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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.

It seems to us, in the light of recent events, that mountain climbing as a sport, would suffer a decline.

That crowd of Sellwood people who came out from Portland Sunday in a "rubber-neck gasbuggy" seemed to be having the time of their several lives.

We wonder whether it is the empty bottles or the full users of the contents of the same, that are causing the forest fires that are worrying the fire-wardens.

That Washington lady who wants \$1990 for a kiss stolen by an engineer of the Great Northern railway, certainly places a high valuation on oscillatory exercises.

The Democratic party's policies and opinions at Washington keep that Oregonian editorial writer's mentality hopping around like a he! on a hot griddle.

Between Governor West, the mayor of Portland, the Socialists, the I. W. W., and other interested and disinterested persons and parties, that strike in Portland is having a hard time to keep alive.

If the proverbial Kilkenny cats and Irish at the Donegal fair, not to mention the Mexicans, have anything on the present situation in the Balkans, we have yet to be informed.

The indications of industrial activity, building and otherwise, around town certainly show that Forest Grove is not as near dead and buried as some of our pessimistic friends would have us believe.

Ye Gods and little fishes! Personal liberty has gone to pot. A young lady was arrested and fined for wearing a slit skirt in a California city the other day. Oh scissors! what's th' use of havin' a vote, anyhow.

Owing to the fact that the Press was somewhat short-handed this week, the office devil tried out his hand on the repertorial staff, to which may be ascribed the added vigor or tone imparted to any of the various departments of this issue.

Every once in a while one of our local preachers preaches a sermon on the prodigal son. Unfortunately a good many people here don't understand that it applies to them. They say, "We never went away and spent our money in riotous living—not we." But taking or sending it away is not much different—It is lost to them and this town. The man who spends his money away from home is a prodigal, whether he goes away with it or not. He also is a prodigal son. Likewise, someone ought to fall on his neck, also.

High prices for deciduous fruits in eastern-markets and a bumper yield in the Northwest have combined to make prospects exceedingly bright for farmers in Oregon and Washington. Shipments from California have brought from \$1500 to \$2000 per car, with an estimated yield of 14,000 cars to be shipped from the state. On the basis of present prices

the revenue from these 14,000 cars will be \$28,000,000. Taking this as an index, Oregon and Washington crops should also yield a sum which will go a long way to keep the wheels of prosperity turning.

When some people are asked to do something for this town they seem to think they are asked to do something for somebody else. Well, they are, but they can't do something for somebody else without doing something for themselves also. The school taxes you pay help educate other men's children. But other men help educate yours. Other people are doing things for you all the time. If other men hesitated you would suffer. Since the beginning men have lived in communities. Why? So they could help each other. The more we help each other, the more we get good out of the community. Help. That gives you the right to make the other fellow help also.

BLACK SEA DEAD LINE.

Below 1,200 Feet the Poisonous Water Kills All Organic Life.

The Black sea, which in some parts has a depth of more than 6,500 feet, is poisoned by sulphureted hydrogen wherever the water is deeper than 1,200 feet. This accounts for the curious fact that there is no organic life below that depth, excepting perhaps some bacteria of very low order, impregnated with sulphur.

The causes for this phenomenon are explained by the quick outflow of the fresh water through the Bosphorus, while salt water coming from the Mediterranean enters through a deeper current into the depths of the Black sea. The waters on the surface are, therefore, controlled absolutely by horizontal currents of considerable force, and vertical currents which might carry the noxious gases from the bottom to the surface and fresh oxygen from the surface to the bottom are hardly ever noticeable.

The water at great depths is so saturated with sulphuric gas by the disintegration of organic matter sinking to the bottom by reason of its weight that no fish or other living being which needs oxygen for its organic system can exist beyond a stated depth.—London Standard.

Made in Glasgow.

It was a long and tedious train journey, says the Glasgow News, and the other two occupants of the compartment had exhausted several other topics and were now "on" about cock-fighting. "When I was a lump of a laddie in Blantyre," said one of them, "I had a wee bantam that could bite any bird ye could pit before him. Weel, this Sunday mornin' he bate two cocks, yin efter the ither, but he wis that sair torn that to pit him out o' pain I thrashed his neck and threw him on the midden. Then we took out another pair o' birds and yin o' them crawled his challenge, when up me wee bantam staggered the his feet, gied a cock-a-leerie-law, and drappit down dead aff the midden." "Ye're an awfu' man, Wully," said the other man solemnly. "Are ye no' feart ye drap doon dead yersel?"

Not Sufficiently Explicit.

"I think ye met at a summer resort two or three years ago, didn't we?" "Perhaps we did. Your face looks very familiar to me." "It ought to. I proposed to you one evening and you accepted me." "Did I? Do you remember where it was?"

"It was on a hotel veranda, behind a lot of palms and rubber plants." "Oh, you will have to be more explicit than that. Nearly half of my engagements have taken place with that kind of a stage setting."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not an Uncommon Experience.

"I don't know whether or not it's because they have a personal grudge against me," said the smiling cynic, "but I know when I ride in full daylight on a street car with which I'm perfectly familiar the conductor calls every cross street loudly and clearly, but when I'm trying to find my way on a dark night in an entirely new neighborhood he's silent as a church on a Monday morning."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Jumbled Wrong.

Manager—My dear madam, your complaint is a very foolish one. The stage director did not slander you because he gave your role to another actress. Actress—Of course he slandered me. Didn't he take away my character?—Baltimore American.

He Knew.

Lady Customer—I wish to tell you how these shoes of mine are to be made. Shoemaker—Oh, I know that well enough—large inside and small outside.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Pretty Bad.

Wife—Aren't you going to smoke those cigars I gave you? Husband—No, I'm keeping them till Tommy begins to want to smoke. They'll settle it.—Illustrated Bits.

Social News of Town and Country

On last Friday afternoon a most enjoyable eight table 500 party was given at the home of Mrs. T. J. Miller, who entertained for the afternoon. Four prizes were contended for, the first going to Mrs. John Macrum, the second to Mrs. Walker, the third was captured by Mrs. Charles Buchanan, while Miss Frances Myers was awarded the booby prize. The dainty refreshments were served by Mrs. T. J. O. Thatcher, Mrs. Ned Heath and Miss May Selly. A most delightful time was had by all present, who expressed a desire to be present when Mrs. Miller next entertained.

Mrs. W. W. McEldowney entertained last Friday in honor of her aunt, Mrs. Russel, who is here from the east visiting her sister, Mrs. C. V. B. Russel. About forty guests were present. Dainty refreshments were served and an enjoyable time was had.

Mrs. W. H. Hoskins will entertain with a tea, Friday.

NAMING A JAPANESE BABY.

Sometimes It is a Rite as Solemn as a Bishop's Election.

Often the naming of a Japanese baby is a simple matter, for the father or grandfather speaking before the company the name of some famous man, if the child is a boy, or of some favorite flower, if it is a girl. For girls, Hana, flower; Yuki, snow; Ai, love, are the favorites of parents with a poetical strain.

The sterner country folk choose for their daughters Matsui, pine; Take, bamboo (if the bamboo joints are exact, hence the exactness of virtue); Ume, plum, since the plum bears both coil and snow bravely. For boys, Ichiro, first boy; Toshiro, smart; Iwano, strong, and Isamu, brave, are very popular.

Where belief is strong in the power of a name the family in holiday dress often assembles in a large room. Each writes a name upon a slip of paper and lays it reverently before the house shrine. From the group a very young child is chosen and led before this shrine, and the fate of the name is decided by the small hand which reaches out for a slip. Though it is a festive occasion, the selection of a name is made with a seriousness worthy of the election of a bishop. Many believe devoutly that this rite influences the baby's entire future, and therefore the one whose slip is chosen incurs from the moment of choice great responsibility for the child's welfare.—Frances Little in Century Magazine.

The Name Saratoga.

The original name of Saratoga was "Sarachtague." About the middle of the eighteenth century it was "Saraghtoge." During the administration of Governor Leisler it was "Sarachtoge." Isn't this quaint—from 1689?

Upon ye news yt three People should be kild at Bartel Vromans at Sarachtoge by ye Indians.

Resolved by ye Convention yt Lt. Jochim Staats forwith goe with ten men to Sarachtoge to see how ye matter is, & bring us an accompt wih ye first, & yt he sho send a Post hitther wih ye tidings.

Spelling reformers would be delighted with "kild." And "ye" is shorter than "the," and "yt" is shorter than "that." "Goe" is expansive, but "forwith" for "forthwith" is a contraction. Schoolcraft thinks that Saratoga is derived from the Indian words "assarat," sparkling, and "oga," place.—New York Press.

A Riming Will.

Perhaps the most peculiar will ever written was probated in England at Doctors' Commons July 17, 1789. It ran as follows:

I give and bequeath, When I am laid underneath, To my two loving sisters, most dear, The whole of my store, Were it twice as much more, Which God's goodness has granted me here. And, that none may prevent This my will and intent Or occasion the least of law racket, With a solemn appeal I confirm, sign and seal This the true act and deed of Will Jacket.

The Way It Felt.

"Here's something queer," said the dentist. "You say this tooth has never been worked on before, but I find small flakes of gold on my instrument." "I think you must have struck my back collar button," replied the victim.—Philadelphia Ledger.

All the Difference.

"Society dropped the De Lacys because they had a skeleton in their closet. I understand?" "No—because they didn't keep it there."—Cleveland Leader.

Domestic Science Applied.

Demosthenes was practicing oratory with pebbles in his mouth. "Fine!" we assured him. "You can talk while eating your wife's biscuits."—New York Sun.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert G. Hoffman entertained Monday evening in honor of Miss Gertrude Beach and Arthur Mills, a bride and groom of the week. Dinner was served at 6:30 to Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Mills, Mrs. Beach, Miss Elizabeth Beach, Grandpa Needham, Miss Gertrude Beach, Arthur Mills, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hoffman and daughter, Aileen. Later in the evening about forty friends and relatives were entertained from 8 to 10 o'clock. Music was enjoyed and ice cream and cake were served. The families of the following were present: E. G. Mills, Lee Roy Needham, Clifton McNeal, S. L. Carlyle, J. N. Hoffman, M. S. Allin, as were also Mrs. Beach and daughter, Miss Bessie Martin and Mrs. G. E. Secour and son.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sannon, Mr. Loeb, S. S. Myers and family and Dr. Catherine Myers were all present and enjoyed a pleasant time at the Myers Third street home last Sunday.

GOOD LUCK IN A POSE.

Accidental Success Won Through a Gladstone Photograph.

"In literature," said a publisher, "popular success frequently comes by accident. A remarkable case was that of J. H. Shorthouse. This man, a poor chemist, spent some years writing a book called 'John Inglesant.' But the publishers would have none of 'John Inglesant,' and finally Mr. Shorthouse printed 100 copies at his own expense.

"Only forty of these copies sold, one purchaser being a photographer. The photographer took Mr. Gladstone's picture some weeks later, and the old man chose a studious pose, sitting with a volume in his hand. He bent in absorption over the work, which happened accidentally to be 'John Inglesant,' and in the thousands of copies of the photograph that were sold the book's name was plainly to be made out.

"Mr. Gladstone was regarded as a great critic, and the people thought he desired to recommend 'John Inglesant.' What was the result? Within a year 200,000 copies of 'John Inglesant' had been sold, and Shorthouse was a made man."

Agassiz and the Girls.

Concerning Louis Agassiz, naturalist, when a professor at Harvard, this story is told by James Kendall Hosmer in his "The Last Leaf." "As he strode homeward from his walks in the outer fields or marshes we eyed him gingerly, for who could tell what he might have in his pockets? Turtles, tadpoles, snakes, any old monster, might be there. He was on the friendliest terms with things ill reputed, even abhorrent, and could not understand the qualms of the delicate. He was said to have held up once in all innocence, before a class of school-girls, a wriggling snake. The shrieks and confusion brought him to a sense of what he had done. He apologized elaborately, the foreign peculiarity he never lost running through his confusion. 'Poor girls, I will not do it again. Next time I will not do it in a nice, clean beetle-feesh.' Agassiz took no pleasure in shocking his class. On the contrary, he was most anxious to engage and hold them."

The Unsociable Little Fellow.

At dinner during a voyage to Corsica, to which my father invited the passengers who included some officers of his regiment and two Corsicans, he requested an officer, M. de Bellec, to call a young man who was wearing the uniform of the military school and reading at the end of the boat. The young man refused. M. de Bellec came back irritated and said to my father: "I should like to throw the unsociable little fellow into the sea. He has an unpleasant face. Will you grant me permission, colonel?" "No," said my father, laughing, "and I am not of your opinion. His face shows character, and I am sure that he will be heard of some day."

The unsociable fellow was the future Emperor Napoleon.—From Memoirs of Comtesse de Boigne.

The Rosetta Stone.

The Rosetta stone was found in 1799 by a French engineer officer in an excavation made near Rosetta. It has an inscription in three different languages, the hieroglyphic, the demotic and the Greek. It was erected 195 B. C. in honor of Ptolemy Epiphanes because he remitted the dues of the priestly body. The great value of the Rosetta stone lies in the fact that it furnished the key whereby the Egyptian hieroglyphics were deciphered.

Woman's Wiles.

"What a bold hand seems to have on all her rejected suitors!" "Why shouldn't she, the artful thing! She always tells a man when she refuses him that she is afraid to marry a handsome man because she would be so jealous."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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