

**FOREST GROVE PRESS**  
Published & Edited by  
**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.

**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.**

**Christian Church Revival**

The revival service at the Christian church begins next Sunday. Great preparation has been made for this revival by the pastor and members of the congregation. Much interest is already being shown. All recent services have been of a high character, and well attended, and many have united with the congregation the last few Sundays. The evangelists secured are men of reputation and of the best ability. They are men who have the confidence of the entire state, and whose work stands on record as the very best. Kelms and Fagan have conducted some of the greatest meetings of the Northwest. Hear these men beginning next Sunday morning. The Bible-school begins 10:30. Come and be with us and enjoy the services.

**CORRECTION.**

Fellow Travelers to the Bar of God. For the past week I have been conducting a meeting in a tent on the corner of Pacific Ave. and Fourth street. I have been represented as being a Mormon, a Free Methodist, a "Holy Roller"—whatever that may be,—a First day Adventist and a Seventh day Adventist. I wish to say in all kindness, that these reports are cases of mistaken identity. I belong to the church of which we read in the New Testament, the church of Christ, which is the body of Christ over which He is the head, Matt. 16:18; Eph. 1: 22, 23, I Cor. 12: 12-14. My creed is the Bible only. My rule of faith and guide to practice is the gospel of Christ revealed in the New Testament, John 20: 30, 31; 2 Tim. 3: 15-17; 2 Peter, 1: 3; Rom. 1:16. I want nothing in the work and worship of the church but that which Christ's apostles, guided by the Holy Spirit, John 14:26, taught. Hence, I reject the doctrines and commandments of men, Matt. 15:9, and all human names, Acts 4:12. My motto is "where the Bible speaks we speak; and where the Bible is silent we are silent," based on I Peter 4:11, if any man speak let him speak as the oracles of God. I trust this brief correction will suffice to show one and all that I am not in any of the institutions above mentioned, and reported by Dame Rumor.

Dear friend, in conclusion, permit me to invite you to the tent and study with us the word of God, and learn what it teaches on this question, and many others also. The meeting continues over next Lord's Day.  
Respectfully Yours,  
D. W. Summers.

**The Forest Grove Press**  
JOB PRINTING DEPT

**THE MAN  
HIGHER UP  
BY HENRY RUSSELL MILLER  
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY BOBBS MERRILL CO.**

(Continued from last week.)

As he was leaving her Eleanor said: "Will you take me to call on Miss Flynn?"  
"Gladly! I'm sure you and she will become good friends."

For the next few days Paul saw Eleanor daily. She was very kind to him, and he was therefore lifted into the seventh heaven. He took Eleanor to call on Kathleen early in the week. His prophecy that they would become good friends was not fulfilled, at least immediately. Kathleen, with a self-consciousness foreign to her, saw in Eleanor's honest efforts to please her only patronage, and Eleanor, chilled, was convinced that the older woman disliked her. Kathleen returned the call a few days later, but at that time Eleanor had left the city to spend the week end with her cousin, Mrs. Dunmeade.

Twenty-four hours in the governor's mansion made Eleanor regret her visit. The beautiful sympathy and simplicity of the Dunmeade household, by their very contrast recalling her own unhappy marriage, made her life seem unutterably empty. The afternoon of her second day at the capitol she had gone to Mrs. Dunmeade's sitting room and had surprised the governor there romping with the children while his wife looked smilingly on.

Eleanor, unnoticed and feeling her presence in the pretty little group a profanation, tiptoed back to her room, where she brooded disconsolately on her loneliness. Not until the governor's footsteps sounded along the hallway did she venture to return to Mrs. Dunmeade. The youngest child, a little boy just learning to walk, was rubbing his eyes sleepily, and Eleanor, taking him into her arms, crooned a slumber song to him while Mrs. Dunmeade sewed.

"I always make the little ones' clothes myself," Mrs. Dunmeade explained.

Eleanor nodded understandingly. "I know. I would myself if I had babies of my own, and I wouldn't leave them to a nurse." She held the little sleeper closer. "I understand now how you could leave your beautiful home and all your old friends to come here."

"It was a little hard at first," Mrs. Dunmeade said softly, so as not to disturb the baby's slumber, "but I soon got over that. We've been here six years now, and I'll hate to leave it. I've had John and the children, and our old friends, the best of them at least, visit us often. Occasionally, too, we meet very interesting people. By the way, we are to have one such for dinner this evening, one of your city's politicians, Robert McAdoo."

Eleanor almost dropped the child in her astonishment. "Robert McAdoo?"  
"You know him, then?" Mrs. Dunmeade's question convicted her of duplicity, since Paul Remington had written her, confiding to her a little of his trouble.

The child stirred uneasily, and Eleanor hummed a few bars of the slumber song before she answered.  
"Yes. I've met him three times in my life. And he hates me."

Later in the afternoon the governor came in, accompanied by Murchell, who had left the municipal campaign in Adelpia to be at a conference with Robert McAdoo.

Dusk had fallen when the little group broke up to dress for dinner. Mrs. Dunmeade went with Eleanor to the latter's room.

"How pretty may we look tonight?" Eleanor asked smilingly.  
"Our very prettiest," Mrs. Dunmeade smiled back.

"But won't Mr. McAdoo?"  
Mrs. Dunmeade interrupted laughingly. "My dear, you don't know the American man. If you've never seen Robert McAdoo in the evening I promise you a surprise. You'll forget the mill hand and tough politician."

"Then he is a tough politician?"  
"Judge for yourself tonight." And Mrs. Dunmeade with a twinkle in her eyes left Eleanor alone. The latter proceeded to make a very careful toilet.

When she descended to the library she found Murchell there alone. He greeted her with a courtly bow.

"Will you allow an old man to say that you are a very beautiful young lady, Mrs. Gilbert?"  
She dropped him a courtesy. "I assure you, I'm not half so good as I'm good to look at."

"But I expect you to be. You mustn't disappoint me."  
She shook her head, laughing, and promptly changed the subject.

"Who are these dignified gentlemen looking down on us? Governors?"  
"Yes—that is"—And beginning with the portrait of the state's first governor, a distinguished Revolutionary soldier and statesman, he guided Eleanor around the room, telling her briefly what each man had done or

failed to do. It was not always an honorable tale. The last, hung in an obscure corner, was Dunmeade's, painted and hung during his first term. Eleanor studied it in silence for a few moments.  
"He's a good man, isn't he?" she asked at last.

Murchell answered with deep feeling. "The best I know and the most misunderstood."

The governor and his wife entered. "Is it a secret?" the latter asked gayly. Mrs. Dunmeade was very happy that evening.

"Mr. Murchell has been telling me about our governors," Eleanor answered, concealing her disappointment over the interruption. "I wonder whose picture will be hung there next."

She saw a quick, meaning glance pass between Murchell and the governor's wife. But for answer Mrs. Dunmeade merely laughed and said evasively, "Oh, one never knows what a day may bring forth in politics."

They were chatting before the governor's portrait when the tinkle of the doorbell was heard. Eleanor, with amused expectancy, stepped back into the corner where she could not be seen by Bob at once.

He entered, and Eleanor, warned as she had been by Mrs. Dunmeade, could hardly repress a start of surprise. His manner as he met their cordial welcome was neither repelling nor eager, but rather the quiet dignity of a man who was sure of his footing. Eleanor found herself rejoicing that she had not attempted to patronize him during his call.

"I believe you have met Mrs. Gilbert," Mrs. Dunmeade said when the first greetings were over.

**CHAPTER XVI.  
THE FORCE.**

**B**OB whirled sharply. As he faced her the blood rushed to his cheek and his eyes glinted in angry surprise. In an instant, however, he answered with perfect composure:

"Twice, I believe, I hardly expected to meet you here, Mrs. Gilbert."

"Three times, I'm sure," she said pleasantly. "It's very stupid, but really all I can think of is that trite old saying that the world is very small, Mr. McAdoo."

Bob's sense of humor came to his aid as he looked at the woman to cast whom and her influence out of his life he had come to find a weapon. He laughed.

"I should say the world's size depends upon whether you are trying to find or avoid a person."

Her face lighted up mirthfully. "Come, Mr. McAdoo. We are under the white flag here. I appeal to the governor. Cousin, to my rescue, for the sake of your household's peace. Mr. McAdoo and I always quarrel."

"Then I solemnly declare a truce," laughed the governor. "But I doubt her need of my protection. I fancy this young lady is quite capable of caring for herself, eh, Mr. McAdoo?"  
"Quite!"

"That's very generous," she smiled. "It speaks well for a successful truce. I hope?" And she held out her hand with pretended hesitation.

(To be continued.)

A Model Acetylene Gas plant with good fixtures, for sale. As good as new and in perfect condition. The best light for rural homes. Write or see, John A. McGee, Oreoco, Oregon.

**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:  
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,  
Attorney for Plaintiff.

**CO-OPERATION IS THE  
FOUNDATION OF PROGRESS**

Buy at Home and Give Your Neighbor a Square Deal.

In many localities, and especially in the western states, organizations have been formed among the business men to boycott the patrons of catalogue and mail order houses in such a way that when these patrons ask for an accommodation or offer to sell their products they are advised to go where they are spending their money and ask these favors.

The old adage, "It's a poor rule that won't work both ways," can here be applied quite successfully, and eventually break up the sneaking tricks of some men in business who will stand up and preach home trade and town improvement until they gasp for breath and at the same time would get up at the dead hour of midnight and walk forty miles in the dark rather than spend a dime with their next door neighbor who is in business.

However, these kind of men who call themselves business men are nothing more than lobsters of the commonest kind, who think they are working a smooth game, but they are all found out in the course of time and wonder why they can't hold the trade they used to have.

The customer has a just and good reason to withdraw his patronage from any merchant when he knows he is being deceived, not only by his dealings, but by his business methods and the manner in which the merchant treats other business men in the town.

The man who will go away from home to purchase goods that are sold in his town, not as a matter of price, but simply because he is jealous of his neighbor, is the individual who is most deserving of boycott and should have it administered strong and often.

There are plenty of honest and loyal progressive men in business in every town, and it is the personal duty of every consumer to throw his patronage and influence to these merchants, not simply because they treat him right, but because they are citizens and give their neighbor business men a square deal.

Co-operation is the foundation of progress. A lobster hinders progress—can him.

**CIVICS IN THE SCHOOLS.**

Example Worth Following Elsewhere Is Set by Cincinnati.

There has been published by the Cincinnati public schools a valuable syllabus for eighth grade teachers in civics. The pamphlet contains thirty-five pages of concise information. These paragraphs from the introduction to the syllabus are worth quoting as indicating its purpose and method of preparation:

"This syllabus has been issued to supply information concerning Cincinnati and to furnish such material of a more general character as is not readily obtainable. It is the result of the combined effort of most of the eighth grade civics teachers and numerous public spirited citizens. Within the last two years many of the eighth grade teachers have been holding weekly meetings, listening to lectures by those who are authorities on civic topics, mostly relating to the local community, and discussing methods of instruction. The syllabus has been developed through these conferences.

"The teaching of civics should be regarded as a piece of constructive work wherein, by a study of the local community and a comparison of it with other communities, the pupil arrives at a correct understanding of the fundamental principles of community life. But, important as may be a knowledge of the local community and of community life generally, teachers will lose their greatest opportunity if they do not make instruction in civics an effective vehicle of moral instruction."

**A CITY'S BOULEVARD.**

Improves Property Values and Adds to Municipal Revenue.

In some foreign towns and cities when a boulevard is to be built the municipality buys the land adjacent to the roadway, builds the boulevard and then sells the land, not only paying for the improvement by the enhanced value of land, but adding something to the city's revenue. The benefits accruing from the building of Kansas City's boulevards have gone to the owners of adjacent property.

Recently D. J. Haff of the park board asked a real estate man to give his estimate of the appreciation of real estate in Kansas City due to the park and boulevard system. He said:

"Some property has been benefited about 50 per cent by the park land, and other property has probably been increased in value 150 to 200 per cent."

"The last report of the park commissioners (1908) gives the length within the city limits of the boulevards proper, exclusive of park roadways, as 22.82 miles, 123,769 feet. Multiply this by two to get the front feet of land on the boulevards and you have 251,538 feet. By estimating the average increase in value at \$30 per front foot—conservative, it seems to me—you will have an increased valuation of taxable property of \$7,546,040. This is exclusive of the increased value of property on adjoining streets. In my opinion, the boulevards alone have increased the value of taxable property more than the entire cost of the whole system."

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With long limits on sale daily to the above resorts. Our booklet, "Vacation Days in Oregon" describing these and other outing places can be obtained from any Agent, who will cheerfully furnish information as to fares, train service, etc., or a postal card to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

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

**The Forest Grove Press Office**

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.