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Letting Them Worry

A Case Where the Old Folks Were Entirely Too Willing

By LOUISE OLNEY

Perplexed, he gazed at Sallie. Her blue eyes flashed welcome, but her words turned him down. All summer she had been refusing to be seen with him. This time it was the club dance. As they had been friends from babyhood, he asked for reasons.

"Sallie, what's the matter? If you really hate the sight of me I'll keep away if it kills me, but somehow I don't believe you do. What have I done? Or is it Tracy, or don't you care, or what?" In the little summerhouse he faced her, his dark eyes snapping. She tossed her fair head, but her face was serious.

"Tracy, indeed! You ought to see he's crazy about Mary Trevor! No; you have not done anything, Robbie, only"— She fingered her rose in embarrassment.

"Only what, Sallie? Tell me. I can't stand this much longer."

"Well, I should think you would hate it, too, this being managed." "Referring to our precious families' very apparent plot to get us married? That certainly is the limit!" He spoke coolly. She nodded, flushing with anger as he continued: "I don't blame you, Sallie. I hate it too. I"— But she turned on him like a little tiger, leaping to her feet to face him.

"Why don't you go away, then? Do you think that I—am you asking me everywhere because you think I"— For answer he swept her suddenly into his arms, holding her face to his—a happy face, for she had always loved Robert Martin.

"Dear, you must know how I want you—now, always! But why couldn't our people be decently reluctant? It's all so horribly planned! We both hate being maneuvered into marriage. Mother suffers if I look at Mary—sweet girl, but not you."

"And dad gets apoplectic at mere sight of Tom—who is everything dad and I don't want—but when he and mother greet me at breakfast with that repressed 'Haven't you got something to tell us?' air I could gleefully announce Tom as their future son. That would be real revenge. Not that Tom wants me." The two looked up just in time to see Sallie's mother carefully steering the children away from the summerhouse. It was maddening. Sallie stamped her foot.

"I simply can't be engaged to you, Bob, with the family smiling benignly and all the old pussies purring over the fitness of the match! I can't!"

"Wait till you're asked," he retorted, grinning. "Sallie, we want each other, but we must let them worry. They simply must worry awhile! Did you know that poor old Tracy hates me because he thinks I want Mary?"

"Stupid boy! Anybody could see where her heart is by the way she hates me when I chasten dad by going out with Tom. Wonder why he asks me."

"To get even because I play Mary's little lamb to bother mother. You see, Mary's family goes no farther back than Adam. I suppose yours and mine antedate old Eden. I say, Sallie"— But he saw Tom Tracy going past with his machine and ran after him with a shout. The two men talked a long time before Robert came back to Sallie.

"Get your veil and things and come for a spin. We'll stop for Mary, have lunch at some little town, have dinner at Baxter, call on my minister Uncle John and get home by moonlight."

"And a chaperon?" Though the four had always known each other, Sallie was going at least to mention proprieties. Bob's wise eyes twinkled.

"I think I can hunt up a young married woman somewhere," he remarked, but refused explanation till Tracy left the car to persuade Mary. Then Bob did his gallant best to make things clear. He succeeded. Sallie got in front with Tom, leaving Mary to an apparently all too devoted Bob, while they paraded past their respective homes, for he it said that the Trevors and the Tracys had long wished Mary and Tom to like each other.

It was rather too late that night to please Sallie's father when Tom left her reluctantly at her own door. And Bob, mother questioned, said he had been motoring with Mary.

That was the beginning. During August the four were inseparable, and the parents worried. The only

apparent comfort was that the couples remained together. How could they know that partners were changed the minute they got from under surveillance? The girls were airy, radiant, innocent, the young men calm, impervious to comment or question. Never passing the bounds of propriety, they still baffled home attempts to regulate their movements.

Tom was always with Sallie, Rob in the wake of Mary. The couples weren't matched to suit the elders; but, from fearing they were engaged, they began to fear they were not. This was because the young people were beginning to excite social comment by reason of several escapades, obviously innocent, apparently accidental. They all came home one day dripping wet from overturning their canoes and swimming out, and another night they walked home ten miles after the motor broke down—by arrangement. It was first one thing, then another. Finally the parents compared notes. They decided that there was only one thing to be done—interview the four together and insist on less public devotion or an announcement of engagements.

The young couple knew of this, and the evening the council was to occur at Sallie's home they promptly absented themselves. The meeting began, and after much polite sparring it was decided to make the best of the Tom and Sallie and Rob and Mary arrangements. The old folks showed a touching resignation. All they would insist on was a knowledge of the facts.

At this juncture Tom and Sallie strolled in, followed by the other two, all showing a delightful surprise at the parental presence. "It looks like a council of war," commented Tom, while his father glowered, and then began the attack, followed by Sallie's father and the interpellations of the others.

"If you are engaged," Mrs. Trevor finished, "we insist on having it properly announced. If you are not—well, you ought to be. I hope you understand our point of view."

A silence followed, broken only by a nervous little giggle—the giggle Mrs. Martin would not like in a daughter-in-law. Finally it was Bob who spoke as the four stood under the chandelier in the usual couples.

"We are sorry—not for ourselves, but for you—that we are not engaged. We fully appreciate your assembled wishes. But we don't see how we can be engaged. It is, in fact, impossible." He looked at Tom to finish, and that young man rose to the occasion. He was even a bit dramatic as he faced the four fathers, the four mothers, sitting in stern conclave, but visibly softened by the well bred, beautiful young quartet before them, young people charming and, after all, old enough to know their own minds. Thomas spoke to his own mother.

"The fact is, we all hate nonsense. We hate planned matches and being engaged to order with diamond rings to advertise the fact, and the society pussies purring and fashionable weddings preceded by 'showers' of stuff that only a fire or some other special dispensation of Providence can rid you of. And then"—he took a lawyer-like tone befitting the junior partner of the firm of Tracy & Tracy, "we cannot be engaged because"—he paused for effect and got it, for a sudden suspicion sent the parents as one to their feet—"because we are already married." He finished leisurely, "a month ago at Baxter, by Robert's uncle John, who also hates fuss and feathers." With a quick movement Tom moved—past Sallie—and took Mary by the hand, leading her to his mother, and Bob had Sallie by both hands, looking at her only, forgetting the others.

And when it finally became evident to the bewildered families that the right children were together—that Sallie had married Robert, that Tom had married Mary—the relief went far on the way to forgiveness for the elopement.

"But why elope?" Sallie's father finally asked. "I think I may say for my friends that these marriages will make us ultimately happy—that they are, in fact, just what we desired. What was the real trouble? We were all quite willing." But a chorus of laughter greeted him—happy young laughter.

"That was just the trouble. You were too willing!" It was Sallie who had spoken from the shelter of her young husband's arm. Then everybody laughed.

Mistake of Commas.
 This instance of what a mistake of a comma can produce has been noticed:

"Lord Palmerston then entered upon his head, a white hat upon his feet, large but well polished boots upon his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking stick in his eye, a dark menacing glare saying nothing."

ODESSA'S RAPID RISE.

In Commerce and Intellect It Is the Capital of New Russia.
 Odessa is one of the most important ports of Russia, ranking, by reason of its population and its foreign trade, after Petrograd, Moscow and Warsaw. Since it was founded in 1794 near the ruins of a Turkish fort that fell into Russian hands in 1789 it has rapidly become the intellectual and commercial capital of what is called New Russia. It is the principal export town for the extensive grain growing districts of south Russia, the see of an archbishop of the Greek Orthodox church, the center of a fine university and the headquarters of the Seventh army corps.

The port lies on the shore of the Black sea, about midway between the estuaries of the Dniester and Dnieper, 967 miles from Moscow and 381 from Kiev. The city is built facing the sea, on low cliffs, seamed with deep ravines and followed out by galleries in the soft rock, in which thousands of the poorest inhabitants live. But above this are fine broad tree lined streets and squares bordered by handsome public buildings and mansions in the Italian style and good shops. Besides the cathedral there are dozens of other churches, a fine opera house and the Palais Royal, which is a favorite place of resort.—London Chronicle.

LIFE ON SWAN ISLAND.

Probably the World's Most Isolated Wireless Station.
 On Swan Island, in the Caribbean sea, is situated what is probably the most isolated wireless station in the world. The station crew is made up of three operators, two engineers, a cook, a machinist and three laborers.

No women are permitted to land on the island. Men who express a willingness to go to Swan Island are obliged to sign a contract whereby they agree to remain at least eighteen months or waive their right to free return transportation. Those remaining the full period of service are returned to their homes by way of one of the Central American ports and are granted six weeks' vacation with full pay.

Strangely enough, there is no difficulty in obtaining men to man the station. Applicants, indeed, exceed the number of vacancies. Board and lodging, of course, are supplied, a boat bearing all provisions necessary, including fresh meat, and the mail as well, arriving regularly every two weeks. Some men have remained on the island as long as two years and a half and, subsequently, have been glad to return to the station.—Philadelphia Record.

Six Follies of Science.

The six follies of science are the squaring of the circle, perpetual motion, the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, magic and astrology.

In all ages men of undoubted ability have toiled early and late to unravel the mysteries supposed to be connected with these fascinating problems. It is not always remembered that such intellectual giants as Bacon, Sir Robert Boyle and Sir Isaac Newton sought the philosopher's stone. In the study of astrology Lilly was for a time even pensioned by parliament.

Most of these "follies" conferred indirect benefits upon science, for in seeking one thing their devotees discovered many another. The cause for the secret, or unknown, has still its hold upon men and is seen in palmistry and kindred cults.—Exchange.

Cactuses of Arizona.

Arizona has more than a hundred kinds of cactuses, and Tucson is the center of the great cactus region of the southwest. These odd plants range in size from the noble saguaro, or giant cactus, forty or fifty feet high, to small prickly pear cactuses an inch or two in diameter. Saguaros grow in great abundance in the foothills between Tucson and Yuma and are always objects of wonder. It is believed a large plant is at least 200 years old. The fruit begins to ripen in June and is gathered in great quantities by Indians, who make fine jam and also a pressed sweetmeat of it.

Why He Laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" "I was just thinking of my poverty." "Well, what is there in poverty to make you laugh?" "It just struck me that if I should by chance strike it right some day how many thousands there are who could honestly say they knew me when I didn't have a dollar."—Detroit Free Press.

Gem Superstitions.

It is said that the amethyst used to be worn to promote temperance and sobriety, the chrysolite to ward off fevers, the onyx worn round the neck to prevent epilepsy, the opal to cure weak eyes and the topaz to cure inflammation and keep the wearer from sleep walking.

Making Things Even.

"Here's a young man that predicts that movie shows will eventually bring \$5 a seat." "Well, things have a way of evening up. I suppose then we can listen to grand opera for a nickel!"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

No Calm Medium.

There is no calm medium in a six-teen-year-old girl's vocabulary, if you are not perfectly grand you are lustriously odious.—American Magazine.

MANHATTAN ISLAND.

It Was Once a Spot Apart From the Island of Manhattan.

The Magazine of American History has called attention to a distinction in New York nomenclature that, despite the authority it quotes, "every Manhattanese" does not know. The magazine cites the following footnote to "The Spy," by James Fenimore Cooper and then comments on it:

"Every Manhattanese knows the difference between Manhattan Island and the island of Manhattan. The first is applied to a small district in the vicinity of Corlear's Hook, while the last embraces the whole island, or the city and county of New York as it is termed in the laws.

In other words, the latter is the present borough of Manhattan. Manhattan Island was a knoll along the old water front of the East river, about an acre in extent surrounded by creeks and salt marsh and made an island by the tide. Near it was Henry Eckford's shipyard, an ancient landmark. It may be identified on General Egbert I. Viele's map of the water courses.

"In the reticulation of the present streets it lay between Rivington and Houston, Sheriff and Cannon streets. Columbia and Stanton streets intersect on what was about the center of the island. Just north of it was one of the tidal mouths of a stream that arose near First avenue on Sixth street, flowed through Tompkins square and reached the river between Manhattan Island and Burnt Mill or Branda Munah Point, about Third and Lewis streets."

ALASKA'S FERTILE LANDS.

Facts About Our Vast and Little Understood Territory.

Alaska is the most misunderstood and misrepresented section of the United States. People generally, and sincerely, believe that the name Alaska is synonymous with snow and ice and couple it accordingly with ice cream freezers and cold drinks. Yet the principal cities of Alaska along its southern coast line—Junesau, Ketchikan, Cordova, Valdez and Seward—do not average as cold in midwinter as New York and are seldom as cold as Baltimore and Washington during cold waves.

Alaska is one-fifth the size of the whole United States, and its prodigious area of about 600,000 square miles, nearly three times the size of the German empire, spreads from the temperate zone to the arctic circle. Not one-quarter of it is in the latter. Below the circle lies a magnificent belt of fertile soil.

It is estimated by government authorities that the agricultural area of Alaska's fertile valleys and plains, on many of which cattle can be wintered without feeding, aggregate 30,000 square miles, with a climate like that of northern Europe—Norway, Finland and Sweden. This land is richer and more productive than that of any other country in the world, well watered, fairly well timbered, and 320 acres are open free to the settler if he wishes to take up a homestead.—John A. Slesinger in Leslie's.

The Story of "Hard Hit."

"Mr. Orchardson, if I thought that by killing you I could paint a picture like yours I would stab you to the heart." Such was the remark made by Pellegrini, the famous caricaturist, to the Royal Academician, Sir William Orchardson, when at a private view he first saw "Hard Hit," the picture of the ruined gambler. "It was," said the artist, "the greatest compliment I could have had." Curiously enough, the model who sat for the ruined gambler was rather fond of cards himself. One day the artist noticed that he looked somewhat depressed. "What is the matter?" he asked. "I was awfully hard hit last night," he answered. "By Jove," replied the artist, jumping up with delight, "I've got it at last! 'Hard Hit,' of course." And that is how the picture got its name.

Where Shelley Was Drowned.

Spezia, the principal naval station of Italy, and about fifty miles southeast of Genoa, described as "the Portsmouth of Italy," has interesting literary associations. It calls up memories of Byron, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Charles Lever and Mary Somerville. Lever was in residence at Spezia intermittently for some years, and there wrote three of his books. But a more tragic interest is attached to the magnificent bay, for it will be recollected that it was while sailing in a new boat across the gulf to his home at Ercel that Shelley was drowned.

Musical Notes.

"What opera did you hear last night?" "Cecili had the program, and he said it was Libretto." "How amusing?" "Yes, wasn't it? Because it really wasn't Libretto at all."—Harvard Lampoon.

Bullets and Snow.

To test the penetration of rifle shots snow walls six feet six inches thick were erected in Aurillac, France. Rifles were fired at a distance of fifty-five yards. In each case the ball was stopped at a penetration of five and a half feet.

Easy to Guess.

A woman writer says girls ought to know what their beaux make. Don't they? Unless times have changed the girls get three-fourths of it during the courtship and make a clean sweep after the wedding. House Post.

No Duty Will Keep the Faithful From Their Devotions.

A Turkish soldier, the only other occupant of the deck, * * * taking off his boots, climbed on a settee and stood there in his big bare feet, with folded hands, facing, as he thought, toward Mecca.

The boat was headed southwest, and he looked to starboard, so that he faced, as a matter of fact, nearly due west. He had knelt and touched his forehead twice to the Mussulman prayer when the captain, a rather elegant young man who had served in the navy, murmured something as he passed. The soldier looked round thoughtfully. Without embarrassment, surprise or hurry he stepped from the settee, pointed it toward the Asiatic shore and, stepping up again, resumed his devotions.

Five times that day, as the faithful are commanded, he said his prayer, a sight that followed us everywhere that week.

Soldiers up in the Gallipoli hills, the captain on the bridge, a stevedore working on a lighter in the blaze of noon with the which engines squealing round him—you turn round to find a man, busy the moment before, standing like a statue, hands folded in front of him, facing the east. Nothing stops him. No one seems to see him. He stands invisible in the visible world—in a world apart, indeed, to which the curious, self-conscious westerner is not admitted, where doubtless he is no more than the dust which the other shatters from his feet before he is fit to address his God.—Arthur Ruhl in Collier's Weekly.

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

Mabel C. Roberts, Plaintiff } No. 5534
 vs. }
 Nonie Cecil Roberts, Def't. } Summons

To Nonie Cecil Roberts, 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 cause, on or before six weeks from date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit, on or before Thursday, December 2, 1915; and if you fail so to appear or answer herein, the plaintiff will apply to the above entitled court for a decree against you as prayed for in her complaint herein, and which briefly is as follows:

For a decree forever divorcing the plaintiff from the defendant; that the sole care and custody of the minor child of this marriage, Marna May Roberts, be awarded to the plaintiff; for suit money; alimony; and support for said minor child; attorney fees; costs; and disbursements; and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem meet and proper in the premises.

This summons is served upon you in the Newberg Graphic for six consecutive and successive weekly insertions, beginning October 21st, 1915, upon the order, dated October 18, 1915, made by J. B. Dodson, County Judge of Yamhill County, Oregon, acting in the absence of the Circuit Judge, and said court not being in session.

B. A. Klika,
 Attorney for Plaintiff.
 First issue, 10-21, 1915.
 Last " 11-25, "

Guardian's Sale of Real Property.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, W. S. Allan, as guardian of the person and estate of John W. Summers, an incompetent person, by an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Yamhill County, duly made and entered on October 16th, 1915, has been duly authorized and directed to sell the Northeast quarter of the Southeast quarter of Section Twenty, Township Three South Range Three West of the Willamette Meridian, Yamhill County, Oregon, and that in pursuance thereof the said guardian will on Friday, November 26th, 1915, at the hour of 10:30 o'clock A.M. at the west and front door of the County Court House at McMinnville, Oregon, sell the above described real property, and all the interest of the said ward, at public auction for cash in hand.

W. S. Allan,
 Guardian of John W. Summers, an incompetent person.
 B. A. Klika,
 Attorney for Guardian.
 First issue, 10-21, 1915.
 Last " 11-11, "