

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

CHURCHES.

Church of the Visitation, Verboort—Rev. L. A. LeMiller, pastor. Sunday Early Mass at 8 a. m.; High Mass at 10:30 a. m.; Vesper at 3:00 p. m. Week days Mass at 8:30 a. m.

Christian Science Hall, 115 Fifth st., between First and Second ave. South—Services Sundays at 11 a. m.; Sunday school at 12 m.; mid-week meeting Wednesdays at 7:30 p. m.

Free Methodist church, Fourth st., between First and Second ave. D. W. Cook, pastor. Sunday school at 10 a. m.; preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

Seventh Day Adventist Church, 3rd street—Sabbath school 2 p. m., preaching 3 p. m. each Saturday. Midweek prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m. A cordial welcome. G. W. Pettit, pastor.

Catholic Services, Rev. J. R. Buck, pastor. Forest Grove—Chapel at cor. of 3rd street and 3rd avenue south. 1st and 4th Sundays of the month, Mass at 8:30; 2nd and 3rd Sundays of the month, Mass 10:30. Cornelius—1st Sunday of the month, Mass at 10:30; 3rd Sunday of the month, Mass at 8:00. Seghers—2nd Sunday of the month, Mass at 8:00; 4th Sunday of the month, Mass at 10:30.

M. E. Church, Rev. Hiram Gould, pastor. Second street, between First and Second avenues. Sunday school at 10 a. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Mid-week prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Christian Church, corner Third st. and First ave. Rev. E. V. Stivers, pastor. Bible school at 10 a. m.; preaching at 11 a. m. and 8:00 p. m.; Prayer meeting Thursday at 8:00 p. m.

Congregational Church, College Way and First ave. north. Rev. D. T. Thomas—Sunday school 10 a. m.; Morning service 11 a. m.; evening, 8:00 p. m.; Junior C. E. at 3 p. m.; Senior C. E. at 6:30 p. m.

LODGES.

Knights of Pythias—Delphos Lodge No. 36, meets every Thursday at K. of P. Hall, Chas. Staley, C. C.; Reis Ludwig, Keeper of Records and Seal.

G. A. R.—J. B. Mathews Post No. 6, meets the first and third Wednesday of each month at 1:30 p. m., in K. of P. hall. John Baldwin, Commander.

Masonic—Holbrook Lodge No. 30, A. F. & A. M., regular meetings held first Saturday in each month. D. D. Bump, W. M.; A. A. Ben Kori, secretary.

W. O. W.—Forest Grove Camp No. 98, meets in Woodmen Hall, every Saturday. A. J. Parker, C. C.; James H. Davis, Clerk.

Artisans—Diamond Assembly No. 27, meets every Tuesday in K. of P. Hall. C. B. Stokes, M. A.; John Boldrick, Secretary.

Rebeks—Forest Lodge No. 44, meets the first, third and fifth Wednesdays of each month. Miss Alice Crook, N. G.; Secretary, Miss Carrie Austin.

I. O. O. F.—Washington Lodge No. 48, meets every Monday in I. O. O. F. Hall. Wm. Van Antwerp, N. G.; Robert Taylor, Secretary.

Modern Woodmen of America—Camp No. 6228, meets the second and fourth Friday of each month. Sam Marshal, Consul; Geo. G. Paterson, Clerk.

Rosewood Camp, No. 3835 R. N. A., meets first and third Fridays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall. Mrs. M. S. Allen, Oracle; Mrs. Winnifred Aldrich, Recorder.

Gale Grange No. 282, P. of H., meets the first Saturdays of each month in the K. of P. Hall. A. T. Buxton, Master; Mrs. H. J. Rice, Secretary.

CITY.

Mayor—J. A. Thornburgh.
Recorder—R. P. Wirtz.
Treasurer—E. B. Sappington.
Chief of Police—P. W. Watkins.
Street Commissioner—E. B. Sappington.
Health Officer—Dr. J. S. Bishop.
Councilmen—Chas. Hines, George S. Allen, V. S. Abraham, Carl L. Hinman, O. M. Sanford and John McNamer.

City School.

School Directors—M. Peterson, Mrs. Edward Seymour, H. T. Buxton.
Clerk—R. P. Wirtz.
Justice of the Peace—W. J. R. Beach.
Constable—Carl Hoffman.

COUNTY.

Judge—R. O. Stevenson.
Sheriff—George G. Hancock.
Clerk—John Bailey.
Recorder—T. L. Perkins.
Treasurer—W. M. Jackson.
Surveyor—Geo. McTee.
Coroner—E. C. Brown.
Commissioners—John McClaran, John Nyberg.
School Sup't—M. C. Case.

S. P. TIME TABLE.

North Bound.
Local No. 6, departs..... 6:40 a. m.
Sheridan No. 4, "..... 8:20 a. m.
Local No. 10, "..... 2:50 p. m.
Corvallis No. 2, "..... 4:53 p. m.
South Bound.
Corvallis No. 1, arrives... 8:49 a. m.
Local No. 5, "..... 12:20 p. m.
Sheridan No. 3, "..... 6:00 p. m.
Local No. 9, "..... 7:00 p. m.

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BAKED STRIPED BASS

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COOKING A DELICIOUS FISH DISH.

How to Prepare and Serve Apples Stuffed With Jam and Chopped Almonds—Syrup Improves Flavor of Compound.

Striped Bass Baked.—After the fish has been thoroughly cleaned, split in halves, remove the bone, and lay the fish in a well buttered pan skin downward. Then sprinkle well with salt and pepper and powdered cracker crumbs; dot with bits of butter. It is then ready for the oven. Then mince a small onion and simmer in butter until a light brown. Pour over it a pint of stock and let it boil about ten minutes. Strain, then add a can of mushrooms chopped fine. Thicken with a few cracker crumbs, season with salt, pepper and anchovy paste. By this time the fish will be nearly done, remove from the oven, pour off all fat, cover with the prepared sauce, return to the oven, bake to a finish and serve.

Stuffed Apples.—Select large juicy apples of equal size (pippins are best), pare and core them, leaving the apple whole. Lay them in a mixture of brandy and lemon juice until they have acquired the flavor. Then cook them three parts done in a syrup of sugar and water. Drain carefully and bake a few minutes in a quick oven. When done, but still hot, fill the centers with pineapple jam or peach marmalade with a few chopped almonds added. Cover each apple with a jelly produced by boiling down the syrup in which the apples were first cooked with a very little more brandy. This syrup will give the apples a beautiful glazed appearance. Arrange the apples on dessert dishes and serve with whipped cream poured around them, or form apples in shape of dome and cover with a meringue of beaten whites of eggs, powdered sugar and vanilla, sticking over the top sweet almonds cut in lengths. Place in oven until meringue is a delicate brown.

Care of Bedrooms.

In each room there are special pieces calling for special care. The bedstead needs cleaning weekly. Top, bottom, back and front must be gone over with a damp cloth, or perhaps a sponge wet in benzine. If any trace of the cimex is found use the best alcohol generously. This not only kills those that are alive, but destroys the eggs and cleans mattress and bed. The nesting place must be examined and treated. Picture moldings, back and front, picture frame, woodwork, cracks in walls and floors, loosened paper must all be watched. Closets should be cleaned systematically, shelves and floors and cleats should be washed. All discarded articles should be removed at once.

Philippine Salad.

Cut tomatoes, large white onions, green and sweet red peppers, also cucumbers, in very thin slices, add a good French dressing and let the salad stand for an hour at least on ice in a cool place. Garnish with crisp lettuce leaves before serving. This makes a pretty dish if the different vegetables used are laid in separate circles alternately. The seeds of the peppers must be carefully removed before they are sliced and the cucumbers peeled.

Creamed Corn.

Left-over corn on the cob should not be thrown away. Cut the corn from the cob and put it away in the refrigerator. At the next meal hour place it in a stew pan with sweet milk, thickened very slightly with a mixture of butter and flour made thin with a little of the milk, season to taste and serve in vegetable dish.

Sunshine Salad.

Slice a seedless orange very thin and put the slices in a glass dish. Cut a few blue plums into halves, taking the pits out, and scatter the fruit over the slices of orange. Chop a sour apple fine and put a thin layer of this on the other fruit. Fill the dish with this arrangement of fruit, slices of oranges being on top. Make a sugar syrup not too thick and when it is cool pour over the fruit. Chill in the refrigerator and serve with whipped cream.

Currant Pudding.

Fill baking dish with thin slices of baker's bread, buttered and alternate layers of fresh currants, stewed and sweetened to taste. Have fruit on top. Cover and bake for half an hour in moderate oven, serve with sugar and cream.

Cream Cookies.

Use one cup of sugar, three-fourths cup sour cream, one-fourth cup sour milk, two teaspoons ginger, one teaspoon soda, pinch of salt, and flour to roll

The Courtship of Miles Standish

With Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy

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Miles Standish

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth, the land of the Pilgrims, To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling. Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather, Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain. Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare, Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber— Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus, Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence, While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock. Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic. Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron; Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November. Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion, Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window; Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion, Having the dew of youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives

"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet; He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon!" Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling: "See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging; That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others. Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage; So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn. Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great invincible army, Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock, Eighteen shilling a month, together with diet and pillage, And, like Caesar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!" This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment. Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued: "Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose, Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic, Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen. Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians; Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better—"

the graves of our people. Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished!" Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding; Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Caesar, Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London, And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible. Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if doubtful Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort, Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the Romans, Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.



The Puritan Maiden, Priscilla.

Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman, Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin, Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest. Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling, Busily writing epistles important, to go by the Mayflower, Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing! Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter, Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla, Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Optimistic.

Some time ago there was a flood in British Columbia. An old fellow who had lost nearly everything he possessed was sitting on the roof of his house as it floated along, when a boat approached.

"Hello, Jim."
"Hello, Bill."
"Are your fowls all washed away, Jim?"
"Yes, but the ducks can swim," replied the old man.
"Apple trees gone?"
"Well, they said the crop would be a failure, anyhow."
"I see the flood's away above your windows."
"That's all right, Bill. Them winters needed washin', anyhow."—Housekeeper.

His Sense of Humor.

Mrs. Youngwedd had been taking cooking lessons through a correspondence course.

Although there was a marked improvement in the culinary department of the Youngwedd homestead, the husband lost no opportunity for poking fun at his wife's cooking. One morning, just as he was leaving for business, she asked:

"My dear, what would you like for dinner this evening?"
"Well," he replied, smiling, "we'll have lesson 4 with exception 'c,' a little of lesson 9, and perhaps the postscript of lesson 12 for dessert."—Woman's Home Companion.

Physical Limitations.

There was a very stupid play presented early in the New York season, an "adaptation" it was called by the author. Even the best-natured critics went away in disgust. One newspaper representative turned to another and said: "If this jumble had been presented on the other side of the water it would have been hissed. As there were a lot of foreign visitors present I wonder that it was not."

"It really is a wonder," was the other's reply. "I would like to have hissed myself, but—you can't yawn and hiss at the same time."—Metropolitan Magazine.



"Look at These Arms," He Said.

Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angels, but Angels." Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the Mayflower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting, Spoke, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth. "Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection! This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breastplate,

Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish; Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet

Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero. Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish

Would at this moment be mold, in their grave in the Flemish morasses." Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:

Let them come, if they like, be it sagemore, sachem, or powwow, Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon!"

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape. Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east wind, Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean, Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine. Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape, Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion, Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded:

"Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish; Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside! She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower! Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there. Better to hide from the Indian scouts