

Newberg Graphic

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1918

The American Museum of Natural History is planning for a whale of a luncheon to be given in New York Friday and Hoover has been invited.

It takes cash to grease the skids—municipal, county, state and national—and Liberty Loan Bonds will not be accepted in payment of taxes due the United States. So says the Commissioner of Internal Revenue in answer to an erroneous statement that has gone abroad. Just smile and pass the word along.

It is already being predicted that the soldier boys will be the office holders when they come marching home and possibly the suggestion has had something to do in bringing out the big crop of old fellows among the leftovers as candidates for the coming election. They evidently want to get in while the going is good.

When the growers sent out the invitation to the business men of Newberg to take lunch with them at the cannery last Saturday they evidently meant what they said, for after all had partaken of the second helping there was enough left to keep a cantonment of Belgians alive for a month. Certainly there is no cause for alarm over the food supply in this section at present.

The union revival services now in progress in Newberg are being conducted along sane lines, with no sensationalism and are being well attended. The solo work by Mr. Troy and the choir and congregational singing which he leads, is an inspiration to hear, while the sermonizing by Mr. Reid is clear and forceful. With the interest that is being shown it is apparent that the Friends church will be taxed to hold the crowds before the meetings close.

If the numerous federal departments would cut out about nine-tenths of the circular matter that is being sent out to newspaper offices, a great saving in paper would be made, and in addition there would be some likelihood of a portion of the stuff seeing daylight through the medium of the newspapers. As it is, so much is being sent out that the bulk of it finds its way by the quickest route to the waste basket in order to save the time required to cull it over.

As great a man as Abraham Lincoln considered the poem by Wm. Knox, entitled, "O, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud," a gem in verse, for it is said it was a great favorite with

him. It is given a place on the front page of the Graphic this week along with Lincoln's picture. It is well worth reading over and over again and treasuring in the memory, for, really, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

So far as appears there are few spots on the earth that have not been trod by one or more Indians. The latest is that a Hoosier soldier has broken into a German prison.

COMMUNITY COOPERATION

Not long ago we received a letter from one of our subscribers saying that if he wished to buy a certain commodity (which by the way was handled by one of his home town dealers) he would send to a mail order house for it, says the Oregon Farmer. This, of course is his privilege. But supposing a majority of his neighbors in that community were to do the same thing continually. Would it not mean discouragement to all local storekeepers in that community? Would it not mean slow starvation to all merchants already located there and stand as an effectual barrier against the business advancement and enterprise of the neighborhood?

We do not mean to express or imply that there should be no trading done with mail order houses, for it happens frequently that such houses offer certain lines of goods not obtainable from local stores. But we believe that the home town storekeeper should be given all the trade encouragement possible where he is doing the best he can to deserve it. Even though his prices on some lines may be a trifle higher, due to the fact that his volume of trade will not permit his buying in big lots, it must not be forgotten that he is (or can be made) an important factor in the development of the community in which you are, or should be interested.

Bear in mind that the storekeeper, whether he keeps a little store or a big one, is a giver of service. He invests his money and his time in supplying you and your neighbors with commodities that you might otherwise be at considerable inconvenience to obtain. As a rule the storekeeper in your community is what your community makes him. If you withhold your trade from him he is held back in his efforts to keep a fresh and varied line for you to select from. He is entitled to a reasonable profit on what he sells you just the same as you are entitled to a profit on whatever you produce for sale. The storekeeper is not a drone in the community hive. He is a very necessary factor in making the community a better place for you and your family to live in. Public spirited co-operation with your home town merchants is like bread upon the waters. It comes back to you in the form of a more prosperous, more progressive community center which attracts better medical talent, better ministers, better teachers, better talent of various kinds, which means much to you and to your family.

WANTED—AN OLD WOMAN

Yes, an old woman wanted. She may be white, yellow or black, toothless, wrinkled and lame, the only requirement being a willingness to talk—and this is not an unusual accomplishment among females of the human species, young or old.

It is this way. A few days ago in talking with one of our business men about newspaper advertising, said business man asserted that he would rather have an old woman talking for him than to have space in the advertising columns of a newspaper. Now, while the Graphic has been doing a lot of publicity work in a general way for the business men of Newberg all these years that it has received no remuneration for, we want to make a special effort to give this particular individual just what he thinks he wants, by assisting him to find an old woman to do the advertising for him. Of course he believes in advertising and likewise in the efficacy of the old woman kind of advertising, else he would not have made the seemingly rash statement he did to the Graphic scribe. Some, to be sure, appear to bank more on a female of young and tender years with a pretty face and catchy bearing, but in this particular instance the specifications are explicit on just two points, namely, the woman must be old and she must talk.

Now this ought to be easy, so far, but in justice to possible anxious inquirers we will add that the "old woman" who gets the job will be expected to "talk" with no prospect of remuneration except the gratitude extended by this public spirited business man, and she must board herself.

Of course it is a matter of record that the most successful merchants this country has ever produced have given the unqualified statement over and over again that they owed their success, very largely, to judicious newspaper advertising, but this is an unusual case—one where the merchant in question is so cock sure that it is the advertising from the lips of an old woman that will pay him best, that we are giving him the benefit of this newspaper publicity free, hoping to see the matter given a fair trial in Newberg.

If the fellows who have been so free in paying out their money for newspaper advertising have been throwing their money away it is high time the world was put wise.

Let the old woman who wants a job come forward and the name of the prospective employer will be furnished by the Graphic and no commission will be charged.

But speaking of newspaper advertising, this is what an exchange has to say regarding it:

"No business man in any town should allow a newspaper published in his own town to go out without his name and business being mentioned somewhere in its columns. This applies to all kinds of business—general stores, dry goods, groceries, furniture dealers, manufacturing establishments, automobile dealers, mechanics, professional men, and in fact all classes of business men. This does not mean that you should have a whole or a half or even a quarter page ad in every issue of the paper, but your name and business should be mentioned if you do not use more than a two-line space. A stranger picking up a newspaper should be able to tell just what business is represented in a town by looking at the business mentioned in the paper. This is the best possible town advertiser. The man who does not advertise his business does an injustice to himself and his city. He is the man who expects the newspaper to do the most free advertising for his town. The man who insists on sharing the business that comes to town but refuses to advertise his business is not a valuable addition to any town. The life of any town depends upon the live, wideawake and liberal advertising men."

WHY NOT C. C. CHAPMAN?

Again some of the weakest men in the several counties of Oregon are candidates for legislative nominations. Very few men of standing have been persuaded to enter the contest. What

do our citizens expect in the way of tax legislation and public economy if they do not encourage men to run whose reputation for sound judgment is well established? There is going to be one mess at Salem a year hence unless a higher quality of citizenship is evident in candidacies than has appeared so far in names mentioned in many of the counties.—Oregon Voter.

The Graphic heartily agrees with the Voter and since the voters of Yamhill county should be taking a hand in the selection of legislative timber, we suggest the name of C. C. Chapman, editor and publisher of the Voter, whose home is on a farm in this county. He has the ability and push to well represent the county, a fact which we think few will question.

THE OBITUARY OF JAMES ORPHEUS SPENCER

Died on February fifth, at Otterbrook, his boyhood home, James Orpheus Spencer, aged sixty-seven years.

Broken in health he came to the country about three years ago to be with his sister. He immediately began to improve and, to occupy his time bought an apple orchard and built a little house. He took great interest in improving and developing his orchard.

On Saturday morning he came to his sister's saying he was not feeling well. Dr. Hester, who was called, was able to relieve the pain but Mr. Spencer grew weaker until Monday when he seemed to improve. He passed away suddenly Tuesday morning at seven o'clock. The cause of his death was angina pectoris.

The funeral arrangements under the direction of Messrs. Hodson & Elliott are to be as simple as possible, according to Mr. Spencer's wishes.

The remains were taken to Portland for cremation. They were accompanied by Rev. Geo. H. Greer and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Spencer. Short services at the crematory were conducted by Rev. Greer. The ashes will be brought to Otterbrook and interred in the family cemetery.

Mr. Spencer was a pioneer of 1852, the son of Rev. John Spencer, and had resided in Oregon

all but a few years of his life when he managed a salmon cannery at Port Townsend, Washington. For about twenty-five years he was manager of a cannery for Cook Bros. at Clifton, Oregon. He afterwards was associated in fuel, shingle and insurance business with James T. McCabe, of Portland. Deceased is survived by a sister, Mrs. Geo. H. Greer, and two brothers, Wm. V. Spencer, of Tigard, and Theodore W. Spencer, of Portland.

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Begins Serially February 17th in the

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