

NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

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ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

E. H. WOODWARD, Editor and Publisher

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It is evident that some dealers in Newberg are selling cigarettes to young boys in violation of the state law. They will do well to call a halt.

Phil Metchan runs a big saloon in the basement of the Imperial hotel in Portland, and is one of the Oregon Home Rule promoters with a vengeance.

People who live out northwest of Newberg say that unless the West Chehalis road just outside the city limits is graveled, they will have to walk into town this winter.

Our many long time readers will take notice by glancing at the first page, that this is the first number of Vol. 23 of the Graphic. Of a truth, time waits for no man.

In the death of Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, the progressive wing of the Republican party has lost one of its strongest leaders, for everybody had the fullest confidence in the honesty of purpose of the deceased senator. As a platform orator he had few equals, and as a political speaker he was forceful and convincing.

There is one amendment to the constitution to be voted on at the November election that should carry without any question and that is the one permitting counties to bond themselves for permanent road improvement. The measure provides that bonding may be done when approved by a majority of the voters of the said county at the polls. Those who favor this law should place an X before No. 354 on the ballot. It should be understood that to vote for this amendment does not bind any county to bond itself for road improvement; it only provides a way in which it may be done when the people of a county want it.—Eugene Register.

SUNDAY CLOSING.

In the early part of last week Mayor Christenson called on the proprietors of the confectioneries and cigar stands in Newberg, and told them that they must comply with the law in regard to closing their places of business on Sunday. They took him at his word and closed up but the action taken seems to have caused some murmurings on the part of a few of them, and especially so on the part of the Sunday loungers about such places.

The editor of the Graphic has already been asked if he would favor the re-election of Mr. Christenson as mayor, or rather the selection of another man. In return we would ask if it is to be expected that a reputable newspaper should oppose the return of a man to an office, who had committed no offense further than to insist that men doing business in Newberg should comply with the state law and the city ordinances.

Most assuredly the Graphic will favor the election of Mr. Christenson, a second and a third time, if he can be induced to take the thankless task. Some people seem to get the idea that a mayor is elected for the purpose of giving protection to those who desire to ignore the provisions of the city ordinances, rather than to see that they are complied with, but this view of the matter has never been taken by the Graphic. No, we can see no reason why any man who believes that it is the business of an official to do what he swears or affirms he will do when he accepts an office, should not show

his approval by standing by him.

Possibly the Graphic may not be strictly up to date, but this is the old fashioned view we take of the matter and we don't see at this writing how we could consistently criticize Mayor Christenson for his action.

Then again we believe the boys will all feel better as soon as they become accustomed to resting one day in seven. So far as we are concerned we can get in all the toil we want in six full days in the week and we only wish we could knock off and take two days for rest and recuperation out of every seven.

History and experience goes to prove that from the standpoint of health and money making, to say nothing of the moral issue, in the run of years it really pays to rest one day in seven, so let's all get in and support the mayor and Newberg will be the better for it.

The Graphic may have more to say along this line later if necessary, but for the present we shall take it for granted that all business men will be willing, on second thought, to comply with the city ordinances as expressed by the will of the majority in making them into law.

Announcements.

Services at St. Peters church Sunday 23rd at 10:30.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the home of Mrs. Mary Jane Newlin, corner of Second and Meridian, on Wednesday of next week. Refreshments will be served.

The Civic Improvement Club will hold a called meeting on Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. All members are requested to be present.

Next Sunday is Rally Day at Friends church with an all day program and a big dinner with two hours or more taken up in a social way. All members and attenders are urged to attend.

On Friday evening, October 28, there will be given at the Friends church a reading by two ladies from the Gillispie School of Expression, of Portland. Good music. Further announcement next week.

"Three Shots at the Liquor Traffic." That is what Rev. W. C. Reuter will fire on the last three Sabbath nights before election. The "First Shot" next Sabbath night. Text: Prov. XXIII: 29-32. Music by a large chorus of girls at the evening service. In the morning the topic will be, "The Greatness of Man." All are invited.

A number of ladies met last Saturday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Terrell, for the purpose of considering the organizing of a Ladies Auxiliary to the College. Much interest was shown by those present, and it was decided to meet on the coming Saturday at 3 p. m. at the Association rooms at the college, when the organization will be effected. All ladies between the ages of one and one hundred years, are earnestly requested to show their interest in the welfare of the college by their presence at that meeting.

Miss Brehm in Newberg.

Miss Marie Brehm, a temperance speaker of national reputation, the organizer of the Oregon Dry parade in Portland, will spend next Sunday in Newberg. She will speak at the Presbyterian church in the morning. Arrangements are being made for a union meeting in the evening. More definite announcement will be made Sunday morning.

Presbyterian C. E. Rally.

Special C. E. Rally Day exercises will be held by the Presbyterian young people Sunday evening at 6:30 o'clock. An interesting program is being prepared. All are cordially invited.

HER PAINFUL LIMP.

It Brought Her Sympathy and Then Something More.

It may sound incredible, but here's what happened:

At the height of a rush hour Saturday afternoon a statuesque young woman in a new frock limped painfully but rapidly toward a Euclid avenue car. From her manner of walking the observer was obliged to assume that one of them was shorter than the other. And it looked a pity.

"How sad that she is lame!" whispered some of the women who noticed her. "With such a figure too."

The statuesque young woman stepped aboard the car and was carried along the aisle by the stream of women entering behind her. All the passengers in the forward end of the car were women. They all noticed at once the lameness of the statuesque young woman, and several of them smilingly rose and offered her their places. She took one of the seats with a gracious oh-you-are-so-good-to-the-afflicted inclination of the head. The other women stole surreptitious glances and mentally commiserated her.

When the car stopped to let her off the statuesque young woman limped to the platform, and the women craned their necks some more.

Yes, it does sound a whole lot incredible, but—

The statuesque young woman, as soon as she reached the street again, strode off like any Diana bound for the hunt. There wasn't even so much as a trifling suggestion of lameness in her gait. But there was a naughty little twinkle in her eye as she looked back at the neck craning women and smiled at them.

"Well, did you ever!" gasped the women in the car. The pleasant faced little woman who had surrendered her seat to the statuesque creature looked stunned, and another woman had to poke her with her parasol before she realized that her seat was vacant.

"Say, wouldn't that just fairly cripple you!" murmured the conductor to the grinning men standing on the rear platform.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Patti's Reasons For Success.

This is the way that Adelini Patti is said to have at one time summed up her good points in accounting for her success on the operatic stage: "I am not beautiful, but I am pretty; that's one. I am tolerably graceful; that's two. I am an effective dresser; that's three. I have a way with me that is piquant; that's four. I like my public, for my public like me because I like them and never tire of pleasing them; that's five. I have a good voice; that's six. I know how to sing well—my own way; that's seven. I always know my music—that gives comfort to my audience; that's eight. I act fairly well with the roles I sing; that may count as nine."

The Bulge Was Algy.

"Have you ever heard the story of Algy and the bear?" asked a boy of his father. "It's very short. 'Algy met a bear; the bear was bulgy; the bulge was Algy.'"—London News.

Sheep and Horses For Sale.

Having sold my farm I must at once dispose of my flock of high-grade Cotswold ewes. I will sell from one to fifty head, price \$3.50 to \$5.00. Also one pair young, well-bred brown mares, weight about 1400 pounds; an extra good, showy, sound team; one in foal to J. N. McKey's Champion Belgian Stallion "Perce"; price, \$575, with good set of heavy harness.

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It is sad to contemplate the number of men who are willing to go without food and clothing in order that they may contribute to the prosperity of the saloon-keeper.

PETER THE GREAT.

History Shows That the Old Ruler of Russia Was a Monster.

Years ago, when a low standard of morals prevailed, the epithet "great" was bestowed upon any monarch who won battles and enlarged the territory and resources of his kingdom. It mattered little then to the historian what might be a king's private character, provided he made his nation formidable by its brute strength and full treasury. Even if he was a bad man they eulogized him as a great ruler. Peter I. of Russia is called Peter the Great because he transformed a barbarous into a semibarbarous nation. But no one can now read the following summary of his character without a feeling of disgust. Voltaire, in his "Philosophical Dictionary," says that "Peter was half hero and half tiger." Macaulay declares that "to the end of his life he lived in his palace like a hog in a sty, and when he was entertained by other sovereigns never failed to leave unequivocal proof that a savage had been there."

Peter, when the fit was on him, literally caned everybody—from his cook to his counselor, from the meanest peasant to the highest noble—sparing neither age nor sex. He would get up from the table and flog the host who was entertaining him. He would stand at the door of the senate house and flog each senator that went in. Lefort was an intimate and trusted friend, yet on slight provocation he was knocked down and brutally kicked by his imperial master. But all this flogging was in the way of recreation. When Peter "meant business" it was a more serious matter. Incredible as it may seem, it is nevertheless well authenticated that one of his own sisters—it is said more than one—received 100 strokes of the whip on her back in the presence of the whole court.

In 1713 Alexis, his only son who outlived infancy, was for some offense of no great seriousness several times tortured in the presence of the diabolical father and in the end died either from the effect of the torture or by assassination. For sympathizing with Alexis the Princess Golitsyn, the bosom companion of the Empress Catherine, was publicly whipped by soldiers. For the same reason the brother of his first wife, Eudoxia—whom he had thrown into prison—was tortured and then torn in pieces on the wheel. Nothing ever told of Nero is more horribly grotesque than this, yet this man, or monster rather, is paraded before the world as Peter the Great.

Ambergis.

Formerly there was much mystery surrounding the origin of ambergis, that most valuable substance, but now it is pretty generally agreed that it is nothing more or less than a "morbid secretion" due to a disease of the liver of the sperm whale. The whales which yield ambergis are invariably sickly and emaciated animals.

In ancient times this substance was known as "amber," a name also applied subsequently to the fossil gum now commonly so called. In order to distinguish between the two one was called amber gris (gray) and the other amber jaune (yellow). So, we perceive, the word "ambergis" means simply gray amber. As in the case of the fossil gum, pieces of it were found from time to time on the shores of the sea, where they had been cast up by the waves.

When Squirrels Were Numerous.

Accounts of early writers show that squirrels must formerly have been amazingly numerous. Godman says that the gray coats were a fearful scourge to colonial farmers and that Pennsylvania paid \$8,000 in bounties for their scalps in 1749 alone. This meant the destruction of 640,000 within a comparatively small district. In the early days of western settlement regular hunts were organized by the inhabitants, who would range the woods in two companies from morning till night, vying as to which band should bring home the greatest number of trophies. The quantities thus killed are almost incredible now.

Farming Versus Grammar.

One of the board of education, going his rounds, put the following question to a scholar in a country school:

"How do you parse the sentence, 'Mary milked the cow?'"

Pupil—Cow is a noun, feminine gender, singular number, third person, and stands for Mary.

He of the Board—Stands for Mary? Now, how do you make that out?

Pupil—Because, if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how on earth could Mary milk her?

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The wise man will not disturb a sitting hen nor a quarrelsome woman.

One of the vainest regrets of adult life is that when we are sorely hurt and buffeted we can no longer go and tell mother and get her blessed balm and comfort.