

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, Ogn as mail matter of the second class.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
CASH IN ADVANCE
One Year \$1.00 - 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.

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St. Patrick

On the 17th day of March in or about the year 465 A. D., St. Patrick, the most venerated of all Irish saints, breathed his last among a people in whose conversion he had spent his whole life. Though many centuries have elapsed since this strong willed and courageous apostle converted the Irish nation to Christianity in such a remarkably short time, his memory is still green, and throughout all Christendom the 17th day of March is known as St. Patrick's day. There is no authentic history of the life and work of the great missionary, and while many of the stories related of him are founded on truth, still they are more or less traditional and contraverted in some instances.

The best authorities concur in the belief that Dumbarton, in Scotland, was the birthplace of Patrick, though this has been disputed. According to his autobiography he was but a youth of 16 when he was taken to Ireland, a captive, and, a Christian alone among pagans, he spent six years in slavery before he finally escaped to his home. While living among the Irish people he had become familiar with their language, and out of his love for them, he resolved to dispel the pagan darkness which enveloped the island.

With the unwavering courage which marked the whole of his wonderful career he set out to prepare himself for his great undertaking. After four years of diligent study, he returned to Ireland, landing first at Wicklow, but being expelled, sailed north to the present county Down. It was here that he first announced his mission and sowed the seeds of the Christian doctrine which by reason of the earnestness, simplicity and purity of his life soon spread throughout the island.

It is the accepted belief that there were Christians in Ireland before the advent of St. Patrick, for Palladius, who had little success and was subsequently expelled, was sent to be Bishop in 431 A. D., but unlike the latter, St. Patrick had knowledge of the disposition and temperament of the people and of their loyalty and veneration for the ruling families. This was greatly to his advantage in waging his war against paganism. Knowing that if successful in converting the kings and chiefs, the people would follow, he devoted his time and energy in attempting to make Christians of the former. His first converts were Dicho, chief of the district, and the members of his family. As St. Patrick had expected, the people, following the example of their

chief, were soon listening to his preaching and were baptized in great numbers. The zealous and self denying missionary continued to establish churches wherever he went until the country was thrown into universal mourning by the news of his death. In the little town of Saul, the scene of his first triumph, ended the career of this venerable apostle, whose untiring energy and devotion to work in his crusade against ignorance and paganism were rewarded with such great success. As a monument to the character of his work, it is a matter of history that in three or four centuries from the time of his death, Ireland became the most learned country in Europe and was known by the name of the Island of the Saints and Scholars.

Keep the Wheels of Progress Rolling

Once upon a time not so long ago that it may be said the "memory of man runneth not to the contrary", a railroad company wanted to build its line into Forest Grove. But there were those who were opposed to having the quietude of the place disturbed by the entrance of the iron horse and declined to encourage the undertaking to the extent of a few hundred dollars. They reasoned in their minds thus: "We have lived, lo! these many years in peace and contentment without the luxury of a railway at our doors, and we will move along in the even tenor of our way until one is foisted upon us by the exercise of the right of eminent domain accompanied by a compensation commensurate with the value of the property to the railway company. It is a hardship on a small property owner to donate even one foot of land to a wealthy corporation." But such reasoning is not logical.

If those few, who were averse to granting a right of way or to contributing in bringing the railway to the city, had had a knowledge of what railway operations mean to a rural community, or could they have peered into the future and noted what a difference just one railway makes, they would have pursued a different course; but their eyes were focussed on the dead past and the good old days with the purse string tightly drawn. The result is a matter of history—a retarded growth. The citizens retained the right of ways and Cornelius got the road. Once upon a time the residents of Forest Grove, had an Indian school near the city, but it is now only a memory, and its removal added to the other disappointments of life, one more cause for regret. The United States Government negotiated with the town authorities for a more appropriate site for the school, but the citizens retained the site and Chemawa got the school.

It has been said that the only men who never make mistakes are all occupants of narrow beds in the cemeteries, but there is no excuse for making the same mistake twice, and past experiences should always play an important part in determining a course of action to be pursued. At present, as has already been noted in these columns, the United Railways, a branch of a great system, is building into this section. The route is as yet undetermined. It behooves the citizens of Forest Grove, in justice to their own interests, to exercise what stored up energy they may have in blazing the way for the new electric line.

Some persons may entertain the view that cheaper transportation will be instrumental in drawing trade from our merchants to Portland. But that view is a narrow one. A policy which would keep people within the confines of the town will likewise keep them out. With the growth and increased population which comes as a result of the advertisement of resources and railway development, our city merchants would have the pleasure of looking into two or more new faces where one familiar face is missed.

A first cousin to the town man who doubts the wisdom of expansion and growth, is the farmer who strenuously opposes the construction of a railway through or near his farm, because it does not make the soil any more productive, nor hogs the fatter, nor cattle plumper than they would be if there were not a steel rail within one hundred miles. Such a person may have acquired a competence by dint of hard work, and may be enjoying all the necessaries of life with a few luxuries now and then. But when the "old man with the scythe" visits the old homestead and a division of property among heirs or devisees follows, then it is that the latter fully appreciate the disadvantages of poor transportation facilities in rural communities, when they undertake to dispose of their allotted shares. Poor facilities mean scant population—small demand—slim prices.

The property owners of the city and along the proposed route should not only smile graciously on the new enterprise, but they can well afford to do considerable coaxing, and then if the project encounters a few snags and other obstructions, a shoulder to the wheel is the proper thing. A little consistent and steady pushing will do more good than many spasmodic and ill timed shoves and jerks.

Arouse ye from your lethargy. Do not let it be said ten years hence, that in the year 1910 we were sleeping so peacefully and soundly in Forest Grove and vicinity that not even the shrill whistles of a locomotive or the whir of an electric motor could awaken us.

A man who takes offense always makes a poor selection.

Life is full of trials and that's what keeps the lawyers alive.

Fully nine tenths of the Wall street pointers prove to be disappointers.

A man never kicks if his name is misspelled in the police records of a newspaper.

Always speak well of yourself. Your friends will attend to the other side of it.

The earth was made for man and the average trust magnate feels that he is the man.

A girl who is too delicate to sweep a hall rug can dance seventeen miles at a German.

Mr. Morgan goes away now without even stopping to lock his country up.—Baltimore Sun.

A judge in Peoria, Illinois, has decided that a man is justified in beating his wife if she refuses to get his breakfast by four o'clock in the morning. That judge must have got his idea from Russia where it is righteously believed that a man must occasionally beat his wife to convince her of his love. Still it is

to be hoped for the sake of humanity and domestic peace and love that the Peorian judge stands alone in his decision. The prospect of four o'clock breakfasts and an occasional thrashing by way of diversion would not be very alluring to young women contemplating matrimony.—Ex.

The trouble of having high expectations is that you are disappointed so often.

The fellow who used to build air castles seems to be now turning his attention to airships.

A Chicago judge has ruled that a street band which does not play in tune commits a misdemeanor.

Apparently the only race for the North pole in the future will be the Eskimo race.—Grand Rapids Press.

Stocks decline in Wall street whenever a man opens a door of the Supreme court room.—Birmingham Age Herald.

About the only kind of a Hill the Willamette valley wants is Jim Hill—and he seems to be coming this way.—Eugene Guard

Many big men are taking early vacations abroad. What's the hurry? T. R. will not be back before June.—Atlanta Constitution.

Fashion has decreed that clothes shall be worn to match the hair. We view with alarm the fate of the bald-headed man.—Inland Herald.

A Missouri town has passed an ordinance making it a misdemeanor to tell a lie within the city limits. No political rallies are being held there now.

It will not do to say that Colonel Bryan cannot "come back". The truth is that he never made the original landing.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A strong democrat looming up on the Presidential horizon could be relied on to produce immediate harmony among Republicans in all sections.—Washington Star.

A million tongues all talking in the same language—all telling the same tale—all driving the truth home.

What power these tongues possess,
What majesty in the press.

If Mr. Taft continues to deliver addresses on the short circuits and Mr. Roosevelt makes a grand tour of the country with his dead menagerie the average circus might as well remain in winter quarters.—Providence Times.

Anyone can follow the old precedence in the old way. Anyone can jog along in smug and complacent self-sufficiency. Anyone can roll along in a rut. The men who have the courage to jolt out of the humdrum of routine, rise from the commonplace to conspicuousness and are leading the way to change and progress.

Oregon is ahead of every other state in climate, natural wealth and mossbacks. The mossback has grass growing in his hair and would like to club off the earth the man who comes into the state to help develop it. He is not so numerous as he was. The fool killer lights on some of them every year, but he is awful slow in places.—Carlton Sentinel.

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Lawyers

Forest Grove, Ogn.

J. N. Hoffman

Attorney-at-Law

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Office-Hoffman Bldg. Pacific Ave.
Ind. Phone 502 Forest Grove

H. W. Vollmer, M. D.

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Office in Abbott Bldg.
Both Phones Forest Grove, Ogn.

J. D. Foote

Attorney-at-Law

Collections and all business entrusted to me given prompt attention.
Office-Hoffman Bldg. Pacific Ave.
Phone Ind. 502 Forest Grove

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