

MONTEZUMA LODGE HAS BIG ROLL CALL

Many Veteran Odd Fellows Have Veteran Jewels Presented

TWO ARE MEMBERS FOR 45 YEARS

Rebekahs Join in Festivities and Program, Saturday Night

Montezuma Lodge, I. O. O. F., of this city, held one of the biggest roll calls in its history, last Saturday night, when veteran jewels were presented a score of members of the order. E. L. McCormick presided over the exercises, and the hall was crowded to its capacity, the Rebekah Lodge joining in the evening.

Rev. Harris, pastor of the Cong. Church, delivered the big address of the evening, and those presented with badges responded to the presentations with appropriate remarks. Many told of the ups and downs of the order in the old days, when the building they occupied was destroyed by fire, and how hard it was, with a small population, to keep the order from surrendering the charter. With growth of the city, however, the lodge built until it is a monument of strength.

G. N. Hale, of Portland, is one of the charter members, and he was the only one joining at that time who was present.

Those getting badges representing the years of membership are:

Forty-five years—J. T. Young and Joseph Mann, Hillsboro.

Forty years—G. S. Campbell, Laurel; R. C. Baldrin, Hillsboro; G. N. Hale, Portland.

Thirty-five years—J. C. Lamkin and G. J. Palmateer, Hillsboro; N. P. Oakerman, Portland; M. Collins, Kettle Falls, Wash.

Thirty years—C. P. Merrill, Toledo, Ore.; John R. Ennes, South Tualatin; H. H. Greer and D. B. Enrick, Hillsboro; H. G. Davies, Portland; J. B. Walker, Beaverton.

Twenty-five years—Alonso Sigler, Hillsboro; Alfred Davies, Beaverton; Richard Beamish, Cedar Mill; J. T. Leonard, Portland.

One of the features of the evening was the visit of Ed. Sharon, grand secretary of the order in the state. Mr. Sharon is one of the best informed of Odd Fellows, and his talks are always well received. He congratulated Montezuma Lodge for its spirit and growth, and predicted even a greater future for the order.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFER

- L. Hagstrom to John Landgren, to a sec 31 1 1 1 1 1 W. 100
Edith Stratton to L. F. Hamburg, 2 1/2 lots in Cornelius 1200
L. F. Hamburg to B. A. Hunsacker, same as above 1200
E. I. Kurall & Jno Ritter et al to C. G. Schwarz, Rosclair tr 146 4 5 N M 10
I. A. Thornburgh to W. B. Haines, tr in blk 5 Grove 10
J. M. Robb to C. H. Shaw, 2 lots Curtis and E. Grove 10
Jas E. Borwick to Henry Frank, lot in Reedville 10
Spring Hill Farm 15 WT Craigville, 10 1/2 Spring Hill 1000
Henry Marsh to Sadie Marsh, 15 a sec 19 1 2 2 1 1 W 10
Same to Same, tract in same section 10
J. R. Reeves to Mrs V. A. Wells, 14 50 a sec 16 1 1 1 1 1 W 1925
N. L. Woodard to Wm S Biles, 0 75 a in Garden Home 100
Alyce Kinton to J. W. Merrill, 4 lots Talbot ad Cornelius 400
J. W. Merrill to Thos Talbot, ad above 300
D. T. Thomas to Edw Davis, 100 a sec 14, 15, 22 & 23 1 1 1 1 1 W 10
Carl Christener to A. F. Christener, 50x100 feet in North Plains 10
Frank Wagner to J. P. Wagner, 30x46 in blk 2 & 23 2 70 ft in F. Grove 500
F. C. Blackman to Victor Bulley, 50 a sec 21 1 1 1 1 1 W 250
C. W. Michael to A. O. Walter, 20 a sec 13 1 1 1 1 1 W 400
Myrtle McCready to Minnie Maxson, 5 755 a Almoron Hill claim 1500
R. Davis to D. T. Thomas, tract on Gales Creek road F. Grove 10
C. R. Hill to P. M. Adams, 39 48 a sec 4 1 1 1 1 2 W 10
R. H. Carey to Annie E. Barnett, 2 lots Tualatin Valley Acres 10
R. N. Hockenberry to R. Z. Ferguson, 40 87 a sec 3 1 1 1 1 W 5
E. D. Huntington to Harold Jensen, 1 1/2 a sec 19 1 2 1 1 1 W 10
Hannah Cowles et als to W. A. Johnson, q c 108 13 a near Gaston 10
Sweek Estate to Security Savings & Trust Co, 78 67 a at Tualatin 10
Aug Krause to Gustav Krause, tract in James Place, South Tualatin 6000
Thos Phillip to Jennie Phillip, 20 a & other land on Gales Creek 10
State to John P. Jones, 40 a sec 30 1 2 1 1 1 W 50
J. E. Reeves to J. B. Pilkington, 57 a sec 13 & 14 1 2 1 1 1 W 1385
Geo Thyn to Lillian Thyn, tract in town of Beaverton 1
M. L. Holbrook to F. M. Ruffner, lot in Lehman Acres 1
Jno H. McKenzie to Clara Fleming, 2 lots Metzger 768
J. W. Barnes to Shirley Barnes, 2 lots in Barnes Acres 10
Addie Hunt to Lewis E. Smith, 25 a sec 5 1 2 1 1 W 10
O. B. Wolcott to Walter & Clarence Nelson, 50 a sec 33 1 3 1 1 W 10
Omarva Optiz to Geo Hess, lot 3 Brigger Tract 500
Arthur Mills to Grant Mills, 7 acres B. H. Catching d c 40
F. C. Matpas to J. S. Doernbecher, 40 a sec 31 1 1 1 1 W 10
Lewis Smith to A. W. Andrews, 25 a sec 5 1 2 1 1 W 10
Mrs Sarah Galbreath of O...

A Triangular Affair

By OSCAR COX

"I say, Tom," said Alan Everett, "I'm in a scrape."

"I don't need to ask what kind of a scrape. You have engaged yourself to two girls and don't know how to get rid of one of them."

"Only partly correct. I have made arrangements to marry each of two girls tomorrow at high noon, and I don't want either of them."

"I told you that if you didn't stop—"

"Cut that out. I told you so! never helps matters. I want you to help me get rid of both of these girls."

"Marry one of them that you're going to marry the other and the other that you're going to marry the other one. They'll both be so mad that they'll drop you at once."

"You're off there. I've done that very thing. Each girl has sworn that I shall marry her."

"Tom Martindale, the confidant in this case, was a lawyer. He thought awhile, then said:

"I'll tell you what you can do, Alan. You can marry both of them."

"Commit bigamy! Thanks, no. I'm surprised that you, an attorney, should suggest such a course."

"It wouldn't be bigamy if you married them both at the same time."

"The law reads that no married person with husband or wife living shall marry unless legally divorced. There is no law against a single man marrying a dozen women if he likes or a single woman marrying a dozen men, provided the marriages are performed simultaneously."

Everett's eyes began to open up. "Do you really mean that?" he asked.

"By Jove, I believe I'll use it to bluff 'em."

"You might bluff 'em, but, in case you didn't succeed in that, you could easily get such a marriage annulled by the courts."

"I'll try it. Will you be my best man? I shall wish you to tell these girls that the marriage will be legal."

"Certainly."

Alan Everett was young, reckless, devil may care—in short, every word denoting such a character pertained to him. His friend Martindale was disposed to humor him in this matter to see what the result would be.

Five years old when he struck the metropolis, and it occurred to him that he would like to see society. Society is not to be seen without a ticket of admission any more than a theatrical performance. Kenworthy, remembering that the players of Vanity Fair must have big salaries and that such salaries must be contributed by those who are able to pay, concluded to invest a small quantum of his income in the show.

An officer of one of the companies in which Kenworthy was interested who knew New York well, being applied to for information, gave it thus:

"There are both rich and poor in the charmed circle. The poor usually hold their right of entrance by inheritance; the rich have bought their way in. There are many poor families that if they could sell their social birthright would reap a fortune by the transaction. They can't do that, and many of them would not do it if they could. But they can help the outsiders to get inside for a consideration and will do so provided they have confidence in the discretion of the outsider."

"I see," said Kenworthy. "How would such a transaction be managed?"

"I will introduce you to a young man whose family has been in the swim for 150 years. He will take charge of your entry into society if it is intimated that he will be given a perfunctory position at a salary of \$20,000 a year in the office of one of your railroads—keeper of the securities, with deputies to guard them."

Kenworthy was introduced to George de Rotter, whose ancestors came to New York in 1636 and opened a dye house. De Rotter was appointed sixth vice president of a railroad, with duties requiring his attention once a week for two hours. His salary was to be \$20,000 a year for at least one year. He was to lift Mr. Kenworthy up the steps—one step at a time—of the temple of fashion.

One evening De Rotter announced to Mrs. de Lawney that he was arranging a dinner for a gentleman from the west and asked permission to put her name and that of her daughter Marguerite on the list of invited guests. Mrs. de Lawney graciously accepted, and when De Rotter had gone she found a thousand dollar bill between the leaves of a book he had been reading while waiting for her to come down to receive him.

This was not the first such transaction that had taken place between them. But Marguerite, a high bred and truly refined scion of good old stock, was not cognizant of them. She knew the family finances were low and wondered how her mother managed to keep their heads above the surface. Mr. de Rotter, though he relied on the discretion of his employer, thought it worth while to tell him that if Marguerite de Lawney should hear that she had been paid to attend his entertainment it would produce a commotion.

This statement made an impression on Kenworthy. He desired to buy persons, but persons who were not to be purchased had for him an indescribable charm. He directed De Rotter to assign Miss de Lawney to the host for a dinner companion and when the affair came off was much struck with the lady. Many of those who knew that they were hired to be present at his functions, considering that they had done their part in accepting his invitation, gave him an icy shoulder. Here was one who supposed that she was being entertained as a guest, one whose bearing showed conclusively that she was to the manner born, who smiled on him, Kenworthy passed the happiest evening of his life, and it seemed that Miss de Lawney had really enjoyed herself. If so she was the only one present except the host who had.

De Rotter was a skillful conductor, and Kenworthy was discreet. He knew that his guests were paid to attend his functions, and they—excepting Miss de Lawney—knew that they were paid. Kenworthy continued his attentions to the young lady and in time proposed. So great was her pain at refusing him that he really felt sorry for her.

Having seen all he wished to see of New York society, he packed up his traps to go back to the west. Before leaving he wrote a note to De Rotter especially enjoining on him, as he valued a second year's salary, to keep from Miss de Lawney the fact that payment had been made for attendance at his functions. De Rotter had been sharp enough to see that Kenworthy had fallen in love. He inclosed Kenworthy's note to Mrs. de Lawney in one of his own, in which he informed her that he believed her daughter had thrown away millions.

By an accident this note fell into Marguerite's hands. She wrote a note full of grief and mortified pride to the man who had asked her to be his wife. He returned to New York for the purpose of calming her.

"I never dreamed," she said, "that the society of my ancestors had sunk so low. They were what I supposed I was till today."

Kenworthy again set about winning her and finally succeeded. He took her west with him, and she has never since seen her native city.

"Martie," said my father to me one day, "I have been speaking with your mother about you, and we have decided that it would be pleasant for us all if you would go to Stuttgart and make the acquaintance of your cousins. When I came to America I left a sister, of whom I was and am today very fond. I cannot leave the business to make the trip myself, but later, when you have taken my place in its management, I hope to do so. It is better that you should go now before you have become absorbed in other matters."

I was delighted with the prospect of a trip abroad. My father not only gave me a liberal sum for the trip, but a separate amount which he intended that I should turn over to the family I was going to visit. "They are very sensitive," he said, "and I rely on your tact to turn this money over to them without hurting their feelings. I don't know exactly how they are situated, but I fear they are not overburdened with this world's goods."

I found my aunts and my cousins exactly what my father had described them. Never was there a more amusing and, to me, touching instance of a family striving to put the best foot forward. Having been coached as to this by my father, on my arrival at

They were of a different stamp from those he had seen at school. Bob did not go home again after that during vacations. He preferred to remain at school. His parents and brothers and sisters did not manifest much affection for him, and he cared little about them. It seemed as if he and they were a different kind of people. And he wondered why this was so. Why had he always been dressed like a gentleman while they wore rough clothes?

The school he attended was of a very good class, but its principal was more interested in making money than in the welfare of the boys. Robert was constantly being punished for some petty offense or for leading his schoolmates to rebel against the tyranny of the principal. The latter received plenty of money for his pupils' tuition to warrant giving them every comfort, including excellent food, but he skimped them in all possible ways.

One day when the food had become so bad that the boys could stand it no longer Bob led them into an old fashioned "barricade," such as at times had occurred in English schools before the middle of the nineteenth century. They bought provisions with spending money procured from home, took possession of the schoolroom and locked the doors. The rebellion did not last long, for a door was broken down. The principal entered and soon quieted the meeting. He questioned the boys as to their leader, but none of them would tell, and he proposed to punish all alike, whereupon Robert assumed the whole responsibility and was expelled from the school.

By this time Robert was fifteen years old, and rather than go back home he resolved to make his own living. Between a mercantile life and farming he chose the latter, and since the season for planting was at hand he found a place as a farm hand. He went to work with a will, rejoicing in the change from the tyrannies of the school and his unpleasant home to a life wherein he lived almost entirely out of doors, attending to cattle, planting and gathering in crops.

This period Bob Wykoff remembers as the happiest of his life, for here was born a boy's love for Molly Erskine, a little girl who one day saw trucking along a road with some milk she was going to deliver to a neighbor. He carried her milk for her and many another burden from that time forward for three years. Then he was eight years old and she was fifteen.

One day Bob was sitting on a mowing machine driving a pair of horses over some rough ground when he saw a man coming toward him. When he came near enough Bob recognized his father. He had been hunting the boy for a month and had traced him from the school he had left long before. He told Bob that he was not his father, but that he came of wealthy stock and his grandfather had died and he was heir to several million dollars. Bob said that didn't make any difference with his finishing his job and remained on his machine till it was time to quit.

Bob then went to the farmhouse, bid goodby to his employers, found Molly Erskine and told her of the great change in his life. She cried when he parted with her, but he assured her that he would come back to her.

Bob's conductor told him on the way that he was the son of parents who had been disowned by his mother's father because they had married contrary to his will. His father had died soon after the marriage, and his mother, who had nothing to live on, was taken back by her father on condition that she come alone. Bob was then put under the care of persons who agreed for a consideration to take care of him. On the death of his grandfather, being the only male descendant, he was made the old man's heir.

When Bob reached his home he was taken into the arms of the woman he remembered as belonging to his babyhood. He had occupied an unnatural position for fourteen years and was now suddenly made the possessor of unbounded luxuries.

One day Molly Erskine was standing in the door of her father's farm when a young man drove up behind a spanking team and, throwing the reins to a lackey, leaped from the wagon and caught her in his arms. Bob claimed her for his wife. But she refused. She said that he had entered a sphere in which he was born and in which she would not follow him lest he should become ashamed of her. But Bob would not release her, though he consented that she should go to a girls' school for three years. When she had finished her education they were married, and Bob did not have any reason to be ashamed of his wife.

She can read a page in Latin, she can tell the weight of satin, she can mention all the funny gibes of Jerrold and of Hook, she can tell the tunes of Verdi on a creaking hurdy gurdy, but, alas, with all her learning, she has never learned to cook!

"I'm looking for spats." "You ought to have my job for a while," commented the weary floor walker.—Pittsburgh Post.

Lives of holdups off remind us To be careful where we go Or, departing, leave behind us Footprints in the new laid snow.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

"Did he make his money honestly?" "I'm afraid not. He doesn't seem to have nursed his health or even suffered a nervous breakdown in getting it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"It seems to me," said an aged fella, "That humans act very queerly. I only skip to avoid a nip; They trot for the pleasure merely."—New York Press.

Madge—It's a pity we couldn't see ourselves as others see us. Marjorie—If we did, my dear, the slit skirt wouldn't be so fashionable.—Puck.

Reckless of self or others, He scoots with speed immense— Seems when he got his motor He gave up his horse sense.—Boston Transcript.

Cannibal Chief—How did this fellow act before you cooked him? Cannibal Chief—He acted as if he was crazy. "No; but he has \$40,000,000, and money talks."—Yonkers Statesman.

If Eve came back to this world today After being away this many a year She'd probably turn to Adam and say, "The styles haven't changed very much, my dear."—Philadelphia Record.

"We are thinking of giving old Gottox the degree of doctor of languages." "He's no linguist." "No; but he has \$40,000,000, and money talks."—Kansas City Journal.

A wedding wad pair, all devotion, A wedding trip took on the ocean.

"The Rose of Eden"

A Drama in four acts, will be staged by the Senior Class of the Hillsboro High School at the Crescent Theatre, at 8:15 P. M. THURSDAY, MAY 7

Under the direction of E. L. Moore. For benefit of the graduating class.

This play abounds in unique situations, and is a general favorite.

POPULAR PRICES Tickets will be on sale at McCormick's Store.

PARTISAN

Imported Registered Percheon Stallion. Back Finely Built and One of the Best Sires in the County, will make the 1914 Season, as follows:

- At Wm. Hathorn place, Laurel, Monday evening, until Tuesday noon.
At Conover Store, Scholls, Tuesday evening, until 9:30 Wednesday.
At L. S. Bierly Ranch, Kinton, Wednesday noon, until 2:00 p. m.
At Beaverton Livery Barn, Wednesday evening, until Thursday noon.
At Ladd & Reed Farm, Reedville, Thursday evening until Friday noon.
At Hillsboro, Friday afternoon until Saturday evening, at Second Street Livery Barn.

Terms. Single service, \$5; Season, \$10; To insure with foal, \$15, with \$2.50 in advance; To insure a live colt, \$20, payment of \$2.50 at time of service. Service must be paid at once where mare is sold, transferred or removed from County.

Care to prevent but not responsible for accidents. Horse duly licensed. Jos. Otto, Owner.

(Copy) Stallion Registration Board, State of Oregon. License Certificate of Pure Bred Stallion No. 1379.

Dated at Corvallis, Oregon, March 10, 1913.

The pedigree of the stallion Partisan, No 42619 (60008) registered in the studbook of The American Percheon Horse Breeders and Importers Association. Owned by Joe Otto, of Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon. Bred by M. Barbe, Department of Sarthe, France. Described as follows, Black; Star. Pedigree; Brutus (34739) sire; Suzon (23041) Dam; Germanicus (7825) Sire of Sire; Lisette (25008) Dam of Sire; Sultan (1400) Sire of Dam; Suzon (5774) Dam of Dam. Breed, Percheon; Foaled in the year 1903, on May 8, and has been examined by the Stallion Registration Board of Oregon, and it is hereby certified that the said stallion is of Pure Breeding, is registered in the studbook that is recognized by the associations named in section nine of an Act of the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon providing for the licensing of stallions, etc., filed in the office of the Secretary of State, February 23, 1911, and that the above named stallion has been examined by the veterinarian appointed by the Stallion Registration Board and is hereby reported free from infectious, contagious or transmissible diseases or unsoundness and is hereby licensed to stand for public service in the State of Oregon.

Ermine L. Potter, Secretary Stallion Registration Board

Note:—This license must be recorded in the office of the Recorder of Conveyances of the County in which such stallion is to be used for public service, and must be renewed March 10, 1916.

Scholls Roller Mills

Wm. HANSON, Prop.

Flour and Feed, Aetna Brand of Spray, Custom Chopping a Specialty, Poultry Supplies, Manufacturer of Whole Wheat Flour, and Wheat Heart Flour, Graham etc.

Our Prices always Reasonable TRY US the Next Time R. F. D. 2, Hillsboro, Or.

I represent Spirella corsets— not sold in stores. Will call at homes on request, and do the fitting, and teach how to adjust and wear the corset. Our tailor-made-to-measure corsets, in an experienced corsetier service, cost no more than high class corsets purchased in stores.—Mrs. M. E. Caudle, Hillsboro, Fifth and Jackson Streets, Phone No.

A Surreptitious Gift

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Martie," said my father to me one day, "I have been speaking with your mother about you, and we have decided that it would be pleasant for us all if you would go to Stuttgart and make the acquaintance of your cousins. When I came to America I left a sister, of whom I was and am today very fond. I cannot leave the business to make the trip myself, but later, when you have taken my place in its management, I hope to do so. It is better that you should go now before you have become absorbed in other matters."

I was delighted with the prospect of a trip abroad. My father not only gave me a liberal sum for the trip, but a separate amount which he intended that I should turn over to the family I was going to visit. "They are very sensitive," he said, "and I rely on your tact to turn this money over to them without hurting their feelings. I don't know exactly how they are situated, but I fear they are not overburdened with this world's goods."

I found my aunts and my cousins exactly what my father had described them. Never was there a more amusing and, to me, touching instance of a family striving to put the best foot forward. Having been coached as to this by my father, on my arrival at

An Episode of New York Society

By RUTH GRAHAM

When John Kenworthy went to New York he had made a big fortune in railroads. He had cleaned up some