

Newberg Graphic

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Editor and Publisher

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1916

The weather man is giving us a real touch of summer this week, with the mercury hovering around 90 in the shade, and fine weather it is for harvesting.

At the Polk county fair to be held at Dallas, September 19 to 21, dairy herds will be a special feature. Silos and dairying will figure largely in the future in putting new life into farming in the Willamette valley.

Our St. Paul neighbors will hold their fourth annual corn show some time in November. Corn is making a fine growth and if the weather remains favorable for ripening the valley will have the finest crop ever grown here.

Banks sometimes fail and cause loss to depositors, but as a rule they are safer than an old family trunk as a place of deposit, as the Salem woman who had \$100 of hard earned cash stolen from a trunk recently will no doubt agree, since the gold is gone.

Of course we all recall the many complimentary things said about Taft four years ago by the democratic press—these same papers that are now holding up their hands with horror because some criticism has been made of the Wilson administration. It all depends, don't you know.

Ray Hanville says he has evergreen sweet corn that is now nine feet high. Of course this will call out the fellows who can beat it and that will be easy, for their corn will have a week's growth before the next issue of the Graphic, and that means much, the way corn is stretching up.

Practically every mail brings to this office large envelopes bearing one cent stamps and containing matter with "leave to print." The senders are considerate enough to leave one side blank and it helps out as copy paper these times when paper stock is soaring Mt. Hood-ward.

Shall it be "La Creole" or "Rickreall"? That is the burning question with Dallas just now and members of some of the "first families" of that section are furnishing the local papers with some interesting communications, pro and con, on the subject. Meanwhile the classic little stream, like the Ford, rambles right along in utter disregard of the war of words that is being waged as to its proper name.

Newberg is facing the probability of the sawmill shutting down and throwing a lot of men out of employment unless the Southern Pacific clears up the situation by furnishing cars to handle the output of the mill. Mr. Bassett informs the Graphic that they now have 650,000 feet of dressed lumber piled up in the yards ready for shipment, and for which they have orders, calling for 35 cars to transport it to their customers, but they are only getting about three cars a day. While they should have had 70 cars this month, they have only been able to secure 18. They have 100 silo patterns sold, but have only been able to ship out 25. This makes the situation tense, for the season for erecting silos is far advanced. The corn for filling them will soon be ready and the milling company not only stands to lose these orders, but the farmers and dairymen will suffer great loss of their

forage crops if they are unable to erect the silos as they had intended. The milling company gives the Southern Pacific the business of hauling the logs in here from the mountains, and when the lumber is ready to ship out, the S. P. owes it to the company to furnish cars for transporting it.

Billy Sunday says the only difference between a high toned saloon and a low down saloon is that "one stinks and the other smells bad." Wonder what degree of stench Billy would attribute to some of our local near beer emporiums.—Ilwaco, Wash., Tribune.

Youngsters are sometimes cautioned against going into the water until they have learned to swim. Certainly neither young nor old should undertake to drive automobiles in dangerous places until they have had a good bit of experience in driving over good roads. Hardly a day passes that the daily papers do not chronicle one or more auto accidents occasioned by those who are new at handling machines.

OUR NEW ISLANDS

If the United States buys the Danish West Indies for twenty-five million dollars, we shall get only a small area of land, and no considerable wealth, but we shall at least acquire an easterly outpost for the protection of the Panama Canal, and shall get, as Lagnippe, some interesting history, says the Youths' Companion.

Columbus discovered the three islands on his second voyage, and probably named them. The inhabitants of that time were Caribs, a race that for dignity, physical competence and savage ferocity in combat had no superior in this hemisphere. It is a loss to ethnology that it is now almost or quite extinct.

Following the discoverers came Dutch, English, Spanish and French, who held the islands in turn, fought joyously with one another, and went their way, until finally the islands passed into the possession of Denmark—St. Thomas in 1666, St. John in 1684 and St. Croix in 1733. The harbors of the islands have sheltered the ships of Teach and other pirates and buccaneers that ranged the Caribbean and ravaged the shores from Florida to the Spanish Main; so the country is rich in romance.

St. Croix contains only eighty-four square miles, St. Thomas thirty-two, and St. John twenty-one. None of the group has a volume of trade or any natural resources that make it of special value. They are worth while only as a naval base, and it is doubtful whether the United States would make use of them immediately even for that purpose; but in buying them we should prevent them from falling into the hands of some foreign power that could use them to menace our coast or threaten the canal.

This is the third time that the United States has considered buying the islands. In 1867 we could have had them for seven and a half million dollars, but the Senate would not pay the price. Again, in 1902, Mr. Roosevelt negotiated a treaty looking to the purchase of them for five million dollars, but the Danish Landsting, or upper house, rejected it—an action that seemed inexplicable until rumor hinted that it was owing to the influence of Germany, which did not wish to see them pass to a power that had, or was likely to have, a great navy. That rumor, whether there was any foundation for it or not, may have exerted some influence on the present negotiations.

In an early number The Companion will present, with copious illustration, the physical, racial and historical characteristics of these interesting islands.

THE VISION OF CHARLES E. HUGHES

Charles E. Hughes has a vision.

He sees a tremendous, world-wide, economic upheaval coming at the close of the European struggle. He sees the other great nations of the world prepared for vast and far-reaching national enterprises, knit together by new ties of patriotism, with a new grasp of the possibilities of co-operation, learned in the hard school of bitter experience during the years of war, says the Fargo, N. D., Forum.

He sees the United States undisciplined by war, even "benumbed by prosperity," lacking in training and proper organization, but on the other hand, extravagant, wasteful, easy going, happy-go-lucky, face to face with a great national crisis.

And he sees the need in this coming crisis for the strongest men the United States can produce at the helm when this storm breaks. He sees that the United States must do as the nations of Europe have done—lay aside partisan, political expediency and search the country for the best brains obtainable.

The keynote of his address in Fargo last evening was expressed in this paragraph:

"I am here because I have a vision of what America needs. I do not profess to carry with me any panacea. I do not profess to be able to foretell in every detail the future. But I do profess to have some ability in analyzing facts and in understanding situations, and to the best of that ability I want to serve the United States."

Few of the thousands who heard Judge Hughes make that statement doubted the sincerity of the man, because the entire record of his political career bears out its truth.

Charles E. Hughes, is above everything else, honest and sincere. He has a great abiding faith in the American people and in the American form of government, but he honestly believes that there is need for some radical changes in the way that government is being administered.

And his record, both as governor of New York and on the supreme court bench, proves that he is in every way fitted to take over these tremendous responsibilities and render a faithful account of his stewardship.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Fred M. Blanchard and wife to Sadie Harriger 6 ac in Francis King Homestead sec 27 and 28 t 2 s r 3 w \$300.

Lewis S. Browning and wife (by sheriff) to Fred S. and R. W. Williams 222 ac in S. Hussey d/c and in lots 5 to 10 sec 1 and lot 2 sec 2 sec 12 and 11, t 5 s r 6 w \$5487.36.

Stephen A. D. Crimmins and wife to Geo. W. Wood and wife 1/2 of sec 4 and lots 1 and 2 containing 96.31 ac s 26 t 3 s r 5 w \$3000.

J. W. Evans and wife to Clara McKinney and husband lots 25 and 26 blk "D" Hobsons add Newberg \$500.

L. W. Fuller and wife to Elva M. Martin 20 ac in Reuben Harris d/c t 4 s r 4 w \$10.

Ezra G. Harris and wife to Lizzie L. Phillips 30 ac except right of way in sec 4 of sec 11 t 2 s r 4 w \$10.

Wm. C. Harvey and wife to L. Brown 28.25 ac in Jesse Parrish d/c t 3 s r 2 w \$500.

Ollie J. Purdy and husband to C. E. Bogue 108x148 ft in sec of blk 3 Edward's O. T. Newberg \$1.

Frank W. Weatherwax and wife to Anna Mary Linder 65 ac sec 4 s 2 and ne 1/4 s 11 s 2 and 11 t 4 s r 5 w \$4875.

Loie Wilcox to J. D. and Ella S. Wilcox 47 ac in John W. Burton d/c t 2 s r 4 w \$500.

Albert E. Wright and wife to Frederick W. Patt tract 79 Bola Walnut Groves \$10.

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FACE TO FACE WITH A TIGER.

And a Curious Escape From the Very Jaws of Death.

It is probable that no man's life was ever saved to him by a more curious circumstance than that attending the experience of a captain of the Bengal lancers, a famous regiment of Indian troops. He had been on a visit to a civilian friend in Rajputana and went out for a walk in the country about sunset.

After proceeding four or five miles he found himself in a narrow path on the side of a steep hill. The path was a mere ledge in the rock, with a deep chasm on one side and a wall of solid rock on the other. It was not a pleasant place in which to come face to face with a big tiger, but that is precisely what happened to the captain.

It was too late to withdraw, so he determined to brave it out. The animal had evidently been asleep, for it continued for a few moments to lick itself into full wakefulness.

The captain stood still, with his eyes fixed on the beast. Presently the tiger took a few steps forward and made a dash at him. Luckily its teeth seized him by the flap of his coat, just over the breast, so that he was not hurt by the blow.

Then the captain had a chance to appreciate the feelings of a mouse when it is shaken by a cat. The tiger shook him until his senses left him. Perhaps it was well they did leave him, for the beast held him over the deep chasm and a fall would have been as fatal as the animal's onslaught.

When the captain regained consciousness a few minutes later he found himself lying flat on his back, with his feet dangling over the precipice. He opened his eyes, only to see the sky above him. He dared not move, for the tiger might be close at his elbow, so he shut his eyes and remained motionless.

Then he thought he heard a strange noise at a little distance, a sound as of somebody sneezing. His first thought was that some one had come to his rescue and beaten the tiger off, but this was proved to

THE ROUND EARTH.

The globular form of the earth was not discovered, but simply rediscovered, by the moderns. The globular form of the earth was taught by Thales of Miletus as early as 640 B. C., and Pythagoras, about 560 B. C., demonstrated from the varying altitudes of the stars that the earth must be round. Aristarchus of Samos maintained as long as 280 B. C. that the earth was globe shaped and turned on its own axis.

So far as we moderns are concerned the rotundity of the earth was first proved beyond all cavil by the great voyage of circumnavigation by Magellan in 1522.

"That man Jones backed me into a corner last night and kept me there two hours telling me the bright things his two-year-old boy has said."

"Goah! You must owe Jones an awful lot of money if you'll stand for that!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

DARING AND ENDURANCE.

One Man's Heroic Rescue of a Sinking Ship's Whole Company.

A historic case of daring and endurance rarely equalled in life saving annals was that of the rescue of twenty-seven souls by one man in 1867. The fishing schooner Sea Clipper was driven by the tempest against a reef near the Spotted Islands and speedily went to pieces.

Captain William Jackman, in charge of a fishing crew at these islands, had wandered in a direction he had never been before as if by inspiration and suddenly saw a whole tragedy enacted before his eyes.

Hurrying his one companion back to the fishing station to summon help, he plunged into the howling swirl himself and eleven times swam to the ship. Each time he took back a human being to safety.

batling splendidly against wind and tide.

Then help arrived, but no means was available of communicating with the vessel, so Jackman fastened a rope around his waist and made fifteen more trips, returning with a castaway on each occasion. It was then discovered that a woman had been overlooked and left on board, and the belief was expressed that she was dead, but he declared that he would not leave her there, living or dead.

Accordingly he plunged into the surf again and soon bore the hapless creature to the shore, where, divesting himself of his flannels, he wrapped them round her, as she was almost at death's door. She expired a few hours later, but lived long enough to thank her preserver for his noble efforts in her behalf.

—Wide World Magazine.

Simplicity of La Fontaine.

Appropos of the simple, philosophical La Fontaine I either read or heard a touching trait of his simplicity. He was wise enough to despise money and spent all he had from not knowing its value or caring for its production. When reduced to nothing he lived with a friend who loved him and supplied the very few wants he had. This friend died. One who had known La Fontaine at his house immediately went to invite him to come and live with him. He met La Fontaine on the road to his chateau, and upon hearing the invitation the poet replied, "J'y allais" ("I was going there"). The naive of his reply is very striking.—From Lady Holland's Journal.

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