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Merry Moments

As We Journey Through
Life Let Us Laugh
by the Way.

No Reason to Work.

A large, slouchy colored man went shuffling down the road whistling like a lark. His clothes were ragged and his shoes were out at toes and heels, and he appeared to be in the depths of poverty for all his mirth.

As he passed a prosperous looking house a man stepped from the doorway and hailed him.

"Hey, Jim! I got a job for you. Do you want to make a quarter?"

"No, sah," said the ragged one. "I done got a quarter."—Washington Star.

Less Expensive.



Howe—So you're going in for yachting next summer because it's not so expensive as automobiling?

Wise—Yes; a yacht can stand on a tack, and there's no tire punctured.—Chicago Daily News.

Warring Tastes.

"Why does Mrs. Faddy seem so uneasy with Miss Flitty?"

"Because Mrs. Faddy is a great stickler for the fitness of things and the peculiarly appropriate in house decoration, and there sits Miss Flitty in a Bulgarian blouse with her feet right on a Turkish rug."—Baltimore American.

Awkward Attitude.

"Aw, shucks! These flashlight fiends at banquets are a nuisance."

"How now?"

"Ought to give a fellow warning, anyhow. That flashlight last night caught me with a mouth full of spinach."—Kansas City Journal.

Prophetic.

"It's going to be a hard winter," said the invoice clerk as he gazed skyward from the office window.

"How can you tell?" inquired the manager.

"By the size of the salary I'm getting."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Dangerous.



First Patient—Love is a disease, you know.

Second Patient—And it must be highly contagious to judge from the number of pretty nurses who catch it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Recognized Him.

"I saw my boyhood chum today, the one that has become a millionaire."

"Did he recognize you?"

"I guess so. He turned a corner when he saw me coming."—Houston Post.

Deserve Congratulations.

Silic—When is the proper time to congratulate a bride and groom?

Cynic—After they have lived together at least a year and are still happy.—Philadelphia Record.

A Lost Hiding Place.

What does the man who used to hide behind his wife's petticoat hide behind now?—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

She Knew.

"What is your husband's average income?" asked the caller.

"About 1 a. m.," replied Mrs. Wise.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FOOTBALL MAKING

Work That Requires Powerful
Hands and Arms.

THE PIGSKIN IDEA IS WRONG.

That Brand of Hide Is Never Used, the Finest Balls Taking Calf or Cow Skin and the Cheaper Grades Sheepskin. The Bladders Are Made of Rubber.

That phrase so much used in the football season, "chasing the pigskin," involves a popular error. The football is not made of pigskin, but of the hide of the calf or cow and for the cheaper variety the skin of the sheep. Footballs of the ordinary grade are made in this country, but some of the finest, sold to those who are not particular about price, are imported from England, where the industry was an old one before it was started in America.

The making of a football is almost entirely a male industry. The only share that women have in the work is seen when one first enters a football factory. At long tables girls sit pasting linings on sections of the footballs cut in another part of the factory. It is work that a girl is particularly fitted for, as the linings must be carefully fastened to the rough leather and smoothed until there is not a sign of a bubble or rough place on the surface of the lining.

The first step in the making of a football is to select the leather. Only the best of picked skins are used, and each skin is carefully gone over for defects before being cut into the necessary sections. This is done by machinery, and the sections are then sent to the room in which the girls are at work for the lining to be pasted on.

Then the lined sections are sent to the sewing room and the linings are stitched together, bringing the outer covering of the football into position for the final stitching. This is done by a machine that turns the footballs out stitched in the seams but wrong side out. They must then be turned right side out, a job that is left to men who do nothing else all day long but reverse the leather covers by hand, a work that requires great strength and endurance and gives the workers a prodigious amount of pulling power in the muscles of the arms and hands.

When the cover is pulled right side out the outer part of the football is finished ready for the inflation. The bladder is inserted and blown up, and the ball is then stamped on a hot press and worked up until the surface is perfectly smooth and free from rough spots. The ball is then deflated and placed aside for shipment.

Balls intended for the soccer game or for basketball are also made in the way described. A new idea recently applied to the making of the football is to provide a ball suited to the rough treatment inseparable from play on the stone flagged or asphalted pavement of the school playground. It was found that the finely finished football intended for use on a grass covered field could not stand the hard usage received during practice in the school yard, and a football was therefore devised especially for this rough work, with the seams stitched on the outside instead of the inside. Sewing the seams from the outside provided a ridge that protects the ball when kicked and bounced in a paved court and makes the cost of the footballs used in a season somewhat less than when the finely finished oval of the gridiron grounds is used.

The origin of the term "kicking the pigskin" was explained by one of the authorities in this way: "Years ago, when the game was in its early stages in England, the inflation was done by means of a bladder of a pig. In those old days the skin of the pig was actually subjected to the indignity of being propelled high in the air by the toe of a football player, but as the bladder is no longer used the term has ceased to apply."

The bladders are now made of the best Para rubber. The regulation football weighs from thirteen and a quarter to fourteen ounces. The soccer ball weighs from thirteen to fifteen ounces. One cannot definitely predict the life of a football, but the makers say the hardest kicking should fail to retire the ball in less than two years.

It may not be generally known that football has a patron saint. In 1520 a boy named Hugh had the misfortune to kick a football through a window in the house of a neighbor, who became so incensed at the damage done that he stabbed the boy to death. The populace avenged the boy's death by killing his slayer and then exalted the name of the unfortunate boy by calling him "Saint Hugh."—New York Sun.

Saving Himself.

Murphy was assistant cook on board a "trooper" ship bound for India. The first morning he forgot to wash the boiler out after breakfast. Consequently there were tea leaves on the surface of the soup when dinner was served. To clear himself of blame he went to the respective messes and said: "If you found any tea leaves in the soup you'll know it's mint."—London Globe.

A Disadvantage.

Lady—I wish you would paint me a storm at sea. Marine Painter—Impossible, madam! "But other artists paint storms at sea." "Yes, but I've seen one."

A covetous man makes no friends.—Cingalese Proverb.

OLD BROAD CREEK CHURCH.

It is in Ruins Now, Yet Washington Once Worshipped There.

Within eight miles from the national capital at Washington is an old church which was built in 1884. Its parish was founded even before that. Very few people have ever heard of this old church, for the simple reason that for the past fifty years the place has been falling to rack and ruin.

It is a famous church, and in the early days it was a well known parish, for it was the first that was founded near the city of Washington. Of late years the old families have all moved away, and their children have had interests elsewhere. They have all forgotten the little old church where their ancestors worshipped.

It was this church of St. John's that George Washington attended on his frequent visits to its side of the river. A few years back those old parishioners who could remember their father's stories of having seen Washington rowed by his slaves over from Mount Vernon to service there, put on Washington's pew in the old church a silver plate as a memorial to him.

The old graveyard is overgrown with honeysuckle, but beneath the masses of vine there are many famous old Maryland people buried.

The church itself is a curious old structure. It is nearly square and the bricks, which are of exceptional size, were imported from England. The hardware was also imported.

There is no chance at all in the church. There is a place where the altar should be that is set apart from the church by a small rail. At one time there was a great high pulpit, but this was taken out by some rector who thought that it was unnecessary.—Living Church.

EXPENSIVE DINING.

Prices Soar Sky High at the Hotel des Roches Noires.

Trouville is in the season one of the most expensive spots in Europe. The individual who takes his wife and family to the Hotel des Roches Noires for, say, a month in the high season and does them really well—that is, gives them the best which the house has to offer—when he comes away—if he has paid his bill—has left a small fortune behind him.

The idea that an Englishman because he is being charged a high price is being cheated is absurd. Nowadays whatever it used to be once upon a time—an Englishman in a really smart hotel in France is looked at askance. French people on pleasure bent are much more extravagant than we are. They do not seem to care what they spend.

I remember dining once at Trouville when a basket of nectarines was offered by the head waiter. They were quite nice nectarines, but that head waiter wanted 25 francs apiece. Five dollars for two or three mouthfuls seemed to me too much, but those nectarines all went. There was scarcely a Frenchman in the room who did not treat himself to one. At the next table to mine was a man with his wife and his daughter. They had three apiece, \$45 for dessert as a windup to an extremely expensive dinner!—Richard Marsh in Strand Magazine.

Changing Lead to Gold.

Professor Soddy makes the assertion boldly that it is only a question of application to change lead into gold. He says that while now we can only work with electricity at 100,000 volts it is only a matter of perfecting the method to be able to work at ten times that voltage when the baser metals can be changed into the more precious. In other words, electricity, when brought to its highest efficiency and application, is the real philosopher's stone for which the alchemists of the middle ages searched so long.—New York World.

New One on Him.

Politics was at the boiling point in the negro ward, and the lemon colored henchman undertook to air his superior knowledge in the argument with the ebullient brother. "Yes, sah," he declared, speaking of a candidate, "he just a neophyte in politics, just a neophyte."

"Why, dat man done tole ouah club las' night he wuz strong 'Publican!' excitedly declared the other. "When dat new party start up?"

Devil Worshipers.

That curious people, the Yezidis of Turkey, live sometimes in huts, but more commonly in black tents like those of the Arabs of the plains. Of all the peculiar peoples of Turkey they are the most peculiar or the least understood. It is said that they worship the devil instead of God. They respect Satan as a deity whose power for good or evil is very great, and therefore they will never mention his name.—Christian Herald.

Neatly Managed.

"Are you sure your husband will stay awake and look after the baby?" asked one woman.

"Oh, yes," replied the other. "I gave him a Welsh rabbit for dinner that won't let him sleep a wink."—Washington Star.

Bearded Women in France.

According to a French law passed in the eighteenth century, any woman growing a beard has, ipso facto, the right to dress like a man.

Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry.—Benjamin Franklin.

BOWLING BALLS.

Making Them Is Slow Work, With Long Waits Between Each Process.

A bowling ball looks as if it were easy to make, yet its manufacture involves a long process covering a period of three days. The actual time put upon it is only a matter of three hours, but the work is slow and requires long waits between each step toward completion. A log free from knots and cracks is first cut into pieces a trifle larger than the diameter of the ball after it is finished. This allows for two little projections on either side called "bits," where the clamps of the lathe hold the block of wood while revolving at lightning speed under the keen edged tool cutting into the hard fiber like a sharp knife slicing a fresh cheese.

This preliminary turning and trimming occupy only a few minutes, when the block is shaved and pared down to the required size. The bits then are cut off and the whole thing sandpapered. A coat of shellac is applied, and the ball is put one side to dry. It then gets another sandpapering. This is no sooner done than the workman again carefully applies the shellac brush. When the shellac dries the second time the surface is rubbed with oil. The work doesn't stop then, for the moment the oil has dried the ball gets another vigorous sandpapering. Then for the last time it gets more shellac. When thoroughly dry the sphere is ready for the two holes to be cut for the bowler's thumb and index finger. The last stage of the laborious process is the polishing, which gives the ball the appearance it has when it reposes on the rack waiting to be sent crashing down the alley.

Sometimes there is a considerable waste in cutting up the logs because of cracks and fissures in the wood. On this account an ordinary sized log may yield only one block sound enough to put on the turning lathe, while it ought to make six or seven. The life of the average bowling ball is about two years. The best balls cost \$5 or \$6, while the cheapest scale down near the dollar mark.—Exchange.

Old Time English Elections.

No complaint with regard to undue limitation of polling time was possible in the old parliamentary days. The danger was that polling might be prolonged for a fortnight or a month. Drastic action to bring the poll to a close once provoked a riot in the Westminster division of London. At the general election that began on April 25, 1741, the two Westminster ministerial candidates were on the fifth day of polling well ahead, but an opposition party of electors approaching the hustings in great force, the high bailiff (who favored the ministerialists) declared that he feared a riot and closed the poll. The baffled voters rioted and the military was called out. The high bailiff had afterward to apologize on his knees to the speaker and pay a heavy fine.—London Mail.

China's "Southern Capital."

The city of Nanking has several claims to fame. It is the chief center of the literature of the empire, and the city, as is well known, has often suffered siege and been the scene of fighting and bloodshed. The population has lately been estimated at about a quarter of a million. Known as "the southern capital," as distinguished from "the northern capital," Peking, Nanking is a great military depot and also gives its name to the variety of cotton—nankeen. The famous porcelain tower, one of the wonders of China, formerly stood at Nanking, but it was unfortunately destroyed during the Taiping rebellion.—Westminster Gazette.

Argentina Ranches.

Since the Indians of the grass lands of Argentina were subdued in 1878 the systematic reclamation of the land has been stupendous. Some of the large ranches carry as many as 50,000 head of cattle and provide hunting grounds for many Englishmen. The gaucho is one of the most picturesque as well as useful figures on these ranches and forms the counterpart of his famous brother, the cowboy of North America. Life on a ranch is far from unpleasant, and on some of the big ranches under British control evening dress for dinner is the custom.—Argonaut.

Hard to Do Without Pockets.

"The most annoying thing in navy life for a recruit is the absence of side pockets in the uniform trousers," said a yeoman at the navy recruiting station. "The average man doesn't realize how strong is the custom of thrusting his hands in his trousers pockets until he dons a pair without pockets. I've worn the navy uniform four years now, and I frequently find myself trying to put my hands in my pockets."—Kansas City Times.



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