

Editorial Page—Washington Co. News.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1906

Walter Hoge, who has been editor and manager of the Forest Grove Times for the past five years, sold out his entire business last week to Messrs. Parker and Fogle. We are glad to learn that Mr. Hoge has decided to remain in Forest Grove. He will go into some other business here.

Pacific University has probably turned out as many newspaper men as any institution in the Northwest. In the first place, head and shoulders above any other editorial writer on the coast and one of the best in the United States is H. W. Scott, the first alumnus of Pacific University; J. Wheelock Marsh and David Marsh editors of the Hilo Tribune; Horace Thomas and Clark Williams of the Oregonian; Edgar Meresse city editor of the Salem Statesman; Abe Meresse city editor on the Oregon City Star and Willard Wirtz of the Portland Journal. Wirtz just received a flattering offer from a Baker City daily, but refused the city editorship. This list of newspaper men certainly speaks well for the literary advantages of Pacific University.

The club that is now being formed by the young men of town at the instigation of the Civic Improvement Society will be one of the best boosters for the city, Forest Grove has ever had. The boys are already planning for a track team, and they will be able to turn out a rattling fine bunch of athletes. Aubrey Moore who came here a month or so ago from Illinois, is one of the best all around athletes Knox College ever turned out, and the local club is extremely fortunate in getting him. He was coached by the famous Willard, of Knox, and has brushed against such men as Rose, the champion hammer man of the world. Young Moore is only twenty years old, and weighs but 135 pounds, yet can toss out the discus 113 feet and the shot 38, and he also runs the sprints in good time.

Then there is Rollo Peterson, who sets the Pacific University record for the 100, 220 and 440. Pete goes the 21 feet in the broad jump and is all around athlete. Frank Fletcher one of the best hurdlers the Varsity turned out and represented Multnomah at Vancouver, British Columbia. Charles Walker is a mile man who was eminent in athletics as long as he went to college and will be right there in the goods this year. With these star cinder path performers as a nucleus, and with plenty of excellent material to work on, Forest Grove ought to put a team into the field that will make the best of them sit up and take notice. Such a scheme as this would do wonders towards advertising the town. Nothing will bring a school into the limelight like good athletics. This is an athletic town, and everybody young or old reads the sporting page if nothing else.

There is something fascinating about the great games, that make the fans mad, and talk, and dream of the vicissitudes and the towns they represent. Newspapers are anxious for athletic stories, for they know that every child who reads a sporting gossip is read; and the business men and citizens should do every thing possible to encourage a Forest Grove Club track team.

THE PLANET MERCURY.

Like Venus and For Like Cause, It is Now a Dead World.

Mercury is a body devoid, practically if not absolutely, of air, of water and of vegetation. Consequently it is incapable of supporting any of those higher organisms which we know as living beings. Its surface is a vast desert. It is rough rather than smooth. Whether this roughness be due to mountains proper or to craters we are too far away from it to be able yet to say. The latter is the more probable. Over the greater part of its surface change either diurnal or seasonal is unknown. Three-eighths of its surface is steeped in perpetual glare, three-eighths shrouded in perpetual gloom, while the remaining quarter slowly turns between the two. The planet itself, as a world, is dead.

Interesting as Mercury thus proves to be, the interest as regards the character itself is of a rather corpse-like character. Less deterrent perhaps is the tidal friction, the closing act in the cosmic drama, has brought it where it is. The machine has run down. Whether it ever supported life upon its surface or not, the power to do so has long since passed away. Like Venus and for like cause, it is now a dead world. And it was the first thus to reach the end of its evolutionary career, earlier to do so than Venus, inasmuch as tidal action was very much greater upon it than on Venus and consequently produced its effect more quickly. Mercury has long been dead. How long, measured by centuries, we cannot say, but practically for a very long time. Venus must have become so comparatively recently. Both, however, may have finished their course and have in a most literal sense entered into their rest.

SEEING SICILY.

Not to Know This Island is Not to Know Greece.

There are some lands which have always laid a spell upon the mind, upon the imagination, upon the heart. Greece, above all other countries, has entranced the mind. The imagination has ever loved the east—Egypt, the Indies, forgotten Asia, the almost as mysterious Asia of today. For most of us the home land is the country of the heart; for many, it may be, it is Palestine, where was lighted the fire at which the hearts of fabled millions are still warmed. Others are content to say with Emerson in the fine essay on "Heroism," "That country is the fairest which is inhabited by the noblest minds." But, above all other lands, there is one which has at once impressed the mind, the imagination and the heart of western peoples. When a famous poet declared that on his heart would be found engraved the word Italy the words voiced the emotion of a multitude in every country of Europe and in the great northern continent overseas.

To see Sicily, the old "Garden of the Sun," as the poets have loved to call it, is not to see Italy, though there may be a measure of truth in Goethe's remark that not to know Sicily is not to know Italy. In a sense one might more truly say of Sicily that not to know it is not to know Greece. In another sense, however, we have in this most beautiful of islands the intensification of Italy. Whatever is most Italian is in evidence here, though it is Italian of the south and not of the north. What a gulf divides them is known only to those familiar with the whole peninsula.—William Sharp in Century.

"Bulls" Not Irish.
Those who are not Irishmen sometimes trespass on Irish property. A French cure, preaching about sudden death, said, "Thus it is with us—we go to bed well and get up stone dead!" An old French lawyer writing of an estate he had just bought added, "There is a chapel upon it in which my wife and I wish to be buried, if God spares our lives."

A merchant who died suddenly left in his bureau a letter to one of his correspondents which he had not sealed. His clerk, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom, "Since writing the above I have died."

A Sentiment and an Autograph.
A certain young lady, so the story runs, wrote to F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, requesting that he send her a bit of sentiment and his autograph. The reply was:
Dear Miss A.—When you request a favor that is of interest only to yourself, please inclose a two cent stamp. There's your sentiment, and here's your autograph. F. MARION CRAWFORD.
—Cottler's Weekly.

A Simple Precaution.
Landlady of country inn on the eve of a popular holiday to her daughter, who is kneading the dough for a cake)
—Resel, you'd better put a couple of eggs and a bit of butter into the cake. It looks as if we were going to have a storm, and if the townfolk don't stir out tomorrow we shall have to eat it ourselves.—From the German.

Language.
Language is a solemn thing. It grows out of life—out of its agonies and ecstasies, its wants and its weariness. Every language is a temple in which the soul of those who speak it is enshrined.—O. W. Holmes.

Feminine Finesse.
Duffer—My wife got a fever out of me today with one happy remark. Puffer—Let's have it. Duffer—She told our boy Willie that she was his nearest relative, but that I was his closest.—Indianapolis Star.

Every day is a new life, every sunrise but a new birth.—Jordan.

The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time.—Jefferson.

To Our Correspondents

We would ask our correspondents to send us their copy so it will reach us Tuesday of each week where possible; also to sign their names to same—not for publication but that we may know to whom we are under obligations for same.

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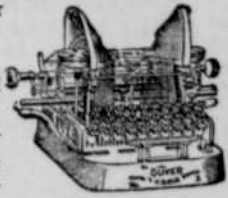
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