

BANKERS OF GROUP ONE IN HILLSBORO SATURDAY

Financiers Will Have Business Session and High Jinks in City WILL BE SHOWN RICH TERRITORY Will Hold Their Meeting in the Commercial Club Rooms

The bankers of Group No. 1, Oregon State Bankers' Association, will hold their annual meeting in this city, Saturday, May 9, the session to be called to order at ten o'clock in the morning, in the parlors of the Hillsboro Commercial Club. The meeting will be called to order by W. S. Wharton, president of the First National, of Newberg, after prayer by Rev. Harris. Mayor H. T. Bagley will welcome the visiting financiers and Mr. Wharton will respond. At the business session, which closes at noon, officers will be elected, and routine business taken care of.

At one o'clock the meeting will be open to the public, and there will be addresses by Mr. Frost, of R. G. Dunn & Co.; Lydell Baker, of the Pacific Bank; and J. L. Hartman, of Hartman & Thompson, Portland bankers. John Wortman, of the McMinville First National, will give a talk on "Banking and Financing in a Country Bank." A general discussion will follow, and many questions will be asked. Farmers are requested to attend the afternoon meeting, as it will be open to the general public.

The visitors will be taken to the country in autos at 4:30, and will return to the city at six, when they will be entertained at the Hotel Washington by the Commercial Club.

The celebrated Ad. Club quartet, of Portland, will be in attendance, and will render some of their famous numbers, interspersed with local hot mots. The Commercial Club has assured Messrs. A. C. Shute and W. H. Wehrung, on the committee, that they will do everything possible to make the entertainment of the bankers one long to be remembered.

CARD OF THANKS

Mrs. Polly Butler and family desire to thank the people of Hillsboro and elsewhere for their many acts of kindness and expressions of sympathy extended them in the illness and death of their son and brother, the late Mark Butler, and they return special thanks to those who assisted in the song service, and for the many beautiful floral tributes.

Hillsboro, Ore., May 6, 1914.

In looking over some old papers the other day Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Bailey found an old commission from the county of Washington, dated April 16, 1855, conferring the appointment of road supervisor to P. W. Chambers, of West Union. Mr. Chambers was the father of Mrs. Bailey, and the old relic was of more than usual interest. It was signed by W. S. Caldwell, an auditor. Caldwell was the first county clerk here, and although the old instrument is 59 years old, the chirography is as clear as a June sky. The road district above noted embraced the territory from West Union to the Baseline, and from there east clear to "Baker's Landing," now known as Linton. Linton was then in this county.

Last Saturday Champoug celebrated the event of Oregon going into the union. This was voted at the historic place May 2, 1843. Col. Jos. Meek, of this county, long since gathered to his fathers, was the chief factor at the meeting, having ridden for several days to get Tualatin Plains settlers to go to the meeting. Meek himself forced the vote, and it is due to Meek, more than any one other individual that this is today American territory, instead of British.

John D. Koch, of above Bloomington, was a city caller yesterday. He says that a team, working on the road in his district, and driven by Chas. Brandaw, ran away Tuesday, while attached to a wheel scraper, and one of the horses was so badly cut that it will be out of harness for several weeks.

Dr. C. L. Large, who has practiced at Forest Grove for over a quarter of a century, was down to the county seat yesterday afternoon.

J. J. Shevlin, of Beaverton, was in town yesterday. He says his district will do but little permanent road work this year.

J. T. Fletcher, pioneer surveyor and school teacher, was down from Forest Grove, yesterday, greeting his many county seat friends.

Argus and Oregonian \$2.25

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss Eleanor T. Davies had made eleven aeroplane trips over the English channel.

Catherine Delham of Philadelphia has not missed a Sunday school session in ten years.

Mrs. Sarah Bernhardt recently announced that she intends to make a tour of the United States, Australia, Russia and England, opening in New York in October.

Lady Sholto Douglas, sister-in-law of the Marquis of Queensberry, is educating her two sons from her earnings on the stage, where she appears with the name of Lerna Leslie.

Fanny Crosby, the blind song writer, who recently celebrated her ninety-fourth birthday anniversary, has written more than 6,000 hymns. She has been blind since she was six weeks of age. Between the years 1847-56 she was a teacher of English grammar and American history in the New York Institute for the Blind.

Flippant Flings.

Kansas has enacted a pure shoe law. This is a real uplift of the sole.—Baltimore American.

"Statistics show that married men are more orderly than unmarried ones." Only one guess is permitted as to the answer.—Cleveland Leader.

The suffragettes who become so enthusiastic about Molly Pitcher should remember that there was also a Martha Washington. She let George do it.—Hartford Times.

The president has named a minister to Guatemala. There is no need to mention his name, as nobody would know it. He has never written a book and only parts of a platform.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Current Comment.

Our old friend, the box score, looks just as natural as ever.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Starboard, larboard and sideboard have all been jettisoned.—Philadelphia Record.

It is even more important to want the spitter than to want the fly.—Tacoma Leader.

Here's to the Resolute, DuSane and Vanitie! May the best one win and keep on winning.—Boston Herald.

The London Times has been reduced to 2 cents. Lots better papers have been printed at that price for years.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Pert Personals.

Now he is Governor Goethals, but whatever his title he is boss.—St. Louis Republic.

A \$3,000 a night Caruso will have no uncertain voice in the finances of the country.—Atlanta Constitution.

If Andy Carnegie's peace movements don't make more rapid headway he may conclude to build a navy of his own.—Washington Post.

If it is true that Mr. Edison finds it impossible to enjoy his holidays he is not half as clever a man as we had supposed.—Charleston News and Courier.

Wireless Whispers.

Over the different seas of the globe 1,200 mercantile vessels provided with wireless telegraphy are navigating.

The government of Ecuador will establish seven wireless stations and equip three war vessels with wireless.

High speed wireless tests recently held at Chiffen (England) station are said to have resulted in 145 words per minute.

Air men flying many hundreds of feet in the air can now communicate with observers on terra firma by means of wireless.

Fashion Frills.

Most present day fashions being about clothes, they are very thin.—Columbia State.

The new fashions in gowns and hats are adding to the sensations and horrors of the day.—Baltimore American.

The new "shark fin" hat by any other name could cut just as large a slice from the pocketbook.—Washington Post.

Actual creations by the dressmakers have become so striking that no rumors as to future styles can create much alarm.—Washington Star.

Town Topics.

Oh, well, even if we didn't get a federal reserve bank we've got a Federal league baseball team.—Baltimore American.

A certain New York city department was addressed as the "department of corruption," which was either a case of bad spelling or of unusual insight.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not only will Chicago be easier to look at with its new railroad station, its boulevard link and its proper share of lake commerce, but it will be easier to live in.—Chicago News.

Facts From France.

France has 20,094 mutual benefit societies, with an aggregate membership of 5,040,735 and annual receipts of \$18,000,000.

In France the government reimburses a fixed percentage of the amount expended by the labor unions for the support of the unemployed.

The French system of awarding medals of honor to employees for thirty years' continuous service has been made to include servants of twenty years' fidelity.

Full many very trying tasks I'm able to recall, But having to pretend to be in love is worst of all.—Judge.

Gabe—What does your friend do for a living?
Steve—He draws from real life.
Gabe—Oh, he's an artist!
Steve—No, he's a dentist.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Of Biblical celebrities, It will not be surmised, The good old faithful Daniel was The one who got the best.

A Surprise

By AMBROSE NEFF

"You can't go on this coach," said the agent.

"I've got to go on this coach. There's no other till tomorrow noon, and I've got to be in D. in twelve hours."

"Nevertheless, you can't go!" He turned away from me resolutely and stalked into the office. The coach was standing at the door, with six horses attached. I asked a lounge when it would start, and he said it would probably not get off for an hour.

I determined to go on that coach. I struck out on the road in the direction the stage would pursue, intending to do a few miles, then wait till it came along, trusting to a five dollar bill for the driver to take me on. To my surprise he said I might get on if I liked, but he would advise me not to since it was very probable the coach would be attacked by road agents.

I was somewhat set back by this information, but I was bound to be in D. the next morning and had no other way of getting there. Pulling open the door, I climbed into the coach, the passengers looking at me as if they thought I was going through them for their valuables. There were two men and two women, one of the men wearing the white cravat of a clergyman, the other being a quiet, meek looking little chap, with a high keeled voice.

This was in contrast with the women, who were the queerest looking persons I ever saw, both of them having voices rough enough for the driver of an ox team.

"Air y' armed, stranger?" asked one of the women.

"No," I replied, "I am not."

"I've got two guns. Y' kin have one on 'em if y' like."

"No, no!" said the clergyman. "Don't give him a gun. If we have a fight he'd start in before we're ready."

"I don't want a gun," I said. "I've lived in these parts five years and never have been in a holdup yet. I don't believe there's going to be any hold-up. When road agents come down on a coach they don't tell people beforehand."

"Like enough," grunted one of the women.

I had been traveling nights and was tired out; so, resting my head against the cushion, I fell asleep. I was awakened by the stopping of the coach and the flinging open of both doors. A man stood at each door with a short rifle, and one of them told us to stay where we were, not make any fuss and no one would be hurt. They didn't want our valuables, but they did want the treasure box. Notwithstanding this assurance the passengers seemed to be beside themselves with terror. The clergyman begged them not to kill him, the squeaky voiced man asked them to consider his wife and children, and both the women shrieked hoarsely.

The treasure box was taken off the boot and laid beside the road. Two men attended to that, and one of them was trying to get the cover off to make sure they were getting what they wanted. The door guard on that side turned to see what they were doing when the man with the squeaky voice cried:

"Shoot!"

Quick as a flash one of the women raised a cocked revolver she had concealed under a fold of her dress and shot the door guard on her side dead. There was a simultaneous crack, and the other guard fell at the hands of the other woman. Before the men who were trying to open the treasure box could get their guns to bear both fell—one shot by the clergyman, the other by the squeaky voiced man. Then both the men jumped out of the coach and finished those who were only wounded.

While they were doing this the women were tearing off their dresses and flinging their ribbon bedecked hats on the floor, both appearing as stalwart men. Having divested themselves of their tawdry finery, they, too, left the coach and stood looking down upon their victims. I asked the clergyman what it all meant.

"It means," he said, "that this is Bill Owens' gang. That's Bill over there. They have been terrorizing this year county for months. The sheriff—that's him over there"—pointing to the squeaky voiced man—"he organized this party to get rid of 'em. The express company arranged to send a big lot of gold over the road and let it leak out that it would go by this coach. But that box hasn't got no gold in it. It's full of sand. In order to trap 'em we traveled as ordinary folks, two of our men making themselves fine ladies."

I saw it all except the fine ladies, who did not play the parts of women overwell. I failed to get to D. on that coach because it was not intended to go any farther than the meeting with the robbers and was now needed to take their bodies back to the starting point. So I said goodbye to all and, when I saw them lumbering out of sight, started off to continue my journey on foot.

About sunset I found a house by the road, where I got some supper and succeeded in hiring the owner to drive me into D. the next morning. The news of the trapping of the robbers had preceded me, and my coming was looked upon with surprise. I told the story to gaping audiences.

Mother to her boy, who has just struck his little sister with his Teddy bear—Why did you hit your sister in the face, John?
John—"Cos it was the only part of her I could see.—Punch.

Man's quest is still for fame or dress. His soul he never releases. In arguing as to who is boss And who shall pay the tax.—Washington Star.

Jones—My wife is going to join a "what in" club.
Smith—I wish your wife would join the same.—Washington Star.

SIRES AND SONS.

Premier Asquith of England has discarded the "plug" for the soft hat.

William Neu of Milwaukee dances and boxes, though he is ninety-four years of age.

Dr. Wickliffe Rose, secretary of the Rockefeller sanitary commission, has started for Egypt, Ceylon and the Malay states on a campaign against the hookworm.

John L. de Saules, who will represent this country as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Uruguay, is a native of Pennsylvania and a Yale graduate who in his college days was noted as an athlete.

Vice Admiral Tsurutaro Matsuo, Japanese inspector general of the reserve, who was recently arrested charged with complicity in alleged graft in naval expenses, is fifty years of age and a graduate of the engineers' department of Tokyo university in 1888.

Captain Charles Polack, who recently completed 100 round trips on the Atlantic as a captain, has established a record which is gained by few men of his rank. He is in command of the Kronprinzessin Cecilie of the North German Lloyd line and has been in that company's service since 1886, when he began his sea life as a lad of fifteen.

The Writers.

Jennette Lee, besides being the author of several novels and professor of English literature in Smith college, is the wife of Gerald Stanley Lee, the author.

Rewell Ford, the author, lives in Florida in the winter. In fact, he owns a place down there. Also he owns a summer place in Maine. Between times he plays golf at Hackensack, where he also owns a house.

Professor Karl Florenz, after spending a quarter of a century in Japan, is returning to Germany. He has long been connected with the Imperial university and is one of the recognized authorities on Japan, having written extensively on religious and dramatic subjects. He was created a doctor in Japanese literature fifteen years ago.

Four Reels.

Chicago has about 600 moving picture theaters, with a daily attendance of 500,000 persons.

The moving picture craze has spread almost over the entire world. The Chinese are eager for the pictures.

Motion picture photographers from the United States have proved that it is possible to produce clear films in regions in England where it had been thought impossible because of foggy atmosphere.

In the first year of their existence the British board of film censors dealt with 7,628,913 feet of film, which included 7,488 subjects. Only twenty-two films were entirely rejected as unfit for public exhibition.

A Few Questions.

"Marry a bright woman for success and a pretty woman for happiness," says a Kansas editor. But who wants to go to jail for bigamy, we would like to know?—New Orleans States.

The kaiser has made a rule that diners shall not last longer than forty-five minutes. Why can't this banquet address cursed country have an emperor?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Would you rather be the man who spent five years coloring a meerschaum pipe and then lost it or the chap who smoked one brand of cigarettes until he got enough coupons to win a grand piano and then had them stolen?—Washington Herald.

Aviation Notes.

A new type of tailless aeroplane which is meeting with success in France was invented by a British army officer and rejected by his government officials as impractical.

For signaling between aeroplanes there has been invented apparatus for blowing fine black dust from a reservoir by the exhaust from the motor in such a way as to form dots and dashes.

In a French aeroplane factory wings are tested by turning machines upside down and loading them with sand, evenly distributed, until a weight exceeding the pressure the wings must withstand is reached.

Aerial Flights.

A new altitude mark has been set by a German aviator. An aerial Columbus will yet penetrate to distant shores.—Portland Oregonian.

Aviation has cost the life of another British army officer. Military flying is now recognized as the one branch of the service which is on a war footing in time of peace.—New York World.

In the light of the fact that thirty-eight aviators were killed in the first quarter of this year we suggest to Mr. Wright that he work night shifts perfecting his foolproof machine.—St. Louis Republic.

Science Siftings.

In the electric furnace gold boils at 2,400 degrees C., twenty-four times the temperature of boiling water.

A process of hardening steel with compressed air is said to be in successful use by a German firm in cases where only certain parts of the metal require hardening.

Although there are no instruments capable of measuring it, by scientific calculation of the effect it has been estimated that the wind has blown as rapidly as 600 miles an hour.

No Escape.

Teacher told me at school today: "You forgot everything, Tommy Gay. Whatever I tell you, somehow or other, goes in one ear and out the other." So I've stuffed one ear with cotton tight. I guess things'll stop in my head, all right.—Philadelphia Record.

Expert Testimony.

Gibbs—What do you think of this idea of counting ten before you speak when angry?
Dibs—Well, I know this that countin' ten won't do any good.

AN HONORABLE BURGLAR

By M. QUAD

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Mr. Glenshaw should have taken the 9 o'clock suburban train to his seashore cottage, but he missed it. He should have taken the train an hour later, but a business matter detained him. The last train down was at 9 o'clock. He was waiting for it when he encountered a neighbor, who said:

"If I were you I'd run up and take a look through the house. Three of them on our block have been robbed within a week."

Mr. Glenshaw decided to go. He would see that the house was all right and then go to a hotel for the night. He walked up the steps as carelessly as if the house had been open, unlocked the door and lighted the hall gas, and the first thing he saw was an open window. The next was a man who stood in careless attitude beside the writing desk with a revolver in his hand. He was not a bad or rough looking man. He had lately been clean shaved, and a fashionable hat helped him to look like a gentleman. If he had been taken by surprise he didn't betray the fact. There was a half smile on his face as he looked steadily at Mr. Glenshaw, and his voice was soft and pleasant as he finally said:

"Let's sit down, please. We will have to consult together, and I hope to find you a reasonable, sensible man. I am going to lay this weapon aside and chat with you on even terms. You don't look like a man who'd do anything foolish."

"Look here, now," began Mr. Glenshaw, with a note of anger in his voice; "I don't quite understand this thing. You are as cool as if you were really a robber, or as cool as if you were really a burglar, or as cool as if you were really some of the fellows at the club?"

"I am cool," replied the man, "because nerve is a part of my profession. I am by profession a burglar. As to the joke—no. Mr. Glenshaw, this is straight goods."

"You—you know my name?"

"Why not? Let me ask you about that safe. Was it warranted burglar proof?"

"No."

"That's better. The combination was set on two numbers. I had it open in ten minutes. It is needless to add that I was disappointed in the contents."

"I—I can't make out this burglar business," replied Mr. Glenshaw, with a troubled look on his face. "You are here to rob my house. Instead of sitting here talking to you I ought to be hunting for a policeman. Do you suppose I'm going to tamely submit to be plundered? Why, hang it, I ought to go for you slambang!"

"There is a situation here," replied the burglar. "It is one for argument instead of force. I'm willing to meet you halfway, and you couldn't ask anything fairer than that. I have a lot of plunder packed up when you walk in on me. It seems to me that an honorable compromise is the best way out of it for both of us."

"Well?"

"Well, suppose we say \$200 for the plunder? You save at least \$500 and I am decently paid for three hours' work."

"I haven't got that much cash."

"I shouldn't object to the cash, but you can draw me a check for the amount and certify to my signature."

"You are not afraid I'll have a detective at the bank to nab you?"

"Not in the least. You wouldn't have this thing get out for any \$500. Besides, you look upon me as an honorable man. I see a check book here on the desk, and perhaps we'd better close the deal."

Mr. Glenshaw sat down and wrote the check. The burglar then wrote the name of "Henry Saunders" across the back of it, and Mr. Glenshaw certified to the correctness of the signature.

"Perfectly safe and correct," said the burglar as he looked at the paper, "and it will be paid on sight. It is an honorable deal, honorably consummated, and I am ready to go. Just a word, however—a sort of brotherly word. Don't spend money trying to keep burglars out. They can beat any sort of lock or catch. Better deal squarely with them. Will you accompany me to the front door? I always prefer to come and go that way when possible."

"I—I didn't know that burglars were gentlemen!" stammered Mr. Glenshaw as he rose from his chair.

"No? Well, all burglars are not, more's the pity, though there is no good reason for it. I have met lawyers and doctors who were not gentlemen. Ours is a gentle profession, and the A1 burglar does nothing to disgrace himself. If I were a common thief or robber I should leave by the back window."

Mr. Glenshaw followed him down the hall to the door and stood with him on the steps for a moment before saying:

"Well, you are not such a bad lot, after all."

"Thank you," replied the burglar with a bow and smile, "and the compliment is returned. Two men of honor and high sense can always do business to their mutual advantage."

"I—I can't really say that I hope we shall meet again," laughed Mr. Glenshaw.

"No, of course not, and I can't say I'll call around occasionally and see how you get along. We'll have to leave that an open question. Well, good night to you, Mr. Glenshaw."

"Good night, Honorable Burglar!" And each waved his hand and smiled and bowed and went his way.

Strange.

He wishes he were the other chap. And had another's work to do. He knew if he had such a man He could be rich and famous too.

He wished that it had been his lot To fill the station held by Brown. Especially as Brown is now Entitled to so much renown.

And had it been his luck to be Appointed to the place of Green His very marked ability Would very quickly have been seen.

And does it not seem strange to you

"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,