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In the City of  
FOREST GROVE, OREGON,

A. G. HOFFMAN, ..... President  
O. GARDNER, ..... Vice Pres.  
J. N. HOFFMAN, ..... Sec'y and manager

THURSDAY of EACH WEEK.

INDEPENDENT PHONES  
OFFICE 505 RESIDENCE 442

Entered at the post office at Forest Grove, Ore.  
as mail matter of the second class.

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

A copy of The Press will be mailed to all advertisers in which their ad appears.

**PRACTICAL EDUCATION**

The work which L. R. Alderman, Superintendent of Public Instruction, is doing for the schools of Oregon is a departure from methods heretofore in vogue and there is little question as to the efficacy of his plans. It is evident from the recommendations which he is making to the teachers of the state that he is striving to make useful citizens of the school children. What is more practical than the teaching in the public schools of the state of gardening, carpentry, sewing, cooking, poultry raising, etc? And what could be thought of that would be more stimulating to his plans than the proposed establishment of departments at the state fair for an exhibit of work done by the pupils of the public schools, and the rewarding of competitors in this with valuable prizes?

The state has promised to cooperate in this plan and already at least \$1000 has been appropriated by the state for cash prizes and it is planned to offer Shetland ponies as awards for agricultural, poultry and other exhibits. It is understood that the state fair board has decided to make the prize list for children's exhibits much larger than ever before. Individual breeders are offering valuable prizes for such exhibits, and it is understood that the State Bankers' Association is behind the movement.

Vigorous letters are being sent out from the office of the superintendent of public instruction to the teachers of the state asking them to cooperate in this work by encouraging the children in taking part in agricultural and domestic pursuits.

Education of today as compared with that of yesterday is far in advance. It is practical and deals more with the problems of every-day life. The education of today and tomorrow will be to make men and women of usefulness while that of yesterday produced more idlers.

The city fathers last week decided that it was high time some of the delinquent water and light users should pay up. Accordingly they agreed to stand hard and fast by the collector if he would press collections. Mr.

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CORNELIUS, OREGON.



**THE MAN  
HIGHER UP**  
BY HENRY RUSSELL MILLER

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"Hold on there," Patrick cried, seizing him. "Where are ye goin'?"  
"I don't know," said Bob coolly.  
"Thin why are ye lavin' this time av night?"

"I'm goin' to find a place where they'll let me pay."  
For a moment Patrick stared helplessly at his wife and then laughed delightedly. "Ain't he th' little divil! Hand th' money to th' ould woman. Ye stay, Bob."

So Bob established his footing and won his second battle.  
Years passed, and Bob grew in stature, if not in wisdom, viewing life from the lowly standpoint of the newste and being thoroughly spoiled by his friends. It was strange, the matter of fact fashion in which he tyrannized over Patrick and Norah. Over Molly and Kathleen he lorded as absolutely when he condescended to share their games. He was the pride of the corner loafers by reason of his propensity and talent for fighting, and they delighted to egg him on to combat with older and larger antagonists. In these fights Bob always came off victor. Willful, masterful, intractable, he caused much worryment of soul to the elder Finns, but neither had the heart or even the hardihood to chastise him. Their reproofs, mildly administered, were received with an indifference and cool surprise that robbed them of all possible good effect.

With fear and trembling Patrick sent him to the ward school. The fear was justified by the results. The boy proved himself bright enough to master his lessons—when he chose. It was rarely, however, his choice to study. He preferred to fight and to drive his schoolmates into mischief. He became the bully of the school.

His schooling came to an abrupt end when he was thirteen years old. To punish an unusually flagrant act of insurrection his teacher called in the aid of the principal, a stout, pompous young man who was Bob's pet aversion. The principal had no more than seized the rattan when Bob suddenly snatched it from him and belabored the astonished pedagogue with it so fiercely that he fled the room in dismay. Bob then took his cap and bade farewell to school forever.

By this feat Patrick was at last nerved to his duty. That night he gave Bob a severe thrashing, which the boy, with white face and set teeth, quietly endured. When it was over he said:

"I take it this time, Pat, because it's from you. But nobody will ever lick me again. And now I'm through with school and papers. I'm goin' to hunt a job."  
"Humph!" returned Patrick. "An' who'll be hirin' th' likes av ye, wid such a riptashun fr devilry?"  
"Oh, I'll get a job, all right," Bob declared.

The next day Bob entered the confines of Sanger's mills, boldly defying the legend, "No Admittance Except on Business." Bob made his way to the office, where a cherub in brass buttons stood guard and demanded to be

Wirtz proceeded to collect old bills and where a family was in arrears from two to five years, unless the coin was forthcoming, wires were cut and water turned off. He was no respecter of persons, leaving the widow, widower, merchant, doctor, preacher, barber, banker, editor, all without light or water, where the coin was not to be had. Think of it; a man, contented and undisturbed from three to five years, to have such unpleasantness sprung on him so soon after the new year's resolutions. We want to say right here that it is not pleasant to have water shut off on wash day and most impossible to write copy by lamp-light. A score or more of subscribers, knowing the situation, paid up, and we are getting light again and the water drips at our faucet.

shown into the great man's presence. He was refused. He then threatened to punch the cherub's head and evinced such readiness and ability to put his threat into execution that the office boy at last tremblingly ushered Bob into the presence of Mr. Sanger.

The master met the interruption with a scowl. "Well, what can I do for you?" he rasped out.  
"You can give me a job," Bob suggested.

"Indeed, can I?" the man said tartly. "But suppose I don't?"  
"I'll have to get one somewhere else, then," Bob responded cheerfully.

Mr. Sanger laughed in spite of himself. "You're a cool one. What can you do?"

"Well," Bob said thoughtfully, "I didn't think of that. I've scrapped and sold newspapers mostly, but I guess I can do other things just as good."

"Do you think you could stand at that door and keep out of this office impudent boys who have no business here for \$4 a week?"

"You bet I can."  
"All right. When can you go to work?"

"Now," Bob grinned. "You might change your mind by tomorrow."  
Bob was as good as his word. While he was on duty he was a brave and adroit man indeed that reached Mr. Sanger's presence undesired. Bob also established a mastery over the force of office boys and disciplined the refractory with such promptitude and severity that he reigned a very tyrant. And from office corridor to furnace and rolls was a short step for him.

When he came to man's estate he had learned the hard, cruel lesson of the steel he forged.

**CHAPTER II.**

**BOB ENTERS A NEW FIELD.**

**B**UT Bob was not to conquer in the Empire of Steel. Squire Mehaffey—the squire had married Molly Finn—was the pebble that deflected the course of Bob's destiny. One night this young dispenser of justice for the Fourth ward entered Maloney's saloon, white faced and excited.

"Whisky, Mike."  
The proprietor placed a bottle before him. "What's up, Jim?"

The squire made no answer other than to seize the bottle with trembling hands and pour out a full glass of the liquor, which he tossed off at a gulp.

"Where's Bob?" he demanded abruptly.

"In there," Mike's thumb indicated the back room of the saloon. Thither Mehaffey strode. Before a table littered with beer and whisky bottles Bob was sitting, the one silent member of a noisy group.

"Where can I see you alone?" the squire interrupted without apology.

"You can see me right here. Boys"—At the unspoken suggestion the group, with frank, matter of fact obedience, gathered up their bottles and went into the barroom.

"Well?" Bob interrogated.

The squire dropped into a chair. "Hagglin's turned me down," he announced despondently. "He says I can't run again. He's going to give my job to Harvey, just because he's his nephew. After the way I've slaved for him and done his dirty work in the ward for ten years!" he added bitterly.

"What of it?" Bob asked, with no sign of interest.

"What of it! I lose my only chance to make a livin'. Here I am, thirty-five years old. I've got no education. I don't know bookkeepin' nor anything else. I can't clerk. I ain't strong enough to hold down a job in the mills. I can take care of myself. But how I'm to make enough for three I don't see."

"Three?"  
"Yes, there's goin' to be a baby soon, and I can't see"—

"Humph! You politicians have got no business to have kids. What are you going to do?"  
"What can I do?" Mehaffey returned helplessly.

"You might fight him," Bob suggested.

"I can't," groaned the squire.

"But I can," Bob said.  
By degrees the possible significance of Bob's words wormed its way into the squire's comprehension. His grief gave way to amazement, amazement to an incredulous joy.

"You don't mean it, Bob?"  
"I always mean what I say, don't I?" Bob returned impatiently. "Shut up, Jim; I'm thinking."

For some moments Bob stared at the ceiling. Then he called out abruptly: "Mike, come in here and bring the boys—and some more whisky."  
Mike came in as bidden, bringing the liquor, "the boys" trooping obediently in behind.

"The drinks are on me, boys," Bob

said by way of preliminary.

When every one had taken his quota he continued, "Boys, Hagglin has turned Jim down."

"Well, I guess that lets Jim out," said Mike pityingly.

"I tell him," Bob continued, "that he ought to fight him."  
Mike shook his head. "It can't be done, Bob."

"Yes, it can," Bob responded tartly. "And I'm going to do it."

An amazed silence fell upon the group. The silence was broken by Mike's delighted ejaculation.

"Be th' piker, it's a fine scrimmage we'll be havin'. If anny wan can lick Hagglin ye're th' bye, Bob."

"That ye are," assented the others, awakened from their wonderment.

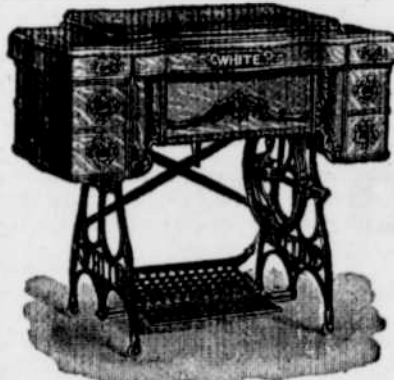
"All right. Be here tomorrow night and I'll tell you what to do. And bring the other boys along—as many as you can get. Come along, Jim." And, meekly followed by the squire, who had not yet recovered from his astonishment, Bob left the saloon.

To be continued.

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Report of the Condition of  
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FOREST GROVE, OREGON

At the Close of Business—December 5, 1911

**RESOURCES**

Loans and Discounts.....	\$115,130.16
United States and Other Bonds.....	75,253.19
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures.....	11,616.38
Cash and Exchange.....	59,994.15
	\$261,993.88

**LIABILITIES**

Capital and Surplus.....	\$ 60,000.00
Undivided Profits.....	2,785.35
Circulation.....	50,000.00
Deposits.....	149,108.53
	\$261,993.88

**40 Per Cent Cash Reserve**

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