

Newberg Graphic

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Pinkerton is in the "has been" class these days, William J. Burns being the man of the hour.

If Los Angeles can keep up the pace she has been setting lately, San Francisco won't be in it at all with her Panama Pacific Exposition.

With the old-timer, W. F. Matlock, elected as mayor of Pendleton, of course there will be no gambling allowed in that city during the coming year. Perish the thought.

The Smiths are so numerous out at Grants Pass that three men of that name made the race for the office of mayor. Attorney R. G. Smith, who was elected, promises a clean town and a strict enforcement of all laws.

L. W. Charles has purchased the Santiam News and his bow was made to the public last week. The News will be added to the Graphic exchange list and we hope to see L. W. rewarded by the greatest measure of success.

It is said that some money was sent from Newberg to help swell the fund raised for the defense of the McNamara brothers. The outcome of the affair furnishes further evidence that it pays better as a rule to make investments in the home field.

Parents should warn their children to be cautious in crossing the railroad track at the depot. The hair raising spectacle of little tots hurrying over the track in front of moving trains is responsible for this warning. Should a miss step be made it is easy to conjecture what the results would be. The fact is too many chances are taken by people of all ages in making railroad crossings.

The wheel of fortune took another turn at the Enterprise office a few days ago when B. A. Shaver sold out to J. T. Bell who comes from Oakland, California, where he was formerly engaged in city newspaper work. Mr. Shaver says he intends to remain in Newberg and will probably take a hand at buying and selling real estate. Mr. Bell, the new man, is a very pleasant gentleman to meet.

Some who read of the retirement of J. C. Stubbs as an official of the Harriman system of railroads on a pension of \$18,000 a year, will no doubt refer to it as being a great streak of luck on his part which has enabled him to retire on such a yearly income, but they forget that for 41 years Mr. Stubbs worked for the Central and Southern Pacific roads and that for several years his services have been valued at \$36,000 a year to the great Harriman system. That is the salary he has been receiving and anybody knows he would not have been paid such a sum by this grasping corporation unless he could earn it. It was not luck at all that led him up to a point where he is able to give up active work and retire on such a princely pension, but rather the result of long years of close application to business and faithful service for the corporation whose interests he has been serving. Fortune has favored Mr. Stubbs to be sure, but the earning capacity which he developed in his long years of service, has been the main factor that has enabled him to close his business career with such signal success.

It is hinted that our Jonathan Jr. is getting his "second elective term" slogan ready to spring on the public again at an opportune time, and the Washington dispatch that makes mention of it refers to him as "Oregon's prominent statesman." Hear! Hear!

On the dates of January 3-4-5 the billy-goats will have their inning at Dallas, this being the time fixed for holding the second annual convention and show of the Northwest Angora Goat Association. Dallas claims to be the "center of population" for the Angora goat industry and they put up a good show at these annual exhibitions.

The forty-four page Progress Edition of the Polk County Observer is at hand and we extend congratulations to the enterprising publishers for the success of the undertaking. It is a splendid number and the people of Dallas and Polk County will make a grievous mistake if they fail to show their appreciation by giving it wide circulation.

The hand of James Whitcomb Riley is stayed by paralysis and he says he has written his last poem. This is the statement sent out from his home at Indianapolis and it will bring a pang of regret to many thousands of hearts throughout the country. May the hand of Providence deal gently with the much loved poet in his declining days.

Readers of the Graphic who have visited the various old Mission buildings, located at different points in California, will be interested in knowing that on last Sunday the one-hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the Santa Barbara Mission was observed by appropriate religious exercises. This is one of the most interesting and best preserved of all the Mission buildings.

Thanksgiving Thoughts.

I, comfort from this day derive;
And am so glad that I'm alive;
And have my reason and my thought,
And much to pray and think about.
(Always had.)
But now that I'm of sight bereft,
I sometimes feel there's not much left
That I can do, or can enjoy.
When I ignore things that annoy
It's not so bad.

Near all my life I had good light,
And charms of nature knew by sight.
Then there's the rest and cares of home,
And all the testing times that come,
The faith to try.
The flowers in my garden grow,
Yet not to me their beauties show:
But then I have the light within,
And can enjoy the things unseen
To mortal eye.

The starry skies I loved so well,
Within whose depths I loved to dwell
With rapturous gaze, and seek from far
To bring to you each distant star,
At quiet night,
And ponder on creative power,
Being lost in wonder for the hour,
Till love of God filled all my thought
And rest and peace and comfort brought,
Are out of sight.

I cannot view these lines I trace,
Nor look upon a loved one's face.
The throngs along the crowded street,
Or forms of friends that come to greet,
I cannot see.
Alone in crowds; the world shut out,
Though much may compass me about;
Yet not alone for he who knows
Of all our joys and all our woes,
Abides with me.

I cannot read His precious word,
But know the strength it does afford.
There are weary hearts with greater woe,
And sorrow for those who no Savior know
I fear with Him,
And look upon the whitened field,
Where reapers few their sickles wield,
My sight when in that holy place,
And I behold His lovely face,
Shall not be dim.

The above lines were written for my own pleasure, but I will give them to the many who have shown a kindly spirit toward me.

Mrs. Docia Macy,
Springbrook, Oregon.

CHEALEM CENTER

During last week Rev. A. Anderson, a traveling Swedish missionary, spent a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Hendrickson. While there he baptized the little daughter, Goldia.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bross, of Portland, and Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Newhouse and family, of Dayton, came home for Thanksgiving with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Newhouse.

The Misses Laura Hockett and

Myrtle Walton were delegates to the Sunday School convention at Amity from our Sunday School recently.

Mr. and Mrs. K. L. Taugen and family spent Thanksgiving with their daughter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Grimes, of Newberg.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hall, of Newberg, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ralston.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rodgers and Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Crater, Harry and Nellie were at the home of Mrs. Mary Christenson for dinner, Thanksgiving.

Mrs. C. L. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wills, the Misses Maude and Mildred Wills, Miss Josie Rich, Mrs. Mary Johnson and family ate Thanksgiving turkey dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Chase in Newberg.

Mrs. E. Yarns went to Amity to spend the Thanksgiving holidays among the relatives.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Miss Nancy Atkinson next Wednesday, December 23. All are requested to be present as it is time for reports.

The literary convened Friday evening. Good program was given, also a very interesting debate. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. Next meeting will be the 22nd. Will decide as to whether or not the Panama Canal should be fortified.

It Was Put Away to Rest After the Music Teacher's Request.

In old times our music loving ancestors had to become performers themselves or go without music. Not unnaturally, the ambition to possess a fine musical instrument occasionally outran a discreet judgment of the prospective owner's ability to master it.

It is related that Mr. Prince, one of the rich merchants of old Newburyport in the opening years of the last century, became the owner of a fine piano. He was also the father of some charming daughters, and a gentleman who in youth was a frequent caller used in age to relate that he "never heard but one tune played on the piano there, and that was 'Charlie Over the Water,' with one hand only—and I have waited hours to hear that!"

Captain Faris of the same old town used to relate that a few years earlier, in the days of the French revolution, he had occasion to put into the port of Marseilles. He was, like many other seafaring men to whom on their long voyages the diversion and delight of melody was especially precious, an amateur musician with a modest pride in his powers. His instrument was the fiddle, and his teacher had been a wandering French fiddler of much skill, who had once passed some months in Newburyport.

One evening, as he was rowing from shore to his ship, his boat passed close by the side of a French prison ship, where suspected and condemned men were confined by direction of the leaders of the terror, then at its height. Suddenly he heard his name called and rowed up to the porthole whence the voice had come and where he could dimly discern a face looking down upon him. It proved to belong to his old music master.

"Can I do anything for you?" inquired the captain, much concerned. "No," responded the gallant little Frenchman, with a cheerful shrug. "I die tomorrow. But, captain, there is one little favor I ask of you, and it is this: if any one asks who taught you to fiddle pray do not give him my name."

The captain never learned the ultimate fate of the musician—probably he was executed, as he expected—but he accepted the criticism implied in his parting request. He hung up his fiddle and never played again.—Youth's Companion.

Partly at Home.

A good old Scotch minister, calling unexpectedly on a widow who lives in a cottage on the outskirts of the village, surprised her in the midst of washing a lot of clothes. She hurriedly hid behind a clothes horse and told her little boy to say that she was out.

The visitor knocked at the door. "Well, Jamie," he said, "and where is your mother?"

"My mother's not in; she's down street on a message," promptly replied the lad.

"Indeed," replied the minister, with a glance at the bottom of the screen. "Well, tell her I called, and say that the next time she goes down to the village she should take her feet with her."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Fortune Tellers in Persia.

Fortune tellers do a big business in Persia. Some read the palm, others read the stars, still others consult the Koran, for so firmly is

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superstition mixed even with their religion that "suras" or passages from their sacred book are marked "lucky" or "unlucky." Should a Persian be in doubt as to the advisability of starting on a journey or undertaking any enterprise he might visit a fortune teller and ask him to consult the Koran. Should he, opening the book at random, chance upon a sura marked "unlucky" it would be a divine indication that the project must be abandoned.—Los Angeles Times.

Remote Kin.

Kind Lady—How many are there in the family beside yourself?

Little Amie—Four; mamma, papa, sister and a distant relative. "That is only three. The distant relative is not a member of the family."

"Oh, yes, he is. He is my brother."

"Your brother? Then he isn't a distant relative."

"Yes, ma'am; he is in the Philippines."—Kansas City Journal.

Unappreciated.

"He's not what you would call strictly handsome," said the major, beaming through his glasses on a baby as he lay howling in his mother's arms, "but it's the kind of face that grows on you."

"It's not the kind of face that grew on you!" was the indignant and unexpected reply of the fond mother. "You'd be better looking if it had!"

A Cold Blooded Gambler.

The French court was at one time a hotbed of gambling. Louis XIV. would play for heavy stakes night after night, and many courtiers were ruined at his table. His successor, who lacked his predecessor's generosity and good nature, was an even greater devotee of the card table. The story is told that when this king was playing one evening a gentleman present was seized with apoplexy. "M. de Chauvelin is ill," one of the courtiers ventured to tell Louis. "Ill!" said the king, quite unmoved. "He is dead. Take him away. Spades are trumps, gentlemen."

\$\$\$ Stories of Success \$\$\$

THOMAS A. EDISON



It has been said of Thomas A. Edison that he had read all of the important books in the Detroit Library. Nothing could keep a boy like that from getting an education. At twelve he was a news boy on the Grand Trunk and with some of the money earned and saved he began experimenting in chemistry, setting up a laboratory in an empty corner of the baggage car. Untiring and unconquerable, his mind never at rest, he was always devising new things. Early in life the world's greatest inventor evinced a propensity for making good use of his money. He always had an earnest thought for the future. Saving money when you have it, in readiness for the day you need it, is a matter for serious consideration. A savings account gives a feeling of comfort and security, and no matter how small, it will be a nucleus—a beginning—to which you will delight in making additions. The small sum of one dollar will start an account in this bank.

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The First National Bank
OF NEWBERG.

QUARTERLY MEETING

December 7-10 the quarterly meeting of the Portland district of the Free Methodist church will be held at the Free Methodist church in Newberg, with District Elder W. N. Coffee in charge.

Ministers and others from the district, including Rev. Clark

from Indiana will be in attendance.

On Dec. 8 a Sunday School Convention will be held, with Rev. Cyrus Cook, the Conference Sunday School Secretary in charge. The convention will continue throughout the day and full programs have been arranged for both the morning and afternoon sessions.