

FOREST GROVE PRESS
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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, Ore. 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.

A move on foot, urged by H. C. Atwell, to establish a plant to care for the fruit and berries in and around Forest Grove, should have the support of the community. The time is certainly ripe and the move sufficiently advanced to secure the plant if those who should be interested will come to its support. A meeting will be held in Forest Grove on Saturday, March 9, to consider the matter. Arrangements have been made to secure the presence of Senator W. H. Paulhamus, manager of the berry growers' association at Puyallup, Washington, and Mr. J. O. Holt, manager of the Eugene fruit growers' association.

A spring clean-up of some of the broken sections of sidewalk in Forest Grove would meet with the approval of the walking public. Smooth roads have been provided for the auto enthusiasts, and it but seems proper that equally as good walks should be provided for those who, through necessity or inclination, are required to use them.

Congressman Hawley's article in yesterday's Oregonian denounces secret methods of land office. Just why Mr. Hawley should single out this particular department we hardly understand. His secret methods in swapping off post offices for favors certainly make us doubtful as to his sincerity.

The reduced rates of fare between this city and Portland via the Oregon Electric, should give an added impetus to home building in the Grove, and add materially to its citizenship.

Ben Selling, of Portland, is in the fight to win. He asks the Republicans for their support in the nomination for United States Senator.

Col. Roosevelt has at last announced himself as a candidate for the Presidency.

Thermometers

You need some to keep tabs on the changing temperature. We have all kinds of the best makes. Thermometers for indoors, thermometers for outdoors, dairy thermometers, clinic thermometers for the sick room, barometer the scientific weather prophet, hydrometer to take the density of liquids.

Forest Grove Pharmacy.

The Up-to-the-minute Druggist.

PATENTS

promptly obtained ON NO FEE. Trade-Marks, Designs, Copyrights and Labels registered. TWENTY YEARS PRACTICE. Highest references. Head model, sketch or photo. For free report on patentability. All business confidential. **HAND-BOOK FREE.** Explains everything. Tells how to obtain and sell patents. What inventions will pay. How to get a partner, explains how mechanical movements, and contains 200 other subjects of importance to inventors. Address: **H. B. WILLSON & CO.** Patent Attorneys Box 391 Wilson Bldg. WASHINGTON, D. C.



B. H. LAUGHLIN

A Republican candidate for the office of Sheriff of Washington County, at the nominating election, April 19, 1912.

Your vote will be needed.
(Paid Advertisement.)

For Sheriff

The undersigned, a member of the Republican party and residing at Hillsboro, announces himself a candidate for Sheriff before the Republican primaries to be held in Washington county, April 9, 1912. If nominated and elected I pledge myself to conduct the office as economically as possible and extend every courtesy to citizens having business with the office.

J. C. APPLIGATE,
Candidate for Sheriff.
(Paid Advertisement.)

For County Clerk

To the Voters of Washington County:

I am a candidate for the office of County Clerk, and have filed a petition asking to have my name placed on the official nominating ballot of the Republican party for the primary election to be held April 19, 1912. In said petition and at all times I pledge myself, if elected, to perform the duties of said office as prescribed by law and for the best interests of the public.

EDW. C. LUCE,
Candidate for County Clerk.
(Paid Advertisement.)

Notice to Customers.

To My Friends and Customers:

I hereby take this method of reaching you all as I have not got the time to write you personally. I came to your city and started a dairy and set a price that was in reach of you all, and I intend to furnish and deliver as good a milk as I possibly can. A competitor was to see me Feb. 22 and wanted me to raise my price on milk by March 1, or if I did not he would come down below my price which is 6 cents per quart to everyone or \$1.75 per month single quart, so if my competitor does as he claims he will, part of the city will be able to get cheap milk, but you all know what it is for. I intend to furnish milk to any and all for the price I have already set. I hereby thank my customers for the past month and wishing to solicit your patronage in the future,

I remain as ever yours,
A. KINNEY, Dairyman.
Third St. between Pacific and First Ave.

J. L. HILL
Pacific Avenue

Buys and Sells Second Hand Goods

Telephone 743

Dealer in Flour and Feed

Investment Realty Abstract Company

Makes Your Abstract

Offices, with Forest Grove Press, Hoffman Building.

Law Office, M. B. Bump, Hillsboro.

GUARANTEES RELIABLE SERVICE

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

"That's not true," Bob interjected sharply. "Do you know more about any other subject than you do about politics?"

"Oh, I know politics," the young man said calmly. "I know the power of money and of the big corporations and financiers whom you and I know to be the kings in politics. I am speaking of the politicians, who stand to capital in the relation of attorney to client. I have studied the big political men of our country closely, and every man jack of them has been personally popular or at least able to make himself an attractive public figure. It is the lack of it that will keep you out, if anything can, of control of the city, at which I shrewdly guess you are aiming."

"Perhaps you intend to capture the city yourself?"

"It is not beyond the possibilities," the stranger youth responded imperterbably. "I'll admit, though, that you might be able to prove the exception to my rule. You are so infernally strong, body and soul," he swept Bob with a frankly admiring glance, "as I have been told by those who know you and



"I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU, BOB M'ADOO," as I feel it now when I meet you at close quarters, I almost believe you can do anything in your own way. Still, even if you can accomplish what you want by main force it would be a mighty poor strategy when, by the use of popularity and diplomacy, you can get the same thing more quickly and more easily. A rapier is a deadlier weapon than a meat ax."

He stopped. And Bob took the opportunity to scrutinize the man beside him very carefully. It flashed across his mind that here was one who would attract the hero worshipping public. He saw a lithe, well set up, springily carried figure; long dark hair, slightly curling, crowning a fine brow and a handsome, regular face of a slightly Semitic cast; an olive complexion, dark eyes, flashing just now in the light of debate; a finely molded chin, neither weak nor strong, and a mobile, sweetly smiling mouth—the mouth of a woman.

"His figure is good. He is the rapier, I the meat ax," he thought to himself. "Is that all?" he added aloud.

The young man's tone changed to one of thoughtful, not fearful, hesitation. "Unless you change you will never attract. You are too strong, too arrogant in your strength. You need to work with and through a man who will give your movement a popular tone. In fact, you need me!"

Bob threw back his head and laughed harshly. "I'm a politician, not a variety showman, you know."

The young man betrayed no sign of irritation. "I'm not a rattlebrain," he said with quiet confidence. "You are too good a judge of men not to know that. I am a popular man. I say that without vanity, merely as a fact that has been demonstrated—just as I would say, 'This is a house,' just as you would say, 'I am strong.'"

"So you propose an alliance with

me?"

"Why not? I have studied the big men of this city very carefully and have decided that you are the one who can help me most and whom I can help most. You have what I lack. I have what you lack. You have already a strong grip on local affairs; you are in the position to exploit my talents at once, to give them an immediate value—to both of us. Furthermore, I am prepared to like you, which is unusual. You and I," he declared with a confident smile, "were made to work together. We fit!"

"In other words, you ask me to share with you what power I already have, to take you into a full partnership at once. That's modest, I'm sure."

"No, no! I don't want any of your power. Keep it all. I will help you to add to it. But if I help you to increase it it is only fair that you use it to give me the public life for which I am fitted. I don't ask a full partnership. I only want to be made your chief lieutenant, your officer in the field."

"But think it over," he concluded. "There's no hurry. Take your time and see if you don't find something in the proposition. I stop at this church to meet a girl who is at choir rehearsal tomorrow."

"You are Paul Remington!" Bob cried roughly. "I know you. There can't be two such idiots. You're the fellow who is trying to fight me in my district. You fool! What do you suppose I care for your ranting theatricals, your star or your boasted popularity? If you had come to me first I might have listened to you, but you chose to fight me. Now you must take the consequences. You may as well give up all hope of political rise in this city, young man, for it's my business to keep you down. No man fights me and lives!"

The young man answered with a fearless laugh. "You indulge in ranting theatricals yourself, I think. But you can't do it. You're not God, you know. I'm not afraid of you, Bob M'Adoo. Au revoir!"

He turned and entered the church, leaving Bob to stand staring at the swinging door.

In the vestibule Remington stopped and covered his face with his hands, the woman's gesture.

"Not afraid of him? What a pose! I was fearfully afraid. But he didn't know it. I had the courage of my pose! But he will accept—I saw it. I believe in my star? No, but I believe in his! I will hitch my wagon to a star—his star. And, please God, he will not regret it!"

He took a step toward the inner church, then stopped again.

"And that's a pose too. Shall I never be rid of this habit? I never know myself when I am acting and when sincere. I'd like to be absolutely, undoubtedly sincere once—just once—for the sensation!"

CHAPTER VI. CHRISTMAS SCENES.

AN old fashioned Christmas came that year, the air electric with the keen snap of 10 degrees above zero. You felt Christmas that day, the joyous relaxation, the pleasurable excitement.

Yet the spirit of good will was not universal, as three men in that city could have testified. They shivered in a downtown office and glowered hatefully at one another.

"It's no use talking." No. 1 was saying firmly. "I won't have it. He must never come to trial."

"But, heavens, man," No. 2 responded impatiently, "the man's so plainly guilty. It's a flagrant case."

"Caught with the goods on," No. 3 added. "I couldn't help getting a conviction if I tried."

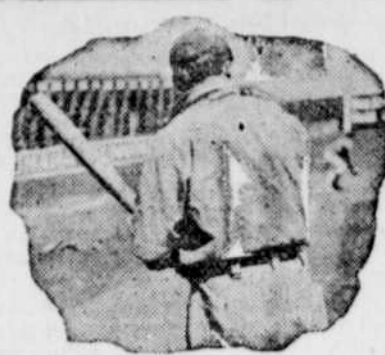
"All the more reason why he must not come to trial."

"But think what it means!" No. 2 argued. "Everybody knows all about this thing. The newspapers have published beforehand the testimony of the bellboy who overheard him offering to take the bribe. They have published facsimiles of the check signed by Henderson and indorsed by Malassey. Every morning there is a fresh editorial howling for his conviction. The whole country is yammering. Malassey must go to jail! Our credit is a little strained as it is; we must do something to placate these howling fools."

"Bah! MacPherson, I'm not a fool. Do you think I haven't seen through your scheme? You're trying to discredit me through Malassey, because he's my councilman. Oh, don't bother denying it. Either this indictment is pigeonholed—or you fight me." He brought his clenched fist savagely down on the desk.

"I'm not afraid of you," MacPherson snarled.

To be continued.



"Bonbonniere"

for fine

Cigars, Candies and Nuts

COURTEOUS TREATMENT

Waiting for One at
the Plate

R. A. PHELPS, Prop.

Pacific Avenue

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
	\$261,993.88

40 Per Cent Cash Reserve

C. C. HANCOCK

General Merchandise, Farming Implements

Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Shoes, Complete Line Furniture, Groceries, Buggies Wagons, Hardware, Etc.

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PEERLESS CAFETERIA

104 FIFTH STREET Between Wash. and Stark 84 and 86 FIFTH STREET Between Stark and Oak

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The Best Place in Portland to Eat and at Most Reasonable Prices

LOW COLONIST FARES

Daily March 1st to April 15th to all points on

Oregon Electric Railway from



Chicago.....	\$31.00
Cincinnati.....	\$37.50
Milwaukee.....	\$31.50
St. Louis.....	\$32.00
New York.....	\$50.00
Detroit.....	\$38.00
St. Paul.....	\$35.00
Kansas City.....	\$25.00
Omaha.....	\$25.00
Des Moines.....	\$27.55
Indianapolis.....	\$35.65
Denver.....	\$25.00



From other Eastern points in proportion

Tell your friends in the East of this opportunity of moving West at low rates. Direct train service via Burlington Route, Northern Pacific, Great Northern and "North Bank" and Oregon Electric Railways. You can deposit with me and tickets will be furnished people in the East. Details will be furnished on request.

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

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

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(Successor to Dr. Hines)
FRANK MERESSE, Manager

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Meals at all hours. The Best of Everything Served Right
Wm. Ruffner, Proprietor