

Newberg Graphic

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Editor and Publisher

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1918.

M. J. Brown, until recently editor and publisher of the Benton County Courier, is said to be working in a St. Johns shipyard. When he gets back into the harness again he ought to be able to tell us whether or not the laborer is really worthy of his hire.

Complaint has been registered at this office that Economy fruit jars lids are not holding well this season, thus causing much loss. Too bad at a time like this when every ounce of sugar counts. The Kerr Glass Mfg. Co., of Portland, should be rounded up at once.

The Graphic job department is just completing an order of 500,000 can labels for A. Rupert & Co. 250,000 of which are for blackberry jam and the other 250,000 are for plum jam. It will be some sweet day for the Oregon boys in France when they pry open these cans of home grown bread and butter spreaders.

Prunes are ripening up so rapidly that a few fires are being made in the furnaces of evaporators and if the weather continues warm the drying season will be on in good swing in the next ten days. The little moisture that was in the air last week appears to have been very helpful to growing prunes and they are coming on in much better shape than they were three weeks ago. The outlook now is that all the evaporators in the country will have all they can take care of and that pickers will be in great demand.

The Oregon Voter says it has good grounds for the belief that some members of the Portland police department are standing in with and giving protection to the bootlegging ring and calls the attention of Mayor Baker to the situation. One of these days not in the very far distance we are going to have national prohibition, which will make it still more difficult for the old soaks to get the stuff to tank up on, but in the interval if the courts would give jail sentences in cases of conviction and violation of our prohibition laws, along with the fines imposed, it would give the fellows time for reflection that would have a more deterring effect. Since bootleggers are able to get almost any kind of a price for the stuff they peddle they are willing to take the risk and they care little for an ordinary fine.

BOY SCOUTS TAKE LONG HIKE

About half of the local troop of Boy Scouts left Newberg Saturday evening for a hike over Chehalem Mountain. Many jolly happenings took place while en route. One of the Scouts, Kenneth Clemmens, thought he was perspiring a little too freely and upon investigating found that it was nothing more or less than butter leaking from his knapsack. After that the boys called him "Butterleak."

While climbing Chehalem Mountain "Chink" Switzer thought several times he would have to stop and fix his carburetor. Plucky Joe Shook lost his pack two or three times but recaptured it and stoically plodded on.

At Henry Schultz's place on top of Chehalem Mountain the boys were

generously treated to H₂O and apples while Kenneth Clemmens begged to purchase some butter of Mrs. Schultz but which she determined should be gratis.

About two miles down the north side of the mountain camp was pitched, supper eaten and lastly the troop endeavored to take a trip to dreamland, which proved almost a failure until the guard resorted to stubble-dragging, hot hand, etc., as sleep stimulants.

The next morning camp was shifted to another location and while here Myron King's patrol showed most system in cooking, fire building and general camp arrangement. Lyle Howard and Henry Fitzpatrick patrols were close seconds.

During the afternoon Scout games were participated in, in which Scout Kinyon and Scout Fitzpatrick pulled some star plays. During the evening a Sunday school session was held for the benefit of the Scouts who regularly attend Sunday school.

Soon after this camp broke up and the hike back to Newberg was begun. Sunday evening the Scouts camped on the south side of Chehalem Mountain. During the night the Scout master was suddenly awakened by the queer actions of Scout Crites who was crawling around in his sleep and cooing like a dove. Many other funny incidents occurred. Next morning the Scouts soon found themselves in Newberg.

MOTORISTS SHOULD USE PACIFIC COAST PRODUCTS

As the war goes on the need for conservation in every direction is constantly increasing. Not only must we conserve food and fuel but we must relieve the railroads as much as possible for war needs. One way in which this can be effectively done is to use the products made at home. President Wilson, himself, has urged us to "use the products of the local factories" in order to save locomotives and freight cars for the War Department.

The Pacific Coast produces a large quantity of things which are the equal, if not better than similar goods brought from the East. Among these are many of the products used by motorists. This is particularly true of lubricating oils.

Government and other experts have long recognized the unsurpassed qualities of the lubricating oils refined from California asphalt-base crude.

LOCAL W. C. T. U. NOTES

At the annual meeting of the W. C. T. U. August 24 Mrs. Etta B. Moore was unanimously re-elected president, with no opportunity of protest on her part. She has by her faithful, efficient service as president of the local union, for the past six years, and by her beautiful Christian spirit won the confidence and love of her constituents, and it was with deepest regrets they accepted her resignation when she informed them it would be utterly impossible for her to carry the work this year. She will, however, loyally serve the cause as strength permits.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. A. H. Dean; corresponding and recording secretary, Mrs. N. Welter; treasurer, Mrs. Maria Bowerman.

A delegation of women from Newberg is attending at the county W. C. T. U. at Amity.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Russell E Andrews and wf to E D Hendricks 4 ac Samuel Cozine dic t 4 s r 4 w \$1500.

Mary E Hawley and husb to Geo G Clark and wf 38 ac D D Bailey dic t 3 s r 3 w \$10.

Dora C Holmen and husb to Jasper L and Ella A Goin: 69.50 ac s 23 t 3 s r 5 w \$1000.

SIDE LIGHTS ON G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT

Continued from page 1

on wooden legs.

No heart-of-flesh could resist them. As for me, when the bands struck up and the first detachment swung into view, I began to dissolve immediately. Before the parade was over there wasn't a dry eye in my head and my make-up was completely demolished.

It is hardly correct to say that the old soldiers marched. They progressed in a variety of ways. Some kept time to the music with an erect, soldierly bearing, but only a few.

I regret to shock any of the gentle readers of the Graphic—but these old men pranced and danced, they cavorted and capered. Some doffed their hats, bowing and shedding toothless smiles in all directions. Others threw kisses indiscriminately to right and left. Some sang. In fact, I noticed several whose mouths were moving rhythmically, but whether they were indulging in vocal exercises or chewing tobacco I was not able to make out.

Some had lighted up their pipes and were fortifying themselves with a good smoke. One old fellow had his lunch basket on his arm. I caught another one in the act of surreptitiously removing his false teeth, which he wrapped tenderly in a piece of paper and transferred to his pocket. It was a trifle informal but I didn't blame him. When they are not needed for mastication or conversational purposes it is sheer vanity to leave them in for mere facial adornment, particularly if they hurt your mouth.

Of costumes there were a great variety. Many were in ordinary civilian clothes. Some were spruced up in comparatively new uniforms especially designed for these great events. Others wore the tattered and soiled garments which had been with them through the war.

I noticed one old veteran, apparently an officer, who had a suspicious looking strap and buckle dangling below his coat. "Poor old fellow," I thought. "In his hurry to get into the parade he has forgotten to properly hitch up his suspenders." I felt sorry for him for I knew he had to keep up his reputation as well as other articles even more necessary. Instead of modestly averting my eyes as I should, I looked a little more closely and was relieved to find that it was all right after all—it was merely an insignia of rank draped over his trousers.

In the evening we attended a "campfire" at the Auditorium. I used to think it was an honest-to-goodness campfire, but of course I know better by this time. It is really a sort of free-for-all lyceum, with a slight accent on the first syllable. The spelling needs to be changed a trifle, too. As I looked over the vast Auditorium, I was ready to assert that never in all the world had there been, or would be again, such an aggregation of grey heads and bald heads. The latter were particularly striking and numerous. Their polished and shining domes gleamed and glittered like a cove of incandescent globes. It was truly a brilliant assemblage.

The next evening we went to a reception at the Multnomah Hotel. Not being a Hetty Green, I had never got into the habit of stopping there, and I thought here was my chance to gaze upon the gathering splendors of its mezzanine floor and Arcadian Gardens.

I would not want it to leak around to the management but its location seems somewhat out of the way. Upon inquiry as to how to reach it, we were told, "Oh, it's right down there—four blocks over and three blocks up." After proceeding according to directions we would ask again and the answer was invariably the same, with a few slight variations. After awhile I think we must have become dazed or panic stricken and wandered around in a circle.

Finally after walking several miles, as it seemed, we brought up in front of an imposing structure. On entering I thought at first we must be in a railroad station, the interior was so colossal in its dimensions and so extremely ornate with its immensely gilded and fluted pillars. The general style of architecture and the great crowds surging about helped to create the illusion. However, we soon found out that we had really reached the end of our weary quest.

After being considerably squashed and walked upon we finally penetrated to the ballroom where the reception was held. I had firmly resolved that in case anyone should ask me to dance, I would excuse myself on the ground that I had rheumatism in both knees and lumbago in the back. No such festivities were in progress, but it was a dignified and imposing scene which met our eyes.

The big fish were stationary in two long rows down the middle of

New Arrivals

EVERYONE realizes that there is a scramble to get goods and there are many things that are not obtainable at most stores. We have been very fortunate in buying our fall stock. Our orders have been filled most complete. Many of our shipments being on the way in June, so that now nearly all of our fall goods are in. It is true that there are a few things that it is impossible to get.

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KILLED BY GERMAN HELMET

American Soldier Hunting Sou-
venir Picked Up Charged
Headpiece.

Shamokin, Pa.—Writing from a dug-out in No Man's Land, France, Leo Comer, a corporal in the Twenty-third United States Infantry, forwarded to his sister here, Miss Cecelia Comer, a bunch of strange flowers he had gathered while on patrol duty.

Comer had promised a younger brother a German steel helmet as a war relic, but in writing informed the brother that he was doomed to disappointment until the Americans reach Berlin. He had seen a fellow soldier pick up a steel helmet and then fall dead.

The helmet had been electrically charged by the Germans.

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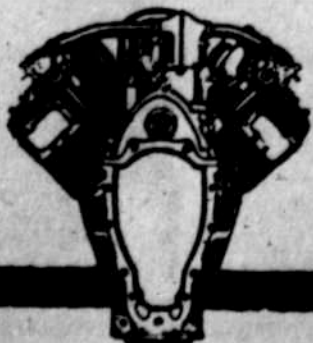
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V. D. MILLER, Special Agent, Standard Oil Co., Newberg