

SUPPLEMENT TO
Newberg Graphic

OCTOBER 31, 1912

**HARDEN AND FREEMAN WED-
DING AT EUGENE, OREGON**

Married, on Thursday, October 24, 1912, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. B. J. Marquiss, near Eugene, Oregon, by Rev. J. S. McCallum, Glenn A. Harden and Helen I. Freeman, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Freeman, of Fort Dodge, Iowa.

The groom will be remembered as a former student of P. C. and the son of S. C. Harden, formerly of Springbrook.

The bride, who has just arrived from her home at Fort Dodge, Iowa, to join the man of her choice, is a very estimable young lady. Both young people have many friends in Oregon and the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Harden will reside in Saginaw, Oregon, where Mr. Harden is employed by the Booth-Kelly Lumber Company, as merchant and book-keeper.

OBITUARY

Henry Austin was born in New York City, N. Y., December 25th, 1852. At an early age he was left an orphan, and later adopted in the home of Abel Morris, a Friends home in Indiana.

In early manhood he moved with this family to Harden county, Iowa, where he was married to Mary Hobson, daughter of William and Sarah Hobson. To this union was born two children, Anna Belle, now deceased, and Arthur.

In the spring of 1876, he moved to Chehalis Valley, Oregon. His wife, Mary, deceased, in 1887. He was converted and united with Friends church, at Honey Creek, Iowa, in 1874, and was an active worker and member for many years before his death.

He was united in marriage a second time to Barbara Everhard, October 28th, 1891. To this union was born two children, Louise and Kenneth.

After a protracted affection of the heart for more than three

years, he passed away at four o'clock a. m., October 27th, at his home in Newberg.

A wife, two sons, Arthur and Kenneth, one daughter, Louise, and a grandson, Arthur Tibaddo, survive him.

The funeral was conducted from the family residence, on South Center-street, Monday, at 11 a. m. by Jesse Edwards. Interment in Friends cemetery.

ON THE EVE OF ELECTION

Well, now, said Mr. Votingman.

As he sat in anxious study.

What part is there for me to take

In this politics so muddy?

There are so many candidates,

Shall I vote, or shall I not,

Or should I hold myself aloof,

From this seething, boiling pot?

Of course there're those who'd

Like to make our politics quite clean,

And not to help a'long in this

Would say is downright mean.

For one, there is before us,

Our present president Taft;

Would he work for truth and right,

And allow no graft?

Then there's his competitor;

It seems that some have felt

A third term should not be given

To Theo. Roosevelt!

Some think that Woodrow Wilson

Is to be the coming man,

And whatever's for the nation's good

Will just do all he can.

And if Eugene Chafin

Could alone hold up a mob,

He would, if now elected,

Be forever on the job.

To use his power in office

In righting moral wrong,

And, with every legal measure,

Help the temperance cause along.

So, with Debs and all those others,

Just say now which of these

Should I expect to vote for?

You can vote for whom you please.

But only can you have reward,

In voting as you ought,

For one who'll stand for justice,

The man who can't be bought.

And what about us women?

If we cannot have our way

And vote for what we think is right,

We still shall have our "say."

G. W. M.

National W. C. T. U. Convention

The great National Convention of the W. C. T. U. closed last Thursday night. It would seem that as between 40 and 50 were in attendance from Newberg, either all or part of the time, that an exhaustive report of the

proceedings would be unnecessary. However, those who did not attend do not know what they missed. As one of the visitors from the East remarked, "With Queen of Sheba, I can say the half was never told me." Delegates from every state in the union were there, excepting West Virginia and Colorado. All seemed highly pleased and much delighted with our great state and what it represents. A delegate from Ohio was overheard to remark: "Just think, we had fresh strawberries and cream served for breakfast the first morning we were here!"

Hearty thanks are due the Newberg Commercial Club for the generous display of fruit and nuts which they sent in, and which were highly appreciated by the recipients, who took the samples back East with them to let the home folks see the wonderful apples, etc., that Oregon produces.

The entertainment of this great convention opened the eyes of many Oregon people, especially those who had not thought it would mean much, if anything, to us. But to have some of the best, cleanest, moral and spiritual, representatives from almost every state in the Union gathered together at our metropolis, having them see and hear what our noted Governor, Oswald West, is doing, meeting Portland's Christian chief of police (no other city in the United States can boast of the same), and partaking of our open-hearted hospitality, has caused many a one to cast wistful longings to come and be one of us.

On Sunday some 60 of Portland's pulpits were filled very acceptably by W. C. T. U. women, one even coming to Newberg and preaching at Friends church. Public mention was made by her of our beautiful temperance town, indeed, Newberg was favorably mentioned several times.

Very suggestive was the cartoon in the Oregonian, representing the adjournment of the convention: An old toper labeled "Rum," crawling out of his hiding place in a barrel, remarking, "They have went!"