

All Around Town

Miss Anna Staehr, who has been attending school at Monmouth Normal, has returned to her home in this city for her summer vacation.

Bill Morley, who is working in Portland, spent the week end with friends in this city. Bill recently returned from a trip east. He contemplates locating on a homestead in Southern Montana, where crops grow by merely looking at them—when they have water. Bill will probably take his old crony, George Reynolds, with him.

Read the announcement of the new store's opening June 25.

B. C. Dennis, of west Gaston was transacting business in Forest Grove Saturday, his son LeRoy of Hoffman & Co. accompanied him home and spent Sunday at the farm.

Ezra Wright, of Thatcher, has moved to Forest Grove where he and his family will make their future home.

Notice the change in name, the Forest Grove Pharmacy will be known hereafter as LITTLER'S PHARMACY.

Clarence Hoyt, of the Wilson River country, was in the Grove Saturday, after a load of household supplies.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Dennis, of Scoggins Valley, were in this city, Saturday, to attend the Homestead lodge, of which they are members.

W. W. Ireland was in Portland, Saturday. Of particular interest to him was the high water and Uncle Sam's sea fighter that has been in the harbor during the rose show.

Geo. Hancock, cashier of the First National Bank, went down to the Carnival, Saturday. George promised to keep a parental eye on the many Forest Grove young people who were in the Rose City the last of the week.

A fancy work department will be one of the features of the new store. FREE LESSONS will be given every Thursday afternoon by Mrs. E. C. Jay, from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Mrs. McBride, mother of Mrs. A. B. Craft is very ill at her daughter's home in this city.

Wm. Haines, of McMinnville, was seen on the city streets the past week.

Herman Moore, of the State Deaf and Dumb school at Salem, is visiting his uncle, D. Parsons, of this city.

Miss Gaylord, sister of Ruth Gaylord, of the college, is visiting her sister here.

Frank Doan made a trip to Portland last Saturday evening.

Notice the change in name the Forest Grove Pharmacy will be known hereafter as LITTLER'S PHARMACY.

Miss Helen Chandler, of Portland, an alumnus of Pacific University, attended Commencement exercises in this city this week.

Thomas Adams, graduate of Pacific University and now president of a bank at Vancouver, Washington, visited his alma mater this week.

William Weston, former resident of this city, now of Portland, was greeting friends here this week.

Mrs. B. Britton, of Ranier, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Dilley, in this city.

Everett Nickerson, of Vernonia, was a Forest Grove visitor, Monday.

Mr. H. E. Witham, of Portland, is in Forest Grove this week.

Mrs. Dan McCloud, of Kelso, Washington, is visiting with her mother in this city.

Mrs. C. H. Olmstead and children left this week for an extended visit with her sister, Mrs. Kennedy of Portland.

Philip E. Bauer, chaplain of the Oregon State Penitentiary, visited with Stephen Blank and friends Tuesday.

Mrs. Stephen Blank is mourning the loss of her aged brother, James McMillen, who was over ninety years of age. He died at his home in Adamsville, Ohio. He was a pioneer, crossing the plains to Oregon in '45, and resided for some years in Portland before going to Ohio.

Mr. Frank Hoype left for Kansas the latter part of last week.

E. W. and L. R. Barker, from Oak Park were business visitors, Tuesday.

Mrs. Howard and children, of Red Bluff, California, are visiting with Mrs. A. C. Gardner.

Miss Kate Roe, who has been attending Pacific University this winter, left for her home near Wapato, Wednesday.

Mrs. B. F. White is a visitor to the seashore this week.

Mrs. Colindymont visited with Mrs. Nettie Austin, Sunday.

Mrs. Stewart visited last week in Portland.

Master Donald Misz returned Wednesday from his visit to his grandmother in Canby.

Mr. I. C. Emmerson, who has been touring in California and Mexico, has returned to his home in Dallas, after visiting here.

Misses Hazel Barber and Ruth Austin were visitors in Portland, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. W. C. Emmerson is improving after his illness.

Mrs. W. H. Barber and Mrs. W. L. Keese, after visiting in Portland for a week returned Monday.

Noah King and wife are contemplating a trip to Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and other states of the middle west next month. While Mr. King was telling the Press editor of their contemplated trip, a middle aged man passed, and pusing a moment he remarked: "Pardon me, but there is no Kansas; what the cyclone left the cinch bugs have finished." He looked like he might have gone through it all, but the Oregon climate was beginning to wear his weariness off in spots, already, yet.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Kennedy, of the Watt district were pleasant callers at this office Tuesday.

Rev. C. H. Hilton, formerly pastor of the local Christian church, sends the Press a copy of the Healdsburg Tribune, a paper published in Healdsburg, California, where Rev. Hilton is now in charge of the Christian church. The Tribune is an eight-page, six-column paper, and is filled with news items of Healdsburg and surrounding territory. The business men of Healdsburg liberally patronize the advertising columns of the Tribune.

Rev. Philip Baure, Chaplain of the state prison at Salem, attended the Commencement exercises of Pacific University, this week. Rev. Bauer is an alumnus of the University.

Andrew Philip and family left this city Tuesday for Vancouver, B. C., where they will make their future home. Andy has been agent for the Carter Car company in this county for several years, and the management has appointed him salesman for the Canadian city.

Attorney and Mrs. Dyke attended the closing exercises of McMinnville College, last week, of which institution they were both students. Mr. Dyke is a trustee of the McMinnville college.

RAILROADS IN GERMANY.

Fine Discipline Because Employees Are All Ex-Army Men.

It is well known that practically all of the railway employees of Prussia have served in the army. When they enter the railway ranks from the army certain credits are allowed for their military service, and certain positions are reserved for army men. This military experience shows its influence on their deportment and discipline in railway service. There is a noticeable orderliness and precision about everything connected with German railways. In respect for authority and strict observance of the rules the German railway employee has no superior. The traveler will not fail to notice the red capped station master standing at attention on the station platform as the train passes through each station. He will also find the senior signalman, gateman and other employees connected with the train service always in evidence, standing like sentries as the train passes. The operating official, while riding over the line, can thus take a census of all employees in positions of responsibility. When he alights at a station his rank is at once recognized. The station master immediately salutes and gives a verbal report of the situation at his station. If the official goes into a signal tower the signalman in charge salutes and reports. If he goes into an engine house the foreman salutes and gives a brief report of the work in progress.—Railway Age Gazette.

FORKS OF TREES.

They Stay Where They Develop and Never Grow Any Higher.

Some people through careless observation believe that the fork of a forest tree will gradually grow higher from the ground. If they would investigate it would be found that the forks and "heads" of fruit trees are at exactly the same point where they were when first noted. The state forester in inspecting locust and catalpa groves throughout the state has found owners who have not removed one part of the fork of those trees that have formed forks below the fencepost length, believing that in years the fork would grow up and a fencepost could be cut below the fork. This erroneous belief is the cause of so much of the delay and neglect of pruning in early life of street and roadside trees.

It should be remembered that the base of a fork or a branch of a tree will always remain at the same distance above the ground. The side branches of some trees, such as the elm, usually continue to grow upward, while those of other trees, such as the maples, incline upward when young, and as the tree grows older the weight of the branches gradually brings it to the horizontal. The latter often makes the removal of large branches necessary, which not only spoils the symmetry of the tree, but usually starts decay, which soon kills the tree.—Indiana Farmer.

The Wide, Wide World.

"It's awful how easy some folks get weighted down with a new experience," began the postmaster of Woburn in the Hills, with a significant glance at "Boosey" Frazer's bowed form in the Concord wagon at the door. "That's what bent him over like that. Yes," after a glance of interrogation from the only listener who was really listening. "He began to bow over soon as he realized the size of this globe of ours. You see, from one of the northern counties up 'bove here Boosey went all the way to the state capital. When he come back he looked solemn with the weight o' what he'd garnered.

"I tell you what," he says to us right here, scarcely speakin' above a whisper, "if the world's as big 'tween ways as 'tis this it's a whopper!"—Youth's Companion.

Took Him Down.

A supercilious lawyer, cross examining a young woman whose testimony was likely to result unfavorably to his client, inquired, "You are married, I believe?"

"No, sir."

"Oh—only about to be married?"

"No, sir."

"Only wish to be?"

"Really, I don't know. Would you advise such a step?"

"Oh, certainly! I am a married man myself."

"Is it possible? I never should have thought it. Is your wife deaf or blind?"—St. Louis Republic.

Didn't Have to Lean.

Perhaps one of the best stories which Lady Dorothy Nevill has told about Disraeli is that concerning the occasion when a photographer asked him to pose for a photograph leaning on a chair. This at once aroused the indignation of Mrs. Disraeli. "I soon settled that," she said afterward to Lady Dorothy when relating the incident, "for I said, 'Dizzy has always stood alone, and he shall continue to do so.'"

A Good Student.

"Is your boy a good student?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Wealthy. "To a certain extent he is. The way he gets his mother and me to put up with his expense accounts shows that he is a wonderful student of human nature."—Cleveland Leader.

The Modern Ritual.

Mr. Meekly—Then you would have the "obey" omitted from the marriage service? Miss Strongmind—Not at all; merely transferred so that the man will say it.—Boston Transcript.

Begin Now!

to plan for that College Course.

There is considerable discussion about Education but there is no doubt that a good general college course taken right is in the long run the practical thing in Education.

A school well equipped to do first class general college work is

Pacific University

Forest Grove, Ore.

This school begins its 60th year of successful work in such general college lines September 17th, 1913. Terms reasonable.

Record and equipment good. Come and help us help you.

Come in and talk the matter over or address for Catalogue and further information

PACIFIC UNIVERSITY, Forest Grove, Ore.

NAPOLEON'S ARMY EAGLES.

They Were Patterned After the Ancient Symbol of the Caesars.

Eagles lasted only from 1805 to Waterloo. Before then it had been the custom in armies to carry huge unwieldy flags mounted on poles which, while they afforded a rallying point for their corps, also drew the enemy's fire. It remained for Napoleon to revive the ancient symbol of the Caesars.

At first an eagle was presented to every battalion of infantry and every squadron of horse. But owing to the number of eagles captured this allowance was cut down. All battalion eagles were withdrawn and one eagle was carried by each regiment of foot and cavalry. In 1812 a still further reduction was made and in some cases the regiments were ordered to leave their eagles in their arsenal. These standards were also taken from all regiments of light cavalry and one eagle sufficed occasionally for an infantry brigade.

The eagle itself was eight inches in height and nine inches across the wings. It stood on a brass block three inches square and weighed three and a half pounds.

Modern colors, cumbersome as they are, are as nothing compared to the old ones, which were as difficult to hide as the big drum. Thus there existed a regular system for saving eagles. Sometimes, when the tide of war ran adversely, they were unscrewed and put into haversacks or great coat pockets. At other times they were buried, thrown into ponds or rivers, broken up, hidden in hollow trees, and, most humiliating of all, stuffed into some dead horse, to be hauled out subsequently.—Harper's Weekly.

COULDN'T SEE THE JOKE.

Charles Sumner's Woeful Lack of a Sense of Humor.

It was a rainy afternoon, and Mr. Longfellow was obliged to go out, leaving Sumner stretched on the sofa reading Lowell's volume. When he returned he asked Sumner how he liked the poems, and Sumner replied: "They are admirable, very good indeed. But why does he spell his words so badly?" Longfellow said that he attempted to explain that the poems were purposely written in the New England dialect, but Sumner could not understand.

One summer at Nahant I dined at Mr. Longfellow's with Mr. Sumner and some others. Sumner was a collector of china, about which he knew a great deal, as he did about many other things. He told us a story about going to see Lord Exmouth's collection and how fine it was. When he was taking his leave Lord Exmouth gave him two rare plates and offered to send them to his lodgings, but Sumner would not be parted from his prize and insisted on taking them home with him in his cab. When he had concluded his story, which was interesting, but long in narration, Tom Appleton, Mr. Longfellow's brother-in-law, who was present, said: "A pleasing tale, illustrated with two plates." Everybody laughed, and Sumner, looking about most good naturedly, said: "What are you all laughing at? I suppose Appleton is up to some mischief, but my story is quite true."—From "Some Early Memories," by Senator H. C. Lodge, in Scribner's Magazine.

Removing Paint Stains.

Paint is one of the most usual of the unavoidable stains which afflict the skirt worn out of doors. "Fresh paint" signs are all very well if they are seen in time, but they have an inconvenient way of appearing boldly before the eyes after damage has been done. The sooner a paint stain is removed the easier the task of removal will be. Spread a little dry laundry or cornstarch around the spot to keep the paint when moistened from spreading. Then wet the stain with turpentine. After a few minutes moisten again. Scrape the paint up with a dull knife or a spoon handle and wet again with turpentine. When there is no trace left of the paint rub the spot dry with a clean cloth and brush off the starch.—Washington Star.

An ad in the Press brings Result

THE MAHOGANY MILL.

James Lick Made Good His Boast When Scorned as a Suitor.

The story of "Lick's Folly, or the Mahogany Mill," has to do with the romance of the life of James Lick, the donor of the Lick observatory.

In early life young Lick fell in love with the daughter of a well to do miller for whom he worked. When he made known his love, which was reciprocated by the girl, the miller was angry and is said to have replied:

"Out, you beggar! Dare you think of my daughter, who will inherit my riches? Have you a mill like this? Have you a single penny in your purse?"

To this Lick replied that he had nothing as yet, but one day he would have a mill beside which this one would be a pigsty.

In 1854 the quiet, parsimonious James Lick surprised everybody by building a magnificent flour mill near San Jose. The mill was finished within in solid mahogany, highly polished, and was furnished with the best machinery possible. He made the grounds about the mill very attractive and began early to set out trees both for fruit and ornament.

Lick caused his elegant mill to be photographed without and within and sent the pictures to the miller who had scorned him in his youth.

Nineteen years after Mr. Lick built his mill, Jan. 16, 1873, he surprised the people of San Jose again by giving it to the Paine Memorial society of Boston, half the proceeds of sale to be used for a memorial hall and half to sustain a lecture course.—Exchange.

FIERCE ARAB DOGS.

Easy to Put the Big Brutes to Flight if One Knows the Trick.

The village dogs of Arabia are a real danger to strangers, whom they attack on sight without provocation. By strangers I mean any one except their own immediate owners, whether natives or not, writes Lady Ramsay in the Sunday School Times. They are, as a rule, great, powerful brutes, often very handsome, extremely fierce and capable of defending the flocks from wolves and other marauders. I have often been told that when attacked by these ferocious animals the proper thing to do is to sit down quickly on the ground, when they will at once desist.

But for my part I never had the courage to try this plan and had never seen it done during all my years of travel till last year. We had stopped to rest and eat our lunch in a village oda, and I was looking out from an open balcony and saw an elderly Turk coming along between some houses opposite.

Suddenly two huge dogs, barking furiously, dashed at him from an open gateway. Instantly he dropped to the ground in a sitting position. For a moment I thought he had fallen and expected to see the dogs on top of him. To my astonishment they turned and fled, their tails between their legs.

Before they could return, if they would have done so, a couple of villagers appeared, helped the old fellow to his feet and accompanied him out of the range of my vision.

Not Mysticism, but Mathematics.

Mrs. Madison, whose latest hobby is the psychology and the esoteric influence of colors, was deeply gratified when her husband admitted without urging that there might be something in her theory after all.

"Dawson put me on to it today at the farm," Mr. Madison continued.

"Dawson?" questioned Mrs. Madison, amazed, for Dawson is the manager of her husband's stables and unknown among psychologists.

Mr. Madison nodded. "He says the bays eat more than the grays."

"Really?" It was a humble victory, but Mrs. Madison's face glowed with triumph. "How does Dawson account for it?"

"There are ten more bays than grays," said Mr. Madison.—Youth's Companion.

Going in For Methusalem's Record.

An ambitious new citizen, with the habit of taking literally the every day expressions of Americans, obtained a position as train caller at the Union station.

One day he had just called, "All-I aboard—rd for Kansas City, Denver, Salt Lake, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Baltimore and New York."

A man ran up to him and almost breathlessly asked, "I want the last train out for Cleveland!"

The perplexed caller exclaimed, "What, you should live so long?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Limit.

It was an English ship with an English crew and an American passenger list. Two stewards were having a heated altercation and pouring forth anathemas upon each other's heads, when as a crowning insult once said to the other, "Aw, you eats just like a passenger."—Argonaut.

The Culprit.

"Had all my money taken last night. Woke up hearing some one in the room. Reached under the pillow for my revolver, but didn't shoot."

"Why didn't you?"

"I'd be a widower if I had."—London Telegraph.

Most Intensive.

"Do you believe in intensive gardening, Mrs. Hoernake?" asked the visitor. "Well, rather," said Mrs. Hoernake. "I spent all last winter raising one geranium in a soap box."—Harper's Weekly.

HAD A TART TONGUE.

Northcote, the Painter, Was Not Overpowered by Royalty.

James Northcote, the English portrait painter, said fine things and malicious things almost in the same breath. "He is a bottle of aqua fortis," observed some one to Hazlitt, the first critic of his day, "that corrodes everything it touches."

"Except gold," said Hazlitt. "He never drops upon Sir Joshua or the great masters."

"Well, but is he not overflowing," persisted the other, "with envy, hatred and all uncharitableness? He is as spiteful as a woman—and then his nigardliness. Did he ever give away anything?"

"Yes, his advice," said Hazlitt, "and very unpleasant it is."

This is not the picture of a charming man, and yet Northcote was not without his redeeming virtues. For one thing, he was refreshingly free from the worship of mere prestige in an age when men were careful to apportion respect according to rank and station.

The Prince of Wales, when he was a young man, met the painter and was much pleased with his conversation.

"What do you know of his royal highness?" inquired Sir Joshua Reynolds later.

"Nothing," answered Northcote.

"Nothing, sir? Why, he says he knows you very well."

"Pooh!" said Northcote. "That's only his brag."

The president of the Royal academy smiled. "Bravely said," he muttered, "bravely said!"

FACED SEVEN LIONS.

And Three of Them Got a Dose of Lead in Short Order.

Captain H. A. Wilson has written a record of "Service and Sport in Equatoria" in "A British Borderland." He relates a thrilling encounter he had with seven lions on the Mara river when in pursuit of roan and accompanied only by his gun bearer. Five of them were lionesses. They were all full grown and occupied with their kill—a cow graffe. They were feeding slowly, their first hunger appeased, pushing and jostling one another playfully, their low growls distinctly audible:

"For a couple of minutes I waited, watching them; then, as the biggest lion, a fine, black maned fellow, turned sideways to me, I raised my rifle and let drive at his neck. I heard the thud of the bullet on flesh, and he dropped in his tracks like a stone. With a simultaneous growl every head went up, and the lions swung round, facing the noise of the shot. I let fly a second bullet at the chest of the second male, and with a deafening roar he bounded high in the air, dashed a dozen yards forward and fell dead to earth just as I was drawing a second bead on him afresh.

"The remainder, all lionesses, turned at my second shot and walked slowly away with much tail lashing and a chorus of growls. I was just in time to get a snapshot at the hindmost as she disappeared into the scrub. The 'tell' of the bullet and her answering snarl told me that I had hit her, which blood spots on the leaves confirmed."

He Couldn't Plow.

A certain incident connected with the great Napoleon while he was in exile in Elba is commemorated in the island to this hour by an inscription affixed to the wall of a peasant's house. A man named Giacconi was plowing when the famous exile came along one day and expressed an interest in his work. Napoleon even took the plowshare out of the man's hand and attempted to guide it himself. But the oxen refused to obey him, overturned the plow and spoiled the furrow. The inscription runs thus: "Napoleon the Great, passing by this place in MDCCCXIV, took in the neighboring field a plowshare from the hands of a peasant and himself tried to plow, but the oxen, rebellious to those hands which had guided Europe, headlong fled from the furrow."

FOR SALE—One open buggy good as new \$60. Also one cart and harness \$20. Inquire this office. 32ft.