

## Newberg Graphic

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The Graphic recently received a letter from an Eastern firm addressed to the "Auto Editor." Nothing doing, but the way delinquent subscribers are responding to polite requests sent out—another but—tax paying time is at hand and the speed limit must be taken into consideration.

We are very much gratified with the hearty response many of our subscribers have made to statements that have been mailed to them, showing how they stand on the Graphic subscription book. We are still working on the accounts and hope to be able to clean up the list within a short time. The Graphic strives to fill the field of a live, local newspaper, and we are glad to know that our efforts are appreciated.

Senator Wood, of Washington county, evidently has a very warm spot in his make-up for the saloon men. He has a bill in the legislature, the purport of which is to make it easier to secure a saloon license. As the law now is, a man must have a majority of the names of the voters in a precinct on his petition in order to secure a license. Under the terms of the Wood bill the party desiring a license would simply make application for the same and then it would be up to those who were opposed to show by a remonstrance that a majority of the voters were not in favor of the license being granted. It would simply put the burden of proof with the attendant expenses on the anti-saloon people. This bill and the senator who introduced it, ought to be put into cold storage at the earliest possible moment. The saloon business is a money-making proposition, from start to finish. Take away the profits and it would cease to be a menace to society. Then if we must have saloons, let the burden of proof rest with the men who are to get the profits.

Some people get red in the face when they note inaccuracies in the newspapers in giving accounts of happenings, but the news that comes by grape-vine dispatch is not always dependable, it seems. Let an instance be cited. Last week the report came in concerning a former resident of Newberg now residing outside the county, to the effect that the woman, who, possibly in an unguarded moment, had promised to be a loving and devoted wife to said former resident of Newberg, had in the heat of passion felled her husband with a blow made by an ax and that the wound was dangerous. Next day the grape-vine got hot and husband was in a Salem hospital for needed repairs. In the afternoon he was dead in a said hospital. The following morning he was laid out on the slab right here in Hollingsworth & Son's receiving rooms to be put in presentable condition to be viewed and wept over by his sorrowing friends. The atmosphere along the streets seemed to be overcharged with these rumors and cross rumors, but when boiled down, it appears that in an effort to "persuade" her husband the wife flourished an ax handle which came in contact with the supposed "head of the house," but instead of either of the participants being dead, both were, at last accounts, very much alive and scrapping it out in the courts. But the Graphic does not vouch for even this much of the story.

Quite often we find on answering the telephone call some one at the other end of the line who wants to know if Newberg has a humane officer. One day last week the call came from a lady who said some one had just passed her place driving a skeleton of a team that appeared to have been beaten and starved almost beyond endurance, and her righteous wrath was up. She wanted to know if there was anyone in Newberg whose business it was to look after the protection of dumb animals found in the hands of brutes in human form. We are very sorry to say that all we could do was to advise her to pursue the offender with a stuffed club, as we have no humane officer. But is it not about time we formed a branch of the Portland Humane Society and make it somebody's business to look after just such cases as this?

Newberg and vicinity has just escaped a "whitewash." One lone chicken represents them at our poultry show this week, and that fowl is for sale.—Telephone-Register.

Just why the T. R. should make this attempt to be funny at the expense of the poultry fanciers of "Newberg and vicinity" who exhibited birds at the McMinville show to the number of thirty-eight, is not easy to account for. The exhibitors were: R. O. Winters, 8 birds; N. L. Wiley, 9; C. E. Newhouse, 3; Evans Bros., 7; J. P. Hall, 7; C. F. Butler, 4. The T. R. man is really a pretty good sort of a fellow, but for some time now he has manifested a disposition to "go off" at the mere mention of Newberg. But don't lay it up against him too hard, boys, for with a few warm days of early springtime, he will thaw out and be good again.

In looking over the pages of the mammoth holiday edition of the Los Angeles Times we noticed in reading some short sketches by a writer who was telling of the possibilities of California for the home-seeker of limited means, that the style of the author had a familiar ring, and glancing down at the bottom of the page we "smiled a smile" as we read the name of our old time newspaper friend, E. C. Pentland, formerly of Independence, Polk county. Now Mr. Pentland is a booster from away back, for it was he who established "The West Side" at Independence some twenty years or more ago and through the columns of that paper he came a whole lot nearer making the world believe that Independence was the best town on the west side of the Willamette than anyone else has ever done, and further, that the town was located in the garden spot of the Pacific Coast, next door to the Garden of Eden. It is quite evident that Mr. Pentland has improved with age and experience and it is little wonder that the Times manager secured his services in making up its holiday edition.

Speaking of California boosters, there are others who started their "pin feathers" in the country "where rolls the Oregon." It was Mr. Pierce, formerly of Union county, who showed the railroad people how to make millions out of sight-seeing cars that run out of Los Angeles. He went to the officials of one of the companies and suggested a plan for making what is now known as the "Balloon" trip, daily out of Los Angeles, by way of Hollywood, Santa Monica and twenty miles down the beach. The officials shook their heads and told Pierce he was visionary, but he was persistent and finally pulled his scheme through by assuming the "burden of proof." For instance he agreed to pay so much for each electric car used, binding himself to take a certain number of cars each day, and took his chances on getting anything out of it. The venture

was a success from the start and when the contract expired the company stuck Pierce for a big increase in the price per car, and a rake-off besides, and still he made money.

And there is C. F. Moore, formerly a dispenser of ladies' complexion powders and other necessary family medicines, in Newberg, but of the silver linings turned inside out, as he sees them down in the boosters' paradise, it will require more time than can be spared this week to tell, for this is press day and the girls at the cases say it is time to ring off.

## A QUEER VIEW OF NEW YORK.

Its Delicatessen Life as an Englishman Observed It.

You have to pay 10 cents in New York for a chicken sandwich, and then it is usually made of turkey. You pay 5 cents for a ham sandwich, and then you have no idea what it is made of. I was in the delicatessen trade in New York for three weeks, and I have my suspicions. For 25 cents you can have a club sandwich. That is made of toast and chicken-turkey and bacon, all hot and very good. It is well worth the extra expense, because the smell of the bacon disguises that of the chicken. American bacon is not good. It is nearly always sold in glass bottles, as we sell jam, which prevents its getting away. Personally I prefer its flavor to that of their chicken, because I was in a hospital once, and I hate being reminded of it.

There are as many delicatessen stores in New York as there are wine shops in Paris or tailors in the city of London. To millions of good New Yorkers the most dazzling kind of orgy is to spend the evening in a cinema theater, which costs 5 cents, and then go to a delicatessen store and have a ham sandwich. For the rest of the week they live upon dill pickles. Dill pickles are what we call gherkins, and they are far and away the most popular article of food in New York. You can get one for a cent. A really big and juicy one, which will do you for breakfast, with a bit over for lunch, costs 2 cents. The people of New York are simple and long suffering. The existence of the delicatessen store is the proof of it. In no other trade in the world can you make so large a profit with so little truth.—London Truth.

## A STORY OF MANSFIELD.

The Great Actor Was Peculiar and Rather Inconsistent.

Richard Mansfield was peculiar; if we believe half the things we have heard about him, but he was appreciative of favors, though he had a queer way of showing it.

"One had to be careful about helping him," said an actor who had played with Mansfield for years and who greatly admired him. "When I joined his company the stage manager told me to get up in Mansfield's lines, so to be able to prompt him if he forgot. He did one night in 'Cyrano,' and I gave him the word when he was floundering around. He took it and went on. But when he came off he gave me a terrible scolding. Never in his life had he been so insulted. Was I an actor? Did I know the ethics of the business that I, a mere support, should give the word to the star?"

"I said nothing, but waited. The very next night in the same play and almost the same scene he went up again. I stood still. He looked at me, but I said nothing. In some way he got through, and when he came off I got it again. Never had he been so insulted. One of his actors let him flounder and never came to his rescue. Did I call myself an actor? Did I know and so forth? Then I gently reminded him that he had forbidden me ever to help him again. He looked at me, grunted three times and turned and went to his dressing room."—New York Telegraph.

## Disraeli and Fame.

Our note on the genius who mistook Whistler for a star hailing from the music halls reminds a correspondent of a still more weird identification. Lord Houghton told the story: "I walked with Gladstone on Tuesday, and when he left me a gentleman came up and said, 'Might I ask if that was Mr. Disraeli?' Such is fame!"

Real fame, however, was once the portion of Disraeli. Lady Dorothy Nevill recalls how Beaconsfield once told her of an encounter with a cabman. He jumped into the cab, and the driver at once opened the trapdoor and remarked: "I know who you are, sir, and I have read all your books bar 'Lothair.'" The "dizzy" heights of fame!—London Standard.

## It Made a Difference.

"If I ever get hold of Blinks I'll thrash him so that his mother won't recognize him."

"What's the matter?"  
"He's been slandering me. He says that I beat him out of \$5 in a poker game."

"Not at all. I heard the remark myself."

"What did he say?"

"He said that you beat him out of \$5,000 in a wheat deal."

"Oh, well, then, I suppose it is all right. I hardly thought he was the kind of man to go around telling stories that reflected on my character."—Life.

"GET  
THE  
WORM"

as well as the other pests and diseases that infest your fruit trees by using a "HARDY SPRAY PUMP." It is without doubt the simplest and best pump on the market, and you can get them right here in town at

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SPRAY  
PUMP

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WE SELL ALL KINDS OF "SPRAY DOPE"

We'll appreciate what business you give us and treat you right.

LARKIN-PRINCE HARDWARE CO.

## This bank should be your Business Home.

The best advertisement is the customer who can introduce a friend and say: "This bank has served me well and made me feel at home."

We have had many such introductions—  
Have you been introduced?

## 1st National Bank, Newberg

## A MITE OF A REPUBLIC.

Moresnet Is Only One and a Quarter Square Miles in Extent.

The smallest state in Europe, the autonomous republic of Moresnet, is on the boundary between Germany and Belgium.

Moresnet has an area of barely one and a quarter square miles and a population of 3,500. It owes its existence to a boundary controversy for the control of a once important zinc mine. A boundary commission settling the frontiers of Holland and Prussia after the fall of Napoleon in 1814 was unable to agree upon the ownership of this tiny piece of land, with its valuable mining rights, and finally left the question for future settlement. Neither power was to occupy it, and it was administered jointly by the two states.

In practice the joint administration soon resulted in an administration by neither state, and the community became autonomous under the protection and tutelage of Prussia and Holland and later of Prussia and Belgium. In 1841 the two guaranteeing countries regularized this and formally gave the district its own independent administration. It has no courts, but litigants can choose between the Belgium and Prussian tribunals in beginning litigation, which is subject to the laws neither of Germany nor of Belgium, but of the ancient Code Napoleon.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## PRIMITIVE ARAB LIFE.

Desert People Still Have the Customs of Abraham's Time.

In the wild deserts Arab life is as primitive as in Abraham's time. Sheep are still slain to seal a vow. The salt or bread covenant is observed, and when a man dies his tent is torn down and destroyed.

Old names such as Joseph, Moses and Alexander are still in common use among Arabs, though pronounced "Yusuf," "Musa" and "Skandar."

To divorce his wife a man may repeat the formula ten times three times. Usually saying it once makes the woman behave, and its repetition is not necessary.

The "evil eye" superstition is common, and the first injunction given a visiting foreigner by experienced Arabian travelers is that he must not point at animals or persons in Arab settlements.

Arabs say a man gifted with this malign power can look at a bird flying in the air and that it will drop dead; that if he chooses to cast his wicked spell on a camel it may go lame or a child so selected will be struck blind.

None of the lower class can read or write, but the Arab is noted for his ready wit and his habit of speaking in allegory.—Christian Herald.

## The Human Brain.

In estimating the size of the human brain in comparison with the brain of other animals we must figure on not only the positive size, but the relative. Were this not the case man would stand below the elephant and whale, as the brains of those creatures far exceed man's in positive size, while as regards relative size they stand so far below him that, while the brain of the elephant amounts to about the five-hundredth and that of the whale to three-thousandth part of the bodily

weight of these animals respectively, the brain of man varies from one-thirty-fifth to one-thirty-seventh of his entire weight. This shows the immense superiority of the human brain as compared with the brains of the lower animals.—New York American.

## Dogs That Hunt Crabs.

A collector for the London zoo has succeeded in capturing several crab hunting and crab eating dogs in Brazil. The dogs are half fox, but they do not seem to care very much for poultry. They have been known to turn up their noses at nice, fat pullets and go fishing for crabs instead. The dogs hunt in packs along the banks of the rivers in the Amazon valley, and the crawfish and land crabs of that region are their especial prey. The crabs often put up a vigorous fight, but the dogs have a way of turning them over and biting them in a vital spot just as the thoroughbred terrier polishes off a rat.—New York Herald.

## Unfair Advantage.

A school inspector, examining a class in Bible history, asked, "Can any boy tell me what bird Noah let out of the ark?" There was a long silence, and then the smallest boy in the class put up his hand and answered, "Please, sir, a dove!" The inspector expressed his surprise that only the smallest boy in the class knew the answer to the question. "But, please, sir," replied one of the boys, evidently touched by this reproach, "his father keeps a bird shop!"—London Telegraph.

## A Lesson in Pronunciation.

"How do you pronounce that word 'divorcee,' professor?" asked Mr. Slabsides. "Is it 'divorsay' or 'divorcee?'" "That all depends, my young friend," smiled the professor. "When Mrs. Jones-Smythe-Wiggles got her first divorce I should have called it 'Divorce A,' but now that she has come through with a third I should say that 'Divorce C' is a justifiable form."—Harper's.

## Good Business.

"That is a fine business, man," said one waiter.  
"He must be," replied the other.  
"He's the only man who comes in here who can get a dollar's worth of politeness for a twenty-five cent tip."—Washington Star.

Fancy requires much necessity but little.—German Proverb.

"I tried to sing my youngest boy to sleep," said Senator Borghum, "but it wouldn't work. Then I told him a story, and that wouldn't work either."  
"How did you get him to sleep?"

"My wife came to the rescue with one of her clever suggestions. I delivered one of my speeches to him."—Washington Star.

## Spiteful.

Edith—So you are really engaged at last! I'm awfully glad to hear it, dear! Gladys—Yes, I was sure you would be. You have less competition now.—London Mail.

Dangerous to the Diaphragm. Jack—Reggie imagines that he is a lady killer. Ethel—Well, he isn't far wrong. We girls almost die laughing at him.—Boston Transcript.

We are best of all led to men's principles by what they do.—Butler.

## FISH AND THEIR FOOD.

Queer Ways by Which Some of the Toothless Species Get a Meal.

The curious ways in which fishes eat form quite a study. Some fishes have teeth and some have none at all. In some the teeth are found upon the tongue, in some in the throat and in some in the stomach. Some draw in their food by suction; the sturgeon is one of this class. The jellyfish absorbs its food by wrapping its body around the prey it covets. The starfish fastens itself to its victim, turns its stomach wrong side out and engulfs its dinner without the formality of swallowing it through a mouth first.

So there are all sorts of methods for those regularly toothless, and the fishes which have teeth show almost as great a diversity in the number, style and arrangement of them. The ray or skate "has a mouth set transversely across its head, the jaws working with a rolling motion like two hands set back to back. In the jaws are three rows of flat teeth, set like a mosaic pavement, and between these rolling jaws the fish crushes oysters and other mollusks like so many nuts." The carp's teeth are set back in the pharynx, so that it actually masticates its food in its throat, while the sea urchin has five teeth surrounding its stomach and working with a peculiar centralized motion, which makes them do as good service as if they numbered hundreds.—Harper's Young People.

## An Anodyne.

"An anodyne," patiently explained a well known physician to a woman patient, "is a delusion. And medicine that soothes pain has this drawback—it relieves the attack, but the next attack comes on much sooner. Understand, I'll cure your headache, but you're bound to have another headache in a day or two."

The woman pondered a bit.  
"I know just what you mean, doctor," she said. "I've noticed it about Henry, my husband, you know. A doctor prescribed whisky for his cough. My husband says it cured his cough quicker than anything else ever did, but I notice that he gets a new cough almost every week now."—Louisville Times.

## Wasted Effort.

"Now, waiter," said the new customer in a certain restaurant of the less fashionable type, "I want an oyster stew, and I want you to give the cook particular directions. The milk must be carefully heated first—just short of boiling. Then the oysters must be added without the juice. That must not be put in until the seasoning is added. As for the oysters, I want Mill Ponds. Use the best milk and gilt edged creamery butter. Now, do you think you understand?" "Yes, sir," said the waiter. And he went to the kitchen wicket and yelled, "Put on one!"—Newark Star.

## Golf.

Brown—I wish I belonged to a golf club.  
Jones—You don't need to.  
"How so?"  
"Just walk five miles or so, and every twenty or thirty yards hit the pavement a hard whack with your stick and swear."—Exchange.