

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. Lese, 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. 6225, 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—E. B. Sappington. 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 FOG

By Jean Dickerson

The harbor of the gay little summer resort was filled with pleasure boats of every description when the fog suddenly rolled in from the ocean and blotted out every sight and still ed every sound of laughter. The chug-chugging of motor boats ceased abruptly; sails rattled down as they were hastily reefed; anchors plunked overboard; and there arose the unmelodious din of fog horns, bells, sirens and lusty shouts of warning.

The fog settled down thickly until one could scarcely see a hand's breadth ahead. Each person appeared isolated from his companion; voices lost their identity and came weird and shrill or booming and low-pitched, always startling and unexpected even from companions in the same craft.

A fog bell from the lighthouse tolled dimly and from Island Point another bell sounded warningly.

Vera Gale, alone in a frail canoe, was thoroughly frightened. An hour ago it had been amusing to set out in her pretty green canoe and paddle around the harbor, perhaps calling at some yacht for a few brief words with friends or skirting the sandy shore exchanging merry badinage with the bathers or campers—all of them were friends of Vera Gale.

Just as she had skimmed near an incoming excursion steamer and avoided a luxuriously appointed motor boat—when she was surrounded on every side by boats larger and heavier than her own frail craft—the fog shut down and she was helpless. Once she paddled desperately toward the point where she was sure there was safe landing but she found herself under the bow of the big steamer which had anchored there and a rough voice warned her away.

Then she bumped into a smaller boat and somebody swore inelegantly at her and she found herself apologizing meekly for the intrusion. As she



"Are You Alone in a Boat?"

finished speaking there came from the fog close beside her a man's voice. Vera was glad it was a pleasant voice—it sounded so near.

"Pardon me, madam, but are you alone in a boat?"

"Yes—I have a canoe," was Vera's reply.

"A dangerous craft in this mix-up," went on the voice. "Can you swim?"

"Yes—do you think there is any danger?" Vera was growing anxious.

"Most assuredly there is danger if that steamer stirs before the fog lifts. I have a large boat here and there is plenty of room if you care to come aboard. We can have a line out to the canoe."

"Thank you very much, perhaps I had better. I've been frightened to death for the last fifteen minutes," said Vera.

"It's mere guesswork where you are—tell me if I lay hands on your canoe."

There followed a few moments during which Vera knew her new acquaintance must be feeling around for her canoe and with another dip of her paddle she endeavored to draw closer to the sound of his voice. Her effort was successful for almost instantly something—a hand—grasped her rill and the voice sounded in her ear.

"Got you!" cried the voice triumphantly.

"Yes," answered Vera excitedly.

"Steady there," as he pulled the frail craft gently toward him until it bumped against the larger boat and bobbed unsteadily. "Now, give me your hand, please—place the other on my shoulder and step over—don't be afraid, there's a locker to stand on."

Vera's hand was grasped in a large strong wet one and obediently her other went out to find his shoulder. To her infinite embarrassment it first brushed a shaven cheek, then awkwardly grasped at a shock of thick hair and ended on a rough, woolen shoulder.

"Oh, I beg pardon!" she gasped as her hand found a resting place.

He relieved her embarrassment by speaking of her canoe as he almost lifted her to a seat with one strong arm even as he held onto her craft with the other. She couldn't see his face and his figure was merely a dark blur in the fog.

"There, I'll have a line out to the

CARING FOR FALL LITTERS

Many Farmers Cheat Themselves Out of Considerable Revenue Annually by Thoughtlessness.

There are a great many farmers who annually cheat themselves out of considerable revenue through neglect to give proper care to fall pigs. This is not only true with farmers who raise swine to fatten, but it is often true of those who calculate to market the best individuals for breeding purposes.

The importance of keeping a pig growing steadily until he has a good frame, whether intended for meat purposes or breeding, is so lightly regarded by a large per cent. of swine raisers that it gets them into all sorts of trouble. The man who grows swine to fill his fattening pens is troubled with undersized sows and runty litters and the breeder finds his pigs in small demand.

The fall litter of course suffers the most from neglect because the conditions at this time of the year are the least favorable for his growth. The fall litter is born out of season and therefore needs special care. Two points must be properly regarded; the pigs should be provided with quarters that will protect them from the cold, and should be fed generously, including warm slop at least once a day. If the litter is given at night they will undoubtedly return to their sleeping quarters more satisfied than after a cold feed. It is perhaps more important that the night feed be warm than that it carry an amount of nutrition above an ordinary kitchen slop richened with skim milk or ground feed. It will pay well, however, to enrich even skim milk with such feeds as shorts and tankage in order to provide protein, which is nearly always a lacking element in pig rations.

If the pigs receive liberal rations of this kind of a slop the grain ration may consist entirely of soaked corn. Green food should be provided as long as obtainable. Generous feeding of the sow as long as she seems disposed to use her food for making milk is of course the most economical method of feeding the fall pigs, but as a great many sows dry up early in cold weather it is good policy to provide the pigs with side dishes as soon as they show any inclination to take them. While there is profit in raising fall litters when properly handled there is little to be gained in raising them to shift for themselves as in this case they will render scarcely any better account of themselves in a year than spring pigs will in nine months.

Again her fellow passenger laughed and his voice had a ring of familiarity. It was very baffling to sit there so close to him and not know what he looked like—who he was—or anything about him. It was very romantic, too, but Vera was not thinking of that somehow, for there was such a babel of sounds about her that all she could think of was that if she really knew who this man was she might feel more confidence in his ability to protect her from the excursion steamer that was their greatest menace. So far her rescuer had proved himself to be quite at home in his motor boat; he was strong and cool-headed and he was entirely practical and impersonal. All those things counted in his favor with Vera Gale. Suppose the excursion steamer did run them down would he be the sort to save her or would he let her go?

Vera received an answer to that question with startling swiftness. From another direction there came a melody of sounds—a tooting, blowing, pounding of a steamer's screw and then out of the fog astern there loomed a dark shape and before Vera's frightened lips could utter a sound, her new acquaintance leaned forward, a gigantic form in the mist, and grasping her in his arms stepped overboard into the bay while the puffing steam tug sent his boat with the dangling canoe straight to the bottom of the harbor where it was not recovered for many a day.

The man and the girl went down and then up again, miraculously escaping arising under any one of the craft that surrounded them. Vera's companion held her closely with one arm and with the other he stroked vigorously to keep them afloat. Presently Vera recovered her wits sufficiently to strike out with her free arm.

"Bravo!" he panted when he found that she, too, was swimming. Then, amid the shouting and whistling and screeching about them, his voice arose. "Boat ahoy—two in the water!" he yelled.

After that there was danger of their being run over by rescuers but all at once he shouted joyfully that he had found something, and then friendly hands pulled them over into an open boat and only then did the man give up the girl he had rescued.

"If—it hadn't been—for you—u—u—I w—w—ould have been drowned!" said Vera through chattering teeth. "My canoe would have gone to the bottom—so w—would I."

"It's at the bottom now and so is mine!" returned the other cheerfully. "Say, mate, have you got anything warm to wrap this lady in?"

"Aye—here you are!" and a knitted jacket was tossed from the fog and her new acquaintance, sitting beside her, wrapped Vera in its comforting folds.

"How about yourself?" she asked after a little while.

"Oh, never mind me—I'm tough," was his careless reply. "But say," earnestly, "you're plucky, do you know it?"

"I was scared to death," admitted Vera.

"So was I," he retorted and they both laughed.

They sat there side by side. Vera listening to his conversation with the other occupants of the open boat. She was tranquilly contented and happy. For some unknown reason she felt that something new had come to her that afternoon—some new experience that was to color all her after life.

Then all at once the fog lifted. As suddenly as it had enveloped them it whiffed away before a light breeze, showing all the maze of boating in the harbor and everything sprang into renewed life and activity.

The two who had spent an hour in the fog together—who had touched hands—had spoken—had gone down to the gates of death and up again—turned and looked at each other.

"Allen Cramer," cried Vera breathlessly.

"Vera Gale!" he cried equally astonished, and then these two who had known each other all their lives and never dreamed of falling in love felt a strange sweet embarrassment creeping over them.

"It seems like stepping into a new world—after the fog," said Vera to cover her embarrassment.

"It is a new world for me," said Allen gravely, and his hand closed over hers.

Never Fail.

"Do you think women would improve politics?"

"Well," replied Mr. Grovener, "after listening to the conversation on the front porch, I'll say this for them: If they ever start an investigation they'll find out something."

HOW THE SUCKERS BITE

CON MEN WITH LOADED DICE WERE NOT COMPLAINING.

Every Man Approached on Proposition That Guaranteed Him Winner Fell for Bait—Case of the Biter Being Bitten.

I am interested in the psychology of the "sucker." I have just heard a story that will show you how they bite.

Two sure-thing followers of the green cloth packed their suit case full of loaded dice and bought tickets for the exuberant and trustful west. At the top these dice had rounded corners; at the bottom the edge of every high number was carefully beveled. The little spinner through the center was moveable.

The two gamblers made a canvass of the saloons in every town they visited. They pointed out to the saloon keepers the value of the dice for beating the counter players for drinks. Every saloon keeper they approached bought one. By pushing the spindle so that the sound-cornered side was in service the patrons invariably threw low numbers. Taking the dice to spin for the house the saloon keeper, or bartender, deftly pushed the spindle in the opposite direction, spun the dice on its "high" side and won from the patron.

Fine business—for the house.

But the two traveling sharpers had another game. They sent the name of every purchaser to two confederates in the east, and these partners prepared to take to the road. With them they carried a similar spinning dice loaded to throw only eight. They went into each place where their advance confederates had sold, played for drinks with the proprietor and lost, then suggested playing for money and lost.

After these losses had reached a fair figure these trustful players reached for their "roll" and suggested one play for the bundle. What barkeeper with a fixed spinner would miss the opportunity? The bartender would lead on the throw and the active gambler of the two confederates would reach for the dice. Then he would deftly palm it, substitute his own that was "loaded for bear," win the bet, and before the bartender could let out a roar the pair would vanish.

But even that was not all. Not content with selling the barkeeper the original crooked dice at \$20 each and then sending in two trimmers to take his roll away from him, a third pair canvassed each of the towns previously invaded by their fellows and sold crooked dice right and left to men in the street and saloon patrons at five dollars each so that they could "go in and trim the house."

In other words, every one who was approached on a proposition that guaranteed them as winners fell for the bait and laid in wait for the prey. Not only were the saloon keeper purchasers afraid to spring one of their loaded instruments, but they suspected every one owning dice so strongly that the custom of "throwing for drinks" was abolished in more than a score of western cities.

It's a great game, that sucker game. And even the canny fish bite when the bait is shiny enough or there is an attractive piece of red flannel on the hook.—New York Telegraph.

Perhaps Not.

Charles Frohman, smoking a huge cigar, discussed in New York a conceited English actor.

"He often asked me to bring him over to the States," said Mr. Frohman, "but I could never see my way. I met him not long ago in London. I was lurching and he came up to me in great spirits.

"Well, Mr. Frohman," he said, "I'm going to America at last. Just signed my contract yesterday. It's for \$5,000 per—five thousand per—"

"He looked at me nervously.

"Oh, I see," said I. "Five thousand perhaps."

Fortified With Candy.

The London police on duty at the coronation exercises were fortified for the arduous duties before them by a block of chocolate and some sour candy drops as part of their food ration. This was recommended by a celebrated physician and was adopted by the police authorities after a series of experiments which seemed to vindicate the assertion of the distinguished doctor. He claims that good chocolate is the best all-round food that can be secured conveniently, and the purpose of the acid drops was mainly to allay thirst.

She Did.

"Do you, my sisters," demanded the exhorter, "draw the line between the clean and the soiled in life?"

"I do," replied one member of the flock, timidly; "every Monday morning."

Disillusionment.

"Mind you write to me from every place you stop at."

"Would you really like to hear?"

"Yes, I'm collecting foreign stamps."

—Lippincott's Magazine.

Their Proper Place.

Curious Little Kate—Where do they put the moo-cows when they take 'em on the train?

Wise Little Willie—On the chew-chew cars, stu—

NOVEL VACATION PLAN

METHODICAL, HARD WORKING MAN EXPLAINS SCHEME.

When Business Is Slack in August, He Ignores His Daily Routine and "Sleeps Over," Feeling Free and Happy.

"Well," said a man who works for a living and keeps it up fifty-two weeks in the year, "my vacation's over. Now I'm ready to dig in again."

"Where did you go this year?" his friend asked him.

"Where did I go?" echoed the digger, "where I always go—nowhere. I never go anywhere. I take my vacation right here, sleeping over."

"I'm a man of system, method. I wouldn't call myself a mechanical person, but I certainly am systematic, methodical, and I should be uncomfortable any other way."

"For instance I get up every morning at twenty minutes past six. That gives me exactly the time I require to get through everything and get my breakfast and get to the office on time comfortably, and month after month I keep to that always at the same hour, but every year there comes a time when I deliberately get reckless and sleep over a few mornings, and that's my vacation."

"That time comes in the month of August when business is at a low ebb; slack water and nothing doing at all; when we might just as well close the office as far as that goes; and when that time comes I start on my vacation."

"Some morning instead of getting up at 6:20 I just lie there till, maybe, a quarter of 7, and then get up and don't hurry; just let the schedule, the whole business, go to blazes and take life easy and eat my breakfast and saunter down to the office, taking my time to get there. For a few more mornings I get up that way or later and I find nothing happens, and then for two or three mornings finally I indulge in the wild dissipation of lying abed till half past 7 o'clock."

"And I find this does me a world of good. It braces me up wonderfully and makes me smile and laugh. It's a change from my regular routine, and change is what we want. It isn't good for any of us to stick endlessly to the same dull routine, and this change that I make every year like that in my getting up hours breaks the tension, gives me a sense of liberty and makes me free and happy."

"Then on one of these fine mornings when I'm doing what I please I find in the office when I get there a little change in the atmosphere, things have begun to stir a little, business is starting up and that means the vacation season is over; and next morning I set my mental alarm clock for 6:20 a. m., and wake up on the dot, refreshed and strong, feeling fit as a fiddle and all ready to dig in."

Taken at His Word.

It was 8:30, and the theater was crowded.

"What have you left?" a prosperous purchaser inquired of the treasurer.

"How many, sir?" the treasurer asked.

"Two."

"I have two left in the twelfth row," the treasurer said, taking the tickets from the rack. "They're the last two seats I have in the house."

"How much?" the other asked cautiously.

"Two dollars," was the reply.

"Two dollars," the patron repeated. "I can't stand for that."

"Well, will you stand for a dollar?" the ticket dispenser inquired.

"Gladly," the other cried, scenting a bargain, and laying a dollar on the ledge.

The treasurer replaced the two tickets in his rack and handed out two others, after placing the bill in his cash drawer.

"There they are, sir," he said. "First door to your right."

The man hurried inside and "stood" for a dollar. The wily treasurer, taking him at his word, had sold him two admission tickets.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Unanimous Choice.

During a local election in a German town only one man appeared at the nomination desk.

"Whom do you nominate?" inquired the official.

"Myself," was the answer.

"Do you accept the nomination?"

"Well, no."

"Then we must try again. Whom do you nominate?"

"Myself."

"You accept the nomination?"

"No."

A subdued "Donnerwetter!" escaped the lips of the perplexed official, but he went on:

"For the third time, whom do you nominate?"

"Myself," came the invariable reply.

"Do you accept the nomination?"

The man rose with a smile of satisfaction spreading over his face as he answered proudly:

"Having been three times solicited by my fellow citizens to accept the nomination, I can no longer decline to accede to their wishes."

Inadequate Protection.

"Yes," replied the old timer; "we've got a pretty good lot of game laws. But they ain't complete."

"Some things are still unprotected, eh?"

"I should say so. What we want is a law that'll keep the bears in these mountains from comin' out an' scarin' inquisitive strangers to death."