

**FOREST GROVE PRESS**  
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**The Press Publishing Co.**

In the City of  
**FOREST GROVE, OREGON,**  
A. G. HOFFMAN, President  
O. J. GARDNER, Vice Pres.  
J. N. HOFFMAN, Sec'y and manager

THURSDAY of EACH WEEK.

INDEPENDENT PHONES  
OFFICE 505 RESIDENCE 442

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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.

Today, February 22, again comes the anniversary of the birth of George Washington. One hundred and eighty years ago today the "Father of our Country" made his advent into this world. His early life was not different from that of the young men around him; he was foremost horseman, not a genius. At his first opportunity he became a soldier, and rapidly gained rank by his courage and good judgment. His valor as a soldier was first shown when the British commander, Braddock's, army was ambushed by the Indians, Braddock killed and the army reduced to a fragment. Here Washington reduced chaos to order and drew off the army bearing the commander's dead body. The many bullets directed at him missed their mark. You are all acquainted, from history, with what he did in the Revolutionary war. The greatest test of his manhood came when it was necessary for this country to choose its first ruler. The high place of king had no allurements for him. His noble action gave to our people the opportunity for the foundation of "a government of the people, by the people and for the people".

Many candidates are popping up here and there, some feeling their fitness for the coveted position, with no other qualification than that that particular section of the county in which they live needs a representative, or that they are old residents, or political warhorses. Let us in selecting candidates choose those whose fitness for the place warrants the results demanded of the officer when elected.

The people of this old world are going it at a fast pace. The reckless regard for human life the past year is appalling; the wave of crime includes preachers, teachers, lawyers, doctors,

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and in fact every class of man and woman kind, and has certainly been a record breaker.

Count every cent and make every cent count spells financial success.

You may be willing enough, but if you would succeed you must get busy.

Politics seem to have invaded every avenue of business and caused unrest and distrust. We have about come to the conclusion that a politician is a curse to his country.

Our city will be dotted all over with new business houses and dwellings this spring and summer. Never has there been promise of so much substantial immediate improvement.

A remark in a near-by barber shop with intention to belittle the Press was overheard recently. We would suggest that if you have anything to say to a mule it might be best to say it right to his face.

Candidates for the various offices who do not favor the State-ment No. 1, will no doubt give the Press a wide berth. This paper stands ready to uphold the rights of the people, and its columns are open to its friends.

We have often felt that our load was heavy and our task hard, and sometimes thought it would be just as well if we let "George do it", but so long as we can have the encouragement and support of our friends as in the past, we will toil on.

The Press, believing in preservation of the rights of the common people, has championed the movement to have paving done at a reasonable figure. The fact is apparent that our citizens were overcharged by the Warren people when we were compelled to pay \$2.07 for paving and 60c for excavating and 17c for fill. At Hillsboro the fill was included in the 60 cents for excavating. It is certain that our citizens were reckoned on being blooded and charged to the limit. The Warren people last week submitted a bid for paving on Kearney street, Portland, at the price of \$1.37 per yard. Just what the requirements were we do not know but sure we are that it would not fall below what was required in the Grove. The Grove people paid \$2.07, or 70 cents more than the bid made by the same people for doing the Portland job. Add to the 70 cents the 17 cents for fill and we must have paid 87 cents per square yard more than was adequate for this service. It is certain that much improvement in the line of pavement is needed and will be made in the near future, if our citizens can have the assurance that they are getting the worth of their money; but so long as we are to be held up to such extent our citizens will be slow to act.

Dr. Lowe's glasses are death to headaches.

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**CORNELIUS, OREGON.**

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

"Why didn't you send him to me?"  
"I did try to. He said: 'You tell Bob McAdoo to go plumb to thunder. If he wants to see me let him come to me.'"  
"You call the district committee together Monday. I'll fix him," Bob promised grimly.  
"Can't you make it Tuesday? Monday's Christmas."  
"What of that?"  
"Well," Haggin explained apologetically, "the boys like to be off Christmas, you know, with the kids."  
"Can't help it. I've got to go out of town Tuesday. Make it Monday night."  
"All right," Haggin assented regretfully. "I suppose you'll have to turn the kid down. I hate to do it, though, he's such a corker. Well, I must be going."  
"Wait a minute, Tom." Bob sat down and filled out a check. "Here's something for Christmas."  
"What! You givin' Christmas gifts?" Haggin took the check in amazement. Bob's face burned red at something implied in Haggin's words. "Why not?" he retorted gruffly. "You need another diamond, Tom. Here's another for the boys in the Fourth. They haven't found much pickings lately."  
"How'd you know I won't keep it too?"  
"Nonsense, Tom! I know you."  
Haggin swallowed hard. "Mr. McAdoo," he said awkwardly, "you're a man. I'd rather hear them words than sit the check. I ain't words to thank you. Merry Christmas!"  
"The old man givin' Christmas gifts an' tellin' me he trusts me!" he murmured to himself in the corridor. "Hanged if he ain't changin'! Hanged if I don't believe he's got bowlis, after all!"

Bob stood staring at his check book. Finally he sat down and lighted a fresh cigar.  
"All of which is nonsense," he exclaimed in a tone of disgust, although aware of what he did not indicate. "Nevertheless, since I have been foolish for once, I might as well carry it to the end by getting something for the Films. They've earned it, that's sure."  
He closed his desk with a slam and putting on his overcoat, went out into the Christmas atmosphere.

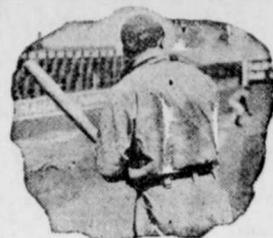
### CHAPTER V. A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

BOB walked hastily through the crowded streets, half ashamed of his errand. He came to a jewelry store and, entering, took his place in the long line of holiday customers. A young man beside him nodded. "How do you do, Mr. McAdoo?"  
Bob returned the nod carelessly. He was growing used to be addressed by strangers.  
A dapper clerk bustled up to him. "What can I show you?" he asked politely.  
Bob frowned in perplexity. "Well," he said slowly, "I hardly know."  
The young man beside him laughed heartily. "Is there, then, one thing the great McAdoo doesn't know?"  
Bob turned on him sharply, fixing on him the cold, steely glare that even MacPherson feared to meet. The young man returned it with a quizzical smile.  
"Yes, one thing—how to take imper-tinence."  
The young man laughed again. "I've heard of your acid humor. Here, you'd better let me attend to this job for you. You're out of your element, and I'm at home at it."  
Bob grunted in spite of himself at the young man's gay assurance. "All right. Go ahead."  
"Whom is it to be for—a lady?" the young man inquired briskly.  
"Two, and one man."  
"Any limit?"  
"No."  
"Let's take up one of the ladies first. What's she like, young or old, complexion dark or light, slender or plump? And what sort of jewelry does she affect?"  
"She's not young. Hair red. Complexion! Well, red too. She's not plump. She's fat."  
"An. I see! Mrs. Films?"  
"What do you know of Mrs. Films?"  
"I know a good deal of you," the young man smiled quizzically again. "We want something gorgeous. A ring, I should say—something in dia-

monds and rubies. Let's see what you have."  
The dapper clerk brought a tray on which precious stones glittered in all colors of the rainbow. At last a ring, set with a large ruby and two fine diamonds, was set aside.  
"We'll take that," the young man decided.  
For Molly McHaffey and Patrick—he seemed entirely familiar with Bob's name relations—he chose respectively a very pretty pearl pendant and a silver cigar case. This done, he laid the three purchases in a row before him and surveyed them critically.  
"There," he said finally; "I think those will help make a very satisfactory Christmas for the lucky ones. But aren't you forgetting something?"  
"For Miss Films? Not here. I'm much obliged to you, though," Bob said as he filled out a check that ran into four figures.  
"Oh, it's been a pleasure, you may be sure," the young man replied pleasantly. "I like to spend money, even if it is some one else's."  
When they left the store the young man turned up the street with Bob in the matter of fact way of one whose company is justified by lifelong acquaintance. Bob, grimly amused, permitted it.  
"It takes Christmas time to make a fellow expand. There's a lot in this 'good will to men,' after all. That's what I like about Christmas."  
"It's nonsense," said Bob. "I don't believe in giving Christmas presents. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent this week in this city by people who have trouble scraping enough together to make ends meet."  
"I'll admit it is the dramatic view of it that appeals to me. I always go broke myself Christmas time, and I positively glom in my bankruptcy, not because others see it as a fine thing—few people have the supreme theatrical sense I have—but because I see it so myself and like to look on at myself in a gorgeous role. You don't understand that, do you?"  
"I do not."  
"No, of course not. You have been too busy driving ahead, trampling the world under your feet, to cultivate these finer pleasures."  
"There are some people who would be afraid to say these things to me," Bob interrupted, half angrily.  
"Oh, I'm not afraid of you, you know," was the cheerful answer. And he continued: "Yours is what I call grand opera egoism. Now, mine is vaudeville. I don't ask the world to prostrate itself before me. All I want is that it shall place me in the foreground, so that I may enjoy myself playing a striking role. Of course the same principle underlies both our natures—concentrated self-love, self love. Were you ever in love?"  
"Well, hardly!"  
"Neither was I. It's a shame, too; I'd make such a splendid lover. I'm not a sentimentalist, though—rather a sensationist. I love a strong sensation. I like the feel of doing the big, the unusual, the beautiful things. I like the sensation of talking about myself frankly to a man who never saw me before and doesn't give a hang whether he ever sees me again."  
Bob laughed loudly—he could not help it. "Well, you've got nerve, there's no doubt of that. I stop at this bookstore."  
"I'll go along. I want to deliver a homily with that laugh of yours as a rest."  
But this time Bob needed no aid from the talkative stranger; the present was for Kathleen. As with the discriminating eye of the book lover Bob chose a superbly bound set of Shakespeare the young man exclaimed:  
"By Jove, I envy the one who gets this present! You love books?"  
"They are my chief extravagance."  
The young man surveyed him thoughtfully. At length he said:  
"You have accomplished more than any young man I know of. You are the third strongest man politically in the city. You are apparently rich. You have accomplished this by dint of sheer strength, leaving out entirely the question of personal popularity. That's the weak spot in your armor. Now you have chosen politics as your particular field. So have I."  
"Then I guessed right," Bob said to himself, and the amused gleam died out of his eyes.  
"Downright brute strength and the fear inspired by it have carried you through so far, but if you are going further you must consider the question of personal popularity. Get the public into the habit of loving a man and they will keep on loving him—just because they love him."

To be continued.

A. Killen, of Thatcher, was in town Tuesday.



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	\$261,993.88
LIABILITIES	
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