



### One Afternoon of "Seein' Things" in an Auto.

The writer had long maintained disdainfully that he didn't go anything on those automobiles. Not he. No attraction at all there for him. But when on last Sunday afternoon S. J. Madson bowled around in his new car accompanied by three young ladies—which helped some—and asked him to join the company, his point of view suddenly shifted. Yes, he didn't care if he did, and for fear his acceptance wasn't emphatic enough to be clearly understood, proceeded to climb in over the gunwale lest he get left.

And we were off! Farewell to the past, with which we had broken, with its traditions, its false prejudices and bigotry. Let the dead past bury its dead. At last we were riding in an auto—we had struck the 20th century gait. Excelsior! Open the throttle, "sail on and on and on," and so weiter ad infinitum, which means that we were already getting some reckless.

At least half the pleasure in such instances comes from being gazed upon by envious friends. Ergo, Chauffeur Madson (Shaf-fur, we pronounced it fearfully, but with apparent nonchalance) was prevailed upon to drive around town a spell before taking, or rather stirring up, the country road. Politely and gracefully, but not too familiarly, we acknowledged the recognition of former associates, endeavoring to strike an indifferent attitude which would leave with beholders the impression that we were indeed somewhat surfeited with automobiling as it were.

Leaving the confines of the city we skirted West Chehalum on the south. The residents of the upper valley appear to hold open air union Sabbath services in the afternoon when they turn their bibles into baseballs and their hymn books into ball mitts and learn Sunday school verses no more. The honk of the auto turned the attention of sundry spectators to their horses hitched near the highway. One poor man, rather hefty, had hitched his faithful steeds in the shade of a tree a good half mile down the road and started out bravely on the run to beat the auto to the mark. He won in 2.17, setting the pace all the way, but was some warm inwardly as well as outwardly, and feeling the more aggrieved that neither old Tom nor Dick so much as wunked an eyelash, demanded loudly and sternly whether there were any more of those blankety blank blank things comin'. (Mental note made here for future editorial on the uselessness and inadequacy of profanity.)

Turning off to the left from Dewey, we took a picturesque rural hill road leading toward Gaston. Rolling quietly and slowly along the shaded highway, we presently came in sight of two women in a buggy driving an old faded gray, all three being blissfully ignorant that destruction was bearing down upon them. "Honk, honk!" went the honker, and simultaneously or simultaneously as it seemed, down came the god on the back of the placid gray, the terrified drivers keeping time to the rhythmic rise and fall of the hazel lash by turning agonized glances to rearward. Semon was considerate and kept his machine far in the rear but they were too busy to appreciate the fact. Did the gray respond to treatment? He did—and disappeared in a cloud in the west. Some little time afterward, the incident being almost forgotten, we chanced to look off up a by-road and there

in the distance were two women planted firmly in the road, hanging on to the bits of an old gray horse.

After riding around the hills back of North Yamhill we passed through the town and turned off on an unknown road, which proved rough and so hilly as to be almost mountainous. And here we got a further insight into automobiling as it is did. A particularly bad hill was before us. Our driver tackled it bravely but couldn't make it. Down we went for another try—same result. Two more dittoes. Finally the freight transferred itself up the rough incline and after another attempt the heights were taken. And right here we want to say that Semon can have a gilt edge, notary published "character" from us on demand. Through all these trials and vexations we watched him closely and though we thought of several little words and wordlets of unquestioned appropriateness, he had the lid on so effectually that only one of them squeezed through half audibly. Such patience, self-repression and perseverance is worthy of reward.

If all auto drivers were as careful and considerate on meeting teams as is Mr. Madson, there would be an altogether different feeling at large toward the chug chug vehicles. Invariably he stops his machine at the side of the road and if the suspicious animals are inclined to be fractious he gets out and leads them past. And the hearty "thank you" of the drivers showed their appreciation of such attention.

One incident of our trip, however, made it plain that Semon doesn't need any encouragement along this line. He imposes the same debt of courtesy and service upon his passengers to an extreme which is almost a trifle embarrassing, don't you know. We met a man in a buggy who had in with him four or five little tots ranging from a five-year old down to a barefoot babe in arms. The horse became frightened and it was suggested that the little folks should be unloaded. Carried. The walkable children were set out to shift for themselves, the horse took the attention of the other two men—but what of the infant? Semon threw a look at the writer which clearly said, "I expect every man to do his duty"—and we went to the rescue. The procession proceeded to take up its line of march, the ladies in the auto serving as the audience in the reviewing stand. First, our brave chauffeur at the head of the fractious steed, the man in the buggy grasping the reins, numerous bewildered little stragglers, and the writer with arms full of baby bringing up the rear. Forgotten for the moment was our longing for "the gaze of envious friends."

But we were soon away again, swinging merrily around the verdant clad hills and through beautiful little valleys in the delightful cool of an approaching Oregon twilight. And if the enjoyment of the hour could be increased it came in the brilliant glow of an incomparable Oregon sunset which tinged the landscape.

And as we rolled into town again 'neath the shades of evening, we vowed to be a friend to all men if perchance we might save a ride now and then with a few who might become owners of automobiles.

Will we ride again in one of those spurned(?) autos? That depends. Try us.

A boy may be a bit cowardly in other respects, but dyspepsia never has any terrors for him.

### City Council Business.

An adjourned meeting of the Council was held Friday evening, all councilmen being present.

J. H. Wilson, J. S. Larkin and C. C. Ferguson, who had been appointed as viewers, reported that they had assessed equally the damages and benefits to property owners by reason of the opening of Fourth street from College to Blaine streets. An ordinance adopting the report was passed.

In regard to opening up Second street from Edwards to College streets, the aforesaid viewers assessed the damages to W. E. and M. C. Howard at \$550 and the benefits to them at \$100. Benefits were assessed to J. K. Blair at \$100. The Council, considering the damages assessed unreasonable and the benefits insufficient, ordered the view set aside and another one made. The new viewers selected were M. Terrell, L. M. Parker and A. Bartholomew.

A bid presented by Mills & Ames for putting in sidewalks was accepted, the price named being twenty-two cents per running foot and twenty-eight cents for cross walks.

The bid made by Estle, McVey & Co for placing gravel on streets as ordered, was accepted. The prices per yard as named for the different streets follow:

- River to Meridian, \$1.40.
- Meridian from 8th to 5th, \$1.42½
- Meridian from 5th to 1st, \$1.50.
- Meridian from 1st to Sheridan, \$1.52½.
- Sheridan from Meridian to College, \$1.55.
- Sheridan from College to Blaine, \$1.57½.
- Sheridan from Blaine to Main, \$1.60.
- College from Sheridan to 1st, \$1.55.
- College from 1st to 3rd, \$1.52½.
- College from 3rd to 5th, \$1.52½.
- Fourth from College to Meridian, \$1.47½.
- Fourth from Meridian to River, \$1.47½.
- Edwards from 1st to Sheridan, \$1.55.
- Third from River to Meridian, \$1.50.
- Howard from 1st to Sheridan, \$1.57½.
- School from 1st to Sheridan, \$1.57½.

### Chehalum Center.

The Japanese minister, Mr. Bunji Kida, is to lead the prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Mrs. H. D. Harford came home Friday evening after touring several eastern states as W. C. T. U. organizer.

Mrs. W. R. Carter and son Harold left Wednesday for Newport where they intend to spend a month with relatives.

Mrs. E. Walton entertained her Sunday school class of boys Tuesday afternoon at Bonny-view.

After a program, ice cream will be served in the grove around the church Saturday evening, proceeds to go for missionary work.

Speaking of corn patches, when traveling by the home of Andrew Christenson just notice the tall fine banner corn patch on the west end of the place.

The patrons of the school district voted for another room to be built on the east side of the schoolhouse. They will thus want another teacher in the future.

You can't have a very good time doing the things you are ashamed of.

Success has a great tendency to conceal and throw a veil over the evil deeds of men.

### WHAT ABOUT OUR PUBLIC LANDS?

Shall They be Conserved for the Benefit of the Whole People, or Monopolized for the Enrichment of a Few?

No more important question confronts the American public today than that of our public lands. As an able statesman has said:

"They are our national insurance policy, insuring national resources to future generations. Shall we compromise or destroy this policy?"

In a recent speech President Roosevelt says:

"The conservation of our national resources and their proper use constitute the fundamental problem which underlies almost every other problem of our national life."

"The men whom we have prosecuted and those who fear prosecution by us, naturally endeavor to break down the policy under which alone the home-makers' rights can be secured, and the lands preserved for the use of himself and his children."

And he is backing up his beliefs by a determined effort to enforce the laws and thereby stop the looting of the public domain. In this action he is supported by the sentiment of an overwhelming majority of the western people, as well as those familiar with these questions in the East.

Notwithstanding this, there is a keenly interested element in the West, made up largely of men in public office, associated more or less intimately with the monopolistic timber, coal-mining and railroad interests ably supported by the so-called "System" of the east, who are opposing these new policies, claiming that they are un-American, visionary and autocratic, and that the best interests of the settler and the progress of the west are jeopardized.

Both sides of these most interesting questions will be ably discussed in a series of articles by a prominent western writer, entitled: "The Way of the Land Transgressor," beginning with the August issue of the Pacific Monthly, presenting to the reader the unvarnished truth, thereby affording an excellent opportunity to judge who and what is right.

It may be said that these articles, while not addressed to lovers of sensationalism, will present in a dramatic form an intimate account of the more important frauds against the public domain, together with a study of the personalities involved. They will be profusely illustrated with a series of remarkable photographs, showing scenes in the public land regions, the methods of land fraud operators, characters involved, together with sketches from life of public men whose names are associated with the subject.

### Marriage Licenses.

- Myrtle May Avery age 22, to Frank R. Gallagher age 29.
- Lena Hansen age 16, to Eskill Hansen age 28.
- Jennie Gibbons age 20, to Walter Pratt age 30.
- Agnes M. Caddy age 50, to Chas. F. Daniels age 53.
- Jewell Knight age 22, to Wm. Vern Walker age 22.
- Maria Newby age 31, to B. B. Brammer age 34.
- Fannie Cobb age 26, to Nelson Brouillette age 27.
- Anna May Pruitt age 20, to Wm. L. Harrison age 27.
- Josephine Ehrlich age 27, to H. G. Wilson age 28.

This world is enriched by the good more than by the clever.

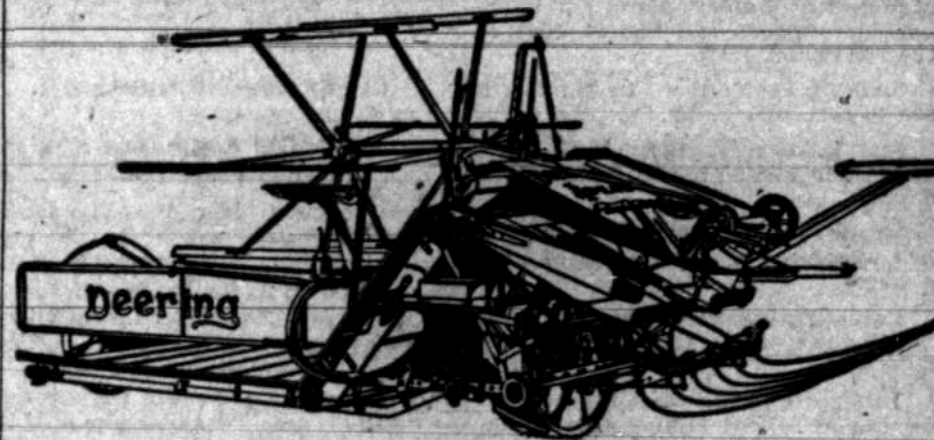
### Between the Two of You



You ought to be able to save enough yearly to provide for the future of yourselves and family. The husband from his earnings—the wife from her expense allowance. The best time to start is right now. Get the habit of saving—it's a good one! We can show you how to make your money make more money, and keep on making it for you. Resolve to begin saving today and start a bank account with us.

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J. L. HOSKINS, Vice Pres. W. E. CROZER, Asst. Cashier



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