

**NEWBERG GRAPHIC.**

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E. H. WOODWARD. W. C. WOODWARD.  
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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1908.

The days are growing shorter at both ends, a condition highly gratifying to John D.

Perhaps campaign contributions at a dollar a head may be responsible for the appearance of "general apathy" this presidential year.

The Graphic has never been able to get in the habit of referring to the pastor of a church as Dr. so and so. It always seems like getting a long way from home.

It is about time for Chairman Cake to get into the harness or quit the job. A man who will neither fish nor cut bait makes a mighty poor chairman of a committee in any kind of a campaign.

The way things are going the property owner who don't have a well graveled street in front of his property will be out of date here in Newberg, the most up to date progressive little city in Oregon.

Won't somebody get out on the street and whoop-er-up with a "hurrah" for Taft, or Bryan, or Chafin, or Higsden, or Dickens, or whatever his name may be—just anybody to let us know the campaign is on.

Talk about presidential year disturbing business! This one would not disturb a sleeping babe. In fact it is so quiet that it almost gives a fellow nervous prostration after having seen a little of the spirit of some former campaigns.

While passing about the county and seeing those big barn door posters don't get confused and conclude that a big International Exposition is being advertised. It is only the Yamhill County School Fair that is coming. Just shooting with raised sights.

Charles E. Hughes was nominated by the republican state convention held Tuesday by an overwhelming majority on the first ballot to succeed himself as the Governor of New York. He received 827 votes out of a possible 1009. As a result the gambling fraternity are gnashing their teeth in anger but there ought to be enough decent voters in the state to insure his election.

There are men not a thousand miles from Newberg who ought to commit to memory the following terse suggestions taken from the Jacksonville Post: "There is too little brightness in the lives of women in the country. They have too little help in their domestic occupations. The 'nurse' in the house where there is a baby to care for ought to be set down as one of the regular expenses as much as the potatoes for the family. A mother's health, both of body and mind, is worth more than additional acres of land, or finer live stock." It is no unusual thing to see women passing on our streets with careworn faces and having every appearance of those growing old before their time, owing to burdens imposed that are "grievous to be borne." Unthinking husbands in many cases are making "beasts of burden" of those they have promised to love and care for, when they could easily lighten the tasks of every day life in the home if they would only stop to think. The cares of the wife and mother in the best ordered home are so many that she deserves every convenience that is within the reach of the considerate husband and these she is justly entitled to.



**A BEAM OF SUNSHINE.**

One day last week while the news gatherer was seated at the office desk, perfectly oblivious to all earthly surroundings, as he was rounding off sheet after sheet of the regular weekly grist of local happenings to be turned in, as "copy" was demanded, a slight noise caused a turn of the head toward the front door and there entered a little tot, dressed in his Sunday best, all spick and span and as clean and tidy as could be. He was unattended, but there was no hesitancy in his step. He walked briskly across the floor and presented himself at the desk and looked up with an expression of "here I am" beaming from his pretty brown eyes.

"Well we should say so!" This was our first thought and the little beam of sunshine was lifted up and placed on the desk as shown in the picture, but where did it come from and what was its mission?

Surely this was not the advertising agent of some patent medicine concern who was wanting a \$25.00 space, "at top of column next to pure reading matter" for \$2.50; nor a farmer with notice already written out—"Cow for s-a-i-l"; nor a penurious subscriber who came to substitute for the truth that well worn fabrication, "got more papers now than I can read"; nor the fellow who borrows the paper regularly every Thursday night from his neighbor and who came in to tell the editor how to run "that paper of yours"; nor the woman—"land sakes I can get The Advertiser or the Comfort a whole year for twenty-five

cents and a lot of scraps of silk thrown in"; nor the good citizen who wants his neighbor ripped up the back but, "oh no, don't put my name to it"; nor the merchant who thinks the home paper ought to score the mail order houses but who is too short sighted to spend a dollar in advertising in the local paper; nor a life insurance agent; nor a "promoter"; nor the bad bill collector; nor the individual with a subscription paper wanting assistance for the heathen at home or abroad; nor a book agent.

Ah, no, it was none of these. It was a little tyke—boy or girl, whichever it might be—dropped down from somewhere, who, seeing the door open and everything so devoid of cheer, just entered and tripped lightly across the floor to scatter sunshine and bring gladness where there had been, perchance, a feeling of discouragement and sorrow.

This little angel of light was questioned about his home, his name and other things but he only answered by giving in return the sweetest smiles in perfect contentment, as he saw the change his coming was bringing to the countenance of the staid editor, who only the moment before had been so completely absorbed with his business.

Sweet, innocent childlike. He remained a little while and was gone.

Others may come and go and perplexing matters of business may engross our attention as the days go by, but the visit of little Wendell Bashaw whom the little tot proved to be will live long in the memory of the editor of the Graphic.

The canned political speeches to be ground out on the phonograph seem to have put the old time spellbinders pretty well out of business.

The Graphic goes to press a day early this week. Any omissions in the grist of news that may be noticed must be charged up to "some punkins" at the State Fair. We've got to see 'em.

With the price of feed still soaring, the number of yellow legged friers for the family table must necessarily be limited, and the selling price of milk raised a notch or two or a little more chalk and water added. But the fellow who has the feed to sell has no kick coming.

A pastor of one of the large Portland churches is raving at the city council for allowing unsavory conditions to exist in the North End district, but since he gave his support in the last election to a candidate for a high office whom he knew to be a frequent night visitor in that district, his pratings have the ring of "sounding brass."

President Jordon in a recent address to the students at Stanford said to them in very plain terms that beer busts were to be a thing of the past and that drunkenness among students would not be tolerated. The wide open policy that has so long been in vogue in many of the big universities is a disgrace to the name of higher education and it is refreshing to know that the lid has been put on in one of them at least.

The man from Missouri is fast taking the place of Pat as the butt of all kinds of jokes. Here is the latest. Two senators were

boasting of their qualifications one day at Jefferson City. "I am a minister" one said; the other said, "I am a lawyer, and I'll bet you \$10 you don't know the Lord's prayer." The money went up and the Missouri clergyman began, "Now I lay me down to sleep etc." "It's your money," said the lawyer, "I did not believe you knew it. I have not heard it for twenty years."

The visitors at the beach resorts are home again, with the bathing suits and polkadot stockings put away in moth balls; the katydid is making his final chirrup for the year; the hardware man is blacking up his left over stock of last season's heaters; the milliners are home again after having gotten the latest pointers on how to make the latest creation worth a dollar fifty sell for \$9.75; the department stores are increasing their advertising space; the winds are shying around to the northwest; the pumpkins are taking on that rich golden color, all of which are reminders that the season of the sear and yellow leaf is at hand.

A number of the voters who participated in the recent primary election over in the state of Washington must have emigrated from Yamhill, judging from the the following comments made on the results by the Bellingham Herald: "Suppose, for instance, that the liquor dealers want to elect a man who will not close the saloons on Sunday. On the other hand, the business interests generally approve a man who will close the saloons, but who stands for other things besides Sunday closing. It is a matter of history that the so-called 'moral' element and those

who represent isms are rarely content with half a loaf. They want the whole thing or nothing. To them the business man in favor of Sunday closing is just as objectionable as the saloon man. They therefore put forward a kindly disposed but wholly unfit gentlemen who divides the moral vote, and the saloon man slides in."

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GEO. W. JAMES, Local Agent,  
NEWBERG, ORE.

Wm. McMurry, Gen. Passenger Agent, Portland, Ore.