

# The Forest Grove Express

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W. C. Berfer, Editor and Publisher.

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THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1918

## THE BOY NEXT DOOR

By WILL M. CRESSY

I didn't vote for Wilson; I never liked him much.  
The gold-rimmed, pinch-nosed glasses gave a sort of dudish touch.  
I didn't like his methods; disliked his friends still more,  
And the one that has changed me—was the boy next door.

My life has been pretty happy; I've had a lot of joys;  
We've only had one sorrow—we never had no boys.  
But I've got a little daughter and I know she has a store  
Of love and trust and longing for the boy next door.

And when that fateful day arrived, when we knew we'd got to fight,  
I forgot the way I'd voted, for our President was right.  
I couldn't go to battle, I was old and stiff and sore;  
But the first one that enlisted was the boy next door.

And, you bet, I'm right behind him with every cent I've got,  
To buy him food and shelter, and powder, guns and shot.  
And if God will just watch o'er him and bring him back once more,  
I expect I'll be a daddy to that boy next door.

Now there's lots of us old fellers, too old to go and fight,  
With no sons to represent us and battle for the right;  
But we can give our money as we never did before,  
And love—and hope—and courage—to that boy next door.

When you celebrate the nation's birthday today, try to remember that you are celebrating the birth of Liberty, not just making a lot of noise to amuse the children.

The Hun kaiser doesn't ask his subject for what he wants—he just takes it, without thanks or apology. How different the United States way of borrowing and paying interest.

You have raised a war garden, of course? Well, see that you harvest and conserve the crop, for the war may last longer than we think and you may need every bean, tomato and potato you have raised.

The cemetery association of the Congregational church purchased \$200 worth of War Stamps, which should put to shame some of the monied men of this town, who invested less than one dollar in a thousand of their wealth.

The natives of France are today celebrating the Fourth of July, a pretty compliment to the Yankees who have come to their shores to assist in burying Prussianism so deep that hell will have to be raked to find it after the war is over.

These are hard times for matrimonial slackers of all kinds. If they don't marry the draft catches them. If they get divorced or fail to support their wives, it catches them again. Their only escape is the straight and narrow path of conjugal fidelity. Ain't it awful, Archie?—Oregonian.

In the purchase of War Stamps, some of the well-to-do people of this town bought as though they spending their last dime and never expected to have another cent. If Uncle Sam gets to a point where he has to take the money from these tight-wads, the blow will surely kill them. Does this mean you? Not unless it fits your case.

Brother, if you and I spend every cent we have and all we can borrow to win this war, we will be much better off than if we kept our money and lost the war. We had much better invest our money (at interest) with Uncle Sam than give it to the Kaiser as indemnity. Buy War Stamps and Bonds until you feel good.

Forest Grove went "over the top" in the War Stamps sales Friday in good shape, as she goes over in everything she has undertaken, and W. J. McCready and Postmaster R. P. Wirtz are entitled to considerable credit for the systematic manner in which they put the drive over on time. Oregon, as a state, did her duty, but Portland "went over" late.

After all the advertising given

the War Stamp drive, both in the press and through circulars, the solicitors found a fellow who said he "didn't write many letters and if he needed any stamps he'd buy 'em at the postoffice." Now, wouldn't that crimp your magoozlem?

There is generally a way to reach slackers and a fellow living not a thousand miles from this city, who gave three dollars to the Red Cross, bought no Liberty Bonds and refused to buy War Stamps found it out. He is well-to-do and depends on this city for a market for his produce. After his refusal to buy stamps, he suddenly found that no one would buy his milk and other produce and he was fired from a job on the county roads. Al at once he saw a great beacon of enlightenment and came hot-foot to town and bought \$500 worth of stamps. This does not make him any more of an American, but it helps Uncle Sam just \$500 worth.

## OUTDOORS

There is no pain of the human heart, no fever of the mind which is not assuaged and healed by a day or an hour spent alone in quiet fields and gardens, under the open sky, says the Portland News.

We are at war and every heart is troubled and sad at war's cost, and every mind is weary with endless questionings. But summer has laid her gracious hands upon the earth and hung it with green draperies of trees and grass, filled it with soft airs, and covered us all with tender skies.

To all the stately wisdom of the trees and wide fields there is added the homely comfort of the all-enfolding grass and of our own gardens.

No mother of a soldier may walk among her roses, clip the sweet sprays of honeysuckle or touch any of the bright children of the sun without a tender thought of her boy and the flower he loved best, without a fresh resolve to keep her house and heart sweet and sunny as a garden for her son's sake.

No father of a boy in service can work among his thrifty rows of vegetables without thanksgiving that it is in his power to make the earth yield food for his fighting son and all his brothers. These summer twilights many a fear and heartache is hoed under and buried deep in a prosperous garden, and many a quiet thought and glorious vision is found by a tired man digging among his vegetables.

Now is the time that we may find the healing of the out-of-doors, a balm for all the year's wounds to mind and spirit.

Job printing—phone 821.

## JOYOUS MUSIC AT CHAUTAUQUA



A flash of the most delightful vocal music—a beautiful solo perhaps, or a pleasing duet or quartet—followed by an equally delightful program of instrumental numbers—violin, cello or piano solo, instrumental duets, quartets and ensemble numbers—such is the program of the Schubert Sereaders, to be presented on the last day of the Chautauqua. Probably no other organization of six young ladies combines in itself as much artistic talent as does Schuberts. Few programs offer such originality, such a varied and ever-changing succession of melody and tainment.

COLLEGE CAMPUS, FOREST GROVE, JULY 24

## THE OLD MAN

Backward, turn backward,  
O Time, in thy flight;  
Make me a boy again,  
So I can fight.  
Make me a boy again,  
Just twenty-one,  
So I can shoulder  
A knapsack and gun.  
Give me the muscles  
I had years ago,  
Give me a step that's  
Not wobbly and slow.  
Give me the strength that  
I may play my part.  
All I have now for  
War is the heart.  
Give me the vim and  
The vigor of youth,  
I'll fight till doomsday, and  
That is the truth.  
Turn back the decades and  
Give me a chance  
To sail with the legions for  
Far away France.  
What a chasetisement it  
It is to be told:  
"Back to the fireside;  
You're no good—too old."  
Time, you're a criminal,  
That's plain to see,  
You've made a confounded  
Old slacker of me.

—New York Evening Mail.

## A SONG OF HOPE

By Virginia Quick, Lincoln, Neb.

Sons and brothers of the Nation,  
Hear the mighty bugle call,  
Coming far across the ocean,  
Let us answer one and all,  
"We are ready for the fray,  
Like a mighty wave we're coming,  
And we're sure to win the day."  
Thousands now are in the conflict,  
Millions more are yet to come,  
For we know "our boys" will rally,  
To the sound of fife and drum.  
Underneath our glorious banner,  
Freedom's cause shall never fail,  
Till within each port and harbor,  
Truth and justice shall prevail.

## Kind Words for the "Express"

The following letter from Miss Beth Sexton, a former resident of this city, explains itself:

Wednesday the 26th  
Nineteen  
Eighteen.

Dear Mr. Berfer:  
Inclosed please find One dollar (\$1.00) for the "Express" for another year.  
We just simply must have the Forest Grove news and your paper seems the only solution and it's a good one.  
Dad and Mother are fine. We have a garden and enjoy it so much. We have ripe tomatoes in it already.  
Remember me to Mr. Sanford and thank you for past kindness.  
Our best regards to Mrs. Berfer.  
Very truly yours,  
ELIZABETH SEXTON.

315 Second Street,  
Oxnard, California.

You'll enjoy yourself if you go to Balm Grove today. Good speeches, music, dancing and sports.

## A Telling Valedictory

A country minister in a certain location took permanent leave of his congregation in the following pathetic manner:

"Brothers and Sisters: I come to say goodbye. I don't think God loves this church because none of you die. You don't love one another because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me, because you have not paid my salary; your donations have been moldy fruit, wormy apples, and 'by their fruits you shall know them.'

"Brothers, I am going away, to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. Where I go you cannot come, but I go to prepare a place for you, and where I am, there may ye be also. Goodbye."

## Soldier and Sailor Insurance

So far more than 3,000,000,000 Government checks have been sent out by the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, most of which were for allotments and allowances to the families and dependents of the enlisted men in the Army and Navy. The total disbursements of the bureau up to June 10 were more than \$98,000,000, of which \$97,000,000 was for allotments and allowances.

More than 850,000 checks a month are sent out, approximately 35,000 being mailed out every day. The first check for the June allotments will be sent out on July 1, just as the first May payments began on June 1. Relatives and dependents of the insured men should remember that the payments for any month can not be mailed out sooner than the first day of the succeeding month.

Typewriters for rent at the Book Store. 21-1f

## OUR GREAT TASK

By Herbert Hoover.

If you could stand in the middle of Europe today and survey the land to its borders, you would discover its whole population of 400,000,000 human beings short of food. Millions of people in Poland, Finland, Serbia, Armenia and Russia are dying of starvation and other millions are suffering from too little food. Our Allies and the neutrals are living on the barest margins that will support life and strength.

This, the most appalling and dreadful thing that has come to humanity since the dawn of civilization, is to me the outstanding creation of German militarism. The Germans themselves are not the worst sufferers. They are extorting at the cannon's mouth the harvests and cattle of the people they have overrun, leaving them in desolation. If the war were to cease tomorrow, the toll of actual dead from starvation within the German lines would double or treble the 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 of men who have been actually killed by Germany and her allies in arms. The 10,000,000 people in occupied Belgium and Northern France would have died of starvation had it not been for us and the Allies.

We must build our food resources to stand ready for any demands upon us by the Allies. It is of no purpose to us to send millions of our best to France if we fail to maintain the strength of their men, women and children on our lines of communication. This United States is the last reservoir of men, the last reservoir of ships, the last reservoir of munitions and the last reservoir of food upon which the Allied world must depend if Germany is to be defeated and if we are to be free men.

By eating more perishables here at home we may save others from perishing "Over There."

The farm as well as the front needs men who see straight and shoot straight.

War is OUR BUSINESS; we can't win by carrying it as a side line.

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Phone 531

FOREST GROVE, OREGON