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BILL'S SUNBONNET.

He Thought It Was Kate
Who Wore It, but It Wasn't.

By BELLE MANIATES

It was morning in Idaho, and the sun was beaming pleasantly upon Harry Vail as he rode alongside the big irrigating canal that he had been sent to inspect.

"Many settlers on the reservation, Jim?" he asked the foreman.

"They are coming now that they see the canal is a go. The nearest one is Judge Rand. His shack's up yonder. He's in luck. We go right through his ranch."

Judge Rand! Vail wondered if it could be the same man he had known long ago. He concluded it was not possible.

"Which way do I take to his ranch?" he asked.

"He's generally clearing sagebrush this time of day. Follow the canal and you'll likely run on him."

Vail rode on, tilting his sombrero back and humming a love tune. He was in a contemplative mood this morning, and the word "Rand" carried him back to the east, where he had been born and bred, but whose dust he had shaken from his feet five years before. At that time he had been in love with Kate Rand, an imperious, self-willed girl. One fateful day she had announced her intention of going to a masquerade in the character and dress of a page. His young, conservative scruples were horrified. He objected, and when she persisted in carrying out her intention his dictatorial attitude moved him to break the engagement. Immediately afterward he secured an appointment as a civil engineer in the west. Lately his love affair, viewed at long range, appeared a very boyish affair.

When he came upon the solitary figure digging doggedly at a resisting root he recognized the man who had come so near being his father-in-law. There were mutual recognitions of pleasure, and then the judge explained that he had been caught in the financial coil of Wall street and had lost all his worldly possessions.

"Just enough left," he said, "to make a payment on 160 acres here, which I shall put to potatoes. The spirit of the west has caught me. Barry, I wouldn't go back into Wall street purgatory for any consideration."

After Vail had related his own experiences and inquired after the fortunes of mutual friends he asked almost sheepishly:

"Did Kate come out here with you?"

The judge was silent for a moment; then he said, with a sigh:

"Can you picture Kate in the primitive life? She had an opportunity invitation to accompany some relatives on a trip abroad."

"And you live here alone?" exclaimed Vail pityingly.

"No; I have my helper, Bill. We are very comfortable—a little shack for a living room and dining room combined, two sleeping tents and an out of door oven—a place for these parts."

But Vail was not listening. His attention was concentrated on a slender figure that was approaching in the distance. The figure was clad in khaki trousers, blue shirt, a red kerchief and a sunbonnet.

"Who in the world is that?" he asked.

The judge turned hastily and looked confused.

"Oh, that's Bill! I want him to go to the next ranch on an errand for me. Excuse me a moment. I will be back."

He hastened toward the sunbonneted figure, and after a moment's conversation the figure turned and went the way from which it had come.

"Your Bill doesn't look equal to much hard work," observed Vail dryly.

"Bill's all right at farm work or housework," assured the judge. "He's wiry, willing, enduring and, best of all, intensely interested in the development of the ranch."

"You see a good many queer sights in Idaho," remarked Vail, "but I'll swear I never saw a man or lad wearing a sunbonnet."

"Bill lost his one and only sombrero in a reckless ride last week. He went to the nearest ranch to buy or borrow one, but the only superfluous headgear it had was this sunbonnet, to which he is quite attached, as he is a little fearful of sunstrokes."

Vail chuckled softly as he rode away.

"I wonder if the judge thought he could string me that way! I have a very firm conviction that Bill

is Kate, and, remembering my boyish horror of male attire, the judge headed her off. I suppose he thought he had deceived me with his evasive statement about her trip abroad and invited me tomorrow, when he will take pains to have Bill, alias Kate, absent. I know of no reason why we should not meet in friendly fashion. I know I admire her a thousand times more than I ever did for coming out here and wearing any kind of clothes for working purposes. I'll just go over tonight, whether I am welcome or not, and stay to supper. Fancy the sylvanite Kate cooking!"

Late in the afternoon he rode up to the shack, and, as he expected, Bill, clad in feminine attire, was in the doorway. She was a different girl from the handsome, languorous, cynically expressed Kate he had known.

He wondered what his reception would be, remembering the angry parting.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Vail," she said courteously, with extended hand, as he came up to her.

He instantly took the cue, addressed her as Miss Rand and avoided all allusion and reference to the past. He was glad it was to be this way. He wanted to begin acquaintance anew with this womanly Kate.

"You must stay to supper. That's what they call the meal out here. I shall prepare it myself tonight."

"Don't you generally prepare it?" he couldn't help asking.

"No," she said casually. "Bill, the help, cooks, but he is away."

Vail decided to accept the little fiction regarding Bill, and when the judge came home and was informed by his daughter that Bill had been called away for two weeks, which was just the length of time Vail was to be in the vicinity, he never changed expression.

"Well, Ruth, we'll do the best we can," answered the judge.

"Ruth!" interrupted Vail in surprise.

She smiled.

"Father calls me by my middle name since we came out here. It was my mother's name, and he thinks I am growing to be like her."

After supper, when the judge and Vail had smoked and chatted, a neighbor came to talk planting to the judge.

Barry proposed to Ruth (as he now liked to think of her) that they ride down the course of the canal, and she readily accepted. He remembered how well she used to ride and how well her boyish slowness looked in the saddle. But never in city parks could they have had this glorious canter over the wind swept way on the open plains. They came back in the glory of a western moonlight. When near the shack Barry drew rein.

"Shall we," he asked earnestly, "begin all over again?"

"Yes," she replied in a low tone.

"That was what I wanted to ask you to do."

For the next two weeks every moment he could snatch from his work Barry spent at the shack. Feeling that he was depriving the judge of Bill's help, he put in some effective work on the ranch. In his rides, walks and talks with Kate Ruth he felt a sense of intimacy he had never known when with the Kate of olden days.

"Darling," he said impetuously one night after a long silence, "can you forget the past and my boyish superiority? Can you learn to love me again, Kate?"

"Don't!" she cried breathless. "I am not Kate!"

He looked at her in bewilderment.

"I am Kate's younger sister. I was away at school when you knew her, but I used to love to hear about you from father. I didn't know at the first that you mistook me for her. Afterward—well, I was afraid you would not care for me, but you can't have her. She's engaged."

"Dear," he said gently, "I don't want Kate. I want you, whether you are Kate, Ruth or Bill."

"Bill?" she interrupted faintly.

"I knew," he laughed. "Bill's sunbonnet gave him away."

How Balzac Wrote.

Of all literary toilers Balzac was certainly the most eccentric in his methods. At first he would write his novel in a few pages, hardly more than the plot. These would be sent to the printer, who would return the few printed columns of matter pasted into the center of several large sheets. On this margin Balzac would work, sketching his characters, composing the dialogue and perhaps altering entirely the original plot of the book. For four or five times this process was repeated until at last the few columns had assumed the proportions of a volume. This extraordinary way of building a book naturally ran away with a considerable share of the profits on the work.

THE THREE FOOLS.
And Each of Them in His Own Way Was a Wise Man.

"Akbar the king, sitting upon his throne, yellow with gold and white with pearls, spake unto the Rajah Birbal: 'Thou has said, as it is told me, that my realm is full of fools and that the completest of these fools are wise fools. Now I command thee to show me three of these "wise fools" of whom thou hast spoken.'

"And the Rajah Birbal bowed and said, 'Lord, I do thy bidding. So he set forth upon his quest, and in three days' time he came again before the king and his court, followed by a countryman.

"Who is this that thou hast brought before me, rajah?" said the king.

"This, my lord," replied Birbal, 'is Lal Bujhakar, the wise fool of a village of fools. While upon the search that the king commanded me I came into a town where there was a great outcry. And the noise thereof led me to a house in which stood a boy with his arms around a pillar and his clasped hands full of sweatmeats. It seems that the father of this boy had filled his hands while they were thus clasped, and the people cried out for that none could devise how the lad could be freed of the pillar without dropping upon the ground the sweatmeats that were in his hands. Then came this man and gave wise counsel. 'Remove,' said he, 'the beams from the roof and draw the pillar up through the boy's arms.' And this they did!

"So I bade him, for his wisdom, follow me to thy court. And as we came we crossed a river upon the bank of which was printed the huge round footmark of an elephant. Long did Lal Bujhakar study that footprint and then, nodding wisely, said, 'Ah, a deer with a millstone tied to its foot must have leaped here!' Therefore do I say he is that completest of fools, a wise fool."

"Truly," said the king, "a complete fool indeed! Yet he is but one. And did not I command thee to show me three such?"

"There be three," said the rajah. "This man is one, as thou hast said; I am the second for having sought him and brought him hither, and thou, my lord, art the third for having sent me on such an errand."

Arthur Guiterman in St. Nicholas.

The "Cry" of Silk.
One of the most peculiar features about manufactured silk is the rattling sound familiar to every woman. In the silk trade they call it the "cry" or sometimes the "scoop." Of all textiles silk is the only material which possesses it. As everybody knows, the sound is heard especially when silk is subjected to friction. What is not so generally known is that the quality is found in silk yarn before it is woven. A skein of silk, unless it has been so treated as to kill this property in it, will when opened up emit the noise slightly. When the skein is squeezed in the hand the sound becomes quite audible. The "cry" is considered a very desirable quality in silk. Dyers develop it as much as possible.

Easy For This Waiter.
"I'll give that waiter," said a customer in a quick lunch room, "an order that will simply paralyze him."

"What will you have, sir?" presently asked the waiter.

"Bring me," said the would be tormentor, "some verulam and ova."

"Yesir." And the waiter, a seedy looking man, went away with a twinkle in his eye and returned with a large plate of something hot.

"Here y'are," he said, "bacon and eggs, in ordinary English a shilling, but in classic form three and six. 'Verba rebus aptare,' as we used to say at college. Anything else, sir?"—London Tit-Bits.

Disastrous.
Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker of the City temple, London, once had a collection taken and added, with deep pathos:

"Widows and orphans will not be expected to contribute."

A few Sundays later there was another collection for the same object.

"This time," said the preacher, "widows and orphans will not be exempt, for no battle ever made so many widows and orphans as the announcement made on the previous Sunday."

No Danger.
Coal Merchant—I say, Premium, I want to insure my coal yard against fire. What's the cost of a policy for £1,000?

Insurance Agent—What coal is it—same kind you sent me last?

Merchant—Yes, it is.

Agent—Oh, I wouldn't insure it if I were you! It won't burn!—London Answers.

TAKING THE COUNT.
Just a Little Bit of Every Day Life in New York.

An elderly woman, shabbily dressed, came aboard a Third Avenue elevated train at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. It happened that one of the cross seats in the center of the car was vacant. She chose the side nearest the window. In her hand she clasped a large and very much worn handbag, which she placed in her lap while she removed a pair of cloth gloves not quite complete at the ends of some of the fingers.

After having carefully rolled up the gloves she proceeded to open the handbag. From it she took a large roll of bills. Deliberately she removed a large rubber band from about the roll and then before the eyes of the gaping passengers started to count. First she counted the ten dollar bills—ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty (just a moment); a ten dropped on the floor and had to be retrieved; sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, a hundred. The nearer passengers were counting too. The tens were placed on the bottom of the pile on her lap, and she began with the five dollar bills. They did not take very long to count, for there were only four of them. These also were placed at the bottom of the pile, beneath the tens.

The train was just pulling out of the Ninety-ninth street station by this time, and a man who had been very much interested in the process of counting the money jumped up and ran to the door shouting, "I want to get off!" He was carried on to the next station.

Meantime the woman had started on the two dollar bills, and everybody else was counting with her. There were forty-two. They also found a place at the bottom of the pile. The one dollar bills were taken in hand at the Seventy-sixth street station, and at the Fifty-third street station the woman made a note on a slip of paper to the effect that there were 180 one dollar bills. After the memorandum was made she rolled up the bills and put them back into the much worn handbag.

Then she began to count her change. That did not take long, for she had exactly 55 cents in her change purse. The counting process was to take a coin from the purse and drop it in her lap. The total sum the woman carried was \$384.55. All of the treasure was safely back in the bag by the time the train pulled into the Grand street station. The woman left the train at Canal street.—New York Post.

Naming the Baby.
In a certain town there is a baby four months old who has not yet been christened. It has worried the friends of the parents, for they are anxious to know what the child is to be called. The other day a friend of the father stopped him on the street and said:

"Named the baby yet?"

"No, not yet," was the answer.

"Well, why don't you name him?"

"What's the use? He's red headed, isn't he?"

"But what difference does that make?"

"All the difference in the world. It wouldn't do us any good to name him. The kids wouldn't call him by it anyhow."—Indianapolis News.

Enemies of Bad Health.
Bad health hates a man who is friendly with its enemies—hard work, plain food and pure air. More men die from worry than from overwork; more men stuff themselves to death than die of starvation; more break their necks falling down the cellar stairs than climbing mountains. If the human animal reposed less confidence in his stomach and more in his legs the streets would be full of healthy men walking down to business. Remember that a man always rides to his grave. He never walks there.

Too Much For Her.
A little girl who was enrolled in the extension department of the Y. W. C. A. was asked by one of the secretaries of the association why she no longer attended the technical grammar class.

"Well," replied the girl, "I always thought a conjunction was a place where trains stopped. When I learned it was a word that connected other words the class was too much for me."—Indianapolis News.

Fortune's Favorite.
First Coster—Well, poor old Bill's gone.

Second Coster (scornfully)—Poor, indeed! Luckiest bloke in the market. Couldn't touch nuffin' without it turned to money. Insured 'is 'ouse—burned in a month. Insured 'isself again haccident—broke 'is harm first week. Joined the Burial Society last Toosday, and now 'e's 'opped it. I call it luck.—London Tit-Bits.

FINANCIAL ECONOMY.
One Man's Scheme When He Found His Capital Was Shrinking.

What one man did when he discovered his capital was shrinking is told in the American Magazine:

"A friend of mine told me a secret of his financial economy which strikes me as valuable. He is of middle age, with a small family, and has an income of \$3,500 a year. He has put by a few thousand dollars. His investments are in gilt edged securities.

"At the end of every six months he figures out exactly the value of his property. Each share of stock, each bond is reckoned at its present market price, and the sale value of his house is placed at the lowest figure. To the current value of his estate he adds his life insurance. The result is the capital which would be available for the support of his wife and children should he suddenly die.

"At the last three reckonings my friend found that his capital was shrinking. There had been declines in certain stocks and bonds and a falling off in the value of his real estate. What did he do? Commiserate himself? Not at all. He went to a life insurance company and took out a policy large enough more than to cover the shrinkage in his capital. Comparatively speaking, it cost him very little, but it added a neat sum to the value of his estate and guaranteed an unimpaired income to his wife."

The Tail of a Fish.
A fish's tail is its wings. Owing to the machinery of muscle set along its spine and to its cleaving form, a trout or salmon can dart through the water at a tremendous pace, though its rapid flights, unlike the bird's, are not long ones. It is soon tired. The water is not so friendly to flight as the air. The stroke of the fish's tail is one of great power, and by means of it and the writhing, snakelike flexion of the body a high speed is reached. The strength behind this speed is shown in the way a fish or sea mammal out of the water will raise its tail and strike the ground or boat.

Victor Hugo.
Victor Hugo was the wealthiest of the nineteenth century authors and also the hardest. At one time he made less than 1,000 francs last month and his brother for eighteen months, and one chop would serve for lunch three days in succession. But this early abstinence did not spoil Hugo's digestion, for at the age of eighty-three he cracked nuts with his teeth and ate oranges as some folk eat apples—peel and all.

Then the Row Started.
Mrs. Snappem (who has been suffering from toothache)—Thank goodness, I've had that tooth out at last! Mr. Snappem—Happy tooth! Mrs. Snappem—What do you mean? Mr. Snappem—It's out of the reach of your tongue.

The Grind.
"Where are you doing now?"
"Two a day," said the vaudeville actor. "And you?"
"I can't quite equal that," responded the popular novelist. "Two a week is about my limit."

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