

Newberg Graphic

E. H. WOODWARD
Editor and Publisher

Published every Thursday morning
Office: Graphic Building, No. 600 First Street
Phones: Office, White 33; Residence, Blue 37
Entered at the postoffice at Newberg, Oregon,
as second-class matter.

\$1.50 Per Year in Advance

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1916

Evidently the Graphic correspondents have taken to the prune orchards and hop fields this week, as but one of them has reported.

President Wilson may gain some votes by putting over the eight hour law, but we believe time and future events will prove that it was a mistaken policy.

Hop pickers began to make their camps in the hop fields last week, and immediately the clouds thickened for a rain, but Old Sol is showing his face again and has restored confidence for the time being.

The old, old political game is being played—democratic papers telling of republicans who are going to support Wilson and republican papers telling of democrats who are going to support Hughes. Strike about the usual average and you will probably not be very far from the facts in such campaign publicity.

The experiment stations and agricultural papers are warning farmers about purchasing "Eureka" clover seed, which is being extensively advertised as a clover that produces as much as a hundred tons to the acre. It is said to be more in the nature of a weed than a clover and a great pest, that can scarcely be killed out when once it gets a start.

Last week the Graphic published an article taken from the Globe-Democrat, giving due credit, while one of our exchanges published the same article on its editorial page, claiming it as its own. Doubtless the manager of this paper would hardly consider it the proper thing to enter a neighbor's grain field and carry away a sack of wheat, then why should he appropriate that which is the product of a neighbor's brain?

Isn't it interesting to note that nearly all the newspapers that talk so much about being independent, are constantly knocking Candidate Hughes and lauding President Wilson? And year after year they go on supporting every democratic candidate from constable to congressman, while proclaiming their independence of "party yokes." We have no criticism of the out-and-out democratic brethren; we grant them the right to their convictions, but the section of the press that masquerades under the independent title is about as honest in that as most of the statements they make about republican candidates.—Washington County News-Times.

Yes, it is interesting, and since these newspapers succeed in fooling a few people, their cup of joy is apparently full to overflowing—they are as independent as a porker on roller skates.

Dr. Cook's next trip to the north pole will be a pleasure trip, as he will go in the summer season and by aeroplane. The pleasure he will get out of it may be sufficient to offset the disappointment of not being able to convince anybody that he has been there.—Telephone-Register.

The Graphic makes no claim as an expert on north pole finding, but we have read very carefully Dr. Cook's book, in which he tells of his trip to the pole, and we are so fully convinced of his sincerity that our sympathies are with him rather than with Peary, and we believe Dr. Cook was cruelly wronged by a lot of high-brows who were sufficiently successful to enable them to gain for Peary the honor over Dr. Cook of finding the pole. Possibly Dr. Cook will never be able to prove to the satisfaction of the public that he reached the pole in advance of Peary, and certainly he never will if Peary's friends can prevent it. An effort has been made in congress to get an

unbiased investigation of the controversy, but so far the friends of Peary have blocked every move that has been made. Certainly no newspaper writer who will give Dr. Cook's book a careful and unbiased reading will indulge in flings at him.

The drowning of A. B. Richardson, Multnomah Club man and expert swimmer, in the Willamette at Portland on last Saturday, was another incident verifying the fact that fully as many men who can swim well, drown, as do those who cannot swim at all. On account of their ability to swim they take risks that are too great.

The man who supported Chamberlain for senator, Smith for governor and is now boosting for Wilson possibly may, when his mind wanders, lay claim to being a republican, but he will certainly be in line for favorable mention, at least, in case of Wilson's election, when there are postoffice appointments to be handed out to the faithful.

It is estimated by the government Biological Survey that between 150 and 200 persons are killed annually in hunting accidents in this country, and that the number is increasing. Apparently the fellows who shoot other hunters, mistaking them for deer, are surer shots than when they actually see game, for they hardly ever fail in getting their man.

Since the brotherhoods of train men made a successful holdup of congress may we not expect that they will now "feel their oats" and come back with other and stronger demands later on? We believe that Congressman "Pat" McArthur took the right course in voting against the bill and we only wish that our other representatives had taken the same stand against it. A bad precedent has been established, as the Graphic sees it, and we believe time will demonstrate the fact.

Wanted: A state administration which practices economy, a county administration, ditto; city administration, ditto; school administration, ditto; and so on down the line.

It must be said that notwithstanding the continuous partisan abuse of the Legislature, and the loud professional criticisms of the state officers, the state tax is the lowest the citizen pays. It averages about 3 mills per annum. The greatest wastrels are under the immediate eyes of the taxpayers.—Oregonian.

The Oregonian is right. There must be trimming all down the line in order to materially reduce taxes. Here in Newberg property owners would be in clover if they had nothing but state taxes to pay, and they could get off comparatively easy with the county taxes added, but with a lump sum of county, state, city and school taxes it requires some scraping together by most of us in order to head off the tax collector and save ourselves the humiliation of having our names appear in the published delinquent tax list.

It appears that the Evening Telegram is again up against a single-handed fight against the brewery interests, so far as Portland newspapers figure in it, the same as it was two years ago. But the Telegram made a winning fight at that time, and it will win again. Following the election, which resulted in the overthrow of the breweries and their allied interests, the saloons, pressure was brought to bear on the big department stores to compel them to withdraw their patronage from the Telegram, and they succeeded, to some extent. This program will no doubt be carried out again, but the Telegram is fearless and will take the stand it thinks is right, regardless of circumstances that may follow. If the thousands of people who say they admire a daily paper that has the courage of its convictions believe what they say, no doubt the Telegram

will gladly enroll their names on its subscription books. And really, don't the people who are anxious to see the brewery amendment defeated, owe something to the Evening Telegram? Think it over, brother.

THE TYRANNY OF THE TELEPHONE.

While one half of the world rightfully exults over the usefulness of the telephone the other half groans under its despotism. The ingenuity of man has annihilated time and space. The miracle of science has brought things "far or forgot" so near that there is no escaping them. New York can converse with California when it wants to, and all our friends and acquaintances can converse with us whether we want them to or not, says the Youths' Companion.

The postman comes two or three or four times a day. His advent can be reckoned with. Telegrams are expensive things and have always been kept within limits. But the telephone, like death, has all seasons for its own. Early risers call up sleeping friends, and people who go to bed late rouse from their dreams the sluggards who go to bed early. Dinner time has become the prey of acute calculators who want to make sure of finding us at home; and if we dine with friends, the chances are that we are tracked to our lair and summoned by an imperious mandate from the table. The doctor whom we are consulting turns from our most cherished symptoms to answer the telephone; the dentist leaves us at a crucial moment, happy in the knowledge that, whatever we may feel, we are unable to utter our sentiments.

To economize time and effort at the expense of our neighbor's time and effort has become an art. To impose ourselves upon our neighbor in his unguarded moments is to reap all the advantages of a sortie. Our grandparents thought the post a too informal medium through which to send their notes of invitation; some one found time to take the notes to their destination; some one found time to carry back the answers. Now the post is held to be too ceremonious for a brusque and hurried hostess. She invites her friends over the telephone, taking them unaware, and denying them a chance to frame graceful and appropriate excuses. Sometimes she begins by asking if they are disengaged on the 13th; and the unfortunate, who do not know whether they are going to be bidden to a dinner, a concert or a lecture on prehistoric poetry, are afraid to commit themselves to an answer.

As for the people who demand favors over a telephone—who call up casual acquaintances and ask them to take a flower table at a bazar, or to sell old clothes at a rummage sale, or to become patronesses for a piano recital, or to subscribe to four readings of the poems of Rabindra Nath Tagore—they are outside the pale of civilization. Common politeness demands that all such requests should be formally made and civilly granted or refused. It is not decent to harass our neighbors, to startle them into saying yes because they lack the presence of mind or the hardihood to say no.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Myrtle Point Enterprise.

It has been generally assumed that the stock of the railroads of the country is owned by a comparatively few wealthy people, when, as a matter of fact, it is just the reverse. Reports filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission, as required by law, show that the majority of stockholders are people of comparatively small means, and that stock is held in comparatively every walk of life. The Illinois Central, one of the smaller roads, has 11,000 stockholders; 42,000 people own the stock of the At-

Baird's Specials

Large assortment of 36 inch Percales
Special
per yard at... 12½c and 15c

Large assortment of Outing Flannel
extra heavy quality
per yard at... 12½c

Nice large assortment of Gingham
Special
per yard at... 10c and 12½c

A new assortment of Embroideries
Specially priced
per yard at... 12½c

BAIRD'S Special on Wool Goods

WE HAVE just received a large shipment of Wool Dress Goods for fall. We bought these goods early and we bought them comparatively cheap considering the present wool market. We have marked these goods on the basis of what we paid for them—not what they are worth today. It will pay you to look our wool goods over before you buy.

New Fall Coats

We are receiving them now. Come in early and get your pick of the entire stock. A large assortment for you.

Fresh Groceries

Fruits and Vegetables

We want your grocery trade. You will always find good, clean, fresh groceries at Baird's. Our prices are as low as the lowest. Goods promptly delivered by our own delivery wagon.

Clean-up of Low Shoes

All ladies low shoes will be sold at a big reduction to clean up the stock.

CASH PAID
FOR EGGS

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. Get prices.

chison, Topeka & Santa Fe; the Pennsylvania is owned by 92,000 people, and other roads in proportion. The interests of these people, and the great consuming public, should also be considered in any settlement that is finally effected in the dispute between the roads and their employees.

Coquille Sentinel.

It seems to us that when the railroad trainmen of the country propose to throw the entire business of the nation into chaos by precipitating a strike, and still refuse to submit their claims to arbitration, they are entering on a course which will alienate the vast majority of the people. And to the extent which President Wilson has upheld them in this contention he will be condemned by the sober thought of the nation. "Refusal to arbitrate" has been the ground on which the railroad officials have often been condemned—and rightly—but the trainmen, who are already among the best paid laborers in the world, cannot adopt the same "public be d—" policy without also receiving condemnation.

It detracts something from the interest of the political campaign this year that there is no United States senator to elect here in Oregon—nor a governor, either. The republican representatives in congress will of course win hands down, unless Lafferty should show unexpected strength in the Portland district. Hawley and Sinnott can easily read their titles clear, and hardly need make any campaign. Locally, the republican candidates appear to have easy sailing, and the only scrap

in sight during the next two months that can arouse much interest is between Hughes and Wilson, with very little question that Oregon will give her electoral votes to the former—unless he should lean too strongly toward the reactionaries.

Away from Home

To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bedtime. The moon and stars are more evil in a single hour than the sun in the whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all compact of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to its mother's arms, and the ox to his stall and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the tender hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and stands homeless among a thousand homes, the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation which comes on the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood his best impulses become a snare to him, and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic and warm hearted.—Myrtle Point Enterprise.

BATTLE OF THE PLANTS.

Preparedness in Their Never Ending Struggle For Existence.

Every sort of plant that grows is putting up a never ending battle to keep its place in the world. It fights frost. It fights drought. It grows thorns to bayonet the creatures that try to eat it up, or with nuts or fruits or berries it tempts them to carry its seeds to some unoccupied spot where it may dig itself in and stay. It even mounts

its seeds on aeroplanes and distributes them on the wings of the wind.

One would think that, when once any plant did manage to get its seeds into good ground, the first thing for it to do would be to have every single one of them, as quickly as possible, spring up, become plants and themselves bear more seeds. Yet it does not. Instead, some of the seeds hold off and do not sprout at all the first season.

Then, if anything happens to the plants of the first crop—if they are cut or eaten down to the ground, if the year is bad and the seed does not ripen, if the farmer roots them up entirely to make room for another crop—there is ammunition in reserve. The seeds that held over try again next year and the next.

Instances are known of seeds, once sown, continuing to come up, a few at a time, for ten summers. Each year the plants perished before they blossomed. But still they kept springing up from old seeds. Nature seldom puts all her eggs into one basket.

This seems especially true of the useless plants which we call weeds. Once have them get a fair start, ripen a crop of seeds and get them well into the ground, and the man who lets them get by him will spend a good many years before he sees the last of his troubles.—E. T. Brewster in St. Nicholas.

CHASE & LINTON GRAVEL COMPANY

All kinds of gravel for concrete work, cement blocks, or wood work furnished on short notice.

Telephone White 85

J. H. GIBSON, Mgr.

The only Abstract Books in
Yamhill County
Yamhill County Abstract Co.
McMinnville, Oregon