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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 un-disturbed. He was young and

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

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

"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

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

"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 him-

self saving. "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 to-

"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-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 schoo! 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

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."

And ever as she promised there DUR PRIVATE POWER PLANT. came a knock at the door. Alexander opened it, and Bobbie

stumbled over the threshold. "Why didn't you wait?" he com-plained at once. "Why didn't you wait, Mollie?"

"It was such an awful storm, and

you weren't there, Bobbie." "You might have known I'd have come," he fumed. "I don't see why you came here, I looked everywhere for you, and then I saw this light, and I came over and looked

through the window."

Alexander interposed. "She could not stay out in the night and storm. You were late."

The boy turned on him. "Well, what if I was?" he demanded. "Is it any of your business?"

"Yes"-the older man's tone was quiet-"it is always a man's business to see that a young and help-less girl is protected."

"I think you should take her nome at once," Alexander advised, and wait until you and she are old enough to know your own minds."
"Oh, don't preach!" the boy flung

But Alexander's eyes were on the girl. "When a woman loves a man it is such a wonderful thing that we ought to give her all our chivalry. Wait until you are older, Bobbie,

and you'll know." "Oh, come on, Mollie," the boy interrupted rudely. "I've got the horses outside, and we can get away nor ever will except in the brain of a in a minute."

But she stood very still in the middle of the room. "No," she

"Why not?" "Because I know now that I-I don't love you as I ought to to mar-ry you, Bobbie," she faltered. "I—I want to go home."

want to go home."

"Well, you can't go home," Bobbie told her, "not now. You haven't

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

"She shall go home," Alexander said suddenly, "if she wishes."

They faced each other, the boy and the man, and then before the stern glance of the other Bobbie

dropped his eyes.

"Oh, well, how will you manage iting a family of ten with only one it?" he said.

"I shall get her mother to the she can open the door for us." The boy turned to the door. "I'll leave you to arrange it," he said to Alexander. "I don't seem to be in

this." And he was gone.
"I'm afraid his feelings are hurt," Alexander said, "but it was best,

wasn't it?" He took Mollie's hand and stood looking down at her, and presently she said: "Yes, it was best. And now will you call up mother,

please?" When he had given the message over the wire he took Mollie home. On the way they said little, but just before they reached her porch she whispered, "I-I want to thank you for what you said to me aboutlove. I shall think of it differently

-now. I shall never marry Bob-"Perhaps Bobbie will be differ-

ent," Alexander said. "No; I couldn't marry himnow." She held out her hand. "Will you come and see us some time? Mother will want to thank you."

"Will I come?" Great joy ran through his veins. "Will I come?" Then he bent down over her. "Are you sure there isn't any chance for Bobbie?"

"Yes," very low. "Then I'll come," he said, and he knew in his heart that some day he would teach her the things that Bobbie had not known how to teach -things of love and life and of happiness.

Men Work Better When the Band Plays The United States navy regulations contain this sentence, band shall play while coaling ship." No discretion is given to the commander or any one else, so that the band always plays throughout that most arduous, monotonous job. E. J. Delano, writing in the Manufacturers' News, says, "Uncle Sam has found by careful experiment that about 30 per cent more coal is put in with music than without." Mr. Delano mentions several great manufacturing concerns that have bands and find their playing at certain hours improves both quality and quantity of work.

It is very rarely that two spiders really fight. If by chance two are placed in one web the weaker or more cowardly instantly retreats or is captured and wound up by the stronger. Spiders are unflinching cannibals. They will breakfast off their brothers and dine off their sisters without any compunction, and, as regards what they eat, they seem to have no particular preference either for flies, gnats, moths, earwigs, daddy longlegs, bees, wasps or other small fry, all being eaten with the same eagerness.

Vature Produced It, and Science Has

Never Equaled It. The most complicated manufucturing plant that ever existed is the human ody as controlled under the scientific nanagement of the brain and nervous system. No factory ever boasted a more efficient producer plant for conerting 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 interde-partment 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 manu-facturer with the following specifica-

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 shutdown 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

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 lunaperpetual 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 En-

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 bathroom. Such people would call for a bath anywhere on a trolley car, on an excursion steamboat or when o ing the desert of Sahara,

Between these two extremes,

bathers and the nonbathers, there lies a vast gulf. If these people could only be brought together-by arbitration ssibly-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 go 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 bathcom. 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

Sufficiently Humbled. Mrs. Mellen did not wish to offend

pool ?-Life.

her new cook. "John," she said to the manservant. can you find out without asking the cook whether the tinned salmon was all eaten last night? You see, I don't wish to ask her because she may have eaten it, and then she would feel unomfortable," added the good soul,

"If you please, ma'am," replied the man, "the new cook has eaten the tinned salmon, and if you was to say anything to her you couldn't make her feel any more uncomfortable than she is."—Christian Register.

Both Legs Lifted. A young officer rather new to his work was drilling a squad of recruits and gave the word of command, "Lift the right leg." One of the soldiers by mistake lifted his left leg, so that it joined closely to the right leg of his "Good gracious," exclaimed the as-

tonished officer, "that fool has lifted both legs!"-Chicago News. The Real Sufferer. So," said the neighbor sympathetic-

ally, "your baby suffers from sleepless ness, does he?" "No," responded the haggard and hollow eyed man; "he doesn't. He seems to enjoy it. I'm the one suffers."-Ladies' Home Journal.

Yes, She Will.
"I cannot sny 'Yes,' Harold, but I "Bister to me? No, you won't." "Yes, Harold. I accepted your brother last night."—Lehigh Burr.

An Evolution. "Women are never pugilists." "Maybe not exactly. But I know on who said her husband was a prize. If he was she is now a prisefighter.' Washington Star.

Imitation. "She had her dressmaker make gown exactly like one I had."

"Sort of following suit?"-Philac

phia Ledger.

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Registration of Land Title.

in the Circuit Count of the State of Oregon Yamhill County.

John C. Lemon and Josephine C. Lem Plaintiffs and Applicants,

Plaintiffs and Applicants,
ve.

Samuel Hobson and Mary A. Hobson, his wife,
Jesse 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. Reece,
and Inez Reece, his wife, Arthur Austin,
Grace Howell, John R. Kelso, and Anna
E. Kelso, his wife, and All Whom It May
Concern,
In the Matter of the Application of John C.
Lemon and Josephine C. Lemon, the above
named Applicants, to register the title to the following described tract of land, to-wit:
Situate, lying and being in Yamhill County,
Styte 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

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 Mendian, 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 sixty-eight (68) rods to the place of beginning, containing 35 acres, more or less.

To Samuel Hobson, Mary A. Hobson, his wife, Jesse 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, Leots Walton, Waldo H. Reece and Inez Reece, 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 Deleadants.

TAKE NOTICE.

TAKE NOTICE: That on the 7th day of July, A. D., 1915, an application was filed by John C. Lemon and Josephine, C. Lemon, in the Circuit Court of Yamhill County, Sta'e of Cregon, 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.

hereto and affixed the seal of said court hereto, this 7th day of July, A. D., 1915.

Clerk of Said Circuit Court.
Clarence Butt and Ramsey.
Lange & Nott, Attorneys
For Said Plaintiffs and Seal First issue, July 15, 1915 Last "Aug. 26, "

of Oregon for Yamhill County.

In the Circuit Court of the State

William A. Weidner, Plaintiff

William A. Weidner, Plaintiff No. 5476

vs.

Margaret Weidner, Defendant.

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 sust, 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 now on file in the above entitled suit, and which relief briefly is for a decree of divorce upon the ground of wilfull 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, Gounty Judge of Yamhill County, Oregon, upon an order dated July 20, 1915.

The first publication of this summons is July 22, 1915.

Attorney for Plaintiff. Yamhill County Abstract Co.

Attorney for Plaintiff

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