

Roll The Dollars Our Way and They Will Roll Back To You

Business Men of Newberg Have Just What You Want and Just When You Want It

GNINORI DRAOB

Banks, railroads and other institutions have "boards" (boards of directors), which govern and control the policies of these organizations. The government nowadays is largely conducted by commissions and boards. Certain kinds of "boards" are important. A "board" in the home, not to use on the naughty boy, but to do the family ironing on, is as necessary as the dining table. With every electric iron we give free the Springer Ironing Board, which regularly sells for \$2.25. The iron and the board for the price of the iron is an astonishing value. See them. The iron with a "red nose" and a board that doesn't wobble. Both \$3.50.

The Yamhill Electric Company

Order Your Groceries from CHAS. LAPP

Headquarters for

Fruit Jars of All Kinds

Phone Black 4

714 First Street

Parker's Popular Priced Store

IS WHERE THEY SELL

WARNER'S CORSETS—the most comfortable corset made.

CLARA BARTON SHOES—there is nothing better.

GROCERIES—The Best. Always Fresh.

"The Home of Good Things"

E. C. BAIRD

Ladies and Gents Furnishing Goods

Ladies, Misses and Children's Suits and Coats

Men's Suits and Overcoats

Shoes and Notions

Dry Goods and Groceries. Fruits and Vegetables

CALL FOR THE

Marigold Brand Evaporated Milk

It is a home prepared product, sells at a low price, and there is none better.

Western Condensed Milk Co.

DO YOUR TRADING AT PORTER'S

The Big Store with the Little Prices

Quality always the best; prices always the lowest

J. C. PORTER & CO.

STORIES OF THE ROLLING DOLLAR CREDIT

No. 4

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"I'm mighty glad to get back to Centerville," said The Rolling Dollar to the 1890 dollar, "that Scott Valley is no place for me. Poor crops there this year, so the merchants have lots of business. This is no joke either. Those people send all their money away when they have any, and when there is no cash for money orders they still have to eat. Where do they go? Why, to the merchant they passed by when they had the cash.

"Four years ago there were twice as many stores in Scott Valley; but the mail order bug bit the people so the stores closed up. Everybody was busy saving money by buying from the catalog houses.

"Now crops are poor and cash mighty scarce. So the folks are going to the few storekeepers left and asking for credit and getting it of course. Yet the merchant has to borrow money from the bank to pay his bills because he is carrying such a load of credit, for a man who isn't patronized when you have the cash, can't be expected to have much ready money when cash is short.

"The bank would not loan the most of them enough to live on for a year, or until the new crop came in, so the storekeeper is the only crutch to lean on. Where would those people be if all the stores had closed up?

"Over on Plains Creek conditions are different. It is a new country, and like Scott Valley the farmers depend on one crop.

But they realize that without the stores they would be gambling with little to gain and everything to lose. Public sentiment is all against buying elsewhere. If the merchant has not in stock what is wanted, they expect him to get it for them. Consequently the merchants can carry the farmers until they get their crop money, and nobody suffers physically or financially. Plains Creek people know they would be cutting their own throats by patronizing the mail order houses and forcing their stores out of business. The storekeeper is really the banker of the community, but he is willing to be as long as he gets a fair shake.

"A catalog house has only two ways of selling, 'Cash with Order' and 'Collect on Delivery.' Where the farmer has to wait a year for his money how can he meet those conditions if that is the only way he can get what he needs?

"The country storekeeper in some districts has about the worst job on earth. If his people have cash, he doesn't get it. If they are short of cash, he has to borrow money and pay interest so that he can give those people what they must have until they get some cash again. And then, he won't see them in his store again until the crop fails another year.

"I wish one of those Scott valley people would ask a mail order house for a year's credit. The clerk who opened the letter, would fall dead."

The Fair 5 and 10c Variety Store

"THE STORE OF PERSONAL SERVICE"

716 FIRST STREET

We certainly appreciate the patronage you are giving us and shall use every effort to merit your confidence and to serve you to the best of our ability. Sincerely,

WALLACE & SON

Clothing, Furnishings, Shoes

meet the outer needs of the modern civilized man. By experience he selects the best.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes are worn by millions, who say they are the best. \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00

KINGSBURY HATS—Best values, always \$3.00

CAPP'S CLOTHING fits and wears. A reason, 100 per cent pure wool.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY—Men's, Women's and Misses.

We save you money by giving you the best for the money.

HODSON BROS., The Clothiers and Furnishers

Miller Mercantile Co.

THE STORE OF QUALITY

The place where you get 100 cents of value for every dollar spent

Our Motto:

Your Money's Worth or Your Money Back

EVIDENCE

The best evidence that this bank is giving satisfactory service is the unprecedented number of new clients who have recently opened accounts here.

Many of these new accounts were opened at the recommendation of our old patrons who desired their friends to share in the conscientious service we are giving.

Let us all work together for the upbuilding of this section.

U. S. National Bank of Newberg

Chehalem Valley Mills

Manufacturers of

"Queen Patent" "White Swan"

"Rosebud" & "Excellent" Flour

MADE IN NEWBERG

The C. C. Store

Newberg's Busy Trading Place

Right buying and selling at a reasonable profit makes it possible for us to give you reliable merchandise at the lowest prices.

OUR BATTLESHIP MASTS.

Perilous Perches For Range Finders Strapped to Their Tops.

A smudge of smoke on the horizon, then two, skeleton towers of steel lattice-work just above the sky line.

A battleship! A United States battleship!

Why? Because United States battleships are the only ones that have masts of latticed steel tubing—towers that look as if they were meant to train crimson rambler roses and a hundred or more feet high.

Fighting tops are obsolete in the United States navy. The men who occupy the nests at the top of the masts nowadays are unarmed. Their sole usefulness to the ship consists in finding the range for the gunners down below.

The towers are made of the latticed steel so they will remain upright although riddled with shots from an enemy's ship. Shells may pass through the network of tubing until every strand is severed and still the tower will stand.

The old style steel masts with a single support could be cut in two and sent crashing to the deck with a single shot from the enemy's gun. The new masts are used as wireless towers and for searchlights and signal platforms as well as for range finding.

The range finders, usually three men,

pass canvas belts around themselves in action. Otherwise they might be thrown far aboard by some sudden lurch. The top of the "wastebasket" mast is like the lower end of a clock pendulum when it comes to swaying. The ship leans over just a foot or two maybe, the mast six or a dozen feet.

When the guns are firing below the concussion sets the steel tubes vibrating like a suspension bridge with a crowd crossing. Sometimes the vibration is so strong that the range finders can't work. Then the guns are stilled for a minute.—Kansas City Star.

ELBA AND ST. HELENA.

Napoleon's Comic Opera Empire and His Grim Island Prison.

An "empire" eighteen miles in length and twelve miles in extreme width, such is the Mediterranean Isle of Elba, to which Napoleon was consigned by the victorious allies and where he received the homage of his new subjects. Elba, long a place of pilgrimage for tourists from all nations, lives chiefly in the memories of that ten months of comic opera, when the man who had all but mastered Europe aped his vanished royalty and, like a child with a new toy, issued foolish decrees which began, "Napoleon, emperor, sovereign of Elba, to his people."

Utterly devoid of a sense of humor the emperor must have been to take

his new position so seriously. It was a huge joke that the powers played upon the Corsican by permitting him to retain the title of emperor and awarding him a "kingdom" that placed him on the same footing with the sultan of Sulu and the king of the Canibal Isles.

If Napoleon had remained there he would doubtless have become what his enemies intended he should become—an object of derision, the butt of the world's sneers and jeers. But he did not stay, and the glory of the "hundred days," the brave carnage of Waterloo, the culminating tragedy of St. Helena, restored Napoleon to a place among the world's heroes.

St. Helena was grim and terrible. There humanity pictures Napoleon "with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea"—a caged lion, feared by all the world. Elba was trifling, pitiful, petty, insignificant, and there Napoleon was a caged monkey to be laughed at.—New York World.

Deceptive.

The Pastor's Wife—What peculiar eyes young Ashley has. They always seem half closed. The Pastor—Yes, he has me guessing. I'm inclined to think he sleeps all through my sermons, but I can't catch him at it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DO YOU USE FACE POWDER?

If You Do Be Careful to Keep It From Getting In Your Eyes.

Face powder has its dangers the same as gunpowder. For several years occasional cases have come under the observation of oculists in which the patients, invariably women, complain of vision being blurred, inability to use the eyes for any length of time and severe itching of the lids. The slightest rubbing of the lids produces a marked redness of the eyes and only aggravates the itching. In severe cases the lids are frequently swollen from constant rubbing. There is a sticky, elastic secretion which, when being removed, pulls out in long strings.

Microscopic examination of the secretion reveals masses of what appear to be crystals. Until recently no satisfactory explanation of the presence of these crystals in the eye has been given. Secretions taken from the eyes of two sisters suffering from this peculiar complaint were submitted to the professor of pathology of one of the university medical schools, who found that the crystals came from face powder. Seven other patients in which the same symptoms and microscopic conditions were found all used face powder.

When the powder is applied to the

face with a puff a part of the fine dust is driven upward and lodges on the moist eyeball. The powder in the presence of the tears then becomes mucilaginous in character and is not washed from under the eyelids. The powder produces the irritation, which is aggravated by rubbing. Those who use a chamomile skin in applying the powder are less liable to cause the fine dust to arise, which probably accounts for the condition not being found in every woman using face powder. The condition is quickly relieved by flushing the eye with boric acid solution. The irritation rapidly disappears when the eyes are kept washed out with a soothing eye wash.—From Journal of the American Medical Association

TIME IN PALESTINE.

It is So Erratic That Making a Train Is Quite a Feat.

In Jerusalem town time and train time are different, forty minutes different, and both are variable. Train officials say the train leaves for Jaffa at 6:40 o'clock in the morning, but 6:40 o'clock by train time is 7:20 o'clock by town time. One morning when we were starting for Egypt we ordered our carriage for 7 o'clock. Arriving at the station at 7:15 o'clock, we found the train gone and the station empty. At last was routed out an official.

"Where's the train?" we demanded. "Gone, messieurs."

"Gone? You've changed the hour of the train, then?"

"Non, non, messieurs. The train leaves at the same hour always, but the time has changed. Yesterday 6:40 o'clock train time was 7:20 o'clock town time. Today 6:40 o'clock train time is 7 o'clock town time. No, no"—and he smiled patronizingly—"the train always leaves at the same hour; our trains never change—it is the time that alters itself, not the train, messieurs!"

We sought the telegraph office. "To the steamer agent to Jaffa," we dictated. "Missed train. Cancel passage on boat for Egypt. Wire date of next sailing for Port Said." This was turned into flowery Turkish and sent. A reply came soon.

"Plenty of time. Your boat will wait till tomorrow afternoon, for the water is so rough she cannot land her passengers and cargo today. Plenty of time if you take the train tomorrow."—Atlantic Monthly.

The Only Difficulty.

"The world owes me a living." "That's all right, old man, as long as you can get somebody to stake you while you are trying to collect the bill."—Boston Herald.

If you will not hear Reason she will surely rap your knuckles.—Franklin