

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, Oreg. 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.

There is none so blind as he who will not see. The fact that intoxicating liquors are sold openly in violation of the law in our fair city, has reached the point where it is no longer a secret or confined to the few. When it is possible to dispose of two barrels of beer on a single Sunday it would seem that the patronage was good for that class of merchandise. Not only does it come to us that liquor is sold but that much money often changes hands over the gambling table. We realize that much good money has been spent in prosecuting this class of cases but has it been wasted? The writer of this article does not direct this to the council or church but to the good law abiding citizens of all sects and creeds. We believe that the condition could be bettered.

So far quite a number of names have been offered as candidates for the various county offices. As yet no Democratic candidate has been mentioned. Washington county voters are more inclined to vote for men whom they believe to be fitted for the office than party candidates.

N. L. Atkins has decided to not enter the race for the office of county recorder.

Business Men Banquet

The business men's meeting held at the Knights of Pythias hall Monday evening was pronounced a decided success. About ninety business men were present, all liberally partaking of the spread. Walker's orchestra furnished excellent music. Chas. O. Roe was seated at the head of the first table and acted as toastmaster. Many interesting and instructive speeches were made, while others amused with stories. The best of feeling and harmony prevailed. Chairman Roe was authorized to appoint an entertainment committee to provide for a meeting which will be held about a month hence. All seem to think that much good will result from such gatherings. Photographer Sackreider, of the Forest Grove studio, was on hand with his camera and took a snap at the august body.

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CORNELIUS, OREGON.

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

The night after the election Bob entered the Flinn's sitting room.

"Kathleen," he said abruptly, "what does a good private teacher cost?"

She looked at him in surprise. "To teach what?"

"Oh, Latin, Greek, German, history—everything you learn in high school and college—grammar, for instance. I ain't much"—He caught himself and laughed shortly. "For one thing—I want to get out of this pesky habit of sayin' 'ain't.' What will it cost me?"

"Two or three dollars an hour, I think."

"Can you do it?"

"I can at the beginning if you will let me."

"All right. We begin tomorrow night. I'll pay you \$3 an hour."

The flush became a deep crimson. "No, not that way, Bob. I couldn't take your money."

"Why not?"

"For one reason," she answered quietly, "you've already given too much money to this family."

He looked at her a moment intently. "All right. We do it your way then. You—you're all right, Kathleen," he added gruffly and went up to his room. Later Kathleen left Patrick and Norah alone.

Patrick, who had not been dozing, opened his eyes and winked significantly at Norah.

"Norah, d'ye smell nawthin'?"

"Patrick, arse ye clane crazy over the gurrul? Besides, Bob's no marryin' man."

"Faith," said Patrick proudly, "an' could he do better than marry her mother's gurrul. I'm goin' up to talk to th' bye."

He knocked on Bob's door, which was significant, since in that simple household it was not the custom to herald your approach by a knock.

"Come in. Oh, it's you, Pat? Take a chair," Bob answered.

"Arre ye busy, Bob?"

"Oh, no. Glad to see you. Only thinkin' a little."

For some moments the two sat silent before the fire, Patrick shuffling about in embarrassment, for he knew not how to unburden himself of his errand. At last he bolted out:

"Bob, why don't ye git married?"

"Humph!" Bob ejaculated contemptuously. "Why should I get married?"

"Ye're a quare iaad, Bob McAdoo. Ye have no bowtis av tinderness at all. I don't believe there's a person in th' worruld, av he'd die, yed give th' lassthe heartache to. Ye have no frinds. Ye're th' lonest, frindlissist man I know—sarve ye right!" he concluded exasperatedly.

"Friends!" Bob sneered. "I don't need 'em. They do what I want. That's enough for me. What do I want with friendship?"

Patrick threw out his hands helplessly. "Av ye could ask that question ye could nivir understand th' answer. But," he returned doggedly to his text, "ye ought to git married just th' same. Ye made some wad to care fr ye an' like ye."

Bob laughed. "You just said no one likes me. Anyhow, who'd I marry?"

"Well," Patrick said defiantly, "there's Kathleen."

"Oh, Kathleen ain't the woman for me," Bob said carelessly.

Then Bob did a strange thing. With a quick movement he tore his shirt and undershirt from his body and stood before Patrick stripped to the waist.

"See!"

He drew his arms up, and the huge biceps swelled until you would have expected the skin to burst. Then he drew himself tensely together. The big pectorals stood out in thick layers, and his waist muscles were a series of bulging, sharply defined ridges. He turned around. Patrick saw a back covered with knots and lines of magnificent muscles. Bob seized him by the wrists.

"Break loose," he commanded.

Patrick writhed and pulled to break the iron grasp in vain.

"Bah!" Bob threw him contemptuously into the chair.

"That's why," he cried in passionate pride—"that's why I don't want friends. That's why Kathleen ain't for me. But muscle is nothing. I'm just as strong here." He struck his forehead with his palm.

"I never felt what you call friendly to any one," he went on, dropping into his usual quiet tone. "I never wanted a friend. And I'm glad of it. I can't have anybody through friendship gettin' a hold on me. It's the same reason that made me quit drinkin'. It don't hurt me now, but it might get hold of me some day. It's the strongest win out in this world, Pat, and I must be strongest."

Patrick sat, awed and half frightened by this the longest speech he had ever heard from Bob's lips and by the spirit that inspired the outburst.

"Ye're right," he said slowly. "Ye're cruel sthrong. An' mebbey ye can do without friends. I don't know. But some day, I'm thinkin', ye'll love somebody—hard. Thin God pity ye!"

They did not know that in another room lay a girl who had chanced to hear words not meant for her ears. Minute after minute, hour after hour, dragged by and Kathleen never stirred. Poor Kathleen! Her love, battered and torn under the heedless wheels of a strong man's ambition, was fighting the bitter battle of her life's one romance.

But next evening began the lessons. Never was a more earnest tutor and never a more faithful pupil. And no one saw the change in Kathleen, her girlhood lost, her womanhood won in a night.

One day five years later Director of Public Safety McAdoo arranged the documents he had been reading into neat, methodical piles and rose from his desk, stretching his muscles with

a sigh of relief. He had become a faithful desk worker, but there were times when he longed for the fierce muscular effort of the old mill life.

Five years had wrought many changes in the life of Bob McAdoo. He was twenty pounds lighter than when he had worked in the mills, although his sinews were still kept in condition by systematic, vigorous exercise. His face was thinner and finer and marked by lines of thought and study. He had grown mentally in the new life and under Kathleen's tutelage. His clothes were now made by the city's highest priced tailor, but worn carelessly, gave little hint of that subtle thing we call style.

His bold negotiations with MacPherson had given him a hold on the Sixth legislative district, which careful organization and judicious bestowal of the patronage made his by virtue of that deal had converted into a veritable despotism. All candidates for councilmanic and legislative honors from that district had come to look to him for nomination and election. When the second mayor under the MacPherson regime was elected Bob was one of the four men who finally selected the fortunate candidate. Under this administration he accepted the office he now held. His signature at the bottom of a check was now familiar to the banks of the city and passed without question, since he was rapidly becoming a rich man.

A street railway franchise was engineered through councils, largely by means of the votes of Bob's group of councilmen. Bob's share of the spoils was a large block of stock, which he afterward sold for almost twice its par value. It was at the time of this franchise affair that he was first cartooned under the sobriquet "Knockout Bob," as a big, burly prizefighter, with the ugly, brutal features and particularly the heavy, undershot jaw supposed to be characteristic of men of that profession. Kathleen, with a trou-

bled smile, showed it to Bob.

He gave vent to one of his very rare laughs. "Why, this is fame, Kathleen. Get a scrap book and save all the cartoons of me, will you?"

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