

In Society

Another Surprise Party—

A surprise party was given F. A. Waldron last Friday evening in honor of his birthday. The evening was pleasantly spent in playing games, after which refreshments were served. All departed, wishing Mr. Waldron many more happy birthdays.

Surprise Party—

A pleasant surprise party was given in honor of Misses Millie and Cecilia Fitch Wednesday night of last week. The evening was spent in playing games, after which refreshments of sandwiches, cake and lemonade were served. All departed at a late hour, reporting a jolly time.

Henry C. Patty, a prosperous farmer, of near Amity, visited with Mr. and Mrs. M. Wirak last week.

Prof. Frank Taylor, of Pacific University, gave the eighth lecture put on by the local college at the Portland Library last evening. His subject was "Modern Life as Debtor Also to the Greeks," and was preceded by a violin solo by Prof. F. T. Chapman.

Afternoon Tea—

An informal tea was given last Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. C. Richardson, in honor of Mrs. Stoecker. The house was prettily decorated in salad, sweet peas and violets. The tea table was banked with salad and sweet peas artistically arranged in the center. Mrs. Frank Meresse poured tea and Mrs. Brookbank and Mrs. Richardson served. There were about twenty present and all report a most pleasant time.

There's a Reason—

Arthur Shearer is all smiles today as the result of a little call made at his home yesterday morning by Dr. Stork who left a bright eyed baby girl weighing nine and one-fourth pounds.

Tries to Board Locomotive—Shoulder Dislocated—

While attempting to swing on to the locomotive between Cherry Grove and Patton Station, John Cogan suffered a dislocation of his left arm at the shoulder yesterday afternoon. When his arm went out as he grabbed the rod Cogan rolled into the ditch and did not miss the cow catcher much. He was brought to Forest Grove by Peter Janson of this city for medical treatment. Cogan runs a sawmill at Cherry Grove.

That Magazine Index—

Breathing a spirit of loyalty for old Pacific from cover to cover last week's Index done in two colors and magazine form, is a capital effort with Miss Ada F. Taylor, Editor-in-chief; and Zenas A. Olsen, Manager. Spirit is the keynote of publication. Letters from old grads who have gone out into the world and won high positions in competition with products of big

Brown-Livingston Nuptials—

A wedding of interest in college circles and to their many friends was that of Miss Ruth Brown and William Livingston, at the Congregational church at Eugene Saturday evening at eight o'clock. The affair was the result of a pretty college romance that had its inception under the classic oaks of Pacific and came as a surprise to local students and friends.

Mrs. Livingston is the daughter of Edward Brown, a prominent business man of Heppner, and as a student of Pacific University, she was a leader in all activities. Last semester she was president of the Philo sorority. She is a handsome girl of the Harrison Fisher type.

The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Livingston, of this city. He formerly attended Pacific University and graduated from the University of Oregon last June. At present he is assistant in the biological department and pursuing advanced work at the State University. The newlyweds will make their home at 145, East 13th Street, Eugene.

The Working Society Entertained—

Mrs. A. P. West, Mrs. Geo. Taplin and Mrs. E. Brookbank were hostesses at the Congregational Working Society yesterday afternoon in the church parlors. The decorations were in Oregon grape and daffodils. After the regular business meeting a social hour was enjoyed by all, after which a New England dinner, consisting of baked beans, apple pie, brown bread and coffee were served by the hostesses.

universities are teeming with glory words for Pacific. They all avow that the small college is better than the large one because of the rubbing one gets with the faculty and students. The issue is well illustrated with half tone pictures.

Farmers Visit Forest Grove—

Among the farmers that have made a visit to Forest Grove the last few days and bought Dunham Pulverizers of Goff Brothers, the Forest Grove hardware men were: Calvin Wilder of Hillsdale; Fred Lyda on the Greenville road; W. H. French, Gales Creek; Harry Underhill, Thatcher and E. J. Bonsheu of Oak Hill.

Celebrates Eighty-fourth Birthday—

Grandma Taylor, mother of R. M. Taylor, celebrated her 84th birthday at the home of her son the fore part of the week. She received many cut flowers and many potted plants from her friends as a token of love and esteem. Mrs. Taylor had been a member of the Relief Corps for many years and a faithful worker and she was most pleasantly remembered on her birthday by a postal card shower from the members of the Corps. Those present were; Mrs.

Knapp, Grandma McEldowney, Grandma Olive Taylor, Mrs. Shogren, Mrs. Smith Mrs. Clark, Miss Haskel, Mrs. Atwell, Grandma Taylor, Mrs. R. Taylor, Mrs. J. Wright, Mrs. Hamer, Mrs. O. Brown, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Wheeler.

Union Missionary Meeting—

An excellent program was given to a large audience by the missionary societies of the several churches of Forest Grove in a union meeting at the Christian Church Tuesday afternoon. Women and girls in costume gave the plea from the various countries. Vocal selections were rendered and all were well received. A pleasant social hour was enjoyed and light refreshments were served by the women of the Christian church.

Purely Personal

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Roy Needham and son, who have been making their home in this city for the past year, left Tuesday for their new home at Olathe, Colorado.

Mrs. Eastwood was on the sick list the past week.

Gus Herchberger, of Thatcher visited friends in this city, Sunday. Miss Vivian Stream visited friends in Thatcher, Sunday.

Mrs. Elsie Pellant, of the Grove, visited friends in Portland, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. L. M. Stream, visited over Sunday with friends in Portland.

Jack Holland, of Hood River, was visiting his father-in-law Allen Dilley near Gales Creek, this week.

Harold Benjamin who is teaching school in the Kansas City district, visited his parents in this city over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Moore took their son Gussie to Portland Saturday to have his adenoids removed.

Mike Schramel and Albert Kirkwood went to Wasco county, Friday to look for homesteads.

William Weston formerly of this city, now of Portland, visited friends in Forest Grove this week.

Mrs. Dorothy Seymour was in Portland, Friday on a shopping trip and also to see some of her P. E. O. friends.

J. W. Marsh, of Centerville, was trading in Forest Grove, Friday.

Henry Cop and daughter, of Greenville, were shopping in Forest Grove Tuesday.

W. C. Cassin and wife formerly of the Golden Rule store of this city have returned to their home at Soldier, Idaho.

W. F. Schultz was up to Payette, Idaho, last week looking at a large stock ranch. He was negotiating for a trade but has not closed any deal yet.

Burdette Shipman, the local piano salesman, was in Tillamook the first of the week meeting his many friends. He formerly conducted a show house there and the hotel management prevailed upon him to entertain his guests with piano selections for an evening.

Mrs. L. M. Sparks entertained the women of the Christian church at her country home yesterday. The ladies did fancy work and were served with a delightful lunch.

Archie Markee formerly of this

city and the son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Markee, who now make their home in Portland, is station agent for the P. E. & E. at Hillsboro.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Frost were among the people who went from Forest Grove to Hillsboro to witness the production of "Alabama," by the Pacific University drama class at the Crescent Theater Friday evening. Their son, Nelson Frost, was one of the cast.

George Bledsoe was in from Buxton Saturday exchanging the good word with local friends. He said that things were just a little quiet in his home town now.

The pulpit of the Congregational Church will be filled Sunday morning by Rev. Bolster of Portland. The subject for the evening will be "Is the young man safe."

CONTEST CLOSES IN NINE MORE DAYS

(Continued from page one)

Triple Votes

Beginning today The Press give triple votes on all subscriptions until the end of the contest. This will be the last, also the best offer during the contest, and every contestant should take advantage of it, as it might be the means of winning the prize she is after. This offer is bound to meet the approval of every contestant who is desirous of winning one of the prizes.

Candidates who are holding back subscriptions should bring them in now without fail. This is the last change that will be made in the voting schedule.

During the next few days it will depend largely upon the efforts of each candidate as to who will win and who will not win. Don't let this chance slip by. Your competitor will not, you may rest assured, and unless you get every available subscription during the remaining days of the contest, you may be defeated by a small margin.

This is positively the last offer or change in the voting schedule that will be made during the contest. The voting schedule as it appears in the paper today is just as it will be for the rest of the contest. Subscriptions will never be worth any more than they are today.

A few days more and it will all be over except the shouting. There is no telling who will d the shouting. The Contest Manager doesn't know, neither does anybody else. Rumors of what such and such a candidate has in the way of votes will be rife, but they should be treated as rumors. A candidate may know what she has in reserve, but it is very certain that nobody else will know.

For all the Contest Manager knows, some of the candidates who were not at all in the running, may now have enough votes to give them a prominent place.

But speaking of rumors, there were rumors of dark horses yesterday that were quite worthy of credence. The conditions were such that a candidate with enough votes for a start would be wanting in spirit if she did not go after the grand prize. Some candidates were lying down with the idea that it was all over, that they had the \$300, and there were nothing to do but wait for the distribution of the prizes. Some wise candidates far down in the list have seen their opportunity, and are taking advantage of it.

The Contest Manager knew nothing about the details of these fresh starts that were being made, but he was not surprised. This is no time for sitting down in the fond belief that the contest is all over. The contest will not be over until 8 p. m., March 16. Until that time all candidates have an equal chance.

Ballot Box Sealed

The ballot box was sealed yesterday and will remain so until the final count, which takes place at this office Monday, March 16, at 8 p. m. The count takes place on Monday so that it will give the candidates outside the same amount of time to work as the candidates in the city. All subscriptions and reserve votes must be either mailed or brought to this office by 10 p. m. Saturday, March 14th. If

not received by this time they will not count.

No More Votes Returned

Commencing today no more votes will be returned to the candidates outside of the city, but will be deposited in the ballot box at once. This is done for the reason that delays very often occur in transmitting the mail and a delay at this time would mean the loss of thousands of votes. Contestants can rest assured that they will be given proper credit and votes for all subscriptions sent to this office between now and the close of the contest.

Back Subscriptions

In answering to the many inquiries we wish to state that back subscriptions count the same as advance paid during the contest. For example, if your subscription is in arrears six months and you pay 12 months, your time is extended six months, or 12 months from expiration, and votes issued accordingly.

Votes Not Transferable

For the benefit of the numerous inquirers and all others interested in The Press subscription contest, we wish to state that one candidate will not be permitted to transfer any votes to another.

The Last Chance

Next Monday the votes of the different candidates will be counted for the last time until the final count. This is done so no one will have any idea how many reserve votes each candidate has, and also because the contest department must devote all its spare time to the important office details of the contest.

A Desperate Situation

BY EUNICE BLAKE

At an Episcopal mission on the Chinese coast situated far from any white settlement the Rev. Mr. Waterman, a lean and hungry looking bachelor of forty-five, went to the superintendent, Mr. Blanchard, and said:

"I have been laboring in this field now for twenty years and have never been associated with any but Chinese during that time save only my co-workers. I must resign and go to another field."

Mr. Blanchard, unwilling to lose so valuable an assistant, said: "Supposing, brother, a companion could be given you—a wife to labor with you and cheer you?"

Mr. Waterman thought in that case that he could stand it awhile longer, but he didn't know where the wife was to come from. There were only married white women at the station, and he would not marry a heathen Chinese woman. Mr. Blanchard told him that there were women without husbands in civilized lands who might be induced to come out and marry a clergyman.

A few months after this conversation the Rev. Mr. Southgate, twenty-five years old and a bachelor, was standing on the dock belonging to the station awaiting the coming of a ship that appeared to the eastward. He was so homesick that anything coming from a Christian land interested him, and his object in being on the dock was to see a ship that had come from the land he loved.

When the ship was docked and the gangplank in position the only woman who came down it was not only white, but comely. She seemed much cast down. Mr. Southgate approached her, raised his hat and asked if he could do anything for her.

"I have some business with the Rev. Mr. Waterman," she said, "but I don't wish to go directly to his house. Can you direct me to a place where I can lodge temporarily?"

"Let me take that bag," was the reply, "and the other things. I will think of some place for you while we are walking to the station. There is not much in the way of accommodation here. How long will you need a lodging place?"

"That I can't say. Do you know Mr. Waterman?"

"Oh, yes, very well."

"What kind of a person is he?"

"A very excellent man indeed."

"Is he good looking?"

"Oh, no. Mr. Waterman is not good looking."

"How old is he?"

"Between forty-five and fifty."

"Light or dark?"

"Neither. He has red hair and many freckles."

The young woman stopped. Mr. Southgate looked at her inquiringly.

"I'm going back on the ship," she said.

"Going back on the ship?"

"Yes"—sobbing—"I came out here to marry Mr. Waterman, not knowing anything about him. From what you say he must be frightful."

There was a long silence, during which the young woman wept.

"You are sure you wouldn't marry Mr. Waterman?"

"Yes, I am. I'll jump in the sea first. I have nothing to go back to and am

desperate. Perhaps the best thing I can do is to drown myself."

"Oh, dear, no! You needn't do that. Would you be contented to remain here as the wife of a man about my age?"

"Perhaps," was the indefinite reply. "I wouldn't mind helping you out; that is, if you would permit me."

There was no reply to this, but the sobs were less frequent.

"If you're going to take me," continued Mr. Southgate, "it might be less embarrassing for you to marry me before you see Mr. Waterman."

"Perhaps it would."

"But there must be some reason given. It must be reported as a mistake."

"You might tell me you are Mr. Waterman."

"That would be untrue."

"I have never told a lie, but I have never been placed in such a position before. I will say that I forgot the name; that I thought it was Southgate."

"There comes Waterman, now."

"Oh, heavens!"

"Let us turn down this walk."

The sight of Mr. Waterman struck the poor girl with terror. She clung to her escort and trembled. They met a young clergyman, and Southgate said to him:

"Marbury, got anything to do just now?"

"Nothing particular."

"Go to the chapel; I wish you to do something very particular."

Marbury consented and in a few minutes was joined by the couple.

"Marry us," said Southgate.

"Marry you?"

"Yes. This young lady came out here on a venture to marry old Waterman. I'm her only hope."

The marriage ceremony was performed and the two were made one. When it was over Southgate said to Marbury: "Go to Blanchard and tell him. Get him to fix it up with Waterman, that's a good fellow."

"I'll do it. Are there any more like you coming?" he asked the bride.

She smiled and said, "No, I hope not for your sakes."

Mr. Blanchard fixed the matter by sending Mr. Waterman to civilization to find a wife for himself.

How to Make Frumenty.

One of the old time delicacies in England was frumante, frumenty or frumenty.

According to the most ancient formula extant it was concocted in the following manner: "Take clean wheat and bray it in a mortar, that the hulls be all gone off, and seethe it till it burst, and take it up and let it cool; and take clean fresh brot and sweet milk of almonds or sweet milk of kine and temper it all; and take the yolks of eggs. Boll it a little and set it down and mess it forth with fat venison or fresh mutton."

Venison was seldom served without this accompaniment, but frumenty, sweetened with sugar, was a favorite dish of itself, the "clean broth" being omitted when a lord was to be the partaker.

"Mutton pies" was the name given to the mince pie as early as 1506. They were also known as shred and Christmas pies.—London Answers.

Actions and Words.

An Italian psychologist maintains that as an orator's gestures are involuntary, they afford a test of his sincerity.

For instance, if the speaker plays with his watch chain he is on his guard and his utterances are not entirely frank.

Should he sway his body from side to side it is a sign of versatility and of an active mind, while a constant repetition of the same gesture is held to indicate that his heart is in the subject and that he is sincere.

There would seem to be some inconsistency in this, since the orator might fiddle with his watch chain every few minutes.

The idea recalls the remark of a wit, who said that a man's trousers were indicative of his position in life. "If they bag at the pockets," was the saying, "he has money. If they bag at the knees he has brains."—New York Telegram.

The Druggist's Diagnosis.

People who go to apothecaries to have their diseases prescribed for occasionally get very strange diagnoses. One day a farmer, wearing a long countenance, is said to have entered an apothecary's shop and remarked, "I seem to have something queer in my stomach, and I want you to give me something for it."

"What are your symptoms?" the apothecary asked.

"Every little while something seems to rise up and then settle back again, and by and by it rises up again."

The apothecary put his chin in the palm of his hand and meditated. "Look here," he said gravely, "you haven't gone and swallowed an elevator, have you?"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Raphael is Not Romantic.

Raphael not only could not paint a landscape; he could not paint people in a landscape. * * * His figures have always an indoor look—that is, a set, determined, voluntary, dramatic character, arising from their own passions, or a watchfulness of those of others, and want that wild uncertainty of expression which is connected with the accidents of nature and the changes of the elements. He has nothing romantic about him.—William Hazlitt.

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