

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

ELECTRIC IRON \$3.50

IRONING BOARD FREE

Any electric cooking device, from a toaster to an oven—ironing board free. Get an iron or a toaster, or a percolator, or a chafing dish, or most anything, and get an ironing board free.

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

When a Chronic Catalog Buyer Opened His Eyes

No. 5

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The Rolling Dollar dropped with a satisfied sigh into the grocer's till. "Glad I'm safely back from that trip," he said to the other dollars there assembled.

"That was a risky stroke of Fate that led me off to Mossdale. My wings almost shook off their eagle feathers in anague of fear that I would never get back. Why? Because Mossdale folks trade with Chicago mail order houses, and what chance has one little dollar to get back when about the only adventures possible are in the postoffice cash box or the box of the express company between here and Chicago."

"Well, did somebody steal you back?"

"No sir, but a farmer had a change of heart. I was present at his confession. All I know about it is that he laid me on the table beside a big mail order catalog; and after he had looked at me and at the catalog he wrote a letter which he read to his wife. His letter was about like this:

"Mossdale, Mich., January 15, 1914. Gentlemen:—Yours of recent date at hand, also catalogs and circulars offering premiums for distributing same among my neighbors. As you say, it would be a favor to you but I doubt if it would be to my friends. I have dealt with you for some years myself, and I have received no favors. I paid for all I got; in the same length of time I would have gained standing and credit in a home store. You think I am a steady comer, and send me any old goods that are handy on my orders.

"Your catglogs seem to offer some great bargains, but let us

see if there are not some things very necessary to the people of our section that are not mentioned in your big book.

"I don't see any reference to paying cash or exchanging goods for wheat, oats, corn, beans, butter, eggs or hay. How much will you pay for cattle, sheep and hogs, f. o. b. Mossdale?"

"We have to have a market and we can't expect to sell to the home merchants if we buy in Chicago.

"How much will you pay to support our schools? How much for building our roads and bridges? For supporting our poor? For the general public expense? Two stores and a brush factory went out of business here last summer, and my taxes are higher this year because those concerns are nowhere to share up the fixed expenses of local government and public utilities. You got our money and kept it, so those who would have given it back, had to quit.

"How much do you give our churches? How much credit will you give me when times are hard? I think I'll trade at home awhile. If the home merchant is tricky, I can have it out with him face to face, and settle any misunderstanding in half an hour. I have been all winter getting my money back on that last deal with you, and now I get only a credit card, which one of your clerks with studied carelessness has mislaid.

"Return the amount without further dickering or I shall take it out in advertising you and your methods among the folks around here. Your truly, Carl Schultz."

"To-day he drove down to Centerville and spent me on a bill of goods here because there isn't a decent grocery left in Mossdale."

The Opera Grille & Confectionery

WHY NOT?

Patronize the place that has always given you good service, and that now gives the best meals and most for the money of any place in the city. **GOOD WHOLESOME HOME COOKED MEALS AND SHORT ORDERS** at all hours

Your patronage solicited.

C. E. COOK

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.

SECRET OF THE PARIS HAT.

The Magic but Deadly Needle That Holds Its Spirit.

An American milliner seeking to learn what it is that makes the Paris hat so bewitching sought work in Paris and found it easily enough in one of the largest exporting houses, a name to conjure with. One afternoon saw her seated upon a bench with gay, chattering companions who radiated joy and sparkle on every side of her. Deft fingers flew with chattering tongues, confusing her by the bewildering creations called into being with breathless haste.

When night came the loneliness she dreaded did not come, so filled was her solitude by thoughts of all she had seen and heard, and so hard did her brain work to digest all the wonders. Would she, could she, in two months grasp the "something" and take it home to America, and in so doing reach another stepping stone in her career? The following morning found her seated upon her assigned bench. She had been told to come at 8 o'clock, and every clock and watch said 8—but she was alone. In half an hour her companions of yesterday began to stray in casually. Dull of eye and listlessly they came. No bubbling laugh, no gay chatter filled the room, and what was more surprising, no

work was attempted. Some great calamity must have occurred! The whole nation must be suffering death and facing calamity. Questions failed to bring forth answers, and the puzzle grew. Were all her dreams to vanish with the night? The "house" must have failed was her final thought.

Around 10 or 11 o'clock the party broke up for dejeuner, and with their return came a breath of the spirit of the afternoon before. Increasing gaiety and brilliant ideas grew with the hours, and the wonder of it was more and more inexplicable. The mornings were one long torture, the afternoons a joy. One day all was revealed. A tiny hypodermic needle filled with the stuff that dreams are made of is the spirit of the Paris hat!

The workers until sufficiently "doped" cannot work, cannot produce, and listlessly idle the morning hours till hypodermic needle and absinth create the gay, chattering designer, who brings forth the joy giving Paris hat—Jessie Belyon in National Magazine.

CLAY'S FIRST SPEECH.

It Began in Confusion, but Ended in a Brilliant Triumph.

Henry Clay as a young man was extremely bashful, although he possessed uncommon brightness of intellect and fascinating address, without effort

making the little he knew pass for much more. In the early part of his career he settled in Lexington, Va., where he found the society most congenial, though the clients seemed somewhat recalcitrant to the young lawyer. He joined a debating society at length, but for several meetings he remained a silent listener.

One evening after a lengthy debate the subject was being put to a vote when Clay was heard to observe softly to a friend that the matter in question was by no means exhausted. He was at once asked to speak and after some hesitation rose to his feet. Finding himself thus unexpectedly confronted by an audience, he was covered with confusion and began, as he had frequently done, in imaginary appeals to the court: "Gentlemen of the jury."

A titter that ran through the audience only served to heighten his embarrassment, and the obnoxious phrase fell from his lips again. Then he gathered himself together and launched into a peroration so brilliantly lucid and impassioned that it carried the house by storm and laid the corner-stone to his future greatness, his first case coming to him as a result of this speech, which some consider the finest he ever made.

Napoleon's Monument in Germany.

There exists in Germany a monument to Napoleon I. This curiosity

is to be found about eleven miles from Alzeny, in the grand duchy of Hesse. The monument is situated near the Vorholz hunting lodge, at the summit of a wooded hill, and the spot is known as Napoleon's garden. It is a dwarfed pyramid of three sides, rather more than three feet in length. Upon it stands the inscription, in Latin, French and German, showing that it commemorates the marriage of Napoleon I. to Marie Louise, grand duchess of Austria, on April 1, 1810.—London Globe.

ECCENTRIC CHESTERTON.

He Doesn't Mind How He Dresses, and His Wife Is His Guardian.

There is one English author at least who admits quite frankly that he is practically dependent upon his wife, and that is big G. K. Chesterton. Like most geniuses—and G. K. C. is generally admitted to be one—Chesterton is too much absorbed in the details of his creative work to bother much with mere business and social ones, and how many of his commissions would be executed and how many of his appointments kept if it were not for Mrs. C. goodness only knows. She acts as his "business conscience" and goes with him on almost every jour-

ney. It is on record, however, that once when Chesterton had a journey to make visitors arrived, and Mrs. Chesterton, being called upon to play the part of hostess, was unable to accompany her husband. However, she started him off with the words, "Now, Gilbert, you know where you are to lecture and what your subject is," and Chesterton went to the railway station. Arriving there, he banged down a sovereign at the booking office and said, "A ticket."

"Where for?" asked the astonished clerk.

"Free Trade hall," replied Chesterton.

"Oh, Glasgow, then?" said the clerk, and Gilbert, assenting, received a ticket for that station.

Stepping into the street at Glasgow, he was hailed by a friend: "Hallo, Chesterton! What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I'm lecturing at the Free Trade hall."

"Oh, no; you're not," said the friend.

"Oh, yes; I am," protested Chesterton. "I booked the engagement some months ago."

"But you cannot be," maintained the friend, "for the place is being renovated and the painters are in."

It slowly dawned upon Chesterton that he was at the wrong place, and he hurried to rectify his claim to

greatness, sent a telegram to his wife: "Am here. Where ought I to be?"

Even Mrs. Chesterton, however, apparently cannot always compass the feat of having her rotund husband costumed according to Hoyle. I remember quite vividly a soiree which I once attended at the Chestertons' flat in Overstrand Mansions, Battersea, and even more vividly how G. K. C. was dressed. Part of his costume consisted of trousers and waistcoat of a brown mixture and a dark red tie, and with these he wore—it is almost incredible, yet true—a dinner coat! He was in great form that evening and kept us all well edified and entertained. I don't suppose he had the faintest idea what he had on!—Hayden Church in Philadelphia Ledger.

Driven to It.

"Can you make me a bureau with a secret drawer?"

"Yes. Place to hide a will, eh?"

"No; I just want to have a place where I can keep a few clothes. My wife's things occupy all the visible space."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Pleasant.

Child Visitor—Mrs. Jones, please can I go upstairs in your room and look in your closet? Hostess—Why, Willie, what do you want in my closet? Child Visitor—I want to see the skeleton you say you've got there.