

Returns from Our Resources

UNISON in thought and action throughout 1919 will do much to capitalize the natural and developed resources in Newberg and vicinity. The United States National Bank stands ready to assist in furthering farming, widening markets and bettering business.

Help us "carry on" by co-operating.

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OF NEWBERG, OREGON

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MEN WITH "CHARMED LIVES"

Impossible to Explain, but Some Fighters Certainly Have Had Marvelous Escapes From Death.

There isn't any doubt about some of the soldiers leading charmed lives—or what passes in the common language of the day for charmed lives. There is no other way for accounting for some of the strange things that happen in battle. Take the case of Lieut. Benjamin P. Harwood of Montana, as related in reliable dispatches the other day, as an illustration.

It is stated that Lieutenant Harwood was up in an airplane with a pilot taking photographs. Their machine was attacked by an enemy pursuit plane, at a higher altitude. They made an effort to get away, but the faster Boche plane followed them and poured a stream of lead into them from its machine guns. Harwood was in the rear of the American plane, and was the target for the fire of the Germans, but he escaped death, and the plane was finally landed safely in the lines of the allies.

When the lieutenant got out of his machine it was found that a bullet had grazed the lower part of his face; another had burned a streak across his forehead; still another had scratched his throat. He had seven machine gun bullets through his clothing and 32 bullets had passed through his machine, one of them puncturing the gasoline tank.

How are you going to account for such escapes except upon the ground that some men lead charmed lives? But don't ask what "a charmed life" is, for nobody can tell you.

NO NEWS.

"I tell you, young Jones is a marked man."
"Oh, I knew that the moment I saw the big eagle he has tattooed on his arm."

VERY OFTEN



Miss Chance—What is the difference between illusion and delusion?
Mr. Wise—Illusion is the splendid ideas we have about ourselves; delusion is the foolish ideas other people have about themselves.

HE'LL NEVER GET RICH.

"It must be awful to be married to a poet."
"It has its disadvantages, I'll admit, but in war times no one can accuse him of being a profiteer."

FOR EMERGENCIES.

Officer (inspecting billet)—You have a bath, of course?
Landlady—Oh, yes, sir; but, thank goodness, we've never 'ad to use it yet!—Windsor Magazine.

NO WONDER.

"This military training to some men is torture."
"It must be; I just saw a long line of soldiers broken on the wheel."

REALIZATION.

He—It is hard to endure these trying times.
She—Isn't it? I've just got back from my dressmaker's.

Subscribe now for the Newberg Graphic.

FELT SHE HAD "KICK" COMING

Woman's Resentment at What She Considered Overcharge Expressed in No Uncertain Manner.

Two women stared in a store window. Both had weather-beaten faces and hands that showed for work, and the woman who was talking had the loud voice of one used to calling across the open:

"Look at that plate, will you, only 10 cents, and I went and paid a quarter for the spit image of it at the church picnic last August."

Sadie defended the picnic with a like far-reaching voice:

"You couldn't expect to buy the same plate for no 10 cents down yonder, after the managers had to pay their way up here and pick it out."

"Shuh, the church paid their way up. One thing, you don't catch me paying no thrubble price for any plate again—not if I live to be a hundred. Next time I go to a church picnic, I'm going to pay my 50 cents for the dinner, same as ever, because the shote and goolin is worth it, but when any of them women behind them tables undertake to make me pay all that money for a plate that isn't worth nair more than 10 cents, I'll up and tell 'em I know what's what, even if I do live in the pines. I'm no mean woman and I want to do right by my church, but it seems audacious to have a hard-working woman like me pay a quarter for a plate that's only worth 10 cents."

Especially when she finds it out.—Washington Star.

THE PESSIMIST



Dough—Yes, old man, I'm going to spend the winter in Florida.
Wough—Lucky dog! It'll be nice and warm down there.
Dough—Yes; but I'll bet there'll be mosquitoes or something.

ALIVE AND WELL.

A Slovak butcher, working at some German headquarters in the St. Mihiel salient and blissfully unconscious of impending doom, had breezed into Thiaucourt, where there was the equivalent of a depot quartermaster, to buy him some supplies, when he found himself gazing on three Yankee sharpshooters.

"I was mighty scared at first," he said, "but they had no sooner spoken than I found they were Slovaks, too. You must have all nationalities in your army. Well, they gave me an orange, they gave me a piece of chocolate, they gave me a cigarette, and here I am."—Paris Stars and Stripes.

WILLING, BUT PRUDENT.

"Did you take any war workers in your automobile?"

"Not this morning," confessed Mr. Chuggins. "The carburetor was popping, a tire was going flat and my radiator was leaking. I was afraid the war would be over before I got 'em to work."

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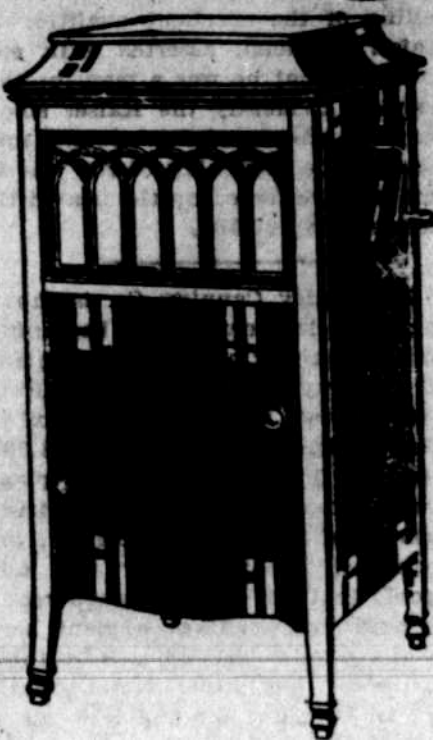
F. O. B. Portland

ANDERSON MOTOR CO.
NEWBERG, ORE

RACE NEEDS MORE EXERCISE

University Professor Points Out What He Considers Is Necessity of the Russian People.

Prof. William Lyons Phelps of Yale university makes the interesting suggestion that if the Russians were devoted to baseball, football, tennis and track athletics some barriers of misunderstanding between Slav and Saxon might fall. Once, after a thrilling foursome at golf, he read a story by Chekov. He could not help thinking how inexplicable his excitement and anxiety to win would seem to those Russian introppectionists. Turgenev and the young Toystoy loved shooting; Russians love to skate, either alone or with a fair partner. "But that," comments Professor Phelps, according to the Detroit Jews, "is not sport; that is exercise." Most Russians, he goes on to say, obtain their exercise in conversation. "The Anglo-Saxon releases the violence inherent in every man through the outlet of sport; his conversation is without gesticulation. But the Russians, and, indeed, many foreign races, find in daily conversation a form of exercise that takes in every part of the body, like swimming." Exercise, however, Professor Phelps repeats, is not sport. The millions who solemnly go through hygienic programs before breakfast are not having any sport.



For Sale by
Parlor Pharmacy

A New Spirit of Good Will

Thanks to the opportunity given it by the War Department at home and abroad, a new spirit of good will has grown up around Dodge Brothers Motor Car.

Wherever soldiers meet, this car is spoken of in terms of admiration and even affection.

Soldiers grow to love the tools and weapons and implements that serve them.

They admire especially the inanimate thing that shows grit and endurance in a tight place.

That is American—and that is the American soldier in particular—and that is the sort of glory being woven around Dodge Brothers Motor Car.

There will always be associated with it the remembrance of the work it did in the world war in army service on both sides of the ocean.

Thousands of American soldiers are coming back now from the camps in America and the battle-front in France, telling how well that work was done.

They are telling it to their fathers and mothers, their worshipping small brothers, their sisters, their sweethearts and their friends.

It is the central figure in many a stirring story told about the family fire-place.

To many a white-haired American mother it means something more, as it goes by, than just a motor car.

She links it, somehow, with what her own boy did, with what America did, and with what America stands for.

Dodge Brothers are proud that theirs was the one car of its type and class chosen by the War Department.

They are prouder still that it has been taken into the hearts and homes of the American people.

The old folks, and the little folks who don't forget, are spreading a leaven of good will which will endure for years to come.

Dodge Brothers cherish this new spirit of good will which has come out of the world war as their most valued possession.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low

The tire mileage is unusually high

McCOY BROS. AUTO COMPANY
Newberg, Oregon

The Valve-in-head-type engine illustrated here, like all internal combustion engines, requires an oil that holds its lubricating qualities at cylinder heat, burns clean in the combustion chambers and goes out with exhaust. Zerolene fills these requirements perfectly, because it is correctly refined from selected California asphalt-base crude.



ZEROLENE
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It Keeps the Engine Young!

Zerolene keeps the engine young—full-powered, smooth-running, and economical in fuel and oil consumption—because it is correctly refined from selected California asphalt-base crude. Gives better lubrication with less carbon. Made in several consistencies. Get our Correct Lubrication Chart covering your car.

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STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(California)

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