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You are cordially invited to attend the Firemen's Carnival at Forest Grove—the big success of the year—

FRIDAY, JULY 10

Ball Game, 2:30, between Forest Grove Business men and Thatcher Farmers. Baby carriage parade in the evening, a unique feature.

SATURDAY, JULY 11

Grand County Blowout—Come with your teams and machines, we will take care of you. Firemen's drill 7:00 p. m.

BIG FIREMEN'S DANCE

Every Night at the New Odd Fellows' Hall. Best floor in the county—80x100 feet. Come--You are welcome
Committee

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KILLING HIS MAN

By M. QUAD
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There was peace in war—that is, the armies were in winter quarters, with miles of neutral ground between, and except for a little skirmishing along the front there was rest for half a million men.

"Have you ever killed a man?"

"Of a sudden, as he lay dying on his bed in camp one day, Private Hollins asked this question of himself. When the war was over and he returned home he would be asked the question. His friends and neighbors wouldn't be satisfied with his record of battles, but would sweep it aside and say:

"Yes, we know you were in five or six battles and that you fired hundreds of bullets at the enemy, but can you truthfully say you ever brought a man down?"

He couldn't say it, and he felt that he would lose caste. This feeling brought a sudden resolve. It was a resolve that started him at first, but the more he thought of it the more determined he was to carry it out. He would kill a man. He would do it next time he went on picket.

"This is your post, Hollins," said the corporal as he left him one afternoon at the edge of a wood under a large oak. "We don't know exactly where the enemy's picket is, but it's some where around that log house."

"Today I shall kill a man," said Private Hollins as he was left alone, and he began his preparations at once. At long intervals a shot would come from the log house with a few faint trees standing about it. One might be sure the farmer was off to war and that wife and children, if they had not abandoned the place, were having a miserable existence. Hollins crept down to the fringe of bushes on his side of the field and peered and watched and waited like an Apache in ambush. For an hour he saw nothing. Then a gun, it used dog came among the trees and trotted about in the open in a snuffling fugitive way. If the dog was there the house must be inhabited. He had just come to this conclusion when he caught sight of a figure near the trees. It was between the house and the bushes, where he believed the enemy's picket was lying. It must be the picket on his way to and from the well. Perhaps he had gone to the house to light his pipe or boil his coffee. There was a glimpse and it was gone. Another glimpse, another hiding, and then the figure was fair to view. It was a long shot, but a pretty fair target, and with an instant's hesitation he drew up his gun and fired. When he looked over the smoke the figure was gone.

"But I know I hit him, and he's lying dead on the grass!"

"Now I can tell them at home that I killed a man! Mighty long shot, but I dropped him for sure."

The dog was still in the open. As the shot rang out he looked back among the trees. As the echoes died away he turned his head toward Hollins and howled dully. A moment later and the figure of a young girl appeared beside the dog. She was bareheaded, barefooted and not over eight years old. Hesitating for only a moment she began advancing across the field. The smoke from the soldier's musket had located him. The dog followed at her heels, head and tail down, and with surprise Hollins watched the girl's approach. It took her five minutes to cross the field. She came straight at him as he stood up among the bushes, and when she reached him she extended her hand and clasped his and said:

"Come along, you!"

He rested his musket against a log and the soldier rubbed his eyes and looked around in a dazed way. A boy of ten and a girl of five came out of the house and stood there and looked from the soldier to the dead woman and back.

"Well?" queried Hollins of the children as they continued to stare at him.

They simply pointed to the mother lying dead and uttered no word. The soldier tried to speak again, but he couldn't. With face white as the one on the grass, with quivering chin and blinded eyes, he made his way slowly across the old field to his post. As he lurched and staggered he heard a dog howl again, but no one called to him. When he reached his post he sat down on the ground and covered his face with his hands and groaned. An hour later the corporal came with the relief. Hollins was lying on the ground with his arms extended.

"Say, boys," said the corporal as he bent over the body. "I'll be hanged if Dan hasn't gone and killed himself with his own musket! Who'd ever have thought it of him?"

Up there among the trees, standing about with the awe of death upon them, the children had heard the shot, and as they looked at each other the girl had whispered:

"Mebbe he's dead too!"

John at being charged every time he is lifted to an upper story or washes his hands. I had paid a couple of soldi when I used the elevator in the Victoria galleries at Naples, though I ascended for the purpose of buying something from a shop facing on one of the galleries. I had also paid a soldi and was handed a slip to sign for riding to the upper floors in apartment buildings. When, therefore, I reached Rome and was about to take the elevator at my hotel to go to my room and was given a printed slip I was not surprised. But there was a detail in this case that broke down my American patience. I was asked to give my age, the place of my birth, nationality of my parents, my profession and other matters of a similar character.

"See here!" I said indignantly. "Take that thing away. If I've got to pay and sign such a paper as that for the purpose of riding on an elevator—in any city in America I can ride in the thirty-fifth story for nothing and no questions asked—I'll sail for home on the first ship that goes."

The hotel official, who had handed me the paper and who did not understand a word I said, bowed and with drew with a simple "Si, signore." I was elevated to my room and went to bed.

I was awakened in the middle of the night by a sharp rap. Tumbling out of bed (I feared the house was on fire) and was being aroused to go down an escape I threw open the door. There stood two men in military clank hammer coats, cocked hats and big swords by their sides. I knew them at once for gendarmes in the national service. They stepped into the room, turned on an electric light and began to examine my personal appearance critically, noting my height, hair, eyes, etc., and comparing them with some thing written on a paper one of them held in his hands. Then they jabbered Italian to each other and at me till I said "Non capisco" (I don't understand), when they pointed to my clothes, pantomiming for me to put them on.

Satisfied by this time that I was in a scrape, I tried to bribe them, but it was no go.

Well, I was taken downstairs in the elevator by the gendarmes. I was very mad. "Why don't you sign a description of yourselves," I said tartly to my guards, "and hand out a couple of cents each for the ride? A people small enough to divide a cent into five parts are capable of charging a man for an elevator trip and making him sign a description of himself to see that he hasn't ride twice on the same fare."

The gendarmes simply raised their hats, took me out of the hotel, called a cab and, lighting long thin cigars, told the cabman to drive somewhere. We alighted in front of a big building I entered it between my guards (after I had paid for the ride), and the next thing I knew I was behind bars. I never was so mad in my life. "Say," I called to the gendarmes, "you pojin jolly. You've forgotten to collect for setting me stay in here. I've 2 soldi for the privilege, and I'm ready to give you a passport to prevent my staying here twice on the same ticket."

They turned, took off their hats and went away. It is needless to say that my broken slumber was not renewed. In the morning I called an official and said to him:

"Americano consulti. Allez vite. Tell him an Americano has got into a scrape, to venito and get him out."

I shared a two lire piece into the man's hand. He went away and brought an official who spoke English. Through him I secured writing materials and sent a note to the American consul, and before noon he came to see me. I had little difficulty in convincing him that I was an inoffensive American citizen (traveling for pleasure) and he went off to find out what was the matter. When he came back he asked:

"Why didn't you give your landlord a description of yourself?"

"He didn't ask for one."

"He says you were handed the printed slip he must turn into the police describing every person who comes to his house and you refused to fill it out. He then reported your arrival, a description of you and your refusal to give him the required information. They are looking for an anarchist about your size and thought perhaps you might be their man. They arrested you partly on account of your refusal to give information of yourself and partly on suspicion. You should have accommodated them."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" I exclaimed. "A hotel official handed me a paper to sign when I arrived and was about to go to my room, but I supposed it was a part of the red tape they have over here connected with riding on elevators."

I signed a statement, giving full information of my progenitors as far back as I knew about them, my age, profession and gave an explanation why I had refused to conform to the usual requirements on my arrival in Rome. Then after much consultation among the officials and many arguments on the part of the consul I was released.

In Washington State the saw-mills are running full time, with plenty orders. In Portland the millmen complain that things are slack—same old story of how Seattle landed the Alaskan trade while Portland played pinochle.

Senator Chamberlain has reported more money for Oregon in the sundry civil bill, and the senate will pass it, as amended, back to the house. The Senator is always on the lookout for the state.

With crops a-plenty Oregon will transact lots of business this Fall.

STORE BURNS

The store of Mr. Fletcher burned yesterday morning between 3:30 and 4:30 o'clock, and building and contents were a total loss. The building was located on the corner of Sixth and Fir, and the blaze was first discovered by Mrs. J. T. Young, who lives a block distant. The fire must have originated in the rear of the structure, not over 30 feet from the bedroom of Mr. Fletcher. In a few minutes the entire building was wrapped in flames and by the time the department reached the scene there was no chance to save anything. Their mission was to then protect the adjoining houses.

Mr. Fletcher thinks that the structure must have been fired by some one who was there for the purpose of robbery. There was \$900 insurance on the stock of goods, and \$500 on the building, which was owned by Mrs. C. F. Hayes, of First Street, North.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher are nearly prostrated over the affair, as the loss means everything to them. Fletcher was doing a nice little business, and was constantly adding to his stock. Proof of loss on the building was forwarded by John Vandorval, this morning, but the stock loss adjustment will take several days as all the books were burned, and it will be necessary to get the invoices of the past three months from Portland and Seattle.

Argus and Oregonian, \$2.25.

Born, to J. H. Rogers and wife, of near Laurel, July 6, 1914, a daughter.

Born, to H. L. Kenton and wife, of Cornelius, July 7, 1914, a son.

John and Herman Krieger, of Verbord, were in the county seat Tuesday.

Miss Rose Butz, of Portland, is visiting at the A. W. Scott home, near Reedville.

J. E. Butler, wife and son, of Portland, were guests of Mrs. Polly Butler, the last of the week.

Geo. T. Ledford went to Portland this morning, in response to a summons to appear as a federal juror.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Riggs and Miss Berchia Jones, of Orono, and Miss Eva Emmott, of Hillsboro, departed this morning for Netarts, for an outing.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Collier, of Scholls, were in town yesterday, accompanying Miss Durrick, a guest from Attalia, Wash., who departed for a visit in California.

Services at Farmington Methodist church, July 12: Sunday school, 10 a. m.; preaching service, 11 a. m., topic, "Evangelism," by Rev. Hazelton; special music. You will be heartily welcomed.

Mrs. E. F. McNelly and Mrs. Dockstader went to Oregon City one day last week, where they were guests of Mrs. M. Sauer. While there they heard the famous Dr. Finow lecture on Christian Science.

Herman Luck was in from above Mountaineer, today, and says there is a possibility that the rock crusher near his place will soon operate for the district, this side, Gabe Essner, supervisor. It is thought that this will be cheaper than shipping in on the United.

Frank Smith, who is fireman on the O. W. R. & N., from The Dalles, East, is home on a month's vacation, and accompanied his parents and family over to Barview. The party left Thursday and included W. E. Smith and wife, Frank Smith, Willis and Fred Smith, J. H. Simpson and family. They expect to be at the beach several weeks.

SURPRISE

A very pleasant surprise was tendered Mrs. Louise Fuegy, Sunday, July 5, at the Fuegy home, near Phillips, the occasion being her 65th birthday. The day was pleasantly spent in music, singing and conversation. At one o'clock a bounteous dinner was served by the Misses Lelah and Emma Fuegy. Mrs. Fuegy was the recipient of many beautiful as well as useful gifts. The guests departed at 6 o'clock in the evening, wishing Mother Fuegy many happy returns of the day. Those present were: Mrs. Louise Fuegy, Rev. and Mrs. Edw. Scheidt, Messrs. and Mesdames Adolf Fuegy, Jno Schneider, John Fuegy, David Tschabold, J. Waefer; Misses Thekla Scheidt, Marie and Fern Waefer, Marguerite Tschabold, Anna and Emma Schneider, May, Eva and Irene Fuegy, Marie, Emma and Lelah Fuegy; Messrs. John Tschabold, Milton, George and Waldo Fuegy, Gottlieb Schneider, Edw. Scheidt, Henry and Ernest Tschabold, Henry Fuegy and Toney Gutschmidt.

Montezuma Lodge, Odd Fellows, installed officers last evening, the induction being made by Dr. J. R. Marshall, assisted by Fred Olsen, Benton Bowman, E. L. McCormick and Thos. Gregg. A number of three-linkers were over from North Plains, and after installation a big supper was served. The new officers are: Donald Gregg, noble grand; Julius Sorenson, vice grand; I. V. Trullinger, warden; A. F. Hanley, conductor; G. J. Palmatier and Chas. Brandaw, supporters to noble grand; H. Creekpaum, chaplain; McElfresh and N. R. Greer, scene supporters; J. H. Foote and Edw. Benson, inner and outer guardians; Fred McNelly and D. C. Blackburn, supporters vice grand.

Marvin Hufmann, of Gaston Acres, asks the circuit court to enjoin T. C. Lord from moving a fence and injuring plaintiff's crops. He says Lord is moving a fence 38 feet in, and the strip in question is 900 feet in length. Hufmann put up a bond to cover action. The case of Pubols vs. Jacobsen has been heard and is under advisement. The case of Kelsey vs. Tongue, suit for damages, has been set for July 23; State vs. Fred Wright, Chas. Boy complaining witness, set for July 24. The court will probably not be here until July 20—the regular opening of the July term.

J. F. Simms, of Reedville, suffered a stroke while hauling rock below Newton, one day this week. He fell behind his horses, and it is a wonder he was not trampled and killed, as he must have laid there a half hour. They remained standing, however, until Mr. Adams, father of Lou Adams, came along, and pulled him from his position. Dr. Wood attended the stricken man, and he was soon able to go home.

Nathan J. Goodwin, formerly of Timber, where he owned a ranch, died a short time ago at the Roseburg Soldiers' Home.

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The Oregonian

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born, to W. C. Heaton and wife, of below Farmington, July 9, 1914, a son.
Mrs. Withycombe, of Portland, was in town Tuesday, on estate business.
Miss Marian Lytle is departing for the coast, Saturday, to be guest of Miss Gladys Shute, an extended period.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Connell went to Rockaway the first of the week, accompanied by Zina M. Wood. They will remain several weeks.
Five large microscopes were stolen from Hillsboro High recently, and the robbers took them to Portland, where they were pawned. The property was recovered, but the thieves have not yet been apprehended. The articles are worth at least \$100.

A STUPID MAN

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Farmer Jenkins until his wife's death was afraid his son Abel would marry Elizabeth Parks, the daughter of widow Parks, who owned the adjoining farm. Elizabeth was plenty good enough for Abel, and the old man's objections to such a match were quite unintelligible except that if Abel married and set up for himself his father would be obliged to hire a farm hand.

But Mrs. Jenkins had not been in her grave six months before the farmer one day suggested to his son that it was kind of lonely in the house; he needed a woman to do the cooking, and he rather thought Abel had better marry Elizabeth and bring her in for the purpose.

Though Jenkins senior had no objection that Abel had any intention concerning the girl, Abel had been making love to her for some time, and Elizabeth was responding so far as she thought best. Abel reported to her what his father had said and supposed that she would be pleased to know that the way was made easy for them. But to his surprise she received the announcement with knifed looks.

"Abel," she said, "you're a fool."

"It's not a pleasant thing to be called a fool by the woman one loves even if one is a fool, and the statement made a temporary estrangement. Abel sought to know why he was a fool, and the reply was:

"Why didn't he encourage you to propose to me before?"

"I don't know," said Abel.

"And why does he do it now?"

"I don't know," Abel repeated.

"I know. In telling you to bring me some to do his homework he's giving his own ax."

"Of course he wants you to help as out, but wouldn't we all be happy?"

"In the first place he doesn't want me to come to his house at all, and in the second we wouldn't be happy together. If I marry you I'll marry you alone and not with him thrown in."

"Well, what shall we do?"

"Wait."

In this one word "wait" Abel received his orders. He was not taken into his betrothed's plans at all. He had been told by her that he was a fool, and as to the matter in question he was. Abel was a very smart fellow in some respects, but in seeing through this change in his father's design for him he was steeped to his ears in stupidity. Nothing is so irritating to one who sees a thing with absolute clearness as to be confronted by one who cannot see it at all. In other words, if I see plainly before me a horse slipping the grass in a pasture, but as I have seen hundreds of horses doing the same thing hundreds of times before, and one comes along who tells me the horse is a camel and sticks to it, it makes me mad.

One morning Farmer Jenkins awoke at daylight, as was his custom, to find a number of the widow Parks' pigs rooting about among his spring vegetables that were of a very tender age. He found that a horse for in the fence separating the two places had been removed during the night. Such a thing had never happened before, and he couldn't account for it. He drove the pigs back, and while angry at the loss of dollars worth of peas, string beans, radishes and other similar green things, he happened on the widow.

"Mrs. Parks," he said, "your pigs cost me a hundred dollars' worth of garden truck last night."

It was the tone that was offensive.

"Well, if you want keep your fence in condition, Mr. Jenkins, you have only yourself to blame."

"It's your fence."

"It's no such thing. The fence on that side of my farm don't belong to me, and it isn't a party fence neither; it's yours."

That was a mere starter—the beginning of a war. The widow's sharp tongue cut gashes all over the farmer's feelings and lashed him to a fury.

When there was a lull on the line the Abel went to see Elizabeth.

"What a pity," he said, "that my pig and your man have got to fighting."

"Oh, Abel, you make me tired!"

"How have I blundered now?"

"I let the pigs into your farm; I did it a purpose."

"Did it a purpose? What did you do it for?"

"To make a break between your pig and my man. I could see before your mother was buried that your pig would go for moon as soon as he heard do so. He knew he would find an enemy in me, and he thought he'd fix me by withdrawing his opposition to my marrying me. It was plain as the nose on your face."

"Elizabeth," said Abel, after giving himself time to digest this astonishing information, "I wonder how you knew all this?"

"I wonder how you didn't know it?"

"Maybe you're wrong, after all."

"Try and see."

"How?"

"Tell your father you and I are going to be married, and I'm going to keep house for you and him."

That night when Abel went home he acted on Elizabeth's suggestion.

"Abel," said his father, bringing his fist down on the table, "you let them critters alone. They're turrable!"

Abel and Elizabeth were married, but they went to live on a small farm of their own.

Stumped.
Grande—And what's the matter with me right leg, doctor? Doctor—Oh, just me, Mrs. MacDougal. Grande—The left leg's hale and sound, and they're both the same age.—Punch.

No Place For 'Em.
Young ladies from the room should step and even old ones hurry on. When John tells what he thinks of John and then tells what he thinks of John.—Detroit Free Press.

Wuff!
"Can I interest you in a pocket life preserver?" asked the agent.
"What size is it, pint or half pint?" demanded the busy man.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sources of Inspiration.
"What's the difference between a statesman and an orator?"
"One consults the lawbooks and the other the thesaurus."—Washington Star.

Neighborly Offer.
"I would like to have a knocker on my door."
"How will my husband do? He is a knocker on everything."—Baltimore American.

Her Plans.
Soubrette—Which divorce colony are you going to?
Star—I haven't been able to find out which has the best bureau of publicity.—Judge.

The Impatient American

By WALTER BARTLET

An American, accustomed in his own country to the free use of elevators, lavatories and such like, when he goes to Italy is somewhat taken