

NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

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ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

E. H. WOODWARD, Editor and Publisher

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In the role of husband, Nat. Goodwin is reputed to be a bad actor. His fourth spouse has instituted divorce proceedings against him.

In the contest for the location of the new branch hospital for the insane, Pendleton wins out over Baker and Union. Alas, there are not enough state institutions to go round.

The school enumeration of Newberg is more than 200 greater than that of either Hillsboro or Forest Grove, while McMinnville and Dallas are distanced in the race but little less.

The Graphic desires to commend Superintendent James of the Oregon penitentiary for the stand he takes in recommending the abolishing of capital punishment and restricting the pardoning power. Unless capital punishment reduces homicide, and we don't believe it does, there is nothing to commend it.

Rivalry over census figures since the announcement of the populations of the larger cities and counties has now been transferred to the smaller places. Already McMinnville and Newberg are waxing warm over the relative position of their respective cities at the top of the Yamhill county column.—Amity Standard.

Evidently the Standard is longing for a good newspaper story. We are sure Newberg has not her bristles up over the matter mentioned by the Standard, and we have heard no unusual rumblings in the direction of the county seat.

The Director of the Census has reported to the mayor of Dallas that the population of that city is 2,124, but the Observer thinks some mistake has been made in sending the figures, as the total sent in by the enumerators was 2,375. The population of Newberg has not been given out, but the Graphic has maintained all along that many small cities and towns would be disappointed at the result as given by the census reports, and we feel quite sure that many Newberg people have the mark set too high for their home city, and consequently they will be disappointed when the result is announced. Figures are stubborn things and they refuse to lie when in the hands of those who are competent and honest.

RIGHT TO INJURE ANOTHER'S BUSINESS.

According to a recent decision of the Mississippi supreme court, any person may lawfully refuse, from caprice or malice, to have business dealings with any other person, "but he cannot from such motives influence others to the same course for the purpose of injuring the business of such other. The act and accompanying motive together constitute the unlawful act."

A lumber company had forbidden its employees, on pain of discharge, to patronize a certain retail merchant who had offended the company. Some of the employees disregarded the order, and were discharged. The storekeeper brought suit for damages for having lost their trade and the supreme court sustained the cause of action.

Its decision is similar to one recently given by the Minnesota supreme court, which held that a wealthy man who, because he had been shaved too close by the village barber or for some other reason had taken a dislike to him, established a rival shop and employed a man to run it, "was guilty of a wanton wrong and

an actionable tort." And the court rubbed it in by adding: "To call such conduct competition is a perversion of terms. It is simply the application of force without legal justification, which in its moral quality may be no better than highway robbery."

These two supreme court decisions are indications that the old ideas of competition and of laissez faire, which we were taught to regard as sacred and inviolable, are getting serious jolts in some quarters.—Eugene Guard.

PLEA FOR THE LOCAL PAPER.

The Chicago American, in reference to the efforts of the large dailies to supplant the local newspapers in their home field has this to say, which citizens generally should ponder well:

"It would be a misfortune to the country if the few big cities should interfere seriously with the publication of valuable and intelligent local newspapers—for upon the local newspaper the welfare of the country very largely depends. The metropolitan daily cannot possibly know the needs of the various localities and small cities. Only the local newspapers can protect local interests and influence local opinion. We hope that in every small town and every village there will be enough intelligence and public spirit to support earnestly and enthusiastically a local newspaper giving encouraging approbation and a good living to the local editor, who also can represent and defend justice and public spirit among his neighbors. The man is unfortunate who cannot afford to take two newspapers at today's prices. He who can afford but one newspaper, in our opinion should display his sense of duty to this locality by taking the local paper."

A Gaze on Superfluities.
In her book "The Human Way" Mrs. Louise Collier Wilcox suggests very subtly the difficulty of drawing the line at sufficiency.

A lady who was also a philanthropist crossed the Russian frontier to visit Tolstoy, and, ushered into his presence, she uttered the usual conventional greetings and exclamations, while the sage eyed her abstractedly and silently.

"As if," she said—"as if he were quietly turning back the top of my head and looking at the thoughts inside."

When she ceased speaking he touched her large and at the same time fashionable sleeve and said sweetly:

"Why do you wrap so much cloth on your arms? If you ripped it off it would make a nice frock for a little girl."

Busy Corner Underground.

Of all the wonderful engineering work done by the Metropolitan underground railways of Paris, the most complicated is that under the Place de l'Opera, where three great tubes cross each other, all of which must have station facilities in the crossing's tangle. The three tubes, the platform, stairways and elevators constitute a veritable Chinese puzzle. The labyrinth of approaches and platforms, there being six of the latter, make possible a quick exchange from one line to another or passage to and from the surface. In order to make it easy for the public to find the direction to take there is a vast room for intercommunication giving access to all platforms. The people taking trains are dropped to the desired train levels by the elevators running from the ticket rooms.—Popular Mechanics.

Fire From Friction.

The Australian bushman uses a method of his own to procure a light. First he selects two pieces of light wood, each about a foot long, from the cork tree or black fig tree. One, a flat piece, he lays on the ground amid a pile of dry leaves. Upon this strip of wood he kneels in order to hold down the ends. Then he rolls the other pointed stick between the palms of his hands so that it bores a hole into the flat strip of wood. This makes fine wood dust, which catches on fire, sending its spark among the dry leaves. By blowing upon the tiny light the bushman soon has a fire, which he feeds with more leaves.

MR. PERCY'S GOUT.

It Kept Getting Worse Until He Got to the Doctor.

Mr. Percy was naturally inclined to be aristocratic. He kept on the walls of his library portraits of his ancestors as far back as he could be sure of them and, furthermore, took unusual pleasure in recounting to guests their distinguishing virtues, says a writer in the New York Evening Sun. The trouble began when Mr. Percy put on his shoes and found some little difficulty in lacing his right one. It was a tight, close fit, and when he walked round the room he limped a little.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Percy as he limped into the dining room.

"Oh, one of my shoes pinches; that's all."

Whereupon he attacked the liver and bacon and sipped away at his coffee. When he had finished his breakfast he put on his hat, picked up a walking stick which he had not used for months and months and sallied forth into the world. In the elevator of his apartment house he met Mr. Stowe, one of his neighbors.

"Hello!" said Stowe.

"Good morning," said Mr. Percy.

"What's the matter with your foot? Gone lame?"

"Ye-ah; shoe fits pretty tight this morning."

"Mebbe you've got the gout, huh?"

Mr. Percy grinned. They parted at the door, Mr. Stowe going toward the subway and Mr. Percy making for the elevator.

"Good morning, Mr. Percy," said the janitor, who was standing on the basement steps.

"Morning! How are you this morning?"

"Oh, I'm all right, but you seem to be lame."

"Yes, seems so."

"P'raps you've got a touch of the gout," said the janitor. "I wish I could catch it too. But I can't even afford to get the stomach ache, let alone the gout."

Halfway down the block Mr. Percy met another of his acquaintances.

"Hello, Percy!" said this one.

"What's the matter? Got the gout?"

Mr. Percy looked rather serious.

"I don't know what it is," he said.

"It's swollen more or less, and it's painful too. Every time I bring my foot down—oh, how it hurts!"

"That's the gout, all right. You ought to lay off from rich food and stuff like that and go it easy."

"I guess I will too. This is no joke, now, I'm telling you."

And when Mr. Percy left his friend and moved on one more block his limp became more and more pronounced, and he even seemed to take a certain sort of pride in it.

"Rheumatism, Mr. Percy?" asked a friend later on.

"No, sir! Gout, sir!"

"Hurts?"

"Excruciating pain, sir! Still, the Percys have always had it, and I suppose I must put up with it. Old family infirmity, you know. I think I'll get off here and see my physician. Well, so long!"

He limped off and in due course of time limped into his doctor's office and described his symptoms.

"I see," said the doctor, writing a prescription. "We'll soon get you all right again. Don't worry."

"But—aw—doctor, isn't gout chronic?"

"Gout? Yes, gout's chronic. But you haven't got the gout. You've got the chilblains."

"N-n-n-n-n-o-o-o-o-o!" said Mr. Percy. "Is that all?"

Meanest Traders in the World.

There is a colony of merchants in Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, who can give cards and spades even to the bland Chinaman "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." They take one match out of every box they sell until they have enough matches to fill another box and so make an extra cent. They shave tiny flakes off cakes of soap and boil them down to make other cakes. They put a thin layer of molasses on the bottom of the scoop with which they serve rice so that a few grains will stick to the bottom. These are only a few of their thousand tricks to turn a dishonest penny. Without doubt they are the meanest traders in the world.

"Pin Money."

In days long ago pins were so expensive that husbands gave their wives certain allowances just for the purpose of the costly luxury; hence we call the money given to a woman for her own special use "pin money." Five centuries after pins were invented the peddlers sung the following rhyme as they went through the streets in London:

Ten rows a penny, O!

Isn't that a penny, O!

Silver beads, golden points,

Ten rows a penny, O!

E. B. Merchant Hardware Co.

Extraordinary Bargains For a Few Days

BUGGIES and WAGONS

Our first carload of spring wagons and buggies will arrive February 10th and the price will be right. Don't buy until you see them.

Silver, Aluminum, Nickel Granite, Copper and Tinware

Come in and look over our large stock of Ranges Heaters Cooking Utensils Silverware Etc.

HER OCCUPATION.

She Made the Bank Clerk Realize It Was of Some Importance.

Although she had been standing in line nearly an hour to start a new account in a Brooklyn savings bank, she was not at all subdued by the formality of the proceedings and had frequently informed those standing near her just what she thought of the delay.

When at length she reached the window she answered the questions that the clerk asked in a loud, self-reliant voice. She told her age in tones that could be heard four desks beyond; she was quite willing that every one should know her full name, her husband's name, her mother's name, her father's name and just where each one of them lived.

"Have you any occupation?" asked the clerk carelessly.

"I have," she replied firmly. "I keep house."

"Well, that's nothing," he answered blithely, writing "None" in the space on the line.

"Nothing!" gasped the new depositor. "You call that nothing?"

And with thirteen in the family and two of the boys working nights, so that there's four extra meals a day besides the regular ones, and two girls at the courting age, with extra white skirts and petticoats every week, till I'm ironing along until 8 o'clock Thursdays!

"You, sitting here on that little chair, doing nothing but a little bit of talking and writing from 9 until 3 o'clock—you say my occupation is 'nothing'! See here, young man, you put down my occupation as housekeeper for thirteen or I'll go and put my money in some other bank! 'Nothing!' Say, if you call what I do 'nothing' you must have to keep a separate page for the doings of other folks!"

"But it's a mere formality," gasped the clerk when she paused for breath and gave him a chance.

"You can make it as formal as you want to," she responded with dignity, "but I'm not going to stand here and see such a lie as that 'nothing' put down on any legal book. No, sir! You write the truth down there, 'Housekeeper for thirteen in the family!'"—New York Herald.

COLORFUL DUELS.

Queer Initiatory Ordeal of New Art Students in Paris.

The most curious of the many practical jokes perpetrated by the art students in the Latin quarter is a kind of initiatory ordeal which the two newest comers of a class are sometimes compelled to undergo by their fellow students of the Beaux Arts. It is a painters' duel, in which neither combatant, no matter how small his experience nor how great his nervousness, need fear for a fatal termination.

The reluctant duelists are provided with tall stools and seated opposite each other at arm's length. They wear old clothes, and in the hand of each is placed a large paint brush charged with color, the one dipped in prussian blue, the strongest and most vivid of azure tints, and the other in carmine lake, which is a fine rich crimson. The word is given, and the two men begin to daub. Being usually strangers to one another and without the least cause of quarrel, they commonly show at first a great deal of caution and consideration, not to say timidity, and do not make much effort to inflict conspicuous streaks or to touch each other's face.

Soon, however, one or the other gets a smear which he does not like and attempts to retaliate upon his opponent. Then the contest waxes warm. The spectators hasten to take sides and urge on their favorite with shouts, cheers and encouraging cries. The tall stools totter; the wet brushes spatter; the antagonists daub more and more fiercely and furiously until frequently men, stools and all go down together in a struggling red and blue heap upon the floor. The duelists are then assisted to their feet, shake hands, laugh at each other's appearance and adjourn to the lavatory, where they good naturedly help each other to remove the traces of the conflict.

The knight of the red brush is found to have smeared his adversary until he might pass for a hero of the goriest field of history, while the victim of the blue brush, if only blue blood were a fact instead of a figure, might pose for a survivor of an equally desperate fight.

It speaks well for the temper and

good comradeship of the students that so rough a kind of fun ends where it begins, in the mock duel, and never, it is said, leads to resentment or ill will.—New York Press.

Seeking Asylum.

A city gentleman was recently invited down to the country for "a day with the birds." Whatever his powers in matters of finance, his shooting was not remarkable for its accuracy, to the great disgust of the man in attendance, whose tip was generally regulated by the size of the bag.

"Dear me," at last exclaimed the sportsman, "but the birds seem exceptionally strong on the wing this year."

"Not all of 'em, sir," came the remark; "you've shot at the same bird this last dozen times. 'E's follerin' you about, sir."

"Following me about! Nonsense! Why should a bird do that?"

"I dunno, sir, I'm sure," replied the man, "unless he's 'angin' round for safety!"—London Ideas.

Would Drown All Sounds.

The agent of the apartment house was trying to discourage him from applying for a flat.

"Your nerves would be ruined," said the agent. "There is a phonograph on the second floor that runs day and night."

"Dot was nuttin'," responded the little man in the red and blue cap.

"On the third floor a girl practices on the piano all day."

"I vud hear her nod."

"And just across the air shaft a lunatic blows the cornet at all hours."

"Der sounds vud nod reach me."

"Great Josephus! Are you deaf?"

"Nein! I blay der drombone."—Chicago News.

Nothing but the Truth.

The Irish foreman of a western factory had considerable trouble with a Swedish employee because of the latter's stupidity. Finally he discharged the Swede, but he was too good natured to refuse him a letter of recommendation. Being something of a diplomatist, the Celt couched the letter in the following terms: "This man has worked for me for one week, and I am satisfied."

GROWING

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At the close of business November 10, 1910

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$230,792.34
Bonds and Securities	55,462.50
Furniture and Fixtures	3,556.95
Real Estate	3,368.71
Cash and Exchange	102,664.68
Total	\$395,845.38
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock	50,000.00
Surplus and Profits	14,508.52
Circulation	50,000.00
Deposits	281,336.86
Total	\$395,845.38

Still we grow and there is good reason for our steady and satisfactory growth. The fact that our business has increased more than one hundred thousand dollars during the last year indicates that the public has not lost sight of the essentials that make a bank strong and safe. Our cash reserve is 36 per cent. The law requires only 15 per cent—the additional 21 per cent is evidence of our conservatism. Study the annexed statement. We are proud of it and we appreciate the business and confidence of our friends which made it possible.

The United States National Bank of Newberg