

FOREST GROVE PRESS

Published & Edited by

G. E. SECOUR

in the City of
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 advertisements for publication in the PRESS must be in this office not later than Tuesday evening to insure appearance in current issue.

To Our Patrons

The PRESS is published with the constant aim of best serving our advertisers and subscribers. We believe they are interested in the publication, and we shall be pleased to receive any suggestion looking towards its improvement. If you know any news items of interest, such as visitors to or from the city, weddings, social gatherings, births, deaths, new improvements, fires, accidents, etc., either in town or country, phone them in, make a note of the occurrences and hand in at the office, or tell Mr. Ed. S. Sparks, who is reporter for the PRESS, about it. Your kindness will be appreciated. When you have read your paper, kindly hand it to some one not a subscriber. If he reads a copy we will land him.

Loyally yours,

THE PUBLISHER.

Ind. phones: Office 505.

Residence 285 or 231.

They All Like The PRESS

An Oregon pioneer who came to this state when it was really in the wild, and who has resided in Washington county ever since, the last twenty years in Forest Grove at his ease, living on the fruits of his early toil, dropped into the PRESS office the other day, and digging up the price of a subscription, remarked: "I have been reading the PRESS for a couple of weeks; I like it and you can put my name on your books. When my subscription expires for my other papers I am going to stop them."

We hope he did not mean he would stop his Portland daily, if he chances to take one, as, while the PRESS prints two pages of world news each week, our field is more particularly Forest Grove and Washington county. Our subscribers seem to be pleased with the way we cover the field.

A Watering Trough Needed

This paper has been requested to speak editorially of the need of a watering trough where farmers and others coming to town with teams could water their horses. The matter has been discussed before by the PRESS, but we are willing to again open the subject, as there is no question as to the need of some kind of a receptacle holding water, and placed in some easily accessible spot in the business district, where the dumb animals could slack their thirst.

We think that not only should such an institution be maintained during the summer months, but during all other seasons of the year. Horses that have to pull heavy loads through the deep mud and chuck holes that usually characterize our roads during the rainy season, are apt to become even more thirsty and in need of water than when the weather is hot and the roads fairly good. As to who should pay for the receptacle and provide for its upkeep, there is a diversity of opinion, the general one being that the town should bear the expense.

We think the citizens of the town at large are under no obligations, and should not be taxed for the purpose, but that the duty of building the watering trough and providing for its maintenance lies with those directly interested, who are the business men of the city and those having teams who make Forest Grove their trading center.

At first blush it might be considered that we have a nerve in asking outside people to help support an institution within the town, but it looks to us like a fair deal in this case. Moreover, it is mostly the horses of outside people that will receive the benefit. The farmers come to town with their produce, which they exchange with our merchants for value received. The farmer and the merchant are both pleased. The animals that drew the load that caused their pleasure are thirsty. What more logical than that both parties should provide them with a drink?

We believe that were a petition circulated among the business men of the town and the farmers visiting the city, an amount could be quickly raised sufficient to build a cement watering trough large enough for all coming needs, and durable enough to last until that time when, mayhap, our great-grand children, reclining luxuriously on the cushions of their upholstered aeroplanes in their old age, and sailing over "the prettiest town in Oregon," will look with languid interest on the last remaining one of man's faithful friend, as he gratefully drinks the cool sparkling Clear-creek fluid, at a fountain builded by thoughtful ones long dead. Go to, now.

To Be Honest is Best

Senator T. P. Gore, of Oklahoma, appearing before the special committee appointed to investigate the charges of bribery growing out of what are known as the McMurry land contracts, involving the sale of Indian lands, stated that a man "higher up" in the Government service was "interested" in the contracts, and being pressed to tell the name of the official, he named vice-president James S. Sherman. Senator Gore stated that he had been approached by one Hammon, who offered him a bribe of twenty five thousand dollars if he would remove all Congressional opposition to the contracts, these contracts having to do with the sale of four hundred and fifty millions of acres of coal and asphalt lands belonging to the Indians for a consideration of thirty millions of dollars, the lawyer and his associates to receive ten per cent of this amount for putting through the deal.

Senator Gore stated that while he believed that Hammon, who had told him vice-president Sherman was interested in the contracts, as well as several congressmen and senators, was in the main a truthful man, he might deviate a little on occasions. We hope that this man has deviated from the truth on this occasion, and that the vice-president will be able to completely exonerate himself from the charge. It is a sad commentary on the times, when men who are honored by high political preferment by the people, and who have all the money they need to live a sane, reasonable life, will, in the wild desire to become possessed of ill-begotten, useless fortunes, which seems at the present time to be almost a national trait, sell their honor and moral rectitude.

Far better would it be if we

could wish, with the inspired man of old, for neither poverty nor riches, but for just enough, gained by honest toil, to sustain us through life in comfort and right living. The span of the longest human life, when measured in the course of time, is but an hour, a fleeting moment. As we each approach our narrow cell, whatever of riches and fame we may have acquired will slip away as the sands, but a clear conscience will endure to sustain and comfort us in our transition from life to the grave, and the greatest epitaph a man may have on his monument is: "Here lies an honest man."

The Heart of Youth

We have been told that as long as we keep our hearts young we need have no fear of the depressing loneliness of advancing years, and many writers more or less experienced in such matters have suggested many ways in which we can accomplish that desired end. No two natures, however, are alike, and it follows that no set of hard and fast rules can be made to apply to each distinct personality. The man or woman who passes through life alive to the blessings which abound on every side rarely ceases to become an active contributor to the lives of others, and as long as a person actually participates in any work, large or small, the influence of his personality is bound to be felt and his counsel regarded. It is only when one has tired of the game, or enters only half-heartedly into affairs outside of his own special interest that he ceases to exercise any influence, and his individuality is no longer recognized. Enthusiasm seems in some way to be an attribute of the youthful character; at any rate it is easier to become interested in what is going on in our immediate circle when the pulse beats high and the blood courses warmly, than in later years when so many of us are concerned only with our own affairs and evince but small interest in the doings of others.

Repartee is too often a synonym for impudence.

A man's idiocies look like real genius—to his mother.

You will always have money if you save half your earnings.

The thicker the letter a woman writes the less there is in it.

The hardest job on earth is apologizing—for some people.

Money may make the mare go, but it will not banish the nightmare.

Boasting of what you have done doesn't knock out the per-simmons.

Balloon pilots are careful to avoid alighting when the ship is in motion.

A good way to fight the saloon is to make the home more agreeable to men.

Did you ever meet a spinster who would admit that she never had a proposal?

Romance is not dead? Pretty soon our young people will begin eloping in aeroplanes.

The average man feels slighted

when he gets into trouble and the world doesn't stop to notice.

There's one thing an agreeable man's enemies can always say about him: "He is polite".

As we become older, we are about convinced that it is possible to catch anyone in a lie.

A bill collector gets one cent damages because he was bitten by his creditor's dog. What's the price of the dog?

The term "affinity" is not libelous, decides a New York court. It's awful hard to insult a New Yorker, nowadays.

Some of those who reformed just before the comet's tail was due to hit the earth have slid clear back again already.

An editor in a Kansas town sold out because he never received "sympathy" and "encouragement". He never deserved either.

Indianapolis doctors made a man a new nose from a chunk of his leg. He limps now, and he can't smell, but otherwise the operation was a success.

Chauffeurs who find gasoline leaks by means of lighted matches must be lineal descendants of those who used to look for leaks in the gas pipe with lighted candles.

HILDA THE HELPER

VIII.—Might Have Been Mayor

Hilda the Helper now and then was wont to say to women, "Let us CO-OPERATE WITH MEN and be right in the swimmin'."



So pleased were all the men with her—they saw SHE WAS A STAYER—they said, if she did not demur, they'd like to make her mayor.

But Hilda had another plan in help-fulness to mingle, the which concerned a single man who wouldn't long be single.

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
5:30 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. F.G. 12:35 a m
Sunday only
Lvs F.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 him 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. Benth
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Funeral Director
and Embalmer.....
Prompt Attention Given to
Calls. Modern Equip-
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Banks - - - Oregon

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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