



Please Observe

Please observe the countless stars of the firmament. How wonderful and how distant. Betwixt this studio and its wonderful photographs is a chasm far and wide, when comparing with general competition.

Photos Finished Here Talk for Themselves

For Perfect Portraits come here and get them.

Forest Grove Studio

MAIN ST. NORTH

Dr. J. J. Murray, V. S.,
VETERINARY SURGEON AND DENTIST
Graduate of American Veterinary College, of New York City, 1881.
Office with Brown's Main Street Livery and Feed Stable,
Hillsboro Phone City, 506

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Wholesale and Retail

Vetch Seeds, all kinds of grass seed, Alfalfa Hay, Feed and Land Plaster
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Embalming—Funeral Directing
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HUFFAKER BROS.
WOOD SAW
330 First St.
Will do your Sawing as you want it done.
Phone 073



Saunders' Poultry Yards has high-class Barred Rocks and Black Minorcas. First on Barred Rock cockerel and second on Barred Rock cock, also second and third on Minorca cockerel and second and third on Minorca pullet at our last show, in hot competition. If you want eggs from the winners call on me. Yards two blocks west of Laughlin Hotel on Pacific Ave. corner C street.

Dr. Lowe, July 1st.

LOCAL NEWS

Dedicated to Title Head of comic section of this week.

When a rat runs up your breeches
To escape a festive pup,
"Ye gods and little fishes!"
How he scrambles up and up.
You gasp and yell and jump and prance
As though you're on a jag,
While he scrambles up your summer pants,
Clean up to where they bag.
In sheer despair and desperation
And thoughts of direst dread,
With both hands you grasp the situation
And choke his rathip till he's dead.
You'd rather face a tiger,
When you'd forget your gun,
Or a roaring lion even,
With a real good chance to run.
Than be captured bag and baggage
By a rodent with a squeak,
That up your pants' leg stily crawls
And takes you on the sneak.
You understand, when you get wise,
Why a woman fears a mouse,
And screams, and jumps upon a chair,
When one gets in the house.
A man has no laugh coming
On the scared and screaming witches.
He sure gets as near bughouse
When a rat runs up his breeches.

The feed business of W. F. Hartrampf, placed on a cash basis, should appeal to customers.

Mrs. J. J. Aldrich and little son Melvin, of Tacoma, are visiting this week with the families of E. F. Burleyham and H. Gleiszer.

For sale—30 acres, with dwelling, 4 1/2 miles out, 10 in cultivation, all tillable land, some timber; for terms address "B" care of Press.

By buying for cash and selling for cash W. F. Hartrampf expects to protect his trade and make prices that will increase his already large patronage.

C. B. Campbell called at the Press office Saturday, sympathetic and consoling, and sure it was in place after the forenoon's experience with the disgruntled.

The trotting horse, Wild Girl, owned by E. C. Keyt, was run into by Dally McKinney and badly hurt at the race meet last week at Independence. It is thought the horse will not be able for further service this season.

C. B. Stokes narrowly escaped serious accident Saturday while driving on Council Street with loaded wagon. An auto frightened his team, causing them to break the tongue of the wagon. Fortunately nothing serious happened.

The injunction suit filed, stopping improvement on Second Avenue, had a hearing before Judge Campbell in the circuit court Tuesday, on motion to dissolve the injunction. The court, after listening to the argument of counsel, held the injunction good until such time as the defendant city should answer the allegations of the plaintiffs' petition and introduce satisfactory evidence that the injunction was wrongfully sought and obtained.

Mrs. Mary E. Borden, at the age of 59 years, died Wednesday of last week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Carrie McGill of Banks. Funeral services were held at the Banks church and interment in the Banks cemetery. Mrs. Borden's maiden name was Mills and she was married to B. R. Ingles who died some years ago. Mr. Borden died some months ago. He had been in the service of the Oregonian as one of the village circulation managers up to the time of his death. Mr. and Mrs. Borden lived at St. John's, Or.

SATURDAY SPECIAL
Hard Wheat Flour \$1.30
3 lbs Ginger Snaps .25
3 lbs String Beans .25
3 pks Kellogg corn flakes .05
N. W. Baking Pdr, 25oz. .15
Cheese .18
Best Spider Leg Tea .40
Best Gun Powder Tea .40
6 bars white Soap, any. .25
Get prices on soap by the box.
G. W. BUNKER



[This matter must not be reprinted without special permission.]

The silver fox, one of the most highly prized of fur bearing animals, is not a distinct species that propagates its kind, but a sport from the red fox family.

A closed pail with strainer attachment should not be allowed to take the place of care in brushing the cow's udder off and washing it if necessary. Besides this, the hands of the milker should be both clean and dry.

North Carolina led all other states in the production of tobacco last year, her output being \$9,430,948 pounds. Missouri ranked next, with 75,027,579 pounds, while Ohio and Kentucky were neck and neck, with 47,000,000 pounds, and Virginia and New Jersey, with 29,000,000 pounds each.

A green food that is much relished by poultry is made by sowing oats thick in a shallow box in about two inches of soil and keeping the box well watered and where it will be warm and get a good deal of sunshine. When about two inches high the little stalks may be pulled and fed as desired.

The production of raisins in the southern California district has increased from 120,000 pounds in 1878 to 112,000,000 pounds in 1910. During the fiscal year closing June 30, 1911, there were imported into the United States 2,500,000 pounds of raisins, while the exports were 18,500,000, the largest shipments on record.

An English chef, M. Soyer, is credited with having discovered the method of cooking in paper bags, which just now is receiving much notice in newspapers and magazines. The points claimed for this new method of cooking are a preservation of the flavors of things cooked and doing away with the washing of so many greasy pans and kettles.

California is making rapid strides to the front as a dairy state. In 1898 the annual butter output of the state was 24,000,000 pounds. In 1910 the production was 60,000,000, and it is contended the gain has been due chiefly to the greatly increased production of alfalfa in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, where six tons per acre is a common yield in a single season.

Dangerous as handling dynamite is to limb and life, it is hardly more so than the corn shredder, which deprives so many men of hands and arms during the fall and winter. When one takes into account how quickly one of these machines will chew to pieces a human hand and arm he is led to wonder why men who have their wits about them will be so careless when working about such machinery.

Our readers—and this will include the majority of those living in or near the smaller towns of the country—should get what consolation they can out of the emphatic assurance of food chemists that the tougher the meat is the more nutritive elements it contains. When your jaws get tired masticating portions of an antiquated farrow cow take courage and get a fresh hold, for it's doing you lots of good.

At from 6 to 8 cents a quart good rich milk is as cheap a food as one can buy, and, more than this, it is just as good for folks fifty years old as it for youngsters of five months; also a whole lot of folks who are run down and poorly nourished would do far better to buy milk at the price mentioned as medicine than to pay \$1 a bottle for So-and-so's bitters or tonic, and, besides, their noses would soon lose that boozey, reddish tinge, and this would help their looks.

During the first two weeks of the International egg laying contest which is being conducted at Storrs college, Connecticut, a pen of White Leghorns belonging to an English breeder made the best showing, shelling out seventeen out of a possible thirty-five eggs. The second best record was made by a pen of Buff Leghorns belonging to an Illinois fancier. Many of the pens of supposed winter layers had not at the end of the period mentioned produced a single egg, but maybe they'll get busy later on.

That a wise Providence knew what was necessary when members of the animal kingdom were endowed with two eyes is nicely shown in the case of an old bronze gobbler that recently strayed from the premises of a friend. This bird had lost one eye in some way and some two months ago strayed a couple of miles to a neighbor's. A few weeks later the bird got his directions bogged up and was found on the premises of a farmer some two miles in another direction. If you have a one eyed gobbler, better tether him.

The Ghost Club
Man's Story
By ROGER N. OLMSTEAD
Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Though I am now a general superintendent of a railroad, I was once a locomotive engineer. I crawled up to my present post through every intermediate position. One wouldn't suppose that a man who had made his way by hard work and a practical make-up would be a member of the Ghost club, as some persons call the Society For Psychological Research. But I am, and I'm going to tell you what started me in that line.

When I was a young fellow my father wanted me to go to college, but I disgusted him by taking a position as fireman on a locomotive. I had just learned enough about the machine to take the throttle when the civil war broke out, and I enlisted. While campaigning in the south we captured a hundred miles of railroad, including a good supply of rolling stock. Of course there was a call for those of us who had railroad experience, and I gave in my name as an engineer. I did that because I was young and ambitious to run an engine.

I was given a machine at once. This was more than I wanted, for we had made some sixty miles of forced marches, advancing every hour of the night, before we had made the capture. The consequence was that we were all dead tired, and as for sleep we'd had hardly any for several days. We had come down on a central point where the rolling stock was kept and used it to capture the terminals on our tanks. I was ordered to pull a train loaded with a regiment of 500 men on an expedition to occupy the eastern terminal, and I wasn't permitted to go to sleep for a few hours before starting either. I told Major Twining, who had been made superintendent, that he had better send a man with me in case I went to sleep in the cab from sheer inability to keep awake. He sent Bob Stewart, who was to shovel the coal and be ready to relieve me in case of absolute necessity.

We started at dusk to run through a country, the people of which were all hostile to us and ready to throw us off the track or fire into us whenever an opportunity arose. It seems now more than it did then a pretty risky business to put a man who hadn't had six hours' sleep in forty-eight hours in charge of the lives of 500 men. Besides, I was young then, and young persons require more sleep than older ones. For awhile the danger of running into obstructions was so terrible to me that I had no thought of sleep, but we had some seventy miles to go before morning, and with the load, the condition of the road, the grades and the locomotive of that date we could not do more than twenty miles an hour, and the required stops lessened that figure.

We had got over seven-eighths of the distance when the monotonous puff of the engine began to tell on me and I looked around for Bob. He was not in the tender. Looking over the tender, I saw him lying on top of the next car back sound asleep. Thinking it would be better to let him get a little rest before calling him, I turned again to the throttle.

I must have gone several miles half asleep. At any rate, I was roused by bullets spattering against the sides of the cab and hearing a fusillade which was answered by men from the cars. Realizing that we had struck a nest of enemies, I pulled her wide open, and she sprang forward with considerable speed. Anyway, we got away from whoever were firing on us. Then things settled down to the same old jog.

The next thing I knew Bob shook me and, taking the throttle out of my hand, told me to find a place to get some sleep. I preferred to sit on the seat on the other side of the cab. I saw Bob running the engine, looking as wide awake as if he hadn't been doing forced marching, and, reassured by the sight, I went to sleep. I was awakened by a touch which I supposed came from Bob, who wished to be relieved. I didn't see Bob, but I saw that day was breaking. No one was at the throttle. No one was in the cab or the tender. The locomotive's speed had been reduced to a minimum.

Where was Bob? I had seen him asleep on top of the car; then he had relieved me. But where had he gone since, and how had he come to leave the engine without a guide? And who had awakened me if not he?

We needed water, and as soon as I came to the next tank I pulled up to take in some. Colonel Fordick, in command of the troops I was hauling, came forward to ask why we were getting on so slowly. I told him my story and asked him to have a search made for Bob. He did so, but no Bob was to be found. I began to feel kind of queer about the whole business. I couldn't stop thinking what had become of my assistant and when or why he had left his post, endangering the lives of a whole regiment.

We made the point we were going to before sunrise, and when I took the train back I had orders to look out for Bob or his body on the way. We found the body where we had met with the string. He had been shot dead and rolled off the top of the car. He couldn't have relieved me, and from the time I supposed he did till dawn the locomotive had been without an engineer. Nor could he have awakened me—at least not in the flesh.

That's what made me a member of the Ghost club.

S. P. Time Table

Leave Portland	Arrive F. Grove
7:20 a. m.	8:44 a. m.
4:00 p. m.	6:00 p. m.
8:40 p. m.	6:58 p. m.

Leave F. Grove	Arrive Portland
6:35 a. m.	8:00 a. m.
8:27 a. m.	10:20 a. m.
4:48 p. m.	6:20 p. m.

Oregon Electric Time Card

Leave Portland	Arrive F. Grove
6:55 a m	8:05 a m
8:30 a m	9:40 a m
10:50 a m	12:02 p m
1:20 p m	2:32 p m
4:22 p m	5:38 p m
6:00 p m	7:15 p m
8:30 p m	9:37 p m
11:30 p m	12:36 a m

Leave F. Grove	Arrive Portland
6:20 a m	7:35 a m
8:30 a m	9:45 a m
10:35 a m	11:50 a m
1:05 p m	2:20 p m
3:45 p m	5:00 p m
6:10 p m	7:25 p m
8:05 p m	9:20 p m
9:50 p m	11:00 p m

Trains leave North Bank Station in Portland 15 minutes earlier than schedule, stopping at 10th and Stark Sts., 10th and Morrison Sts., 5th and Salmon Sts., 1st and Salmon Sts., and Jefferson St. Station.
All Trains Daily

The Forest Grove Press
JOB PRINTING DEPT.

\$3,000 Cash Will Handle This
Best hop farm in Washington county; produces ton to acre. Will net better than \$400 an acre. One and one-half acres hay, will yield 6 tons; 2 acres potatoes, will yield 400 bushels; a diversity of large and small fruits. \$800 with terms buys the farm.
Can give good trade for few shares Concrete and U. S. Cashier stock.
Thacher-Hicks Company
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New Lumber Company
All kinds of Building Materials, Kiln Dried Finish, Dry Shiplap in any quantity.
Sash and Doors
Call and get prices. We are here for business and want to make your acquaintance.
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Phone 01X
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Report of the Condition of
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
FOREST GROVE, OREGON
A COMPARATIVE STATEMENT
The following comparative statement of the deposits and resources of the FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Forest Grove, Ore., under its present management speaks volumes:
DEPOSITS
Nov. 2, 1909, \$ 92,318.96
May 2, 1910, 132,138.98
Nov. 2, 1910, 133,184.64
May 2, 1911, 148,877.81
Nov. 2, 1911, 153,430.91
May 2, 1912, 201,079.16
Resources May 2, 1909 - \$177,348.10
" " 2, 1912 - \$315,261.56
40 Per Cent Cash Reserve