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# FOREST GROVE PRESS

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Vol. 5 FOREST GROVE, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1913. No. 19

## COLONEL J. B. EDDY PASSES IN PORTLAND

Died at Good Samaritan Hospital Saturday--Was in Employ of S. P.

## BEGAN JOURNALISM AS BOY

Came to Forest Grove in 1899 and Edited Local Paper--Masons Conduct Funeral

Colonel J. B. Eddy, a former newspaper man and well known citizen of Forest Grove, died at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Portland Saturday night after a surgical operation. He was about 60 years old.

The Masons of this city went to Portland in a body Tuesday, and under their auspices Colonel Eddy's funeral was conducted from Finley's Undertaking Parlor, with interment in Riverview Cemetery.

Colonel Eddy came here in 1899 and purchased the Forest Grove Times, which publication he ran for three years. While here the late Colonel made many friends and was active in the Masonic lodge and always retained local membership. He came out several times a year and met with the local fraternal order. For several years he had been tax and right-of-way man of the Southern Pacific Railway, and has appeared before the council many times in that capacity.

He was born in England but came to America when a boy, and in his teens entered the newspaper field as editor in Nevada. Then he moved to Umatilla County and engaged in farming, and later became a deputy sheriff. For a time he was interested in the Pendleton Tribune. Later he moved to Roseburg and became editor and owner of a paper, and then went to the Legislature as reading clerk followed by several terms as State Railway Commissioner. Then in 1899 he came to Forest Grove.

He leaves a wife and four children, Sam and Mildred, at home in Portland; Mrs. R. B. Miller, of Eugene, and Mrs. Ewing, of this city.

## LIVED HERE FOR YEARS

### --GEO. KIRKWOOD DEAD

George Kirkwood, a former well known resident of Forest Grove, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. O. Donelson, in Hillsboro, Saturday night. He had been suffering some time with heart disease.

Mr. Kirkwood was born in Scotland in 1837, and in 1856 was married to Janet Sommerville. They moved to Indiana and from there went to Nebraska. They also lived for a few years in Iowa, where Mr. Kirkwood was engineer on a railroad for five years.

In 1892 they moved to Forest Grove, where Mr. Kirkwood lived until the death of his wife, which occurred five years ago. He then went to make his home with his daughter in Hillsboro. Besides this daughter he is survived by a son in Indiana. Mr. Kirkwood was of a jolly disposition, and he will be missed by the old boys.

Funeral services were held Tuesday at Hillsboro at 10 o'clock, and at the Portland crematorium at 1 o'clock.

## Bump Appointed Guardian

The County Court has appointed M. B. Bump as guardian of the person and estate of William C. Geiger, with bonds fixed at \$1200. Geiger is the man who shot C. B. Stokes, a resident of Forest Grove, in the leg early in the year. Geiger owns 72.81 acres of land south of Forest Grove, worth more than \$10,000. When he was adjudged insane by the court June 30, he was remanded to the care of his brother, F. L. Geiger. John Thornburgh, president of the Forest Grove National Bank, was appointed guardian of Geiger, but refused to qualify. C. B. Buchanan, George Hancock and S. G. Hughes were appointed appraisers of Geiger's estate. --The Independent.

## TAKE BACK THE KEGS, THAT'S ALL HE ASKS

"I Want My Keg; I Want My Keg; I Want My Keg," Sings Mr. Miller

Say boys, you fellows that used to ride out to Banks in an automobile and then walk back, when you got able to walk, where are the kegs that you carried home in the dark? Your friend Mister Miller wants to know and what's more he's got your name down in a great big book and if you don't dig up those kegs he's going to charge you good money for 'em. Just listen fellers and hear what Mr. Miller has to say in a recent issue of the Bank's Herald; here's his message:

"I have a number of empty kegs scattered through the country and any one having one in their possession will please return them to me. \$2.00 will be charged up to each keg not returned. Anyone owing me on account will please leave the money at the Washington County Bank, and oblige.

J. M. Miller.

That sounds almost like a voice from the spirit land--spirit shland-hic--and makes one feel like singing that dear old song entitled "Coming Through the Rye," does it not? But really boys without any jesting or jesticulating you ought to take those kegs back. Its true that they are awful nice for apple jell and pumpkin marmelade and to bathe baby brother in but Mister Miller needs them. All he wants back is the kegs. He doesn't ask you to bring back the stews, nor the buns, nor the blue teas, nor the rolls you have taken from him; oh no, brother, Mister Miller is not that kind of a girl; you can have the buns and the stews etcetera for cafeteria purposes, but do be good and take back the kegs.

## CHASING DOWN A MAN'S NAME

When Tucker and Whited moved the household goods of Mister Duffy to Hillsboro the PRESS writer tried his worst to find out the gentleman's first name. Bill Tucker didn't know; he said that he had moved Mister Duffy three different times, but he hanged if he could tell; this writer asked Shearer the candy man, a plumber and three carpenters, Jake Buxton the undertaker and a dozen more. They said they knew that his name was Duffy and would swear to it, but that was all. One fellow suggested that it was P. M. Duffy and his pal replied 'Nope your wrong Bill, your thinking of Pure Malt Duffy, the old man that lives in a bottle and raises rough houses, and not carpenter Duffy that builds beautiful bungalows.' And thereupon in despair the writer fled, and fleeing ran across Robert Wirtz, the water man who informed the writer that Thomas Duffy was right which in the by and large is a rather peculiar fact as Mister Duffy's parents were both Irish and he was born in New Jersey.

## Civil War and Indian Soldier Visits City

William Imbler and wife, of Kirksville, Missouri, arrived in this city last week to visit his cousin, Mrs. Nancy B. Hall, on Fifth Street. He was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Imbler, of Portland. Edward Imbler is a brother of Mrs. Hall.

William Imbler is a Civil War veteran and went through the four-year conflict without a scratch; however, when he served as a soldier in the Dakotas during Sitting Bull's career he was considerably shot up. His father and four brothers went through the war unharmed, and he was on duty when the assassins of Lincoln were executed.

## Big Mill for Banks.

Negotiations were closed this week between the Commercial Club at Banks and the North Pacific Fire & Lumber Company of Baker Ore. by which the latter accepted the Carsten site for a new mill. It is said that the payroll will be \$7500.



By STACY E. BAKER

NOV is now of the city and sea So strong that they heed not the plea Of the little brown house and the plea Of the saga that summons them all To the board-festal board! They may roam To the ends of the world, but the way, He it ever so far, must lead home On this day!

Though the fingers that beckon are old, Yet the one who is journeying afield Must come hurrying back to the fold And lay by his lance and his shield Nor think of the journey and fray, Forgetting his penchant to roam, And offer up thanks for a day In his home.

SING the words to the bird at the feast. To the wondrous array of the best Do they tell of the pilgrim come east? With the wanderlust in him to roam, But who hears--and who hears to obey The call of his heart crying, "Home On this day!"

Though for gormands and gluttons they sing, All the troubadours best in our land, I shall strive in my verses to bring A rouse to the wandering band Who ease in their dash for the bay And come from the lands they would roam To thrill to the lure of the day-- And home!

## LATEST MODEL LINOTYPE WILL BE INSTALLED ABOUT DECEMBER 20

The Very Last Word in Type Casting Machines With Other New Equipment, Will Make the "Press" Plant the Largest and Most Up-to-Date in County

### FRIENDS AND READERS:

This is the Thanksgiving issue of the PRESS, and it is issued with a true spirit of thanksgiving. We give thanks to the Great Spirit for the past bounteous harvest, and the favorable prospects for another record yield for next season. We are thankful for enjoying the privilege of living in a country so graciously blessed with natural advantages as is Forest Grove and Washington County, a country settled with such congenial citizens, a community where cultural pursuits are so highly developed, where there are so many strong churches, excellent schools and truly American homes. And above all we should realize and be thankful for the truly wonderful possibilities still undeveloped. I have faith in the citizens of this community; I am convinced of the worthiness of the country itself, and honestly believe that in the coming few years great changes will be in progress. New citizens, new railroads, new enterprises, new capital, new homes; all these will be supplemented by the future to the present, and Forest Grove undoubtedly will be the metropolis and center of one of the greatest producing sections on the face of the earth.

Last Summer I was attracted to Forest Grove on account of the prosperous appearance of this city, of the evident wonderful production of the surrounding country, the progressiveness of its citizens, and their fine schools and homes.

Upon my purchasing the plant of the Forest Grove Press Publishing Company I moved the equipment to its present convenient location on Main Street. In its new commodious quarters the equipment was arranged with the idea of expansion. Immediately a job press and a large quantity of the latest type faces, borders, etc., were added to the former excellent equipment. Since then from time to time we have added the latest and most serviceable type faces, borders, etc., for all kinds of commercial and society printing of the proper style and appearance, and for effective advertisement display.

My policy you can tell by reading the PRESS is always progressive, absolutely independent, giving the same fair treatment to all sides of any question. It is my aim to make the PRESS the people's paper, a true representative of all the people of Forest Grove and Washington County.

To our efforts you have responded with such encouraging co-operation, and I have become so confident in the worthiness of the community and the progressiveness of its citizens, that I have ordered additional equipment to the value of \$3,000, including the very latest model of linotype machines, a real line-casting linotype like is in use (Continued on Page Five)

## BABIES IN CONVENTION DISCUSS PARENT PROBLEM

Forest Grove Youngsters Devise Ways and Means for Improvement of Parents

Not many days ago there met a convention of more interest to some dear folks than the big National Democratic and Republican conclaves. It was a gathering of a score of babies who met for the purpose of discussing the parent problem, and incidentally to stand before a camera for a group picture. In their baby talk they roasted the fathers to a brown turn for staying out so late at the club and the mothers for not providing more bonbons instead of grape-nuts and Mellin's food.

The club was organized by Mrs. Lulu Bain, their nurse, who saw to it at one time in their lives that they got plenty of pure fresh air, sleep, food and baths with a liberal sprinkling of talcum powder; they insisted that Nurse Bain, as they call her, be taken in the group with them.

The club boasts of the fact that one of their number, Miss Margaret Hines, won one of the big prizes at the eugenics show, while many of their number received honorable mention; that they were all born in Forest Grove and every one is well and healthy. The youngest member is Miss Claribel Whited, aged three weeks, and the oldest Douglas Stewart, aged seven, whose home is in Seattle.

There were fifteen members of the club present, and regrets were received from Claribel Whited, Wilbur Hard-tramp and Ethel Tucker, of this city; Douglas and Patricia Stewart, of Seattle; Elda and Evered Berdan, of Hillsboro. Those present were: Lyle Paterson, Viola Paterson, Donald Caples, A. Stanley Caples, Marguerite Mertz, Olive Fuqua, Lois Fuqua, Thelma Hocking, Quentin Stockman, Margaret Hines, Mildred Carmack, Franklin Buhman, of this city, and Hugo Limber, of Vancouver, Wash.

They met at the Darling-Ingersoll Studio. At their next meeting their subject will be "The Abolition of the Shingle," and Lyle Paterson will lead in the discussion.

## HOT AFTER VIOLATORS IS MICKLE THE FOOD MAN

J. D. Mickle, the State Dairy and Food Commissioner, was in this city yesterday and addressed the High School on matters connected with his work. He has just returned from a trip to Chicago, New York City and Washington, D. C. At the latter place he attended a convention of the state and federal pure food experts. Food standards were discussed and a closer co-operation between national and state food departments will be the result, each helping one another in running down violators of the food law. Mr. Mickle and the commissioners from South Dakota, Illinois, Ohio and Louisiana were made a committee to memorialize Congress to appoint a commission that would promulgate a system of food standards in the United States.

This week Mr. Mickle arrested a butcher at Beaverton for selling bad meat. He plead guilty and was fined \$25 and costs. The commission is after scores of restaurants, hotels and meat markets over Oregon for violations. These places of business are graded if in perfect condition 100 per cent--40 for equipment and 60 for methods or the way they are kept, and Mr. Mickle says that the Beaverton shop only averaged 13 per cent, and many establishments are almost equal in their perversity. He is working in conjunction with the women's clubs of Oregon and will soon lecture before them at Eugene, Corvallis and La Grande. "It is not so much a question of food adulteration," he said, "as it is sanitation."

### "Juice" in Ten Days

S. G. Hughes received notice Wednesday morning to the effect that the P. E. & E. would turn the electric current into their lines within ten days. Preparations are being pushed to have the line in operation by the first of the year.

## STUBBORN BATTLE WON BY PACIFIC

Indians Defeated in Hardest Fought Contest Seen Here in Many Moons

## LAST GAME OF SEASON

In Third Quarter Reds Threaten Collegians' Goal but Burly's Boot Saves Day

In the hardest fought game in 10, these many, many moons; in fact, not since the proverbial Heck was a wee doglet, has there been such a rip roaring, heck-fer-sartin', rooting, booting and tooting football fracas as the one pulled off on the local field last Saturday afternoon, when Pacific University hung the Indian sign on to the Chemawa reds, score, 7 to 6.

As the score would indicate it was a neck and neck struggle, with Pacific some to the good in the first three cantos and the Indians holding the high hand in the last.

A slippery, muddy field was inimical to speed, and the longest run of the day was made by VandeBogart when he picked up a muffed forward pass in the first quarter and capered down the veldt for 30 yards, while the co-eds in the grand stand clapped their hands and shouted, "Go it, Vandy; you're all the candy."

What added to the joys of the game was a little tango entanglement between Reehr, the local center, and Paul, his redskin rival. The Indian kicked his paleface brother on the right shin and Max didn't turn his other shin but smote at him. They called each other a few pet names and were given a vacation by the referee.

The game began when burly Burlingham booted the ball to the Indians, who ran it back 10 yards, and then by a series of line bucks and forward passes reached Pacific's 20-yard line and tried a field goal but failed. The ball was carried back, and the quarter ended on the visitor's 15-yard line.

In the second quarter Pacific manipulated a couple of forward passes and began a steady march down the field, battering the almost resistless Indian line. Captain Taylor went over for a touchdown and kicked goal.

In the third quarter the Indians scored but their try for goal went askew. And they still manifested this selfsame spirit in the last quarter, which almost resulted disastrously for Pacific. At one time Chemawa reached Pacific's danger zone within only two yards of a touchdown, but the ball went to the local lads and Burlingham booted the ball out of danger. The College folks ought to decorate Burly's right boot with pink baby ribbon and put it in the trophy room, for that kick at the crucial moment probably saved the day.

Among the stellar attractions of the game were Abraham, Ireland and Vande Bogart for the locals and Downie and Scowiole for the visitors. Here's the way they lined up:

Pacific	Position	Chemawa
Ireland	R E L	McDonald
Burlingham	R T L	Nix
Moroney	R G L	Johnson
Reehr	C	Paul
Rasmussen	L G R	Fields
Donaldson	L T R	Patrovich
Axelson	L E R	Lane
Taylor (Capt.)	Q	Downie (Capt.)
Abraham	R H L	R. Adams
Tupper	L H R	V. Adams
VandeBogart	E	Scowiole

Referee, C. H. Currey. Umpire, D. Lancefield. Head Linesman, Smith. Timekeeper, West.

## Cries Record Sale

This week J. W. Hughes cried the record cattle sale of the United States at Granger, Washington where he knocked down 91 head of cattle for the average price of over \$490.00 each. One brought \$1800 and the total amount was \$37, 003.