

Real Estate Bulletin

\$10,500—The best paying saw mill in Washington County, with 400 acres land, 30 under cultivation, 2 acres choice orchard and in small fruits, 700 acres first-class saw timber untouched, 160 acres free pasture or range, 50 acres bottom land easy to clear, one large frame house and three smaller dwellings; school-house on property; big sheds and large barns and all necessary out-buildings; \$12,000 saw mill, working 8 men, with orders on hand for all the lumber it can supply, paying clear of all expense 8 per cent on investment. Telephone, rural mail delivery, fine road to railway. All to be sold for \$10,500, on reasonable terms. Address A2, care Washington County News, Forest Grove, Or.

\$3,250—A fine country home, with productive farm; 68 acres choice farm, 28 acres in hay, 6 acres of prunes, 4 acres apples, small fruit (all bearing) in abundance; living water, fine 2 1/2 story frame dwelling, good barn, good fruit house and drier, on Gales Creek road and condensed milk factory route. Rural mail delivery, telephone, near good school. \$3,250, liberal terms. Address A3, care Washington County News, Forest Grove, Or.

\$2750—A good farm, 2 miles from Forest Grove railway station; 78 1/2 acres, 25 hay land; orchard of 200 apple trees, 100 pear trees, 225 prune trees, 500 grape vines all in bearing; 2 acres of berries and small fruits; good frame house and barn; living water; good road to town; 2 miles to condensed milk factory, 1 mile from sawmill, one-half mile to school house. Immediate possession given; \$2750, on reasonable terms. Address A4, care Washington County News, Forest Grove, Oregon.

\$4000—Finest prune ranch in Washington County; 44 acres on the Gales creek road; 1080 prune trees, and a few apple trees. Sold 17 tons of prunes last year of good quality; No. 1200 Allen Prune Dryer; never failed, and especially fine crop this year to go with the place; also 12 acres in clover; 10 or 12 acres in cultivation; no house; good water year around; 2 miles from Gales Creek postoffice, near rural mail route, and telephone. 1/4 mile to school; all fenced; a paying investment. Address A 5, care of Washington County News, Forest Grove, Oregon.

\$3500—40 acres, 3 1/2 miles from Forest Grove, 2000 bearing grape vines, 500 bearing prune trees, dryer in construction, 100 apple, pear and cherry trees, splendid garden with all kinds of small fruit, good improvements, good house, barn and outbuildings, good wine cellar; half a mile from school, nets besides good living for family from \$700 to \$1,000 a year. Address A6, care The News, Forest Grove.

M. A. SMITH  
Osteopathic Physician.

OFFICE: At Residence of R. E. Nicholson. HOURS: 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m.  
Forest Grove Oregon

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FOREST GROVE, OREGON

Half a dozen of the players who distinguished themselves Wednesday in that famous game wherein the Browns at last won, appeared in characteristic poses in a cut in Thursday's Evening Telegram, the work of Forest Grove's artistic Frank Brown. The rapid lengthening of the subscription list has made it necessary for The News to find some quicker way than addressing its paper by hand and accordingly the names will appear on this issue in type. If your name is not correctly spelled or the initials are wrong, kindly notify The News now so as to avoid the same mistake appearing week after week throughout the year.

A very attractive booklet of 58 pages, packed with information about the Pacific Northwest, told in handsome pictures and well written description, is the first elaborate production of Mr. Hall, the new Oregon advertising agent of the Harriman system. A beautiful specimen of printer's art it is no less creditable for the splendid selection and arrangement of the valuable matter it presents in such compact form. A fine map adds to its usefulness, and the whole production is bound to make a favorable impression upon its readers. Such work is bound to bring results, and any one having friends East whom they would like to have learn about Oregon should send their addresses with four cents in stamps for each name to W. E. Coman, general freight and passenger agent of the Southern Pacific Co. at Portland.

Over the County

Perry Watson, justice of the peace of Dairy precinct, has resigned, as he is going to Missouri next week with his family. John Vanderwal has been appointed by the county court to fill the vacancy. Judge Vanderwal is the rustling representative of the London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Co.

Farmers, Attention—My new Champion steam baler does quick and good work; \$1.45 a ton. Hugh E. Moore, Ingule at the Joseph A. Moore, Sr. ranch, on Centerville road. 5-16.  
Lost—A pair of gold-framed smoked glasses at the Verboort picnic. Finder please leave at News office.

Mrs. Annie Overholzer, of Tigardville, Monday was granted by the state board of education a state certificate as a teacher.

Everybody has been wondering lately how The Bazar, in Forest Grove, could sell organs and pianos cheaper than the same instrument could be had in Portland, but it is easily understood when a person stops to consider the tremendous rent, clerk hire and other expenses the big Portland houses have to put up with.

Quarterly Meeting—Services in the Free Methodist Church will commence Friday evening, July 10, and continue over Sunday. District Elder Rev. Wm. Pierce will have charge.

A few good farms wanted. If you want to sell send description to M. W. Wilkins, room 3, 205 1/2 Morrison street, Portland, Oregon. 8-11

M. W. Wilkins, the enterprising Portland real estate man who has been looking over Washington county, has already closed several deals. M. J. Crumican, of Butte, Mont., has bought Mrs. Jensen's farm near Gaston, 40 acres, for \$3000. W. T. Hurt, of Kinton, has disposed of his 30-acre place to J. C. Snyder, a Nebraska man, for \$2350, including stock and crop. Both deals were made by Mr. Wilkins.

Agency for the reliable Harrington Carriage Co., buggies, road wagons.

John Lunstrum, 45 years old, fell dead on a hay wagon in Portland, Monday morning, while returning to his work at Scholl's Ferry. He came to town last Friday to enjoy the Fourth, was found in a dazed condition by W. W. Fletcher at the Columbia Hotel when he called to take him home, and it is believed he died from the effects of a spree. The Multnomah county coroner investigated with this finding, and no inquest was held.

One hundred and nineteen Lutherans from Portland came out to Cornelius Sunday to attend the conference being held with the Blooming church. About as many more people got off at the same station to spend their Sunday at the Verboort Kermis. Buxton had a good attendance at its 4th celebration, which was under control of the Grange there.

The Verboort Catholic church received just before the Kermis began two beautiful life-size figures of angels which will be mounted on pedestals on either side of the altar. A large crucifix, with the Christ also life-size, has recently been placed in the entry way at the front of the church. School-house, priest's house and church have also been just repainted and decorated. The stained glass windows, expensive altar and interior decorations are all fine enough to be transferred to a new building and make it a credit whenever the parish feels the need of a larger church.

The change in farm products in the last few years is shown by the farmers north of Forest Grove. Until about three years ago they raised wheat, oats, hay and potatoes. Since then, they have raised clover and hay and paid more attention to dairying. In one neighborhood about 45 cows furnish 800 pounds of milk to the condensed milk factory, and as the milk tests 4.5 the industry brings in about \$300 a month. These are common cows mixed with Jerseys, some quarter blood and a few half.

The Power of Truth

Lying, the Most Popular Vice of Humanity, Studied in Daily Life

By WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN  
From "The Power of Truth," Published by Brentano's

TRUTH is the rock foundation of every great character. It is loyalty to the right as we see it. It is courageous living of our lives in harmony with our ideals. It is always—power. Truth ever defies full definition. Like electricity, it can only be explained by noting its manifestation. It is the compass of the soul, the guardian of conscience, the final touchstone of right. Truth is the revelation of the ideal; but it is also an inspiration to realize that ideal, a constant impulse to live it. Lying is one of the oldest vices in the world. It made its debut in the first recorded conversation in history—in a famous interview in the garden of Eden. Lying is the sacrifice of honor to create a wrong impression. It is masquerading in misfit virtues. Truth can stand alone, for it needs no chaparron or escort. Lies are cowardly, fear some things that must travel in battalions. They are like a lot of drunken men—one vainly seeking to support another. Lying is the partner and accomplice of all the other vices. It is the cancer of moral degeneracy in an individual life. Truth is the oldest of all the virtues. It antedated man; it lived before there was man to perceive it or to accept it. It is the unchangeable, the constant. Law is the eternal truth of nature—the unity that always produces identical results under identical conditions. When a man discovers a great truth in nature he has the key to the understanding of a million phenomena. When he grasps a great truth in morals he has in it the key to his spiritual recreation. For the individual there is no such thing as theoretic truth—a great truth that is not absorbed by our whole mind and life and has not become an inseparable part of our living; it is not a real truth to us. If we know the truth and do not live it, our life is—a lie. In speech, the man who makes truth his watchword is careful in his words; he seeks to be accurate, neither understating nor overcoloring. He never states as a fact that of which he is not sure. What he says has the ring of sincerity, the hall mark of pure gold. If he praises you, you accept his statement as "net"; you do not have to work out a problem in mental arithmetic on the side to see what discount you ought to make before you accept his judgment. His promise counts for something. You accept it as being as good as his bond. You know that no matter how much it may cost him to verify and fulfill his word by his deed he will do it. His honesty is not policy. The man who is honest merely because it is "the best policy" is not really honest; he is only politic. Usually such a man would forsake his seeming loyalty to truth and would work overtime for the devil—if he could get better terms. Truth means "that which one troweth or believes." It is living simply and squarely by our belief; it is the externalizing of a faith in a series of actions. Truth is ever strong, courageous, virile, though kindly, gentle, calm and restful. There is a vital difference between error and untruthfulness. A man may be in error and yet live bravely by it. He who is untruthful in his life knows the truth, but denies it. The one is loyal to what he believes; the other is traitor to what he knows. The man who makes the acquisition of wealth the goal and ultimatum of his life, seeing it as an end rather than a means to an end, is not true. Why does the world usually make wealth the criterion of success and riches the synonym of attainment? Real success in life means the individual's conquest of himself; it means "how he has bettered himself," not "How has he bettered his fortune?" The great question of life is not "What have I?" but "What am I?" Man is usually loyal to what he most desires. The man who lies to save a nickel merely proclaims that he esteems a nickel more than he does his honor. He who sacrifices his ideals, truth and character for mere money or position is weighing his conscience in one pan of a scale against a bag of gold in the other. He is loyal to what he finds the heavier, that which he desires the more—the money. But this is not truth. Truth is the heart's loyalty to abstract right made manifest in concrete instances. The tradesman who lies, cheats, misleads and overcharges and then seeks to square himself with his anemic conscience by saying "lying is absolutely necessary in business" is as untrue in his statement as he is in his acts. He justifies himself with the petty defense as the thief who says it is necessary to steal in order to live. The permanent business prosperity of an individual, a city or a nation rests finally on commercial integrity alone, despite all that the cynics may say or all the exceptions whose temporary success may mislead them. It is truth alone that lasts. The politician who is vacillating, temporizing, shifting, constantly trimming his sails to catch every puff of wind of popularity, is a trickster who succeeds only until he is found out. A lie may live for a time; truth for all time. A lie never lives by its own vitality; it merely continues to exist because it simulates truth. When it is unmasked, it dies. When each of four newspapers in one city puts forth the claim that its circulation is larger than all the others combined, there must be an error somewhere. Where there is untruth there is always conflict, discrepancy, impossibility. If all the truths of life and experience from the first second of time, or for any section of eternity were brought together, there would be perfect harmony, perfect accord, unbroken unity, but if two lies come together they quarrel and seek to destroy each other. It is in the trifles of daily life that truth should be our constant guide and inspiration. Truth is not a dress suit consecrated to special occasions; it is the strong, well woven, durable home-spun for daily living. The man who forgets his promises is untrue. We rarely lose sight of those promises made to us for our individual benefit. These we regard as checks we always seek to cash at the earliest moment. "The miser never forgets where he hides his treasure," says one of the old philosophers. Let us cultivate that sterling honor that holds our word so sacred, so sacred, that to forget it would seem a crime, to deny it would be impossible. The man who says pleasant things and makes promises which to him are light as air, but to some one else seem the rock upon which a life's hope is built, is cruelly untrue. He who does not regard his appointments, carelessly breaking them or ignoring them, is the thoughtless thief of another's time. It reveals selfishness, carelessness and lax business morals. It is untrue to the simplest justice of life. Men who split hairs with their conscience, who mislead others by deft, shrewd phrasing which may be true in letter, yet lying in spirit and designedly uttered to produce a false impression, are untruthful in the most cowardly way. Such men would cheat even in solitude. Like murderers, they forgive themselves their crime in congratulating themselves on the cleverness of their alibi. The parent who preaches honor to his child and gives false statistics about the child's age to the conductor to save a nickel is not true. The man who keeps his religion in a sash and who takes it out only on Sunday is not true. He who seeks to get the highest wages for the least possible amount of service is not true. The man who has to sing lullabies to his conscience before he himself can sleep is not true.

The Chiseled Flattery on Tombstones

By WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

There are more people in this world hungering for kindness, sympathy, comradeship and love than are hungering for bread. We often refrain from giving a hearty word of encouragement, praise or congratulation to some one, even where we recognize that our feelings are known, for fear of making him conceited or overconfident. Let us tear down these dikes of reserve, these walls of petty repression, and let in the flood of our feelings. There have been few monuments reared to the memory of those who have failed in life because of overpraise. There is more chiseled flattery on tombstones than was ever heard in life by the dead those stones now guard. Man does not ask for flattery; he does not long for fulsome praise; he wants the honest, ringing sound of recognition of what he has done, fair appreciation of what he is doing and sympathy with what he is striving to do. Why is it that death makes us suddenly conscious of a hundred virtues in a man who seemed commonplace and faulty in life? Then we speak as though an angel had been living in our town for years and we had suddenly discovered him. If he could only have heard these words while living, if he could have discounted the eulogies at, say, even 60 per cent, they would have been an inspiration to him when weary, worn and worried, by the problems of living. But now the ears are stilled to all earthly music, and even if they could hear our praise the words would be but useless messengers of love that came too late. It is right to speak well of the dead, to remember their strength and to forget their weakness and to render to their memory the expressions of honor, justice, love and sorrow that fill our hearts. But it is the living, ever the living, that need it most. The dead have passed beyond the helpfulness. Our wildest cries of agony and regret bring no answering echo from the silences of the unknown. Those who are facing the battle of life, still seeking bravely to do and to be—they need our help, our companionship, our love, all that is best in us. Better is the smallest flower placed in our warm, living hands than mountains of roses banked round our casket.—From "The Power of Truth," Published by Brentano's.



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SCORE OF JUDGES IN VERBOORT BAND CONTEST. Hillsboro, Forest Grove, Verboort.

Attack	(8-9-9) 9	(9-8-9) 9	(7-7-8) 7
Tempo	(7-9-9) 8	(9-8-8) 8	(7-7-6) 7
Solo Instrument	(7-8-7) 7	(8-8-7) 8	(5-6-5) 5
Harmony	(7-8-8) 8	(6-7-8) 7	(6-6-6) 6
Expression	(8-10-9) 9	(9-9-8) 8	(5-7-5) 6
Leave off	(7-8-10) 10	(8-8-10) 9	(7-8-10) 8
Conducting	(9-10-10) 10	(9-8-9) 9	(7-8-6) 7
Selections	(8-9-9) 9	(9-8-7) 8	(6-7-5) 6
Instrumentation	(8-9-9) 9	(8-9-8) 8	(7-9-9) 8
	77	74	60

Judges: Otto Kleeman, O. P. Myers and G. P. Henderson, all of Portland.

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