

Newberg Graphic

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1912

Over on the Canadian Pacific they have a Moosjaw. Down this way we add a little to it and call it Bull Moose-jaw.

The elements are striving hard to make up for the lack of the usual campaign thunder, in this presidential year. Please give it to us easy, for we are not accustomed to heavy overhead cannonading here in the Willamette Valley.

A movement is said to be on foot in Portland, headed by the saloon interests, to petition for the recall of Governor West. There is nothing strange or startling in this, since people have learned to expect that the dispensers of booze will be out to knock the official who makes a determined effort to enforce the law. An honest and efficient officer of the law is a menace to the saloon business, for it is freely admitted by saloon men generally that if they kept entirely within the bounds of the law, they would be compelled to close their doors and quit business. But the saloon men will have to sweat a good while before they see the Governor recalled at their behest.

On Monday afternoon a well dressed lady stopped, when in front of the Graphic office, turned and said to her little tot of three years who had lingered to look at something in a window that attracted his attention, "that man will just take your head off." Of course the woman was lying to the child and he evidently knew it, for the threat did not scare him at all, yet in a year or more, it is safe to say, she will be telling him the devil will get him if he tells an untruth, and if she catches the youngster in a fib she will hold up her hands with horror and wonder how it ever came about that her darling boy could tell a lie. We were on the point of asking this mother why she was deliberately lying to her child, but refrained from taking chances on the results and concluded instead to put the question before our readers. It is no unusual thing to hear parents making such threats to their children, with the idea of frightening them into obedience. A very foolish and very unwise thing to do, and we confess that when we hear a parent begin on that line our indignation arises and we can scarcely resist an inclination to enter a protest in defense of the child.

It takes some people a long time to learn that newspapers do not accept articles for publication unless the name of the writer is furnished the publisher. The name is not necessarily required for publication, but as an evidence of good faith and to protect the publisher. Notwithstanding the fact that every newspaper in the country has, time and again, given this information to the public, Mr. "Anonymous" continues to make contributions to the press, which find their way to the waste basket. The latest effusion to come to the Graphic office is a lengthy article addressed "To The General Public," and signed "A Tax Payer." Since quite a number of the people in this section are taxpayers it is a little difficult to pick out this particular one, and consequently his fourteen page contribution has a poor show for reaching the "general public." This is to be regretted since he must have remained up late at night in this effort to be heard, and his grievances seem to be many.

THE PARTY THAT HAS MADE GOOD.

There is one party in the United States that has been tested and has proved its capacity, says the Globe Democrat. No one who passed through the hard times of the last Democratic administration can ever forget the general business distress of that period, and the lack of employment for millions of skilled and industrious workers. In the middle of that calamitous term of four years elections began to go overwhelmingly against the Democratic party, and it was put out of power in 1897. For the next thirteen years the Republicans had control of all branches of the government, an unusual evidence of the confidence and satisfaction of the people. In the election of 1896, the Republican party promised to replace adversity and administrative failure with prosperity and competent government. The pledge has been so amply fulfilled that the favorable results are beyond what was expected. Figures of expansion since 1897 make an unequalled showing.

If the Republican party is displaced in November it will be with this record of unexampled good times and broad national development. Some things the party has accomplished were not included in its pledges, because they were not foreseen as issues of the near future. Among the events not looked for was a war with Spain. It was ably carried through and paid for. The building of the Panama Canal was outside the range of definite calculation in 1896. It is nearing completion, and half its cost so far has been met from current treasury funds. Outlying possessions, suddenly acquired, have been put in good working order. The difficult secondary war in the Philippines was well managed. Among the definite promises of 1896 redeemed are the gold standard and a restored protective policy. Exports of American manufactures have doubled in ten years. Agriculture and mining have similarly advanced. A surplus in the treasury is maintained. These are but a few of the big items of Republican achievement since 1896. Is it the part of wisdom to punish such a party? Why not thank good fortune for the privilege of keeping it in power?

The katydid season is here and not a political gun fired. Candidates must be on a cold trail, else they are on a still hunt.

In Corvallis the other night they held a Bull Moose mass meeting with eight men and a boy present. With the drop of the gavel the cheering is said to have lasted ten seconds.

MONTANA CITIES PROGRESSIVE

Just to show that they are not behind the times in progress and good judgment, Montana cities are gradually falling in line with the idea of hard surfacing their streets with the best known kind of pavement—bitulithic.

Great Falls is the latest one to award a street paving contract in favor of this bitulithic.

The council committee of investigation went to several cities and examined the results of long and hard wear on all the various kinds of pavements in use today, and otherwise went thoroughly into the merits of competitive materials. The sentiment expressed concerning the result of their final decision is one of approval practically without exception.

Mrs. Atkins at the Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. Atkins, a national temperance lecturer of the W. C. T. U., will speak at the morning service of the Presbyterian church next Sunday. This church will join in the union meeting at the Baptist church for the evening service.

NO MORE SUNDAY MAIL.

Postmaster C. B. Wilson has received the following communication from the postoffice department:

Postmaster, Sir: The postoffice appropriation act for the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1913, provides:

"That hereafter postoffices of the first and second classes shall not be open on Sundays for the purpose of delivering mail to the general public, but this provision shall not prevent the prompt delivery of special delivery mail." Under this law you will close the general delivery, carriers' windows and lock boxes, and discontinue all deliveries by carriers on Sunday. You will note, however, that special delivery mail is excepted, and you will therefore arrange to have on duty a sufficient force to handle this mail promptly.

The department desires to reduce Sunday work to the minimum so that as many of the employees as possible may enjoy a complete day of rest on Sunday. You should, therefore, require only a sufficient number of clerks to report for duty on that day in order that transit mail and the mail collected for dispatch may be handled without delay. If no mail is dispatched on Sunday, a very early collection should be made on Monday morning and the mail for local delivery distributed before the carriers leave for their first trip. Respectfully, C. P. Grandfield, First Assistant Postmaster General.

The postmaster says anyone who may be expecting an important letter to arrive on Sunday may leave a special delivery stamp at the office on Saturday and the letter will be delivered on its arrival.

GRATITUDE SHOWN FOR HORSE SENSE

Every traveler who has made the trip from Eugene to Mapleton over the regular stage road remembers a little grave on the south side of the road, just beyond the summit of the Coast range, says the Oregon Register. It is enclosed by a neat wooden paling, and is shaded by huge trees. It is in plain sight, and challenges the attention of passersby.

The unpretentious little tomb has a pretty story of the gratitude of man to a dumb animal that has done him great service. It is not a human being that is buried there, but an old stage horse whose death was the means of saving the life of his driver and the lives of his passengers. The story is a simple little one, but it is touching as well.

A stage driver was bringing a load of people out from Mapleton in the winter time. The great menace to winter travel in the mountains is falling trees whose foundation is loosened by the incessant rain. Their fall is swift, and death to any living creature that is caught beneath their bulk is sure.

Suddenly the stage load of people heard the cracking noise and the swishing of branches in the air that meant that a forest giant had loosened its hold on the earth and was falling. The noise was heard as well by one of the wheel horses of the team, and it reared, pushing the stage several feet back to one side. The tree in its fall shattered the corner of the stage, and crushed out the life of the rearing horse, but the passengers were safe.

The next day on his return trip, the driver whose life had been saved dug a grave, and in it he buried the body of the old horse whose quick action had saved his master from the ever-present peril of the winter roads. Around it he built the little paling that the traveler can still see, and through succeeding years he

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The First National Bank

kept the grave beneath the tree neat and free from branches and weeds.

"Maybe the old fellow didn't know what he was doing," he said, "but it's my belief he did. Anyway, I am never going to forget that old horse saved me from being in that grave." Possibly the horse did not know what it was doing, but the world is better for the driver's gratitude.

WHAT OREGON IS DOING

Continued from page 1

000,000 pounds of cheese, valued at \$758,000. The quality is of the very best. Los Angeles uses more Oregon cheese in feeding its tourists than all other kinds combined.

The standing timber of Oregon is estimated at 454,000,000,000 feet, worth on the stump \$680,000,000, and when manufactured into lumber it will be worth \$6,500,000,000. The timber covers approximately 25,000,000 acres. About one-half is in national forests and the balance under private ownership.

In 1911 4,123,000 head of live stock was raised in Oregon, valued at \$87,854,000. Among meat animals, the production of hogs has increased faster than that of cattle or sheep, due for the most part to the extremely high prices that have prevailed for the past two years in the Coast markets.

The fruit crop in Oregon in 1911 was worth over \$4,000,000 in cash. The greater part of this sum was received for apples, this staple commanding the highest prices both at home and abroad. Next to apples, peaches are the most important fruit in the state, last year's crop selling for \$523,000. Pears were sold to the value of \$300,000, being an average of nearly \$1.50 per box. Cherries, prunes, loganberries, grapes, strawberries, etc., helped to swell the sum paid to farmers and orchardists during the year. About 300,000 pounds of English walnuts were produced, valued at \$45,000.

The Graphic and Semi-Weekly Journal combination for \$2.00 a year.

COUNTY W. C. T. U. CONVENTION

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Woman Suffrage thrown in. He related something of his five years experience in mission work in southeastern Alaska; how the white people have no permanent homes, but are ever looking forward to the time when they will have accumulated sufficient gold, and return to the "States." He gave a glimpse of life and conditions in that section, and described a wedding between natives performed by himself.

The election of officers for the coming year resulted as follows: president, Miss Edith Minchin, of Dundee; corresponding secretary, Miss May Smith, of Dundee; recording secretary, Mrs. Bertie Henry, LaFayette; treasurer, Mrs. Nancy Kulper, Dayton; L. T. L. secretary, Mrs. Mary E. C. Scott, Newberg; delegate at large to state convention, Mrs. Stella Leslie, LaFayette.

Rev. H. Wyse Jones gave a very interesting and practical talk on "Moral Reforms of the Day," touching on the good work being accomplished by Gov. West.

On Tuesday night Mrs. Swope conducted a department demonstration, which was followed by a debate on Woman Suffrage, which was eagerly listened to and applauded by a very enthusiastic audience. Mrs. Unruh and Mrs. Duerst spoke for the affirmative, and Mrs. Harford and Mrs. F. Murphy, of Dayton, gave some very convincing arguments for the negative.

A very fitting finale to the convention was the able address of Mrs. Florence Atkins on the Enfranchisement of Women. Truly she is a second Mrs. Armour, and Newberg should avail herself of hearing her speak next Sunday night at the Friends church. She is a typical Southerner, a gifted daughter of Dixie, a woman with a "vision." Be sure you go and hear Mrs. Atkins.

Lillie M. S. Welter,
Press Com.

The Graphic prints all of the local news.

Castelar, the most voluble of talkers, was one of a party of twenty people who sat down at table one evening, and until the end of dinner he talked the whole time. No one had been able to get in a word edgewise. This greatly disgusted M. Delpuch, the French cabinet minister, who was fond of hearing the sound of his own voice.

At length there came a pause in the conversation. Castelar was in the act of rinsing his mouth. Delpuch seized the only opportunity that he had throughout the dinner of placing his little remark. Castelar, with his nose still in the finger bowl, stared at him with undigested astonishment. Just before they rose from the table he turned to a friend and asked:

"That M. Delpuch—is he a lawyer?"

"No," was the reply. "Why do you ask?"

"Because he is such a terrible chatterbox," said Castelar.

Grief Is an Illness.

Grief is an illness and must be treated as such. Sorrow, grief and the emotions caused by all great misfortunes should be regarded as akin to acute physical maladies. Medical observations show that the physical results of depressing emotions are similar to those caused by bodily accidents, fatigue, chills, partial starvation and loss of blood. Birds, moles and dogs, which apparently die in consequence of capture and from conditions that correspond in human beings to broken heart, were examined after death as to the conditions of their internal organs. It was found that the nutrition of the tissues had been interfered with and the substance proper of various vital organs had undergone degeneration.—Osteopath.

Kipling His Own Critic.

"I was sitting with Kipling in his garden at Rottingdean when a street organ struck up 'The Absentminded Beggar.' Kipling was silent one moment, and then he said, 'If it was not suicide I would kill the man who wrote that.'" This interesting revelation was made by the Rev. J. C. Harris, pastor of Kingston Congregational church, in a lecture on Kipling. It was hard to believe, he said, that the man who could write "The Recessional" could descend to the level of "Pay! Pay! Pay!" No man is more keenly alive to his own blunders than Kipling.—London Globe.

No Sacrifice Necessary.

"I am willing to make any sacrifice to win you," sighed the impecunious count.

"Oh, that isn't necessary," replied the heiress. "In case I make up my mind that I want you papa can afford to pay the regular price."