

## Newberg Graphic

E. H. WOODWARD  
Editor and Publisher

Published every Thursday morning  
Office: Graphic Building, No. 600 First Street  
Phones: Office, White 33; Residence, Blue 87.

Entered at the postoffice at Newberg, Oregon,  
as second-class matter.

**\$1.50 Per Year in Advance**

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1912

### SALOON NOT LOCATED ON THE ISLAND

In the reference made in the Graphic last week to the saloon that is being operated on the river above Newberg, the location was mentioned as being on the island, which was a mistake, although the information furnished the Graphic was taken to be reliable at the time. Mr. Barcroft was much incensed at the report, as he owns all of the island, a fact which we did not know. Some years ago the island was held by different individuals and the Graphic was under the impression that this was the case at the present time. In fact the information came to the office that the party who was running the saloon had bought a location of some one, other than Mr. Barcroft.

The Graphic does not blame Mr. Barcroft for being worked up over the statement, but we had no thought of associating him in any way as a party in locating the nuisance, for such it is.

The location of the joint is on the Marion County side of the river, near the island, but not so far away but that a good many Newberg fellows seem to be able to scent the trail.

The cutting of dry grass and weeds that has been done along the streets during the past ten days has added greatly to the appearance of things. Keep the good work going.

If you are going away to the beach or to the mountains tell the Graphic about it, and if you are going to be gone long enough to justify it, have the paper sent to your address. It will keep you posted about what is being done at home in your absence.

The Graphic man has been invited to join in and help organize a local Wilson club. Seeing that the boys are having difficulty in getting enough fellows lined up to make it interesting, we would really like to be neighborly, but we ask to be excused this time.

President Taft has entered his prize cow "Pauline Wayne" for the annual show of the Pennsylvania State Cattle association, to be held at Devon, Pennsylvania, commencing September 19. Look out now for the announcement that T. R. has taken a near-by stall for a Bull Moose.

Dr. H. W. Coe has been designated as the man who will take the lead in the management of the Bull Moose campaign in Oregon. It will be remembered that the Doctor is interested in a Portland institution where they take care of people who are a little off in the head.

With the number of ice cream cans that are being shipped back and forth between Newberg and Portland, it would seem that it would justify some enterprising man to engage in the manufacture of ice cream here at home. It would keep good money at home that is being sent away to the metropolis and a fair profit could doubtless be realized by the manufacturer. It is the many small industries that help build up a progressive town.

### MUST PREPARE FOR PROSPERITY.

No one has any doubt that a wonderful future awaits the Willamette Valley. It is one of the

most fertile sections in the world. It has magnificent agricultural possibilities. It has almost unlimited timber and mineral resources. It has a climate that visitors never forget, says the Oregon Register.

The railroads have recognized the possibilities. After half a century of meager transportation facilities, lines are being rushed in from almost every direction. Electric roads are preparing to penetrate sections that have become so accustomed to isolation that they have almost come to accept it as a fact. The railroads have begun to do their part.

The Willamette Valley must now begin to prepare for the railroads. Increased transportation facilities are being furnished, and as a matter of good business there must be an increase in the things that are to be transported. The logical place for the increase is in agricultural products, for here there is a market ready and waiting.

The Willamette Valley has a number of peculiar advantages, and it must proceed to make use of them. It has products that come to perfection at no other place. Competition along these lines is thus eliminated, and a clear trade field is opened.

One of these peculiar advantages is the loganberry. This remarkably luscious fruit—which has the added charm of novelty—grows nowhere else anywhere near as well as it does here. It is particularly adapted to our soil and climate, and seems to resent efforts to make it grow elsewhere.

It is an excellent commercial fruit. It comes to maturity early, thus eliminating the long period of waiting that deters so many people from setting out orchards. It is prolific, and returns a beautiful yield. It is—as yet, at least—untroubled by pests, and thus does not require expensive care.

The loganberry is easily preserved, and what is of more importance is exceedingly attractive in its preserved form. Its peculiar tart flavor is retained when it is either canned or dried, and this flavor wins it friends and prestige wherever it goes. From wherever it is put on sale comes a vociferous clamor for more. A few cases shipped into eastern cities usually result in carload orders to supply the taste that has been created. The loganberry market is active. Buyers are hunting the sellers of loganberries. The Eugene Fruit Growers' association could easily market the product of 2000 acres more of the toothsome berry.

The loganberry is but a single instance of the Willamette Valley's opportunities for increased prosperity. There are numberless other products that Willamette Valley soil will bring forth in peculiar and especial abundance and quality, and for which there is already a market waiting. Prosperity comes from the large production of the things that will sell readily at a good price. The quicker we begin to produce largely the things for which the Willamette Valley is peculiarly fitted the quicker we will realize the prosperity and development to which we are entitled.

### SUCCEEDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

It is not an uncommon thing to see strong, able bodied men who have failed to succeed in life lay their troubles all to fate and conditions as they have found them, in the race. You don't have to go to the soap box orators on the street corners of the large cities to locate men of this class, for they are found in almost all walks of life. They have made more or less effort to stem the tide but have lost their grip and seem to recognize the fact that they are down and out.

On the other hand, many cases might be cited where men and women as well, who have been

handicapped by physical disabilities all their lives have made good in some special endeavor. One instance of this kind is that of Sophie Wright. The Youth's Companion says of her:

Recently, at the age of forty-six, there died in New Orleans, where she had always lived, a woman who from birth had been a cripple. Until she was nine she was strapped to a chair. The rest of her life she wore a steel harness, always used crutches, and was never free from pain.

Sophie Wright was born in poverty, and all her life struggled against poverty—but not simply in her own behalf. At nine she went to school; at fourteen she hung out a sign in front of her mother's house—"Day School for Girls. Fifty cents a month." Remarkably enough, she acquired twenty pupils. To keep in advance of them, she attended an afternoon normal school, and paid for her instruction by giving elementary lessons to beginners.

When she was eighteen years old, there came to her one day an acrobat from a stranded circus. If he could pass a civil service examination he might obtain a salaried position. Would she help him? He had no money to pay her, but that did not matter to Sophie Wright; that he needed her assistance was enough. She who was already studying in one school and teaching in two others gave up her evenings to help this young man. He asked if he might bring a friend, and presently Sophie Wright had an evening class that in a short time grew into a free night-school, the only one in New Orleans.

When the house that she was renting became too small for her growing classes, she borrowed ten thousand dollars at eight per cent interest, and bought a building. By the time she was thirty-one she had paid off half the debt.

But that year yellow fever swept New Orleans. Day-school and night-school had to be given up. Miss Wright turned her house into a depot of supplies, and on her crutches went about the city, distributing food and clothing. At the end of the epidemic she was without funds; the mortgage on her house was overdue, and both day-school and night-school had gone to pieces. But a banker lent her some money at an easier rate of interest; a little help came from other sources, and within a year, in place of the three hundred pupils who had attended the night-school before the epidemic, there were a thousand.

The little cripple came to be known as the best citizen of New Orleans. The National Lumbermen's Convention, meeting in that city and hearing about her work, subscribed more than four thousand dollars to it. Then she received the silver loving-cup that the New Orleans Picayune gives annually to the man or woman who has rendered the city the greatest public service in the past year; and in the loving-cup lay a check that canceled the mortgage on her school building.

The establishment of the school for girls and the free evening-school was not all that this remarkable woman did. It was she who first saw the need of an institution to care for crippled children, and she who raised the money for a building to house it. Recognition she had at last—rich, full and affectionate; but think of the slow years before it came! Why is it that we who are strong and able so often leave to the frail these crushing burdens that belong to all of us, and that when all bear their proper portion, are so light?

#### Methodist Episcopal Church

The subject next sabbath morning will be: "Always Ready to Give an Answer." Epworth League at 7 P. M. There will be no preaching at the church in the evening because of the union meeting at the Friends church.

#### Presbyterian Church.

Subject of sermon next Sunday morning: "Pastor and People." Union meeting at 8 o'clock P. M. at the Friends church.

#### Card Of Thanks

We desire to extend our thanks to our many friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us in our sad bereavement, in the death of our beloved son Hervey, and for the beautiful floral offerings. V. E. Way and family.

## WM. J. BRYAN May Be Politically Dead

BUT

## The Big Hardware Store

lives on and is still enjoying a good trade. Tents, Camp Stoves, Wagon Covers and wagon bows are now in season and our stock is sufficient to fill your orders. Blue Flame Oil Stoves make happy cooks in the hot summer months.

Don't forget we carry the biggest stock in town, which is to your advantage, and our prices help get business.

We give you the best there is in the line for the money

Christenson & Larkin Hardware Co.

## Special Announcement

Besides the regular hours we will be open for business SATURDAY EVENING OF EACH WEEK during the hours from 7 to 9 o'clock

This arrangement is made for the especial accommodation of persons who can not, without loss of time, transact their banking business during the regular hours. The arrangement will also afford you bank facilities at a time most needed—Saturday night.

We will be pleased to have you call during these new hours to transact any banking business. Every convenience and courtesy of our institution will be placed at your disposal

## The 1st National Bank

### LIGHTNING.

Some Facts About This Mysterious Force of Nature.

Lightning is still more or less a mystery. We can imitate it on a small scale in the laboratory, but its gigantic manifestations in the sky and its wonderful vagaries make the wisest savants shake their heads. We know, at any rate, that lightning is the electric discharge at high tension between masses oppositely electrified. Every little particle of moisture in the air carries a charge, and when the particles coalesce in a cloud their electricity collects on the surface until the tension becomes enormous. If two clouds are oppositely electrified they will bombard each other until equilibrium is established between them. If the opposition is between the surcharged cloud and an object on the ground a terrific bolt passing between the earth and the sky will relieve the electric strain without regard to the well being of any creature that stands in the way.

A lightning flash often darts for miles through the air. It begins with a discharge between two adjacent particles. The next particle receives the shock and transmits it to its nearest neighbor, and thus it rushes on, zigzagging along the line of least resistance until the unbalanced energies are restored to equality. The way of lightning is a crooked way when the path is long, because the distribution of the electric charges in the clouds is irregular. The positive seeks the negative and rushes to its embrace wherever it finds it.

The eye is not quick enough to unravel a lightning stroke, but photography can do it to a certain degree, and photographs prove that the path of the discharge is a waving line. No discharge occurs until the tension has reached the breaking point—i. e., the point where the resistance of the air can no longer restrain the force of the gathering charge.

What might be called the inner structure of a lightning stroke is a marvel. Professor Henry proved that every stroke is an alternating current, the oscillations occupying but a few millionths of a second, while the duration of the flash may be a considerable fraction of a second.—Garrett P. Serviss in New York American.

### Some Odd Words.

"Topsy turvy"—when things are in confusion, they are said to be topsy turvy, an expression derived from the way in which turf for fuel is placed to dry on its being cut. The surface of the ground is pared off with the heath growing upon it, and the heath is turned downward and left some days in that state that the earth may get dry before it is carried away. It means, there-

fore, really "top side turr way."

"Coxcomb" is a corruption of cock's comb, which is considered as an unnecessary part and is always cut off from game birds and only suffered to grow on those of the barnyard breed; hence coxcomb is a ridiculous fellow, who pays more attention to decoration of his person than to the improvement of his mind.

"Hurly burly" denotes confusion or tumult and is said to owe its origin to two neighboring families, Hurligh and Burleigh, who filled their part of the country with contest of violence.

### The Irreparable Loss.

"What has happened to me?" asked the patient when he had recovered from the effects of the ether.

"You were in a trolley car accident," said the nurse, "and it has been found necessary to amputate your right hand."

He sank back on the pillow, sobbing aloud.

"Cheer up," said the nurse, patting him on the head; "you'll soon learn to get along all right with your left hand."

"Oh, it wasn't the loss of the hand itself that I was thinking of," sighed the victim. "But on the forefinger was a string that my wife tied around it to remind me to get something for her this morning, and now I'll never be able to remember what it was."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### WONDERFUL MIRAGES.

Those Seen in the Winter Twilights in Northern Alaska.

The most wonderful mirages ever beheld by mortal eyes are those that are seen in the twilight winter days in northern Alaska. These remarkable ghastly pictures of things, both imaginary and real, are mirrored on the surface of the waste plains instead of upon the clouds or in the atmosphere.

Mimic lakes and water courses fringed with vegetation are to be seen pictured as real as life on the surface of the snow, while grassy mounds, stumps, trees, logs, etc., which have an actual existence some place on the earth's surface, are outlined against mountains of snow in all kinds of fantastic shapes.

Some of these objects are distorted and magnified into the shapes of huge, ungainly animals and reptiles of enormous proportions. The fogs and mists are driven across these wastes by the winds, and as the objects referred to loom up in the flying vapors they appear like living creatures and seem to be actually moving rapidly across the plain.

At other times they appear high in the air, but this is a characteristic of the northern mirages that are

seen near the seashore, when the vapors and mists are driven out to sea the images mirrored in them appear to be lunging through the waters at a terrific rate of speed, dashing the spray high in the air, while huge breakers roll over them and onward toward the mountainous islands beyond and against which they appear to be dashing.

Monstrous serpents, apparently several hundred feet long, sometimes with riders on their backs; men on horseback thirty to fifty feet in height, animals and birds of all kinds of horrible shapes and colors seem to be scurrying past, racing and chasing each other until they are lost in the twilight fogs or dashed to pieces upon the rocky islands mentioned above and which are twenty miles out to sea.

### He Had 'Em.

"I want damages," shouted the bruised and battered citizen who had just been beaten up by his athletic rival.

"I think," replied his friend and adviser after a critical inspection, "that if you look in the glass you'll find you have got 'em."—Baltimore American.

### Philippine Hospitality.

The Ifugaos are very friendly and continually offer gifts of chickens and eggs. They have a very strong drink on the order of tapu, which they bring forth on all occasions, and the etiquette of the country requires that one should take a drink. The continual invitation to drink this "congeong" is the most disagreeable part of the trip through their country.—Manila Times.

### An Essay on Habit.

A schoolmaster once said to his pupils that to the boy who would make the best piece of composition in five minutes on "How to Overcome Habit" he would give a prize. When the five minutes had expired a lad of nine years stood up and said: "Well, sir, habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change 'abit.' If you take off another, you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is not totally used up, all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of habit you must throw it off altogether." Result, he won it.

### A Habit That Pleased.

"So you have thought it over carefully and decided that young Moneyblower is the man you must marry?" said her father gravely.

"Yes, father," the young woman replied.

"Are you sure that his habits are such as will make for a happy married life?"

"Yes, indeed. He buys a new motorcar every year, and that's just the sort of habit I want my husband to have."—Detroit Free Press.