

# All Around Town

Al Moore, the pacific Avenue merchant, lost a fine colt, last Thursday the little fellow dying through inanition at the age of two days. Al feels very badly about it, as he had high hopes of owning a blooded trotter that would in a couple of years distinguish itself on the Forest Grove Training track.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Sailing, of Dilley, were Saturday visitors to this city.

Bert Doan, of Oak Hill, transacted business in this city, Monday.

Claud Smith, Connie McNamer and Felix Verhooven were in attendance at the dedication of the new home of the Elks lodge at McMinnville Saturday evening. The boys report a fine time, and say the McMinnville Elks entertained the visitors in a manner that put the Yamhillers in their good books.

William Tompson, of Cedar Canyon, was in this city Monday on his way to Portland.

William Swift, of Dilley, transacted business in this city, Monday.

Mr. Brooks and wife, of Scoggins Valley, were out of town visitors to this city, Friday.

Miss Mary Tompson, of Fossil, Oregon, is visiting relatives in the Cedar Canyon section.

Howard Lilly, of Gales Creek, was in this city the first of the week.

W. H. Haage, of David's Hill, was a Forest Grove visitor Monday.

Roy Loynes, of Spokane, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Loynes, the first of this week. Roy is with one of the leading undertaking firms of Spokane.

Theodore VanDyke, of Verboort, was a Grove visitor Monday.

Orville Wilkes, an automobile dealer of Hillsboro, was in the Grove, Monday, driving a party over in one of his machines.

Al Dilley, of the Watts district traded at the local stores, Saturday.

Charles Hubbert, of Dilley, was a week-end business visitor to this city.

Frank Bennett, of Thatcher, was greeting his friends in this city Saturday.

J. H. Reeher, of Portland, visited several days with friends and relatives in this city, where he formerly made his home, last week.

Alec Todd, of Oak Hill, was a Grove visitor, Friday.

Aden Harper, of Gales Creek, was a pleasant caller at the Press office, Friday.

Dick Holscher, of the Watts district, was in from his ranch, Friday.

Mrs. Eunice Walker of Gaston attended the Pioneers' meeting and visited relatives here this week—McMinnville News-Reporter.

Visit the Bargain department of Hoffman & Co.

Miss Carrie Nelson Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nel Johnson, of the Spring Hill farm formerly of this city, graduated the past week from St. Mary's academy, Portland.

Cleanliness and prompt service is what makes the Forest Grove Restaurant and Oyster House different. New quarters, near Star Theatre. 31tf

Bishop Bell, at the conference of the United Brethren church held at Tillamook last week, appointed W. N. Blodgett pastor of the United Brethren church at Beaverton.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Meresse, of this city, visited with friends in Tillamook, last week. They have a summer cottage at Netarts, one of the fine resorts along the coast.

See those Lawns, Dimities, Colored Swiss, Curtin Swiss etc., at 4c to 10c per yard. Hoffman & Co.

Mrs. G. W. Davis and her son and daughter, who have been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Loynes, in this city, started for their home at Devil's Lake, North Dakota, Tuesday. They were charmed with Forest Grove.

Go to Joe Streams, the First Street barber, for an artistic hair cut and a head-barber shave. 31tf

Children's Hosiery 7c, 9c, and 13c per pair at Hoffman & Co. Former prices 15c, 20c and 25c.

Best of meals, every modern improvement and perfect cleanliness are our first thought. Call again. Forest Grove Restaurant and Oyster House. 31tf

**Notice of Final Settlement.**  
Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned administratrix of the estate of Isaac R. Anderson, deceased, with the will of said deceased annexed, have filed in the county court of the state of Oregon for Washington county, my final account as such administratrix, and that said court has set Monday, June 23, 1913, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. as the time, and the county court room in Hillsboro, Oregon, as the place for hearing objections to said account and the final settlement of said estate.  
Dated this May 17, 1913.  
SARAH M. ANDERSON,  
Administratrix of the estate of Isaac R. Anderson, deceased, with the will of said deceased annexed.  
N. W. BARRETT,  
Attorney for said estate. 2915

## WILY WOMAN WON

She Made Up Her Mind to Get That News, and She Got It!

### A FINE FIX FOR A PRESIDENT.

Anne Royall, the Mother of Newspaper Interviews, Tricked John Quincy Adams and Badgered Him Into Giving Up the Information She Wanted.

In clearing the ground for some improvements in Potomac park in Washington the contractor some time ago removed a stone that for nearly a century was a quaint landmark in the national capital. It is called the "Anne Royall stone" and lay on the bank of the river just opposite the White House, about twenty feet back from the water's edge, at the top of a grass covered knoll.

It was on this stone that Anne Royall sat when she had her famous interview with President John Quincy Adams—at least, so runs the story that has been handed down for three generations by the inhabitants of Washington.

And, according to that story, it would appear that the good lady for whom the stone was named was not only a person of energy, but was endowed with considerable grim determination as well. She evidently had a good strong will of her own and an active mind of her own, and when these two started to work in concert in deadly earnest results were bound to follow. Whether the good lady's sense of humor was cramped or extensive the reader must determine for himself.

Anne Royall was in a sort of the mother of modern journalism. She was the originator of the "interview." She first in the little street that she published in Washington in the second and third decades of the last century, departed from the dry forms that had always characterized newspapers. She did not confine herself to a mere summary of current happenings, even spiced with careful essays on abstract subjects, after the manner of Steele or Addison. She struck firmly the "personal note." She wrote and printed things about public men as they were in their daily lives—an innovation the startling effect of which we cannot realize today. Her paper was called the Washington Paul Pry and afterward the Huzzaree.

During the administration of John Quincy Adams congress passed a certain bill, the signing or veto of which by the president was a matter of intense public interest. In those days the interview of the president by a newspaper man was unheard of, and so one had the temerity to ask Mr. Adams what he would do in the matter.

But there was one exception among the timorous journalists of that day. It was Anne Royall. She dared to apply at the White House for a conference with the president, the avowed object of which was to learn from him his intentions concerning the bill.

Poor Anne, however, was kept at a discouraging distance. Day after day she waylaid the president, only to be felled by his attendants. But she did not grow discouraged. She learned that every morning, immediately after rising, the president walked to the bank of the Potomac, some half a mile in the rear of the White House, and there, after taking off his clothes, plunged into the stream for a swim.  
One morning when the president, after swimming far out into the stream, turned to make his way back toward the shore he was astonished to see, sitting upon his clothing, which he had left upon a stone on the bank, a speckled female with a look of great determination. It was Anne Royall, and beside her were a pen and bottle of ink, and in her hand was a sheet of paper.  
"Woman, depart!" sputtered the president as he swam up into the shallows where he could touch the bottom of his toes.  
"You know who I am, Mr. President," said the woman, "and you know what I want. I'm going to sit here until you tell me what you intend doing with that Cherokee Indian bill."  
"Go away, woman!" shouted the president. "This is scandalous!"  
"It's scandalous," Anne is reported to have said, "that the people of a free country have to resort to such extreme measures to find out what their servants are going to do. You give me the information that I am entitled to; then I'll give you your clothes. Otherwise I'll stay here and you'll stay there!"  
There was only one outcome to such a struggle. The shivering president told Anne what he expected to do and why he would do it. Then, and not until then, did Anne, armed with copious notes, rise from the stone that she had made famous and hasten to her little printing office, where she lost no time in getting what first and most famous presidential interview into print—Youth's Companion.

**Ready For the Inspectors.**  
Annoyed by a notice that the local sanitary committee were going to inspect his cow house, a Dorset farmer spread floeover the floor of the building, displayed hearth rugs in convenient positions, hung the walls with pictures and a mirror and installed a harmonium. When the committee arrived he gravely invited them to wipe their feet on the doormat before entering.—London Mail.

**Force of a Jet of Water.**  
A factory in Grenoble, France, utilizes the water of a reservoir situated in the mountains at a height of 200 yards. The water reaches the factory through a vertical tube of the same length, with a diameter of considerably less than an inch. The jet being used to move a turbine. Experiments have shown that the strongest men cannot cut the jet with the best tempered sword, and in some instances the blade has been broken into fragments without deflecting a drop of the water and with as much violence as a pane of glass may be shattered by a blow from an iron bar. It has been calculated that a jet of water a small fraction of an inch in thickness moving with sufficient velocity could not be cut by a rifle bullet.—Harper's.

**Heaven has a few suburbs right here on earth if we care to make them so.—Florida Times-Union.**

## ATTEND THE College Commencement Exercises.

JUNE 12th to 18th.  
Concerts by the Conservatory June 12 & 14 at 8 p.m.

Closing Exercises of the Academy  
Japanese Play  
"The Flower of Yedds"  
June 13, 8 p. m.

Baccalaureate Sermon  
By Dr. J. J. Staub, at the Cong. Church, June 15th, 11 a. m.

Commencement Play, June 16th, at 8 p. m.

Alumni Program, June 17th  
Graduating Exercises, June 18th, 10:30 a. m.

Commencement Concert, June 18th, 8 p. m.

All in Marsh Hall except as indicated

Attend all or as many as you can and get better acquainted with the College. Do you know some body who ought to enter College? Help us help such a one.

For further information or Catalogue, address,  
PACIFIC UNIVERSITY, Forest Grove, Ore.

## THE CASTAWAY

By SUSAN YOUNG PORTER

"Bout on the starboard quarter!" cried the lookout.

I was first officer of the Helen Drew and on duty. With my glass I swept the waters as indicated and brought within the field of view a ship's boat, now raised high on the crest of a wave and now sinking low in the trough. Whenever it was inclined sidewise toward me I could see lying motionless on the bottom the body of a woman. I gave an order to put the ship's bow toward it and when within a reasonable distance sent a boat out for it and its contents.

On its return I ordered the boat raised to the main deck, and the body was immediately lifted out. It was that of a young girl not more than seventeen years old. The ship's doctor at once made an examination to determine if she were dead and reported signs of life. She was removed to a cabin and by the united efforts of the doctor and the stewardess was restored to consciousness.

When she seemed sufficiently recovered to be questioned she was asked how she came to be in an open boat at sea, but could remember nothing about her lonely voyage or any of her past life.

I made a personal examination of the boat in which she had come to us in order to identify the ship to which it had belonged. It was an old one and had either not been painted for some time or had been so weather beaten that the paint was very much worn. The stern had been jammed against something, and but few of the letters of the name were legible. This was many years ago, before it became the universal custom to paint the ship's name on both sides of the stem of the boat. I could make out the first, fourth and eighth letters. The other five were either partially or entirely obliterated. Those I could read were N T S. I think that if I had been familiar with the names of marine animals I might have hit upon the name.

We had started from Boston on a cruise around the world, taking in the Cape of Good Hope, Japan, the Hawaiian Islands, San Francisco and other American ports. We picked up the girl after having left the cape, and since we were approaching countries which were then barbarous there was nothing to do but keep her with us. In a couple of weeks she had recovered her health, but not her memory.

Being nearer her age than any other of the officers, I became more companionable with her. There were only two clues by which her identity might be established—the three letters on the stem of the boat in which she had been picked up and two letters on her underclothing. The boat had been abundantly provisioned, and the girl had been well supplied with wraps. From these facts I argued that after an accident, collision, fire or other disaster she had been put in the boat with a number of others. She was not likely to have been turned adrift alone, and the supply of provisions had originally been sufficient for a number of persons. This feature of the problem has never been solved. My theory is that some person or persons who had the girl in charge, in order that she might have all the provisions, after a certain date committed suicide by jumping overboard. Possibly such an act might have been the result of delirium.

It is to be supposed that a young man of twenty-three making a voyage around the world with a girl of seventeen would fall in love with her. Such was the case with me, and the poor girl was glad to have some one to lean upon in her lonely condition. I told her that she need not fear for anything since she belonged to me. At the end of our voyage we would do all in our power to find out her identity and be guided by the result.

We spent hours together working over the letters on the stem of the boat in which she had drifted. The captain had a dictionary among his books, and we undertook to make a check against every noun beginning with N. Having the relative position of all the letters was a great advantage, and having the first letter was even a greater help.

We found a number of words of eight letters beginning with N, but the one that fitted the conditions exactly was Nautilus, and it was the only one that was a proper word for the name of a ship. It must be remembered that ships have often been named for a person, and these names are not to be found in a dictionary. However, we believed that Nautilus was the name of the ship in question, and we would learn of such ship on reaching our home port.

We were not disappointed. The ship Nautilus of Providence, R. I., had sailed from there and had never been heard of afterward. I took the castaway to that city to learn that her father had been a sea captain, and, his daughter Alice being in poor health, he had taken her on a voyage with him. Since she was the only person saved and had lost her memory no further explanation was forthcoming.

Alice found a mother whom she did not remember. It was said that, having her daughter unexpectedly returned to her, the girl should not be able to respond to her caresses. But Alice did all she could to comfort her mother, remaining with her till three years later, when she married me.

## MUSCLES OF STEEL

They May Go Hand in Hand With Poor Physical Health.

Great muscular strength is no criterion of health. The most powerful athlete may be conquered by malaria or typhoid fever when a frail little woman throws off the attacks of the germs that cause these diseases and never feels them.

A great prizefighter walks out in the evening and is stung by a mosquito. A day or two later he is shivering with cold and burning with fever by turns. The mosquito has injected the germs of malaria into his blood, and his blood has not the strength to exterminate them. He receives a small wound. The surgeon has to sew it up, and the big, husky chap faints from the pain, while a slender, fragile woman endures pains a hundred times as severe with scarcely a murmur.

For muscular strength and physical health have nothing to do with each other. The physical exercise that causes the former is, however, conducive to the latter, for it makes a man breathe deeply, sets heart pumping more vigorously, aids his stomach and intestines to digest better, distracts the mind from care and promotes sound sleep. But great muscular strength often exists with poor power of resistance to disease.

The most obvious proof of this is in the resisting power of women. Woman's vitality is greater than man's. She resists starvation better; she is not so susceptible to cold or heat; she can stand a greater loss of blood; when poisoned she is more likely to recover, and how often do we see physical giants the most miserable of victims to seasickness while delicate women are eating their five meals a day in stormy weather on shipboard!—New York World.

## GROTESQUE HEADDRESSES.

Mongolian Women Drench Their Hair With Fish Glue and Grease.

The headdress of the Mongolian women is a very complicated affair. When the hair is made up in the shape of elephants' ears it indicates matrimony, and when worn in a tall it means that the woman is a splasher. In order to give this shape to the hair the woman makes a parting in the middle of her head, then drenches the hair, each side by turn, with a pleasing mixture of fish glue and grease.

When it is thoroughly soaked she spreads the upper part out thinly in such a way that at its broadest it measures about six inches wide. To keep the hair in this shape she employs wooden clips, which, when the hair is dry, are replaced, if she can afford it, by silver or golden ones. The lower part of the hair is made into a plait, with a silver or golden ornament at the end to prevent its coming undone.

These silver or golden clips and hair ornaments are often set with precious stones, and princesses even have the whole of the plait hidden by means of silver or golden rings. As the making up of the hair takes a whole day and the Mongol women are very lazy and not particularly cleanly in their habits, it is not surprising to learn that this operation is performed by some once a week, by others once a month and yet others—pretty low down in the social scale—once a year.—Wide World Magazine.

**Well, It is a Good Motto.**  
A Sunday school teacher, speaking to her pupils on moral cleanliness, offered a prize for the best written or printed motto that would teach the lesson of personal purity.  
"Remember," she said, "that the motto must bear especially on the necessity for inward cleanliness—the purity of a heart as pure and spotless as polished gold."  
Last Sunday one of the smallest of the boys handed in a placard printed in big black letters.  
"Where did you get this?" the teacher asked.  
"Swiped it this morning off Tony's bootblack stand outside the corner bar-room."  
The motto read: "Shine Inside."—New York Sun.

**Adverbs.**  
In English speech the words that sin most against clear expression are adverbs. Thus under stress of dire need you may say, "Come here, quick!" or "Come here, quickly!" The former is theoretically incorrect, but it carries the idea. The latter is theoretically correct, but it lacks force. Adverbs are poor things compared with adjectives. Indeed, if an anti-adverb society should ever be organized I desire to record here and now an application for membership.—Ellwood Hendrick in Atlantic.

7 Bars Lenox soap, 25. Hoffman & Co.

## HE CAUGHT THE KHEDIVE.

A Breezy American Who Made the Most of His Opportunity.

When E. Alexander Powell was the consular representative of the United States at Alexandria he received a call one morning from the president of an American concern engaged in the manufacture of agricultural and well drilling machinery. This man explained that he was passing through Egypt and asked if it would be possible to obtain an audience with the khedive. In "The Last Frontier" Mr. Powell gives an amusing account of the interview:

Agriculture and its attendant problems constitute the sole hobby and amusement of the khedive. He is consequently a ready and liberal purchaser of all improved types of agricultural machinery, which he puts to practical use on his great estates. The request of my compatriot was duly transmitted to the grand master of ceremonies, and shortly thereafter a reply reached me that named the day and hour when his highness would receive us at the palace of Ras-el-Tin.

Frock coated and top hatted we drove to the palace on the day appointed, were received by the officials of the household and shown into the audience room, where his highness stood awaiting us. After a cordial greeting the khedive drew me down beside him on a small sofa and motioned to my companion to take a chair opposite us.

"It gives me particular pleasure," I began, "to present Mr. K. to your highness, as he is an authority on agricultural machinery, a subject in which your highness is, I know, much interested."

"Say, khedive," exclaimed my fellow countryman, suddenly leaning forward and emphasizing every sentence by wagging his finger under the khedive's august nose, "I've got the finest little proposition in well drilling machinery that ever struck this burg, and if you don't jump at the chance to get in on the ground floor then all I've got to say is that you're throwing away the chance of your lifetime!"

The khedive, being naturally quite unaccustomed to this form of verbal assault and still more unaccustomed to having any one waggle a finger under his nose, at first drew back laughingly. Then the humor of the situation dawned upon him, and as the river of talk, which is one of the chief reliances of the trained American salesman, flowed steadily on he became interested in spite of himself. Now and then he interjected a pertinent question and ended the audience by giving the American an order for several thousand dollars' worth of American machinery, which, when I last heard of it, was giving excellent satisfaction on the royal farms.

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Furnished room to rent close in. Call Press office. 32 tf.

### EXCURSION EAST

Tickets sold through via

## Oregon Electric Railway

LIMITED TRAINS EAST

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SPOKANE, PORTLAND & SEATTLE

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Denver	55.75	Pittsburg	92.25
Des Moines	66.45	St. Louis	70.75
Detroit	84.25	St. Paul	60.75
Duluth	60.75	Toronto	92.75
Indianapolis	80.65	Washington	108.25
Kansas City	60.75	Winnipeg	60.75

Tickets will be on sale daily May 18th to Sept. 30th, 1913. The return limit is October 31st. Choice of routes and stopovers are allowed, going and returning.  
Train schedules and other details will be furnished on request.  
Baggage checked and sleeping car accommodations arranged through to destination.

R. H. Crozier, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agt.  
W. C. Wilkes, Asst. Gen'l. Frt. & Pass. Agt.,  
Portland, Oregon

A. J. Farmer, Agent,  
Forest Grove, Ore.