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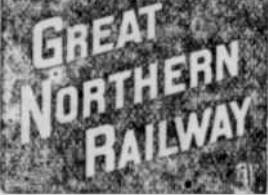
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**The Fatalism of Esther**  
By INA WRIGHT HANSON  
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"I don't see any wrong in it!" I announced stoutly.  
Esther laughed.  
There had been a time when Esther's laughter was a privileged sight as well as sympathy. Dimples played hide and seek around her challenging mouth, but the very birthplace of laughter lay in her eyes, cerulean and black lashed. Now I was troubled over Esther's laugh. It began and ended with her little mouth and never reached to her eyes at all.  
"If I owned something," I continued, "and while I was away some one took it, whether by mistake, not knowing it belonged to me, or by intention, shouldn't I have a right to take it away from him?"  
"Oh, sophistry, thy name is Jack! How came you to own me?" Esther queried gently.  
"By right of discovery," I answered promptly. "Years and years ago"—  
"Not so many," murmured Esther.  
"Well, the day that you walked shyly into the schoolroom and the teacher gave you a desk next to mine and without once glancing my way you went to reading in your little book."  
"And you naughtily interrupted my diligent study by smuggling over to me a white candy, which faunted crimsonly on its somewhat sticky surface the impudent question, 'Will you be mine?'"  
"What did you do with the candy?" I asked eagerly.  
Esther toyed with the diamond on her third finger—maledictions on its bold glitter.  
"I ate it," she acknowledged.  
"You darling!" I exclaimed. "Of course you ate it, and by that sign and symbol you became mine that minute, and you are mine now. Esther, take off that ring."  
"Jack," she said gravely, "you are letting your fancy run away with your



"GOOD MORNING, JUDGE."  
good sense. We were children then. If we had grown up together it might have been different, but your path lay in the east, while mine led me west, where I met Judge Wells. I had forgotten you."  
"Esther!" I protested.  
"Had forgotten you," she repeated, though a flush belied her words. "So when Judge Wells did me the honor, the very great honor, Jack, to ask me to marry him, I consented. If you had stayed in the east, where you belonged, all would have been well, but you must come out here and make me miserable!" She turned suddenly toward the window, and her little hand made a quick move toward her eyes.  
"Esther, dear, it were better that you are miserable now for a little time, better that I came before your marriage than afterward. It isn't too late to rectify matters now, dear."  
"It is too late," she insisted, "and I am not your dear. It is right for me to marry Judge Wells, or it wouldn't have happened so. If you were the right one, why didn't you come sooner?"  
"Esther, you are a fatalist."  
"You may call me what you please, but I must do right. I have promised to marry Judge Wells."  
"It isn't right for you to give yourself to him when every time you see him you wish it were some one else. When you shrink from his highly respectable kisses"—  
Esther turned sharply toward me.  
"What right have you to say—how do you know I do—that?"  
"Poor little innocent darling."  
"I know you love me," I answered gloomily.  
Esther neither denied nor assented. She stood quite still and looked out the window. I left my chair and went over to her.  
"Little girl, you won't be happy. I should say it even if I didn't want you so badly myself. Judge Wells is immaculate in appearance, manners, morals, but he is not sympathetic. He never palliates an offense in his legal work nor overlooks an indiscretion in his private life. He"—  
"I think you misjudge him, but anyway it isn't a question of my own happiness. I settled all that since you came, but I can make him happy, and I promised, and I will. Oh, Jack,

if you won't go away, let's go out in the air! I'm stifling."  
I brought her garden hat, all wreathed with flowers the color of her dear eyes, and we went out. We went down the walk into the dusty highway. We ascended a hill and stood at the top, watching some boys coasting down the other side. They sat in their wagons—they had two roped tandems—and, with their feet upon the axle to guide their course, they steered swiftly and noisily down the slope.  
"We used to coast on sleds down snow covered hills, Esther," I remarked. Then an object in the distance caught my eye. I was properly thankful just then that Esther's pretty eyes were a trifle nearsighted. The boys were dragging their wagons slowly toward us.  
"Esther, let's hire the wagons and coast down the hill—just once, for the happy old times' sake."  
She laughed nervously.  
"How absurd, Jack! Suppose somebody saw us?"  
"It's a small request when you deny me happiness," I whispered.  
She was silent, so I made the bargain with the grinning boys. With some weak protesting from Esther, I assisted her into the back wagon and took my place in the front.  
"Not a great amount of room, but we can't always have everything just to suit us," I remarked cheerfully, putting my feet on the axle and taking the wagon tongue in my hands.  
With considerable advice from the officious owners, we were off. Faster and faster we sped, dodging rocks, running perilously near a live oak tree and drawing up on the little wooden bridge into the dignified presence of Judge Wells.  
"Good morning, Judge," I said jauntily. "Great sport, this California coasting. Do you ever indulge?"  
But the judge took no notice of me. His horrified gaze was upon Esther. His affianced wife, curled ungracefully in the trailer, her hat gone, her yellow hair rippling over her shoulders, and her laugh ringing out like a reckless child's.  
The judge opened his mouth, and his words rasped as the filing of a saw:  
"Miss Graham, I wish to consider our engagement as if it had never existed. I must deny myself the pleasure of being the life companion of a—um—holden!"  
With stately stride the judge ascended the hill. The boys had overtaken us. I paid them, and they ran, shouting, away. Then I turned, not without some misgivings, toward Esther. She was crouching on a rock at the end of the bridge, her yellow hair covering her as with a mantle, her shoulders shaking ominously. Was it with grief or laughter? I advanced—retreated—advanced. Then she spoke:  
"Jack, dear, are you sure you paid those precious boys enough?"  
And, looking at her, I was content, for the laughter that played around her challenging mouth had also returned to her pretty eyes.

**Self Protecting Plants.**  
Plants protect themselves much the same as insects. One of the uses of the movements of the sensitive plant is to frighten animals. A venturesome, browsing creature coming near it is afraid to touch a plant which so evidently is occupied by spirits. The squirting cucumber of the Mediterranean alarms goats and cattle by discharging its ripe fruits explosively in their faces the moment the stem is touched. The cucumbers contain a pungent juice, which discharges itself into the eye of its opponent, and the smarting sensation which results is hard to bear. The dainty grass of Parnassus is beautiful, but dishonest. It is a bog herb, has glossy green leaves and pure white blossoms and is supposed to be the poet's flower. Its milk white flowers are lovely, yet they are deceivers. The drops of honey which bees and insects fancy they see inside the petals are solid, glassy imitations of honey, which fool the bees, which are lured in this way that they may carry off the pollen to other blossoms and are held fast until they die.

**His Reliable Authority.**  
"In a case in San Francisco once," said a lawyer, "we were trying to break the will of an elderly man who, ignoring his relations, had left the bulk of his property to a total stranger. It was part of our case to prove that the dead man had been eccentric, irregular, cruel and dissipated, and after we had proved this point the defense summoned a witness in rebuttal.  
"The first question put to the defense's witness was, 'What do you know about the character of the deceased?' And the man answered, sir, in words like these:  
"He was a man without blame, beloved and respected of men, pure in all his thoughts and—"  
"But I interrupted the witness.  
"Where," I said, "did you learn all that?"  
"I got it," the man answered, "from the tombstone."—Salt Lake Tribune.

**Warding Off Old Age.**  
A famous French general when asked how it was that he had such an erect carriage replied that it was because he bent over and touched the floor with his fingers thirty times every day. If he had acquired rigidity of the spine so that he could not do that he would have had with it weak abdominal muscles, which result in portal congestion. This portal congestion interferes with stomach digestion and with the action of the liver. The poison destroying power of the liver is lessened, auto intoxication results and arteriosclerosis and old age come on at a much earlier day. But by keeping the spine flexible and the abdominal muscles strong and taut the portal circulation is kept free and old age is held off.—Good Health.

**THE GRANGE**  
Conducted by  
J. W. DARRROW, Chatham, N. Y.  
Press Correspondent New York State Grange

**PROFESSOR L. H. BAILEY.**  
Director of College of Agriculture, Cornell University.



has held no other office in the grange than lecturer of the Tompkins county Pomona, he is most intensely interested in the Order. He is a thorough believer in the grange as one means toward the organization and unifying of the great agricultural interests. In his position as director of the College of Agriculture he will find ample scope for all his versatile powers. He is an interesting speaker and is always heard with pleasure at the meetings of the state grange and other agricultural gatherings.

**AGRICULTURE IN SCHOOLS.**

**Practical Educational Methods Find Favor Generally.**  
Ancient the present endeavors to secure instruction in the rudiments of agriculture in the public schools it may be interesting to note what has been accomplished in the high school at Columbia, Mo. Superintendent Hays of that school reports as follows to the state agricultural board:  
"It affords me much pleasure to state that the class organized in scientific agriculture at the beginning of the second year of the high school is doing satisfactory work. The pupils are manifesting an enthusiastic interest, and the results which are being obtained are fully equal to our expectations. The work is no longer in an experimental stage, but is a decided success in every respect."  
National Lecturer Batchelder has this to say on the same subject: "Probably no movement on the part of the grange in recent years in the interest of public education has so much to commend it and has been susceptible of such grand possibilities as the movement now made prominent by the organization for the introduction of agricultural studies in the public schools. This is already making much progress, and the grange is a prime factor in promoting it. Much has been said and written upon it by grange workers, and they have reason to feel greatly encouraged at the progress already made. It is a movement in the interest of practical educational methods, as well as in the interest of strengthening the ties to rural life."

**"Forward" the Word.**  
A western city has chosen the word "Forward" for its motto. Every grange needs to have the same watchword, remarks the Grange Bulletin. The organization that is content to be the same thing year after year is not very ambitious. Of course the "good old ways" were good and are good, but the truth of the matter is that they don't exactly fit the new occasions. We need to adapt them to new conditions, need to make them fit our present times and needs. In other words, we need to be as independent and resourceful in our time as our fathers and grandfathers were in the good old times which sometimes seem to us to have been a sort of golden age. But the real golden age is now—now for those who are worthy to live in such an age.

**Ought to Be a Granger.**  
The declaration of purposes of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry contains these words, expressing one purpose of the grange organization, "To develop a better and higher manhood and womanhood among ourselves." President Roosevelt said, in a letter to the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, assembled at Baltimore, "To make better citizens, to lift up the standard of American manhood and womanhood is to do the greatest service to the country." The two thoughts are one. The president is all right. He ought to be a granger.

Hon. David Lubin of California, who was instrumental in inducing the king of Italy to call the international agricultural conference, is a member of the grange.  
Harmony grange, Maine, took in a class of fifty recently at one meeting.

**THE POOR OF BERLIN**  
HOW THEY ARE SUPERVISED BY THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

**Begging is Not to Be Seen on the Streets of the City, and Rags and Misery Dare Not Lie About in the Parks and Public Places.**  
"What," I exclaimed in Berlin, "are there no poor in this city? Are you altogether without rags and wretchedness?"  
"My dear friend," said the German winking a heavy eyelid, "we are a very clever people. We do not show our dust bins."  
Berlin is ruled by municipal experts. It has its wretchedness and its despair, but these things are not permitted to increase. To be out of work in Berlin is a crime, even as it is in London, but with this difference—in Berlin the municipality legislates for labor in a fashion which makes idleness all but indelible.  
The laws to this end may not commend themselves to English minds, for the Germans are not soft hearted in such matters, but they have this engaging recommendation, they succeed. Let a ragged man make his appearance in Friedrichstrasse or the Lindens or in any of the numerous open spaces, and a policeman is at him in a minute. "Your papers!" demands the man of law. The beggar produces his documents. If it is proved that he has slept in the asylum for the homeless more than a certain number of nights he is forthwith conducted, willynilly, to the workhouse and made to labor for his board and lodging.  
Now, the workhouse in Germany is not a prison, but the vagrant would as leave go to the one as to the other. The administration of the workhouse is conducted with iron severity. Every ounce of bread and every drop of thin soup consumed by the workhouse man is paid for a thousandfold by the sweat of his brow. So it comes about that the man least disposed to work, the born vagabond, finds it more agreeable to toil for his bread in the market than to fall into the hands of a paternal government.

Berlin takes advantage of the system in Germany which numbers and tickets every child born in the fatherland. No man can roam from district to district, changing his name and his life's story with every flitting. He is known to the police from the hour of his birth to the hour of his death. For a few pennings I can read the history of every person in Berlin. Therefore the municipality has an easy task. Every citizen's life story is known to them, and every vagrant is punished for his crime against the community.  
Moreover, every person of humble means is insured by the state. Even clerks, shop assistants and servants are compelled to insure against sickness and against old age. This insurance is effected by the pasting into a book of certain stamps every week, and it is the duty of each employer to see that this contract is faithfully obeyed. And the state has at Beelitz an enormous sanitarium costing 10,000,000 marks (\$500,000), where the invalid citizen is sent with his pension in order to expedite his valuable return to the ranks of the wage earners. It pays the city of Berlin to nurse its sick and cherish its invalids. The whole object of the municipality is to secure the physical and intellectual well being of its citizens, and on this task it concentrates its labors with amazing energy.

Berlin has a huge building resembling a factory where the unemployed, whole families, are received and provided for, but no one must take advantage of this hospitality more than five times in three months. Consider this point of view. If you are homeless five times in three months you are dubbed a reckless creature and packed off to the workhouse. Private enterprise has provided another asylum where the homeless may come five times in one month and where the police are not allowed to enter at night. I have visited this place and seen the people who attend it, some decent enough, others criminal in every line of their faces. There are many of these desperate men in Berlin, many of these dirty, ragged and unhappy wretches, doomed from the day of their birth, but they dare not show themselves in the decent world as they do in London. They sink into these asylums at 5 o'clock;

they have their clothes disinfected; they cleanse themselves under shower baths; they eat bread and drink soup, and then they go to bed at 8 o'clock like prisoners to their cells.

Now, this system is a hard one, for when once a man gets down in Berlin it is almost impossible for him to rise. But it has this clear advantage—everybody feels that it is better to work than to fall into the hands of the law. Rags and misery dare not lie about in the parks or scatter disease through the crowded streets. If there is any virtue in the unemployed the state will certainly develop it as well as it is possible to do so. There is a central bureau for providing men with work, and when a man knows that not to work means the workhouse he solicits employment here and elsewhere with such a will as almost compels wages. In one year the state has secured employment for 50,000 men.  
The citizen is provided with sanitary dwellings, with unadulterated food, with schools and technical colleges and with insurance for sickness and old age. For a penny he can travel almost from one end of Berlin to the other by electric tramway or electric railway. His streets are clean, brilliantly lighted and noiseless; his cafes and music halls are innumerable. He lives in a palace. And all this is the result of municipal government by experts instead of by amateurs.—London Mail.

**Buried With His Horse.**  
The will, dated 1772, of Sir William Browne, which includes his bequest to Cambridge university of gold medals for Greek and Latin odes and epigrams, contains also the request that he may be "buried in the most private manner, without Pall Bearers, Escutcheons or Equestrian Ornaments, or any Attendants, except my Men Servants; that my Funeral may neither be an Object of Entertainment to Spectators and Strangers, by attracting that observation, nor of Concern to Friends and Relations by requesting their Attendance. On my Coffin, when in the Grave, I desire may be deposited in its Leather Case or Coffin my Pocket Elzevir Horace, comes via vitæque dulcis et utilis, worn out with and by me."—Athenæum.

**Willing to Linger.**  
Longevity is ever a subject of absorbing interest. The desire to live is the common inheritance of the race. A desire to die does not spring from a sound mind in a sound body. A priest, having administered the last rites of the church to a dying Irishman, asked if he were not now ready to depart. The sick man replied, "Sure, father, I would rather stay where I am best acquainted." So say we all of us.—Kansas City Independent.

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