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in the City of FOREST GROVE, OREGON, A. G. HOFFMAN. President Vice Pres. GARDNER J. N. HOFFMAN Sec'y and anager THURSDAY of EACH WEEK.

INDEPENDENT PHONES **RESIDENCE** 442 **OFFICE 505**

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intoxicating liqnors are sold openly in violation of the law in me? 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 let me." 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 but has it been wasted? The writer of this article does not direct this to the council or opened his eyes and winked significhurch but to the good law abiding citizens of all sects and condition could be bettered.

So far quite a number of names have been offered as candidates for the various county offices. As yet no Democratie 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 At last he bolted out: not enter the race for the office of county recorder.

30000 COEYRIGHT, 1910, BY BOBBS MERRILL CO.

The night after the election Bob entered the Flinns' 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, historyeverything you learn in high school and college-grammar, for instance. There is none so blind as he I ain't much"- He caught himself who will not see. The fact that and laughed shortly. "For one thing-I want to get out of this pesky habit of sayin' 'ain't.' What will it cost "Two or three dollars an hour, I

think."

"Can you do it?" "I can at the beginning if you will

"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. good money has been spent in You-you're all right. Kathleen," he prosecuting this class of cases added gruffly and went up to his room. Later Kathleen left Patrick and Norah alone

> Patrick, who had not been dozing. cantly at Norah.

> "Norah. d'ye smell nawthin'?" "Pathrick, arre ye clane crazy over

creeds. We believe that the the gurrul? Besides. Bob's no marryin' man." "Faith," said Patrick proudly, "an'

could he do betther 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.

"Bob, why don't ye git married?" "Humph!" Bob ejaculated contemptuously. "Why should I get married?"

inre loso

bled smile, showed it to Bob.

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

All this success was not accomplished easily, but by dint of hard, unremitting work and unceasing watchfulness upon MacPherson, for, although they had so far stood together, Bob knew that it was only an armed truce, that the boss hated him. It was largely for this reason that he had made haste to accumulate a large bank account.

But to what end, all this? Lately he had begun to ponder this question. Bob had cast all but self out of his scheme of life. This was violating a law of nature, and he was beginning to reap the punishment in a strong discontent. He was not given to sentiment, but as he looked out on the passersby, all wearing the Christmas air, he realized that they had something he, with all he had won and all he would win, had not.

"But, after all," he mused half aloud. "for a man of my sort power is the only thing worth living for. The trouble with me is that God-if there is a God-made me too big to be contented with ordinary people and their ordinary emotions. Come in. Oh, hello, Tom!"

"Fine Chris'mus weather we're havin', Mr. McAdoo," said Haggin, who was the intruder. Like the other "boys," be always called Bob "Mr." nowadays.

"Fine enough, 1 guess. Can I do something for you?

"Oh, no," Haggin answered, with ponderous bashfulness. "I only dropped in to say 'Merry Chris'mus' to ye. "Very good of you, I'm sure, Tom." Bob's tone was anything but enthusi-

astic. Yet he was surprised by a faint glow of pleasure at the ex-pugilist's

There was an awkward slience, at length broken by Haggin: "Smith's been raisin' a big howl about not getpin' back to the legislatur'. Says he oughter git another term. Goin' round among the boys an' kickin' like a mule.

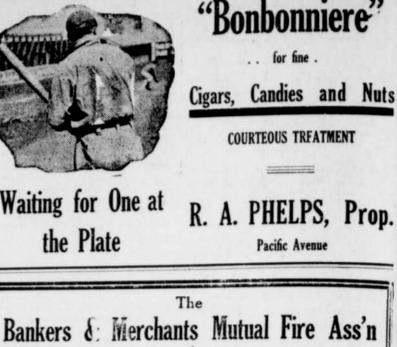
"Can't help that. I promised Stoughton, and he goes."

"Of course. You say so, and he goes. "Tain't him that's raisin' the trouble, but a young feller named Remington. An' he ain't no slouch, you hear me. He's the feller 1 told you about came

down to the Liberty hall meetin' last campaign. The boys was waltin' an' growin' impatient, until 'long about 9 o'clock in comes a tall young feller. regular kid. Good looker, with long curly hair an' a dashin' kind of way. An' swell? He made me feel like a glass fact'ry, an' I had on me hunderd dollar suit too. He steps up to me an' says, 'Mr. Chairman, my name's Remington, an' I'm here to make a speech.' At that the boys sets up a yell, hootin' an' guyin' him like four of a kind. Swell chap doesn't say a word, but offs with his overcoat an' sits on the table with his bands in his pockets, laughin' as if he had a good joke on somebody else. Fin'ly the boys lets up fer lack of wind. Then he starts in an' tells a story fit to make you bust. The boys laughs hard until they begun to see the point was on them. Then he gives 'em the worst tongue lashin' you ever heard. I thought there would be trouble an' was



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LIABILITIES	
Capital and Surplus	\$ 60,000.00
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"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 1 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' mebby 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 ro-

mance. 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

greeting.

Business Men Banquet

held at the Knights of Pythias lastne heartache to. . . . frindlissist frinds. Ye're th' lonest, frindlissist hall Monday evening was pro- man I know-sarve ye right!" he connounced a decided success, cluded exasperatedly. About ninety business men were need 'em. They do what 1 want. present, all liberally partaking That's enough for me. of the spread. Walker's orches- want with friendship?" tra furnished excellent music. Chas. O. Roe was seated at the tion ye could nivir undherstand th' head of the first table and acted answer. But," he returned doggedly as toastmaster. Many interest- to his text. "ye ought to git married ing and instructive speeches just th' same. Ye nade some wan to were made, while others amused Bob laughed. "You just said no one with stories. The best of feeling likes me. Anyhow, who'd I marry?" and harmony prevailed. Chair- "there's Kathleen." man Roe was authorized to appoint an entertainment commit- me." Bob said carelessly. tee to provide for a meeting Then Bob did a strange thing. With a guick movement he tore his shirt which will be held about a month and undershirt from his body and hence. All seem to think that stood before Patrick stripped to the much good will result from such waist. gatherings. Photographer Sackreider, of the Forest Grove stu- bleeps swelled until you would have dio, was on hand with his cam- expected the skin to burst. They he era and took a snap at the august drew himself tensely together. The big pectorals stood out in thick laybody.

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Ye have no bowils av tinderniss at all. I don't belave there's a person in th' The business men's meeting worruld, av he'd die, ye'd give th'

What do 1

Patrick threw out his hands help lessly. "Av ye could ask that quiscare f'r ye an' like ye."

"Well," Patrick said defiantly,

"Oh, Kathleen ain't the woman for

He drew his arms up, and the huge ers, 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 table despotism. All candidates for magnificent muscles. Bob seized him by the wrists. "Break loose," he commanded.

Patrick writhed and pulled to break the fron 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 paim.

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CORNELIUS, OREGON.

"WBY, THIS IS FAME, KATHLEEN."

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 vericouncilmanic 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 famillar 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 hig, burly prizefighter, with the ugly, brutal features and particularly the heavy, undershot jowl supposed to be characteristic of men of that profession. Kathleen, with a trou. San Francisco.

one of the boys sings out, 'You're all right, kid.' An' dash me if they didn't cheer him louder than they'd guyed him. Then he talked fer near an hour. An' talk! Say, that kid had 'em all tied in a knot. When he was through they all crowded up to him an' wanted to buy him drinks. Oh, he's a corker an' no mistake."

gittin' ready to keep the peace

"Well, what of him?" Bob interrupted Haggin's flow somewhat impatiently.

"He's takin' the Smith end of the row. Lives in the Seventh-Stoughton's own ward, you know-gets himself elected ward chairman-how, 1 don't know. An' now he's goin' round sayin' 'tain't fair to turn Smith down this trip. He's gettin' the boys stirred up some too."

To be continued.



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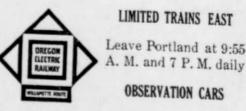
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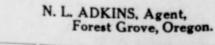


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