

Newberg Graphic

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Editor and PublisherPublished every Thursday morning
Office: Graphic Building, No. 600 First Street
Phones: Office, White 33; Residence, Blue 57.
Entered at the postoffice at Newberg, Oregon,
as second-class matter.

\$1.50 Per Year in Advance

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1912

About the most unwelcome sound that can be heard in the still hours of the night is the shriek of the fire whistle.

And T. R. really pulled down the nomination for President at the Bull Moose convention held in Chicago this week. My, what a close call he had!

The Polk County Observer arises to remark that the one time Newberg physician, Dr. Woods Hutchinson, who has joined the third term party, is probably looking for a job as veterinary surgeon to the Bull Moose.

It is said that a smelling committee could easily locate a few spots where the order to connect up with the sewer has not been complied with, if a stroll were taken along in the rear of some of the business houses on First street.

The appearance of the big steam roller at work on the street the first of the week brought out the first plaintive "Moo" from the local mavericks of the Bull Moose herd who shied nervously at the sight of the big wheels.

Following each national convention held, the elements have put up a thunder storm in the Willamette Valley. A very uncommon occurrence, and as usual the Bull Moose arranged for a good deal more noise than the other fellows had on tap.

In times past when a small house of four or six rooms was built, the structure when completed represented four straight walls, or possibly an L shape, with the roof as plain as shingles could make it. It is different now. It matters not how small the nest is to be, architectural design is studied and carried into effect, and all over the country, not only in town and city, but out through the timbered districts where the land is being cut up into small tracts, may be found, dotted here and there, pretty little cottages and bungalows that add beauty to the landscape, at but little additional cost in building, over the old way.

Working around a modern thrashing machine is somewhat different from the old way, when men and boys ate dust at both ends of the machine, which required a feeder and two band cutters, besides a crew of men to fork the straw away from the strawcarrier and stack it, or stow it away in barns. Now a man forks the bundles into the gaping mouth of the machine and a blower carries the chaff, straw and dust away at the other end. It almost makes a fellow long to be a farmer again, just to be able to do things with the improved machinery now in use. The old plodding way has not been improved upon in some instances it seems, however, for a few days ago a couple of small boys who were headed for the country, armed with hoes, were asked by the writer what they were going to do, and they said they were going out to their father's farm to cut thistles. Oh, the days when we cut thistles and mullen in the hot pasture fields with a dull hoe, along with grown up people who seemed never to get tired, and who took no notice of the fact that the "old swimmin' hole" in the near-by creek, was just beckoning boys to come and take a plunge in its cooling waters.

A friend of the saloon across the river has written the Graphic a letter, taking issue with the editor on the saloon question, and in closing says, "I do not suppose you will give this letter space in your paper, you are not fair enough to give both sides a hearing." The name signed to the article is "Fair Play." The Graphic does not care to discuss a question with any one who is ashamed to let the people of Newberg know that they are supporting the booze joint, but we assure the writer of this article that if he or she, as the case may be, will come into the office and properly sign it we will publish it word for word, as it is written. This is better evidence of fair play than the writer has shown in refusing to come out of the brush and be seen. The Graphic is not a bush whacker. When anything is said on this page in opposition to the saloon the readers of the paper know who is saying it. Let the other side come out into the open if they want to be heard.

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY

If a climax were needed to the wild, insensate fanaticism of the abject followers of the great "I Am" it was given at Chicago Tuesday. The stampeding Bull Moose herd, in their fetich like worship, sang in fatuous abandon and irreverence:

"Follow, follow,
We will follow Roosevelt,
Anywhere, anywhere,
We will follow on."

All of which was of course sweet music in the ears of the object of such blind adoration. For it is not to be supposed that a man who shows himself to be so insane an egotist as to persist in comparing himself to the immortal and gentle Lincoln, would hesitate at the next step of assuming the place of Deity itself.

As far as Roosevelt is concerned, there is nothing surprising in all this. It is but the final touch in the true portrayal of the man, which discerning spectators have long recognized. He is insane with ambition, drunk with the lust of power. He has no convictions nor principles aside from the one dominating motive to rule and to conquer. Like a mad, infuriated bull, he sees red and bellows with rage, his eyes blood-shot with the mania for destruction. This is Roosevelt.

But what can be said for the poor, cringing, sycophants who thus lick his hands and slobber at his knees? What a pitiful commentary on the boasted sturdy independence of the American citizen—every man a king with a ballot in his hands! Claiming to be independent, they are the most abject of slaves—all their own initiative and individuality lost in the one man who has hypnotized them for his own ends.

What a pitiful admission is theirs! Anywhere that their buccaneering liege lord leads, these bonded vassals promise to follow! They are not following in the wake of principles nor convictions—they are following a man, a mere man who has no interests but his own; a man who is coarse in his language and therefore in his thought, brutal in his passions, treacherous in his associations and shifty and insincere in his creeds. And yet with the brass collar of his individuality strongly riveted upon their necks, these cringing followers declare with public acclaim their intention to follow where ere he may lead!

Whom the gods destroy they first make mad.

FIRST STREET A TOKEN

Newberg people would get unbearably tired and impatient over the way in which their principal business street has been torn up all season, were it not for what the confusion implies for the future. For years we have talked and pleaded and dreamed and prayed for an elec-

tric line. Time and again our hopes have been buoyed up only to dissolve like an iridescent bubble.

A surveyor's crew had only to appear now and then on the horizon and all the town and country side was fairly agog, and by night three or four different routes were confidently established. But electric road projects, like life, are uncertain. In the midst of electric line rumors we are in despair.

But after all our longings and disappointments, not one, but two companies are actually laying track this summer on First street. In view of what this means we can look upon the confusion with equanimity. Something of what is portended is suggested by the Telegram:

The greatest problem that confronted the Willamette Valley, that of transportation, is now in process of solution. The electric lines are going to speedily work a magical change up and down the whole valley. Indeed, when one considers the West Side facilities that have marked the past the wonder is not that so little progress has been made but that so much has been accomplished. In the course of a few brief months there will be direct, quick and frequent communication to and with many of the most important towns of the valley, thus bringing a stimulus that can only be realized by those who have personally felt the need of better transportation facilities.

There is no valley in the United States which, all in all, will compare with the great Willamette Valley. For climate, productivity, for a minimum of discomforting features of life it is probably unequalled. That there is much less diversity of crops than there should be is a misfortune, but the change will come through the electric roads. There are still thousands of acres that are not utilized and other thousands that are not brought up to very high standards of productivity. But all of this is coming and the effect is already beginning to be seen here and there where new people with new ideas and adequate resources are coming in and bringing to their tasks the highest standards of efficiency. There is much development in the line of fruit farming enterprises and through associations the enormous berry crops are being handled to advantage.

The Willamette Valley will be the state's biggest surprise in the next few years, for those who miss seeing it in that time will scarcely know it when they make an inspection. If the prices are maintained at reasonable figures there will be much land change hands and there will be an influx of men who on small tracts and through intensive cultivation will make more of ten acres than ordinarily could be made of thirty acres. In bringing about this result the greatest factor will be the electric roads which are now being so rapidly and so well constructed. The advantages of these roads are obvious and the appreciation of them is general and genuine throughout the valley.

Notice of Receiver's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned pursuant to an order of the Circuit Court of Oregon, for Yamhill County, in the suit of W. H. Bond and N. N. Stanley, plaintiffs, vs. D. J. Gilbert et al, defendants, made and entered on the 3rd day of August, 1912, authorizing him to do, will from and after the 20th day of August, 1912, proceed to and sell for cash at private sale to the highest bidder the following described personal property, to-wit:

Two circle, marble top counters, one counter scale, one stock scale, one computing scale, one straight counter, two blocks, one dial scale, two drawer desks, one grind stone, two cleavers, two show hooks, four stools, one steel, one saddle, one platform scale, one goose-neck wagon, one ice box, three oil lamps, seventeen barrels, four kegs, and also notes and accounts of Newberg Meat Company.

J. L. HOSKINS,
Receiver.

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The First National Bank

RUSH WITHOUT REASON.

The American Speed Mania and the Art of Living.

Speed, hurry, rush—doubtless they are effective as commerce accelerators, but they are death to aesthetics. We have ceased to write letters, we propose marriage by wire and hold the wire until we hear the answering coo. Nothing can be funnier than the way in which we take our holidays. And an ordinary evening's joy is a Marathon between the office, the dressing room, the dinner table, the theater, the supper, then home.

Life to us takes on the guise of scenery passed through on a fast express. Houses, humans, cows, sheep, flash by in confusion. We get impressions rather than clear views. Even our friendships, our loves and our hates are misty, indistinct affairs, that come and go and become dreams.

Our memories are blurs, for the rush of today is upon us, and tomorrow is treading upon our heels. A handclasp and goodbye and we part from a comrade, each hurrying on his own way, for there is no time for cronyship. Our national gait and our quick lunch system have made countless thousands merry. We are the Push!

Not long ago Punch published a picture naively called "A Scene in America." A ferry has pushed off quite a distance from the dock, and two belated passengers are portrayed poised midway in the atmosphere, in the act of jumping for the boat, while the other passengers look on admiringly.

"Thank goodness, we'll catch it," says Jones. "There's not another for a minute and a half!"

We would not if we could put on the manners and moods of the orient. They would sit on us as unbearably as the turbans of the Hindu or the jeweled robes of rajahs. But we can learn a few lessons in leisure from our English neighbors, cultivating their rose gardens and stopping an hour each day for tea, though the heavens fall.

And the Parisians, with their "grand déjeuner," their coffee under the trees in the Bois, their hour for the "aperitif"—so many pauses, in fact, for pleasure that the business day is cut to a few hours, and it suffices. The speed maniac may call upon us to observe our own achievement, our progress, our healthy democracy and a lot of other things. But is the art of living rightly not worth while? Are we getting as much out of life as we might if we stayed our pace and went more slowly down the path that leads into the sunset?—Lippincott's Magazine.

Sleepwalking.

The reason many persons walk in their sleep is because one part of the mind is wide awake when the

other is asleep. But the curious thing about sleepwalking is just because the walker is asleep and not conscious he can walk over dangerous spots which would probably cause him to fall through nervousness if he were wide awake. But as he is not awake and not conscious he generally walks safely and remembers nothing about it. So it is easy to see why it is dangerous to awaken a sleepwalker while he is walking along a precipice or in some other dangerous position.—Kansas City Times.

He Changed the Climax.

"It is strange," said the irascible little man, "that a person of your advantages"—

"What's that?" the big man demanded.

"The little man hesitated. He was only a little man, and the big man looked very big."

"I was going to say," he mildly resumed, "that it seems strange a person of your advantages should not take up these questions as a serious study and master them, as I am sure you could."

"That's all right," said the big man affably. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Shark's Tail For Luck.

Attached to the extreme end of the bowsprit of a sailing vessel there may sometimes be seen a piece of some material that looks remarkably like leather. This seeming piece of leather is really a shark's tail. It is placed there because the sailors think that it augurs good luck, believing that pleasant voyages will be their lot while it remains there. Instead of the bowsprit the tail is at times nailed to the top of one of the masts.—London Standard.

Awkward.

Master—What! Both want a holiday tomorrow? I can't spare you both at once. Mary, you can have tomorrow and John the next day.

John—Thank you, sir, but we wanted to get married, and I'm afraid, sir, it can't be done that way, but I'll inquire.—London Answers.

INSECT CRUELTY.

The Ichneumon Fly Plants its Eggs in Living Spiders.

The ichneumon fly of Ceylon is the natural enemy of the spider. This insect is green in color, and in form resembles a wasp with a marvelously thin waist. It makes its nest of well worked clay and then goes on a hunting expedition. Its victims are invariably spiders of various kinds, but all are subject to the same mode of treatment.

A scientific sting injects some poison which effectually paralyzes the luckless spider, which is then carried off to the nest and there fastened with a dab of moist clay.

Another and another victim is brought to this chamber of horrors. Then the prescient mother ichneumon fly proceeds to deposit her eggs, one in the body of each spider, which can just move its legs in a vague, aimless manner, but can offer no resistance.

This done, the fly returns to her work as a mason. She prepares more clay and builds up the entrance to this ghastly cell. Then she commences a new cell, which she furnishes in like manner and then closes; then she adds yet another cell and so proceeds until her store of eggs are all provided for, and her task in life being accomplished, she dies, leaving her evil brood to hatch at leisure.

In due time these horrid little maggots come to life and find themselves cradled in a larder of fresh meat. Each poor spider is still alive, and his juices afford nutriment for the ichneumon grub till it is ready to pass in the chrysalis stage, thence to emerge as a winged fly fully prepared to carry out the traditions of its ancestors with regard to spiders.

The First Walking Stick.

The well born Egyptian carried a staff with his name inscribed in hieroglyphics, but walking sticks, in the general sense of the word, were first used by the gallants of the fifteenth century. Canes are first heard of in the reign of Henry VIII., probably introduced to Europe after the discovery of America.

Walking sticks were adopted by the effeminate Henry II. of France about the middle of the sixteenth century. These French sticks, with a ribbon and tassel to pass over the wrist, were, however, not used by gentlemen of fashion in England until 1655.

When first introduced they were formed with an indented head to afford a more easy rest for the hand. Afterward they were crowned with a round and hollow top, which contained nutmeg or ginger and sometimes sugar candy or a store of snuff.

Really a Human Being.

The story is told in China that years ago a missionary made his appearance upon a platform there and that the native orator who introduced him closed with these words: "When I have finished a gentleman from the west is going to address you. He is not a foreign demon. His appearance and his clothing may seem strange to you, but look carefully at him. He has two arms and two legs, two ears and two eyes, a nose (though a long one) and a mouth; and I assure you his teeth are made of bone, just like yours. He is really a human being, and I hope you will regard him as such."