scarce overtake his business at night.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.

Drive thy business; let not thy business drive thee.

Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

He that lives upon hope will die fasting.

Industry pays debts. Diligence is the mother of good luck.

One today is worth two to-morrows.

Have you something to do to-morrow, do it today.

The cat in gloves catches no mice.

Little strokes fell great oaks.

Employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure.

Since thou art not sure of a minute do not throw away an hour.

Trouble springs from idleness and grievous toil from needless ease.

Fly pleasures and they will follow thee.

Three removes are as bad as a fire.

Want of care does more damage than want of knowledge.

Not to oversee workman is to leave them thy purse open.

If thou wouldst have a faithful

servant and one that thou likest, serve thyself.

For want of a nail the shoe was lost;

For want of a shoe the horse was lost;

For want of a horse the rider was lost,

Being overtaken and slain by the enemy;

All for want of care about a horseshoe nail.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

Many a little makes a mickle.

Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.

Wise men learn by others' harms.

When the well is dry they know the need of water.

Wouldst thou know the value of money try to borrow some.

He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.

Pride is as loud a beggar as Want and a great deal more saucy.

They have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter.

Experience keeps a dear school, fools will learn in no other, and scarcely in that.

Plow hard while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and keep.

Why Not Woman's Suffrage?

(An address given recently at the Y. M. C. A. hall in Portland by Clarence True Wilson, D. D.)

When two armies face each other in battle the army of aggression, before it can engage the main body, must drive in the skirmish lines of the enemy.

The woman's suffrage propaganda has thrown out certain skirmish lines in the public thought and these must be driven in before we can come to the main argument.

First, then, those who claim that the ballot is women's right quote from the declaration of independence that, "Taxation without representation is tyranny."

But the quotation is not in point, for that sentiment was uttered with no possible reference to individual voters, male or female.

It was a declaration of the representatives of the 13 colonies that unless these colonies could have a representative in the parliament and in the cabinet to protect their interests King George should not ask us to pay duty.

It had no reference to the casting of ballots, for men voted in every colony, but it was a declaration that one government ought not to tax another without due representation.

Protection for Women.

In order to make it refer to women's suffrage it would have

to be proven that women are not now properly represented by their husbands, fathers or brothers; that the government does not protect them in their property interests, and that they do not get value received for their money.

The question of voting has no reference to the paying of taxes. We pay our taxes in return for the protection to life and property, by the laws of a civilized nation.

Some men who have no property vote and many who have no vote pay large taxes.

Numerous young men and women, heirs to large estates, pay immense sums to the government, but have no vote.

Corporations pay immense sums in taxes, but have no vote. Persons residing in foreign lands or who have lived in this country only a few years pay taxes, but have no vote.

In fact voting has no reference whatever to taxes.

Oregon State Association opposed to the extension of the suffrage to women.

MRS. FRANCIS J. BAILEY, P. d. adv. Pres.

ASTROLOGY.

One of the Most Ancient Forms of Superstition.

Astrology means the "science of the stars." The encyclopedia calls astrology "one of the most ancient forms of superstition." Chaldeans, Egyptians, Hindus and Chinese were given to it. The Jews became addicted to it after the captivity.

It spread into the west and into Rome at about the beginning of the Christian era. Astrologers played an important part at Rome, where they were called Chaldeans and "mathematicians." Although they were often banished by the senate and the emperors on pain of death and were otherwise persecuted, they continued to hold their ground. Even Ptolemy the astronomer did not escape the infection, which in his time had been universal.

Mohammedanism was well adapted to astrology, and the Arabs cultivated the "science" with great ardor from the seventh to the thirteenth century. Some of the early Christian fathers argued against astrology in its earlier form and others received it modified to some extent.

Probably the palmiest days of astrology were the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. At two of the oldest universities in Europe chairs were founded for its teaching—at Bologna and at Padua. No prince's court was complete without its astrologer. After the renaissance the study of astrology was vigorously opposed, though for centuries many men continued to believe in it among whom, at least to a certain extent, was Napoleon. The merciless ridicule of Swift had much to do with its discredit in England.

WEIGHING A SUNBEAM.

Scale Beam So Delicate a Ray of Light Will Affect It.

Measuring the distances of stars and planets seems wonderful enough, but weighing them appears at first thought an impossibility. But all this has been accomplished, and more too. The refinements of mechanical science have brought about great changes in weighing methods. Everything is weighed to-day.

The architect before putting up his thirty or forty story building calculates to a ton the total weight of the whole mass. The bridge builder works out in advance the weight of his suspension bridge and then calculates the stresses and margin of load capacity it can safely carry.

The marine architect must calculate to a nicety the weight and water displacement of his iron ships long before the keel is laid. An error of a few tons might easily make the ship a failure.

But all these weighing achievements are simple and crude compared to the work of weighing a sunbeam, a ray of light or some invisible gas. Scales have been constructed for this purpose which are little short of magical.

At University college, London, there is a pair of scales that will weigh a seven-thousand-millionth of an ounce. These are employed for weighing invisible gases and even sunbeams and rays of light. It seems impossible that a ray of light should have weight, but these sensitive scales will demonstrate it.

The scales are kept in a small underground chamber made of metal, and the room is always in semi-darkness, for the light and the heat caused by it affect the delicate beam. The scale beam is only a few inches long and is made of silica, as glass is too sensitive to heat to be of use. It is a mere cobweb-like machine, and when one enters the scale room the alteration in the temperature causes the beam to move. The operator must wait for an hour in total darkness and silence to make a reading of the scale. Even when the electric bulb is turned on the sensitive scale feels the vibration of the air caused by the light. The tiny tray of the scale contains a glass tube, and into this some imprisoned gas is placed for weighing. In spite of the delicacy of the scale and its wonderful balance, the gas weighs so little that to the eye no motion of the beam is visible, but a ray of light is focused upon a mirror and thence upon a graduated scale six feet away. The weight of the tube of gas is recorded on this scale and the magnified result easily read. The record may show only one seven-thousand-millionth of an ounce, the total weight of the whiff of gas.—George Ethelbert Walsh in Washington Star.

There are always two ways of telling the truth. The man who told the king that he would outlive all his subjects understood human nature far more than the man who was put to death for declaring to the same monarch that all his subjects would die before him. The gamekeeper in Francis Pigeon's "Odds and Ends" also had the gift of presenting the pleasant side of a fact.

A certain noble lord was a very bad shot. One day, after a particularly discouraging exhibition of his bungling, he said to the keeper: "Now, my man, tell me the truth. Did you ever see any one who shot as badly as I do?"

"Oh, yes, my lord," returned the keeper. "I've seen worse shots than your lordship. Your lordship misses the birds so clean."—Youth's Companion.

The Low C.

Lancasterians, as the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield recalls in "The Parson's Plea-ance," are very keen on choir singing. "A doctor in the duchy was driving over a bridge that spanned a deep brook and saw a man standing up to his waist in the water. 'Whatever are you doing there, John?' he shouted to the man. 'Ah, well, doctor, you see, I've got to sing bass in 'Andel's Messiah,' and I never can get down to that lower C unless I've got a cold, so I'm catching one.'"

Viewpoint of Office Boy.

"Is the editor in?" asked the man with the unbarbered hair and shiny coat as he fished a roll of paper from his pocket.

"No," replied the office boy. "He has just gone out."

"This is the third time I've called to see him," growled the caller. "and each time you have told me he has just gone out. What's the explanation?"

"I don't know," answered the o. b., "but I guess he must have been born under a lucky star."—Chicago News.

HE FOOLED HIMSELF.

His Latest Experience in Finding Lost Property.

Twice Standish came near getting into trouble because he picked up lost property in the street. The articles really were lost, and Standish honestly found them, but he had hard work to make anybody believe it. After his second experience his wife laid down a few rules for his guidance.

"If you should find a million dollars piled up on the sidewalk," she said, "you must just walk right past and never offer to return one of them to the owner."

"How about keeping a few plunks for myself?" asked Standish.

Mrs. Standish did not smile. "If that is the way you talked to other people when they accused you of theft," she said, "I don't wonder that everybody thought you were guilty."

"Never mind," returned Standish; "it's all over now. I never expect to find anything again."

And he did not find anything for six months. At last, however, he saw an enameled cigar case lying in a bypath forth and back which they were walking in Central park. He stopped to pick it up. His wife pulled him back.

"Don't!" she cried. "Remember what happened to you twice before."

Standish rubbed his cheek ruefully. "I hate like the mischief to let it lie there," he said. "If I don't pick it up somebody else will."

"Very well, let them. If other people choose to go to jail that is their lookout."

"It is a fine cigar case, all the same," Standish grumbled as they walked on. "It looks a good deal like mine."

"That is all the more reason why you should not meddle. You have no earthly use for two cigar cases exactly alike."

Standish walked along in stubborn silence. When they neared home he was seized with a sudden craving for a smoke. He felt in one pocket, then in another, for his cigar case.

"Where, in the name of heaven!"—he began. Then his feet lagged heavily. "Good Lord!" he said. "That cigar case!"

"Dear me," said Mrs. Standish, "haven't you got over that yet? What about it now?"

"It was mine," Standish groaned. —New York Herald.

A Utilitarian.

Old Mr. Close, who is the wealthiest man in Chatville, has a rooted objection to all unnecessary expenditures, and even the necessary ones were severe trials. He had saved the druggist's bill for months, and when finally he plucked up sufficient resolution to pay it his creditor was so pleased that he celebrated the event by inviting Mr. Close to drink with him—at his soda fountain.

"Oh, no, I guess not," said Mr. Close.

"Yes, do," urged the druggist and thoughtfully added: "The drinks are on me, understand. It won't cost you a cent."

"Um," said Mr. Close. "How much is soda a glass?"

"Five cents," said the druggist.

"Five cents," repeated Mr. Close slowly. "Well, I think I'd rather have something useful. Tell you what—you can give me a bottle of ink."—Boston Herald.

The Arab's Pride in His Horse.

Arabian horses need no praise. Of the many beautiful stories told of the Arabs that given in the well known poem "Achmid and His Mare" surpasses all. Achmid had a mare of wondrous speed and guarded her with jealous care. A robber stole her, leaped upon her back and shouted to Achmid to catch her if he could. Achmid and his tribe mounted and went in hot pursuit. Suddenly the thought came to him, "If I overtake my mare she is then outrun; she will lose her fame." Shouting to the robber, "Quick, pinch her ear!" he revealed the secret sign his darling knew so well. Achmid lost his mare, as he knew he would, but her glory was secure.

The Venice of Germany.

Erfurt has beautiful public parks which skirt the river Gera, and the municipality employs a large force of landscape gardeners and laborers to keep everything in order. The city also owns and maintains for public recreation the Steiger Wald, a forest extending for a number of miles in the bordering region. The river Gera and its branches traverse various parts of Erfurt, and there are so many bridges and such picturesque life along the water that Erfurt has long been known as the "Venice of Germany."

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