

NEWBERG'S

population is 3000
A \$30,000 High School
building is in course
of construction, and a
\$20,000 building for
Pacific College is soon
to begin.

NEWBERG



GRAPHIC

Newberg Has

Big lumber mill, flour
mills, brick and tile
factories, saw & door
factory, iron foundry,
ice plant, milk con-
densery, gravity wa-
ter system, no saloons;
ten churches; high
school, and college.

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NEWBERG, YAMHILL COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1910.

NO. 41

CAUGHT HIM IN THE ACT

Youth Pleads Guilty to Theft of Revolver From St. Pierre Bicycle Store.

From the workshop back of his salesroom, Friday morning, Theo. St. Pierre saw a young man step behind the counter, slip something into his clothes by a sly, dexterous movement, and make his exit from the building. Mr. St. Pierre rushed to the counter and found an automatic revolver missing and hurrying out to the street, saw the youth disappearing on a bicycle. The latter rode south to Fifth street, then striking last toward the Springbrook neighborhood. He was recognized sufficiently by two or three parties to give Mr. St. Pierre a clue to his identity. A warrant for an arrest for burglary was placed in the hands of City Marshal Gardner as deputy sheriff, and the two men located the culprit without much trouble at his home south of Springbrook. He proved to be Frank Haward, of a comparatively new family in the neighborhood. He promptly admitted the theft, came back to town under arrest and recovered the stolen revolver in the south part of town where he had thrown it in his flight. He was let off with a fine of twenty-five dollars and costs by Justice Brouillette. In extenuation, young Haward plead that it was his first offense but the finesse and coolness displayed belied the statement.

Citizens or Criminals?

When the Civil War was at last at an end, and the Southern States had acquiesced in the Constitutional amendments emancipating and enfranchising the negro, many excellent persons believed that the most dangerous and difficult problem the nation had ever been called upon to face was solved. Yet, although changed in form, the problem remains, in some respects more baffling than ever.

A leading Southerner, Judge Hopkins, of Georgia, has pithily expressed the nature of the task which lies before his people. It is "the making of citizens instead of criminals out of the masses of negroes that everywhere in the South eddy and swirl into the Anglo-Saxon body politic."

No race, no nation, no individual can stand indefinitely at one stage of development. If it does not advance, it retrogrades. If the negro cannot make his way slowly upward he must fall backward. If he fails to become a citizen he will surely become a pauper or a criminal.

Nor can a society permanently remain strong and healthy with a servile or a debased class infecting its organization. For the sake of the white man, and of white civilization, if for no more unselfish reason, the negro must be made a self-respecting and efficient citizen.

It is much to have the problem fairly stated and clearly understood by North as well as South. The means of solution, if not yet so obvious, will eventually be found. The Northern statesman, forty years ago, thought the suffrage would insure the protection and the elevation of the black man. Their hopes have not been justified; the matter is not so simple.

Capacity and ambition are not to be conferred on a race by Constitutional amendment. Education, hard work, unselfish devo-

tion, patient wisdom are necessary. But the labor is worth the pains. Success means the saving of two races from degeneration, the preservation and betterment of a civilization. To this work far-sighted and patriotic Americans are calling their fellow citizens.—Youth's Companion.

"What great wandering body," asks the teacher, "which is largely composed of gas, and which travels at terrific speed and puzzles the scientists while amazing and alarming nearly all its beholders, is now attracting the attention of the entire world?" "Teddy Roosevelt," yawns the fat boy at the end of the row.—Life.

"Cheer up, my little man," said a passer-by to the small newsboy; "what's the use of worrying? You may be President some day." "S-say," sobbed the little fellow, "it's sure do look as if I was h-headed dat way; somebody's allers a-roast-in' me!"—Chicago Daily News.

TIME TO ACT FOR

The American Woman's League Chapter House.

Sometime since, the work was begun, of securing for Newberg, the "Free Club House" for the ladies of the town, which, aside from club purposes, can be used for any function, so decided upon by a two-thirds vote of the league members. The building fund (\$4,000) is furnished by the League headquarters and placed in the bank here whenever we meet their requirements, which are, 75 full paid memberships, which can be paid in installments if so wished.

This building comes without any expense to the town for all time. Could there be a better proposition? Can Newberg afford to—not have it? The town should not miss so rare an opportunity, is our judgment.

Now that the many projects and enterprises of the town, have either been accomplished or laid aside for a while, it seems to be a favorable time in which to take up "The Club House" for the ladies again. We have been just biding our time; not slacking because we were discouraged—no, never. We are very sanguine of success, but how soon—depends in a measure on those interested in Newberg's future along progressive and "up-to-date" lines.

We are using our best efforts to make "Lotus Chapter," of Newberg, the first in the state to build a Chapter house, which means a "whole lot." Will you co-operate with us, and help us to make this possible?

MRS. S. S. SLOAN, Local Representative.

Buys Amity Farm.

On Thursday last the Geo. Massey place south of town, containing 28 acres, was sold to J. C. Lucas, of Newberg. This is a well improved small place and Mr. Massey had just completed a new house and barn which added much to its value. The consideration was \$5500 cash. Mr. Lucas will take possession of his new purchase about the middle of September and expects to make his home upon it.—Amity Standard.

Marriage Licenses.

Pearl Martin, age 19 yrs. to Claud D. Wise, age 20 yrs.
Beulah M. Spaulding, age 20 yrs. to Roy H. Mills, age 21 yrs.
Erma Robbins, age 16 yrs. to Hugh Wess, age 26 yrs.

AN AUTO RUNS AWAY

Occupants Have a Narrow Escape From Death when Machine is Ditched.

On last Sunday evening the auto belonging to Harvey Wisdom, of Portland, made a runaway on the hill coming west from Rex, Mr. and Mrs. Wisdom, the only occupants of the car making a narrow escape with their lives.

They had just started down the long grade and the first effort to apply the brakes was fruitless. A second attempt was made with the other brake with no better results and Mr. Wisdom realized that they were in a perilous condition for there was a light rig just ahead of them. He tooted his horn, but the driver of the rig ahead of them paid no heed and he saw that the only possible chance to avoid a disastrous collision was to take chances on making for an open spot at one side of the road which he headed for. No sooner had the machine left the track than it landed in a deep ditch, partly overturning and pinning the occupants down in the wreckage.

The driver of the light rig with others assisted Mr. and Mrs. Wisdom to extricate themselves and they were brought to Newberg where they were cared for by Dr. Rankin. Mrs. Wisdom received some severe bruises about the face and shoulder and was unconscious for some time, while he escaped without any scratches. They were able to return to their home in Portland Tuesday evening.

The auto was badly jammed up and the following day it was brought limping into town for repairs at the St. Pierre shops. An axle was bent, the seats knocked off and the glass shield smashed.

Mr. Wisdom has a store on the east side in Portland.

Report on Local Oil Indications Desired by Government.

The United States Government, through its geological survey has ordered an examination of the oil prospects of the Coast range mountains in Oregon—the same belt containing the great oil fields of California. The work is in charge of C. W. Washburne who has already made preliminary studies in nearly every county in the state. He will soon examine this county and all persons knowing of oil seeps, asphaltum, gas, salt and sulphur water and related phenomena, are urged to write a full description of the occurrence, including its location and mail to Mr. Washburne whose address is now Astoria. He is willing to examine as many indications as possible, and since the work is done for the government, there will be no charge for the service.

Prof. Reagan Makes Suggestions on the Use of Our Public Library.

I wish to take this opportunity to correct an impression made in a talk concerning literature at a recent Yearly Meeting session. I did not intend to deprecate our public library, neither did I intend to reflect on the library committee.

We need a public library supported liberally by the whole town. We cannot expect all the books to be of our own individual choosing. Books are not simply good or bad. One book may be good for one person and bad for another. Again, a library should educate as well

as entertain. For education, at least discrimination, is absolutely necessary. A person must read the best books which he can really enjoy. Children must have help both in choosing and in reading, if their reading is to be valuable rather than harmful. A library force can do this to a certain extent only. Parents and older brothers and sisters must interest themselves in the reading of the little people in their homes. Those who object to books brought home by the children, will be able to find satisfactory books in our library. Much of the modern fiction is in my estimation worse than worthless. It is not a sign of superior learning to be able to discuss glibly all the recent editions, if one remains entirely ignorant of the masters.

This is an important period in the growth of our library. It is also an important period in the education of the reading public. We need then, to continually ask for more and better books, but we most need to read those books when they come.

W. J. REAGAN.

COMMITTS SUICIDE

Brother of Mrs. A. M. Dunlap Ends Life in Portland.

Benjamin Stanton, aged twenty-five years, brother of Mrs. A. M. Dunlap, of this place, shot and killed himself at his Portland home Monday night, after attempting to kill his wife and her brother, George Hansen.

On the Sunday preceding both Stanton and Hansen were in Newberg visiting the Dunlaps. In fact Hansen had been working for a short time down at the brick factory. On Monday morning the two men rented bicycles of T. B. Duncan. They gave McMinnville as their destination, but rode to Portland.

The news of the tragedy was a great surprise to the family, who are very reticent over the affair. Domestic unpleasantness is at the bottom of the trouble. Stanton and his wife, since their marriage four months ago, had frequently quarrelled and had recently separated.

Late Monday night Stanton tried unsuccessfully to effect a reconciliation with Mrs. Stanton, who turned from him with her brother, young Hansen. Thereupon Stanton drew a revolver and fired at them at close range, but without effect. He then ran down the street, returning to the rear of the house by a roundabout way, where, upon the approach of a patrolman, he shot himself to death in the breast.

McMinnville.

Landscape gardeners are now in charge of the improvements on the city park grounds. Three thousand dollars worth of city bonds for this purpose were voted at the last election and it is the intention to have the work completed by the time of the annual county School Fair.

O. B. Corpron, a lineman for the McMinnville Telephone Company fell from the top of a pole Tuesday noon and striking the pavement was instantly killed. The deceased was about 55 years of age and leaves a widow, two sons and one daughter.

Work was begun Monday on the remodeling of the Elberton Hotel. A third story will be added and the building so enlarged as to double its capacity.

The races on Bewley's track Friday were witnessed by a fair sized crowd and some excellent

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records made. The state record was broken in the mile and 50 yard running race the time made being 1:44. The match ½ mile race between Lon Miller and Lord Sidney Dillon was won by the former. Time 1:05.

Ganderbone's Forecast.

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AUGUST.

Last year,
Alack and alas!
Beverly, Mass.,
And Bill on the flat
Of his back in the grass
Sounding the depths
Of the opaline sky
And watching the clouds
Floating dreamily by.
Last year,
Alack and alas!
Beverly, Mass.
This year,
Sagamore Hill,
Strenuous still,
And no one complaining
For want of a thrill,
Shindy and sass
Just as certain as fate—
Beverly, Mass.,
Can dream early or late,
Snore as it pleases
And snooze as it will—
This year,
Sagamore Hill.

Of August it may first be said, its name is from Augustus, whom men have likened unto Ted, perhaps without injustice. He made the world go round about as many times a minute, and the news was always dull without the great Augustus in it.

He had his Ananias Club for liars and for fakers, and he loved to sail his little tub among the Roman breakers. He counted peace a sort of plague, and never did pursue it, but let it rally at The Hague, and you couldn't beat him to it.

He preached about the same old things that Teddy has been preaching, and most of Rome's awakenings resulted from his teaching. He battled hotly for the right, and valiantly imbued it, and the stork could not attempt to light but what he up and shooed it.

There was, however, one affair to tell which is to tattle, and that was where this Roman bear was coming in from battle. He had, of course, put everything opposing him to slumber, and

Rome awaited him to sing some laudatory number.

But here the parallel desists. Augustus said them, No, sir! and when he entered with his lists it might have been the grocer for all the greeting that he got from that admiring chorus, the which desire, of course, was not a bit like Theodorus.

But howsoever, when he died the month that loves to grill us was being written far and wide the season of Sextilis. They wanted to commemorate the hot time he presented the nation with, at any rate, so August was invented.

At any rate, the world will spin
With very small pretension,
And the Fall elections will begin
To clamor for attention.
The next few weeks will fire the gun
Repeatedly and oftly,
And a lot of folks begin to run
For office very softly.

The bold insurgent will have polled the principal chautauquas, and will by that time have been told how far discreet his balk was, or if to follow his attack with further demonstration, or quietly to tip-toe back upon the reservation.

The hopeful Democrat will tool this way and that way training, and hope to have us as a rule have none of their explaining. He'll carefully trim up his wicks and get his pump pulsating, and pass the grand stand every six or seven seconds waiting.

There'll be some dust put up, it seems, when this event gets going, and some things starting at the seams that wanted proper sewing. No wonder Roosevelt came back, and nowadays his gun is rusting in the shooting rack, when here is where the fun is.

The time of green and growing things will near its termination, and the song the thrasher sweetly sings will come with moderation.—We'll sort o' think of autumn time, the hunter and the hunter, and the fishing hole will wear a slime as thick as apple butter.

And then September will return
In good autumnal fashion,
And the poet fall upon his harp
In something of a passion.