

Newberg Graphic

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1919.

If the fellows who hold the money bags in Portland would put the same measure of vim and vigor into the matter of making Portland a great river and ocean shipping center, that the "Progressive Business Men's Club" put into their efforts to show the visiting newspaper men, state and national, a good time last week, the matter would soon be on the way to a satisfactory solution.

Since the brethren have now pretty thoroughly aired their views, pro and con, on the "Seventh-Day question," both sides having convinced themselves that they are entirely right, no doubt, we hope they will spare the Graphic from the publication of further discussion of the matter until "dog days" are past, at least, and let the minds of our readers turn to something more cheerful—the abundant crops, for instance, and the "old swimmin' hole."

At a meeting of the State Editorial Association held in Portland last Friday a resolution was passed encouraging Governor Olcott to call a special session of the legislature to ratify the woman's suffrage law, but the Graphic doubts the wisdom of it. We cannot feel that the members of the legislature should be asked to serve without pay, in case an extra session should be called, as suggested, neither do we believe that it would be possible to confine the members to the consideration of this and one or two other matters, as proposed. Anyway, Oregon women are already voters, and it is not absolutely certain that the vote of Oregon will be necessary to insure the ratification of the constitutional amendment in time to give the women of other states an opportunity to vote at the next presidential election.

VICTORY IN THE HOUSE

As it passed the house Tuesday the prohibition bill should satisfy all reasonable expectations, says the Spokesman-Review. It knocks out the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages and defines intoxicating liquor as a "beverage containing more than one-half per cent of alcohol." This clearcut definition is a fine victory for the friends of prohibition, for if the senate will now pass the house bill and the president will sign it the saloon will be made a thing of the past. There will be no more open boozing on 2 1/2 per cent beer or worse.

Existing liquor stocks are legalized in a limited way. Citizens are permitted to hold and consume their present possessions, and physicians may prescribe liquor, but after the existing stocks are used up no further supplies can be legally acquired, for the law declares that no person shall manufacture, sell, barter, give away, transport, import, export, deliver, furnish or receive any intoxicating liquor. The stream will trickle on for awhile, but the fountainheads are dried up.

But the prohibition victory is not clinched. The liquor forces will make a desperate stand in the senate, and failing there will bring tremendous pressure on the president to veto the law. The friends of prohibition, though, are hopeful and even confident that the senate will pass the bill substantially as it comes from the house, and that the president will attach his signature and make it a binding law.

Even then there will be illicit stills to break up and bootleggers to combat, and probably the work of their extermination will not be completely ended for many years. But the big traffic will be no more. The saloon will be a futile, hiding, trembling thing, a very different creature from the arrogant institution that flaunted itself so long before the deepening moral indignation of the nation, audaciously cracked the whip in politics and made rough shod over the regulative laws of the land.

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STATE AND NATIONAL EDITORS MEET

An interesting session of the Oregon State Editorial Association was held on last Friday in Portland, there being about a hundred members in attendance. In the evening an excursion party of some 225 members of the National Editorial Association arrived in Portland, and for two days following the Oregonians mingled with them at the meetings held and feasted with them at the various banquets that were given in their honor.

On Friday evening all assembled at Laurelhurst Park where the Caterers' Association, of Portland, had prepared a feast that was partaken of while the shadows of the tall firs were lengthening on the picturesque green sward, and while two bands discoursed sweet music.

Saturday afternoon an excursion train carried the visitors to Oregon City where they attended the ceremonies incident to the unveiling of a monument erected by W. P. Hawley and dedicated to Oregon's pioneer paper, the "Oregon Spectator," its editor being Wm. G. T. Vault. The first number bore the date of February 5, 1846, this being the first newspaper published on the Pacific Coast. George H. Himes stated in a short talk made that California had tried to lay claim to this honor but that he had proven conclusively to them that they were mistaken. Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, author of "McLaughlin and Old Oregon," made the dedication speech.

At an early hour Sunday morning the visitors were taken for a drive over the Columbia River Highway which ended at Eagle Creek where a table 300 feet in length was found spread with the best the land affords, including peaches and cream, bear meat and mountain trout. Such a drive over such a highway on such a delightful morning on the Columbia could not fail to whet the appetites of the visitors, and how the big feed did fade away.

Sunday evening the Eastern visitors left for Crater Lake and what they saw there must have been the "top sheet," showing them that Oregon has something in the way of scenery worth coming a long way to see.

In the way of showing the visiting newspaper people a good time, Portlanders did themselves proud, for seemingly nothing was overlooked.

The banquets given, were "big feeds" in all that the terms imply and gluttons could not have asked for more.

The Eastern visitors were fulsome in their exclamations of delight and pleasure at what they had seen and many expressed a desire to return to Oregon to remain as citizens.

SIXTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATED

Mrs. Ira K. Vantress celebrated her 65th birthday on Sunday, August 10, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Wright, who lives out southeast of Newberg.

Four generations were represented in the twenty-three members of the family present. Beside Mr. and Mrs. Ira K. Vantress, there were present on this occasion Mr. and Mrs. John Wright and family, Irvin, Carol and Olive; Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Vantress and family, Eloise, Edwin and Emma, of Tillamook; Mr. and Mrs. George F. Hodges and daughter, Margaret, of Portland; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Stout and family, Kathryn and Wendell, of Portland; and Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Ireton and family, Verna and Gail, of Portland.

The table was spread under the shade of the fifty-year-old cherry trees where a bounteous dinner was thoroughly enjoyed by all those present.

Mrs. Vantress is well known in and about Newberg and her numerous friends will join in wishing her many long years of happiness and prosperity.

CONVICTED FOR LEAVING CAMPFIRE UNEXTINGUISHED

Everett Gahringer plead guilty to the charge of leaving a campfire unextinguished at Silver Creek, Chehalis National Forest, before Justice of the Peace T. W. Cowan, at Entiat, Washington, July 23, and paid a fine of ten dollars and costs.

Forest officers James McKenzie and Everett Dick discovered the fire Sunday and put it out. While they were making examinations looking toward the collection of information for evidence, the party of campers, consisting of Mr. Gahringer and several other fishermen, appeared on the scene. When questioned they

admitted they had caused the fire. Mr. Gahringer assumed full responsibility and was requested to appear before the court at Entiat Monday afternoon.

The evidence showed that he had poured two buckets of water on the fire and had thought it extinguished. In consideration of this, and also of his youthfulness, a light fine was imposed. However, Justice Cowan explained the gravity of the offense with which he was charged, and announced his intention of imposing heavy fines in more flagrant cases.

WISCONSIN-NEBRASKA PEOPLE HOLD SUCCESSFUL PICNIC

To say that the union meeting of the Wisconsin and Nebraska people held Tuesday in the park was a very enjoyable affair would be placing it mildly I am sure. Everybody was happy and certainly feasted on good things furnished by both organizations. Tables were spread for 125 and quite a number were served at the second table, with plenty of food left.

After dinner a business session was held and resulted in unanimously re-electing the officers for the Wisconsin association, after which the business was turned over to the Nebraska people when a motion prevailed that the two organizations unite and endorse the election of the Wisconsin association for officers of the union.

President, F. L. Ames; vice president, W. H. Dean; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. L. A. Moore. The impromptu program was greatly enjoyed.

The next meeting is to be held the last Wednesday in August, 1920. Some dishes left on the tables were taken home by President Ames and if anyone will call at 415 South Main street and claim them they are welcome to call. Also three teaspoons and two forks were taken by mistake. These may be left at this same address which will be very much appreciated.

May the Wisconsin and Nebraska people live to enjoy many such reunions, which in the future is to be called the Wisconsin and Nebraska Association. Secretary.

DUNDEE

Miss Alice Reed, of Portland, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Clark Noble. Mrs. Rose Harding, of Portland, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Spence Vedder.

The Epworth League of Newberg held a picnic supper in the Allan grove on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mueller visited Mrs. W. S. Allan at Rockaway Beach last week.

Mrs. Frances Rosebrook, of Palo Alto, has been visiting her brother, Rev. George H. Greer.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, of Portland, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wren Reynolds a week ago.

Frederick Holzmeyer has been enjoying a trip up the Columbia Highway and a visit to The Dalles.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Slisby and two daughters, of Oregon City, visited Mr. and Mrs. Roe Robison on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, of Portland, were Sunday guests of Misses Christopher and Young.

Miss Helen M. Hatch, of Seattle, and Miss Edna West, of Los Angeles, spent Friday and Saturday at Otterbrook.

Mrs. F. D. Hutchison entertained the officers of the Dundee Woman's Club Thursday afternoon, the thirty-first of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Olmsted, of Des Moines, Iowa, left Wednesday after a two weeks' visit with their son, R. A. Olmsted. Mr. and Mrs. Olmsted Sr., will visit Pasadena with a view to making it their home.

Nearly all of the young men and boys in Dundee are busy with the threshing crews. A. A. Parrett, in charge of pitchers for one crew, has none but Dundee boys and is proud of the record they are making.

The regular meeting of the Dundee Woman's Club was held on Thursday. There was a large attendance of club members and several guests. Plans for the year's work and entertainments for the fall were discussed, after which Mrs. E. U. Marr, hostess, and Mrs. D. L. Perry, assistant, served light refreshments.

James Lester Warner and Joseph E. Ryan, who have been with the 4th Division of the Army of Occupation arrived home on Sunday. Joe is the only one of Dundee's boys who was wounded in action and he

is receiving congratulations that he received no permanent injuries. Lester saw service in four of the principal engagements of the war but was uninjured and never sick a day. Benjamin Craven, another Dundee boy, returned from overseas recently. All the overseas boys who were actual residents of Dundee are at home now and all seem to agree that the U. S. is the best country on earth and Oregon the best state in the Union.

"CUPID CAPTURES ANOTHER"

The many friends of Miss Vivian Dodge will be surprised to hear of her marriage to Archie Abdill which occurred Tuesday, the 12th.

Mr. Abdill is a prosperous young farmer living at Dayton. Miss Vivian is the daughter of S. P. Dodge, the well known confectioner. They will be at home to their friends at Laurel Hill farm near Dayton.

NEWBERG CHURCH SERVICES

Friends

Sunday school 10 a. m.
Morning meeting at 11.
C. E. 7 p. m.
Union services at the Park in the evening at 8 o'clock.

Fred E. Carter, Pastor.

Church of the Brethren

You are cordially invited to attend the services of the Church of the Brethren, corner of Washington and Hancock street.

Sunday school 10 a. m.
Preaching service 11 a. m.
Young People's Meeting 7 p. m.
A cordial invitation is extended to all.

J. A. Reed and D. C. Glick, Pastors.

Christian

Farewell sermon at Sunday morning service, "The Distinctive Plea and Message of the Disciples of Christ."

Union services at the park in the evening.

Presbyterian

Sunday school at 9:45 promptly.
H. Crow, superintendent.
Morning worship at 11, "Wasted or Saved," Luke 15:10.
Y. P. S. C. E. at 7, "Selling One's Heritage," Gen. 25:27-34.
Union evening service at the park at 8 o'clock.

Seventh-Day Adventist

Saturday: Sabbath school at 10:30 a. m., preaching service at 11:45.
Wednesday: Prayer meeting 8 p. m.

Free Methodist

Services in the morning at 11 o'clock. The pastor will commence a series of sermons upon the subject of "The Sanctification of Believers in Christ."

In the evening there will be a union service in the park.
Sunday school at 10 o'clock a. m.
The general public is invited to all of these services.

W. N. Coffee, Pastor.

Chehalis Center Church

Sunday school at 10.
Preaching at 11.
Christian Endeavor at 7.
Preaching at 8.
Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8.
Business meeting last Thursday of each month.

Dundee Church

Sunday school at 10 a. m.
Preaching service at 11:00 a. m.
C. B. Ross, Pastor.

A Stranger in the Woods

Years ago, when quite a youth, I was rambling in the woods one Sunday with my brothers, gathering black birch, wintergreens, etc., when, as we reclined upon the ground, gazing vaguely up into the trees, I caught sight of a bird that paused a moment on a branch above me, the like of which I had never before seen or heard of. It was probably the blue yellow-backed warbler, as I have since found this to be a common bird in those woods; but to my young fancy it seemed like some fairy bird, so curiously marked, was it, and so new and unexpected. It seemed like an integral part of the green beech woods. I saw it a moment as the flickering leaves parted, noted the white spot in its wing, and it was gone. How the thought of it clung to me afterward! It was a revelation. It was the first intimation I had had that the woods we knew so well held birds that we knew not of all.—John Burroughs.

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LIVE IN PRIMITIVE STATE

Tribes in Interior of Venezuela Have Had Little Contact With Civilization.

Almost every tribe and race has found the secret of fire, even though civilization has not come near them. Needless to say, matches are unknown except as they have been carried into distant lands by white men, and fire is made by rubbing sticks together, with a sort of flint and tinder or, as in the case of the Macos, with a drill.

These "people of the mist," as the explorers into the interior of Venezuela call them, keep their fires burning steadily from one year's end to another, but if a new one is needed it is started by drilling into wood until it bursts into flame.

The Macos share the Indians' love of painting their faces and, like them, use bow and arrow for hunting, but go about swathed in heavy clothing, much like that of the Arabs, because of the cold of the region in which they live.

The homes of the Macos are all built on hilltops, and the average altitude of the settlement is 3,800 feet. They cultivate sweet potatoes, bananas and maize, out of a combination of which they make a very strong fermented drink for use at feasts, and they are also exceedingly clever at basketry and other weaving, but are among the most uncivilized of all tribes and never, so it is said, take a bath unless unexpectedly caught out in a rain.

Art for Many

"I do not want art for a few," said William Morris, "any more than education for a few, or freedom for a few"—and civic art is essentially public art. It has been likened to "a fire built upon the market place, where every one may light his torch; while private art is a fire built upon a hearthstone which will blaze and die out with the rise and fall of fortunes."

"Beauty in art is truth bathed in the impression, the emotion that is received from nature. Seek truth and exactitude, but with the envelope of sentiment which you felt at first. If you have been sincere in your emotion you will be able to pass it on to others."—Industrial Arts Magazine.

Consistency

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think today, in words as hard as cannon balls, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks, in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today. Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you will be sure to be misunderstood. To be great is to be misunderstood.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

VIGILANT OFFICER OF THE LAW

This may not sound like it, but

it's a true story, vouched for by several celebrities whose truth and veracity has never even been suspected, says the Corvallis Gazette. Chief Robinson, it appears, has a first-class nose in smelling out contraband liquor and an uncanny capacity for spotting the bootlegger or loaded-grip artist, even when he looks as respectable as a Sunday school superintendent. The other day as he was walking down the street he saw a gentleman two blocks away carrying a grip. The man looked like he might be president of a railroad company or a college, or he might have been a member of the president's cabinet, but Robinson said to a companion: "That fellow looks to me like he is carrying booze." The other protested the impossibility of such a thing, but Chief Robinson said "we'll follow him up and see," and they did so. As they neared the traveler with the big grip, the Chief noted a wet streak along the pavement, and his heart gave a bound as both men felt of their revolver pockets, and moved up rapidly on the traveler. When they got close, it was noticed that there was a fair-sized vent in the big grip near the bottom and from this dripped a yellowish fluid. "It's booze, all right," said Robinson. "I could smell it two blocks away." With this the Chief and his partner closed in on the suspect with the remark, "Well, old man, I guess we'll have to take a look at your grip." The distinguished-looking gentleman looked around as if somewhat surprised, but when the Chief showed his star in approved movie fashion and pointed dramatically to the grip on the sidewalk, replied: "I guess you have got me, all right, so take the grip." The sleuths did so and with triumphant fingers yanked open the flap—only to find a young bull pup snoozing away wholly unconscious of the episode in which he was mixed. "Well, I'll be horns-woggled," said the Chief, and with laughter ringing in his ears he said, "the treat's on me—come on, we'll get the soda water anyway." If anyone has misread his share, here's the opportunity, and don't feel any hesitancy about accepting the invitation either, for Henry got a pretty good rise in salary the other day.



It's no longer necessary to go into the details describing the practical merits of the Ford car—everybody knows all about "The Universal Car." How it goes and comes day after day and year after year at an operating expense so small that it's wonderful. This advertisement is to urge prospective buyers to place orders without delay. Buy a Ford car when you can get one. We'll take good care of your order—get your Ford to you as soon as possible—and give the best "after-service" when required.

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