

# NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

VOL. XVI.

NEWBERG, YAMHILL COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1904.

NO. 20.

## FOR LOCAL OPTION.

### Citizens of Newberg in Mass Meeting Declare for Proposed Measure.

Tremble King Alcohol! The people are waking up to fight for the right of self-government locally, as their Revolutionary fathers fought for it nationally. A mass meeting of the citizens of Newberg was held in Craters hall Tuesday evening, the object of which was to awaken interest in the proposed local option bill which is to be voted upon at the state election in June. Jesse Edwards acted as chairman of the meeting and W. C. Woodward as secretary.

After a much appreciated instrumental duet by the Misses Leora Buchanan and Elsie Mackie, a committee of five, consisting of Prof. F. K. Jones, S. M. Calkins, F. H. Buchanan, Mrs. Nathan White and Mrs. David Martin, was appointed to nominate permanent officers and standing committees. While the committee was deliberating, short addresses were listened to attentively.

Rev. F. C. Stanard was the first on the floor and gave a careful and lucid exposition of the proposed measure. In brief the local option liquor law provides for elections in any county or in any precinct or subdivision of a county, to determine whether the sale of intoxicating liquors shall be prohibited in such county or subdivision. Under its provision any county, precincts or number of precincts to gether, may demand an election on the question. Should prohibition not carry in the county, but should carry in one or more precincts, it shall be operative in those precincts declaring for it. The law also provides that no druggist shall fill a prescription calling for liquor but once. Rev. Stanard declared that every man in favor of good citizenship and self-government will vote for the bill. Newberg enjoys the boon of local option and its citizens should be eager to extend to others the same privilege. He explained that it was the purpose of the meeting to organize in order to push agitation in this section as opposition to the bill is developing.

J. L. Whirry of McMinnville, Baptist colporteur, was present and made a short, forcible address. He was pleased to see the good people organizing for the fight as strenuous opposition is showing itself over the country. As an example, he stated that within twelve hours after copies of the bill arrived at the courthouse for distribution, not one could be found, indicating that opponents of the bill had spirited them away. Mr. Whirry declared the proposed measure to be the best move possible at the present time, and encouraged all to zealous effort in its behalf as very many are totally ignorant of its import. There should be a committee in every precinct to see that every voter should understand the situation.

An appropriate solo was sung by Rev. Stanard, after which Jesse Edwards spoke briefly. He traced the strong temperance sentiment in Newberg to the temperance meetings which years ago were held once a month and which were attended by all classes. Such general meetings are no longer held, and public sentiment is becoming more lukewarm on the subject. He thought the time had come when more united effort was demanded.

The committee on organization reported the following nominations, which were ratified by the meeting:

Fred. H. Buchanan, president, Walter C. Woodward, secretary and treasurer.

Committee on public meetings—R. W. Kirk, Nelson Sykes, Rev. Stanard, R. Pettjohn, Mrs. Jesse Edwards, Mrs. H. Gould,

Mrs. T. Brouillette. Committee on Registration—F. J. Deach, A. C. Seely, G. C. Carl, F. A. Morris, R. W. Jones, C. H. Eggers. Executive Committee—F. H. Buchanan, R. W. Kirk, F. J. Deach, W. C. Woodward.

### "When the Birds Fly North Again."

Having done Southern California pretty thoroughly—having visited its beautiful cities, seen its famous orchards, taken in a few pleasure resorts and popular excursions, mingled with its delightful people, basked in its bright sunshine, endured its penetrating dust, yes and even plowed through a little of its outrageous mud, and having remained until hill and vale were carpeted with a sheen of verdure, and, to be brief what's more to the point, having exhausted his available resources, the writer began to look unto the north from whence cameth his funds.

Mrs. Ella Higginson, the genius literate of Puget Sound, writes of the time "when the birds fly north again," and it won't be long, in this day of irreverence, until some one with a faculty for imitation will write a parody on her little masterpiece, inserting the word tourists for birds. There is ample room, for the migratory habits and instincts of both these animal species are very similar. The birds know when it is seasonable to make their northern flight and the seasoned tourist knows when "sprig has cub" back home, and hies himself away. Not having had previous experience however, this water fowl found on starting northward that his instinct was a little early, the backbone of Oregon winter not having been thoroughly broken.

After a four or five hours ride up from Los Angeles I stopped off at Santa Barbara, or "Beautiful Santa Barbara-by-the sea," as it is known in all advertising literature. And it is a beautiful place, though the terrific wind and rain storm which raged the few hours while I was there—a little celebration arranged by Jupiter Pluvius and his allies in honor of an Oregonian's departure—did not particularly enhance its charms in the eyes of a stranger. Southern California towns are not prepared for water and when they are surprised by an answer to their prayers, their streets are turned into little rivers.

The principal object of interest here to me was the Santa Barbara Mission, the best preserved and one of the most substantial ones in the state, which I braved the elements to see. No one else was about as I entered the massive building and made my way through the old chapel, decorated with the ancient mural paintings common to all these missions, and the silence and isolation rather tended to bring one in closer touch with the traditions of the historic place.

Californians interested in preserving the historical associations of the state are behind a movement, the object of which is to reestablish the old California mission road or "Camino Real" as it is called, which was that used in early days by the Franciscan Fathers as they journeyed from mission to mission. The fulfillment of this plan will give the state the most unique and interesting highway in the country—a road leading from the central part of the state southward past all the many famous California missions, clear down to the San Diego ruins, where the road properly started, the Fathers working northward from there. A pleasanter and more profitable tour than this Camino Real or King's Highway will make possible, can scarcely be imagined.

Two more days were spent in San Francisco, which made possible a forty or fifty mile ride on the bay, as far as the govern-

ment navy yards at Mare Island opposite Vallejo, which ride takes one past Alcatraz Island, the government military prison, past Goat Island upon which is a naval training school, and in sight of the state prison of San Quentin.

A day or two were spent very pleasantly across the bay at Berkeley, visiting the family of Prof. J. J. Jessup and seeing something of the beautiful university town. Of course the principal attraction to visitors is the university itself, the grounds of which are ideal. It is a small city of learning set upon a hill, with the bay and Golden Gate harbor stretching out below in a view which is unsurpassed. At the present time the buildings of Stanford eclipse those of Berkeley, many of which are very old. The old university is now in her reconstruction period however, and within a few years the old will have passed away and the new Berkeley will be the pride of the Pacific coast.

Leaving San Francisco and its environs, the ride up the Sacramento Valley soon showed what havoc the waters of the Sacramento river have been working for many weeks. For the last few miles before reaching the capital city, we rode through one vast expanse of tossing waters, the railroad track, which is elevated through this section, being barely out of the flood. This torrent of water had made its escape from the river through a broken levee. The situation confronting the people of this section is very similar to that confronting those of the lower Mississippi Valley. The bed of the Sacramento has been steadily filling up until in many places it is higher than the level of the country through which the stream flows. As a result when the water breaks through the levees it runs down into the valley and away from the river and must be drained off in some other way. A great amount of trouble is experienced throughout the annual season of high water, and just what the end will be doth not yet appear.

A few hours interim between trains allowed opportunity to visit the state house and capital grounds. The capital building, modeled similarly to most such structures, is larger than many, and is well equipped. The state library is said to be the second largest in the United States. A climb into the observation tower surmounting the dome, gave a good birdseye view of Sacramento and vicinity.

But the most attractive part of the state seat is the grounds, consisting of thirty-five acres, which are laid off in an exceedingly attractive little park. The lawn is beautifully terraced and the trees and shrubbery which flourish here are of diverse species. And this calls to mind one notable characteristic of California, particularly Southern California towns. It is an insignificant village indeed that does not keep up a city park—not necessarily a large one at all, but an attractive place of retreat, with its shade trees and flowers—an ornament to the town and a boon to its citizens. Our southern friends set us a good example in this respect. We are entirely too careless in such matters and do not view them with the importance they deserve and which they will some day claim.

The ride up the valley from Sacramento to Chico was through as pretty a country as the writer had seen. The alfalfa fields stretched far away on either side in one vast carpet of green. At Chico, where several days were spent with A. E. Moore and family who are spending the year there and spying out the land, alfalfa raising and prune growing are two principal industries. The prunes are dried in the sun which seems not altogether improbable when

the temperature is known. I asked a citizen if it did not get pretty warm in the summer. "Oh, not very," he replied. "It seldom gets above 116 or 120 degrees." It is at least warm enough to give rise to the story of the man who died here, took the southern route, and after being given the hot plunge, sent back for his overcoat.

Chico, a place of some five thousand inhabitants, is an old town, its father being the late Mr. Bidwell who was the prohibition candidate for president a few years ago. At one time he is said to have owned forty thousand acres in this vicinity. The widow still lives on the old place and dispenses charities with a liberal though considerate hand. The Bidwells have had a close view of the need of temperance agitation as Chico has fifteen or twenty saloons, and from the walking advertisements seen on the streets, business is thriving with all. There is a great difference in this respect between the towns of northern and southern California.

In the north the old Californian, who is a harder proposition than the Oregon mossback, is still at the helm, and the tone of society is somewhat loud. In some places, as in Chico, however, a better class of people is coming in and a change is being wrought slowly but surely. Chico, with its state normal school, is now counted the educational center of Northern California. On the other hand the southern part of the state has filled up with a good class of eastern people who have placed their impress upon society there.

Under the leadership of the Anti-Saloon League they have waged and are waging a bitter fight against the saloon and have driven it out of a great many localities. Even so large a place as Pasadena is dry, and a

campaign is now on to close the saloons in Los Angeles.

Having arrived home, many who have been following the writer through his sketches in the Graphic, are evidently desirous of hearing "the conclusion of the whole matter," by asking him which is the best country, Oregon or California, and where would he rather live. Such questions are always more easily asked than answered. Of course a loyal Oregonian would be supposed to answer for his own state as would a Californian for his, but such questions can scarcely be answered intelligently, for this reason—you can't compare things which are wholly dissimilar. Oregon and California are altogether different as regards appearance, climatic conditions, products, resources, etc. California has been pushed forward and developed, by eastern capital largely, and to the home-seeker presents a more attractive appearance than does our country. Her climate is unique, though I think the summer season in Oregon would be preferable. On the other hand I believe Oregon has greater resources than has Southern California, which with capital and energy behind them will make her one of the leading states of the great West. In the meantime we can learn many things from our enterprising southern neighbors, and the sooner they are learned the better. We must wake up, get to gether, kill off the knockers, "count our many blessings," get thoroughly imbued with the Oregon idea and let the outside world know about it.

Which is the best state? It depends upon who you are and what you want to do.

W. C. W.

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