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If You are Going to Clean Out That Old Fence Row Call and Ask **J. E. BORWICK** For Prices on **American Royal and Pittsburg Electric Fencing** I am still selling Dougherty Fithian Shoe Co. Shoes. **The BEST Of The GOOD ONES** My Groceries are up-to-date, clean and fresh. Have recently added the **Schilling Line of Extracts and Spices.** "The Money Back Goods." I Will Give a coupon with every purchase which when presented at my store will be exchanged on a **\$3.00 Framed Picture.** **J. E. BORWICK** General Merchandise, Reedville, Oregon.

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A. E. McCUMSEY
Cornelius, Ore., Route 1

E. L. McCormick and wife returned the last of the week from a vacation at Newport. W. T. Kerr, in charge of the J. W. Connell ranch, near Glencoe, was in the city Saturday. Dr. Guy Via, of Buxton, was in town Monday morning, enroute home from Forest Grove. Herman Miller, of near West Union, was in the city Monday afternoon, feeling good over the showers. H. L. Flint and wife, of Scholls, passed through town early Monday morning, enroute for a trip to the hills. John Stribich, Forest Grove's woodworker and mechanic, was down to the city Monday afternoon, on legal business. Keep your chickens enclosed! Just received—a large consignment of poultry wire. Now is the time to buy.—Emerick & Corwin. Mrs. I. M. Humke has sold the Home Style Restaurant to Mrs. Henrietta Luscher, who formerly conducted the city restaurant on Second street. John H. Eberly and Miss Myrtle V. Dallorhde were married at the home of Frank Eberly, Banks, Ore., August 11, 1910. Rev. W. C. Stewart, of the Banks M. E. church officiating. J. J. Smith, of the Col. Cornelius place, beyond Glencoe, returned Monday from a trip to Lebanon, where he has brought property. He expects to move there in the spring. J. W. Cave was a Portland visitor Sunday, and incidentally attended the funeral of the late H. W. Scott. Mr. Cave's father, the late Riley Cave, was agent for the Oregonian here for nearly fifty years. J. J. Fisher, of West Union, and who owns the Ulrich Haas home in that fertile section, was in Monday. He has two friends from the mining districts who are looking for a big place to rent, pending a purchase of farm property. Orville Wilkes returned the first of the week from Creswell, where he had taken Mrs. Schulerich, Mrs. Wilkes and Miss Nannie Gillenwater for their vacation on the famous Shoestring ranches. He took them down in the Schulmerich car and had three springs broken enroute. District Attorney E. B. Tongue was home over Sunday, from Astoria, where he is engaged in getting an inventory of the immense estate of the late Samuel Elmore, the salmon king of Clatsop county. Miss Maude Hamel, who has been doing stenographic work in connection with the same estate, is home for a vacation. Thos. and Niek Williams and Wm. Brunow and L. Klineman started Saturday for the Grand Ronde, the Nestucca and the Netarts, for an outing of 30 days, hunting and fishing. The boys expect to bag some big game in the way of deer and bear and they will have mighty stories of their prowess when they return to civilization. T. R. Lewis, who came from the East to Dilley several months ago, and later moved to Newberg, has been arrested on a charge of bigamy, and is held for hearing at McMinnville. Lewis married shortly after he moved to Washington County and now wife No. 1 appears on the scene and identified him as the man who married her back in the Mississippi Valley. The little shower of Monday morning made all the Oregonians in this section feel like they were in clover. Forest Grove enjoyed more precipitation than we did down this way, and the mountain ranges surrounding the county had much more than in the valleys. While the barometer registered fair and dry the upper atmosphere was charged with much moisture, but no great amount fell. Louis Peterson, of Wasco county, and well known in and around Centerville and the North Plains, was in Hillsboro Sunday evening, enroute to Centerville, to see his father, who recently broke a leg. Mr. Peterson is now a prosperous stock and ranchman in the Eastern Oregon country, and he will take his father back with him, on his return, for a permanent residence. Louie was shaking hands with his many Hillsboro friends the first of the week, and all were glad to see him. This is his first trip down here for several years. Seen on the street in five minutes: Man from Clackamas county talking prohibition and man arguing against it, both being vehement, one in speech, and the other trying to get a word in edgewise. Man trying to water his horse at the public watering place and leaving the check reins unslackened. Woman protecting a little terrier from being eaten alive by a big dog—she pulled the larger one off by sheer strength, using the dog's tail for leverage, and she won the victory. Man selling a horse for \$40 after he had asked \$275.

THE STORE OF QUALITY



Hillsboro, Ore. Second St. Both Phones

August Greetings.

Rice and beans and cupboard catches
Overalls and shirts galore,
With many clerks to wait upon you,
Ever ready to sell you more,
Little care we what your wants are
Let us fill them anyway.

Bring your whole and happy family
Ready for you any day.
Only first-class goods are carried;
Say, come look our prices o'er

& we're sure you'll keep on coming,
Coming, coming to our store,
"Only this and nothing more."

Yours for a Deal always
ROWELL BROS. & CO.
SCHOLLS, OREGON, Phone 51 x 16

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From any and everybody, unless you know you are getting the **Quality** at the **Right Price.** We can sell you the **Best at the Right Price.** No order too large or too small. Try us and see. **FRENTZEL & McFARLANE BROS.** Main St. and P. R. & N. Tracks. Both Phones.

SIRES AND SONS.

It was in a circus band that John Philip Sousa made his start in life. Sir Hiram Maxim proposes legalized roulette wheels in England, \$10 out of every \$500 to go to the state, which could pay the national debt in a few years. General George Washington Gordon of Memphis is the last remaining brigadier of the Confederacy in congress. At one time there were twenty-nine Confederate general officers there. Representative Brownlow of the First Tennessee district was doorkeeper for the Forty-seventh congress, and Representative Austin of the Second Tennessee district was assistant doorkeeper at the same time. But two veterans are left of the gallant 690 who charged at Bunkava—the otogemalrin, Lord Tredgar, who was a subaltern of the Seventeenth lancers, and the near equally aged Sir George Wombwell of the same regiment. Paul J. Rainey, a popular society man and known as America's greatest spender, sailed recently from Boston on a steamship that he chartered for his own use and outfitted at an expense of about \$500,000 for a long expedition to the arctic regions. J. E. Ralph, director of the government bureau of engraving and printing, is the inventor of the plan and machinery for the new project of washing the soiled redeemed currency for reuse and thus saving the country a million or more annually.

The Writers.

M. Rostand is engaged upon a new work about which he is maintaining strict secrecy. Custis Hidden Page, the poet and essayist, is a Harvard graduate and professorship of romance languages and literature at the Northwestern university. Fedor Dostolevsky, the Russian novelist, was born in 1821, the son of a surgeon. According to Maurice Barling, the English writer, Dostolevsky is one of the two great columns which support the temple of Russian literature. Tolstoy is the other. "Burgonief" is placed by Mr. Barling inside the temple. "Bud" Sharpe has amply made good as first baseman for the Boston Nationals. Paskert, Bescher, Lobert and Egan of Cincinnati are among the six lead-

Fly Catches.

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that?
"No, you couldn't without quarreling."
Miss Ashby was silent for a moment, then said, "I'm going to try."
"I'll bet you a pound of candy against a cigar that you quarrel."
"I'll take the bet."
It was agreed between us that the two girls should have a talking tournament while they played a game of tennis. Dick Warren to furnish remarks for Miss Blanchard, to be thrown in occasionally, and I to do the same for Miss Ashby. Emphases were appointed, and we all met by appointment at the court.

We permitted the girls to play for awhile without furnishing any remarks, during which time they said what they considered very trying things to each other, laughing all the while and congratulating themselves on their ability to maintain good humor. After the first set had been played of Dick and I, each standing by the girl he was to talk through, began to put in an occasional word, producing the following bits of dialogue:
"You give me another ball like that," said Miss Ashby, "and I'll swipe you with my racket."
Miss Blanchard only smiled.
"Now you're showing your rhinoceros tusk," pursued Miss Ashby.
Miss Warren ceased to smile. In fact, she looked very sober. The tooth referred to was a bluish to her beauty. Dick made her retort.
"That remark was one of your own. You weren't told to say it at all. I think it real mean of you."
"Duce!" cried Miss Ashby at my suggestion, claiming 10 points more than she was entitled to.
"You know very well its 30-40. What do you want to grab points like that for?"
"If you knew," retorted the other, "what a mad looking thing you were when you said that you'd put your head to work."

Miss Blanchard tried to laugh, but was too sensitive to laugh at a remark which was untrue.
"I say, Clara," she said when her opponent failed to take a ball she served. "If you'd stop looking sweet at Mr. Martindale you'd play a better game. Everybody knows what you're up to in that direction."
Dick scored one in putting that remark into Miss Blanchard's mouth. Miss Ashby threw down her racket.
"I don't care," she said. "It doesn't make any difference whether you were prompted to say that or not, you had no right to say it." Her face was fiery red, and her eyes were snapping.
Miss Blanchard had not got over the remark about her tusk and seemed to take a malicious pleasure in saying what Dick told her to say, sometimes breaking into short bits of irritating laughter.
"Sadie, if you don't stop that giggling you'll drive me crazy," I made Miss Ashby remark.
"Oh, don't be silly! You're making a poor show of yourself. You should have brought a handglass."
"You'd better have brought one yourself," retorted Miss Ashby. "If you had you'd have kept your tusk hidden."

Miss Blanchard dropped her racket and strode off the field.
"I didn't suppose," she said hotly, "that this was to be a tournament of insults."
Miss Ashby followed her, walking erect and with great hauteur. "I think you two men had better finish it," she said.
"Done!" exclaimed both Dick and I, and plucking up the rackets, we began to play and to chaff. We both have physical defects and did not refrain from delicate mention of them.
"Now I'm going to take you in the bald spot on your forehead," from Dick.
"And I'll knock one of those spin-dle pins from under you. Forty-three."
"Thirty-fourty, you mean. Pity your first baby lessons were in lying."
"You know very well you've just out of jail for perjury."
"Now I'm going to put a ball between those bow legs of yours. I could throw a barrel between 'em."
"Which eye are you looking at me with—the upper or the lower?"
When we had sent these delicate compliments for awhile we threw our arms around each other and kissed, after the European fashion, on both cheeks. This we did to show our superiority in the matter of good nature to the girls. The umpires decided that I had won the bet, but sentenced me to pay it.
"I have no desire whatever," said Miss Ashby, tossing her head, "to excel at any such game."
"Nor have I," Miss Blanchard chimed in.
"I'll admit," I said by way of apology, "that it's far more pleasant for friends to say nice things to each other."

According to Ma.
"What is alimony, ma?"
"It's a man's cash surrender value."
—Town Topics.
The Tenant's Reward.
A certain landlord enticed on a tenant one day and said:
"Jones, I'm going to raise your rent."
"What for?" Jones asked anxiously.
"Have taxes gone up?"
"No, not at all," the landlord answered, "but I see you've painted the house and put in a new range and bathtub. That, of course, ought to make it bring me more rent."—Philadelphia Record.
The Meeting.
SAYS HE.
"Twas a long way and lone way, Mayour-

ing base runners in the National league.
When Tony Smith of Brooklyn has a real good day in the field there aren't any shortstops that cover more ground or make more sensational plays.
Ty Cobb is a rare fine youth, full of the joy of living and to whom every day is one grand outing. So is Lajoie since laying down the managerial burden.
Brocton, Mass., leads the world in the manufacture of men's shoes and has 135 factories in which footwear and accessories are produced.
Bellevue hospital statistics show that inebriety in New York city is on the increase—that one hospital treats an average of 583 drink victims each month.
Paris increases its revenues by a few francs each year in the cultivation of a diminutive state orchard in the Luxembourg Gardens and the same municipality also takes its share of the receipts of the Eiffel Tower.

Of all the people who get married widowers are most shy of their age.
During the next two years 300 more public schools will be built and opened in the Philippines.
Nearly 100,000 camels are used in the Vilayet of Bagdad as beasts of burden, and, with donkeys, they form the only means of carrying goods to inland points.
The value of the stamp collection of the postal department is modestly placed at \$200,000, but it would bring a figure many times that if placed on the market for sale.

A QUEER TOURNAMENT
By ANDREW C. EWING
Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.
"How is it, Mr. Martindale," said Miss Ashby, "that you men talk to each other as you do? Whenever you and your chum, Mr. Warren, are together you say all sorts of mean things to each other, but I don't see that either of you gets angry."
"Oh, we understand each other," "I wonder if Sadie and I could do

But it's millions of miles as he knows
To be getting a line
No warmer than this
From the lips of my sweetest a line
—SAYS HE.
"Tis a long way 'twix us the world, me thinks
love.
"Tis a long trip 'twix us the world, me thinks
love.
For the sake of a ship as a girl takes
me.
For a bit as a kiss
No better than this.
"Tis a long road 'twix us the world, me thinks
love.
—SAYS HE.
Sister's Beau.
Mr. Binks is that you, Johnnie?
Tell your sister there's no hurry. We
have plenty of time.
Johnnie—Can't stop now. Mr. Binks,
Sister was washing her hair today and
left it hangin' on 't' line, an' it
wind just now blow it over the fence
an' I'm hurryin' 's' I can get the
before the bull pup chews it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Unafraid.
Who's afraid of a man?
They're as gentle as a lamb
You can see 'em in the close and the
none of 'em mind, so I've had
people say.
An' they like 'em, I wish, they was
people say.
But I wish, oh, I wish, they was
away!
Push! Who's afraid?
They're as good as a lamb
An' one's a child now that is strange
to me.
An' they give us good jobs, an' they
nothing to fear.
But I wish, oh, I wish, that my duty
was here!
—Harper's Magazine.

An Economical Move.
"Good morning," said Mrs. Hingy.
"Pardon my calling so early, but I
saw your advertisement for a maid."
"But," interrupted Mrs. Hingy, "I
saw you are first after the plan."
"Oh, no, I need a cook myself, and I
thought you might send to me all the
applicants you reject."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Right System.
A copyrighted his new system, he let
head it stated.
It was safe. And it was the only
never got a look.
It wrote a play, and it beat his price
guaranteed.
Instead of copyrighted. And by not
it took!
—Washington Leader.
Tasteful.
"May has had her chance to marry
that rich young man."
"Is that so?"
"Yes, she hasn't any tact at all.
He asked her the other evening if it
objected to his smoking in the home,
and she said she did."—Detroit Free
Press.

A Peasant.
This world is but a waiting thing
That rushes on through space,
It always travels in a ring
Back to the same old place.
And we who cling as best we may
Unto its fragile shell,
Repeat experience day by day,
With nothing new to tell.
—Washington Star.
It Happens.
"How did your husband enjoy his
vacation?"
"He is very much alarmed about it."
"How is that?"
"Why, he has come home with an
appetite in excess of his income."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Near-View.
Her little feet beneath her little skirt
Like little mice scurried in and out.
She moves along as if it hurt.
To even slowly get about.
And, oh, she dances such a way
That those who sit and watch her sit
She simply is a sight!
—Chicago Record-Herald.
Successive Casks.
"I make a pretty good thing out of
that client."
"Plenty of litigation, eh?"
"Oh, no. She thinks she ought to
leave something to her cook, and it
keeps me busy drawing up new wills."
—Kansas City Journal.

Disguised.
I stand before a mirror long, and
But over my looks I do not care.
If you could see you would be shocked.
For I am lathered for a shave.
—Buffalo Express.
When Meat is High.
"What do you call this?" demanded
the irate patron in the rush luncheon.
"Dat, sah, an' a humberg steak," re-
sponded the polite waiter.
"Humberg steak? Huh! From
size of it I should say it was a humberg
steak."—Chicago News.

The Summer Widower.
Her husband writes her every day.
Attentive, kind,
And we have often heard her say
He better had.
—Pittsburg Post.
Extraordinary.
"That's funny. There's a lapse of
two years between the acts."
"Well?"
"And they've got the same help."
—Lippincott's.

The Substitute.
"I scream if you dare kiss me, sir!"
"Nay, not of such hot dream."
The swain, resourceful, said, "the kiss
Let's follow with ice cream."
—Boston Advertiser.
Which One, Indeed?
"I stayed home last night playing
casino with my wife."
"Which won?"
"Which one? Great Scott! Do you
take me for a Turk or a Mormon?"—Boston Transcript.
Same Old Discontent.
The seasons come, the seasons go—
"Time's glass, I would upset it,
For summer suits me and I know
Next winter I'll regret it."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
On Shipboard.
Mental Healer—Do you want our
prayers?
Sennick Mr. Newthought—Just a few
silent waves is all I ask.—Life.
Harmless Breaks.
A woman may break
A man's heart at will,
But it's always a good
For another break still.
—Chicago News.
Better Wireless.
"And are you on good terms with
your mother-in-law?"
"Excellent! We only speak by tele-
phone."—L'Amour.