

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 Avenue. J. F. Leise, 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. H. W. Vallmer, Elder.

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. C. H. Hilton, 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. 623, meets the second and fourth Friday of each month. Sam Marshall, 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.
Sheridan No. 4 8:27 a. m.
Corvallis No. 2 4:53 p. m.
South Bound.
Corvallis No. 1 8:44 a. m.
Sheridan No. 3 6:00 p. m.

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

RECTOR WHO SCORED ASTOR



Society has been forced to sit up and take notice of the denunciation which has been hurled by Rev. George Chalmers Richmond, rector of St. John's Episcopal church in Philadelphia, against the proposed marriage of John Jacob Astor, a multi-millionaire, aged 47, to Miss Madeline Talmage Force, a beauty aged 18 years.

The denunciation which was made from the pulpit has been followed by more sharp criticisms—a criticism which has extended to others of the smart set who marry and divorce with the ease and nonchalance with which they put on their coats.

Mr. Astor, it may be recalled, was divorced from his wife, who was a Miss Willing, of Philadelphia, and it is because this divorce is to be followed by remarriage that Rev. Mr. Richmond is aroused to the fighting point.

"The Episcopal church," he said, "is opposed to divorce. We score unholily alliances both among the poor of our slums and the rich society dwellers of Newport, Bar Harbor and other sinners' summer retreats. We abhor this Astor Alliance. It is unholy in its origin and its end will be a defiance of God's laws and of our holy religion. We need a national uniform divorce law which will put an end to this overriding of court decrees by such as John Jacob Astor and the social set with whom he associates."

LONG DISTANCE SKY PILOT

Rapidly as the public is becoming accustomed to aeroplane novelties, it received fresh cause for wonder and enthusiasm in the achievement of Harry N. Atwood. When he landed in Chicago on the first lap of his St. Louis-to-Boston trip he broke the American record for a day's flight and demonstrated the remarkable efficiency which has been reached in aeroplane construction. Express trains travel between Chicago and St. Louis in 8 hours; Atwood's time in the air was 7 hours and 30 minutes. When he reached Albany, N. Y., Atwood had flown 1,123 miles, breaking all cross-country flights.

Atwood's boyish appearance attracts attention. He is a tall, slender youth, looking anything but the part of the most daring and successful aviator in the United States. Atwood shuns notoriety and reception committees as far as possible. He cares little for anything except achievement in the aviation world. He is retiring to an unusual degree, and it is difficult to induce him to talk of his own achievements. His flight over the New York skyscrapers and around their towers; his trip from New York to Washington and call on the president, had already made Atwood one of the greatest of American aviators.



KENTUCKY'S NEXT SENATOR



that demonstrated he was possessed of a good nerve and was not to be deterred by fear.

The next senator from Kentucky will no doubt be Representative Ollie M. James, as his Democratic opponent, Senator Paynter, retired from the primary contest.

Ollie James is the biggest man physically in the house. He won fame as an attorney in the Goebel murder case in Kentucky, being one of the lawyers for the prosecution of Caleb Powers. It is something of a coincidence that both James and Powers are now members of the house, the one a Democrat and the other a Republican.

In that murder case James also won a reputation for physical courage, for the times were stirring and there were threats of violence going around, so that anyone prominent upon either side of the case was in physical danger. James would have made a good target for any bullet, as there is so much of him to shoot at, but he went through the prosecution in a manner

WANTS TO MARRY FOR LOVE

Col. Edward H. R. Green, president of the Westinghouse company, with assets of \$125,000,000, owner of the Texas Midland railroad and son of Mrs. Hetty Green, is going to marry within a year. Who the bride-to-be is he doesn't know, but he says in all seriousness that his bachelorhood will end before he is a year older. Here is the secret of why Col. Green, who is 43 years old, has so long lived the life of single blessedness. He promised his mother 19 years ago, when she took him down to Texas to "break him in" as a railroad section hand, that he would remain a bachelor 20 years. He has kept his word, but when the time limit expires next year he is going to take unto himself a wife.

Three hundred proposals of marriage have reached Col. Green since he decided to live in New York a year ago to take charge of his mother's interests. Scores of the aspiring maids enclosed photographs and letters have been received from half of the states of the Union, while some have come from Europe, Russia and even the Hawaiian Islands. He has answered none of the letters.



Marguerite's Grandchild

By DOROTHY BLACKMORE

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

Ned Cannaught sat over his coffee in the luxurious lounge of the Chateau Del Monte. It was his habit to postpone the smoking of his cigar until his coffee had been brought to him each evening in this palm-decked rendezvous of the fashionable summer hotel in which he was spending the summer.

Cannaught had a reason for choosing this place to loiter in—he needed to see people, to hear the gay babble of merry groups of people. He had been too long in his gloomy studio in town doing nothing but work, and there had come to him the moment when he discovered that if he did not get out among human beings again he would forget how they talked and acted and lived. His dialogue would become stilted; his situations unnatural and he would lose his footing in the literary world.

What mattered it if the gay periffage that floated about him was merely the babble of dilettantes and amateurs? It was what he needed, and each evening he watched the ever changing groups of human beings who frequented this inn.

Tonight the voice of a woman had reached his ears and he turned to see her. He waved off the cloud of smoke he had blown before him, the better to view her.

She was tall and well built with an obviously foreign bearing and yet—she was an American. Cannaught



"From Dear Old Bradley."

knew this from her accent. Her toilette was simple yet individual and the lorgnette she plied added not one whit of artificiality. She had exquisite coloring and hair, and her eyes, though they did not see well, were wonderfully beautiful.

She chatted with intimates. She had motored down to the chateau and was making her adieux.

A woman friend held her hand lingeringly in both her own. "It is so good to have you back, Marguerite," she said. "France and Italy have done much for you."

Marguerite laughed in a soft little way she had. "You're so good. But—do come soon—Oyster Bay 719—and see my grandchild. It was she who brought me back to this country."

"I'll come, indeed, to see her—and you," said the woman, following the tall Marguerite with her eyes until she was out of sight.

Cannaught thoughtfully sipped the black coffee and his eyes sought the door through which Marguerite had passed.

"Her grandchild," he said to himself. Then he blew a set of smoke rings and watched them expand and disappear into thin air. "Her grandchild," he repeated.

Thereafter, as he sat watching men and women come and go, Ned Cannaught had always in mind one thing—another sight of—Marguerite. Of all the women he had seen in this place none had attracted him as had this one.

Against his own desires and inclinations he began to cultivate the guests who lived at the chateau and occasionally he would join them in the lounge after dinner instead of sitting alone. Perhaps someone might know her; perhaps she would come again.

Cannaught was sure she had an interesting story to tell; she must have if at surely not more than thirty-four she had a grandchild. The latter fact seemed incredible but she had stated it with her own lips and her friend had seemed not at all astonished.

Summer was waning and Cannaught longed again for the quiet of his studio and the companionship of his personal surroundings. He had another week to remain at the chateau according to the promise made to himself early in the season, and he was sitting fretfully in his accustomed place behind a bank of palms. Before him was a tabourette with his coffee and cigars.

Presently, he heard a bell boy say, "That is Mr. Cannaught, behind the palms."

Then, a voice answered, "Thank you, I'll find him myself, now."

The next moment, the beautiful woman who had so attracted him, stood before him, a letter in her hand.

"Mr. Cannaught?" she said, looking at him through her gold-rimmed lorgnette. There was a slight inflection in her voice, as if to imply interrogation.

Cannaught laid down his cigar and stood quickly. "It is, I, Madame," he said.

Marguerite smiled. I have been searching for you all summer with—this," she said.

Cannaught took the letter. "Be seated, pray," he said, indicating the great lounge on which he himself had been sitting. Marguerite sank down into it.

"From dear old Bradley," Cannaught exclaimed as he scanned the note. "How good to hear of him again and he introduces you—Miss Carver," extending his hand, "I'm happy to say." If he hesitated over the prefix to her name, Marguerite did not notice it.

"His villa is next to my own in Sorrento, and as we two alone spoke English we became the best of friends," Marguerite told him. "And when I came away he asked me to see you. He says he's a poor hand at writing, and that you like to know how he's getting on."

Cannaught studied her while she spoke. He was paying little attention to her words—they would keep. "I'd like to know more than that," he said, irrelevantly. "I'm curious about your grandchild—Miss Carver?"

Marguerite drew her shoulders together in a characteristic manner and her eyes twinkled. "How did you know?" she asked.

"The first time I saw you you were here in this lounge begging some friend to come to see your grandchild."

"Isn't it funny?" Cannaught laughed. "Very. How does it happen?"

"I have a sister who is as much as seventeen years younger than I whom I married off at sixteen fearing she would become as hard to please as I am—if she waited. The little one—her child—seems to me more like a grandchild than a niece. She's my grandchild to all my friends. Now do you see?"

Cannaught did and felt strangely relieved. "Does old Bradley have room for one more at his villa in Italy?" he asked.

Marguerite nodded. "Will you come to visit him?"

"After you return, I might," Cannaught said, pointedly. "I'd like you for inspiration. I think, living next door to you on the Bay of Naples would be inspiration personified."

"How about—Bradley?" she asked. "A woman of your perspicacity ought to see that he is only a means to an end. He always said he'd send me—but I'm going too fast. I beg your pardon, won't you have some coffee?"

Marguerite nodded. "Yes, I think I will. I went to your studio in town three times with this letter and to beg the cup of tea Mr. Bradley said you would offer me. I'll take coffee as a substitute now if you'll promise to come out to see my grandchild on Sunday."

"I'll come next Sunday and as often as you'll let me until you return to Italy and—"

"Yes—and?" Marguerite asked. "And after that I shall hope to see you every day and tell you a lot of things I've been saying up to tell just such a woman as you—just you in fact."

"I'd love to listen," Marguerite said, earnestly. "How good it will be to be back there next door to Mr. Bradley and—his guest!"

Wanted it Homelike.

An American college youth stopped for refreshment at the little inn on top of Sonnenberg, in Switzerland, and asked the petite waitress for beer.

"Blonde or brunette?" she asked, after the custom of the country. "A little blonde for mine," he replied, "with just a touch of peroxide to make it seem natural."—Judge.