

FOREST GROVE PRESS
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The Press Publishing Co.
In the City of
FOREST GROVE, OREGON.

A. G. HOFFMAN, President
O. M. 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.

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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
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A copy of The Press will be mailed
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appears.

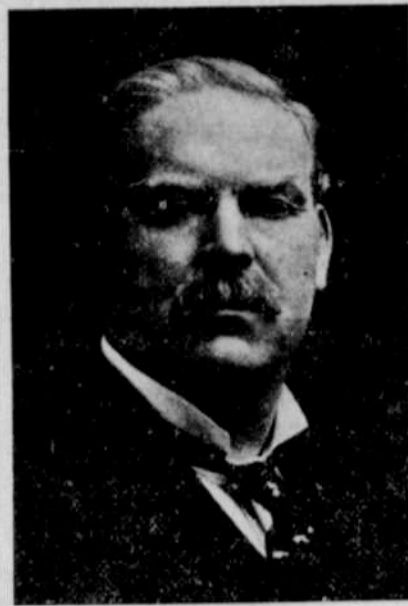
The failure of the committee of citizens which met with the trustees of Tualatin Academy Monday to reach an amicable adjustment for the facing of the new Carnegie library, is an unhappy incident to the welfare of this city. Considering the good influence that this city has exerted over the college and that it has ever stood by that institution in all its adversity during past years, and that it is constantly working for the upbuilding of the school, it is a cause of deep regret that the board chooses to ignore our welfare in the matter of the facing of the library to the advantage of the city as well as that of the college. It is but one instance of the interest that this city takes in all matters affecting the college when it is cited that over two thousand dollars was raised as a maintenance fund for the library. The facing of the library building according to the plans and specifications as originally prepared is an insult to every resident of the city, and the library will stand a monument of selfishness on the part of the college board.

The bad condition of portions of our sidewalks in the city is due to the negligence of the abutting property owners. Much vigilance has been manifested by the council and committee to have the walks repaired without resorting to stringent measures of enforcement. Record of past enforcement and sidewalk building by the city out of the common treasury will show that the taxpayers footed the bills, in most cases, and the owner reaped the benefit without repaying the city. Every property owner should have civic pride enough to keep his walks in repair without being compelled by authority of law, and where that pride does not exist there should be some certain and adequate means of enforcement at the expense of the property owner.

Social conditions in Salem among the young boys and girls seem to be somewhat of a character not to be desired. Parents often, through what might seem excessive kindness in liberality for their children, have cause for regrets. The same conditions exist in every town and hamlet throughout the country. Fathers and mothers should, while time is opportune, keep a vigilant eye on the young folks under their care. It might be well to call up the teacher on the phone if not able to visit the school room in person these fine afternoons and learn if the laddie or lassie in whom you have so much confidence is really in school or out in the lane enjoying the open air. A little vigilance will not harm the child and may work a wonder.

It is conceded by everybody that Ben Selling is very popular in Portland, owing to his active interest in building up Portland.

This fact is making for him many friends in all sections of the state. What is said of his interest in the upbuilding of Portland, when opportunity is afforded will be said of him as to the whole state of Oregon.



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.)



W. H. HOLLIS

Of Washington County.

I wish to announce my candidacy for nomination to the office of senator for the senatorial district comprising Washington, Tillamook, Yamhill and Lincoln counties, subject to the will of the Republican voters, at the primary election, April 19, 1912.

W. H. HOLLIS,
(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.)

Candidate for Sheriff.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Washington county, subject to the will of the Republican voters at the primary election April 19, 1912. I am a resident of Hillsboro, and have been a Republican all my life. If nominated I will use my best efforts to secure my election, and if elected will pledge myself to conduct the affairs of the office in an honest, efficient, economical and business-like manner and at all times keeping in mind the interests of the tax-paying public.

FRED E. CORNELIUS,
(Paid Advertisement.)

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

The square chinmed man laughed harshly. "That's another lie. You are afraid of me. You wouldn't be worth the powder it takes to blow you up if you didn't have me and the Sixth's majorities, while I can go out and get the old Harmon crowd together and beat you all along the line day after tomorrow. I don't want to do it, but if this trial goes on I will. Now put up or shut up! Is Malassey tried?"

"There was silence a minute.

"No!" The monosyllable sounded more like a wolf's bark than a human voice.

The square chinmed man laughed again. "All right. There's a good deal of profanity packed away in that 'no.' Save it until I'm gone." He put on his hat and left the office.

In a secluded corner of the city's most fashionable restaurant sat a man and a woman at early dinner. They were evidently brother and sister, having the same dark hair and eyes, the same regular features of the same slightly Semitic cast. The man was talking.

"And so I laid hold on the man who has life by the throat. Now what do you think of your most unworthy brother?"

"No one but you would have done it. What audacity?"

"Why not? I can't afford not to be audacious. It is the only role that suits me."

"Ah, but will you win with all your boldness? You say yourself that he threatened to crush you."

"My dear sister, the doubt is unworthy of you. Rest assured, he will yield. Tonight will prove me right."

Her eyes rested proudly on him. "Yes, the doubt is unworthy. When did you ever fail? Who can resist the witchery of your magnetism?"

"It is witchery, isn't it? But we come rightly by it. Strange how, after five generations of Puritanism, our breed should cast back and produce in you and me copies of our Hebrew ancestress—glorious woman—who fell in love with a Puritan, abandoned her people to marry her lover, deserted her husband to go on the stage and bring the world to her feet. A magnetic sensationalist! She lived! And we are her children."

The woman shuddered. "Don't! I always think of her tragic disappearance from the world and her hideous end. Perhaps that is part of our heritage too."

"Nonsense! Of what use are five generations of Puritanism if not to save us from that? But even if it were not so, what of it? While she lived she lived—as I shall, through him."

"Ah, but will you be good for him? Even in our philosophy there is the theory of equivalents."

"Yes. Of course that isn't why I seek him—you and I have no illusions. But I like him, and, please God, I will be a good friend. I will teach him our philosophy. My friendship shall discover to him the tremendous appetite for life hidden away in the big soul of him. Through me he shall live."

"Let us hope so, and that you aren't playing with fire. But, to change the subject, what of your lady of dreams?"

His mobile face became dreamy, and he murmured, half to himself:

"It is strange. I have the feeling that I am coming nearer to her. She grows more real to me every day. I can see her now, with her glorious hair, her sad eyes and her beautiful cold mouth with the tinge of bitterness. She will come—of that I am certain. But, come, enough of serious things. My watch says just one-half hour until I must start for the scene of battle, enough to see you in your train—if you insist on leaving tonight?"

"I must. I have my battle to fight across the seas."

"Then a toast. To our fortunes! And may life always glow red for us!"

"Ah, I'm afraid of that toast! And of our battles?"

But they touched glasses and drank.

He forgets he is attacking himself as well as me. To such lengths will passion carry a man!"

"There was a knock at the door, and a young woman burst into the room. At twenty-eight Kathleen Flinn was still unmarried—to the wonderment of her many friends, since she seemed made for the home life. She was beautiful, with the beauty of health and of the cheery, unselfish spirit which made her a woman among women. In the Fourth ward school, of which she was principal, thanks to Bob's political influence, a thousand boys and girls loved her with an unwavering devotion they did not always accord their parents. She always remained a mystery to Bob McAdoo.

"What a shame!" she cried sympathetically, holding out a folded newspaper.

"So you've read it, too. Nice Christmas gift, isn't it?" Bob smiled in amused contempt. "I wouldn't care about it if I were you."

"I know such attacks are apt to make themselves true by imbibing the man assailed. And I think of your wonderful possibilities. No; don't laugh, please. I know what you are now, but I know, too, what you will become. I know that some day you will be and do far more and better than you have yet set your eyes on."

"Ah! Then you care only because of what I shall do when this mysterious change takes place? It isn't that you like me?" Again his tone voiced a purely impersonal inquiry, with no hint of disappointment in it.

"Why should I?" she laughed frankly, with a girlish toss of her head.

"Why, indeed?" he smiled back, pleasantly for him. "But won't you sit down?"

"You were slow giving the invitation," she said gayly. "But I accept, for a few minutes, because I want to thank you for the beautiful books."

"Don't," he said, again pleasantly. "I still owe you more than I can pay." She did not try to thank him further. For some minutes they sat silent before the fire. Kathleen observed him furtively, with the sensation of beholding a stranger. He seemed strangely less harsh than she was used to see him. She had never known him so—she cast about for the word—human.

He stirred from his contemplation of the fire.

"I have to be honest with you, Kathleen. It is true, that editorial, but—I don't care."

"Ah!" Kathleen leaned forward with a quick, impulsive movement. "Don't you want me to like you, to believe in you?"

"I'm not sure." She laughed outright at his evident hesitation. "But you are an exception. Long ago I determined to make my struggle alone. My own weight was quite enough without adding that of others, as, being what I am, I inevitably must if I assumed the responsibilities of friendship. To other and uglier words, since I was placed here in the eternal scramble by a power over which I had no control I proposed to get on top, no matter over whom I had to scramble. And I didn't propose to put myself in relations where I should hesitate to trample over any one when desirable."

"And does the theory satisfy?" she asked. "You put it in the past tense, I notice."

He frowned impatiently. "I should like to say one but you, Kathleen. That's the worst of it. It brings the desired results, but it doesn't satisfy—you're Irish enough to understand that, I hope—because the struggle is so ridiculously easy. Sometimes I long for a real struggle, one that would test my muscles to the limit."

For some time Kathleen stared thoughtfully into the fire.

"I suspect the only force that will give you the supreme test you desire is—yourself," she said at length and then demanded abruptly: "Why don't you abandon your theory? You admit it doesn't satisfy."

He laughed unpleasantly. "I'm as confidential as a sentimental girl today. I may as well go the whole length—because I'm afraid."

"Bob McAdoo afraid?" Kathleen's irony never carried a sting.

"Yes—of Bob McAdoo."

She arose and looked down on him pityingly.

To be continued.

Notice

I am prepared to deliver fresh milk to all parts of the city for 6 cents per quart, delivered night and morning. I will do my best to satisfy you. A. KINNEY, Dairyman, Third St., Forest Grove, Oregon.



"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.
CORNELIUS, OREGON.

LOW COLONIST FARES
Daily March 1st to April 15th
to all points on
Oregon Electric Railway from

Chicago	\$33.00
Cincinnati	\$37.00
Milwaukee	\$31.50
St. Louis	\$32.00
New York	\$50.00
Detroit	\$38.00
St. Paul	\$25.00
Kansas City	\$25.00
Omaha	\$25.00
Des Moines	\$27.85
Indianapolis	\$35.65
Denver	\$35.00

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.

BACK TO THE FARM in now the slogan, and the
LOW COLONIST FARES
From the Middle and Eastern portions of the United States
To OREGON and the NORTHWEST
prevailing daily
March 1 to April 15, 1912
over the

is the best means of carrying it out

FARES FROM

Chicago	\$33.00
St. Louis	32.00
Omaha	25.00
Kansas City	25.00
St. Paul	25.00

From other cities correspondingly low

Colonist Fares are WEST-BOUND only, but they can be perpaid from any point. If you have friends or relatives in the East who desire to "GET BACK TO THE FARM," you can deposit the value of the fare with your nearest local agent and a ticket will be telegraphed to any address desired.

Call on the undersigned for instructive literature to send East.

JOHN M. SCOTT, General Passenger Agent
PORTLAND, OREGON.

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