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## The Fence And After

A Man and a Girl and  
Philosophy

By BARRY PRESTON

Across the fields, through the golden sunshine of the Indian summer morning, strode Arthur Gray, a look of absorbed abstraction upon his intellectual brow and three heavy tomes of German philosophy beneath his arms.

Behind him on the terrace Mrs. Renwick and her husband watched his retreat. Mrs. Renwick's face was clouded by an impatient frown. Tom Renwick was grinning sardonically.

"I can't understand it," Mrs. Renwick complained. "I invited all these young people solely on his account. I picked out only the deep ones of our acquaintance, the Taylor girls and Miss Frayne and Charlotte Brand."

"They know all about the ego and the subconscious self and all that sort of thing. They could talk it to him by the hour. And what does he do? Goes off every morning with his musty books and stays all day by himself. I call it downright rudeness in him."

Her big, easy going, happy-go-lucky husband laughed. "My dear Agatha," said he, "this comes of harboring a genius in our midst, a genius we can never hope to understand. Now, if he could talk horse or shoot or get a bit more speed out of a road car than it was ever intended to show we could give him the time of his life. But a philosopher, dropped here among our un-intellectual selves—dear heavens!"

He threw out his hands in a gesture of deprecation and made a wry face.

"But he is a coming man," Mrs. Renwick began.

Tom Renwick's grin broadened. "He seems to be a going man just at present," he remarked, with a bob of his head in the direction of the stoop shouldered figure trudging across the fields. "It's a desertion, pure and simple. Your intellectual maidens corralled here must evidently philosophize without your lion to inspire them."

"Come on! Let's round 'em up and give 'em a whirl in the road cars up to the top of Bald hill and back. That will take their minds up for the time being at least."

"It's the last time I'll ever try to entertain a genius," Mrs. Renwick declared flatly, "even if the said genius is my cousin and has done the family proud."

"Amen! I'm with you there," said Tom heartily as he turned from the terrace and strode off toward the garage.

In the meantime Arthur Gray, quite oblivious to this criticism of his actions, tramped down the field, climbed a stone wall into an orchard, where the trees were deep laden with their wealth of fruit, and, selecting a corner where the mottled shadows were most inviting, settled himself comfortably on the ground, opened one of the ponderous volumes and was soon lost in the abstruse speculations of its author.

He read on in absorbed fashion, now pausing to thoroughly digest some choice morsel, now frowningly noting upon the margin his own opinion of the text at that point. It was an ideally quiet place in which to pursue his research.

But suddenly the quiet was rudely shattered. Just beyond the orchard came the pounding of rapid hoof beats.

A girl's voice urging forward her mount rang through the still air. There was the swish of a hunting crop, a loud command, "Up, Rajah!" Then the sound of hoofs suddenly ceased.

A masculine voice said, "He'll never take it, ma'am!"

And the girl's voice replied, with a note of obstinacy in it, "He'll stay here until he does."

Gray arose. He walked to the edge of the orchard and looked aside. On the smooth turf of the adjoining field a girl—a wonderfully pretty girl—sat on a horse, which she had evidently been trying to take the fence just before her.

A little distance to the rear a trim, silent groom upon another horse impassively watched the proceedings.

"Silly Rajah!" she said. "You should be ashamed of yourself. You could take it easily. I know you could. Now, then, once more!"

Again she wheeled the horse and cantered away, only to turn him and ride for the fence once more.

Gray in his interest quite forgot himself. He vaulted the low wall that separated the orchard from the field and ran forward.

"Don't try it!" he cried warningly. "It's too high! He'll never do it in the world!"

The girl turned to look at him coldly. Then she smiled.

"Oh, yes, he will!" said she. "All he needs is a little confidence."

"Don't try again," said he.

She raised her eyebrows. "I can't stop now," said she. "He must go over that fence now that he knows it is what I expect of him."

"Then let me put him to it," said he.

The girl looked surprised. "Aren't you the philosopher friend of the Renwicks?" she asked.

"I am," he confessed. Involuntarily he straightened his stooping shoulders. "But even philosophers sometimes ride," said he. "I'd like to put him to the fence if you don't mind."

Instantly the girl slid from the saddle.

"Do so by all means," she suggested. "I've been trying it all the morning, and I confess I'm beginning to doubt my ultimate success with him."

Gray looked at her pretty flushed face and her sparkling eyes.

"And if I succeed what reward do I get?" he inquired boldly.

The girl laughed. "You may have a canter with me up to Bald hill and back," said she.

Gray sprang into the saddle. A man in a sidesaddle is not a particularly graceful figure. But there was a light in his eyes and a general determination in his whole bearing that went far toward making up for his lack of grace.

Three times he put the horse to the fence, each time with no success. The fourth time he plied the crop freely.

They reached the fence, and the big horse rose lightly, cleared the top bar by a good two feet and landed easily on the other side.

"Bravo!" cried the girl. "Splendid! Splendid!" And even the groom ventured an involuntary "Well done, sir!"

"And now," said Gray, his eyes glowing with eager light, "I shall claim that canter with you. Shall we go now?"

He slipped from the saddle and helped her to mount.

"You will take Peter's horse," she said, turning to the groom.

"Come on!"

Up the field they galloped gayly together, swung into the road and headed for Bald hill. Back in the orchard a woodpecker chased a nimble grasshopper over the pages of a work of German philosophy.

Just as they reached the bend near the summit of the hill they encountered Renwick and his party in the two road cars coming down the road.

Mrs. Renwick stared in wonder. Her husband chuckled openly.

Gray lifted his hat, utterly without embarrassment, and, with the girl at his side, went on up the hill, both in high spirits.

"To think of it!" exclaimed Mrs. Renwick some two weeks later. "Arthur engaged to that Carlton girl! Why, she can't draw a breath without talking horse, and that's all she can talk! She doesn't know a thing about philosophy."

Renwick looked out the French window to the drive beyond, where Gray was helping a decidedly pretty young woman to her horse.

"For my part, Agatha," said he, with deep conviction, "I am mightily rejoiced. It shows that for all his intellect he has a decidedly human streak in him."

**Eyes With Double Pupils.**

Cicero says that "the glance of all women with the double pupil in the eye is noxious, blighting and withering." Cadmus tells us that such persons would not drown. Still others say that if they did drown the body would never sink, neither would it decay. They could cure the disease of the chest—consumption—by rubbing their perspiration on the affected parts of the individual, and in case the double pupils were red instead of black they could cure the lepers and the blind. So thought the ancients.

**Church of St. Sophia.**

Mohammedans reverence Constantinople next to Mecca, and St. Sophia, or the "Church of the Divine Wisdom," holds first rank in the affections of the faithful.

Commenced in the year 532 A. D. on the site of several successive Christian churches of the same name, no fewer than 10,000 workmen are said to have been employed upon its construction, under the direction of 100 master builders.

## STORY OF AN ORNAMENT.

The Lavaliers and the French Beauty Who First Wore It.

Do you know what a lavalier is? You have seen many neck ornaments of more or less elaborate design suspended from chains that were thin or massive, which were sold as lavaliers. The traveler who knows his business will tell you that the large and highly ornate ornament made of hand wrought gold and studded with many gems, suspended from a thick chain and resting on the bare skin just above the low cut bodice, is a "stomacher," whereas the "lavalier" is light and delicate in construction, is set with not more than three stones and is on a slender chain.

The heavy ornament was formerly worn on the front of the dress, the entire front part of a bodice, which extended down over the pit of the stomach, being called the stomacher. It was an English mode, whereas the lavalier came into existence in France in 1808, having been designed at the suggestion of Louis XIV. as a gift to Françoise Louise de la Baume le Blanc, when she was made Duchesse de la Valliere. Of all the king's favorites she was the most interesting. She became "queen of the petticoat court" when Louis was but twenty-eight years old and when Colbert and Louvois were making the French treasury and the French army the greatest and most formidable powers in Europe. At thirty she retired to a convent, where she spent her declining years writing that mournful essay, "Reflections on the Pity of God."—Exchange.

**DUBLIN IS VERY ANCIENT.**

It May Have Been in Existence in the Time of Ptolemy.

Do you know how old Dublin is? Probably not. Few cities tell their correct age, but there is a rumor that the Irish capital, the picturesque city on the banks of the Liffey, at the entrance to Dublin bay, is much older than she pretends to be. In fact, it has been asserted by some ungalant scholars that she was already a buxom girl when Ptolemy sat on the throne of Egypt and that the fair city on the western island was mentioned in the writings of that day. In later times, say about 212 A. D., it already had a history. When the Danes came, some 900 years later, the Celts had been at peace so long that they fell victims to the invaders, but submission was no part of their program.

The inhabitants of the island are Celtic to the very core, and never have they become reconciled to the idea of sharing their beautiful country with either Saxons, Danes, Tensons or Normans. At one time, when the city of Dublin had become pretty thoroughly English in its feeling, the people of the hill country came down and massacred most of the inhabitants in the year 1170. Richard de Clare, known as Richard Strongbow, the second earl of Pembroke, crossed the Irish channel with a great host and captured the city. But he became governor of the island only after he married the daughter of one of the Celtic kings.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Imagination in Art.**

Imagination is an element by which artists are able to inflict their wares upon the public. When Millet painted two peasants in a potato patch with bowed heads in an attitude suggesting daily prayer he wisely named the picture "The Angelus." That gave the critic a hunch that a church-bell in a distant spire was peeling the hour of prayer. Had he called that truly magnificent painting "Digging Potatoes" the public's imagination would not have carried beyond the potato field, and it might also have made a difference of a few thousands of dollars in the market value of the work. A well chosen title for a picture or book is what mayonnaise dressing is to a salad!—Cartoons Magazine.

**Jewels of India.**

For variety of precious stones no country in the world can rival India. Though she exports annually over \$1,500,000 worth of jewels, she still remains today, as centuries ago, the storehouse for the nations. Diamonds, rubies, sapphires, tourmaline, garnet and many kinds of rare chalcidony are mined throughout her many provinces.

The diamond industry is carried on to a great extent in the central provinces. Rubies are mined in upper Burma and next to petroleum form the most profitable of the mineral resources of that state.

**Woodbury the Composer.**

Among obscure composers of hymn tunes that have lasted long is Isaac Baker Woodbury of Beverly, Mass., who began his career as a blacksmith's apprentice. He finally studied in Europe and was an associate of the better known musicians of the day. His tune called "Siloam," sung to Haber's "By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill," is known to most churchgoers.

**His Futile Attempt.**

Mr. Scraggington (in the midst of his reading)—Here is an item about a blast ad fool who kissed his wife 2,500 times in one day. Mrs. Scraggington—Of course he was a fool to think he could deceive his wife that way. What does the account say he had been doing?—Judge.

**One Reward.**

"Wealth doesn't bring happiness." "No," replied Miss Cayenne. "But it does help some toward influencing others to put up with your grouchy eccentricities."—Washington Star.

**The May of Life blooms once and never again.**—Schiller.

## The "O O" Call.

The original wireless signal of distress at sea, "C Q D," was adapted from the old "all stations" or general call of line telegraphy. But at the first international wireless congress it was suggested and approved that a better call was "O O," which, by its arrangement of dots and dashes, is different from any other call.

"O O" has no special meaning. It is not intended to express "Save our souls" or anything else equally dramatic. This call is an international one and has the same meaning in all languages.

**Aeroplane "Loops"**

The first person ever to "loop the loop" in an aeroplane was M. A. Faguet, in May, 1915. The first woman to "loop the loop" was Miss Davies, but she was a passenger. The first woman to "loop the loop" alone was Miss Katherine Stinson. Probably the record for "looping the loop"—although unofficial—is that listed as performed by a Russian who is said to have made forty-six loops continuously. —New York Times.

**Mrs. Newlywed's Troubles.**

Mrs. Newlywed (in tears)—I just don't care! I'm going to give up house-keeping. Her Dearest Friend—What! When you took a special course at college in domestic science! Mrs. Newlywed (sobbing)—I—I know, but—but I can't find a batcher that did!—Judge.

**Beyond Question.**

Diner—These eggs are strictly fresh? You are quite sure? Waiter—Yes, sir. The chef boiled them for himself and hadn't time to eat them, sir.—New York Globe.

**A young man idle, an old man needy.**—Italian Proverb.

**No Needed It.**

She—Do you really love me? He (a modest clerk, with still more modest salary)—Yes, dear, with all my heart. She—Swear it to me by something sacred, by something that you could not possibly renounce. He—Well, then, Mathilda, I swear it to you by my salary.—London Tit-Bits.

**Graded Down.**

Great is America! People of means may hear the world's greatest voices for \$10; those in moderate circumstances may obtain phonographic records of the same voices for \$2.50, while the very poor can see the same singers act in the movies for a dime.—Life.

**No Flowers in 'Em.**

Mrs. Flatbush—She has no artistic tastes.

Mrs. Bensonhurst—Why not?

"Just look at all those empty cans in her backyard. Not a flower in one of 'em!"—Yonkers Statesman.

**Know the true value of time.** Snatch some and enjoy every moment of it.—Lord Chatterfield.

## SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

The Precious First Edition Quartos Are Now Next to Priceless.

Few literary prophecies have been so strikingly fulfilled as that of the "sewer writer" who in the preface which followed the revised title of the first edition of "Troilus and Cressida" (1609) predicted of Shakespeare that "when he is gone and his commodities out of sale you will scramble for them and set up a new English Inquisition."

The number of first editions in quarto of Shakespeare's plays now known to exist is 144, with two fragments, of which eighty are in public ownership and sixty-four in private ownership. These volumes are worth not merely their weight in gold, but their weight in banknotes of high denominations. They represent sixteen different plays, two of them having double texts, making an average of eight copies of each, and those which were most popular having already been pirated—"Romeo and Juliet," the first "Hamlet," "Henry V." and the "Merry Wives"—master only seventeen copies among them.

The authors of "A Census of Shakespeare's Plays in Quarto, 1594-1709" (Yale University Press), Henrietta Bartlett and Alfred Pollard, estimate that most of Shakespeare's plays printed in quarto received editions of 1,300 copies each. The wear and tear of the centuries has thus disposed of many thousands of these priceless books. The total is much larger if we add the quartos which appeared after the first editions, but before the "authorized" folio editions of 1623, issued by Shakespeare's colleagues of the theater. The survivors alone of these intermediate quartos number 301 copies, of which 144 are in public and 157 in private ownership.—New York Post.

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