

REMEMBER: THE SINGLE TAX SERPENT MUST BE FED



HATS, HEADS AND HAIR.

The First Pronounced Innocent of Separating the Other Two.

The rules of health for the hair so far as we know them are brief. Brush the hair thoroughly at least once a day, but let the scalp alone. Let the brushing be thorough and preferably with two brushes, which you may use as if you were currying a race horse to get him into show condition.

Keep the hair thoroughly clean in this way and the scalp will largely take care of itself. Wash the hair as often as may be needed for cleanliness, which, as a rule, for men will be once a week and for women about half as often.

Avoid using too strong soaps, strong alkalies, such as ammonia and soda, and too hot water, as all of these take out too much of the natural lubricant or oil of the hair and leave it dry and harsh. As a rule it is well to dry clean the scalp as much as possible, and it is surprising how clean the hair and scalp can be kept just by thorough and regular brushing and currying alone.

The most important detail about the washing of the hair is that it should be rubbed or brushed until thoroughly dry. If this is done in the short hair of men there is no objection to wetting it daily or even two or three times a day if desired. The risk in leaving it not perfectly dry is that the natural oil of the hair when mixed with water rapidly decomposes or ferments.

This condition both irritates the scalp and furnishes a fine culture medium for germs, which thereupon promptly sweep in and give rise to the commonest form of dandruff. Particularly objectionable is the habit of wetting or slicking the hair in order to comb it and avoiding the use of the brush altogether. The intelligently used brush is the best known hair tonic, but when the vigor of the hair is beginning to fail even this may be carried to an extreme and become injurious.

While it is well to keep the scalp dry and well ventilated and exposed to both light and air, there does not appear to be any valid ground for the belief that going bareheaded, particularly in the sun, in any way promotes the vigor of the hair.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson says in the Cosmopolitan that "so far as we know anything about the intentions of nature it was never meant that the human head should be exposed to the direct rays of the sun. Experts are unanimous in declaring that excessive exposure of already thinning hair to the direct rays of the sun will actually accelerate the process.

"I have seen a great many bald heads exposed to the no hat cure," he said, "but I have not seen any crop, except blisters, produced thereon.

"The bulbs of the roots of the hair go down completely through the skin and into the fatty layer which lies between it and the skull, and the thing that to the expert eye is really significant of the prospect as to progress or cure in a particular case is not the condition or color or cleanliness of the scalp, but the thickness or thinness of this fatty layer which underlies it.

"So long as this is present and the scalp is freely movable over the

A Helpful Allusion.

There were times when the Rev. Mr. Pomfret felt that he failed to reach the hearts of his parishioners. Sometimes he even failed to reach their ears. Therefore he was much cheered by something he saw in the Elton pew one Sunday morning.

"I—I couldn't help wondering, Mr. Elton," he said diffidently when he met his parishioner the next afternoon, "what it was in my sermon that—er—particularly caught your attention yesterday morning. I happened to be looking your way, and I saw your face light up, and you slapped your hand against your knee as if something pleased you."

"It did," said Mr. Elton cordially. "I felt very grateful to you. When you spoke of Simeon it came over me in a flash that it was at Simeon Davis I left my umbrella the last time I went to town. It's been lost for six weeks."—Youth's Companion.

Work of the Rivers.

The annual rainfall on all the land surface of the globe amounts to 29,000 cubic miles. Only one-fifth of this, or 6,500 cubic miles, drains off through rivers. The rest is absorbed and evaporated. But each cubic mile of river water carries in solution on an average 762,000 tons of dissolved foreign matter. By all the rivers 5,000,000,000 tons of solid substance is thus carried annually to the sea. Suspended sediments, or silt, the enormous mechanical load of streams, are not included in these figures. Only the dissolved matter is considered, representing the chemical work on rock and soil which the percolating waters have accomplished. The Mississippi carries past New Orleans each year 98,369,000 tons of dissolved salts, the product of chemical erosion.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Economical.

A lecturer, talking of economy, cited the case of a leading lady as told to him by her manager.

The manager one Monday night entered a leading lady's dressing room with a huge bouquet in his hand.

"The florist just sent this over, with the bill," he murmured confidentially behind his hand. "I'll have it—er—thrown on at the end of the trial scene, eh?"

"No, don't throw it on," said the leading lady. "Let an usher hand it up. I want to use it all this week."

Grasping the Chance.

The pantomime in a provincial town has fallen very flat, and the manager is extremely anxious not to lose an opportunity of infusing energy into his cast.

Comedian—I can't go on for a minute, sir. I feel funny.

Manager—Funny! Great Scott, man! Go on at once and make the most of it while it lasts.—London Mail.

Disraeli Among the Lords.

Disraeli was a past master of the art of flattery, but his audacity carried him out of danger. Soon after his elevation to the house of lords he was asked by a brother peer how he felt in his new surroundings.

"Oh, don't ask me," he groaned; "dead and buried."

Then, remembering that his questioner was of the company which he was condemning, he added, "and in the realms of the blessed!"—Westminster Gazette.

PRODIGAL WITH MONEY.

An Author Who Was Constantly In Financial Difficulties.

Of Robert Buchanan, an author whose books seem nowadays in a fair way to be forgotten, there are some interesting glimpses in Chambers' Journal. A friend says of him that he was a man who was constantly in difficulties in regard to money matters. He would have a pocketful of money one day and none at all the next. He "gave money away right and left to those who appealed to his sympathy," and he was absurd in generosity as regarded his friends. This particular friend says of this trait:

"I found it extremely difficult to get him to accept any money due to him for transactions undertaken for me. If I asked him, 'How much do I owe you, Bard?' he invariably answered in the same strain, 'Eight thousand five hundred and nineteen pounds four shillings and sevenpence,' or 'Give me half a million, and we will cry quits.' If we dined together casually, one, two, six of us, he invariably managed to get hold of the bill and pay it.

"This trick of his, of course, became familiar, and we seldom asked him to dinner unless we had arranged the matter beforehand with the powers that be. When he discovered that fact he would say: 'Oh, this is a duke's affair. All right, I expect to be treated as in a ducal mansion.' It was the same with cabs and trains. He was a large, stout man, but he had a curious faculty of reaching the cabman's hand or the ticket office before the alim-

most of us.

"He was a confirmed turf speculator—a strange pursuit for a singer of songs and dreamer of dreams—and it need hardly be said he lost far more than he gained, but when he was successful—and occasionally his winnings were large—he always managed to find a means of sharing his good fortune with those less privileged than himself. One of his many methods of telling white lies was this: 'How are you, X? I owe you £20.' 'This is the first I have heard of it,' would likely be the reply. 'Oh, I took the liberty of putting a sovereign on King Charles for you, and he started at 20 to 1, and forthwith he handed over the money.'

English in Java.

A book published in Java, called "The West Java Travelers' Guide," says of a certain sanitarium: "At the establishment is a physician. The sick may invoke the physician for daily treatment, with use of medicaments. Children below ten years pay for lodges half of the price."

Under "Addresses and Announcements" is politely recommended "the hotel prigin, with occasion for warm baths, where till now all reconvalescents, as well as Mrs. Physicians and particulars and officials, have found back their health. Cures malaria, complaints in the chest and other fatnesses, green sickness, cutaneous diseases," etc., and we are assured that "this healthy abode for reconvalescents has also occasion to many delightful idyllic excursions to which saddle horse and tandees are stationed when before timely ordered."

Not So Easy as He Looked.

The passenger train had halted in an isolated rural district on a summer afternoon. The "smart" young man aboard, who volunteered to furnish amusement for the passengers, discovered an awkward country lad sitting on a stump not far distant. Seizing the opportunity for some fun, he cried: "Hello, sonny! Do you live in these parts?"

"Yass," drawled the youth.

"Say, do you have any fools around here?"

"Nary one," came the response.

"We sent for a carload last week, but wasn't lookin' for them yet."—Judge.

Where She Would Exit.

Miss Whackemall was lecturing her class upon the formation of the globe.

"Now, what country," she said, turning to the dunce of the class, "is opposite us on the globe?"

"Dunno," answered the pupil.

"Come, come!" said Miss Whackemall. "Suppose I were to bore a hole through the earth here and you were to go in at this end. Where do you think you would come out?"

"Outer the hole, miss!" shouted the dunce and went down one.

Very Different.

"How dare you!" exclaims the angry composer to his critic. "How dare you, sir, characterize my music as you have?"

"I don't understand you," demands the critic.

"You said that my rhapsody impromptu was a bum tune!"

"Bum tune! Oh, my good friend, I said no such thing! I said it was a vagrant melody!"—Judge.

HE GOT THE CHANGE.

Then He Got a Jolt When He Got Back to His Wife.

After haggling for twenty minutes over the price the dealer finally consented to let the vase go for \$3.79. Mrs. Brownlee knew she was getting a bargain at that price, so she considerably refrained from insisting upon a further reduction.

"Have you the money with you to pay for it?" she said to Mr. Brownlee.

"I've \$10," said Brownlee.

"That'll do," she replied. "The man can change it."

Somewhat reluctantly Mr. Brownlee produced the bill. With equal reluctance the dealer refused it.

"No gotta change," he said. "Sat-day aftanoon. Put alla da mon ina da bank."

"But aren't there other shops near where they will change it for you?" asked Mrs. Brownlee.

"No leava shop," the Italian explained. "Boy gonna home. Other customer he wanta buy. Gotta stay here."

Mrs. Brownlee was disappointed, but not discouraged.

"I must say," she said, rather severely, "that you don't seem very anxious to make a sale. However, I am bound to have that vase. Dear,"

to Brownlee, "suppose you get the bill changed. You'll only have to go down to the corner and buy a cigar."

Mr. Brownlee already had six cigars in his pocket, but he obediently made a trip to the nearest tobacconist's for another. He selected a strong, black cigar worth 15 cents and offered the ten dollar bill in payment.

"Smallest you've got?" asked the clerk.

Brownlee lied and said it was.

"Sorry," said the clerk. "I can't change it. This is Saturday afternoon, and we've put most of our money in the bank."

Mr. Brownlee returned the cigar and renewed his quest for small change. The pursuit took him to two more cigar stores, two groceries, a drug store and a saloon. In the latter place, by appealing to all the other thirty customers present, the desired change was finally secured in dollars, halves and quarters. Mr. Brownlee then took his bearings.

He computed that in his wanderings he had traversed a distance of fourteen blocks and had consumed half an hour's time. As a result of that calculation he was in a bad humor when he again entered the little store.

"Here's the change," he said, "and a confoundedly hard time I had to get it too!"

Mrs. Brownlee patted his hand sympathetically.

"Oh," she said. "I'm so sorry! I shan't need it, after all. After you went out I saw several other little things that I liked, and I bought enough of them to come to the whole \$10."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Lincoln's Book and Baby Buggy.

Lincoln is never spoken of in his family relations but as a kind husband and devoted father. After they had their own home on Eighth street and his children were growing up around him, one of his neighbors tells me that she remembers him best as a great tall man in his shirt sleeves, gently moving a baby buggy on the lawn while one long arm and hand held a book which he devoured. She, a little girl then, remembers little more of him until long after, when she saw him as president in Washington, and he came out to see her, extending his hand as cordially and simply as he might have done over the garden fence, with, "Why, Annie, how glad Bob will be to know you're here!"—Collier's Weekly.

A Puzzling Letter.

A business communication in Arabic recently reached a Manchester firm and when translated by a Syrian interpreter proved to contain a request for the price of cooping "two water sheep" of certain given dimensions. The translator was confident of his version, but admitted that he did not know what "water sheep" could be. For the moment even the heads of the firm were puzzled until it struck some one that this was the nearest synonym in the vocabulary of a pastoral people for "hydraulic rams."—Manchester Guardian.

Deciding the Ownership.

Two bosom friends were at odds over the ownership of an umbrella.

"I tell you it's mine," persisted the first man.

"And I say that umbrella's mine," asserted the other.

"You're wrong. I've had it for six months at least. See the initials 'L. S. P.'"

"Yes, but they're not your initials."

"No; they're the initials of the man I borrowed it from."—Lippincott's.

ANIMALS' WEAPONS.

Toothless Ant Eaters Have Claws Capable of Killing a Man.

Not long ago a British scientist and animal lover contributed to the world the result of his studies of animal life. Not the least interesting of his observations was "How Animals Defend Themselves."

"The larger animals in general," he says, "are provided with weapons more or less effective. The carnivora have sharp teeth, with which they rend their prey, and the toothless ant eaters have enormous claws, capable of killing a man."

"Many reptiles use their tails to strike down their game, while a large number of animals are supplied with pungent odors or secretions that are equally potent as a defense. In certain groups we find enormous horns and tusks that are intended entirely for purposes of protection. In some cases they are upon the top of the head, as in cows or oxen. Again, as in the elephant or some cetaceans, they are highly developed teeth.

"Our common horned animals depend upon their head weapons for defense. They are of two distinct kinds and subject to a marvelous variation in the different families.

"One group, represented by the common cow, is called the hollow horned ruminants, because the weapons are hollow and persistent—that is, they are never shed except in one instance—the pronghorn antelope.

"Another great group, represented by the deer, have solid horns that are cast at certain times and grow again very rapidly.

"When a stag loses its horns it retires to the dense woods, away from its kind, and remains secluded until it is armed again. The growth of the new horn is very rapid.

"In the rhinoceros we find a curious arrangement, the horns in some being easily moved, seemingly only held by the skin. They form terrible weapons, however, though totally different in their construction from the ivory tusks of the elephant, with which they are often matched, being formed of hairy, fiberlike matter. Some species have a single horn, while others have two."

An Honest Lawyer.

An old lawyer named John Strange, who had earned the good will of his community by probity and fair dealing, felt that he should make some provision for death and conferred with his wife on the subject.

"Mary," he said, "I want to die before you do, and I want you to see that the funeral is plain and without fuss or frills. When I'm buried put a simple stone over the grave, with this inscription: 'Here Lies Buried an Honest Lawyer.'"

The good woman protested that such an inscription would be incomplete without the name.

"Just make it what I tell you," said the old man. "Those who see it will supply the name. When people look at that inscription they'll say, 'That's Strange.'"

A Trying Position.

Mrs. Oldwoman was seriously ill and found herself in a trying position. This is how she described her trouble to a friend:

"You see, my daughter, Harriet, married one of those homopath doctors and my daughter Kate an allypath. If I call the homopath my allypath son-in-law and his wife will get mad, an' if I call my allypath son-in-law then my homopath son-in-law and his wife will get mad, an' if I go ahead and get well without either of 'em then they'll both get mad. So I don't see but I've got to die outright."—London Answers.

Man's Contrariness.

One of the most curious traits of that most curious creature, man, is the fact that the very things he most admires in a sweetheart he condemns or ignores in a wife. Before they were married when she coquettishly stuck a flower in her pretty curls he went into rhapsodies of romantic fervor. After the honeymoon when she tries the same little Cupid's trick he most likely does not even see that she has adorned herself with a floral wreath to win a compliment or a kiss.—Annesley Kenealy in Woman's Life.

The Turkish Fcz.

The use of the fez is not controlled by religious faith, for it is worn by all classes in the Turkish empire and even beyond its limits. It is said to derive its name from the African city of Fez. In the Levant it is more commonly known under the modern designation of tarboosh. While the fez is now distinctively Turkish or Mussulman, its use is by no means ancient among the Ottomans. It is said that it was introduced to Turkish use by the Sultan Mahmud II, who adopted it from the Greeks.

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