

OREGONIAN RAILWAY TIME TABLE. North. April 1, 1911. South. Lv. Newberg, 7:50 a. m. Lv. Portland, 9:30 a. m. Ar. Portland, 9:20 a. m. Ar. Newberg, 11:15 p. m. Lv. Newberg, 12:45 p. m. Lv. Portland, 4:30 p. m. Ar. Portland, 3:20 p. m. Ar. Newberg, 6:30 p. m. Passenger and Freight Rates to all points can be obtained from C. B. FRISSELL, Agent Newberg.

**NEWBERG GRAPHIC.**  
ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.  
EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS:  
E. H. WOODWARD & O. M. C. EMERY.  
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1911.  
Entered as second class matter at the post office at Newberg, Oregon.

**BEAUTIFUL WILLAMETTE.**  
From the Cascades' frozen gorges,  
Leaping like a child at play,  
Winding, widening through the valley,  
Bright Willamette glides away.  
Onward ever,  
Lovely river,  
Softly calling to the sea:  
Time that scars us,  
Maims and mars us,  
Leaves no track or trench on thee!  
Spring's green whither is weaving,  
Braid and border for thy side;  
Grace forever haunts thy journey,  
Beauty dingles on thy tide.  
Through the purple gates of morning,  
Now thy rosy tipples dance;  
Golden, then, when day departing,  
On thy waters trails his lance:  
Waiting, flashing,  
Tinkling, plashing,  
Limpid, voluble and free—  
Always hurried  
To be buried  
In the bitter, moon-mad sea.  
In thy crystal deeps, inverted,  
Swims a picture of the sky,  
Like those waving hopes of Auldene,  
Dimly in our dreams that lie;  
Clouded often, drowned in turmoil,  
Faint and lovely, far away—  
Breathing sunshine on the morrow,  
Breathing fragrance round today.  
Love would wander,  
Here and ponder—  
Hither poetry would dream:  
Life's old questions,  
Sad suggestions,  
"Whence and whither?" through thy stream  
On the roaring wastes of ocean,  
Soon thy scattered waves shall toss;  
Mid the surges rhythmic thunder,  
Shall thy silver tongues be lost.  
Oh! thy glimmering rush of gladness  
Mocks this turbid life of mine,  
Hedging to the wild forever,  
Down the sloping paths of time;  
Onward ever,  
Lovely river,  
Softly calling to the sea:  
Time that scars us,  
Maims and mars us,  
Leaves no track or trench on thee.  
—Written by SAM L. SIMPSON.

The first number of The Chehalis Valley Times, is on our table, which adds another to our exchange list. This is the ninth newspaper for Yamhill, with a few outside points to hear from.

MAUD S., for some years the wonder of the world as a fast trotter, is now laid on the shelf by the wonderful Sunol, which trotted a mile last Tuesday in 2:08 1/2, beating the record of Maud S. by half a second.

The Capital Journal says a great many deer are being killed in the Coast Range, along the line of the Oregon Pacific, and taken to the Portland market for sale. The passenger train brings out six to eight nearly every morning, and occasionally the carcass of a big black bear adorns the baggage car.

The Indianapolis Sentinel sums up the reports from the different counties in Indiana and places the wheat yield the past year in that state at 63,441,049 bushels. This is the heaviest wheat yield Indiana has had since 1879, when 51,000,000 bushels were produced. Gibson county heads the list with 2,000,000 bushels.

THAT WAS a most extraordinary good council elected in Portland last spring, just about election time at least. Now they have evinced a disposition to corner all the perquisites and things, and appropriate them to their own use, as councilmen will do, and they have suddenly become targets for sundry hints that promise to develop into a brand-new scandal by next election time.

LAST winter when John J. Ingalls was defeated for Senator from Kansas, the Oregonian, branded him as a blatant demagogue on whose word no dependence could be placed. Now Mr. Ingalls has made some statements regarding the liquor traffic in Kansas, which statements meet the approval of the whisky supporting editor of the Oregonian, and Mr. Ingalls is quoted as if it were a crime to doubt his assertions. "They are our friends who best serve our purpose," would be a good motto for the Oregonian.

HON. E. W. ALLEN has sold his seed store in Portland and has joined a syndicate that has bought a large tract of land in the Rogue river valley which they intend to set to fruit. J. A. Varney has resigned his position as state fruit inspector and has also taken an interest in the syndicate and will take charge of the orchard for the company. Mr. Varney is thoroughly conversant with the necessary details of the fruit business and will no doubt manage the undertaking to the entire satisfaction of the company.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE is married again, and the statement is made that she will give up her work here and live in Europe. The people of this country can well afford to let her go. Her sole aim these past few years has been to ape European customs and court the favor of foreigners before those of her countrymen. Having succeeded in marrying one of these same foreigners her aim appears to have been accomplished, and she retires from public life. There was only one redeeming feature about her, one really American characteristic, and that was the push and energy with which she took hold of and successfully managed a large and intricate business. It was the means to an end, and a woman-like she used it for all it was worth.

In the years gone by the Standard Oil company was satisfied with simply watering their stock, but that don't bring relief anymore, so they now water every gallon of oil put out, and this is the reason why countless millions mourn as they sit around lamps that give out a dim greasy light that reminds one of the days of tallow candles. Give us a rest.

The Olympian, in speaking of big timber, says that on the Satoop river, in Mason county, Washington, there is a quarter section of land that has recently been cruised by competent men who will testify shortly before the United States land office to the quantity of timber they found. One of these men will testify that the quarter section will cut 40,000,000 feet and the whole section at least 100,000,000. It is a solid mass of fir even in the thinnest spots. When a railroad is built to this land the quarter section alone will be worth \$40,000 to \$60,000.

It is a matter upon which the people are to be congratulated that the collin moth are far less numerous than last year. It is to be hoped that they are fast traveling toward the western sun.—Eugene Guard.

They may be traveling in that direction but their appetites are still good and they seem to be getting in their work. People had just as well make up their minds that the collin moth is here for business and that he is here to stay as long as he can hold his grip. Nothing but the closest vigilance will keep an orchard clear from his destructive work.

The North Yamhill Leader of last week says: About noon last Monday a tall man with dark complexion and black mustache called at Messer's stable and ordered a horse and cart to go to Warren Merchant's and said that he would return that evening. He was given a bay horse, with star in forehead and a black, sulky-built cart, and a saddle blanket was used instead of a cushion, and a heavy plaid lap-robe. The horse wore smooth plate shoes. Neither man nor horse has been heard from since and the fact that he did not call at Mr. Merchant's discloses the fact that he wished to get out of the country and took this means of doing so. He started from here in a southerly direction.

Agricultural fairs and cattle shows are always a benefit to the country. They aid in the introduction of improved methods of farming and stock breeding; they give opportunity for the display of new and serviceable implements of cultivation and promote the feeling of sociability among the multitudes who gather together. Can as much be said of the District Fairs as at present conducted.—Central Point Enterprise.

Well hardly, when we ponder over the fact that a premium of \$100 is given to the "fast horse" while the best cow is put off with \$2.50. Then the pool box is set out to the public gaze while a wheezy auctioneer invites the gambler to walk up and stake his pile on "One-Eye-See."

It is reported that funds sent from this country for the relief of Jews in Russia have been stolen by Russian officials, and have never reached their intended destination. This will probably have a tendency to prevent at least a few of these fellows from coming to America, and it would be a great deal better if the whole Jew importation business could be stopped. Three of them were arrested last week for making incendiary speeches in one of our eastern cities, calling upon the people to deny the existence of a God, and asserting that the President ought to be killed and the institutions of our government overthrown and disregarded. Sympathy for Jews in Russia is all right, but if these fellows are to be taken as a sample of the lot, let us, if we wish, still extend our sympathy, but refrain from assisting any more to inflict themselves upon this country.

Great excitement still exists among the students of Hanover college over the attempted hazing of Jesse Bowman, a freshman, and the faculty is investigating. Mr. Bowman belongs in Madison. He was suspicious of an attack and arranged himself with a stout cudgel, which he secreted under his clothing. Twenty and more students, all masked, assisted in the hazing, and after seizing Bowman a rope was thrown around his neck, and he was severely strangled. The "hazers" claim that the noose was intended to be thrown about his waist, but in the excitement, it slipped about his neck, and he was dangerously choked before his condition was discovered. The timely appearance of Rev. Mr. Chamberlain prevented a possibly fatal ending of a cruel joke. Mr. Bowman is a plucky young fellow, who is making no complaint, and who is proposing to punish his assailants in his own way.—Indianapolis News.

Any college that will retain students who are guilty of such conduct as the above is unworthy the name. Hazing, which is only another name for semibarbarism might have been broken up long ago if the members of the faculty of the leading colleges had acted with good common sense in the matter and sent every guilty student to his home.

There is being a good deal of cheap sympathy expended over the inmates of the state penitentiary. One man who has just been released, says he cut his hand off to keep from working. For this he was compelled to put in his time dragging a heavy iron around the prison yard, and some of the papers of the state are making a great fuss about it. The rules of the penitentiary are no doubt strict and severe, but when one stops to consider the matter, he can but see that it is necessary to be strict with the class of men who fill such places. And again, most of the men who are there have voluntarily chosen and followed the course that has landed them within its walls, and are deserving of little pity if they are compelled to depart from their habitual

methods of obtaining a living, and work some to pay for their keep. But bad as it is pictured, there are men who have never seen the inside of a penitentiary, who we believe, would voluntarily cut off a hand rather than work, if there seemed to be any hope of getting an easy living by so doing. There is scarcely a town in the country but has one or more of this class. They disregard all custom, have no sense of shame, and boldly announce that the world owes them a living, proceed to collect their pay as best they can. Neither in the pen nor out, this class of human parasites deserve any sympathy, and those who make such a display of sympathy over this lazy Portland thief, do the public a great injustice in helping to create a sentiment against the management of a state institution in its attempts to make that institution as far as may be, self-supporting. God said, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and when any man gets too indolent to contribute to his own support, by rendering an equivalent for what he consumes, the authority of the state should be invoked to make him do it; most truly so when he has violated the laws and become a public charge.

**PIONEER DAYS.**  
On the 13th day of October, 1832, I was the guest of Robert Shortess, who came to Oregon in 1829. He lived near the old Methodist mission farm on the east side of the Willamette river, ten miles below Salem and opposite Wheatland, Yamhill county. I had then been in the valley about a week, and being anxious to see as much as possible of the country, accepted the invitation of Messrs. Shortess and Babcock to ride with them over to the Chehalis valley. Those were the days of good saddle horses and hard riders, and as I had been daily in the saddle for six months crossing the Rocky mountains, I was delighted to accept the elegant mount Mr. Shortess furnished me. After breakfast we rode to the Willamette river where the Wheatland ferry is now kept, and after calling some time Mr. O'Neil, who then owned the Wheatland farm, came over the river in his large canoe, into which we put our saddles and ourselves and holding the horses by long ropes they swam alongside the canoe. On reaching the west bank we saddled up and were off again. On rising from the river bottom we found an open country interspersed with clumps of large fir and oak trees. Between George Gay's house, which is now the line between Polk and Yamhill counties, and the Yamhill river there was no obstruction for timber. All that country north and south of Pleasantdale was practically open prairie. Wagons could have been driven anywhere if there had been any, but there were neither wagons nor wagon roads then in Oregon. There was no habitation between Gay's place and Babcock's on the Yamhill river, nor was there a trace of civilization south of Gay's in Oregon. Down this lovely stretch of country we rode at a full gallop to Babcock's, thence by a well-beaten trail through the river bottom to the mouth of the Yamhill, finding it just where it enters the Willamette, thence up the Yamhill river through the bottom, which ten years later I acquired and have owned and cultivated for thirty-nine years, to Jo McLaughlin's house, who owned this place at that time. Here we halted a few minutes to give and receive information of neighborhood affairs, for in those days there were neither newspapers nor mails. We then took a straight line across the hills to the Chehalis valley. I cannot now tell just where the trail was but I know we encountered no obstacles. There was neither timber nor fence to prevent us from traveling in any direction. In Chehalis we found Sidney Smith, who was in charge of the property of Ewing Young, who died there the previous February, leaving large herds of horses and cattle which he had driven from California, first in 1834 and again in 1837. Smith was living alone in a log cabin, under the front porch of which hung part of a beef recently killed. In those days beef would keep a week or more hanging in the open air. No flies ever disturbed it, but it was necessary to hang it high enough to keep it out of reach of the coyotes at night. Here we threw the saddles from our horses and picked them out to eat grass near the house, while we rented and talked and Mr. Smith prepared an excellent dinner of bread, beef, vegetables and tea. Doctor Ira L. Babcock was a member of the Methodist Mission of the class that arrived in 1840, a bright, active man. On the death of Ewing Young, there being no laws or officers in Oregon, he was selected by the citizens to act as judge of probate. Smith came to Oregon with Shortess in 1839 and was in the employ of Young when he died, and still had charge of Young's property, and it was business connected with the estate that was the occasion of Babcock's visit. After spending some hours at Smith's we again saddled our horses and returned by the same route and were again crossed over the Willamette by Mr. O'Neil and his canoe. There was not at that time to exceed a dozen men residing within the present limits of Yamhill county, and the only one of them now living is Amos Cook. The following year, 1843, I purchased an interest in the farm and stock of O'Neil and in August 1 moved onto the Wheatland farm. There my first child was born in January, 1844, he being the first boy born of white parents in the valley on the west side of the Willamette river. There in the summer of 1844 I harvested my first crop of wheat, nine hundred bushels, which was cut and bound by hand, hauled to a rail pen on an ox sled and tramped out by horses. —Melrose Crawford, in Reporter.

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