

# The Forest Grove Express

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W. C. Benfer, Editor and Publisher.

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THURSDAY, NOV. 2, 1916

## NOTES AND COMMENTS

### A VISION OF PEACE

(Republished by Request)

I was on Council Crest viewing the fine landscape. How beautiful the view, the distant snow mountains, rosy with the rays of the setting sun, the Willamette river at my feet, beyond it the Columbia where its tributary rushes into its arms, the soft spring breeze, the fragrance of many flowers, all combined to hush my spirit. A sense of peace and quietness came over me and a pervasive calm. Suddenly I aroused and rubbed my eyes. Where was I? I seemed in the portico of a beautiful palace. Toward the east I still saw Mt. Hood and the familiar landscape. But all else was changed. I looked around and saw a multitude of corridors of great artistic perfection. No one style seemed to monopolize the structure. I looked on beautiful Corinthian pillars and ancient Greek cornices. Yonder was a Chinese pagoda and over there a Japanese tea-garden, Moorish facades, African bungalows, Gothic arches, cathedral halls, all crowded on my vision. These were not empty. I saw people of all nations thronging the aisles, corridors or pagodas, and standing under the facades. They all had contented, happy faces, and a superior physical development. It seemed as if the best in every nation was in evidence. Their language, too, seemed in accord with the surroundings, a blending of all languages, yet intelligible to each.

Beautiful statuary and pictures were there, brought from everywhere, but the Greeks and the Italians monopolized the spaces. There were many lovely pictures of happy childhood contrasted with landscapes of mountains and valleys, and waving fields of grain. But I saw no signs of fortifications, guns or battleships. Instead I saw the harbor crowded with happy people. Beautiful music, songs of all nations mingling in wondrous harmony. Not a discord or note of sadness, not a minor chord, but all breathing amity and concord. Not the "lost" but the "found" chord vibrated in unison with the people and all the surroundings. I stood and watched the throngs of people. They were artistically clothed. Not a color that did not harmonize, not a garment that shocked the purest artistic taste. The women wore perfectly-fitting garments of medium length and flowing lines, the ancient Greek costume combined with modern ideas of utility. Their forms were both graceful and artistic, the perfection of the human shape. Not a muscle was cramped in waist or arm, leg or foot. Their feet were cased in low-heeled slippers, and their ankles were superb. Then I saw a woman of supreme beauty approaching me. She smiled, shook my hand and spoke, "Who are you?" "Do you need help?" "Is there any way in which I can serve you?" she asked. "I do wish to ask a question," I said, "what is this palace and who are these people?" She smiled as she said "This is the palace of all nations. Do you see that flag?" I had not noticed the wonderful dome of the palace, which seemed to scrape the upper realms of the sky with its airy fringes. Yes, there was a flag which seemed to embody lines and colors from all the flags in the world. When a child I had been much interested in these flags, and as I looked I saw a combination of all of them emblazoned in this immense banner. "This is our emblem," said she, "this is a suburb of the United States of the World." "What year is this?" I asked, filled with amazement. "This is A. D. 2500, the month of June," she answered. I rubbed my eyes in astonishment. How long have I slept? I gasped, "When I was last awake there was a dreadful

war on. Will you tell me how it ended?" A shade seemed to pass over her bright face, but she soon answered "It is fortunate that you ask me, the Muse of History, for otherwise you could not find the answer. First look down and see the ships of all nations riding in our harbor. See the architecture of our city, radiating from a common center." I looked and saw that the palace was the center. The city extended in all directions down the slopes of the mountains as far as I could see, beautiful homes with abundant gardens and flowers. Not a slum, not great palaces and miserable hovels, but everywhere comfort and beauty. "There are no rich and no poor here now," said she, with a happy smile, "the former things are passed away." "Is this Heaven?" I asked. "No, this is the earth. There is Mt. Hood and all the natural scenery. This is the old earth as far as nature goes. But it is a new earth everywhere else. I do not often speak of that cataclysm you call the war. It was the end of an age based on fear and hate. The law of love had been embodied and lived by Jesus the Christ but his teachings had not been put in practice by the nations. Many individuals had followed His precepts and lived good lives, and the world had been greatly helped. But the governments remained wholly devoted to the god of brute force. Hate ruled the nations. They sowed the wind in encouraging jealousy and raising great armaments and navies, and reaped the whirlwind sure to follow such sowing.

That civilization was hypocrisy. Its horrid face was unveiled in that war as never before. Everything went down before it." She covered her face with her hands. "When everything was over," she resumed, "the few scattered remnants of Europe gathered in the U. S. A. where, owing to the wisdom of the president, Woodrow Wilson, war had not raged. Great trouble had come there, too, as a result of the destruction of Europe. A new line of thought and action was developed. All ideas of war or warlike actions, all paraphernalia of guns and armies and navies were done away. The Law of Love was laid down as the cornerstone of the new civilization. The Golden Rule was enacted into the laws and legislation of the people. Harmony prevailed as a necessity of continued existence. All distinctions on account of race, color, wealth, poverty, were abolished. A plan of carrying on business was devised which obviated all the former social unrest and class hatred. It was not hard to arrange when all peoples loved each other, and did as they would be done by. This, you see, is the result. The world is now federated. All the arts of peace are cultivated. We do not keep the relics of that age of hate even in our museums. We only refer to it when the old spirit of hate shows itself as it does sometimes. There are no masses and no classes, no race prejudice or sex distinction. All peoples furnish that in which they excel, and we fit in as beautifully as the bodily members. We till our fields and gardens, and the produce is stored in great warehouses and sold at wholesale prices. There is no monopoly of the earth or the food. Hence, there is always an abundance. We manage the climate and the earthquakes now, for the practice of the law of love enables us to do what could not be done in the old days of hate. Ever new avenues of development open before our eyes. A new earth hath arisen wherein dwelleth righteousness."

SARAH I. LYMAN,  
421 Skidmore Street,  
Portland, Oregon.

## NOTES AND PERSONALS

Barrus Tupper of Dilley was a Grove visitor Saturday.

Did you see "Sunshine Dad?" He's at the Star tonight.

Miss Ruth Frost spent Saturday and Sunday in Forest Grove with friends.

Warranty deed and mortgage blanks for sale at the Express office.

The freshmen of the high school and grammar school team played a game of football Tuesday. The freshmen won 12-0.

Get a Columbia Grafanola now; they are bigger and better than ever and the prices are the same. Littler's Pharmacy.

Ben Whited and family returned Tuesday from a six weeks'

visit at their old home in Nebraska. Ben hurried home to vote.

The Express prints butter wrappers with non-poisonous ink.

Fresh cow for sale. Address F. Thatcher, Forest Grove, Route 1 Phone 552 Thatcher. 43-4\*

For Rent or Sale—Three-room house, furnished or unfurnished, very cheap. Lots of fruit on place. S. S. Reed, 2d street North. 43-1

Mrs. Harley Peterson and Miss Meta Rickey entertained ten couples at a Hallowe'en party Tuesday evening at the Peterson home.

Miss Lefa Egli, trained nurse. Calls answered day or night. Phone 0263. Residence with Mrs. L. S. Phillips, 130 North "A" street. 40-tf

## DEUTSCHLAND

### COMES BACK

New London, Conn., Nov. 1.—Safe from Atlantic perils after buffeting in rough October gales, the German subsea freighter Deutschland docked here early today on her second American voyage.

Twenty-one days out from Bremen, she hummed through the Long Island sound outer harbor shortly after midnight with her crew of 25 men happy and healthy and her cargo of medicines and dyes, valued at \$10,000,000, intact. Captain Koenig reports an uneventful trip.

#### Inspected the Corps

Last Thursday Mrs. Minnie Horsman of Portland, state inspector for the W. R. C. and a past department president, inspected the local W. R. C. Corps. By her patience and efficiency Mrs. Horsman has the respect and admiration of all members of the local corps and they were all pleased to see her. After the inspection, came a social hour, followed by a lunch. Several members of the order were down from Hillsboro. Mesdames W. Crabtree, Cornelius, Haynes, Hogue, Buxton, Easterday, Olson and Butler were the hostesses.

#### Bringing in the Fish

Loren Watkins, Vernon Burlingham, C. W. Mertz, Ralieg Walker and Postmaster Bob Wirtz pulled out Friday for the Nehalem to get themselves a winter's supply of "silver sides" and Tuesday morning Dr. Todd, Arthur Caples and Arthur and Ottilie Shearer went to join them. Watkins, Wirtz, Mertz, Burlingham and Walker returned last night with 75 fish, running from 7 to 25 lbs. each. The Shearer boys have shipped home a large consignment of salmon.

The Express is prepared to meet the prices of traveling calendar saltsmen in lots of 100 or more.

Straw votes taken daily at 8,000 Rexall drug stores are posted daily at the VanKoughnet & Reder drug store. Some days Wilson leads and then Mr. Hughes jumps ahead.

Dr. Geo. H. Pratt of Portland addressed a small crowd at Verts hall last night in the interest of "dry Oregon." Very little advertising had been done, hence not much of a crowd. The doctor made a good talk, however.

Mayor Paterson is a very busy man these days. His baker, Guy Stockman, is away on a hunt and the mayor is doing the baking, running his furniture store and trying to look after city business. As a result he is lucky if he gets five hours of sleep out of the twenty-four.

Roy Hesselstine of the First National bank has been subpoenaed to appear as a witness in the federal court at St. Louis on Nov. 13th. It means a nice long ride, at somebody else's expense, but Mr. Hesselstine would much rather remain at home and attend to his banking business.

#### Election Returns at the Star

Manager Hoffman of the Star Theater has arranged to have national election returns read on the stage of the theater every few minutes next Tuesday evening. No advance in prices—5c and 10c. They will also be read outside the theater.

The editor of the Express will pay cash for about six cords of oak wood. Who has it?

## Pacific Market

### THE BEST OF

## Fresh and Cured MEATS

### Hazelwood Butter

Boiled Ham, Mincd Ham,  
Veal Loaf, Chipped Dried Beef,  
Sweet and Sour Pickles,

### Fancy SWEET WATERMELONS ON ICE

All Kinds of Fruits Bananas, Oranges,  
and Vegetables, Tomatoes.

Phone 0301 C. H. GIGUERE, Prop.

## We'll Make Good

on any promise we make to deliver work on a given date. The Express has one of the best equipped little printing plants in the Willamette valley, having added several hundred dollars' worth of material to the Williams plant for

### ... JOB PRINTING ...

purposes and more good material is on the way. The management would very much appreciate it if those in need of stationery, office blanks, or any other kind of printing would call at the office for samples and prices. If you're too busy to come to the office use the phone and a representative will call on you. PHONE 821

The King & Company store is starting a big bargain sale tomorrow, with cut prices in all lines. See the big ad in this issue. The Intermediates of the Congregational church had a Christian Endeavor social Saturday night. A good time was enjoyed by all. The regular business meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held with Mrs. Reynolds, South "B" street, near Pacific avenue, on Friday, Nov. 3, at 2:30 p. m. A report of the state convention at Pendleton will be given by the county president, Mrs. Reeher. K. B. Penfield, press superintendent. Miss Mayme Loomis entertained the freshman girls of Pacific University at a slumber party Tuesday night.

## J. C. APPLGATE

### Republican

### Nominee for Sheriff.

### Ballot No. 70

### Law Enforcement

### and

### ECONOMY

Paid Advert)