

Newberg Graphic

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THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1915



Col. E. Hofer who boasts that he only visited the Lewis and Clark Fair on one day and then stayed on the grounds less than half the day, recently made the overland trip by auto with his family to San Francisco to see the Panama Pacific Exposition, and seems to have enjoyed it.

The Graphic has again been importuned to give a word of warning to mothers regarding the proper guardianship of their daughters. It comes this time from a woman of mature years, and from what she tells of a young couple whom she saw near her home west of the Southern Pacific freight depot past the midnight hour on last Saturday night, it is not at all unlikely that another application will soon be made for a place in a detention home for girls. But what can the Graphic say more than it has said over and over again? Really the outlook for bettering conditions seems so hopeless sometimes that it makes one almost heartsick. Just to stand in a public place on the streets and see the young things just in their teens passing, who are painted and powdered in a way that would easily brand them as being of questionable character, were they in a large city, and then to see them walking the streets at late hours of the night attended by young cigarette users, one is led to wonder if the mothers of the poor simple things really care what becomes of them. If they do have any regard for the future of their daughters they certainly are sadly lacking in some way, for how can they expect that young girls turned loose at night to come and go as they like with any kind of company they may pick up, will retain their virtue? Sometimes the suggestion is made that the authorities ought to be on the lookout and correct the loose morals complained of, but it is little that can be done in this way to save young people who have not received the proper home training, and who have not been safeguarded by well directed parental authority. With the best of home training there will occasionally be instances of failure, with the attendant heartaches that must necessarily follow, but after all the home is the one place that society must look to for the proper training of boys and girls.

HINT TO LOGANBERRY MEN

"Your loganberry juice has grape juice backed off the boards," said one Eastern Shriner visitor to Eugene last week. Another, a manufacturer of soft drinks at Kansas City, ordered several bottles sent to him for investigation. Practically every visitor was loud in his praise of the Willamette valley's new product.

This establishes the truth of a contention that has long been advanced by The Register—that in order to create an immense market for loganberry juice it is only necessary to bring it to the attention of the nation's consumers. Its peculiarly distinctive flavor will do the rest.

The loganberry grower who becomes discouraged and digs up

his vines because the market does not immediately absorb the entire output of the valley, is displaying a weakness of the backbone that will never build up a great industry. It must be remembered that the loganberry is a new product, and before it can be extensively sold the public must be familiarized with it. With proper selling methods and adequate publicity its novelty will help in establishing a market, for all people are fond of something new, but if the loganberry's light is kept hidden under a bushel neither novelty nor distinctive flavor will bring sales in the volume that is needed.

Advertising is the power whose aid the loganberry growers must invoke if they are to build up a nation wide demand for their product. Loganberry juice is to be a competitor of grape juice, and if it is to win it must be given equal advantages.

Every housewife in America knows all about grape juice, for its merits are shouted to her from the pages of nearly every publication she reads. Every patron of the soft drink parlor knows all about it, for wherever he turns he is urged to drink grape juice.

In order to make possible an advertising campaign that will create a national demand, the loganberry growers of the Willamette valley must organize and raise a fund. They must levy an assessment against every producing acre, so that the cost of a publicity campaign from which all will benefit will not be borne by the public spirited few.

This is a tremendous task, but it is worth while. The loganberry is a distinctive crop that can be grown successfully only in the Willamette valley. If a nation wide demand for the juice and the canned and dried berries can be built up the prosperity of this section of Oregon will be permanently assured.

WEST CHEHALEM

Mr. and Mrs. Ebberman and Frederick Stillwell, of Butteville, visited with Mrs. J. L. Davis Friday and Saturday.

Miss Dorelle Anderson returned to her home in Salem Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Patton, of Portland, visited with M. Patton Sunday.

Miss Francis Greenleaf, of Honolulu, is making an extended visit with Miss Crystal Smith.

Clarence Amoth came out from Portland to attend the ice cream social.

Mrs. Blanchard, of Newberg, came out Saturday evening to visit with her son, Fred Blanch and family.

The Misses Evelyn Patton, Leona Anderson and Rosie Heggard took Sunday dinner with Florence and Clara Calkins.

The "Winners" class of the West Chehalis Sunday School held a picnic in the Grochen grove Wednesday. All of the members were not present on account of the busy times but those who did attend had a very enjoyable time.

Tom and Charlie Roe were guests of De Vere Fendall Sunday.

Berlin Davis and family, Mr. Asquith, of Portland, and Dr. A. M. Davis were entertained at the home of Mrs. J. L. Davis Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Anderson and son Edwin, Mrs. M. Patton, Miss Ruth and Fred Patton and Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Patton were callers at the home of E. G. Fendall Sunday afternoon.

Last Saturday evening quite a crowd gathered on the lawn of the Ewing Young school to participate in the ice cream social given by the West Chehalis Band. The music furnished by the band boys was the best that they had ever rendered in public and it was much appreciated.

MORE WORK FOR TIRED HUBBY

Women to Resume the Button-Down-the-Back Gown.

You see, it's like this, fellows: The Chicago Herald printed an interview with Madam Marguerite, the other day. Marguerite is the principal mechanician in a Chicago gown foundry. She said the women were going to resume the button-down-the-back kind this winter. To the wigmans of the accused with Madam Marguerite! Button-'em-down-the-back, eh? Not in this league. Our own Madam Malarky, who is some skillful scissor herself, says the gowns will not button down the back—unless the woman has a skinny neck. I went out and counted necks, yesterday. In one square the score stood:

Chubby necks, 18.
Skinny necks, 3.
Chicago's Madam Marguerite got all fussed. I am a reasonably balm husband, but when I saw that Marguerite was prophesying a return to the button-down-the-backs, I immediately decided to run over to one of our best emporiums and see the gown designer there. I thought we could talk it over man to man. But my friend was in the east, so I showed the Herald clipping to two of the girls in his workshop.

"More Work for Tired Hubby," the headline said. "Fashion Decries a Return to the Button-in-the-Back Gown."

I pointed to the headline. The girls grasped it in a jiffy.

"Heaven forbid!" they said in chorus. "Amen!" said I.

They thought—Madam Malarky, in the Merchants' Bank building, across the street, might know.

I beat it for Madam Malarky's.

"Tell me, Madame Malarky," I said, eager to know the truth, "are they going to wear them button-down-the-back again?"

"Yes and no," was the indefinite answer.

I gasped. I imagine my feelings were like those of a condemned man waiting for a message from the governor.

"That's rather indefinite," I said.

"So are the styles," the gownsmith replied. "Much depends on the woman. If she has a skinny neck it may be necessary for her to wear a dress with a collar. In that event her gown would button down the back. But the woman with the well-rounded throat is going to continue wearing collarless gowns."

I thought of my wife's neck and tried to remember how it looked. Not so bad. But my neighbor next door—poor devil! He'll have to serve a term this winter. And when I thought of him I laughed.

"Why the smile?" Madam Malarky inquired.

"I was thinking about my neighbor," I explained. "He'll have to give over his evenings to being a lady's maid this winter."

"I should think you would weep with him, instead of laugh at his misery," she said, reprovingly.

"Well, he makes fun of my lawnmower and I don't care what happens to him."

Then Madam Malarky began talking styles. She says, fellows, that the narrow skirt isn't going to be out long.

Next we talked about the difficulties encountered by American gown builders in getting sturdy and stylish materials. Then our chat drifted back to the button-in-the-backs, the theme, I was most interested in.

"The button-in-the-back gowns really have never gone out," Madam Malarky said. "One of my best customers had one made recently and she is one of the most correctly dressed women in town. She studies style and told

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36-inch wide all wool Batiste Reduced to.....per yd 50c
Wool Challies for Waistings Reduced to.....per yd 35c
One lot Zion City Laces, extra value.....per yd 5c
One lot Pure Linen Laces, extra value.....per yd 5c
Ladies White Summer Outing Coats, just what you need for auto riding and beach, special \$12.50
One lot Ladies Dress Skirts, values up to \$5, reduced to.....each 98c
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Three cans, full weight, Standard Tomatoes.....25c
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Two cans Fancy Tomatoes, full weight.....25c
Four pounds of Arm and Hammer Soda.....25c
One pound Crown Steel Cut Coffee Special.....25c
Two packages Cream of Wheat for.....35c
Best Cream Rolled Oats for only 5c per pound
One pound Walter Baker's Chocolate.....30c

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FOR EGGS

E. C. BAIRD

me exactly how she wished it made. I like a woman with ideas."

"Yes, I like women with ideas, too," I said. "And a pretty neck."

"Your love for pretty necks, I fear, is based on your anxiety to escape buttoning backs," Madam Malarky said, with a twinkle in her eye. "I don't know why men dislike to button their wives' backs. It is such a little thing and cultivates devotion. A devoted husband should deem it a privilege to button his wife's back."

"Then I should be arrested for failure to devote," I said. "The man doesn't live who will honestly say that buttoning a wife's back is a loving pleasure. Invariably I get them buttoned or hooked up wrong, never discovering the error until I have the last one ready to be hooked."

"Some men are so inefficient," she said. I felt the sting. But I stood my ground—and I still stand immovable—that the gown builder who inflicts button-'em-down-the-back dresses on a nice, calm, peace-loving husband is a curse to humanity and an ally of the lawyers and the divorce courts.

Anyhow, my wife hasn't a skinny neck. But the fellow next door has.

THE ART OF RESTING

To rest seems quite simple. There are plenty of people who do not have to learn how at all, to whom resting comes with a fine natural grace, as do the arts of eating and sleeping. These people are not all idlers, either says the Youth's Companion. Perhaps the greatest workers of the world, at any rate those who accomplish most, are the men and women who can relax completely, even in the midst of vast affairs; who keep in their hearts an unwrinkled corner of serenity; who can snatch a mo-

ment's sleep between two great decisions, come out of it refreshed, and make their decisions right.

But to many of us hurrying, hustling, nervous Americans resting is one of the lost arts. We rush from work to so-called recreation and from recreation back to work again. We say that mere change rests us. So it would, if we took it in the right spirit; but there is no rest when the eye is on the clock, no rest when the hours and the days are too short for the things we undertake to do in them.

Then, for some of us, comes the imperative order: you must rest—and to our horror, we find that we do not know how. We try long hours of external quiet, long black nights when the quiet is only external. We try change of air and change of scene. But in spite of external quiet and external variety, the thoughts keep tapping—patter, patter, patter—on the tired brain like raindrops beating on a roof. It takes months, perhaps years, of wasted life to teach us the lesson that at the proper time we might have learned so easily.

For rest is a spiritual grace, an art that can be acquired in early years and practiced with untold benefit. Teach it to your children and begin to learn it yourself, even now—the art of being absolutely relaxed and quiet, even if only for a little while. No matter how work presses, no matter how life whirls about you, teach yourself to become for a few moments every day as passive as the white clouds or the green fields or the tranquil stars. So will you put a new strength into your work that will make every stroke and stitch of it more lasting and more beautiful.

OREGON AT THE FAIR

An exhibit in the Oregon pavilion, Palace of Agriculture, that attracts a great deal of attention is that one showing 670 varie-

ties of products from a single farm. This showing is made by D. M. Lowe, of Jackson county, who is particularly well known to Oregon State Fair attendants. This exhibit is made up of grains, grasses, fruits, vegetables, the legumes, several varieties of corn, flax, and about everything else namable. The average visitor is thoroughly amazed that such a tremendous variety of products can be produced, on a single farm and many stay to discuss the situation thoroughly. That this production is obtained without the aid of irrigation, that the products grow to a splendid maturity without interruption, and that so much of the exhibit is of top-notch stuff but increases the wonder. A feature of the exhibit is a large case of silver cups, medals and blue ribbons that Mr. Lowe has won by similar exhibits at other expositions and state fairs. This is a magnificent advertisement for Southern Oregon and the state at large and furnishes great opportunity for attendants to dwell upon Oregon opportunity and possibility. A companion exhibit also assists very materially in this effort at exploitation. This is the splendid showing made by F. M. Sherman, of Linn county. He shows what can be grown on an unirrigated ten-acre farm and there is an unusual variety of fine products. However, Mr. Sherman has discovered that it pays to grow first-class seed of all kinds and this is his special effort. There is always a strong demand for good seed at a good price and he recommends this industry to those on the small tract. The public finds his exhibit of great interest.

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