

Newberg Graphic

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Editor and Publisher

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R. B. Conover who published a paper at Dayton for several years, the Dayton Herald, died recently at the home of his brother at Custer, South Dakota, at the age of 79 years. The deceased was a fine old man and always stood for the best things in the community in which he lived.

Oregon saloon keepers are coming nearer to a realization of what it means to be nearing "the jumping off place" than the average person has in mind when thoughtlessly using this expression. The first of this month twenty-seven Portland saloons closed their doors and discontinued business, their licenses having expired, and the good work will continue up to the end of the year, when the lid will go down with a bang—and let'er bang.

It is about as often as otherwise that it is the good swimmer that loses his life from drowning, simply from the fact that owing to his ability to swim well he takes risks that are too great. The same may be said of automobile accidents, which are now so common that scarcely a daily paper can be read that does not chronicle one or more fatal auto accidents. It is especially true that auto driving and booze makes a bad mixture, and it should be made the duty of officials to take anyone in charge who attempts to drive a machine while under the influence of liquor. It puts the lives of others in jeopardy and should not be tolerated for a moment.

A reader of the Graphic remarked that he had looked all through the paper and failed to find any mention made of the visit of a near relative of his from an Eastern state, who was here recently, and yet this reader of the paper had passed the Graphic office almost every day and failed to give the little bit of information regarding this particular visit of his relative. Some people say they don't care for a local paper, for the reason that it tells but little except what they already know, but the fact remains that most people look especially to see what the local paper says about the events which they know all about, and many are inclined to feel peeved if the functions they take part in are not written up, and if the names of their visiting friends are not mentioned. The publisher of a local paper is always anxious to gather and chronicle all the local happenings, but where the business will not justify the employment of a regular local news gatherer, and this, with all other kinds of office work, must be done by the man at the desk, some events are liable to slip by without notice.

It is unfortunate for the Willamette Club that the public exhibition made by the three boys who rode on the club's float in the parade Saturday made an apology necessary. The press correspondent of the club says in an article published elsewhere, "We hope that the people will not be mistaken by what they saw represented on the float. Card playing in the club is forbidden and what was represent-

ed was nothing but a game of rook." To all appearances the cards displayed by the three boys were the ordinary barroom cards and judging from the remarks of disapproval heard on the side lines this is the impression the people carried away from what they saw. And since one of the boys was heard to remark afterward that they ought to have had some "chips" on display, it appears that they were aware of the impression they were making. The club was organized with a good purpose in view, and it has been receiving substantial support from our citizens. The Graphic wishes the club well, and we repeat that it is unfortunate that this break was made.

Only last week one of our citizens was expressing to the editor of the Graphic the thought that Newberg was unduly cautious in insisting that all dogs that run at large be muzzled. He said there were no mad dogs in this section of the state, and that no other town or city in Western Oregon—not even Portland—was requiring dogs to be muzzled. All this in face of the fact that on Monday of last week a strange dog was killed at Sheridan, in this county, after the animal had traveled for two days about Sheridan and Willamina, biting other dogs that it came in contact with. The head of the dog was sent to Calvin S. White, state health officer, at Portland, who sent word back that the animal was rabid, and gave warning that all dogs bitten by it should either be killed or quarantined for a period of six months. Of course, it is not at all likely that all the dogs bitten will be located and the chances are that there will be other cases. Then, since it is not known where the dog came from, it may have traveled throughout the county. It becomes quite evident as time passes that the city council acted wisely in ordering all dogs muzzled some time ago, and it should be seen to that they are all well muzzled. People throughout the country should take the same precaution, for it is evident that the rabies is spreading. One human life is worth more than all the dogs in the country.

WHEREIN LIES OREGON'S GREATEST CHARM

Just wherein lies Oregon's principal attraction for me I have only recently learned. Having spent my first quarter century within the sound of the Atlantic surf, I thought it was the call of the sea that lured me from the Kansas prairies—but now I know differently, says H. W. Young, editor of the Coquille Sentinel. Before I had been a week in Oregon, looking up the street of the Willamette Valley town in which I resided, I saw, as one can see so easily looking out of any Coquille street, a forest of fir. And as the beauty of the scene gripped me, the thought leaped to my brain, "How long will it be before this all becomes as tame and commonplace as the land from which I have come, and these trees mean no more to me than the elms and sycamores that line the banks of the Verdigris?"

But that time never came; and the sky line of pinnaled firs has always been an inspiration to me, while month by month and year by year those trees "which remain fresh and fadeless through all the mutations of the dying year" have become more and more a part of my life. And when I sat last Sunday looking out through a square yard of window, from far back in the room, what I saw framed there I would not have exchanged for any scene Kansas ever presented during the generation in which I loved that state as my home.

What did I see? Only the green light under a big fir shading the window, and beyond it the brake fern and green underbrush which seemed to melt into

the copse of young fir above it, glorified by the soft and tender green of the season's new shoots. Just a little symphony in green; but neither Kansas or any other state of the great central valley could duplicate it—nor do I imagine any other section of the country save the Pacific Northwest.

And this window-bounded view one can find multiplied millions of times along this coast. Yet once having seen it and having come under the witchery of that green light, where the sun's rays fall among the billions of needle-like leaves of the fir, it seems to me that, no matter where I may roam, the remembrance of that scene and the light that falls nowhere else on sea or land would draw me back, even from the ends of the earth.

UP AND OVER HOARY MT. HOOD

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and the last shall be first." The boy was very ambitious at the start and led the crowd for the first three miles by quite a distance, but on the last half of the climb he seemed to mistake the gathering clouds for sea billows, for he seemed possessed with a desire to separate himself from all food, even that which he had already eaten. It was with difficulty that he reached the top, but he finally succeeded, as did all the members of the party. The "gentleman of the cloth" was so slow on the first part of the journey that it was feared he never would reach the summit, at least not that day, but "the race is not always to the swift" and he reached the top in such high spirits that he even joined in singing "Tipperary." It was a hilarious crowd that ate lunch on Mazama Rock at noon. We were fortunate in having a fine day for the ascent, there being very little wind even at the summit. From this vantage point nine snow caps could be seen: St. Helens, Rainier and Adams in Washington, and Jefferson, the triple-peaked Three Sisters, Thielsen and Pitt or McLoughlin in Oregon. The harvest fields of Wasco and Sherman counties could be plainly seen, and to most of the party they seemed close enough. The sensation of standing on a protuberance two miles high cannot be described to anyone who has never experienced it. It must be felt to be appreciated. None of the party were seriously affected by the altitude.

At 1:05 the descent was begun, the "Hare" and "Tortoise" returning with the guide to Cloud Cap Inn, while our party came down the south side to Government Camp. The down trip was made quickly, the snow fields being traversed on the run, or in some cases on the "slide," the latter method being advocated by all the leading clothiers, as it increases trade for them. A short stop was made at Crater Rock, just to convince us that Mt. Hood really is a volcano. The sight of steam coming from cracks and holes in the rocks, which are themselves quite hot, together with the rushing sound of an occasional rock slide, gives one a peculiar sensation of impending danger, as if there might something happen there sometime. Three slides were made altogether aggregating about one mile. This was the most exhilarating sport enjoyed on the entire trip. Considerable skill is necessary to maintain one's equilibrium when scooting down a mountain side at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, but we managed to come down without turning completely around in the descent. Legs, arms and alpenstocks were waved wildly in all directions, and the camera man was busy to good advantage.

When Four-Mile Camp was reached, and it was announced that there was four miles of easily followed trail between there and Government Camp, the

party hastened its steps. At least, three of the party hastened considerably. The insurance man and the two college professors proved to have the most "pep" left at the close of the two-day jaunt, as they ran most of the last four miles into Government Camp, finishing twenty-five minutes ahead of the rest of the party. Here the grease paint was removed and supper was enjoyed. An auto was waiting to bring the party back to Portland, a distance of 56 miles. The return trip was made without any incidents of serious import, except for machine trouble which lasted an hour, running out of gasoline which caused some delay, and doing the "good Samaritan" act for a group of "joy riders" whose machine had gone into the ditch on a curve on Mt. Tabor. After depositing the celebrators down town, the remains of the hiking party were unloaded at the Y. M. C. A. at 1 a. m., Sunday morning.

For a two-day trip, including tramping, railroad, saddle, auto, and mountain scaling, let me recommend that you climb Mt. Hood. And if you do so, remember that to get the best there is to be had you must make your order "Up and over!"

M. D. H.

DUNDEE

Mr. and Mrs. Roe Robison celebrated the Fourth with relatives at Yamhill.

Rev. A. C. Grier, of The Church of Truth, Spokane, will lecture in Dundee at Groth Hall at 8 o'clock p. m., on Thursday, July 8. Mr. Grier is a speaker of unusual force and inspiration, his message being the practical application of the teachings of Jesus. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Mrs. Pence and daughter, of Portland, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Edwards. Mrs. Pence is Mr. Edwards' sister.

The regular meeting of the Dundee Woman's Club was held

at the home of Mrs. G. A. Dearborn on Thursday. The new by-laws for the club were discussed and adopted and routine business conducted. Mrs. Dearborn was assisted in serving refreshments by Mrs. B. F. Hunter and Mrs. Henry Holzmeyer.

Mr. Beck, of Seattle, is visiting his daughter, Miss Sally Beck.

Mr. and Mrs. Sales, of Portland, and a few friends spent the week-end at Mr. Sales' home in the Red Hills.

On the Fourth of July a number of Portland friends brought a picnic dinner and spent the day at Otterbrook. The three Spanish war veterans were pleased to find Old Glory waving a welcome to them as they ascended the hill. The reading of Emerson's Fourth of July Ode was a pleasing feature of the day. Rev. and Mrs. George H. Greer were delighted to number among the guests Mrs. Mary Worden Hucley and her family. Mrs. Hurley was a Red Hills girl of the early days and went to school to Mrs. Greer. Those present were Rev. and Mrs. George H. Greer, Miss Eddy, Mr. Pitt Eddy, Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Watson, Miss Inez Wesley, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnston and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Johnson and son, George Dustan, Miss Helen Dustan, Mrs. Mary G. Hurley, Miss Margaret Hurley, R. Hurley, Mr. and Mrs. Denny, Gertrude Fowler, May Fowler, J. O. Spencer, Medric Greer and Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Greer.

Mr. and Mrs. David Turner, of McMinnville, are guests at the Powell home. Friends of Mrs.

J. P. Powell will be glad to hear that she is so far recovered from her recent illness as to be able to sit up for a short time.

On Thursday evening, July 1, at 8 o'clock, George Robertson passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. F. S. Hillsinger. Mr. Robertson had been ailing for about two months, rallying for a time sufficiently to be able to be out, but was taken worse about ten days before his death. A short service was held on Friday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock at the Hollingsworth chapel in Newberg, after which the remains were sent to Fayette, Iowa, for interment in the family plot. The services were conducted by the Masons, of which order he had been a member for many years. George Robertson was born near Cleveland, Ohio, in 1836. In 1864 he moved with his widowed mother to Wisconsin, where he married Susan J. Cowles in January, 1863. In 1869 Mrs. Cowles died, leaving two little daughters. In 1870 Mr. Robertson married Mrs. Maria A. Kelsey, of Fayette, Iowa. He made his home in Fayette for 45 years, coming to Oregon about six years ago for a long visit, and again three years ago, since which time he had resided with Mrs. Hillsinger. Mr. Robertson is survived by two daughters, Mrs. H. A. Pond, of Fayette, Iowa, and Mrs. F. S. Hillsinger, of Dundee, Oregon; an adopted son, Clyde Robertson, a railway engineer, of Monteville, Minnesota, and a stepdaughter, Mrs. Joseph Butler, of West Union, Iowa.

BAIRD'S

We are not running any Special Sales. We are here to try and sell Good, Clean, New Merchandise on as close margin of profit as it is possible to be done. All that we ask of you is to compare our merchandise with the so-called bargain priced, and then judge for yourself. We want to please you. Just try trading with us. Deliveries made promptly. You can always find a complete line of fresh Vegetables and good clean Groceries here.

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One lot pure linen laces at special price per yard.....	5c
One lot Embroidered Crepe; new goods, regular 35c values, but our price per yard is.....	25c
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Figured Crepe Special at per yard.....	10 and 12 1/2c
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Ladies Hose, black, special value at per pair only.....	10c
Ladies Silk Hose, special price of 3 pairs for.....	\$1.00
Men's Shirts; Military Collar, good neat patterns, each only.....	50c
Men's Black Hose—good value for 3 pairs for.....	25c

3 Cans of Standard Iowa Corn for.....	25c
3 cans of Standard Tomatoes for.....	25c
3 cans of Standard String Beans for.....	25c
2 cans of Fancy Maine Corn for.....	25c
2 cans Fancy Full Weight Tomatoes for.....	25c
2 cans regular 25c Peaches for.....	25c
1 pound can Royal Baking Powder for.....	45c
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2 packages of Cream of Wheat for.....	35c
2 packages Shredded Wheat for.....	25c
2 packages of Grape Nuts for.....	25c

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