

Newberg Graphic

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Editor and Publisher

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The calendar man evidently got a little mixed in fixing the proper positions of March and April for 1911, if consistency is to be taken into consideration.

L. W. Charles, better known about Newberg as "Wood," is now editor and manager of the Silver Lake Leader, which is owned by The Lake County Publishing Company. Success to him in the new role.

Forest Grove was the first city in Washington county ten years ago in point of population, but the census taken last year relegates the Grove to second place. Hillsboro has 2016, while Forest Grove has only 1772 people. So says the Independent.

Evidently there is something doing in Coos county. The Myrtle Point Enterprise says:

"The proposition of bonding the county for the sum of about a million dollars for the purpose of building good and permanent roads is taking form."

Explorers going out in search of the South Pole are unable to get front page notice in the big dailies, which indicates a big slump in prices for "Pole" news matter since a year ago. The Globe Democrat suggests that "South Pole explorers should be careful to bring back something different from short and ugly words. The frozen truth is much to be preferred."

D. C. Ashmun has bought the Dayton Optimist plant of B. L. Barry and has begun the publication of the Dayton Tribune. The Optimist has been in the defunct state for many moons, Dayton in the meantime being without a newspaper. Mr. Ashmun says he is there "to stay"—we have seen the same in print before—and we hope Dayton will make it possible for him to do so.

The Washington County News says "there is more building now in progress in Forest Grove than in any other town of its size in the state." Well Newberg is not "of its size," the census returns showing that we have the Grove beaten by close to 500, and consequently the Graphic will not enter into a discussion of the building question, but we respectfully invite the News man to look in and see what Newberg is doing in the way of building anyway.

Editors of newspapers receive requests for all sorts of information, and as a rule, by the aid of their office files, a dictionary, and one of Uncle Joe Pulitzer's almanacs, they are able to "make good" to the inquirer. But the Albany Democrat man got his the other day when a lady reader phoned in for a pattern of a harem skirt. When the copy boy entered the front office a few minutes later, he found Editor Nutting lying on the floor, babbling incoherently, and picking at the fringe on a \$500 Turkish rug.—Polk Co. Observer.

Geo. C. Brownell, of Oregon City, is doing his part to support the dairy industry of the state by importing and breeding Toggenburg goats. He now has six head of this breed and is very much pleased with them. Their milk is used in the family with entire satisfaction, being rich, easily digested and of fine flavor.—Rural Spirit.

Doubtless George C. is thriving on goats milk better than he did doing Oregon politics at Salem during the various sessions of the legislature, in the days gone by, for he always asserted that playing politics was a losing game for him.

The philosopher, who said that "one of the greatest accomplishments is to be a good listener" was of course addressing himself to the men folks.

Editor F. M. Brown has been elected mayor of Brownsville. Certainly he has not been in the newspaper business in that city many moons, else he would never have received a majority of the votes in a municipal election.

Hunnell, Kansas, has a new mayor and a new chief of police, both of whom are women, and they are starting in for a municipal house cleaning. Women, you know are accustomed to doing house cleaning at this season of the year, and they don't get tired out at it nearly as soon as the men folks either. Keep your eye on Hunnewell.

Tom L. Johnson died at his home in Cleveland, Ohio last Monday at the age of 57 years. Twice he was elected to Congress and four terms he served Cleveland as mayor, but by the average citizen Mr. Johnson will be remembered longest as the man who made a long and brave fight for a three cent street fare. The public almost universally believed in the honesty of purpose of Johnson whether they agreed with him or not.

While in Los Angeles, March 28, the editor of the Graphic attended the opening game of ball for the season and did his best to start the Beavers off well, but alas, and alack, they seem to have been on the way to the cellar ever since. We shall hope for better results when the boys come north, but it is evident that McCredie will do well to be looking out for another Gregg if he hopes to keep near the top of the column during the season.

The Graphic plant and all other property held by the proprietor is taxed to help keep up the state schools at Corvallis and Eugene, and consequently we are unable to see any good reason why we should be expected to give free publication to the numerous bulletins and other advertising matter sent out by these institutions. Of course the men in charge know the value of advertising in the local papers and they are going to get just as much free advertising as the newspapers will give them, but there is a limit to "human endurance" and we think it is likely to be reached in the near future. The fact is in these "last days" every mail brings to this office one or more requests for free notice of various promotion and educational propositions, with the accompanying words of explanation, "you will understand, of course, that this is not paid matter as its publication is not authorized nor provided for by appropriation." When the paper houses conclude to furnish print paper free and the people who set the type arrange to support themselves without a salary, we can arrange, possibly, to give space for a larger per cent of this matter, and we are assured in advance that "the courtesy will be appreciated," but under existing circumstances at present, the waste basket must take care of the greater part of this class of "copy."

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

The Dalles Optimist says: How often we hear people speak of "the good old times," or "the good old days," before the high cost of living cut any figure, when there were so many opportunities that it was difficult to select from the best among them, when in every walk and every vocation any man of good habits and industry could soon obtain a competency.

There were no trusts then, no plutocrats, no great aggregations and consolidations of business interests, the small dealers

standing on a level with the larger ones.

There were then no labor troubles, the poor were more respected and the rich less toadied to than now. Every American heiress was not seeking a titled husband, divorces were not considered quite as favorably then as now, marriages were happier, people were more healthful, communities more peaceful, society considered from a more sensible standpoint—character standing above cash.

The editor of The Optimist is not a nonagenarian, not an octogenarian, not even a septuagenarian—but he will enter the latter list if he lives about four years more.

So we have a pretty good idea of affairs as obtaining in this country since the latter 50s, and can remember many events happening along about 1855.

We were only a farmers' boy, living, however in close touch with the great city of the country, New York, which we often visited. So it may be said that our "bringing up" was in such an atmosphere as to give us a fair idea of conditions in both city and country.

And first let us say that the same cry of "the good old times" was just as prevalent when we were fifteen years old as it is now, and just as truthful, according to our way of thinking.

Let us cite an instance; a near relative of ours had amassed a fortune along in the late 40s and early 50s by buying up some cheap timbered land near New York and burning the wood into charcoal, which was hauled to the Hudson river, fifteen miles distant, and then shipped by barge to the city, teams enough being employed to load a barge to its capacity in from one to two days. The freight was thus a very small item, and the shipper could thus undersell his competitors. Aside from that the man in question put his output up in barrels, which was an innovation, and the result was that he soon amassed a considerable fortune.

But competition was as keen

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then as now, and very shortly other charcoal burners were in the field and the business was soon overdone, so that there was no money in it.

One of the earliest recollections is the hearing of this man explaining to one of his sons the difference between "the good old times" and the then present days. "My son," he said, in effect, "the times when any man of ability and integrity can accumulate a fortune are swiftly passing away. Competition is getting keener every day. The man, even the man of moderate means has no longer much chance. The rich are crowding the poor to the wall. It things go on in this way for a few years longer I do not know what will become of us as a people or a country."

The trouble was he could not see beyond the charcoal pits. It is a fact that this man owned over a thousand acres of as fine meadow, pasture and woodland as there is in the country, that one of his sons later amassed a large fortune by making and sell-

ing hoopoles from only a small portion of it, and later several fortunes were made from it in the dairy business, and that every acre of that land, aside from the timbered portions, is worth four or five hundred dollars.

"The good old days?" The best of all days is today, the best of all times the present. There never was a time in the history of the world when the man or woman of intelligence, integrity and industry could accomplish more than right now. But you can accomplish nothing by whining and growling and sniveling about the times that are passed. The water that has flowed over the wheel will never grind again. You must be up and doing, with a clear head, a clean heart.

You may take the dictionary and from it glean the name of every sin known to humanity—every one, every single one; and then we will sum them all up in one word—idleness!

And we can almost say that every known virtue comes through industry. Perhaps that

is going a little too strong; but it is a certainty that if every human being in the country above childhood could be kept busy at some useful occupation for the next five years we would be mighty close to the millennium, and the nearest to a Nation without sin or poverty that will ever be approached.

And there would be no further talk of "the good old days," but great expectations and hopes for the better days to come.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Easter services will be held next Sunday morning. An address to the children will be given by the pastor. At 4 o'clock Stainer's sacred cantata "The Crucifixion" will be rendered by the combined choirs of the Friends and Presbyterian churches under the direction of Mr. Edward Dunbar.

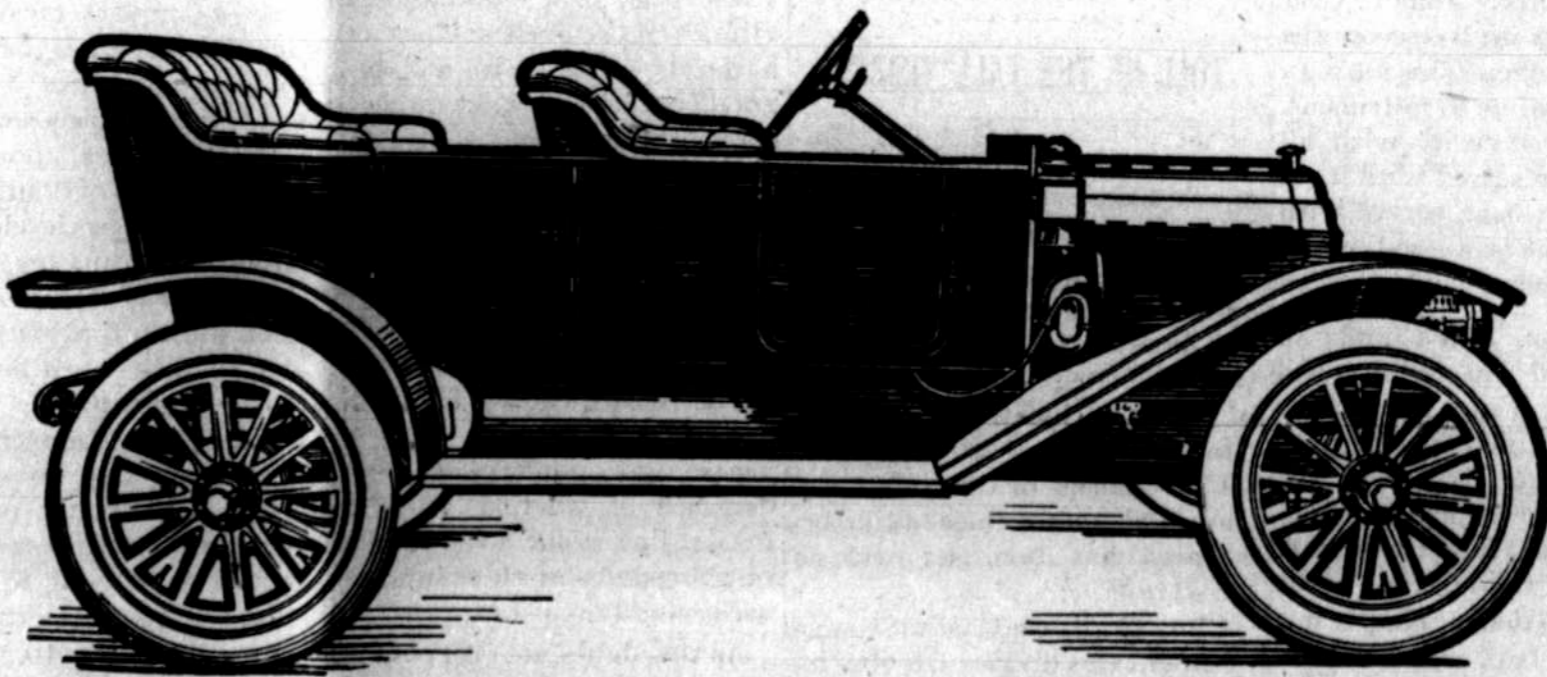
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