

Newberg Graphic

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Doubtless every printer in the country has been thinking that the "high cost of living" in his shop has been up to the limit of endurance for some time, but it seems that the end is not yet, since the Portland wholesale houses have recently sent out notices that old prices are withdrawn and an advance is to be made all along the line. Increased costs of raw materials and advanced wages in the mills are given as the reasons for the advance.

Many of the readers of the Graphic will be saddened by the news of the death of Prof. Chas. E. Lewis, which is noted elsewhere in this issue. Prof. Lewis was one of the finest men it has ever been our pleasure to know. He was a forceful instructor in the school-room and the influence he exerted for good over the students he came in contact with is telling in the lives of many today. Had he been favored with good health and a strong physique he would have been one of the big educators and strong ministers of his day.

The minute the Albany Democrat struck our table this week we felt sure that something out of the ordinary had taken place in the Democrat office, and when the wrapper was removed and the improved make-up and general appearance of the paper was noted our presentiment was confirmed. Mr. Nutting who had been the editor for many years, and who had a style that was all his own and needed no copyright, is out of the harness and the Democrat is under the management of Wm. H. Hornbrook. One by one the old timers in the Oregon newspaper field drop out and give place to others. When a farm changes hands the new owner usually puts some money, along with a lot of hard work, into new improvements and in clearing out the fence corners, thus adding value to the farm and encouraging the neighbors, by example, to spruce up. Similar improvements are usually made when newspaper plants change in ownership and so the march of progress steadily goes forward. Success to the Democrat under the new management.

PERSONALITY IN POLITICS

The result of the New Jersey primaries is but another proof of a fact that has already been well established. President Taft is not popular with the masses of the people. This has been reiterated in state after state where primaries have been held. Even in Ohio, his own state, the popular vote went against him.

During the four years that he has been in the White House, Taft has shown that he is really exactly the kind of public man the American people think they admire. He has played no politics to secure a second term. He has carried out the politics of his party calmly and judiciously, without regard to the possible effect upon his own political fortunes. He has proved that he is not a sail-trimming politician.

But he has failed to catch the popular fancy. His enemies and detractors have pictured him as a reactionary and a standpatter and the people have believed the indictment because they had no particular and partisan admiration for Mr. Taft.

Roosevelt is known to have favored certain great corporations when trouble was brewing for them. He has broken his own

solemn third term pledge, and has thus opened the way for the belief that he will be a candidate again four years from now. In turning against Mr. Taft, he has repudiated his own former judgment. But he has a powerful and dynamic personality. He is a natural advertiser. His very phraseology is a wonderful publicity getter.

It is plain that Mr. Taft has not the power to get close to the people. The achievements of his administration have been great, but they have not been spectacular. Like Grover Cleveland, President Taft's real worth will be better appreciated after the smoke of battle has cleared away.

There is much truth in the statements set forth in the above by the Oregon Register. History will put Taft down as one of the great presidents and the unwarranted attacks that are being made on him by his traducers will be forgotten.

Just what the Chicago convention will do no man can foretell, for everything is up in the air. It is a safe guess that neither Roosevelt nor Taft are really at heart as certain of success as their published assertions would indicate. The fact that the Roosevelt forces are catching frantically at every technical straw regarding the organization of the convention and the seating of delegates, is good proof that they regard the final outcome as doubtful.

Many republicans are hoping that the Taft and Roosevelt forces will prove to be so evenly pitted against each other that neither can be nominated, and that a new man may be selected for standard bearer who has not been mixed up in the much lamented family row. Should this be the result of the convention there would then be some reasonable hope for uniting the party for a vigorous campaign, while if either of the two prominent candidates should be nominated now, after so much bad blood has been aroused, the party would be handicapped from the start.

New York with her ninety un-instructed delegates will be in a position to go a long way toward dictating a get-together policy, and the chances are that they will show their hand when the right time comes.

As for results, it looks from this distance that one man's guess may be about as good as another's.

CITIES AND TREES

It is indeed strange, how, at this day and age of advanced building of cities beautiful and the constant advocacy of civic beauty by various clubs, that stately trees of fifty to one hundred years old are allowed to be torn from the residence section of any town laying claim to either pride or sense of beauty. No one thing adds more to the beauty of a town nor elicits more favorable comment by the prospective newcomer to a place than an abundance of shade trees in the town's residence districts. The intrinsic value of one or more graceful shade trees half a century old on a residence lot is almost incalculable, while the comfort and beauty which they add to the home are likewise inestimable.—Albany Herald.

It is indeed a pity that there are people in the world who look upon a tree as merely food for the axe and the fire. The manner of thinking of the early pioneers, to whom a tree was an impediment on so much likewise tillable land, seems to have been transmitted to many of the present generation. Felling a beautiful tree, and leaving in its place a hideous bareness, is an event that is all too common.

The modern belief that trees are out of place on crowded city streets is to be regretted. The modern city talks civic improvement and civic beauty, but it bans from its business streets

one of the things that adds most to beauty. To be up-to-date, a city street must be bare and hot and shadeless.

Even an occasional tree on a business street is held to be the mark of a village, and therefore a disgrace to the city's pretensions.—Eugene Register.

The Graphic respectfully commends the above for the consideration of some of our home people who seem to be seized with a desire to go forth with an axe when they see a shade tree growing anywhere in town. Some have charged that the Graphic is responsible for their having to sweep up the fallen leaves, on account of the agitation made by this paper in the past, encouraging property owners to set shade trees about their premises. We plead guilty to the charge and only wish that the suggestions we made had been more universally accepted and put into practice.

During the Lewis and Clark Fair and while riding over Portland on an observation car with some tourists, the sight-seers became almost hilarious in their exclamations of delight and appreciation when the older residence section of the city was reached, and they saw the fine growth of trees and shrubbery with the attendant cool shade that was so inviting on that August day. They said that so many of the cities they had visited in the West were almost barren of trees, but that Portland was more like their home cities in the far Eastern section of the United States, and this seemed almost like getting back to the home land.

Since nature has done everything necessary to make tree growing easy here in the Willamette valley, no home need to go treeless and without shade if home makers will only put forth a reasonable amount of effort to supply the want.

Quaint Signposts.

In the neighborhood of Warmbrunn, in the Silesian mountains, there are to be found some very curious signposts. One seen by a writer in the Wide World represents a farm laborer sharpening his scythe, on which is inscribed in the old Silesian dialect, "To Giers village, one hour." The signpost is well carved and painted in natural colors, so that it appears very lifelike. Another signpost in the same district represents a schoolboy carrying a slate bearing the name of the nearest village, toward which the boy is pointing.

Very Young.

A new member of the harbor board in a New Zealand town was attending its meetings for the first time, and the board was discussing a proposal to place two buoys at the entrance to the harbor. "I beg to propose an amendment," said the new member, "that one man should be placed there instead of two boys, as the latter are too young for such a responsible position!"

His Old Home.

"Now that you are famous, Mr. Rimer, we propose to place a tablet on your former home in this city."

"Well?"

"What would you wish us to say?"

"You might say that I was evicted for nonpayment of rent," replied the somewhat embittered poet.—Washington Herald.

Russia's Royal Train.

The Russian royal special train is the heaviest and the most luxurious in Europe. When it was constructed it was devised to stand a charge of dynamite, and it cannot be taken fast over most of the European lines because their rails are too light. The train contains a chapel, a library, bathrooms, drawing room, dining room and bedrooms. The servants' quarters are at the rear and consist simply of an ordinary vanlike carriage arranged with sleeping bunks as if on board ship. The train is so made that it can be changed to fit the Russian or the mid-European gauge.

A Reduction.

An old gentleman who, says the Housekeeper, was accustomed to walk round St. James' park every day, was once asked by a friend if he still took his usual exercise. "No, sir," replied the old man. "I cannot do as much now. I cannot get round the park. I only go half way round and back again."

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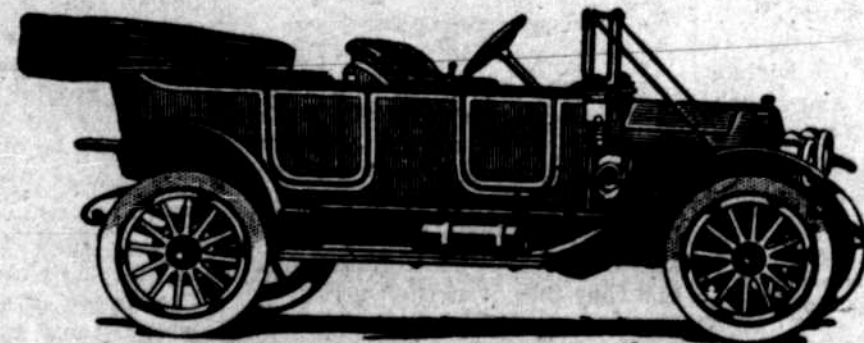


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A Well Bred Customer.

In the privacy of his home the village butcher was telling his wife of the arrival of a new resident.

"She came in today," he said, with enthusiasm, "and I can tell you she's a real lady, brought up select and exclusive. She don't know one cut o' meat from another, nor veal from mutton."

Quite a Change.

George Brown was to marry Mary Jones, and the local paper in announcing the marriage said:

"George and Mary have been chums from childhood."

But the compositor made this read: "George and Mary have been chumps from childhood."—Exchange.

"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 Russian."

This person was sitting with a

who had any pretensions to being a gentleman carried a sword, it was the custom for men when they met to show that they had no intention of treachery to offer each other their weapon hands—that is, the hand that would be used to draw the sword, and to withhold the hand was usually the signal for a fight. So fixed did this habit become that long after men ceased to wear swords they still offered the weapon hand to a friend and declined to offer it to an enemy. To this day when you refuse to shake hands with a person it signifies that you are at war. Among savages, who never carried swords, the practice of shaking hands is unknown, and it affords them amusement to see the white men do it.