

NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1903.

The number of public sales which have been coming off in this vicinity for several weeks, reminds one of the fall sale season "back in the States."

The man who for any cause is traveling on the public highway these days before daylight is promptly heralded over the neighborhood as a fleeing bank robber.

The festive safe crackers pay Old Yamhill no doubtful compliment. They know her people are prosperous and that they have treasures laid up where thieves break through and steal.

"The last rose of summer" is a poetic myth in Oregon, where the luxuriant beauties bloom out of doors the year round. Oregon is a rose state and the rose should be adopted as the state flower.

"The tremendous guzzling must be stopped somehow," recently exclaimed the Emperor of Germany on hearing the report of a commission which he had appointed to look into the drinking habits of his subjects. When the Germans strike out on temperance lines, King Alcohol may well tremble.

Saturday night marks Halloween. If the spirit which leads the mischief makers to carry away gates, tear down signs, blockade the streets, and do a hundred other useless and troublesome things, could transfer their energy into as much work in tearing down dilapidated shacks and fences, and carrying away rubbish and clutter, the reputation of Halloween would rapidly be redeemed.

The Graphic is in receipt of a lengthy circular, setting forth in glowing colors the improvements President Harriman has made in the Southern and Union Pacific railroads within the last three years by the expenditure of nearly ninety million dollars. This is all very well but we would be a little more enthusiastic if a fraction of that princely sum had filtered out this way in some needed improvements along the Yamhill division. A new depot—

With an autumn such as Oregon has been enjoying there is little question as to the best season of the year. The clear, bracing atmosphere, the rich autumnal tints, the crackling rustle of the fallen leaves, the gleam of the big red Oregon apple, the indescribable autumn thrill—all are eloquent harbingers of the time "when the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock." Yes, "autumn, laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad that he had banished hunger," is the crowning season of the year. It makes us glad to be alive—and alive in Oregon.

The citizens of Newberg, to learn all there is to know about the bank robbery of last week, should read the newspaper accounts of the same from over the state. According to some, the

burglars bombarded the safe for hours, though they neglect to say whether the bandits took refreshments between times. Some have it that the whole town rushed to the scene of disturbance and were held at bay by the guards while the work went merrily on—somewhat in the nature of a general spectacular show. The amount of money in the safe is sometimes given, multiplied at least three-fold. In some cases the bank building was left a dilapidated looking wreck. All of which goes to show that news grows as fast as it flies.

Mrs. Dye, author of "The Conquest," in an address at Oregon City the other evening, spoke these glowing words for the future of Oregon: "I look for the approaching Lewis and Clark Exposition to be the greatest object lesson ever brought to Oregon. From the day the gates open Oregon will be changed, new ideals will leaven the people, shiftless farmhouses will begin to disappear, either improved by their occupants or sold to newcomers who will improve them, for the future lies on this Pacific coast. It is a good thing to be here now, for the balance of the world is shifting from Atlantic to Pacific shores. Some here can recall the time when Oregon was a wilderness. Some here will see it the center of art and manufactures and commerce such as the world has never seen."

"I Am the State."

When Louis the XIV of France, said: "I am the state," he was considered rather egotistical. But he then voiced a truth applicable to every citizen of a republic like ours.

There is not enough of this feeling among our citizens. For lack of this feeling men shirk their duties to the commonwealth that gives them safety, and makes possible that unity of commercial activity that brings prosperity.

"I am the state," means that the individual man is the unit upon which the fabric of the state is founded. To feel such a responsibility is to be a good citizen. To be such a unit of a democratic government means to have a voice in every public question, and to vote one's honestly matured convictions on every occasion on which public action is taken.

For every man to realize that he is one upon whom the success of popular government depends, is the only way in which popular government can be the success that it ought to be.

"I am the state." It is my business. I am responsible for its present and future success. I am to blame for every blot upon its fair name. My negligence is the cause of every defect in its administration. "I am the state."

Fellow citizens! our form of government cannot be a success without the sober attention of each and every one who seeks to enjoy its blessings. Some things cannot be safely delegated to others. Public policy does not shape itself. If you do not assist, who does it for you?—Seattle Mail and Herald.

C. B. Wilson invites the ladies of Newberg to call at Mount's hardware store and examine a fine line of Indian baskets, which are offered for sale.

It's queer, isn't it, but Horton & Horton make hats that fit pocket books.

The Revised Commandments.

A new version of the Ten Commandments has been discovered, which higher critics declare to bear the unmistakable evidence of authenticity. It also bears on its face the marks of inspiration, and is worthy the thoughtful consideration of all. The new commandments read like this:

I
Thou shalt not go away from home to do thy trading, nor thy son, nor thy daughter.

II
Thou shalt do whatever lieth in thy power to encourage and promote the welfare of thine own city and thine own people.

III
Thou shalt spend thine earnings at home, that they may return from whence they came and give nourishment to such as come after thee.

IV
Thou shalt patronize thy home merchant and thy home printer, for yea, verily doth not thy home printer spread over the land tidings of thy goodness and greatness that the people shall patronize thee?

V
Thou shalt not ask a printer to take less than his price. Remember by asking to retreat from his price thou in effect that he is a robber. If he hath not dignity thou wilt get done by him somehow.

VI
Thou shalt not ask for credit, as goods cost much money, and the merchant's brain is burdened with bills. His children clamor daily for bread, and his wife abideth at home for lack of such raiment as adorneth her sister. Blessed, yea, thrice blessed, is the man that pays cash.

VII
Thou shalt not suffer the voice of pride to overcome thee and if other towns entice thee consent thou not, for thou mayest be deceived. Remember the fate of the calf that left its mother and followed a steer away from home and lost its supper.

VIII
Thou shalt not ask for reduced prices for thine "influence" for guile is in thine heart and the merchant readeth it like an open book. He laugheth thee to scorn and shouseth to his clerks "hal ha!"

IX
Thou shalt not ask thy printer to take two dollars for a three dollar job because some other printer will do it for less money. The other printer may steal his stock and underpay his help. If thou trade with such as he thou art an accessory to his crime.

X
Thou shalt not bear false witness against the city wherein thou dwellest, but speak well of it to all men, that thy home city and its people may be proud of thee.

A Love Letter

Would not interest you if you're looking for a guaranteed salve for sores, burns or piles. Otto Dodd, of Ponder, Mo., writes: "I suffered with an ugly sore for a year, but a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me." It's the best salve on earth. 25c at Caldwell's drug store.

Marriage Licenses.

Lillie McGill, 24, to Scott Obye, 40.
Pearl E. Lipp, 16, to Samuel Schooley, 22.
May Lown, 25, to Geo. A. Williams, 28.
Effie E. Gabriel, 20, to Emmitt R. Maxfield, 22.
Elda Lauritsen, 27, to C. A. Bristow, 41.
Kate E. Kingsley, 56, to R. V. Perkins, 53.
Mrs. Martha Ensign, 56, to D. B. Smith, 60.

A Perfectly Painless Pill

is the one that will cleanse the system, set the liver to action, remove the bile, clear the complexion, cure headache and leave a good taste in the mouth. The famous little pills for doing such work pleasantly and effectually are DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Bob Moore of La Fayette, Ind., says: "All other pills I have used gripe and sicken, while DeWitt's Little Early Risers are simply perfect." Sold by Caldwell & Co.

"There is an old negro living in Carrollton," relates the Bosworth Star-Sentinel, "who was taken all several days ago and called in a physician of his race to prescribe for him. But the old man did not seem to be getting any better, and finally a white physician was called. Soon after arriving, Dr. S—felt the darky's pulse for a moment and then examined his tongue. "Did your other doctor take your temperature?" he asked. "I don't know, sah," he answered feebly. "I haven't missed anything but my watch as yet, boss."

THE GOOD BOOK

Has something to say about putting new cloth into old garments. We have something to say about putting

: NEW FURNITURE :

into any kind of a house, new or old. It is not the outside adornment so much as the interior of a home that counts. We carry a complete line of house furnishings and are eager to help you get the interior fixed up just right. That's our business.

Hollingsworth & Cooper.

A GUARANTEE.

Whenever you find on a vehicle or farming implement the name

STUDEBAKER

You have a guarantee of good material and fine workmanship.

A. L. STEVENS

Is the Newberg agent for this famous make of goods. Examine his stock of vehicles, binders, mowers, etc. Whips, robes and blankets kept in stock. THE STUDEBAKER LEADS THE PROCESSION



THE GREAT DIVIDE

Has been awarded the Sweepstakes Premium over all potatoes at the Oregon State Fair, also at the North Yakima Fair in the state of Washington. Now is the time to buy your Seed Potatoes at \$1.00 per sack.

FRANK WOOD. FIRST HOUSE WEST OF J. C. MCCREA'S.

Confessions of a Priest.

Rev. Jno. S. Cox, of Wake, Ark., writes, "For 12 years I suffered from yellow jaundice. I consulted a number of physicians and tried all sorts of medicines, but got no relief. Then I began the use

of Electric Bitters and feel that I am now cured of a disease that had me in its grasp for twelve years." If you want a reliable medicine for liver and kidney trouble, stomach disorder or general debility, get Electric Bitters. It's guaranteed by F. H. Caldwell & Co. Only 50c.