

Newberg Graphic

E. H. WOODWARD
Editor and PublisherPublished every Thursday morning
Office: Graphic Building, No. 600 First Street
Entered at the postoffice at Newberg, Oregon,
as second-class matter.

\$1.50 Per Year in Advance

THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1912

Very high temperature in Chicago this week.

Better not risk anything more than a guess on the outcome of the Chicago convention.

If Mayor Gordon is to be photographed in the act of driving the silver spike for the first rail laid by the Oregon Electric in Newberg, he will do well to place an order at once for a new high silk hat.

Several "dark horses" are being groomed and stabled conveniently near the scene of action in Chicago, ready to be led into the ring at the psychological moment. The delay must be irksome.

If the Graphic should make a guess on the final outcome of the Chicago convention it would be that if the convention holds together without a split, the nominee will be neither Taft nor Roosevelt. No charge for the suggestion.

Ladies are specially invited to attend the Single Tax meeting at Duncan's Hall, Saturday afternoon, when W. S. U'Ren, the apostle of this theory in Oregon, will speak. It is expected that a speaker will be obtained to represent the other side later on and you will want to hear both sides.

The Department of Agriculture has just issued its 1911 Agricultural Year Book. It is a bound volume of several hundred pages, containing interesting and instructive information regarding agriculture, horticulture, stock-raising, etc. Each senator and congressman has copies of this book for distribution and any farmer can secure a copy by writing to one of the members of the Oregon delegation.

It has been reported that the Southern Pacific has bought the Commercial Livery corner for a depot site, and also that the Oregon Electric has bought a depot site in Newberg, but that the location of the latter is not revealed to the public. The first statement we know to be untrue and we doubt the truthfulness of the report regarding the Oregon Electric purchase. Both companies seem inclined to take plenty of time to deliberate before buying depot grounds in Newberg.

The Oregonian does an injustice to the friends of F. C. Randall in the following editorial taken from last Friday's issue: "The chances are ten to one that F. C. Randall, who was asphyxiated by powder fumes in a well near Newberg on Tuesday, was not really dead. Had modern methods been applied, he could probably have been restored to consciousness. The friends of persons who have suffered an accident of this kind are apt to give up hope before they have made proper efforts for relief, and thus lives are sometimes needlessly sacrificed."

The facts are that the friends of the unfortunate man called Dr. Doolittle as soon as a telephone could be reached. The doctor hurried to the Randall home and worked with the patient for four hours, using all modern methods known for restoring persons found under such conditions. Aside from the powder fumes, Randall fell with his face in the water, and, consequently, suffered greatly from strangulation. A weak heart, from which he had been a sufferer, also lessened his chances of recovery.

Fernwood is preparing to celebrate. Glad to hear it. Those of us who are not in the automobile class can easily walk that distance. J. C. Hodson is to deliver the address and plenty in the way of amusements is to be offered. No need of going away from home to celebrate this year.

The election of John Illig as a member of the school board was a good selection. Mr. Illig is a man of good business judgment and one who will give close attention to the duties of the office. He has had several years experience on school boards in other places, making him quite familiar with school work.

A STRIKING PICTURE

It is seldom that a more touching picture has been presented to the public, here or elsewhere, than that printed yesterday of Abigail Scott Duniway, the veteran leader of the woman suffrage cause in the Pacific Northwest. Mrs. Duniway, disabled from long service and retired from the fray, sits in her invalid's chair awaiting in serene patience, with unfaltering courage and undimmed hope, the outcome of the election next November that shall either grant or deny to the women of Oregon the right to vote.

It is a far cry from the vivacious, energetic, tireless youth of the veteran leader to the enforced inertia of her age; from the time wherein she went up and down the Coast from San Francisco to Seattle and Port Townsend, and on and out into the interior to the crest of the Rocky Mountains and beyond, proclaiming the gospel of equal rights to an unsympathetic and at times an antagonistic and scoffing multitude, to the present era of progressive thought and foreshadowed triumph; from travel by stage and even on horseback over the rough mountain roads to the elegant and commodious coaches of transcontinental railroads; from pioneer shift and makeshift all along the line of life and endeavor to the comforts and luxuries that wait upon the present era.

All along this line the voice of Mrs. Duniway proclaiming liberty and opportunity for women has sounded and its tones have always rung clear and true. Those who have succeeded to her activities in the cause of equal rights regard her tenderly and honor her loyally as the tireless champion who made smooth the way for the coming of their feet. Her serene face marked by the plowshares of time and suffering; her told hands and invalid's chair and garb tell a story easily read by the light of intelligent sympathy. Though yet among the living, she rests from her labors while her works praise her in the gates.—Oregonian.

MAN'S IMPOTENCE.

It is Made Strikingly Manifest When an Earthquake Comes.

A traveler gives this thrilling account of an earthquake in the far east:

"The one occasion I saw a panic was in Calcutta in June, 1897. It was a Saturday evening about 5 o'clock. It was pantingly hot, and I was one of a party of pajama clad men sitting on the roof of a high house having tea.

"We were in the midst of a merry chatter when the whole building began to tremble. We were instantly hushed and looking at one another with blank faces until a feeling of terror took possession of us and somebody shouted, 'My God, an earthquake!'

"We stampeded. There were three flights of stairs to go down, and of course the fastest and slowest man was in front and blocked the way. The walls were cracking and yawning; the plaster was falling in chunks.

"We were all barefooted, but that didn't matter. In front of the house was the meidan, the great open space in Calcutta. We ran there. A great part of the adjoining house came down with a roar. The whole front of a newspaper office crashed into the street. The top of the cathedral spire came off

and fell through the roof into the chancel.

"Horses were stricken with madness and were careering furiously beyond all control. The natives were shrieking. Europeans, blanch cheeks, tore from their houses, and many of the women fainted.

"The thing I will never forget was what followed. There was the crunch of ripped walls, and the whole earth was heaving and trembling very much like a ship that has banged against a pier and taken time to recover. The awful sensation was the feeling of impotence.

"The earthquake lasted only five minutes, though at the time it seemed like hours. Men could only stand on the heaving, seasick ground absolutely helpless, unable to speak, but staring into each other's white countenances waiting for the earth to yawn. That was the terrible thing—crowds of folk reduced to mute horror, helpless, just standing with big, wide open, affrighted eyes, and the brain cramped in contemplation of what might happen next moment."—Exchange.

The Great Amazon River.

In South as in North America nature does her work on the grand scale, and one of her noblest achievements is the Amazon river. Rising in the Andes, it flows across the continent and discharges into the Atlantic ocean at the equator. The vastness of the area which it drains, amounting to 2,368,000 square miles, will be evident when it is borne in mind that this is more than the area of Russia in Europe and Austria-Hungary. It has a length of nearly 4,000 miles, is navigable for 2,300 miles from the sea and is fed by numerous streams, which in any other country would be ranked as great rivers. In the wet season, which lasts for about eight months, its width varies from five miles to 400. No wonder the Amazon has been called a gigantic reservoir rather than a river.

Why He Refused.

While the late Eugene Field was yet a struggling newspaper man he once accepted an invitation to dinner from a woman famed for her epicurean art. Among the rare dainties served were strawberries, which, being out of season, were exceedingly expensive.

Field passed the costly fruit. The hostess noticed the incident and was disappointed.

"Oh, Mr. Field," she said, "you don't care for strawberries?"

"No, madam. I never eat them in midwinter."

"And why not?" she asked.

"Because," replied Field, "they might spoil my appetite for prunes."—New York Telegraph.

Icelanders and Snuff.

Icelanders have a way of their own for taking snuff. The snuff is made into bars after the manner of plug tobacco and is sold in that shape to the natives, nearly all of whom are addicted to its use and prefer it thus prepared. The Icelanders allow the nail on the right hand thumb to grow long for the purpose, and when using the snuff scratches it off the bar with his nail on the back of his left hand and applies it to his nose.

A Strange Survival.

It is illegal to sing, hum or whistle the "Dead March" outside of a church or a cemetery in England. At one time this law was very strictly enforced, and even today a soldier found guilty of singing or otherwise rendering the famous march other than at a military funeral would be severely censured.

TRADE WINDS.

Why They Blow Straight Toward the West Far Out at Sea.

The earth rotates on its axis from west to east and to a man north of the equator, facing the equator, from right to left, or opposite to the motion of the hands of his watch held with its back toward the equator. And the general movement of the entire mass of air around the earth is in the same direction. If not, then the equatorial regions would be torn by a wind from the east blowing at a rate of 1,000 miles per hour.

Air in the tropical zone is therefore carried from west to east along with the earth's surface of land and sea. But the heat of the sun expands the air over these areas and makes it rarer, and this causes it to rise far above other layers of greater density; then cool air from the north and south temperate zones rushes into the vacancy, and wind would blow straight toward the equator from both north and south were it not for the rotation of the earth.

The surface of the earth at the equator moves eastward with a velocity of seventeen miles per minute and at the latitude of the Lowe observatory only fourteen and one-half miles per minute, and less still at San Francisco, and this is the

eastward speed of the air also.

Then the air at varying eastward speeds of from, say, twelve to sixteen miles per hour moves into air moving seventeen, and owing to the great fundamental law of inertia it cannot at once take up the greater speed, so it lags behind toward the west, at first at an angle with the equator and then straight west. Everybody thinks that a steady wind from the east is blowing.

The causes of trade winds are three—motion of the earth, of the air and heat. They blow straight toward the west only far out at sea. Land currents disturb trade winds over continents, due to unequal heating of air.—Edgar Lucien Larkin in New York American.

Some Snakes.

Too much good fellowship and hilarity had dulled the once brightest wit of Jerryville, Ga., and he had fallen into vagabondage after having enjoyed a competency from the practice of law.

"Cheer up, Mark, old fellow," said one of his friends consolingly. "You'll get over this and soon be yourself, but you ought to remember not to let the snakes get into your boots again."

"That's all right," replied the melancholy Mark, "but I'm going to leave this burg for keeps. I'm going far away."

"Where do you think you'll go?" asked the friend.

"I'm going down to South America," exclaimed Mark—"South America, where the snakes are too big to get into a fellow's boots."—Popular Magazine.

Trollope Disagreed.

Although Anthony Trollope never smoked, he liked being with those who did. It soothed his nerves, he said, and sent him to sleep. On one occasion, when he had just returned to London from South Africa, he was talking at the Cosmopolitan club to Lord Carnarvon, Lord Derby, Froude, the historian; Lord Wolseley and one or two others equally famous on the future of that country. In the midst of the discussion Trollope fell asleep, and after a quarter of an hour's doze he awoke, shaking himself together like the faithful, growling Newfoundland dog he so much resembled. Dissatisfied even in his unconsciousness, he spluttered forth: "I utterly disagree with every one of you. What is it you said?"

Meaning of Stepmother.

"Stepmother" is a word with a commonly unsuspected history. Probably most people, if called upon to explain it, would say that it meant a woman who had stepped into the place of the true mother. Dr. Johnson, at any rate, believed that this was the suggestion of the word to most minds. Really, "step" is the Anglo-Saxon "steop," the

original meaning of which appears to have been "orphaned." Stepmother, stepfather, stepson and stepdaughter came first, and then, by gradual fading of the etymological meaning of "step," stepfather and stepmother came into being.—London Chronicle.

Something Plain For Him.

Waiter (at a fashionable London restaurant)—What would the gentleman like to take?

Farmer (on his first visit to the metropolis)—What is there?

Waiter—We have potage printaniere a la Julienne, fricandeau de veau avec croquettes de pommes de terre, rissole de boeuf.

Farmer—Gracious! Well, bring me a plate of something that comes nearest to roast pork.—London Answers.

A COLLISION AT SEA.

The Scene as the Tai Hoku Plunged into the Depths.

The Tai Hoku was a steamship of 3,100 tons, built at Middleboro, England, for the Osaka Steam Navigation company, says the Engineering News. Having sailed to Antwerp to complete her cargo, the steamship left that port on Aug. 6, 1897, for Japan. On the following Sunday she passed into a heavy fog, and at about 9 o'clock that night the steamer collided violently with another vessel. At first it was supposed that no serious damage had been done, but in half an hour five feet of water was reported in the forehold. The water gained at the rate of about two feet per hour, and the ship gradually settled by the head.

At 4 a. m. on Monday there was sixteen feet of water in the forehold, and all the pumping power available made no impression upon the inflow. At 5 a. m. all hands took to the boats and pushed off a few hundred yards from the sinking steamship, and at 8:30 a. m. the party was rescued by the steamship Millfield. By this time the fog had cleared away, and the stern of the Tai Hoku could be seen gradually rising in the air. Shortly before 1 p. m. she began to roll heavily, and then she plunged and sank. In the fifteen minutes previous to her final disappearance four photographs were taken.

When the Tai Hoku went down there was, of course, considerable steam pressure in her boilers, possibly sixty or seventy pounds. When the bridge collapsed, the siren and foghorn cords being attached to it, both the siren and foghorn sounded just as the vessel disappeared. The third and final view shows, apparently, an explosion. But as a matter of fact, said an engineer who witnessed the accident and took the photographs, there is little doubt that when the water reached the boiler fires there was a

generation of steam and gas, which rushed with almost an explosive effect up the flues and smokestack, carrying with it quantities of soot, which remained suspended in the air for some minutes after the ship disappeared. There was not the least sign of the proverbial whirlpool when the ship went down, though there were abundant surface signs of the gradual escape of the air imprisoned in the hull.

The Old Man of the Mountain.

The title "Old Man of the Mountain" was first applied to Hassan Ben Sabbah, chief of a Mohammedan sect who founded a formidable dynasty in Syria, A. D. 1090. Banned from his country, he took up his abode on Mount Lebanon, gathered a band of followers and soon became the terror of the Jews, Christians and Turks. They all obeyed his orders implicitly in the belief that they would receive choice rewards in the joys of paradise. These assassins, as his followers were called among themselves, rode roughshod over the country for about 200 years. Whenever their chief, the Old Man of the Mountain, thought himself injured he sent a band of these men secretly to murder the offender, and it was from this that our word assassin originally took its meaning.

The Same Remedy.

A little girl came to her mother near lunchtime with a pain in her "tummy."

"Perhaps it aches," her mother said, "because it's empty. We'll put something in it, and then it will be all right."

The next day her father, who is a lawyer and has congressional aspirations, came home with a bad headache. The little daughter came and stood near his chair.

"Perhaps your head aches because it is empty," she said, looking into his face with sympathy.

"You'd better put something in it, and then it will feel all right!"

Economy in Epitaphs.

In a certain town lives a man who had been so unfortunate as to lose three wives, who were buried side by side. For a long time the economical bereaved one deliberated as to whether he should erect a separate headstone for each, commemorating her virtues, but the expense deterred him. Finally a happy solution of the difficulty presented itself.

He had the Christian name of each engraved on a small stone—"Mary," "Elizabeth," "Matilda"—a hand cut on each stone pointing to a large stone in the center of the lot and under each hand the words: "For epitaph see large stone."

Lippincott's.

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