

FOREST GROVE PRESS
Published & Edited by
G. E. SECOUR
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FOREST GROVE, OREGON,
THURSDAY of EACH WEEK.

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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.

Just a Word With You

John D. Foote, in order to devote his entire time to his professional duties as an attorney, has severed his connection with the Press, and hereafter this paper will be conducted by the undersigned, with absolutely no change from its former policy, that of consistently and determinedly working for the good of Forest Grove and its residents, in particular, and the general welfare and upbuilding of all tributary territory, which is Washington County.

The business relations between Mr. Foote and myself, in the conduct of the Press, were of a most pleasant and agreeable nature, and he carries with him, into the maelstrom of legal lore and strife, the best and sincerest well wishes of

G. E. SECOUR.

To Beautify Forest Grove

The Woman's Club of this city is about to inaugurate a campaign for the general beautifying of Forest Grove, which should receive the moral and financial support of every property owner and resident of the municipality.

As is well known, a city presenting a pleasing aspect from all sides creates an impression most favorable in the eyes of strangers and tourists. The work required, in order to present this pleasing appearance, is but little, when performed as a unit, but of considerable magnitude when undertaken by the few; it must be remembered therefore, that the beautifying of a city depends upon concerted action of its citizens, and in this direction each resident of Forest Grove can be of the utmost value as a part of the unit.

Beauty in this sense is not a purely esthetic or sentimental matter, but has a decided practical value. A front yard ornamented with shrubs and a back yard cleaned of rubbish and decorated with a flower garden or two, not only mean more pleasure to the occupants and passer-by but more money to the owner.

By experiments recently carried on in Northampton, Mass., it was determined that wage-earners' homes with attractive plots of grass and flowers sold for 15 per cent more than those without them. A competition was carried on and prizes given for the best decorated yards in certain districts. The project is said to have been crowned with conspicuous success.

It might be desirable for the Woman's Club to evolve a scheme of this description, and one in which all citizens would willingly take part.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but leaves it to the man who doesn't advertise.

Where is Forest Grove's aggregation of leather twirlers? The Hillsboro ne'er is getting active.

Cuss, and the world laughs at you.

It's not being down—but being down and out, that means failure.

It isn't the fellow with an explosive temper who always feels bang up.

There is no method of making friends equal to the method of making good.

From the way the kids are going it on the outlots, baseball must be ripe.

Trim the claws of the other fellow's advertisement by improving your own.

If a man is only saving for a rainy day, the price of an umbrella is sufficient.

It is impossible to throw a handful of flattery at anyone without some of it sticking.

One reason, probably, why the women of Kansas do not care to vote is because they can.—Ex.

An Illinois farmer took a 450-lb. hog to market in an auto. That was a real joy ride for the porker.

There is always some fellow with good luck standing around to profit by another's bad luck.

Gold bricks were invented that those who buy them may have something to show for their folly.

And note you this—Men who can change their minds are in danger of losing them.—The Philistine.

While it's a lot of fun to do business, it takes a little profit once in a while to make it real comfortable.

Close observers have noticed that Mr. Ballinger hasn't yet been summoned abroad to confer with Mr. Roosevelt.—Ex.

Without sorrow we could not appreciate happiness. The man who seeks trouble finds it; he who seeks happiness finds that also.

Packers of meat assert that they lose by increased prices. If this refers to money, they err; but possibly it is public esteem they have in mind.—Ex.

Kansas City reports a feminine "Raffles," attired as a school girl. Still, you can find most any old thing but low prices and level ground in Kansas City.—Ex.

Whenever you discover that you have a whole lot of advice that you feel must be removed from your system, don't fail to retain some of it for yourself.

Satisfaction to customers is the only basis for a permanent business. To eliminate complaints—to cut out the kicks—is therefore a vital part of business management—the Press aims to satisfy.

Business men who say they cannot afford to advertise are the very ones who cannot afford to disregard the advantages of advertising, for they are receiving smaller returns from their business than the ones who believe in and practice publicity, and cannot hope for higher returns until they do advertise.

If people talked only about the things they understood, the world would resemble a deaf and dumb asylum.

Responsibility may be a homely virtue; but in the market of labor is a commodity that always brings the highest price.

A successful man must know his business. He must apply this knowledge—he must work, and he must work to the best advantage. And to work to the best advantage he must work with system.—John H. Converse.

The object of advertising is to teach people to believe in you and your goods; to teach them to think that they have a need for your goods and to teach them to buy your goods. Advertise in the Press and reach the people.

"Windy Jim" Discourses

We was sittin' 'round the stove discussin' politics, weather an' such like when Windy Jim cum through the door along of a cyclone and about two barrels of water.

"Taint rainin, be it?" asked Cy Mullens, whose wife had sent him in the forenoon to get some groceries, and who was afraid to go home for fear he would get his feet wet. At least that was what he said.

"Rainin'?" says Windy, "not that anybody knows on, it never do rain in Mosuree. Now if this was out to Cornelius, Oregon, it would be sure wet I guess. Once when I was out at Forest Grove, the webs in my toes got kind of shriveled up and the moss on my back got dried an' scratched holes in my shirt, an' I forgot the pass word up at the drug store' and everything else was dried up an' cracked around town, even the city water which was got out of Gales Creek was full of dust. Well I had to hoof it two miles down to Cornelius—the booze wagon wasn't runnin' them days. I was kind of flush that day an' when I blew in it was wuss than that four-cornered cyclone which went acrost western Cansus 'tother day.

An when it comes to rain, why 'twasn't no time till I was plumb soaked. Speakin' of wind blowin' bricks off of chimneys and tearin' down fences, why there wasn't a man in town as dared to stay in his own house, they all run over to Petar's saloon for refuge as the only place in town where it was safe to be. Even that wasn't good protection from the elements an' there wasn't a feller in the crowd that didn't git soaked through. And the way the wind blowed was somethin' fierce, why when one of the boys stepped outside an' tried to light a cigar the match was actually blowed out.

'Long 'bout two or three o'clock in the mornin' I started fer home 'an' 'tween the rain an' wind every copper I had was either dissolved or blowed away. When I got back to Forest Grove everything was as hot an' dry as ever and they had to put me in the city jail for a week—that bein' the only shady place in town where it was anyways cool—to keep me frum boilin' up and explodin' on account of the hot sun an' my soaked condition.

Gimme a bottle of pop, will ye, Sy?"

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
As he stubbed his toe against the bed
"—?!—!!—!?!—!—!?!—!"

Freshmen Jingles

We're a class of Freshmen
We've showed you each and all
We're not a bunch of slow ones
In old Pacific's hall.

For we are up and doing
We number twenty-four
When you meet us you'll be rueing
That you met us ne'er before.

For we have a William in our class
Who's been here just a year
A jolly tall and slender lad
This 'ladie's man' so dear.

Helen, better known as a "Hard-scratch,"
Is a charming warmhearted rogue
And her smiling eyes grow brighter
Whenever they rest on "Doge."

Now there's the President of our class
He mixes H2S.
He always looks to church affairs
A Bishop to address.

There is a young lady called Goldie
The society belle of the class.
She is the best bluffer among us
This clever dear little (?) lass

We have a young preacher called Morris

We like him, I tell you what
And of the class he's the guardian
But alas! in his ways he is 'sot'.

Miss Whealdon is our newest girl
She's awfully fond of Trig
Often she shocks us very much
By dancing us a jig.

We have also another Helen
A maiden so dainty and neat
Whose modest smile is so charming
No wonder Levi is "sweet".

What's the matter with Holman?
Has the char(l)im been lost?
He's not as happy as formally
Perhaps he's been giving frost.

Grace is our music special
She plays by the hour 'tis said
But should you wish to see her
You may find her with Fred.

Genevieve's another one
With eyes and hair of brown.
You can tell her any place
She's the most awkward thing in town.

Now comes our famous fiddler
Who is always with Miss Weist,
They stroll for hours together
While on chocolate creams they feast.

Although she seldom utters a word

A great career we foretell
For a bright and studious girl
Is she, Miss Lucy A. Maxwell.

Ruth is a fun loving maiden
Who often raises the Dean
She'll angry (?) grow in a minute
And cause a lively scene.

But Edith is quiet and pretty
Enough to break any heart
Her sayings are few but witty
Since she has returned to "art".

Another one of our girls
Is studious Margaret Whalley,
She is very fond of the boys
Though this is her greatest folly.

You've surely heard of Slivers
Who often class meeting blocks.
He sometimes holds the floor an hour

And just stands there and knocks.

Clare Giboney is a new one
She's always on the tear
We're all very fond of her
And hope that she will wear.

Another member of '13
Is bright eyed Wanda Todd
She's always in the reading room
And so is David Mob.

Then there's our orator Tom
The bravest of all the class
Through all else he stands undaunted

But runs at the sight of a lass.
Miss Lowell and Earl House
May well together go
We wish them happiness and joy
On this earth here below.

So here is our description
We hope 'twill please you well
Many things we could have told
Had we the space to tell.

—Index.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Atwell, who have been sojourning in southern California for the past four months, returned home Friday evening last. Mr. Atwell's health has greatly improved.

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY

W. M. Langley & Son
Lawyers
Forest Grove, Ogn.

J. N. Hoffman
Attorney-at-Law
Collections and all business entrusted to me given prompt attention. Attorney for Forest Grove Collection Agency.
Office-Hoffman Bldg. Pacific Ave.
Ind. Phone 502 Forest Grove

H. W. Vollmer, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Office in Abbott Bldg.
Both Phones Forest Grove, Ogn.

J. D. Foote
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O. W. Humphrey
Attorney-at-Law
Office-K. P. Bldg. Phone 644
Forest Grove, Oregon

Dr. O. H. Scheetz
Chiropractic Spinologist
Specialist in nervous diseases, lung trouble, rheumatism, in fact all diseases.
Office next to LaCourse's store

W. H. Hollis
Attorney-at-Law
Forest Grove, Ogn.

W. Q. Tucker, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Diseases of Women A Specialty
Dr. Brown's Old Office
Main Street, Forest Grove, Ore.

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