

# The Forest Grove Express

Published every Thursday at Forest Grove, Oregon.  
W. C. Benfer, Editor and Publisher.

Entered as second-class matter Jan. 12, 1916, at the postoffice at Forest Grove, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879

## Subscription Rates

Paid in advance		On Credit	
One year	\$1.00	One year	\$1.50
Six months	.50	Six months	.75
Three Months	.25	Three months	.40

THURSDAY, AUG. 16 1917



"I am sorry that you do not wear a flag every day and I can only ask you if you lose the physical emblem to be sure that you wear it IN YOUR HEART; the heart of America shall interpret the heart of the world."—President Wilson.



## NOTES AND COMMENTS

Now that the food control bill has become a law, it is to be hoped those appointed to bring about its enforcement will move with alacrity, lest the speculators starve the useful working people via high prices.

The new dog license law is not popular and Judge Hamilton of Roseburg has held the law unconstitutional. In some counties constables are resigning, rather than enforce the law. Lawmakers move in mysterious ways their wondrous to perform.

Somebody has turned loose in this city a chain-letter prayer, asking the recipient to write the prayer nine times, mailing copies to that many friends. If they do this, all will be well, but if they don't, something awful will happen to the delinquent. If you get one of these fool letters, burn and forget it. Offer your prayers, if you have any, to the One on high, but don't worry your friends by sending prayers with threats attached. The bug-house is full of chain-letter cranks.

Since the women have taken men's trousers, coats and hats for out-door wear, the language of the road will have to be modified. No longer is it safe to curse the driver you meet, no matter how he violates the rules of the road, for "he" may be a "she." While trousers appear to be the sensible garment for out-door wear, especially for autoing, the writer admits he will have to get used to the novelty of hearing a trousered human being talk in the feminine key. But some of the new rigs are deucedly clever, don't you think?

In its issue of July 26th, the Express republishing an item from the Oregon Voter to the effect that Congressmen McArthur and Sinnott had voted "with the spoilers" to perpetuate the prac-

tice of paying salaries of clerks and janitors of committees that never met. In its issue of Aug. 11th, the Voter confesses it was in error, as both the congressmen mentioned voted to abolish this cheap graft. The Express makes this statement to right an injustice done Congressmen McArthur and Sinnott.

### A TRUE PATRIOT

Your boy and my boy have responded to the colors.

We love our boys, To give them up to this Nation is a mother's and father's greatest sacrifice

No greater love of country can be known than the giving of one's life to a nation, that the world may be free from tyranny.

Over in Southern Idaho, Mrs. T. H. Irwin, when her boy enlisted, said in a public meeting:

"I have lived in peace and quiet under the Stars and Stripes for almost 50 years. I have helped to build a home and rear my children in this great land of splendid schools, churches and institutions, and in all this time no sacrifice for my country was ever asked of me until now. Can I do less than give my boy?"

"Let us send our boys with cheers and as few tears as possible. When my boy stands on lonely guard duty at night, thinking of home and me, I shall be glad to have him say to himself, as I know he will, 'Wasn't mother great when I left for duty? Didn't she 'come through' fine and show her colors? Brave mother; how I love her.'"

No love is greater than a mother's love, no patriotism more fervid, no sacrifice greater than when her boy is given up by her to answer his country's call to arms.

God bless our Nation's mothers.  
—Western Farmer.

### SURELY NOT OUR TOWN

A dry goods merchant was starting down town, when his wife re-

## THE NEWS IN RHYME

O. Romanoff, of Novgored,  
Plebian tastes indulging,  
Fell off a bike and broke his leg.  
The censors not divulging,  
However, if the royal arms  
Work in the usual fashion;  
The crown and knout  
Are down and out,  
And Freedom is the passion.  
Chicago folks sleep in the parks  
And decorate the benches;  
Mid-summer life in Illinois  
Is cool as Europe's trenches.  
Our price of milk went up again;  
More labor for His Honor;  
Whom gods destroy  
They first annoy;  
The iceman is a goner.

Our soldiers march around the streets  
Sans arms or ammunition,  
While Congress wastes the precious days,  
And spouts of prohibition.  
Control of Food may be O. K.,  
But, oh, these tiresome wrangles!  
If this keeps on  
Our gonfalon  
Will lose its starry spangles.

We really can't complain so much  
Of verbose legislators,  
For every barber shop is filled  
With windy gladiators;  
We can't go in to get a shave,  
Or buy a pound of cabbage,  
Unless some bird  
Gets in a word  
About the Teuton savage.

They argue war around the streets,  
And on the popcorn wagons,  
And in the clubs and drawing rooms  
Where once we quaffed cool flagons;  
There's nowhere that a peaceful guy  
Can dodge these jawbone quackers;  
We think we'll go  
To Borneo  
And live on cheese and crackers.  
—Oregon Voter.

mind him of his most important duty during the day: "Now, my dear, be sure and send to the city for that new Stanhope, so we can have it for Sunday. You know our old buggy is getting so that it is not fit to be seen."

Just a few blocks away the merchant who handles vehicles and implements was sitting at breakfast with his family. The conversation drifted around to the near approach of school. "And that reminds me, John," said the lady, who sat at the head of the table, "I must be going to the city not later than next week. I must get school clothes and see about a fall suit for myself, and while there, perhaps I had better see about a new rug for the parlor and some lace curtains for the front windows."

An hour later a leading grocer stepped into the bank to buy a draft which he was going to send to a catalogue house for a swell bed room suit.

"How's business?" asked the banker. "O, not so very good," replied the grocer. "Things are dull just now."

Before the banker finished writing the draft a dapper young man with a grip stepped in and asked how everything was. He was a representative of a big printing establishment in another state. He and the banker chatted pleasantly for a few minutes, after which the young man inquired casually of his friend behind the window if he wanted anything. "Well, yes," replied the banker, "I believe I do. Print us 5,000 drafts, 5,000 checks and a couple thousand letter heads." The young man thanked his friend and hustled out.

That night the local business men had a meeting at the town hall to discuss growth of the mail order evil. All the gentlemen mentioned in this narrative delivered short talks. They agreed that the farmers were guilty of treason to their home merchants when they persist in buying their goods from mail order houses, and the meeting closed by adopting strong resolutions against trading away from home.—Ex.

### TWO BADLY-NEEDED LAWS

Two pieces of legislation are necessary before the Government will be fully equipped to deal with

problems growing out of the war. A law should be passed establishing the eight-hour system, at least for the duration of the war, and establishing a plan for adjustment of labor disputes without strikes. A law also should be passed giving the Federal Government full power to suppress such lawless organizations as the Industrial Workers of the World.

Demend for the eight-hour rule has tied up many sawmills and logging camps in Washington, and seriously obstructs production of lumber for Army camps and ships. Employers would grant it if the same rule were enforced in competing lumber districts. A Federal law, applying to Southern as well as Pacific Coast districts, would meet this objection if strictly enforced. Congress should pass this law, so that we may get on with the war.

Workingmen should be patriotic enough to see that strikes are an obstacle to prosecution of the war and are thus a help to Germany. If means were provided for just and prompt settlement of their claims, they should waive the right to strike for the duration of the war. The only losers would be those union officers who have a selfish interest in promoting strikes.

The way would then be open to deal with organizations like the I. W. W., the real aims of which are to make trouble where there is no cause, to disorganize industry and to help the enemy. It is absurd to pretend that the states can deal with them, for they are interstate in their scope, and one state no sooner becomes too hot for them than they wander to another and start fresh trouble. They are criminal conspiracies and should be treated as such by the arrest of their chief officers in Chicago, New York or wherever they may be found, and by pursuing them from state to state. I. W. W. literature directly incites to crime, and the favorite means of causing strikes are threats, assault and destruction of property.

Genuine labor unions disown and dispise them and would gladly be rid of them. They have been tolerated too long in peace, and should be stamped out without mercy when they obstruct war activity.—Oregonian.

Warranty deed and mortgage blanks for sale at this office.

## Toast to the Flag

Here's to the red of it—  
There's not a thread of it,  
No, nor a shread of it  
In all the spread of it  
From foot to head,  
But hero's bled for it,  
Precious blood shed for it,  
Bathing it red.

Here's to the white of it—  
Thrilled by the sight of it,  
Who knows the right of it,  
But feels the might of it,  
Through 'day and night?  
Womanhood's care of it  
Made manhood dare for it,  
Purity's prayer for it  
Kept it so white.

Here's to the blue of it—  
Heavenly view of it,  
Star-spangled hue of it,  
Honesty's due of it,  
Constant and true.  
Here's to the whole of it,  
Stars, stripes and pole of it,  
Here's to the soul of it  
Red, white and blue.  
—John J. Daly, Philadelphia Ledger.

## Washington County Transfers

The following real estate transfers were recorded with the register of deeds at Hillsboro during the past week:

L. P. Heidel to F. W. Torgler, 30 acres at NE cor of NW 1-4 sec 14, twp 2, SR3W, \$10.

Wm L. Moore et al to Gales Creek & Wilson River Co, parcel of land in SW 1-4 of sec 36, twp 2, NR4W, and SE1-4 same sec, \$10.

S. F. Martin to F. E. Richardson, part of Elkannah Walker DLC, twp 1, NR3, 4 W, \$10.

The Duncan & Brewer Lbr Co to W. R. G. Timber Co, 158.66 acres S 1-2 SE 1-4 sec 25, twp 2, NR6W, \$10.

J. W. Marsh et ux to B. H. Marsh, 44.85 acres secs 16 and 17, twp 1, NR3W, \$1,300.

## Tip to War Prophets

When the war will end? Absolute knowledge have I none, but my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son heard a policeman on his beat, say to a laborer in the street, that he had a letter just last week, written in the finest Greek, from a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo, who said the niggers in Cuba knew of a colored man in a Texas town, who got it straight from a circus clown, that a man in Klondyke heard the news, from a gang of South American Jews, about somebody in Borneo who claimed to know, of a society, female fake, whose mother-in-law would undertake, to prove that her seventh husband's sister's niece had stated in a printed piece, that she has a son who has a friend, who knows when the war is going to end.

## Excursion Fares to the Seashore

Tillamook County Beaches have many delightful resorts. Low Round-Trip Fares.

## Newport

with its agate beaches and surf bathing, will always be popular. Low Round-Trip Fares.

Ask your local agent, or write for booklet descriptive of Newport or Tillamook County Beaches, to

John M. Scott, General Passenger Agent  
Portland, Ore

Southern Pacific Lines

## You May Save a Few Pennies

by sending out of town for your printed matter—and you may not save a cent. Let the EXPRESS quote you a price before you buy printing without seeing it. By patronizing the Express, you get to see a "proof" of your job before it is printed—and your money stays in Washington county, where you have a good chance of shaking hands with it again.

Come in and let us talk it over.

The EXPRESS

Phone 821

Forest Grove, Ore