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Crescent Flour is the Best.
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Johnson & Co.

THE

Brick Livery, Feed and Sale Stable

See our ad. in the T. P. A. Guide. Drummers' trade our specialty. Our 'Bus meets all trains. Carries U. S. mail. Baggage and freight called for and delivered.

Finest Rigs. Best Horses. Good Drivers.

Corner Main and Pacific Ave., Forest Grove, Or.

SAELENS & CO.

Proprietors of

... City Meat Market ...

We handle all kinds of meat and fresh fish.
Front Street, Forest Grove

The Iron House is closed, but

Dr. Hines' Drug Store

Is open and has the best line of Drugs, Cigars and Stationery in town. Sole agent for the

Montello

A ten cent cigar for five cents.

Main St., - - - Forest Grove



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DEALERS IN

Hardware and Implements

John Deere Plows and Harrows, Moline Wagons, Benicia Disc Plows. Call and see our complete lines. . .	Shelf Goods, Stoves and Ranges	Studebaker Wagons and Buggies, Logging Goods, Guns and Ammunitions. Reasonable prices.
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Main Street, - - - Forest Grove, Ore.

A LETTER TO GIRLS.

Concerning Self Respecting Old Maids and Very Young Ladies.

My Dear Girls—Not long ago a woman crowded up and made room for me in a street car already so packed that it seemed impossible to seat another person. I thanked her with sincere appreciation, for the ride was long. Then began an acquaintance. I found the lady was employed in a business house, that she was superintendent of a department and received \$20 a week. It was her business to direct the labors of about fifty girls and to see that none of them slighted a task. She was Miss Norcross, aged thirty-five.

The girls in the establishment were fifteen to nineteen years old. They received from \$4 to \$6 a week for their work. Girl-like, those who lived at home spent every cent of this money on clothes, enormous flapping hats, huge muffs, shiny dingle dangles and cheap brooches and pins of various kinds. They liked to go to dances, which was well enough, but they frequently danced nearly all night and



"THERE GOES CROSSBONES!"

came to work next day late and stupid and sleepy, so that they did their tasks laggingly and made mistakes. Miss Norcross was obliged to call them to account, therefore they disliked her, "made fun" of her behind her back—and to her face so far as they dared. They called her "Old Maid" and even "Crossbones," sometimes "Old Maid Crossbones," and she heard them once or twice. They giggled, perpetually giggled, after the way of thoughtless young girls. They considered that the most dreadful thing in this life was to be a single woman. Of course they expected to be married, every one of them, and "get out of work," not knowing in their awful ignorance that the lot of a poor man's wife who is as crude and untrained as they were is nearly always ten times harder than that of the old maid who is earning a comfortable income.

Expecting to marry, these girls adorned themselves in gewgaws and kept their weather eye out morning and evening to catch the men who were to release them from work, as they foolishly imagined. They were not always very tidy as to their skin and clothing—in truth, they sometimes hurried to work in the morning with tangled, tumbled hair, but they always wore upon it the huge flapping hat with feathers—of that you may be sure—and they always and everlastingly giggled.

Now, for better or for worse, it is

quite natural for a girl to look forward to marriage. It is also natural, if not wise, for her to try to attract men, if she wants a husband. But, girls, answer me this: Do you think it is either gentle, good tempered, womanly or polite to "make fun" of a woman only because she is an old maid? One likes to think of girls as sweet, bright creatures whose minds are occupied with pleasant, kindly thoughts, whose manners are always courteous.

Besides, was the lot of the married women they knew so delightful and enviable that the girls I speak of were justified in jeering at Miss Norcross because she was single? The women they knew had been mostly working girls like themselves. They, too, had worn exaggerated hats and squeezed themselves nearly in two at the waists and danced away two or three years of young life in a sort of dream. They waked up when they found themselves fast married and tied, with a string of children hanging to them and not always money enough to buy shoes all round. Sometimes even they had drunken husbands. They "lost heart" then, as weak, ignorant women call it, and did not care how they looked any more. They became bad tempered slatterns. They, too, in their youth "made fun" of old maids. Now they envy the neat and tidy single woman who respects herself and is getting on well in the world.

Is there any reason to expect that the fate of the girls who jeered at Miss Norcross will be any different from that of the girls who went before them?

Miss Norcross had to take care of a sickly mother. She began it when she was sixteen and kept it up till her mother died. She had no time to go to balls, and her money had to be spent on the housekeeping. Meantime she mastered perfectly the business she was engaged in and was promoted to her present place. She has now considerable money in bank. But many a time her heart has been made bitter because of the rude and ignorant girls.

The time is quite likely to come when, instead of making fun of old maids, they will envy these with all their souls.

SUSAN PEPPER.

A Man of Genius.

"A man of genius, you said?"
"Yes. He failed in art and actually admitted it, then went into business and succeeded."—Detroit Free Press.

All Colors.

Now, how can ghosts be black or white?
Of course they may be so;
But, when you come to think of it,
They are all shades, you know.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Well, Hardly.

It is related of Frank R. Stockton that while on a visit to Boston he was invited to address the members of a well known woman's club. The member who conveyed the invitation was a most dignified and stately matron. With just a suspicion of asperity in her tone she suggested to the humorist that he might address the club on any subject which seemed to him appropriate, but that she would call his attention to the fact that this was "not a club of new women," with the emphasis on "new." With a deferential bow the humorist replied:

"Ah, madam, I am convinced of that. At the same time, however, you would not have me call you a club of old women, would you?"

A Case Worth Trying.

First Attorney—We can't go on with the case. Our client has no grounds for action.
His Partner—No grounds for action? Why, he's worth a million!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.