

Newberg Graphic

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THURSDAY, JULY 18 1918.

The news of the death of Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt, youngest son of ex-President Roosevelt, who was killed in an air fight inside the German lines, will cause universal sorrow throughout the United States. Filled with the impetuous and daring spirit of his father, he was doing his duty as he saw it, when, in a battle above the clouds, he lost his life at the hands of the enemy.

Walter Pierce, Democratic candidate for governor, who was in Newberg last Saturday, said he had 37,000 bushels of wheat on his Union county farm. To the ordinary country newspaper man 27,000 bushels of golden grain would look better than a chance run for the office of governor against the present incumbent.

Last week a party advertised in the Graphic the loss of a \$20 bill and the day following the issue of the paper the bill was brought in, but it looks like the owner would now have to be advertised for as he has not been in to claim the money. Two things are evident. One is that there is at least one honest man in Newberg and the other is that money is cheap these days.

As soon as we can get around to it we expect to arrange our mailing list so that along with each subscriber's name as it appears on the paper each week, will be the date to which the subscription is paid. This will be a convenience to subscribers but we will say that it may be embarrassing to some if they do not come in at once and have the date opposite their names set ahead. Some names with accompanying dates won't look well in print as they now stand on our books.

In conversation with Zimri Ellis a few days ago the statement was made that it was remarkable how corn kept green and growing with the ground so dry, when he stated that he knew by actual test that corn would send down roots to a depth of seven feet. This sounded like a big story, but a few days later when the writer was pulling suckers from corn, a stalk not more than fifteen inches in height was pulled up and a root with it that was more than thirty-seven inches long.

A short time ago a very good friend of the editor sent in a note saying she thought that in the discussion of the food problem the Graphic was biased by its views on the prohibition question, adding that winning the war was the one important question at this time. Possibly others may think the Graphic is radical on this subject but if so what may they say for General Pershing, who says: "Banish the entire liquor industry from the United States for the duration of the war; close every saloon, every brewery; suppress drinking by severe punishment to the drinker, and if necessary, death to the seller or maker, or both, as traitors, and the nation will suddenly find itself amazed at its efficiency, and startled at the increase of its labor. I shall not go slow on prohibition, for I know what is the greatest foe to my men, greater, even, than the bullets of the enemy."

adjacent to Newberg who will want to take advantage of this opportunity for six days of wholesome entertainment brought to Newberg. A Portland business man was in Newberg Wednesday who said his wife was attending the Gladstone Chautauqua and that she said the program given was by far the best she had ever heard given there. Other similar reports are coming from Gladstone and the same talent that is to appear here have been giving much of the program there. If you have not already secured tickets think the matter over seriously.

A VERY LIVE QUESTION JUST NOW

From time to time in the past few months the Graphic has discussed the question of the suppression of the drink traffic, purely as a war measure, taking the position that congress and President Wilson should stop the manufacture of beer without delay. A few of our exchanges have taken the same view, some appear to have no ideas on the question, while others say the prohibition question can wait. Probably the readers of the Graphic are also divided in sentiment regarding the matter. Some have warmly commended the editor for the course he has taken, while others have offered criticism. All this goes to show that this is a very live question and one that is not to be brushed aside by a wave of the hand. It is before congress and it looks like it would be put up to President Wilson at no distant day.

What the big men, such as Lloyd George and General Pershing, are saying about the drink question is worth reading and those who have taken the ground that "the prohibition question can wait" are asked to note the following, taken from an Eastern publication:

"It was stated on the floor of the United States Senate a few days ago that the brewers of the United States used 70 million bushels of grain during 1917. Therein is food for a good sized army. That furnishes reason enough for closing all the breweries till the war is over. This would thoroughly remove the food difficulty."

"Dr. Charles Sheldon said in the columns of the Independent, March 2, 1918: 'During 1917, every day, submarines destroyed the equivalent of 120,000 loaves of bread. But, during the same period, the brewers of Great Britain destroyed the equivalent of 750,000 loaves of bread each day.'"

Dr. Sheldon further states: "The British government allows the brewers to outbid the millers by one pound six shillings and three pence per ton for grain. As a result, the farmers sell the best of the grain to the brewers, and the poorest of it goes for bread."

"Lloyd George, Prime Minister, said in an address, 'We are fighting three enemies: Germany, Austria, and Drink. The greatest of these is Drink.'"

"General Pershing has spoken on the subject with a force and clearness that deserves consideration. He says: 'Banish the entire liquor industry from the United States for the duration of the war; close every saloon, every brewery; suppress drinking by severe punishment to the drinker, and if necessary, death to the seller or maker, or both, as traitors, and the nation will suddenly find itself amazed at its efficiency, and startled at the increase of its labor. I shall not go slow on prohibition, for I know what is the greatest foe to my men, greater, even, than the bullets of the enemy.'"

EDITOR TELLS THE TRUTH

A West Texas editor got tired of being called a "liar" because of an occasional typographical error or a slight disarrangement of the facts in publishing a commonplace news item. In his wrath, he announced in bold face type as follows:

"A lot of folks in this town fall out with the editor and brand him as a liar when the ordinary human mistakes of life show up in a newspaper. You have a little charity and fellow feelin' for every man in town but your editor. You claim that you want the facts and see if I don't give 'em to you. Read the next few lines and you'll see some facts with the bark off. I'll admit that I have been a liar, an editorial liar, ever since I printed a lie in these columns except to save somebody's feelings being hurt. I'm not afraid of any of you and I'll be blamed if I don't print the truth from now on, or until you get out of the habit of calling me a liar every time I make some little unavoidable typographical error. Watch my smoke."

Here are some paragraphs, culled from the next issue:
John Coyle, our grocery man, who voted with the republicans in 1916, and consumes more mail order whis-

key than any other member of the Baptist church in this country, is doing poor business. It is a wonder he has any business at all.

Rev. Sty preached last Sunday night at the Christian church. His sermon was punk and uninteresting, except some stuff he quoted from Bob Ingersoll, for which he failed to give Bob credit. He also recited a few passages from one of William Elbert Munsey's sermons and had the gall to palm it off as his own.

Dave Carter died at his home two miles north of this place last Thursday night. Dock Holderness, who is an old friend of the family, attended him a few minutes before he expired. He gave it out that Dave died of heart failure. That is a lie. Dave died from drinking too much of a very poor grade of mall order liquor. This paper prints the truth.

Tom Spardin married Miss Cordie Meador last trade's day at the county seat. It ain't generally known, but the marriage was brought about mainly by a Remington shotgun manipulated by the bride's father; Tom concludin' 'hat marryin' was the healthiest thing he could do until other arrangements were made.

Roger Lloyd, cashier of the State Bank at Willow Grove, died Wednesday evening and was buried Friday by the Odd Fellows at Pleasant Mound cemetery. He has been taking this paper seven years and so far he hasn't paid us a cent; we thinking that he being a banker, would pay some time. We will sell the account for two bits' worth of fresh greens.

Married: Miss Susie Scruggs and Horace Guffin, last Saturday, at the Methodist parsonage, Rev. James C. Williams officiating. The bride is a very ordinary town girl who flirts with all the traveling men she meets and never helped her mother three days all put together in her whole life. She is anything but a beauty. Resembles a gravel pit in the face, and walks like a duck. The groom is a natural born loafer and bum. He never did a lick of work until his stepfather ran him away from home last fall. He went to the county seat, and just before starving to death, accepted a job as chambermaid in a livery stable. As soon as his ma found out where he was, she went after him and brought him home. He now resides at the home of his wife's father and says that he has no definite plans for the future. Susie will have a hard row to hoe.—Exchange.

LOST ON THE U. S. S. PRESIDENT LINCOLN

Mrs. Mary E. Fornshell Receives Information of Last Acts of Her Nephew, J. E. Johnston.

Following the loss of the U. S. S. President Lincoln at sea, Mrs. Mary E. Fornshell, who is making her home with her friend, Mrs. Mary J. Wood, on West First street, watched the papers closely, hoping to get some trace of her nephew, J. C. Johnston, assistant paymaster in the Navy, who was numbered with the missing. Seeing a note from Scappoose to the effect that Hugh W. H. Adams was one of the number on the ship that was saved, she wrote him, asking if he could give any information about Mr. Johnston, and was both surprised and gratified on receiving the following letter:

Scappoose, Ore., July 2, 1918.

Dear Mrs. Fornshell:
I just dropped in at the house up town for a minute last night, and Mother gave me your letter, which I brought down here with me.

Mr. Johnston was one of my officers in the 9th Division, and as there were 140 men in that division they were about the last to get off. He waited until the last before he jumped for the last raft that was thrown off by the 9th Division, and to the best of my knowledge that last raft was still tied to the ship when it took its final plunge; that was just as he jumped. I left on the raft before, and I was close by. I saw Mr. Johnston take his revolver off and throw it on the deck. That was before I dove over myself. I heard it said afterwards that Mr. Johnston couldn't swim, but he couldn't have gone down if he hadn't gotten tangled up in that raft, because he had on a life preserver. There was also a good friend of mine went down on that same raft, but he got loose from it some way, and he came to the top and was saved.

I will also add that Mr. Johnston was very much liked by all of the men in his division, and he stuck with his men till the last had left the ship. That is more than I can say for some of them, I think.

If there is anything else I can let you know I would be only too glad. There were nine divisions on the ship, and we lost fourteen out of our division—the 9th.

Yours truly,
HUGH W. H. ADAMS,
U. S. S. President Lincoln,
care P. M., New York City.



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When you put your time and money into planting a crop, you take a chance.

When you put your money into clothes at this store, the returns are guaranteed.

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Miller Mercantile Co.

JUNIOR CHAUTAUQUA WORK GIVEN MUCH PROMINENCE

Ellison-White Chautauquas are giving greater prominence than ever this year to the Junior Chautauquas, as the hearty co-operation of the parents as well as the children is needed to assure the success which this "Juvenile University" deserves. Our boys and girls are our men and women of tomorrow and are even now weaving the social fabric for the future. At this time, during the formative period of their young lives, no greater service can be rendered them than to give them every possible help in making the most of the opportunities provided for them in the Junior Chautauqua.

This year in addition to the Story Lady who has supervision of the children's games during the week, the Ellison-White Management have added a traveling director of this department to the field forces. The traveling director, who is an expert in this branch of Chautauqua work, has general charge of all the Story Ladies who in turn have been specially trained for the work at the Columbia School of Expression, Chicago. In fact, the Junior Chautauqua has been so highly specialized that it is certain to equal, and may even surpass any event of the week. As heretofore, during the week the children each morning will meet

with the Story Hour Lady who supervises them in their play, tells them new stories, teaches them new playground stunts and prepares them for the elaborate Mother Goose Festival which will be staged on the last evening of Chautauqua under the personal supervision of the traveling director.

The results, above mentoned, are

visible, but the invisible results reaching deep into the children's hearts and firing the young minds with initiative in work as well as in play, are the results that leave the indelible impression upon the spirit of the community life among the very young, and are the results which more than justify hearty support of the Junior Chautauqua.



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