

HAPPY NEW YEAR

FOREST GROVE PRESS

GEORGE HUNTINGTON CURREY
EDITOR AND OWNER

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RADIUM AND CANCER
Those who have read Dr. Howard Kelly's recent magazine article on the radium treatment for cancer must feel that it promises great results. While the learned author is careful to impress upon the public that an early surgical operation is always desirable, he also describes the encouraging effects of radium when it is properly applied. By radium emanations a cancerous growth is almost certain to be checked. Often it will be eradicated.

One reason why Dr. Kelly does not urge all cancer sufferers to seek radium treatment is the scarcity of the element. It is so rare and expensive that only an exceptionally fortunate person here and there can hope to avail himself of its power. Hence, if it were absolutely proved

that radium could cure every case of cancer in the world matters must remain about as they are. Only a few patients could receive treatment unless the supply were enormously increased in some manner. Dr. Kelly, who has well-grounded faith in the efficacy of radium to cure cancers, has initiated a scheme to obtain the element in considerable quantities.

In Company with another Physician and with some assistance from the United States Government, he is planning to extract radium on a comparatively large scale from deposits in the West. The carnotite ore found in the Paradox Valley, Colorado will be the source of supply. Since the same rock will also yield uranium and vanadium the extraction of radium will be inexpensive and the enterprise might be made to furnish a great profit.

It is said, however, that Dr. Kelly and his colleagues are not seeking financial advantage. Their principal purpose is to extract a supply of radium sufficient to treat every case of cancer in the country which is likely to be benefited by the emanations. The quantity needed is not so large as one might suppose. It is said that 20 grams would be sufficient for all the United States east of Chicago. Moreover the emanations can be collected in water or upon steel points and are then just as efficacious for a few days as if they came directly from the element. From all this we may believe that there is good hope ahead for sufferers from cancer.—Oregonian.

I WATCHED the old year fade,
And with its dying light
The gloom, at first a shade,
Turned into darkest night.
And then I said: "Tis gone
The old year is no more,
And memories now alone
Linger along the shore."
I watched the old year die,
And with its fading day
There came the thought that by
Its death a brighter way
Opens up, and all things bright,
We'll have surcease at last
From specters dark as night.
They'll live, but in the past.



THE OLD YEAR'S FLIGHT.

I watched the old year's flight
And then said, with a smile,
"Ah, now the new year bright
Will bid us with us awhile!"
But ere my hopeful dreams
Have realized one day
Is dead and passed; it seems
It starts but to decay.

Thus all along the way
Gravestones mark the miles,
An epitaph each day,
A tomb of tears and smiles.
So we begin the new
("Tis old ere we've begun)
To find it's aging, too,
With the first setting sun.

But 'twill not always be—
There'll come a living day,
And all things new, and we
Shall live in endless May.
No gravestones then will mark
The tombs where dead hopes lie,
No nights of sorrow dark
Creep o'er our changeless sky.
—James Daniel Cleaton.

A New Year Proposal.
"What resolutions have I vowed to keep the coming year?
Come, sit beside me, maiden fair, and straightway you shall hear.
I've pledged myself to choose one girl from out the throng so gay
And love her with an honest love forever and for aye.
"I'll work for her with brain and brawn, with all my might and main,
Until I've won her everything that honesty can gain.
I'll fill her life with all that's good till life itself is done,
And while we train our minds and hearts we'll not neglect the fun.

"Now, tell me, won't you, maiden fair, what you have vowed to do?
For I've laid bare my inmost soul to no one but to you."
"I've made no pledges," she replied in so demure a tone,
"But if you don't object I'll try to help you keep your own."

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE dawn is gray and chilly with the frost.
The old year's pulse now flutters, now is still.
And all our twelvemonth's deeds, for good or ill,
Pass into shadow, silent, one by one.
While from the night wherein we wander, lost,
The new year rises with the rising sun.
A new year? Nay, 'tis but the same old year,
The same remorseless round of sun and rain,
Of seasons in their order, joy and pain—
The old emotions playing upon strings
That wax a little older, drawing near
The final end of all remembered things.
Earth ages, and the very mountains nod
With years, and we who crawl upon their breast
Pass at the sliding sands' benign behest
Hate fades, greed falls, lust crumbles into clay,
And there are left but love and faith and God,
To whom a thousand years are as a day.
—Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Dicky's New Year

How He Came to Attend the Grown Folks' Party.

DICKY sprawled ungracefully on the floor, and at times he bestowed a sly and naughty kick upon the unresisting legs of a chair that stood near him. His first impulse was to feel sorry for doing this, his second to look around and see if any one had noticed this little outburst of temper.

It may be that the Christmas festivities of a few days before had been too much for him; but, whatever it was, Dicky was certainly cross and inclined to weep easily.

However, neither his mother nor his Aunt Gertrude noticed how he kicked the chair nor the way he scowled upon the world in general from under his tawny curls. They were absorbed in their preparations for entertaining the guests of that evening, and for once Dicky was forgotten.

"If I was going to have a party and invite all the people in the world I'd invite my own little boy, Dicky, too. I wouldn't leave him out," quoth Dicky out of the silence.

"What's that?" asked his mother carelessly, absorbed in her own thoughts. "No, no, Dicky; this is a party for mother's and father's friends. You wouldn't enjoy it."

"Oh, but I do want to come," persisted Dicky. "I've heard you all talking about it, and I want to see the new year come in the window."

"What is the child talking about?" asked his aunt.

"The new year. It's coming in the window, and I heard mother tell how you were all going to open it to welcome it in," replied Dicky, somewhat impatient at his aunt for not understanding so obvious a meaning.
"Nothing will come in at the window, dear," said his mother gently.

"It's just a pretty custom. There was nothing for you to see, and you will be much happier upstairs in your nice warm bed."

Dicky wept a little at the time, and when the hour came for bed under the stern eye of his father he rebelliously consented to be tucked in by his nurse, although not without further remonstrances. Finding them of no avail, he sobbed his woes into his pillow, while his father and mother went below to receive their guests.

By making a brave resistance to the drowsiness that was stealing upon him Dicky managed to keep awake until the party had assembled in the parlor below. Then he crept out of bed and hung over the banisters, eagerly trying to catch sight of the brilliant people in the gathering. A man passed along the hall. Dicky thought it might be his father and scampered back to bed again as fast as his little bare feet would carry him. And then without more ado he soon fell asleep, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Downstairs the hours passed merrily, and the old year drew to a happy close. First there were only fifteen minutes of it left; then there were only ten. Finally the old year had but five short periods, counting sixty seconds each, to live. The men and women gathered together showed nothing of the solemnity that underlies the merriment of all such gatherings. Four minutes, three minutes, two minutes—ah! They turned from the windows in surprise to see Dicky standing in the doorway.

He was not dressed for the party, and his little nightgown afforded scant protection against the drafts of the lower room. He was not expected at the party, either, and the expression on his father's face suggested that he was not even welcome there. These considerations might have disturbed an adult guest, but they mattered little to Dicky.

He did not look or speak to any one. Ordinarily his father's sternness would have sent him with a headlong rush to the protection of his mother's arms. Turning neither to the right nor to the left, he went to the window, and, although his eyes were closed, his little hands unlocked the catch that fastened it and opened the great casements without a mistake or hesitation.

His mother, choking back a cry, took a furred wrap and went to cover him. His father looked, half in fright, at his brother, who was standing near.

"Be careful not to wake him suddenly," said Dr. Tom. "He's walking in his sleep!"

He raised the child gently in his arms and held him in the full blaze of the great chandelier, but Dicky's closed eyelids never quivered as the light struck against them.

When he opened his eyes he was amazed to find himself at the party after all, surrounded by men and women, who all said cheerfully, "A happy New Year to you, Dicky, dear!"

He was too drowsy to be frightened, but as his father carried him back to bed the child heard the great bells of the city calling out to him:

"A happy New Year, Dicky, dear, and many of them!"

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On the Track of the New Year

NEW YEAR'S was a long time in settling upon Jan. 1 as the proper time for its celebration. Even now, in Greece and Russia, where the Julian calendar is in force, New Year's does not arrive until twelve days after the year is well on its way in the rest of the civilized world.

The ancient Egyptians and Persians began the new year at the autumnal equinox, Sept. 22, and the Greeks of Solon's time at the winter solstice, Dec. 21, but in the time of Pericles the date was changed to the summer solstice, June 21. The Romans began the year from the winter solstice until Caesar changed it to Jan. 1. With the Jews the new year began in September in civil affairs, but in their ecclesiastical reckoning the beginning of the year dates from the vernal equinox, March 22. And, as this is astronomically the beginning of spring, the date is a logical one, and that of the 25th of March (25 being a more fully rounded number) was accepted generally by Christian nations in medieval times as New Year's.

In England Dec. 25 was New Year's until the time of William the Conqueror. His coronation happened to fall on Jan. 1, and accordingly the year was ordered to commence on that day. But the English gradually fell into union with the rest of Christendom and began the year on March 25. When in 1582 the Gregorian calendar was promulgated and definitely located New Year's on Jan. 1 most Catholic countries adopted it at once, but England did not acquiesce until 1752.

In ancient Rome New Year's day was given up to feasting and frolicking. Sacrificial fires burned continually on the altars of the twelve gods. All litigation and strife were suspended.



ALL NATIONS DRINK A NEW YEAR'S HEALTH.

reconciliations took place, New Year's calls were made and New Year's gifts bestowed. There also originated the New Year's resolution, for every Roman resolved on New Year's day to so regulate his conduct that every word and act should be a happy augury for all the days of the ensuing year. On account of the orgies which mark-

ed the New Year's arrival not only among the Romans, but among the Teutonic races, the early Christians looked with scant favor upon the whole season. By the fifth century, however, Dec. 25 became the fixed festival of the Nativity, whereupon Jan. 1 assumed a special sacred character as the octave of Christmas day.

The giving of gifts on New Year's day has been superseded largely in Anglo-Saxon countries by the giving of Christmas gifts, but the custom still is retained in France. This custom was one of the most ancient and universally observed of New Year's day.

The druids distributed branches of the sacred mistletoe. The Roman emperors exacted gifts, and so did the English rulers down to the time of Cromwell.

The world over on New Year's it is a custom to drink to the health of one's friends.

The custom of making New Year resolutions and "turning over a new leaf" is universal and, like political platforms, is as much honored in the breach as in the observance. But the temptation which surrounds frail human beings in this wicked world are many and insidious.

What a menace to our comfort, What reproach to him that boasts, Those habits that, discarded, 'Tis our presence still like eternal

SUCCESS.
My boy, you may not like this little town.
Perhaps it isn't big enough for you.
You are afraid that it will keep you down—
Deny the chance that you're entitled to.
Of course your father hasn't found it bad.
Here he and ma have lived contentedly.
But you're a bigger fellow than your dad.
Or, if you ain't, you think you ought to be.
And yet before you jump the town for good
Some plain advice I'd like to give you, son.
Perhaps the town you haven't understood—
Perhaps the town's all right and you're the one.
Fame finds a man no matter where he's at.
So time has proved, and it will again.
And if you want to rise remember that
The little towns have grown the biggest men.
Success or failure and to win or lose
Are not a consequence of time or place.
No matter what the goal that you may choose,
No matter what the obstacle you face,
Success will seldom find the wanderer,
The prodigal who looks for pastures new.
While through the world you wander seeking her
She may be waiting here at home for you.
—Douglas Malloch in American Lumberman.

TRAIN SCHEDULE

Giving Correct Time of the Arrival and Departure of All Forest Grove Trains

OREGON ELECTRIC

LV PORTLAND	AR FOREST GROVE
6:45 a. m.	8:05 a. m.
8:05 a. m.	9:25 a. m.
10:25 a. m.	11:45 a. m.
1:25 p. m.	2:45 p. m.
3:45 p. m.	5:05 p. m.
5:15 p. m.	6:40 p. m.
6:35 p. m.	7:55 p. m.
8:30 p. m.	9:35 p. m.
11:40 p. m.	12:45 p. m.

LV FOREST GROVE *AR PORTLAND

LV FOREST GROVE	*AR PORTLAND
6:10 a. m.	7:30 a. m.
6:45 a. m.	8:05 a. m.
8:30 a. m.	9:50 a. m.
10:35 a. m.	11:57 a. m.
1:05 p. m.	2:25 p. m.
3:40 p. m.	5:00 p. m.
6:00 p. m.	7:20 p. m.
8:05 p. m.	9:25 p. m.
9:45 p. m.	10:50 p. m.

*Jefferson Street Station.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

LV PORTLAND	AR FOREST GROVE
7:15 a. m.	8:40 a. m.
8:30 p. m.	5:32 p. m.
5:40 p. m.	6:58 p. m.

LV FOREST GROVE AR PORTLAND

LV FOREST GROVE	AR PORTLAND
6:40 a. m.	8:00 a. m.
8:24 a. m.	10:20 a. m.
8:40 a. m.	10:00 a. m.
4:35 p. m.	6:20 p. m.

*Sunday only †Daily except Sunday

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