

**FOREST GROVE PRESS**

**GEORGE HUNTINGTON CURREY**  
EDITOR AND OWNER

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"If thou can'st believe all things are possible to him that believeth"—St. Mark.

**THE WEDDING OF THE WATERS**

The greatest day in the known history of nature is at hand. The feud of the ages is about to be peacefully and majestically settled in the wedding of two of the principal members of long rival families. In the days to come the East will not be considered away from the West, nor the West from the East, for both will be as one. America, which has been east to the East, and west to the West, has stood triumphantly between the two rival human families, giving satisfaction to all in the difficult role of umpire. Long has this country adjusted the disputes of Europe and Asia. Long has she upheld the ideals for each to follow. From the first she proclaimed, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," and has contrived successfully, due to her natural mother instinct, to unite her rival relations in peace and progress. Now, after years of struggle, she has about completed the most gigantic victory recorded in historic annals. The date has been set for the uniting of the world. America has completed the difficult arrangements, purchased the license, offered Gatun Lake as the engagement ring, donated two wonderful locks, Miraflores and Gatun, as the perfect cut jewels, and last week at the final invitation, (the explosion of many tons of dynamite,) the Pacific extended his hand toward the Atlantic. In turn the Atlantic will soon receive a similar invitation, to which she will as heartily respond. Then all that will remain to unite the now severed families of the world will be the word of one man, Col. Goethals. When he speaks the word, and the battleship Oregon, as the caress from the one to the other, eagerly passes between them, the ceremony will have been completed, and the wedding ring will be a solid stream of humanity from the East to the West, and from the West to the East. And not a bad match this. The calm Pacific, representing the now energetic East, will find a most helpful partner in the emotional Atlantic, representing the more conservative West. And America will find herself in a position of even greater responsibility than before. No longer a mere umpire, she must now assume the role of adviser, the guardian of the world. No longer may she interpret the rules made by others, but must wisely formulate laws for all, and as wisely administer them. Is America equal to the task?

Death is often spoken of as the inevitable. But to some the inevitable means life, and to such life means growth. The others look forward only to death, or look not at all. Neither do they progress, and to stand still is to recede. They are in the midst of a living death. All things must live or die. At certain crucial periods in the existence of

every individual unusual care is needed to protect the guarantee of future development. Forest Grove is now entering such a period. It is passing from a country town to a modern city, small, but a city nevertheless. Washington County is passing from the period of settlement to the time of subdivision, intensity and diversity. There must be a center for this county. Will it be Forest Grove, or some less favored locality? It is up to Forest Grove to decide. With all the natural advantages, with a country back of it containing the resources of a nation, with its present commercial institutions, its schools and churches and homes, and with the future offering prizes of many new citizens for Oregon, our chances in securing the best of these prizes are unequalled, if we try for them.

There are railroads to be built, enterprises to be attracted and developed, people and capital to be secured for the asking. We must act together; we must act intelligently; we must have a commercial club. Of course you all agree. Well, then, after the County Fair, let us organize a club that will place Forest Grove in the center of the map.

"The theory of knowledge and the theory of life seem to us inseparable," which defines "a true evolutionism, in which reality would be its generation and its growth."

"But a philosophy of this kind will not be made in a day. Unlike the philosophical systems, properly so-called, each of which was the individual work of a man of genius and sprang up as a whole, to be taken or left, it will only be built up by the collective and progressive effort of many thinkers, of many observers also, completing, correcting and improving one another." —From Mitchel's translation of Henri Bergson's Creative Evolution.

The Commercial Club should send Secretary Bryan a case of our grape juice. If he would be of the same opinion as others, who have compared our product with other commercial brands, a standing order might be the result. If so, the general demand would require additional acreage.

It would be better to say "There is nothing OLD under the sun," for even the sun changes its spots.

**THE ROUTE TO "THE PRETTIEST TOWN IN THE WORLD"**

America, the Land of Freedom. Oregon, the State of Opportunity. Willamette Valley, "Where life is large." Washington County, the cream of Willamette. Forest Grove, a place worth living in.

The PRESS is endeavoring to become a true representative of this field, Forest Grove and Washington County first, Willamette Valley and Oregon second, and America and the world next.

In its columns, to the best of its ability, it will try to tell to those outside sections the many blessings of this county. It will try to acquaint the stranger with our modern schools and University, our large progressive churches, our numerous up-to-date merchants, our prosperous well-to-do farmers, and if the stranger be of the right sort it will try to induce him to add another to our many true American homes, and to become one of the thrifty, prosperous citizens in the "Prettiest town in the world."

**P. U. FRESHMAN'S LETTERS TO "DAD"**

Actual Letters by a Real Freshman to His Father  
The PRESS Will Print This Boys Actual Impressions Each Week

Thursday, A. M.  
Dear Dad:—

College is certainly great. I arrived last Tuesday. When I got off the car there were about ten of the fellows down to meet me. They said they were delegated by the college to meet me and see that I got started right. We waited a minute to see if any other fellows had come and then started for the University.

The college is a great three story red brick building trimmed with grey granite blocks of concrete and half overgrown with ivy vine. Huge oak trees are scattered about over the campus which surrounds the entire building. Dr. Dibble signed me up alright. Then I met a lot of the students. Every one smiled and shook hands, even the seniors. I met a dozen perfectly swell girls, too.

Last night we had a big reception to new students. I got there about eight and looked in the door. Then I beat it and waited to go in with the bunch. All the professors were lined up in a string, we had to go down

the line and shake with them all. After a while some one began to play and then every one crowded around the piano and sang, shouted and hollered, a bunch of college songs and yells. One fellow in the middle with a yellowish white head of hair seemed to rave with his head, arms and body, all at once. Some one told me he was the old yell leader. My, it was grand the way we said "Rip Rip" something.

Pretty soon we had some ice cream and cake and then went home.

We don't have any classes today so I am taking the time to write.

Tonight I am invited to a kind of lodge or society. I will write to you about it on Sunday.

I find that I am running a little short of change because the incidental fees and a lot of other things I don't think you would be interested in. In fact I'm practically out of money until I hear from you.

Please write and tell me all the news. I have to get all my books next week.

good bye  
from John  
P. S.—Don't forget by the 1st.

Mrs. E. E. Williams is prepared to teach Fundamental Music Training, in classes, as taught by Mrs. Mary Cahill-Moore, of Portland. This is the first time Mrs. Moore has allowed a few teachers the privilege of study with her. Mrs. Williams will be pleased to give any information requested. The first class will begin Tuesday, September 30, 1912

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