

NEWBERG GRAPHIC.

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H. H. WOODWARD, W. C. WOODWARD,
Editors and Publishers

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A comet has little business being out at three o'clock in the morning.

Newberg is furnishing labor for fifteen to twenty McMinnville men this season. Nothing like being neighborly.

With cord wood selling at \$3.50 to \$4 per cord, the matter of fuel for the winter becomes a burning question.

Nothing in the way of improvements tends more to give permanency to the appearance of a town than concrete walks. We are glad to note that the era of such improvements is being ushered in, and we hope to see much of this work done on the streets of Newberg this season.

The nearby sawmills have burned up enough slab wood in the past few months to supply all of Newberg with fuel for a whole year. The mill owners claim that with the present price of labor it don't pay to try to handle the slabs but it looks like a wanton waste of the fuel supply of the country.

The sewer proposition is being rapidly solved in Newberg by the building of septic tanks. Hardly any new residences are being built in town without one. These tanks have been thoroughly tested in Newberg and they are giving entire satisfaction. They are perfectly sanitary and can be recommended to any property owner who don't have access to a sewer system.

It would be interesting to know how many of the owners of real estate who have made sales at greatly increased prices, since the landing of the big cannery, subscribed to the fund for the purchase of the site, which was donated by the people. Any of these who may have overlooked this little matter of business will certainly be on hand, ready to help land the next profit paying proposition we shall reach out after.

A resident of Newberg, who has been writing to his friends in other parts of Oregon, inviting them to come and locate in a town where business is closed up on Sunday, expresses regrets that he has noticed a tendency of late on the part of some of our business men to violate the law on Sunday closing. Newberg has had a good record on Sunday closing in the past, and since many other towns in the state have shown much improvement along these lines of late, we certainly can't afford to take any backward step.

The Polk County Observer has the following very kind words to say for the Graphic: "Editor Woodward of the Newberg Graphic announces that, after September 1, the subscription price of his paper will be raised to \$1.50 a year. This price is made imperative by the sharp advance in prices of paper and printing material. Mr. Woodward says that rather than lower the standard of his paper, he would go out of business. It is this very spirit that has made the Graphic one of the best country newspapers in Oregon, and one that is well worth \$1.50 a year. Its publisher will find that the raise from \$1 to \$1.50 will not lose him a single subscriber, and that his ledger will hereafter show the profit to which his conscientious and painstaking labor has entitled

him. The day of the dollar newspaper is passing, never to return—at least, until such time as some process of transmitting thoughts to paper other than with ordinary presses and type shall be discovered.

Tom Richardson should be made an active member at the meeting of the State Press Association. His optimistic letters do duty in desiccated form on many editorial pages in Oregon.—Oregonian.

As is often stated in the preface to novels, the above bit of sarcasm is "founded on facts." Our friend Tom is an all-round good fellow as well as a successful booster, and he earns the big salary he receives. Just how much of this salary is paid by the railroads we do not know, but it is evident that he knows how to work the newspapers of Oregon to a finish for a lot of railroad advertising that the newspaper men will never receive a cent for. In one instance he was successful in inducing a prominent Portland preacher to sandwich in the announcement of the "colonist rates" with prayer meeting and aid society dates, which is going some to be sure, and the staid old Oregonian bit like the little sheets and heralded the preachers spiel all over the country. How Tom must have chuckled to himself at his success. Take him into the Press Association? How could we keep him out?

In matters of household economics the average husband, who is left to shift for himself while his spouse is off on a vacation, can give lessons that are worthy of consideration. Rest is merely a change of scene and action, so they tell us of late, and he gets his by doing his own cooking, bed making and other little trifling duties about the house. It is so quiet of evenings, the opportunities for sleep being excellent, so he goes to bed early, thus saving twenty per cent on the electric light bill. There being no one to call him early with the chirp of the robins, the time is limited for preparing and eating the morning meal and here is a saving of two and a half per cent in supplies for the commissary, which are costly these days. A clear saving of sixty-six and two thirds per cent is made in the use of the broom, and think of the dish cloths that are worn out annually by the average housekeeper of the female persuasion! A leak that is easily stopped by the chef who looks after the kitchen duties in her absence. We might go farther into the details and make a record breaking showing, but we simply drop these hints to show what could be done by way of shaving down the yearly expense account of the family, with just a little head work.

"Just to Fill Up."

The editor of the Eugene Guard pays his respects to dead-beats in the following declaration of independence: "Said a well-known business man to us the other day: 'It would not hurt you to occasionally mention our business in the paper. It would help to fill up, you know.' Yes, we might do it. We haven't the least idea on earth that it would hurt us, and it would, as he suggests, help to fill up. We might do all this, but at the same time, thank God, we do not have to do it unless we feel like it. It would not hurt him, either, to come around and say: 'Give me a column or a half column of space for an advertisement, and here is the money to pay for it.'"

The Guard is right. There is no class of men on earth that does as much hard work, without compensation, as the newspaper men. Do you ever see the grocer spending his time and good hard coin in telling the people what a fine stock of goods his neighbor, the drygoods merchant, is putting in? Do you ever notice the banker paying young men and women weekly wages to go about telling the

people of the fine new machinery that is being added to the soap factory, or of the soap man consuming valuable time in praising the enterprise of the banker in putting in a new burglar-proof safe and metal vault furniture? It is safe to say that you never hear anything of the sort, and yet this is what the newspaper editor is doing every day and week of the year—and he does it without money and without price. The editor who is loyal to his town, and who takes pride in seeing it grow and prosper, does these things cheerfully and willingly, usually without a thought of compensation—as often, likely as not, the recipients of these favors are contributing little or nothing to the support of the paper.

The enterprising editor is always glad to say a good word for the enterprising business men of his town, although knowing full well that the chances are even that he will never receive one word of thanks for his exhibition of kindness and good-will. He does this willingly, although conscious that every line of type in his paper costs him money, and that if nobody else pays for it, the expense will have to come out of his own pocket.

It is this state of affairs that causes the self-respecting newspaper man to have small patience with the professional dead-beat, who is always seeking to profit by the brains and labor of others. The editor is always looking for something to "fill up" his columns, but he likes to use his own judgment as to the quantity and quality of the "filling."—Polk County Observer.

A Tip From the Oregonian.

Old Yamhill is going to give a good account of herself when apple-picking time comes. Aside from the fact that Millard Lownsdale lives there and proclaims that he has Hood River growers beaten out of sight when it comes to the color and flavor of the reliable old Spitzenbergs, there is a multitude of horticulturists about McMinnville, Amity, Sheridan and Newberg who are in the race to prove that Willamette Valley apples are the finest on earth. Good. The state cannot have too much energy and effort expended in friendly rivalry between fruit-growers. The best is none too good, either for home consumption or for export, and "the best" is what Oregon produces in apples when properly cultivated by intelligent, enterprising growers. This is said without distinction in the apples of Southern Oregon, the Willamette Valley, Hood River or the irrigated orchards of Eastern Oregon. All are fine—none finer.

A Big Bouquet.

Newberg, says the Graphic, is to have a cannery. The main building is already under way and is a big one, being 100x340 feet. The engine house is to be built away from the main building and will be 40x40 feet. Newberg is doubtless one of the foremost towns of the state. It has quite a number of manufacturing industries, all of which are there because the citizens of the town were not afraid to give time and money toward securing them. Newberg also has a college, high school and other educational interests, a fine city water works, elegant church buildings, etc., that are second to none in the state, and this, mind you, in face of the fact that they have no saloons. A large factor in the rebuilding of Newberg is the Newberg Graphic, which has been published in that city for nearly twenty years and whose editor, E. H. Woodward, has always worked for a temperance town, an educational town, a manufacturing town and a progressive town. Such a paper as Mr. Woodward is publishing is a blessing to any town.—Beaver State Herald.

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