

Largest Circulation in Yamhill County

NEWBERG GRAPHIC, THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1922

BAKER THEATRE

Two shows each night, 7:30 and 9:00. Saturday matinee 2:15

Friday and Saturday

APRIL 14 AND 15

WILLIAM S. HART IN "White Oak"

A story of men who loved and fought when the old-time West was new.

Also Comedy "Late Hours."

Monday and Tuesday

APRIL 17 AND 18

Dorothy Dalton in

"Behind Masks"

From a story by E. Phillips Oppenheim

A romance staged in the haunts of society and showing what goes on behind the scenes.

Also "WINNERS OF THE WEST"

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HAZELWOOD ICE CREAM

25 Cents Pint 45 Cents Quart 90 Cents Half Gallon
\$1.60 per Gallon

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Full Line of Cigars, Tobaccos and Candies

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Fisk Premier Tread 30 x 3 1/2 - \$10.50	Six-Ply Non-Skid Cord 31 x 4 - \$27.00
Non-Skid Fabric 30 x 3 1/2 - 14.50	Non-Skid Cord 32 x 4 - 30.50
Extra-Ply Red-Top 30 x 3 1/2 - 17.50	Non-Skid Cord 33 x 4 1/2 - 38.00
Six-Ply Non-Skid Climber Cord 30 x 3 1/2 - 17.50	Non-Skid Cord 34 x 4 1/2 - 41.00
Six-Ply Non-Skid Cord Straight Side 30 x 3 1/2 - 18.50	Non-Skid Cord 35 x 5 - 51.50

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FISK TIRES

ADDRESS READ BEFORE W. C. T. U. CONVENTION

(By Mary Agnes Kelly.)

The following is an address given by Miss Kelly in Portland, and read at the W. C. T. U. convention in this city last Friday. We are printing it on request of a number of the ladies of this organization.—Ed.

Before the prairie schooners, drawn by jaded oxen and piloted by the sturdy race who peopled our glorious west, had ceased to creak their way across the Cascade mountains, the valleys of Oregon already had begun to glow with rosy mists of apple blossoms—vernal offerings of the trees planted on sunny slopes by the earliest pioneers, and here and there, in newly made clearings and between the stumps of fallen forest giants, tender garden patches grew green and luxuriant.

And such apples as those trees produced! Big and red and juicy, deliciously flavored and sound to the core, bushels and bushels of them, fit to be eaten in daylight or darkness by the men and women of tallowidip days, with never a startling encounter to mar the enjoyment.

Then, as years rolled by, gradually, silently, insidiously, fungus growths and codling moths arrived, destructive rust, San Jose scale, woolly aphis and tent caterpillars—innocent appearing small tourists to the inexperienced orchardists, but vicious little demons to those who know the evil of their ways.

No sooner did the dawn kissed petals of the apple trees unfold than a dozen pests were up and at the dainty hearts with an agility and precision that did credit to their progenitor, the serpent, in the garden of Eden.

All over this great state, flourishing orchards soon became breeding places for these Satanic hordes who stood not on the order of their going but pressed steadily on to attack and plunder fruit crops of adjoining farms—till all at once growers realized that if marketable crops of apples were to be produced, prompt action must be taken and relentless war be waged.

But, though farmers Brown and Smith and Jones might plow and prune and spray, often neighbors White or Johnson "didn't see no call to get excited," and resolved to let Dame Nature take her course, with the result that much of the time and effort of the thrifty, wideawake brotherhood went for naught, as moths and millers and caterpillars can scale a division fence or navigate the air as quickly and successfully as small boys or army planes. In time, however, all came to see that one neglected, infected orchard was a menace to all that were well cared for—and it was only when all pulled together that the Hood River and Willamette valley apples and Rogue river pears came into their own.

And as with the orchards, so also with the citizenry of the great new west—and back of that the middle west and the eastern portion of our great republic.

No nation on earth ever had so thrilling, so divine an inception as America. Never before was a wilderness wrested from savagery by so high minded, God fearing a group of human beings as those who colonized, civilized and democratized this country of ours—and yet, as in the glorious gardens of Eden, of Noah's time, of ancient Babylon, Jerusalem, Tyre and Sidon, of rival Rome and Carthage, even now, in our own day, cankerous rust and noxious weeds are attacking and choking out much of the fairest growth of our civilization.

Of all sweet, lovely, animate things God ever made, what is so sweet, so lovely, so desirable as a healthy, happy baby? What so greatly entitled to be well born, of vigorous, clean blooded, clean minded parents? What so amenable to right upbringing, and correct discipline?

And then, talk of spring time, of azure skies and apple blossoms, of bird notes rippling from sweetbrier thickets, of the nectar of honeysuckles and attar of roses—what are they compared to the purity and sweetness of a radiant young girl? Why, she personifies and excels them all. She is exquisite in her simplicity, and in her innocence lies her charm.

But instead of this delightful, girlish woman in the making, what do we find wherever we go?

In the street cars, on the sidewalks, behind counters, anywhere and everywhere, are crowds of girls between the ages of fourteen and twenty, (yes, and many older than that) mincing along in mal-formed pumps, scantily clad, plucked as to eyebrows, rouged as to face, lip-sticked as to mouth, heads bobbed or piled high in baled hay or hair mattress effects—and containing few responsibilities beside wads of gum and a few crossed wires thrilling with hopes of a dance, a motor ride and dazzling raiment.

They are not bad girls. They are not utterly vain. They are not hopelessly selfish and vulgar. They are simply a job lot of very poor "seconds," put out by inferior home factories that lacked everything from proper foundation to a satisfactory superintendent. They are not to blame. Nobody ever taught them anything worth while.

There is a trite saying that "For every goose, there is a gander." In the light of present day uses and abuses, it surely seems that for every sudden fad, for every eccentric propaganda there is a score of silly geese. The war has been blamed for everything that has happened during the last eight years, but it seems as if the wave of crime, of immorality and incorrigibility should at least be traced straight back to its origin, which is not the war alone, by any manner of means.

Without stretching our memories to the breaking point, if we pause for a moment, we will soon remember the so-called child culture propaganda that has been flooding our

magazines for ten or twelve years—articles written, for the greater part, by theorists, or aspiring authors who had no children, or experimenters anxious to start something, to try anything new, or different or eccentric, little realizing that not every change is an improvement, and caring less that diseased grain, falling on impoverished soil might produce the most appalling crop of weeds a defenseless nation ever has had to reap. The gist of this false doctrine ran something like this:

"Never, never say 'don't' to a child. Never mar the unfolding of the perfect flower of its personality by having it do anything whatsoever that it doesn't want to. Its individuality might be crippled for life if a great big, cruel parent should attempt to exact obedience. Should it attempt to become unruly, impudent, or obstreperous, and commence to break up the furniture or 'sass its pa,' or its ma, said pa and ma were to retire meekly from the room and leave the young cherub to see the error of his ways, or to evolve his own moral code and self control. Above all thing, parents never were to tell a child it was naughty, no matter how unbecoming its conduct, and as for that relic of barbarism, a paternal or maternal meeting in the woodshed, with a good right hand or a keen little switch as the party of the first part, the child culture reformers would swoon completely away at the very thought of such heathenism.

In some hazy, intangible manner, these "faults"—and I deliberately spell it f-a-u-l-t-s—prophets conveyed the idea to thousands of parents that being allowed to have his own way and to rule the roost from dawn to dark, day in and day out, was what young America needed above everything else to make him—or her—a quiet, orderly respectful little gentleman or lady. In short, children were to be allowed absolute spiritual, mental and moral freedom in order to "develop their individuality" and to "discover their souls."

Even at that time thoughtful people knew there was trouble ahead and predicted that they would ultimately "discover" the juvenile courts and "develop" in to the reform schools and penitentiaries; and they are doing it by hundreds, every week. And what are their "souls" worth, now that they, and the courts, have discovered them? Not ten cents a great gross, in a prima facie survey.

Being undisciplined, untrained in self control, thoughtfulness and unselfishness, they are the most strident, most blatant, shoddiest, most persistently self advertising "bunch" that the public has to endure today.

Sullen, heavy eyed youths, with burly frames and selfish faces, rush ahead of ladies to board street cars, pre-empt the seats and sit stolidly and effectually while gray haired

(Continued on page eight)

Baker Theatre

Wednesday and Thursday

April 19 and 20

Jesse L. Laaky presents

WALLACE REID IN

"The Hell Diggers"



Wallace Reid and Lois Wilson

in a scene from the Paramount Picture "The Hell Diggers"

A romance of gold and the wild west, and fighting men, and love. A western tale of a man's man.

Also International News and Comedy.

On Thursday, April 20

HEAR THE

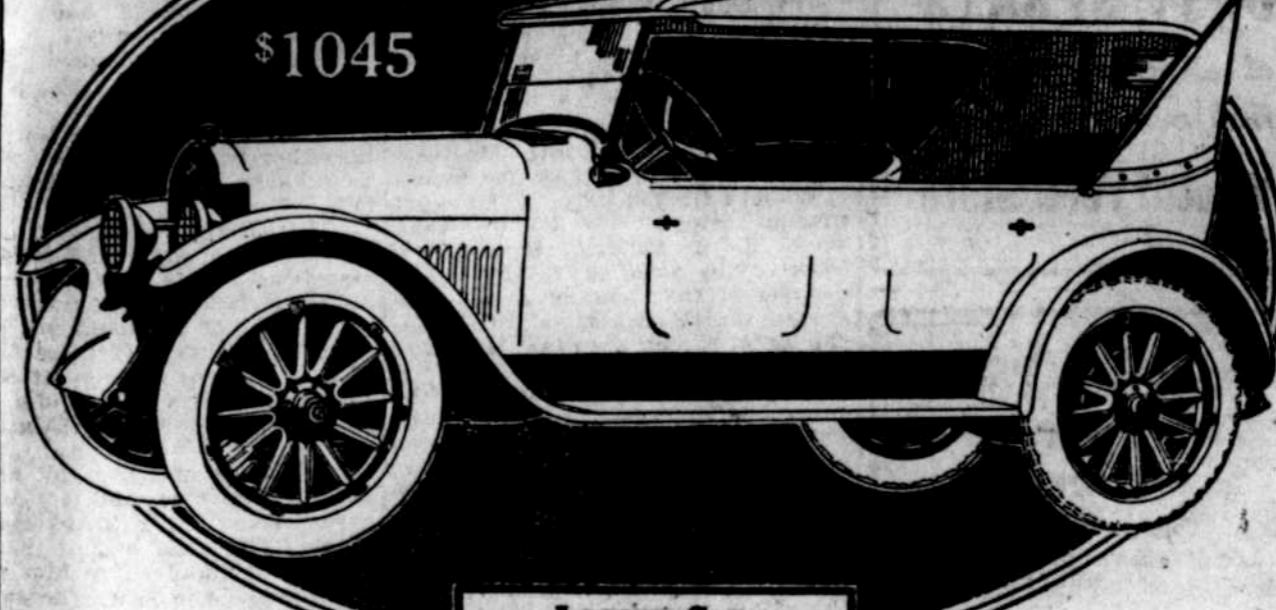
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Five-passenger, 40-horsepower
112-inch wheelbase
Cord Tires Standard Equipment

THE Studebaker LIGHT-SIX will appeal to every buyer who wants a low-priced car that will be satisfactory in performance, appearance, comfort and endurance.

And in addition to its recognized superiority in these essentials, the LIGHT-SIX carries refinements found only on more expensive cars.

The LIGHT-SIX is equipped with cowl ventilator operated from the instrument board; cowl parking lights; inside and outside door handles and large rectangular plate-glass window in rear curtain. A thief-proof transmission lock, which reduces the rate of insurance to LIGHT-SIX owners 15 to 20 per cent, and cord tires are also standard equipment.

Long, semi-elliptic springs (50-inch in rear; 36-inch in front) and soft, genu-

ine leather upholstered cushions, nine inches deep, provide unusual comfort.

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The intrinsic value of the LIGHT-SIX is unmatched at anywhere near the price because Studebaker does not skimp on materials or workmanship but uses the best. It is built complete in the most modern and complete automobile plant in the world, making possible its low price of \$1045, f. o. b. factory.

Studebaker has been building quality vehicles and selling them at fair prices for nearly three-quarters of a century and is the largest builder of six-cylinder cars in the world.

Touring, \$1045; 3-Passenger Roadster, \$1045; Coupe-Roadster, \$1375; Sedan, \$1750. All prices f. o. b. factory.

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Newberg, Oregon

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