FOREST GROVE PRESS
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FOREST GROVE, OREGON,

A. G. HOFFMAN, ...President
O. M. GARDNER .....Vice Pres.
J. N. HOFFMAN.....Sec'y and anager

THURSDAY of EACH WEEK.

INDEPENDENT PHONES
OFFICE 505 RESIDENCE 442

Entered at the post office at Forest Grove, Ogn 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.

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.

Platform.

After his election to the presidency November, 1904.

No third term, either in "form or substance," for any man as president of the United Statrs.

On the 4th of March next I shall have served three and a half years, and these three and a half years constitute my first term.

The wise custom which limits the president to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for, or accept another nomination.

Theodore Roosevelt,

Schultz—Staehr Wedding.

William C. Schultz, son of W. F. Schultz, and Miss Ellen Staehr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Staehr, were united in marriage at high noon Sunday, June 23rd at the home of the bride's parents in South Park. A beautiful altar of flowers was erected under the direction of artist Herbert McNutt where the young couple stood while Rev. Oliver Curtis performed the ceremony, in the presence of more than fifty relativss and invited guests. The young couple are both well and favorably known, Mr. Schultz being a member of the firm of W. F. Schultz, market and grocery. The young couple will honey-moon at local points in the Willamette and will take an outing at Rodrick Falls, after which they will return to this city, engaging in mercantile business pursuits. Their many friends, with the Press, wish them a blissful sojourn on earth. No cake.

Mrs. Jennie Haynie and friend were enjoying the Rose Carnival in Portland on Saturday of the past week.

Governor West investigates the road houses and says they must go.

For rent—Small house and barn. $4.00 per month. Inquire of Edward L. Nayler, Forest Grove. Phone 0185.

Mrs. C. A. Dennis, reliable shampoo. Scalp treatment a specialty. Phone Ind. No. 184; residence and office 232 Pacific avenue. tf

The free for all fight on 2nd street last week between the college boys, we understand, resulted in some bruises to the participants; and to the broken leg and of the head being severed from the prophetical college spirit.

Saturday of this week the voters of the Lyda School District on Gales Creek will vote on the matter of a new location for school building. The district will erect a good new building at the location chosen. Much intereet in location is manifested.

BY HENRY RUSSELL MILLER

(Continued from last week.)

"No, Mr. Sanger," Bob answered coolly, "you're not frank. You have told me nothing I didn't know or suspect. You personally were responsible for the nomination of Harland with the one intention of breaking me. But you don't believe he will be elected. And that's why you come to me. Your offer isn't honestly made, Mr. Sanger."

"My dear sir," Sanger protested earnestly, "the word of a gentleman"—

"The word of you gentlemen of finance," Bob interrupted, with a sneer, "is worth just what it has to be worth."

"You are unjust," Sanger answered with unruffled serenity, "but I'll not argue that. The last two years have cost you more than $200,000. Four years more would see you bankrupt.

"There is, of course," Sanger continued significantly, "your friend Remington to be considered. If I may judge from appearances he is exceedingly anxious to marry my sister. I can't answer for her—that is, absolutely. But it isn't impossible that she should come to share his feeling. Of course I couldn't be expected to approve of a match with one who is trying to injure me."

Kathleen saw Bob's face light up queerly. "Like you, I don't allow personal considerations to interfere with business policy," he said impassively.

"Think it over. The matter doesn't require immediate adjustment."

Bob rose to end the interview. "I can give you our answer now," he said coldly. Then he saw Kathleen looking up at him eagerly, proudly. His face relaxed in a whimsical smile.

"What shall we say, Kathleen?"

"Will you let me answer for you?"

Bob nodded. Kathleen looked at him long and searchingly. Then she arose and turned to Sanger, who also was on his feet.

"Mr. McAdoo says"—she spoke quietly—"that to try to bribe him through his friendship is useless, because his friendship is sincere. Nor does your offer of state leadership tempt him. Mr. McAdoo is pledged to certain policies which he couldn't carry out if he joined you. He will keep his word. Mr. McAdoo says also that if you oppose Governor Dunmeade and Mr Murchell he will support them to the end. Your money may win out, but there are worse things than losing a good fight, Mr. Sanger. One of them is dishonest victory."

Sanger smiled. "And are these views yours also, Mr. McAdoo?"

Bob's answer was quietly spoken. "Miss Flinn overstates my motives, but as to your proposal and my support of Murchell and Dunmeade, she is quite right."

Sanger shrugged his shoulders carelessly. "I was quite sure of it before I came. I don't know just what you want, Mr. McAdoo. I only made the offer because it was urged upon me by others who are in this with me. My own policy is to break, not buy off, opposition."

He bowed gracefully to Kathleen.

"There can be no doubt as to the genuineness of your motives, Miss Flinn. Good night. I'm sorry the outcome of the scrimmage must be disappointing to you."

Bob followed Sanger into the hallway and silently watched the millionaire don his overcoat. As he was pulling on his gloves Sanger remarked:

"It's a good thing for us, McAdoo, that you haven't fooled the world as you have Miss Flinn. It's a better thing that you aren't what she thinks you. There is only one person in the world that I fear—the fanatic. He possesses moral passion. Moral passion is as uncertain and therefore as dangerous as lightning or women. You haven't it."

"Good night," Bob answered as he held open the door.

When he returned to the library Kathleen was sewing quietly once more.

"Well," he remarked, sitting down, "as Paul would say, I have burned my bridges behind me."

"What a shame he is so conscienceless! He has such nice manners."

"Humph! You women are all alike—judging a man by his outside. I don't like an assassin any better because he stabs me politely. I hate to say it of any man, but he is almost worse than I am.

"And now," he added, "he has given me my warning. Sooner or later their millions will get me unless some miracle hastens a popular revolution—or unless I start grafting again."

"Have you stopped, then?"

"I haven't made a penny out of politics in the last six years."

"And you won't begin again." She did not ask a question.

"No." His tone was curiously regretful. "I won't. I used to, without a thought. But now I hate the notion. I don't understand it."

CHAPTER XV.

TEMPTATIONS.

PAUL REMINGTON impatiently flung aside the book he had been trying to read. It was Sunday, and to Paul the first day of the week was always distinctly oppressive.

"It's no use. This day has got on my nerves. The time when myself and my dreams were all the company I needed is gone. I haven't seen her for two days, and I can't wait another day, another hour, another minute."

A half hour later Paul was ushered into the Sanger drawing room. Eleanor not appearing at once, he wandered through an open door into the music room, at one end of which had been installed a small pipe organ.

And Paul of the many talents, without being a great musician, knew how to make the organ respond to his soul's mood. He seated himself and began to play. His idle fingering gradually took form in a passionate, florid gust of melody that filled the big house. Then the stormy mood died away, and the organ sang a weird minor refrain. Eleanor, entering unobserved by the player, stood leaning against a chair near him, regarding him with an odd look in which admiration and pity, perhaps a shade of contempt, mingled.

At last, without turning or ceasing his playing, he spoke. "I can't see you, but I know you are there."

"Lawyer, politician, orator, musician—the gods have been good to you," she murmured quizzically.

"Yes," he answered, with a trace of bitterness, "Jack of all trades and master of none, but first and above all Mrs. Gilbert's most sincere devotee. I'm constant in at least one thing— But you won't let me speak of that. Today I'm possessed of a thousand devils. Sing."

He opened a sheet of music before him and struck into the accompaniment, and Eleanor, standing where she was, sang.

Eleanor Gilbert could sing, and that afternoon she sang as she had never sung before, for in her singing that day she found expression for what she had never quite dared to put into words—the longing for something higher and better than had yet come into her life to fulfill the ultimate woman's mission, a longing which of late had been growing more and more poignant within her. As she sang her heart flooded with kindliness toward the handsome, romantic young man before her.

"I wish," she thought once when at the end of a verse the organ took up the refrain—"I wish I were your mother. I wonder can this be the beginning of love—and for you?"

Song followed song until at length Paul turned from the organ and faced her.

"Thank you," he said simply.

She rested her elbows on the back of the chair, folding her hands and dropping her chin on them.

"How are those devils now?"

"Gone, every one of them. You're the most eminently satisfactory person in the world. I came here restless, morbid, filled with dismal forebodings. You sing—the demons flee."

He folded his arms contentedly "By the way, when are you going to let me propose?"

"Must I ever let you?"

"It is inevitable that I shall propose sooner or later, whether you consent or not. But I prefer to do it under the most propitious circumstances."

"They say you can judge of love by the sacrifices it is willing to make What would you give up for me?"

"What would I give up? Everything."

"'Everything' is a big word, my friend," she answered skeptically. "Let's come down to facts, as Henry would say. Friends?"

He covered his face with his hands.

She pressed him almost fiercely. "Friends? Even your friend McAdoo?"

"For God's sake, don't!"

"What!" she said mockingly. "Then 'everything' doesn't mean everything?"

Slowly his hands fell to his side. His face was very white, his eyes unutterably weary.

"No; 'everything' doesn't mean everything. When he asked me to give you up I refused. If you should demand that I give him up I must make the same answer; otherwise I must be utterly contemptible. I forced my friendship on him against his will. If it means anything to him now I can't take it away from him."

"My dear friend," she said aloud gently. "I'm not tempting you, because I have nothing to offer you in exchange for the sacrifice. I'm only showing you what it means to care for an intensely selfish woman. And I—I should like to care for you, but I dare not. I'm too much like Mr. McAdoo. I can never let myself love any man with whom I am not first. And he hates me. It dates from a day eleven years ago when he saved my life." Paul looked up, astounded. "He has hated the memory of me ever since, I think. If I married you, sooner or later we should come to the place where you must hurt him or me. That would mean misery for us both. I can never think seriously of caring for you until he withdraws his objections to me—or until you are willing to give him up for me."

He made no answer. She went close to him and laid a hand gently on his arm.

"Don't you see?"

He caught her hand closely in both of his. "Do you think," he demanded fiercely—"do you think you could ever come to care for me?"

"I wish you could make me," impulsively.

"Then," he said, with sudden determination, "when you do we will teach him what a wonderful woman you are and he will approve."

"And that would be the only way it could be, I think, for you could never cast him aside, and I could never ask you to—never let you."

She withdrew her hand gently from his ardent clasp.

"And now," she said brightly, with an air of dismissing the topic, "did you know that you are to dine with Henry and me tonight? And afterward you are to take me to church. The preacher is very dull, but at least listening to him will serve as a sort of penance for our sins."

After dinner, while Eleanor was out of the room, Sanger for the second time took Paul up into a high mountain and showed unto him all the kingdoms of the earth. These he in-

"DO YOU THINK YOU COULD EVER COME TO CARE FOR ME?"

timated might become Paul's if only the latter would help him (Sanger) to drive the mulish, hot headed foes of industrial progress into utter and unending oblivion. Paul laughingly declined the honor. In the exalted mood following his conversation with Eleanor to resist temptation was easy

"It comes too high," he laughed "I've got to stick to McAdoo."

"Bring him along by all means. He would be a welcome addition to our goodly company. I've mentioned the matter to him myself, but he refused, owing to an unfortunate misapprehension of my motives. Perhaps he might be persuaded to reconsider his refusal."

Paul shook his head. "You don't know McAdoo."

The preacher proved to be as dull as Eleanor had predicted. For a few minutes Paul dutifully tried to fix his attention on the discourse, but he soon gave over the effort and fell to watching her. He noticed her looking queerly toward a retired corner in one of the galleries. He followed the line of her gaze and gasped in astonishment.

"Ye gods, Kathleen has brought Bob to church!"

"Is Miss Flinn with him?" she whispered. "Which one?"

"To the right. I'll let you into a secret. Kathleen is in love with Bob."

"Indeed!" she said indifferently.

But several times during the service she caught her gaze straying from the pulpit to the man in the gallery and the sweet faced woman beside him.

(To be continued.)

PUBLICATION OF SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County.

John F. Lee, Plaintiff,
vs.
Mattie J. Lee, Defendant.

To Mattie J. Lee, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you, in the above entitled cause, on or before the 3rd day of August 1912, and if you fail so to appear, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in his complaint herein, to wit:

For a decree of this court dissolving the marriage contract now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable herein.

This summons is served upon you by publication in the Forest Grove Press, by order of Hon. J. U. Campbell, Judge of the Fifth Judicial District, of Oregon, made and entered in open court, at Hillsboro, Oregon, on June 17, 1912, which order prescribes the publication of said summons for six successive weeks, the first publication thereof to be on June 20, 1912.

BENTON BOWMAN,
7t Attorney for Plaintiff.