

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, MAY 19, 1910.

Politicians who are pluming themselves to fit future conditions which they fondly hope may arise, are booking themselves for Fourth of July orations at this early day.

Since it is reported that two or three of our enterprising citizens have purchased ground for a site for the Oregon Electric depot, it appears that it only remains for Uncle Jim Hill to perform the little part he has in the enterprise and we shall be fixed.

Parents often bewail the misfortune, as they see it, of not having money to furnish their children for liberal spending, and this notwithstanding the fact that the rich man's son faces a greater handicap in the race for making something of himself, than does the son of the man in moderate circumstances.

General Ben Simpson, the father of Sam. L. Simpson, Oregon's most noted poet and the author of "Beautiful Willamette," died last Tuesday in Portland at the age of 92. He was a pioneer of 1848, coming to Oregon from Tennessee. He built the first steamboat for the Willamette river in 1852. Young students of early Oregon history will do well to make a note in their scrap books of the passing of these old pioneers, for they will soon all be numbered with the dead and they were in fact as well as in name the makers of early history in this great Northwest country.

The wholesale liquor interests are giving wide circulation to a paper in opposition to the enactment of laws for the prohibition of the liquor traffic, which was written by a preacher, one William A. Wasson. Well, it is so seldom the dispensers of booze see anything good in a preacher let it go at that. And anyway the whole booze business from the wholesale house down to the lowest grog shop is so notoriously bad that it will take more than the efforts of one preacher to save its reputation.

You no doubt have at times been compelled to sit in public audiences along side of the fellow with the whispering habit, and while you were endeavoring to follow the speaker, the man at your elbow was constantly pouring into your ear his shallow opinions of what was being said. You not only felt bored but indignant and wanted to collar the disturber and pitch him out, but have submitted to the annoyance in silence, since it takes a man of brains to make a good listener.

NORMAL SCHOOL TROUBLE REVIVING.

Neither will electors of Oregon gain satisfactory solution of the normal school trouble through direct legislation. Bills are being initiated for re-establishment of the institutions at Weston, Monmouth, and Ashland. Voters have no choice of alternative location. They must take back the old schools or none. Of course, they are at liberty to select one of the three or two of them, but that would not remedy geographical misfits which have been so long disturbing forces in the politics and the legislation of this state.

The Oregonian realizes full well that this criticism will incite resentment in certain localities.

But in common with most of the citizens of this state, The Oregonian would like to see normal school education established on an enduring and efficient basis. It would like to see one, or at most, two schools properly supplied with funds and equipped with facilities and located near geographical centers. This seems a reasonable view of the matter. The question ultimately is to be decided, after all, not by local preference, but by state-wide choice.

Yet no measure is to be initiated, evidently, that will accord with the general interest of the state. Instead, the electors are to hash over again the old-time normal school mess. The legislature last session was dead-locked between House and Senate on the normal school question and adjourned without appropriating funds for either of the three schools. This was an unfortunate outcome. The state has lost two years for training of teachers and for establishment of a new normal system. Now comes the initiative, threatening to make matters worse. For if by criss-cross voting all three schools or one of them should win a plurality vote, then the cry of the "will of the people" would be heard forevermore, although it is manifestly the will of the people that old normal abuses should be forever abolished.

What is needed is legislation framed in the interest of the state instead of in the interest of localities.—Oregonian.

Notice.

We beg to inform the public that the Arnold Amusement Co. is in no way connected with the Miller Amusement Co. that appears in Newberg, May 26 and 28 whatever. It is understood that the Arnold Amusement Co. will give a big carnival in Newberg early this fall.

PRODIGAL DUMAS.

His Disregard of Money and Failure as a Publisher.

The Mousquetaire, a Parisian journal founded by Alexandre Dumas, grew and flourished for a short time and then became extinct. It was carried on during a brilliant existence with an astonishing disregard of business methods commonly in vogue. Its staff was the largest and most varied ever known. Persons would walk into the office, propose working for the paper and find themselves at once accepted.

"What will you allow me?" a new man would ask.

"Whatever you like, my boy," Dumas would return. "By the way," he would explain to every new aspirant, "we must understand one thing: I mean you to be handsomely paid. You must have 1,000 francs a month, and if you should want a month's pay in advance now don't scruple to ask for it."

Everybody was dazzled, and Dumas himself more than all the rest. No business enterprise, however, could exist on such a basis, and the journal began to languish. Then a man named Boule proposed taking the speculation out of Dumas' hands. He offered the great man 100 francs a day, which meant more than \$7,000 a year.

"Here," said Boule, "is a check book full of those little tinted leaves you are so fond of. Every morning you have only to write your name at the foot of one, send it into the office and touch your 100 francs."

Dumas loved money, and his face beamed with delight. "But suppose," said he, "that some day I should want 300 or 400 francs?"

"Well, all you have to do is to send in three or four of your checks. Nothing is more simple."

The book lay on the author's desk, a delightful and ready resource. Did a creditor call? A slip of paper, and he was paid. A poor woman was about to be turned out into the street. A few more slips, and she was relieved. At the end of the week nothing was left of the book but the cover. Then Boule changed his mode of procedure.

Different Sort of Credit.

Once in a little crossroads store in Georgia an old darky came shambling in.

"Hello, Uncle Mose!" the proprietor greeted him. "I hear you got converted at last at the camp meeting and have given up drinking and other bad habits."

"Yas, sah; Ah done seed de error ob mah ways an' turn roun' an headed fer de narrer path," Uncle Mose declared fervently.

"Well, you deserve a great deal of credit for that, Uncle Mose," the merchant said approvingly.

"Yes, sah; t'ank ye, sah," Uncle Mose exclaimed delightedly, "dat's jes what Ah thought, an' Ah 'lowed Ah'd come in hyah an' git you all to gib me credit for some bacon an' meal."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Too Well Known.

Titus Titmouse was infuriated, but the editor of the Wind shut him up in two seconds.

"Is this the newspaper office?" inquired Mr. Titmouse.

"It is," responded the man at the desk.

"Didn't this paper say I was a liar?" and he began prancing.

"It did not."

"Didn't it say I was a scoundrel?"

"It did not."

"Well, some paper said it."

"Possibly it was our contemporary down the street," suggested the editor as he picked up a paper-weight. "This paper never prints stale news."

So They Would.

Mrs. Newwed went into a butcher's shop to get a joint of beef. The butcher was a little old man, inclined to be cranky. He began to cut the meat. She thought he was sawing off too much bone.

"That joint will have too much bone in it, I fear," she said.

The butcher stopped and sighed. "Madam," he said, "that's the cow's fault. These cows would be awful in shape if they had to run around without bones."

Mrs. Newwed said no more.—London Scraps.

Doctors in France.

A French newspaper publishes some statistics showing the causes of death in the medical profession. The figures are impressive, but there is no indication as to the source of information. We read that 44 per cent die from heart disease, 20 per cent from nervous affections, 20 per cent from morphia habit and 7 per cent from tuberculosis. The prevalence of morphia is ascribed to the fact that a doctor knows when his malady is incurable, and morphia is sought to soothe the mind.—London Globe.

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Don't forget the date.

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Last week we were fooled by the R. R. Company and our specials did not arrive. We have them now.

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- 10 qt. Water Pails
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All in good quality blue enameled ware, white lined inside.

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Having recently supplied our Prescription Department with Pure and Standardized Drugs and Chemicals, we are able to fill any doctor's prescription or any private receipt brought to our store. Our prices are the lowest. If you are not satisfied we cheerfully refund your money.

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C. C. PEERY, Reg. Pharmacist.
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WATCH THIS SPACE

NEXT WEEK for further announcement of Newberg's new up-to-date store in Men's and Young Men's Clothing, Shoes, Hats and Furnishings. Also a beautiful line of Ladies' Ready to Wear garments and Ladies' and Children's Shoes.

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