

Newberg Graphic

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THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1912

We credit Bryan as having too much good political sense to be caught with this talk of his being made the tail to the Roosevelt kite.

Senator Bourne says he will not support Taft. Nobody supposed he would. Bourne is not a republican and hasn't been for years.

The fine rains are making the early potatoes swell with pride, with the show fairs coming on, but haymakers and cherry growers would be glad to see fair weather.

The "sure thing" Presidential talk for this year among the Democrats has resulted in more than one aspirant for the office of P. M. in Newberg putting up his lightning rod.

Francis J. Heney was one that "walked out" at the Chicago convention, and he didn't take a walk any too soon for the good of the Republican party, if he ever belonged to it, which is seriously doubted.

Democrats who have been poking fun at the Republicans on account of the recent wake pulled off at Chicago, have probably noticed from the dispatches that the Baltimore affair now on is something more than a Sunday School picnic.

The initiative petitions are still coming thick and fast. The Graphic is at a loss to know which is the wiser course, to refuse to sign any of them or to sign all that are presented and thus help to pile up the number to such a volume that puzzled voters will say it is enough, and order a halt called.

The Willamette Valley Chautauqua Assembly will open at Gladstone Park July 9, and will continue for twelve days. The Chautauqua always offers a varied and pleasing program of entertainers and instructors, and the one published as the program for Gladstone this year is certainly up to the standard. A card addressed to Harvey E. Cross, secretary, Oregon City, will bring you a full program of events and all the necessary information.

Four years ago, Roosevelt invented and put into action the steam roller for the purpose of over-riding all opposition to the man he had decreed should be the nominee of the Republican party to succeed himself as President. He succeeded in his endeavor. Last week in Chicago, he went up against this same steam roller and was flattened out. Now both feet are over the traces and he is calling the other fellows thieves and robbers. Verily, it makes all the difference in the world who it is that is crushed by the machine bearing the initials "T. R." as inventor.

Unusual disturbances east of the Rockies hardly ever effect us here on the Pacific slope, but last week while the show was on in Chicago the air was so charged with fire works that the button was touched on this side, and Oregon witnessed an overhead display, such as is seldom given in this section of the domain. And again Tuesday night, following the Bryan bombardment at Baltimore, another free exhibition was given by the elements, when the thunders rolled and the lightning flashed, all the same as "Down in Mobile." The Prohibition convention, which meets early in July, is yet to hear from.

Only about fifty per cent of the registered vote was polled at the primary elections held throughout the country. Just what the fellows who remained at home will do in November is what the candidates and party managers would like to know.

It is not an unusual thing to note present day patriots growing red in the face as they laud the primary system and denounce any sort of a political convention that may be called to select delegates, while in the same breath they long for the good old days of Lincoln. But if they will turn back the pages of history they will learn that many of the delegates to the convention that nominated the illustrious Emancipator were not selected by the formality of a caucus, even. They were hand picked and named by the party leaders.

The Graphic was for Taft from the start, but after so much bitter feeling had been worked up between the Taft and Roosevelt forces, we had hoped that the two factions would get together at Chicago and unite the party by nominating a compromise candidate. This would doubtless have been the result had Roosevelt shown a willingness to release his forces, but he stood firm for "me," and there was nothing else to do but nominate Taft. The fact is, had Roosevelt acted with decent decorum and kept out of the fight, there would not have been the bitter feeling that has been engendered during the campaign. Taft has made a good President and he is entitled to the loyal support of the party. The Graphic is for William Howard Taft.

Governor West says he is tired of hearing the excuse put up by officials throughout the state that they are unable to suppress vice and lawlessness, and he proposes to take a hand in making a clean-up of disreputable joints. Salem is to be the starting point for the crusade and the edict has gone forth that the disreputable roadhouses out from Portland will be gutted by the state militia, by order of the indignant governor, unless they make a change at once. Good for Governor West. The work done by Tom Word while sheriff of Multnomah county may be cited to show what an honest official, with the strong arm of the law back of him, can do in the way of breaking up gambling and cleaning out low dives if he has the moral courage to do his duty. Let every man in the state who believes in law enforcement throw up his hat and say, go to it Governor, we are with you.

The question arises in the minds of many people as to why W. S. U'Ren, of Oregon City, should interest himself so much and spend so much time going about the country preaching Single Tax. Well, \$200 a month on the side comes in handy, no doubt, and it is said this is the salary he gets from the Fels fund for talking Single Tax to Oregonians. In the report of the Single Tax Conference for 1911 a fund of nearly \$17,000 is shown to have been sent to Oregon to be spent in this movement, and in a recent report of the Conference held in Chicago the treasurer reports under the head of the item of "General Activities" the following:

Literature shipped to W. S. U'Ren	\$960.00
W. S. U'Ren trip to meeting 1910	280.25
W. G. Eggleston trip to meeting	388.50
General expense to H. W. Stone, Treasurer	5,206.00
W. G. Eggleston	2,400.00
This makes a total of \$9,229.25	

sent out by the Philadelphia soap manufacturer to help the cause of Single Tax along. It is easy to see why Mr. U'Ren can run out to Newberg and other points and spend an afternoon with the people. There is a lot of easy money in it.

At the State Encampment of the G. A. R. held in Salem last week, Newberg was selected as the meeting place next year. When Newberg was mentioned it is said the old veterans recalled the splendid time they had when the Encampment was held here a few years ago, and they immediately fell in line. It will now be up to Newberg to make good, and we'll do it, too.

DISSATISFIED WITH PROSPERITY

"An old epitaph runs in this fashion: 'I was well, wanted to be better, took medicines, and here I am.' A considerable part of the 15,000,000 voters of the United States, though hardly a majority, are apparently ready to censure the party that controlled all departments of the government from 1897 until the present House was elected, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "That was a period of sixteen years, and the executive branch is still Republican. What will Republicans have to say for themselves if called on to deliver the keys to another party on March 4 next? It will be something better than was ever said before under such circumstances. How stands the treasury at this moment? By the end of the month, which is also the end of the fiscal year, the surplus will be considerable.

"During the sixteen years all American dollars were made as good as gold. The war with Spain was fought and paid for. It is needless to go into the details of the resulting territorial expansion. Nor is it required to give a long table, expressed in billions, of the general progress of the country. Tested at any point the answer is the same. Business is active all along the line, and the masses are steadily employed at good wages. What a contrast with 1897. In that year the Republicans took hold, with promises to improve the situation in all respects. They have fulfilled the pledge more amply than was expected. Good times were restored, and so thoroughly that the building of the Panama Canal became possible. This link between the oceans looked in 1896 like a dream of the distant future. If there must be a temporary Republican valedictory—which is improbable—it will be a thrilling review of great achievements."

THE BOY WHO WORKS HIS WAY

In a recently published book entitled "Working One's Way Through College," Professor Sherzer, of the Michigan Normal school, has some things to say that are of decided interest to the young people who are finishing high school, and are trying to decide whether they will go to college. To most of the high school graduates who are in doubt about what they will do, the puzzling phase of the question is obtaining the necessary funds. Whether he will attend college or not is a question that is easily decided by the boy whose family is amply able to stand the expense of his further education, but it is a more serious problem to the boy who knows that he must depend upon his own resources.

Professor Sherzer believes that wherever it is possible, it is better to enter college with funds for two years ahead, for this gives the young man who is beginning four very important years an opportunity to "find himself" before he feels the pinch of necessity. High school graduation commonly comes at an early age under our present system, and the boy who has determination and a fixed plan can well afford to spend a year or two in working and saving. The knowledge of life that he will gain will be of value to him, and accumulation of a stake will stand him in good stead.

The Michigan professor, how-

ever, does not believe that money enough to meet the needs of a year or two is an absolute necessity. He says:

"If a young man has already let several years slip by since high school graduation and feels strongly the need of college education, I would advise him to pick out his college, earn a year's tuition for that institution, lay aside the car far necessary to get there, put \$25 in his pocket for books and a few meals at first, and start out. With grit and determination he will get along anywhere."

Every college in the United States has young men who are getting along with nothing but grit and determination. And every college is proud of the rapid rise of some of the young men who entered its halls without even money enough to buy books.

A few years ago, a boy entered a little Iowa college with just money enough to pay a week's board. He let no grass grow under his feet. He went in debt for a buck-saw, and then went in search of material to use the saw on. He found it. The blisters that resulted from what he found did not count. They were but incidents in a general plan.

He got work as a janitor in one of the college buildings, and with the janitor's position went a little bare room in a beltry tower. That little bare room was his home for four years. At the end of the four years he delivered the valedictory address for his class, and carried home in a wheelbarrow the flowers that he received. That afternoon he went to work on the street, and the governor of the state, who had heard his address, recognized him in his working clothes, and remarked to the president of the college that that boy would be heard from.

He was. Two years after he finished law school, men who had cases they were obliged to win were sending for him without asking what his fee would be.

The boy who has energy and grit and determination need not be afraid to enter college with small financial resources. He will not lack for opportunities to make his way, and learning to

take advantage of these opportunities will be as valuable training as any that he will receive in the class rooms.

The boy who works his way through college has left his mark on the world. He comes out doubly equipped. To the knowledge that he has acquired, from books, is added the practical education that has come from learning to make both ends meet.—Oregon Register.

VOICE OF THE MOB.

No Muffled Rises, Its Swell and Roar in the City of Mexico.

Folk were sitting about the tables in the patio of the Hotel de Jardine, sipping their afternoon coffee and turning the pages of the latest extras, ink smeared with hectic headlines. Two children pushed a tin train of cars over one of the graveled paths beneath the patio oaks, writes Robert Welles Ritchie in Harper's Magazine. Waiters drowsed by the kitchen corner, and the porter at the high doors giving on to the street had his head on his breast.

Then the voice came, a murmur, far removed, muffled and indefinite, a murmur hardly to be distinguished above the plashing of the fountain; a minute and the timbre of it had strengthened and deepened; another minute and a crackling syncope broke the monotony of sound. From afar the voice came stronger and in a strange, animal note. Folk dropped their papers and started, heads cocked, to catch the meaning of the unwonted sound. Waiters moved away from the kitchen door out into the patio so that they could hear better. The two children piloted their train safely into the station by the goldfish pond, then sat with questioning eyes on the elders about them. Nearer and louder, louder, louder, sounded the voice.

A nurse stepped out on the balcony above the patio and screamed as she ran down the stairs to the children. She gathered them into her arms and stumbled blindly back up the stairs, along the balcony and into one of the suits opening thereon. Her screams, the agitation of her flying skirts, awoke the porter at the gate. For just an instant he sat still, his face puckered in puzzlement; then he jumped to the two high wooden gates giving onto the street and slammed them shut. He slipped an oak beam through the hasps and double braided the doors by other beams upended against the cobbles of the courtyard. The maître d'hotel had rushed out of his little glass office meanwhile and was calling excitedly to the waiters. They sped through passageways,

and their disappearances were followed by the banging of wooden shutters over windows, the slamming of doors, the frantic trundling of barricades into place. Then high over the clatter and the pounding the voice snarled—a vicious, bestial snarl that was ear filling and terrible.

The voice was of the mob. On an afternoon in late May of 1911 the City of Mexico was rising against its master. Out of the kennels of mean streets, whose meanest marble palaces and flowering gardens screen, the canaille of the capital had come pouring, had whirled into mob coalescence and now were baying and coursing the streets to seek the life of that master. Don Porfirio, the once beloved—Don Porfirio Diaz, dictator and builder of Mexico for more than thirty years—was the master.

KEEPING THE LOG.

Simple System by Which the Mariner Records Weather Conditions.

How many landmen know how a logbook is written up? It seems just as complicated as double entry bookkeeping when one does not know, but after a little careful attention and study it's as easy to keep a logbook as to eat hot gingerbread. There is a list of letters arranged, and they look like so much Greek to the uneducated.

The letter b, for instance, stands for blue sky, whether there be clear or hazy atmosphere. C means cloudy or detached, opening clouds; d denotes drizzling rain; a small j, fog; capital F, thick fog; g, gloomy, dark weather; h, hail; l, lightning, and m, misty or hazy so as to interfere with the view.

The letter o represents overcast or when the whole sky is covered with one impenetrable cloud. Passing showers are noted by the letter p, and q indicates the weather to be squally. Continuous rain is indicated by an r, snow by an s and thunder by a t. Any ugly, threatening appearance in the weather calls for the letter u, and visibility of distant objects, whether the sky be cloudy or not, is represented by the letter v. A small w is wet dew. A full point or dot under any letter denotes an extraordinary degree.

As an example of how the letters are used take q p d l t. This reads very hard squalls and showers of drizzle, accompanied by lightning, with very heavy thunder. Numerals denote the force of the wind.

A cipher indicates calm, 1 light air, 2 light breeze, 3 gentle breeze, 4 moderate breeze, 5 fresh breeze, 6 strong breeze, 7 moderate gale, 8 fresh gale, 9 strong gale, 10 whole gale, 11 storm, 12 hurricane. This system of abbreviation is generally adhered to on all merchant vessels.—Exchange.

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