

FOREST GROVE PRESS
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The Press Publishing Co.
In the City of
FOREST GROVE, OREGON,
A. G. HOFFMAN, President
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THURSDAY of EACH WEEK.
INDEPENDENT PHONES
OFFICE 505 RESIDENCE 442

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Display advertisements for publication in the PRESS must be in this office not later than Tuesday evening to insure appearance in current issue.

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.

Bills paid the News Times by our City Council for printing for the month of May, 372 lines at 4cts, \$14.88. June, 186 lines at 4cts, \$7.44. July, 1889 lines at 4cts, \$75.76. Total, \$97.89.

Our price for this same service \$49.94.

With this excess the city could purchase 39 sacks of flour or 979 loaves of bread to be distributed among the town's needy families, or each of the 6 councilman and mayor could purchase a good \$3.00 hat and have \$27.94 left in charge. This excess payment would pay for three much needed water hydrants, or supply our city with much needed street light. Would pay for 12 cords of wood.

"Jones pays the freight."

The men's Bible classes of the Christian, Methodist and Congregational Sunday Schools are arranging to meet with the Sunday schools of the surrounding country and furnish entertainment and instructors and otherwise encourage the Sunday School work. The Press in connection with this move, will publish the Sunday School lessons in advance each week in the hope of being helpful.

The average number of drunks was recorded in this section on the 4th, the number being largely made up of boys from 13 to 20 years of age. A vigorous effort should be made to locate the boot-legger or boot-leggers and land them behind the bars. While liquor is being sold in our town contrary to law it is done in such a mild way as to cause no offense? and of course calls for no effort in way of suppression. More, nothing can be done without spending good money, and who cares to part with hard earned coin to put an end to a thing of so light a nature?

No school in the state of Oregon is more favorably located than the Pacific University at Forest Grove. This institution of learning has a reputation for its thorough work; some of the highest educational lights have graduated within its walls. The developments of late should make of every citizen and former student a booster for our college. Let no opportunity pass where a good word may be said on behalf of our school. Let us as citizens show such courtesy to the students as will make them boosters for our fair city. The school and the city working in harmony can only build for the common good. Let us put our shoulder to the wheel and place Forest Grove in the front rank, the city of beauty. We have nature's help and with little care we can boast of our cities beauty. How about the front and back yard? Don't wait to have notice served on you but do the right thing; be happy and make your neighbors happy.

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

(Continued from last week.)

His hesitation was genuine; but, yielding to the necessity, he took her slender white hand into his big strong one—the hand, as it flashed across her mind, that had once snatched her from a hideous death. Perhaps her smile became more kindly than she intended, for he dropped her hand as though it had been a hot coal.

"And now," Mrs. Dunmeade said promptly, "peace having been established all around, let us go in to dinner." She took Bob's arm and led the way into the dining room.

At dinner Bob sat opposite Eleanor, to his considerable discomfort at first. Perhaps Mrs. Dunmeade saw this, for she guided the talk to subjects which allowed him to be the audience. And after while his discomfort was forgotten in his interest in the conversation and in his covert study of Eleanor, especially in his study of Eleanor. He watched her critically that he might learn, if possible, the secret of her influence over Paul. His study forced him to admit very grudgingly that any man might find it hard to resist her charm.

"Any man of Paul's temperament, that is," he corrected himself hastily. And he began to doubt the success of his mission to the capital in its ultimate purpose.

Finally Mrs. Dunmeade turned to Bob. "Tell us, how is your campaign progressing?"

"There is considerable opposition." "If your friends' good wishes count for anything," she said kindly, "you will win. We're all anxious to see you elected."

"One good indication," Murchell added, "is the viciousness of the newspaper attacks. They overstep all bounds. That courthouse story, for instance—I personally know that you had nothing to do with it."

"No; I had nothing to do with it."

"Surely there must be some way to stop such stories," said Eleanor.

"What business is it of yours?" Bob wanted to say roughly. Instead he said grimly: "Yes. Bribe the owners."

"Who are the owners of the paper that published the courthouse story?" she asked, not seeing or not understanding the danger signals flashed across to her by Mrs. Dunmeade.

Bob was tempted. To tell her the truth, to shame and hurt her before her friends, would have been an incense of sweet savor to his hostility. But he caught Mrs. Dunmeade's pleading look.

"The opposition," he said carelessly. He was repaid by a grateful look from his hostess.

"How do you arouse a people, Mr. McAdoo?" Eleanor inquired quizzically.

"Denounce the other side," he said shortly.

"Then in politics one depends for success on the faults of the other side rather than on one's own virtues?"

"Precisely."

"No, no," the governor protested kindly. "Mr. McAdoo isn't just to himself. The truth is while he has been at the head of the Steel City organization—"

"Is that a polite name for boss?" Eleanor interrupted.

"I'm afraid it is," the governor returned pleasantly. "I was going to say that under Mr. McAdoo's leadership the district attorney's office in your county has been most efficiently and honestly conducted and the present city administration is the cleanest, most economical the city has ever known."

"Why are you so sure of being elected?" Eleanor asked.

"Because I play the better game."

Suddenly Murchell, who had taken little part in the conversation, leaned forward and leveled an accusing finger at Bob.

"That's not true," he said sternly. "It's false to the people of your city and to yourself. You're the shrewdest and boldest politician in this state. But your knowledge of the game alone would never make you mayor of your city, nor will it be due to the fact that you are a boss with an ironclad machine at your back. You're more than a boss. You have made yourself the leader of the people in their fight against the railroad-steel trust. Therefore you will win. Not the master politician or the boss of a machine will be elected, but Robert McAdoo, leader of the people. The responsibility will be yours, but it will not be your victory, but the victory of the cause you represent, the victory of the force."

"The force?" Bob and Eleanor exclaimed together.

Murchell's hand dropped to the table. His lean, haggard face showed a red spot in each cheek. "Yes, the

great social force in whose grip we all are; the force that makes the man, the social unit, find his happiness, his welfare, in the happiness and welfare of his brethren; of society; the force that has given John Dunmeade strength to struggle, libeled and misunderstood, against those who defy this principle of the universe. The force that has placed in you—forgive my bluntness—the crassest egoist I have ever known, the spirit to defy and fight the same enemy of your brethren. The force that makes you and John Dunmeade, by grace of a common enemy, necessary to each other, and makes you both necessary to the people of this state. The force that will give you the victory."

The old politician stopped, his black eyes gleaming fiercely at Bob through the shaggy eyebrows. Of what was going on within him Bob's masklike expression gave no hint as he met Murchell's gaze impassively. He shifted his glance to the others and found that he, not Murchell, was the target for their eyes. Upon Dunmeade's gentle face was written the exaltation of the martyr who sees into the beyond and beholds his triumph; upon his wife's countenance, both triumph and understanding. Eleanor was looking at him with an expression Bob could not understand, though he knew that for once it was not hostile. He turned again to Murchell, an ugly glitter in his eyes.

"Do you add the force that led you, the first of the school of corporation politicians, to create the very conditions we are fighting?"

Murchell did not flinch. "No, I have been of those who abused power, and therefore I have been the greatest criminal of my day. I add the force that will lead you two to repair the damage I have done."

Bob's mouth twisted into his sardonic grin. "It's a hopeless theory, Mr. Murchell. You make us all blind automatons. You take away from me—the crassest egoist you have ever known—my individuality, my reason for existence, my self, and you give me in exchange a species of sublimated socialism."

"Yes," Murchell said quietly, "the socialism of Christ when he commanded 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

"Your force is as inexorable as God!"

"The force is God," Murchell answered quietly.

"Yes," Mrs. Dunmeade said gently. "for God is love."

Bob turned to her, and the sneer faded from his mouth. "What does the force give us in exchange for our selfishness? What have I, reduced to an automaton, to make life and action worth while?"

"The happiness of seeing your fellows happier," she replied, "and love."

He broke into a rasping, mirthless laugh. "Pardon me," he said, recovering himself. "I'm not laughing at you or your force, but at a joke I had forgotten. I was introduced to your force two months ago."

"No, my friend," Murchell said, "at your birth."

When the men were alone Bob proceeded to explain his visit.

"Now that we have reached a verdict convicting me of conspiring to uplift humanity," he began, "let's get down to business if you're ready to hear me."

"We are ready."

"The other day," Bob went on, "I had an interview with Henry Sanger, Jr. The interview was at his request. He is backing Harland. Harland doesn't know it, but there's no doubt about it. Sanger was very frank. He informed me that he and his 'fellow investors' intend to break with you openly and finally and to select the next governor, legislature and senator. He came to propose that I join with them. He held out big inducements. He offered to contribute to my campaign fund; also to place the next governorship under my control and to put me at the head of the new state organization, subject to certain limitations, of course."

"I told him that I proposed to line up with you," Bob paused, looking at the others inquiringly.

"I suppose you didn't leave your campaign merely to tell us this," Murchell said.

"No. As I told Sanger, I choose to join you people. But, of course, my doing so depends upon certain conditions. I must name the next candidate for governor," Bob said coolly.

"That," Murchell said decidedly, "we can't consent to unless your candidate meets with our approval. Have you some one in particular in mind?"

"Yes; Remington."

"Paul Remington?" Dunmeade exclaimed. "I had suspected!" He paused.

(To be continued.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson II.—Third Quarter. For July 14, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Mark iv, 1-20. Memory Verse, 20—Golden Text, Jas. 1-21—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

"Jesus went about all Galilee teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people." "Anointed with the Holy Ghost and with power, He went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil, for God was with Him" (Matt. iv, 23; Acts x, 38). The great topic of Scripture is the kingdom fore-shadowed in the dominion over all things granted to Adam and Eve and consummated when the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever (Gen. i, 26-28; Rev. xi, 15). After Adam lost the dominion by listening to the devil, handing the dominion over to him and thus bringing sin and the curse upon our race and the earth, God began to reveal by type and plain statement a Redeemer and a redemption and a restoration of all that was lost by sin. The Redeemer is first mentioned as the seed of the woman, the redemption is set forth in the sacrifice which provided the coats of skins, and the restoration is seen in the cherubim (Gen. iii, 15, 21, 24). Later it was revealed that the Redeemer would be the seed of Abraham, having a special people on earth called Israel, the twelve tribes from the twelve sons of Jacob, and that through them all nations would be blessed. Still later it was revealed to David that the Lord's anointed would proceed from Him, sit upon His throne and reign forever, and to Him give all the prophets witness. Matthew's gospel opens with a statement concerning Jesus Christ, the Son of David, the Son of Abraham, the one in whom all the promises would be fulfilled. During His public ministry of three or four years and also during the forty days between His resurrection and ascension the kingdom was His one great topic, but those to whom He specially came despised and rejected Him, asked for a murderer instead of Him, said, "We have no king but Caesar," and cried concerning Jesus Christ, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" It was after they determined to kill Him that He began to teach in parables as in the lesson of today, which is recorded also in Matt. xiii and Luke viii. The words in Matt. xiii, 1, "The same day went Jesus out of the house and sat by the seaside," are very suggestive of the fact that He was about to leave the house of Israel and gather from the sea of nations a special people for a special purpose. In Heb. iii, 5, 6, we read of Moses faithful in all his house as a servant and of Christ as a Son over His own house. In Matt. xxiii, 28, 29, Jesus said, "Behold your house is left unto you desolate, for I say unto you ye shall not see Me henceforth till ye shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." We are waiting for that "till," or as it is in Luke xix, 13, "occupy till I come," and in I Cor. xi, 26, "Shew the Lord's death till He come," or in Ezek. xxi, 27; Acts iii, 21, "I will overturn till He come whom the heavens must receive until the times of restoration of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of all His holy prophets." The kingdom is no mystery, but one of the plainest things revealed in the Scriptures, but that the kingdom which was at hand should be postponed and an age intervene between its rejection and its actual coming was something not before revealed, and only fully revealed later to Paul, as he states in Eph. iii and elsewhere. This age in which we still live is covered by the seven parables of Matt. xiii, the first of which and its explanation we have in our lesson in Mark today. He spoke the parable to the multitudes, but explained it to His disciples when alone with them, saying, "Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God, but unto them that are without all these things are done in parables." Then He gave the reason (verses 10-12). In verse 13 He seems to indicate that this parable of the sower is a key to all the parables or that this one is so simple that if they understood it not it would be difficult for them to understand any. With the explanation given so fully by Himself, no further comment is necessary. Let us, however, note carefully that the great work given us is to sow diligently the incorruptible seed of the word of God (Luke viii, 11; I Pet. i, 23), remembering that He will watch over it and it will not fail to accomplish His pleasure (Jer. i, 12, R. V.; Isa. lv, 11). The devil is always ready to snatch away the word lest people should believe and be saved. He is the god of this world, blinding the minds of those who believe not (II Cor. iv, 4). The thing to do is to receive the word with meekness and bring forth fruit with patience (Jas. i, 21; Luke viii, 16). If we are true believers, saved fully and forever by the great sacrifice of Christ, we will, by His grace, have victory over the cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches, the pleasures of this life and the lusts of all other things which might choke the word and hinder our fruitfulness.

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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