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**THE MYSTIC ORIENT.**

Leisure and Languor Dominate Life in the Far East.

The Turk in spring will sit on the hillside and smoke and dream for ten minutes at a time, sometimes for hours. They call it making "kef." When you have a Turkish student who makes "kef" in class he is hopeless. No part of the lesson sinks into his mind. He speaks when you call on him and tries to answer your questions, but his thoughts are far away.

I have stood leaning against our terrace wall in the beauty of spring and gazed for fifteen minutes at a time at certain shrubs and flowers which were bright with sunshine until my thoughts seemed to soar away beyond the confines of space and of time. It is as easy to be mystic in the east as it is to be practical in the west. The difference between the east and the west, in a word, is this: Here we do not like to sit down; there they do not like to get up. Here leisure is a sin; there it is a virtue.

Our American habit of crowding every moment, of seeking recreation in violent and exciting forms, is the result of our climate. It is hard to sit still and relax and desire nothing, not even amusement. Such a life, feverish in its activity, does not make one really happy and is bound to lead at last to a breakdown.

In the east one does not have to do something in order to be happy. One does not have to plan theater parties, games, crowded excursions, in order to be happy. One is happy merely to exist. One can sit down and be happy. Repose is as natural as activity is to us.

For this reason I have often thought that the east may in time become our great sanitarium. Just as the orientals who come to our country learn to work and to hustle, so Americans who go to the east learn to repose. A few years there will change one's restless, nervous habits into calm and poise. You cease to worry about things. Desire, which is the chief source of our anxieties, falls from you. If you can't do a thing you have planned on you say: "Never mind. It is not important." If there is something you need, but cannot get, you say, "Well, I can do without it." If there is a play you want to see, but cannot; a trip you want to make, a friend you want to visit, and things stand in the way, you say, "Some other time." Thus the east creeps in upon you with its laziness, its repose and its feeling of resignation, and you grow fat and healthy and forget that you have nerves.

Reader, if you want to know what paradise is on this earth visit Constantinople and the Bosphorus in the month of May.—Boston Transcript.

**Misplaced Humor.**  
A former employee of one of Greater New York's zoological gardens had reason to regret that he once tried to be as funny as he could. A strange visitor, after looking at the seals, asked the keeper what they ate.

"Oh, fried eggs and little things like that," was the answer.  
"Anything else?" asked the stranger.  
"Sometimes a bit of steak and onions or a chop or two," said the keeper. "Anything else I can tell you?"

"No, thank you," the stranger answered politely. "I only want to know because I am the new superintendent of the gardens, and I want to be sure that the keepers give the public accurate information when they are asked civil and natural questions."—Exchange.

**The Welsh Tongue.**  
The confusion of tongues had done its destined part, work on the tower of Babel being pretty much suspended, when all at once Welsh emerged from the racket. The sound of consonants being pronounced without the help of vowels was at once seen to cause no small uneasiness in high quarters.

"No use overdoing the business!" these hastily exclaimed and forthwith called a halt.

As for Welsh, what was done could not, of course, be undone, but the ensuing distribution of languages happily relegated it to the remote corner of a remote island of the sea, so that the embarrassment was by no means what it might have been.—Puck.

**Caught in the Act.**  
"You have not been obeying my injunctions, and yet you expect me to cure your husband."  
"But, doctor—"  
"Tut, tut! I told you to do nothing to aggravate him."  
"But I—"  
"Madam, you were playing the piano when I came in. I both saw you and heard you."—Houston Post.

**WHERE DO BIRDS DIE?**

A Question That is a Puzzle Even to the Naturalists.

We have countless thousands of birds in this country; therefore the mortality must be high. Yet have you ever seen a dead bird? The majority of us have not, and even those of us who dwell in the country but rarely see a bird lying dead.

At a time one may be seen in a wood or field, but the people who have seen many birds lying dead are astonishingly few—dead birds, that is to say that have really died and have not been shot down. Nevertheless it is obvious that thousands of birds must die each month. Where do they die? That is a question that even the naturalist cannot answer satisfactorily.

Of course many birds are killed off by animals. Cats kill many birds, and birds kill each other, as witness the fact that an ailing rook is killed off by his fellows.

Blackbirds, too, kill off any sick member of their community, and other birds adopt a similar method. It is quite possible that those killed off birds are the ones seen dead in woods and fields, but there yet remain thousands of bird deaths that cannot easily be accounted for.

The most likely explanation is this—that an unwell bird crawls away to cover of some sort and there dies. Without doubt hundreds of birds so perish each month, and sometimes a bird gets into a corner that he cannot escape from; then he dies there.

Small animals as well as birds crawl off to some isolated spot and die unseen, and where they die there do their bodies wither to decay. We know that an unwell dog gets out of sight if he possibly can and an ailing cat does the same thing. They seek to hide, and it would almost seem that the bird and animal kingdom does not want the eye of man to rest on its members when the time of death comes.

Quite a lot of birds are carefully buried in England. The sexton beetle attends to this. No sooner does the sexton come across the dead body of a bird than he sets to work. The earth is scraped away all around the dead body, and as the earth disappears the body sinks down into the hole made. Once the body has sunk far enough the female sexton beetle comes on the scene to do her part. She, in short, bores small holes in the dead body, and in the holes she deposits her eggs.

The body is then lightly covered, and the result is that when the eggs hatch out they—the young sexton beetles—are surrounded by a large quantity of decaying food, the very sort of food they want and require. No doubt the sexton beetles bury thousands of birds in this way every year.—London Answers.

**From Theory to Practice.**  
A teacher was trying to impress upon her pupils the three fundamental rights of man as expressed in the Declaration of Independence—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. To do this she gave each of them three buttons, each button to stand for a principle. They were to bring them back the next day with a statement as to what each stood for.

But the next day Johnnie brought back only two buttons. "Where is the other button?" asked the teacher.

"Well," explained Johnnie, "I've brought back life and liberty, but maw sewed the pursuit of happiness on Brother Jim's pants."—Detroit Free Press.

**Locating the Sound.**  
A good story is told of Signor Foli, the famous basso. Once upon a time he was singing "The Raft" when a childish voice in the audience suddenly piped in and attempted to organize an impromptu duet. Foli kept his gravity with some difficulty until he came to the line: "Hark! What sound is that which breaks upon my ear?" This so tickled the fancy of the vocalist that he interrupted himself with a hearty laugh and left the platform, followed by the pianist. Twice they came back and attempted the song, but finally they had to give it up in despair, much to the amusement of the audience.

**An Old Joke.**  
Here is an old friend in new clothes:  
Waiter (to night nurse watching patient) — Have some coffee, ma'am?  
Night Nurse—No, I greatly fear it would keep me awake.

This time the quip is credited to a foreign funny journal, but we can remember the old joke in Comedian George S. Knight's day, only George substituted a night policeman for the night nurse.

And that was a full generation ago.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**BACK OF A SNAKE.**

It Can Easily Be Broken by a Crack With a Cape.

The first impulse of a man on seeing a snake is to stamp on its head, which, according to the Rosary Magazine, is unwise. A snake's skull is very tough, as behooves a part of the body that is always liable to be knocked against stones, etc., owing to the extreme shortsightedness of all serpents.

The back, on the contrary, can be broken with a light rap, for it consists of a delicate system of ball and socket joints. Should snakes be harmless the best plan is to leave them alone; should they be dangerous a shot from a revolver is safe and effective. In case no revolver is at hand a rap with a cane will be sufficient, but care must be taken to keep away from the head of the creature.

A snake does not normally go about hitting its skull against hard objects. It does this only when in a hurry. Moving at its ordinary pace, it feels its way with its long, delicate, forked tongue.

In the same way when about to swallow its food it touches it all over with its tongue in order to ascertain where to take hold, and this process has given rise to the mistaken idea that a snake covers its prey with saliva prior to swallowing it. No doubt a considerable quantity of saliva is generated during the process of deglutition, but it does not come from the tongue, which is merely used as a feeler.

When a snake bites it bisects its head up to the nape of its neck and opens its jaws till they are in the same plane—i. e., at right angles to the body. These jaws are provided with six rows of strong, sharp teeth, four on the upper jaw and two on the lower jaw.

This is a very formidable arrangement, but when you remember that a medium sized constrictor can project its head with sufficient force to knock a man off his feet and will either on provocation or sometimes without it let go his catapult, rat trap machinery you are likely to avoid constrictors so far as is possible. Such a snake can take hold of a man and shake him or strip the skin and flesh from the part seized as if it were paper.

**An Unnecessary Question.**  
The office boy, with his legs curled lovingly around those of the chair, was tilted back in the corner, gloating over "The Mysterious Milkman; or, The Murder at Muddy Ford," when a caller entered the office.

"Is the boss in?" asked the gentlemanly visitor courteously.

The lad looked over him with a contemptuous expression.  
"You must be a Rube or you'd know he ain't," he drawled. "Ain't you got no power of deduckshun? Would I be settin' like this an' readin' a book like this if the boss was in? Not hardly. Come tomorrow. An' then I'll lend you this here sinetific work, an' maybe you can get next to a little wisdom. Good-by!"—Exchange.

**A True Fisherman.**

In the Catskill foothills a New York traveling man who was making a trip overland passed an old man who was fishing with hook and line in a small stream. As the drummer drove by in a buggy the old man never took his eye off the bobber in the water. When the traveling man returned late in the afternoon he was greatly surprised to see the old man still in the same position with his eyes glued on the bobber.

"Hello, uncle!" he shouted. "Any luck today?"  
Without taking his gaze off the cork which rested on the surface of the placid stream the old man replied:

"Had a nibble long 'bout noon."  
—Judge.

**When Robespierre Was "Stung."**  
Under the terror Robespierre used to play a peaceful game of chess at the Cafe Regence, and the story is told of a youth who once challenged him and beat him twice. Robespierre after his defeat asked how much he owed, no stakes having been previously fixed. The supposed youth, who in reality was a girl in man's clothes, presented an order for the release of her lover from prison, and Robespierre signed it. Napoleon Bonaparte during his consulship was seen at the famous cafe, but he showed himself no tactician at chess.

**Happiness.**  
For ages happiness has been represented as a huge precious stone, impossible to find, which people seek for hopelessly. It is not so. Happiness is a mosaic composed of a thousand little stones which separately and of themselves have little value, but which united with art form a graceful design.—De Girardin.

Statement of the condition of the  
**United States National Bank**  
of Newberg, Oregon  
At the close of business Dec. 5th, 1911

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$247,429.78
Overdrafts	1,990.95
Bonds and Securities	63,932.82
Furniture and Fixtures	3,400.00
Real Estate	541.71
Cash and Exchange	106,646.44
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$423,941.70</b>
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock	50,000.00
Surplus	10,000.00
Undivided Profits	9,184.73
Circulation	50,000.00
Deposits	304,756.97
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$423,941.70</b>

Interest paid on time deposits  
Safety Deposit Boxes for Rent

**A Few Good Things For Your Christmas Dinner**

**MENU**

Oysterettes	Campbell's Soup	Celery
Beef—Extract of	Heinz Pickles—Dill, Sour, Sweet	East India Relish
Olives—green, ripe, stuffed	Chow Chow Pickles	Olive Oil
Snider's Salad Dressing	Durkee's Salad Dressing	G. W. Salad Dressing Powder
Chili Powder	Catsup	Peanut Butter
Horseradiah	Tobasco Sauce	Pepper Sauce
Worcester Sauce	Deviled Meats	Deviled Ham
Tomatoes	Sugar Peas	Beans
Hominy	Sauer Kraut	Corn
Cabbage	Squash	Pumpkins
Turnips	Beets	Carrots
Cauliflower	Sweet Potatoes	Lettuce
Beans	Corned Beef	Sliced Beef
Lunch Tongue	Vienna Sausage	Boneless Turkey
Lobster	Shrimp	Salmon
Sardines	Oysters	Clams
Adirondack Pure Maple Syrup	Del Monte Jams and Preserves	Apricots
Peaches	Pineapple	Jello—Assorted flavors
Ice Cream Jello	None Such Mince Meat	Heinz Mince Meat
Del Monte Pumpkin	Raisins—package, bulk and layer	Currants—bulk and package
Candies	Nuts	Chestnuts
Cocos, Etc.	Brazil Grape Fruit	Fresh Pineapple
Lemons	Bananas	Grape Juice
Boiled Cider	Cake and Strained Honey	

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