

**NEWBERG GRAPHIC.**

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Newberg, Oregon.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

E. H. WOODWARD. W. C. WOODWARD.  
Editors and Publishers

\$1.50 Per Year in Advance.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1910.

Nature has provided an abundance of pure, fresh air for everybody in Oregon. Be sure that you get your share of it.

As a rule it is the people with little to do who are the tattlers and trouble makers in a community. Busy people have something worth while to occupy their time. What a pity it is that everybody can't be in the busy class.

In a recent number the Oregonian pictured Doc. Wright, of McMinnville, as one of the heavy weight politicians of Oregon. Has the Oregonian installed a pair of beef screws in the basement, or has it struck a funny streak?

Don't house yourself up in an eight by ten sitting room where an air tight heater has consumed all the oxygen in the air, and then charge the sickness that follows up to the "mysterious dispensation of an all wise Providence."

The Bay City News was born January 7, with the name of B. H. Miller nailed to the mast head. In the first number the News says, "What Bay City most needs is a good fat pay roll." For truth and veracity the News can't be questioned.

The receipts of the Newberg postoffice for the last quarter of the year were more than \$500 in excess of the receipts for the same period a year ago. This is going some, but we will do better than that this year. Newberg is not entered for the slow race any more.

Judge Sappington, who died at Tillamook last week, was active in Yamhill county politics some fifteen years ago, when he was a resident of North Yamhill. He was the republican candidate for sheriff at one time but suffered defeat although the greater part of the ticket was elected. Soon after this he removed to Tillamook and has since played an active part in the affairs of that county.

The census director at Washington says there is a dearth of applicants for the position of census enumerators in some parts of the country, especially in the large cities. This don't hold good in these parts, if we may judge from the number of inquiries made at this office for information during the past few days. About 68,000 enumerators will be required to do the work, and although actual work will not begin until April 15, it is essential that those who wish to act should apply at once. Except under very unusual circumstances no application received after January 25 will be considered.

The pessimist and chronic growler makes a very poor business man. A certain gentleman said to the Graphic that soon after coming to Newberg he went into a First street store to do some trading, and before he could get away he was compelled, against his will, to listen to the man behind the counter tell a tale of woe that made him feel uncomfortable for a week. In the eyes of the talebearer everything about Newberg was on the road to the bow-wows, and not a good word could he say about his neighbors. The gentleman said he left the store feeling that he never wanted to go there to trade again as such associations gave him the blues. Again the Graphic repeats the statement, the pessimist and chronic growler makes a very poor business man.

The Oregonian says: "Something like \$840,000 is due the Colville Indians. A great many automobiles can be bought for that sum." If the old time red tape government policy of dealing with these "native sons" is to prevail in this case, those now living are more likely to take a ride in a hearse than in automobiles bought with that money.

Albert Tozier, for a long term of years secretary of the Oregon Press Association, writes his appreciation of a four line editorial which appeared in the Graphic recently which read, "Just a little extra attention paid to a boy or girl as you meet them from time to time will make them your friends for life." It is evident that Mr. Tozier has not forgotten that he was at one time a boy himself. Some men forget, and this is why they show so little consideration for children.

The "old man Bennett" says: "Another freak year" has struck us. Sure. All years are freak years, all seasons are freak seasons. It gets very cold in the winter, very warm in the summer, and when it ceases for a spell to rain the dry spells do great damage. And when we have too much rain it gets very wet, and more damage is done. And yet upon the whole the seasons average up pretty well. Those who own land and attend to it have not much to worry about. Taking one year with another they are better off than anyone else in the world. Hay is worth \$25 a ton in the Portland market, wheat over a dollar a bushel, turkeys thirty cents a pound, almost any old hen is worth a dollar, eggs are worth from forty to fifty cents a dozen—and other farm products in proportion. Let the land owners cease worrying and go to work. With the prices of their output multiplied by from three to ten they can afford some little losses by "freak years."

**THE SOIL WILL DO ITS PART.**

When the writer came to Oregon in the year 1880, scarcely a blade of tame grass could be seen growing along the roadside anywhere in the whole Willamette valley. No timothy of any consequence was grown, as farmers said it would do no good except in some of the low, damp spots. Red clover was almost an unknown quantity, although Uncle William Hobson, who came out from Iowa a few years before and was hewing a farm out of a Chehalem valley forest, was taking great delight in showing to his neighbors, and especially to those of us who were coming in later, some long, rank growing stems of red clover, as a proof that excellent tame grasses would soon be growing here.

When we wanted to buy a few pounds of cherries for canning we were directed to the Kramien place, some seven miles over on the other side of Parrott mountain, opposite Butteville, as we were told that cherry trees would not grow and bear here in the valley. Corn and other forage crops for stock were not in the farmer's catalogue. It was all wheat, and when thrashing was being done, a man and a horse were put to work dragging the straw away from the machine, and as soon as the sacked grain was removed from the field the torch was applied to the straw and it went up in smoke, while the farmers' cows were left to hustle as best they could during the winter season, browsing on the moss-grown underbrush during the day, and shivering on the leeward side of friendly fir trees at night.

How things have changed during the intervening years. Now we see white clover and other tame grasses growing along the road-sides and byways, wherever a seed is dropped by the birds; timothy hay is one of the most profitable market crops, while red clover has spread all over the

valley, wherever it has been given half a chance, and even alfalfa is "catching" on dry prairie lands under conditions that would have been "haw-hawed" at only a few years ago. Cherry and berry yields are phenomenal, as well as money making crops, while corn, kale, vetch, and various root crops are making the dairy cows respond with a rich flow of milk for the creameries and condensers. Wheat and oat straw, instead of being burned in the field, is now baled and sold to the poor fellow in town who owns a horse or cow at six to eight dollars a ton.

In the parlance of the street, this is going some, but as the Graphic has often said before, the soil of the valleys and hills of Western Oregon have only been scratched over, so far, and the results have been exceedingly meager, when the actual possibilities of thorough, scientific soil culture are considered.

Slipshod farming will probably show as unsatisfactory results here in the Willamette valley as in any country on earth, while on the other hand the soil is deep and when farmed "up to the handle," as it will be in time to come, when our people get it drilled into them that no other course pays, many remarkable results will be recorded and high priced lands will yield profitable returns on the investment.

Intelligent, well directed endeavor always pays a good dividend. Note the following from the Youth's Companion on "Intensive Farming" in the Southland: More than twelve thousand Southern boys less than eighteen years old planted and cultivated an acre of corn each last year, under the direction of the Department of Agriculture. Persons interested in the experiment in Arkansas, Mississippi, South Carolina and Virginia offered to pay the expenses of a trip to Washington for the boy in each state who raised the greatest amount of corn on his acre. The winning boys will soon visit the national capital.

The average yield of corn to the acre in 1909 was a little more than twenty-five bushels. The South Carolina boy, who made the best record, produced one hundred and fifty-two and a half bushels. The winning Mississippi boy raised one hundred and forty-seven bushels; the Arkansas boy one hundred and thirty-five, and the boy in Virginia one hundred and twenty-two. The average raised by each of the twelve thousand was sixty bushels.

The instructions given to those boys by the Department of Agriculture are available to every farmer in the country. If they should be followed exactly, the yield of corn to the acre could easily be doubled in a single year.

Intensive cultivation is worth while on all crops. The average yield of potatoes to the acre in 1909 was one hundred and seven bushels, but the Maine farmers averaged two hundred and twenty-five bushels, and some of the most progressive of them dug four hundred bushels to the acre. The yield of corn and potatoes depends more upon cultivation and fertilization than upon the soil, and there is practically no part of the United States in which these crops cannot be raised successfully.

It is beyond doubt that larger crops can be produced from ten acres thoroughly tilled than from two or even three times ten acres cultivated as they usually are. The fact that the South Carolina prize-winner raised more corn on one acre than the average farmer produces from six tells a story that should not be lost upon those for whose benefit the experiment was made.

**Anna M. Fogle**  
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**NICOLO PAGANINI.**

A Short Biography of the World's Greatest Violinist.

Among those remarkably gifted souls who have left the echo of their music for the joy of succeeding generations Paganini, who was born at Genoa, Italy, on Feb. 10, 1781, and who died at Nice on May 27, 1840, holds a foremost place in history.

His father in his early ambition for his child, in whom he found the sublime musical gift, was almost cruel in his demands for study. While Nicolo had the best violin teachers to be found in Italy, his skill was due to his own genius. One by one these teachers acknowledged they could teach him nothing, and the boy worked out his own methods.

At nine years he wrote a sonata and at a concert made the audience fairly wild with enthusiasm over his playing. At thirteen he started on his first professional tour and in the following four years was pretty nearly ruined. Money poured into his hands, and he learned to gamble. When he was seventeen there came a day when he had lost everything but his Stradivarius violin and 3 francs. He played with the francs and won a hundred. Then he decided never again to gamble, and he kept his word.

This life of constant excitement and excess had ruined his health and nerves. A wealthy titled woman took him into her favor and kept him for three years on an estate she had in Tuscany. She would not allow him to play the violin, for she better enjoyed the guitar.

In the quiet, simple life of the country Paganini grew strong and well, and when he was twenty he went back to Genoa and began his real musical life. The next year he made his second professional tour, and this ended in his being made director of music at the court of the Princess Eliza Bacciochi, sister of Napoleon Bonaparte, at Lucca.

In person Paganini was peculiar. He was exceedingly thin and had a strange, awkward walk. His face was long, his eyes deep and dark, and he wore his hair long, almost to his shoulders.

He was thirty when he left the Tuscan court, and from that time he kept free from all such obligations. He played when and where he had a fancy to appear, and all Europe was at his feet.

He loved Italy, and when his duties took him to Germany, France and England he made bitter complaints in regard to climate and methods of living. In Italy any accommodation suited him. His health began to fail seriously after he was thirty, and after a brilliant success in all the great cities he returned to Italy and spent some years in the enjoyment of several estates he had bought, for he was now very rich.

In the municipal building at Genoa is carefully preserved Paganini's violin. He left it to the city, and no other artist was to be allowed to play upon it. The great artist is buried in the village church near the place of residence he loved best—the Villa Gajona.—Boston Globe.

Higher Things.  
Grace—Women are not so frivolous as you think, Tom. There are still some who have thoughts of higher things than dress.  
Tom—Oh, yes, I know—hats!—London Illustrated Bits.

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