

**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, 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.

We believe that if a united effort is put forth on the part of those who desire to see Washington county voted dry this fall, their efforts will be rewarded. The Press stands ready to give any and all support within its power to the movement. Let us make a united, systematic campaign and commence the work at once.

**SANITARIUM OPENED**

The Forest Grove Sanitarium has again opened for business. Mrs. Nellie Rike, graduate of the Deaconess Hospital of Dayton, Ohio, is in charge. Mrs. Rike is a professional nurse, having held the position of head nurse in the Chicago Hospital and was for some time superintendent of the Health Culture Institute of Los Angeles, California. We predict success for the institution under her management.

**Good Roads Day**

May 11th, by proclamation of Governor Oswald West, has been declared a holiday and is to be known as "Good Roads Day." The Governor urges upon the people that they do upon that day pause in their employment to give careful thought to the question of road construction, and earnestly recommends that the voters of the state on that day study and discuss the different road bills which are now before them for future action.

**Civil Service Examinations**

The United States civil service commission announces that a postoffice clerk examination will be held at Forest Grove, Oregon, to secure eligibles from which selection may be made to fill a vacancy in the Forest Grove, Oregon, postoffice. Both men and women will be admitted to this examination. Applicants should apply at once to the local secretary, Board of Civil Service Examiners, at the Forest Grove postoffice, or to the secretary, Eleventh Civil Service District, Seattle, Wash., for application blank and full information.

**William S. Macrum Dead**

William S. Macrum died Friday evening at his residence in Portland. Funeral services were held in Portland under the direction of the Knights Templars commandery of Washington Lodge, and the ritualistic services of the Masonic order were carried out.

Mr. Macrum had been connected with the Merchants National Bank for the past twenty-two years, occupying various positions which he filled with credit. He was admitted to the Oregon bar but never practiced as an attorney. He was a son of the late I. W. Macrum, who built in South Forest Grove one of the finest residences in our city.

We wish to announce that we have secured the agency for "VINOL." Ask any of our clerks what it is. The Forest Grove Pharmacy.

**COURT MATTERS**

**MARRIAGE LICENSES**

Loren Lyons and Lena Littleton.  
Truman B. Vinson and Eva Clow.

Ernest F. Bosworth and Myrtle A. Cleaver.

**PROBATE COURT**

Estate of David Eggleston, deceased. Heirs cited to appear to answer petition for sale of real property on June 10th, 1912.

Estate of Thomas Matthiesen, deceased. Monday, June 3, 1912, set for hearing final account.

Estate of John M. Simpson, deceased. Amended final account approved. Stephen A. Holcomb Estate. Benton Bowman appointed guardian ad litem of minor heirs.

Estate of James McGowan, deceased. Estate closed of record. Estate of Hannah Purser, deceased. First semi-annual account approved.

Estate of Stephen A. Holcomb, deceased. Administrator authorized to sell real property. Administrator to give \$13,100 additional bond.

**COMMISSIONERS COURT**

Ruth Trust Co. Petition to vacate Electric addition to Banks townsite allowed.

W. J. Quinn. Granted liquor license in Columbia Precinct for one year.

Robert T. Simpson. Granted liquor license in Buxton Precinct for one year.

**TYPEWRITERS GIVEN AWAY**

The Emerson Typewriter Company of Woodstock, Ill., have recently given away over 400 of the highest grade, wholly visible Emerson Typewriters made in the world. They have gone into every state and territory in the United States. There may be some in your town. They are giving them away everywhere to men, women, boys and girls, over eighteen years of age, on surprisingly liberal conditions.

If you could make any use of a \$100 typewriter, providing it did not cost you even one cent, then in a letter or on a postal card addressed to Frank L. Wilder, President, Woodstock, Ill., simply say, "Mail me all your free offers," and by return mail you will receive their free offers. The names of over 400 who have recently received typewriters free, and you will learn on what easy conditions you can get one of their typewriters free right away.

The Emerson Typewriter is one of the highest grade, wholly visible typewriters made in the world. Many who have used the "EMERSON" and other makes pronounce the "EMERSON" superior to any \$100.00 typewriter on the market. It is a wholly visible machine, has every new, up-to-date feature, looks like other high grade \$100.00 typewriters, though it is selling just now at an astonishingly low price and on terms of no money with order, trial free in your own home. Nothing to pay at first, and after a thorough trial, 10 cents a day until paid. The "EMERSON" has every new improvement, universal keyboard, back spacer, tabulator, two-color ribbon, everything the best; is the ideal machine for beginners as well as for the most expert typists and stenographers; just the typewriter for the smallest or largest office.

If you could possibly make any use of a high grade typewriter, even though it didn't cost you one cent of money, or if you would like the agency in your town on a plan by which you could make big money, or if you would like a position with the company, then be sure, on a postal card or in a letter addressed to "Frank L. Wilder, President, Woodstock, Ill.," say "Mail me your Free Offers."

**Final Notice**

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Eli Smith deceased, has filed in the County Court of Washington County, her final report in said estate, and the County Judge has set Saturday, May 25th, 1912, at 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, as the time of hearing any objections to said report, therefore all persons interested therein will appear at that time, or file their objections on or before that date.

MRS. C. E. SMITH,  
Administratrix of the estate of Eli Smith, deceased.  
MANCH: IRENE LANGLEY,  
Attorney for Administratrix.  
First publication April 25.

Don't neglect the children's musical education. It is a sin for parents to neglect this part of a child's education. Have you a piano in your home to start the little ones out on, who, if they had half a chance, would turn the gloom into sunshine for you and others? I sell good reliable pianos and sell them on terms to suit you whether for cash, or the smallest payment you can afford.  
—Geo. G. PATERSON, Forest Grove.



**THE MAN HIGHER UP**

BY HENRY RUSSELL MILLER  
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY BOBBIS MERRILL CO.

Henry Sanger believed himself sincere as he answered: "No! Because of the manner of man he is. He is the most absolutely self centered, self willed man I know. He will listen to no one else. He would sacrifice any man or interest to forward his own ambition. He is essentially a bully. He was the prize barroom bully of his neighborhood in his younger days. He thrashed an ex-prizefighter, I believe, and that gave him his start in politics. As a boss whose power is continually growing I consider him a menace to this state. Bosses we must have. It is only through the boss that capital holds the balance of power against the harebrained radicals infesting the country. But the boss must be a man who will listen to reason and consider others than himself."

"That is, you demand bosses whom you capitalists can boss?"

"And who has a better right to control than the men whose brains and industry and money have developed our wealth?" Sanger demanded hotly.

"But if the people can elect whom they please I can't see why—"

"Oh, the people!" Sanger broke in disdainfully. "They can no more be trusted with the industrial and financial interests than can a man like McAdoo."

"I think," Mrs. Gilbert said—"I think I should like to go to the convention with you. Would it be proper?"

"Well," Sanger said thoughtfully, "it won't be a very nice crowd, but—"

"Then I'll go."

If Eleanor Gilbert felt the many curious glances turned upon her as she entered the box her brother had managed to reserve for her she gave no outward sign, but proceeded to study the excited crowd with amused eyes. Her sensitive nerves caught the contagion of excitement with which the atmosphere was charged. Sanger saw a tinge of color come to her usually pale cheeks, and her eyes brightened perceptibly. She caught him smiling at her.

"I'm glad I came," she said brightly. "I'm excited already, just as though I were a part of it all. I feel just as I did when I was a little girl and my governess took me to the play."

"Humph!" Sanger grunted. "Look over there in the box opposite. You will find an interesting study."

A group of men was just entering the box. Eleanor immediately fixed her attention upon one, the last to enter, whose identity she guessed at once. As was the case with most people, her first impression was of his physical strength.

"It's the boss! What tremendous shoulders!"

Bob sat down in the rear of the box, but even seated he towered above his companions by half a head, and Eleanor could note the strongly marked face. Even across the theater she could catch the cold, piercing glance with which he swept the delegates. The glance traveled toward the box in which she sat, met hers, and while one might count ten, against her will, his eyes held hers and then passed on to the stage.

Eleanor leaned back and drew a long breath. "So that's your barroom bully? I should hate to be in that man's power. He is—relentless."

The convention was called to order. A permanent chairman was chosen, who after a brief speech declared the meeting open for mayoralty nominations. At once a man sprang to his feet and in a speech bristling with high down metaphors nominated "that clown man, that sterling friend of the people, James Rustling." His speech was greeted with perfunctory applause.

As the applause died down another man secured recognition.

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the convention," he began, "it was to have been my privilege to place before this convention the name of William Hemenway, whose devotion to the Republican party and to the interests of the people needs no praise from me. It is therefore with the keenest regret I have received from him a letter, which I now hold, in which he gives me the distressing news that he has been stricken with ill health, such as to incapacitate him for the arduous duties of a campaign and of the office of mayor. He therefore authorizes me to withdraw his candidacy and requests those delegates instructed for him to cast their votes for the gentleman who has been so eloquently nominated, James Rustling."

For a moment the great crowd sat in the silence of blank bewilderment. Then as the import of the announcement dawned upon them an angry murmur arose from the galleries. Down in the body of the house a delegate, a big, burly ruffian, sprang to his feet.

"Sick—!" he shouted. "We know the kind of sickness Bill Hemenway has."

It was a signal for uproar. In an instant all in the galleries and on the floor were on their feet. The protesting murmur grew into a roar, a storm of anger and derision. Eleanor, for a moment frightened by the furious clamor, turned pale.

"What is it?" she asked her brother excitedly. "What do they mean?"

"Hemenway was McAdoo's candidate. He has been persuaded to withdraw in favor of Rustling, the other candidate."

The uproar died down, and tense silence succeeded once more. What the crowd anticipated had happened. They recognized MacPherson's crafty band. Was the boss checkmated by his sworn enemy? In the hearts of the McAdoo followers consternation now reigned.

Out of the tense silence a voice rang out:

"Mr. Chairman!"

"Mr. Remington!"

The big man who had broken the silence before now sprang to his feet again. "Remington! Give 'em a—, Paul; give 'em a—!" The crowd took up the shout. "Remington! Remington!" While the applause lasted Eleanor saw a young man walk rapidly toward the stage from his seat in the rear of the parquet.

"Who is he?" she demanded of her brother.

"McAdoo's mouthpiece," he answered shortly, shifting uneasily in his seat.

As he stood on the platform, waiting for the applause to subside, Paul Remington thrilled with the knowledge that his moment had come—a moment such as comes but once in a lifetime and to but few men.

And before him sat the woman of his dreams.

He raised his hand, and the applause ceased. There was an instant's hush.

"I am not here to upbraid!"

The tragedy that had come into her young life had left Eleanor Gilbert but one relic of her girlhood, a passionate love of music. As the first words fell from Paul's lips she felt a thrill. For a time, giving no heed to the sense of his words, she listened with the musician's trained ear to the wonderful voice, deep yet resonant and flexible, under perfect control, carrying a faintly minor quality. Gradually the spell of the orator took hold upon her.

"When the American republic was founded the triumph of democracy was believed complete. But eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. And we—almost to our undoing—have slept." In simple yet vivid words Paul went on to describe the commercial, industrial and political evils that have taken root among us.

"Yet these evils," he declared, "pernicious as their immediate effects, might be endured were it not that they threaten the existence of our vital institution, popular government. Time was, perhaps, when our industrial kings were content to build within the pale of the law. But industrial conditions and methods changed. The machinery of the law—government—has become the creature of corporate wealth."

At this point in his speech Paul cast aside restraint and poured forth a torrent of invective against corporate greed and its servants. At the conclusion of his climax not a sound could be heard in the theater. His audience sat wrapped in an ominous silence.

"What do these things mean?" Paul continued. "Of late a new word has come into use among us, plutocracy! Government by wealth for wealth; by the very nature of the lust that gives it birth, ever conscienceless, pitiless, ever unutterably selfish, an enemy to the equal brotherhood of men!"

In plain, unimaging terms Paul outlined the political history of the state. In it the forces of plutocracy, were most strongly entrenched. For a generation, until the time when John Duemede had dared to set his face against the powers of corruption, it had lain prostrate, unprotesting, under the heel of a great railway monopoly. This monopoly, abetted by the steel interests of the city, had robbed the greatest state of the Union of its virtue and independence. One man, by grace of his control of the railway system, had dictated the choice of officers and their official policy. Bosses might come and bosses might go, but one and all they owed allegiance to the one master 400 miles away, whose wrath was more to be feared by the politically ambitious than the anger of God. In return for their allegiance the bosses had been permitted to pillage the city."

(To be continued.)

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June, 1-6-7-8-13-14-15-17-18-19-20-21-24-25-27-28-29 Sept., 4-5-6-7-8-11-12-30  
July, 2-3-6-7-11-12-15-16-20-22-23-26-29-30-31 Stop-overs going or returning within the limit.

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