

NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

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The Dallas fellows put up a mighty good game of basket ball to be sure, but their college must have a course of study much more extended than any other institution in Oregon, else some of the boys are dull students.

And Pinchot aspires to be president. The easiest thing in the world. Any school-boy can aspire to be president, for the big fellows used to tell us at the close of the "last day" exercises that we all had a chance at the White House.

Parents will do well to warn their children against attempting to work the combinations on the boxes at the postoffice. One of these days a United States marshal is liable to appear in Newberg and then there will be some bitter tears to shed.

After a delay of seven months or more a few sample copies of the Newberg booster pamphlet gotten out by the Sunset Company have arrived. The cover design is very pretty, but further than this we are unable to speak as we have only had a glance at a copy.

We are often asked what we think of the probability of the Oregon Electric building to Newberg the coming season. We pass it up to Uncle Jim Rowell. His diagnosis of the case will be worth just about as much as ours and he goes primed for such momentous questions.

The factory inspector was in town a day or two last week working his graft in the name of the great state of Oregon. He spent sixty seconds of his valuable time in the Graphic office—bill five dollars. Some way we have never been able to get onto a combination by which money would come our way that easy.

William Allen White has said: "The man who buys his goods of a mail order house, and expects his neighbor to buy goods of him, or buy labor of him, or buy professional service of him, is economically a leech. He is sucking industrial blood out of the town, and gives none back. He sends his profits out of town like a Chinaman, and has no more right to a standing in the community than a foreigner. We are all neighbors industrially in this town, and the man who sends away for his goods is not one of us. He is of another industrial system, and deserves no man's support." This is good talk, straight from the shoulder, but it is not wise for the merchants to deliver it. Coming from the local paper, however, it sounds right and it is true, says the Oregon Tradesman.

An interesting and pretty story from life comes from a Kansas paper about the worst boy in school and his teacher. She was angered by his stubbornness; he was defiant. She took him to the hall for punishment. Angrily she administered the penalty and then somehow a great wave of pity for the boy swept over her. She looked at the worn coat of the little fellow; she thought of the frail body deprived of nourishing food; she thought of the hard and loveless home and of the starved soul of the poor kid. Tears sprang to the teacher's eyes as the boy waited for further punishment. Then he saw the tears. His own eyes grew moist and overflowed. Thinking of how the poor boy had no chance, in an impulse of love she put her arms around the boy and they cried together. That is religion. She and the boy both found it.

Sometimes we hope to be able to shake the hand of the man who penned the following for the Albany Democrat: "There is nothing that makes a newspaper man more weary than being asked for cash for a cause after giving in free advertising more than anyone else, and yet this is a common occurrence in the lives of all the fellows. No wonder some of them get gray young."

Portland Notes.

Grocers of the state will gather at Eugene, January 26 and 27 for the annual convention of the Oregon Retail Grocers' Association. There is a splendid program of deep interest to the dealers in foodstuffs and the attendance is expected to be the largest in the history of the state association. Problems coming up in the grocery business will be discussed and mutual help gained from the interchange of ideas of the various dealers.

An example of the big money in hog raising was given here during the past week when a single porker, weighing 680 pounds, brought \$61.20. This is the highest price that a single hog ever brought at the stockyards. The hog was raised by Henry Larkin, of Colfax, Wash., Hogs reached \$9.20 during the week.

Coots Bay seems to be in line for some real railroad building and both the Hill and Harriman systems are reported to be showing interest in that section. It is said work is about to be resumed on the Southern Pacific line from Drain and the Northern Pacific is said to be negotiating for big coal holdings, which lie close to Marshfield.

To Whom it May Concern Also My Patrons and Friends.

Having sold my drug business and good will to C. C. Peery, of Newberg, and C. H. Gale, of Oregon City, namely "The Newberg Drug Co." I wish to thank you for your long years of liberal patronage, and bespeak for my successors the same liberal support.

All those having an account with me will please call at the drug store and take up the account or pay me in person.

C. F. MOORE.

When I Met Jim.

Well, sir, I met Jim Breen to-day—His hair is getting thin and gray, His eyelids have begun to droop, His shoulders have a little stoop; I hardly would have known him. No, But we were boys this long ago.

Let's see. It's twenty years and more Since we romped at the schoolhouse door.

Why, then Jim Breen was young and plump And he could run and fight and jump And stand all kinds of heat or cold—But, say, Jim Breen is getting old!

Why, look! When I walked up to him And grabbed his hand with, "Hello, Jim!"

He looked at me a long, long while And smiled a half-embarrassed smile And said, as puzzled as could be: "Well, you have got the best of me."

Now, who'd have thought the years since then— Since long before we grew to men— Would have made such a striking change!

Now, honestly, Jim Breen looked strange. He has deep wrinkles in his cheeks And his voice shakes like when he speaks!

His memory is bad, I know. I had to talk an hour or so Reminding him of what a noise We'd make at school when we were boys

And where I lived, and folks we knew— And still he said: "I don't place you."

Poor Jim! He's getting old, that's all. He used to be so strong and tall, Without a crowfoot 'round his eyes Or gray hairs to give him disguise.

It almost moves a man to tears To see how friends change with the years.

And queerest of it all is, Jim Said I looked just as strange to him, Said I was getting rather gray And walked in a stoop-shouldered way.

It's odd how age makes Jim Breen see All other folks the same as he!

—Chicago Post.

THE MIDDLE AGED MAN.

Something Said to Him by the Gentle Sets Him Thinking.

"My dentist tells me," said the middle aged man, "that my teeth will last as long as I do, and when he said that to me I was at first pleased, because then it seemed to mean simply that I still had pretty good teeth, good for a long time yet, and I thought that some day I would say to him, sort of half jokingly:

"Doctor, you tell me my teeth will last as long as I will. About how long do you think my teeth will last?"

"In that way, you see, by indirection I am going to get a line on how much longer he thought I was likely to live, and as I thought that over I smiled to myself, thinking that was a pretty bright idea. But do you know that when I came to think it over again I didn't ask him finally. I didn't."

"Because I think he knows. I have been going to him now for years, and he knows my teeth through and through. He knows by them how old I am, and he knows their rate of wear exactly and how much longer they will last, and he could tell me how much longer I will last. But I haven't asked him because I don't want to know. I don't want to know at all."

"As a matter of fact, I think that when we come to my time of life we don't much fancy dwelling on that, though there are times when it seems to intrude itself, when we realize that the years ahead of us are not so many as well, as they were some years ago, when life seemed to us interminable. Any actuary could tell us what our expectation of life may be at the present moment."

"We expect, of course, that we are going to live longer, to be the exception, but even if we should so prove we can count the years still coming to us without using many figures. We are getting to where we can see the end if we look that way, and I can't say that I have any fear of it, but I certainly don't find any pleasure in contemplating it. I'd rather stay."

"So I haven't asked the dentist because I don't want to know. The thought of it does drift in on me once in awhile, but when it does I shut it off and get busy and keep plugging and take a cheerful view. "I'm glad my teeth are good anyhow."—New York Sun.

Turning Off the Gas.

At a fraternal banquet in Washington one of the speakers, getting back at the toastmaster, a clergyman, for some of his witticisms, told the following:

At a church service conducted by the toastmaster a lady in the congregation suddenly remembered that she had left her dinner, a roast, in the stove at home and had forgotten to turn down the gas. In her anxiety about her Sunday dinner she hastily wrote a note and handed it to her husband, a deacon, then engaged in taking up the collection. Mistaking the personal note for a church notice, the deacon carried it up and handed it to the minister, who, among other notices, read:

"Go immediately home and turn off the gas."

When the laughter had subsided a member of the banqueting party arose and said: "I would like to suggest that the lady got her note wrong and foremost. Sending it up to the minister, she probably meant to say, 'Turn off the gas immediately and go home.'"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Rooting House Plant Leaves.

Perhaps to the amateur the most interesting way of propagating plants is that of rooting leaves. There are quite a number of plants with which this is possible. Echeveria, Rex begonia and gloxinia are among the common plants propagated by this means. To root echeveria the leaf is carefully broken from the stem and inserted in the sand. It takes about four weeks for it to start into growth, when a small bud will be produced at the base of the leaf. Sometimes this bud does not start, but still the leaf will grow. I know of one leaf which has been growing in a pot for four years and still has not made a bud.—Suburban Life.

Making an Egg.

"Grandpa, does hens make their own eggs?"

"Yes, indeed they do, Johnny."

"An' do they always put the yolk in the middle?"

"They do, Johnny."

"An' do they put the white stuff around to keep the yeller from rubbin' off?"

"Quite likely, my little boy."

"An' who sews the cover on?"

This stumped the old gentleman, and he barricaded Johnny's mouth with a large lollipop. — London Scraps.

We Are Agents For Land IN SUNNY, SOUTHERN ALBERTA

Where the stockraiser's fondest hopes are realized. Here FORTUNES are made in a FEW SHORT YEARS. But if you want to LIVE in one of the best countries in the world, and the best all around State in the Union, buy Fruit, Walnut Tracts, or Dairy farms near Newberg, the best all around town in Yamhill County, Oregon.

We have a few SNAPS in town property that it will pay you to investigate.

WHITE & NICHOLS

REAL ESTATE COMPANY

BELL PHONE 84

EAST FIRST ST

A CALL DOWN.

The Office Boy's Comment When the Kick Got to Him.

"Good morning, Johnson," said the president when the general manager stood before him. "Do you know there seems to have been a little falling off in the work of the office for the last month? No catastrophe or anything of that sort, you know, but the standard of efficiency seems to have lowered just a little. I merely wanted to call your attention to it. Nothing more. Nice day, isn't it?"

"Say, Brunner," said the general manager to the office manager, "do you know your office force is falling down? Well, it is. For the period just passed there has been a drop in your system that made considerable trouble. I'd jerk somebody up if I were you. A hint to the wise, you know."

"Wilson," said the office manager to the chief clerk, "come here. I want to tell you one thing, and that is that there's got to be a change in the way things are going around this dump. Do you hear me? What's the matter? What's the matter! That's a fine question from you! What isn't the matter is the proper thing to ask. Things have been going to the dogs for a month past. I'm not laying the fault at your door—all of it anyhow—but you know what that means, falling down. Get a hustle on you, now, and see that your clerks don't keep falling down or—I leave the rest to your imagination."

"Say, you prize mutts," said the chief clerk to his underlings, "do you know what's going to happen to about half a dozen of you? You're going to get decorated with a large, shiny tin can if you don't smoke up and do better work than you've been guilty of for the last month. You've been working like a lot of sewer diggers. I never saw anything to beat you—for the cellar championship. Now, get busy and do things, and do them right. I'd hate to have to recommend a wholesale canning plant, but you know what I'm here for."

The clerks went humbly back to their desks. Out to them came the office boy with a grin on his face.

"Say," he began, but three voices cut him short.

"Blank, blank, blank you!" said the voices. "You little runt! Why don't you tend to your business, so we can get things done right?" Then they all took a kick at him and went back to work satisfied.

"Gee," said the office boy, rubbing his sore spots and eying the president's office, "gee, but that call down certainly traveled some!" —Chicago Tribune.

A party of young men were camping, and to avert annoying questions they made it a rule that the one who asked a question that he could not answer himself had to do the cooking.

One evening, while sitting around the fire, one of the boys asked, "Why is it that a ground squirrel never leaves any dirt at the mouth of its burrow?"

They all guessed and missed. So he was asked to answer it himself.

"Why," he said, "because it always begins to dig at the other end of the hole."

"But," one asked, "how does it get to the other end of the hole?"

"Well," was the reply, "that's your question."

See the Cookette

We have just received a shipment of this well known Fireless Cooker and will guarantee them to give perfect satisfaction. You can take one on trial if you so desire. If it don't prove to be all we claim you can return it.

We have a few of those

White Rotary Sewing Machines

left which will go at the advertised price of \$30.00. You can't afford to pass this by if you need a machine.

ALLEN-REYNOLDS HARDWARE COMPANY

Successors to King & Sonnet



"Mother knows"

"A healthy youngster does like good things to eat. . . . The easiest way to bake good things—to bake successfully—is by using OLYMPIC FLOUR"

It is an aid to rather than a test of your ability.

—Mother.

Infinite care is employed in the production of every sack. Chosen from selected Northwestern wheat every grain is thoroughly cleaned and secured by the best modern methods—that's why Olympic reaches you so clean, so pure, so healthful, so nutritious—that's why it makes such good things to eat.

Insist upon Olympic

—there isn't any just as good.

The Portland Flouring Mills Co. OLYMPIC FLOUR FAMILY FLOUR

AT YOUR GROCER'S

PORTLAND FLOURING MILLS CO., PORTLAND, OREGON