

FOREST GROVE PRESS

Published & Edited by

G. E. SECOUR

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FOREST GROVE, OREGON.

THURSDAY of EACH WEEK.

INDEPENDENT PHONES

OFFICE 505 RESIDENCE 231

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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.

A Note of Warning

This paper wishes to call attention to a source of danger that exists, especially to young children, from the cars of the local electric railway when running towards the business section of town from the Southern Pacific depot, at the intersection of Third street with Pacific avenue. At this place is located a store building built flush with the street. From the corner of the building to the railway track is a distance of approximately twenty feet. When the cars are running west past the store there is no way for the motormen to tell whether or not any one is nearing the track from Third street, yet there is seldom but a little diminution in the speed of the cars unless for the purpose of stopping. Small children often play in the neighborhood and run races on the sidewalk, and in the merry abandon of childhood some little one may some day dash out from the shadow of the building in front of an oncoming car and be ground beneath the cruel wheels, the sad aftermath being heart broken parents, a little white coffin and a suit for damages.

The motormen on the cars of the Oregon Electric railway, who have a condition confronting them practically similar to the one above noted, near Second street on Pacific avenue, invariably slow down and sound a warning whistle when nearing the dangerous spot. They are to be commended, and the management of the local company should see to it that its employees exercise like caution. We speak of this matter not in a spirit of carping criticism, but because the condition exists, and that, being remedied, possible future sorrow and trouble may be avoided.

The Farmer is "Wise"

The Strenuous One says that undoubtedly the place where a man can realize the greatest happiness is on a farm. Strange that since Teddy is seeking the will-o'-the-wisp, "even as you and I," and knows where to find it, he is not domiciled on a little old quarter section, chewing the cud of contentment the while he arises in the dewy morning and goes forth in horny-handed bliss to milk the brindle cow, by heck! The truth of the matter it that the farmers of this country are not taken in by the subtle flattery thrown at them by the astute vote seeker in this year of our Lord, however it may have been in times past. The agriculturalist of the present day really does think for himself. With the facilities for the acquirement of knowledge that is now the good fortune of every class, and that has been taken full advantage of by tillers of the soil, the man on the farm is prepared to, and demands that he shall, have an equal voice in the mal-

ing of the laws of the country with the resident of the city. Brains and broadcloth are not necessarily synonymous, however revolutionary the idea may seem to the sleek and well-fed politician and office-seeker. The man in overalls is "next." If he lives on a farm it is because he so elects, and he will manage the business of his personal happiness in his own way, and treat empty platitudes thrown at him as so much "bull con."

Loyalty to Home Town

Next to a man's family, his personal friends and his business, nothing should arouse his energies in its behalf more thoroughly than the town in which he lives, pertinently remarks the Astoria Star. It is his home. It is the place in which he earns his competence and educates his children. If he wants to make it as popular, as thrifty and as widely known as possible, he cannot afford to be indifferent to anything which will further those ends. It can be said a town that is not worthy of the devotion of its citizens in making it widely and generally prosperous is a town in which it is not worth while to live at all. If a town is worth anything it is worthy of our greatest energy, whether we receive an immediate dividend in dollars and cents or whether we merely take our share of the common benefits according to the town and community we call home. Everyone can be a boomer. Keep your money at home. Patronize those who patronize you. Spend your money among home institutions where you stand a good chance to get it back. Every dollar you spend with a home man finds its way back to your pocket. A dollar spent in some other town goes to help build up that town. A dollar spent here goes to help build up your home town. Figure it down fine and you lose money by buying away from home, even if you do get the article for less than what it cost you at home.

No More Gossip

There is a new reform out in Iowa, and it is started by 18 young ladies, prominent in social circles, who have at last discovered the abomination that exists in mere gossip, and so they have organized to suppress it, says Ohio State Journal. They call their organization the "Antigossip society." This is a fine effort. It means intellectual and moral uplift. It means that conversation shall deal with real things—with science, philosophy, literature, history, nature and those things that adorn and uplift life. "It is not to be thought for an instant that it is the young women alone that need to organize for this high purpose. The male section of mankind needs just such a reformatory movement. We might say they need it more than the women."

Hillsboro Editor Some Poet

The Deacon, sweet singer and principal pen pusher of the Argus, Hillsboro's religious weekly, tuned his lyre, and, full-throated, burst into song in last week's issue of that newsy little sheet, his lilt being of Maud Muller; the fragrant hay; the Judge, the rake, the dawn of day, etc. The Deacon is a poet by providence, and can, when he feels like it, bring a frog into a fellow's throat and a tear unbidden to the eye. Did he only allow his steps to stray along the gem-studded paths of fancy, rather than keep to the sordid grind of facts, he

would be classed as Oregon's James Whitcomb Riley.

Song maketh a light heart and laughter a glad one.

A roander is not a good citizen. This is on the square.

There is no froth or foam on the temperance wave.

Women's hats may yet be sold at so much a rront foot.

Automobilists are traveling the pace that kills—pedestrians.

A magnetic personality may sometimes get short-circuited.

If you are put in a place of trial count it as a mark of trust.

There's no virtue in being patient with the pain you do not feel.

The man who kills time is not worthy of a trial—by any employer.

Things naturally look dark to the man whose eye has been blacked.

Ever notice that the onions cooked in your kitchen never smell so bad as those in your neighbor's?

Because they are ashamed of the best that is in them, most men go through the world unknown and unsung.

Some men "set" around all day and all they hatch is a story to tell their wives about laying the foundations for the future.

Cheerfulness will attract more customers, sell more goods, do more business with less wear and tear than almost any other quality.

Good salesmanship is the art of finding out what a customer wants and then using your knowledge of merchandise to thoroughly satisfy that want.

Whenever a motive is great enough, an emergency large enough, a responsibility heavy enough to call out the hidden reserves in our nature, latent energies spring forth which astonish us.

The figures secured by the recent census will be given out soon, but we can reassure the ladies that their ages will be given by average and not individually.

George Hart of Bowlder, Montana, carelessly fired a bullet into the wall of a warehouse. George knew the gun was loaded, but didn't know the warehouse was—with dynamite. George and his family are gone hence.

The spirit of paternalism seems to be growing and spreading to every walk and avocation of life. The state of Kansas now comes to the front. Its state board of health is going to invade the homes of that state and dictate just how the housekeeping and cooking shall be done. It also proposes to lay down the law to the women how they shall dress while doing their housework. There is said to be a limit to everything, and if this be true the limit in this case seems to be at hand.

The government garden seeds are seeds of discontent.

The chanticleer hat is causing considerable fuss and feathers.

You often lose more by the friends you allow yourself to associate yourself with than by the enemies who put you on your mettle.

Some one has complained that Americans do not die artistically. We must confess that we have no old masters in that line.

A friend of ours paid \$300 for a dress for his bride, and then had the stoicism to turn to her and say, "Oh, you're the dearest darling!"

Miss Margery Chester, a petite North Dakota maiden, has married a man by the name of Umpgazingazowskinshi. Love will do most anything.

There is considerable dispute as to the inventor of the pneumatic tire. We care not who was the author of the rubber tire, but would like to know who invented the rubber neck.

Wheat King Patten has retired from the ring with about fifteen million bones to the good, and the rich farmers of the country will now enter the wheat pit and see how quickly they can become separated from their coin.

HILDA THE HELPER

V.—She Is Progressive

Hilda the Helper always stood for EVERYTHING PROGRESSIVE. Whenever any plan was good her zeal was quite excessive.



She urged the cleaning of the streets, improvements in the paving. "Such things," she said, "there's nothing beats, for SPENDING HERE IS SAVING."

She made old Skimps repaint his fence and Scrooge repair his stable. Her zeal for progress was immense, and this is not a fable.

Oregon Electric Time Card

LEAVES Forest Grove	ARRIVES at Portland
6:50 a m	8:00 a m
8:40 a m	9:50 a m
10:30 a m	11:40 a m
12:20 p m	1:30 p m
1:40 p m	2:50 p m
4:10 p m	5:20 p m
7:00 p m	8:10 p m
9:45 p m	10:50 p m

LEAVES Portland	ARRIVES Forest Grove
7:05 a m	8:15 a m
8:30 a m	9:40 a m
10:20 a m	11:30 a m
12:10 p m	1:20 p m
2:10 p m	3:20 p m
3:30 p m	4:40 p m
5:30 p m	6:40 p m
8:25 p m	9:35 p m

Saturday Only
Lvs Portland 11:30 p m—Ar. P.G. 12:35 a m
Sunday only
Lvs P.G. 3:30 p m—Ar. at Portland 4:40 p m

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.

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.

Victor H. Limber

Funeral Director and Embalmer

Modern Equipments
Chapel, Forest Grove

Dr. C. E. Bockmann

Chiropractor

Consultation Free
Office in Forest Grove Nat'l Bank Bldg

W. J. R. Beach

Fire and Life Insurance
Written

If you don't insure with me
WE BOTH LOSE

North First Street, near Main
Forest Grove, Ore.

CARL HOFFMAN

Sanitary Plumbing
and Heating

Satisfaction guaranteed. Charges reasonable. Basement Hoffman building. Phone 502.

JOHN WUNDERLICH

Funeral Director
and Embalmer

Prompt Attention Given to
Calls. Modern Equip-
ment.

Banks - - - Oregon

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Letter-Heads, Envelopes,
Business Cards, Calling
Cards, Statements, Bill
Heads, Circulars, and
Anything else that can be pro-
duced with ink and paper. Let
us have your next order. We
will deliver you a satisfactory and

An Artistic Job