

**FOREST GROVE PRESS**  
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In the City of  
FOREST GROVE, OREGON,  
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THURSDAY of EACH WEEK.  
INDEPENDENT PHONES  
OFFICE 505 RESIDENCE 442

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If the action on the part of the council should fall short in a single particular to fulfill the law in ordering pavement and the paving is done, and at that time should the property holders in the paved district refuse to accept the bonding act and to pay, the taxpayers of the city would be compelled to shoulder the whole debt. The council is the city's agent and the city will be bound by their action. Is not every taxpayer interested?

## PASSED 8TH GRADE EXAMINATIONS

The following named pupils of the districts designated below successfully passed the state eighth grade examinations held in this county on May 9 and 10, 1912:

- District No. 1—John R. Pubols, Esther Bechen, Benjamin Pubols.
- District No. 2—Joseph Mann, Daniel Erwin.
- District No. 3—Florence Daily.
- District No. 6—Arthur Rasmussen, Carl Hickethier.
- District No. 7—Mamie Follette, Gladys Shute, Ralph Prahl, Guy Strong, Odell Brandaw, Arthur Kroeger, Leona Gardner, Alfred Harrington, Georgina Bendler, Esther Landess, Creigh Long, Earl Caudle, Beth Sigler, Edwin Bowman, Kenneth Humpke, Viola Johnson, Ray Van Dewalker, Trella Lincoln, Mattie Case, Genevieve Collette, Leah Barnett, John Paque, Adelaide Meier, Wayne Vaught, Sidney Ferguson, Robert Greer, Carl Terriauff, Merle Ornduff, Ralph Williams, Ruby Tipton, Hugh Weik, Edward Freudenthal, Maude Morrill, Alta Hornecker, Ray Sigler.
- District No. 10—Louis Tupper, Elizabeth Johnson.
- District No. 11—Harold Haynie.
- District No. 13—Ruth Willis.
- District No. 15—Donald Lamb, Dorothy Joy, Lawrence Peterson, Archie Olson, Teddie Thomas, Mariam Corl, Alice Ralston, Ruth Austin, Glen Thomas, Arthur Jones, Estella Stokes, Grace Gibson, Taylor Graham, Paul Knox, Clara Crawford, Ray Jackson, Ruth Patton.
- District No. 16—Willis Hall.
- District No. 17—Nellie Smith, Elvera Anderson.
- District No. 18—Josephine Kosmalka, Clarence Bowes, Nellie Snyder, Ruth Linder, Derle Denny.
- District No. 19—Alice Reilly.
- District No. 21—Lyditt Carlquist.
- District No. 25—Chester Bruster, Frank Boge.
- District No. 26—Ada Westfall, Edna Geiberger, Lillie Liebig, Claude Nyberg.
- District No. 28—Willie Inglis.
- District No. 29—Arvid Nordlund, Elsie Heinrich.
- District No. 37—Augusta Wenzel, Edith VanKleek, Ruth Richards, Ina Hanson.
- District No. 39—Mary Nissen.
- District No. 40—Robert Pleith.
- District No. 42—Ernest Quick.
- District No. 48—Leon Davis, Pansy Smith, Laura Rimbrick, Genevieve Watts, Helen Beard, Herman Lind.
- District No. 50—Dora Hancock, Marjorie Hazleton.
- District No. 52—Ray Lynch.
- District No. 23—Verna Vogel.
- District No. 54—Louise Reichen, Gottlieb Schneider.
- District No. 55—Carl Comstock, Hrrriet Horrigan.
- District No. 58—Elma Schulerick.
- District No. 60—Gracie Ayers.
- District No. 72—Mae Bledsoe.
- District No. 76—Helen D. Meade, Agnes M. Meade.
- District No. 77—Henry Holtz, Hugh Lilly, Ruth Lilly.
- District No. 88—Edward Peters, Willa Courtney, George Stewart, Clifford Driskell, Mabel I. Weckert.
- District No. 89—Lois Yager, Ina Reasoner.
- District No. 94—Arthur Wridge, Collin Brigham, Fred Reusser.
- District No. 95—Oscar Freddeen, Lewis Minor.
- District No. 97—Minnie Peters, Maria Bill, Josephine Hermans, Antony Heesacker.
- District No. 106—Orlo Curtice.
- District No. 107—Alma Beuhner, Albert Earle, Hazel Clark.

The following pupils having passed in all but one or two subjects, were passed conditionally and will be allowed to complete the examination on the two subjects below 70 per cent at the next examination held June 6 and 7, 1912:

- Dist. No. 1—Adeline Holcomb.
- Dist. No. 7—Arthur Wohler, Alma Gottlieb, Richard H. Hoyt.
- Dist. No. 9—Elmer Batchelor.
- Dist. No. 10—Nelson Johnson, Frank Boese.
- Dist. No. 11—Kenneth Hawke, Lena McBurney.
- Dist. No. 13—Dorothy Davies, Ethel Pryor, Gladys Shipley, Raymond Shipley, Vivian Banks.
- Dist. No. 15—Harold Watrous, Harriet Benjamin, Irene Robinson, Willis Hines, Una Emerson, Gertrude Himman, Lloyd Crozier, Margaret Curtise, Freda Moore, Frank Burlingham, Zella Buckingham, Beth Sexton, Beth Potwin, Edith Craft, Ralph Emerson.
- District No. 16—Chester Wahl.
- District No. 17—Jennie McCallon, Velden Boge, Frank Shane, Eugene Johnson.
- District No. 18—Jennie Olson.
- Dist. No. 29—Hazel Swalley.
- Dist. No. 32—Wilfred Walker, Guy Welch.
- Dist. No. 33—Myrtle Love.
- Dist. No. 37—Fred Grabhorn.
- Dist. No. 39—Mabel Crosby, Joseph Flint, Harry Hansor, Dana Crosby.
- Dist. No. 40—Leona Middleton, Arthur Wheaton.
- Dist. No. 41—Pauline Schaeffli.
- Dist. No. 44—Merle White, Edith Benefiel, Clifford Brown, Edgar Crawford, Edith Selfridge, Ethel Benefiel.
- Dist. No. 48—Willie Berst.
- Dist. No. 53—Evelyn McGinn.
- Dist. No. 54—Lizzie Waters.
- Dist. No. 57—Walter Bremmer, William Schlottman.
- Dist. No. 58—Annie Ritzel.
- Dist. No. 61—Einar Berggren.
- Dist. No. 71—Isa Aydelott, Percy Shearer.
- Dist. No. 72—Frances Pease, Hattie Hannan.
- Dist. No. 79—Janet Haefel.
- Dist. No. 88—Clark Johnson, Edna Moreback, Joseph Peters, Inez Adams, Gertrude Peters, Ruth Shaffer.
- District No. 89—Ralph Deaville, Irene Olaine.
- Dist. No. 95—John Fuhrer.
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# THE MAN HIGHER UP

BY HENRY RUSSELL MILLER  
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"And to the advantage of my loyal friend, I suppose," she suggested inquiringly. "You are no doubt—I'm very ignorant of politics—some one very important, a high officer, congressman, at least?"

"Oh, no, I'm only a senator of the common or garden variety, a very unimportant member of our state legislature."

"While he has become boss," she added. "It seems—"

"Don't, Mrs. Gilbert, I beg of you," he interrupted gravely. "It would be disloyal for me to listen to such suggestions even from you. The least I can do is to trust him. I could fill a higher position, and I often chafe over my slow climb. If I were to insist he would help me to the best in his power to give. But his judgment and his heart are to be trusted. You shall know him, and then you will understand why I trust him so absolutely."

"Thank you, no!" she said indignantly. "I approve of your loyalty, of course. But I saw your friend this afternoon, and, frankly, I don't think I should like him. I don't care to meet!"

She stopped suddenly, and both looked up startled, feeling another's presence. It was Bob who had come into

Bob at meeting, looking back and turned to Paul. "Come and see me, Mr. Remington. We will discuss politics. Good afternoon, Mr. McAdoo." And she was rapidly whirled away.

Paul drew a deep breath. "I don't see why you and she don't hit it off better. She's wonderful."

"She's the devil!" Bob growled.

Paul did not answer this outburst. "Let's have a drink," he suggested. "I'm limp as a rag. You've got to break over this time, old man."

Safe in the seclusion of the hooded automobile, Eleanor Gilbert was re-peating half in amusement, half in resentment:

"What a man! My dear, you caught it that time. And you deserved it. What a man!"

She did not refer to Paul.

### CHAPTER XIL DISCONTENT.

IN the tallest of the city's skyscrapers, in the highest story of said building, were, as the letters on the ground glass door announced, the law offices of Paul Remington. The term "law offices" was perhaps a misnomer, for upon Paul had fallen the distrust which the business public often feels for the political lawyer, and the bulk of his practice consisted principally in caring for the legal end of Bob's business ventures and in helping their political friends out of police court scrapes.

Only the presence of Miss Myrtle Jones, stenographer, reminded you that this was a legal center.

On this particular morning some two weeks after the convention Miss Jones was early at her post. Bob entered with a curt greeting. He was accompanied by Haggin, who wore a sheepish grin.

"Well," he said, "they sure did put the bug on us last night."

"So I've been told," Bob remarked dryly. "Sit down."

Haggin sat down on the window sill—it was more comfortable than Bob's chairs—and crossed his hands over his capacious paunch. "Malassey's out there," he said.

"Yes." And Bob's teeth came together with an audible click. "He's been waiting there for some time. That's why I sent for you. Tom, how much is he worth in the Seventh?"

"Well, he's worth a good deal. All that Democrat bunch follow him like sheep. An' the Seventh is a Democrat ward."

"Then you think he's really important?"

"Un-huh!" Haggin agreed. "Biggest man in the ward. Paul's the only man that ever could touch him. An' even Paul can't knock sense into a Democrat when he gets set. But, say, you ain't?"

"I'm going to knock a little sense into one Democrat." He touched a button, and Miss Jones opened the door.

"Miss Jones, will you ask Malassey to step in? And, Miss Jones, if Mr. Remington should come in, please hold him until I can see him. I rely on you."

Malassey was a type of the professional "mixer," a big, red-faced fellow with a bluff, boisterous manner that passed for good fellowship among the undiscerning. One eye was set slightly lower than its fellow. Bob greeted him with a curt nod and lolled back in his chair. Haggin grudgingly ignored the entrance of the new-comer. Malassey seated himself awkwardly on the edge of a chair.

"I'm mighty sorry about the convention, Mr. McAdoo," he began eagerly.

Bob chuckled. "I see. I really think he'd better hunt another job, Tom."

Malassey sprang to his feet, pale and trembling. "Before God, Mr. McAdoo," he began with nervous vehemence, "I didn't—"

Bob came sharply upright in his chair.

"Before God, Malassey," he said harshly, "you did. You were to go into the Democratic nominating committee and help get me their indorsement. But you didn't."

"It's a lie, whoever says it," Malassey cried. "I voted for you, and the record'll prove it."

"Yes, you voted for me when the committee was safely against me. You took a flier in double dealing, Malassey. It has netted you a thousand dollars, and that's all. The mayor expects your resignation at once. Good morning, Malassey."

An hour later Paul came in and threw himself wearily on one of Bob's uncomfortable chairs.

"Well," he said moodily, "you lost that trick."

"I'm not infallible," Bob returned calmly. "And they played this hand better than the last one."

(To be continued.)



SHE STOPPED SUDDENLY, AND BOTH LOOKED UP STARTLED.

the box, unnoticed by them. To both Paul and Eleanor it was as though a cloud had passed across the face of the sun.

There was an awkward pause while Bob, standing motionless in the rear of the box, looked steadily at Eleanor with coldly hostile eyes. And Eleanor, startled, but not disconcerted, returned his with a glance into which she strove to put amusement.

Paul sought to take into his hands what threatened to be a situation.

"It's fate, Mrs. Gilbert," he said, with a laugh which he tried to render easy. "Let me present our next mayor, Mrs. Gilbert, Bob, has just avowed her alliance with the enemy. We must convert her."

"Why?" Bob answered crudely, without changing his regard.

And somehow, as he said it, Bob's monosyllable carried a sting far sharper than its crude surface irony. It put her strangely on the defensive, and therefore, with men, Mrs. Eleanor Gilbert had always been mistress of the situation. She tried to answer with indifference.

"You have so many enemies that one more or less cannot disturb you."

"I have many."

"And the habit of beating them, I believe?"

"I believe so," he answered steadily. "But Bob doesn't make war on women." Paul interrupted with nervous eagerness.

"Too small game, I suppose," she said with the mocking upward inflection that had so often put men to flight.

"It has never been necessary," Bob responded, unmoved by her sarcasm.

And Eleanor, beaten, gave up the battle of eyes. Yet there was defiance in her laugh as she said:

"Mr. McAdoo would be as merciless to a woman as to any other enemy, I fancy. But I must go."

This time Paul did not protest.

The two men followed her silently out of the theater to the street. As she was about to step into the automobile she gathered her courage for a last effort.

"It has been a very interesting afternoon. I thank you—both." She gave

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