

Some Forest Grove Homes



Residence of Mrs. Rogers
E. A. Jerome, Architect and Builder.



The Laughlin Hotel
E. A. Jerome, Architect and Builder

"Open The Gates"

Will L. Thompson, the poet lawyer who so often comes to Forest Grove, delivered the commencement address at the University of Washington last month. It is a beautiful production and we reprint it with Mr. Thompson's permission.

If an angel could stand on Mars, and look with unclouded vision across the sea of light that rushes earthward from the sun, he would behold one face of our planet luminous with the borrowed splendor, the other face black with the mask of midnight.

He would see that, because of the sun's greater diameter, the waves of light passing the rim of the earth upon every side, converge until they meet in outer space, creating a cone of shadow, a mighty reeling cone of darkness "within whose concave base earth rolls eternally."

To him the scene would appear as part of a mighty tragedy. The fair earth clasped in the dusky, irresistible arms of the sable monster, the two bound together in life and death, the Othello and Desdemona of the middle heavens.

And this restless whirling of the earth in the concave base of the colossal cone brings us out of the darkness into the smile of the sun, and it is morning. It sweeps us back into the shadow, and it is night.

And the angel seeing our faces flush with the fervid kiss of the sun of morning, and cloud with care as we press into the gloom, might cry aloud as he spreads his wings for realms of eternal sunshine: "Oh joy and sorrow! Oh light and darkness! Oh morning and evening! Oh life and death! I have seen the drama of humanity."

But we, who cling to the rolling globe, thank the Awful One who keeps the vigil of the universe that there is a little less night than day. That there is no land cloaked in eternal gloom—that

"It is always morning somewhere And above the wakening continents from shore to shore Somewhere the birds are singing evermore."

Light banishes darkness, joy drives away sorrow, hope triumphs over despair, and noble youth comes on to grasp and bear the banner that falls from the nerveless hand of age.

The endless succession of night and morning is nature's mightiest metaphor of life and death, of youth and age, and appeals to the imagination as no other phenomenon of the universe can appeal. Infancy begins in the darkened land of no memory. Youth is the full sunburst of the militant morn, and age looks westward where skies are lurid and the darkening fires of the red sunset burn.

All the world loves the morning

best. It may salute the old with tender veneration, but youth is something to look upon and be glad.

Like the worshipers on the temple of the sun, we meet here today to greet the dawn. We have come to see the unfolding flower of youth break into the full bloom of life. To see pass from this temple of culture a band of our brightest and best, not to return again. We come to say a few words to them of congratulation for honors won, for trials bravely met, for obstructions surmounted.

But there is little we can do to aid them. Advice, based upon our own experience, will be of little worth. They will meet new conditions and deal with elements yet unknown. They will go into fields unfurrowed and unsown.

All we can give them is our heart's best prayer, colored and illuminated with love and hope. All over the land are fair companies like this, going out to swell the martial multitude of trained youth, marching to the conquest of the earth.

There is something nobly pathetic in the movement of these armies of the young into the great battle.

Who can look down the long vista of coming years and say what is in store for one of these?

They have youth, strength, health and luminous minds. I believe they have been well trained.

For the good of the race, for the sake of honor, for the debt we owe to the great old days, I trust they have been neither trained to understand, nor have grown to believe, that the sole purpose, or the PRINCIPAL purpose of the keen weapons with which they have been armed, is to carve a way to wealth.

We shall trust that the faculties of the mind which grovel and dig after things sordid and gross have not been cultivated at the expense of those higher powers that build the temples that never are thrown down. We need trained hands, trained hearts and trained tongues, but more than all, the world needs trained IMAGINATIONS. We have overdeveloped shrewdness and the ambition for wealth, and the ease and comfort it is supposed to bring with it. We have cultivated the strong reasoning faculties, and taught them to drudge for us in every avenue of thought and industry. We have crowded the memory with the rules of our own and other languages, in order that we may enjoy the charms of worldwide literature.

But I fear we have been less careful to foster and upbuild the power of that greatest of all our endowments, the wonderful creative faculty, the imagination.

Naturally it is more developed in some than in others.

One will pass by a great cube of marble that has been squared and dressed by the masons. His imagination only sees its surface beauty. To him it is a noble corner-stone or a massive pedestal for a column.

But another comes, and he looks into the great stone, not upon it.

His trained and luminous imagination sees within the stone Laocoon wrestling with the strangling serpents. He takes his hammer and chisel and cuts away the surplus and unnecessary material, and all the world sees the wonderful statue.

The desperate face, the straining muscles, the writhing snakes, horror and the shadow of oncoming death; all these were there when the first man

passed by, and he saw it not. Aye, there were a thousand forms hidden in the rock!

There were angels flying through a starry heaven, bearing heraldic banners, blowing heroic trumpets and representing another sculptor's vision of victory. The statue was there, for he cut away the useless chips and found it.

And yet another came to a like stone, and great tears stood in his eyes, and his heart stood still and he looked down at the stone and then up into the far blue dome of heaven. And with a look of utter consecration in his fair young face, he cut away the useless cloak of stone and uncovered the form of a human head.

But was it human? The sad and patient face was more pitiful than any yet seen among men. The deep and solemn eyes seemed hoarding up some glorious and unaccomplished vow. The flowing, splendid hair curled with a piteous pleading as we have seen that of a tortured child. The wan lips seemed creeping in distress to cover up their cries.

It needed neither crown of thorns nor aureole to tell us that it was the head of the dying Christ!

And yet we had passed by and did not see!

Professor, teacher, have you seen this miraculous power latent in your pupil?

Did you suppress it with light mockery? Did you advise him to be more practical; to repress his high

(Continued on Twelfth page)

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