

Some Forest Grove Homes



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



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

Nicholson & Son, the grocers, sell Pendleton White Satin flour warranted or money refunded.

Willard Pope of Portland, spent last Sunday with his uncle, Wm. Billinger. He was cashier in the restaurant which burned last week.

The social dance at Vert's hall last Saturday evening was a pleasant event. A goodly number participated and all report an enjoyable evening.

Fire spread in a clearing belonging to Mr. Forbis and destroyed about 20 cord of wood. The wood was a part of a 600 cords contract with Judge Sterns of Dilley. Had one of the teamsters hauling the wood under contract, been more prompt the wood would not have burned.

For Rent

Store building suitable for grocery, restaurant, confectionery, bakery, barber shop, or other use.

WM. BILLINGER

Notice

Notice is hereby given that each lodge whose card appears in the directory of this paper must hand in the correction of the names of officers as they occur, or such lodge will forfeit the right to a free card publication.

Brick for Sale

I have at my yard 1 mile northwest of Forest Grove, a fine lot of brick for sale at reasonable prices. Call and see them.

Educational Facilities

(Continued from First Page)

recitals. A large chorus class is maintained. During the past year they rendered "Hiawatha," an event which aroused interest among lovers of music throughout the state. Many people have been attracted to Forest Grove of late years because of its educational facilities and certainly no more ideal place exists as an educational centre, surrounded as it is by beautiful scenery, healthful in climate because of its location at the foot of the Coast Mountains, and composed of a population such as usually collects in an educational town.

Teachers' Examinations

Notice is hereby given that the county superintendent of Washington county, Oregon, will hold the regular examination of applicants for state and county papers at the public school building at Hillsboro, as follows: For

State Papers. Commencing Wednesday, August 10, at nine o'clock a. m., and continuing until Saturday, August 13, at four o'clock p. m. Wednesday—Penmanship, history, spelling, algebra, reading, school law. Thursday—Written arithmetic, theory of teaching, grammar, book-keeping, physics, civil government. Friday—Physiology, geography, mental arithmetic, composition, physical geography. Saturday—Botany, plane geometry, general history, English literature, psychology. For County Papers. Commencing Wednesday, August 10, at nine o'clock a. m., and continuing until Friday, August 12, at four o'clock p. m. Wednesday—Penmanship, history, orthography, reading. Thursday—Written arithmetic, theory of teaching, grammar, physiology. Friday—Geography, mental arithmetic, school law, civil government. Primary certificates. Wednesday—Penmanship, orthography, reading, arithmetic. Thursday—Art of questioning, theory of teaching, methods, physiology.

Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, July 25, 1904.

H. A. BALL.

County Superintendent.

"Open The Gates"

(Continued From Last Issue.)

It must not be either a feeble nor a brutal king, but a ruler who moves with stateliness and majesty, upholding the Monroe doctrine of the mind, holding his own continent inviolate, and having no entangling alliances with the other powers.

But these powers have their world of friends always urging their claims; demanding their cultivation; setting forth, and justly, their great use and value in the strife of mediocrity against mediocrity and even high talent against talent; but I am not content with this. I am equally anxious with others that the young mental athletes, annually sent forth from our colleges, shall succeed in a financial sense. Anxious that they shall acquire position and power in the business world, and that their homes may be beautiful and centers of comfort and joy. But surely this is not all our hope!

No doubt herein is more of mental peace, contentment and the restfulness of a spirit becalmed.

To the tired and struggling soul this may seem sweeter and more desirable than following with daring feet the forays of the imagination into regions unmapped and measureless, where beauty is immortal and music has many melodies that only the ears of God have heard.

Alfred Tennyson seem to have had such a feeling when, wearied from unjust attack, he said that such things "Makes it seem more sweet to be The little life of bank and brier, The bird that pipes his lone desire And dies unheard within his tree, Than he that warbles long and loud And drops at Glory's temple gates, For whom the carrion vulture waits To tear his heart before the crowd!"

But this was but the noble rage of the great poet, stung by the scorpions of envy and jealousy.

"The skylark that soars and sings so close to heaven that it seems but a bodiless wandering voice, is not so apt to be torn and mangled by the curved talons and brutal beak as are the field

sparrow and the thrush.

But what if there is greater danger to the soarer, shall we through cowardice, lose forever the triumphant song that shatters the silence of the middle sky? I know that the way is stony and only the high heart can win. It is the steepest path that leads to the highest land. But there the sun comes first and lingers longest. Seven hundred years before Christ, Hesiod said: "Before virtue the immortal gods have put the sweat of men's brow, and long and steep is the way to it, and rugged at the first." Ay, it is the storm-swept and lightning-splintered crags that "Crush through the clouds And break the still abode of stars."

In that high place, where only the great of earth have stood, there is isolation, but there need not be loneliness. God is not lonely.

Financial success, business standing, professional reputation, comfort, happy homes, a gentle decline to an honored death, these are to be approved, but they are not all.

Some one must open the gates and lead us into the new fields of thought and knowledge that lie out yonder in the darkness. Some one must light the torch that all may see.

The twentieth century must have its seers. Will you wait for the poor and ignorant boy, peddling fruit upon a flying train, or studying the monotonous rattle of the telegraph keys, to give us an Edison to flood our homes with the lightning's flame that awed our fathers?

(Continued on Twelfth page)

C. L. Large, M. D.

... PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON ...

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Forest Grove, - - Oregon

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John Stribich