

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

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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.

There is but little doubt, but that the present congress will pass the Parcels post bill, to be in operation throughout the United States.

Plans for the new school building at Hillsboro have been completed. The building is to be a three story structure constructed of brick with mottled brick trimmings. The cost of the completed structure will be in the neighborhood of \$30,000. We are pleased to see our sister get to the front.

New Management Named for University Paper.

June 8.—The student body of Pacific Univeasity have elected Archie Markee editor-in-chief of the Index, the University publication, for the next school year. He is a junior and prominent in all student body affairs, a member of the athletic team and of the athletic committee, treasurer of the student body, a member of the Alpha Zeta Literary Society and the Glee Club. Clinton Ostrander was elected business manager of the Index, and Miss Georgia Kessi, Ruth Thomas, Howard Taylor and Levi Austin associate editors. The new board will issue the last number of the Index for this school year.

Farmers Have Much to Learn.

American farmers have much to learn, if they ever decide that it is desirable to learn it, with regard intensive cultivation. United States Consul Robert Frazer, Jr., of Valencia, Spain, has written to the State Department to the effect that in the Province of Valencia families subsist on the produce of four-tenths of an acre of land and that as many as 160 families live on 100 acres. The cultivation is by hand, little machinery being used, and the land is officially valued at an average of \$256 an acre. Rainfall being insufficient, irrigation is necessary, but the production is enormous, amounting to more than 1,000,000 metric tons of oranges, olives, grapes and other crops.

BABY ELEPHANT'S DEATH HARD BLOW TO CIRCUS.

Pendleton, Or., June 7.—The Sells-Floto circus people are sad. The baby elephant is dead. While the hundreds of people in this city were crowded in the big tent yesterday afternoon waiting eagerly for a glimpse of the little wonder, the 195 pound infant was in its death throes. Bottle fed on canned milk since its birth in April, it could not stand the rigors of constant travel and gave up the losing fight. The body of the little elephant was embalmed by local undertakers, and will be exhibited in the cities which have been deprived of the opportunity of seeing the little fellow alive. The death of its most valuable animal coming less than 24 hours after 22 of its horses had been burned in a stock car is a hard blow to the circus.

The Forest Grove Press is not the official organ of the city of Forest Grove, as designated by the city council May 31. Our proposition to do the city printing at two cents a line must have offended the city fathers.

P. U. Recitals.

On next Friday and Saturday evenings at 8 p. m. the final recital by the more advanced students and the teachers will be given. A number of the musicians appear on these programs the last time as P. U. students and unusually good programs will be given on both occasions. No admission fee is charged to either program and the general public is cordially invited to attend.

Commencement Concert.

The Commencement Concert is to be a noteworthy event this year. Francis Walker, the New York baritone is brought at considerable expense and will give some operatic duos with Mrs. Chapman. His fine resonant baritone will be heard in some fine solos. Mrs. Frances Clapp will make her only appearance, before going to California, in solos, on this program and Mrs. Chapman will give several Italian duos with Mr. Walker, the finest in Italian opera, as well as English ballads. The concert will be given Wednesday, June 19th, in Marsh Hall.

Real Estate Transfers

The following real estate transfers are furnished the Press by the Wilkes Abstract Co. of Hillsboro.

Frank W Emerson et al to R. E. Nicholson et al 56x65 ft in lot 3 blk 3, Forest Grove, \$1700.

W. E. Reed to Chas and E M Hubbert, 2 acres in R S Tupper claim, \$950.

W X Curtis et al to Amer V Brown, lot 16, North Forest Grove acres, \$300.

Felix Verhoeven et ux to Chas D Staley, lots 5 and six blk 1, Knob Hill add to Forest Grove, \$350.

John Milne to Jacob W Milne, 100 a in Wooley D L C, \$1.

George H Geis to Willa P Binkley, 10 a in sec 35, 3 N 4, \$1100.

Hans Rasmussen et ux to Carl H Rueter, S 1/2 of Lot 14, Five Oak Sub, \$1500.

George H. Geis to A. S. Anderson 10 A in SW 1/4 sec. 33, 3 N. 4. \$1,000.

Neal Brown, Gdn to Fred L. Koberstein 100 acres in S 1/2 of sec: 12, 1 S. 5. \$333.33.

G. H. Baldwin and wife to James L. Hill et al Pt. lot 7, sec 1, 1 N. 5 W. \$500.

H. Taylor Hill et ux to Paul Lautaret 6.58 A in sec. 34, 2 N. \$10.

F. H. Summer et ux to W. L. Cady Pt lot 2, blk 5, F. G. \$2,000.

Edward Colfelt et al to Charles D. Anderson et al 5 a in sec 32, 2 S. 1. \$2500.

J. P. Wagner et ux to L. D. Huffaker, lots 1 and 2, blk 2, Curtis add to F. G. \$200.

Tr. of F. G. M. E. Church to Alice E. Hicks Pt. blk 21, F. G. \$275.

H. Taylor Hill et ux to E. M. Kilgore at al Pt. lot 4, sec. 34, 2 N. 3 \$10.00.

FOR SALE OR TRADE

One or all. One 5 H. P. circular wood saw rig complete. One upright steam boiler, 2 H. P., mounted on base with engine, 1 1/2 x 2 1/2 in. One pipe stack and dies 1/2 to 1 1/2, 6 sizes, adjustable. Three lubricators for steam engines, two 1-quart, one 1/2 pint. One Remington 22 cal. takedown hammerless repeating rifle. All articles mentioned in this ad are in first-class shape.

G. H. BARRETT,
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Rt. 1, Box 43.
Phone West 35.

The Bazaar, on its next Saturday bargain sale, June 1, will sell three drop-head sewing machines, good as new and with all the attachments, for \$10, \$15 and \$20. \$3 down and \$2 a month.



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"I've been trying to decide whether this is a pleasant or unpleasant surprise," she smiled quizzically. "Which is it?" She held out her hand. Bob looked at the outstretched hand and shook his head coldly. The hand was at once returned to her side. "You persist in the hostile attitude?" "Why not? Let us have no false pretenses. I dislike you; you dislike me. If we stick to that it will simplify matters."

"How do you know I don't like you?" The amused gleam in her eyes deepened. "God forbid!" he ejaculated involuntarily. "But," he added grimly, "there's no danger."

"Don't be too sure of that," she warned him in gay malice. "You know nothing wins a woman's liking so quickly as resistance. If you're not careful I may end by liking you. That would be a terrible predicament—if we're to be enemies."

"It would!"

"Yes, for you," she flashed back. "Because then I should have to make you like me. But don't be nervous. I shan't try. You're more interesting as you are."

"I am relieved." She noted with surprise that his ironical bow was easy and not ungraceful.

"There have been men who feared to displease me, Mr. McAdoo."

"I've no doubt there are such men."

And Bob's tone did not convey a high tribute to the class. "But I don't happen to be one of them."

"Nor am I afraid of you, Mr. McAdoo," she countered. "I was for one moment that day in the theater. You startled me, having caught me."

"Having caught you in a contemptible act," he interrupted quietly. "Trying to cast doubt upon the sincerity of a man who was a total stranger to you?"

The amused gleam died out of her eyes. She flushed angrily.

"I have a constitutional antipathy for men of your type, Mr. McAdoo."

"People don't do that sort of thing merely because of constitutional antipathy. I had done nothing to harm you. You had nothing to gain by attacking my motives—of which you could know nothing—or by making Paul Remington discontented with his advancement, as you have persisted in doing since. The women I know don't do that sort of thing. Even men of my sort, whom you despise—there was a trace of bitterness in these last words—"would call it contemptible."

"You are right," she said quietly. "It was contemptible, and I have been ashamed of myself ever since. I was ashamed when you caught me at it. I had no right to do it, no excuse. I apologize."

An ugly sneer twisted his mouth as he replied. "It's easy enough to apologize, but what good is it after the mischief is done?"

"I hardly expected you to be generous," she answered his sneer gravely. "But now—what? You didn't come here merely to convict me of a dishonorable act, I suppose?"

"Hardly. I'm a busy man. I suppose I came to make a useless request."

"What is the request, or is it a command?"

He looked at her steadily for a minute before he answered. She saw the line of his lips become thinner and the muscles of his jaw tighten. "To let Paul Remington go."

"It seems," she replied mockingly, "that Mr. McAdoo in spite of his boasted friendship cares nothing for the happiness of his friend."

"You won't understand," he said at last slowly, "when I explain it. You're right when you say I care nothing for his happiness—at least what you mean by the word. You don't mean happiness. Mrs. Gilbert. You mean to glut the appetite, to yield to the mating instinct, to follow the lines of least resistance. Only the very strong can afford happiness as you mean it. To a weak man that sort of happiness means crippling his natural force, enslaving himself to outside influences. There is only one true happiness—the content that comes from being a real, original force. The man who would be this, Mrs. Gilbert, must own and control himself absolutely. For Paul Remington's greater, true happiness I do care."

"But what about me?"

"He is nothing to you."

"As you mean it, no—just now. But for the future, why not? You never can tell. Mr. Remington is talented. He is magnetic. I like him better than I like most men. It is quite possible that I shall in time develop a deeper interest in him. And, besides, Mr. McAdoo, your opposition gives him a new value. Did you forget to consider when you came to ask me to send him away what about my happiness?"

She concluded her question with a smile.

"Mrs. Gilbert, your happiness did not, does not, enter into my calculations at all."

Winter's early dusk was falling on the side, leaving only the firelight to light the room. She was very beautiful as the soft glow fell upon her face.

"We're a good deal alike, you and I. You have taken everything you want. I've been given everything except the things that count most. We're both very selfish. You make the excuse that you have to be selfish to realize your ambitions. I have the excuse that life hasn't treated me very kindly, and neither excuse is valid, I suspect. You're not a slave to conscience, and I—well, I'm afraid I'll never let conscience stand between me and happiness. You have few friends. I've had plenty to admire me because I'm not bad to look at and can turn a witty phrase occasionally. But none has ever cared for me because none saw in me those womanly qualities which are so much finer than beauty or wit. Paul Remington seems to fill both our wants. He is your one friend. He cares for me because he thinks I possess qualities I don't possess, but which he—he makes we want to acquire. I'm not in love with him, but I'd like to be. He seems my only hope of escape from becoming the most pitiable of creatures—a lonely, cynical, selfish, loveless woman. I wonder why I tell you this?" She leaned forward abruptly. "What are we going to do about it?"

"That is what I came to find out."

"No; you came to tell me what I must do. You put the issue squarely. One of us must retire in the other's favor. That amounts to a challenge, doesn't it? It's too bad we have this dislike to contend with. Your natural state is fighting, and I suppose you don't mind one fight more. But I don't want to fight for my happiness or possible happiness, especially when I run the risk of losing it altogether. We both run that risk. Don't you think—there was the faintest twinkle in her eyes—"don't you think it would be wise, don't you think it would be good politics, to ignore our dislike and share the spoils?"

"No. I think I should have done better to let you die in the mills."

"I don't understand why?"

"For an instant the luxurious, frellt library faded away from her sight. She stood amid the grime and roar of the mills. She felt herself caught in an iron grasp which dragged her toward death. Then a strong hand seized her, and she stood before a hot eyed young giant.

"Is it possible? Yes, you are the man who saved me in the mills. It is hard to realize. He was an uncouth, ungrammatical young ruffian, as I remember, while you—you are an educated"—She hesitated.

"An educated ruffian," he concluded dryly.

She regarded him with a new respect, a respect which Bob, remembering the girl who had flouted him as of a lower order of creation, resented.

"I'm no more than I was then. I have more, but I am no more."

A detail of the scene in the mills recurred to her. "Ah! I remember that I forgot to thank you for saving my life. That was very ungrateful. I suppose I should do so now. It really was very good of you."

"You needn't thank me. Besides," he added grimly, "it was unintentional. I assure you—purely an impulse."

She laughed uncertainly. "But surely you can't expect me to remain at sword's points with the man who saved my life?"

His face hardened. "Then keep out of my way."

"You mean it," she said in a curiously regretful tone. "That is part of you. I remember you said the same to me that night in the mills. 'Keep out of my way.' It explains your life, doesn't it? You have gone steadily, relentlessly forward, brushing aside every one who stood in your way. And now that I seem to interfere with your plans you are quite capable of sweeping me aside, or Mr. Remington either, without thought of what it means to us. You are relentless! Suppose, I were to send him away, would you take it as a mark of gratitude for saving my life as a favor to you?"

Bob hesitated. After all, it was the easiest solution, and sometimes concession is victory. And she was very beautiful, very alluring, so far out of his reach. With an effort he recalled his resentment against her and the old prideful belief in his self sufficiency.

(To be continued.)

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Portland	Newport	\$6.25	Tillamook Beaches	\$4.00
Oregon City	"	6.25	"	4.70
Salem	"	5.15	"	6.00
Albany	"	4.00	"	7.30
Corvallis	"	3.75	"	7.10
Eugene	"	5.80	"	9.00
Roseburg	"	8.75	"	12.00
Medford	"	12.00	"	17.20
Ashland	"	12.00	"	17.75

Tickets to above points on sale daily good all season, with corresponding low fares from other points. Week end tickets are also on sale from various points.

SUNDAY EXCURSION TRAIN ON THE C. & E. R. R.

Leaves Albany at 7:30 a. m., Corvallis 8:00 a. m. and connects with S. P. trains 16, 14 and 28 from points south.

Call on our nearest agent for "Vacation Days in Oregon," a beautifully illustrated booklet describing various outing resorts, or write to

John M. Scott; General Passenger Agent, Portland, Ore.

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is the best equipped for high class printing of any office in Washington County. Its type and machinery are new. Comparisons of work will convince you. Increase in our output proves people's taste for good printing