

Newberg Graphic

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A merry Christmas and a glad New Year to all the readers of the Graphic.

You have probably observed that it isn't always the one who makes the greatest display of crape on the hat, following the loss of a bosom companion, that remains out of the matrimonial market the longest.

The invitation made by the Graphic to the Southern Pacific officials to come to Newberg often has evidently been taken in the right spirit. Hardly a day has passed during the week but that one or more of them have been with us, and it begins to look like there might be something doing here soon. Newberg will meet the S. P. halfway on any reasonable proposition.

Evidently it is not a mutual admiration society the newspapermen of Yamhill County stand in need of so much as a mutual protective association. Witness the fact that a Dayton woman of masculine proportions cornered the editor of the local paper in his den one day last week and jabbed him with her rain stick until he promised to be good—a mighty solemn obligation for a newspaper man to take.

A news note from North Yakima says the farmers and fruit growers of that section are arranging to buy the Weber, Bussell canning plant of that city, which has been idle for two years or more, and operate it. The same company has a fine plant in Newberg which has never been operated, and the matter of getting it into shape for doing the things for this section it was supposed to do when it was built, is well worthy of the serious consideration of our people and right now is the time when it should be taken up. The big California packing company will naturally want to tie up the plant again the coming season and keep it idle, but this should not be permitted. Doubtless Mr. Bussell would like to get a very reasonable portion of the money the plant cost him, out of it, and the chances are, very good terms could be made with him.

Regarding the franchise for an electric line on First and Meridian streets, running north past the College grounds, which the Southern Pacific is going to ask the city to grant, the Graphic will state here frankly, that with the interests of the city properly safeguarded, we are in favor of granting the franchise. First street is eighty feet wide, and with the track placed on a level with the grade and well paved between the rails and for a reasonable distance on the sides, it would not materially interfere with vehicle travel. All cities have electric lines on their main business streets and in our opinion a well equipped electric line carrying passengers along First street, where they could see the fronts of the best buildings we have, would be a much better advertisement for Newberg than if they were shown the rear ends of store buildings, such as may be seen on Second street, for instance. If the proposition was for using puffing steam locomotives, hauling freight cars, it would be different, but since an exclusive passenger and local express line is proposed we think it would be a valuable asset, rather than a hindrance to the interests of Newberg, and as a property owner on the street we are in favor of giving the proposition due consideration.

Judge Galloway is mentioned as a possible candidate to succeed Senator Chamberlain. Well, that is a good way in the future, but since a host of republicans in Oregon appear to prefer a democrat or a mongrel to one of their own party, Yamhill County might as well furnish the senator as any other section of the state, since the name of an honest democrat and one of clean home life is mentioned for the place.

THE MAN WHO SNEERS.

We have all at one time or other come in touch with "the man who sneers." No workshop or community is exempt from him. He is to be found in every profession from base ball to politics. He is about as valuable to the human race as potato bugs to a potato patch. He is an abomination to himself, and his presence to his fellowmen is disgusting in the extreme says Crespian. He is of an evil and vicious disposition and therefore sees only evil in his fellowmen. He is so totally depraved, so devoid of every sense of decency that he does not believe it possible for good to exist in any man. All his time is spent making life miserable for those who are so unfortunate as to be within range of his sneering and jeering remarks. Although this species generally has a human form, their hearts and minds are like unto a coyote's. The sneering individual is older than history. He sneered at Columbus. He sneered at Galileo and his great discoveries. He sneered at Socrates, at Napoleon and at Lincoln. Never was a great task undertaken, or a reform, large or small inaugurated, but what the man who sneers made himself known. He sneers at every effort to purify politics and improve the general condition of the government. His little two for a cent brain does not make it possible for him to see things as others see them. The man who sneers sees incompetency and insincerity and hypocrisy in every phase of life. When we say that we that we have faith in the great throbbing heart of the human race, he sneers at us because we are able to see good in anything. No matter how we may do our work he will surely sneer at us for something. If the sneering individual sees us do our duty he will sneer and jeer at us because he is too cowardly to do his duty. The man who sneers very seldom makes his sneering insinuations about us while we are there to hear them. Oh! no. To do this he is much too cowardly. He waits for an opportunity until he knows we are not present and then begins his dirty work. Like a snake he then crawls forth from his lair, and like this reptile he hisses out his sneering and is certainly the most contemptible creature on the face of the earth. He sneers at Christianity, at morality, at charity, at kind words and kind deeds. His body is contaminating and his very presence a curse to all who in any way come in contact with him. Beware of the man who sneers. Ignore him entirely. He is going around with his lips tainted with poison to disturb, to fill you with suspicion, discontent and ugly thoughts. He is forever tearing down, never building up. His poor, little, pitiful soul is so warped and dwarfed that he will never know there is such a thing as a large beautiful life, full of duty and love, faith and hope. He is not capable of any grand emotions. Like the common street cur he is forever barking at anything and everything he comes in contact with, just to make his presence known and make others miserable. Beware of the man who sneers.

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**PRES. PENNINGTON
SUBJECT OF PEACE**

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colleges in Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and then give them all an endowment that would pay all expenses without the payment of a cent of tuition by any student. The cost of a single shot from one of the great guns of that battleship would build a \$1,700 home for an American family.

But money is cheap compared with lives and suffering; valueless as compared with justice and kindness and love. War breeds injustice and cruelty and hate, whether the war spirit works in the soldier, the statesman, the editor or the minister. If we could but draw aside the curtain and back of the tinsel and gold braid see the crime, the hate, the moral degradation that war always brings, never again would a friend of humanity ask for the arbitrament of the sword.

The cost of war is far too high if it did all that its advocates claim for it. But mighty wars often result from trivial causes; wars often leave questions unsettled; and where a right settlement is reached, always reason could have pointed out a better way to accomplish the same result.

Men are opening their eyes to these truths. The obstacles to world peace are being overthrown. Amelioration of the conditions of war, two great Hague conferences, a permanent court of arbitration, nearly a hundred arbitration treaties, these are some of the things that show how the world is tending. We have advanced farther toward world peace in the last twenty-five years than in all the centuries of history that have preceded, and are nearer than the dreamer of last century dared to hope to the long-hoped-for time.

"When the war drum throbs no longer, and the battle flag is furled In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

But not yet has the millennium dawned. In the face of all this progress armies and navies are larger and more burdensome than ever before. Armed to the teeth the nations of the world lie watching one another. Unless conditions are changed, war is inevitable. What is to be done? If war is to be averted, the nations of the world must lay down their arms. Some great nation must take the lead in this, and the United States is the logical one to do it.

The time is coming, and American disarmament would do much to hasten it, when there will be a great world congress, to codify international laws, and enact new laws as needed; when these laws will be interpreted by a world court, to which will be referred all international differences; when these laws, thus interpreted, will be enforced upon the nations by a world executive, whose active powers should be vested in an international police force. Then will end the burden of armies and navies under which the world has long been groaning. Some day, in the not distant future, the nations that all these years have bowed before the throne of the god of war shall own eternal allegiance to the Prince of Peace. "And of the increase of His government, and of peace, there shall be no end."

THAT DRY DECISION

Over at Woodburn the town used to be wet. Not long ago, however, the citizens voted the place into the dry column and a number of those who felt they were being deprived of the pleasure of taking a nip when they wanted it, organized a club at which liquors were dispensed at pleasure of members. As the city officers considered such a course in violation of the law, the case was tried and carried up to the

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supreme court with the result the court has ruled that no club, or rather organization, in a dry territory can dispense liquors of any kind without violating the law.
This ruling of the supreme court, it is said, will have its effect upon the Elks and Eagles lodges which are supposed to dispense liquors among their members on certain occasions. It will, also, probably, have its bearing upon other places in and around Eugene. The Eugene Commercial club has a stipulation in its constitution and by-laws which prohibits, absolutely, the keeping of liquors of any kind at the club, and this rule has been strictly adhered to all along during the life of the club, only soft drinks being served during the summer season. Under this arrangement the club has been able to interest all classes of representative citizenship in the club as members to the advantage of the organization.—Eugene Register.

FRANK WOOD WINS PRIZE

A few days ago our old friend Frank Wood received a letter from James Vick's Sons, Seedmen of Rochester, New York, which said "We take pleasure in enclosing check for \$25, this being the amount awarded you at the New York State Fair, Syracuse, N. Y., September 11-16, 1911, for second premium on Onions."
Frank is generally in at the winning when it comes to exhibiting stuff that grows out of the ground in Oregon in competition with others the world over. In this instance he sent

Stories of Success

HORACE GREELEY



A name that will live long after writers and statesmen of greater pretension are forgotten is that of the noble founder of the New York Tribune, Premier of editors and first to establish the one-cent newspaper, the most famous figure in American journalism was Horace Greeley.
All through life his aim was to promote the good and prevent the bad.
He supported every movement which seemed to tend toward right and justice.
He abhorred debt.
"If you have but fifty cents," said this great man, "buy a peck of corn, parch it and live on it rather than owe a dollar."
The young man who early begins to save is fairly on the road to wealth.
A savings account is better than the reputation of being a spender.
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twelve onions and he is to be congratulated on his success in prize getting. The check came in good time and some young lady is liable to get a nice Christmas present.
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