

Newberg Graphic

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Published every Thursday morning
Office: Graphic Building, No. 500 First Street
Phone: Office, White 33; Residence, Blue 47

Entered at the postoffice at Newberg, Oregon,
as second-class matter.

\$1.50 Per Year in Advance

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1916

Put it down in your note book that this is the shortest day of the year.

Complaint has been made at this office that fir trees are being cut on private property without permission, for Christmas trees. Apparently somebody's ideas of what constitutes a free country are somewhat warped.

The editor of the Graphic recently received a letter from a Chicago man who expressed a desire to fill a date on the lyceum course in Newberg. His name and address appeared on the envelope, made from a rubber stamp impression, and some way his appeal did not carry as much weight as some letters and circulars do.

Dr. Lowe, the optician, who has been making dates in Newberg for several years, writes the Graphic from Long Beach, California, that he recently made a tour of the South and his assertion is: "Say, white man, I 's'ho did have a fine time." He says further that he was in one town that paid out in one year for tobacco revenue stamps fourteen million dollars. This sounds pretty big, but when you step out on the streets and see the number of fellows who are constantly sending the "smoke of their torment" heavenward, and figure that this is going on all the world round, it is easy to see that some money is being wasted in this way.

The Hotel Argonaut on Fourth street near Market in San Francisco, which was built by the Society of California Pioneers, not only believes in advertising, but in keeping it up. Four years ago the writer had a very pleasant stay of a couple of days at this well kept hotel and since that time there has each year come to this office a very neat desk rule with calendar for the year on the back, which comes very convenient several times a day and serves also to keep the Argonaut and the big California city in mind. Some firms do a little smattering of advertising at times but fail to grasp the idea that to be effective it pays to keep at it.

The Graphic office has long been a clearing house for Newberg and surrounding territory for lost and found articles and for years the shop has never been entirely cleaned out of articles that have been brought in. Spectacles and purses form the bulk of the articles, but occasionally it is clothing or even a log chain—the cattle, hogs and horses are always housed elsewhere, as the Graphic has never established a pound for strays. A few days ago a lady came in and claimed the last grab-bag on hand and it looked like a sure-enough clean-up, barring a few spectacle cases, a miscellaneous collection of odd cuff buttons and small purses, long held in stock and somewhat shelf-worn, but not so, for soon after her departure the discovery was made that in her exuberant joy over the finding of the bag containing a handkerchief and some small change, she had gone away leaving three booklets behind and containing no name for identification. Does it pay to advertise? Well, now you would think it does if you could see how the people who make connection here with lost keep-sakes, in answer to a liner, go away rejoicing. Usually the small fee of five cents a line for the

advertising is paid gladly, but occasionally there is one who gives a stare as though they wondered what a newspaper was for, anyway, but to find things for people. We have in mind to some day write a book on experiences in our lost and found department and it ought to rank as one of the best sellers, seeing that the range it will cover will be so wide that it will appeal to the "masses." Further announcements later.

Now that Oregon has gone "bone dry," we see no reason why the Anti-Saloon League should not pack its trunks and leave for more fertile soil. The revenue to pay its high salaried officers has been gathered from the temperance people of the state for a "good cause," as the saying is, but now that the "cause" has gone, why continue to "hire" these "reformers," whose sincerity has been a matter of question?—Monmouth Monitor.

This is an extremely narrow view to take of this matter, to say the least. The Anti-Saloon League was organized by those who believed that if the saloons were to be put out of business it must be done by a union of all the temperance forces, irrespective of party politics, and that the reasoning was correct is evidenced by the results that have been attained. Not in a single instance, so far as the Graphic has information, have the saloons been voted out of any state except by a vote of the people of all political parties, irrespective of the voter's views on other questions. By such a union of forces have half the states in the union been carried against the saloon influences, and it is poor policy to begin throwing stones at the Anti-Saloon League, or for that matter at any of the organizations that have helped to win against the big beer and whisky interests of the country. And further, the battle is not entirely won in Oregon. There is still plenty of work to be done. No laws are self-enforcing and anybody knows that the deamon rum has his friends who are looking out for him on all corners. If the Monitor man has the idea that the time has come to lay down and sleep at the post he is very much mistaken. Better quit throwing stones at others and get down to work yourself.

THE "OREGON STYLE."

David W. Craig, pioneer newspaperman of Oregon, whose death is noted on the first page of the Graphic this week, was active in newspaper work at the formative period in the history of the state and it was at this time that there was developed what has long been termed the "Oregon Style" in journalism.

Mr. Craig was associated with W. L. Adams in the publication of the Argus at Oregon City, T. J. Dryer, the founder and editor of the Oregonian, was located at Portland, while Asahel Bush published the Statesman at Salem. All were forceful writers and they did not hesitate at dipping their pens in vitriol when flinging enathemas back and forth in discussing the political issues of the day.

It was during this period that there was formed what was known as the "Salem Clique," a coterie of Democratic politicians who dominated the politics of the state for many years. It was composed of Asahel Bush, R. P. Boise, LaFayette Grover, Benj. F. Harding and J. W. Nesmith, the latter being the grand-father of Congressman Pat McArthur. Bush was probably the smoothest politician of the bunch and he always looked out for his own interests. He was twice elected as state printer, being able to so work the wires as to be able to hold the office under both the Democratic and Union administrations. Here it was that he laid the

foundation for the immense fortune he built up. He was a hard fighter and consequently had bitter enemies, even in his own party. Examples of the "Oregon Style" are here given. Delazon Smith, of Linn county, was a candidate for the nomination for the U. S. senator but by certain combinations made was so weakened and discredited that he was practically eliminated from the contest. He was then the publisher of the Albany Democrat and this is the way he expressed himself through its columns: "Bush who runs the Salem smut machine, the club-footed loafer Beggs and Nesmith, the vilest and most loathsome creature that wears the human form on the Pacific Coast, are asserting that we are politically dead! Dead! Never! Never!! No, Never!!! Let these cut-throats, assassins, murderers and their bastard vagabond allies in this county, put that in their pipes and smoke it!!!!"

The Argus was a strong supporter of the Lincoln administration, and especially the Emancipation Proclamation. Bush opposed the Proclamation and the Argus scored him roundly in an editorial published December 6, 1862, under the heading, "The Lion's Skin Torn from a Donkey." We quote from this scathing editorial as follows: "Now that it has made all the money out of the Union party it expects to, this sheet has thrown off its 'Union' cloak far enough to show its teeth which are now gnashing in real Corvallis Union style, at the President for proclaiming freedom to the slaves. He of the Salem concern deserves to be thrashed with scorpions. The President's blow at the cause of the rebellion gave the secession squirt at Salem a long coveted opportunity to plunge his carcass into the stinking pool of treason, with his 'Union' cloak drawn closely round his breech as a temptation to real Union men to follow. The same instinct and innate love of doing something dirty that led this black-hearted villain and white-livered scoundrel, among our volunteers in 1855, to stab the Whigs has now prompted the whining cur to pin his nose to the seat of McClelland's breeches and raise a yell over his removal as a persecution of a Democrat."

REFUSED TO OBEY.

Major Butler Carried His Obstinacy Right Into His Coffin.

An amusing incident of camp life in Revolutionary days is related by the author of "Romance and Realism of the Southern Gulf Coast."

In 1798 the first United States troops that came down the Mississippi were quartered at Fort Adams. General Wilkinson by some accident got his cue burned off. Angry at the laugh which followed his mishap, he next day issued an order forbidding any officer to appear with a cue. Obeying to orders, all the officers but Major Butler cut off their cues.

"The vain old prig," said the major, "I'll see him hanged before I cut off my cue to gratify him." And he boldly appeared without changing the style of his hairdressing.

The major was put under arrest, but he declared obstinately that he would spend the rest of his life in prison before he would comply with such a silly command. Soon afterward he was taken very ill and, realizing that he was at the point of death, he gave instructions for his burial, which he knew would be witnessed by the whole command.

"Bore a hole," said he, "through the bottom of my coffin, right under my head, and let my cue come through it, that the old general may see that even when dead I refuse to obey his order." And these directions were literally carried out.

CHINESE SOLDIERS.

They Are Regarded With Aversion by Their Own Countrymen.

The well known olden dislike of, even contempt for, soldiers common to the industrious masses of China, in town as in country, is based on their experience that the soldier is a loafer most of the time and a terror to his country when war is in the air. They have not glorified valor or quite grasped the beauty, not to say the duty, of dying for one's country, although when they do fight they face death with a great indifference.

Discussing this phase of the Chinese character, Mr. Yone Noguchi, the Japanese writer, says in the course of a recent article:

"The Chinese hatred of soldierly business or the encouragement of effeminate

indolence is well explained in a famous ballad written by Po Chui, called 'The Arm Broken Old Man.' This old man was not infirm until he received in his youth an order to become a soldier and intentionally broke his arm in order to be excused from such duty. Although his arm pained badly on a cold or rainy day, he was glad to be thankful for it, for while his friends had been killed in the battlefield, he alone could enjoy a long life."

"What a different sentiment from that of us Japanese, whose loyalty to the flag and the imperial house is taught to begin with the slighting of our own lives."—East and West News.

INVISIBLE WRITING.

This Method is Simple For Both the Sender and Receiver.

Intangible writing smacks of hidden treasure and exciting adventures; it has a fascination that appeals to almost every one. Even if you see no way in which to make use of it you enjoy experimenting with it.

Here is a way that is not commonly known: Soak a sheet of ordinary writing paper in a basin of clean water until it is thoroughly wet. Then get a piece of glass and, after washing it clean, place the wet sheet of writing paper on it, smoothing out all wrinkles and being careful to see that the paper firmly adheres to the glass. Now get a sheet of dry writing paper and place it on the wet sheet. If you have followed directions carefully you have a piece of clean glass with a sheet of wet writing paper firmly adhering to it, over which you have spread a dry sheet of writing paper.

Write on the dry paper with a well sharpened lead pencil, using considerable pressure. After you have finished remove the top sheet of paper and you will find an exact copy of your writing on the wet paper. Place this wet sheet in a cool place to dry. You will be surprised to find that the writing has been entirely disappeared after the sheet has been exposed to the air a few minutes. You can be sure that no one, unless he knows the secret, can read what you have written. To make the writing visible soak the paper for a few moments in a basin of clean water.—Youth's Companion.

FALLING METEORS.

Their Changing Colors as They Pass Through the Atmosphere.

The earth's atmosphere is now believed to have three fairly distinct strata, the first, extending up to about forty-five miles, having nitrogen as the leading constituent, the second, with its upper limit at about 125 miles, being chiefly hydrogen, and the third, at a still greater height, consisting of a very thin gas, which has been named "geocoronium."

Dr. Alfred Wegener has attempted

to explain the striking differences of color in meteors or "shooting stars" and says that meteors coming from outer space are not sufficiently heated in the exceedingly light gas to become luminous.

Their fall through the hydrogen layer causes them to become incandescent, and before they reach the lowest stratum most of them are completely dissipated. A few of the largest, however, penetrate the nitrogen atmosphere, a very small number reaching the earth's surface.

It is found that the deep falling meteors pass through three stages of color—yellow-white, green and deep red—and it is concluded that the green is due to incandescence of the hydrogen and the red to that of the nitrogen.

Only the first stage is seen in the quickly dissipated meteors, the white, yellow or sometimes reddishness being evidently the glow of the meteor substance.—London Family Herald.

Immune.

"Blacksmiths seem to have a reputation for honesty."

"Deservedly so, but due partly perhaps to the nature of the business. Nobody encumbers a blacksmith with trust funds. There is nothing to adulterate in his line. Compared with some of us, a blacksmith has few temptations to resist."—Kansas City Journal.

Now is the time to buy your

GINGHAMS

before Spring goods come and prices go up.

GROCERIES

If you wish clean fresh groceries, courteous treatment and honest prices you should buy them at Baird's.

SHOES

Shoes are advancing almost every day. It will pay you to buy them now while we still have some left at old prices.

Those who are wise and buy early will get the best of selections, and they will also avoid the usual holiday rush.

LADIES, MISSES, CHILDREN'S

COATS

REDUCED

In order to clean up our Coats for Ladies, Misses and Children, we are offering liberal reductions. NOW is the time to buy your coats.

CASH PAID FOR EGGS

E. C. BAIRD

No Combination of Reading Like It and All For \$2.10

The Youth's Companion
62 ISSUES
The favorite family weekly of America, 12 Great Serials or Groups in 1917, and 250 Short Stories, a thousand Articles and Suggestions, a thousand Fun-Items. Special Pages for all ages.

McCall's Magazine
12 ISSUES AND A DRESS PATTERN
The Fashion AUTHORITY followed by millions of American women. You will get the 12 monthly issues of McCall's, making not merely a "department" but a fashion magazine every month of 1917.

64 Issues and 15c McCall Dress Pattern for ... \$2.10

Send \$2.10 (Express or P. O. Money Order) to the Publishers of this paper to which this offer applies and get

- 1 THE YOUTH'S COMPANION for 52 weeks, and the 1917 Home Calendar. (This Offer is to new Youth's Companion subscribers only.)
- 2 McCall's MAGAZINE every month for one year; also choice of any 15-cent McCall Dress Pattern FREE for 1 cent extra to cover mailing.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 50 Paul St., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS