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WEST-CHEALEM

Grant Yergen was a Sunday guest of Ralph Baker.

Floyd Worden returned to Eastern Oregon last Monday after having spent several weeks with his people.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ebbert, of Portland, spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Ebbert.

Miss Edna Anderson is visiting in Portland with her sister, Mrs. Starr.

The many friends of Mrs. N. P. Nelson are glad to hear of her improvement and that she will be able to come home in a few days.

Edna Yergen, of Newberg, is making a two weeks' visit with her cousin, Lela Yergen.

Grace Worden was a Sunday guest of Leulah Versteeg.

Lewis Amoth spent a few days in Portland and returned Monday evening.

B. F. Yergen and family were Sunday callers at the homes of E. H. Anderson and S. M. Calkins.

M. D. Ebbert and wife spent last Wednesday in Portland.

Miss Theresa Boyd and Oliver Worden spent Sunday with the former's sister, Mrs. Ruby Sleeper.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Train, of Salem, were guests, a few days last week, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Noble.

Prof. E. H. Anderson and Howard Morris, patients of Dr. Hester, are getting along just fine, and will be walking on crutches in a few days.

The Sunday school, under the supervision of E. G. Fendall, is very progressive, even though it is the busy season, and all that attend are very much interested.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Nelson, of Newberg, Mr. and Mrs. G. Keller, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Holland and daughter, Leta, of Portland, were Sunday callers of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Calkins.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Ebbert motored to Hubbard last Sunday and spent the day with the latter's uncle, H. C. Mack.

Four threshing machines are now busy in this community.

G. W. Worden and family were

Sunday guests of Harry Baker and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roth and son Kenneth, of Salem, spent Sunday morning with Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Anderson.

Mrs. Laverne Kreiger, of Aurora, formerly known in this community as Miss Laverne Carey, was burned very severely Thursday evening by a gasoline explosion. She was taken to a Portland hospital and died Friday morning. Funeral services were held Sunday.

Margaret Blanchard was a guest of Florence Calkins Tuesday.

S. M. Calkins and wife returned Friday afternoon from a seven weeks' tour of Oregon. They visited such places as Crater Lake, Pelican Bay, the summer home of the Harrimans, and many other places of interest. They went as far east as Lakeview and down into Northern California. They were very much pleased with this part of the country, but were glad to get back to old Yamhill.

Margaret St. Germain is making a week's visit with her cousin, Margaret Blanchard.

The Elder's Inspiration.

At the close of the forenoon session of a ministerial conference in Philadelphia, in announcing the opening subject for the afternoon, the presiding officer said:

"Elder Jones will present a paper on 'The Devil.'" Then he added earnestly, "Please be prompt in attendance, for Brother Jones has a carefully prepared paper, and is full of his subject."

Strategy.

First Urchin—Say, Chimmie, wot's dis strategy t'ing dey talk about?

Second Urchin—Well, it's like dis: Supposin' yer run out of ammunition an' yer don't want de enemy ter know it, den it's strategy ter keep on firin'.

Strictly Modern.

The Kind Stranger—How old is your baby brother, little girl?

The Little Girl—He's a this year's model.

LEPERS OF MOLOKAI.

Facts About the Beautiful Island Where They Are Isolated.

Few travelers are familiar with the island of Molokai, the fifth in size of the Hawaiian Islands, and to them probably the name signifies little except as that of a United States leper settlement. In the more inaccessible parts of the island, however, the scenery is wonderful, and there are many interesting facts to be learned about this small island, which was formed in the Pacific ocean by two volcanoes.

Practically the whole southern coast of Molokai is fringed by a coral reef from half a mile to a mile wide. The parts of this reef that lie near the main gulches are gradually being filled with mud, and thus the island is slowly growing out southward. The soil is nearly everywhere fertile, but the problem of obtaining water has not yet been solved and the land is not put to its greatest uses.

Sugar cane, coconuts, coffee, oranges and rice are grown. Luxuriant algaroba trees (a variety of mesquite) furnish excellent firewood, and the fiber of the lahalae trees is used for the manufacture of hats. The pasture lands are covered with a thick carpet of mananias (a variety of Bermuda grass) or with delicate tufted Pele grass up to an elevation of about 500 feet on the west end of the island.

On the northern coast of Molokai, west of the rocky peninsula that extends seaward from the foot of a great precipice, there is a prosperous looking town with regular streets and white cottages. Many of the houses are surrounded by bright green gardens, and several churches and larger buildings may be seen. The leper settlement, established in 1865, embraces 8,000 acres, and within its borders live about 1,000 unfortunates, isolated by the great precipice, over which a steep and somewhat dangerous trail leads to the town.—Geological Survey Bulletin.

Laporte and the Young King.

When Louis XIV. was only eight years old his love for wrestling and other boyish sports gave many uneasy moments to one Laporte, his attendant. On one such occasion he insisted, despite all entreaties, in rolling about the floor endeavoring to overcome his cousin, the Count of Artois. Laporte calmly put on his hat and sat down. Louis, jealous even at that age of his kingly dignity, at once demanded:

"How can you permit yourself to sit and remain covered in the presence of your king?"

"Pardon me, sire," retorted Laporte, "but I did not think that a king was in the room."—St. Louis Republic.

The Human Heart.

The human heart may be compared to a jug, and why? Because we can only ascertain the character of its contents by what comes out of it. God is looking into your hearts now, but finite wisdom cannot penetrate the walls of that mysterious source of thought and feeling, and action, which determines a man's character in the sight of God. But if we are allowed to judge of fountains by their streams, we have only to look at the streams which continually flow through our streets to be assured of the character of their sources.—William Taylor.

And Figures Don't Lie.

Johnny came home the other night in high glee, wearing the arithmetic medal.

"What is that for?" asked his mother.

"That's the prize for doing examples," said Johnny. "I did this one: 'If our new baby weighs eleven and a half pounds and gains an ounce each day'—cause you told Mrs. Smith she did yesterday—'how much will she weigh when she's twenty years old?' And the answer was 466 pounds. And the teacher said I earned the prize."—Exchange.

A Long Felt Want.

An American once went to Windsor castle and insisted upon seeing Queen Victoria. He was told that it was quite impossible, as an audience with the queen could be had only by appointment. Still he persisted, and then they told him flat-footed that before seeing the queen he must state the object of his visit. He said he wanted to show her a new piece of furniture, a throne bed—a perfect throne by day and a perfect bed by night.

Where He Drew the Line.

"Bertie," said the fond mother, "how would you like to be a banker like Uncle Joseph when you grow up?"

Bertie looked critically at his uncle's face and figure. "Couldn't I be a banker," he asked anxiously, "without being like Uncle Joseph?"

WIGS FOR OPERA STARS.

They Are Large and Costly and Difficult to Adjust Properly.

The largest and longest wigs made for the market are made for the operatic stage, and the largest of these are made for Wagnerian parts. Most actresses play in their own hair, supplemented by a switch, but in opera a singer would look absurd if she sang a role in her own hair. Much of the effect of heroic size and stateliness that operatic singers get is due to their luxuriant tresses.

Operatic wigs, even the most beautiful, do not cost more than \$350 or \$400, because they are made of short hair. It is the long hair which is made up into wigs and switches for private personages that costs. Out of each head of hair that the wigmaker buys he saves the longest hairs (about one-sixth of each head) for his private trade. One switch may be made up of the long hairs of half a dozen heads. If the shade is an uncommon one this makes long switches very expensive.

The operatic wigs are made up of short hair, set into soft linen strings. Each of these strings is called a strand, and into each thousands of hairs, from a foot to a foot and a half long, are woven. Each strand looks like a very heavily furrowed tail. Some wigs are made up of eight or ten strands, and some of the largest have as many as twenty.

The more hair of her own the singer has the harder she finds it to make her wig look natural. She first braids her own hair tightly and winds it about her head. Over this she winds cotton gauze—surgical gauze—bringing it low about her forehead. When she puts on the wig she pins it firmly through the gauze into her own hair, then brings the face locks of the wig down and pins them to the low bandage that comes about her forehead and behind her ears. No matter how wild a scene she is called upon to enact, the hair about her face does not become disarranged. The strands of the long wig behind, being made up as they are of short hair, do not become tangled. They divide beautifully and smoothly. The singer can bring a long curl over her shoulder, or one over each shoulder. If the wigs were made of long hair, as they look to be, the hair would tangle terribly, and at the end of a dramatic scene the singer's locks would be an untidy mess.—Every Week.

Our Buffalo.

The future of the buffalo seemed dubious when the American Bison society was organized in 1905 and began its work for the preservation and upbuilding of the race. The buffalo never had more devoted friends than Dr. William T. Hornaday and Ernest Harold Baynes, who were chosen president and secretary of the organization. Dr. Hornaday, now director of the New York zoological park, is without question the greatest living authority on the buffalo. The first signal achievement of the new society was the creation of the Wichita national bison range.—Magazine of American History.

Religion in Holland.

The following incident was told by Lecky in somewhat whimsical illustration of his belief that if religion were to die out of all other European nations it would still survive in Holland: A Dutch peasant was in sore straits about the impossibility of making his hens observe Sunday. He came to his pastor with a present of eggs. He regretted, he said, that he could not prevent his hens from laying these on the Sabbath, but he made what amends he could by giving them to God's minister that they might be handed over to the poor and infirm.—"Old and Odd Memories."

What Type is Your Feet?

Three types of human feet have been noted by a British naturalist. In the most common, designated the L type, the first or great toe projects beyond all others; in the much less frequent S type the second toe extends beyond the first as well as all others, and in the rare E type the first and second toes, longer than any others, are of equal length. The S type, which seems to be a more youthful form than the others, is more common in females than in males.

She Knows.

The lesson in natural history had been about the rhinoceros, and the teacher wanted to know how well the lesson had been learned.

"Now, name something," she said, "that is very dangerous to get near to and that has horns."

"I know, teacher, I know!" called little Annie Jones.

"Well, Annie, what is it?"

"An automobile."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A VEGETABLE OCTOPUS.

This Plant is an Electric Battery and Could Disable a Man.

All plants are electric batteries. Some are weak; others are strong. According to Royal Dixon, the strongest is the well known sensitive plant (Mimosa pudica), but the iris, nicotiana, nasturtium and practically all the meat eating plants produce a current of from .005 to .02 volt, which can be measured with a galvanometer.

"A very peculiar plant," writes Mr. Dixon, "and one which has tremendous electrical powers, is the 'telegraph plant' (Desmodium gyrans). It is a native of India, and each of its leaves is composed of three leaflets; the larger one stands erect during the day, but turns down at night, while each of the smaller leaflets moves day and night without stopping. They describe by means of jerking motions complete circles, not unlike the smaller hand of a watch."

Then there is the utricularia, or fishing plant, which lures small fish "into its capacious mouth and suddenly, as if an electric button were secretly pressed, closes in upon its helpless prey. In other words, it fishes with a net electrically wired!"

Near Lake Titicaca, in South America, and in the interior of Nicaragua is found a really terrible plant, a sort of vegetable octopus. This was first discovered by the naturalist Dunstan, who heard his dog cry out as if in agony. Running to his relief, Mr. Dunstan found the animal "enveloped in what appeared to him a perfect network of what seemed to be a fine, ropelike tissue of roots and fibers." He cut the fleshy fibers of the magnetized plant only with great difficulty. "The twigs curled like living sinuous fingers about his hands, and it required terrific force to free himself from the plant's electrical grasp, which left his hands red and blistered."

Fifty-fifty.

"Jinks gives his wife half his salary every week."

"And what becomes of the other half?"

"She still has to get that in the old way—out of the pockets of his trousers."—Richmond Times Dispatch.

Quite a Difference.

"Did I understand you to say the woman Dubbins married is well off?"

"No she was."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Uncomfortable Part.

"Has Brown a comfortable income?"

"Large, but not comfortable! His wife knows just how much it is."—Puck.

Proud Dad—I suppose in the course of time baby will be married, even as we were Mamma—Yes, I suppose she'll throw herself away on some man.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Point.

"A joke's a joke, but did you ever make anybody laugh by pulling a chair from under him?"

"At least it upsets his gravity."—Baltimore American.

Wagner and the Players.

When Richard Wagner was conductor of the Royal Opera in Dresden the orchestra of that institution was far from being as good as it became later, and Wagner had a good deal of trouble in making it follow his intentions. Some years later, when he was living as an exile in Zurich, he undertook to train the local orchestra. After a few attempts he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, you have just given me a great pleasure; you have played exactly as badly as the Dresden orchestra." The Zurich players laughed, and the idea that they might play better than the royal musicians in Dresden so fired their zeal that they actually succeeded in doing it.

"The Liner, She's a Lady."

The word "ship" is masculine in French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese and possesses no sex in Tonic and Scandinavian. Perhaps it would not be an error to trace the custom of feminizing ships back to the Greeks, who called their feminine names, probably out of deference to Athens, goddess of the sea. But the English speaking sailor assigns no such reasons. The ship to him is always a lady, even though she be a man-of-war. She possesses a waist, collars, stays, laces, bonnets, ties, ribbons, chains, watches and dozens of other distinctly feminine attributes.—New York Marine Journal.

Lobsters and Crabs.

A fresh, healthy lobster, selected for boiling, will be dark green in color, be certainly alive, heavy for its size, and when lifted up the tail will spring back under it. When choosing a boiled lobster pull out its tail. If it springs back it indicates that the lobster was alive when boiled, but if the tail is limp you may be sure it is best to pass it by. Stale lobsters have an unpleasant odor. Feel under the large claws of a crab with the finger. If they feel sticky never buy them. When quite fresh the joints of a crab are stiff.—Delineator.

He Was Sorry.

"Weren't you here two weeks ago, my man? I left a mince pie on th' window sill to cool, an' it disappeared th' day you came to th' door. Took it, didn't you?"

"Yes'm."

"I s'pose you're going to tell me how sorry you are you ate it."

"You can guess how sorry I am, ma'am, when I tell you I just got out o' the hospital."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Remembered.

Wife (revisiting the scene of her betrothal)—I remember, Algeon, so well when you proposed to me how painfully embarrassed you were. Algeon—Yes, dear, and I remember so well how kind and encouraging you were and how easy you made it for me, after all.—London Tit-Bits.

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