

THE NEWS

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THURSDAY, OCT. 29, 1908

Next Tuesday we elect Taft.

"Twenty-thousand for Taft."

Next week is the week we tell you how it was done.

Organized labor is making it clear that its vote is in its own individual pockets.

A free trade tariff appeals neither to the farmer nor to the factory wage earner.

Mr. Bryan thinks he has answered Governor Hughes. As a matter of fact, he has only replied to him.

The spit ordinance passed recently by the council, seems already to be relegated to the garret and forgotten.

The farmers demonstrate at every railway crossing that they are for the candidate of the Republican prosperity.

Saturday night is the night for you to be sure and anchor all of your belongings and turn the dog loose—Hallow'een.

Mr. Bryan is posing as the Advance Agent of Prosperity. It is not customary, however, to have an advance agent follow the show.

Governor Hughes refers to Mr. Bryan's paramour as "vagrant theories." Probably because they have no visible means of support.

Put your "mark" after 12, 13, 14 and 15 on the official ballot next Tuesday, and you will have done your duty towards continuing prosperity.

Democrats have discovered a lot of things in this campaign except reasons why any man who voted for Theodore Roosevelt in 1904 should vote for Bryan in 1908.

Mr. Taft's hustling ability was shown during his recent trip around the world, when in four months he traveled 24,000 miles, visited eight countries, convened the first Philippine Assembly, talked with two emperors, spoke in public between

fifty and sixty times, was present at thirty banquets and wasn't seasick, or otherwise ill, a single day. This record puts to flight the reports that Taft is a physical wreck.

Mr. Bryan says that he is anxious that laboring men should not be compelled to work overtime. No laboring man has to work overtime under Democratic administrations.

An increase in wages of \$100,000,000 every year under Republican administration is one substantial reason why the railway employees of the country are overwhelmingly for Taft and Sherman.

Bryan has shown himself very much like Hobson by being kissed by two New York women, but he is very much unlike him as regards a larger navy. Hobson has been parading before the Western people preaching for a larger navy for the Pacific coast while Mr. Bryan declares that we don't need it.

The speech of Mr. R. R. Butler, presidential elector on the Republican ticket in Oregon, was a ringer. It had all the earmarks of a Southern blood and it was delivered in a manner that there was no mistaking the earnestness of the speaker. Mr. Butler is one of the coming young Republicans of the state and you need not be surprised to see him fill the governor's chair some day.

Like the discussion of the true old Southern darkies, on "which would you rather be in: a railroad wreck or a steamboat wreck?" reminds us of the advisability of electing Taft as against Bryan. The first darkie declared he would rather be in a railroad disaster than a steamboat wreck, for this reason: "In a railroad wreck, thar yo are! In a steamboat wreck, whar are yo?" By the election of Taft, "thar yo are!" In the election of Bryan, "whar are yo?"

A good joke is told by a South Dakota paper on the democrats of that State. By a mistake several dray loads of pamphlets intended for the republican headquarters were unloaded at the democratic rooms. As the documents were in Bohemian, Luthern and Slavish none of the clerical force could read them and they were nearly all sent out in the mail before the democrats discovered that they were circulating Taft literature.

—Dr. Wendi's office is in Forest Grove National Bank Building, Residence at Dr. Ward's place. 151f

Ganderbone's Forecast

FOR NOVEMBER

(Copyright 1908, by C. H. Rieth)

A table and a pitcher,
A tumbler and a stand,
A man in doublebreasted clothes,
And music by the band;
A last appeal to reason,
A crowd with cheering daft—
Some folks think it's Bryan,
And others think it's Taft.

A speaker on a Pullman,
A little pantomime,
A hasty diagnosis of
The perils of our time;
A farewell and a promise,
A benediction aft—
Some folks think it's Bryan,
And others think it's Taft.

A man with twenty dollars,
Another man with ten,
A swift exchange of challenges,
And two excited men;
A show-down and a wager,
A banknote and a draft—
Some folks think it's Bryan,
And others think it's Taft.

A homestretch and a tumult,
A spyglass and a shout,
A feverish excitement while
They try to make them out;
A flying dust cloud leading,
A second cloud abaft—
Some folks think it's Bryan,
And others think it's Taft.

In the old Roman calendar November was the ninth month. Blessing fell early, and the empire gave thanks just before the first frost; but about 700 B. C. the trusts left the people so little to be thankful for after nine months that it was decided to wait a while and see if anything would come of the Roman elections. Numa accordingly made November the eleventh month and had Thanksgiving fall with the first snows, notwithstanding the month gets its name from the Latin novem (nine.) The frisky colt will sniff the air and hear the whistling quail, and the festive calf will indicate the zenith with his tail. The frost will paint the forest with a deep and redder dye, the hired man will shuck the corn, the pumpkin vine will pie, the politicians will hit up their office-holding feud, and the modest maple tree will blush and come out in the nude.

And then the presidential race
Will hold its royal sway,
And everyone will exercise
His liver, anyway.
He'll bounce it up and down between
His pancreas and gizzard,
And waltz it through his inner works
From A around to Izzard,
And even though his present race
May prove to be in vain,
He'll have the health and strength
to run
Sometime, perhaps, again.

At any rate the candidates will dash into the stretch, and both Billis-o'-the Wisp will make themselves quite hard to ketch. They'll spurt in spirited response to many wild arousers, and fan the dust up with the slack down-hanging from their trousers. They'll come in sight exhibiting a score of fancy paces, and only hit the trembling earth in four or five high places. The air will darken with the flight of gravel, dirt and sods, and the crowd will sound its battle cries and give and offer odds. And Teddy meanwhile will wedge in quite close beside the track, with something that he has concealed within a paper sack, and when his entry charges down, hot-footing like the wind, T. R. will hang a hornet nest upon him down behind.

The election will be held on the 3d, and the trusts will hold an all-night prayer meeting on the 2d. Mr. Bryan will cast his vote for Mr. Taft at Lincoln. Mr. Taft will return the courtesy at Cincinnati, and Mr. Rockefeller will receive the news at Cleveland. The quadrennial ass who wheels another quadrennial ass through town on a wheelbarrow will start from the Post-office at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 4th, followed by 90 boys and the Foolkiller. The complete returns will be in by the 15th.

The annual show-down between city and country life will be complete by the 20th, when the farmer will have his cellar stocked with potatoes, turnips, kraut, nuts, hams, sidemeat, souse, popcorn, pickles, pigs' feet, applebutter, lard, sweet potatoes and sorghum, and the city man will enter the winter with his cellar stocked with ten tons of hard coal and two gas meters.

The man who made election bets,
Relying on his knowledge,
Will write a sad note to his son,
Withdrawing him from college.
The football season will wind up,
The classroom claim its braves,
And the faculty will order flowers
And decorate the graves.

A double fleece-lined coat of hair will come in style for dogs, and the farmer will put on the pot and kill his fattened hogs. The air will teem with



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shots and squeals and sundry flavors sweet, the good housewife will render lard and scrape and pickle feet, the spared old hens will get a note of terror in their cacklings, and the children will refresh their tumms with good old-fashioned cracklings.

Mr. Roosevelt's annual proclamation advancing the price of turkey 10 cents a pound will be issued about the middle of the month. He will urge us to give thanks that 55,000,000 cubic feet of earth were excavated at Panama in October.

Until the 25th November will be under the zodiacal sign of Scorpio. People born in Scorpio are cross at supper, and it is better, if possible, to be born after the 25th, when the month is under the sign of Sagittarius the Archer. Sagittarius people are only cross at breakfast, when everybody is.

The flower for November is the chrysanthemum, which signifies that Japan received our fleet without starting anything. The moon will be full on the 8th.

Along about the 29th
The Duke of the Abruzzi
Will get it all fixed up that he
Shall wed his toosey-wootsey;
And Elkins pere will dance a jig
And dream of wedding cake,
While everybody else makes bets
On whether it will take.

And then December will blow in with cold and Christmas glee, and old King Coal, the merry soul, will thunder out, "Pay me!"

—Miss Kirkwood has received some very pretty combs in the very latest designs. Call and see them. 15-13

HEATING STOVES and Ranges

The famous Charter Oak heating stoves are the best heat producers with the least fuel of any stoves on the market. As for Ranges there are no better makes than the Real Estate Range, prices range from

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