

A TORNERY-AT-LAW
CLARENCE BUTT
Will practice in all the courts of the state. Special attention given to probate work, the writing of deeds, mortgages, contracts and the drafting of all legal papers.
Newberg, Oregon.
OFFICE—Second Floor in Union Block

C. R. CHAPIN
LAWYER
Practice in all courts; Probate, Deeds, Mortgages and all legal papers. Abstracts examined.

P. F. HAWKINS
Successor to C. A. Eldridge
DENTIST
Office over First National Bank
Phone White 3-1

DR. A. M. DAVIS
DENTIST
Office over Ferguson's Drug Store
PHONE BLACK 37

J. C. PRICE
DENTIST
Office over U. S. Nat'l. Bank
Phone Black 171

Dr. H. C. Dixon
DENTIST
Phones
Office, White 22; Res. Red 123

Dr. John S. Rankin
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
Office over U. S. National Bank
Office phone Blue 171
Residence Phone Black 115.

Littlefield & Romig
PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS
Office in First Nat'l Bank Bldg.
Phone, Black 31

DR. THOS. W. HESTER
Physician and Surgeon
Office in Dixon Building
Phone: Office Black 111, Res. Red 30
NEWBERG - OREGON

DR. SARAH E. SMITH
Physician and Surgeon
Office in City Hall
Office Phone—White 147
Residence Phone—Blue 68
NEWBERG OREGON

DR. FRED H. WILSON
Osteopathic Physician and Surgeon
605 1-2 First Street Newberg
Phone: Office Black 111, Res. Red 30

Dr. C. E. Brown, D. V. S.
Veterinary Physician & Surgeon
Office and hospital at Gordon's Barn, College and Hancock. Phone Black 47
Residence: Brownwald Ranch, Scholls, Phone 53. Call office day or night

W. W. Hollingsworth & Son
Funeral Directors & Embalmers
Calls Answered Day or Night
Lady Assistants. No extra charge
Office, White 25 Res. Black 94
Newberg, Ore.
Phone Black 14
Call on

Newberg Manufacturing & Construction Co.
Windows, Doors & General Mill Work.
463 N. Main Street

On the Wings Of the Storm

There Came a Change in Her Views About Love.

By PHILIP KEAN

The manager of the Bear Lake stock farm watched the storm from the window of his bungalow. It was a typical western hurricane, coming after a dry spell, with pink lightning and tempestuous winds and the continuous roll of thunder. To the unaccustomed eye it was terrifying, but Alexander gazed undisturbed. He was young and strong.

But something very like fear gripped him now as he saw between the swaying trees a wraithlike figure running toward the house.

He went to the door and opened it. He dragged her over the threshold—a little, gasping, frightened girl.

"I'm so afraid," was all she could say at first.

"How does it happen that you are out?" He put her in a big chair by the side of the fireplace. "It's so late and such an awful night."

She looked at him with startled eyes as she tried to pin up the thick brown locks that had fallen about her shoulders.

"I—I was running away," she confessed.

"Oh," Alexander said as he sat down opposite her. "You look a bit old for that. I was nine when I decided to take to cave dwelling and a man Friday."

A dimple showed in the corner of her mouth. "But—but I wasn't running away to live in a cave. I was running away to get married."

"But," Alexander said presently, "you—you don't look quite old enough for that."

"I am eighteen," was the explanation, "and he is twenty-one."

"He?" murmured Alexander. "Where is he?"

Her lip quivered. "I think the storm must have kept him home. You wouldn't think a storm would matter to a man, would you?"

"Not a man who was going to marry you," Alexander found himself saying.

"Oh—the warmth in his tone brought a rosy flush to her face—"of course something may have kept him."

"Where was he to meet you?" Alexander asked.

"Over there by the church. We are stopping at one of the cottages just beyond."

"And when you didn't find him there you ran to the nearest house?"

"I saw your light and ran toward it."

"And now," he told her, "if you are rested a bit I'll take you home."

"But I can't go back!" she cried. "The door locks with a spring, and I haven't a key."

"Ye gods!" Alexander's brows were knit.

And then, because he could think of nothing else to say, he asked, "Are you hungry?"

"Starved," she cried.

He brought out crackers and cheese and sardines and olives and marmalade and all the dainties that a bachelor manager who elects to eat at meals the coarse food that is given his men keeps for private consumption.

"If—I only knew where Bobbie was," she said, "I should be almost happy."

"So his name is Bobbie?" Alexander asked.

She nodded. "We went to school together, and he is at college now, and he hasn't anything to marry on, and that's why mother objected, and that's why we ran away."

"Do you love him?" Alexander asked slowly.

"Of course," she said quickly, "only I'm not so sure right now. It seems as if he couldn't have let me come out in the storm alone—if he had loved me."

"He couldn't," said Alexander briefly.

And then, after a moment, he said slowly, "I wonder if you know what love is really like—love for which one suffers, for which one dies, if need be?"

She caught her breath. "No one ever said such things to me of love before," she said. "Bobbie and I just thought of fun—and—of having our own way."

She was such a little innocent thing, but with such purity in her eyes, such a foreshadowing in her face of the woman that she might be, that Alexander said impulsively, "Dear little girl, wait until love—real love—comes to you before you marry."

She held out her hand to him. "I will," she whispered. "I will wait."

OUR PRIVATE POWER PLANT.

Nature Produced It, and Science Has Never Equaled It.

The most complicated manufacturing plant that ever existed is the human body as controlled under the scientific management of the brain and nervous system. No factory ever boasted a more efficient producer plant for converting fuel into energy. No plant ever had so well designed a pumping system nor one so perfect for the disposal of waste and sewage. Talk of heating and ventilating up to date or interdepartment telephone! The best that our modern science can put into our shops is crude indeed as compared with that furnished by the Great Designer. Suppose that you went to a pump manufacturer with the following specifications:

Wanted, a pump with capacity of one-quarter gallon a minute to handle warm salty fluid, to work for seventy years night, and day without a shut-down at the rate of seventy strokes per minute. Must be guaranteed to operate for the full period of time without repairs or adjustments, to require no attention; must have automatic control and contain its own motive power and must have a duty per million foot pounds superior to the best triple expansion high duty unit ever made.

Do you think the manufacturer would bid for the job? If he were a timid man he would probably agree with you and tell you to come around next week, meanwhile edging you toward the door before your insanity took a violent form, or if he were not afraid of lunatics he would say, "You poor bug, such a pump as you speak of never existed nor ever will except in the brain of a perpetual motion freak such as I see before me." Which shows how much he knows about it, for both you and he carry just such a pump around with you, and each of you thinks too much of your possession to sell it for any money.—John H. Van Deventer in Engineering Magazine.

ART OF BATHING.

To Get the Right Idea Just Inquire of Any Healthy Boy.

The art of bathing has never been fully understood. It ought to be put on its feet. Some people feel that in order to bathe it is necessary to call in the services of a physician. Others bathe at the slightest provocation—on railroad trains and when they are visiting a family of ten with only one bathroom. Such people would call for a bath anywhere—on a trolley car, on an excursion steambot or when crossing the desert of Sahara.

Between these two extremes, the bathers and the nonbathers, there lies a vast gulf. If these people could only be brought together—by arbitration possibly—what a benefit to society!

Boys are the only ones who have the right idea. No real boy likes to take a bath or to be presented with one on a marble slab. Any healthy boy will sink to any necessary moral level to avoid this. But any boy will be in swimming. In short, if there be about the bath the spirit of adventure, then the boy—whose instincts are natural—will seize the bait. Swimming in April, with the water somewhat above zero, is a joy for him which would be properly resented in a bathroom. If we must bathe indoors therefore the boys ought to be in charge of the proceedings. And if they were all the mean, contemptible bathtubs would be abolished and every house would have a swimming pool. Everybody has a motorcar. Why not a swimming pool?—Life.

Combination Offer

If you want a daily paper by mail we have something to offer that ought to appeal to you. Here it is:

Daily Journal one year	\$5.00
The Graphic one year	\$1.50
Total	\$6.50

We offer both for \$5.00
Add \$1.00 if you want to include the Sunday Journal

The Graphic Clubbing Offer

All the same as city folks, the family who lives on a rural mail route may have a daily paper to read the same day it comes from the press. Read our clubbing offer:

Daily and Sunday Oregonian and The Graphic, one year	\$8.00
Daily, without Sunday, and Graphic 1 year	\$6.00
Weekly Oregonian and Graphic 1 year	\$2.25

The Newberg Transfer Co.

has added a

REO TRUCK

to their equipment which enables them to handle long distance work with dispatch

Picnic Parties a Specialty

Office phone Black 100
Residence phone Red 79
Residence phone Red 189

Fresh Eggs Wanted

We pay highest cash price for strictly fresh eggs

Fancy and Staple Groceries

DUNLAP'S GROCERY
Phone Black 18 110 Main Street

MUELLER, the Tailor

for ladies and gents have arrived

Come early and get first pick

S. Ed. Lauener

AUCTIONEER

Satisfaction Guaranteed

CHASE & LINTON GRAVEL COMPANY

All kinds of gravel for concrete work, cement blocks, or wood work furnished on short notice.

Telephone White 85

J. H. GIBSON, Mgr.

The only Abstract Books in Yamhill County

Yamhill County Abstract Co.
McMINNVILLE, OREGON

NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE

Write your Fire Insurance in the NATIONAL of Hartford

Assets: \$15,485,761.53

W. H. HITCHEN, Agent
Office 202 1-2 First St.

F. W. BRUSSO

AUCTIONEER

cries all kinds of sales in city and country, including stock and other farm stuff. Successor to Col. Westfall. Residence 210 Sheridan street.

Registration of Land Title.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Yamhill County.
John C. Lenson and Josephine C. Lenson, Plaintiffs and Applicants.

Samuel Hobson and Mary A. Hobson, his wife, Jennie Hobson and Mary Hobson, his wife, Anna Blair and A. T. Blair, her husband, Arthur Thibodo, Napoleon Thibodo, Alida Shelton, and John H. Shelton, her husband, Leota Walton, Waldo H. Reese, and Inez Reese, his wife, Arthur Austin, Grace Howell, John R. Kelso, and Anna E. Kelso, his wife, and All Whom It May Concern, Defendants.

In the Matter of the Application of John C. Lenson and Josephine C. Lenson, the above named Applicants, to register the title to the following described tract of land, to-wit:

Situate, lying and being in Yamhill County, State of Oregon, and being a part of the Oliver J. Walker Donation Land Claim, Notification No. 1706, Claim No. 53, and school land adjoining said claim on the North, all being in township 3 South Range 2 West of the Willamette Meridian, in said Yamhill County, State of Oregon, and the part of said claim and of school lands herein to be registered being particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point 36 rods East of the North West corner of section seventeen (17), said township and range; thence running south eighty-four rods to a point in the center of county road ninety-six (96) rods North of the South line of said Donation Land Claim; thence East along the center of county road sixty-eight (68) rods thence North eighty-four (84) rods to the North line of said section 17; thence West eighty-eight (88) rods to the place of beginning, containing 35 acres, more or less.

To Samuel Hobson, Mary A. Hobson, his wife, Jennie Hobson and Mary Hobson, his wife, Anna Blair and A. T. Blair, her husband, Arthur Thibodo, Napoleon Thibodo, Alida Shelton and John H. Shelton, her husband, Leota Walton, Waldo H. Reese and Inez Reese, his wife, Arthur Austin, Grace Howell, John R. Kelso, and Anna E. Kelso, his wife, and All to Whom It May Concern, the above named Defendants.

TAKE NOTICE.

That on the 7th day of July, A. D. 1915, an application was filed by John C. Lenson and Josephine C. Lenson, in the Circuit Court of Yamhill County, State of Oregon, for initial registration of the title of the land above described.

Now, unless you appear on or before the first day of September, A. D. 1915, in the above named court in the above-entitled cause, and show cause why such application shall not be granted, the same will be taken as confessed, and a decree will be entered according to the prayer of said Application, and you will be forever barred from disputing the same.

In testimony whereof, the undersigned, as clerk of said Circuit Court, has subscribed his name hereto and affixed the seal of said court hereto, this 7th day of July, A. D. 1915.

C. B. Wilson,
Clerk of Said Circuit Court.
Clarence Bott and Ramsey, Lange & Nott, Attorneys
For Said Plaintiffs and Applicants.

Seal
First issue, July 15, 1915
Last " Aug. 26, " 1915

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Yamhill County.

William A. Weidner, Plaintiff vs. Margaret Weidner, Defendant. SUMMONS.

To Margaret Weidner, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and suit on or before Thursday, September 2, 1915, and if you fail so to appear or answer said complaint, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the above entitled court for the relief prayed for in his complaint and on file in the above entitled suit, and which relief briefly is for a decree of divorce upon the ground of willful desertion on the part of the defendant continuing for the period of more than one year prior to the commencement of this suit, and that the marriage relation between the plaintiff and the defendant be forever dissolved.

This summons is served upon you by publication in the Newberg Graphic for six consecutive weeks by order of the Honorable J. B. Dodson, County Judge of Yamhill County, Oregon, upon me under dated July 20, 1915.

The first publication of this summons is July 22, 1915.
B. A. Killa,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

First issue July 22, 1915.
Last " Sept. 2, 1915.

Portland Daily Journal and Graphic, one year, \$5.