

Newberg Graphic

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Even the Newberg hens are kindly disposed to the preachers, despite the reputation men of their calling have for devouring yellow legged pullets. Rev. George C. Ritchey reports a Buff Orpington that presented him with an egg that measured 7 3/4 by 9 inches and weighed 6 ounces.

The county commissioners say they have observed that many fellows who are very persistent in their demands for liberal expenditures of county funds for road improvements that specially benefit them, do not hesitate to lambast the court on the question of high taxes—the fellows who have a kick, coming and going, for instance.

The number of names of Newberg youngsters on the parole list at McMinnville is increasing at an alarming rate, but the cause is not difficult to discover. Many times has the Graphic called the attention of parents to the fact that nothing but disastrous results is to be expected, when young boys and girls are turned loose on the streets at night to come and go as they please. Some suggest a curfew law. Well, if the ringing of the curfew bell would serve to arouse parents to a sense of their responsibility, as the shades of night gather, we would have some faith in its efficiency.

The editor of the Graphic was one of the audience of some 10,000 people who heard the speech of Hon. W. J. Bryan in Portland on Thursday night of last week, and we came away with the conviction that if the Democratic party is entitled to the election of the next President; that man ought to be Bryan. He is brainy and brilliant, a clean man through and through who has the courage of honest convictions, and in ability he stands head and shoulders above any of the other men whom the Democrats are considering for the place. Really, since the Republicans have adopted so many of his policies, he ought to change parties.

A Noteworthy Race.

The population of St. Kilda, the most westerly of the inhabited Scottish isles, is a unique one in many respects. The people are the most lonely in the United Kingdom, there being very little communication with the mainland and sometimes not for months at a stretch. Socially the islanders are practically a commune. If the head of a household is injured or loses his life among the rocks his widow and family share in the proceeds of the inhabitants' labor as if he were there to take part in it. If family illness prevents any one joining in the day's work he is asked to stay at home and his interests will not be lost sight of. All questions, complaints, etc., are determined by their mode or local parliament, whose judgment is final. Early morning conferences usually determine the day's tasks.

Almost Lived There.

During a burglary epidemic in the country an inspector of the police force one night made a tour through the burglarized district. Considerably after midnight he saw a young man emerge noiselessly from a substantial homestead and made after him.

"Did you just come out of that corner house?" the inspector asked, overhauling him.

The young man, while of respectable appearance, was plainly ill at ease and confused.

"I did," he said.

"Do you live there?" demanded the inspector.

"Well, almost," was the embarrassed answer. "But I can't see that it's any of your business as long as her father doesn't object."

—London Tit-Bits.

ANATOMY OF AN OYSTER.

The Bivalve's Organs Numerous and Its Heart Quite Humanlike.

Every oyster has a mouth, a heart, a liver, a stomach, besides many curiously devised little intestines and other organs—necessary organs, such as would be handy to a living, moving, intelligent creature. The mouth is at the end of the shell, near the hinge and adjoining the toothed portion of the oyster's pearly covering. This tiny little apology of a mouth is oval in shape, and, although hardly visible to one unused to making such anatomical examinations, it can be easily discovered by gently pushing a bodkin or a piece of blunt, smooth wire along the surface of the locality mentioned.

When the mouth is at last located you can thrust your instrument through between the delicate lips and a considerable distance toward the stomach without causing the oyster the least pain whatever. From this mouth there is of course a miniature canal leading to the stomach. Food passes from this canal to the stomach and from the latter organ into the intestines just as readily as though the little bivalve were as large as an elephant or a rhinoceros.

Remove the shell (this operation is rather rough on the oyster, but can be done in a comparatively painless manner by an expert), and you will see the crescent, which lies just over the so called oyster heart. This half moon space is the oyster's pericardium. Within is the true heart, the pulsations of which can be readily seen without the aid of a glass. The heart is very humanlike, made of two parts, one of which receives the blood from the gills through a network of real blood vessels; the other portion contracts and drives the blood out through the body. The other organs of an oyster's anatomy are all in their proper places and perform their several functions.

Running Footmen.

The Duke of Queensberry, who died in 1810, delighted in being the patron of running footmen, fostering that institution in its last days. A man came to be hired as a running footman by that ancient peer. His grace was in the habit of trying their paces by seeing how they could run up and down Piccadilly, London, timing them from his balcony. The runner could put on the duke's livery before the trial. One day a candidate presented himself, dressed, and ran. At the finish he stood before the balcony. "You will do very well for me," said the duke. "And your livery will do very well for me," replied the man, and gave the old duke a last proof of his ability as a runner by running away with it. Running footmen on the continent, preceding the carriages of the nobility, continued to be an institution until about half a century ago.

The Emperor in France.

"One anecdote of the Grand Duchess Olga is vouched for," says Kellogg Durland in his "Royal Romances of Today." "One day a professor from Moscow was giving the Grand Duchess Olga a lesson in history. A lady in waiting was sitting by, as usual, to insure that no dangerous doctrines are taught. Suddenly Olga looked at her teacher and asked, 'Who is emperor of France?' The professor felt that this was an embarrassing question, for it was as yet far too early to undertake the explanation of a republican system of government. The lady in waiting, however, was equal to the occasion, for, seeing the embarrassment of the professor, she answered, 'In France the emperor is called president!'

Oldest Universities.

The oldest universities on the continent of Europe are those of Bologna, Paris and Salamanca. In England Oxford and Cambridge are the most ancient. Many of the earlier universities were the outgrowth of the intellectual movement known as "Scholasticism." Great scholastics like Abelard and others would draw about them crowds of young men to listen to their lectures, and the lectures were followed by the permanent institution known as the university. In such way Abelard became the practical founder of the University of Paris.

A Manx Custom.

Waldron in his "Description of the Isle of Man" relates a curious way the people of that country have of ushering in Christmas. On the 24th of December the servants have a general holiday. They go to church at midnight, and when the prayers are over they go in search of a wren. After finding the poor little bird it is killed, laid on a bier and taken to the parish church, where it is buried with great solemnity during the singing of dirges in the Manx language. After these ceremonies Christmas begins.

PAY DAY SECRETS.

The Whole Office Force in Fear After the Ghost Walks.

About 150 per cent of that portion of mankind is haunted by the fear that the life ambition of every other person is to get a look at the figure behind the dollar mark on the obverse side of its pay envelope.

This fear is the F. Gotch of Panicleville. The office boy who labors faithfully—to sidestep labor—and the general superintendent of the whole works wait down to pick up the fruits of their toil with this horrible fear frisking around them. Most paymasters are honorable men. Not only do they keep mum, but they slide the pay envelope out with its face to the marble slab. This, however, is generally performed as though the paymaster had to take it all out of his own pocket and with an air which says: "How can you compromise your conscience by taking so much?"

Methods of disposing of the pay envelope vary. Here are some employed by the office boys of a large Kansas City concern:

The Henry method, invention of Henry, the \$3.58 a week office boy: Tear the pay envelope into ribbons about four-sixteenths of an inch wide, insert in mouth, chew with teeth until former envelope becomes a pulpy mass, then roll into paper wad and insert in right shoe. Inter in some deserted spot, not necessarily a cemetery. Note.—If you suspect any one of watching it is better to swallow the strip with the telltale numerals on it.

Method employed by Cherry-smith, assistant shipping clerk, (\$8.98): Tear or clip envelope until it resembles the confetti of commerce. Put into pocket and hold until you go home in afternoon. Then take in hand and carelessly drop 2 (two) bits from the car window at alternate street corners.

What is considered the one absolutely sure method, discovered by George Peas, an obscure salesman (\$10): Take envelope in right hand. Strike match—any brand will do—on trousers or sole of shoe. Ignite envelope and cremate.

It is one of the traditions of this same company that every employee, from the general manager down, be paid by the envelope system. The manager gets his at 10:30 o'clock on Saturday morning. It comes in a tailor made envelope that looks like a paper mail sack. It is a popular Saturday recreation for employees to happen along to see the manager as he opens it. Manager, after filling his pockets with currency, puts the envelope in his inside vest pocket. But he must dispose of it. Let us watch him.

At quitting time he descends to where his motorcar and imported chauffeur await him.

"Go home by way of the Cliff drive, Armand."

As they reach the quieter portions of the city the manager points out to the chauffeur what seems to be an airship over in the neighborhood of Saturn. As the unsuspecting driver looks the manager slips the pay envelope from his pocket. When they reach the drive the manager says:

"Let 'er out a notch and watch your turns!"

Then, eyeing the indifferent chauffeur closely, he tears little pieces from that envelope and pushes them mercilessly over the cliff. He is usually nervous for a day or two after dissecting the envelope, for there is a chance of being followed by some one who may gather the pinhead bits together, piece out the envelope and—nab the secret! —Kansas City Times.

A Royal Fowl.

In England under an old law still in force the swan is a royal fowl, as whales and sturgeons are royal fish. All swans the property whereof is not otherwise definable when within the British dominions belong to the crown by virtue of this prerogative. When swans are lawfully taken into the possession of a private person such person may be said to have a property in them, but if they be at liberty they belong to the crown. Formerly it was necessary for persons who wished to keep these "royal fowls" to obtain a swan mark, which was granted by the crown and which could not be legally impressed without grant or prescription.

The Wit of Everts.

Once when twitted on his small size by a statesman of the strenuous type the late William M. Everts retorted, "That remark proves what I have always asserted—that in your eyes measures were more important than men."

To another critic, who found fault with his habit of stringing out a whole paragraph without a break by the use of parenthetical clauses, he said cheerfully, "I have noticed that criminals object to long sentences."

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The oldest almanac in existence is the "Almanach National," which has been issued by the French government since 1686. Its name has been changed a good many times during its career. Originally the "Almanach Royal," it became "National" in 1793, "Imperial" in 1805 and reverted to its original name nine years later. Since then the title has been altered four times. Like most publications of this sort, the "Almanach National" has

grown bulky with advancing years. The first issue contained forty-eight pages, as compared with 1,580 pages now.—London Chronicle.

Took It Cold.

It was a faithful Swede girl who, when the winter was coldest and the furnace was not working right, was admonished by her mistress to take an iron to bed with her to warm it. In the morning the kindly woman asked Lena how it worked. "Pritts

gude," she said. "Ay had it almost warm by morning."

Dodged.

"So you want something to eat?" said the woman at the back door.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the tramp. "Well, do you see that pile of wood over there?"

"No, ma'am, I can't. You see, I lost my eyesight lookin' for work, ma'am."—Yonkers Statesman.