

Newberg Graphic

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THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1912

Newberg has fewer unpainted houses than any other city of its size in the Northwest.

The calling of the Hague Court to take action on the insurrection in the Republican party would be timely.

Since Newberg has decided not to celebrate the Fourth of July this year, Rose Day, June 8, should be made the big event of the year.

Street paving talk is becoming contagious, and it now seems likely that some of the side streets off of First will be hard surfaced before the war is over.

The season is at hand when the sensible girl graduate puts her wits to work in an effort to make selections for dress that will look neat and tasty, without making an expenditure that will embarrass her parents.

The sun's rays sizzled with a degree of heat above the average for this season of the year, Sunday and Monday, but a cool south breeze tempered the atmosphere on Tuesday and we have since had ideal May weather.

A solicitor for the savings department of a Portland bank was in town the first of the week who stated before leaving that he secured the names of fifty-eight depositors right here in Newberg. Now in case these patrons of this Portland bank should want to secure a loan to help them over a stress of circumstances, will they apply to the Portland bank, or will they line up at the counter of one of the local banks and ask for the accommodation? This becomes an interesting question.

For some reason which the fruit growers are not able to explain very satisfactorily, the Italian prune crop promises to be exceedingly short in this section of Oregon, though the trees were full of bloom. In many instances the orchards on high land were hit as effectually as were those on the lower lands. It is likely that frost did some injury and the cool rainy spell that followed did the rest. French and Silver prune trees are reported to be well loaded with fruit.

Young Astor, the youthful stripping who suddenly had untold millions thrust upon him by the death of his father, who was one of the victims of the Titanic disaster, is more to be pitied than envied. It is but natural for parents to wish that they might be able to bestow money on their children, yet, when wealth of any great amount is left to young people who have not had careful training in the proper use of it, it is more often than otherwise a hindrance rather than a help to them.

A new arrival in Newberg was asked what his politics was and he remarked that he had always been a Republican but that he would now have to wait until the national Republican platform was adopted before he could say what he was. By a little inquiry it will be found that the number of old time party men who look at the situation in about the same light is not small by any means. Right here in Newberg may be found numbers of men who come out flat footed and say that they will not stand for the vagaries of Roosevelt's Columbus speech in which he advocated the recall of judges and also of decisions.

Charles H. Shields, secretary of the Oregon Equal Taxation League, has written a ninety page book entitled "Single Tax Exposed." The Single Tax advocates, by the aid of soapy Fels, have flooded Oregon with their literature and this book has been written to show the other side of the question. If you desire a copy, leave your name at the Graphic office and you will be supplied.

A number of our business men are bringing Dr. Augustus Milner, the Irish baritone, to Newberg for the pleasure of hearing this great singer. He will appear at the college auditorium on Tuesday evening of next week and should there be any surplus after the expenses are paid it will be turned over to the College. Dr. Milner is one of the world's great soloists and Newberg ought to give him a good audience.

HOT SHOT FROM POLK CO. OBSERVER.

Plate political matter sent out from Roosevelt headquarters in Washington contains in bold headlines the declaration that "New Jersey Joins the Movement to Stop Bosses" and the article goes on to say that T. R. will secure every one of the state's delegates. This is refreshing. To stop bosses, eh? If the Sage of Sagamore isn't a boss, what is he?

When Taft supporters were elected as delegates to the Chicago convention and after the electors of the state of Oregon had decided in favor of Colonel Roosevelt, the assertion that technicalities of the law might make it possible for the supporters of the president to vote for him in the National convention, a mighty howl went up from T. R.'s friends who declared that any attempt to override "the expressed will of the people" would not be permitted. But when the same thing happens in Massachusetts and Roosevelt delegates are elected on a Taft preferential vote, the delegates are but "standing for their principles" in their refusal to vote for the president in the Chicago convention. It does make some difference whose ox is gored, doesn't it?

THE SLY FOX.

Dead in the Dairy, but Lively When He Got Outside.

Several years ago at an old fashioned farmhouse called Tittle Hall, in Boxed, a small village lying between Sudbury and Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, England, there lived a farmer and his wife who thought much of their cows and dairy, but they were rather pestered with foxes, as the squire of Boxed Hall, an ancient mansion, being lord of the manor, did not allow them to be molested, as they were reserved for sporting, and so it happened that the farmer's wife on going into her dairy one morning was horrified to see a fox of an enormous size lying dead, as she supposed, on the floor. The dairies at that time were large and airy, with large lattice windows and floors paved with clinker bricks, which were often scrubbed down with a birch broom and much water. A brick was left out of the wall level with the floor for a sink hole, where all the refuse was washed out. The fox in his nightly prowls around the house appears to have scented the cream through the windows or sink hole and, as he would like to taste it, squeezed himself through the hole into the dairy and made his way to the cream pot, and as it was so very nice he ate it all up. He swelled himself up to such a size that he could by no means get back through the hole again, and, hearing footsteps coming, he lay down on the floor and feigned to be dead. The lady, suspecting what he had been doing, looked into her cream pot, and, finding it all gone, she was so exasperated that she took him up in a rage, thinking he was dead, and with an ugly word threw him out into the back yard; but, to her great consternation and dismay, as soon as Reynard found he was at large and once more free to use his legs he bounded off at full speed, leaving the lady to grieve over the escape of the audacious and crafty thief.

DROWSINESS.

As a Rule It Indicates Something Wrong in Habits or Health.

Sleepiness is a normal and healthy condition when it occurs at the usual bedtime and when not extreme and overpowering, but it is not always associated with sleep. Some persons in perfect health and excellent sleepers hardly know the meaning of drowsiness. They are active mentally and physically until they are in bed. Then sleep comes at once, and when it leaves them in the morning they are again in full mental awakeness.

There are less fortunate persons who never have a complete and satisfactory night's rest who are yet almost constantly drowsy. They are always nodding, but when the head touches the pillow sleep recedes and the night is a succession of drowsy lapses to sleep with the instant return of semiconsciousness.

In general, with the exception noted at the beginning of this article, drowsiness is abnormal and indicates something wrong either with the body of the sufferer or in his habits. Those who habitually cut off their hours of sleep, the "night owls" and the burners of the midnight oil, pay for their bad habit by attacks of sleepiness in the afternoon and early evening. Later, unfortunately, after the influence of digestion wears off, the drowsiness disappears, and then, relieved of his burden, the person "sits up to all hours" again, thinking in that way to make up for the hours lost by the drowsiness. If he would abandon his owlish habit, go to bed betimes and get the seven or eight hours of continuous sleep that he needs his daytime and evening drowsiness would disappear, he could do more and better work and find life much more enjoyable.

A slight drowsiness is often noticed after a hearty meal, because digestion draws a greater volume of blood to the stomach, so that the brain is relatively poorly supplied. In some southern countries this tendency is favored, and the siesta after the noon meal is a national custom. With us the after dinner cup of black coffee often drives away the impulse to sleep—whether for good or ill may be left to the physiologists to determine.

Sometimes we hear of attacks of sleepiness occurring suddenly at certain periods of the day at irregular intervals. These are altogether abnormal, and in such cases there is almost always some poison at work in the nervous centers, usually a self manufactured poison, which, because it is made in too great quantity or because constipation or kidney disease prevents its rapid elimination, accumulates in the system.

An essential in the treatment of such cases is dieting. Meat should be given up for a time at least, and the only beverage allowable is water or milk.—Youth's Companion.

Flowers in a Mexican Jungle.

For four or five miles our road passed through a marsh, and for a mile our horses splashed stirrup deep in water. Then we reached the first rise of the foothills, and a tropical growth, dense and high, closed in upon us and shut out the last breath of air that in the open marsh below had fanned our cheeks and in some degree made tolerable the burning intensity of the noon-day sun. Stately palms and gigantic ferns, with a luxuriant tropical undergrowth, made impenetrable the jungle that lined our road. Marvelous flowering vines that entwined themselves in the forest trees, blooming shrubs and here and there beautiful orchids and masses of wild honeysuckle gave a setting of gorgeous color and charged the atmosphere with delicious perfume.—Outing Magazine.

They Got Through.

Abraham Lincoln was a captain of Illinois volunteers in the Black Hawk war. Mr. Norman Haggood in his "Life of Lincoln" relates that during this campaign Lincoln once had his company marching in a column twenty men wide when he was suddenly confronted with a high fence with an open gate, through which only one man could pass at a time. He had no idea of the proper way to get his men into single file, so he halted the company and said:

"This company is dismissed, but it will come together immediately after getting through that gate!"

More Than She Expected.

A little girl well expressed the mingling of hope and doubt which anticipation holds for many people. When she received her first "very own" doll after a succession of treasures inherited from her older sisters she turned to her mother a face full of rapture. "I expected I'd have a doll some day," she said breathlessly, "but I didn't expect I should ever have my expect!"—Exchange.

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Precision was one of Mr. Williams' chief qualities. He loved to be exact, even to the point of noting in his account book the smallest expenditures—a cent for a newspaper, another for a pencil. Early in January he came out of his library to where his wife was sewing.

"My dear Jane," he began, "I am going to make a criticism that may distress you, because you will probably think it is foolish. I assure you that it is not. I have been reading through the almanac for this year, and there is one obvious error."

"What is it?" said Mrs. Williams, looking up from her work.

"Last year they said that the work was seventy-two million years old, and this year they say the same thing."

"But"—began his wife.

"They should be exact," protested the man. "I can't for the life of me see why they shouldn't say seventy-two million and one. If one's true, then the other is. Why, oh, why, can't these people be precise?"—Youth's Companion.

Not Arguing.

The person who feels like saying "Let us keep silence, that I may have the talk all to myself," would find reduce conversation to an entirely one-sided affair.

The London News says that the late Charles Keene, the artist of Punch, used to describe with great delight the method of a certain man whom he called a "pothouse Ruskin."

This person was sitting with a

friend in an inn parlor and was haranguing the other man on matters in general. Finally the friend ventured mildly to interpose an objection. The speaker drew himself up with much dignity.

"I ain't a-arguing with you," said he; "I'm a-telling you!"

What Was in Her Hair.

"Now, Margaret, dear, I'm going to put some vasoline on your hair to take the dandruff out," said mamma to her small hopeful of five.

"Then you may run out and play." "What's in your hair, Margie?" asked her playmate a little later.

"It looks all shiny." "Oh, my mamma put some gasoline in it to take the dandelions out," replied little Margaret wisely. —New York Times.