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G. E. SECOUR
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INDEPENDENT PHONES
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Count Tolstoi

It is quite possible that we shall be charged with both bad taste and bad judgement if we do not go into raptures over the character of the late Count Tolstoi. It may be that through a misunderstanding of the facts, we do not appreciate him at his real worth; we can only judge him through the glimpses of him that have come to us. But despite his natural masterful abilities, we cannot see why he or his life work should be a theme for extravagant eulogy. The sun, in going down, throws off its benedict rays, and through their refraction, we see the sun after it has really set. Again, out on the desert the sunbeams often become refracted and paint queer pictures for us; pictures of fairy cities with battlements and towers, or cause to deploy before us what seems to be royal armies with plumes and banners and long lines of cavalry, waiting in their splendor and fury but a trumpet call to charge.

The glamor of Russian oppression and cruelty has bent the rays that have been flung off the genius of Tolstoi's pen, and we, looking on the refracted light, have seen what we imagined was a real splendor, when, indeed, it was an unreal mirage, or we were looking upon a sun already set.

We think Tolstoi had an unsound mind from birth. In his youth he was a soldier, a race-horse man, a gambler and libertine. Like a tiger, "he knew no law but the law of his moods." With the intolerance which attaches to the Russian nobility, he was impatient of any restraint, he followed his whims, his impulses and his appetites. Suddenly there came a revulsion against the life he was leading; he had exhausted the vices until what had been sweet to him became as Dead Sea apples that turned to ashes on his lips. Some writers have said that like Saul "he saw a great light". The difference was that Saul saw his light from without, Tolstoi saw within that the light he had been following was but an ignis fatuus, without substance and that only darkness was beyond.

Then his nature changed. To all appearances he became a literary tramp. He wanted to give away all that he had; he wanted his country to dissolve its armies, to dismantle its navy, and if attacked to resent nothing. In the midst of a great war that had been sprung upon his country, he wanted all the armies recalled; what he advocated simply meant chaos for his native land. At the same time he became impatient with the great lady who was his Countess; who had borne him sixteen children, who had helped him in his literary work, and who had been obliged to look after their shattered estate

when Tolstoi ceased to attend to it, and wandered away to die, because, as he permitted the story to go abroad, of the harshness and injustice of his life at home. If all that does not indicate a shattered mental balance, then what would? The very brightness of some of his writings indicate the same thing. His death must have been a great relief to him, and when the personal sorrow is softened a little, we think his death will prove a relief to all who were near him. One such man was a great curiosity; a dozen like him would soon become unbearable nuisances.

**To Keep
A People Great**

In the October Geographic Magazine are interesting articles, wonderfully illustrated, on Persia and Asia Minor. We say the articles are interesting and they are, but they are depressing, nevertheless, for they picture a civilization that has been decaying for a thousand years—the wrecks of nations that once rang the world. It is clear, too, that to redeem them will be a harder task than as though they and their forefathers for a thousand years had been barbarians, for clustered around them are the superstitions that have clung to their people while a hundred generations have lived and died and the brutalities many of them practiced as a part of their religion for a thousand years, with all the ignorance that prevails is appalling. The locomotive and the little red school house; the electric light, the perfecting press and improved agriculture may begin the work of redemption on the children, but the prospect is well nigh hopeless.

It is a reminder of how much is still lacking in our own country to keep the people from beginning to tread the downward way. The stories should be an incentive to us all to see that every child in our country should have a practical educational training; that the impetus given to more practical and scientific farming, during the past few years should be kept up with ever-increasing momentum; that the struggle should be to make it possible for every young man to obtain a few acres of land and to be always a home to return to when either good or evil fortune overtakes him—that the fight against ignorance and extreme poverty be incessant and perpetual, and every year be made to show an advance over the previous one.

The strength of our institutions rests upon its homes, and we should not depend upon the national or state governments—they should do everything possible—but there should be an organization that should know every man in the township, what he is doing or failing to do, how he lives; how, if needy, he can be helped. It would cost something, but it would return better interest on the money than could be obtained in any other investment, and with the whole republic so patrolled, and guarded, and uplifted, in twenty years there would be no such other people in all the world. With it the differences that divide our people in different sections would all pass away; half the work now heaped upon state legislatures and congress would be unnecessary; intelligence of the people would be so increased that frauds would lose their occupations; and free governments among men would have such a vindication, that tyranny and ignorance, and superstitious fears would soon be

banished—and our country would have no rival among all the nations of the earth.

There are a few men in every locality who sit around and refuse to do any thing for the good of the community that will cost them any money, but who are always first to criticize those who try to do something that will help the town or its institutions. They have few friends in the town where they live and seem to have a grudge at themselves. There are one or two in Forest Grove but their class is becoming scarcer each day as the more progressive citizens increase their activities.

Italia Garibaldi, granddaughter of the famed "Liberator", is lecturing in the United States, with her grandsire as a theme. Unfortunately, this degenerate day and generation is likely to look upon such a subject as chronologically co-equal to "Down went McGinty". The fact that Garibaldi wore a red shirt and had to go to bed when washday rolled around are the two things most likely remembered about him in the American mind.

Again we have it, and from no less an authority than the son of late Standard Oil Rogers. War with Japan! Sure! Bound to come! We wonder why the little boy don't warn the members of the Broadway squad? In other words tell it to the cop.

A New York woman was fined five dollars for getting drunk in public and using the large "D" to a policeman. New York seems to be doing something to keep the cost of the necessaries of life within reason.

Seems rather inconsistent, that no serious objection is made to football by many of the states in the Union, whereas the mere mention of a pugilistic contest raises a mighty howl of condemnation. Why?

Don't misjudge the quiet man. In business it's often noiseless, smokeless powder that sends the bullets home, while cannon crackers and skyrockets are just fireworks.

Aviation and ballooning kill a man every day or two just to prove that the air is a long way from being conquered yet.

You cannot be certain that another person knows what he is talking about unless you know what he is talking about.

Here's to the man who fights FOR CAUSE without seeking trouble—then puts on his coat—and forgets it.

If you are in the wrong groove, get yourself a new groove.

"Windy Jim" Discourses

"Onct when me an' Pete Richardson, was out in the Rockies a huntin' and prospectin' wan cold, belak winter, Pete he caught a young grizzly which was about teu starve teu death an' shared his pork an' beans, coffee an' tobacco an' such like as composed our grub stake.

"Well the winter that year was long an' severe an' our grub began to git kinder scarce like an' I was beginin' to look at that bear with longing eyes an' wonderin' jist how he would fry when wan day, when the snow was meltin' fine, thet bear takes a

hike from camp. Pete, he looked kinda mournful like an' I was a wonderin' whether he hed lost more in bear meat or saved more in grub which wouldn't be eat by the varmint and about decidin' as how the grub saved was worth the most, seein' a s how Pete was gratefully attached teu the cub an' mite take an accident kinda hard like, when, durn my leather hide if thet bear didn't cum in a totin' a monster Kolumbia river salmon wayin' long bout twenty pounds which he hed caught in a little streamlet bout four miles from the cabin.

"Well sir thet bear plumb kep us in them fish till the snow got gone so as we could git out of the mountains an' Pete, he kept thet bear till they both got into trouble an' the bear was used in an old fashioned barbeeku an' I don't know what become of poor Pete."

The Wedding Anniversary.

Eef, mebbe so, you gotta wife
Dats good as mine to me,
You will be glad for mak' her life
So happy as can be.

Las' fall Carlotta tak' my han'
An' maka me so happy man;
Wan year today she ees my mate,
An so tonight we celebrate.
You teenk I would forgat da day
Dat pour such sunshine on my way?
Ah! no, I gonna lat her see
How kinda husban' I can be;
How glad I am she ees so true,
How proud for all da work she do.
An' so far mak' her work for me
More easy dan eet use' for be,
An' show how mooch my heart ees stir',
I buy a leetla geeft for her.

Carlotta got so pretta hair,
I buy her som'theeng nice for wear—
Eh? W'at? O, no, ees notta hat;
Eessom'theeng mooch more use dan dat.
Eet's leetla pad, so sof' an' theeck
An' stuff weeth wool, dat she can steeck
On top da hair upon her head,
So lika leetla feathra bed.
Eet sure weel mak' her feela good
W'en she ees carry loada wood,
An' mebbe so eet help her, too,
For carry more dan now she do.
So mooch weeth love my heart ees stir'
I buy dees leetla geeft for her.

Eef, mebbe so, you gotta wife
Dats good as mine to me,
You, too, would try for mak' her life
So happy as can be.

Catholic Standard and Times.

I Never Said It!!

I never said that
T. J. O.

is the best flour
ever made, but I
did say that I believe
"T. J. O." is
as good a flour as
is made or sold
in all the state
of Oregon.

T. J. O.

FASHION STABLES

J. A. Brown, Prop.

Commercial Trade Solicited

Special Conveyances Over the
Wilson River Route
to Tillamook

Horses Bought, Sold
and Exchanged

Ind. 744 Phones Pac. 33
Forest Grove, Ore.

**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 next door to Forest Grove Press
Home office: 151 East 28 St., Portland

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.

Mrs. M. A. Thomas

Fashionable Dressmaker

Cor. 2nd St. and 1st Ave. South
Forest Grove, Oregon

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. F.G. 12:30 a.m.
Sunday only
Lvs F.G. 8:30 p.m.—Ar. at Portland 4:00 p.m.

The "Press"

is equipped to do the
better kind of printing
and we **CAN DO IT**