

Newberg Graphic

E. H. WOODWARD
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Thanks to prompt response on the part of the fire department, the fire works touched off at the flouring mill early on the morning of the Fourth were cut short before much damage was done.

With Sherwood's two thirst parlors destroyed by fire at an early hour on the morning of July 4, how could the citizens of our neighboring city be expected to celebrate after the fashion of former years?

Wednesday with the mercury registering only 80 degrees, a fellow came into the office with a "whew! is this hot enough for you?" Always too hot or too cold for the average mortal. Either condition is sufficient to bring forth a growl and what more is required.

Something like \$1000 is said to have "changed hands" as a result of a ball game played at Sheridan on the Fourth. This sort of thing put baseball in bad repute a few years ago, but of late years the management of the big league games have done their best to retrieve lost ground by cutting out betting as far as possible, and putting the game on a plane that would encourage the attendance of games by the decent element in society. They have succeeded well in the attempt to give a cleaner atmosphere at the games and they have gained rather than lost in the attendance.

The request made by the ladies of the Civic Improvement League, that property owners mow the tall grass along the streets in front of their premises has not been heeded to any great extent. It would be asking a good deal of the ladies to make a house to house canvass to urge such action, but it looks like it might become necessary in order to get uniform results, which is certainly very desirable. Newberg has earned a pretty fair reputation for neatness of homes and well kept walks and streets, and we can't afford to lag behind in these particulars. Let every property owner get busy and "sweep before his own door."

Since the Graphic has given place to some severe criticisms of the Oregonian for publishing news dispatches regarding recent developments at University City, from the pens of local members of the American Woman's League, we publish this week an editorial from the Oregonian, touching on this delicate question. When the matter of organizing a local League was first agitated in Newberg, the Graphic declined to encourage anyone to put money into it, for the reason that the proposition looked like a stupendous enterprise which in the course of time would be likely to collapse of its own weight. We should greatly regret to see any of our friends lose the money they have put into it, but the fact that this man Lewis and his big scheme requires columns of newspaper space this early for vindication, looks bad on the face of it to say the least.

When an auto-speed-maniac is seen racing over the roads at a hair raising speed, one is inclined to speculate a little on what the results would be in case of an accident to the machine. What happened recently under such circumstances near Eugene is told by the Register as follows:

While Jack Rodman was out riding Sunday afternoon with his wife and Mrs. George H. Smith, one of his tires suddenly "went flat" and he was unable to con-

trol his machine as he was going at unusual speed along the macadam road about three miles north of town. The machine turned turtle and Jack was thrown about 20 feet off to the side of the road but was not hurt in the least. His wife was under the machine, but fortunately fell in such a position that the machine did not fall on her and she too escaped with only a few slight bruises. Mrs. Smith was thrown off clear of the machine and save a slight discoloration beneath one of her eyes, she escaped injury. Under the circumstances it seems almost miraculous that some of them were not killed or seriously hurt.

A DARING WAGER.

The Liberty Major Vaksel Took With the Eccentric Czar, Paul I.

Paul I., the eccentric czar of Russia, assassinated in 1801, was very particular as to his dress and considered trifling matters as of supreme importance. This peculiarity was once taken advantage of by an officer of the guards, Major Vaksel, to win a wager. The major, the joker of the army, had bet several hundred rubles that he would tweak the tail of the emperor's wig on parade.

The next day, the story runs, the emperor happened to be present at early parade and, as chance would have it, took position for a moment immediately in front of the daring major. Breathless with excitement and terror, Vaksel's companions beheld that rash officer's right hand steal slowly from his side, rise to the level of the czar's neck and give the wig's hanging tail a most decided tweak.

In an instant the emperor's face, pale with fury, was turned upon Vaksel's countenance, which, however, reflected only an expression of childlike innocence, mingled with the most deferential astonishment. "Who dared do that?" demanded the enraged czar, his eyes flashing evidence that his most dangerous mood was upon him.

"I did, your majesty," said Vaksel, who, however his heart may have fluttered, managed to preserve outwardly unruffled calm, together with an expression of innocent surprise. "It was crooked, your majesty," he added in a confidential undertone, "and I straightened it for fear the younger officers should see it."

Paul's countenance cleared at once. He stared fixedly, however, at Vaksel's innocent looking face for some seconds. Vaksel admitted afterward that this was the trying moment, but he had said to himself, "If I waver I am lost!" Then the czar spoke, and spoke so that all might hear:

"I thank you, colonel!"
If ever a step in rank was gained by purest effrontery it was so acquired on this occasion, and Vaksel left the field not only promoted to a coveted position in the guards, but richer by many hundred rubles as the result of the wager.—Chicago Record Herald.

It Wasn't a Strike.

He entered the superintendent's office in a kind of bashful, well-I-got-no-business-here sort of manner and quietly asked the busy man if the superintendent was in.

"I am he," replied the official without raising his eyes from the desk. "What do you want?"
"One of your trains killed my dog a few days ago, and I thought I would stop in and—"

"Well, he had no business on our tracks. You should have kept him tied."

"Yes, I know," meekly responded the caller, "but I didn't, and he got on the track and was killed, and I thought you ought to—"

"But we won't! We don't pay for killing dogs on this road!"

"Who said anything about pay?" replied the ex-dog owner. "I'd been trying for a month to get some one to drown that measly cur, and as the railroad has killed him for me I thought you ought to be paid for the job. Here's \$2."—Railroad Employee.

Dressed For Dinner.

The missionary smiled benevolently on the native tribes around him.

"I will cure them all of cannibalism," he said hopefully. "They have treated me kindly so far, and I am sure I shall convert them all."

After being introduced to their chief he retired to the special but the tribe had prepared for him, where he was shortly afterward joined by a native.

"The king has sent me to dress you for dinner," said the man.

"Ah," smiled the missionary, "how thoughtful of him! You are the royal valet, I suppose?"

"No," replied the native; "I am the royal cook."

SPINNING ASBESTOS.

One Thread a Hundred Yards in Length May Weigh but an Ounce.

Asbestos was first mined in Italy, and prior to 1880 it was the only country that produced it at a commercial profit. The Italian asbestos is very silky in appearance and gray to brown in color. Often the fibers are several feet in length.

Asbestos upon leaving the cobbing sheds is sent to the spinning mills in bags holding about 100 pounds. Upon its arrival it is first forecarded by a machine similar to the saw tooth gin used in cotton mills. This separates the tangled fibers, after which a final carding takes place on a regular carding machine. When the asbestos leaves the carding machine it is combed smoothly and the fibers laid parallel in a uniform mass. This mass is treated in a rota spinning machine.

This first spins it into a coarse yarn and then draws and spins this yarn until it becomes fine and quite strong. Where a hard, strong thread is required for certain fabrics the asbestos yarn is put into a doubling and twisting machine, where two or more of the yarn threads are combined. Of course if the asbestos is to be impregnated with rubber a smooth, hard finished thread is not desirable.

The spinning of asbestos for a long time seemed of great difficulty, owing to the manner in which the threads persisted in slipping past each other. Finally it was discovered that under the microscope a thread of asbestos showed a notched surface and that by means of special twisting the spinning could be made successful. Now, after much experimenting, manufacturers are able to spin a single asbestos thread of 100 yards in length not weighing over an ounce.—India Rubber World.

Burglary in England.

Burglary cannot be committed in the daytime. The English rule is that if there is light enough to see the face of the intruder there is no burglary. This, however, does not include moonlight, for a house-breaker entering after nightfall, however brightly the moon may be shining, is legally a burglar—that is, if it is reasonably certain that he has entered with the intent to commit felony, for while a tramp breaking into a house to sleep may be a housebreaker he is not in the proper sense of the word a burglar. Burglary, however, may consist in breaking out as well as breaking in, for one who hides in a house before nightfall to steal and after stealing breaks out to get away is just as much a burglar as he who effects his purpose breaks in.

A Long Walk.

A professor of the University of Pennsylvania who has greatly endeared himself to the students on account of his kind heartedness has one particular failing—that of absentmindedness, the Philadelphia Times relates.

He visited his married nephew and had listened to the young wife's praise of her firstborn. The gentleman felt that he must say something to give the impression that he was interested.

"Can the dear little fellow walk?" he inquired quietly.

"Walk?" the mother shouted. "Why, he has been walking for five months!"

"Dear me!" the professor exclaimed, lapsing again into abstraction. "What a long way he must have got!"

Told Her Story.

The little daughter of a man who had been chosen for jury duty in London the other day went to the judge and said: "Please, sir, father can't come. He can't put on his boots."

The judge asked the nervous little creature what was the matter with her father. Her hesitation showed that she had not been sufficiently equipped for the complete deception of the wary official. He repeated his question.

"Well, sir," she said, looking straight into the judge's twinkling eyes, "father don't wear boots. He's got wooden legs. I wasn't told to tell you anything else, sir; that's all."

Smuggling in Italy.

The Italian laws against smuggling are most severe. A peasant caught with only a pound of contraband tobacco is pretty sure to incur two years' imprisonment, besides paying a heavy fine. The customs officials, too, are authorized to shoot persons crossing the frontier who refuse to halt when challenged, and several lives are thus sacrificed every year. Still the profits of smuggling are so great that many brave these perils. A knapsack filled with tobacco or salt, safely landed, yields a small fortune to the smuggler, so heavy are the taxes upon these.—London Chronicle.

Postal Telegraph Commercial Cables

CLARENCE H. MACKAY, President

TELEGRAM

The Postal Telegraph-Cable Company (Incorporated) transmits and delivers this message subject to terms and conditions printed on back

Counter Number Time Filed Check

Portland, Ore., June 28, 1911

E. B. Merchant Hdw. Co.,
Newberg, Oregon,

Notify your trade our CHI-NAMEL LADY will demonstrate at your store July 7th and 8th.

THE OHIO VARNISH COMPANY

Learn how to test varnish for quality when my demonstrator is at E. B. Merchant Hardware Co's, July 7th and 8th. It will be worth money to you to know this. No use having varnish on floors, furniture or woodwork that turns white when bruised or subjected to hot or cold water or soap when something better can be had.

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A Witty Comment.

One night several years ago two young men were dining with two ladies at the Havlin hotel, in Cincinnati. The two ladies were members of Miss Marie Dressler's company, and Miss Dressler herself happened to be dining at the next table. As the party of four arose after dinner one of the men's sleeves brushed a glass from the table and it was shattered to bits on the marble floor. With a twinkle in her eyes Miss Dressler leaned toward him and said, "I beg your pardon; you've dropped the stone out of your ring."

A Puzzler.

At an examination in an English school the teacher was so pleased with his class that he said they could ask him any question they liked.

Some were asked and replied to.

Seeing one little fellow in deep thought, the teacher asked him for a question. The boy answered, with a grave face:

"P-please, sir, if you was in a soft mud heap up to your neck and I was to throw a brick at your head would you duck?"

The answer is not recorded.

The One Who Wasn't Whipped.

It was in a large school, and one of the boys had committed some grave infraction of discipline. The teacher announced that he would thrash the whole class if some one did not tell him who had committed the offense. All were silent, and he began with the first boy and thrashed every one in the class until finally he reached the last one. Then he said, "Now, if you will tell me who did this I won't thrash you." "All right, sir; I did it," was the reply.

Setting Him Right.

An Irish soldier was crossing a barrack square with a pail, in which he was going to get some water. A sergeant passing at the time noticed that Pat had a very disreputable looking pair of trousers on and, wishing to make a report, stopped the man and asked, "Where are you going?"

"To get some water."
"What! In those trousers?"
"No, sergeant; in the pail."

Careful.

"She is very practical minded."
"Is she?"
"Yes. John told her he was desperately in love with her and asked her to marry him."
"What did she say?"
"Said she would have to insure his love at Lloyd's before she could consider his proposal."—Philadelphia Times.