



Time
To have us
make
the
Kiddie's
Picture
Now
Forest Grove
STUDIO
N Main Street

W. F. HARTRAMPF

Feed Mill will run every day in the week.

Wholesale and Retail

Bran, Shorts, Rolled Oats, Ground Oats, Ground Wheat, Cracked Wheat, Cracked Corn, Whole Wheat and Corn, Middlings and several kinds of Hard Wheat Flour, Sack Twine and Sacks, Hay and Vetch Seed.

Give us a call when in need.

Phone 50x Forest Grove, Ore.

Put that Property You Want to Sell
"Under the Spot-Light!"
ADVERTISE IT! Not once, timidly and penny-wise! But as often as needed—and a showing of FACTS about it which will unfailingly interest the probable purchaser! Make it the best advertised real estate in the city—for a little while—and your buyer will seek you out and quickly close the transaction!

UNDERTAKING
Embalming and Funeral Directing
FOREST GROVE UNDERTAKING CO.
J. S. Buxton, Manager
Phone No. 642 Forest Grove, Or.

SURVEYOR
All kinds of surveying and mapping. Subdivisions a specialty.
H. B. GLAISYER,
Hoffman & Allen Bld'g
Phone 806
Forest Grove, Ore.

Royal Informality.
At Cadmen, Emperor William's model farm in West Prussia, where he loves to tramp about in rough clothes and high top boots, there is a certain blacksmith whose hand is never too grimy for his kaiser to shake. The Princess Victoria Luise from earliest years has shared her father's liking for the man's sterling qualities. One day the emperor and princess, in company with a high official, called at the smithy. As its owner turned from work to welcome them the kaiser introduced him as "a special friend of my daughter's."—Pictorial Review.

Toasted Bugs.
An insect much resembling the June bug and found in great quantities in the high plains about Quito, capital of Ecuador, is toasted and eaten as a delicacy by the natives of that country. It is sold in the streets in the same manner as are chestnuts in the cities of this country. The roasted bugs taste very much like toasted bread.

WILD WIND ANTICS

The Havoc That May Come When a Tornado Breaks Loose.

STORMS PLAY QUEER PRANKS

Houses Have Been Carried Bodily Into the Air and Exploded, and Half a Building Has Been Swept Away, While the Rest Remained Unharmed.

The weather bureau at Washington has been collecting statistics and facts about cyclones and tornadoes for many years, and the experts have succeeded in securing considerable valuable data about the big winds; but, after all, the freaks of the storm are the things that give it special interest, and if all these were properly classified some remarkable reading would be furnished. Every visitation of a tornado adds to this valuable storehouse of queer freaks.

It is not uncommon for the whirling wind to cut a house in half, demolishing one side and leaving the other undisturbed. This happened in an Iowa tornado, and the part that was left intact was so little disturbed that the clock on the mantel continued ticking, as if nothing had happened.

In the Texas town of Sherman, which was visited by a tornado in 1896, two houses were picked up and carried into the air, where they exploded. Every one in them was severely injured except a baby, which did not receive so much as a scratch. A man milking a cow in a shed saw the cow and shed carried up in the air, but he was not so much as touched. Not a drop of the milk in his pail was spilled or disturbed.

In the St. Louis tornado of the same year a carpet in the parlor of one house was pulled up by the twister and carried away a few hundred yards without so much as a rent being torn in it. The tacks had been pulled up as neatly as if extracted by a careful carpet layer.

In another house the bedclothing and mattress were lifted from the bed, and the bedstead was left intact. A resident was carried through the roof of another house with the bed and dropped a quarter of a mile away without injury. The mattress saved him in the fall, and he picked himself up in a vacant lot to dress without knowing exactly what had happened to him.

The "twisters" have been known to pull nails out of shingles and then go on to pick up a chimney bodily and carry it through the air. In Kansas one picked up a buggy and landed it in the branches of a tree. At another time it ripped the harness completely off a horse and left horse, buggy and man uninjured. In Louisville, in 1890, a tornado carried the roof off a house and pulled a child from the mother's arms and carried it safely to another house six blocks away.

But these are merely among the harmless freaks of the big wind. There are others more heartrending. It has dismembered human beings, tearing arms and legs from the body, and twisted the hair of women into ropes. In Kansas it drove a piece of scantling six inches square through the body of a hog. At another time it blew in the door of a farmer's house and carried the owner away on the door, to drop him in the branches of a tree. The tornado did not hurt him, but he broke his neck falling from the tree to the ground.

No one has succeeded in measuring the full force of a tornado, but it is known to travel at the rate of 200 miles and more an hour.

Tornadoes are exciting more general attention than formerly because of the greater number of towns and villages located in the tornado belt. Each successive one is more dangerous than its predecessors because it is apt to find more human material to destroy. Formerly it might travel half the length of a continent without finding anything in its path to destroy except grass, trees and occasionally the crops of a solitary farmer. Today, if it followed the same route, it might pass over a dozen villages and towns.

The only thing that can possibly break the force of a tornado is a range of mountains. It may create wild havoc among the trees and bowlders of a mountain, but it cannot carry the mountain itself away. It will uproot giant forest trees, suck the water from wells and streams, twist and demolish iron bridges and carry up houses, but the mountains are proof against the mighty force of the wind.

Until we know how to control the tornado or find some means of baffling it, its menacing danger must always be a source of considerable uneasiness in the great plain sections of the country. But, like earthquakes, the tornado and cyclone do not come every year, and sometimes they defer their visit for a decade or so, for which we may be thankful.—George E. Walsh in Harper's Weekly.

The Pleasure of Raising Whiskers.
The enthusiasm of those engaged in the cultivation of whiskers is inspiring. A man with a full beard may in a lucid moment shave it off. But watch him closely. Within ten days he will show signs of returning to his old life almost as certainly as a murderer will return to the scene of his crime.—American Magazine.

Didn't Get a Chance.
"Did your son who went to the city to make his fortune deliver the goods?"
"No. He was caught with them before he had a chance."—Houston Post.

Doing well depends upon doing completely.—Persian Proverb.

OUR FEARLESS SAILORS.

An Incident of the Old Days Off the Cape of Good Hope.

American vessels in those days (1833) surpassed the sailing records of ships of every other nation. Once when down nearly to the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope we encountered the most severe gale of our outward bound voyage. A mountainous sea was heaving in from the south, and the wind, which had originally come from that direction, was now blowing directly from the west with hurricane force. High as the Washington stood above the water, occasional crests would sweep her main deck and she steered so hard that I had to keep two men continually at the wheel and have them relieved every half hour.

The wind, however, was fair, and therefore every man on the ship, from Captain L. to the cook's boy, would have felt disgraced had the order been given to heave the ship to. Under double reefed topsails and fore course she was logging upward of sixteen knots, and all hands were as pleased as if they had just been granted a week's shore leave at New York.

Later in the day, when the wind had moderated somewhat, we sighted a large British bark hove to under short canvas. She was flying distress signals, so Captain L. ordered the wheel put up and ran down to have a look at her. As soon as our signals could be clearly seen he asked what she wanted, and the bark replied with a request to stand by. Captain L. then ran up flags demanding if the bark were injured or anything wrong on board. The Britisher replied again, "Stand by. Do not like look of weather."

When the second mate read the meaning of this signal out of the code book a great laugh went up in our cabin, and Captain L. replied with flags reading, "See nothing wrong in this weather," and hoisted the American ensign above the signal in order to give point to his remark. No doubt the British captain said, "Another of those crazy Yankees!" when he read our flags, but we were in Batavia a week before he appeared.—From "The Journal of Captain Nathaniel Webber" in Outing.

TODAY IS YOUR ONLY DAY.

Yesterday is a Record and Tomorrow May Never Come.

Good days and bad days exist only in your own head. The weather has nothing to do with it. Each day is what you make it for yourself. Bad weather is only an unfortunate opinion.

Suppose it is raining pitchforks. You get word that your salary has been doubled or that a forgotten uncle has left you \$1,000,000. What do you care about the weather then? Or suppose the person you love is dying. Unexpectedly a turn for the better comes. The doctor says your dear one will live. What if it is hotter than Tophet? It is a good day, a great day, a happy day. It's what you think and feel about it that makes each day what it is. You, within yourself, can make each day, every day, a good day. Put down in the notebook of your soul the poet Runeberg's thought:

"Each day is a life."
When you get up in the morning throw back your shoulders, take a deep breath. Meet the new day like a man. Say to yourself:

"Another day—another life!"
For all we know, it may be the only day we'll ever have. Let's make it the best day we can. Let's strive to see that it is a day worth while. Let's move a step forward in our work. Let's do all the good we can. Let's get all the happiness we can—today.
Right now is the only time you can control. Yesterday is a record. Tomorrow is a secret. Today is yours, is mine.—American Magazine.

The "Devil's Graveyard."
A cemetery known as the "Devil's Graveyard," on top of a rocky hill overlooking Slon, Switzerland, where for centuries were buried sorcerers and sorceresses, is being blasted away to make room for public improvements. From the tenth century to the early seventeenth those supposed to be in traffic with the evil one were tortured, executed and buried there. The excavators have found bones estimated to be those of many hundreds of persons.

Still He Had It.
A certain physician told some of his patients that as long as they kept their feet and legs dry they would be safe from an attack of the grip. One day he was surprised to receive a letter from a patient in which the latter said that he had two wooden legs and yet he had had the grip for five consecutive years.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Explaining It.
Jones (Just introduced)—I suppose you don't remember me, but I was once a witness against your side in a certain trial, and I remember that you cross examined me with the greatest courtesy. The Lawyer—Is that so? Perhaps your testimony was not material.—Puck

The Eternal Feminine.
"Wimmen certainly ain't got no consistency."
"What's the matter, Mike?"
"Me wife chased me out wid a rolling pin this morning and then cried because I left home without kissing her goodby."—Pittsburgh Post.

Caught the Habit.
"That yachting party are telling the biggest fakes I ever heard."
"Yes, and you can see at a glance that even the yacht is lying to."—Baltimore American.

Take Your Coupon Book

TO

The leading and enterprising firms with whom we have arranged to redeem Press Coupons. Their prices meet all competition.

HOFFMAN & ALLEN
General Merchandise
Main Street, Forest Grove

GOFF BROTHERS
Hardware, Implements, Autos
Pacific Avenue, Forest Grove

GEO. G. PATERSON
Furniture and Pianos
Main Street, Forest Grove

SHEARER & SON
Jewelers
Main Street, Forest Grove

FOREST GROVE PHARMACY
Pure Drugs and Medicines
Pacific Avenue, Forest Grove

SUN-RISE GROCERY
Groceries and Provisions
Pacific Avenue, Forest Grove

C. G. DANIELSON
Bicycles and Sundries
Pacific Avenue, Forest Grove

FOREST GROVE STUDIO
Photos and Photo Supplies
Forest Grove

R. A. PHELPS **A. J. COOK**
White Palace Cafe
Pacific Ave., Forest Grove

C. L. BUMP & CO.
General Meachandise
South Forest Grove

MORTON & FREEMAN
Groceries and Provisions
Hillsboro

J. A. HOFFMAN
Jeweler
Hillsboro

THE DELTA DRUG STORE
Drugs and Medicines
Hillsboro

PERCY LONG
Hardware
2nd Street, Hillsboro

MRS. M. L. BURDAN
Millinery
2nd Street, Hillsboro

SAELEN & SPIESSEHEART
Meat Market
2nd Street, Hillsboro

A. C. DONELSON
Furniture
Hillsboro

PEOPLES STORE
General Merchandise
Hillsboro

MRS. WINIFRED GUNTON
Pope Photo Gallery
Hillsboro, Oregon

THE JACKSON PHARMACY
Drugs and Medicines
Cornelius

GOFF BROTHERS
Hardware and Supplies
Cornelius

A. S. HENDRICKS
General Merchandise
Cornelius

GASTON DRUG STORE
Drugs and Medicines
Gaston

BRIGGS BROTHERS
General Merchandise
Dilley

G. LUNDQUIST & CO.
Hardware
Cherry Grove

ERIC ANDERSON
Jewelry and Drugs
Cherry Grove

FORSBERG & BROSTROM
General Merchandise
Cherry Grove

THE C. C. STORE
Day Goods, Groceries, Shoes, Hardware
Orengo

ORENCO DRUG CO.
Drugs and Jewelry
Orengo

Wm. OELRICH
Builders' Materials
Orengo

OREGON NURSERY CO.
Wholesale and Retail Nursery Stock
Orengo

M. P. CADY
General Merchandise
Beaverton

J. L. HARDY
Confectionery and Patent Medicines
Beaverton

R. L. TUCKER
Everything to Build With
Beaverton

N. C. LILLY
General Merchandise
Gales Creek

E. J. AYERS
General Merchandise
Gales Creek

KINTON & JENSEN
General Merchandise
Banks

BRODERICK & HUMBERG
Blacksmith and General Repairing
Forest Grove, Ore