

**W. W. HOLLINGSWORTH COMPANY**  
ESTABLISHED 1900  
**RELIABLE FUNERAL DIRECTORS**  
Lady Assistant  
Office Phone White 25  
Night Phone Black 94

**UNDERTAKERS**  
**HODSON & ELLIOTT**  
FUNERAL DIRECTORS—EMBALMERS  
Home draws or Auto Funeral Car as preferred  
Satisfaction Guaranteed  
Office and Parlors 705 and 705 1-2 First Street  
Phone Office Green 118, Res. Blue 118, Red 8

**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW**  
**CLARENCE BUTT**  
Will practice in all the courts of the state. Special attention given to probate work, the writing of deeds, mortgages, contracts and the drafting of all legal papers.  
Newberg, Oregon.  
OFFICE—Second Floor in Union Block

**C. R. CHAPIN**  
**LAWYER**  
Practice in all courts; Probate, Deeds, Mortgages and all legal papers. Abstracts examined.

**Dr. H. C. Dixon**  
**DENTIST**  
Phonics  
Office, White 22; Res. Red 123

**Van Valin Dental Parlors**  
Over U. S. National Bank

**DR. A. M. DAVIS**  
**DENTIST**  
Office over Ferguson's Drug Store  
PHONE BLACK 37

**Dr. H. M. Massey**  
Successor to F. F. Hawkins  
**DENTIST**  
Office over First National Bank  
Phone White 3-1

**Littlefield & Romig**  
**PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS**  
Office in First Nat'l Bank Bldg.  
Phone, Black 31

**DR. THOS. W. HESTER**  
**Physician and Surgeon**  
Office in Dixon Building  
Phone Office White 22, Res. White 11  
**NEWBERG - OREGON**

**Dr. John S. Rankin**  
**PHYSICIAN and SURGEON**  
Office over U. S. National Bank  
Office phone Blue 171  
Residence Phone Brown 171

**DR. SARAH E. SMITH**  
**Physician and Surgeon**  
Office in City Hall  
Office Phone—White 147  
Residence Phone—Blue 58  
**NEWBERG OREGON**

**Dr. E. E. Daniels**  
**CHIROPRACTIC PHYSICIAN**  
Edwards Bldg., Opp. Postoffice  
LADY ATTENDANT  
**Dressmaking Parlors**  
First class dressmaking. Tailored suits and coats; satisfaction guaranteed. Mrs. E. B. L. Terrell, 911 East Third, corner of Center.  
28tf

**GERMS AND JELLIES.**  
New Microbes Are Molluscoid For Cultivation Purposes.  
Think of cultivating deadly germs, the typhoid bacillus, for instance, with as much care and attention to diet and environment as would be given to a delicate orchid or even to a beautiful baby! That is what is being done at the American Museum of Natural History in New York city, says the Popular Science Monthly.

Up in one of the tower rooms there is a regular nursery for germs. They live in tubes, rows on rows of them, in neatly arranged and classified wooden racks. Each tube contains a jelly, and on top of this jelly is a wrinkled mass of whitish, yellowish or brownish scum. In this scum are the babies or plants, as the museum bacteriologist classifies them.

The jelly is made up of meat, peptone and the extract from agar, a Japanese seaweed. Some of the germs, however, are fastidious and require egg; others must have blood; still others need milk and special kinds of salts. The food preferences of each particular germ are as carefully studied and compounded as are the special dishes in the diet kitchen of a hospital.

Some of the bacteria will live for weeks without special attention, while others must be transferred to a fresh tube of food jelly every three days. To transfer them the bacteriologist in charge simply touches the scum in the tube with a platinum needle. The bacteria adhere to the needle, but readily drop off into the fresh jelly. The fact that 400,000,000 of the typhoid bacilli could be packed into a grain of granulated sugar will give some idea of the size of the microbes.

**Chinese Ideographs.**  
Chinese characters do not express sounds, although the pitch of the voice is significant. Their letters are ideographs or writings of ideas or things. Hence the Chinese have no alphabet, strictly speaking.

For this reason, says the Popular Science Monthly, the Chinese must employ an astounding number of characters. It takes about 10,000 characters to print a book in the Chinese language, yet sometimes an entire thought or a whole sentence is represented by one character. The word "black" is one character, and so is "mother," "dead," "yes," "yellow" and a great many other words. With such a conglomeration, is it any wonder that the American printer wonders how it is possible to print anything in Chinese?

**Bloodthirsty Marat.**  
Jean Paul Marat was assassinated July 13, 1793, by Charlotte Corday, who announced that she had been commanded by God to kill the firebrand of the French revolution.

Marat was the most extreme of the popular leaders in the great upheaval that made France a republic. When other men talked of democracy and equal rights he called for blood and revenge. By means of a little newspaper called the People's Voice Marat kept aflame the resentment against French nobility and did more than any other one man to bring about the execution of the king and queen.

**Many Languages.**  
It may appear strange, but it is nevertheless true, that there are over 4,000 languages spoken by mankind, while the number of dialects exceeds this. There are more than sixty vocabularies in Brazil, and in Mexico the Nahua is broken up into some 700 dialects. There are hundreds in Borneo, while in Australia there is no classifying the complexities. Let us assume that fifty dialects on an average belong to each language, and we have the colossal total of a quarter of a million linguistic abilities.

**The Explanation of War.**  
God has ordained that the wickedness within us shall always find its expression and punishment in outward evil. War is nothing more than a reflection or image of the soul. It is the fiend within coming out. Human history is nothing more than the inward nature manifested in its native acts and issues. Let the soul continue unchanged, and should war cease, the inward plague would still find its way to the surface.—William Ellery Channing.

**Naturally Grave.**  
"I have here," said the party with the unbarbered hair who had ejected his person into the editorial sanctum when the office boy wasn't looking, "a little poem entitled 'A Pauper's Grave.'"  
"Huh!" growled the editor.  
"Nothing remarkable about that. Who has a better right to be grave than a pauper? You certainly wouldn't expect his mirth to slop over, would you?"—Exchange.

**Billiards and Something Else**  
**His Chance Came With a Lesson In the Game.**

By M. J. PHILLIPS

The trouble was that, while Carrick admitted his offense and was anxious to present his excuse, Miss Welland by her manner ignored the existence of an offense and so made excuse impossible. At first blush that sounds all right, but it wasn't.

For how could a fellow secure freedom from his grievous dungeon when the pardon board publicly and officially pretended to believe that he was enjoying the sweet atmosphere of liberty? That was the question which bothered Carrick.

He felt that five minutes' talk with Miss Welland would set everything right. But she was graciously and firmly unapproachable. She insisted on treating him just the same as ever, only more so. And Carrick rattled his dungeon chains, while Miss Welland smiled sweetly on Purves Bland.

Carrick wasn't really to blame. They had been going to the theater Wednesday evening after having waited three weeks to get tickets because everybody else seemed to want to go too. And that very Wednesday afternoon the manager had sent for Carrick.

"Be here at 8 o'clock tonight," he directed. "There will be a special meeting of the board for the purpose of discussing your carbon improvement plan. If we take it up"—His pompous smile was rich with promise.

For a young man whom opportunity had seized by the nape of the neck and was thrusting headlong into prosperity Carrick was singularly unappreciative. He knew how Miss Welland was anticipating seeing "What a Woman Would Do" and the impossibility of securing other tickets during the remainder of the run. Miss Welland's slightest wish was more important just then than a good many other things, so he mentioned "another engagement."

"Then you must break it, Mr. Carrick," said the manager quite decidedly. "Mr. Kern, who is our president and heaviest stockholder, will be here from the west tonight on his way to New York. He can stay only two hours. We can do nothing without his approval. So you see how necessary it is that you attend the meeting."

There seemed no way out of it. Carrick wrote a note to Miss Welland, explaining the circumstances, sealed it and rang for a messenger. When a diminutive representative of the A. D. T. arrived Carrick was smitten with a brilliant idea. Why not send the tickets so she could go anyway? So he wrote another note, inclosed the tickets with it and handed both envelopes to the messenger. And the one containing the tickets was never delivered.

All unconscious of this fact, Carrick went back to the office at 8 o'clock. Fifteen minutes later word came that Mr. Kern was delayed by a wreck and that the board meeting would be held next morning.

On the chance that he might yet be in time to escort Miss Welland to the theater he rushed off to find her, only to be informed by the maid that she had gone out. He went on home then, where he was promptly pressed into service by his sister Beatrice, who wanted company as far as Gladys Burton's. And at the Burton door they had encountered Miss Welland.

That young lady had smilingly cut short his explanations before they were begun. Later, when he heard of the nondelivery of the tickets, he tried again. But Purves Bland was now in the play, and explanations were impossible. He never saw Miss Welland unless the hint impervious Mr. Bland was at her elbow. He haunted balls and recitals and tea fights in an endeavor to tell her of the meeting that didn't come off, but in vain.

Weeks of plotting and planning and waiting for opportunities that never came left him worried and hungry looking. Why rejoice that his carbon improvement scheme was a go when the only girl in the world—it had reached that stage—wouldn't look at him or, worse still, looked at him precisely as she looked at everybody else?

But his persistence won finally. By the assistance of Dick Sargent, engaged and consequently sympathetic, he was assured of a monopoly of Miss Welland and the billiard room during a dance at Burton's one night. Dick promised fifteen minutes if he had to tie Purves Bland with the portieres.

"Miss Welland," he began breathlessly when Bland had been lured away by Dick and the future Mrs.

Sargent, "you know the night of 'What a Woman Would Do'—"  
"But you were to teach me to play billiards, you know," remarked Miss Welland.

"But I want to explain," he urged. "I got your note," Miss Welland reminded him. "And Beatrice has told me about the loss of the tickets. So that's all over and forgotten."

Being equipped only with the slow going mental processes of mere man, Carrick was somewhat dazed by this information: For weeks he had been preparing himself to take the enemy's fortifications by storm. To find that there was to be no war was surprising, to say the least.

"You know all about it?" he queried stupidly.  
"Yes."  
"And it's all forgotten?"  
"Yes."  
"Forgiven too?"  
"I suppose so."

"Then," said Carrick, with a radiant smile and a glint of determination in his eye, "we shall take up the billiard lesson—and something else." Miss Welland chose to ignore the remark.

"First we will send the balls to the lower cushion to see who gets the first shot. That is a bank."  
"What a funny name!"  
"Yes," said Carrick. "The word is usually applied to the edges of a river; also," with a sidewise glance, "to institutions where young men who are contemplating matrimony hoard up their money."

"Hadn't we better join the others?" asked Miss Welland irreverently.  
"No; they said they'd be back for us."  
"O-oh! I missed that one," said the girl presently.

"You don't hold the stick properly," pronounced Carrick. "It's like this." And he calmly took possession of both her hands as they rested on the cue.

"Isn't billiards very difficult to learn?" asked Miss Welland.  
"Why?"  
"It takes so long to learn how to hold the cue!" The lesson progressed better after that—for a time.

It came Carrick's shot. The balls had stopped in the form of a triangle. A clever "draw" earned him the billiard. Miss Carrick applauded. "It came as though a magnet were attracting it," she said. "That being my ball," expounded the teacher, "the same forces set upon it as set on me. A magnet has been drawing me for about two years now. And doesn't the red ball remind you of some one? See how closely it has stayed near your ball since we've been playing?"  
"Why shouldn't it?" queried Miss Welland saucily as she shot and missed. "And, anyway, resemblances have nothing to do with the game. You're teaching me billiards, remember."

"Billiards—and something else," said Carrick. "See how the red ball sulks at the lower end of the table. I'm going to stir it up."  
His ball clicked Miss Welland's cue ball gently and doubled the corner just in time to be stopped by it. They met square on its return from the cushion and stopped, a few inches apart.

"See how near they are," said Carrick—"no chance for a misunderstanding, no opportunity for theater tickets to get lost en route from one to the other. The red ball is the length of their world away. That's the way they belong, side by side, always."

"What is it called," asked Miss Welland hurriedly, "when one ball prevents the other from going, like that?"  
"That," said Carrick, laying down his cue with a certain finality and advancing around the table, "is called a kiss!"

Dick Sargent is in favor of a double wedding, "for," he says, "a fellow needs the moral support of his kind in a crisis." Carrick is building a house with a billiard room in it.

**Torpedoes.**  
It costs between \$600 and \$1,100 to fire one of our largest guns. The average cost of a torpedo is \$1 a pound, and the usual weight of the kind in use by submarines is about 3,000 pounds. In a torpedo the "charge cone" at the apex usually contains moist gun cotton, in which is placed a tube of dry gun cotton furnished with a fulminating cap preceded by a plunger, and when the plunger strikes a solid object it explodes the charge. The latest models contain more than 225 pounds of gun cotton or some other powerful explosive.

**The Dominant Air.**  
As through an opera runs the rhythm of one dominant air, so through men's lives there rings a dominant note, soft in youth, strong in manhood and soft again in old age. But it is always there, and, whether soft in the gentler periods or strong amid the noise of the perihelion, it dominates always and gives its tone to the whole life.

**Helping You With Your Live Stock**

Through our membership in the Federal Reserve System we are in a strong position to help our patrons carry live stock which they are raising or fattening for future sales.

Farmers' notes with not over six months to run, given for raising or carrying live stock can be rediscounted by us with our Federal Reserve Bank, thereby increasing our ability to extend to our patrons such help as they may need.

If you contemplate raising or fattening live stock for market come in and talk with us. We can help you.

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

**First National Bank**

**LUMBER OF THE BEST QUALITY**

A large and well assorted stock of Lumber and Building Materials always on hand.

Now is the time to order your

**INDIANA SILO**

and have it ready for your corn. Let us tell you about its guarantee.

**C. K. SPAULDING LOGGING CO.**

**Lone Fir Dairy**

Pure Milk and Cream are conducive to good health. This is the kind we supply our customers.

Our Dairy is frequently inspected by the State Dairy and Food Commissioner and has been highly commended by that official. Give us a trial.

Phone Red 66 **C. H. Schunter**  
LESSEE

**The REXALL Store**

Carries a very large assortment of everything to be found in the highest class drugstores. All kinds of Pure Fresh Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Perfumes, School Books and Supplies, Stationery, Liggett's and Lowney's Candies. Our stock of Cigars is the best in town. You're always welcome.

**LYNN B. FERGUSON**

Phone Black 109 Prescription Druggist 302 First Street

"the best oil for our cars"

**CHEVROLET**  
J. W. Lewis & Co., San Francisco  
"From our exhaustive tests of Zerolene, we think it is the best oil for use in our cars."  
**REO**  
American Automobile Co., Tacoma  
"I tried Zerolene in Reo cars; results so good that we have been entirely converted."  
**DORT**  
Leach-Fraser Motor Co., San Francisco  
"Excellent mileage with minimum carbonization."  
**PACKARD**  
Coyler Lee, Oakland  
"Zerolene has given us perfect satisfaction."

**ZEROLENE**  
The Standard Oil for Motor Cars

Endorsed by Leading Car Distributors

—because the records of their service departments show that Zerolene, correctly refined from California asphalt-base crude, gives perfect lubrication—less wear, more power, least carbon deposits.

Dealers everywhere and at our service stations.

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY**  
(California)

For tractors, Zerolene Heavy-Duty is especially recommended.