

NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

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THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1910.

Dr. James Withycombe who is again a very live candidate for governor was here Monday to shake hands with the cow men at the Jersey sale.

The Willamette valley bids a hearty welcome to J. J. Hill, the great railroad builder. But say, Uncle Jim, please be a little more explicit about the Oregon Electric before you leave Oregon.

The census enumerators making the count for Newberg make the request that anyone having in mind a person they have reason to believe has been overlooked, report at once to the Graphic office. They are anxious to get every name and will welcome any assistance that may be rendered.

Portland citizens are organizing a Cat Club. Well a cat club is a mighty convenient thing to have at hand along in the dead hours of the night when the prowlers begin to tune up on the roof of the back porch, but the old fashioned boot jack will answer the purpose if nothing better is at hand.

It has long been a recognized fact that Hon. J. W. Bailey's judgement is good in making a selection of a family Jersey, and on last Monday when he appeared at the public sale at Springhill farm with his new wife, he convinced his Newberg friends that he knew a thing or two about choosing a helpmate. J. W. was looking his best and if that smile holds out he ought to find the way easy to the governor's seat.

The school bonds amounting to \$40,000 have been sold to Morris Bros. of Portland, at a premium of \$157,50, the interest rate being 5 per cent. This is considered a good deal since the school board is only required to accept half the amount at once. The second \$20,000 will not be needed before October and consequently the interest on these bonds for five months will be saved to the district.

In the city news column of Tuesday morning's Oregonian there appeared this item: "The monotony of appearing in Police Court every fifth day to answer to a charge of drunkenness and receive the stereotyped sentence of five days, no longer appeals to Jim Casey. For the 700th and odd time Casey's name was called yesterday and he appeared by proxy and was given his usual sentence." "Jim" no doubt, when a boy was one of the lads who could "drink or let it alone" as he pleased, and would have scouted the idea of his ever being mentioned in a metropolitan newspaper as a common drunk later on in life. In almost every community in the country there may be found a "Jim" here and there who is unthinking and unwise enough to take the first step that leads on to disgrace and sure disaster, along with thousands of other unwise and unthinking "Jims" who are foolish enough to think they will have strength sufficient to enable them to stem the tide and escape. With all the laws that may be enacted not all the boys will be saved from taking the chances against such great odds, but it is worth while to make it as easy as may be for the boys of Oregon to go right, and this is the reason a great effort is going to be made at the coming state election to vote Oregon dry. What are you going to do to help lessen the number of "Jim Caseys?"

John F. Carroll, the editor of the Evening Telegram, who was a member of the Portland Business Men's Excursion, remarked while in Newberg that he had made inquiry in all the dry towns they had visited on their trip and he found the prevailing sentiment strongly in favor of remaining in the dry column. Mr. Carroll was evidently pleased to hear such an expression from the people, and by the way you will take notice that the Telegram is not fighting the movement to cover the whole state with the water wagon.

HARD TO PLEASE.

No Use Trying to Be Neighborly With Some People.

When Mrs. Calloway met Mrs. Deeson in the market one morning and inquired for the news of the people in her block it came to light that the Carolsons, who used to be neighbors of the Calloways, now held that relationship to the Deesons. Naturally the character of the Carolsons as a family and as individuals was shortly under discussion. Mrs. Deeson, who admitted somewhat grudgingly that she supposed that the Carolsons were "pleasant enough," then turned confidential and recited a story, which the Chicago News prints:

"Mrs. Carolson is at Shadow Lake now, isn't she?" Mrs. Calloway had asked.

"Yes," said the other woman, "and she never said a word to me about it before she went. I saw Mr. Carolson weeding the pansies the other morning, and I called out, just to be neighborly, 'Your wife gone away?'"

"He grunted something that might have meant either 'yes' or 'no.' I went on:

"You'd better go away, too, and stay over Sunday with her. I'll look after your house." He gave another grunt.

"Why not stay until the following Monday?" I asked.

"Thank you," he growled. "I wish my firm was as generous as you are." Then he went into the house.

"A little while after that my daughter met him on the street carrying a suit case, so I knew he had taken my advice.

"I suppose he won't be home for ten days. He must have gone in a hurry, for he didn't tell me a thing about his going," I said to my daughter.

"I had so much work to do that I could give little time to their place. Still, I like to be neighborly, so early the next morning I went over and picked all their pansies. Then, seeing that Mr. Carolson hadn't stopped the milk or his paper, I helped myself to both. Afterward I telephoned to the milkman not to leave any more milk.

"I ran to the door every time I heard their bell ring and explained to the caller that the family had gone away for ten days. It was a lot of trouble, for I had to keep watching all the time."

"You always have such a sense of responsibility when your neighbors are away, Mrs. Deeson," said Mrs. Calloway.

"Well, I try to do my duty by everybody. Late in the afternoon a boy came with a suit case. I called to him that there was no use ringing the Carolsons' bell, as they wouldn't be at home for ten days.

"I had special orders to bring these clothes today," said the boy. "Won't you take them in—dollar to collect?"

"I don't meddle with Mr. Carolson's clothes," I said. "Bring 'em back in ten days." Then I shut the door. You have to be firm with boys like that. They'd argue all day if you'd let 'em, and I had my dinner to get.

"We had just sat down to the table when my daughter said, 'Who's that picking the Carolsons' pansies?'"

"Here, you!" I called. And if it wasn't Mr. Carolson himself, looking madder than a hatter.

"Some one has picked them all!" he snorted.

"I thought you were away," I said.

"That accounts for the milk and the papers, I suppose. Perhaps you've the clothes that I am waiting for?"

"I sent them back"—I began, but didn't get a chance to finish the sentence. If I told you what he said—I could hardly believe my ears! Some people are hard to please, aren't they, Mrs. Calloway?"

Madam—Yes, your honor. I asked him if he would always love me, and he was so slow in answering that I hit him with a mop. I'm only a woman, judge, and a woman's life without love is a mere blight.—Illustrated Bits.

A FEAST THAT FAILED.

The Story of a Raccoon That Was Not Served For Breakfast.

In the old days, and not so very old either, the custom of school-teachers "boarding around" was the usual thing in country districts. Although a custom which teachers seldom liked, it is doubtful if many of them had as hard a time as a young schoolmaster who described his experience in the New England Galaxy for 1817. The article was written by Leonard Athorp, then an undergraduate of Bowdoin college. The young schoolmaster was to receive \$15 a month and his board:

From the first day I perceived that I was at board on speculation and at the mercy of a close calculation, he writes. One day the whole dinner consisted of a single dumpling, which they called a pudding, and five sausages, which in cooking shrunk to the size of pipestems. There were five of us at the table.

A few days afterward on my return from school my eyes were delighted by the sight of an animal I had never seen before. It was a raccoon, which the young man, Jonathan, had killed and brought home in triumph. When skinned he seemed to be one entire mass of fat and of a most delicate whiteness. I was overjoyed and went to bed early to dream of delicious steaks which the morrow would bring.

Long before daylight I heard the family stirring, and the alacrity of quick footsteps and the repeated opening and shutting of doors all gave assurance of the coming holiday.

I was soon ready for breakfast, and when seated at the table I observed that the place of Jonathan was vacant.

"Where is Jonathan?" I asked.

"Gone to market," said they.

"Market! What market, pray? I did not know there was any market in these parts."

"Oh, yes," they said, "he is gone to—, about thirty miles to the southward of us."

"And what has called him up so early to go to market?"

"He is gone," said they, "to sell his raccoon."

"The Man of Destiny."

A very interesting pen picture of Napoleon is drawn by John Cam Hobhouse, afterward Lord Broughton, in his "Recollections of a Long Life." He writes:

"I had for some time a most complete opportunity of contemplating this extraordinary being. His face is of a deadly pale, his jaws overhanging, but not so much as I had heard. His hair is short, of a dark, dusky brown. He generally stood with his hands knit behind him or folded before him and three or four times took snuff out of a plain brown box. Once he looked at his watch, which, by the way, had a gold face and, I think, a brown hair chain, like an English one. His teeth seemed regular, but not clean. He very seldom spoke, but when he did smiled in some sort agreeably. He looked about him, not knitting but joining his eyebrows. As the front of each regiment passed he put up the first finger of his left hand quickly to his hat to salute, but did not move his head or hat. He had an air of sedate impatience."

Sail Bearing Fishes.

Various marine animals possess organs which, raised above the surface, act as sails, by means of which they are propelled along the water. Among these may be mentioned the Portuguese man-of-war and the paper nautilus. Certain fishes, it appears, use the same method of progression, the dorsal fin acting as a sail. Broussonet called such fishes Poissons voiliers. And the scientific name histiophorus (sail bearer), given to a genus of fish, implies a similar belief. In a contribution to the zoological Jahrbuch Louis Dollo claims that other genera are also sail bearers. He suggests also that among the cetaceans the grampus and bottle nosed whale may make a similar use of the dorsal fin.

Why He Wept.

The extensive authority of parents under the Chinese laws is well known. A Chinaman of forty years, whose aged mother flogged him every day, shed tears in the company of one of his friends.

"Why do you weep?" he was asked.

"Alas, things are not as they used to be!" answered the devoted son. "The poor woman's arms grow feeble every day!"

The Erring One.

It is impossible for one who never goes wrong or makes a mistake or commits a blunder to know just how to be sorry for an erring one. We must stumble ourselves before we can really judge of the hardships of a rough road and the frailty of weary feet. True character is first tender, then hopeful and afterward reformatory.—Exchange.

Something to Be Thankful For.

A Scotchman who has a keen appreciation of the strong characteristics of his countrymen delights in the story of a druggist known both for his thrift and his philosophy.

Once he was aroused from a deep sleep by the ringing of his night bell. He went down to his little shop and sold a dose of rather nauseous medicine to a distressed customer.

"What profit do you make out of that?" grumbled his wife.

"A ha'penny," was the cheerful answer.

"And for that bit o' money you'll lie awake maybe an hour," she said impatiently.

"Never grumble o'er that, woman," was his placid answer. "The dose will keep him awake all night. We must thank heaven we ha' the profit and none o' the pain o' this transaction."

King Leopold's Answer.

Few monarchs have possessed a more caustic tongue than the late King Leopold of Belgium when he chose to exercise it. Once a dispute was raging in the Belgian army as to whether the words of command should be given in Flemish or French. Neither side would give in, and at length it was agreed that King Leopold should decide the matter. The aged monarch asked for a week in which to consider the question. At the end of that period he summoned the leading generals and announced that he had decided that in future all orders should be given in Esperanto. Needless to say, the disputants managed to come to some amicable arrangement.

Too Big a Job.

While studying her Sabbath school lesson nine-year-old Elizabeth was much puzzled by the statement that Solomon "repaired the breaches of the city of David, his father." This was to her mind a remarkable statement and quite incomprehensible. After pondering it deeply she asked one of the older members of the family for an explanation, saying that she did not think any man could "mend the breaches of a whole city."—Lippincott's.

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