

SIREN AND SONS.

Arthur Farwell, the best known composer of American Indian melodies, studied electrical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is an authority on Indian music.

Benjamin F. Bush, head of the United States railroad properties, whose word is law over nearly 14,000 miles of line, began his life by carrying the rod for a surveying gang back in Pennsylvania.

Dr. Sison, a Filipino, who has been made chief of the medical staff of the Philippines General Hospital, the greatest in the orient, graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Medical school in 1908.

E. Clarence Jones, president of the American Embassy association, or gained to spur on congress to provide suitable homes for the country's representatives abroad, is a well known New York banker.

James Seligman, the New York banker, who celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday anniversary recently, is a gentle old man in the full possession of his mentality and possessed also of a sweetness not ordinarily associated with captains of finance and industry.

Current Comment.

The expression "Ships that pass in the night" takes on a newer, sadder significance.—New York Telegram.

A cause that can bring 15,000 women in line in New York to march has something more than mere novelty back of it.—New York World.

The United States now has the fastest battleship afloat. We hope it may stay afloat, notwithstanding the speed which it is capable of attaining.—Chicago Record Herald.

In the present stage of meteorological science the weather man, much to his regret, is unable to foretell exactly when a tornado is coming or where it will strike.—Chicago Tribune.

Political Pointers.

Every man who wants to be a boss is eager to deliver the people from thrall.—Philadelphia Record.

The next national question will be what shall we do with our ex-constitutes for the presidency.—Tacoma Tribune.

It has been a hard winter, but not so hard as it will be for about nine presidential candidates to look pleasant along about midsummer.—Cleveland Leader.

The time may come when a delegate to a convention exercises no more personal discretion in voting than a member of the electoral college.—Washington Star.

Flippant Flings.

A woman of eighty-five has married a man of ninety because she claimed his socks needed darning. It is never too late to mend.—Columbia State.

The highwayman who held up the Rock Island train and compelled the porter to assist them in robbing the passengers appreciated the value of skilled labor.—Washington Post.

The failure of the sea serpent to make his annual appearance at Bar Harbor, Me., is due either to the overabundance of political news or to the fact that Maine has gone dry.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Train and Track.

Japan's new central railroad is 225 miles long and has cost \$17,500,000.

More than 60 per cent of the railroad cars built in the United States this year will be of all steel construction.

The longest street car ride in St. Louis for a nickel is twenty-seven miles. The ride requires two transfers and takes two hours.

A luxuriously fitted private car for the use of bridal and theater parties is maintained by the company which controls London's street railway system.

The Royal Box.

The queen of Bulgaria has a medical degree.

The salary of the king of Spain is \$750,000 a year.

The king of Wurttemberg owns some flourishing hotels in the Black forest, from which he is said to draw about \$40,000 a year.

There is no harder worked man in the fatherland than the Kaiser. He never wastes a single minute, and his passion for work has won for him the nickname of "Busy Billy."

Foreign Affairs.

The war between Italy and Turkey is an artistic and financial failure.—Toledo Blade.

After having one president in thirty years it begins to look as if Mexico were in some danger of having thirty in one year.—Boston Transcript.

England's drink bill in 1911 was \$810,000,000, the heaviest on record. No wonder John Bull thought he saw a German invasion.—Cleveland Leader.

Swat That Fly.

"Swat that fly!" Now is the time when every swat counts.—New York American.

Employing the boy scouts in the movement to swat flies is a good bit of civic strategy. The game may not be magnificent, but it is war.—New York World.

The fly that comes out of hibernation today will have 5,000,000,000,000 descendants next September. Now is the time to exterminate them.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Town Topics.

If any man tells you that Kansas City is bankrupt shoot him on the spot.—Kansas City Star.

Chicago certainly leads the parade. Having an all night theater, it is the only city in the country where the man who reaches home at 3 a. m. has a good excuse.—Cleveland Leader.

New York might fairly be called the Charlotte of the north—very progressive, very sure of itself and very attractive to all who go there even for a brief space.—Charlotte Observer.

A WELCOME

By ARTHUR WILLIAMS

During the first half of the nineteenth century the weapon in vogue in what was then "the west"—Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois and Ohio—was the bowie knife. It took its name from Colonel Bowie, its inventor or at least the man who made it famous by his frequent use of it. It was twelve or fourteen inches long and was worn usually stuck in a belt at the waist, but men have been known to carry it hanging between the shoulder blades. This was probably because when its quick use was called for a man could throw his hand up to the back of his neck and pull it out in a hurry.

It was back in the thirties or the forties that a young man alighted from the stagecoach that drew up to a tavern in the town of Vincennes, Ind. now a sizable place, but then a backwoods village. He wore his hair long, and there was a German cut about his clothes.

"I wonder who that feller is?" remarked Bill Thompson, who was sitting in the open window of the bar of the tavern. "He don't look like any thing I ever see in these parts afore."

"Dutchman," said St. Griggs. "Not a bit of a Dutchman! The Dutch that come out yere don't wear no such clothes as them. If he's come out to stay I reckon he'll need a settlin' down. He's rather too fine a bird for this yere wilderness."

The two men followed the stranger to the bar, and as soon as he had been provided with a room Thompson stepped up to him and said:

"Stranger, welcome to Vincennes. Do you mean to stay with us?"

"For awhile."

"Well, come in and have a drink. We always expect strangers to drink with us when they come yere. It's a regular institution with us."

"I don't drink anything but beer or wine."

"Beer or wine? D'ye expect to get them soft drinks out yere? Brandy is the drink in these parts. Step up and try it."

The stranger said he had never drank liquors and didn't care to begin. Whereupon the two men undertook to force him into the customs of the country. He was very obstinate and persisted in refusing.

"Wait, stranger," said Thompson. "The custom out yere is drink or fight. Which'll you do?"

"What kind of fighting do you mean—boxing?"

"Boxing? D'ye suppose we skin our delicate knuckles on one another? Not much! We use Colonel Bowie's implement."

"What's that?"

"Didn't yer ever see one?" And he pulled the article out from the back of his neck. The stranger took it and examined it, running his thumb along the sharp edge of the blade and feeling the point with the tip of his forefinger.

"When you fight with this," he asked, "do you wear anything about your stomach or your chest?"

"Haw, haw!" laughed both men. Now, they were bluffing. They had no idea of fighting the young man. They wished to initiate him into western customs.

"You say I must fight or drink?" asked the youngster.

"That's our way out yere."

"With that thing?"

"Yes."

"Well," continued the stranger, "if you'll cover up your body, leaving only your legs, arms and face exposed, I think I'll fight."

"What y' givin' me?" said Thompson. "What y' goin' to do about your own body?"

"Nothing."

"If you're agoin' to fight," said St. Griggs, "come on and stop yer foun'lin'."

Griggs and Thompson exchanged glances, and Thompson put on more bluff than ever, leading the way to a suitable spot for the contest. Griggs gave the stranger his knife, and the other two took position. They were somewhat surprised at his readiness to fight, and Thompson, though he kept up a swagger, began to look a trifle uneasy. He was afraid he'd be obliged to hurt the youngster. He stood on the defensive, but this was because he had to. The knife in his opponent's hand was like a humming bird's wings—fluttering dangerously near Thompson's face. Presently he felt blood trickling from his nose, and, putting up his hand, found the tip end was gone.

"By gum!" he exclaimed. "This joke has gone far enough. Who be you, younker, anyway, and where did you learn to handle a bowie knife?"

"I'm Frederick Dubois, the son of Jules Dubois, one of the original French settlers of Vincennes. I've just finished at a German university, and it is there I learned to handle the small sword, which is but a trifle longer than this bowie knife. I have come out here either to sell the family property or settle here. I don't know which; but, judging by you gentlemen, you must all be fine fellows, and I think I'll remain with you."

"What—you Fred Dubois? Shaker!" And, holding one hand to his nose, he offered the other to his conqueror.

Dubois invited his new made friends to the chateau and brought out from the cellar a bottle of wine of a very old vintage. They sniffed it, tasted it and pronounced it mighty thin stuff. Then Dubois brought out some fine old brandy. This suited them better, but they said they missed the sting to which they had been accustomed.

FOREST GROVE MAYOR AND COUNCIL ENJOINED

T. H. Littlehales Asks That Remonstrance Be Recognized

TO AFFECT FOREST GROVE PAVING

Says Charter Does not Authorize Letting of Contract

T. H. Littlehales and his wife, of Forest Grove, late Tuesday evening filed a suit asking the circuit court to temporarily enjoin the mayor and council of that city from letting a contract to Warren Brothers to pave 3228 feet on Second Avenue with gravel bitulithic. Littlehales recites that the charter provides that two-thirds of the property holders affected may present a remonstrance, written, and if such be the case then no action can be taken for paving improvement for a period six months. He alleges that owners of 2520, 82 feet out of the 3228 feet presented such a remonstrance, but that the council proceeded to advertise the intention to improve with gravel bitulithic.

The complaint says that the charter provisions were violated in ignoring the remonstrance; that gravel bitulithic is not wanted by the remonstrators, and that \$1.70, the contract price, is too much for the work; and that the action of the city authorities is without jurisdiction.

He has filed a bond in the sum of \$1,000, and asks for a temporary injunction until a hearing can be had, and then wants a permanent injunction estopping proceedings to pave.

Bagley & Hare, Hillsboro, are attorneys for Littlehales, and the papers were served on the Mayor and council, Tuesday evening, late.

Interviewing a Preacher.

The pastor began by interviewing the little girl before he knew that she was doing something in that line herself.

"Are you a preacher?" she asked.

"I am," he admitted.

"Preachers is good, ain't they?"

"Well, they are supposed to be."

"Are you?"

"I hope so."

"What do you do?"

"I try to make people better."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that is enough. If I can do that I shall be sure of my reward."

"What reward?"

"Heaven."

"Where all the good ones go?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, what'll you do for a little when you get there?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When Betty Strings the Beans.

Let fifty hands address their praise To vocal acts of queens Loud madrigals when they sing or dance As inclination leads. Though beautiful such poses are, I love domestic scenes, And therefore I would tune my lay When Betty strings the beans.

So deftly do her fingers fly And strip the tender greens I have with dreams of what might be If nothing intervenes. I think of hamstrings—apron strings—I wonder what it means? I think perhaps she strings me too When Betty strings the beans.

—New York Sun.

Sizes.

Lady to shoe clerk—I should like to get a pair of shoes.

Clerk—Yes, ma'am. What size?

Lady—Size three.

Clerk—Yes, ma'am. Just let me measure your foot.

Lady—But I told you the size.

Clerk—Yes, ma'am, but we have three sizes for size three—size three for a size three foot, size three for a size four foot and size three for a size five foot.—Judge.

Solid Ivory.

He was a brilliant young recruit. He whizzed the ball right on the spot.

His aim was great, and, billy gee, His bidding was a treat to see!

He ran the bases like a hare. In practice games he was a bear.

On opening day they tried him out. He gave the ball a savage shout.

And then to show his speed the mule Stole round with the bases full.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Getting Ready.

Church—Getting ready for your garden work?

Flamin'—Yes; I've just bought a quantity of buckshot.

"But you can't plant buckshot in your garden."

"Well, I'm going to plant a quantity of it in those hens of yours if you don't keep them at home."—Yonkers Statesman.

Come Eleven!

I remember, I remember "The militia" we used to play. We knelt upon the muddy ground And shot the living day.

The kids we see upon the street And hear now, perhaps, A wiser, more matured man, And shoot a game of craps.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Of Course He Would.

"I am telling you the truth when I say that I was much happier when I was poor than I am now."

"Then why don't you let your mill horse go and be poor again?"

"Why, I should be miserable thinking of the people who got the money!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Marine Sketch.

A sailor once knotted a knot And with joy stood transfixed to the spot; Then he cried: "Oh my phiz! Lookie, mates, if it is Not a nautical knot it is naught!"

To The PEOPLE OF HILLSBORO AND VICINITY

We wish to announce the opening of our Ladies' and Men's Shop.—Men's Suits, Hats, Shoes, Ties, Shirts, Underwear, in fact all kinds of furnishing goods for the well-dressed men; also Ladies' Shoes and Hosiery.

This stock is all new, fresh and up-to-date and by continuing to keep it so, together with courteous treatment and popular prices we hope to merit your patronage for many years to come.

Several lines have not arrived owing to the R. R. strike delaying shipments, but we hope in a few days to have everything in shape to show you the BEST for the LEAST MONEY.

Gentlemen—

Come in early and get first selection for that new suit—Newest and Nobbiest in the city.

BOSCOW'S CASH STORE

Emmett Bros'. Old Stand, Hillsboro.

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Celebrate the Glorious Fourth of July

—A T—

TIMBER, OREGON

Patriotic Speeches and Music.
Open-Air Pavilion for Dancing and Other Amusements.
Large Program of Sports.
Swimming Matches and Tub Races on the Nehalem River.
Big BASEBALL Game between Vernonia and Timber.
Open-Air Moving-Pictures at Night.
Train leaving Portland at 8.45 a. m., stopping at Hillsboro, Banks, Buxton and intermediate stations, arriving at Timber at noon.
Reservations made for all Excursionists.
Accommodations on picnic grounds for all campers and visitors.
Picnic grounds situated on the banks of the beautiful Nehalem River.
GOOD HUNTING—BEST OF FISHING
Come and Enjoy Yourself.

The drunkard will have none of me.
The heavy drinker says "no" when my name is mentioned.
The man who craves rough--strong--whiskey passes me by.
All this is as it should be----as I myself would wish it. I am not for them.

Cyrus Noble

W. J. VAN SCHUYVER & Co. General Agents, Portland, Oregon.