

## Newberg Graphic

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Since last week's issue of the Graphic came off the press a new concrete base has been put in and a No. 5 Cottrell Triumph drum cylinder has been installed in place of the Hoe press that had been doing the work. The new press was set up and put in place by Fred Griffith, assisted by Horace Welch, "all home talent," and when necessary adjustments are made the Graphic office will be in shape to take care of all kinds of book and job work. It has been a strenuous week and little time has been allowed for news gathering or editorial work. With a rest of a day or two the strain will be off, then come in and see everybody about the office smile.

## TAFT'S ADMINISTRATION

The following letter from the pen of Charles B. Moores, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, which appeared in the Journal, is well worth reading:

The presidential campaign has been over four months. People generally have been trying to forget the bitterness and acrimony it engendered, and patriotic citizens of every party have been extending the most cordial wishes for success to President Wilson. President Taft has shown himself the "gamest loser" the country ever knew. In the delicate and cordial courtesies he has extended to his successor, he has elicited the admiration of the whole American people, and he has left the White House more popular with his political adversaries than any president the country has ever known. In the face of the splendid spirit he has shown, one is tempted to ask your correspondent, W. M. Leeper, what public good he thinks he is subserving in the vicious and ill-natured diatribe to which he gave vent in your issue of last evening. The Republican party is "hopelessly split" and "no one but Taft" is to blame. Leeper says it, and he ought to know. "A loyal Republican for 50 years," he has quit. One is curious to know what ails him now, after affiliating all these years with a party responsible in Lincoln's time for politicians of the Quinn Cameron type, and later responsible for the Credit Mobiler, the whiskey and "the star route" frauds, and all the nameless abuses of carpetbag government in the south. The facts are, that there has never been a smaller percentage of political scandals chargeable to any Republican administration than during the last four years, and we challenge him to go to the official records upon the statement that no administration of four years in the history of the country has offered us more of progressive political legislation. "Taft did not carry out Roosevelt's policies." What policies? His policy in refusing to prosecute a member of his cabinet for violating the anti-rebate laws? His policy in refusing to prosecute the harvester trust? His policy in permitting the steel trust to absorb the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company? His policy in sitting in the White House for seven and one-half years and doing absolutely nothing to revise the tariff? One thing Taft did do. He formulated a great international arbitration treaty that had in it greater possibilities for the good of the nation and of the world at large than all that Roosevelt ever did, or ever thought of, and that but for the Roosevelt influence with two or three sena-

tors, would now be in force. Another thing he did do. He prosecuted, and he prosecuted successfully, more trusts than the combined administrations of Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley and Roosevelt, having a record of 80 suits as against a total record of 62 preceding suits. Senator La Follette has given the figures to show that the trusts never increased more rapidly than during the Roosevelt administration, and it is a matter of record that fewer trusts have been organized during the past four years than in any similar period since the Sherman law was passed. But Taft signed the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill. Did Mr. Leeper ever read that bill? Can he tell us what the tariff rate is on a single one of the over 4000 items in the bill? Has he mastered this question that has puzzled our ablest statesmen for four or five generations? Champ Clark says that as a young congressman he knew all about the tariff, but that the older he grows the less he knows. Roosevelt, both on the stump and in the Outlook, declared that the Payne-Aldrich bill was better than either the Dingley or the McKinley laws. That really means that it was better than any preceding Republican tariff law. Taft personally forced reductions on various articles. It was on his personal solicitation that the corporation tax and the non-partisan tariff commission was included. He personally declared certain features of the bill were indefensible. Certain features of every tariff are indefensible. He accepted it because it was the best he could get. Nothing would have better pleased the extreme standpatters than to have had him veto it, for they didn't want any corporation tax or any non-partisan tariff commission. With those two provisions it was the best tariff bill ever passed by a Republican congress, for real progressives of all parties have long demanded a non-partisan tariff commission, which, supported in good faith, means an end of tarifflog rolling, and the adoption of a plan of continuous revision, schedule by schedule, by a practical, a fair and a scientific method. As to Mr. Pinchot, he was very properly fired as an insubordinate and wilful violator of the law. His effort to discredit the administration wound up with the "Dick to Dick" forgery, with an admission that Controller Bay as a harbor was practically worthless, and with the flat refusal of the Graham committee to make a report when the investigation developed enough to absolutely vindicate the administration. As to Mr. Glavis, even Hiram Johnson felt compelled to fire him for alleged official malfeasance.

The boss, the grafter and the machine have seldom, if ever, been less powerful in any of the parties than during the past four years, and any man who now wishes to leave the Republican party at a time when it is relegating its bosses to the rear as never before, and to align himself under the banners of Munsey and Perkins, and Roosevelt and Dan Hanna and Bill Flinn, is simply exercising his God-given prerogative as an American citizen in doing so.

Charles B. Moores.

Los Angeles.—Clarence S. Darrow's second trial on a jury-bribery charge ended here in a disagreement of the jury. Eight of the jurors stood for conviction and four held out for acquittal. Darrow immediately demanded a new trial and District Attorney Fredericks said he certainly would have one. Judge Conley, of Madera county, who presided, set March 31 as the date for the beginning of the re-trial.

South Dakota Sets Saloon Limit. Pierre, S. D.—The South Dakota legislature, just before adjournment of the session, passed a bill providing that only one saloon license may be issued to each 600 inhabitants with the exception that two saloons are permitted in each town regardless of size.

## A ROMAN SLAUGHTER.

Daniel Webster's Deadly Work With the Ancient Proconsuls.

Daniel Webster had accepted the office of secretary of state, but did not meet the new president in Washington until eight or ten days before the inauguration. It seems that he had prepared an inaugural address for General Harrison. One day, among other arrangements, he suggested to the new president in as delicate a way as he could the fact that he had sketched an inaugural address, knowing that General Harrison would be overwhelmed with calls and business after his election and he himself having leisure to write. The general at once replied that it was not necessary; that he had prepared his own inaugural.

"Oh, yes," said he; "I have got all that ready."

"Will you allow me to take it home and read it tonight?" asked Mr. Webster.

"Certainly," the president replied, "and please let me take yours."

So they exchanged their documents, and the next morning when they met General Harrison said to Mr. Webster:

"If I should read your inaugural instead of mine everybody would know that you wrote it. Now, this is the only official paper which I propose to write, for I do not intend to interfere with my secretaries, but this is a sort of acknowledgment or my part to the American people of the great honor they have conferred upon me in elevating me to this high office, and, although, of course, it is not so suitable as yours, still it is mine, and I propose to let the people have it just as I have written it. I must deliver my own instead of yours."

Mr. Webster was a good deal annoyed, because the message was, according to his judgment and taste, inappropriate. It entered largely into Roman history and had a good deal to say about the states of antiquity and the Roman proconsuls and various matters of that kind.

When he found that the president was bent upon using his own inaugural Mr. Webster said that his desire was to modify it and to get in some things that were not there and to get out some things that were there, for as it then stood it had no more to do with the American government and people than a chapter of the Koran. General Harrison rather reluctantly consented to let him take it. Mr. Webster spent a part of the next day in modifying it.

Mrs. Seaton remarked to him when he came home rather late that day, that he looked rather fatigued and worried, but he replied that he was sorry that she had waited dinner for him.

"This is of no consequence at all, Mr. Webster," she said, "but I am sorry to see you so worried and tired. I really hope nothing has happened."

"You would think that something had happened," he replied, "if you knew what I have done. I have killed seventeen Roman proconsuls as dead as smelts, every one of them."—From "Wit and Humor of American Statesmen."

## A Perpetual Househunter.

The greatest house hunter in creation is the hermit crab. It is never satisfied with its whelk shell and is continually abandoning it for another. It is a most amusing sight on placing a couple of these crabs in an aquarium, in which they have a selection of whelk shells, to watch the way in which they change their quarters, tenancing each of the shells in turn. If only two whelk shells are available the two crabs engage in a fight, and the victor enters the vanquished one's shell, while the evicted tenant has to be content with the discarded shell of the victor. But within a quarter of an hour the victor renews hostilities for the possession of his old quarters.

## True.

"It isn't true, is it," asked Rollo as he finished reading "The Pied Piper of Hamelin"—"it isn't true that he could play on his pipe so that the rats would go off and drown themselves?"

"Well," replied Rollo's father, "I don't know about that. I think it may be true. Your Uncle George can play the flute so that it will scare a cow into the river and drive all the dogs in the neighborhood crazy. Yes, I should say the poem is true."—London Answers.

## His Day Off.

He was a new office boy.

"How would you like to take a day off?" asked his employer.

"Oh, fine!" said the lad as visions of a day at leisure came before his eyes.

"Well, then, take the Wednesday date off the calendar so Thursday will show—a day off, see?"

And the new office boy hurried from the room with a resolve to pass it on.—Indianapolis News.

## "PRESSURE"

is one of the requisites of effective spraying. Spray put on under low pressure will not get results. A few dollars invested in a small power sprayer is money well spent, for any man with only a few acres of trees. We have on our floor a compact little outfit that sells for \$100.00. We also carry the HARDIE hand spray pumps and can fit you out from \$2.75 up.

Pruning Shears, Saws, Knives, Grafting Wax  
Lime and Sulphur Spray, Black Leaf Forty

Everything you need to keep your trees in good condition. We carry in stock, and you can buy just as cheap from us as you can in Portland. Come in and look over the goods.

## LARKIN-PRINCE HARDWARE CO.

## \$ Taxes are Due \$

THEY ARE NOW DUE AND PAYABLE

3 per cent rebate if paid before March 15th. One-half can be paid with no rebate, on or before the first Monday in April, the other half to be paid on or before the first Monday in October following.

If you need some money to help pay your taxes, we would be pleased to have you call and see us.

## \$ First National Bank \$

YOUR FRIEND

4 Per Cent Compounded Semi-Annually on Savings Accounts

## FRANKLIN K. LANE



Franklin K. Lane, of California, who is Secretary of the Interior in President Wilson's Cabinet.

## MARCHERS CALLED "HENS"

Woman Witness Says Policemen In Sympathy With Mob

Washington.—Before the senate sub-committee investigating the disorder which attended the parade of woman suffragists here, Miss Janet F. Richards, who marched in the first section of the parade, declared "most of the policemen were standing idly around in the crowd and seemed in sympathy with the mob's spirit."

"How was this mob's spirit evidenced?" asked Senator Chamberlain.

"By the hooting and jeering of the crowd," replied Miss Richards, "all along the line men yelled: 'These are nothing but hens, we came out to see chickens.'"

Police Chief Sylvester furnished a statement to show he had 575 officers on duty for the suffrage parade and 367 for the inaugural parade the day following. There were disorders on March 4.

He denied indignantly that he had ever said or done anything that would have given the men "lower down" the idea that the orders for protecting the parade were not to be taken seriously.

ARMED REBELS  
NEAR BORDER

Douglas, Ariz.—Encamped within striking distance of several border towns, are 8500 constitutionist troops while insurgents among federal garrisons have strengthened materially the rebel forces.

The last word received from the beleaguered city of Nacozari was from the telegraph operator, who flashed "too hot for me here," and left his key before all wires between Douglas and Nacozari were cut.

Open revolt and scenes of disorder have occurred among the 250 federal defenders of Agua Prieta, and the military officials there gave warning to all Americans to leave the town.

The best citizens of Agua Prieta generally fled to Douglas, while the drunken and rebellious soldiers paraded the streets crying "Viva Madero!" "Viva Maytorena!" and "Viva Diaz!" Brawls between politically estranged companions in arms added to the confusion and terror which held the town in its grip.

## THE "GHOST" STAG.

A Lordly Brute That Bewildered the German Crown Prince.

In his interesting volume, "From My Hunting Day Book," the German crown prince, Friedrich Wilhelm, tells of a "ghost" stag. He "saw" the "ghost" on two different occasions. He says that he was so close to him that he could count every branch on his antlers with the naked eye. The prince sprang from his cart and fired point blank, but "My aim was all right, the herd scattered, and the stag simply disappeared. We could neither see nor find any trace of him."

The second occasion is described as follows: "I leaped out of the carriage and looked through the glass. I undoubtedly recognized the splendid stag, the famous fourteen pointer! The herd began to move and made off through an alder wood to an adjoining meadow. The stag moved in their midst. The forester and I stalked them as quickly as possible, but they had already gone some distance.

"At last, in a small field, we saw the herd again. With infinite care we crept toward them and managed to get within possible range. The deer, however, were restless and moved to and fro uneasily round the border of the wood. There is scarcely light enough to shoot. In spite of that, after a most careful scrutiny through the glass, I take particular care, adjust the sights and fire. There is just enough light for me to see that the stag takes a great leap, then drops dead. The head forester and I excitedly shake hands. At last we have got the blessed brute!

"After a quick run over the 300 yards of marshy meadow land we reach the spot, and there, to our indescribable surprise and disillusionment, lies a poor wretched twelve pointer, killed by a beautifully clean shot. This was really going beyond a joke! I told the forester to his face that there was something wrong there. At this he

round his tongue again and told me that for a long time there had been a legend among the neighboring huntmen of a splendid stag, at which many of them had shot, that was bewitched, and for which the fatal bullet had not been cast.

"Well, I am not superstitious, but I must say I am inclined to think there was certainly something uncanny about this stag. We still call him the ghost stag, and I do not believe I shall ever get another shot at him."

Turned Back the Compliment. Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian, tells a story of an English nobleman.

"His lordship was introduced to me at the Tivoli one night," so the story begins. "He asked me to dine with him. I accepted, and then he hesitated and said:

"I don't mean dine at my home, you know. My wife doesn't approve of—er—music hall people, you know. I mean dine at my club." "At your club?" said I, with a horrified look. "Oh, no! No, thank you, my lord. I'm sorry to have to decline, but the fact is, you know, my wife doesn't—er—approve of clubmen."

## What, Indeed?

A duchess requiring a lady's maid had an interview with one, to whom, after having examined her appearance, she said, "Of course you will be able to dress my hair for me?"

"Oh, yes," replied the girl; "it never takes me more than half an hour to dress a lady's hair."

"Half an hour, my child!" exclaimed the duchess in accents of terror. "And what on earth, then, should I be able to do with myself all the remainder of the morning?"—Dundee Advertiser.

## Business Deal.

"Nobody ever gets the best of Wombat."

"I once saw him get the worst of a business deal."

"Never."

"Fact. He had put a penny in a slot machine, and it refused to give up."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## THE MARKETS.

## Portland.

Wheat—Club, 85c; bluestem, 99c; red Russian, 85c.  
Hay—Timothy, \$15; alfalfa, \$11.50.  
Butter—Creamery, 37c.  
Eggs—Candled, 17c.  
Hops—1912 crop, 17c.  
Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16c; Willamette valley, 20c.

## Seattle.

Wheat—Bluestem, 99c; club, 86c; red Russian, 85c.  
Eggs—17c.  
Butter—Creamery, 35c.  
Hay—Timothy, \$16 per ton; alfalfa, \$14 per ton.