

Newberg Graphic

E. H. WOODWARD
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TIME WORKS MANY CHANGES.

The coming of the interurban electric trains to our very doors serves as a reminder that time works many changes for the convenience of mankind. Possibly there are few localities where this is more noticeably true than in this section.

Hon. J. C. Nelson tells us that during the first winter he spent in Oregon his father's family dieted mostly on whole wheat, with an occasional mess of deer meat that was so poor and blue that it would scarcely make a grease spot in the frying pan.

In relating his first experiences in going to the nearest gristmill, located across the Willamette some miles out from the river, he said they would drive their ox teams to a point on the river somewhere near the spot that is now spanned by the new steel bridge. The grist would be unloaded, the wagon taken apart and all would be taken over in a canoe or row boat. Then the oxen would be driven into the stream and made to swim over. When all was safely on the other side the wagon would be set up again, the grist re-loaded and they would go on to mill. About half a day would be taken up in making the transfer and the same time consumed on the return trip in getting over the river, which in those days was being chanted by young hopefuls east of the Rockies as the "Willa-met-te," with the accent on the second syllable.

When the writer first began to receive mail at the Newberg post-office the service from Portland was tri-weekly, the mail being carried on horseback between LaFayette, then the county seat of Yamhill county, and Portland, and those of us who were "fresh" from the more thickly populated sections of Uncle Sam's domain, and who often longed to hear from the homeland when the hoped for letter failed to arrive, kept a watch on mail days for the appearance of the old man Hollister, the veteran horse racer and mail carrier, down the Portland road.

During the rainy season the old man went prepared for the worst, with yellow "slicker" suit, and when the pouch was well filled, and possibly an extra sack with "slicker" to cover the mail, he, with his white hair showing under the rim of his drooped "slicker" hat and perched on his horse, made a comical appearance as he was eagerly sighted down the road.

With the mail sack emptied on the table the postmaster would take the bunch of letters in his hand and call off the names of the persons addressed, the crowd assembled receiving their letters from the hand of the postmaster when they were fortunate enough to have their names called out.

The holiday season brought no congestion of the mails to Newberg, for the people had not then taken on the habit of bringing discomfort to their friends by sending a twenty-five-cent remembrance, with the hope of getting a dollar present back in return.

Transportation to and from the metropolis was either overland by wagon or by the river boats, which, in either case, was slow and tedious.

At no season of the year were the wagon roads any too good, and during the winter season travel over the road to Portland was well nigh impossible.

A river steamer, the "Orient," was due for Portland each al-

ternate day during the week, at 7 o'clock in the morning, and as it only came from Dayton on the Yamhill river it was usually pretty nearly on time, provided always that it was not delayed at some point above for from one to three hours, taking on freight. When such a delay did occur, the waiting passenger had the alternative of racing up and down the banks of the river in order to keep his blood circulating, or bumping himself—or herself as the case might be—up against a tree as a shield from the beating rain storm, the while listening intently to catch the first puff of the approaching boat, and many times mistaking the moaning of the wind for the much hoped for and ever welcome sound of the "floating palace."

Quite likely if the boat was on time it would stop at some landing farther down and take on a full cargo of wheat. At Oregon City this would first be unloaded at the mills and then a full load of flour would be taken on at the same dock, thus prolonging the stay until it would be lamp lighting time before the city would be reached.

Reaching Portland at this late hour made it necessary to remain over the next day in order to do any business, and as all boats left Portland at an early hour in the morning, the only alternative was to remain in the city another night and return home the third day, arriving about noon. In case he brought anything out that could not be carried, he spent the balance of the day walking out home and in returning with a team and wagon for the stuff.

In those days the National hotel located at the foot of Yamhill street was headquarters for those who visited Portland from this section, while the Esmond at the foot of Morrison was the swell hotel where the bon-tons put up. Take a look at the big hotels of to-day and note the change.

Both of the above named hotels were near the heart of the business district at that time, for the wholesale business was done on Front street within a few blocks either way, while the retail trade was confined almost entirely to First street. Neither the Meir & Frank Co. nor Olds & King occupied as good quarters as the Miller Mercantile Co. has in Newberg to-day.

Second street was given over to "China Town" and there were more Celestials in Portland then than there are to-day.

The water works were located within a stone's throw of where the Portland Lumber Co.'s mills stand, which furnished the residents with river water and typhoid germs a plenty. The old mill that occupied that site at that time was owned by Sylvester Pennoyer, who was afterward governor.

The city boasted of a one-horse car line that "ran" a distance of a dozen or more blocks on First street and the tinkle, tinkle of the little bell added much to the metropolitan air of the city.

The Stark street ferry was the means of transportation between the east and west sides of the river, while now five bridges are taxed to make communication rapid and easy. East Portland was probably half the size of Newberg.

Mount Hood, it may be said, is one object that may be seen from the streets of Portland that shows no signs of change at the hands of "Father Time."

But to get back to Newberg.

The east part of Chehalem valley was dubbed "grubby end" at the time when Wm. Hobson, the fore-runner of the "second coming" to Chehalem, located on a tract of land—not a farm—a mile north of Newberg.

He was a man of rather peculiar make-up, peculiar in dress and address, but he was a man of sterling worth and one who could see farther into the

future and better discern the possibilities of a country than can some men who wear clothes of the latest cut and who part their hair in the middle.

Wm. Hobson was smiled at when he said that he could look into the future and see the day when "street cars," as they were then called, would be running in Chehalem valley. That day has arrived.

No longer does it consume two and a half days' time to make a business trip to the metropolis. Electric cars are running and one can leave from First street at 8:45 in the morning, have an hour and three quarters' time in the city and return home at 11:10, and besides, other trains can be taken at various hours of the day.

This is only the beginning. More trains are to be put on soon and the running time shortened.

No more does "grubby end" apply. Newberg is strictly on the map.

Better take a little time off right now to register if you have not already done so.

It has been ten days now since a new candidate for governor has announced himself. Can't some patriot start something?

Carlton people are early in the field with the announcement that they propose to celebrate the glorious Fourth. Keep off the grass.

Later on when the questions that are to be voted on at the next election are being discussed, interest will be aroused and many women who now possibly think they will not care to vote, will wish they had registered. The wise course will be to attend to it now.

The days are lengthening rapidly, the small boy is beginning to work dad for the price of a ball mit, the birds are singing and everything indicates that we are to have an early spring. But all well defined signs have been known to fail to scare wintry weather away as early as was hoped for, and the immediate purchase of light weight underwear is not advised at this writing.

JAPANESE THEATERS.

The Plays Are Long and the "Invisible" Characters Are Unique.

Although the Japanese have copied the best institutions in the world in remodeling their own, the theater in Japan is essentially different from other countries, and some of the best ideas might well be copied by our houses of amusement. The revolving stage, for instance, which allows the scene to be changed without a long tiresome wait is one of them.

Other features cannot be so much commended. Take for example the dressers to the chief actors, who flit hurriedly to and fro dressed in black, which gives them the appearance of black specters. They are supposed to be invisible, and in addition to throwing around the actors with a marvelous dexterity the changes of costume they act as valets. It is amusing to see one of these "shades" giving the hero a cup of tea, a fan, a handkerchief, or, if the situation is a dramatic one, holding a taper at the end of a long stick, which lights up the actor's face.

In Japan the theater goer starts out at 9:30 or 10 o'clock in the morning. It is not necessary that he should have made a visit to the box office, for Japan has no such institution. There is a sort of tea house or restaurant in front of each theater, where the ticket can be arranged for; also refreshment or any sort of attention which may be needed during the lengthy play. During the play attendants go about constantly with small handless cups of delicious amber tea which perfumes the air.

When the scene opens there is no curtain to raise; neither do the actors appear at "right center," nor are they discovered seated at "L. C." A character will appear not from the wings, but from a side-walk. These walks are often decorated with a flower border. He will repeat some lines, which some other character will answer from

General Merchandise

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the walk at the other side of the stage, and so by degrees they make their way to the stage proper in the most natural manner.

The Japanese have brought the pantomime to a high state of perfection, and this is one of the most popular forms of plays which are given.—New York Sun.

Professional Fit Thrower.

Professional poverty is a paying pursuit, and the strolling police know it. You may have noticed the lady who buries her head in her hands and howls on the steps of a west end restaurant. She is desolate and is in a fit. We run to her rescue, call the police. And when the lady has procured brandy and sundry contributions from the sympathetic public the constable explains that this is the lady who has nine fits a day. "And here's your cuffs, lady," says the constable, for the lady is careful to take off her clean cuffs before having her fit.—London Globe.

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