

Newberg Graphic

E. H. WOODWARD
Editor and PublisherPublished every Thursday morning
Office: Graphic Building, No. 600 First Street
Phone: Office, White 33; Residence, Blue 87Entered at the postoffice at Newberg, Oregon,
as second-class matter.

\$1.50 Per Year in Advance

THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1914



Under the head of "Items of Interest," the Linnton Leader says: "If you lose a button off your coat and the good wife doesn't see it for a few days, just borrow a hair from the first pretty red-headed girl you see and fasten it to the place the button came off. On the order of safety first, though, leave the door open behind you until it blows over." Tell us, brother Byerlee, about how long it is usually necessary to leave the door open for the "blow over?"

Why not have a public drinking fountain in Forest Grove? With all of our splendid water supply, there is not a single bubbling fountain in town. We ought to have two or three of them bubbling up all of the time. —News-Times. Is it possible that our neighbors over on the other side of Chehalis Mountain, who are up-to-date in so many ways, are so far behind in the matter of conveniences for "free drinks" of nature's beverage as to be entirely lacking in the way of public fountains? The News-Times has certainly tackled what ought to be a very live subject for the Grove people.

It is annoying to a newspaper publisher, who is anxious to please those who desire the use of space in his paper, to have articles brought in late for publication, when they could just as well have been handed in three or four days earlier. And there is the program that is often presented for publication at the last minute before going to press that "just must appear this week," though it may make the paper several hours late in getting out. The Graphic will take it as a great favor if our friends will answer the "hurry-up" call, as far as possible, in the matter of furnishing copy for contributed matter.

Since the local option law went into effect in Oregon, it has been noticeable that in no part of the state have violators of the law been prosecuted with greater success than they have in Judge Harris' district, with District Attorney George M. Brown, of Roseburg, chasing the boot-leggers and brewers into court. Judge Harris is a candidate for a seat in the supreme court, and Mr. Brown is a candidate for the office of attorney general, and, of course, all the saloon men, the brewers and the boot-leggers are against them. They ought to receive, however, the united support of all temperance people in recognition of their fearless work in upholding the majesty of the law. The best evidence that can be offered to assure the voters that they will make good in the positions they now aspire to, is that they have done their duty without fear or favor in the past.

Tax payers have made it so plain that they have no unity with the bill passed at the last session of the legislature changing the tax law, that candidates for the legislature have their ears close to the ground and are announcing that they favor going back to something like the old law, which allowed half the tax to be paid in the spring and half

in the fall. The tax commission, which is really responsible for the passage of the new act, is smarting under the criticism and is trying to "explain." The Hillsboro Independent says: "Tax Commissioner Galloway's defense of his pet tax law is flawless so far as logic is concerned, and with his busy little pencil he proves beyond a possible doubt that the new law is a blessing that should rank with magna charta, the declaration of independence and the Hillsboro dog ordinance. But black has been argued to be white before, notwithstanding the smudge on the hands of the convicted one, and this year, while taxpayers may admit that Galloway is a dandy little arguer, when they compare the workings of his law with the old one they know they have been stung, even if they can't diagnose the method of stinging, and will take care that it doesn't happen again."

CHAMBERLAIN AS A PROHI.

It is true that "politics makes strange bedfellows," but George E. Chamberlain on a prohi platform discounts anything in the way of a curiosity that the late P. T. Barnum was able to scare up, says the Jefferson Review. George has, however, absorbed one of Barnum's principles, i. e., "the American people love to be humbugged," and has worked it overtime for years past. He has always solicited and received the solid vote of the wet element, and at the same time, by some peculiar maneuvering, managed to poll a large portion of the dry vote. As an adroit politician and vote-getter "our George" is there with bells on, but as a prohi he is not a success. Without the wet vote he would have remained in obscurity. So, also, would Oswald West. But Chamberlain read the handwriting on the wall, and told West, hence the dry plank. Gratitude is a virtue never manifested by Chamberlain. Anything to advance his own interests has ever been his policy. He has it figured out that the state will go dry in November; therefore he will go dry with it—long enough to be elected—and the people, whose steadfast, blind adherence advanced him from a very ordinary deputy clerk to his present exalted position can go hang. If a man wants to be a prohi, that is his right, but if the Review tries to elect a prohi it is going to be a man who is prohi from principle, not policy.

Slow Settlers.

Landlord—Good morning, sir. Just dropped in to see if it's convenient for you to pay your rent.

Tenant—Glad you called. I want to complain about the doors; none of them will shut.

L.—New house, you know, sir—takes time to settle.

T.—Ah! Then I guess I'll follow the house's example. Good day, sir. Call again.—Boston Transcript.

A Good Memory.

"Excuse me, sir, but haven't we met before? Your face is strangely familiar."

"Yes, madam, our host introduced us to each other just before dinner."

"Ah, I was positive I had seen you somewhere! I never forget a face." —Exchange.

Doing Without the Dot.

The small letter "i" was formerly written without the dot. The dot was introduced in the fourteenth century to distinguish "i" from "e" in hasty and indistinct writing. The letter "j" was originally used where the letter "i" is now employed. The distinction between "i" and "j" was introduced by the Dutch printers at a comparatively recent date, and the "j" was dotted because the "i," from which it was derived, was written with a dot.

Perils of Ocean Travel.

Kitty—Willie Norton met a girl on board an Atlantic liner, and before they got to the other side he was engaged to her. What do you think of that?

Tom—It only goes to show that not all of the perils of ocean travel have been eliminated yet.—Chicago News.

"HY-GINIC CRUMBLES."

Proving That It's a Poor Rule That Won't Work Both Ways.

Miss Clee, who is an ardent theorist in the matter of hygienic living, concluded her somewhat tedious remarks by descending from generalizations to concrete instances as she nibbled at a cracker.

"You say," she declared, with calm and patronizing pity in her tones, "you say that pepper and other condiments are not injurious if used in moderation. My friend, that is a mistake. The lining of the stomach, as you know, is composed of a delicate membrane—almost exactly like the lining of the eye. Now, candidly, would you put pepper or mustard into your eye? You would not. And why? Because it would cause indescribable suffering. And so, although you may not be aware of the fact, the condiments that you take into your stomach cause inflammation and suffering, which you call indigestion. Do I make my point clear?"

Farmer Grant moved uneasily in his chair. He had enjoyed the corned beef dinner, and the only drawback to his enjoyment had been the sight of his guest nibbling crackers in preference to his own more substantial meal.

"I suppose you've got the rights of the case," he admitted grudgingly. "But I just couldn't stand it to live on them hard baked wafer things that ain't got a speck of taste to 'em."

"Try one," urged the advocate of the simple life.

Farmer Grant took the offered edible gingerly; then a sudden thought struck him.

"Turn about is fair play," he said bluntly. "I'll give in that pepper and mustard and vinegar and sitch-like are all bad for the stomach, and I'll quit eatin' of 'em ef I find they really do hurt the eye. And I'll try 'em on my eye—ef you'll try the effect first on your eye of crumblin' this 'ere cracker up and rubbin' it round on that delicate linin' that you spoke of. Ef the hy-ginic crumbles don't hurt your eye, why, I'll know they'll be good for my stomach, and if they do irritate and inflame that delicate organ, why, then I'll know hy-ginic crumbles ain't good, and I'll stick to un-hy-ginic eatin', which I swan to man I kin enjoy."

Farmer Grant is still eating unhygienic food, partly, no doubt, because Miss Clee declined to rub "hy-ginic crumbles" in her eyes.—Youth's Companion.

All in His Mind.

A couple of traveling salesmen bumped into each other on Broadway the other day.

"How's business?" queried the first one.

"Rotten," was the answer. "How is it with you?"

"Fine. Simply fine. On my last trip I opened ten new accounts and did a total business of \$45,000. I sold one man a \$6,000 bill and another one \$5,000."

"So? Well, I think I ought to get a commission on those sales."

"Whaddye mean you ought to get a commission on those sales?"

"Sure I ought to. If you hadn't met me you never would have made them." —Exchange.

His Coffee Not Hot.

There are all sorts of tastes in New York, and, of course, everything is a matter of taste anyhow, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow. But one can find many strange ideas of how things should be done by simply listening while in a restaurant. The most unusual was heard in a quick lunch resort downtown the other day.

"Give me a cup of strong black coffee, not hot," was the order, and the waiter never said a word, just went along to fill the order, which a moment later proved to be a cup of steaming coffee with a piece of ice in the saucer to be used at the discretion of the diner.—New York Globe.

The Other Half Is Waiting.

One of the most pitiable sights in the world is that of people who are using only a small bit of their ability while the rest of it is waiting to be used. It is still ineffective because of the many little weaknesses or peculiarities, the bad habits or the lack of preparation which handicaps and makes practically ineffective the whole life. How pitiable to see splendid talent, fine ability, everywhere tied down by comparatively little things!

From Hand to Mouth.

"I'll never speak to him again!" exclaimed the dark young woman. "He called me his queen and asked if he might kiss my hand. I said yes, and—after that he kissed me on the lips without asking."

"I suppose," said the light young woman, "he followed along the line of least resistance."

YOU GET BARGAINS EVERY DAY

At Baird's Store

All wool Crepe Dress Goods

All wool crepe dress goods, all colors, the regular \$1.50 values, are now on sale at per yard..... \$1.00

Summer Cotton Crepes

We are offering our Summer Cotton Crepes now at a special price per yard at..... 15c and 25c

Cotton Voiles

We have some very pretty patterns now and the prices are per yard..... 25c and 35c

Beautiful Summer Silks

Our Summer Silks are Plain and Figured in all Colors; special values per yard at..... 25c to 50c

Our Zion City Laces

We can fix you out on the Lace proposition 5c per yd

Children's Straw Hats

We have a nice assortment; each..... 15c and 25c

Groceries

This is the most popular place in town to buy groceries and save money. Give us a trial order.

3 cans Full Weight Standard Tomatoes for.....	25c
3 cans Full Weight Standard Corn for.....	25c
3 cans Full Weight Pink Salmon for.....	25c
2 cans Highest Grade Solid Packed Tomatoes.....	25c
2 cans Highest Grade Solid Packed Maine Corn.....	25c
4 pounds Best Grade Lump Starch.....	25c
2 packages Grape Nuts for.....	25c
3 packages Corn Flakes for.....	25c
4 pounds Good Head Rice for.....	25c

All other groceries priced in proportion to above. Try buying groceries at Baird's and save your money.

We want your Eggs; will pay top cash price

PHONE
RED 37.

E. C. BAIRD

Job Printing

The Graphic Office is fully equipped for doing all kinds of commercial printing, including Letterheads, Billheads, Statements, Booklets, Catalogues, and large posters, promptly. Get prices.

BURIED HER VOICE.

Pauline Lucca Never Sang After the Death of Her Husband.

Great stage artists die twice—the first time, when they take leave of the stage and set aside the harp; the second time, when, like ordinary mortals, they go the way of all flesh—and who knows but this last act is not more bearable, not less dreadful, than the first, when, after all the blinding glory, the shadowy curtain of oblivion descends? For Pauline Lucca this first act was of long duration—nearly twenty years. She had time to outlive her glory and to become acquainted with the bad memory of mankind.

Ilka Horvitz-Barnay told this story in connection with a visit which she made to the Lucca home in Vienna: "I asked, 'Do you ever sing?' 'No! No! Never!' she almost shouted. 'I never sing, for I lost my voice, lost it suddenly, by suggestion, through the will of another.' After being urged to explain she exacted a promise of secrecy 'until she was no more' and said:

"You know, my husband, the Baron von Wallhofen, was sick for a long time and heard little singing. When I did sing for him it had to be an old song which I disliked, but he was fond of it because of its words. One evening we had a few friends here. He was feeling somewhat better and had his chair wheeled into the drawing room. To please him I sang his favorite song. He wept with pleasure. Then he took my two hands and caressed them, stroked my hair and my face and whispered to me: 'Thank you! Thank you! You are an angel! And, still caressing me, he said, 'So I shall take your voice with me to the grave!' I laughed and said, 'You will outlive my voice and me.' But he repeated, 'I shall take your voice with me to the grave!'"

He Didn't Like Pledges.

Judge Martin Grover of Troy, N. Y., was at one time approached by a young citizen who wished to be nominated to the state assembly. The shrewd old judge had certain doubts about him, which he expressed somewhat freely, and yet he was willing to afford him a trial. He therefore addressed the aspirant in this way:

"Young man, if you will give me your word that you won't steal when you get to Albany I'll see what kin be done about sendin' you there."

"Judge Grover," replied the young man, drawing himself up with great dignity, "I go to Albany unpledged or I don't go at all." —Exchange.

Origin of the Shad.

In the woods of Keewadin, it is said, there once roamed a very discontented porcupine. He was forever fretting. He complained that everything was going wrong, until he got to be such a great nuisance that the Great Spirit, getting tired of his grumbling, said to him:

"You and the world I have made don't seem to fit. One or the other must be wrong. It is much easier to change you. You don't like the trees, you are unhappy on the ground and think everything is upside down, so I'll turn you inside out and put you in the water."

And this was the origin of the shad. —Exchange.

Vaccinated the Rifles.

Orders that were issued by the German West African officials some years ago that all firearms in the hands of natives should be stamped and registered aroused much discontent. Lieutenant Eggers, in Damara-land, however, got along with no trouble. He had inoculated cattle for the rinderpest three years before, as the Damaras saw, with good results. He therefore announced that he was ready to vaccinate their rifles so as to insure their shooting straight and doing no hurt to their owners, and the Damaras crowded to him to get their guns stamped.

Lighting the Nest.

There dwells in upper Burma a bird with the high sounding name of Newcouris baza, but which is really a sort of blackbird. It is conspicuously clever, at least in one curious particular, for it actually lights up its nest artificially. To do this it works up a lot of clay into balls and sticks these balls all over with living fireflies in such a way that, although the fireflies are held captive, they shine all the same. The Newcouris baza then decorates its nest with half a dozen or so of these balls by hanging them around. The balls last for only a few days and are then replaced by others, and so on all through the nesting season.

A Freak of the Lightning.

A curious case of lightning destruction took place some years ago at Gatchina, an imperial summer residence not far from St. Petersburg, where stood a stone column fifty feet high, held together by iron angles. When rain fell more or less water penetrated the stones in the interior of the monument. One day it was struck by lightning, and instantly the column disappeared from view, killing a lone sentry on guard. The only explanation is that the heat of the lightning instantly generated steam on coming in contact with some of the water, and the terrific explosion followed.

Sympathy.

"Why, Mr. Clarke," said the boarding house mistress, as she entered the parlor and found the young man alone, "whatever is the trouble?"

"Nothing," was the reply. "I was sitting here with the creatures of my brain for company," and the budding author looked at the visitors accompanying the woman with something like resentment for the interruption.

"You poor thing," said the woman earnestly. "I said to myself as I opened the door, 'If he don't look lonesome, then I never saw a man that did!'" —Exchange.