

FOREST GROVE PRESS

Published by
G. E. SECOUR & J. D. FOOTE
in the City of
FOREST GROVE, OREGON,
THURSDAY of EACH WEEK.

Entered at the post office at Forest Grove, Ore.
as mail matter of the second class.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
CASH IN ADVANCE
One Year \$1.50 - Six Months .75

DISPLAY ADVERTISING rates on application. LOCAL READERS five cents per line of seven words each insertion. Display advertisements for publication in the PRESS must be in this office not later than Tuesday evening to insure appearance in current issue.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

The PRESS will be mailed regularly to all paid in advance subscribers, whose subscriptions were received by the previous management, without additional cost.

NOTICE

I desire to announce that Mr. G. E. Secour, an able newspaper man has purchased an interest in the PRESS and will be associated with me in the conduct of the business. Mr. Secour comes highly recommended and is a man of broad experience in advertising and publicity work. He is thoroughly familiar with all the details of the printing and publishing business, and is a practical man with practical ideas.

J. D. FOOTE.

SALUTATORY

The personnel of the PRESS having passed through some rather swift changes in the past few weeks, we feel it incumbent upon ourselves to offer a few words of explanation.

In the continuation of the PRESS among the list of Oregon newspapers, the publishers are prompted by a desire to maintain an enterprise in a community of progressive people and to make the paper a potent factor in the development of a section of great beauty and unusual natural advantage, feeling assured that every effort of the paper to promote the interests of the community will be substantially recognized.

The PRESS stands pledged to work for the growth and permanent prosperity of the city of Forest Grove, and the development of the territory tributary thereto.

It will be the aim of the PRESS to foster and encourage the advancement of all educational institutions of the community, that present and future generations may keep pace with the intellectual advancement of the most progressive people of the state and nation.

The columns of the PRESS will always be open to the various religious denominations for the publication of church news and contributions tending to promote a healthful moral and religious tone to the community.

While the PRESS is in one sense a private enterprise, yet we want all to feel that it intends to serve the best interests of every worthy institution of the city, as well as to promote a spirit of civic pride and a desire to work for mutual advancement, and we make our bow feeling that "our lines are cast in pleasant places", and that the paper will receive support according to its merits.

G. E. SECOUR AND J. D. FOOTE.

The incident of the elopement of the Detroit man with his mother-in-law is a precedent for the establishment of a new order of mother-in-law jokes. Anything in the nature of a change will be welcomed by the public.

ADVERTISED TOWN, GOT RESULTS

Advices from Albany are to the effect that their advertising is proving effective. They are receiving many inquiries daily from prospective settlers throughout the East. Among those whom the Linn County literature has reached, and who will take advantage of the low rates this month and next, are forty families from Illinois and twenty from West Virginia.

If any one section of the Willamette Valley is more prosperous than others, the reason for it lies in the fact that the people who populate it, realizing that opportunities are all around them, unite their strength and brains and dig, instead of wasting energy in individual efforts. Without exception it will be found that in the growing towns, the people have adopted and are perfecting plans for the advertisement of their resources, and favor improvements which will add to the material wealth of the community. There you will find enthusiastic commercial clubs and boards of trade, which are the mediums through which they work effectually. In order that Washington county and its towns may get their share of the new-comers to this country, and thereby increase in wealth and population, there must be concerted action on the part of the citizens. No systematic advertising is being done, and, though it is a great county with splendid opportunities, few people who have not been here are aware of the fact. In this age of competition, the importance of advertising applies to states and counties as well as to the individual in business. Experience teaches that it pays, and live towns and counties in the state are setting the pace which the others must follow or be outstripped.

In a nearby Oregon town the pastor of a church had occasion to thank his congregation for 57 varieties of buttons placed in the contribution box during the past month. Presumably they were intended for the sewing circle of the church.

A Seattle woman with violent red hair is suing her husband for divorce because he called her "Reddy" and "Brick Top" in public. Cruel and inhuman man.

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

Corvallis Masons are contemplating the erection in the near future of an up to date five story building. The Gazette Times states that it will be of classy appearance and attractive design.

About 350 business men and farmers from all parts of the state recently attended O. A. C. during Farmers week, and found the short course very instructive and entirely to their satisfaction.

The Commercial Club of Oregon City is planning for a gala day March 12th. The people of the County have been invited, and indications point to a large and enthusiastic meeting, the object of which will be to bring the citizens together in a united effort to secure from the government much needed improvement on the river.

Albany's business men, believing that much more can be accomplished by co-operative effort than by individual work, got together a few days ago and organized under the official title of Business Men's Association of Albany.

Clipped and Pasted THE BAMBOO HAIR.

A Slow but Sure Poison That is Used by the Javanese.

The young shoots of the bamboo are covered with a number of very fine hairs that are seen under the microscope to be hollow and spiked like bayonets. These hairs are commonly called bamboo poison by the white men resident in Java for the reason that murder is frequently committed through their agency.

When a Javanese woman takes a fancy to a European, according to an official Dutch report, she will either have him or poison him if she gets the chance. She seeks any and every opportunity of mixing these infusorial hairs among his food, and they serve the purpose of irritating the whole length of the alimentary canal and setting up malignant dysentery. It may take a long time and many doses of this so called poison to effect the purpose, but the native woman does not tire, and death will surely result. The male native will also try this method of revenge for an affront.

The planters know all this and dread the bamboo hair, but it is always difficult to determine whether the dysentery is caused by the poison or comes about naturally. When a planter finds himself a prey to attacks of that complaint his best course is to take a voyage to Europe.—Pearson's Weekly.

BOILING TO DEATH.

Terrible Torture That Was Once the Law in England.

In England during the reign of Henry VIII, the public mind became greatly excited through several cases of poisoning, and parliament enacted a law making boiling to death the penalty. This law was on the statute books about sixteen years. It was made retroactive, so as to take in a case that chiefly prompted its enactment—that of Richard Rosse, otherwise Coke, the bishop of Rochester's cook, who poisoned seventeen persons, two of whom died. Coke was boiled at Rochester. The infliction was attended with peculiar cruelty, as Coke was put into a caldron of cold water and gradually cooked to death.

A few years later, in March, 1542, a young woman named Margaret Davy was punished in a similar way on conviction of poisoning. The public was not satisfied as to her guilt, and, notwithstanding the comparatively slow travel of news in those days, the story of Margaret Davy's trial and punishment soon spread through the kingdom and aroused universal horror. Boiling to death remained on the statute books, however, as long as Henry reigned, perhaps because the monarch himself had a dread of being poisoned. Immediately after his death parliament repealed the law.

Helping a Man to Suicide.

It is remarkable how a suicide by a certain method or in a certain place will lead to another of the same kind. A surgeon of the Middlesex hospital in London went into a barber shop to be shaved. The barber spoke of a man who had been unsuccessful in an attempt to kill himself by cutting his throat.

"He could easily have managed it," said the surgeon, "had he been acquainted with the situation of the carotid artery."

"Where should he have cut?" asked the barber. The surgeon told him. He at once left the room, and, not returning as soon as was expected, the surgeon went to look for him and discovered him in the yard with his head nearly severed from his body.—London Mail.

A Solar Plexus.

On one occasion Sam Berger, the brawny fight manager, was in a small California town sounding some of the residents as to the possibility of holding a prizefight. The local police force, a clownish looking individual, with a huge badge, heard of Sam's investigations.

"You can't hold no prizefight in this here town," said the police force threateningly in his best "I be the marshal" tones. "It is agin the law, and I won't stand for it."
"Aw, beat it," said Berger in disgust. "What do you know about law? Why, your very appearance in public is a misdemeanor."—Lippincott's.

Breaking Up "Chatter."

The famous painter Fusell had a great contempt for chatter. One afternoon a party of friends paid a visit to his studio, and after a few moments spent in looking at the pictures they seated themselves and proceeded to indulge in a long and purposeless talk. At last, in one of the slight pauses, Fusell said earnestly, "I had pork for dinner today."

"Why, my dear Mr. Fusell," exclaimed one of the startled group, "what an extremely odd remark!"
"Is it?" said the painter ingenuously. "Why, isn't it as interesting and important as anything that has been said for the last hour?"

AN INFANT PRODIGY.

Sir John Evelyn's Tribute to His Wonderful Child.

Of all the stories of infant marvels the most touching is that told by Sir John Evelyn in his diary when he records in his quaint, dignified style the death of his wonderful little boy:

"Died my deare son Richard, to our inexpressible griefe and affliction, five years and three days onely, but at that tender age a prodigy for witt and learning. To give only a little taste of them and thereby glory to God, sense of God, at two and a halfe old he could perfectly reade any of ye English Latine or French or Gothic letters, pronouncing the first three languages exactly. He had before the fifth yeare or in that yeare got by heart almost the entire vocabularie of Latin and French primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turne English into Latine, and vice versa, construe and prove what he read and did the government and use of relatives, verbes, substantives, ellipses and many figures and tropes and made considerable progress in Comenius' Janua, began for himself to write legibly and had a stronce passion for Greek. As to his piety, astonishing were his applications of Scripture to the occasion. He declaimed against ye vanities of the world before he had seene any. So early knowledge, so much piety and perfection! Such a child I never saw, and for such a child I besse God, in whose bosom he is."—Exchange.

HELPING A SCULPTOR.

The Favor Falguiere Did For Young Macmonnies.

When Macmonnies, the American sculptor, was a young man working in Paris Falguiere, the famous French sculptor, on one occasion entered his atelier and found there a beautiful Diana that had been for months "on the stocks" and was approaching a perfection measurably satisfactory to the sculptor himself.

Falguiere became so absorbed in the work before him as to forget that it was not his own. He began to twist and pull the dainty limbs of Diana this way and that, to punch her in the ribs, turn her queenly head—for she was then only in clay, of course, and susceptible to impressions until at last he had produced the very pose he desired. "There, my friend; I like her better so," he cried, and skipped out of the studio.

He had really intended to do Macmonnies a favor and had indeed paid him the greatest compliment of which he was capable, but the young sculptor was in distress, for on comparing the remodeled Diana with a photograph of Falguiere's statue of the same character he found the Frenchman had unconsciously made a practical replica of the other. Macmonnies did not rest until he had restored his statue to its original pose.

Billy Rice and a Pin.

Billy Rice, the negro minstrel, used to tell the story of a man who picked up a pin as he was leaving the office of a great merchant after an unsuccessful quest for work. The merchant, seeing the man's action from the window, called him back and gave him employment, which kindness he repaid by becoming owner of the entire business in an incredibly short time.

Billy used to end his story by saying that he tried that scheme once when he was looking for work, dropping a pin carefully on the floor as he entered. He stated his wants to the proprietor, who not only had no employment to offer him, but remarked to his partner as Rice picked up the pin:

"Say, if that fellow's so small as to steal a pin off the floor, how much do you think he'd leave in my till?"

Damascus, "City of Magic."

An oriental city of magic called up by a slave of the lamp to realize one's dream of the orient; a city ethereally lovely, exquisitely eastern, ephemeral, to be blown away by a breath like a tuft of thistledown, not white, but delicately pale with a pallor holding the faintest hint of a seashell flush; a city slender, calm, almost austere in its fragile grace, set in the heart of a great wonder of green, a maze of bright and ardent woods, beyond which lie the desert spaces—this is Damascus from the mountain of Jebel Kasyun. It holds one almost breathless seen thus from afar.—Robert Hichens in Century.

Not Exactly a Compliment.

Hewitt—Ignorance is bliss. Jewett—You'd better get your life insured. Hewitt—What for? Jewett—You're liable to die of joy.—New York Times.

Generous.

Stranger—Did you ever reveal your fishing hole to a friend? Angler—Once I did to a friend on his death-bed.—Brooklyn Life.

The man who is too proud to ask for favors doesn't get many.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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