

Newberg Graphic

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1913

A Newberg woman, from Missouri, don't have to be shown. Assisted by her little daughter she goes "sniping" on the streets, as a means of satisfying a longing for the weed.

J. T. Everest offers to solve the question of the high cost of living for a lot of people by putting a price of twenty-five cents a sack on potatoes at the pit. Possibly he would throw in the necessary salt if he was importuned.

On the third page of this issue will be found a three column article which gives full and complete information relative to the new "Parcels Post" law which went into effect with the beginning of the new year. It will be worth preserving for reference.

So far as the Graphic knows J. D. Gordon is the only avowed candidate for the office of city mayor. He says he has now held the office one year and has just got the hang of the affairs of the city so that he feels that he could render good service the coming year.

The city election will occur on Monday, January 13, when one councilman from each ward, mayor, recorder and treasurer will be to elect. The retiring members of the council are Frank Baird from the first ward, S. P. Timberlake second ward and M. H. Pinney third ward. All of these men say they do not desire a second term.

A Newberg business man whose name does not appear on the mailing list of either of the home papers, recently approached the Graphic with a broad hint that we should "write up" a certain man who sent to Portland to get some work done, when said business man was sure he could have given as good satisfaction as the Portland man rendered. Let George do it.

The two saloons in the Oregon Electric passenger station in Portland are still doing business in opposition to the protest of Governor West. Let some member of the coming legislature get a bill through forbidding any railroad company to allow the sale of liquors anywhere about their stations, and he will receive the approbation of the public generally.

Baby McLean, the three-year-old tot who is heir to eighty million dollars, was given a ten thousand dollar party at the McLean home in Washington, D. C., on Monday of last week, when presents were sent in by the carload. But it is a safe guess that there are children in Newberg who were made just as happy on Christmas day by the presentation of purchases that did not amount to more than fifty cents.

The state board of health has a big scheme on foot for piping water from Clear Lake, a natural reservoir in the Cascade mountains, seventy-five miles northeast of Eugene, to thirteen valley towns between Eugene and Salem. The board has Louis C. Kelsey employed as engineer to make the estimates for the pipe line, and the matter is to be presented to the legislature. Last season Newberg employed Mr. Kelsey as engineer on an additional water system and results have not proven his findings in making plans to be entirely satisfactory. Possibly he may do better on a proposition for the expenditure of three to five million dollars.

The Telephone-Register "broke out" again in the last issue on the bridge matter and spoke of the "uncompromising spirit of Newberg." As the matter is before the county court to-day, Thursday, as the Graphic goes to press, we await results before discussing matters further.

The convening of the legislature will be a boon to the newspapers. When they are short on material they can tell of the shortcomings of the members who are recreant to the trust confided to them by the "deer peepul," and howl for a recall of the unprofitable servants. Turn 'em loose and let them do their worst.

The conviction of the 38 out of 40 union labor leaders who were defendants in the recent dynamite conspiracy suits at Indianapolis in the Federal Court, meets the hearty approval of all law-abiding people, and the hope is that this will end the reign of terror that was caused by the dastardly use of dynamite for the purpose of intimidation for those who stand for open shop.

If Governor West fails to set off the fire works in his message to the legislature it will be a disappointment to the people, for they are looking for something spectacular. And then there is the possibility of his calling out the militia if his recommendations are not given due consideration by that august body of law-makers, all of which looks promising—from the newspaper standpoint.

Some one sent to the Graphic office by a small boy a tour line local calling for the apprehension of a "black mule," and asked for the price of insertion, one issue, twenty cents being named. The little fellow put his head in at the door the following morning saying, "mother said she would not have that advertisement put in the paper about the mule." The conclusion we have reached on due deliberation is that it was a ten cent mule that was lost.

A whole cart load of the New Year edition of the Oregonian was received by the local agent for that paper, and this valuable annual number met with ready sale at the hands of those who have learned to expect something worth while when the Oregonian makes announcement of a special number. To those of our readers who have friends who live in other sections of the country and who have known of Portland in the past, we would say, send them a copy of the New Year Oregonian and let them see by the splendid pictures of the many new buildings, what great development the city has made in the past few years.

The Evening Telegram has issued a 1913 Handy Almanac, Encyclopedia and Atlas, a book of knowledge for home and office, containing a vast amount of information respecting government, population, commerce, industry, agriculture, etc. It is made up of 216 pages of condensed matter that is handy for reference and is well worth the price which is only twenty-five cents. On page 18 it is stated that the coldest weather ever recorded was on January 15, 1885, at Werchojansk, Siberia, when it was ninety degrees and a fraction below zero. In that section the earth freezes to a depth of a hundred feet and in the warmest season it never thaws. No rush in that direction is anticipated as a result of the publication of this information.

ANOTHER ANDREW JACKSON.

In the person of Woodrow Wilson, the New York Herald thinks a second Andrew Jackson will develop as emergencies

arise. This conclusion is reached as a result of a speech made by Mr. Wilson at the Southern Society dinner. The herald says: "If a single drop of blood be shed there in opposition to the laws of the United States, I will hang the first man I can lay my hands on engaged in such treasonable conduct upon the first tree I can reach," said Andrew Jackson to South Carolina nullifiers.

"Panic is merely a state of mind. They say machinery is in existence which can create a panic when certain gentlemen desire to predict trouble and then have it. I don't believe there is a man living who would dare use the machinery. If he does I'll hang him as high as Haaman," said Governor Woodrow Wilson at the Southern Society dinner.

"Because Mordecai bowed not, nor did him reverence, Haaman, the Agagite, prime minister to King Ashuerus, plotted the death of Mordecai, and all his people, the Jews. He built a lofty gallows for Mordecai's special benefit. Esther revealed his plot, and the king ordered Haaman hanged on the gallows he had made for Mordecai, and on the same day, the 13th of Adar, which had been set by Haaman for the slaughter of the Jews."

"Have we in President-elect Wilson a new Jackson?"

"His threat to hang 'as high as Haaman' any man or men who may be discovered plotting to cause a panic, has a familiar ring."

"Governor Wilson is wholly right in his statement that 'honor and integrity breed prosperity.' His dictum that 'panic is merely a state of mind' has found frequent if not continuous verification."

"There may be no need of hanging anybody, but it is just as well to have the country know how squarely Governor Wilson stands for prosperity."

"Also—that he has his feet on the ground."

NOTICE OF GENERAL CITY ELECTION

Notice is hereby given that the General election of the City of Newberg, Yamhill County, Oregon, will be held at No. 300 First Street (Harger Building), in said City of Newberg, on the 13th day of January, A. D. 1913.

Officers to be elected.
Mayor, Recorder and Treasurer, for one year. One Councilman from each 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Wards, for 2 years.

Judges of election, J. C. Hodson 1st ward, S. A. Mills 2nd ward, W. A. Westfall 3rd ward.
Clerks, W. W. Nelson and J. C. Colcord.

Polls open from 1 to 6 o'clock p. m.

By order of the Council of the City of Newberg.

Dated January 2nd, 1913.

W. W. Nelson,

Recorder of the City of Newberg.

CORRECTION NOTICE

Correction notice of the dates of the Yamhill County Poultry Association's show. The dates are January 7-8-9-10 and Rule 3 should read January 7th instead of January 6th.

THE FIG LEAF AGE

Little girl, you look so small,
Don't you wear no clothes at all?
Don't you wear no shimmy shirt,
Don't you wear no petty skirt?
Just your corset and your hose—
Are those all your underclothes?
Little girl, when on the street
You appear to be all feet.
With your dress so very tight
You are an awful sight.
Nothing on to keep you warm;
Crazy just to show your form.
Little girl, you won't live long.
Just because you dress all wrong.
Can't you wear more underclothes
Than your corset and your hose?
After awhile, I do believe,
You will dress like Mother Eve.
—Aberdeen World.

The Best Equipment

For Wood Choppers and Grubbers can be had at
THE BIG HARDWARE STORE

Keen Kutter Axes (handled) \$1.25 to 1.75 Grub Hoes at..... 65c to \$1.25
Best Atha Sledges & wedges 10c per lb. Dupont Stamping Powder \$11 per 100 lbs.
Simond's Cross cut saws in all sizes and grades.

Give us a chance at your business, it will pay you to do it. This is the time of year to buy one of those PERFECTION OIL HEATERS that you can carry with you to any room in the house. Light it in the morning before you get up and dress in comfort.

LARKIN-PRINCE HARDWARE CO.

FIRE! Often Destroys Notes

and other valuables which cannot easily be replaced. Use one of our
Safe Deposit Boxes and be secured against loss.

**One ENTIRE VAULT Used for Safe
Deposit Boxes Only**

Most Modern, Convenient, Secure and Private. We'll be pleased to show you

The First National Bank

A TAX ON MARRIAGE.

Ancient Rule of a Famous Cheshire Hunt Club.

We cannot definitely tell when it was that the scarlet coat was first recognized as the emblem of the fox hunter. The annals of the renowned Tarporley Hunt club, however, indicate that in 1770, at any rate, red was the correct wear for fox hunting. Originally founded for the purpose of hare hunting in 1762, the rule as to dress ran, "Every member must have a blue frock with plain yellow metal buttons, scarlet velvet cape, double breasted scarlet waistcoat, the coat sleeve to be cut and turned up."

Later there was an amendment that "the metal buttons be changed for basket mohair ones and that every member provide himself with a scarlet saddle cloth bound with blue." Another rule was, "If any member does not appear in the strict uniform of the hunt he shall forfeit a guinea for every such offense."

In 1770 the club abandoned hare hunting for the pursuit of the fox, and then it was that the wearing of pink was insisted upon. It was then agreed that "the hunt should change their uniform to a red coat unbound, with a small frock sleeve, a grass green velvet cape and green waistcoat, and that the sleeves have no buttons, the red saddle cloth to be bound with green instead of blue." It appears evident that these gentlemen sacrificed their blue frocks for a red coat because red was the only orthodox color for fox hunting.

The wearing of leathers does not appear to be specifically insisted upon in these rules, for the reason that at that time they were universally worn by regular hunting men. This is implied by a rule of the Tarporley club which decreed, "If any member of the society should marry he is to present each member of the hunt with a pair of buckskin breeches." Moreover, "Any member of the hunt who marries a second time shall give two pairs of leather breeches to each member of the hunt." We may safely infer from these rules that in 1770 a red coat and leather breeches were the correct wear of the fox hunter. It is interesting to note the close and far from simple details of this hunting costume, the slightest deviation from which led to a fine of a guinea for every such offense.

It is on record that a member was fined for "not taking the binding off the buttonholes of his coat," while another gentleman paid forfeit for having his saddle cloth bound with purple instead of the orthodox scarlet.

Surely the Tarporley Hunt club, which is still today, with its race meeting and its toasted cheese, one

of the most revered institutions or Cheshire, may be regarded as the greatest of champions for the etiquette of hunting costume. —Baily's Magazine.

A Pleasant Prospect.

A Philadelphia woman whose given name is Mary, as is also the name of her daughter, had recently engaged a domestic, when, to her embarrassment, she discovered that the servant's name, too, was Mary. Whereupon there ensued a struggle to induce the applicant to relinquish her idea that she must be addressed by her Christian name. For some time she was rigidly uncompromising.

"Under the circumstances," said the lady of the house, "there is nothing to do but to follow the English custom and call you by your last name. By the way, what is it?"

"Well, mum," answered the girl dubiously, "it's Darling." —Harper's Weekly.

Cats Among the Egyptians.

The tutelary deity of cats was Diana, and, according to Plutarch, the cat was not only sacred to the moon, but was an emblem of it; hence cats were treated with peculiar consideration in the land of the pharaohs, the death of one being regarded as a great family misfortune. Egyptian cat funerals were celebrated with the greatest pomp and ceremony, their late owners showing respect by shaving off their eyebrows and wearing sackcloth for nine days. In the time of Moses it was a capital crime to kill a cat, and we are told by Diodorus how a Roman soldier who killed one was tried, sentenced and finally put to death.

The Judge's Warning.

Judge (about to sentence)—Prisoner, you have used this poor, half witted fellow most unmercifully. You have beaten him most cruelly. Prisoner (surlily)—He attacked me first. Besides, he is a rascal and gave me no end of trouble on the farm. It's not my fault his being an idiot, my lord.

Judge (severely)—You should remember, prisoner, that idiots, after all, are men like you and me.—London Scraps.

A Warning.

Last summer the congregation of a little kirk in the highlands of Scotland was greatly disturbed and mystified by the appearance in its midst of an old English lady who made use of an ear trumpet during the sermon, such an instrument being entirely unknown in those simple parts.

There was much discussion of the matter, and it was finally decided that one of the elders—who had great local reputation as a man of parts—should be deputed to settle the question.

On the next Sabbath the unconscious offender again made her appearance and again produced the trumpet, whereupon the chosen elder rose from his seat and marched down the aisle to where the old lady sat and, entreating her with an upraised finger, said sternly: "The first toot—ye're oot!" —Harper's.

The Chemistry of Life.

"In the pursuit of the science of chemistry," says the professor, removing his glasses and rubbing them thoughtfully with his silk handkerchief, "we find it of the utmost interest as well as importance to discover the affinities of the different elements and substances."

"And what if you discover the wrong affinity, professor?" asks the student in the virulent vest.

"In that case, as in other manifestations of nature," replies the professor, with a slow smile, "the probability is that there will be an explosion sooner or later." —Chicago Post.

Same Settlement.

Diner (who has run up a heavy bill)—You are manager here, eh? Well, six months ago I dined here, and, unfortunately, being unable to pay my bill—er—you kicked me downstairs.

The Manager—Very sorry, indeed, sir, but business, you know—I had to—er—

Diner—Oh, that's all right, old chap, but—might I trouble you again? —London Telegraph.

A Fair Question.

A quarrel had taken place at a fair in Ireland, and the culprit was being sentenced for manslaughter. The doctor, however, had given evidence to show that the victim's skull was abnormally thin. The prisoner on being asked if he had anything to say for himself replied, "No, yer honor, but I would ask, Was that a skull for a man to go to a fair wid?"

"An hoo's the guid wife, Sandy?" said one farmer to another as they met in the market place and exchanged snuffboxes.

"Did ye no hear that she's dead an' buried?" said Sandy solemnly. "Dear me!" exclaimed his friend sympathetically. "Surely it must ha' been very sudden?"

"Aye, it was sudden," returned Sandy. "Ye see, when she turned ill we had na time to send for the doctor, sae I gied her a bit pouther I had lying in my drawer for a year or twa an' that I had got frae the doctor myself, but hadna ta'en. What the pouther was I didna verra weel ken, but she died soon after. It's a sair loss to me, I can tell ye, but it's something to be thankful for I didna tak' the pouther myself." —Dundee Advertiser.