

Newberg Graphic

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Almost anybody can learn to labor, but it takes a good deal of grace to enable some people to learn to wait—for Spring.

The candidates for the Republican nomination for the office of United States Senator so far announced are Bourne, Lowell and Selling.

John R. Bell has sold his interest in the Woodburn Independent to his partner, H. W. Young. He announces that he will go East and engage in the newspaper business.

In a commendable endeavor to anticipate Spring the frogs are croaking, the robins are singing, the rose bushes are putting out new growth and lovers of early garden stuff are beginning to use the spade, yet it is well to remember that the time is not at hand for settled weather. We still have the blustery month of March to reckon with.

Possibly you have noticed that R. B. Linville is showing his age pretty rapidly. Explanation is easy. For three or four years he has been receiving taxes for this section of the county, and the wails and woes of the tax payers that he has been compelled to listen to, have been sufficiently exasperating to knock the under pinning out of a much younger man.

As evidence of the exceedingly mild Winter we have had, it is only necessary to notice that the new growth that is putting out on the rose bushes is pushing off the leaves of last season's growth which the bushes have not shed before. The weather man has been exceedingly considerate in making up a Winter schedule for the Willamette valley, and so far Mr. Groundhog has kept within reasonable bounds.

In reply to a statement made to the effect that it seemed that a lot of people in Newberg always had time to attend every trial that was called, a business man said he had lived in a number of different places and he thought the list of young men out of employment in Newberg, and who were apparently in this class from choice rather than from a force of circumstances, was all out of proportion to the population, when compared to other towns. He remarked further that he saw young fellows on the streets day after day who never performed a day's work so far as he knew and said he could not understand it. Just a little observation will convince one that there is too much truth in these statements. Idleness begets mischief, though some parents wonder why their children, who have had such an easy time, go wrong. The truth is the youngsters who are compelled to do a reasonable amount of work from day to day are not the ones who are deserving of pity. It is the children of parents who are simple enough to want to let their hopefuls grow up without having to labor that are entitled to sympathy. The law was laid down from the beginning that man should earn the bread that he eats, and fortunate is the lad who has this lesson impressed on his mind early in life.

THE SINGLE TAX QUESTION

The Philadelphia soap maker is said to be spending a lot of his hoarded wealth in Oregon in the interest of his pet theory, single tax. He has selected this state no doubt for the reason that it

has been demonstrated that our people are easily charmed by the siren songs of W. S. U'Ren, who has been able to put a lot of freak laws on our statute books. U'Ren has been made the apostle of single tax in Oregon and Mr. Fels is paying the fiddler. Hence the mails are being flooded with free literature on the subject.

The Graphic office has been supplied with a free copy of "Social Problems," a book of 288 pages by Henry George. This we loaned to a neighbor to read, with the thought that he might be able to give us something well boiled down on the single tax question, but without avail. We frankly admit that what we know about single tax could be compiled in a very small compass, while what we don't know about it would probably make as large a book as the one written by Henry George.

We notice that some of our exchanges have championed the cause and they are already in deep water, though the campaign of education is in its early stages. We hear a good deal about the promised millennium that is to be ushered in by exempting improvements of all kinds, including buildings and manufacturing plants and getting the taxes out of the land. The argument is being used that tracts of land now unimproved must pay a large share of the taxes.

A farmer writing to the Oregon City Courier on this question has this to say:

EDITOR COURIER:—In your issue of the 2nd inst. I find a short editorial on single tax, that I took a good deal of interest in. Now you know that in making good those exemptions which you call deficits, that there will be no deficits, and there will be no surplus. You say "don't worry friend," the books show a surplus somewhere for every deficit." The books won't show anything of the kind. The books will simply show the value placed on different tracts of land by the assessors, and also the values placed on water powers, right of ways, franchises, etc., and what you term your "surplus," would simply be the power that the law would give the courts to levy just as many mills on the assessed valuation of the property, as would be necessary, to raise the required revenue, and when you exempt perhaps one-half of all the assessable property in the state or county from taxation, your levy on the remaining valuation (unless the assessment was materially raised) would run up to 5 or 6 per cent very likely on account of the great cost of building roads throughout the counties and state, which we have good reasons to expect will soon begin. Now if you release all this great wealth from taxation, just on the eve of this heavy state and county road-building, where is the poor man and his family, (that have been working and saving for years, to get enough ahead to buy 75 or 80 acres of land to make a home of,) going to get off at? I know men that have worked and saved for years to get them a home and then finally found a piece of wild land that suited them, that they could get hold of by paying interest on the balance, and paying it as they could. Now, I am an old farmer, and know pretty near every crook and turn about farming, but I am going to ask you a question that I don't know how to answer. Can you tell me by what process a man can take a piece of wild land on those conditions, (even if he has money enough to pay half down on the land,) and make a living for his family, pay his interest as it becomes due, and pay such taxes as he would very probably have to pay in this state for the next generation anyhow, and pay for his place and save it? And do you think that you would find many men that would be willing to risk such an undertaking? And another thing I want par-

ticularly to call your attention to, while we are at it—don't you know that this money that the poor man pays for this wild land represents the product of his labor for years? And why should his investment be required to pay such a heavy tax and all other kinds of property, and improvements, (which only represent the product of labor, the same as the poor man's money did, which he bought that piece of wild land with,) be exempt from taxation?

I don't want you or anybody else to think, from the above remarks, that I am in favor of exempting the products of labor from taxation, for I am not.

If all the wealthy people in the State of Oregon could pass through the next 40 or 50 years, while this heavy road expense of the state and counties is going on, without paying any taxes on anything only just what little land they wanted to hold on to, and have the entire revenue of the state and counties taken from land assessments, they surely should not complain of hard times. Now, I don't want to be ungentlemanly disrespectful, but it does seem to me like a man is justified in using pretty strong language in opposition to such an attempt to bring a large class of our people into a condition of servitude and bondage. There are other ways to secure the desired results without adopting such a law as this.

Test For Fishhooks.

A party in waters down east was going bluefishing. The boy had brought the fishing tackle up from the cabin, and now the skipper was sitting on deck with a big file, filing the hooks.

"Used to be a man go bluefishing with me," the skipper said, "that always filed his own hooks; carried a file in his pocket for just that; always had that file with him and always filed his own hooks. When he'd got a hook filed he'd test it by hanging it on his nose. He'd tip his head back just a little and just rest the point of the hook on his nose, and if it slid off he'd sharpen it some more, but if it hung there he knew it was all right."

"Singular way of testing fish-hooks," said one of the party.

"It was," said the skipper, "but he always caught fish."—New York Sun.

Not Her First Choice.

He was excessively fond of dancing, says a writer in the Utica Tribune; also he was very clumsy, and, like a good many other people, he was fond of doing the thing he did worst.

She, too, was excessively fond of dancing, with the difference that she was the personification of grace. But now she was suffering. Already he had torn her train with his ungovernable feet, and her dainty slippers bore the marks of his shoes. At last she could stand it no longer.

"Let us sit out the rest of this dance," she suggested. "I am tired." He was reluctant. "I thought you said you could die waiting," he said.

"So I could," she replied, "but there are pleasanter ways of dying than being trampled to death."

Where It Always Rains.

There is a group of islands to the south of New Zealand called the Sisters, or Seven Sisters, which are reputed to be subjected to a practically constant rainfall. The same may be said of the islands and mainland of Tierra del Fuego, save for the difference that the rain often takes the form of sleet and snow. On a line running round the world from 4 degrees to 8 or 9 degrees there are patches over which rain seldom ceases to fall. This is called the "zone of constant precipitation," but at the same time there are several localities along with it with very little rainfall.

Bismarck Was No Shattered Wreck.

"It has often been charged that Bismarck was a slave to drink and morphine," said his physician, Dr. Schweninger. "Up to the last days of his busy life his hand was steady, so much so that on the hunt he seldom missed a bird. This fact disproved the morphine and alcohol tales. Bismarck could stand much, and this he demonstrated at birthday parties, festivals and taproom aprees. As to the prince's reported tendency to become lachrymose under slight provocation, I saw him weep only three times—at the death of Emperor William, when his wife died and when he retired from public life."

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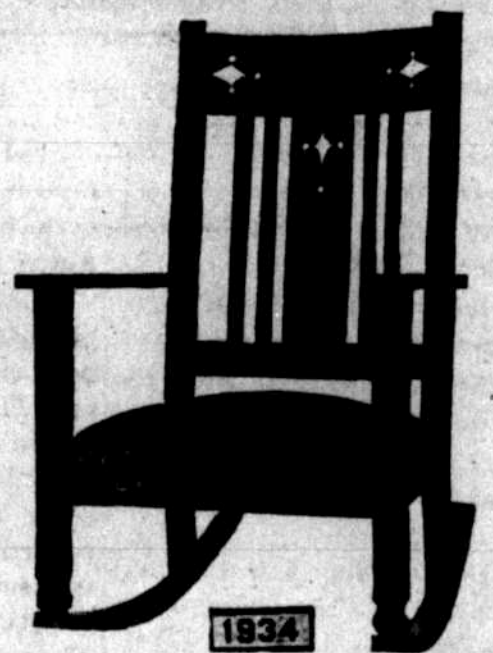
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