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POLITICAL AGITATORS

POLITICIANS WHO CAPITALIZE STRIFE A MENACE TO GOVERNMENT.

Neglect of Agricultural and Industrial Opportunities a National Crime.

By Peter Radford.

There never was a time in the history of this nation when we needed statesmen more or agitators less than at the present moment. The opportunities now afforded us on land and sea demand the best there is in statecraft and the possibilities that are confronting us call for national leaders that unite the people, build industry and expand trade. The agricultural and industrial development of this nation has suffered severely at the hands of agitators who have sent torpedoes crashing into the port side of business and whose neglect of the interests of the farmer makes them little less than political criminals. We want no more of these evil spirits to predominate in government. Too long their hysterical cry has sent a shiver down the spinal column of industry. Too long have the political agitators capitalized strife, pillaged progress and murdered opportunity. An industrial corpse is not a desirable thing, a crippled business an achievement or neglect an accomplishment about which any representative of the government has a right to boast.

Issues that Breed Agitators Should be Eliminated.

The political agitator must be eliminated from public life before thoughtful consideration can be given to a constructive program in government. The liquor question is the most prolific breeding ground for agitators and whether pro or anti, the hatch is equally as undesirable. This article is in no sense a discussion of the liquor question but deals solely and by way of illustration with the political products of that issue. Other subjects will be dealt with in the order of their importance.

In the history of our government the liquor issue has never produced a constructive statesman worth mentioning and it never will. It has sent more troops to Congress, Lilliputians to the Senate and incompetents to office than any other political issue under the sun.

The recent experience of the English Parliament which lashed itself into a fury over the liquor question has a lesson that it is well for the farmers of this nation to observe; for the subject in some form or other is constantly before the public for solution and oftentimes to the exclusion of more important problems to the American plowman.

Too Many Political Drunkards.

Lloyd George, the Prohibition leader of Europe who led the prohibition fight in England, has declared that he will never again take a drink politically and there are many American politicians—pro and anti—who would render their country a service by climbing on the water wagon or signing a pledge of political temperance. Too often our legislative halls are turned into political bar-rooms and many of the members become intoxicated on liquor discussions. We have too many political drunkards—pro and anti—in our public affairs. No one who is a slave to the political liquor habit is quite so capable of dealing with the business affairs of government as the sober and industrious. We have few public men in this day who are strong enough to resist the temptation of strong drink politically and when the demon Rum once becomes firmly entrenched in the mind of a politician, he is less capable of meeting the demands for constructive statesmanship now confronting this nation.

We have in this country too many red-nosed politicians—both pro and anti. A candidate with political delirium tremens, a preacher with political drunk on the liquor question are the saddest sights in civilization and they should all be forced to take the political Keeley Cure.

It is far more important in government to make it easier for those who toil to eat than to make it more difficult for a few toppers to drink. There is not one person in one hundred of our rural population that ever touches liquor but we all eat three times a day.

THE LAYMAN'S DUTY

There never was a time when preachers and politicians formed an unholy alliance that civilization did not shriek out and Christianity cry aloud. Since the beginning of government, politicians have sought to decoy the ministry into the meshes of politics and make them carry banners in political processions. They have taken the ministry to the mountain-top of power and offered to make them monarchs of all they surveyed, and while most of them have said, "Get thee behind me Satan," a few have fallen with a crash that has shaken every pulpit in Christendom.

FIGHTING INSOMNIA

Some Advice About How to Woe "Nature's Sweet Restorer."

In fighting sleeplessness I have found nothing so helpful as a simple procedure based on the conditions which recent psychological experiment has proved to be fundamental to sleep. These are:

Mental and muscular relaxation, limitation of voluntary movement and monotony of sensation.

To obtain these the best time you find yourself wakeful select on the wall of your room some ornament or spot which, by reason of a ray of light from the moon or street lamp, seems to stand out clearly from its surroundings. Having selected this spot, assume a comfortable position in bed, taking care that you lie in such a way that you can see the spot on the wall without straining any part of your body.

Next, remaining perfectly motionless and thinking of nothing but the spot on the wall, gaze at it through half-closed lids in such a way that it seems remote and indistinct.

Be sure not to try to get a full view of it. That would mean tension, not relaxation, and would defeat your purpose. Your gaze at the spot, while steady, must be without any straining of the attention.

Soon, if you have continued to lie perfectly quiet and to think of nothing but the spot on the wall, you will find your eyelids grow heavy and close completely. Open them half way, as before, and resume the process of gazing. They will again grow heavy and close, when you must, if you can, open them once more. Before long you will find it impossible to open them, for you will be sound asleep.

Even if your room be in total darkness you can still make use of this sleep-bringing method by calling up before your mind's eye some imaginary object and gazing at it between half-closed lids exactly as though it were really before you. Remember, however, that you must lie perfectly still, moving neither your hands nor your legs.

Try this device the next time you are troubled by wakefulness. From personal experience I am satisfied that, if you follow it faithfully in its details, you will find that it works like a charm.—H. Addington Bruce in Kansas City Times.

Big Hats in Colonial Days.

The question of high hats at public places was of some moment, even in colonial days. In 1709 the church at Andover, Mass., put it to vote whether the parish disapprove of the female sex sitting with their hats on in the meeting house in time of divine service as being indecent.

In the town of Abington in 1775 it was voted that it was "an indecent way with the female sex to sit with their hats and bonnets on in worshipping God." Still another town voted that it was the "town's mind" that the women should take their bonnets off in meeting and hang them on the pegs.

An Egg Trick.

Hold a raw egg on end and spin it on a plate or other smooth surface. Quickly place the hand upon it for an instant, stopping the motion momentarily. When the hand is removed the egg will resume its spinning. This is because the liquid contents of the shell continued to whirl rapidly when your hand stopped the shell, and if it is quickly released the whirling contents will again set the shell to spinning.—American Boy.

An Irascible Mood.

"I want to ask your consent to my marriage with your daughter," said the formal youth.

"Young man," replied Mr. Cumrox, "don't you bother me with any more such talk. If you and Gwendolga get married I'll be her and her mother's doings, and I don't want to be brought into it. I'm tired of being held responsible for every kind of trouble that comes up in this family."—Washington Star.

The Roads of Norway.

A curious feature to travelers on the highroads of Norway is the great number of gates—upward of 10,000 in the whole country—which have to be opened. These gates, which either mark the boundaries of the farms or separate the home fields from the waste lands, constitute a considerable inconvenience and delay to the traveler, who has to stop his vehicle and get down to open them.

Very Much So.

"I wonder what the poet meant when he alluded to woman in her hours of ease as being uncertain, coy and hard to please."

"I don't know about the coy part," said the saleslady, "but when it comes to picking out a hat she's all the rest of it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

At Niagara.

"You had a day at Niagara, I understand."

"Yes; had a delightful time there too."

"Falls were pretty fine, eh?"

"Why—er—we didn't see the falls. We spent all our time at the movies."—Judge.

And Then He Was Fined.

Judge:—Then when your wife seized the weapon you ran out of the house? Plaintiff:—Yes, sir. Judge:—But she might not have used it. Plaintiff:—True, your honor. May be she picked up the firearm just to smooth things over. —Boston Transcript.

Who would not have feet set on his back for his not know.—Italian Proverb.

Major Graham and Others

A Conspiracy That Resulted In Success.

By CLAY ARMSTRONG.

Major George Graham, retired army officer, had been a widower for ten years. His daughter Nellie was nineteen years old.

The major realized that he was growing old, but when it came to the thought he continued to regard her as a child. Even when she got into long dresses he would not have been a bit surprised to find her walking the fence with a balancing pole or seated on the limb of a cherry tree. She had been away at school; she had returned; he knew that she went to parties, and he saw young men about the house, but he seemed to be in a dream about her age. In his thoughts she had not passed the rag doll stage yet.

Major Graham was enjoying his cigar on the veranda one evening and listening to Nellie's chatter in an abstracted way when that young woman made a sudden dive into the house and a young man came up the path and took the vacant chair. The major squinted at him and thought he recognized him as young Hurlburt.

A young man's name may be much or little to the father of the girl he is in love with. In this case it meant little until an explanation had been entered into. Then it meant a whole lot. Young Mr. Hurlburt loved Miss Nellie; Miss Nellie loved him. He was of good family and had some prospects. He knew she was an only child and realized how hard it would be for her father to give her up, but he would love, protect and cherish her always. The major was so shocked that in his excitement he threw away a cigar that had been only half consumed, a thing he had not done in battle with the guns roaring around him.

Just what the man of war said to the young man of peace need not be recorded here. The gist of it was that his daughter was still a child, young Hurlburt was only a "kid" and that he should put his foot down against any nonsense. Yes, sir, it must be stopped. Yes, sir, he would tell his daughter so. Yes, sir, and—and—so forth. And the young man took his departure a human wreck, and Miss Nellie, who, of course, had heard all from an open window, sought out her good aunt and buried her face in the lap of that individual and moaned out: "Oh, Aunt Mary, I shall die—I know I shall die! Father won't let Will and me get married!"

Aunt Mary was not a matchmaker, but she had rather favored the young man. She gave what comfort and sympathy she could, and after seeing the weeping "child" tucked into bed she sought the father in an attempt to soften his heart.

The major was wanting some one to talk to just then, and she got all that was coming to her. She had been remiss, she had been careless, she had neglected her duties as a chaperon, she had almost brought a calamity upon the house of Graham. With her eyes wide open she had allowed a mere infant—yes, ma'am, an infant—to fall in love and engage herself in marriage to—to—well, to a young man.

In vain Aunt Mary tried to expel herself. No one had ever talked back to Major Graham, U. S. A., and got the best of it, and she failed. He could utter twenty words to her five, and the odds were too great, even for a woman's tongue. She retired from the contest to say to the tearful maiden in waiting:

"If your father doesn't get over this and talk sense I'll—"

"You'll do something, Aunt?"

"I don't know what I'll do, but you wait. Here you are, nineteen years old, and he's talking as if you were not out of bibs and high chairs."

There was hope that if Aunt Mary went around with a serious look on her face and had little to say and that if the daughter went about with tears in her eyes and heaved heartbreaking sighs at intervals the major might come down off his high horse, but after three days of it he seemed more determined than ever. Finally, at the end of a week, the sister said:

"George, if that girl elopes to get married you will have only yourself to blame."

"So children have taken to eloping, eh?" he replied in cutting tones.

That night there was a meeting of conspirators in Miss Nellie's room. There were only two conspirators, but they were enough. The major was asleep and dreaming

of battle as they planned. There were no more tears, no more sighs. Next morning a little note was sent to young Hurlburt. That night he disappeared off the face of the earth.

That night also good Aunt Mary was engaged for two hours carrying bundles and other things up into the attic, and when morning dawned again another sudden shock was ready for Major George Graham, retired. He was eating his breakfast when his sister entered the dining room to announce that Nellie's bed had not been occupied during the night. The exclamation made by the major when a bullet killed his horse was repeated on this occasion, and a minute later he was upstairs.

"I predicted it!" observed the sister, as she followed at his heels.

"Look for a note," he replied.

"I have looked. The poor child left none. She felt herself driven from home by a cruel father, and how could she write?"

Young Hurlburt had just become the junior member of a law firm in the town. Major Graham walked into the office and demanded information of his whereabouts. He was told that the young man had gone camping. He went to the depot; he went to the police; he telegraphed here and there. Then he went home to wait for news and to say grimly to his sister that, while he would do everything possible to bring his "infant" back, he would never, never forgive her. She had dishonored the name and must take the consequences.

The day passed and no news. It was the same with another day. The major was sorry that he had bluffed as he had. The sister took care to keep telling him what a cruel father he was and how much Nellie must have suffered before taking the step she had, and by evening of the second day the old war hero was calling himself names.

The scene was the veranda again. The major was smoking and sighing when young Hurlburt suddenly appeared. He was not shot down in his tracks. He was not even taken by the throat.

"Major, I understand you were inquiring for me the other day," he quietly remarked.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir. Where is my daughter, sir?"

"The last time I saw her was here at your house."

"And you tell me—you mean that she and you did not elope?"

"Elope! Major Graham, do you think I would coax your daughter into such a thing?"

"But she is gone. Whom did she go with? Where is she?"

"I cannot tell you. I was off camping."

"Mr. Hurlburt, I refused you my daughter's hand, but at the same time I believed you an honorable young man."

"I believe I am, sir."

"And your daughter would do nothing to dishonor herself or her dear old daddy?" said Miss Nellie as she suddenly appeared and sank down at her father's knee.

"You—you back again?" he gasped.

"Why, I've not been away. I got tired of my room and moved up into the attic for a change. It's just lovely up there, only the mice made me afraid nights. You didn't think your Nellie would run away just because you were a little cross, did you?"

"See here, I don't understand this a bit," said the major as he recovered his senses.

And then came the last shock. His sister came forward and said:

"Why, brother, it's easy enough to understand. They are in love with each other and want your consent to their marriage."

The major wouldn't have been the major if he had given them his blessing then and there, but the records show that he did within the next month, and that was good enough.

When to Say Good Night.

"Go in peace." The commonest word in Arabic today at parting, but it must never be spoken until after the person going has risen and said his farewell, otherwise it would be an insult.

"El-jar el-kareeb wala el-akh el-baied"—the neighbor near is better than the brother far away. This Arabic saying gives the quintessence of Arabic wisdom on friendship and sheds a new light on the second great commandment of the law. "Love thy neighbor as thyself."—Christian Herald.

Two Sinners.

"It is very wrong to tell a falsehood," said his mother to little Jimmie, who had caught him in one.

"Then we're both off sinners, ain't we, maw?" queried Jimmie.

"Both! What do you mean?"

"Why, you told Mrs. Smith yesterday that you hoped she'd call again, and after she wuz gone you said you wished she'd never come again."

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