

Newberg Graphic

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Naughty fellow; that man Tom Lawson, to tell tales out of school.

Had you ever noticed that the refreshments served are always "dainty"?

Evidently some of the big contributors to the Wilson campaign fund took advantage of the "leak" in order to reimburse themselves and consequently an investigation that will investigate is hardly to be expected.

With beef steers selling at \$8.50 in Portland, cows at \$7.50, bulls at \$5.50, hogs at \$10.50 and lambs at \$11.00, the man who works at ordinary wages and the man who employs him, may as well join the vegetarian squad at once and say they like it.

Oklahoma has set the pace for the whole country in passing an anti-cigarette law. The Oregon legislature ought to be a close second in the race against the stinkers—and the emergency clause should be attached for the immediate relief of the stinked.

Admiral Dewey, the grim old warrior, has made his last stand and has given way to younger men. His opportunity came at Manila Bay, else we might have read little of his record in the newspapers and magazines now at his passing at the age of eighty years.

Notwithstanding the fact that the heavy shadow of the bone dry law hovers near, the stock of "original package" goods in the Wells-Fargo dispensary across the street is running low. Has the exodus for Hornibrook already set in, or is it a case of tapering off in advance of the coming drouth.

If Newberg housewives are compelled to cook and keep houses warm with big sticks of wet, doty wood, such as some that is being hauled into town, it is but reasonable to conjecture that there are liable to be a number of new applications for divorce, unless there is an unusual cultivation of sweet temper and the bear and forbear spirit.

Judging from the newspaper reports of that bout before the Portland school board sitting as a court in the case of Supt. Alderman vs. Mrs. Alexander, the deposed girls polytechnic superintendent, it is much like a play in a Chinese theater. It runs all through the season and there are always thrills a plenty for the visitor who attends the show—a veritable movie comedy.

Poor old rum-soaked Cincinnati is all worked up over the agitation for the enactment of a law for restricting the use of the mails for the advertising of "legitimate business," as a circular sent abroad states it, which means liquor advertising. But the almost forgotten old city down on the banks of the Ohio will have to take her medicine, sooner or later, for it is going to be prescribed for her.

High school graduates are too frequently unable to either spell, punctuate or capitalize correctly and few are even fair conversationalists. —Pendleton Tribune.

Well, now, as to the last clause in the indictment, if the Tribune man could see a certain Newberg high school youth as he hovers over and whispers words into the willing ears of a petite and attractive maid, as she boards the train each evening for her home down the line, and witness the winsome smile that is given back

in return, he would certainly retract at once and beg pardon for having said it.

The human nature of the individual is nearly always shown in the way an overdue account is paid. Some will approach you with a smile and after a check has been written or the cash paid over for the account they will apologize and express regrets, saying they are greatly obliged for the favor extended and express the wish that they might have been able to pay the account at an earlier date. Not so with others. They approach the one who holds the account and who, possibly, has spent considerable in stamps and good white paper in reminding them that the bill is long past due, with something of a defiant, injured air, make complaint at the size of the account, insinuate that there has been an overcharge, hold on to the dollar until the last minute, and after it is paid over depart in the same spirit in which they came. The one who writes the receipt is twice made glad in his experience with the latter class of individuals—at their coming and at their going.

The automobile is a useful machine but as an engine of death when in careless hands it has never been equaled, and it must be admitted that about nineteen-twentieths of the auto drivers reach the careless stage at intervals, at least. It is so easy to turn on the power and so exhilarating to feel the pulsations of the engine and the force of the machine as it fairly flies through the air, seemingly as care-free as a bird. All thought of possible danger to others seems to be lost and just a little more power is turned on to add to the hilarity of the occasion. Almost every day we read of an "Unavoidable Accident"—"Small boy suddenly ran from behind object directly in front of an automobile and was killed. No blame attached to the driver." And yet if the truth was told, in nearly all these instances the machine was going at a speed way beyond the limit of safety in a town or city. The danger lies in the fact that auto drivers go as though they had full right of way, regardless of all others. On the public roads where the way ahead can be seen to be clear it is quite different from travel over the streets of a town or city. Every day we see machines dashing along through the streets at break-neck speed when there can be no special need for extra haste, and it is getting so that children and elderly people are in constant danger when they go about the streets. It is even worse in the towns and the outside districts of a city than in the busy sections of cities, for there police are stationed to see that the rights of footmen are protected. With the rapid increase in the number of machines the danger to life and limb becomes greater and consequently the necessity for greater care on the part of drivers is imperative.

"STICK-TO-IT-IVENESS"

While coming to the office in the street car this morning, the writer sat beside a stranger who, after a few pleasant words about local conditions, brought up the subject of better living conditions in the rural communities, says the Portland Live Stock Reporter. He stated that about five years ago he had acquired a small dairy ranch within fifteen or twenty miles of Portland, becoming a disciple of the "back to the farm" movement. He had very little practical knowledge of farming and went at everything backhanded. About the first thing he did was to get blood poisoning in one of his arms by blistering, due to ignorance, with the result that he nearly lost his arm. Finally he acquired quite a bunch of cows, from which he got a fairly good

return. He did not have them tested, however, for several months after buying. On doing so, he was surprised to discover that about three of them were "star boarders." He felt that there was money in potatoes, for the previous year had been one of very high prices; result, seven or eight hundred sacks of potatoes in the pit that fall—no demand. Everything he touched seemed to go wrong. Before he had gone back to the farm he had been a very successful miller. After being on the farm about three years and establishing a fairly good herd of dairy cattle, his former employer made an emergency call on him to help him out in the milling business for a few months at an attractive salary. Thinking that he might add a few more cows to his herd from the salary, he had a neighbor come and do the chores and look after the cattle. Within a week he had a letter from his wife stating that one of the cows had died; the following week brought another letter telling of the death of a second cow, with the result that at the end of the month he had lost three cows, due to the carelessness of his hired man, making his summer's work on salary merely a case of working out a dead horse. He became discouraged, gave up his farm at the end of about three years and came back to the city and took a salaried position. "I can see now," said he, "where I made the biggest mistake in my life. I had probably gone through all of the worst of my experiences and was ready to do constructive work on the farm. Since that time agricultural and dairy products have been very high and I realize more fully than ever before that it takes more than two or three years on a farm to enable anybody to get a fair average. I can see now where I might have gone on and made a success of my farm; I can see where I might have had better conditions within the home and I never have realized quite so fully the feeling of independence and freedom which goes with farm life. I am now only waiting for an opportunity to acquire another farm, similar to the one I had, and I shall feel before I begin that at the end of ten years I shall have a very profitable business."

The experience of this man bears out the statement, which we so frequently make in these columns, that it takes a series of six, eight or ten years, at least, to prove anything as to market prices and conditions. The man who goes into a business on top of the wave and gets out at the trough is bound to be a failure; it's only the man who rides the waves from crest to crest year after year who finally succeeds.

FROM HERE AND THERE

In some of the counties of Oregon dogs are listed on the tax rolls as of greater value than are cows. In Tillamook county the value of a dog is placed at \$33.75 while cattle average \$27.22. On the other hand, in Coos county, another great county for dairy products, the average value of dogs is placed at \$11.37, while the average of cattle is \$26.41.—Coquille Sentinel.

There is nothing like getting on the band wagon in this great and everlasting political game of ours. Senator Garland, an avowed opponent to prohibition, is one of five members of the Alcohol Traffic committee of the state senate, and is announced as one of the three bone-dry senators on the committee.—Lebanon Criterion.

A Kansas farmer who could not get harvest hands put this notice upon his fence: "Harvest hands wanted. Hired girl pretty and genial. Cabinet organ music in the evening. Pie three times a day. Three spoonful of sugar to every cupful of coffee. Hammocks, feather beds or

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37

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You can buy now for less than they cost me. They will be much higher next fall. It will be a big saving to you if you will buy your coat now. See them.

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Ginghams. Good assortment of Ginghams left at..... **10 and 12 1-2c yd**

Pretty Curtain Nets. Some very pretty curtain nets at the old prices. You should see these before you buy elsewhere. At the old prices..... **12 1-2c to 25c yd**

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We have quite a few pairs of shoes that we are still offering at the old prices. You can always save some money on shoes if you will buy them of Baird. Try it once.

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leather divans at your option for sleeping. Rising hour, 9:00 a. m. Three hours rest at noon. Come one. Come all."

The old songs that used to touch the soulchord of our grandparents, are being forgotten in our rag-time age. When some old mother as she sits knitting the warm woolen stockings, tries to sing snatches of the songs favorite in her younger days, we seem to catch somewhat of their deeper and more helpful spirit. Those old songs had a wealth of sentiment and human note which we do not find in our modern rag-time and doggerel songs. We hope that some day the standard of public taste will rise to its former level of common sense, and even to a higher level of art, as to draw out and to encourage song writers worthy of the smiles of the music. The "Tra-la-boom-de-a's" are rather too rudimentary for enlightened

people to applaud. And only shows bad taste when music is supposed to be performed, and the performer slips into some doggardly syncopated-mysticated poorly harmonized, tied-together noise of a thing and calls it music.

MUSICAL MOUNTAINS.

Singing Cliffs in the Pyrenees and Roaring Sands in Hawaii.

In certain parts of the world are mountains and hills which are said by the natives to sing. In the Pyrenees certain cliffs emit plaintive sounds resembling the strains of a harp. Two other cliffs in the same chain are called the "snoozers." When the wind is in the southwest they send forth a peculiar sound not altogether musical. The faces of these cliffs are marked by deep gullies, open in front, which may be compared to the pipes of an organ. At certain times a stratum of air, held between the cliffs and bordering trees, closes the openings while the wind blows freely between through the gullies, or organ pipes, behind; hence the music that is heard.

At the confluence of the Orinoco and

the Rio Meta are granite cliffs which sing at sunrise. Humboldt refers to the phenomenon as the musical stones of the Orinoco. The music is caused by the rush of the expanding air through fissures partly closed by mica.

Many more examples may be cited to show that nature makes use of principles which have been adopted by man in the creation of musical sounds. Nor are the musical sounds of nature confined to rocks, mountains and hills. For in Hawaii is a sand bank fifty feet high which, when the hand is moved about in the loose sand, produces a sound like that of a melodeon. It is said that if the observer slides down the bank on his back, dragging both hands in the sand, the sound becomes as loud as faint thunder.

Goethe's Apology.

Goethe once apologized to a friend for writing a long letter because he had no time to write a short one.

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THIRD WEEK OF OUR GREAT CLEARANCE SALE

NOTWITHSTANDING thousands of customers have attended our great sale, and every one went away well pleased with their purchases, our stock is large and must be reduced in many lines, we will be completely sold out of in a few days, so you had better hurry and take advantage of the Bargains we are offering. Remember, the great reductions are not on a few odds and ends, but nearly our entire stock is reduced, with the exception of a few contract goods, and some lines that we cannot replace.

Remember the date when our sale closes, Sat. Evening Jan. 27, 1917

D. M. Nayberger

McMinnville
Oregon