

NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

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ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

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It is becoming evident that there is sufficient ground for belief that Kentucky is hopelessly degenerating. Thirty Kentuckians engaged in a general fight last Sunday and though about one hundred shots were exchanged, no one was seriously hurt.

Senator Tillman of South Carolina has declared publicly that "All men are not created equal." What? A representative, Solid South democrat repudiating the Declaration of Independence? Democracy should either institute a heresy trial and move out of her glass house or else forbear casting any more stones at the republicans.

It is a very common thing to come across literary contributions in popular magazines upon the subject, "The bravest man I ever knew." It's high time Oregon is presenting her claim as the possessor of this individual and as a candidate for honors what's the matter with that Portland man who has had the hardihood to throw in the faces of a wilted and melted public the declaration that the sun is not hot?

The Rural Northwest says it will do fruit growers good to get together at the coming summer meeting of the State Horticultural Society at Newberg, listen to the papers and addresses and take part in the discussions; that there are enough fruit growers living within driving distance of Newberg to make the coming meeting the largest one in the history of the society, and there can be no sufficient reason why at least three-fourths of them should not be there. Our fruit growers hereabouts will notice that, having a fair reputation for being an intelligent and energetic class of people, much will be expected of them to-day and to-morrow. At any rate, the least that can be expected is a very general attendance.

The following from the Polk County Observer has the proper ring: The big farms in the Willamette valley are rapidly being divided and sold off in small tracts, as immigration from the Eastern states increases. The result is that the land is being more carefully cultivated and is yielding a greater quantity and variety of products each year. The loose and careless method of farming that prevailed for years in the valley is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Large tracts of land that formerly afforded a living to but one family are now yielding an equally good living to a half dozen families, and the era of diversified and intensified farming is only in its beginning. The Willamette valley is without doubt the most favored spot on the face of the earth. It has the soil, the climate, in fact every advantage that nature can bestow to make it a food-producing country, and the day is not far distant when it will be the home of a million people and the garden spot of the world.

"Farmer" C. L. Smith of Minnesota, who toured Eastern Washington and Oregon in the interests of "diversified farming" and who spoke at Newberg is evidently giving us a "god send off" since his return home. In an interview he says: "Most of the people who have never visited the Pacific Coast have erroneous ideas regarding that country. They have all heard about the great amount of rainfall along the coast and the big timber, but very few have heard or know anything about the vast 'Inland Empire' east of the Cascades, with its magnificent rolling prairies and fertile valleys—a great basin surrounded by mountains, where there is very little rainfall, no hard winters, no thunder storms, no cyclones and no mosquitoes; never very cold in winter and never exceedingly hot in summer, the nights even in midsummer being cool. For a man with a family and small capital, who wants a home where the climate is mild and conditions of living easy, I have never seen any place equal to the 'Inland Empire.'"

To some courageous soul endowed with the inspiration for reform, the Graphic would like to suggest a new line of practical endeavor right here at home. A stroll around the streets of Newberg, or any other town for that matter, brings to the eye of the pedestrian such glaring exhibitions as "smoke Seal of North Carolina," or "chew Battle Ax, a great big piece for ten cents" or "drink Hira's root beer on a hot day," or if it strangely happens to be none of the above he is vividly reminded of a hundred other brands, more or less, equally worthy of such public notice. Then too there is the rather frequent encouraging admonition that "Wizard oil cures colds," that "B. C. cures coughs and colds," or there may be a graphic pictorial object lesson of Kendall's Spavin Cure, and more than once there will doubtless fill his vision a potent reminder of the big circus which passed through the country a year or so ago. Now if such a state of affairs as this doesn't shock the people's aesthetic sense, sufficiently for a general cry against such a public eye sore, somebody certainly has a mission to fulfill in creating such a public sense that will be shocked. The ubiquitous bill poster is steadily extending his field of operation, and unless a halt is called, there will soon be read from our church steeples the saving efficacy of—Hood's Sarsaparilla, or Cod Liver Oil. Can

there not be some agitation started to stay the nuisance?

WANTED—A STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

In the last issue of the Oregon Agriculturist the editor makes a strong plea for a genuine state agricultural college, criticizing the policy of the regents of Oregon's institution, so named, in making it a polytechnic or industrial instead of an agricultural school. It cites the fact that instead of devoting the most of its attention to agricultural training the science of farming is but one of several lines of training, and a rather insignificant one too. In substantiation of this, figures are given which show that only about one sixth of the whole number of students enrolled this past year were in the agricultural course. It is further maintained that a sentiment permeates the school which tends to ostracize or at least look with condescension upon the student who is studying to make of himself a thorough and successful farmer, and that it is considered in better taste to be enrolled in the mechanical, electrical, pharmaceutical or some other department which boasts of a high-sounding name. Now no one questions that it is laudable to foster skill in handling machinery, in running a dynamo or in mixing drugs, but to an unprejudiced public it certainly seems that it is not for this that the state funds for the Corvallis institution are appropriated. It is generally understood that the work of the Oregon Agricultural College justifies its name, and that the funds used for its support, are applied solely for the furtherance of the best interests of agricultural pursuits. This being not the case, the tax payers of Oregon are being deceived, and somebody is responsible for the systematic policy of deception. The importance of new and improved methods of farming is great enough to our state, especially at the present time, that every dollar given to the Corvallis school, should go to assist the young Oregonian farmers in learning how best to husband our agricultural resources. What Oregon needs and what Oregon is supposed to have, is a distinctive college of agriculture, where more pride will be taken in showing visitors the progress young men are making in learning how to manage a dairy, tend an orchard, or raise a crop of grain, than in strutting around in uniform with guns over their shoulders, and in a squad of them pulling the trigger at the same time. These things may be well enough under some circumstances, but the farmer helps support the agricultural institution with an entirely different idea in mind, and it would seem that his confidence is being betrayed. It may be objected that a strictly agricultural school would not attract so large a body of students. What of it? It does not follow that the good resulting to the state would not be greater than under existing conditions. If it is number of students that is desired, the introduction of kindergarten and primary departments would doubtless bring results satisfactory—to the management. But it is not a large miscellaneous enrollment that is needed. On the other hand it is a farmer's college for farmer's sons that is needed just now—an Oregon Agricultural College that stands for all its name signifies.

held by a great majority of people. It is where the civilization of the white man justifies elbows with savagery of the Indian and makes them brothers in superstition. One cannot outgrow the tricks of childhood. After all culture is only skin deep.—Anaconda Standard.

THE DOCTRINE OF LUCK.

The woman who shudders when salt is spilled on the table and the Blackfoot hunter who sees success or failure in the flight of birds are alike worshippers at the altar of luck. A thousand and one superstitions run like a warp through the web of civilization. The broadest culture surrenders to a four leaf clover, and even the hardest headed skeptic feels better when he catches his first glimpse of the new moon over his left shoulder. The hustling, practical business man, "with no silly kinks in his gray matter, thank God," always finds time to pick up a horseshoe, and the Boniface who puts the unlucky number thirteen on one of his chambers never is without an empty room. For many years, even in the busiest season, there were plenty of empty berths and missing sailors in the crew of vessels that left port on Friday. Who can not pick out a dozen bright, charming women who would rather not receive as a gift from a friend anything sharp or cutting? And where is the man who bets that does not feel surer of winning after putting his hand on a hunchback's deformity? He may laugh at it, but he never neglects the chance. It is an intellectual straddle. Thousands of thrifty farmers still refuse to kill pork in the old of the moon: it shrinks in the pot. And the list may be indefinitely extended even by the most careless observer. They are the links which bind the highest types of civilization with childhood fancies of the race. Neither ridicule nor reason has any appreciable effect on the current superstitions. They have their roots deep in a race instinct born before the dawn of reason. They persist with the same tenacity that the prayers learned at a mother's knee outlast all the stern lessons of maturer years: just as the father's tales of fairies, goblins and giants make themselves imperishable. Luck is one of the old deities the world has not yet discarded. His altar was raised and his temple dedicated when human intelligence was groping its way blindly towards reason. It was the guessing stage. The lucky ones guessed right; the others disappeared. Even in these days of rigorous cause and effect, the belief in the "lucky" man is well nigh universal. He guesses right on the winning horse; on the turn of a card; on the fluctuation of a stock; on the outcome of a business venture; or the floating of an industrial enterprise. Everything comes his way. An Indian would say that he had "good medicine"; the fortunate man himself calls it "pure luck." And it is a thankless task to prove that the "lucky" man's guesses are simply keen judgments based upon cause and effect. The aphorism, "I would rather be lucky than wise," is

held by a great majority of people. It is where the civilization of the white man justifies elbows with savagery of the Indian and makes them brothers in superstition. One cannot outgrow the tricks of childhood. After all culture is only skin deep.—Anaconda Standard.

The Title of "Professor" Sadly Perverted

A contributor to the Roseburg Review expresses indignation and disgust at the way in which certain titles of honor and merit are becoming perverted. The writer gives especial attention to the misuse of the title "professor," deploring the fact that while it is applicable only to those possessed of a great degree of skill in some certain branch of learning, particularly to learned university and college professors, there is a growing tendency to mis-apply the term to the ordinary male school teacher, quack showman, ignorant traveling lecturer, and even to boys not yet out of their teens, who by commendable enterprise, have procured licenses to teach. The writer continues: I do not undertake to say that these young school boys are deserving of blame, neither do I make the assumption that they are particularly injured thereby, any further than, perhaps, that they might be, and, no doubt, sometimes are led "to think of themselves more highly than they ought to think"; but I do undertake to state that there is something sadly wanting in our endeavors to be courteous when we address the country school boy teacher, and many in our towns and cities as well, by the same title applied to the foremost university and college instructors, men who have grown gray in their continuous eager and earnest research for knowledge, even before the advent into the world of many of our present public school professors. It is not intended to hold up to public view, as persons deserving of this honorable and dignified title, every one who may have been, or may be so fortunate as to squeeze into the faculty of state and other educational enterprises, but rather those profoundly learned individuals who are possessed of absolutely professional knowledge, and who dispense the same in a professional manner. It may be reasonably argued that if our young teacher boys—and I would like to be able to take each one by the hand and wish him every measure of deserved success—must be addressed as "Professor," we should, in addressing one of somewhat higher rank, employ an X after the title; XX after that of one of still higher rank, and so on up to the genuine, whose title would necessarily be followed by quite a well developed string of X's. Then, again, what about the equally deserving school man who must be called plain Miss So and So? If young Smith is Professor Smith should we not say that Miss (teacher) Smith is Professress Smith? But this practice would entail endless difficulty and is not to be countenanced. The plain truth of the matter might be found bordering upon the following statement, viz.: That young man who permits himself to be habitually addressed by this oft misapplied appellation and has learned, often imperfectly, only the rudiments of an education, submits because of a lack of a fair understanding of the nature of the case, or, if he does understand, through a desire to possess the title because of the sweet sound which it makes upon his ear.

If you have a baby in the house you will wish to know the best way to check any unusual looseness of the bowels, or diarrhoea so common to small children. O. P. M. Holliday, of Deming, Ind., who has an eleven months' old child, says: "Through the months of June and July our baby was teething and took a running off of the bowels and sickness of the stomach. His bowels would move from five to eight times a day. I had a bottle of Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhoea remedy in the house and gave him four drops in a teaspoonful of water and he got better at once." For sale by C. F. Moore, druggist.

"Willie, whom did George Washington marry?"
"The Widow Custis, ma'am."
"Had he any children?"
"Yes'm—the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution."—Ex.

To Save Her Child.
From frightful disfigurement Mrs. Nannie Gallager, of LaGrange, Ga., applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve to great sores on her head and face and writes its quick cure exceeded all her hopes. It works wonders in sores, bruises, skin eruptions. Cuts, burns, scalds and piles. 25c. Cure guaranteed by C. F. Moore, druggist.

"Save the Child!"

That is the heartfelt cry of many a mother who sees her beloved child wasting and fading day by day. Sometimes it's too late for medical aid to help the child. It is so weak, so lacking in stamina that there is no vantage ground of help.



One of the results of the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription preceding maternity is a strong, healthy child. Thousands of mothers testify to this. Frequently mothers write, "I was never able to raise a child before using Favorite Prescription," or "All my other children are sickly except this one, and I took your 'Favorite Prescription' this time."

All the child's strength comes from the mother. "Favorite Prescription" gives the mother strength to give her child. There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription"; it contains neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. It is a purely vegetable and perfectly harmless medicine in any condition of the female system. Accept no substitute for "Favorite Prescription." There is nothing "just as good" for woman's ills. Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. Correspondence confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Editor S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., was once intensely surprised. "Through long suffering from dyspepsia," he writes, "my wife was greatly run down. She had no strength or vigor and suffered great distress from her stomach, but she tried Electric Bitters which helped her at once, and after using four bottles, she is entirely well, can eat anything. It's a grand tonic, and its gentle laxative qualities are splendid for torpid liver." For indigestion, loss of appetite, stomach and liver troubles it's a positive guaranteed cure. Only 50c at C. F. Moore's.

Real Estate Transfers.
Reported by the Yamhill Co. Abstract Co. Me Minnville, Oregon, for the week ending Aug. 5, 1901. James M. Pugh, Manager.
Eleanor Davis & husband to Mary J. Wise 10 a in Jas Bradley dc 13r2 \$ 250 00
Isidore Erle (by will) to Mary M. Erle 10 a in Moores Valley Will
Joel Palmer estate to J. W. Martin & P. W. Palmer 157 293 Dayton 50
Mary Malone et al to Jacob Grauer 4 lts in Falconers 2d add to Sheridan 145 00
Mary L. Hess to Julia A. Bryan 2 a in Joe Hess dc 13r3 1 00
W. S. Thompson & wf to Lee & H. Tallman 10 in N. Yamhill 1600 00
P. Q. Davis to L. T. Davis 95 a in sec 13 12r4 450 00
John W. Fishburn & wf to Bertie Robinson 15 Fletchers add to Dayton 400 00

It Saved His Baby.
"My baby was terribly sick with the diarrhoea, we were unable to cure him with the doctor's assistance and as a last resort we tried Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhoea remedy," says Mr. J. H. Doak, of Williams, Ore. "I am happy to say it gave immediate relief and a complete cure." For sale by C. F. Moore, druggist.

What to Talk About.
"I regret to inform you," said the man who was called on for a speech, that I have neglected to make any preparation for this occasion. If any one in the audience will suggest a subject upon which a man is privileged to talk when he doesn't know anything about it I will be glad to make a few remarks."

Of course he thought he had excused himself very cleverly, but something over half the audience responded almost as one person.
"Talk about the army canteen," they said.—Chicago Post.

What a Tale It Tells.
If that Mirror of yours shows a wretched, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, it's liver trouble; but Dr. King's new life pills regulate the liver, purify the blood, give clear skin, rosy cheeks, rich complexion. Only 25c at C. F. Moore's druggist.

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A full Line of Sundries. Repairing quickly and neatly done.

For Malaria, Chills and Fever
THE BEST PRESCRIPTION IS Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic.

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The formula is plainly printed on every bottle—hence you know just what you are taking when you take Grove's. Imitators do not advertise their formula knowing that you would not buy their medicine if you knew what it contained. Grove's contains Iron and Quinine put up in correct proportions and is in a Tasteless form. The Iron acts as a tonic while the Quinine drives the malaria out of the system. Any reliable druggist will tell you that Grove's is the Original and that all other so-called Tasteless Chill Tonics are imitations. An analysis of other chill tonics shows that Grove's is superior to all others in every respect. You are not experimenting when you take Grove's—its superiority and excellence having long been established. Grove's is the only Chill Cure sold throughout the entire malarial sections of the United States. No Cure, No Pay. Price, 50c.

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