

**FOREST GROVE PRESS**  
Published & Edited by  
**The Press Publishing Co.**  
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, Ogn as mail matter of the second class.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION  
CASH IN ADVANCE  
One Year \$1.00 - Six onths .75

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.

**EXAMPLE IS CITED**

The Forest Grove Press has always been of the opinion that street paving of this city can be done much more cheaply than has been done by the employment of bitulithic pavement. The Press has had much to say on this subject and it is a pleasure to the publisher to note the interest that is being taken by residents of the city of Forest Grove in the matter of cheaper pavement. There is little doubt that a pavement equally as serviceable as bitulithic can be put down in Forest Grove at a much smaller cost than that which was paid for the pavement here. The letter, which is printed on the first page of this issue of the Press, written to President Ferrin by the mayor of Independence, K. C. Eldridge, is conclusive proof that a good and serviceable pavement can be procured for the residence section of this city at a much smaller cost than that of bitulithic. The Press feels that it is its duty to work for the interests of the residents of Forest Grove, and in taking up this matter of pavements we are attempting to forestall the perplexing question of what kind of pavement should be employed. Mayor Eldridge speaks so confidently of the character of pavement laid in Independence that the Press feels justified in asking that a halt be made in further improvements until a cheaper pavement is found than that of bitulithic at present prices charged.

It is not uncommon to see men and small boys on our streets publicly throwing or pitching pennies and nickels at a mark or line, the winner taking the coin. The example is bad and in direct violation to the law as to gambling.

People like to read and think about shopping before they go to the store. Liberal advertising tells the public that the merchant is making good. Nine times out of ten the merchant who does advertise wants to sell out, owing to lack of patronage.

Good potatoes \$1.00 per hundred at Hartrampf's feed store. Will deliver. Phone 50x.

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CORNELIUS, OREGON.

**THE MAN  
HIGHER UP  
BY HENRY RUSSELL MILLER**  
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Haggin had been a prizefighter and a successful one. History records how he fought a twenty round draw—bare fists—with Donnelly, the heavyweight champion of the world. At the zenith of his career he abandoned the ring and invested his last purse in an Irishtown saloon. And Irishtown counted it an honor to buy its drinks from the only man that had ever given Donnelly a hard fight. So that Haggin waxed prosperous and sported many diamonds. It was a natural result of his popularity and business that he should go into politics. He developed a certain crude genius for the game. He was good natured—when not opposed. He knew how to be generous, when to be generous was a good policy. And he learned to organize his henchmen. But beneath all were his fame and skill as a fighter. Consequently he became the undisputed autocrat of things political in the Fourth ward.

Now the average American, especially the Irish-American, loves fair play and has a sneaking admiration for the under dog. Bob already had a certain personal following, which nucleus he began systematically to augment. "This young McAdoo of the Fourth is a corker," said the great MacPherson. "Of course, Haggin 'll beat him; the old grafter has too strong a grip on his ward to lose this time. But the youngster will bear watching in the future."

"Say, now, this is a fight!" Haggin exclaimed when reports began to come in to him.

But the fight came to a most unexpected ending. The second night before the primaries Irishtown was in a frenzy of excitement. The saloons were crowded, the streets alive with eager, expectant men and boys. A reporter of one of the morning papers entered Maloney's saloon and accosted Bob.

"I hear," the reporter remarked with what was meant as an ingratiating smile, "that you intend visiting Haggin's saloon."

"An ass," Bob answered dryly, amid the guffaws of his followers, "havin' long ears, can hear a lot that ain't his business."

The reporter flushed angrily. "I told the same thing to Haggin," he said spitefully, "and he said if you entered his saloon he'd kick you out. 'Knock the stiff's block off' were his exact words, I believe."

The crowd stood aghast. It was a challenge. "Is that so?" Leisurely Bob emptied his bottle of beer and then without a word left the saloon, followed at a respectful distance by friends, torn between delight and fear.

Haggin sat in the rear room of his saloon trying to maintain a conversation with some of his lieutenants, a difficult matter because of the tumult in the outer room. Suddenly the clamor ceased; blank silence enveloped the saloon. Haggin sprang to his feet and rushed to the door. There he stopped short, petrified by amazement at the sight before him, for there by the bar in the midst of an awestruck, dazed crowd towered Bob McAdoo.

Bob calmly struck a match and lighted his cigar. "Line up, boys!" he commanded.

Slowly, mechanically, as under a compulsion they could not resist, the men moved to the bar.

"What'll you have? This is on Jim McAdoo, boys."

Not a man dared to name his drink. "Humph!" Bob sneered. "Whisky for mine. The best in the house, barkeep," he ordered sharply. The bartender moved fearfully to obey.

Then Haggin came to himself. With a low growl he sprang in front of Bob, who nonchalantly looked him over.

"Not a drink d'ye get in this house, Bob McAdoo," Haggin raged. "Not a drink, d'ye hear? An' git out o' this saloon, quick—see!"

Bob's only answer was to take the bottle from the bartender's uncertain hand, pour himself a liberal portion and swallow it at a gulp. Then he seized a glass of water and tossed its contents full into Haggin's face.

The crowd breathed painfully. Haggin dashed the water from his eyes and shook his great fist before Bob's face. "D'ye know what that means, Bob McAdoo?" he roared. "It means you got to fight."

"All right," Bob responded cheerfully. "That's what I'm here for."

Then began Bob's last fist fight, a

battle which still lives unparalleled in Irishtown annals. Man for man in point of size, weight and courage the two were equally matched. On Haggin's side there was the advantage of superior science and the cool generalship of the trained boxer. But Bob was the born fighter, and his muscles were hard and elastic as the steel whose forging had developed them, whereas his antagonist had been years out of training. Amid a tense silence, broken only by the shuffling of their feet, they faced each other and began the combat. Coolly, warily, savagely they fought, two splendid brutes, beasts of prey thirsting for each other's blood.

Suddenly Haggin feluted, then brought his right crashing to Bob's temple. For an instant Bob was numbed and blinded with pain. Then all feeling of hurt left him. He saw as though a red film had been lowered before his eyes. His thin lips drew back cruelly, and he pressed forward to meet the onslaught of Haggin, who had thought to finish him with one more blow. There was a short, fierce interchange, then—no one knew just how it happened—it was all over. Hag-



THERE WAS A SHORT, FERCE INTERCHANGE.

gin, the mighty, lay on the floor, helpless and groaning, his head rolling from side to side in the futile effort to raise himself.

"Bring some water," Bob ordered. The bartender brought a bucketful, with which Bob carelessly deluged his prostrate antagonist. Then he turned to the bar.

"The boys 'll take another round of the same they ordered before," he said in dry sarcasm.

The spell was broken. The crowd of men who had in awed silence watched the combat, McAdoo followers and Haggin adherents alike, cheered the victor, each trying to shake his hand, a familiarity which he coldly denied them and for the refusal of which they strangely admired him the more. Haggin, staggering to his feet, looked on dumbly, uncomprehendingly.

"What—what's the matter?" he muttered thickly.

"Ye're licked, Tom Haggin! Bob McAdoo licked ye!" they yelled derisively.

"Ye didn't lick me. Ye never licked me, Bob McAdoo. My God!" His voice rose to a loud shriek, the agonized cry of a monarch who sees his kingdom forever departed from him.

"Yes, I did," Bob said sternly. "And if you want more of the same, come on."

But Haggin did not come on. He took one step toward Bob, then a new, unfamiliar sensation entered his heart—fear—fear of the big young man who stood before him.

"My God," he groined hoarsely, "ye did lick me!" Then in a pitiful attempt to gather the tatters of his lost prestige around the nakedness of his defeat he yelled again: "But ye could never 'a' done it when I was in training. Ye never could."

A derisive shout went up. "Ha," sneered one, an erstwhile supporter, "it's easy enough to say that now, when there's no chance o' provin' it."

With the bellow of a mad bull Haggin sprang toward the speaker, who fled the saloon. The ex-pugilist, grim and desperate, turned to the crowd.

"Come on, ye dogs! Bob McAdoo's licked me, but ye hain't. An' ye can't—none o' ye, all o' ye! If there's any thinks he can come on, as many as ye like, an' I'll show ye!"

"Right!" said Bob contemptuously. "I judge you can handle about a dozen, Haggin. If more'n that comes I'm with you."

But none came.

The next was the hardest and the greatest moment in Haggin's life. Under the bully was hidden a crude manhood. He turned to his conqueror and said slowly:

"Ye licked me, Bob McAdoo, fair an' square. That goes. Ye're the only man as ever done it. There ain't another man in the city can do it. Shake!"

"Sure," said Bob heartily, grasping the outstretched hand.

"The drinks is on me," Haggin continued painfully, thus completing the public acknowledgment of his defeat as required by Irishtown etiquette.

While the drinks were being poured and consumed Bob took Haggin by the arm and led him into the rear room, whither many a longing glance was cast, but none dared follow.

"Haggin," he said gruffly, "you're a man. What's the use of you and me fightin'? I can lick you after tonight—that's right, ain't it?"

"That goes," Haggin assented.

"When I went into this political game," Bob continued, "it was to help the squire out. But I like it, and I'm in it to stay now—for myself. I've got you licked this time. I can go on lickin' you if I have to, but I don't want to have to. Now, what's the matter with me and you hangin' together in this deal. Between us we can hold this ward so no one can hurt us. What do you say?"

"Shake again," said Haggin huskily. "You're a man."

Thus Haggin was conquered and became Bob's faithful retainer. The squire was renominated and later reelected without opposition.

To be continued.

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Writes the Most Conservative Line of Commercial and Dwelling Insurance of Any Mutual Company in the State. It will Pay You to Protect Your Property with One of Our Policies

Report of the Condition of

**THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
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
	\$261,893.88

40 Per Cent Cash Reserve

**Central Livery Barns**  
Mc Namer & Wirtz, Proprietors  
**General Livery**  
and Tillamook Stage Lines.

**Investment Realty Abstract Company**  
**Makes Your Abstract**  
Offices, with Forest Grove Press, Hoffman Building.  
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