

Newberg Graphic

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Woodrow Wilson is now President and his every act indicates that he is going to do his best to give the country a good, clean administration. May his fondest hopes be realized in this respect.

A subscriber makes a very good suggestion that where cement walks are laid the names of the streets should be marked in the cement at the intersection corners. This is done in Portland and many other cities. Cement contractors will do the work without additional cost to the property owner and markings once made in this way will be permanent.

Corvallis women in "mass meeting assembled" took solemn vows, signed, sealed and delivered, that during the coming season they would not purchase hats costing in excess of \$7.00. A deadly blow at the high cost of living, and now the husbands of these self-sacrificing women will feel easy to go to the store and purchase panamas for themselves that are marked down to two ninety-five.

The fellows who turn a deaf ear to solicitations to subscribe for a local paper with an air of contempt, never lose any time in rushing to the same newspaper man when they have a death in the family or other sorrow comes to them, and asking for space in order to reach the public ear. "Wild Animals I Have Met" is not nearly so interesting a book as the average local newspaper man could write on the types of people he comes in contact with in conducting his business.

"And now with other signs of spring we again hear that the Rex-Tigard road is surely to be completed this year. By all means complete it, for it is certainly needed—by Portland and Yamhill county—but let the fellows who use it and whose property will increase in value because of it, foot the bill."—Hillsboro Independent.

This means then that the farmers who live along the Rex-Tigard road and who have helped to improve the roads about Hillsboro, the county seat of Washington county, and thus increase the value of property in that section, are not to receive any consideration at the hands of the Independent.

Charles H. Fisher has sold his interest in the Eugene Guard to his partner, E. J. Finneran, and will retire from the newspaper field after having spent twenty-five years in the business. The writer formed the acquaintance of Mr. Fisher some twenty years ago and has met him at meetings of the state press association a number of times since. He is a most agreeable person to meet and his ability as a newspaper man is well known throughout the state. One by one the old timers are dropping out of the ranks and giving place to new blood. Regarding his plans for the future Mr. Fisher says:

"My principal reason for retiring from the business was a desire to take a real vacation. I have no intention of leaving Eugene unless I find it impossible to stay out of the newspaper business. In that event I should be compelled to seek another location. After a trip to the south, perhaps as far as Cuba or the Panama canal zone, and through the east, I will return here, and perhaps build a home,

as well as a business building on Willamette street. That, however, will be a matter for future decision."

WITHOUT A CITY OF REFUGE.

Babylon is fallen! The Nevada Senate on Tuesday, following the earlier action of the House, voted to make one year's residence in that state a prerequisite to getting a divorce there, and the governor has announced his intention to sign the bill. Reno, that city of magnificent distances and alluring enchantments for all of the mismatched and incompatible souls of earth, feels now that its career is ended, says the Globe Democrat. That town alone made an organized opposition to the passage of the bill. A large body of its citizens, claiming that to break up the divorce colony in Reno would be to ruin the town, have lobbied in both branches of the Legislature and have importuned the governor for a veto. Last week they threatened that if the women, who are responsible for the measure, should succeed in getting it passed, they would retaliate by organizing a campaign against woman suffrage which would make its success impossible.

Apparently the suffragists were not dismayed by the threat, and the vote in both houses shows that the public sentiment of the state must be overwhelmingly against the continuance of conditions at Reno which have disgraced Nevada, once an easy thing to do, but evidently becoming harder since the hope of the white race went down at Reno before a black man who has since made matters worse by trying to carry more of the white man's burden than any white man has ever been able to carry. Since that dreadful day Nevada has seemed to be thinking that perhaps being "wide open" to people and things of good repute would pay better than being wide open to things and people giving the rest of the world a bad opinion of her sovereignty as a state.

When Reno takes her eyes off the divorcee who is accompanied there by the co-respondent in the case during the brief time in which they are to wait until the injured husband is arraigned in court, without being there, as a man lost to all sense of gentlemanly honor and chivalry; when she turns her attention to making the wheels go around in bigger games than roulette; when she learns to play for big stakes with the queens and the knaves all in the discard, she will prosper so much more than she has done with marked cards and phonies that she will be glad to give suffrage to the women of Nevada as a testimonial of regard. We are so sure of this that the only question left in the case is the one of where the disconsolate can go next. We can see for them now no city of refuge anywhere.

Moneymaking.

Your dog will chase his thousandth and even his millionth rabbit just as though it were the first he had ever seen. He'll strive and strain in pursuit of it to the point of heartbreak. One might suppose his soul's life depended upon its capture. And yet should he overtake it he will cast it aside when killed and will begin quarreling the ground to start another. To the last gasp of his breath that dog will chase his rabbit. When you tell me why that dog wants another rabbit I will tell you why I want more money.—James R. Keene.

The Decay of Glass.

Few persons who admire the iridescence of ancient glassware know that the prismatic hues displayed are a result of the decay of glass. When disintegration sets in, the substance of the glass splits into exceedingly thin laminae, which, as the sunlight traverses them, give rise to a splendid play of colors. Like the leaves of a forest, these delicate glass plates signalize their approaching dissolution by becoming more beautiful.—Harper's Weekly.

MILLET'S POVERTY.

Pathetic Incident in the Life of the Great French Painter.

It seems almost incredible that Millet, painter of "The Angelus" and other now world famous pictures, should have suffered from the poverty that forms the basis of the following story, but it is a fact that he did: One day, indeed, he found himself without food in the house for himself and his family. In his extremity his friend Diaz offered to take two of Millet's drawings to Paris and make an effort to sell them. Evening came, the Millet family anxiously awaiting their friend's return. If he came back without the drawings it meant bread; with them, hungry to bed. Night fell, the family sitting in darkness because they felt they could not afford a light.

At last they heard the stamping of Diaz's wooden leg as he crossed the little paved court and his lusty voice calling out: "Light! Light! Where is the light?" The family hurried to light a candle. But even while the head of the old fashioned sulphur match was still sputtering Diaz, who was a Spaniard and nothing if not temperamental, slapped down two leaves of bread on the table, one after another, in quick succession. When at last the candle was burning he drew out 60 francs (\$12) in gold, all save one piece, which he had been obliged to change in buying the bread. He arranged the gold pieces in a circle like a halo around the candle, ending with the change, of which he made a neat pile.

"Ah," sighed Millet as he regarded the unhopd for treasure, "if only I could count on a sum like this every week!"

"Would you turn capitalist?" reproachfully asked Diaz.

If to suffer is a spur to genius is it a wonder that these Barbizon men were great painters?—Exchange.

Not True to Life.

The son of a man who had been a great philanthropist welcomed a visitor to his office. The talk turned on the career of the father of the young man.

"It was a great blow to everybody—my father's death," lamented the youth. "By the way, here's the last portrait painted of him."

He led the visitor to where hung on the wall a large portrait of the dead philanthropist, depicting him as standing erect with his right hand in his pocket.

"A fine piece of work," said the visitor grimly, "but it's not true to life. Nobody ever saw your father with his hand in his own pocket."—Popular Magazine.

Gave His Wife a Vacation.

The hero of this story believed in vacations, particularly vacations for his wife. Every time he heard somebody talking about the hardships of spending the hot summer months amid the din and dust of the crowded city he had to pay money to his tailor because he wore out his sleeve laughing into it. He loved his little freedom and made no secret of it.

One day a friend asked him: "Jack, where is your wife?" "She's up in the Thousand Islands," he replied lightly, "and I hope she'll spend a week on each one of them!"—Popular Magazine.

Paper Money.

Paper money is said to have had its origin in China in the year 806, when the government issued it to relieve a financial stringency, receiving coin in return, which enabled it to pay off outstanding obligations. In the museum of St. John's college in Shanghai is a paper bill worth 1,000 cash, the equivalent of 50 cents American money, which was issued by the first Ming emperor (Hungwu A. D., 1368-99). It is nearly two feet long and one foot wide, printed on mulberry bark paper, and is a dark slate color.

Hard Luck.

A weary and hungry looking tramp in an English town entered a shop and bought a pennyworth of bread. As he was going out he noticed a tub labeled "Treacle." "I'm in luck!" he thought as he dropped the piece of bread into the tub. "I'm sorry, guv'ner," he said to the shopkeeper who was standing near, "I've dropped my bread in your treacle." "Treacle?" cried the shopkeeper. "That ain't treacle—that's tar!"

The Ghost and the Meat.

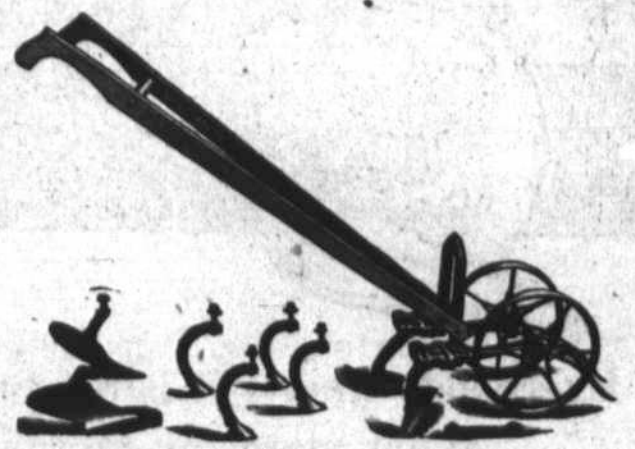
We have all heard of the French schoolboy who, asked to translate into English the French of "To be or not to be," evolved this, "To was or not to am."

Another schoolboy has equaled this translation, according to the London Chronicle, in recovering from German the text, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak," in the form, "The ghost, of course, is ready, but the meat is feeble."

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