

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, APRIL 28, 1910.

Please ask the milkman about Halley's comet and don't bother us at such an unseemly hour.

Why can't we give the Portland business men something new and novel in the way of entertainment while they are in town Friday afternoon? A ride on the water wagon for instance.

Every dog has his day, so the old saw goes. Men, women and children have their's once in ten years, provided they are not missed by the census enumerator. See to it that you are counted.

Roses are beginning to bloom and with a few more warm days every door yard will be a wealth of bloom and beauty—that is where the home builders have not been negligent in setting these beauties of nature or too indolent to properly care for them.

In an obituary notice published in a Kansas paper the date of the birth of the deceased was given as May 4, 1946, while the date of his demise was given as March 0. Revised data should be sent forward at once lest these figures prove to be disconcerting to St. Peter at the gate.

This is the time when you want to stand up and be counted. If you have not been seen by the census enumerator see to it at once that your name is "written there." The count now being made will stand in the census reports for ten years, as the population of Newberg.

Prices of cotton goods are already out of sight and now comes the report that millions of acres of the young cotton crop of the South has been destroyed by cold weather. Just think of all our wives and daughters being compelled to go about dressed in silks all next season!

Hood River not being satisfied to rest on her laurels won on big apples, sent a youngster to Stanford University to contest as a sprinter in the athletic meet and he won out. His name is Huggins and since his arrival home on Tuesday night, Hood Riverites have not ceased to hug him.

We can't show our Portland visitors as many "joy machines" as some other towns in the valley have been able to do, but that is nothing to the discredit of Newberg. We are putting our money into enterprises that furnish employment for bread winners—improved streets, new school buildings, better homes, more paint and new apple orchards, for instance.

It is really remarkable what some men are able to learn about Oregon in so short a time. For instance a recent arrival in the state writes back to his former Kansas home paper a letter of information for his friends in which he says: "In the Willamette valley the soil is mostly very poor, much fertilizing being required for any crop. No grain is raised here except oats and barley and these are sown principally for hay." Just what this fellow is doing at the capital city of Oregon his letter does not state, but it is indeed fortunate for his friends that he is so conveniently located with reference to the big institution we maintain at great public expense for our unfortunates. It won't cost much to get him located if he gets it any worse.

In times past when the census has been taken many vexatious delays have occurred in making footings and in some instances months passed before any final results could be obtained. Up-to-date methods are now being used in taking the census and it appears that we shall soon know results. It is gratifying to hear that Census Supervisor R. J. Hendricks says the people of the First District will be informed of the result of the count within a few days from the time the enumerators have finished their work. Each enumerator sends in his report to the Supervisor each day and these reports are compiled on an adding machine and the figures forwarded to Washington. By the time census taking is completed, or a few days afterward, the census department will be able to issue a statement of the entire population of the United States.

BOUND FOR THE FRONT.

An Incident Showing the Military Courage of the Montenegrin.

In military courage the Montenegrin probably stands at the head of European races. The best wish for a baby boy is, "May you not die in your bed," and to face death is to man or boy only a joyous game. Says W. J. Stillman in his "Autobiography":

I have seen a man under a heavy Turkish fire deliberately leave the trenches and climb the breastwork, only to expose himself from sheer bravado.

While lying at headquarters at Oreabuk, awaiting the opening of the campaign in 1877, I was walking one day with the prince when a boy of sixteen or eighteen approached us, cap in hand.

"Now," said the prince, "I'll show you an interesting thing. This boy is the last of a good family. His father and brothers were all killed in the last battle, and I ordered him to go home and stay with his mother and sisters that the family might not become extinct."

The boy drew near and stopped before us, his head down, his cap in hand.

"What do you want?" asked the prince.

"I want to go back to my battalion."

"But," said the prince, "you are the last of your line, and I cannot allow a good family to be lost. You must go home and take care of your mother."

The boy began to cry bitterly.

"Will you go home quietly and stay there," said the prince, "or will you take a flogging and be allowed to fight?"

The boy thought for a moment. A flogging, he knew well, is the deepest disgrace that can befall a Montenegrin.

"Well," he broke out, "since it isn't for stealing, I'll be flogged."

"No," said the prince, "you must go home."

Then the boy broke down utterly.

"But," he cried, "I want to avenge my father and brothers!"

He went away still crying, and the prince said, "In spite of all this he will be in the next battle."

Artful Parisian Beggars.

Parisian beggars have been known to go far beyond a sham fight with a dog in the gutter for a crust. Maxime du Camp has recorded how, on an August Sunday in 1887, at an hour when the quays were crowded, a shabby man uttered a cry of despair and threw himself into the Seine near the Pont de l'Alma. He had sunk twice when a man in workmen's clothes plunged in, swam after him and effected an apparently difficult rescue. As the crowd surrounded the two on the bank the rescued one slowly came to, reproached the rescuer for saving a hopeless, workless man, who had not eaten for three days, and tried to rush off again, crying, "Let me die!" The rescuer pulled out half a franc, saying: "Take this. I shall only have to go without dinner today." And of course the crowd liberally followed suit. But the skeptical police shadowed the two, saw them count up the spoils in a tavern and presently arrested the two ex-convicts, dead drunk. —London Chronicle.

Keep Accounts.

Keeping accounts, simple in form, plain, clear and easily understood, showing amounts due to or from others, entering correctly the dates on which money is paid out or received, is the best plan to avoid disputes about money matters and relieves the memory of many unnecessary burdens. A written record of a money transaction has greater legal value in case of controversy in court than any verbal statement.

COMING

DR. B. W. SPANG

Chiropractor

of Portland

Graduate of the D. D. Palmer College of Chiropractic, will positively locate in Newberg on

Monday, May 2nd

Those desirous of receiving adjustments of one of the most skillful may do so hereafter without incurring the expense of a trip to Portland. I will produce testimonials which prove the efficiency of my work.

NO DRUGS

NO KNIFE

The habit of keeping accounts induces economy in expenditure and inspires the habit of saving up, besides showing at all times a correct financial condition. Housekeepers, mechanics and all who handle money in the management of their personal affairs will find it most profitable to form the habit of keeping accounts.

Case Proved.

"You aver," thundered the black browed bandit chief, "that you are the celebrated prima donna Mlle. Squallina! Prove it and you are free! Never shall it be said that a Cuttawazunda would offer an indignity to an opera soprano! It is against all the tenets of the profession!"

"But how," wailed the captive, "shall I prove my identity?"

"By singing, of course!"

"What!" shrieked the lady. "Sing in this cave! No bouquets, no enthusiastic applauders, and not a cent in the box office! Never!"

"Gentlemen," declared the bandit, "it is quite evident that this lady is what she claims to be. Escort her to the nearest village and set her free."

IMAGINATION.

The Way It Can Be Used to Affect a Person's Health.

A nerve specialist of Philadelphia told at a dinner an amusing story of the influence of the imagination on the health.

"A young bank clerk," he said, "feeling fagged from the excessive heat of a trying Philadelphia summer, consulted a physician. The physician questioned him, sounded his lungs and then said gravely: 'I will write you tomorrow.'"

"The next day the bank clerk received a letter from the medical man telling him that his right lung was gone and his heart seriously damaged and advising him to lose no time in putting his affairs in order."

"Of course," the doctor wrote, "you may live for weeks, but you would do well to leave nothing of importance unsettled."

"Naturally the young bank clerk was very much depressed by this sad letter, nothing less than a death warrant. He did not, of course, go to work that morning, and before noon he was having trouble with his respiration, while severe pains shot rapidly through his heart. He did not get up all day, and on toward midnight he had had a sinking spell that caused his people to send post-haste for the doctor."

"The doctor on his arrival was astounded."

"Why," he cried, "there were no symptoms of this sort yesterday! What on earth have you been doing to yourself?"

"The patient's face screwed up with pain; he pressed his hand to his breast and said feebly:

"It's the heart, I suppose, doctor."

"The heart!" said the doctor. "There was nothing yesterday the matter with your heart."

"My lungs, then," the patient groaned.

"What ails you?" the doctor shouted. "You don't seem to have been drinking."

"Your letter, doctor—you told

me I had only a few weeks to live."

"Nonsense! Are you crazy? I told you to take a month's vacation at the seashore and you'd be as good as new again."

"The patient drew the fateful letter from a drawer beside his bed."

"Well," said the doctor, glancing at it, "this is a pretty mess. This letter was intended for another man. My secretary mixed up the envelopes."

"The patient laughed. He sat up in bed. His recovery was rapid. That night, in fact, he was well again."

"And what," ended the specialist—"what of the dying consumptive who had got this young man's letter? The consumptive, delighted with the prediction that a month at the seashore would make a sound man of him, packed his trunk and took the first train for New England. That was ten years ago, and today he is in fair health." —Los Angeles Times.

Marriage Licences.

Mota J. Bowles, aged 17 years to A. L. Stone, age 21 years.

LuVerne Athes Jones, age 19 yrs. to Wm. T. Hardwicke, age 27 yrs.

Jennie L. Thornton, age 20 yr. to James C. Erwin, age 24 yrs.

A. E. Wilson

For Watches, Clocks, Jewelry



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—Mother.

Olympic Flour always makes good things—good bread and biscuits, good pastry and cakes. Made from choicest North western wheat, pure, wholesome, clean and nutritious—"there isn't any just as good."

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is moving out fast. They won't last long if our customers keep coming like they have the last month. If you need anything in the vehicle line it will pay you to come and look over our stock. We are using every effort to get another half car so we can supply our trade in the latter part of the season. Remember Banner Buggies are made on merit. They must advertise themselves in the service they give—and they do it. The factory is now shipping 300 finished vehicles per day—this shows that they must give satisfaction.

2 Saturday Specials

Split willow clothes basket, 17x28 in. good grade, good handles, regular 50c value for Saturday only..... **30c**

Lot of 1-qt. blued steel corn poppers with sliding cover, a little out of season, that's why we got them cheap, reg. 50c, Saturday..... **10c**

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WE HAVE

SCIENCE teaches us HOW and WHERE to find it. EXPERIENCE teaches us just WHAT to do.

NO GUESS WORK ABOUT IT

NOW LISTEN, we will test your eyes and tell you just what is the matter and just what it will cost.

THEN

If you want to go to the expense, all right, if not, you don't owe us a cent. We are in Newberg every Saturday. In the Drug Store next door to the Post Office.

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