

Newberg Graphic

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1916

Judge George D. Alden, of the Massachusetts bar, will give his great lecture "The Powder and the Match" at Wood-Mar Hall on Tuesday night of next week. To those who heard Judge Alden when he gave "The Needs of the Hour" in Newberg six years ago, little need be said in his favor, for he ranks near the top among the many speakers who have appeared before Newberg audiences. To others we will say that they can well afford to make some sacrifices to hear him.

The bull moosers are so very gracious and considerate. They have arranged to hold their national convention in Chicago at the same date fixed for the republican national convention, expressing the hope that both conventions may agree on the same candidate for president; and say it will be easy if the republicans will name "the Colonel." Great suggestion, that, but we believe it has been the custom in the past with the republican party to name a man to lead the ticket who belongs to the party.

The grippe prevented the editor of the Graphic from attending the meeting of the Willamette Valley Press Association held at Forest Grove last Saturday. From the report given of the attendance it appears that the nearby Washington County newspapermen must have been similarly detained at home, since none of them were reported as being present, though of course it may have been a case of lost grip, if they ever had any. J. G. Eckman of the Telephone Register seems to have been the only representative from this county.

"He was indeed wise in selecting his ancestors"—this is the way Dr. Holmes would have put it had he been speaking of Judge Alden, who is to speak at Wood-Mar Hall on Tuesday night of next week. On both paternal and maternal sides he is descended from the Mayflower Pilgrims. For generations his family has been connected with the intellectual, moral, and material development of New England. His father was a cousin of the poet Longfellow. His is a case where blood tells. He is a man of great magnetic power on the platform and this will be his second appearance in Newberg.

HEART AND HOUSE.

Last month the New York "Times" made an interesting test of its readers. A brief list was given of the circumstances of one hundred needy people (or "cases," as the charity slang puts it,) and the world at large was invited to do something for these poor. The answer was \$29,844. In each and every instance more than enough was given: "neither did the cruse of oil fail," as in the case reported by Elijah the Tishbite some three thousand years ago. Among the helped were an old man and his old wife who were living in a two-room rear tenement, dreading the poorhouse, earning enough for their keep, but needing \$6.50 per month to pay the rent. There was nothing especially pitiful about it—just two old people who had made a home together for many years and who hoped against hope to keep that home

together until the end. No doubt sociologists could prove that they would be better off in some institution that the community has provided for just such "cases." No doubt our best realistic novelists could do a few hundred pages about the dreariness of that two-room lodging, failure in life that it necessarily represented, and the limited animal-like resistance which it implied and caused. One can fancy the squalid drawings that would illustrate the scene. But the readers of the "Times" are a backward lot, apparently, and have before their eyes no fear of these bugaboos. They sent in real money—enough to pay that rent for 8.37 years, and there's another Christmas coming on December 25, 1916! Possibly the home has been outgrown by our civilization, as some of our self-appointed prophets tell us, but there are a lot of people here in New York, who do not know this and who are willing to pay up for their ignorance.—Colliers.

THE IDEAL HUSBAND.

Some Observations on the Side and a Dramatic Conclusion.

You are probably a woman. Few men would pause to read an article headed "The Ideal Husband." Man knows his fellow men too well.

Of course it is true that nearly every married woman has at some time in her life claimed to have found the one ideal husband, but not for long. He is not a stable article; he is only a fleeting glimpse.

Shortly after a young married woman declares hers to be the ideal husband he exhibits a tendency to crumble his crackers in his soup or to place a slice of bread in his empty dinner plate and submerge it in gravy. These things "are not done."

While a man is still engaged—held under option, so it were, but not definitely contracted for—he is for a short while considered ideal. However, he just begins to enjoy his perfection when it is discovered by his general manager elect that he rests his knife and fork half on the tablecloth and half on his plate, while they should be draped artistically across his plate midway between meat and potatoes. To save time, probably he also cuts his meat into small pieces before starting to eat it.

He has good reasons for doing as he does, but they do not excuse him. His sort of conduct and perfection simply do not walk hand in hand.

No young couple should be engaged long enough for either one to discover the other's shortcomings. So long as a man and a girl are so mutually mesmerized that the eyes of one never leave the eyes of the other he is perfect, but the moment he allows her glances to stray below his Adam's apple, the moment he loses control, he loses also perfection. She realizes that his knowledge of esthetics was gleaned from an abridged edition; that his tie is not in vogue, that his collar is too loose and too low and therefore too comfortable.

Ah me! I have strayed from my subject—the ideal husband. Let me return to it and proceed.

There is no such thing.—Paul Wing in Century.

ANCIENT BAGDAD.

Bits About the Enchanted City of the "Arabian Nights."

Immortalized by Haroun-al-Raschid, in the story of the "Arabian Nights," Bagdad, which has a population of about 150,000, was built on the ruins of an ancient Babylonian city dating back to 2000 B. C. Records have been found on ancient bricks establishing its early date.

Ever since the days of Haroun-al-Raschid the Jews have been the leading figures in the commercial world of Bagdad. There are 50,000 of them, with about 8,000 Chaldean (or heretic) Christians. The remainder of the population is made up of Persians, Turks, Armenians, Arabs and Kurds. Sindbad the Sailor was born at Bagdad, and all his marvelous adventures begin by his going down the Tigris to Bassorah (the modern Basra).

The city stands on both sides of the Tigris, the two parts being connected by the famous bridge of boats, 220 yards long. A brick wall, five miles in circumference and forty feet high, surrounds Bagdad.

The city contains upward of 100 mosques, though barely twenty of them are in use. The houses generally are old, dirty and ugly outside, but the vaulted ceilings, rich moldings, inlaid mirrors and massive gildings bring back to the recollection of the traveler "the golden prime of the good Haroun-al-Raschid."

The streets are narrow, crooked, unpaved and dirty, full of ruts and strewn with garbage, which, however, is for the most part removed by dogs, the public scavengers in the east.—Pearson's Weekly.

"I'm awfully sorry that my engagements prevent my attending your charity concert, but I shall be with you in spirit."

"Splendid. And where would you like your spirit to sit? I have tickets here for 1 mark, 4 marks and 10 marks."—Fleegende Blaetter.

THE FRENCH HOME

There the Servant is Like a Member of the Family.

IMPORTANCE OF THE NURSE.

She is the Real and Rational Ruler of the Turbulent Children Who, as a General Rule, Are Spoiled by Their Too Indulgent Parents.

The French people have not, so far, produced a spiritually servile class. The occupation most dangerous to the soul—that of personal service—has not resulted for the people of France in funkism on the one hand and superior airs on the other.

There is something in the poise and motion of French working girls, in their fearless eyes and vibrant voices, that suggests a fluid and mobile social structure which dispenses the impression of rigidity in the life across the channel and beyond the Rhine. French people of the more favored classes are never heard bemoaning the decay of a "proper" servant class. On the contrary, if you speak to them of the striking contrast between the French proletariat and that of other countries—their so natural and gay, the others so humble or so sullen or both—they instantly expand with pride. "Exactly!" they exclaim. "Our brave French people! Just as good as monsieur, as madame, but also no better!"

The status of the French domestic derives in part at least from the weight of responsibility under which she serves. For her mistress is neither a careless housekeeper nor an indifferent mother. It is precisely because the Frenchwoman loves her children so ardently, so romantically, one might say, and because her quick, intelligent grasp of material situations makes her an excellent economist at home that she requires and establishes in the household not a common servant, not a "mother's helper," but a woman of intelligence and character, a woman often young and untutored, but with the true ring, who is or soon becomes capable of assuming direct responsibility for the care of the children and the house—a woman who deserves and receives the consideration due to the head of an important department in the management of the family life.

French children are notoriously spoiled. The little monarchs are kept on a pedestal well into the age of moral responsibility. Father, mother, all the older relatives, vie with one another in admiring and indulging them. With this understanding of the term, any scope of the child's autocratic rule, one can almost to laugh at turbulent scenes in which he goes to great lengths to insist on the fact that he is the boss. At the mere sight of her the little despot begins to quiet down. He is in the presence of the only person who has, so far, exercised any rational authority over him, the person, before whom he feels the heftiness of shame at doing wrong.

The home is the most important person in the family group, so far as its material well-being is concerned. And morally, spiritually, she is a true member of the family. It is not for nothing that the word "bonne" means "good" as well as "nurse."

It may be that the prevailing good relation between masters and servants in France has a very simple explanation—simple and yet profound. It may be that it springs at bottom from the warm affections of the people. They cannot live without love and sentiment. Better than any other people they know how to keep alive the romance of friendship, of love and even of that inherently bad relation, master and slave.

The French servant who has no family ties—and often the one who has—throws her whole heart and soul into the family life of her master and mistress.

She must love—she must serve—she must be loved. And the French master and mistress understand. Each one idealizes the sentiments of the other. In a word, the romance of the situation grips them all. French literature is crowded with examples of mistress and servant, whose intimacy shows no trace of condescension on the one side or of servility on the other.—J. Francis Cooke in New Republic.

Art at Home.

Believe me, if we want art to begin at home, as it must, we must clear our houses of troublesome superfluities that are forever in our way, conventional comforts that are not real comforts and do but make work for servants and doctors. If you want a golden rule that will fit everybody this is it: "Have nothing in your houses that you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful."—William Morris.

A Precious Mosaic.

For ages upon ages happiness has been represented as a huge precious stone—impossible to find and which people seek for hopelessly. It is not so. Happiness is a mosaic composed of a thousand little stones, which separately and of themselves have little value, but which united with art form a graceful design.—Mme. de Girardin.

Might Be Worse.

"I'm in debt—heavily in debt," wailed the disconsolate man.

"Is that all that's troubling you?" retorted the cheerful stranger. "From the way you're acting I thought somebody owed you money that you couldn't collect."—Detroit Free Press.

On the great clock of time there is but one word—Now.—Old Saying.

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SWORDS OF JAPAN.

Religious Rites in Their Making and a Final Blessing.

That the Japanese are past masters in the art of sword making is proved by the splendid weapons, equal to those of Toledo and Damascus, which they turn out. The actual methods of sword making in Japan are jealously guarded, an extraordinary feature of the industry being the religious ceremony which accompanies every process of their manufacture. The walls of every sword making shop in Japan will be found to be covered with allegorical representations of the sword makers and the chief goddess of the Shintos.

Evil spirits are kept away by charms consisting of bits of paper and wispes of straw, while, should any woman enter the shop, disaster would certainly come to the swords that are being made and to their wielders. Consequently women are absolutely debarred from entering business as sword makers, while not only is prayer offered up before the work begins, but various religious rites peculiar to the Japanese are performed in order that the swords, when finally completed, may be said to have been well and truly made.

Even the final processes of polishing and sharpening are characterized by certain religious ceremonies, and finally the weapons are offered, one by one, to the sword god to be blessed, and ceremony consists in placing the swords in front of the goddess of the Shintos on the wall, with an offering

of sake, rice and sweetmeats, after which prayer scrolls are read and blessing upon the work is invoked.—Pearson's Weekly.

Looking Back.

"This car of yours seems to give you great pleasure."

"Yes, I often wonder how I ever got along without it," answered the motorist loftily. "Walking tires me dreadfully and is—er—somewhat plebeian."

"Pardon me for reminding you of the painful past, but I happen to know that you used to cover considerable territory as a mere pedestrian."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

After the Wedding.

"Your pa promised to give a dowry of 20,000 marks. When is he going to pay?"

"Well, if he promised 20,000 marks he meant 2,000, and you ought not to insist on such a trifling sum!"—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

McSwine's Gun.

McSwine's gun is a prodigious cavity in the cliffs on the coast of County Donegal, Ireland, into which the tide rushes with such force as to produce a sound like the booming of a cannon, which can be heard twenty or thirty miles away.

If thou art a man admire those who attempt great enterprises, even though they fail.—Menece.

Hugo and His Disciple.

A young man, an admirer of the great poet, attended one of Victor Hugo's receptions, became engaged in argument and met his teacher. Hugo solemnly rebuked him, and he subsided. Presently the guests retired. One of them, however, had forgotten his umbrella and returned to get it. Looking through an open door from the vestibule, he perceived the young man on his knees before the poet, sobbing out his apologies for his disrespect, while Victor Hugo, with almost regal dignity, extended his hand to him and bade him rise.

R. L. Stevenson and Women.

It may perhaps be recalled that it was to the late Dr. Trudeau that Stevenson once admitted that he felt he had been rash when he promised a lady over the dinner table that he would put a real woman into his next book. "I've often wondered, Stevenson," said the doctor, "but never thought to ask, why do you never put a real woman in a story?" "Good heavens, Trudeau," was the reply, "when I have tried I find she talks like a grenadier!"—Westminster Gazette.

Only a Poet.

"He isn't a true Bohemian," said the poet. "He's a poet."

"How do you know?" asked the artist.

"Hub!" snorted the poet, with the scorn. "I don't believe he owes a cent to the world!"—Dallas News.

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