

FOREST GROVE PRESS

G. Edwin Secour, Managing Editor.

THE PRESS PUBLISHING CO
FOREST GROVE, ORE.TELEPHONES:
OFFICE 502 RESIDENCE 397TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
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Three months, in advance..... .50

THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1913.

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

Entered at the post office at Forest Grove, Ore. as mail matter of the second class.

If you wish to rise with the sun, do not sit up late with the daughter.

The "back to the farm" cry is no longer a joke, it is a wail on the part of those who have seen the error of their ways and would be glad to get back and find that the farm has not gone away ahead of them.

There was a man in our town, And he was wondrous wise; He swore (it was his policy) He would not advertise. But one sad day he advertised, And thereby hangs a tale, The ad was set in quite small type, And headed, "Sheriff's Sale,"

It is a well known fact that the most severe critics of the public schools and the churches are the people who have never taken the trouble to enter the doors of the institutions that they criticize. They stand outside and bark instead of entering and learning for themselves the truth about matters. It is far easier to set up a hue and cry than to make a thorough investigation.

The most productive of all agricultural years was 1912, declares the report of the United States Department of Agriculture. The earth produced its greatest dividend. The sun and the rain and the fertility of the soil headed not the human controversies, but kept in co-operation with the farmer's efforts to utilize them. The reward was a high general level of production. The man behind the plow filled the nation's larder, crammed the store houses and sent liberal supplies to foreign countries.

The parcel post that the government put in operation in the United States January 1st, will have results much like those of the first telephones. It will be a great system that will bring the consumer closer to the producer and the producer closer to the consumer. It will carry conveniences of the city to the country and fresh produce to the city kitchen direct.

If the country lass has a skirt she wishes dyed or a feather curled she will send them

to town. If the rural housewife has a pair of blankets she wants dry-cleaned she can send them to town in a parcel with a parcel post stamp affixed. Maybe she will send a dozen or so of eggs or a pound of butter along to pay the bill.

How can the parcels post authorities know all this so far ahead? They don't know it ahead. England has been doing that sort of thing for years. They've studied it in England. In England they send waists, curtains and linens to Scotland to be laundered. The parcel post makes it practical to send fine laundry work far into the country where there are communities that specialize in that business. Needless to say, that both sides profit by the parcels post. They even send garments and cloths to Scotland to be dyed, for certain Scotch towns have developed the art of dying from generation to generation. The Londoner gets a better and cheaper job of dying because of the parcels post and the Scots profit by the trade.

When women take over the county offices the cuspidors will go out of the courthouse. With a woman judge on the bench the lawyers will have to stop smoking. And with women councilmen we may expect ordinances making it a misdemeanor to wear a dirty shirt or come down town unshaven. There is considerable to this woman suffrage question beyond what appears on the surface.

One man in a hundred reads a book; ninety nine in a hundred read a newspaper. Nearly a century ago, when the American press, which is now a spreading oak, was in its green twig, Thomas Jefferson said he would rather live in a country with newspapers and without government than in a country with a government and without newspapers. Now, in the beginning of 1913 resolve to at least say a good word for the Forest Grove Press, the "Paper That Does Things."

An Oregon editor was recently married. He has lived through the agonies of a genuine wedding and has even told the truth about it in his paper. He has likewise done the world a favor by expressing his views of traveling double and looking out at the world through two pairs of eyes.

Here's his story of it, right fresh from his pen: "This life seems like a fairy dream. I've been haltered and tied. No more soup and hash. In the language of the immortal I'm feeling bully. I expect to feel different when I get to buying coal and other things. She, (that's my wife,) says she'll be glad when we get home. I eat too much here, but I asked her if she remembered that old say-

ing, "We must live to eat." Must close as we want to attend the play, "Two Hearts that beat as One," tonight.

"In regard to the next edition: Dump Mrs. Hill, slide the Panama Canal on the dead galley, kill Deacon Jones and put Sally Freckles to press on the last run. Bucklin's Arnica Salve twice and put those two linotype locals, 'Wanted a house keeper' and 'Wanted a House to Rent' in the hell box. Have the office towel washed. You'll find it standing back of the ink keg. Am sending this as a night message because its cheaper and things are quieter. Give our regards to all and buy up all the rice in the town and burn it. Yours, Shy and Mrs. Shy."

Congratulations, old top.

This is the season of the year when the defective flue gets in its deadly work. The coming of the cold weather makes heavier fires necessary, with the result that if the flue becomes overheated the fire quickly spreads and there is a heavy loss before the arrival of the fire department. Extra precautions must be taken to guard against anything of the sort. A blazing house on a cold morning doesn't make a strong appeal to anyone.

Try as hard as you please, you can never get the knocker to believe his home town is anything but a modern Nazareth. Nothing good can come from it. Even when some bit of successful hustling or unusual generosity sets the outside world talking, he finds some flaw, some manner in which the deed would have been better had it happened elsewhere. Personally, his brains if changed to water would not be sufficient to dampen the dust on a gnat's whiskers, but he considers himself capable of giving advice to old man Solomon.

An editor sat in his easy chair, with troubled look and dishevelled hair. An irate subscriber was standing by, with an awful look and blood in his eye. The subscriber meant the editor to trash, his optics to bruise, his nose to mash. He would wipe the earth with the editor bold, for telling facts he shouldn't have told. The battle was brief, the carnage great, and the subscriber found his mistake, ah—too late. He retired from the scene with bruises and pain, and he'll never tackle an editor again.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES

Women are recalling a San Francisco judge. Evidently they intend that no part of their new-found function shall remain unutilized.—*Oregonian*.

There is talk of reforming the New York stock exchange. But you never hear any talk of reforming the boob whose money keeps the stock exchange going.—*Portland Daily News*.

The misguided burglar who broke into a newspaper office at Springfield Oregon, must be an amateur. How much did he expect to get on a pair of scissors anyhow?—*The Dalles Optimist*.

We know few institutions better deserving attention from such machinery of suppression as public opinion possesses than those newspaper contests which purport to discover the ten most popular school teachers or the ten most beautiful stenographers. Do the relatives and friends of these young women realize that they are being daubed with vulgarity to make money for newspapers whose need has become extreme by the time they adopt this device?—*Collier's Weekly*.

It might as well be taken for granted that those fourth class postmasters will be removed from civil service regulations. They take up too much needed room at the pie counter.—*Oregon Register*.

It is said that there are about 110 persons in the country to every automobile. Without additional manufacture, the machines themselves will reduce the ratio to an even hundred.—*Evening Telegram*.

A New York woman wants a divorce because her husband always takes the larger share of the beefsteak. She ought to be thankful to have a husband who can afford to buy beefsteak.—*Eugene Daily Guard*.

If Oregon wants to forge ahead along educational lines it had better get away from this school book commission proposition, and enact a law like that of Wisconsin, giving free books to all. Thus the poor will have an equal chance for education along with the "better fixed" people's children.—*Hillsboro Argus*.

If the editors throughout the country and the storekeepers throughout the country will combine, if they will use the parcel post instead of opposing it, they will soon find themselves possessors of a new prosperity, and competitors on a real and successful scale with the great mail houses that have done so much injury of late years to the prosperity of the local merchant.

No mail order house can possibly succeed in a community as well as the local merchant, if the local merchant plans his business as intelligently and economically as is done by his distant competitors. Hitherto the great mail order houses have had the advantage in buying and distributing.

Manufacturers were compelled to deal through jobbers and mail order houses. They could not reach the consumer direct.

But, with the parcel post and through the parcel post, and with the aid of the country newspaper and the country storekeeper, manufacturers hereafter will be able to deal direct with the consumers, and the great mail order houses will find that they have real competition—an excellent thing for everybody.—*New York Journal*.

Ever know of anybody to die of old age? Ever see or hear of a death certificate that did not give some disease as a cause of death?

The length of life is shortening they tell us. It is not doing anything of the kind—we are shortening life, that's all.

No one ever dies of old age. I defy any of you to show one who has. There is an Indian in this state who is now past 130, and who will soon die, and when he does I'll bet a hundred dollars the death certificate will show that disease, not old age, killed him.

In Bible days men lived hundreds of years, and the cause was that they were not sick every fifteen minutes. You see these old patriarchs didn't open the day with a cocktail and a cigarette and close it with ice cream and black coffee. These men lived close to nature and didn't give the ailments much of a chance to get them.

But we have degenerated and handed down our weak spots until today if you would line up a thousand men you would not find ten of them without some ailment.

There is no telling how long we might live if it were not that our enemies killed us. No human being knows the length of a natural human life.

Some day we will give less attention to breeding hogs, horses and hens and more to raising boys and girls. And when we do we won't have old men at forty and invalid girls at 25.—*Oregon City Courier*.

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Between Pacific and 1st Ave. S.

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The New Parcel Posts

PHONE
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is now in effect and we have made all arrangements and are prepared to send out anything we carry, in accordance with the law, and with promptness and dispatch.

The rates are: City and Rural Delivery; first pound .05. Each additional pound .01. Eleven pounds .15.

Our stock is very complete in all departments and our prices are as low as the lowest.

Telephone in your orders or write us and you will get the goods promptly. Goods sent on approval.

Prompt and courteous service is our motto.

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Finest of Bread and Pastry Baked
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