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PERFECT SPHERES

With All His Scientific Skill Man
Cannot Produce Them.

THE CURVING OF A BASEBALL.

It is Possible Only Because the Ball is an Imperfect Globe and in Comparison With Its Size Much Rougher Than the Surface of the Earth.

The real reason why a baseball can be thrown so that it will describe wonderful curves during its progress through the air is that every such ball has a surface made up of mountains, valleys, craters, canyons, gorges, plains and other irregularities of the surface that, when the difference in size is taken into consideration, makes the surface of the earth seem like plate glass.

If it were possible to make a perfect sphere—if it were possible to make a baseball with an absolutely smooth surface and an exact sphere—no pitcher in the world could make it curve. The very best pitchers baseball has ever known or probably ever will know could not make the ball deviate a hair's breadth in its flight.

And so while it is partly in the art or knack the professional pitcher has in holding and releasing the baseball as he throws it, it is also due to the fact that a baseball has a wonderfully rough surface against which the air catches and turns it that gives it the curve.

If you pass your hand over a plate glass it moves smoothly with nothing to retard it. If you pass your hand over an unplanned board you can feel the roughness—splinters we call them. You cannot move your hand as easily over the board. This is the same principle with the baseball. There is a roughness in its surface that catches in the air and forces one side about or retards that side. This has but one result—to make the baseball leave its straight course, and in doing this it describes a curve.

This does not detract in the least from the cleverness of the pitcher who can so accurately judge his muscular control as to make a baseball curve up or down, right or left. But the fact remains that it is the roughness of the baseball that makes all his pitching cleverness possible.

Take a brand new league ball in your hand. It looks to be a perfect sphere—that is, absolutely even and uniformly round and as "smooth as glass." And it may be as smooth as glass, for glass also has a rough surface.

Put a baseball under the most powerful microscope, enlarge it microscopically 10,000 diameters, and what do you see? The very thing mentioned in the first paragraph of this article. The surface is rough. It looks like the landscape in the Alps or Yellowstone park or any other rough section of the earth. It has peaks, ranges, ridges, valleys, plains and holes, gulches and all sorts of uneven places, and if the earth could be made as small as a baseball it would be practically a perfect sphere and absolutely smooth. This is because the highest mountains of the earth and the deepest valleys would be millions upon millions of times smaller in comparison with the rough uneven places on a baseball if either the earth were reduced to the size of a baseball or a baseball enlarged to the size of the earth.

If this were not true the earth would not revolve so regularly upon its axis. It would perform an "in shoot" or "out shoot" and curve off through space.

Even the billiard ball has a surface much rougher in comparison to its size than the surface of the earth, and we refer to a billiard ball as about the smoothest thing known. "As smooth as a billiard ball" is a well known simile. For the same reason that a perfectly smooth baseball could not be curved, a perfectly smooth and perfectly round billiard ball could not be made to curve on the table. It would not take "English," as billiard players call it when they make a ball go forward and then roll backward or in any direction just by the manner in which they strike it with a chalked cue.

This fact of roughness causing it to spin becomes all too evident when a player forgets to chalk his cue and plays several shots thereafter. If the leather tip of the cue becomes shiny it will slip on the ball. There is no purchase with which it can take hold. But chalk is sticky stuff, and the granules are large, so that a well chalked cue has a very rough surface, and this rough surface of the tip of the cue fits into the rough projections on the ball, and thereby a ball can be given a lot of twist. In order to accomplish this successfully, moreover, the billiard cloth nap must be new and therefore rough.

During recent experimentation with regard to the kinetic theory of gases a Belgian scientist desired to find out how perfect a sphere could be made in order that by the clashing of these together an idea might be secured of the effect of the collisions of the spherical atoms that make up a gas. The project had to be abandoned at last because no machinery could be constructed that would turn out a perfect sphere artificially, and nature has no perfect sphere of large size in all her many forms of matter. Perfect disks could be made, but a round ball was beyond the limits of human accomplishment.—New York American.

The greatest pleasure is the power to give it.

Run Up Old Glory



A Fourth of July Poem by W. D. Nesbit

Run up Old Glory! Let it blaze
In red and white against the sky
And tell the story of the days
When hearts were stout and hopes were high.
Forget the daily fights of greed;
Forget the struggles, the dismay
Of facing cruelty and need—
Run up Old Glory for the day!

Run up Old Glory! Think of all
The old flag means to you and me,
Of how the blast of freedom's call
Shook out its folds from sea to sea;
Red with the blood that it has cost,
White with the souls of them that died—
Today by laughing breezes tossed
It whispers of a nation's pride.

Run up Old Glory! Fling it forth
And feel anew the country call
That thrills east, west and south and north
And has its word for one and all.
Run up Old Glory—fling it far
Across the blue of heaven's dome
And feel that every stripe and star
Is warder of your hearth and home.

STORY OF INDEPENDENCE DAY

Steps Which Led Up to Adoption of the Immortal Declaration.

In May, 1776, Virginia adopted those famous instructions to her delegates in congress "to propose to that respectable body to declare the united colonies free and independent states." Thus encouraged, John Adams of Massachusetts the next day urged successfully the adoption of a resolution recommending all the colonies to form for themselves independent governments. In the preamble which he wrote it was declared that the American people could no longer conscientiously take oath to support any government deriving its authority from the crown.

On the 7th of June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee submitted a motion embodying the Virginia instructions. The motion was seconded, as a descendant of Patrick Henry writes, "by glorious old John Adams, and Massachusetts stood side by side with Virginia." Then, on the 1st of July, congress taking up the resolution respecting independence once more, "all eyes were turned on me," says John Adams. Rising, he led off in a speech of surpassing eloquence and "a power of thought and expression which," said Jefferson, "moved the members from their seats."

He was "the colossus of that congress," as Jefferson again testifies, the "Atlas of Independence," as Richard Stockton declares. "He compelled conviction, and at last, on the 2d of July, the flame in his own soul fused into a single molten current the aspirations of a people, and amid the glow of noble, daring, fervent speech the resolutions of independency were unanimously adopted." It was then that John Adams, in a letter to Abigail, burst forth in prophetic strains of the way the glad event would be celebrated. So it has been celebrated, but the date of the adoption of the celebration, July 4, is the one the people recognize as the culminating moment of the great event.

The Old Fashioned Fourth.
The tantalizing third we beat the birds to bed at night
And raced the roosters on "the day" to greet the morning light.
The cannon, loaded week before, was ready to salute.
Our "captain" touched her off and shouted: "Hi, there, fellows, scoot!"
But we, who scorned discretion, stood around the piece of scrap,
Each hoping, if the captain fell, to fill the glorious gap.

Nay, not a whit more cheerfully the fathers faced the powder.
Nor could their blunderbusses raise a racket any louder.
And what more reckless hero ever drew a sword from sheath
Than he who fired his crackers while he held them in his teeth?
And, since nobody dared to "take a stump," I've often prayed
A blessing on the boy who cried, "Let's go to the per-rade!"

And then we heard the orator (though much against our will),
Who said, "The blood our fathers bled, thank God, is bleeding still!"
He bled so long we greatly feared he never would run dry.
And some one read "the grand old words"—we vainly wondered why—
But, heaven be praised, a monster gun was there to make a noise!
And a gallant fife and drum corps understood the needs of boys.

All day the crimson lemonade gushed gayly forth at us
Till aniline enamel lined each boy's esophagus.
All day, as long as all our wealth could syndicate the price,
We chilled our ardent stomachs with canary colored ice.
How could that coal tar dye compel the flavor of a dream?
How could that starch of corn produce so heavenly a dream?

I wonder why "the day" is never celebrated now.
They try to celebrate it, but they plainly don't know how.
And would I do it in the way we used to if I could?
Of course I—well, no; come to think, I don't believe I would!
You see, I'm just a human man and lack a boy's endurance.
Nor do I want the company to pay my life insurance.
—Edmund Vance Cooke in Puck.

Traveling Sand Hills.
On the coast of Pomerania there are large tracts of sand heaped up by the wind, hundreds of yards in breadth and from 60 to 120 feet high, and these hills, propelled by the wind, move steadily in an easterly direction. The speed at which these great hills travel is from thirty-nine to fifty-six feet a year. Pine woods, which sometimes come in their line of march, can not stop them and are completely destroyed. The branches are rotted off by the sand, and nothing is left of the tree but the bare stems, which after a few years wither and die.

Difficulties of the Naturalist.
At one end or the other of every animal lies a danger which makes the closest investigation impossible. To study the mule we must hold him by the head, but to study the bull we must have a tall hold as a vantage point.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Plenty of Change.
Fashionable Physician—What you really need is a change of climate. The Patient—Change of climate! Why, I've never had anything else! I've lived in New York all my life.—Life.

Defined.
"Pa, what is a receiver?"
"A receiver, my son, is a man who winds up a business after it has run down."—Boston Transcript.

After a scandal gets started the brakes always refuse to work.—Chicago Record Herald.

Why Clocks Get Out of Order.
The reason why mantelpiece clocks so often get out of order is so obvious that it is strange that attention to it has not been drawn before. A London clockmaker said:

"It is because mantelpieces are rarely level. If a clock meant for a mantelpiece is not placed in an exactly horizontal position it is sure to go wrong. When the clock gains or loses because of its slanting position people regularly move the hands forward or backward, as the case may be, in order to adjust it. Eventually the clock's hands are moved about so much that the mechanism gets out of order and the clock refuses even to tick. Watches and traveling clocks are constructed differently from the stationary clock, and they will go in any position. That is why they are relied upon more than the ornamental mantelpiece clock."—New York Times.

A Bad Joke.
"A famous college president declares that there are no new jokes."
"Ah, he does, does he?" grimly returned the old codger. "Well, he ought to see the husband my niece has just married and brought home to live on me."—Judge.

LONDON'S ANCIENT TOWER.

A Beefeater and a Yeoman Look Its Gates Every Night.

Strange to say, very few people are aware of an ancient custom which is still kept up at the Tower of London. Just before midnight a beefeater and the chief yeoman porter secure the keys from the governor's house to "lock up." Having received the keys they proceed to the guard room.

"Escort for the keys!" calls out the porter, and a sergeant and six privates turn out.

The procession then marches off, and the sentries they pass issue the usual challenge of "Who goes there?" to which the answer is "Keys."

Arriving at the entrance to the Tower grounds, the lion's gate, the porter locks the gates and the party returns to the guardroom, the sentry challenging as before and receiving the same answer. However, on arrival at the guardroom again the sentry stationed there stamps his foot, at the same time giving the usual challenge.

"Keys," replies the porter.

"Whose keys?" the sentry asks.

"King George's keys."

"Advance King George's keys, and all's well."

The porter then says, "God bless King George," and all present respond with "Amen." The keys are then saluted and returned to the governor's house, where they remain until the next night's ceremony.—Pearson's Weekly.

MUNICIPAL DOCKS.

Everett, Wash., Will Also Have Natatorium and Recreation Pier.

At an election held in the city of Everett, Wash., the citizens authorized the issuance of \$65,000 in bonds with which to purchase the improvements on the municipal dock site, to extend the present dock 200 feet and to construct additional dock facilities.

It is planned in this connection to purchase the Everett Improvement company's dock and about eight acres of water front land lying between the two docks for the purpose of constructing a municipal natatorium, wading pools, tennis courts, sand pits, yacht clubs and recreation piers.

It is also proposed that an incinerator will be constructed and that refuse consumed will heat the salt water for the natatorium and furnish the necessary power to operate the machinery on the municipal docks.

Not the Music He Loved.

Mrs. Talkmore—Your husband is a great lover of music, isn't he? Mrs. Chatters—Yes, indeed, I have seen him get up in the middle of the night and try to compose. Mrs. T.—What? Mrs. C.—The baby.—Stray Stories.

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Chicago	73.25	Omaha	60.75
Colorado Springs	55.75	Philadelphia	109.25
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.
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