

NOTES AND PERSONALS

Job printing—phone 821.
TANLAC at Littler's Pharmacy.

Ed Tatro of Dilley had business in town Saturday.

Single buggy for sale cheap. H. T. Buxton, phone 0393. 30-2*

The Express prints butter wrappers with non-poisonous ink.

A dandy line of ladies' house dresses and aprons at Anderson's.

Money to loan—Valley Realty Co., Forest Grove, Oregon. 19-tf

Jim McGill was out from Portland Sunday for a visit with his better half.

Yellow Aberdeen turnip seed \$1.50 per pound, at the Pacific Market. 19-tf

Encel Todd of the Portland recruiting office visited his parents in this city Sunday.

Dr. Darland, Chiropractic and Natureopath. Office at A St. & 1st Ave. N. Phone 676.

Mrs. Susie Hatfield and Miss Edith Pechin had business in the county seat Saturday.

H. R. Bernard visited his wife at McMinville Sunday and found her steadily improving in health.

Go to the Erickson garage, K. of P. building, for your auto repairs, accessories, tires, gas and oils.

See the Round Oak wood and coal range, with or without gas plate attachment, at the Gordon Hardware Store.

The name of Private Willard M. Clem of Orenco was among the list of wounded sent to this country Monday.

Elmer Bennett, formerly of this city, who is now working in a Portland shipyard, spent Sunday with his family at Gaston.

Miss Mildred Woodruff of Portland visited her aunt and cousin, Mrs. Sherrett and Miss Han-on, at the Hughlin hotel Sunday.

A fine assortment of NuBone and College Girl corsets and novelty waists at Mrs. Richards' Novelty Shop, Pacific avenue.

A big bouncing daughter was born on July 23d to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Glaisyer. Mother and child are doing nicely.

Picnic packages, paper plates, paper napkins, paper towels, Thermos bottles, in fact everything for your outing at Littler's Pharmacy.

Buy your groceries, fish, vegetables and second-hand household goods of the Economy store Dodge bldg., cor. 3d street and Pacific avenue. 6-tf

Go to F. A. Moore's store, corner Pacific Avenue and Third street, for up-to-date hair cuts and shaves. Also ice cream, cold drinks and lunches. Phone 181.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Richardson and Mrs. A. P. West of this city and Mrs. Jesse Caples and daughter, Helen, of Portland spent Sunday very pleasantly picnicking in the woods near Cherry Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Todd and children left yesterday for an extended outing at Newport. Alex has not entirely recovered from his operation and thinks he might as well enjoy himself at the beach while he is regaining his strength.

With the \$300 subscribed by public-spirited citizens of Forest Grove Road Overseer A. B. Todd has graded the road west of this city from the end of the Pacific avenue pavement to the Tom Phillips place and the foot-paths along the road have also been sanded. This is a great accommodation to people who travel that route.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Graham and children and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. West motored to Portland, via Newberg, Sunday and found the road between those points a delightful drive, barring one or two stretches which have not been completed. The people along the Portland-Forest Grove road had just as much right to expect that road to be hard-surfaced as the Newberg road, but they didn't get it and Mr. Graham took pains to tell Si Benson what he and other Forest Grove people thought of this favoritism.

The Two Men Without a Country

Reprinted from Hoard's Dairyman

No American school boy, certainly no American school boy in an American school, taught by an American teacher, has failed to hear that great story written by Edward Everett Hale, the story of "The Man Without a Country."

You will recall that the man lived back in the days of Aaron Burr, about the year 1800 and made the wish that he might never hear the name of his country, America, again. You will also recall that his wish was granted, and the rest of his life furnished us the pathetic example of "A Man Without a Country."

But pathetic as was that example in the days when our beloved country was young, far more pathetic is the case of two inhabitants of our country in the year 1918, when our land of freedom and opportunity is in death grapple with the most despotic country the world has ever seen or heard of.

Here is the real story, for these men are not story men, as was "The Man Without a Country." The American people were making the supreme effort in subscribing the Third Liberty Loan, and all of the neighbors in that township had done their best, except two, who steadfastly refused to subscribe. These two men had come from our enemy despotic country some years ago. They had escaped from that country to avoid the hard ways forced upon the people there, and had chosen America because they recognized it as a land of freedom and opportunity.

Here we must pause to be sure that we understand why this land is so dear to us. From the very beginning, the government of the United States has belonged to each individual and it is the result of what all of the people have made it. No king or kaiser or emperor has owned the land or claimed it as his possession. Our leaders and heroes have been common people and very many of the names we revere have been those of backwoodsmen, who have hewn this country out of wild forests and plains and by their labors and sacrifices, heroism, and sufferings have made it the chosen land it is.

Again what our land is, is what the majority has made it. You see, all but two of the men of this American neighborhood worked and sacrificed to keep this country true to the ideas of the settlers and founders of the country. These two men chose this country and this particular neighborhood because these ideas had made it a place where the common man could get ahead. But when it came to the place where assistance was demanded from them, they balked. They fled their native land to escape its rigors. They chose to enjoy all the rights and blessings of a free land, but selfishly refused to carry any of its burdens. So, loyalty to their native country which they have left and disloyalty to their adopted country rendered them "Two Men Without a Country," as you will see.

One morning, when as usual they drove up to the cheese factory with their milk, the cheesemaker beckoned them out of the line and motioned the next farmer to drive up. After several succeeding farmers had unloaded their milk and no more attention was paid these two, they indignantly sought the reason and were informed that they were undesirable citizens and that their milk would no longer be taken. Thereupon, in great anger, they drove away to a neighboring factory, where they were met with the same refusal. After calling at a third factory and receiving the same rebuff, they went to their homes with their milk.

It so happens that in America it is no uncommon thing for common men to own great herds of dairy cattle, and milk becomes their main product. It was so with these men. All the years in which they had grown prosperous they had failed to recognize the great value of the market which the laws of the land had made for their milk.

Needing some supplies, they drove to their usual trading point to trade. The merchants turned them away, saying they were not selling goods to undesirable citizens any more.

Here they were, now, unable to sell their crops or to buy their necessities. They were dependent upon their own resources to enjoy just the kind of country they wished to make. But they did not wish to endure the hardships which it takes to build a country such as would fit their special likings. So they determined to compel their neighbors to submit to their way, to make their

fellow citizens continue to furnish all the blessings of a free country without their assisting; while on the other hand they continued to aid and abet the kaiser's cause. They sought the county judge at the county seat. While they did not care for their adopted land, its courts were good enough to appeal to, to make the people accord them their undeserved rights.

Having heard their complaints and having questioned them upon the reasons for their troubles, the judge concluded that their failure to subscribe for bonds and show a friendly interest in their adopted country were the causes of their difficulty and advised them to buy Liberty Bonds. They went to the bank and each subscribed for a \$50 Liberty Bond, the very least subscription they could make. Truly, these were "Two Men Without a Country." Then they repaired to the County Council of Defense and requested the assistance of the County Council in readjusting their relations with their neighbors. They were promptly informed that their neighborhood troubles were brought upon themselves by themselves, and that the county seat would not afford whitewashing assistance, that a \$50 Liberty Bond covered no decent ownership obligations on their part, that they would have to settle with their own community committees, and that they were to take their \$50 bonds back to the bank and get their money. The County Council told them that their neighbors ought to kick them out, that they would be unable to sell their crops or to buy anything. They said they knew that, for they had tried to do so. They were further informed that if their neighbors kicked them out they could not go to any allied country, for they would be jailed there. No neutral country wanted citizens who were as useless citizens as they were, and if they returned to the land which they stood up for, they would probably be shot for treason.

At last the true situation dawned upon them. Their ungracious acts had made them "Two Men Without a Country." They broke down and wept bitterly. Rumor has it that they returned to their homes and subscribed their quotas. But you know what happens to the Benedict Arnolds and the Aaron Burrs. Men cannot tinker with their loyalty, cannot refuse to assist their country in its hour of trial, cannot render aid and comfort to its enemies and ever again hold the respect of their fellow citizens. Ever and always they and their families carry the shame to the third and fourth generations.

We have heard and read of men and their houses painted yellow for failure to acquit themselves as desirable citizens should. We have heard and read of tar-and-featherings and lynchings for disloyalty. But all of these cases sink into insignificance as examples of revulsion of feeling on the part of communities for disloyal offenders when compared with the hopeless situation in which these "Two Men Without a Country" have placed themselves and their families.

The other day when I passed by their comfortable homes and splendid farms, I looked in vain for a Food Administration card, a Red Cross, a Liberty Bond flag. No starry banner graced their porches. They had not lifted a hand to

help defend the land which had given them so much. By their refusal to do any of these things, they had done all they could to aid and abet the enemy whose despotic power they had fled. They were just plain common traitors and reaped the reward of plain outcasts.

As I passed one of the farms, I saw a man and his wife and children, sole friends now, and sharing the penalty for his traitorous and reprehensible acts. What the end will be no one can forecast, but how awful to be cast out by one's countrymen!

All along the way through that lovely and splendid country I saw on every hand evidences of loyalty and appreciation of country and the little flags, with their one, two and three stars which told of the supreme sacrifices which these farm homes were making, and I could but compare the thrice happy lot of those who do and die for their country with the ignominious existence of the selfish and disloyal lives of such as the "Two Men Without a Country."

PRO PATRIA.

Warranty deed and mortgage blanks for sale at this office.

Sam Cox Makes Good
Samuel Cox, member of the class of 1918 at Pacific University, was recently commissioned as Ensign in the United States Naval Reserve. Mr. Cox enlisted on July 12, 1917, at Portland, as second-class seaman and, after three months' training at B. Emerton Navy-yard, was sent to Harvard radio school. There he met exceptional success and was one of 150 men selected to attend the Harvard naval cadet school.

After four months of military training he received a commission on June 1. Ensign Cox is at present doing active duty, being assigned to the United States ship Great Northern.

Remember, friends, you must pay in advance to get the Express at one dollar per year. The regular price is \$1.50. We pay you 50c to collect from yourself.

Notice
Beginning Monday, July 15th, the Pacific Market will discontinue delivery and credit systems, owing to scarcity of labor. We feel this move a patriotic duty to our customers, as well as to ourselves, and will adopt a system of lower prices for cash only—paying you a good commission for coming after your goods. Thanking customers for past patronage and hoping for a continuance of the same, we remain,
Yours for business,

THE PACIFIC MARKET,
First door south of postoffice.
Public sale bills printed at the Express office.

H. T. GILTNER
Staple and Fancy Groceries
Fruits and Vegetables in Season

PHONE 701
South Main Street - Forest Grove, Ore

THE RATTLE OF THE RIVET

The Kaiser waked one morning from a brief and troubled dream. He thought that somewhere in the West he heard an Eagle scream. He called his captains to him and he said, "What's this I hear?" I do not mind the groans of men or woman's bitter tear, But there's a new and threatening sound across the waters green That makes me shake and shiver like the Banshee's fearful keen; I see long troops of men in brown a-walking o'er my grave Whene'er I hear that rattling sound a-ripping o'er the wave." Von Hindenburg looked sour and glum, Von Ludendorf looked grave, For well they knew those sounds resound to ocean's farthest cave. "All Highest, I regret to state," Von Hindenburg began, "If on this drive we don't arrive, I'm sure we never can. That horrid sound we also hear, it's getting on our nerves, As to the Front we're hurrying our very last Reserves. We called our foemen 'Schweinhund,' we called them 'pig' and 'dog'— All Highest, dear, those sounds you hear are from an isle called 'Hog.' 'It's the rattle of the rivet, it's the clash of iron steel; Before one ship is off the ways they start another keel. We hear that crashing, driving sound above the battle's din And every rivet that they drive is helping them to win. They have ships upon the ocean, they have ships just leaving shore, And every rattling rivet tells they're building more and more. It's the rattling, battling rivets that have stayed our last advance— All Highest—it's those rivets that will drive us out of France!"

—ELLIS MEREDITH.

Herman Moore, who has been visiting his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Parsons, for some months, is visiting friends in Vancouver. His sister, Nancy, went as far as Portland with him to visit her mother and other friends, but returned to make her home with the Parsons.

Dr. C. E. Walker is now driving a Chevrolet touring car, having traded in his Ford sedan. Dr. and Mrs. Walker will leave sometime next week for a camping trip to the Tillamook beaches.

Administrator's Notice
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, administrator of the estate of Anna M. Schwall, deceased, and has duly qualified as such;
Now therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to me, with proper vouchers, at the law office of H. T. Bagley in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from date hereof.
Dated this July 18, 1918.
MARTIN SCHWALL,
Administrator.
H. T. BAGLEY, Attorney. 28-5t

DR. H. C. FORTNER
Successor to
DR. H. W. VOLLMER
OFFICE
In First National Bank Building
Telephones
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Attorneys at Law
Loans and Real Estate
D. D. BUMP, M. B. BUMP,
Residence Hillsboro
Forest Grove, Phone 444 Offices—HILLSBORO

J. N. HOFFMAN
Attorney At Law
Patent Office Business Solicited
Forest Grove, Oregon

Thousands of men have chewed Real Gravely Chewing Plug for twenty-five years and more. And every time they have tried some other brand it made them think more of Gravely than ever.



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Gravely lasts so much longer it costs no more to chew than ordinary plug

P. E. Gravely Tobacco Company
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