

OREGONIAN RAILWAY TIME TABLE.
North. April 1, 1901. South.
Lv. Newberg, 7:30 a. m. | Lv. Portland, 9:30 a. m.
Ar. Portland, 9:30 a. m. | Ar. Newberg, 12:30 p. m.
Lv. Newberg, 12:30 p. m. | Lv. Portland, 1:30 p. m.
Ar. Portland, 3:30 p. m. | Ar. Newberg, 6:30 p. m.
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NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS:
E. H. WOODWARD & ORM. C. EMERY.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1901.

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Newberg, Oregon.

In Memory of the Late Wm. Hobson.
Rest William, rest, earth's pilgrimage is o'er.
All that is mortal lies in useless sleep.
While flaming beacons light the distant shore,
And wailing angels sing thy life keep.
No visioned gleam, no hope the tomb,
Where thy restless spirit lies in gloom,
Whose spirit hovers o'er the life of gloom,
To bring it light through heaven's unbound
of gloom.

THAT'S THE WAY AS BEING MOUNTAIN STREAM:
No pre-arranged path on earth to find
The perfect path, as a constant dream:
Whose charity to others faults was blind.
Who with a simple, unadorned, God-like
The perfect path, as a constant dream:
Whose charity to others faults was blind.

And walked the humble path that Jesus trod:
The better way that Mary chose, preferred,
And night and morning called upon his God.
Whose sermons with no sordid price were
Where simple eloquence o'erwhelmed the soul:
Who, with an humble adoration sought
To praise Jehovah and his name extol.

Perhaps at times he saw the hind the veil,
Up and beyond the jarring scenes of strife;
Or heard soft whisperings in the murmuring
Of glorious visions quite beyond this life.
Through faith he may have seen the angels
There; perhaps, delighted, gazed on endless day,
Beyond the mists of hallowed land glare,
Where poisoned shafts of passion do not play.

The monumental pile may waste away,
And gilded letters be effaced by time;
A life like his perennial lasts, while they,
May fade with lapse of years, or change of
clime.
Time will but burnish such a fadeless gem,
And rolling years but bring a brighter gleam.
While earthly honors pale, raught's left of
them,
Like fleeting clouds that dim the sun's bright
beam.

The pilgrim stranger here may step aside,
And stroll through the lone city of the dead,
See where the good man lies, and when he
died,
Engraven on the marble o'er his head.

Oh! I have heard his voice ascending high,
Beneath the shadow of an aged tree,
With eyes uplifted toward the clear blue sky,
The home of his undying faith to see.

How blameless such a life that thought no ill,
Amid the turmoils of this world below!
His motto, peace on earth, to man good will,
"Nor did he wish aught for a foe."

He has bidden to the world a last farewell,
For on the willow hangs the harp unstung.
The last faint prayer from trembling lips that
fell,
And his last sacred hymn, on earth is sung.

Peace be, friend William, to thy last remains,
For death to mortals is the common fate;
Small loss to him is earth, who heaven gains,
And falls asleep on judgment's trumpet
call.

E. CARPENTER.

SUCCESS VS. FAILURE.

OR, ORCHARDING AS IT IS AND AS IT
OUGHT TO BE.

The wonderful strides Oregon has taken the past year in the matter of orchard planting would indicate that there is great confidence among our people as to the adaptability of our soil and climate to the production of the various kinds of delicious fruits, and that a market will be found for them at more remunerative prices than for any other farm product. While some have, doubtless, thought that an orchard would make them rich in a few years with little effort further than the planting of the trees, it is gratifying to note that a majority of those who are engaged in starting new orchards have fully considered the requirements for success and are availing themselves of every means within their reach to learn "the trade," as fruit growing is indeed a trade.

Those who are starting right and take the proper interest and adopt methods pursued by successful growers will undoubtedly succeed, while he who plants carelessly and slovenly and neglects judicious pruning from the start, or trusts everything to an indifferent hired man, will simply fail by the wayside, and will probably cry out to those who have distanced him in the race that luck is against him. His neighbor selected trees judiciously, placed his ground ten to twelve deep (or deeper) to receive them, thoroughly drained his land, cut his trees down to the proper height before the buds opened, planted carefully with careful hands at the proper time, kept his orchard well cultivated so as to keep down all weeds and secure abundant moisture watched for borers and other injurious insects, protected the buds of his trees against possible injury from freezing during the winter, and in a few years had a fine bearing orchard to pay him for his trouble. The careless man neglected these important details and attributed his failure to ill-luck. After all that has been said and read at our horticultural meetings pertaining to the proper manner of planting and subsequent treatment of orchards by practical growers, and despite the fact that much valuable information relatively thereto has been compiled, published and distributed throughout the state by the various horticultural societies it is not uncommon to see would-be fruit growers ignoring every known requirement for successful orcharding. Here is a man who has been reading real estate literature in Oregon and has concluded to abandon what farming and try orcharding. He starts in with about fifteen acres, buys the largest trees he can get, cares nothing for the roots but insists on extra large tops, sets his men to plowing up an old run-down wheat field, which has been plowed thirty times in as many years, and in all probability never more than six

inches deep, at which depth there has been formed a very firm hardpan which he does not think worth while to disturb. When he begins planting his aim is to get as many planted in a day as possible. Two men will probably plant two or three hundred per day, while one hundred properly planted is a good day's work for two men. He neglects cutting back till the following spring (if he has been wise enough to plant in the fall), and, tin chances to one, waits until the trees are in full leaf; neglects plowing until he gets ashamed of the weeds, and possibly he will harrow two or three times through the summer. The next fall his orchard looks sick, and he will probably caution all his neighbors against buying any trees of the nurseryman who supplied him; or, perhaps his trees become infested with orchard pests, and he attributes his failure to get a good orchard to these, forgetting that his slovenly treatment invited the pests. Here is another man who has planted his young orchard to grain, thinking to raise such crops while his trees grow and thus kill two birds with one stone, not realizing that one of them is the bird that lays the golden egg.

There are a few of this class of fruit growers in every community, who, if not successful themselves, serve to warn their neighbors that success does not attend those who follow their methods, and to this extent, at least, are a benefit to the community. But as before stated, the majority of the fruit growers in Oregon do not belong to this class. They have learned by observation and experience that adaptability to the calling and intelligently directed effort are the requisites for success. The best authorities are consulted and, when practicable, followed, realizing however, that methods best adapted to one section of the country are not necessarily the best for another. They are observing that fruit trees of all ages are dying, more or less, and are inquiring into the cause with a view to preventing further loss therefrom. Societies are being organized and these matters brought up and discussed by practical workers. They are realizing, in fact, that successful fruit growing requires intelligence of the higher order, and we predict that an era of horticultural progress is dawning that will bring a class of farmers of whom it cannot be said, "Their farms are a refuge for the incompetent."

—R. D. Allen, in Fruits and Flowers.

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

MRS. F. A. MORRIS, Editor.

Mother's meeting will be held next Saturday at Mr. Emery's. Subject to be discussed: "The Education of Environment," presented by Mrs. Della Cox. All ladies are earnestly invited to attend.

LUCY HAWORTH, Supt.

The W. C. T. U. met last Saturday at 3 o'clock p. m., with Mrs. Bowerman, vice-president in the chair. A scripture lesson was read followed by prayer by Mrs. Edwards. The secretary being absent, Mrs. Haworth was appointed secretary for the day. Mrs. Bowerman read an article on Sabbath observance followed by discussion. A committee was appointed to arrange for the Luther Benson lecture. Mrs. Moore, former secretary and treasurer having resigned and removed, Mrs. Newlin was appointed secretary for the remainder of the year, and a committee was appointed to secure a treasurer. There will be a parliamentary drill given at the next Union.

Property and the Traffic.

The run traffic wars upon all property: upon muscle, moral, and mind, thus smiting the elements of national greatness, wealth, and power. The strength of a nation is not in its precious metals. Though the seas were covered with gold, and its valleys and hills glistening with diamonds and precious stones, it would crumble away, but for the enduring muscle, the elevated morals, and the clear, educated mind of its people.

Capital alone cannot awaken the slumbering energies of a country and lead them to triumph. Applied to muscle ruled by honor, and guided by thought, they march through the world with undeviating success. Capital alone is not the lamp which can call startling creations out of chaos. The wanted might of gold when enthralled without its ministers, is a fiction. It must become a vessel, a cringing self, and touch the rough palm before it can feel its power. So applied and controlled by intelligence, it nerves the sinews in the frame and cheers the heart in the bravest chest, and from toil and skill, new creations of beauty and grandeur are wrought into enduring form and new tides of discovery and enterprise throb along the waiting arteries of civilization. The forest is cleared away and the wilderness made to blossom; the shaft is sunk; the fires are kindled in the furnace and on the forge, the hammer rings upon the anvil, the machinery leaps under the hot breath of the engine, the wheel laps the stream from the flame, the spindles hum, the saw and the trowel ring, commerce gives her canvas to the winds, the iron-hoof thunders across the States, the weaponry of peace glints in the harvest, and up and down the glad earth the God-ordained anthem of industry gathers its harmonies, and from centers of shop and field goes up to the Almighty Founder of the Nobility of Toil.

But, where the triumphs of this run traffic, its mines opened, its wilderness reclaimed, States created, or cities builded? Where its school-houses and churches, its railways, its canals, and its telegraph lines? Where one item contributed to the general weal? Where its revelations in science, art or invention? Where its blade of grass "made to grow where none grew before"? Shall we be justified to here and there a towering manufactory of ruin, or a palatial building built by its profits? The logic of cause and effect, with relentless finger joints from such a manufactory to a back ground of abuse-house, jail, and penitentiary; of scaffold and Potter's Field; of

blighted fields and equalled huts; from the princely mansion to the hills of domestic woe, where weeping Niobes vainly seek to shield their offspring from the deadly shafts. For every child educated and clothed from the profits of the business, we will point to thousands beggared and entering the battle of life with but a heritage of poverty and sorrow.

For every wife and mother clothed in affluence coined in the crucible of the still we will point to tens of thousands, who writhe in want and despair. For every man who accumulates wealth by the traffic, we will point to a vast army of whose substance it has wasted, whose bodies it has enervated, minds imbruted, morals debauched, pestilence in life, and dishonored in death. Its triumphs are achieved at the hearth and over defenseless women and children, portrayed in the cities of the dead, and chiseled in marble in the cities of the dead. If it builds towns and paves streets with gold, and every passing footfall bears upon some broken tie. If it builds apothecaries, the tears it has caused will fill them. If it plants groves, each morning shall find leaf and branch glistening with tears. If it erects statuary, the slow, unrelenting finger is the homing index of a people's disgrace. The frippery of this traffic cannot point to one person whose aim has been strengthened, mind educated, or heart ennobled.

All legitimate industrial interests move in harmony, aiding one another, and render an equivalent for value received. The run traffic is an Ishmaelite warring upon all. Let the hand of labor cease, and ere long the world's busy industries would die away; the plow would rest in the furrow, the fires go out on the forge, the hum of the spindle would cease, our warehouses crumble to ruin, and our ships rot on the wharves, universal ruin brood undisturbed. Close up your dram shops and put out your distillery fires, and would one worthy, honorable interest be destroyed? No—a thousand times no!—Thurlof W. Brown.

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