

Newberg Graphic

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Go and hear Dr. Green at Wood-Mar Hall on Friday night of next week, and afterward, if you should feel that you failed to get the worth of your money, come to the Graphic office and so express yourself and we will see that it is refunded.

The News-Reporter says the next Republican nominee for President will "probably" be Justice Charles E. Hughes. Well if "old probability" should select Mr. Hughes and he should accept the nomination he would be an easy winner. He has been considered in the presidential timber class for several years.

Ten years ago Belgium devastated this country with large bass-wood rabbits, called Belgium hares, that were not good for food nor much good for ornament, says the Emporia (Kansas) Gazette. Today we are sending the Belgians perfectly good edible food. If this isn't returning good for evil, what is it?

Frank Meredith, who has been secretary of the Oregon State Fair for the past four or five years, has accepted a like position with the Washington State Fair, and will be located at North Yakima. W. A. Jones, Representative in the legislature from Walla Walla and Union counties and a member of the State Fair Commission, has been elected as secretary to fill the vacancy. He is said to be a man well fitted for the position.

An "early spring" has already arrived. Fruit trees of all kinds are fairly alive to the tips of the limbs with bloom, the maple trees are putting forth leaves and the vacant lots about town are covered with succulent green grass, reaching to the knees in places, while the "country butter" has that sweet flavor that goes so well with a hot biscuit at breakfast time—the baseball season is at hand and the fish are beginning to bite—what more is there to be desired?

Well, how long do you think the war will last? This is one of the chief topics of conversation these days, and the question has been put to the Graphic many times. When the clash first came we took the view that, with the enormous cost that must be met by the five big foreign powers involved, and in face of the fact that each and every one of them was already staggering under heavy debts, the war was not likely to last very long; but seven months have already passed by and the killing of human beings still goes on. Every few days there is published a report that there are evidences that steps will be taken soon for making negotiations for peace, but really when that welcome day will come no man can tell, and one man's guess seems about as good as another's.

Word comes from London that a few days ago a deputation of the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation called on David Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and urged the total prohibition of liquors during the war. In answering, he said:

"We are fighting Germany, Austria and drink, and so far as I can see the greatest of these deadly foes is drink." He is quoted as saying further: "I have a growing conviction, based on accumulating evidence, that nothing but root and branch methods will be of the slightest avail in dealing with the evil. I believe it is the general feeling that if we are to settle German militarism we must first of all settle with the drink." This, taken in connection with the drastic prohibition stand taken by the rulers of Russia earlier in the war, shows how rapidly the props are being knocked from under the liquor business the world over these days. Possibly this cruel war will have more to do in a year in putting a check on the awful drink evil than has been done in a generation before.

One of the last matters brought before congress revived the claims of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, and the congressmen debated pro and con as to whether Cook really discovered the pole, or was a mere fakir. The doctor dropped into Washington, and there is evidence that he is still prosperous, since he is still able to put up at the best "tavern" in the Capital City. However, the doctor and his companions failed to secure any action from congress. —Sherwood News Sheet.

And it is not likely that so long as Peary and his crowd of backers at Washington, who have money and influence, can hold their grip, there will be any action secured from congress. Peary says he reached the Pole, which probably is true. Cook says he reached the Pole first, and we have a lot of faith in him after having read his book telling about the trip. It is easy to make little newspaper flings at a man when the world has turned against him, but the Graphic has never felt like joining in the popular clamor against Dr. Cook. Peary was apparently maddened by jealousy, and he seems to have been willing to go to any lengths almost in his efforts to discredit Cook's claims. He has had money and many people of influence to back him up in his fight, while Cook has had to fight his own battles, practically alone and without the necessary funds to command a hearing. We hope some day to see congress give Cook a fair hearing.

Two of the most noted lecturers on the subject of peace and arbitration are Dr. Thomas E. Green and Dr. David Starr Jordan. Up to the time of the breaking out of the European war the subject of Dr. Green's big lecture was "The Burden of the Nations." Now he is lecturing on "The Forces That Failed." Dr. David Starr Jordan now announces his lecture as "An Honest Confession." He and Dr. Green have so strongly advocated the great peace movement that now, in the face of the terrible European war, these two great men are addressing the public on the above named subjects. Dr. Green now says "that one year ago the world was filled with hope that the reign of militarism was ending and the epoch of international sanity and arbitration was dawning." On Friday night of next week the people of Newberg will have an opportunity to hear Dr. Green at Wood-Mar Hall. The writer heard him speak at McMinnville last summer, and we have never heard his equal on this subject. Such an opportunity will not come to Newberg people soon again, and all should avail themselves of this chance to hear one of the best posted men in the nation speak on this subject, which is claiming the attention of the people the world over at this time. Reserved seats may be secured at Klenle's music store.

It is a little too early to hazard a guess on who the next Republican nominee for President will be, but it is a safe one to say his name will not be Roosevelt.

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Pretty figured designs, at a special price per yard...

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Poplins, flaxons, voiles, India linens, special val. per yd 10c to

Heavy Percale 12½c
36 in. extra heavy, regular 15c, our price per yd

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A large assortment, special values at per yard.....

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One lot of 1,000 yards, 1 to 2 inches wide, special per yd.....

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One lot of 3,000 yards, fine and dainty patterns, special per yd.

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E. C. BAIRD

Cash Paid for
all Your Eggs

THE REAL NEWSPAPER

Every country newspaper has the opportunity of being worth much or little to its community, says the Polk County Observer. It all depends upon the energy and ability with which it is conducted, upon the men behind the paper. The editor has the choice whether he will travel in the same old narrow circle every week, dishing up the local and county news in the same old perfunctory manner with but little of real force or character anywhere, or whether he will try to make of his sheet a stimulating power for the betterment of his community.

As we look over certain country exchanges that come to our table every week, we often wonder if their editors have any real convictions upon the live questions that are in the minds of their people. These questions may be of a general character pertaining to the state or nation, or they may be of a more local nature. Whatever they are, the editor ought to be a student concerning them; he ought to have opinions and judgments on such matters and express them vigorously. The reading public do not ask that their local paper should always agree with them, but they do ask that its editor stand up and express his opinion clearly, respectfully, and in a way that shows that he understands the duties and privileges of the place he occupies.

Of course, every man acquires himself in every place and position according to what there is in him. Every trade and profession has a lot of misfits who never should have entered upon such work. The newspaper profession has its share of such misfits. Mental laziness is what troubles most of them. They are not good thinkers to start with. They have no real high standard for their paper, no ambition to be of large service to their community. And so they do not impress themselves upon the people with whom they are identified in any particular manner. There is nothing that will keep an editor from falling into this dangerous rut, quicken and invigorate his paper in all of its departments, and enhance its respect among his people, like a strong, vigorous editorial page. Weakness there indicates weakness everywhere. A community

may tolerate such a weak paper, may even accord it a certain amount of loyalty and support, but they do not respect it. It has no leadership with them and they are constantly wishing for a change.

WHY SOME PEOPLE BELIEVE IN THE CHURCH

The writer once lived in a Colorado mining town where men of three professions were immune from "sudden" death—the lawyer, wanted for the defense in a murder trial; the doctor, needed in the event of a wound, and the minister, to preach the funeral sermon in time of death. They had respect for religion if they did not exactly practice it. The church was supported financially by miners, gamblers, dive-keepers, dancehall-keepers and women of the town. It was an institution recognized as a necessity. Men, no matter how hardened, and women, no matter how depraved, wanted it at least for the last sad rites for themselves or their friends, and all respected it in memory of their mothers. Like in many so-called Christian communities, they do not attend church until they are carried there, dead. In this peaceful and beautiful city of Woodburn, where sociability reigns supreme, there is a certain sort of a similarity to this wild mining town of earlier days. Many here recognize the usefulness of a church in time of death. To do them justice, they believe in the church as the foundation of society, but seldom do some encourage its maintenance either by donation or attendance. What a glorious thing it would be if all made it an object to profitably spend an hour every Sunday at church. If this suggestion were acted upon next Sunday our ministers would each have the pleasure of delivering two sermons—one inside and one outside to an overflow meeting. The seating capacity of our church buildings would not accommodate the population of Woodburn if every man, woman and child turned out at the morning or evening services, indicating that when church buildings were planted and constructed it was expected that only a certain number would attend services, and only a certain number do attend, but the others will when carried in.

WHY CAPITAL IS TIMID

(From the Wall Street Journal.)

In a letter too long to quote in full, F. W. Harris, of Renton, Washington, complains that Wall Street will not lend its money for the obviously needed development of the West. He ascribes this to lack of leadership of men like the late E. H. Harriman, and here are two paragraphs in which he suggests channels for capitalistic enterprises:

"In the Far West and Pacific Coast we need at least two more railways running north and south. One situated between the Rockies and the Cascades, and one along the Pacific Coast. We need 10,000 miles of branch lines. We have ten millions of acres of land awaiting irrigation.

"We have never had sufficient backing to go after the Oriental trade. James J. Hill made an attempt a few years ago, but too much was expected at the start. From Hong Kong to Seattle it is about 6,000 miles. Hong Kong to Europe is 10,000 miles. We can get that trade if we are patient enough to develop it."

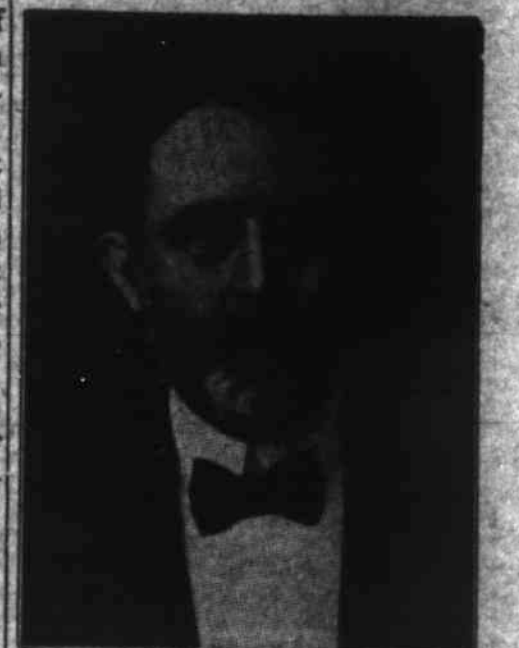
If the West wants capital for such enterprises as Mr. Harris describes, it must show that it can be trusted with it. He finds much to admire in the late E. H. Harriman—now. But when Mr. Harriman was alive, the state legislatures were doing all they could to fetter his energies and to render his enterprises ultimately unprofitable. They have certainly succeeded in the latter respect; and in the former it may be said that Mr. Harriman achieved great things, not because of the people of the West, but in spite of them.

Wall Street does not invest its own capital. That is used for its banking business. But it collects capital from saving people all over the country, and distributes this where the security of the investment looks good. It acts not merely as a financial banker, but as a trustee. It is responsible for the quality of the investment it recommends.

Doubtless the West would be benefited by much more railroad extension than Mr. Harris indicates. But if he will only read the evidence in the western case he will see why Wall Street cannot recommend the invest-

ment at present. The western state railroad commissions themselves are sufficient to frighten away any investor; and this in face of the fact that the western railroads as a whole are much under-capitalized.

If the West is really willing to prove its sense of responsibility to the investor, it will move congress to repeal the navigation laws, including the latest folly, and will impress upon the railroad commissions, federal and state, that they are regulating and not punitive bodies. The West may realize with advantage to itself that Commissioner, Clifford Thorne is a poor substitute for E. H. Harriman.



DR. GREEN

Wood-Mar Hall, Friday, April 9

A REAL ONE

Joe Schumpt has a new story. It is about a Jew peddler, an automobile party and a railroad train. The automobile party was attempting to cross the railroad track. The train came along and the result was three were killed and two seriously injured. The train did not stop. It did not even hesitate.

"About a half hour later the Jew peddler hove in sight, walk down the track. One of the injured men was just regaining consciousness.

"What's der madder?" asked the peddler.

The injured man explained between groans as best he could.

"Hav der glaim agent been along?" asked the peddler.

"Nobody has been along, as I know," was the reply.

"Vell, said the other, 'if you haf no objections I'd dake off my pack and lay down mit you.'"

Seattle Argus.