

FOREST GROVE PRESS
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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.

Some day Forest Grove will have a fountain where man and beast may quench their thirst, but it is slow in coming.

When conditions become intolerable it is time to act. A word to the wise should be sufficient, and those who have not wisdom should be wised up.

Portland is getting a black eye as a "dead" town. Inflated land values may have something to do with this as well as a democratic administration. Also the land sharks.

Those who will get both feet in the public trough and feed to the exclusion of their competitors, hogging it all, are bound to wax sleek and fat, and in the nature of things they will love everybody.

It is said to be the American idea to give everyone a square deal, but this does not always obtain in this land of the free and home of the brave. Nor will you have to go far to discover an example of favoritism.

The blackberry crop this year will be heavy, and many of the residents of this city will combine prudence and providence with pleasure by picking and canning this delectable fruit while on their annual outing in the mountains.

Summer is with us. Always after the Fourth of July the weather turns warmer. The celebration of the anniversary of the Nation's birthday has nothing to do with weather conditions since the explosion of powder has been eliminated, but heat follows cold in natural sequence according to the workings of nature.

Until the building of new business blocks on the church square facing College Way, the hitching chain should be allowed to remain. This is more or less a back street, and is the best place for the farmers to hitch their teams when coming here to trade. A little lack of courtesy will turn the stream toward some other town, and when other merchants are reaping the profits that should remain here, it may be too late to be sorry.

All kinds of schemes for getting a living without work are tried by hoboes who wander about from town to town, being careful to keep away from the harvest fields that are crying for men. One of the most contemptible tricks that is played on the gullible public is the sore-arm scheme. An acid is poured upon the arm, and the corrosive action of the liquid will make what appears to be a horrible sore. The mendicant goes about with a cloth over his arm, and when he approaches a sympathetic looking sucker, he jerks the cloth away and shows the horrible ulcer. Of course nine out of ten men will give the poor devil a little money to help him get to the hot springs, or a hospital in the east. The truth of the matter is that these fellows are frauds and should be promptly turned down.

Social News of Town and Country

Many Forest Grove people have gone to the beach resorts to spend the balance of the summer, which causes a quietness in social affairs.

Mrs. Charles Hines will entertain her friends this evening at cards.

An at home will be given tomorrow evening by Mrs. F. J. Miller. Mrs. Miller is making quite elaborate preparations to receive her guests. Cards will be the evening.

Forest Grove people to the number of about fifty spent the Fourth at the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Miller, in the Fern Hill section. Dancing was indulged in, and at noon the ladies of the party served a fine dinner.

Mrs. John Wilson Macrum had a neighborhood party at her beautiful home in South Park, Saturday evening. Five Hundred was the evening, and a most enjoyable time was had by those present. Luncheon was

served by the hostess.

The Camp Fire Girls leave for a camping season of two weeks at Glenwood, Thursday. Those going are Misses Bishop and Ferrin as chaperons, and Helen Phillips, Ruth Austin, Mona Mallory, Mary Olmstead, Gertrude Hinman, Lucile Higby, Evelyn and Ruth Patton, Mildred Carlyle.

Miss Ruth Robinson has returned to her home in Portland after a week's visit with Mrs. Atwell, of this city. During her stay here Mrs. Atwell gave a party in honor of Ruth's eighth birthday. The table was beautifully decorated and refreshments of ice cream, cake and candy were served. Games were played which were enjoyed by young and old. Those present were Ruth Porter, Blanche and Jean Craft, Winnie Willis, Helen McEldowney, Ruth Robinson, Mrs. Chas. Russel and sister, Mrs. McEldowney, Mrs. Wm. Ferrin, Miss Haskel, Mrs. Eleanor Large, Mrs. Robert Taylor, Mrs. Joseph Taylor and Mrs. Atwell.

HIS VISIT TO MORGAN.

There Wasn't Much Said, but It Was All Right to the Point.

A well known insurance official said the other day at the Auditorium, in Chicago:

"In the beginning of my career, when I was only a humble insurance agent, I gained access one morning to the august and formidable presence of J. Pierpont Morgan."

"No!"
"Yes," the official insisted—"yes, it's a fact. Don't ask me how I did it, though, for that's a secret. But at 10 o'clock one morning behold me, a young insurance agent, standing before the desk of the great J. Pierpont Morgan with my big envelope of life and death statistics, twenty year endowments, and so forth, in my hand. I was, I have since learned, the first and only insurance agent who ever managed to meet Mr. Morgan face to face."

"Well, what happened?"
"Mr. Morgan," I began hurriedly, "you ought to carry more life insurance. You see, sir—"

"And lucidly and cogently and briefly, wasting no words, I laid my insurance proposition before the great financier."

"He listened in silence. Those fierce blue eyes of his bored through me like lances. When I stopped at last all he said was:

"How did you get in here?"

"I walked in," I answered.

"Well," said he, "walk out."—New York Tribune.

Why Elephants Fear Mice.

It seems incredible that so small and harmless an animal as a mouse is able to frighten an elephant almost out of its senses. One little mouse in the hay on which they are feeding will stampede an entire herd. In their native land there are little animals, known as chacannas, which feed on a small, sour berry of which elephants are very fond. They live in settlements, something after the manner of prairie dogs, under the berry bushes. When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chacannas, in their fright, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected. The more violently the monster blows through its coiled trunk the more firmly the hooked claws of the little animal become imbedded in the flesh. Inflammation and death are the result. In captivity the elephants think they are in danger of the deadly chacannas when they see a mouse.

Malaria.

Malaria has been recognized since the days of Hippocrates as one of the most formidable and destructive of maladies, the more formidable because it was supposed, in accordance with the name which Macculloch adapted for it from the Italian less than a century ago, to be caused by a pervasive venom in the air. But since the epochal observations of Laveran, the labors of Golgi and his colleagues and the experiments and discoveries of Ross it has lost much of its mysterious terror, and the sure way to its prevention and extirpation has been revealed.—New York Tribune.

Making a Choice.

"Don't you love the merry prattle of the children?"
"Yes," replied Mr. Growcher, with some hesitation—"that is to say, I'd rather hear Freddie and Willie prattle than learning to play the bugle and the snare drum."—Washington Star.

Family Division.

Friend—So that is your little boy? He looks very intelligent. Proud Mama—Just as I was at his age. My daughter, now, is more like her father.—Nos Loisirs.

The man who is not afraid of failure seldom has to face it.

COLORING DRAWINGS.

A Tip to Draftsmen That May Save Time and Trouble.

Every draftsman has had occasion at one time or another to color a drawing or a white print. The use of colored inks is unsatisfactory; crosshatching in colors obscures the details and is slow, while water colors have the disadvantage of slowness, besides being difficult to apply evenly.

A quick and satisfactory method of coloring involves the use of ordinary wax crayons and gasoline. Crayon of the color desired is applied and then rubbed with a piece of cloth wet with gasoline until the color is even and extended to the limits desired. If it overruns the lines it can be erased with a pencil eraser. Some colors, particularly the yellows, purples, greens and light blues, produce much better results than others.

It is probable that the gasoline dissolves the wax from the crayon, leaving the pigment as an impalpable powder, which when rubbed over the paper colors it uniformly. The method is applicable with equal success to eggshell and smooth drawing papers and to white prints on both paper and cloth.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

Delicately Handled.

Speaking of fitting marriages, an east side clergyman said:
"I favor healthy marriages only, to be sure. Health certificates would be an excellent thing. I have noticed that the Italians among us have a tactful way of managing that."

"The Italian father and mother ask the young man who seeks their daughter if he is insured. If he is not they urge him to take out insurance before the wedding, and sometimes they insist upon it. They put the argument for it on the usual grounds, the risk of his dying suddenly and leaving his family penniless. But what they are often most concerned about is assurance as to the suitor's good health. They feel satisfied that if he can get insurance there is nothing serious the matter with him."

"Now, that seems to me a happy way of dealing with a delicate problem to the satisfaction of all hands and the embarrassment of none."—New York Sun.

Saved the Baby.

The Chicago Historical society has a letter in which is described how Stephen A. Douglas was rescued from a fiery death on the day of his birth. The letter was written by Horatio L. Walt, master in chancery of the circuit court. John Conant, one of Walt's family ancestors, who lived next door to the Douglas home in Brandon, Vt., saved Douglas' life.

"The morning Douglas was born," the letter says, "John Conant went to the Douglas house, and as he entered the room Douglas' father was sitting in an armchair before an open fireplace with the infant in his arms. Just as Conant entered the father died suddenly from apoplexy. The infant rolled down into the fireplace, and Conant snatched him from the fire."

Sandy's Criticism.

A young Scotchman went to a London school of music, where he learned to play the violoncello fairly well. On his return to his native village he gathered his friends together to hear his new instrument. When he had played one or two tunes he looked up expectantly. After a slight pause his old grandfather spoke.
"Eh, man," he said, "it's a maircy there's na smell wi' it!"—Liverpool Mercury.

In Trouble.

"Did you go to the doctor's to be examined this morning?"
"Yes. And I was terribly disappointed."
"What was the trouble, dear?"
"I found him in."—Milwaukee Sen.

At Daybreak

I dearly love to leave my bed
Each day at early dawn
And go out in the yard and push
The mower o'er the lawn.
It makes me feel good all the day
When with the sun I rise
And oil up the machine and get
Some healthful exercise.

I like to run it up and down
And hear its cheerful whir
Across the grass. I can't see why
The neighbors should demur.
It's such a brisk and lively sound
When I get going good,
And folks can hear it all around
Throughout the neighborhood.

I'm sorry for the slothful ones
Who choose to lie in bed
And never get up till the sun
Is high up overhead.
How vastly better off they'd be
If they, like me, would rise
Each day at early dawn and get
Some healthful exercise!
—Somerville Journal.

WILD GRAND DUKE IS ON VERGE OF MESALLIANCE.

Boris Keeps Czar and Czarina Worried by His Escapades.

Grand Duke Boris Vladimirovitch, who lives in Paris and is one of the many Russian grand dukes who hate pomp and royal state, is just now giving his cousin, the czar, many sleepless nights. He threatens to marry one of the most notorious women of submerged Paris.

Boris has earned the distinction of having painted all European capitals red. Even in Paris he is called the "wild grand duke." His favorite haunts are Maxim's and the Cafe de Paris. He is a heavy drinker and is always surrounded by the smartest butterflies of the city.

Recently he thrilled St. Petersburg by getting into a box at the Aquarium and throwing paper money down among the crowd. People were astonished, knowing he is always hard up, till it came out that he had taken the money from a man from Moscow, immensely rich, who had gone up to St. Petersburg to have a good time and fall into the grand duke's clutches. The crowd was so pleased with the largesse and clamored so persistently for more—which the grand duke had not that the police were called in.

The czarina is said to dislike him more than any other of her husband's relations. One day, when she first knew him, she tried to persuade him how bad his way of living was and especially his love of champagne. But he only answered, "If you had the misfortune to be born a grand duke you would drink from morning till night too." She gave him up after that.

He is very good natured and never has enough money. In spite of his huge fortune, because he always gives to any who ask. He set up half a dozen poor Russian exiles as shopkeepers in Paris, lends them money whenever they ask for it and buys cartloads of things from them, just to give them business. At one time he kept his own private gypsy chorus.

LONG LOST MINE FOUND.

Looking For Cattle, Man Stumbles on Old Location in Nevada.

The long lost Cinnabar mine, first discovered by Judge Hawthorne, in whose honor the town of Hawthorne, Nev., was named, has been found after a search lasting more than thirty years. The discovery was made a few weeks ago by George Keough while searching for stray stock seven miles from Mina, Nev. The discovery was kept secret until claims were staked and assays made of the ore, showing it to run high in quicksilver. Following the announcement of the finding of the mine, a rush was started for the district in which it is located. Hawthorne, after finding the Cinnabar deposit, became confused and lost his way on the desert. He wandered about for several days and finally landed at New Boston, formerly a thriving camp, but now extinct. He conducted expedition after expedition in search of the deposit, but his efforts were fruitless. He described the location, stating that two petrified trees stood near the mound. The stone trees are to be noticed today as described by the old prospector, who died thirteen years ago.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MOVIES.

Bible Pictures and Plays a Great Attraction For Children.

A three months' successful experiment of teaching the Bible by moving pictures ended recently at the University Congregational church in Chicago in that time dozens of picture plays of a religious nature, scenes from the Holy Land and the city slums, were thrown on the screen and their lesson explained to the children.
"We believe that children learn better through the eye than through the ear," said the Rev. Oscar C. Heimling, the pastor. "We not only have increased the attendance, but the older children are staying. They are interested."

Snake Not Used to Hard Eggs.

Hunting for eggs in her henhouse at East Swartswood, N. J., recently, Mrs. Jackson Rose beheld a blacksnake coiled in a nest. Her husband killed the snake, which failed to show fight. Noticing a large lump in the snake's throat, Rose cut the reptile open. A china egg was lodged in the throat. The snake's fondness for eggs had proved its undoing.

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