

FOREST GROVE PRESS
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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 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.

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

N. L. Atkins is mentioned as a likely candidate for county recorder.

Jesse Applegate is making many friends among the voters of Washington county.

E. C. Luce, present deputy county clerk, is well fitted for the position of clerk, and has scores of friends in all parts of the county.

The night watch has said that lads under age are often seen intoxicated on the streets at night. Where does the drink come from? Is not some one in the city responsible?

The Press is owned by 100 stock holders, most of whom live in Forest Grove, and all within Washington county. Quite an army of boosters and consumers. Let us all stand together for the success and betterment of the paper.

Petition of E. B. Tongue is being circulated that he may again succeed himself for the office of district prosecuting attorney. We understand that a good man from Columbia county is out, that will make E. B. recollect some of his forgotten promises.

The Spokesman Review runs a picture of E. Allerson, of Forest Grove, official milk tester of Washington county. The picture shows Mr. Allerson in the act of making a test on the farm of Charles Bamford. Charles Dixon took the picture and it does him credit as an artist.

The young people collect on the streets at night and indulge in cigarette smoking. If one wishes to get an exhibition of this class of evil he may do so almost any evening on the street in front of the Scenic theater. Some kind lady might do some good with proper persuasion.

The lads are reaping quite a harvest in gathering empty beer and whiskey bottles. Almost every day an armload or sackful of empties is offered by the boys to the stores for sale. The presence of the boys collecting empties from along the walks makes a pretty good advertisement for the liquor dealer.

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CORNELIUS, OREGON.

THE MAN HIGHER UP BY HENRY RUSSELL MILLER COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY BOBBS MERRILL CO.

Henry Sanger, Sr., steel king, had one passion—his business—and one love—an orphaned niece. He displayed less acumen in the training of the latter than in the management of the former. Two nights after Bob was invited to join the reformers, while he was working an extra shift, Sanger personally conducted a party through his mills, and the niece was of the party. The guest of honor was a famous engineer of the English army.

Sanger was dilating upon his passion. "You are enthusiastic, sir," ventured the guest.

"And why not? We're the most important industry the world has ever known or ever will know. We're the right hand of modern progress. We take a carload of rock from the earth and convert it into steel, the framework of civilization. We are defying Nature, conquering her. Here is a tremendous force, the finest product of the human mind, doing in one day what 10,000 men couldn't do in a lifetime. Right here is the beginning of modern progress. Here we make civilization while you wait!"

"You have reason to be proud of your industry, Mr. Sanger," the Englishman assented.

"To put it in terms of your profession, major," Sanger pursued his topic eloquently. "I command in the army of construction, while you command in the army of destruction. And I have a notion that when our respective achievements are summed up we'll be given the palm."

"Granted, my dear sir," laughed the major. "And I must say you've mustered in a fine lot of men in your army. That young giant over there, for instance—I'd like to have him."

Sanger's forehead wrinkled in a frown of irritation. "He's the best man in the works—and the worst! I almost wish you did have him, though he's more use in my army than he'd be in yours. He's—well—hardly amenable to discipline—ah!"

His exclamation was called forth by a sudden movement of the young man



SHE GAVE ONE DESPAIRING SHRIEK.

under discussion. Intent on his task, he had become aware of Sanger's niece, who stood at his elbow watching and admiring his deft manipulation of the heavy tools. He glared intently at her.

"You are very strong, aren't you?" she said.

For answer he dropped his tools, caught her by the waist and set her back from the machinery.

"Get out of my way!" he growled fiercely.

In an instant he was once more intent on his work, while the young girl, flushed and indignant, stared angrily at him.

"Eleanor," called her uncle, sharply for him. "Keep away from the men and the machinery. You'll get hurt."

The girl, unmindful of her uncle's warning, had ventured again, in a spirit of resentful daring, too near the rolls. A quick gust blew her skirts

against the machinery. Suddenly she felt herself caught from the ground in a terrible grip and thrown prostrate on the rolls. She had a vision of a white hot steel serpent darting toward her. She gave one despairing shriek. Then another hand caught her. She felt the serpent's hot breath as it passed—interminable—beneath her and the arched, rigid body that bridged the rolls and held her.

Bob, too, had seen. For a time, while the clock might tick off a long minute, the group stood as though paralyzed, the girl leaning weakly against Bob's strong arm. It was Sanger who first came out of his daze.

"Eleanor, Eleanor! Thank God!" It was a signal for them all to gather around the pale, trembling girl, forcing Bob away from her and staring at her stupidly, nervously, gabbling unintelligibly.

Suddenly Bob strode into the group, a towering figure of wrath, elbowing his way roughly. Before his sudden intrusion the group involuntarily fell back, leaving him face to face with the girl whom he had saved. A hot rage possessed him. He saw red as on that night when he had fought Haggin.

The girl, in the reaction from her fright, did not see this. "You saved my life," she said tremblingly. "It was very good of you."

"You little fool!" Bob burst out hoarsely in his anger. "How dare you risk my life?"

Later, in a cooler moment, Bob remembered the girl and could not but admire her, by his roughness restored instantly to her strength and courage. Her head went back spiritedly. "How dare you reprove me?" she said.

"Dare?" Bob held out one great, hairy arm and then glanced over the slender figure before him. He could have snuffed out her life with a single sweep of his arm. He laughed unpleasantly.

The scorn in her eyes shifted to contempt. "That is a coward's thought. You think because I'm a girl and you're so strong you can say what you please. You cannot. I'm not afraid of you."

"Coward!" A deep flush crept under the smut on his face. "I saved your life when they"—his arm indicated the astounded group—"when they were afraid to move."

"Yes, that is true," she said. "You are just a brute, not a coward. You did save my life, but that gives you no right to reprove me."

"I was a fool to do it. My life is worth something, but you"—The unfinished sentence gave contempt for contempt. "But why have I no right?" "Because you are you."

"Because I am I?"

Because he was himself—he, Bob McAdoo, before whom no man, however strong, dared to stand in combat; whom politicians of high degree approached on terms of equality—nay, as do those who seek favors; he, so great in his own eyes and in the eyes of his own little world, must not rebuke a mere girl whose life he had saved because he was himself. Here was a new idea indeed.

Because he was himself! Bob stared at his hands, the thick, muscular fingers, the calloused, blackened palms, the hands of whose strength he had been so proud. For the first time in his life his strength seemed to him futile, made so by a slight, pretty girl who looked upon him as a lower order of being. Then, in a quick revulsion of feeling, the old pride of strength returned to him in all its arrogance.

"I wonder I don't kill you," he growled savagely.

"I'm not afraid of you," she said contemptuously. Then "Ah!" she cried. "You are hurt!" It was true. The flesh under his arm, revealed by his gesture, was scorched from the hot steel that had passed so closely to it. In his anger he had not thought of it.

"What's that to you?" he answered roughly. "Get out of the way."

For the second time that night he lifted her and set her to one side. Then he strode abruptly away and out of the mills—forever.

"Oh, I forgot to thank him for saving my life!" Eleanor said penitently, watching his retreating figure. "I didn't mean to be so horrid to him. Uncle, why couldn't he have been a gentleman? He's so big and strong. And isn't he fine when his eyes blaze? I'm so sorry he was hurt. And I've ruined this dress completely."

CHAPTER IV. THE POLITICIAN.

WHEN his lines were ready Bob went to MacPherson. Robbins was there, as usual. "Good!" exclaimed the latter. "I knew you would be with

us." Bob met his enthusiasm indifferently. "Oh, I'm not with you until you meet my terms, you know."

"What's the matter with the terms I offered? Aren't they liberal enough?" demanded MacPherson.

"No. I'll turn over the Fourth, Seventh, Thirteenth and Fourteenth by 3,000, you to give me \$10,000, and \$10,000 for expenses, the Sixth legislative's share of the payroll to come to me for appointment and all orders. Of course this means the Sixth's regular share." It had been customary under Steele and Harmon to give the Sixth legislative district the lion's share of the plums.

"Say," MacPherson sneered, "you take over the leadership of the party and buy my support. It would be cheaper for me."

"Take it or leave it," Bob said coolly. "I can do better with Harmon."

"But I don't propose to buy you at this price every trip."

"Of course. This deal only covers this fight. We mayn't be together next time."

"Why not?" the boss demanded sharply.

"I don't like you," Bob replied, "and you don't like me. We mightn't get along, you know. Then I'll go somewhere else. You can make out a check for the twenty thousand right now."

"Before you deliver the goods? Not much!"

"Oh, yes, you will," Bob said easily. "I'll do what I promise, and you know it. I don't know that you will, and after the election I couldn't make you do it. Make it to my order."

"That is, I'm to trust you, and you won't trust me?"

"You can; I can't."

"Well, for concentrated gall you take the blue ribbon!" MacPherson ejaculated. But he made out the check as Bob had suggested.

It was a lucky bargain for MacPherson. Bob kept his promise. His four wards returned a majority of nearly 4,000 for the Citizens' party ticket. That party also carried the city by 3,000.

So came the "reformation," and Robert McAdoo began his political career in earnest.

To be continued.

NO SIR, I CAN'T GET APPENDICITIS



Eat All I Want to Now, No More Gas on the Stomach or Sour Stomach, No More Heavy Feeling After Meals or Constipation.

No matter what you've tried without getting relief JUST TRY simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as compounded in ADLER-I-KA! You will be surprised at the QUICK results and you will be guarded against appendicitis. The VERY FIRST DOSE will help you and a short treatment with ADLER-I-KA will make you feel better than you have for years. This new German appendicitis remedy antiseptizes the stomach and bowels and draws off all impurities. A SINGLE DOSE relieves gas on the stomach, sour stomach, constipation, nausea or heavy feeling after eating almost AT ONCE. A short treatment often cures an ordinary case of appendicitis.

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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

LIABILITIES

Capital and Surplus \$ 60,000.00
Undivided Profits 2,785.55
Circulation 50,000.00
Deposits 149,108.53

\$261,893.88

40 Per Cent Cash Reserve

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PACIFIC HOME INSURANCE COMPANY
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LIMITED TRAINS EAST

Leave Portland at 9:55 A. M. and 7 P. M. daily

OBSERVATION CARS



Compartment, Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and Modern Coaches. No change of stations in Portland—the Oregon Electric Ry. and the North Bank Road use the North Bank Station. Tickets, Schedules, Sleeping Car accommodations, etc. will be arranged on request.

W. E. COMAN, G. F. & P. A., Portland, Oregon.

N. L. ADKINS, Agent, Forest Grove, Oregon.

The Forest Grove Press Office

Is the best equipped for high class printing of any office in Washington County. Its type and machinery are new. Comparisons of work will convince you. Increase in our output proves people's taste for good printing