

Newberg Graphic

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Two or three weeks ago, it was Kansas scorched and burned to a crisp by hot winds, while this week it was a deluge of eight inches of water within a few hours. But otherwise it would not be Kansas.

What? Our George E. tired of politics and doesn't want to be United States Senator again? Washington correspondents will have their little jokes, but its pretty warm weather to perpetrate one of that brand. Next thing they will be getting off some such dastardly story on Jonathan.

Here is a little prescription, which, if given heed to would work wonders in purging the system of a town community like this of its worst summer complaints, and winter ones too for that matter: "Look more for virtues in the sinner than for faults in the saint." Better still—look more for virtues in saint or sinner than for faults in either.

What brings greater joy to the editor's heart than an unsolicited, well contributed article, dealing pertinently with a subject worth consideration? Such is that found elsewhere in this issue, signed by Mr. Fenton. The general argument, presented by a man of wide experience, is incontrovertible. The Graphic leaves others to judge of the personal note of the communication.

President Taft's dignified, common sense, and statesmanlike presentation of the cause of international peace is raising him steadily in the estimation of the public. Especially when compared with that fool, swash-buckler brand of peace and arbitration exploited by his predecessor. Teddy is evidently bent on leaving an opening for another San Juan Hill for the use of aspiring politicians.

A pleasing diversion it is, these rather quiet summer days, to make political forecasts and figure on the unexpected element in the realm political. Just for instance, what if "home run" Buddy Ryan should deign to cast a condescending glance toward the major's chair in Portland, the governor's seat or some other secluded little place of refuge from the public gaze? Every day would be "ladies day" in Oregon politics then!

The story is told of a school ma'am who asked all the little boys in her school who would like to be President to stand up. All stood but one. "What's the matter, Johnny," said she. "Do not you want to be President?" "Yes, ma'am" was the reply, "but I'm a Democrat." From the formidable list of the "un-ter-rified" who are eager to lead the next onslaught in the attempt to break up this monotonous Republican succession, it would appear that the story is not as "pat" now as when it was going the rounds a few short years ago.

Editor Hayter of the Observer has the usual amount of patience characteristic of the brotherhood, but there is a limit. For example:—

"Newspaper publishers who find themselves annoyed almost beyond the limit of endurance with requests for free publicity for local fairs, carnivals and expositions—gotten up for money-making purposes and to exploit the advantages of some particular locality—should not forget what waste-baskets are made for. It is time for the Oregon press to squelch these nervy beggars."

A bit of language about as beautiful and about as full of good sense as any to be found in recent utterances is the following from Senator Bob Taylor, of Tennessee: "I would rather fill my purse with money and keep its gates ajar to my happy girls while they linger under my roof than to clutch it with a miser's hand until the harp strings of youth are broken and its music forever fled. I would rather spend my last nickel for a striped marble to gladden the hearts of my bare-footed boys than to deny them the childish pleasures and leave them a bag of gold to quarrel over when I am gone. I abhor the pitiless hawk that circles in the air only to swoop down and strangle the song of a dove. I despise that soulless man whose greed for gold impels him to strangle the laughter and song of his own family."

The tip comes from San Francisco, with what authority it is not known, that Abe Ruef is to be pardoned by Governor Johnson. Mirabile dictu! It was Johnson, who when Heney was shot, stepped into the breach and secured the conviction of Ruef, a feat which Heney himself could never have accomplished. The writer was in the court room during the closing scenes of that memorable trial and listened spell-bound to the wonderful speech of Johnson for the prosecution. Such a stinging lashing and fierce denunciation as he gave the arch grafter, one hears but to remember. The lurid flames of the hot place itself could almost be seen enveloping the fated Ruef. In the short whirligig of time Hiram Johnson goes to the governor's chair and is asked to pardon the man whose conviction helped place him there! To one who heard that scathing denunciation, the above indicated action would certainly seem a strange sequel.

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man." Though they may not have given vocal expression to the thought, autoists who frequent the road between here and Portland, that road so fearfully and wonderfully made, have found the man who acts on the above words. That unspeakable stretch of highway between Middleton and Tigardville makes one dream nightmares and see visions—very starry ones, but in the midst of the agony the machine suddenly glides instead of pitching and hurdling. The sea-sick passenger opens his eyes in amazement to see two or three hundred yards of the most perfect road stretching on ahead, built by the man whose little farm it passes and who lives in the little house "by the side of the road." A brief respite it offers, but what a blessed one! It's a rift in the clouds, an oasis in the desert, a little bit of heaven in the midst of—well, any other metaphors which might be mixed in here would be entirely in place. Blessings on that man! And if the frequency and fervency of such expressions have any efficacy at all, this nameless hero has most surely "paved his way" to a mighty soul satisfying hereafter.

A WISE WORD OF COUNSEL FROM THE PAST.

An unknown reader of the Graphic telephoned to the office the other day when the editor was out, requesting that an editorial, "A good Resolution," which appeared in this paper in January, 1903, be reproduced if we saw fit. The editorial in question was looked up and we see fit. The words of wisdom therein contained are from the late Geo. H. Williams, Oregon's Grand Old Man. Here they are, without needless comment, with the word of introduction under which we gave them then.

In the symposium, "Thoughts for the New Year," which appeared in Sunday's Oregonian,

there were many very good things said, which if appropriated by readers would work wonders in 1903. Of all the contributions, however, probably the most practical advice and which will probably be heeded the least, was offered by Mayor George H. Williams. It was written especially for the people of Portland but applies just as aptly in a town like Newberg, where men, and women too for that matter, seek entertainment most any place else than at home. Mayor Williams' greeting follows:

"RESOLVED: That commencing with the New Year I will stay away from clubs, saloons and other places of public resort and spend my evenings at home with my family."

Let every father write out this resolution and fasten it inside of the hat he wears so that he may see and read it every day of his life. I am fully persuaded that every man in Portland with a family who will adopt and adhere to this resolution will do more to improve the morals of our city and promote the happiness of others than can be done in any other way.

Some, and too many, men think they must go into some hilarious company away from home to find a pleasant evening, but this is a mere matter of habit, and any man who will faithfully carry out the above resolution through the year 1903 will form a habit which will make him contented and happy to stay at home and spend his evenings with his family. I know there are some incorrigibles among children, but in a great majority of cases the fall of boys and girls into loose and vicious practices is due to the culpable neglect and carelessness of parents, and especially the father. Oftentimes while he is away with his boon companions his children are allowed to roam the streets at night and run thoughtlessly into hell holes of dissipation and ruin. Let the father when the darkness and danger of night comes on keep his children at home with him by kind words and gentle means if he can, but if not, let him to that end exercise a most rigid parental authority. The pitfalls of the night are full of perils for the young. Parents in a multitude of ways can make their household so attractive that their children will turn away from the blandishment of the outside world and feel and say: "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

CUTTING MAHOGANY.

Hard Work to Find, Fell and Transport the Tree Trunks.

In Mexico, Honduras and Central America the contractor gives \$5 for a mahogany tree. This seems cheap, but it is the expense of getting it out, says a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, that makes mahogany an expensive lumber. The tree stands deep in the forest in the midst of an almost impenetrable jungle. There are no groves. The trees are scattered, perhaps not more than two to an acre, and it may be that there is no water course at hand on which the logs can be floated to port.

The tree has to be found by the "hunter," whose business it is to roam through the forest in search of mahogany trees and to blaze a way to them, so that they may be found again. Then the workmen must cut their laborious way to the tree, using for the purpose the machete, which is both the ax and the weapon of the American tropics, and in time the men reach the tree. It is a beautiful growth, tall and shapely, with the lowest branches at least sixty feet from the ground. At the bottom is a huge swelling, after the manner of the cypress. The tree has to be cut above it, six or eight feet from the roots.

The first work to be done is the building of a platform around the trunk, so that the cutters can stand upon it and wield their axes, but the work is slow and laborious. Nevertheless in due course the monarch comes crashing down through the thick growth around it.

The workmen trim off the limbs, cut the trunk into suitable lengths and manage to get them hauled and rolled to the nearest creek. There they must await the floods of the rainy season, which will lift them and carry them down stream and on to the ocean port.

There the logs are piled on the beach to wait for a vessel. When it comes they are rolled back into the water and rafted and pulled out to the vessel's side, always a dangerous undertaking, for the water is usually rough.

When the logs are once beside the vessel the derricks are put to work and the logs lifted over the side, one by one, and lowered with

much difficulty into the hold. Ten million feet a year come into New Orleans and are partly manufactured there. The saws in the mahogany mills of Louisiana run day and night in winter. During the twenty-four hours 60,000 feet of lumber are cut by some of the mills.

There is no such thing as bringing the logs in ballast. They compose the ship's entire cargo, and the average is about twenty cargoes a year. A great many ships are engaged in the enterprise.

The Umbrella Tree.

The umbrella tree is found in Ceylon in greater profusion than anywhere else in the world. As a matter of scientific fact these trees grow to their greatest height and attain to their greatest size in very wet, rainy countries. This growth frequently is due to the fact that the tree requires a great deal of moisture and not because it is needed to keep off the rain. The tree forms so complete an umbrella that a number of persons might take shelter under its spreading branches. The foliage is, as a rule, so thick that it serves to keep off the rain almost perfectly, even in a heavy downpour.

There is one thing better than to make good, and that is to make better. The world is a constantly improving world; it has not simply remained good. We can see this if we recall how naturally we say, "This is the finest sunset or cloud effect or most glorious full moon I ever saw." Of course this is not altogether true, but there is a greater truth underneath—namely, that in nature there is something so determined to make good that she seems to us to be doing better than before. To make good is not enough.

The same thing is seen in other places. No president ever went to Washington but that he honestly believed he could in some respects do better than the president before him, not merely keep what had been done. And each president is right in thinking this, for in this business of making better each of us has something to contribute that no one else possesses. For ordinary people it is a great encouragement to remember that, no matter how many great ones precede us, there is still a way for us first to make good and then to make better. The way is just to give ourselves to the thing we are doing. Our self is a brand new thing. No one else ever had it before. A boy who learns his lessons because of a sense of duty only may indeed make good, so far as marks are concerned, but the secret of education comes only to the one who studies because he has learned to thoroughly enjoy it. The first makes good; the second makes better. And the second alone gets the fun out of the game of securing knowledge.—George Lawrence Parker in St. Nicholas.

Sagacity.

One would have it that a collie is the most sagacious of dogs, while the other stood up for the setter.

"I once owned a setter," declared the latter, "which was very intelligent. I had him on the street one day, and he acted so queerly about a certain man we met that I asked the man his name, and—"

"Oh, that's an old story!" the collie's advocate broke in sneeringly. "The man's name was Partridge, of course, and because of that the dog came to a set. Ho, ho! Come again!"

"You're mistaken," rejoined the other sagely. "The dog didn't come quite to a set, though almost. As a matter of fact, the man's name

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Stories of Success

J. M. STUDEBAKER



From the very first the subject of this sketch understood the difference between being a clerk and a capitalist. Toward the goal of success this sturdy blacksmith struggled on and on until he stands forth today one of the world's great captains of industry. In a wagon built by his own hands he traveled overland to California as a forty-niner, and on his return invested every penny of his savings in the manufacture of wagons; and today the Studebaker wagon is known wherever wagons are used. He was always saving for some new investment. He realized that wealth must have new vitality. The small sums so many spend and never remember were saved by Mr. Studebaker and were the foundation of his fortune. Money creates money, and without capital you will be slow to rise. The money accumulated through a savings account in this bank may one day make you a capitalist.

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was Quayle, and the dog hesitated on account of the spelling."—Lippincott's.

OUR PRESIDENTS.

Only One Impeachment and but Two Resolutions of Censure.

Andrew Johnson was the only president of the United States ever impeached, and on the trial before the senate he was acquitted, the vote in favor of conviction barely falling short of the necessary two-thirds.

Two resolutions of censure on the president have been passed, once by the senate and once by the house, on occasions when the hostile majority was not large enough either to pass measures over the president's veto or to impeach him.

The first was passed by the senate on March 28, 1834, censuring President Andrew Jackson for alleged violation of the constitution and laws by his removal of the government deposits from the United States bank. The majority of the senate was opposed to Jackson in his war upon that bank, and this vote of censure was the only thing they could do about it. Jackson protested against this resolution as a charge to answer which no opportunity could be afforded him. The senate refused to receive the protest. Finally, on Jan. 16, 1837, the resolution of censure was expunged from the journal of the senate.

The second resolution of censure was in a report adopted by the house from the house committee to which President John Tyler's message vetoing the tariff bill of 1842 had been referred. This report censured the president for alleged improper use of the veto power. Tyler protested against this, as Jackson had done before him, but he had, as a member of the senate, voted against receiving Jackson's protest, and in answer to his protest the house sent him a copy of the senate resolution on the former occasion.

OATH OF HIPPOCRATES.

It Has Long Been the Pattern of a Physician's Obligation.

Hippocrates, styled through the ages the "father of medicine," was born on the Isle of Cos about 470 B. C. and lived over ninety years. He was the contemporary of Pericles, Socrates, Xenophon, Plato, Herodotus, Thucydides, Phidias and many other illustrious men. Himself a descendant of Asclepius, he studied medicine under Gorgias and Democritus and also under that Herodotus who first taught that systematic exercise was a cure for many ailments.

The oath of Hippocrates, long the pattern of a physician's obligation, ran as follows:

"I swear by Apollo, the physician, and Asclepius, and I call Hygieia and Panacea and all the gods to witness, that to the best of my power and judgment the solemn vow which I now make I will honor as my father the master who taught me the art of medicine; his children I will consider as my brothers and teach them my profession without fee or reward. I will admit to my lectures and discourses my own sons, my master's sons and those pupils who have taken the medical oath, but no one else. I will prescribe such medicines as may be the best suited to the cases of my patients, according to the best of my knowledge, and no temptation shall ever induce me to administer poison. I will religiously maintain the purity of my character and the honor of my art. Into whatever house I enter I will enter it with the sole view of relieving the sick and conduct myself with propriety toward all the members of the family. If during my attendance I hear anything that should not be revealed I will keep it a profound secret. If I observe this oath may I have success in this life, and may I obtain general esteem after it; if I break it may the contrary be my lot."—Charles Winslow Hall in National Magazine.