

Newberg Graphic

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THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1916

Cherry and berry pickers are in such demand that some growers are having difficulty in securing sufficient help.

There is already a Fourth of July scent in the air and the small boy is keeping close tab on the days as they pass, all too slowly for him.

The city fathers are insisting that a number of streets about town need a "hair cut," as will be seen by a notice that appears elsewhere in this issue of the Graphic.

All the farmers except those who have hay down want more rain, while the cherry growers don't want any. Pretty difficult to fix the weather to suit all at the same time.

The Salem Indiana Society is planning to have an all-day picnic on the fair grounds on July 4 and through Albert Tozier an invitation is extended to the Newberg Hoosiers to attend.

Those who have been out over the country say the crop prospects throughout the Willamette Valley are not as promising as they were a year ago at this time, though a fair yield is expected. Late sown grain in many places is said to be needing a good rain.

R. M. Watson, after having spent more than forty-eight years in newspaper work, has sold the Ilwaco, Wash., Tribune, to J. P. Kelley, of Raymond. He says he will remain at Ilwaco and grow cranberries, and with the same scrapping ability put into berry growing that he injected into local newspaper work he ought to succeed.

Fred Lockley, the Oregon Journal writer, was in Newberg Tuesday gathering material for a descriptive article and was a caller at the Graphic office. He has a very pleasing manner, which, no doubt, has much to do with his success in getting next to the early settlers and drawing out interesting stories of pioneer days in Oregon.

The coming Presidential campaign promises to be better charged with vim and vigor than was the campaign of four years ago, and one of the encouraging features of it is that it also promises to be fought out along clean lines. Both the great parties have men at the head of their respective tickets who are of an unusually high type, mentally and morally, and from this standpoint the country is to be congratulated. We are assured of a big man for President.

A CORDIAL INVITATION

Indiana is making big preparations for a home-coming, this centennial year, it being an even hundred years since the state was admitted into the Union, and George Ade has compiled for the historical commission a little booklet entitled "An Invitation to You and Your Folks from Jim and Some More of the Home Folks." Following the introduction by Ade is a poem, "The Hoosier in Exile," by Riley, the second stanza of which reads: "The Hoosier in exile, forsooth!

For though his steps may roam
The earth's remotest bounds, in truth
His heart is ever home!
O loyal still to every tie
Of native fields and streams,

His boyhood friends, and paths where-

by
He finds them in his dreams."

Since Indiana is all writers these days Ade was not able to get letters from all of them encompassed in the booklet, but a number that he used are calculated to make one who reads their appeals lay awake of nights planning a way to make the "home-coming trip" to the old Hoosier state.

Following is the appeal from Booth Tarkington, the author of "The Gentleman from Indiana."

WHAT YOU WILL FIND

"Dear Absentee:—Here is a cry of triumphant prophecy rightfully immortal. 'The grand old State of Indiana,' shouted Representative Sherman, of Decatur, in answer to Doc. Yencor, of Wayne, 'the grand old State of Indiana will go crashing down the ages with her head up and her tail over the dashboard!'

"Does this seem flamboyant? Not when we consider that all things, including modesty, are relative. Not when we compare it to patriotic orations made in the neighboring appendages of Ohio, Kentucky and Illinois. And it is, after all, though the voice be clarion, a mere announcement of fact: everybody knows that Indiana will go crashing down the ages with her head up and her tail over the dashboard!

"Nobody challenges that. What you want to know is, whether or not Indiana is worth the time and money it would cost you to come back and visit when she celebrates her hundredth birthday."

"Well, it's the same old country of cricks and sycamores and corn-fields and pleasant smelling woods that you used to know; all pretty flatish under the wide midland sky; all pretty quiet and homelike. You'll see silos with nearly every barn—there weren't any in your boyhood—and you'll miss a great many of the old snake-fences. Of course, too, you'll miss most of the buggies and surreys that used to take the farmer to town. It's odd, nowadays, to see the touring-cars standing in the Square on Saturdays. But except for these things the country is still just about the same. In the towns you'll find the people walking home from church on Sunday in the shade of the maple trees, as of yore; and if you'll sit out on your uncle's porch, on Sunday afternoon, you'll still see the baby-carriage go by, on its way from dinner at grandfather's; and the parent pushing it may still be wearing a Prince Albert suit, a derby hat and a white satin four-in-hand tie. The towns have changed more than the country has; the big towns especially. They aren't so pleasant to live in as they used to be; noisier, of course, and dirtier; and we burn soft coal, not minding how hard that is on the women. Then, too, we haven't done anything much to clean up our city politics—still pretty dirty that way, maybe a little worse than in your time. We've been building a great deal, of course; but we can't claim to have any architecture to show you, because you've traveled and seen better. We can't claim to have improved enough in the 'arts of living' to astonish you."

"When we get right down to it, all we've got to show you is Home—Home where you came from. Home and Folks. Of course, I'm speaking now without any reference to any pageants and celebrations we'll get up for you. I'm speaking only of the part of your visit (if you decide to come) that would be really sentimental; and I wish I might awaken in you a memory of Indiana which would make you feel what Indiana has been in you. If you feel that, there won't be much doubt of your coming back Home."

"You know what it is, if you stop to think. There are plenty of words that almost express it; but no word or phrase in the language can express it quite. It takes the complete edition of Riley's poems to do it. And my own belief is that the Indiana in you is what makes you the real American that can exist. The Home that gave you that is worth a lot of trouble to come back to. Oughtn't you to see what the old place 'looks like' on such a Birthday?—Booth Tarkington, Indianapolis, 1916."

Fatal Anxio.
"Won't you try a piece of my wife's angel cake?"
"Will it make an angel of me?"
"That will depend on the kind of a life you have led."—Houston Post.

Transcribing the Unreal.

"The poem 'Kubla Khan' was transcribed from a dream."
"I could make a great moving picture scenario from some of the nightmares I have."—Kansas City Journal.

Selecting a Name.

"I think I'll start a magazine to be called Umbrage."
"Why that somewhat unusual name?"
"People are so apt to take it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wigg—I hear you've sold your bird dog.

He was a good retriever, wasn't he? Wagg—I thought so, but he didn't bring much when I sold him.—Philadelphia Record

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TRIALS OF AN ORCHESTRA.

Its Labors Marked an Epoch in Our Musical History.

Back in the eighteen forties a number of traveling orchestras came to America from Europe.

The most famous was the Germania, which gave its first concert in New York Oct. 5, 1848. The seed fell on stony ground at first. In Philadelphia Arch Street hall was rented for \$30, Jan. 1, 1849—the receipts were exactly \$9.50. In the middle of the performance the manager of the hall appeared and threatened to turn out the lights if the rental was not paid immediately. To a man the orchestra voted that the lights be turned out and the concert ceased.

Later this organization was more successful. During the next six weeks it gave 829 concerts in the east, west and south, besides collaborating in oratorios and with local choral societies. Jenny Lind sang with them at times, and they were joined by Henrietta Sontag, Tedesco, August Kreisemann, Ole Bull and others now and then.

They disbanded in 1851, but wherever one of their number settled a contagion point was established from which a love and appreciation of music radiated throughout the community. This seed scattering was of incalculable value to the spread of musical taste in America. It marked an epoch in our musical history.—New York American.

OUR FIRST PRESIDENT.

Only Ten of the Thirteen States Took Part in His Election.

New York state had no part in the election of the first president of the United States. For some years following the establishment of the federal government the legislatures of most of the states chose the presidential electors, the people voting for them only indirectly, their choice being expressed by their votes for legislators. A deadlock between the senate and the assembly prevented the selection of electors from New York state. Rhode Island and North Carolina had not yet ratified the constitution, so Washington was elected the first time by the vote of only ten of the thirteen states.

New York city was the scene of the first inauguration, however. Washington took the oath on the portico of Federal hall, on the present site of the subtreasury, at Wall and Nassau streets, April 30, 1789. Immediately following this ceremony he retired within the building and delivered an address to congress, which met in Federal hall in those days. John Adams, the second president, also addressed congress in person, but Jefferson broke the custom which President Wilson has revived. Jefferson stigmatized that form of address as monarchical and put his message in writing.—New York Sun.

Origin of Dukes.

The word "duke" is from the Latin "dux," a leader. In early Saxons times the commanders of armies were called dukes—I. e., the leaders of the soldiers. In other words, the first duke was the first best fighting man. No regard was had to ancestry or present attainments or any other sort of thing beyond the simple matter of warlike efficiency. Naturally the leader of the fighting would, when the fighting was over, come in for the lion's share of the spoils and "honors," and naturally again the rest of the folks would "look up" to him, and by degrees his superiority would be imparted to his family, and a "nobility" would spring into being. It all rested, to start with, on brute force and animal courage combined with cunning in clubbing and thrusting.

Shakespeare and Bacon.

The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy has not received a final settlement and probably never will. There are some critics who hold that the "man from Stratford" did not write the immortal plays that have for so long a time gone under his name, and the arguments that they make for the claim are quite weighty. But the great majority of people, including perhaps a majority of the critics, feel that Shakespeare gave the world the priceless dramas. At any rate, the Stratford man is in possession, and it does not look as though he was in any immediate danger of being evicted.—New York American.

Cautious Gelf.

McIntosh and McNab went out on the golf links and in the course of the play came opposite a deep, muddy pond. Here the inherent caution of McNab asserted itself. He appeared indisposed to continue.

"What're ye hesitating about, Tammas? Play off, mon," said McIntosh. McNab replied, "Mon, you's a bran' new twa shillin' be' and I may never see it again!"—Argonaut.

A Narrow Margin.

John Stuart Mill was once dining with two brilliant French talkers who were given to monologue. One had possession of the field, and the other was watching him so intently to strike in that Mill exclaimed aloud, "If he stops to breathe he's gone!"

Not Always.

"They say there's luck in odd numbers."
"I don't believe it. I know a man who got nine years in prison for having three wives."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Probably.

"Some people are so inquisitive."
"Yes, but they are usually stupid."
"Stupid?"
"Yes. If I were as inquisitive as you are I would know everything."

IT PAYS TO TRADE AT BAIRD'S

Just received many new things in spring and summer Dress Goods. We invite you to look them over before purchasing

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36-inch percales, extra heavy, fast colors, neat designs and patterns, per yard 12½c

Cotton Voiles

Cotton Voiles in stripes, 28 to 40 in. wide, fast colors, yd 25c

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Rice Cloth in plain white and figured designs, 28 to 40 in. wide, yd 25 and 35c

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Big assortment, made from the best imported dyes, per yd 10 and 12½c

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One lot Regal Floor Mops, just as good as O'Cedar and other high priced mops. While they last, at each 25c

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To be used with Regal Mops. Regular 25 cent value for, the bottle 15c

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We have a complete line of Summer Underwear for men, women and children at very lowest prices.

Many Seasonable Bargains

GROCERIES

You always find the most complete line of fresh vegetables and groceries at Baird's. All orders promptly delivered by our own delivery wagon. Let us supply your wants. We'll save you money.

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GAME IN THE ANTARCTIC.

Seal Steak is Good, and So Are the Breasts and Eggs of Penguins.

In the antarctic there is not the immense variety of game which is to be found in north polar regions; but, on the other hand, it is very abundant and can be turned into food with the smallest exertion. The Weddell seal, which sometimes weighs as much as half a ton, allows itself to be killed and cut up with placid calm. Its natural enemies are in the water, and for long generations it has been accustomed to bask in the sun undisturbed.

Seal steak is an acquired taste, but when acquired explorers prefer it to tinned provisions. It is a common assumption that seal flesh tastes of train oil. That is a mistake; the flesh itself contains no fat, but it is extremely rich in blood, and in taste suggests the Scottish delicacy known as black pudding.

Penguins, too, make a very desirable addition to the antarctic larder. Eptacrus eat only the breast, which is rather like hare, but of a more delicate flavor. The eggs, which are very abundant in the spring, suggest ducks' eggs, but are about four-times as big. They are excellent eating if you happen to pick a new laid one, but this is naturally something of a lottery, and a penguin egg can be very bad indeed.—London Chronicle.

OVER THE EQUATOR.

The Coldest Air Blows High Up Above This Torrid Region.

Winds blow not merely along the surface of the earth, but upward and downward throughout the atmosphere. They whirl about in all directions. So it is impossible to construct a weather chart that will really show the directions of the winds, for such a chart would have to be in three dimensions.

Professor Alexander McAdie of Harvard in an article in the Geographical Review, describes some of the recent experiments in the upper air performed by sounding balloons. The atmosphere has, roughly, two layers, the lower called the troposphere and the upper the stratosphere. The strongest winds are found just below the stratosphere, and it would seem that pressure changes originate in this region.

The atmosphere is highest over the equator and lowest over the poles, but its height varies with the season. "At the equator," says Professor McAdie, "as we rise in the air the temperature continues to fall to a much greater height than in temperate latitudes. Indeed, the lowest temperature is found above the equator."

The discovery of the principle of the manufacture of satin was a pure accident. The discovery was made by a silk weaver named Octavio Mai. During a dull period of business one day

he was peering before his loom, not knowing how to give a new impulse to his trade. As he passed the machine each time he pulled short threads from the warp and, following an old habit, put them into his mouth and rolled them about, soon after spitting them upon the floor. Later he discovered a little ball of silk upon the floor of his shop and was astonished at the brilliancy of the threads. He repeated the experiment and eventually employed various mucilaginous preparations and succeeded in making satin.

Deaf as an Adder.

The expression "deaf as an adder" is from the Psalms of David, where it appears in the following form: "Their poison is like the poison of serpents. They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear, which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming ever so wisely." East Indian travelers tell us that there is a widely prevailing superstition in the east to the effect that both the viper and the asp stop their ears when the charmer is uttering his incantations or playing his music by turning one ear to the ground and twisting the point of the tail into the other.

Lots Easier.

Bobby rushed out to meet his father the other night as he was returning from work and said breathlessly: "Oh, papa, I won't have to study nearly so hard at school any more." Now, Bobby had been doing far from well, and his father was pleased to hear of the new interest, hoping for better things.

"How's that, my son?" said he.

"Oh, I got put back a class."

Her Next Move.

"Let me see," mused the young wife as she picked up the cookbook, "I have mixed the batter for the angel cake. Now what do I do next?"

"Telephone for the doctor," answered the heartless husband, who happened along in time to overhear her.

Varied Views of Marriage.

Marriage is a lottery to the bachelor, an urgent necessity in the opinion of the widower, a delightful temptation to the widow, a habit with a good many.—Louisville Courier-Journal

Cause For Thanks.

Wife—The dressmaker says she won't make me another gown until you pay her bill. Hub (with relief)—That is very good of her. I must write her a note of thanks

Falls of Iguazu.

More than twice as wide as Niagara and fully fifty feet higher, the falls of Iguazu, in South America, is one of the great wonders of that continent.

Our affections are our life. We live by them. They supply our warmth.

SEE AMERICA FIRST.

Attractions These Who Do Not Know Their Country Would Find.

I have crossed the equator thirty-six times and been around the world four times, and, on the side, I have been in every state of the United States. In all I am certain that I have traveled much over 200,000 miles.

I am frequently asked by friends where to travel on pleasure, and I always say, "See America first." If I had a month's leisure and a few hundred dollars to spend in traveling for pleasure I would turn to the great west. Starting from New York, I would pass through Buffalo and stop off long enough to see Niagara falls and thence to Chicago and through Milwaukee and on to the Twin Cities, spending a few days in the lake region of Wisconsin and Minnesota, where I would find fishing, canoeing and sailing on some of the most beautiful inland waters of the world.

Continuing westward, the attractions of Glacier National park in the northwest corner of Montana would surely lure me to stop for a few days.

From this paradise I'd journey westward and see Mount Rainier National park, which covers more than 200,000 acres. World travelers have called Mount Rainier the "king of all mountains."

I would be sure to go to Tacoma and Seattle and Puget sound. If I had the time I certainly would take a ship at Seattle and go to see the wonders of Alaska, with its icefields that out rival the Norwegian fjords.

I would not miss Portland—the Rose City—where the queen of flowers blooms in profusion most of the year. From Portland I could go via boat or train to San Francisco, with its famous Golden Gate, and on southward to Los Angeles or turn my face toward the rising sun and visit Salt Lake City in the shadow of the Wasatch mountains.

From Salt Lake City to the Yellowstone National park is an overnight run by train, and I'd not miss this reservation for anything.

If my thirst for mountain scenery was still unsatisfied I should come east by way of Denver, situated one mile above sea level and surrounded by snow mountains that show their rugged outlines against the sky for more than 200 miles, of which Pikes peak is the dominating feature.

From here on I would journey home as time and fancy dictated. On all sides and by whatever route I might select I would find an attractive country with ripening orchards, waving fields and smiling farms through which to pass.

Throughout this entire holiday I would have no troubles from wrestling with foreign languages nor with unfamiliar customs. There would be no vexatious customs to pass, no irritating police regulations to observe.—Dr. W. B. Aurbach in Leslie's.