

O. A. C. MILITARY BAND CONCERT ON MAY 12

Two Hillsboro Boys, Bowman and Archbold

THE CELEBRATED ANVIL CHORUS

A Rare Musical Treat Billed For The (Continued)

The O. A. C. Military Band, of Corvallis, assisted by Genevieve Baum-Gaskins, will give a concert at the Crescent Theatre, on Wednesday, May 12. The program includes many of the old melodies, as well as classical numbers, one selection being the Anvil Chorus, with anvil accompaniment.

Gaskins, the soprano, is a vocal artist recently from Chicago, and her rendition of a portion of the opera, Carmen, with orchestra accompaniment, is one exceedingly pleasing number.

The Corvallis Times in commenting on the concert recently

given by this fine band in its home town, thus compliments Genevieve Baum-Gaskins, the soprano. "The appearance of Genevieve Baum-Gaskins, soprano, was the signal for the spontaneous and generous applause that ever proclaims the favorite. She sang 'Carmen' with the band accompaniment, and many who heard her have paid from \$3 to \$5 to hear artists of greater fame sing this selection less acceptably. The audience insisted on her return and this time she sang a light number as well. Mrs. Gaskins will prove a surprise and an unbounded pleasure to any audience in the state of Oregon.

It is needless to say that the Oregon Agricultural College Band is the best in the state, for so many Hillsboro people have had the pleasure of hearing their music, at different towns in the valley, that anything further said on the subject would be vain repetition.

This concert is to be given under the auspices of the Hillsboro Band, and for their benefit. It is a rare occurrence for the O. A. C. band to give a concert for the benefit of a local organization, and the Hillsboro windjammers would very much appreciate a liberal patronage from the people of this city and county.

Argus and Journal, \$2.25.

Otto Lunon, of Buxton, was a city visitor last Sunday.

J. B. Wilkes left Tuesday on a business trip to the Alsea country, and is expected home the latter part of the week.

Rev E. J. Traglio, the German Methodist pastor of the Phillips congregation, was in the city, Tuesday, on business.

H. W. Miller, of Shady Brook, moved to Forest Grove last Friday, where he expects to permanently reside.

Guy Forest Via, a son of the late Dr. Via, graduated and took his degree of medicine at Willamette University, Monday night.

The Federal jury for May, which convenes in Portland, May 10, contains the following Washington county citizens: Rufus Waggoner, Hillsboro, now at Nye Creek; C. E. Deichman, Hillsboro; A. C. Hall, Sherwood. This gives Washington county three out of 60 of a venire.

A State sanatoria for tuberculosis, will be established this year at Salem, the last legislature having appropriated \$20,000 for a building, and \$25,000 annually for expenses. The indigent tubercular patients of the state will be treated at this institution. The problem of the "white plague" is a grave one.

THE TRAGEDY OF BEING TWENTY-EIGHT.

By STUART B. STONE.

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Colonel John Andrew Flinlay was a swaggering young dog of sixty, and Mr. Thomas, his son, was an old man twenty-eight.

The colonel had proposed just eight times to Miss Edwina Lincoln, his daughter-in-law, a little scamp of a wealthy ward, whereas Mr. Thomas, being all of twenty-eight and extremely serious, would never have dreamed of the thing.

The colonel began the business when Miss Edwina began to stick up her chestnut hair, as do young ladies when they attain desirable sixteen. The colonel, though fifty-five at the time, had nothing to his credit in the way of discovery, invention or production; but, then, the colonel did not stop for a little thing like that.

"I know I'm old," explained Colonel John Andrew, and Miss Edwina interrupted.

"You're not—you're not old!" she cried in heated denial, for they were comrades of years and had enjoyed many great times together.

"Then," said the colonel, optimistic as old King Cole, "you will have me, Edwina, when you are a little older." Edwina laughed and half cried, informed the colonel that he was a dear old classmate of Melancthon and ended up by kissing him, while he patted the newly heaped lady hair. After that Edwina sought out Master Thomas, pottering about his mane of a mathematical theory.

"How old are you, Tom?" she asked, though she knew like A B C.

"Twenty-three," answered Tom soberly as he went on figuring. "Twenty-three," he repeated, with a solemn look at Edwina, perched upon a table of mused formulas. "Getting older every day, Edwina, and nothing to show for the years." He gloomed at her like Jupiter displeased, and she went out and dimmed her big brown eyes with tears.

The colonel continued to entertain the fondest, rose tinted hopes, which he carefully announced as often as possible. Miss Edwina persisted in becoming more entrancingly lovely day by day. Tom went on working over stupid figures. And when Edwina, radiant and beaming with the glory of another year east behind with the despised gossamer of childhood, came to announce her seventeenth birthday the colonel proposed again. He couldn't help it—dear soul. Edwina tweaked his nose, puffed him an ethereal little kiss and scampered from the room.

"By the eternal!" murmured Colonel John Andrew when she left him with his hands still in the attitude of dramatic pleading. "Now, wouldn't she and I make a pair of high steppers in the beauty show on the avenue of evenings?" Then he fished over to an old trunk and looked for a long while at the picture of a kindly, faded lady in a bonnet.

Edwina had gone to the library, where she found upon a desk covered with gay equations in algebra.

"Tom!" she asked softly, "did you know I was seventeen?"

Tom nodded. "Yes, I know, Edwina. I'm keeping track of these things."

"Tom!" she persisted, and he ceased his calculations and turned his dark, solemn eyes on her.

"Tom!" she asked, "are you ever do you expect ever to get married?"

Tom blushed and turned away to his papers. "I am twenty-four, Edwina," he declared in slightly trembling tones, "and I have achieved nothing. How could I think of—"

He stopped at that, and Edwina slipped up to her pinkish bonnet and wept softly for perhaps five minutes.

When Edwina ripened into a charming eighteen and after the colonel's third fervent proposal the light in her brown eyes, the gold brown glint of

her hair and the note of her clear young voice became a topic here and there, and woosers could no longer be held back from the threshold.

The colonel eyed them hopefully, then slipped them on their young backs and adored the best man to win. Master Tom, with the tragedy of twenty-five, six and seven bowing his handsome curly head, worked with his anxious mathematics and worried over the respective merits of Edwina's array of sighing Romeo's chaps.

And Edwina acquiesced, mercifully as possible, with the whole idolatrous band, refusing Colonel John Andrew as often as twenty times a month and extending delicious sympathy to Master Tom in his struggle with Old Time, the scytheman.

Of course the time had come when Edwina became all of twenty-one and abandoned mistress of a really respectable fortune. The event was signalled by a masterful proposal on the part of the colonel and by a little spit of an interview between Edwina and Tom in the dull library. Master Tom was twenty-eight—twenty-eight, indeed, he had declared, with a sigh and Edwina, skimming the door, remarked that he acted as if he were a hundred and twenty-eight. And Tom much puzzled, allowed a precious mathematical thought to evaporate while he sought out Colonel John Andrew.

"It is about Edwina's future," began Tom. "She is twenty-one now, and I am worried."

"Oh, don't worry," exploded the colonel. "I never did in my life, and look at me." And the colonel noted the mirror how kindly the scythe bear really had been to him.

"But she will necessarily be married," continued Master Tom.

"Of course," Colonel John Andrew acquiesced softly, while a mellow glow came into his good, hale eyes. "There's young Shipley," suggested Tom.

"Milk and water," snapped the colonel. "She's too good for a million like him."

"She's too good for any of them," said Tom, "but we must see that she gets the best. Now, there's Landis."

"Wooden headed as any Indian ever sign," objected the colonel. He objected to all the other fellow ones until Tom in perplexity demanded, "What then?"

"What then?" snapped Colonel John Andrew. "Why, before our little Edwina shall be herself to any of these I'll go downstairs and propose myself. And the colonel went, Tom followed.

"Is it because I am too old?" the colonel asked Edwina as soon as he saw her, assuming a tone of ineffable sorrow.

Edwina shook her pretty head. "I like people who are old—a little bit old," she declared.

"I know I have never accomplished anything," continued the colonel, "save to ride a prancing cob or to lead a colt as it should be led."

"I don't care. I don't care for that!" exclaimed Edwina, with more vehemence than seemed necessary. "You are always talking about being old, but I like him better than if he had down around Mars."

Tom started, blushing, and the colonel smiled at them both.

"I'm—I'm—" stammered Tom, but Edwina impatiently waved him into silence.

"Oh, you're twenty-eight," she said in exasperation. "It's simply horrible! Just think, you'll be twenty-nine some day!"

Colonel John Andrew swallowed something underneath another change of exasperation, sighed with final resignation and relief and smiled. "Then it is to be Shipley or Landis or young Gregg?" he asked.

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Edwina, red and desperate. "Not any of the silly, immature ones!"

"Then, in the name of Cupid, who demanded Colonel John Andrew."

"Oh, I suppose it's to be no one," quavered Edwina, with a little look at Tom on the settee. Then she made for the door, all ready for tears once more.

"Tom!" thundered Colonel John Andrew, "arise and ask that young lady to marry you." Edwina turned half expectantly.

"Great Caesar, father," cried Tom, "I'm twenty-eight!"

"See there," said Edwina, wheeling. "My Edwina," called Tom, and the girl dashed at the foot of the stairs.

Tom stumbled blunderingly up to her. "You don't mind my age," he asked, for the first time that he had done nothing worth while for the world?

"Oh, sugar," said Edwina, in dead earnest. "Why, look at the colonel, Tom!"

The colonel wheeled, but continued his beaming smile, and Tom, regarding the flushed, happy girl, reached over and kissed Edwina on her trembling red lips, and then the colonel came and kissed them both.

It was a queer little proposal and rather a difficult matter to figure out whether the colonel or Tom or Edwina did the asking, maybe, but it held. And anyway it was a happy ending. So possibly it was the best that could have been devised.

The Licorice Shrub.

Growing to the height of four or five feet, and the root is the only part that has value. It is found in damp, sandy places, chiefly along the banks of rivers around the Caspian sea, and is dug by peasant women, who earn from 10 to 15 cents a day working for the licorice collectors. The root sells for a few cents a pound in the raw state. The larger part is shipped in that condition, but about 20 per cent of the product is boiled and crushed, and the juice is made into the hard black paste stores. In 1848 an Italian began to cultivate licorice, and since that time many people have adopted the industry.

try because the cultivated root is far more sap than that of the wild plant and costs very little more. The only attention necessary is to keep the soil loosened and well watered. The cultivated licorice brings much higher prices in the market and produces a much greater quantity of paste in proportion.—Chicago Record Herald.

Not in His Interest.

"No," said the gentleman with the crop of affairs on his chin that looked as though it would go ten times to the acre, "I cannot say that I altogether approve of this new two cent passenger rate that the railroad is making."

"And why not?" asked his sharp companion. "If you will pardon me for saying it, you do not look like a gentleman who owned a railroad or two as a side line, so I cannot see where you are called on to be so good over it."

"I'm not worrying over the profits of the stockholders, but we have to assure you. It's myself I am thinking of, and how it causes me to lose money."

"But how can it?"

"Every time I steal a ride now I save only 2 cents where I used to save 1, so you can plainly see I am out a cent a mile, which counts up on a long journey."

When It Was Healthy.

"Yes, he is of a very retiring disposition, Uncle John," explained the village patriarch who had known the subject all his life.

"I must say he hasn't that reputation."

"Well, perhaps I do him an injustice, but I formed my estimate from one time I seen him when a bear was after him."

NEVER MIND IF SUITS ME

A good sized man has put many a man out of work with himself and the world in tune with the universe.

Of course a bad disposition is a desirable thing to have, but there are people who seem to have lots of use for it.

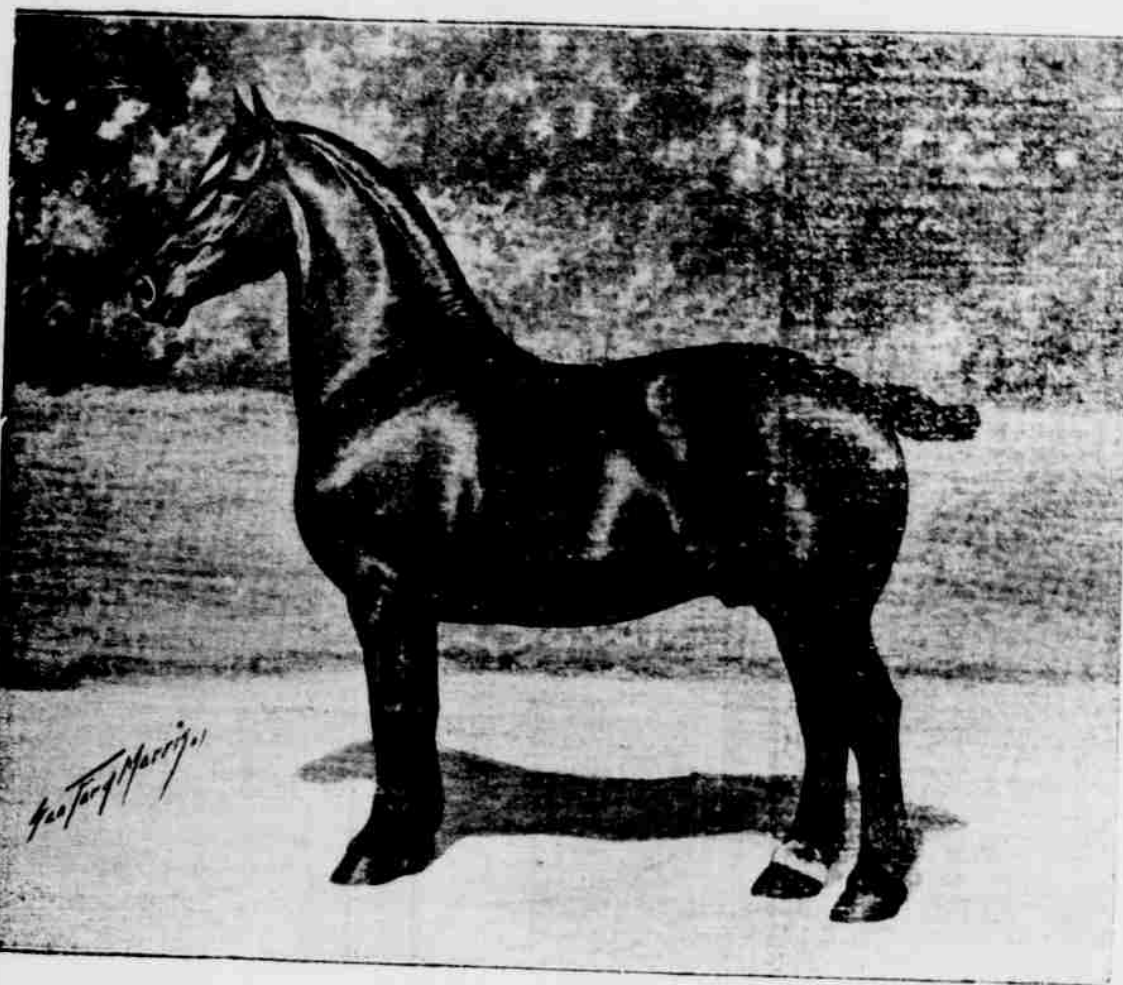
We all wish our friends well, but we don't care to have them do so very well that they can get on without our personal supervision and advice.

We probably could bear the disagree of poverty with a great deal better equilibrium if it were not so horribly uncomfortable.

Tapageur, No. 41336

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Single service, \$8; Season, 15; To insure with foal, \$20

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