

# Newberg Graphic

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THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1916

What a tight hole a lot of Oregon Republican newspapers will be in if Roosevelt should be nominated at the June convention.—Benton County Courier.

The Graphic can't speak for others, but at this shop, in case of such a contingency, we assure the Courier that the hole will be wide open and the lid off.

Hog raisers who were showing much discouragement and trying to sell out clean a short time ago, are no doubt feeling better now, provided they did not sacrifice their stock. The Portland Live Stock Reporter says: "Hogs are climbing to almost unknown prices with receipts light in many places."

Since the "District School" is to be given soon, how would the following lines by Thayer do for a "last day piece"?

If I were a cobbler, I'd make it my pride the best of all cobblers to be,  
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside should mend an old kettle like me.  
But whether a tinker or whether a lord,  
Whatever my station may be,  
Determined to play second fiddle to none,  
I'll climb to the top of the tree.

The Benton County Courier is out with a new head which shows the Oregon Agricultural College buildings in the background. With the success scored by the O. A. C. boosters in pulling the chestnuts from the state treasury at each session of the legislature, that institution ought to make a very substantial backing for a Corvallis newspaper head, friend Brown.

## HAVING QUITE A SPELL

At the annual meeting of the presidents of the independent colleges of Oregon held some time ago, considerable time was taken up in discussing the question of simplified spelling, and a committee was appointed to work out some sort of plan for taking on this fad. Pres. Foster, of Reed College, who is fathering the movement had the programs for the meeting printed all "thru" according to his ideas of "reformed spelling."

These "spells" break out in various sections of the country at intervals but so far, not even the irrepressible Teddy with the big stick has been able to de-throne Webster.

The editor of the Graphic has never been able to see where a gain is to be made in these attempts, and unless something more promising is shown by this committee than has yet appeared, Pacific College will not enter into the compact so long as the writer is a member of the board if he can prevent it.

The following appeared recently in the Oregonian which is worth reading in this connection:

If there are any Nobel awards this year for distinguished service in the interest of culture, human advancement and civilization, let the whole sum be awarded to Columbia University. In addition we would recommend the entire faculty—excepting Professor Matthews—for decoration with the Iron Cross, Pour le Merite and Order of the Black Eagle, first class. For simplified spelling, euphonic spelling and other forms of abridged and corrupted orthography have been repudiated, but not by special decree or personal denunciation. Vituperation is nothing more than a flow of words. Columbia University has done more than to talk. Spelling classes have been estab-

lished lately and now the student body is being taught to build letters into words in accordance with the ancient and honorable architecture that has served us so long and so well.

They are through with "thru," through and through. A spelling book containing 5000 words has been provided and the classes are learning the nomenclature of words by means of spelling bees preceded by careful study. Nor are they spelling jaw-breaking words. Rather they go in for the simple words that cultured persons are apt to misspell every time they use them. For example, such words as cemetery, creamery, privilege, indict, receipt, alignment. The more complicated words are of less concern. The person who cannot for the life of him say whether it is license or liscense finds no difficulty spelling embonpoint, embouchure or emberizinae. In these days of orthographical decadence the most cultured would have to visit the dictionary in order to spell "lickerish," which is the way the euphonists spell it, even if that does not so much approximate the proper spelling of the word.

Word that the Columbia spelling classes are popular is refreshing. The classes are voluntary rather than compulsory, which is a matter of some regret. Yet, when we hear so many volunteers responded at Columbia that new classes had to be added the outlook is cheerful. And now that Columbia has marched to the rescue of orthodox spelling, it remains for other patriotic American colleges to marshal their forces and help save the English language from becoming a mishapen mess.

## THE EMERALD ISLE

There's an Emerald Isle far away 'cross the sea,  
Where the air is balmy like June,  
Where the west wind chants a soft lullaby  
To the flowers that are ever in bloom.  
Oh, "Emerald Isle!" 'cross the fathomless tide,

What a fitting name for thee;  
Fair Ireland! with thy emerald hills,  
In my dreams thou com'st to me.  
How I long to scale thy rocky cliffs,  
Thy ever green hills to climb;  
To rest me sweetly by the sea,  
Oh, this were joy sublime!

What joy to glide o'er Killarney's lakes!  
Killarney! beautiful, fair!  
Whose waters calm like mirrors lay  
In the Emerald Island there.  
But, ah, me! I'll be there only in my dreams,  
That joy will surely ne'er be mine;  
To press my feet to thy fair shores  
And list to echoes that are thine.

Sometime the heart will cease to yearn—  
Sometime—for things that cannot be—  
When we rest on the hills of the "Emerald Isle!"  
In the midst of the "Jasper Sea."  
Mrs. Mary D. Allen,  
Newberg, March 16.

Between Two Fires.  
"The fads of sovereigns with their royal etiquette were frequently carried to such lengths," says H. T. Dyer in "Royalty In All Ages," "as to make martyrs of them. What can be more ludicrous than the following: The palace was on fire. A soldier who knew the king's sister was in her apartment and must inevitably have been consumed in a few minutes by the flames rushed in at the risk of his life and brought her out. But Spanish etiquette was woefully broken, and the loyal soldier was brought to trial and condemned to death. The Spanish princess, however, in consideration of the circumstance, condescended to pardon the soldier and saved his life."

The veiled prophet, Mokanna (Hakim Ben Allah), whom Tom Moore made the subject of his beautiful poem, was a real character and not a mere poetic fiction. Mokanna lived in the eighth century. Pretending to be an incarnation of God, he founded a sect in Khorassan which for a time was quite powerful. Rebelling against the caliph, he was for a time successful, but was subdued about 780, when he and the leading men under him took poison to escape the shame of a public execution.—New York American.

Not Exactly First Class.  
A stout old country lady with a parcel got into a first class carriage in Scotland. A porter came to the window and asked:  
"Are you first class, ma'am?"  
"Weel, I'm not exactly first class, but I'm pretty weel, considerin', thank you," replied the old lady as the train slowly moved out of the station.

She added to her fellow passengers, "They say a great dale ag'inat them porters, but that's a nice ceevil spoken young man, onyway."

A Comparison.  
Several times had little Mary looked wonderingly out of the window, watching the full moon rise. Then a thought seemed to strike her.  
"Mamma," she remarked ingenuously, "Doesn't it look just like dad's head when you see it over the top of his easy chair back?"

## JEFFERSON AND SOTHERN.

And How the Character of Lord Dundreary Was Created.

The story of the production of "Our American Cousin" has often been told, but a new light was thrown upon the history of Lord Dundreary when Joseph Jefferson related to me the following facts:

It appears that Mr. Jefferson was at the time of this production supposed to be suffering from consumption. He told me that his doctors declared that his only hope was to be in the fresh air as much as possible; that actually his life depended upon it. He was glad, therefore, when my father joined Laura Keane's company, to discover that he was passionately fond of riding. They hired a stable together and purchased two horses. They shared the expense, which was a serious matter, as they were both merely stock actors.

When the play of "Our American Cousin" was read to the company, as was customary, my father was so disheartened with the part for which he was cast—Lord Dundreary, a second old man with only a few lines—that he determined to throw up his engagement and leave America. He had been acting for ten years and had, he thought, made some impression, and he felt that if his years of labor had brought him no further reward he would give up the struggle. He told Jefferson that he proposed to return to England and enter his father's office in Liverpool to devote himself to mercantile pursuits.

At once it occurred to Mr. Jefferson that if my father went away he would have to abandon the stable; he could not bear the expense alone. He used all his powers of argument to induce my father not to throw up his part. Joe Jefferson was the leading comedian of the company, and he promised my father that, with Miss Keane's consent, he would permit him any liberty in the scenes they might have together.

"But I have no scenes," said my father. "I have only about ten lines."

"We will have scenes," said Jefferson. "We will make them."

He persuaded the dejected Mr. Sothern to at least attend the first few rehearsals, and he did so. Jefferson was as good as his word, of course, and Miss Keane was induced to allow Lord Dundreary much liberty. My mother played Georgina, the part opposite my father, and she and he worked up many lines and replied at home and were allowed to introduce them into the play—"My Remembrances," by Edward B. Sothern, in Scribner's.

The Secret Dynamite Chamber of the Catskill Aqueduct.  
The Catskill aqueduct system is remarkable as an engineering feat. One of the most curious expedients that the engineers contrived was the chamber for storing dynamite. They had to have a large supply of explosive at hand, yet the law sternly prohibited any such accumulation within the city limits of New York, where it might endanger life or property.

Finally in the dip between the One Hundred and Tenth street and the One Hundred and Twenty-second street shafts, 450 feet below the surface, a chamber was blasted out of the solid rock. You entered this chamber from the tunnel by a door that was always left swinging half open and then followed a zigzag passage that turned more than once at right angles. From that passage you stepped into a huge vaulted cavern.

A single electric bulb was suspended over the threshold. A capacious iron bound chest, not unlike a sarcophagus, contained the dynamite. There was nothing else in the silent and gloomy chamber. If the dynamite had at any time exploded the immense volume of released gas would have rushed first against the unyielding walls of rock and then, seeking an outlet, it would have broken with diminishing force against those of the zigzag passage.

So carefully had the engineers calculated the force of the explosion that they believed that what remained of it on reaching the tunnel entrance would automatically close the half open door. No explosion took place to test the theory, and experimental proof would have cost the city \$5,000 worth of dynamite.

The passage from the tunnel has been closed with solid concrete, but the huge cavern is still there, hidden deep in the rock on which the great city is built. Slowly, very slowly, it will fill up with a silent, motionless pool of water, never to reflect the faintest gleam of light. In time, no doubt, the existence of the cavern will be forgotten. A thousand or two years hence it may be rediscovered. Clearly it will be seen to be the work of man, but as to its purpose scientific brains may puzzle themselves fruitlessly, for that will have become a secret held inviolate by the unspeaking rock.—Youth's Companion.

An Example of Turkish.  
Everybody who has tackled German knows the strain of waiting for the verb at the end of the sentence which will explain what it is all about. Turkish goes several worse than that, giving the words in almost exactly reverse order to our own. Sir Charles Elliot cites as a typical Turkish sentence, "Capital and Varus between running Lloyd of company of Vulcan

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## AN ENIGMA FOR POSTERITY.

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steamer on Stamboul to coming are we." Read that backward and its meaning becomes clear. Obviously such a language should avoid long sentences. Popular Turkish does, but Turkish writers indulge in mighty mazes that should be quite congenial to German professors.—London Chronicle.

Good Guess.  
A musical director tells a story of the embarrassment evinced by a young woman at a reception given Mme. Schumann-Heink. The young woman was an enthusiastic admirer of the songstress, and she had often expressed to the hostess her intense desire to meet the celebrity. When, however, her turn came to be introduced to the famous woman she was so overcome that she lost her self-possession completely.

Blushing deeply and twisting about the rings on her fingers, she managed to emit, "You—er—er—you sing, I believe."—Everybody's.

Malleable Glass of the Egyptians.  
Strabo and Josephus both affirm that the Egyptian glass workers were so well skilled in their art that they imitated the amethyst and other precious stones to perfection. Malleable glass was one of the secret arts of the ancients, the formula for making it being

now reckoned as lost. Strabo mentions a cup of glass which could be hammered into any desired shape, the material of which it was composed being as ductile as lead.

Bad Writer With a Good Memory.  
Harvey Waters, an expert on patent cases, had occasion to write Rufus Choate on some important question and when he received the reply was unable to read a word of it, so took the missive to Mr. Choate and asked him what he had written. Mr. Choate replied, "I never can read my writing after the ink is dry, but if you tell me what it is about I will tell you what I have written." And he did.

All Clear.  
"Now, my lad, I hope you have some clear and well defined idea as to what you want to be in life. That means everything to a young man."  
"I know it, uncle. I want to be a doctor or a lawyer, or something like that."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Value of Reticence.  
"What makes you think Stillwater is such a clever fellow? I never heard him say anything more than 'yes' or 'no.'"  
"That's what confuses me he is clever."—Judge.

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