

Entered at the Post-office at Hillsboro, Oregon, as second-class mail matter. L. A. LONG, Editor. County Official Paper. Subscription: \$1.50 per Annum. Issued Every Thursday. LONG & McMINNETT

Senator Chamberlain is making a valiant fight against the repeal of free tolls for American vessels passing through the Panama canal. The Senator is right on this measure, and there is no reason in the world why American vessels, plying between ports coastwise—or otherwise—should pay tolls. The big ditch was built for the American people; for the American government; and to cut down transportation charges. It seems absolutely absurd to charge them for transporting product, and the Senator's fight sounds a note purely American. We might just as well charge a toll for American vessels going into any harbor on the water survey. Oregon is interested in this, beyond measure, for we have one-seventh of the standing timber in the continent—and our neighbors in the east want our product—free and unrestricted by freight abuses.

The Commercial Club is making headway toward procuring a big sawmill for Hillsboro, and it now looks as though installation is but a matter of a short time. Hillsboro needs a larger payroll, and this will bring it about.

Easter Sunday comes April 12. Geo. Little, of Oreco, was in town today.

Spring goods are arriving daily at Greer's. 50-1

The Commercial Club has installed a new billiard table.

Edw. Boge was up from Farmington, Tuesday evening.

Henry Brock, of South Tualatin, was in town today.

Born, to Fred Kerr and wife, of Hillsboro, March 26, 1914, a daughter.

G. P. Martin, of the Tualatin-Oswego section, was in the city yesterday.

Emil Stalder, of near Bethany, was in town yesterday, paying taxes, and calling on friends.

Judge Anderson, of Clackamas County, was in town today, guest of Judge Reasoner.

The newest and best tasting candy on the market today is the "Bunny Hug Kisses," made and sold only by the Den of Sweets.

For sale: Gray mare, 5 years, about 1200. Broke, double and single; sound and true.—Eugene Delplanché, near Schiefelin, Cornelius, Ore., Route 1. 51-1

C. B. Buchanan, of Cornelius, was in town the last of the week. Chas. has recently bought a new Studebaker car.

Registration closes April 1, and there promises to be a rush at the clerk's office. Hundreds have not registered as yet, and "Blank A" promises to be popular next Fall.

For Sale—Seven fine young sows, bred farrow, June 1 to 15, price \$15. S. C. White Leghorn eggs for hatching, 75 cents per 15, \$1 by parcels post.—C. R. Rogers, Beaverton, Ore., Route 4, Box 20.

Chas. Loudon departed the first of the week for Seattle. His time for the government expires in June, and he will remain on the coast for the Revenue department, until that time, and perhaps longer.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tupper visited their sons, W. A. and Lloyd, in Portland, Sunday. He reports that W. A. Tupper, who is secretary of the Portland Civil Service Commission, sustained a fall, Sunday, that is causing him some inconvenience.

Sheriff Reeves left yesterday for California, to bring home with him Guy Porter, wanted or taking milk money from the farmers of North Plains and vicinity. Porter says he will come without extradition, and Reeves is taking a chance on it.

Attorney General A. M. Crawford, of Salem, was here yesterday, in the interest of his candidacy for governor. Crawford thinks he has the lead on all the rest and Ben Abou is his running mate. At all hazards Crawford is a genial gentleman, and good look at. Mr. Crawford is making his campaign on his service attorney general, and states that he has an amendment to the constitution, now being drafted his office, to be voted upon next Fall, allowing the governor veto any part of the appropriation bill. This measure is one at the Argus has contended many years.

Jos. L. Mack Loyal Order of Moose, Tuesday evening elected the following officers by acclamation. Dictator, L. A. Long; Vice Dictator, L. A. Kingkenny; Prelate, Percy Long; Fred J. Sewell, secretary; David Corwin, treasurer; Sergeant-at-arms, D. C. Blackburn; Inside guard, W. H. Reiling; Outside guard, Carl Hutchison; trustees, J. W. Connell, Homer Emmott and J. H. Collier. The newly elected will be installed at the next regular meeting, and the boys will have a big luncheon for the occasion. The building fund matter is progressing fairly, and all site subscriptions are expected to be received inside of a short time. Three proposals have been offered to take up the building bonds as soon as the deed is executed for the site.

Probate: Darius Fish, estate appraised at \$1566; final settlement of estate Alice M. Sandford set for April 27; Nettie G. Cooper files bond in sum of \$8000 as guardian of four minor heirs, estate of Daniel Cooper, deceased, said estate being closed of record; estate Geo. Rowelife closed of record; inventory of estate of T. B. Buzhardt approved at \$631; inventory of Isaac Ball dec'd approved at \$440.

Stanley Stewart, the eleven year old son of J. B. Stewart and wife, of South Tualatin, sustained a fractured leg last Saturday, while playing in the haymow. The lad jumped and struck a joist, a severe break resulting. Dr. E. H. Smith reduced the fracture.

Sam Paisley, of Buxton, was down yesterday and today. Mr. Paisley has entered the republican primaries for the legislature. Mr. Paisley thinks there is room for some good old-fashioned legislation, and avers that he has the nerve to start something, if elected.

The German Speaking Society has endorsed Fd. Schulerich, Hillsboro, C. B. Buchanan, Cornelius, and Fred Langer, Sherwood, for the legislature. It is not known whether either of them will run in the primaries or not.

An application for entrance to the Oregon Soldiers' Home has been made by A. M. Brown, former Hillsboro night officer. Mr. Brown has been suffering from partial paralysis for several months.

A. V. Denny was today appointed fruit inspector for Washington County, vice H. C. Atwell, resigned. Mr. Denny says he will make a campaign for law enforcement, and begin at once.

J. W. Pomeroy, commissioner of the First District, State Board of Horticulture, was in the city today, conferring with the county officials.

The Peoples Theatre will show "The Bride of Mystery," in three reels, next Monday and Tuesday. Another feature that will prove a wonder.

Born, to Ross Rasmussen, on the Hood Farm, below Newton, March 26, 1914, a son.

Earl Hollenbeck, above Mountaineers, was in town today.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Bids will be opened by the county court of Washington County, Oregon, at the county court room, at 11 a. m., Saturday, April 4, 1914, for the following:

For hauling rock in Road Districts Nos. 1, 3, 6, 9, 11, 12, 15, 17, 33, 36 and 37. Bidders are to submit bids for hauling from the first quarter of a mile to the sixteenth quarter, inclusive.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the undersigned. Bidders must deposit certified check for 5 per cent. of the amount of the bid. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

D. B. Reasoner, County Judge, Hillsboro, Ore., March 19, 1914.

Billigerence. When she could meet with Billy They played at bill and coo, But when she met not Billy They played at billiards doo.

Now she has married Billy Her leisure time she fills By trying to con- At a Billy for her bills.

Taking No Risks. "And you say you never attend weddings any more?" asked the sweet young thing. "No, I do not," replied the bachelor. "And why not, pray?" "Why, don't you see what's happening every day to innocent bystanders?"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Suspicious Age. Where are all the trusting women Of the long, long, long ago, Who would take a ring from Jim and Never doubt the jeweler's glow?

Has the day come when a feller Bringing cirets to the fair Must show letters from the seller Proving that the diamond's square?—New York Press.

No News to Her. "Dearest," he said, "I couldn't live without you!" "I know you couldn't," she replied. "That is why I felt so sorry for you the other day when father threatened to cut off my allowance just because we had been married a year."—Judge.

ARIZONA KICKLETS

The Editor Begs to Announce He's Still in the Ring.

NO ROPES ON HIM AS YET.

Though Two Were in Waiting, and He Admits the Boys May Get Him in the End—Downfall of a Great Markman—A Social Snub Paid Back.

By M. QUAD. (Copyright, 1914, by Associated Literary Press.)

LAST week (Monday) a snub necked up on us on the street and put both hind feet against our waistband, and it was two days before we got our breath back to ask what had happened. On Tuesday our horse editor was shot in the shoulder by a Pine Hill man and will be laid up for a week. Next day while our agricultural editor was prowling over a sand hill he was bitten by a blind dog, and on Thursday old Jim Hanson broke loose and shot our local editor in the left leg. With the four composers wrestling with the measles, the week was a busy one, but the Kicker is out on time, as usual.

Some one told Colonel Kelo's gang of cowboys that we were going to ride over to Rocky Bar Saturday afternoon.



ENTERED HIS OWN FOOT.

and eight of the boys waited three hours for us on the highway. They had two hanging ropes with them, and one of them had a paper and pencil to take down any dying statement we might wish to make. We don't know how high Mr. Haman was hung, but the intention of the gang was to boost us at least a foot higher. As a mayor of Givensdam Gulch we have a strained relation with this crowd for two years past, and nothing short of our death will even things up. We didn't start for Rocky Bar—had no idea of going there—and the gang was disappointed again.

The boys may get hold of us sooner or later, but we are not going to worry over it.

Major Bill Jackson, who was sent here from New Mexico last spring and has been posing as a man of news and a great pistol shot, got into a political discussion with George Barnes near the postoffice the other day, and after some hot words had passed George Barnes called him a liar. The major made a great show of pulling his major and finally took a snapshot, with the result that the bullet intended for a man ten feet away entered his own foot. Mr. Barnes, who was not armed, was backing off when the shot was fired. The affair was witnessed by half a dozen citizens, and so great was their surprise and contempt for the major's workmanship that he had to limp away unassisted. He sent for us and was profuse of excuses, but the best thing he can do when able to travel is to get out of town.

Two weeks ago we published an item to the effect that Billy Baines of the White Swan saloon had been imprisoned in Utah for biting off a man's nose. We have nothing against Billy as a citizen, but wrote the item, which we believed to be true, to fill a space of four lines at the bottom of a column on the local page. Mr. Baines visited the Kicker's office two or three days ago and showed us letters and documents to prove that we were in error. He was never in Utah in his life, but many years ago, back in Illinois, he got into a fight with a lightning rod man and chewed his ear, but chewed very softly.

We beg to apologize for our mistake. We were not at the "at home" given by Mrs. Colonel Powell at her abode on Cochele place last Monday evening. As a rule, nothing of the sort is given in this town without our advice and assistance, as we are the only person posted on etiquette. The lady left us off her list in order to give us the cold snub and to prove that our assistance was not necessary to pull off a successful function. As a result the whiskey was served from a demijohn, the napkins were not correctly folded, and the rabbit salad was brought on hot and had neither lettuce nor cabbage mingled with it. The affair broke up two hours earlier than usual, and some one stole the demijohns and two boxes of cigars.

We took the snub in silence, but yesterday an officer arrived here and took the colonel away to Iowa to stand trial for embezzlement. We can be socially snubbed, but there will always be an afterglow. Some folks are fitted by nature to lead society; others must follow. We are one who leads.

Insinuation. Boarding House Mistress—Mr. Diglin, do you know what butter costs now? Hearty Eater—No, ma'am, but I'll inquire if you'd like to buy some!—New York Globe.

Sure Thing. "There is one crusade which the young people at least will always set their faces against." "What's that?" "The anti-kissing reform."—Baltimore American.

A Wireless Message From The Dead

By F. A. MITCHEL.

We are moving so fast in scientific discoveries that, lost in wonder at what we know, we have no time to consider what our attained knowledge is likely to develop in future. For instance, we know that an electric current may be transmitted without any other medium than the atmosphere. We also know that functions of the body, if not electric, are a force something like electricity.

When I was a boy I was constantly finding myself saying something to a companion who would say, "Why, I was just about to say that myself!" At the time I considered this a coincidence. Now I believe it to be a power I possessed in receiving the mental impressions of others by a sort of wireless process. I studied medicine and became a doctor. Then during hospital work I broke down and, though it was between winter and spring, was obliged to go to the country to recuperate.

I stopped at a house that looked down a valley, and the view was interrupted. I used to sit on the porch wrapped in rugs and enjoy the view in the sunshine. About a mile distant was a house that bore evidence of having been built in colonial times. It was not by any means a farmhouse, but something quite handsome. The architecture was that peculiar style involving a porch with pillars.

One night I was awakened by the sound of wheels stopping right under my window and thought I heard some one call "Doctor!" I raised the sash and put my head out through the window. A man in a wagon asked me if I was a doctor, and I said I was, whereupon he begged me to come with him at once. I dressed myself unwillingly, went downstairs and got into the wagon with him. I asked him to tell me about the nature of the case I was expected to treat, but could get nothing out of him. He seemed entirely absorbed in some powerful emotion.

We were but a few minutes in reaching our destination, drawing up before a house with pillars from the porch to the roof. I inferred that I had come to the house about which I had so often dreamed. The door was opened by a woman in a short petticoat full at the hips, a kerchief across her bosom and a dainty cap on her head. She looked very much troubled.

"Come upstairs," she said. I followed her up a winding staircase, and the woman opened a door with a glass knob. I entered the sick room to see a young woman lying on a bed with four high posts surmounted by a canopy. On one side of her was the other holding one of her hands; on the other side was a young girl holding the other. These two looked at me with that mute appeal a doctor is so often obliged to meet.

As I drew near the bed the girl with the invalid pulled down the bedclothes, and I saw at once from the bandages and temporary bandages that my patient had been wounded. I was not a surgeon, but felt obliged to perform a surgeon's part. I examined the wound and saw that it was near the heart, so near that I wondered that the wounded woman lived. There was nothing that I could do for her except bind up the wound in a more professional manner and await results.

Presently I saw her gasp, and he twelve gasps she said to the man beside her: "You are convinced of the unjustness of your suspicions?" "Yes, yes; forgive me." "I forgive you. Goodby." She fell back dead.

Amid a wall of those present I retired from the room. Notwithstanding the tragical circumstances, I could not but notice the costume of those in the house. "What singular persons!" I said to myself. "Not content with living in a colonial house, they adopt the colonial costume." This was especially marked in their collars, which were like those I had seen in pictures of America's early settlers. I was ushered out by the woman who received me and driven back to my home, where I went to bed, remaining half awake, half asleep, for the rest of the night.

Now, there was something uncanny about my visit, and I hesitated to talk about it to those in the house. I asked if any of the family had heard a wagon stop before the house during the night, but no one had heard any such sound. This induced me to maintain a reserve about my visit. Presently I ventured to ask who lived in the house with pillars and was told that no one lived there. It had been unoccupied for many years. The last tenant had vacated some thirty years before. I asked if anything peculiar had taken place there, but no one had heard of anything unusual. But before returning to the city I heard from a very old resident of the region there was a legend that long before the Revolution a murder had been committed there. A man in a fit of jealousy had stabbed his wife.

And now in this second decade of the twentieth century I have come to believe that the scene I witnessed took place as I saw it many years ago; that it was stored somewhere; it may be in some soul across the border, possibly one of the participants who flashed it to me by some such process as a wireless operator will flash a message from one side of the world to another.

Overdone. "I'm going to be an optimist," said Timothy McGlo. "To be sure that's his o' fun I've missed By bet's glum an' blue. I'm going to cease each doleful doubt An' stifle all repin'n's An' turn each cloudlet inside out To search for silver lin'n's."

Oh, Tim he grined from morn till night, No matter what took place! His mind, it didn't seem quite right, To judge it by his face. Our good intentions kin go wrong If recklessly we twist 'em. His optimism grew so strong It wrecked his nervous system.

A NEW MATRIMONIAL SOCIETY

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Between the mountains of India and Persia there is a tribe among whom the women choose their husbands. When a single woman wishes to marry a man she sends a servant to his house to pin a handkerchief to his hat as an intimation of her desire. Unless he can show that he is too poor to purchase her at the price her father requires he is obliged to marry her.

Until the organization of the Arlington club for men there was no superiority of spinsters over bachelors in a certain American town, but from them on marriages began to fall off. One of the most popular married women called the maidens together and organized an association for the advancement of matrimony based on the Indian Persian plan. The first young lady to secure a husband by the method was invited to state before the association how it had worked in her case. She arose and said:

"Mrs. President, I had long admired Mr. George Luddington, who had paid me some attention, and had it not been for the organization of the Arlington club I believe he would have asked me to be his wife. But that pestiferous institution reduced him from an ardent lover to a vacillating hanger-on. Soon after the adoption of the plan which we are associated to carry out I worked Mr. Luddington's initials on a fine cambric handkerchief and calling a messenger, told him to take it to the club at the hour I knew Mr. Luddington dined there, obtain access to the coat room and pin it to his hat.

"The messenger had no difficulty in executing his commission. I did not know for some time that Mr. Luddington knew from whom the token came. I have since learned that he knew very well, and the action he took in the matter was intended to frighten me off. A few evenings after receiving the handkerchief he called on me, and I saw at a glance that he was or pretended to be veryirate.

"What do you suppose has happened to me?" he asked brusquely. "I can't imagine," I replied meekly. "An association has been formed in this town—so I understand—to draw us bachelors into matrimony. If a girl wishes to marry a man she sends some one to pin a handkerchief to his hat. Did you ever hear of such an impudent impudence?" "Never in my life."

"You must excuse me, ladies, for my weakness, but he frightened me out of my wits.

"Do you suppose this person is?" he growled. "I can't imagine," I replied.

"Don't you think her very unmaidenly?" he asked in a less than pleasing tone, for my answer with him rendered him less severe to me. "I certainly do. I wonder how she could have had the face to do it?" "I shrank into a corner of a sofa, as far away from him as I could get. He sat down on the other end and looked at me as if he would devour me. I sent him the handkerchief and couldn't understand how I could condemn myself for doing it. He looked very terrible, but not quite so terrible as when he first came. Then he began a system of torture to find out what it all meant.

"The handkerchief," he said, "was very dainty, though the initials were badly worked. They looked as if they had been executed by some one with fingers so big that they were only fit to work with a skawer." "At this I said nothing. I dared not speak for fear of betraying a tremor in my voice.

"If a girl," he went on, "had sent me a gift without an immodest intention I should have been deeply impressed with it. Quite likely I would have been affected to the point of making love to her and proposing marriage."

"This statement was received with cries of 'No!' 'Don't you believe it!' 'They all talk that way, but they don't propose!' When the commotion subsided the speaker went on with her recital.

"But for a girl deliberately to tell a man she wants him to marry her, thus usurping his privilege, there's nothing she could do to so effectually turn him—"

"He got no further. I was full to the top of my throat. I made several convulsive gulps and burst into a torrent of tears.

"I don't know what he was doing for a few moments, for I held my handkerchief to my face. I heard nothing but presently felt his arm around my waist. Then he drew my head down on his breast.

"If the fool killer came this way, he said, with his lips pressed against my cheek, 'he'll yank me out, certain sure. Don't cry, little girl. Dear little girl, forgive me! I've loved you ever since—'"

Again there were cries of unbelief "Oh, bosh!" "What a whooper!" and such like expressions of disapproval whereupon the speaker indignantly turned her back on the assembly and with her nose in the air marched out of the room.

"Ladies," said the president severely, "I'm astonished at you. This society was organized to promote marriage, not to destroy romance. To doubt the word of a lover who says he has always loved the girl to whom he proposes would be to destroy the sentiments of the delight attending such occasions."

He is a clever man when nobody else but his wife knows he is a fool.

If life on this earth has only 15,000,000 years more to exist, what's the use?

It's all right to believe only half you hear, but the trouble is to know which half.

Cold storage is a necessity and so is chloroform. Yet each lends itself readily to abuse.

People's Theatre Tomorrow and Saturday UNJUSTLY ACCUSED Western Thriller in two reels, and 2 big comedies.

Coming Watch for it Next Monday and Tuesday, March 30, 31 THE BRIDE OF MYSTERY In 3 reels filled with Excitement. See it NO ADVANCE IN PRICES

THE STUDEBAKER

In each season's army of automobile buyers there are many persons anxious to secure, at the lowest price within reason, a car which will yield a maximum in service, style, size, appearance and general efficiency. The Studebaker Four or Six Touring Car will fill this demand to the utmost degree. It embodies the results of years of experience in the designing and building of more than 100,000 four-cylinder Studebaker automobiles.

The Studebaker Four or Six has a long-stroke, small-bore motor, a giant in power though a miser in use of gasoline and oil. The car is equipped with a full floating rear axle and a wonderfully efficient electrical system which lights and cranks the car, and furnishes the current for its ignition.

A splendid car in appearance, none beats it. More roller bearings than any other car made. Shipments to the coast from December 1, to March 15, were 531

Studebaker Four, 5 Passenger, \$1150 Studebaker Six, 7 Passenger, \$1675

We can demonstrate at any time, and will be pleased to show you just what this car can do.

L. W. HOUSE, Hillsboro, Oregon

TO BREEDERS My herd being small, I offer the services of my thorough-bred Holstein-Friesian bull, Sir Johanna Colantha Cornucopia (Herd Book No. 97721), to a limited number of breeders. His dam has an A. R. O. record of nearly 25 lbs of butter in 7 days, at four years of age. This fine animal is a grandson of Colantha Johanna Ladd, in turn a son of Colantha



is selling 1st class milk-dings at wholesale prices. We can supply you any lumber you may need, and at the same time save you money

PRIVATE HOME FOR SICK Under charge of experienced nurse. MRS. CHAS. GARDNER, from Portland. Solicits patients from all physicians. Best of care. Reasonable prices. Phone, Main 534

Notice of Final Settlement. Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned executor of the last Will and Testament of Alice M. Sanford, deceased has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, his final account in the matter of said estate, and said court has designated Monday, the 27th day of April, 1914, at ten o'clock A. M., at the court room in Hillsboro, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account, and for the final settlement of said estate.

Noticed this March 25, 1914. James R. Sanford, Executor of the Estate of Alice M. Sanford, Deceased. Bagley & Hare, Attorneys for Executor.

CARD OF THANKS We desire to thank those who so kindly tendered us aid and sympathy during our bereavement, the death and obsequies of the late K. K. Simpson. Mrs. R. K. Simpson, And Children. Hillsboro, Ore., March 25, 1914.

Peter L. Carlson, of Beaverton, died at his home near St. Marys, last night, after a year of illness from stomach trouble. He leaves a wife and several children to mourn his loss. Mr. Carlson has been a resident of that section for about 15 years.

The regular monthly meeting of the stockholders of the Commercial Club will be held in the Club Rooms, the first Tuesday in April. A good attendance is requested by the president and secretary.

Eali Doughty, working for the P. R. & N., at Scofield, injured his knee while working around an engine, one day last week. Dr. Erwin attended the injury.

Mrs. and Mrs. Jas Doiel, residing at Chehalis for some time, have returned to North Plains.

Don't Forget When you are in the Market, that the Hillsboro Planing Mill is selling 1st class milk-dings at wholesale prices. We can supply you any lumber you may need, and at the same time save you money

SHERIFF'S SALE Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an execution issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, dated the 9th day of March, 1914, in favor of International Harvester Company of America, a corporation, plaintiff, and against Charles Lucius Hinman, E. B. Hinman, E. A. Hyde, E. A. Hyde, Trustee, T. H. Littlehale and V. E. Littlehale, defendants, for the sum of \$4,000 with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from March 28th, 1912, the further sum of \$300 attorney fees, the further sum of \$27 and costs, less \$27.50 realized on a former execution issued Nov. 20, 1913, and by virtue of an execution issued out of and under the seal of the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, in the above entitled cause, dated the 9th day of March, 1914, in favor of E. A. Hyde and E. A. Hyde, Trustee, and against Charles Lucius Hinman, E. B. Hinman, E. A. Hyde, and each of them, for the sum of \$1,430 and the further sum of \$7 costs and disbursements, less \$330 realized upon a former execution heretofore issued Nov. 20, 1913, to me directed and delivered commanding me to make sale of the real property hereinafter described, I have levied upon and pursuant to said executions I will on Monday the 13th day of April, 1914, at the south door of the county house in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all of the right, title, and interest of each and all of the defendants, E. B. Hinman, Charles Lucius Hinman, T. H. Littlehale and V. E. Littlehale, of, in and to, the following described real property lying, being and situate in Washington County, Oregon, described as follows to-wit: The southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 35 township 36 north range 16 west of the Willamette Meridian

To satisfy the hereinbefore named sums, and for the costs and expenses of said sale and said writ. Said sale will be made subject to redemption as per Statute of Oregon, Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, this 10th day of March, 1914. E. E. Reeves Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon. By J. C. Applegate, Deputy, Cole & Cole, Attys for International Harvester Co. of America, a corporation, Bagley & Hare, Attys for E. A. Hyde, Trustee.

The Washington Co. Veteran Ass'n will assemble at Forest Grove, May 7, 1914, at 10 a. m., at the K. P. Hall. Dinner at 12. Election of officers. Usual good program.—Com.