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Newberg Graphic**HOMINY AND SAUERKRAUT.**

Properly Cooked, One Suggests Beethoven,
the Other Wagner.

Why is it that sauerkraut is never truly fit to eat until it has been cooked twice, with an interregnum of twenty-four hours separating the cooking? And why is it that hominy boiled and then fried is at times as delicious as hominy simply boiled?

In each case every hearty and artistic eater is aware of the fact, but no one thinks to discover the reason. Among the ignorant, of course, sauerkraut is devoured at once and after its first stewing, but the present inquiry is not directed toward the habits of the ignorant. To the connoisseur of educated taste, to the refined amateur of delicatessen, sauerkraut cooked once is as unsavory a mess as Philadelphia peppercorn or Boston beans. The very thought of it benumbs his stomach and insults his intelligence. And yet if that same sauerkraut be laid away for twenty-four hours, preferably in a stone jar, with a brick on top, and be brought to a simmer in some suitable stewpan that same connoisseur will walk twenty miles in the snow to get a scent of it and a hundred miles on red-hot coals to get a few skeins of it.

In the Bavarian and Saxon royal families the sauerkraut for Sunday's breakfast is always cooked on Friday evening. An hour or two of brisk ebullition is enough. Then the beautiful strands are dredged up from the caldron and transferred to a large copper or earthen vessel, which is deposited overnight in some convenient arsenal. There the kraut remains all day Saturday and Saturday night. At dawn on Sunday morning it is withdrawn from its vault and transferred to an aluminium stewpan and seasoned. Then the mixture is heated, and the result is sauerkraut de luxe. Once cooked it would be mere food; twice cooked it is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Hominy has the same habits. Boil it once and it is food for convicts and political hangers-on, but boil it twice or boil it and then fry it and it is lifted at once to the range of a superb and flawless victual. The man who has never tasted hominy in conjunction with the native wild hog of the Eastern Shore of Maryland is a man whose right to be regarded as entirely civilized and cultured is yet to be demonstrated. Such viands—and, alas, they are too few!—ennoble while they warm and educate while they nourish. In the art of eating their place is as high as that of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in the art of music.

Hominy, indeed, suggests Beethoven in more ways than one. It shows all of his rugged simplicity and honest worth. There is a directness about it which wins the heart. It is above all pretense and subterfuge. Sauerkraut, on the other hand, is more romantic. It is not Beethoven, but Wagner. No matter how well one knows it, it is full of delicious novelties and surprises.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Shifting the Responsibility.

An Irishman who traded in small wares kept a donkey cart, with which he visited the different villages. On one occasion he came to a bridge where a toll was levied.

He found to his disappointment he had not enough money to pay it. A bright thought struck him. He unharnessed the donkey and put it into the cart. Then, getting between the shafts himself, he pulled the cart with the donkey standing in it on to the bridge.

In due course he was hailed by the toll collector.

"Hey, man!" cried the latter. "Whaur's your toll?"

"Bogorra," said the Irishman, "just ask the droiver."

Privilege of a Peer.

An English peer can demand a private audience with the sovereign to represent his views on matters of public welfare. For treason or felony he can demand to be tried by his peers. He cannot be outlawed in any civil action, nor can he be arrested unless for an indictable offense, and he is exempt from serving on juries. He may sit with his hat on in courts of justice, and should he be liable to the last penalty of the law he can demand a silken instead of a hempen rope.

One Attraction Missing.

"Say," said the young writer who had been engaged by the circus man to write up a prospectus of the show, "I've about exhausted my vocabulary on this thing. Have you a thesaurus?"

"No, by thunder!" said the circus man. "We've only got a rhinoceros, but I'll cable over and buy one."—New York Times.

A SHARK'S EYE.

The Effect It Had on the Skipper When He Was a Boy.

"Ever been mesmerized by a fish?" said the skipper. "No? Well, I have been many a time. It was a shark that did it."

"I don't know the scientific name of this particular variety of shark, but it abounds on the Nantucket shoals. Full grown these sharks are from eight to ten feet long and weigh from 500 to 700 pounds. They have a broad head with the mouth well under it. They have saw teeth, five rows of them, about an inch and a half long, and they can flatten the lot and chew their gums. But for a human being the peril is in the eyes."

"I don't believe in man eating sharks. I believe that if a shark is in bloody water he gets excited and will snap at anything he sees, but let one of those fellows get his eye on you and you don't know where you are at."

"They have a habit of coming up alongside of your live boxes and lying there while you fish. Then when you get anything on your line the shark has it off before you get a chance to pull."

"I remember the first time I saw one of them. I was a boy at the time, and one of these fellows had come up alongside of my live box, and I put my hand out and touched his back. He didn't seem to mind it at all, but a minute later when I stood up I caught sight of his eyes, or one of them. Well, sir, I just tumbled back in the boat and was as helpless as a jellyfish out of water."

"I don't know how to explain it. The eyes of this fish are no bigger than the point of your little finger, but there is something that comes out of them that makes you tumble all in a heap. Many a time after that did I have a similar experience, and I know of a lot of men who have felt the same effect. The only explanation I could suggest is that the shark's eye has some sort of mesmeric power."—New York Sun.

Why He Worried.

"Great Scott, old man!" exclaimed his best friend, coming upon him in dejected attitude and with pale and haggard face. "What's up?"

"Up!" he responded. "Why, Snooks had a bad fall last night and hurt his head."

"Sorry to hear it, old chap," said the best friend carelessly. "But it won't do him any good for you to worry. And who is Snooks, anyway? Never heard of him in my life before."

"Snooks!" he repeated dolefully. "Well, I don't know him personally very well myself."

"Then why on earth bother?" queried the friend.

"Why, you idiot," roared the dejected one, "Snooks owes me \$10, and the doctor says he'll probably lose his memory."—London Answers.

The Sentry's Error.

An officer tells this good story: "A French sentinel in Algeria had for colonel a very tall, lanky, round shouldered man."

"This round shouldered colonel one night was making a quiet inspection. Passing the sentinel, he found, to his rage and indignation, that he was not challenged. So he returned to the man and roared: 'You didn't challenge me!'

"'N-no, sir,' faltered the sentinel, saluting."

"Well, why didn't you?" the colonel demanded.

"Excuse me, sir," said the sentinel, "but I thought—I beg your pardon, sir—I thought you was a camel."—Paris Figaro.

What She Should Have Said.

Two colored women were standing on a downtown corner yesterday afternoon talking.

"Miss Williams have come home," said one.

The other laughed. "Ma goodness," she said. "Why don't yo' leahn yoh grammah?"

"What did I say that wah grammah?" asked the other.

"You said 'have come.'"

The first speaker was provoked. "Well, yo' knows so much about grammah, now tell me what should I 'a' said?" she demanded.

"Yo' should 'a' said, 'Miss Williams has come home,'" replied the other.—Denver Post.

As Others Saw Him.

A rather pompous looking deacon was endeavoring to impress upon the young minds of a class of boys the importance of living a Christian life.

"Why do people call me a Christian, children?" the worthy dignitary asked, standing very erect and smiling down upon them.

A moment's pause, then a shrill little voice was heard to say, "Because they don't know you."

GEORGE ELIOT'S FACE.

Said to Have Been a Combination of Dante and Savonarola.

A close friend of George Eliot's, writing of her personal appearance, said:

"She was not, as the world in general is aware, a handsome or even a personable woman. Her face was long, the eyes not large or beautiful in color—they were, I think, of a grayish blue; the hair, which she wore in old fashioned braids, coming low down on either side of her face, of a rather light brown. It was streaked with gray when last I saw her. Her figure was of middle height, large boned and powerful. Lewes often said that she inherited from her peasant ancestors a frame and constitution originally very robust. Her head was finely formed, with a noble and well balanced arch from brow to crown. The lips and mouth possessed a power of infinitely varied expression."

"George Lewes once said to me when I made some observation to the effect that she had a sweet face (I meant that the face expressed great sweetness): 'You might say what a sweet hundred faces. I look at her sometimes in amazement. Her countenance is constantly changing.'"

"The said lips and mouth were distinctly sensuous in form and fullness. She had been compared to the portraits of Savonarola (who was frightful) and of Dante (who, though stern and bitter looking, was handsome). Something there was of both faces in George Eliot's physiognomy."

"Lewes told us in her presence of the exclamation uttered suddenly by some one to whom she was pointed out at a place of public entertainment. 'That,' said a bystander, 'is George Eliot.' The gentleman to whom she was thus indicated gave one swift, searching look and exclaimed, sotto voce, 'Dante's aunt!' Lewes thought this happy, and he recognized the kind of likeness that was meant to the great singer of the 'Divine Comedy.' She herself playfully disclaimed any resemblance to Savonarola. But, although such resemblance was very distant, Savonarola's peculiarly unbalanced countenance being a strong caricature of hers, some likeness there was."—Exchange.

The Only Original.

George Washington was very small, very black and very new to the life of the public school which he had just entered. His family had emigrated to the city from some unknown wilderness, and the officials of the school board had discovered little George and brought him into line with the prospects of the higher education. It was his first day, and the teacher was trying to make him at home.

"And so your name is George Washington?" said the teacher.

"Yassum. Jorge Washin'ton."

"And I suppose you try to be as like him as a little boy can, don't you?"

"Lak who, mam?"

"Like George Washington."

The youngster looked puzzled.

"Ah kain't help bein' lak Jorge Washin'ton," he replied stoutly, "cos that's who Ah am."—Youth's Companion.

Bad Handwriting.

Every man who has his living to earn or any work in the world to do ought to be made to understand that if he does not write legibly at least, if not beautifully, it is entirely his own fault and that if he is made to suffer for it he has only himself to blame. The pestilent theory that bad writing is the sign of a great mind ought to receive no countenance from men of common sense. It is sometimes, no doubt, the result of extreme pressure of business, but in most cases it is the sign either of bad training or of a contemptible perversity in fashion or of a careless and unstable disposition which will display itself sooner or later in things much more important than handwriting. In no case is it to be commended. In only few cases is it to be even excused.—London Times.

Saved His Life.

A story is told of an Englishman who had occasion for a doctor while staying in Pekin.

"Sing Loo, gleatest doctor," said his servant. "He savee my lifee once."

"Really?" queried the Englishman.

"Yes; me tellible awful," was the reply. "Me callee in another doctor. He givee me medicine; me velly, velly bad. Me callee in another doctor. He come and givee me more medicine, make me velly, velly bad. Me callee in Sing Loo. He no come. He savee my lifee."—Birmingham (England) Post.

United States Nat'l. Bank of Newberg**COMPARATIVE STATEMENT**

Resources January 5th, 1910	\$281,563.91
" February 5th, 1910	301,531.04
" March 5th, 1910	305,794.83
" April 5th, 1910	340,611.71
" May 5th, 1910	343,382.11
" June 5th, 1910	351,466.77
" July 5th, 1910	353,173.01
" August 5th, 1910	353,248.30
" September 5th, 1910	357,453.81
" October 5th, 1910	393,592.57
" November 5th, 1910	404,466.46
" December 5th, 1910	404,408.30
" January 5th, 1911	400,636.60
" February 5th, 1911	404,762.63

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THE INDIANS

It is probably a common belief that the Indian is not only decreasing in numbers, but is slowly following the buffalo toward extinction.

The annual report of the commissioner of Indian affairs points quite in the opposite direction. It is not, of course, possible to tell how many red men there were in North America when it was discovered by the whites, and since then there have been changes of location of large numbers of the Indians. Nevertheless, those best capable of judging are of the opinion that the number of Indians now living is not much, if any, less than it was three hundred years ago. In recent years, at any rate, the red man has been holding his own.

The whole number of Indians now living, not counting those outside of tribal bounds, is about three hundred and five thousand. Oklahoma has the largest group—one hundred thousand—in the five civilized tribes, the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks and Seminoles. The very names are eloquent of tragedy to one who knows Indian history, for some of the tribes were cruelly removed from their ancestral homes. There are even now a few Seminoles left in Florida, who are soon to be removed,—not forcibly, as the Cherokees and Creeks were from Georgia,—to permit the draining of the swamps in which they live.

Arizona, California, New Mexico, South Dakota, Minnesota, Montana and Wisconsin are now the states which have the largest Indian population. There are still about five thousand in New York; but in all New England only four hundred are counted—those at Oldtown, Maine.

The condition of the Indian is steadily improving. Education is having not only a direct but an indirect influence, so that the older members of the tribes are following the example of the younger people, and are becoming temperate, industrious and well-to-do. Nearly every trade is represented among them.

They are farming and raising cattle successfully, and are showing themselves to be capable of performing hard manual labor with patience and persistence.—The Youth's Companion.

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If popularity is measured by the number bred their is no breed so popular in this country as the Barred Plymouth Rocks. They are popular with farmers, commercial poultry men and fanciers, because they have made good as all round utility birds. My winnings at the recent shows again proves that my stock has the right quality for the fancier or farmer. Eggs for hatching after Feb. 1.

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