

RUTH PENFIELD INGLIS

Aug. 15

(1900-1904)

Ruth Agnes Penfield. 15

Herbert Jefferson Penfield. 18

Wilder Graves Penfield. ?

Dr and Mrs. Charles Samuel Penfield.

Ruth Penfield.

Ruth Penfield

Hudson

Wis.

Age 10 years.

1900

1901

1902

1903

Began June 27.

1904

Born 1894

Died. —

Engagement

Hudson Star-Times

1904.

A Social Event.

The luncheon and afternoon tea given by Miss Ruth Penfield in honor of Miss Lila King, were most delightful functions and were heartily enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to participate in them. The house was a perfect bower of roses. In front of one of the long mirrors was a wicker basket filled with American beauties, which were sent by a friend who wished each of the ten "American beauties" who sat at the lunch table to carry one away with her as a happy reminder of the day. The lunch was served at one o'clock. The table was prettily decorated with roses, and maiden hair ferns. A very dainty menu was served by Miss Helen Clark and Miss Margaret Crary, and amid jokes, stories and sallies, the plate cards were turned, and were found to have the name of John Percy Inglis, on them. Then the secret was out, and Miss Penfield received the merry congratulations of all her guests. A telegram of congratulation was sent to the fortunate young man, and signed by the eight good friends who were the first to share the secret. The afternoon tea was simply a continuation of the happy times, enjoyed by many more of Miss Penfield's friends.

The Star-Times congratulates Inglis and wishes for Miss R. a happy and prosperous future.

1900

Journal of Ruth Agnes Payfield, begun
June the twentyseventh, nineteen hundred
Sturgeon, Wisconsin.

I have been intending for a long, long
time to write a diary or a journal, but
neglected getting a book; but now that
I have started one I hope I will be
able to keep it up, and not neglect
it, and I hope most sincerely that I will
never put anything in it that
I will ever be ashamed of.

Mama and Wilder left for Duluth
today and it has been awfully lonesome
without them, and just to think
they'll be gone three weeks. Well, I
hope I will not give grandma
any trouble. Herbert and I went to
prayer-meeting to night and I am
afraid acted wretchedly. It was like
this: Mrs. Evans spoke and as usual
was crying so that she could hardly talk.

Just as she finished we sang the
Eye of Faith, and one line went like
this: "I only covet more and more,
The clear and single eye." Herbert
immediately whispered "Sol Lione!"

Now Oswald Solheim is a boy here
that is unfortunate enough to have
a glass eye and when H. said that,
it struck me as being exceedingly
funny, and I never had such a hard
time in my life trying to keep from
shrieking, and I could hardly get thro'
the song for laughing. H. always
says such ludicrous things at the
wrong time. Once in prayer-meeting
they sang "The calf was never sold"
and he sang "The calf was never sold".
And of course made a nearly dud, and
she was so vexed with him for
doing it. He is a terror, but at the
same time he's a dear from the

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first waters. This afternoon I went down to Mary Andersen's, and Lenebe and Froudie were there writing invitations for a Marshmallow roach that the Ban Sanna Club girls are going to give Friday night over to Mr. Ansley's ranch. We expect to have stacks of fun. We girls acted terribly amused at lot of Mary's seating way up seating them. Then I read part of the camp book to them to try and give them some thing of an idea of what fun we used to have up at Recreation.

June 28, '05.

This morning Sony, the girl, was to call me at 5:15 a.m. as if gerty and I might go off and read as usual. Well, she did, but she didn't awaken me at all, in fact I haven't the slightest recollections of it. At six she came in and spoke to me and said Froudie was down stairs

waiting for me & I dressed in fifteen
 minutes, - something very unusual. We
 went and read then till 7:15. We are
 reading "With Christ in the School of
 prayer." It is helping us so much. We
 had a very serious talk one day and
 we found that our thoughts and feelings
 were very much alike. And we both
 have the same ambition; one that
 seemed a little silly before we told
 each other. Our highest ambition
 is not to be a great artist, pianist,
 or singer, but is much grander and
 more beautiful than these. It is to be
 as nearly a perfect wife and mother
 as possible, and we wish to school
 ourselves for that while we may. We
 can begin now too early. Poor Louie!
 she has such a hard time. No mother
 and two little brothers and a sister,
 the oldest of which is eight, and they

all have the most terrible tempers
imaginable. I wish I might help
her there. What would I ever do with-
out my dear mother. I don't think
I would have the strength to do as
I ought. If I could have the full say
of Wilder I think possibly I could get
along, but when Mr. Deth and I both
dictate we conflict and have trouble.
It would be a terrible responsibility
to bring Wilder up because he is such
a little fire fly and is so wilful.
And yet he is very affectionate and
easily led. Possibly I could manage,
but, God forbid that I ever have the
occasion to try! What a true, beautiful
mother I have. Few girls have such
a mother. Few women are the noble
character that she is. So strong,
so loving, with such trust in God,
and his word. Oh, may I be the

character that she is.

I have just now read over the chapter that Louie and I read this morning, and, oh! how beautiful it is. "It is" "How much more shall your Father in Heaven give good things to them that ask him?" It shows how God is really our own Father - my Father - and how we must be his children trusting him in simple, child like faith. Now we must go to him as a child goes to a dear earthly father. Oh! it is so full of precious thoughts. It makes one feel our nearness to "our Father which art in Heaven"; our wonderful privilege of being his own dear children; of being loved by Him ten thousand fold more than an earthly father could possibly love us; of being able to come to him with our little trials and worries; and best of all to be permitted to say to

him when alone with him and at
any time, 'Abba, Father!' and 'Our
Father, - my father - which art in
Heaven'. Oh! if he has given us
all these beautiful privileges and in-
numerable more, should we not in
gratitude and love to him give him
our heart and the life that he has
given us? Indeed, indeed we should. We
should give him our whole life, our
every action and breath should be to his
glatitude. Oh! Christ, help us to live
every moment of this short life for thy
Father. "Reveal to us the Father, and
his tender, pitying love that we may
become child like, and experience how in
the child life lies the power of prayer."
Teach us to pray as thy true
worshippers should, and help us to
live as thou, Oh! Son of the Father,
lived when on this poor, wicked earth!

June 29, '00

Oh! such a funny thing has happened last night. As soon as Herbert finished at the bank he and Steven Chipps went out in Steve's launch and they went up to Stillwater where they had their dinner. When they came back they telephoned to John Hughs - to come down and they would go swimming. Well they went down the lake a little ways when the engine stopped. As the wind was blowing hard and the waves were quite high the boat began to drift. They managed to catch hold of a boom of logs which they held on to until they finally started the engine again. In a few minutes the pesky thing stopped and they were obliged to jump on to the boom again. Well, they couldn't start the

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business this time, so the only way to get to shore was to swim. They took off their apparel and John & Herbert left their watches in Steve's coat in the boat, which they fastened securely to the boom. They each did their clothes up in a little bundle and started to carry them in one hand. Of course as it was so rough their clothes were wet thro', and John had to be so unfortunate as to have his come untied, and after a good deal of work he managed to save his shirt and coat, losing a new pair of gold rimmed eye glasses, a new cap, his shoes and bicycle stockings and his golf pants, not mentioning the lesser and unimportant things. When they came to dress John had no trousers so Steve loaned him his drawers, and Herbert loaned him one shoe and one sock. They went up to

The mill and got an old pair of
 pants from some one there. As they
 came thro' town this is how they
 looked. Steve with all of his outer garments
 but his coat and rock as rag; Herbert
 and John with one shoe and one sock
 apiece, trousers, under shirt and coats,
 Herbert had a wet cap but John had
 none. When they reached John's he gave
 Herbert his shoe and sock and went
 into the house barefooted. Herbert was
 a spectacle when he arrived home about
 ten. If Steve gets his engine in work-
 ing order he wants Herbert and me to go
 riding after supper to night, but it
 will have to be put off as we have to
 go to the marsh mallow road. I never
 laughed so much in my life as I did
 at Herberts description of their flight
 I hope that while I am with them
 sometime something will happen to

be exciting like that.

June 30, 1900.

We went to the marsh-mallow roast last night and we had lots of fun. We would take the powder out the box and powder each other, we flew around there at a great rate.

There was a regular paste on my face, and my hair, for some unaccountable reason, needs washing. But I did something towards the close of the evening that spoiled the rest of the time for me. We were all taking out the papers the divide the layers and blowing it at each other and Alis and Pearl had both gotten a great lot right in their faces and it didn't hurt them. Well Harry Boppre was out there and as it happened we had never met; but we went right on and were talking and playing the same as the rest. Pretty soon he had a box of marsh mallows and I of course immediately took them away from him. He kept digging for just one to roast

so I opened the thing to give him one and
 there were five or six nasty frogs. We
 thought that was a huge joke but I
 didn't and I warned him that his end
 was near as I was going to murder him.
 Well, pretty soon I got a paper of the
 powder and I asked Otis and Ben to
 help me put it on Harry. So they said
 they'd call him over and begin to talk to
 him and then I was to blow the stuff
 at him. They did; and I did; and as it
 happened, of course it went into his eyes,
 and he couldn't see for a minute or two.
 It must have hurt the poor fellow and
 I felt terribly about it and apologized
 three or four times. We were all sitting
 around the fire and he went down to the
 water. When he came back he was
 laughing and playing around and I
 got up and went to him and apologized
 again and said I didn't know what

made me do such an idiotic thing; he was very nice about it and said it didn't hurt much then and promised not to lay it up against me. But, oh dear! I wish I hadn't done it. I don't know why it is that every where I go I always do some idiotic thing and show little sense. I realize as I never did before how incapable I am going out with the boys. I don't know enough. I wonder if I'll ever learn. I hoped so, most sincerely. Whatever does Harry think of me?

Thurs. July 5, '00.

Harry is alright; I saw him the next day and he bowed & smiled most sweetly.

Monday Flossie was eighteen and Marion had the Bandanna Club up in the evening for a little surprise. Saturday, the seventh, dear Helen will be nineteen. Just think of

It and I'm not sixteen yet, and
we are the dearest friends imaginable.

How I love her, and, oh! how I
wish I could see her. It has been three
years since she went to Portland
and I haven't seen her since then.
But I really know her better now
than I did, then, because her letters
are all of them just as tho'
she was talking herself. And then
I have grown so much older
myself. I am going to make her a
lovely white necktie and write her
a daisy long birthday letter. It is
my greatest wish to go to Port-
land & Seattle this summer. Oh!
why can't I go! Of course I know
why I can't but it is awfully
hard. Maybe something will hap-
pen so that I can go next sum-
mer. I sincerely hoped I am afraid

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I am not getting any nearer Christ,
and I forget my quiet hour. The last
three evenings Fannie and I have
not been able to go out before break-
fast, on account of the rain. This
weather is simply terrible. You go
to bed hot and wake up hot and
you are hot all day. And it is so stifling
it seems as tho' I couldn't breathe, I
and I feel as tho' I simply must
get out of it or I would go mad. I
never before had such an intense de-
sire to fly and get above all this
heat and get a good breath of pure
cool air. I long to be out in
the woods on some mountain and
just dream. I love to dream and
build beautiful air castles. I am
almost afraid I do it too much.
I do wish Hiram would come. It
was a year ago yesterday since I've

see him, and I'm awfully anxious
 to see him. He fully intended stopping
 here on his way home from Ann
 Arbor. But we haven't heard any
 thing from him for an age. Herbert
 thinks he has gone home, but I don't.
 I think that he and Roy Britton are
 chasing around the country somewhere.
 I never expected to be so cautious and
 impatient to see Hiram Mosely. But
 then he always was nearly like a big
 brother - the big tease! Herbert and Otto
 spent the Fourth in New Richmond.
 I stayed in the house all day reading
 and trying to keep cool. But about
 seven I got so restless that I couldn't
 stand it, and had to go out for a walk
 in the rain. Of course I got soaking
 wet but I took off my clothes and went
 to bed. I love to be out in any storm
 & it has a perfect fascination for me.

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Grandpa thinks I'm crazy but I can't help it.

Mon. July 16.

It has been quite a while since I wrote last in my journal. Nothing of great importance has happened. We girls have had several good times together, and oh, yes, I have made my first dress, and I did it all alone, too. It is a navy blue swiss with tiny white dots in it, made to be worn either with a white gingham or low neck and elbow sleeves. It is very simple but every one thinks it is awfully sweet. I am so glad. Saturday Miss Maxwell had the boys over here from St. Paul and asked the girls on a picnic out to Bass Lake. The ^{boys} girls in her orchestra over there and she says are very nice boys, coming from nice families. I haven't seen the girls to talk with them yet, but I hear they had a good

Time. Herbert would not let me go
 because he didn't know any thing
 about the boys, and much as I wanted
 to go - especially after John & Dave were
 asked to go and Florence Maxwell's married
 sister went as chaperon - I was good
 about it and did not tease a single
 bit. I'm so glad now. It was just as
 well for it rained and I did not feel
 very well. I went over to Mrs. Tolson
 in the afternoon and part of the evening
 and then Lila came down stayed a
 little while and then ^{we} went over to
 Maude's and she & Lila played, and
 we looked at a daisy scrap book
 that Mrs. Humbird had made while
 she was sick in a sanatorium - is
 that the way to spell it? - and her nurse
 painted some lovely things in it. The
 picnics were to have come home early
 and go to John Hughes where ^{they} were to

have some music, as the boys brought
 their instruments, and Maude + I were
 going down, but they got home just in
 time for the nine something train. On
 their way back they called out that they
 had had a fine time and of course I
 wished I had been along. I did, too, kind
 of. But then I may be glad when
 Maude cannot go about calling.

I do wish Gertie had some one to tell her
 about things. The girls say that she
 isn't nearly the sweet, unaffected girl
 she was last summer. She is getting
 a little conscious of herself and she is
 inclined to be "soft". Even tho' she is
 trying to live a Christian life she
 does fail here. But the poor girl has
 no one to tell her and talk to her
 about things. Some day I intend to
 talk to her. No, better, I'll ask Maude
 to. Faudie loves her so.

Tue. July 17.

Last night I had to go down to
Blanche Fulton's to a meeting of the social
committee of the C. E. and I stayed after-
wards and met Gifford Mannier and
Miss Hitts, cousins of Mr. Fulton &
Anselm. I liked them very much. We
had lots of fun playing consequences.
Gifford is not especially good looking
but he has nice eyes and is jolly.

Wed. July 18

It seems an age since I wrote that.
It will be two weeks Monday since
that first night when I met Gifford.
The fun we had that night is awfully
faded compared to the fun we have had since
then. Wednesday ^{pm.} night Marion, Pearl and I
were standing out in front of our church waiting
for the bells for prayer-meeting, and John Burk.
& Dave and Gifford came over and after
prayer-meeting they were still out there

and H. came home with me. Thursday night we
 all went to the Ice Cream Festival and
 H. came home with me. Friday ^{July 18} night I went up
 to Gene Dege's a few minutes and as I went
 past the Fulton Barn + H. were sitting
 on the porch + H. came out and walked
 as far as Kirk St. with me and then went
 down street. As I was coming back before
 dark I met four of the girls and went
 down town with them and coming back
 the boys - John, Dave + Gifford - caught up
 with us and we all came up and sat
 on our porch till about 9:30. Sat. night ^{July 20}
 Dave had the club and they had taken
 up the rug in the library and roared the
 floor and Dave had a circus dancing. H.
 asked to go home with me, but I had been
 told before I went that I should come
 home with Herbert. But I danced at least
 half of the dances with him and never
 enjoyed any thing more in my life because

He is a divine dancer. At least we can
two step to gether beautifully but we can't
waltz. I warned him before hand that I could
not dance well because I tried to lead so.
but he said he'd break me of it and I only
tried to lead twice. I was so glad and
he told me after wards that I could
dance as well as any of the Chicago
girls, but I'm afraid he exaggerated.

Monday ^{Jan. 22} Afternoon I went up on the bluff
for supper with the Amleys and Fulton
and we had a perfect circus & picnic com-
bined. It is the angriest time that ever
breathed. And Dave was so funny. I nearly
split laughing at him. Oh I forgot!

Sunday ^{Jan. 21} I, Floss & G. & I went to C.C. &
C. Church and it was all I could do to con-
tain myself. G. acted so. ^{Thurs²⁵} morning I
was up to Floss's for a while and Steven
Banks & G. was right nice. In the
afternoon we were going down to the

box factory^(?) but we decided we were
 tired and so we went up to the Anslays
 and laid out on the lawn and fought
 over pillows and every thing else we could
 find. G. and I were sitting in the double
 swing and he commenced again - he began
 Monday - about my giving him a picture.
 He insisted that I should give him one,
 and I insisted I shouldn't. Then - even tho'
 he was sitting in the sun - he said he was
 cold because a cold wave had struck the
 swing and when Pearl came he told her
 that he was nearly frozen, that I was
 cruel and had jilted him etc. He is com-
 ing down to call tonight. He went out to
 Mrs. Martin's night before last so I didn't
 see him at all yesterday ^{ju. 27.} and he is going
 to stay out there till Monday, when he will
 go home, but he'll come in tonight.
 I expect to have an awful time tonight
 because he has my bracelet and won't

give it back. He also has my Landership
 but I don't care about that. Even tho'
 he is a terror, he is a mighty nice boy and
 I like him, as perhaps you have already
 found out, my dear old Journal. Have you?
 And he has the most beautiful eyes!
 He is an insupport flatterer. Tho' said
 I don't like that. I told him so at Davis
 and now he is rit so bad and mixes it
 up ^{with} mean, sarcastic things. Jessie doesn't
 like him but she sat out three lammes
 with him at Davis in a hammock out on
 the lawn. That's something I didn't do and
 I like him. But you must be getting
 awfully tired of this, you poor dear, so I'll
 stop for a while. Herbert teases me so
 about him. I think its awfully mean of
 him. Some of us girls went up to
 Ruth's last night and had a good
 time.

Sat afternoon (28) Marion Harold & I rode out to Mrs. Martin
in the pony cart and found Gertrude out there. Mrs. Martin had
sent Gifford after her, and he nearly had a fit because I came
out after she was there. You couldnt make up two guesses.

Aug 3

I am afraid I'm neglecting my poor old
journal. Well, Gifford came up that
Saturday^{July 28} night and we sat out on
the porch and talked until about 9:30.
Sunday^{July 29} night I went to C.E. with Gifford
and Floss and then we went up to Floss's.
Monday^{July 30} morning we all went over to
the train to see Pearl. J. and then we
all piled down to the Phillips with Katie
& Madge Van Bergen and ate crab apples
in their back yard.

That afternoon we were to go over to
the church to practice for the cantata—
Golden Hair and the Three Bears—and I
told Floss that Gifford had my trunk
and asked her if she'd go over and get
it but she wouldn't and ~~so~~ made
me go with her. The old thing said it
was way in the bottom of his telescope
so he couldn't possibly get it. Then as he

owed I lost a soda water and ^{it} it was
 also almost time for him to go down
 to the ferry he took us both down to the
 When we had said good bye to him the
 second time for me ~~for~~ Mr. Martin came along
 in the carriage and told us to go down
 to the landing and cross and he'd bring
 us back. So Alf. came back and Dove
 came along and we went way over to
 Lake land the station there. We got home
 at six o'clock after saying good bye
 three times - "Three times and out."

Comment - Jan 7, 1901 - I've just been reading all of
 this over and it sounds so silly! I've never
 gotten back my bracelet and never expect to.
 P. was coming up here for Christmas but at
 the last minute could not. He declares he
 is coming next summer. I will probably
 be in Spokane then - at least I hope
 so.

Sunday - Oct. 1

It has been a perfect age since I wrote that last nonsense and we are back in school again. It's terribly lonesome up there now because all of the old crowd has left. Mary, Floss and Herbert & Helen all go over the Minnesota W. Herbert comes home every Saturday night but even then it awfully lonesome without him. Nov. 8 is the Wisconsin-Minnesota game and a whole crowd of us are going over. We expect to have a circus.

Gertrude & I were the only ones of the old crowd left up at school but now her grandmother has broken her leg terribly so that Louie has to stop school, poor kid. But it's so lonesome for me.

I don't know what I'd do without Louie. I do love her aw and shes so dear. I think the girls are awfully wrong in thinking she is affected. She's pretty and

can't help being a little so.

Jan. 7, 1901. Monday.

We all went over to the game and of course we - the gapers - saw off victorious. The score was six to five. Oh it was the most exciting game imaginable so evenly matched. It was such a look to crowd over the poor Dodgers - we scrap all of the time. Emma and I went to the Wata Psi Fraternity house for lunch, and then Herbert took Jordan, Genevieve and me to the frat. house for dinner. Of course I met scores of men and liked every one of them. Poor Bettrude has been teased awfully about a Mr. Brown ever since; but he is alright and is a fine two stepper as we found out Dec. 28 at the Eastern Star party given in the armory. Mr. Brown

Mr. Meyer, Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Harold came over on the five o'clock train and grandma gave them a swell dinner. At the Social had a grand time. I enjoyed every minute and hated most awfully to go home. The floor was fine, the music excellent and I did not dance with a single poor dancer - wasn't I lucky? and I only missed the first and the last dance. Mamma wanted me to leave before the last two dances, but Steven Phipps came up and coaxed her to let me stay over our dance for him. It was a fine two step and I certainly never had a better dance in my life.

Now is simply a divine leader - Clifford isn't in it - he taught me a new step and then we encored them and you may be sure we danced that too. Steven said I

caught on to that step six times quicker
 than he did, and I do believe he thanked
 me a dozen times for the dance - we
 rode home in the back with Rene
 Hubbard and him. I got lots of com-
 pliments for my dancing - one said
 he could waltz better with me than
 with any girl he ever struck; another
 said I did great credit to my teacher,
 and then he told me that I was
 a "very sweet, smooth little dancer" and
 a lot more. Mamma heard several too.
 I was delighted since I must was a good
 dancer before, I always was so fond to
 lead, and Mr. Browder told me that
 that I was very easy to lead. I don't know
 when I've been so delighted before, I
 can't say I've always wanted to be a
 fine dancer. I've had an elegant time
 all this vacation, on the go the whole
 time, so that I'm nearly dead.

Rich, 15, 1901.

I do wish I could be more faithful in writing in my journal. There are so many things that I wish I had put in. Lately especially since Christmas I have been very tardy in doing anything and especially in writing letters. I have been playing basket ball and that has taken up a great deal of my time. I have not been so well in two years as I am now and I think its all due to playing basket ball. Its so much fun! We have played two match games those weeks ago we played Minneapolis Central High girls and were beaten 24 to 4. A week ago we played New Richmond and beat them 16 to 4. We did more good practice in that two weeks than we ever did in ten before. This week Floss and Herbert + Mary have been home and we have been out every night this week. Wednesday night we girls got up a sleigh ride and invited the

Forgs, we had an elegant time. Every one
 was initiated into the suffices and fun
 is in name for the time we had. We stopped
 at a Corby's big sheet of ice beyond Lake-
 sand a heap and we danced on it and
 did all sorts of crazy things. We stopped
 at Danell's coming home and I
 think I had some perfume put on my
 coat for I can still smell it - and
 so can every one else. Thursday night we
 went to a sociable and Elon gave me
 a lot of pointers on the mysterious trail.
 Elon and Ben found out about a
 month ago that Molly was in error. Elon
 says he couldn't study any more and he
 interrupted.

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Lucas J.

Camp Burnley. 83

Arcola, Minn.

Wed. July 31. 1901.

I don't lust my self writing in my diary any more. Why, how much has happened since I wrote the last. Just ~~about over~~ a year ago Gifford was in Hudson - he left a year ago yesterday, and yesterday I got word that he had died of quick consumption and was buried last Saturday. I can't realize it. It seems so queer and so terrible.

He was so ambitious. He had his life all planned out till he was about thirty years old. He wanted to go to Cornell next year and then go abroad to study to be a doctor. Just before we came up here - two weeks ago I got a note from him enclosed in Flais's letter. He said there that if he ever got back to Chicago he'd consider himself lucky. Poor fellow, it does seem awful.

I have had some good ~~the~~ times this year but mamma would not let me go to any of the big parties because I have not been at all well.

I have had to go to bed every afternoon after school. I have been on two camping trips this summer but don't seem to get any better. We have good times swimming and I get all sorts of compliments for water accomplishments besides always having a large audience. People seem to think it very wonderful for me to dive, swim, and float so easily but it isn't at all, and, oh, how I love it!

Oh, dear, we haven't gone home yet and I'm so home sick I can hardly stand it. I do hope we can go back before school begins. I can't bear to think of ~~going~~ starting school here.

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Hudson, Wis. Summer of 1952.

July 2nd Wednesday.

I am going to try to keep a faithful record of this summer, and I do hope it will be crammed full of fun. The most fun we've had as yet, in fact the most perfect day I ever spent in my life was last Saturday ^(June 28) in Dr. Parker's lunch. Harry Parker invited seven boys and each boy invited a girl, and Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Andersen chaperoned us. Harry invited me to go, much to my surprise, for Herbert said he didn't think I'd get an invitation and that Harry wasn't going to ask a girl. I was mighty glad tho! We went over to St. Paul on the 7:45 train and took the lounge at the Yacht Club docks. The lounge is a perfect beauty! The nicest one I ever saw. Every thing is so complete. We went down the Mississippi River to a lovely place where we landed for lunch. Then we went back up to St. Paul hoping to be there in time for a procession of lunches but we were just a

triple too late. But all the boats were
 still out and we caught up with and
 passed all of them - but one. And that passed
 us. It was the first time the "Emma L." had
 ever been passed and Harry got simply sick
 over it. I know just how he felt for I was as
 provoked as tho I owned the "Emma L." myself.
 We had supper up the Minnesota River
 where we stayed quite a while, returning
 to St Paul in time for the 8:30 train. The
 pilot that had been engaged couldn't go
 at the last minute and Harry was awfully
 provoked because he would have to steer all
 day. After we had gone a little ways he showed
 me how to use the wheel and I steered all the
 while till about 2:30. Then I steered a while
 later and after supper coming down the
 Minnesota Harry asked me to steer for a
 while for him. When we got into the
 Mississippi the logs were out and the most
 fun I had all day was trying to steer clear.

of them and I didn't touch one. It was awfully hard because I couldn't take my eyes or thought of them a minute and I had to figure pretty closely to wind in and out of the right openings. Earlier in the day Harry hit a dead-head and I was awfully glad because I didn't hit a thing. The boys will have lots of rides this summer. Those who went this time were:

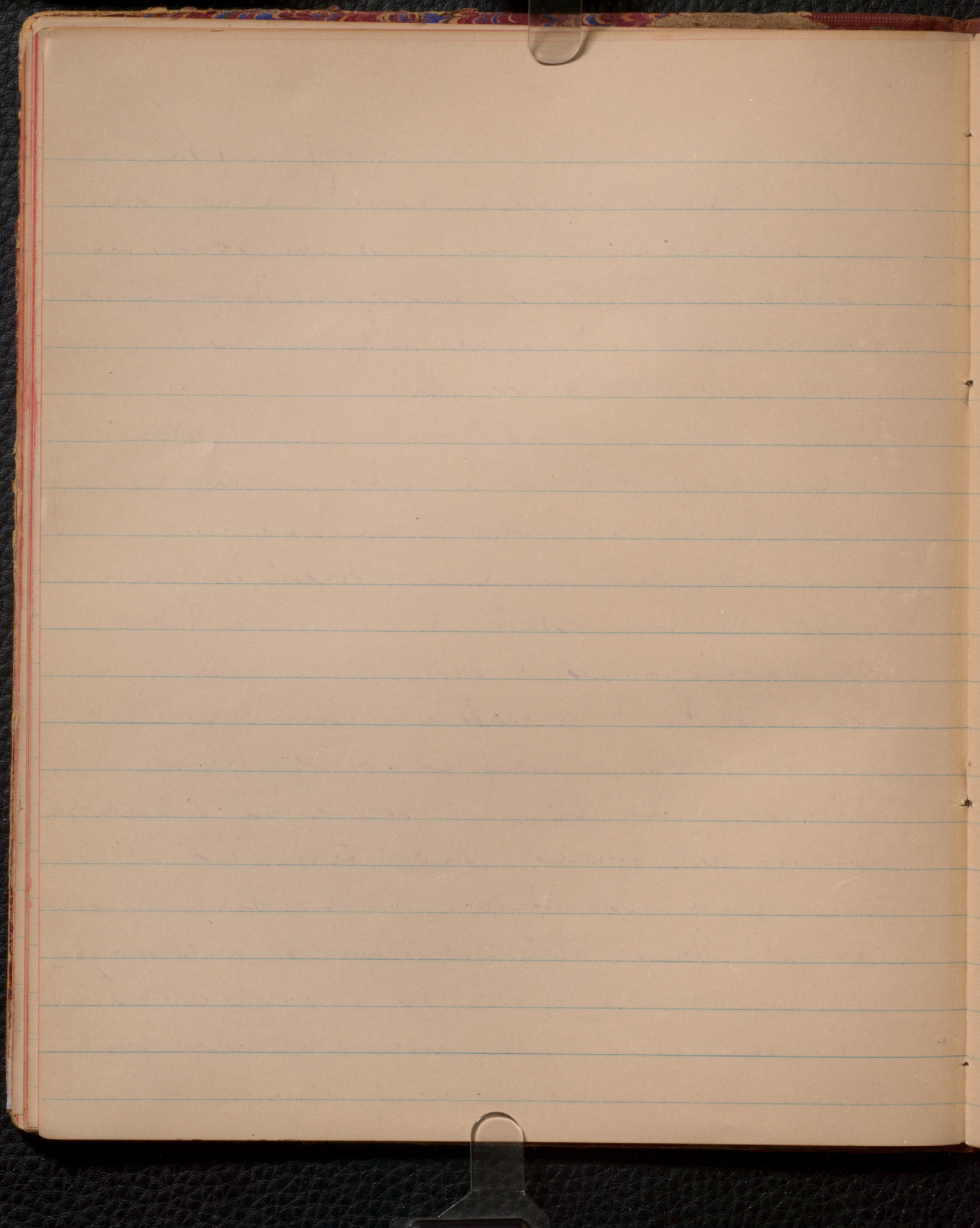
John Burley - Gertrude Otis (naturally)
 Dave Fulton - Jeannette Scott
 Ben Sample - Annie Celine
 Elon Haycox - Saida Cole
 Emil Nagle - Mary Andersen
 Wendell Webster - Emily Holmes
 Harry Parker - myself
 Herbert Crisfield - Mrs. F. J. Anderson, Mrs. Parker.

Of all the days of my life I never had a happier, more perfect one. The weather, the boat, nothing could have been improved.

I was glad Harry asked me to go because I

thought he didn't like me at all. He is
 the queerest boy and acts so differently at
 different times. Some times he'll be lovely to me
 and maybe the next time I see him he'll be
 horrid. I hope he does like me because I like
 him, tho' sometimes I get dreadfully
 provoked at him. — Elon and Ren were lovely
 to Gertrude and me considering they don't
 like us any more, for some outlandish reason.
 I don't believe they really know themselves.
 And I'm sure I don't care a snap whether
 I'm in their good graces or not. I can get
 along marvelously well without them or any
 other or all boys. I admit I like boys and
 we can have lots of fun with them but I don't
need any boy. I can have just as good a
 time without them. There are others besides
 Ren and Elon anyway, as I intend to
 show them.

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July 1903.

After six months spent in Spokane and California I am again back in Hudson. Little old Hudson! How tiny and narrow it seems after seeing a scrap of the big world.

Nothing very exciting has happened so far, but I've been having an awfully good time in the evenings and working hard all day. Wilhemina Nagle is here visiting Mrs. Evendson, and Mrs. S. & Emil gave a big party for her. Last Friday Gertrude Otis gave a big party. Lots of fun at both places. It seems so funny with out of Leodore Elwell and Harry Parker here. She is in Cleveland and Harry is out surveying for the Great Western. And the Anshoffs are gone too. They are in Berkeley, Cal. We just seem to be having a good time doing not much of anything but walk-

ing around, going to each other's houses etc.

Sun. July 14, '03

Last night we a moments noticed we all went up to Mary's to dance in their hall.

We had such a good time and as usual I acted like an idiot. Had my first dance with Harry G.

Tue. July 15, '03

Last night I went for a lovely drive with Elsie. He is so improved! He's not nearly so sensitive and is so jolly.

Fri. July 17, '03

Tue. night was prayer-meeting.

Thursday at two Emma Backford, Emma Christofferson, Wilhelmine Vogel, Genevieve Elise and I went up to Mary's. and took a bunch with us. Mary & Elise had us on a wild goose chase and finally after meandering all around we settled for the afternoon on Liberty Hill. We had a jolly time playing jaw-tan and "fig" and I read a short story aloud. At first we had supper. But

after eating all we possibly could
there was lots left so we moved a
little way and fooled around a while
then had another lunch at seven.

Then we went back to Mary's changed
up, talked a while on the porch
and came home. To night it rained
and as there was "nothing doing" I
went up to Wilhelm's, who is ~~staying~~
staying with Mrs. Lundson.

I am taking the Flynn method of
Physical culture of Miss Emma Backer
at Mrs. O'Leary's. It's such fun to see
some of the women go thro' the
exercises.

Where we had our picnic yesterday
was the same place where we had
such fun at supper when Gifford
was here. It brought it all back to me
and I couldn't get him off my mind.
When I got home I looked in my diary

and found it was just three years to the day since I first met him. I wish he were back here. It two years this month since he died. I never had so much fun in so short a time as the two weeks I knew him. I guess I must have thought a good deal of him, after all.

~~Coming~~ Going up on the boat from San Francisco to Portland there were a crowd of Stanford and Berkeley boys on board and we had such a good time! They were awfully nice boys especially Ed. Grindley the captain of the Berkeley crew. He lived in Berkeley and so written to him asking him to call on the Apsleys. So spent a week in Portland with the Joneses where I had the time of my life. There are such lovely people there. I should love to live there in spite of the rumor Helen's engagement to Carlton Williams of The Dalles Ore. had just been announced, altho it had been

settled since last summer. They hope to be married the first of the year. After five years separation Helen and I were as good friends as ever. He is certainly a Jew and the boys said she was the most popular girl in Portland. He has such splendid common sense. He is a strong Christian character, a true friend and a good fellow with girls and boys alike. ~~As~~ The reason the boys like and respect her so is because she is ready for any fun, is a good chum and allows no liberties.

Sat. July 18. 43

Mary, Genevieve, Gertrude, Glen Gallup, Sam Antton and myself went down the lake in Mr. Andersen's launch in the evening. We had a glorious time stopping for sodas and Sundas at Brownliff's. Glen brought me home and left me out at the walk instead

of coming up to the door with me. I'm
sorry for the girl he's engaged to if he knows
no more than that. When we got into the
house I found grand ma. returned from a
two weeks visit in Milwaukee and Oak
Park. She brought Helen Cloque with her.

Monday July 20. '03

In the afternoon took Helen and
Maria Seungton down to the lake to
rode. In the evening Mary and Genevieve
came down and also Harry Christofferson.

Tues. July 21, '03

Monday night Genevieve and Mary
came down and while here Harry
Chris. came also. Tonight Elou
was up for a while.

Wed. July 22. '03

Went to bed at 7:30 decidedly disgusted
with my self generally. Will I ever
learn toct.

Wed. Aug 5. '03

Not much has happened in the last two weeks. Friday night ~~Aug~~ July 31, Mrs Carr gave a large party for her cousin Pauline Bogardus of New York. We had a splendid time. Monday the Fultons left for Berkeley. Poor Darr didn't want to go at all. Sunday afternoon John came with Darr to say good bye. Harry came before they left and stayed the remainder of the afternoon. It's the first time I've seen him since coming home as he has been out surveying. Tuesday night Mary and Fred had a ~~big~~ crowd up to dance. It was terribly hot but we had a good time. Harry took me and after three dances we decided to go down to Brownlie's for phosphat. which was a very rude thing to do. I realize the fact but we enjoyed it. When we started home it stormed terribly and we thought the rocks would never come.

After corresponding this winter Harry and I have at last gotten acquainted and are good friends. The girls think it a joke and joke me but there is absolutely "nothing in it." He has asked to take me to the game-museum - at Louka giving if I can go down to Milwaukee. If I can't but go I'll stop and visit Geneva at Madison.

This afternoon Geneva, Bill Regel and I went up to Marip to see and we got to talking over a whole time. No one ever did such absolutely absurd things as we did - nor had so much fun.

Thurs. Aug 6 '13

Went up to Mrs. Souders to a little party given by Emil. "There were five couple and Emma Bushford." We danced and had awfully good time. Bill knew nothing of it till the music started which was before any of us got there.

Friday Aug. 7.

Went up to Bill's in the afternoon with Spidee and Mary to see. In the evening I went up to Mary and we talked.

Sat. Aug. 8.

In the afternoon Mary and I walked over to the Buells. In the evening Mary, Indie and I walked down street on our way for mail. Met Raymond Ensign at Victorias. His from River Falls.

Sunday - 10

I got a little informal for Arthur Bogardus, Eugene Shea, Genevieve's friend from Island, and Emily Holmes was here. Also Bessie Bell's cousin.

Tue. 11

Genevieve gave a lovely afternoon for Eugene. Had such a fine time.

Wed. 12

Arthur Andrews gave a breakfast

Saw Emily, Eugene and Vera Christensen
son of Baldwin, all ~~this~~ Pi Phi
of Wisconsin. In the afternoon Anna
B. had a large progressive tea.
Thurs. 13.

Clinic gave a lovely dinner for
 the visitors - twelve girls and the
 boys came up later and I was at
 progressive church.

Mrs. Stelmaker gave a luncheon
for the girls. We had such fun
playing "blinch" afterwards.

Many took us girls up to Still water
in the Council.

Went up to Moriji and talked over
the doings.

Wed. / 9.

Wed. 19.

Agnes Crand took Emily, Jennie,
Mary Genevieve, Viola, and myself
out to Grant Brook for the day.
Seven of us and we drove out in a
two seated trap and one pair horses.
We had such a look!

Fri. 21

Five of us were invited out to
Baldwin for the day but by Vera
and Emily but only Jennie, Mary
and Elvira went. The rest of us
went to a party in the afternoon
at Jessie's for Lucille Bell.

Sat. 22.

Emma Rockford, Miss Bushnell
and Alice Fisher gave an entertain-
ment for the parsonage. Fun!

Sun. 24

Went calling. Walter gave me a
long ride in his automobile. Inf.

but it was glorious! It was my
first ride in one. Doesn't it seem queer!
Thurs. 27

Mr. Hughes gave a surprise party for
John, Wm. & I. He was twenty five. We
had a glorious time. I laughed my
self sick ~~laughing~~ at Stephen. It's such
a boon! Finally came on the 8:17 train.
Fri. 28.

The boys gave a glorious party at Dan's.
One of the nicest parties ever given there.
Had such a splendid time. Laughed
continually with Stephen.
Sat. 29.

We gave nearly a party of forty people.
Herbert married Mrs. English and Mr.
Turner. We had an awfully good
time.
Mon. 31.

Mary took Elsie, Bill, Harry & I. Mr. English
and me up to Stillwater in the launch returning
in the barge where we had supper. Glorious time.

Thursday Sept 1

Went driving with Mr. Inglis in the afternoon and was simply abominable to him. But I don't like him and especially when he's particularly nice. If he didn't want so much I might like him. I'll be so glad when he goes for I'm afraid of him - that is, afraid of what he'll say, and he actually frightens me the way he looks at me. Cousin Florence and Helen come from Minneapolis on Tuesday. We're doing our own work and oh, such an abomination! Simply can't get a girl. I'm anxious for Oct. to come for then every one will go back to school and I can get down to work. So much depends on this year that it frightens me to think of it. And, fancy! If I'm strong and well and do

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VOL. XLIX.—TERMS ADVANCE \$1.50 PER YEAR

A BRACE OF MERRY SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

Two of the Happiest Social Events of the Year

Friday evening one of the most delightful parties ever given at Dania hall was well attended in spite of the rain. It was of just the right size and just the right people. There were five friends who came in from Baldwin to attend, besides several others from out of town. We were glad to welcome back into our midst: Mr. McIver, Mr. Inglis, Mr. Meyers, Mr. Stephen Phipps and Miss Jeannette Scott.

Saturday night a party was given for Mr. Inglis at the Jefferson home, where he is guest. After the arrival of the guests every one was amazed when John Hughes struck the opening chords of a wedding march and a graceful and charming flower girl sauntered in thrusting sunflowers right and left, and took her place under an artistically decorated arch. The flower girl proved to be none other than "Miss" Wilder Penfield attired in a becoming gown of blue tulle, cut low neck and short sleeves and with an immense white bow in her hair. After her came four sober bridesmaids each clasping a beautiful sunflower. They separated to allow the minister Reverend Penfield to assume his position under the arch in his usual pompous and dignified manner. His face was a study and made all present feel the solemnity of the moment. Then came the groom, John Percy Inglis, and his best man, E. C. Haycox. Then at last the blushing and trembling bride, Alexandria Turner, walked gracefully but unflinching by the side of her proud father, J. P. Burnley. The bride was attired richly, as becomes her station in life, and carried

a huge bunch of white hydrangeas. The ceremony went off without a hitch although the bride seemed to be extremely hoarse and the guests were much too hilarious. After the minister pronounced these solemn and binding words, "What I have joined together let no man go up against," and the benediction had been received, the beautiful bride was rapturously kissed by the devoted groom and then in a most dignified and approved fashion by Rev. Penfield. After the congratulations had been received and the delicate bride showed signs of fatigue, the bridal party made their way to the dining room, followed by the guests where the wedding supper was served, when the bride's cake had been cut and passed it was found that Miss Mary Andersen had received the ring, Walter Bell the thimble and John Burnley the money. The bride then retired to don her dark traveling suit, for she was to travel to Baldwin that night, though I regret to say, not with the groom. The rest of the evening was filled with games. As the guests said good night they were given packages of wedding cake to sleep on. The next morning quantities of rice were swept from the front porch and walk which was showered upon the bride while leaving for the train.

Wish Mr. Inglis and his bride all sort of happiness and prosperity in the future, though they must so soon be separated, for the stubborn bride refuses to accompany the groom to Portland, Ore., where he returns to earn a livelihood.

but it was
first ride in

Mr. Hugh
John, with.
had a glo
self sick to
a loon!

The barge
one of the
had such
continually

we gave
Herbert M.
Turner. W.
time.

Mary took to
and one up to
in the barge

Fri. Aug 23

Aug 24

Sept 1
glis in the
abominable
him and
of vice. If
might
when he
- that is,
and he
way he
nce and
folious
own
abomin-
gids. Jim
or their
school and
so much
it frightens
up! If
and so

good work all this year and nothing happens I ~~am~~ go to school - to Philadelphia - ~~next~~ fall. Only one more year at home. I'm ~~am~~ absolutely getting hungry I'm so crazy to go! I can hardly wait. But think of the work this fall!! Well, let her come, I'm ready!

Wed. Sept 2

Mrs. Svendsen gave a lovely tea for Wilhelmine. We had such a nice time

Fri. 3.

Drove ~~with~~ for mother and Cousin Flo to go calling. Went down to see Madge ^{U.B.} in the evening.

Monday 4

Mr. Inglis came back from St. Paul on the early train and at one o'clock fourteen of us drove out to Grange Hall then to the falls and back to the Hall where we had supper and a

regular old rough house. We had
bottles with sweet corn, and I was
simply covered with it and my neck
was full of corn silk. It was wet
and muddy all day and coming
home whole lakes of rain fell. We
were wet but happy.

Sue. 8.

Went driving with Neal in the
of tomorrow, and in the evening he and
I went to call on Vaughn Mc Donald,
Mrs. H. J. Andersen's brother. He graduated
at Wisconsin and is beginning his
fourth year at Philadelphia in the
medical course. He told me a little
about Pratt. He is very large and
awfully nice tho' rather quiet.

Wed. 9.

Neal left for Portland in the a.m.
Poor man how he hated to go back.

Sat. 19 Mrs. Otis had a surprise tea for Lottie.
There were Mary, Elsie, Bessie B., Harry, Ed Oliver,
John Burnley, Walter Bell, R. Mosher, Lottie & self. →

Sunday Sept 13

Harry Parker came up in the evening.
Dean Taylor called in the afternoon.

Monday Sept 14

Called on Mrs Taylor.

Tue. 18

Mary A. brought her sewing and spent
the afternoon.

Sunday. 20.

Clow was up to dinner. Herbert was in
Nip's. After C.E. Harris and Stephen
came up. I made a remark about Harry's
taking certain girls to ride and intima-
ted that I knew all about it. To
change the subject he asked me to
go riding the next night. I said I
didn't know whether I would or not.
I thought I'd forget all about it but
late the next afternoon he phoned
wanting to know if I intended to keep my

Had lots of fun. played "Up Jenkins after words."

engagement. So we went. He acted decidedly strange and said he'd been trying all day to decide whether or not he was "sore" but finally had to admit he wasn't. We had a long funny talk about his rides of that summer. He's such a funny boy, but I like him and I guess we're good friends. Any way we corresponded ~~last~~ of this last year. We come in from the ride about nine and then sat on the porch for a while.

I think I like him very much but he's queer, and doesn't seem to go with any of the girls or care for them or any of the boys but Stephen.

Wed. 23.

Went to a lovely party at Dan's with John Balsam. We had a glorious time. The night was cool and the crowd small. John is a splendid dancer.

Fri. 25.
Went automobile riding with Walter
Beck in the afternoon.

Sun. 27.
Harry left for Madison. He won't come
home till Christmas. I think I shall
miss him.

Street fair! Tuesday 29.
Genevieve and I went down to the
fair in the afternoon. While watching
for the races we sat by Mrs. McCarty's
wall and Mr. Grey, the new teacher
came up and sat with us. He's
very nice.

Thurs. Oct. 1.
Went up to see Genevieve.

Fri. 2.
Went calling with Clinie who left
in the evening for Madison.

Sat. Oct 3.
Went up to Helen Baker's to meet Miss

Chie of St. Croix Falls. got a letter from
Marion and Harry J.

Sunday Oct. 18. 1913

Every one has gone to school - not a
soul here. Mother and I are
studying and getting along beauti-
fully.

Dr. Johnson died on Friday
evening. Every one is grieving so.
There is not a man in Hudson
who will be so much missed and
by so many people. The whole town
is in mourning.

Nov. 6.

Mr. Gray took me to a high school
party. Had a fine time. Like Mr. G. very
much.

Looking forward Nov. 26

Minnesota beat Wisconsin 17 to 0!

Nov. 28.

Ray Jackson came over for the day.

DEATH OF JOHN W. GOSS.

Manager of Acme Mills Passes Away Suddenly.

John W. Goss, manager of the Acme Mills, died suddenly yesterday shortly before noon. Mr. Goss was born in Meridian, N. Y., in 1850, passing his early years in that town and Auburn. In 1871 he removed to Rochester, N. Y., where he engaged actively in the hardware business. In 1889 he moved his then large business to Spokane, Wash., quickly becoming identified with the leading interests and activities of that city. In 1897 he moved to Portland and associated himself in the milling business.

Two years and a half ago Mr. Goss was forced to give up active business because of severe illness, and his death will not be a great surprise to his many friends. His wife and four children survive him.

The funeral will occur from his late residence, 775 Glisan street, at 10:30 Thursday morning.

Died December 8, 1903.
Tuesday, of
paralysis. He was one
of the most beautiful
characters I ever knew, and
was a living benediction
in the family.

Wed. Dec. 31.

Elton took me to the Eastern Star party. We
had a glorious time. Harry, Will Brown and
Dr. Bickford wanted to take me too. I was quite
delighted - but strange to say, I could only go
with one.

Fri. Jan 1, 1904.

The girls gave a leap year party at Dana's. I
took Harry. It was great fun. I sent
him a ~~big~~ single big red carnation done up
carefully in a large box. Of course we all
took our men in a carriage filled their
programs and were very attentive generally.

I was business and floor manager and oh the trouble! I was nearly crazy and was completely exhausted. I don't if I was ever so tired.

Sat. Jan 8

A surprise party on Le Bodie Winger. Harry took me! We had a jolly informal time.

Sat. Jan 9th

Elton took me to ^{see} "Silver Gulch Ranch." It was home talent and very good.

Thurs. 7.

Began taking piano lessons of Miss Whaley. She is splendid!

Wed. Jan. 27.

Nothing doing, except an occasional game of "fit."

Max White is engaged to Miss Jenkins. It is so hard to realize we are growing up so fast. Helen is busy preparing for

her wedding which is to occur right
after Easter. He is the loppiest being I
ever knew. May he always remain so!

Feb. 4. '04

Told mother last night that some day
I should marry Neddy. She was rather
astonished to hear such a declaration. I should
think she would have been! Never the less
it's true - I think.

March 4. '04.

I just read over what I said about
Neddy on Sept. 1. It seems so funny that
I should write that for now I've changed
my mind. I do care for him now. And the
only thing that bothers me ~~now~~ is because
he doesn't say anything. I've fought against
him for a long while and been hateful and
abominable to him but he was so splen-
did. Thro' it all and so patient, that now
I've had to give up and admit I'm conquered.
And oh. I'm so happy! except it's because

and the mails are so slow! It takes
eight days at the least for a letter to go
and the answer to return - but there
is no delay in answering at either end.
If he doesn't come next summer I don't
know what I'll do - go visit myself, I guess!
March, April, May, June - four long months
before school is up! But I mustn't be
foolish! I don't know why I wrote all
this - I guess because I can't write to
Portland tonight and come home in blue
and lousome, and tired and lippy. I've
been in St Paul and drifts all day. Don't
wonder I ever knew at the University.
Well, good night!

March 26, '04.

It has come! I hardly know how to write
in as lippy! On Tuesday, the 22nd, I got
a letter from Mabel - the letter - the one
I've been waiting and longing for. He loves me -
he loves me! and I have given myself to him.

I've known for ever so long that he loved me but when he told me so in his letter it seemed as this ~~that~~ ~~never~~ I had never known he loved me. If only he could be here! It's so hard to wait! Mother and the boys are so glad. Herbert said he and mother had been hoping it would happen. Just think what it means to have one's family actually glad! They all say I couldn't have chosen any one they would rather have me marry!

Doesn't it sound queer to ~~have~~ be talking of my marrying? Just think - I'm actually engaged! and I'm only nineteen! I never dreamed it would come so soon. I always thought I'd wait for a long while. But we won't be able to be married for quite a while - maybe a year or two - because Frank ~~had~~ has had to help his family, I think - tho' he has never mentioned it - and I don't imagine he has saved much money - not enough for two. He hasn't said anything about it yet.

I've only had the one letter from him.
And, oh, I do hope we won't have to wait
so long!! —

I'm so thankful for this — First I
am the only girl Fresh ever looked
at twice. Second he is the only one
I ever cared for. I liked Gifford immen-
sely but could never love ~~love~~ him. And
third — no boy has ever taken the least
liberty with me! There has never been
any silliness or loomaking in my girlhood
and I can never cease to rejoice. I loved
Fresh when I was sixteen and he was
teaching in the high school here and he
cared for me then. Nothing was said but we
both understood. After he went home for
the summer I was teased as about him
that I soon hated him. When he stopped
here on his way to Cortland I was so hateful
to him ^{that} he was fearfully hurt and bewildered.
I did not see him again for two years.

In the mean time I had overcome my
hatred feelings and liked him as a
sincere friend. I kept with him in Portland
while we visited the gosses. He came up to
Spokane as soon as school was closed
and came home with us. I was afraid of
him for I knew at the slightest warmth
on my part he would say something. I was
not ready for him - besides I was positive
I didn't love for him - so I was rude and
disagreeable to him. The trouble was that
all the while I knew that someday I
should have to give up to him. ~~and~~ I wouldn't
admit it even to myself but I knew it
down deep in my heart. So all the while I was
struggling against him and trying not to
love him. Then gradually I had to give in
and last January I heard one day that
some one had said yes and I were engaged.
Then I began to think. I felt myself going
so when I thought of how I had loved him

and then hated him I prayed oh, so hard
that I might not be allowed to love him
unless it was to be for always. I couldn't
bear that I should be mistaken. It would
have been so wicked to have disappointed
myself. Then I thought of other things
and worked hard but soon had to admit
that I did really love Jack Inglis!

I wish I could begin to describe him.
He is so strong, so ~~late~~ determined, yet
so gentle and unselfish. He never thinks
of himself and is the most modest
human being I ever heard of. I don't believe
he could have an impure or mean thought.
No, I'm not magnifying his strong points
for mother and the boys and all who know
him say the same thing. He ~~has~~ likes
to meet people and has never gone in society -
he ~~has~~ never will love money but I'm
not sorry. One's love only grows stronger
and more splendid when some self-sacrifice

is necessary. We both love boys and our
work will always be among them. Oh if only
I could something! If we could be married &
~~next~~ this year I do hope I may be able to
go some where and take the house keepers
course.

No one is to know of our engagement
yet. Mother met Uncle Tom in St. Paul
the other day and thought it best to
tell him. He said he was glad - that tho' he
had only met Mearns ~~but~~ he looked like a
mighty fine man. He was decidedly right.
He sent me over a magnificent potted prim-
rose covered with blossoms with his love
and best wishes for my happiness. So all
who know are delighted. - except of course
Mearns and me!?

is necessary. We both love boys and our
work will always be among them. Oh if only
I could something! If we can't be married
~~next~~ this year I do hope I may be able to
go some where and take the
course.

No one is to know of our
yet. Mother met Uncle Sam
the other day and thought
till then. He said he was glad
had only met ~~me~~ ~~but~~ he look
mighty fine man. He was decide
He sent me over a magnificent
rose covered with flowers mit
and best wishes for my happiness
who know are delighted. — Keep
mealy and me!?

"Social Functions.

You I will be pleased to see
At my funny dust cloth "bee"
Saturday at stroke of three.
It is for R. A. P. (not me)
And I am Mary A. you see.
Bring cloth and thread and come to see
Whose monogram best worked will be.

Answering the call to this attractive
invitation twenty-one young girls flocked
to the home of Miss Mary Andersen last
Saturday with cheese cloth and colored
silk thread to make dust clothes for Miss
Ruth Penfield, whose engagement has
recently been announced. Fruit punch
was served as the guests arrived and then
the making of the dusters began. Some
of them were lavishly embroidered in
appropriate and amusing designs. The
tongues and fingers flew so fast that the
afternoon was unusually short. A large
leather chair—always a favorite resting
place of the guest of honor—was sugges-
tively decorated in strings of hearts.
After sewing for a while an artistic and
delicious fruit salad was served with sand-
wiches out in the shape of hearts and
stars. Coffee was also passed. Then be-
gan an enthusiastic hunt for paper hearts
which were hidden in every conceivable
place. Miss King and Miss Cray found
the same number so were forced to draw
cuts. Miss King was successful and re-
ceived a lovely violet heart-shaped box of
chocolates. The whole affair was a
decided success. Let us hope that with
so many embroidered dust clothes, Miss
Penfield will keep her future home dustless
Miss Andersen provided a dainty violet
and green dust-bag to hold the dusters.
Miss Mildred Ensign of River Falls,
who was a guest of Miss Kate Snodgrass,
was present at Miss Andersen's "bee."

WEDDINGS.

Williams-Goss.

A simple home wedding but an exceedingly pretty one was the marriage of Miss Helen Goss, daughter of Mrs. J. W. Goss, to Carl Williams. The guests at the wedding, which took place at 9 o'clock on Thursday evening, were relatives and intimate friends. Rev. Edgar P. Hill, D. D., of the First Presbyterian Church, performed the ceremony, reading the Episcopalian service. The parlor was decorated in green and white, with the mantel banked with dogwood and with window decoration of ivy, arranged in such a way as to give a portiere effect. The bride's gown was of soft white satin and lace, the bodice made with very full sleeves, a deep bertha and wide girdle. Her veil was of tulle and she carried an arm bouquet of Bride roses. Miss Margaret Catlin, in dainty white silk organdy, was maid of honor. Her flowers were pink carnations. Tom Robertson was Mr. Williams' best man.

Light refreshments were served in the dining room, at a table daintily decorated with white roses, smilax and white chiffon. Miss Laura Jordan found the prophetic ring in the bride's cake, and Miss Inez Barrett the thimble. Miss Maud Morey caught the bouquet. Miss Goss has been a favorite in Portland society, as her beautiful collection of wedding gifts attested, and as she is going to live at The Dalles her friends will miss her very much. Mr. and Mrs. Williams are spending their honeymoon at Puget Sound.

WEDDINGS.

Miss Helen Louise Goss and Carlton P. Williams were married Thursday evening at 9 o'clock at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. J. W. Goss, 775 Glisan street. Dr. Edgar P. Hill read the beautiful service in the presence of 75 relatives and immediate friends.

Miss Margaret Catlin was maid of honor, and the best man was Mr. Thomas Robertson. Miss Etta Honeyman played the bridal music from Lohengrin.

The bride was becomingly gowned in white satin, of simple but elegant design, ornamented with point applique. She wore a veil and carried a large bouquet of bride's roses. Miss Catlin, the maid of honor wore white silk organdie and carried pink carnations.

The decorations were carried out entirely in green and white, dogwood and ivy being effectively used in drawing-room and hall.

In the dining-room, white roses and smilax formed dainty table embellishments, and festoons of flimsy tulle entwined with smilax were draped from the chandelier to the corners of the table.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams left immediately for a wedding journey, including the Sound cities, after which they will reside in The Dalles.

Miss Etta Honeyman gave a very pretty Japanese luncheon last week in honor of Miss Helen Goss and on last Wednesday Miss Goss was guest of honor at a charming dinner given by Miss Ruth Smith. The table was decorated in pink. Sweet peas were scattered over the table and in the center were bridesmaid roses. Pink satin ribbons were laced through the exquisitely hand-painted dinner cards and tied in big soft bows at the corners of the table. Miss Smith's guests besides Miss Goss, were Miss Margaret Catlin, Miss Etta Honeyman, Carl Williams, Tom Robertson, Howard Holland and Marion Dolph.

A Social Event.

The luncheon and afternoon tea given by Miss Ruth Penfield in honor of Miss Lila King, were most delightful functions and were heartily enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to participate in them. The house was a perfect bower of roses. In front of one of the long mirrors was a wicker basket filled with American beauties, which were sent by a friend who wished each of the ten "American beauties" who sat at the lunch table to carry one away with her as a happy reminder of the day. The lunch was served at one o'clock. The table was prettily decorated with roses, and maiden hair ferns. A very dainty menu was served by Miss Helen Clark and Miss Margaret Crary, and amid jokes, stories and sallies, the plate cards were turned, and were found to have the name of John Percey Inglis, on them. Then the secret was out, and Miss Penfield received the merry congratulations of all her guests. A telegram of congratulation was sent to the fortunate young man, and signed by the eight good friends who were the first to share the secret. The afternoon tea was simply a continuation of the happy times, only enjoyed by many more of Miss Penfield's friends.

The Star-Times congratulates Mr. Inglis and wishes for Miss Ruth a very happy and prosperous future.

Thurs. June 31, 1904.

September 5.

Here it is in September and I
haven't written a word of all this
importanting. Nothing is any
different than it was only I am
more in love than I even dreamed of
last March. Percy is still west only he
is in Spokane working for the Pacific
Coast Biscuit Co. He doesn't expect to
come east until Christmas. August 8
Mother, grandma and I went up to Boy-
field. I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Inglic.
They were so lovely to me and made me
feel as tho' I had always belonged there.
I love them both and they love me.
Mr. Inglic says I remind him of Percy
own mother very much and so of course
he cares for me on that account. I was
in Boyfield for two weeks and then
I had to come back and help with the
play "A Scrap of Paper." Mr. Inglic made an
awful fuss because I insisted upon

coming home and is bound that
I shall go up this month again. But
tho I love them up there I don't
want to go again with ^{and} Percy for its
too desperately lonely. Here in ^{Hudson} I can
keep myself and interested in something
all the while so I can forget that
how badly I want to see him, but up
there I remember every minute and
being in his home and hearing so
much about him made me just sick
to see him. I never in my life heard
such fine things said of any one
as I heard of him while there.
Even our I met claimed him as
belonging especially to them, and said
such fine things of him. About the
last was that his chum told his
wife that he never knew so fine
minded a man as "Percy" English. And
Herbert says the same thing.

commenced
Jan. 30, 1904.

Hudson Amateurs Please New Richmond.

The play that was given so successfully at Armory Hall last Thursday night, entitled a "Scrap of Paper," was repeated in New Richmond, Friday evening, to a courteous and appreciative audience if not a large one. The performers did their best and, if possible, the play was more finished than it was the first night. Some one asked who the star was, but that was impossible to tell, for each one was a star and played his or her part as well as an amateur could. The lights went out before the curtain was raised and twice during the evening, but no one hesitated and some large lamps were quickly lighted so that the effect of the play was hurt very little, if at all.

The New Richmond friends were kindness itself and the players and helpers are very grateful to them. Mr. Albert Baker could not do enough, seemingly, to procure every thing that was necessary. Mrs. Bartlett and Mrs. Mosher entertained at luncheon and dinner the ladies who went up on the morning train to get every thing in readiness. Miss Oline, Miss Andersen, and Miss Penfield remained over until the afternoon train the next day to pack up the properties and return the borrowed articles, and were delightfully entertained during that time by Mrs. Bartlett. The young people heartily thank the ladies who worked so tirelessly to make the play a success and also the New Richmond friends.

THINK HE'S HARRIS' SLAYER.

Man in Swamp to Be Surrounded by Pos

La Crosse

and is bound that
this month again. But
up there I don't
with ^{out} Percer for its
urly. Now in ^{Hudson} I can
interested in something
I can forget that
to see him, but up
every minute and
and hearing so
made me just sick
in my life heard
said of my our
while there.
lained him as
to them, and said
of him. About the
his chum told his
never knew so far
"Percer" English. And
some thing.

a man as
Herbert soap the

Max White is to be married Thursday
Sept. 8.

Wilder has been in Spokane since
the last of June, and has had the
time of his life. He and Roy Smith
and two others went camping at
Priest Lake. We expect him on Wednesday.
Mother came down from Bayfield
tonight.

Dec. 4. 14

We have been in Hudson five years yesterday.

I've been engaged eight months and haven't
seen Percip for fifteen months. I
hoped to come east for Christmas but
now that is impossible. It's mighty hard
but there is nothing to do but be patient
and wait. I don't know when we will be
married. It will be hard if we can't see
each other before we are married. Letters
are as unsatisfactory, and as we haven't

see each other a whole month in the last three years we would really like to get acquainted.

Herbert is engaged to Mamma Hutchcroft who lives in Petrolia Canada ~~and~~ but teaches school in Iron River where her uncle lives and where Herbert met her two years ago while he was surveying. - He met her in Washburn where she was attending a teachers institute. Mr. Lorn never seen her, but she writes nice letters. S. He is coming down to spend the holidays. Herbert seems very much in love and wants to be married next August. Mamma is only two months older than I.

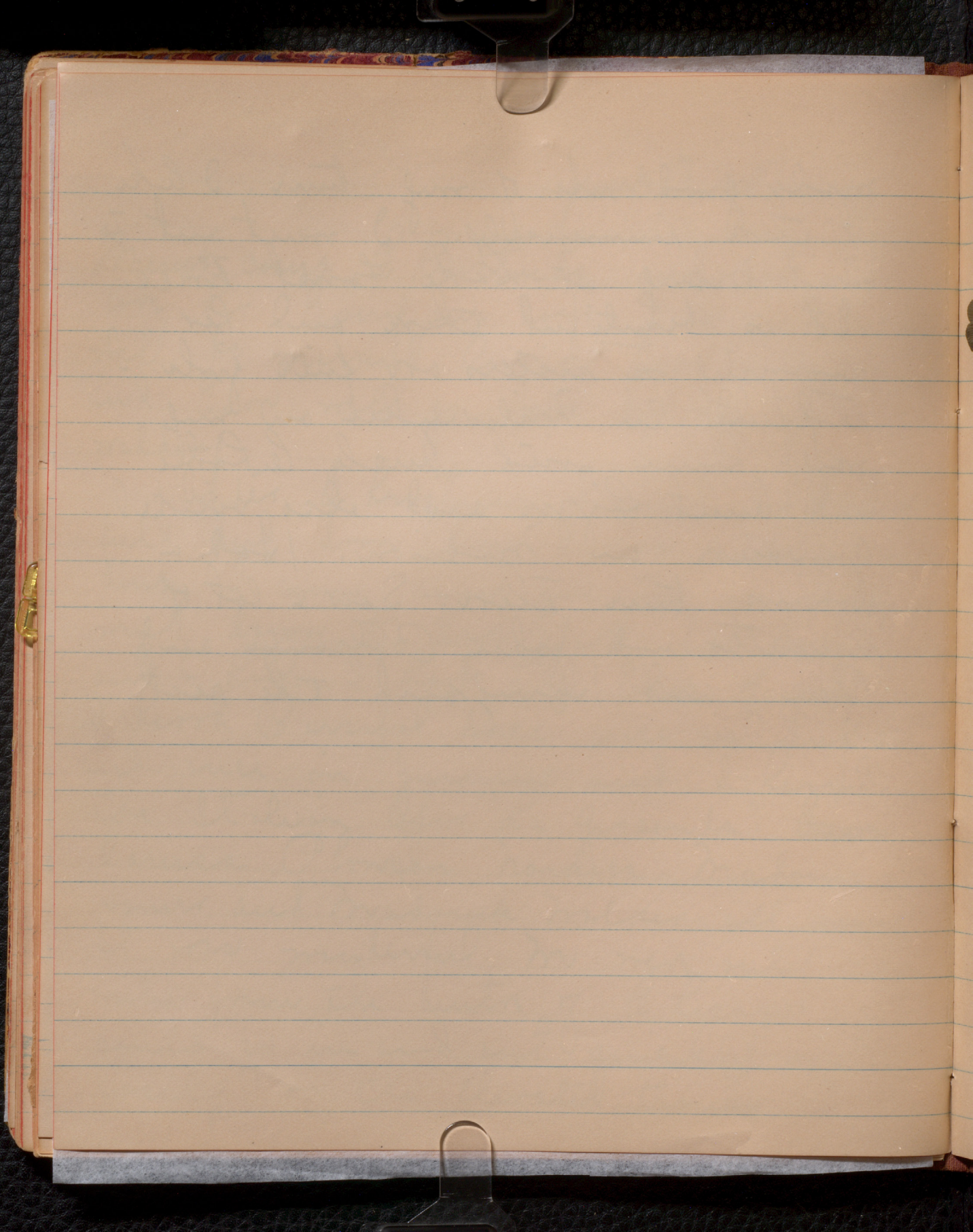
June 8, '85.

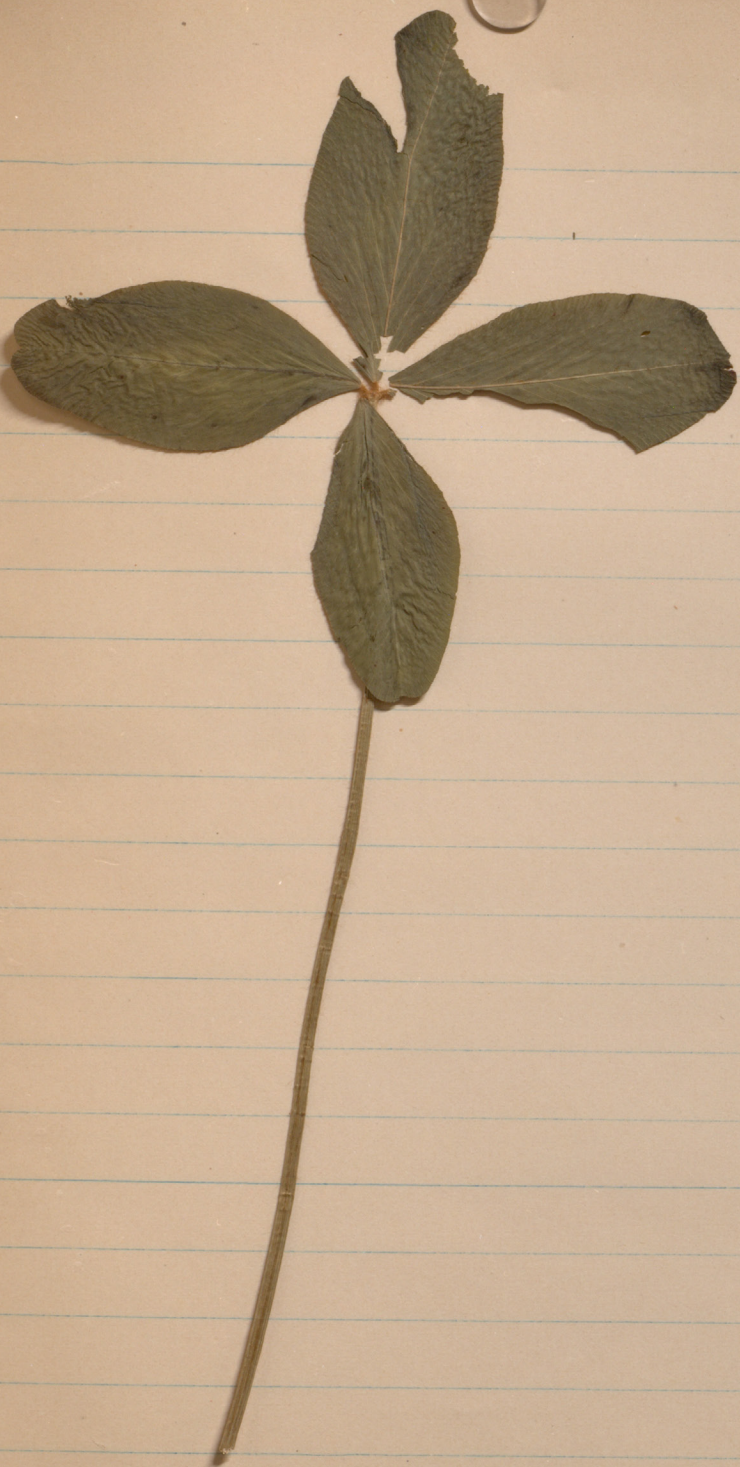
Mum came to Christmas and we all
love her. Every one loves. I Le and Herbert
will be married August first and mother
and Elton will go ~~with~~ up for the
wedding.

After to Christmas I went up to Bay-
field and Iron River. I had such a good
time. I came home for two weeks then
went down to look Clark for two months
and a half. I had the time of my life.
I heard Parsifal twice, once in English
and once in German and I heard
the Italian Oper "La Gioconda". ~~Caruso~~
Caruso, Ponsion, Nordica, Madame
Toussaint and Madame Walker all sang.
It was wonderful. We were only eight
miles from the centre of Chicago and
could go in and out quickly and
easily on the elevated tracks. I

made good use of my time. I like
it there immensely. I went out to
visit Mary at Lake Forest twice.

It is beautiful there and her
~~coronets~~ ~~re~~ sisters are fine girls. I
stopped in Milwaukee on my
way home with Uncle & Lottie
and Aunt Lizzie and also visited
Genevieve in Madison. Had a
glorious time there. Saw a lot of
Fannyette and John Balcom and
Ann and Harriet and the rest.





Tuesday Aug 5 '02 - 121 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.

" " 12 - 123

125

In Portland '13

131

Aug '03

125

Jan '05

110

April '05

122

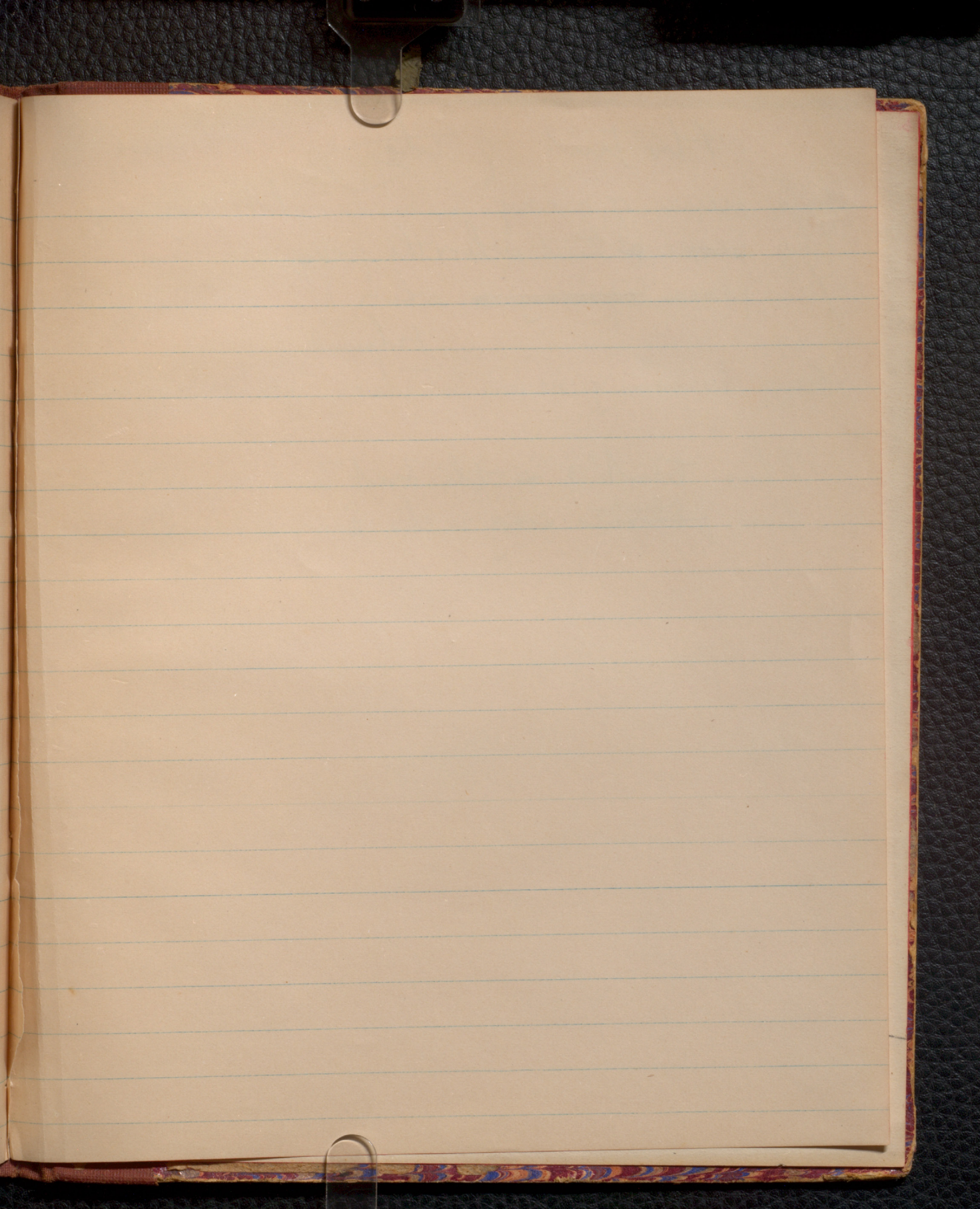
775 Glisan St.
Portland, Or

M. G. M.
The Pleasants
San Francisco

chemise -

dressing-jacket - .34

lace for underwear.



The tent of the "Jolly Fours"

The scene of many a midnight frolic,

The ~~place~~ tent where the jolly old Fours stay,

The place ~~spring~~ where the spring is just
behind

Our dressing room is there, please bear in mind

This ~~tent~~ is the best tent in all the ^{mine} camp
Our ~~favorite~~ ^{club} song is the Song of the Stein.

Decque
Jacque
Francque
Moreque

July 25
Gifford died

the

$$\begin{array}{r} 8 \text{ } 1 \\ 18 \\ \hline 19 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 16 \\ 17 \\ \hline 33 \end{array}$$

