

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.

Rebekahs—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. McTea.
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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FACTS FEATURES and FANCIES for WOMEN



It is the woman who watches the counter where little things are displayed who is ready for a new season with irreproachable smartness of attire. The tailored suit bought in the spring, and the good looking hat, put away during the outing months, to be ready for first September weeks, may be all very well in themselves; but it will be the fresh veil adjusted in the new way, the spick and span gloves in just the correct shade, and, above all, the last thought in Paris neckwear, that will bring suit and hat up to the minute of distinction.

One is impressed with the size of the jabots and collars ready—in the neckwear departments—for first autumn days. Luckily only one jabot is worn at a time, for two of them, turned back as they are and pinned against shoulder or sleeve top, would look rather like a pair of wings growing by mistake in front. The modest little jabot made out of half a yard of fine batiste and two yards of Irish lace, which was considered the proper thing a season ago, looks positively like an old lady's lace barb now, so diminutive is it in comparison with the spreading jabots of the moment. These new jabots are lavishly trimmed with handsome lace, set on plaited frills, the lower end of the jabot tapering to a point while the upper end reaches to the top of the sleeve and is pinned in place with a special bar pin which comes for the purpose. Some of these pins are half an inch wide and four inches long. They come in plain silver and gilt, and in handsome styles with filigree patterns and

SIMPLE FROCK OF PLAIN LAWN



With an Overdress of Embroidered Muslin Edged With Ball Trimming.

sunken jewels. One may match one's jabot pin with earrings—and the latter bid fair to be as fashionable this fall as ever. The conservative woman sticks to the single pearl or bit of coral, worn close against the ear lobe, but there are occasions when the frock is cut out at the top and the ears are well covered by the hair when swinging earrings lend a certain amount of chic and distinction to a woman who might otherwise be insignificant. Some women, also, may wear the long swinging earrings when hatted and veiled for the street, and look immensely chic; but the average woman, and especially the short and plump woman, is apt to look common and fast thus decorated.

High Collars Worn.
Most of the new blouses for wear with autumn tailored suits of worsted and mohair have high, boned collars set into little yokes at the neck. Dutch necks will undoubtedly be worn in the house, and on matinee and restaurant blouses later on, when furs cover the throat in the street, but for first autumn wear the neat, high collar is the thing. Many of the new stocks are of the thinnest shadow lace or net, a piping of silk around the top acting as a "stay" and also adding smartness and trimness to the stock. On the best blouses these tall stocks are fastened at the back with tiny

loops and buttons; gold collar pins at the back of the collar not being considered good form just now, though a single handsome brooch is often pinned at the top of the collar above the buttons and loops. The neckwear departments are full of lace yokes, collars and gumps, but the smartest sort of yoke and collar, made of fine net or shadow lace, must be made at home. These yokes come in high class ready made blouses, and dressmakers set them in handsome frocks, but it seems impossible to buy such a yoke and stock ready made.

Undersleeves of net or shadow lace are a new Paris feature. These undersleeves may be worn beneath the loose kimono sleeves of the blouse, giving it a more finished effect. They are gathered into a narrow band and finished with a frill. In Paris undersleeves of gathered net, stiffened with a hoop of whalebone, are being sold, a decided suggestion that early Victorian modes are on the way.

For indoor wear there are adorable collars in the sailor and shawl styles and one of these handsome collars will transform the most demure little frock into a costume of distinction. There are wonderful collars of real and imitation venise and of the new macrame lace which is so bold and effective, yet so delicate withal. There are also collars of sheer linen and mull beautifully embroidered with dots and scallops and in the cheaper grades there are machine embroidered cluny which are really good looking. Some of these collars come with cuffs to match—broad, turned back cuffs which have gay little black velvet bows set at the edge to hold the two ends of the cuff in place on the sleeve.

Ecrú the Fashionable Color.

Everything ecru is fashionable, and the tan, cream, pale buff and champagne tones come under this head. Buff gloves are much smarter for evening wear than pure white, and the creamy chamolis gloves are fancied for morning wear with tailored suits. The woman who dresses well does not wear out her summer silk gloves in September. The minute humid, perspiry days are over she tucks away all her silk gloves until next year and comes out in fresh, smart kid gloves with her fresh autumn trappings.

The white shetland mesh veils continue to be fashionable, but with autumn suits and small hats many women are taking up the smaller face veils, which always look trim and neat when September breezes begin to blow. Shadow mesh and octagon, mesh veillings continue popular, but small chenille dots are making an appearance on the smartest face veils.

The handbag continues to be a reticule—if one may be allowed the Irishism. New fall reticules are more luxurious and magnificent than ever, with gold and silver embroideries on rich silks in East Indian effects. Even silver mesh purses now have long cord or chain handles to be worn over the shoulder.

Cleaning Worn Cloth.

To revive the appearance of a suit that is becoming so worn as to be shiny in certain spots, a bit of distilled white vinegar, diluted in water, rubbed on with a white woolen cloth will raise the nap and give it a look of newness that will make the suit of good service for some weeks more.

This is a good hint to take advantage of, for it can save one additional expense, especially when wanting to tide over into the next season, when a heavier or lighter cloth is more appropriate.

Some dressmakers frequently have great difficulty in making skirts cut with the raised waist line hang straight in front at the line of the normal waist.

At this point the skirt breaks and is apt to show an ugly wrinkle, especially when the wearer is seated.

This can be avoided by making a small oblong pad of the same material as the skirt and inserting it directly in front. The pad is made four inches long and two inches wide and is placed lengthwise with the skirt. It can be tacked in place.

One of the latest novelties from Paris is the frill jabot of plaited muslin, in which a plaited piece of material about 12 inches long is caught together in the center with a strip of muslin and pinned at the front of the lace collar, forming a semicircle or spreading fan-shaped jabot. Another new jabot which is very similar has the lower edges graduated by being cut obliquely. This is made of marquissette with insertions and edgings of valenciennes or cluny lace between which a hint of color is introduced.

Motor Bonnets.

New motor bonnets are made up entirely of wide and narrow plaited frills. These are put on a thin gauze foundation which is stiffened with wire. The frills are often made of black and white ribbon and held in place around the middle of the bonnet by a two-inch band of black velvet. Green is a favorite color for summer and stone gray has proved a serviceable one.

Writing for Help.

"Your husband is unusually devoted. Writes you every day."
"It isn't devotion. Half the time he can't find his clothes."

Miss Ethel's Escape

By CARL JENKINS

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

When Miss Ethel Lynn set out from her mother's home, "The Willows," to drive to the village of Roselands in her pony cart, the sun shone, the birds sang and a crow called "Good luck!" after her. Not a sign on earth or above it that she was to find romance and adventure further along the road.

When Givoni Garibaldi set out that same hour from the village of Roselands to plod up the highway past "the Willows," he was leading a dancing bear. The same sun shone for him and his bear—birds sang just as sweetly for them—another crow called his best wishes after them. If they were to meet up with romance and adventure they had no inkling of it.

When Mr. Earl Hopewell left the house of his brother, ten miles beyond Roselands, to drive himself in an auto to the village, he also had the sun and the birds and a stray crow, and he would have wagered two to one that nothing more than a bursted tire would interrupt the harmony of his spin.

Miss Ethel's pony was a veteran of eighteen years, though he still had a gait. In his lifetime he had encountered brass bands, circus parades, wandering elephants, bellowing bulls, labor union banners and drunken tramps. He flattered himself that he had become blasé, and that nothing could shake his nerve. The one thing he hadn't encountered was a dancing bear—a grinning, shambling, ambling, shuffling bundle of fur, conducted by a gentleman patterned after the model of Captain Kidd. At sight of the pair the pony slackened his pace, and his driver began to talk to him and assure him that there was nothing in it. He might have taken the girl's word for it, but for the strong scent that came down the wind. It was bear-scent and pirate scent—a combination that would have brought chills to a horse forty years old. He stopped and reared up. Then he snorted and shied. Then he decided to go back home.

Of course, Miss Ethel called out to the pirate. She had been taught the Italian language at the Misses' Blank's



Leading a Dancing Bear.

superior young ladies, superior boarding school, and she used it on this occasion. Both man and bear looked at her in astonishment and shook their heads. They had never been in China. They were motioned to get out of the road—to get off the face of the earth, but the man smiled, and the bear went to dancing. That settled things for the pony. He had that cart tipped over and was on his way home inside of fifteen seconds. The girl went with the cart and lay in a heap by the roadside.

From a point half a mile away the coming Mr. Hopewell had witnessed the accident, and he increased speed and came up like a cyclone. The bear was hit and sent against the fence, and then he descended and waded into the pirate and ran him far across the fields. It was a busy day for pirate and bear. Under the strict rules of romance the young man should have gone to the rescue of the distressed damsel first of all, but he was a trifle excited and mixed things up. This gave Miss Ethel her opportunity. She had fallen on a soft spot and was only jarred. She smiled when the bear went flying, and she laughed as the pirate fled. She could have got to her feet and brushed off the dust and picked up her hat—but she didn't. As soon as she saw her rescuer returning she resumed a recumbent position and

closed her eyes. Great care was taken to make the position a graceful one.

Mr. Hopewell came running and breathing hard. He thought of broken bones and death. He bent over the girl and saw that she lived, and he ran to a water-hole beside the highway and wet his handkerchief and returned to sop her face. Miss Ethel knew that it was muddy water and full of wrigglers, but she never flinched. She wanted to hear what the young man would say. She was gratified.

"Heavens, but I hope she is not badly injured!" he exclaimed as he dabbed the handkerchief at her nose. "Poor girl! Poor girl! I wonder who she is? She's probably badly hurt, and I ought to go for a doctor, but how can I leave her here? I must wait 'till somebody comes along. Why haven't I got brandy—why—why—"

Miss Ethel thought it would be good policy to sigh a long-drawn sigh just at this moment.

"Thank heaven for that!" fervently exclaimed the young man.

Another sigh, and a movement of the head and feet.

"She is reviving! I hope—oh, I hope—"

The damsel struggled to sit up and was kindly assisted by the young man, who had hold of both her hands.

"Where—where am I?"

"Are you hurt? Are any bones broken?"

"I—I think not."

"I'm so glad! It was the dancing bear that scared your pony, and the cart was upset and you thrown out. I have my auto here, and I must take you home. Can you stand on your feet? If not, I can carry you the few steps. I can't tell you how frightened I have been."

"The man—the bear?"

"They are in the woods over there. Ha! Excuse me. My name is Hopewell."

"And I am Miss Lynn. I feel much better. I can walk, thank you. I can't tell you how thankful I am. While I was unconscious I thought I heard somebody say, 'Poor girl! Poor girl!'"

"Yes, under such circumstances people—that is—yes. You live on this road, do you?"

"About three miles away."

"Let me make you comfortable in your seat, and I will drive carefully. You may have an injury after all."

"Do you think you injured the bear for life?" asked the patient as the auto proceeded at a snail's pace.

"Why—why, how do you know that he was injured at all? You had fallen, you know."

"In my unconscious state I thought I saw the machine hit him and send him flying."

"I believe something of the kind happened."

"And I seemed to see you chasing the pirate across a field and striking at the back of his neck."

"I—I might have done so. Strange case—very strange!"

Conversation lagged after that. Miss Ethel had all she could do to keep from laughing, and Mr. Hopewell had chills.

There was a commotion when "The Willows" was reached. The pony had come home dragging the wreck behind him. The mother and servants came rushing out, and all was excitement for five minutes. Mr. Hopewell offered to carry the injured girl into the house, and was somewhat amazed when she made use of her own limbs with a sort of hop, skip and jump. He was invited in, and his part of the adventure was listened to with great interest. Then Miss Ethel came down on the veranda to take the mother's place.

"Has the doctor been telephoned for?" asked Mr. Hopewell with considerable anxiety.

"Not yet," was the reply.

"But there may be some internal injury. You smile. You laugh. What is it, Miss Lynn?"

"The way that bear went rolling! The way you came running! The handkerchief and the muddy water! Excuse me, but—but—"

"Miss Lynn," said the young man very soberly, "you were unconscious from the fall."

"I—I guess so."

"But aren't you sure?"

"Not real sure."

"Then with your permission I am going to call here until you are convinced that when I said 'poor girl' it was no half-dream of yours!"

He Wondered.

The Benedict—I see only about one in every 1,000 married couples live to celebrate the golden wedding anniversary.

The Bachelor—Do you suppose they get tired of living?