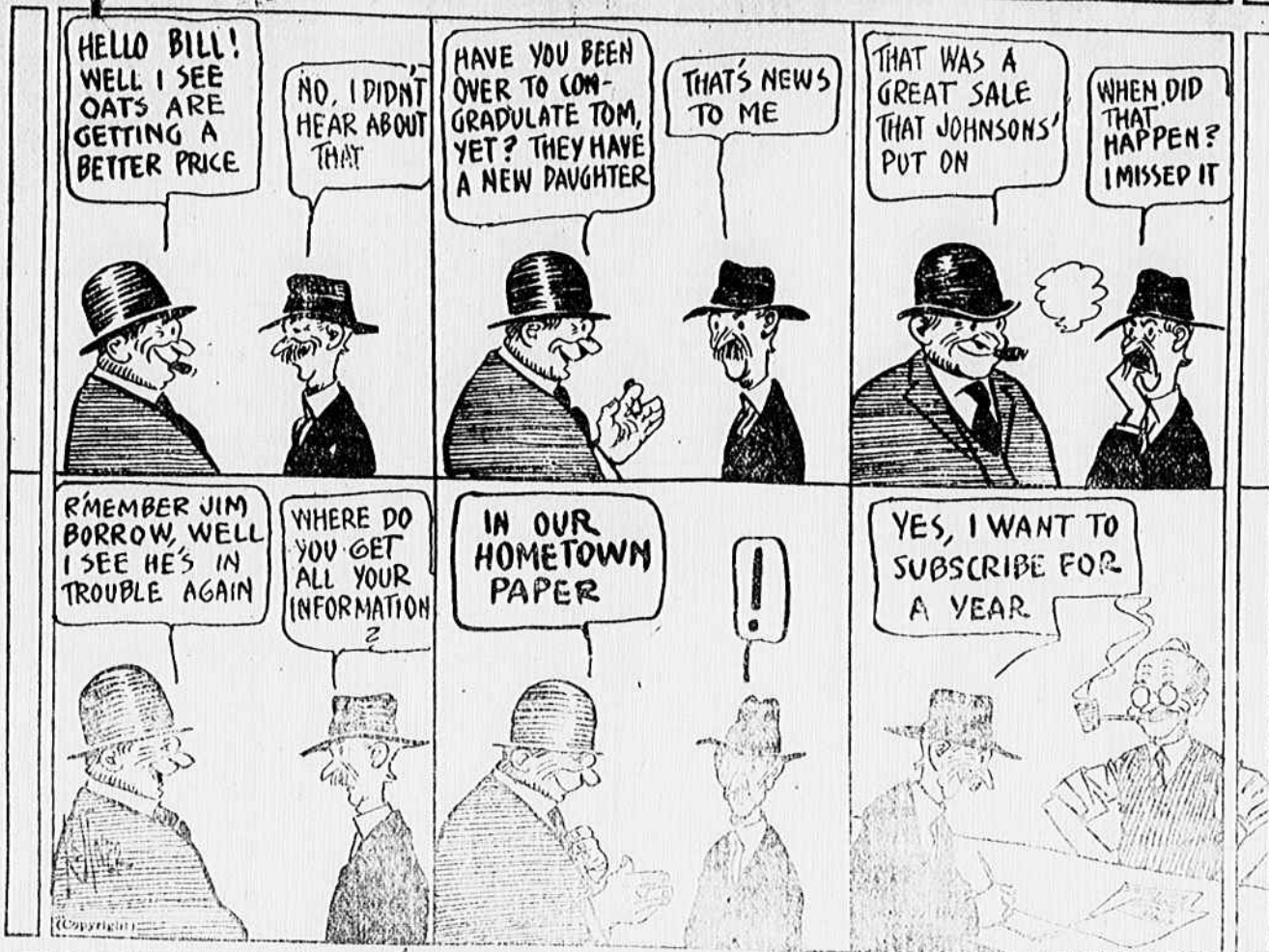


Home Town Paper Week, November 7-12



COUNTRY PAPER GUARDS NATION

Rises Promptly and Capably to Every Emergency.

IS NOT ALWAYS APPRECIATED

Cements Interests of Mass of Population—Avoiding Sensationalism, in Its Clean Wholesomeness Is Its Appeal to Best Class of Citizens—Country Press a National Power.

By WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

The country communities—the village, the small town and the small city—are the backbone of the American nation. They are the communities to which the nation turns in time of distress and emergency. They are even more than the backbone of the nation. They are the bulwark of our modern civilization. Just at the close of the World War, Mr. Balfour, foreign minister of Great Britain, said to the writer in London that the entire civilized world must look to the small towns of America to preserve for the world the civilization that it had taken centuries to build, because the small towns represented a substantial solidarity that the tremendous upheaval of the war had not affected, and it was only such a foundation that would preserve the structure of civilization.

The cement that keeps the people of these country communities together, working and thinking along uniformly sane and safe lines, that makes of them that "substantial solidarity" on which world civilization can rely for a foundation, is the country press—the village, the small town and the small city newspaper.

Country Paper Wholesome.

The country newspaper goes to its readers devoid of that sensationalism that is so prominent in the metropolitan papers. It carries to its readers the news items that represent the joys and sorrows of their friends and neighbors, and keeps the hearts of the people of the community beating in unison. It goes to its readers with that sane and kindly advice on local, state, national and world problems; advice that is the result of thought and study beside the hearthstones of the nation, and not in the selfish marts of trade or the bright lights of city frivolity. It goes with the influence of a known and respected member of the community—its editor back of its every word, its every opinion. It goes to a people, the people of the country communities and the farms, that are more capable of thinking along sane, unselfish and practical lines than are those who are surrounded by the selfish and many times evil influences of the large cities.

But the influence of the country newspaper goes far beyond the community in which it is printed. National legislators in the halls of congress realize that this influence is a power to be reckoned with. That when the country press speaks in unison on any national subject it is but voicing the sentiments of that mighty force the people of the country communities, the people in whose hands, says Mr. Balfour, rests the destiny of world civilization.

Fights for Entire Country.

The country press represents and fights for those things that are of value to the country communities, realizing that in doing so it is fighting for those things that are best for the nation and for the world. It works and fights to uphold the country community, to prevent its falling a prey to the selfish greed of the cities. It champions the business, the social, the educational, the agricultural, the industrial interests of the country com-

munity not from any selfish angle, but from the broader viewpoint of national good.

Some three or four months ago there was before Congress a bill on which the press of the country was divided. The magazines, the big national weeklies, the farm press and the metropolitan daily papers were on one side and the country newspapers were on the other side. The passage of the bill would mean creating an opportunity for a greater centralization of the merchandising of the nation in a few large cities with a consequent injury to the small cities and towns, and to the people of these cities and towns and the farms surrounding them. The country press fought for the defeat of the bill, and in the end the members of the committee in whose hands the fate of the bill rested listened to the country press because they realized that the welfare of these country communities represented the best interests of the nation as a whole, and the bill was killed.

During our participation in the World War the country press stood staunchly and unselfishly back of the nation. It did nothing to create dissension among the people during the time of emergency, but it did carry to its readers a continuous message of patriotism and national unity. In each community it wiped away much of factional lines, and created an atmosphere of intense Americanism that welded the American people together regardless of place of birth or ancestry.

Value Not Always Understood.

But the people of the cities do not always understand the value of the country press. With the increased demand for war supplies there came a demand for a decrease in the consumption of the ordinary needs of peace time. Among the things the consumption of which must be cut was paper. A city man was at the head of the department that regulated the use of paper, and he felt it advisable to so limit the amount of paper available for the country press as to seriously cripple all of these papers, and to have entirely closed many of them. It was the privilege of the writer to present the case of the country press to this man, and it did not take him long to see that the government could not afford to in any considerable degree cripple an institution that represented so much of national good as did these country newspapers.

Country Press Deserves Well.

The country press deserves well of the people of the nation, and especially of the people of the country communities. Individually these papers may not be large in size as compared with the city papers, but quantity is not the measure of their value. They are worth both directly and indirectly far more than their subscription price. For that price they bring to you each week the news of your friends and acquaintances. To those who have left the country home to go either to the city or to some other country home, the country newspaper is a welcome weekly letter that keeps them in touch with friends and former associates. To those at home it carries the news of their friends and neighbors. It records the births and deaths, the marriages, the comings and goings of those in whom you are interested. It furnishes the medium of publicity through which work for a better and stronger community is maintained. It voices the consensus of opinion of the community to the representatives in the halls of the state and national legislatures. It is the paper of, for and by the people of the villages, the towns and the small cities.

No country paper worthy of the name ever seeks the support of the people of its community on any other ground than that of giving more than full value for all that it receives. You aid yourself, your community, your state and the nation when you support and read your own "Home Town Paper."

The Community Newspaper

By BOB ADAMS.

OF ALL the sheets from East to West the local paper is the best. Deep is our love and deep our debt to Record, Journal or Gazette. When first I landed on this ball, a bit of flesh wrapped 'round a squall, it welcomed me with joy and pride my life has never justified. It follows me my whole life through, with words all kind and mostly true; and even after I am hoarse 'twill tell my best and hide my worst. When in Oshkosh or Wickiup I wander homesick as a pup, or if in foreign lands I roam, it brings me pleasant news of home. Across the sands, across the sea, the old home paper comes to me. It is a friend both true and tried, and to it, gents, I point with pride; yea, I will hock my Sunday pants to pay up six years in advance.

FOUND HOME PAPER IN HEART OF THE ROCKIES

And Through It Peddler Learned That Family He Had Known for Fifteen Years Were His Relatives.

"Publishing a country newspaper reminds me of tossing a pebble into the ocean. We never know how far the circles which it sets in motion will reach," said Williston Manley, publisher of The Plaineader of Canton, N. Y., the other day, in speaking of "Subscribe for Your Home Town Paper Week," which is to be observed the country over the week of November 7-12. "I had a good reminder of this not long ago," he went on.

"One day there appeared in the Plaineader office a short, stubby, blond man of probably sixty. I knew the minute I saw him that he had come in from the big outdoors in some section. He told me that he had taken the paper for many years, probably forty, ever since he had left Canton, where he was born. He told me where I would find the paper going, and I found it. His post office was in a little town way out in the Rockies. He said he had come back to the old town to live. He paid what he owed and a year over for good measure, and then he sat down and I knew something was coming.

Forty Years in the Mountains.

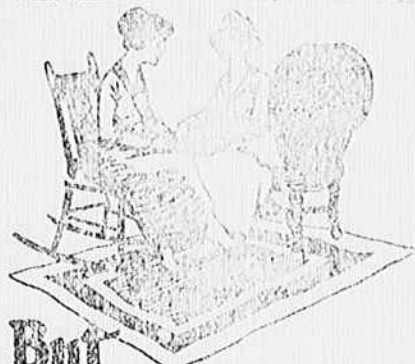
"Say," said he, "newspapers are great things. You can never tell what they are going to do for you. I have been a peddler out in the mountains for forty years, making my trips, me and the little burro, about once in six months. There were a lot of long jumps between houses. For fifteen years I had been going out of my trail, about five miles to one side, to sell to a family that had moved in. You get rather well acquainted with people if you see them once in six months for that long, so when I got there one afternoon and didn't find anyone home—just the door unlocked, as all doors were there—I went in and made myself comfortable, and when supper time came I didn't hesitate about hunting around for grub. And while I was doing it I found a copy of the Plaineader on the kitchen shelf, and one or two more around the house—the Plaineader, mind you, the paper I was taking right from the old home town! And I wondered who these fifteen-year-old friends of mine were. I suddenly realized we had never talked over our pedlars' any."

"When the family got home that evening I asked questions, and what do you think?—that wife was a sort of grandchild of mine. She hadn't heard of her old uncle off strolling around in the rocks of the Rockies, and I hadn't ever heard that anyone related to me had ever married and was out there living under another name. Your paper introduced us to each other. I just thought you might like to know about it."

I AM THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

By BRISTOW ADAMS.

I am the Country Newspaper.
I am the friend of the family, the bringer of tidings from other friends; I speak to the home in the evening light of summer's vine-clad porch or the glow of winter's lamp.
I help to make this evening hour; I record the great and the small, the varied acts of the days and weeks that go to make up life.
I am for and of the home; I follow those who leave humble beginnings; whether they go to greatness or to the gutter, I take to them the thrill of old days, with wholesome messages.
I speak the language of the common man; my words are fitted to his understanding. My congregation is larger than that of any church in my town, my readers are more than those in the school. Young and old alike find in me stimulation, instruction, entertainment, inspiration, solace, comfort. I am the chronicler of birth, and love and death—the three great facts of man's existence.
I bring together buyer and seller, to the benefit of both; I am part of the market-place of the world. Into the home I carry word of the goods which feed and clothe and shelter, and which minister to comfort, ease, health, and happiness.
I am the word of the week, the history of the year, the record of my community in the archives of state and nation.
I am the exponent of the lives of my readers.
I am the Country Newspaper.



But the Home Paper Told It!

"Wasn't it fine about Priscilla getting honors in her school work last term?" said Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Brown.
"What?" asked Mrs. Brown. "I didn't know about it."
"But it was in the Home Town Paper," replied Mrs. Smith. "Don't you take it?"
"No," said Mrs. Brown, "but I am going to."
And she did, for this is a true story.

As much a part of the community life as is the school or church is the Home Town Paper.

Subscribe for Your Home Town Paper Week, Nov. 7-12

Strong for Home Paper

"No, I don't take the local paper any more," one farmer said to another as they were waiting at the creamery to unload their milk. They had just been looking at a poster advertising "Subscribe for Your Home Town Paper Week, November 7-12." "I take a daily paper, and that's about all I need. It has a few items every week from our community, and I feel that I save two dollars a year by not subscribing to the home paper."

"Well, that's one way to look at it," said the other farmer, "but I've always felt that a local newspaper was a pretty valuable asset to any community, and if everybody took the attitude you do, there couldn't be any local newspaper. Of course we could not get along without our daily papers, because they keep us informed about what's going on throughout the nation and throughout the world, but when you say that they take care of our local news, I don't think you are sticking close to facts. They simply can't, and the publishers haven't any personal interest in our community the way our editor has."

"I have always felt that I got value received for every dollar I've paid out in subscriptions to the local paper, and I don't have an idea that running a country newspaper is any more of a wealth-producing proposition than running a farm. So long as I've got two dollars I intend that the rural mail carrier is going to tuck a copy of the home paper in my box every week."

That farmer knows that the community newspaper is a necessity in his home; that without it his home would be incomplete and his part in the community would be unsatisfactory to himself and his family. He knows the full value of the local newspaper as an institution.

A Community Servant.

The local newspaper is the servant of the community in which it is published, but to be a good and efficient servant it must be fed by the people it serves. It is an institution of the town quite as much as are the schools and the churches, and quite as much entitled to support.

A Necessary Luxury.

The town newspaper is both a luxury and one of the family necessities.

Community's Archives

"Can you tell me the date the Baptist church burned?" a man of course, the townsman thought all this old information worth asking.
The librarian looked up from her work. "No, I can't tell you the exact date, but I think I can find it for you quickly, for we have the files of the local paper since it was started. My impression is that the fire—the big fire, as they call it—was about 1873, and it won't be a very long job to look it up."

She went to the stacks in the rear of the library, pulled out a dusty bound volume marked "Herald, 1873," and spread it open on the table. "Ah, here it is," she said, after a minute spent in turning over the yellow leaves. "The person who had inquired for the date, a member of the woman's club of the town, sat down and read the article. 'This gives me exactly the information I wanted,' she said."

"I thought it would," said the librarian. "I fear most people do not appreciate how valuable is the local newspaper from the viewpoint of local history. In fact, it seems to me that it is about our only source. Only when an event gets into print is it officially recorded and filed for reference. Flimsy as it is, the printed word of today is the counterpart of the ancient stone inscriptions that give us our records of a long-ago yesterday. I consider the bound volumes of our local papers perhaps the most valuable possession of this library."

There's at least one librarian who is giving "Subscribe for Your Home Town Paper Week," which will be observed November 7-12, the most hearty backing she can give.

OLD HOME TOWN PAPER TO HAVE A WEEK

Nation Wide Campaign Launched for November 7-12—Place in Community Life Emphasized.

November 7-12 has been set as "Subscribe for Your Home Town Paper Week," and this newspaper, together with the thousands of country newspapers the United States over—there are not far from 15,000 of them, weeklies and small dailies—is to participate.

The purpose of the campaign is not only to induce residents of the small communities and the home town folks who are far from their native hearth to subscribe for the home paper, but also to emphasize the important place the home newspaper plays in the life of its community.

This campaign has the hearty support and co-operation not only of the newspapers but thousands of ministers and school principals, and many state agricultural colleges and farm and home bureau organizations.

Some persons, it is pointed out, have been inclined to belittle the place and function of the country newspaper. They have not realized that in reality the home paper is a community institution and that it enables the other institutions, such as the church and the school and all the rest to function better and more effectively. That it is a necessity if the town is to advance. During the time between now and "Home Town Paper Week," November 7-12, this newspaper in its columns will have much to say about the Home Town Paper—not this newspaper in particular, but the home town paper the nation over, the home town newspaper as a real and distinctive factor in American life.

A Messenger to Garcia.

The local newspaper is the messenger to Garcia for your town. It goes out to the world as an advertisement for the community. To be a good advertisement it must be a good newspaper. To be a good newspaper it must have the support of the people of the community in the way of subscriptions and advertising. Are you doing your part toward making your paper a good advertisement for this community, one that will carry the kind of a message the people of the community wish carried to the world?

MICKIE SAYS

EXTRA!

NOV. 7 TO 12

IS "SUBSCRIBE TO YOUR HOME TOWN PAPER" WEEK! YOU'RE INVITED!

Mickie



A FINE OLD HOME PAPER

These magazines with gravures and all those words of art. Are very well for city folks who live by dirt of mair; But give me first and foremost, I hold it is the prime— That fine old home town paper—one of the good old time.

The printer isn't perfect, the ink's not uniform. The type is set, by hand, perhaps,—considerably overworked. The dear old press, I know, it smells— it's covered over with grime— But it prints that old home paper—one of the good old time.

I look for it each week as regularly it comes. And when the postman brings it in, I drop all other chums. I drink it in, from start to the ridiculous and sublime. That fine old home town paper, one of the good old time.

Smith's cut may have some whimsy— Jones is putting in new pumps. My girl's chin has got marbled and the kids have got the mumps. Jack Wilsoy's built a lean-to, John's roses bloom upward climb. Oh! I love the old home paper, boys, one of the good old time.

—GEO. E. WRAY.

Back to Town Crier

How many residents of any small community have ever considered what might happen if there were no newspapers? Just previous to "Subscribe for Your Home Town Paper Week," which is to be observed the country over November 7-12, is a good time to recall the plight of Macon, Mo., not long ago, when fire put the Chronicle-Herald out of business for two weeks.

According to The Publishers' Auxiliary, the old town crier, relic of many years back, was yanked from his hiding place, dusted off, and put back on his job, with a jangling bell, a megaphone, and a foghorn voice only a little worse for long disuse.

It may have been a novelty for two weeks. But think of a community, without printers' ink, compelled to get its announcements of auctions, sales, court sessions, births, marriages, deaths, epidemics of sickness, dog ordinances, board meetings, commencement of help and situations wanted, accidents, and the rest, through a shouted word like that of the ordinary train announcer in a city depot. The town crier was a romantic figure in his day, but few towns would like to return to his ministrations now.

When one thinks of the temporary plight of Macon, and that it might become the permanent handicap of many towns, it is well to think of supporting the local paper.

He Knows His Folks.

Here are some random observations of a man who has visited and studied a good many small communities: If you read your local paper you will not miss much that is happening around home. There is no use saying that you wish your town had a paper like one in the other town, for the other fellow there is saying the same thing. The man who reads his local paper thoroughly is usually a pretty good citizen and has it all over the fellow who does not. Local papers, when all is said and done, do more to uphold the institutions of this state and country than any other known contributing force in the world's work.

Random Observations.

This isn't a country publisher talking, but the editor of a farm paper: The metropolitan daily will bring to one's doorstep the news of the world seen through the spectacles of the city editor, but it is the editor who lives in the heart of the community who is able to reflect the sentiment of the local groups. He alone is the true interpreter of events as they affect the small town and the farming community that immediately surrounds the town.