

Entered at the Post-Office at Hillsboro Oregon, as second-class mail matter. L. A. LONG, Editor. County Office Paper. Subscription: \$1.50 per Annum. Issued Every Thursday. -BY- LONG & McKINNEY The Salient Column

Washington County's crops for 1915 will long be remembered as of the largest in yield for years, taken all in all. Why don't you blame this on the administration?

The big press still calls for war on Germany, but you see none of the editorial writers enlisting in the regular army. Is it possible they are all past the military age?

Uncle Sam is now dead-locked with both Germany and England on the shipping question, and neither side of the triangle appears to be finding that "salient."

Is it possible that the big business of Oregon is again grooming a millionaire for the United States Senate? From the space given S. Benson one should not be murdered if he imagined that the first page stuff is the entering wedge of another "big mitt" campaign—all of which must be amusing to our genial friend, Bob Booth.

And now our friend, George Brownell, of the Falls City, says the recent liquor law is unconstitutional. As Brother Brownell is some "shucks" when it comes to constitutional law, his opinion should cause the man with an arid throat to sit up and take notice!

Hop picking begins Sept. 1. Perry Trullinger, born here in the sixties, is dead.

C. E. Korn, of Helvetia, was a city visitor Tuesday afternoon.

Jos. Robinson was in from Farmington yesterday.

The Oregon Electric will soon build a hop warehouse, 24x75, adjoining the Hillsboro station.

Mrs. Janie Sewell and daughter, Miss Mary, returned yesterday from Rockaway.

Miss Edith Perrine is spending the week in Portland, attending the millinery opening.

J. A. Kirkwood, of Reedville, was in town yesterday. He reports Julius Weisenbeck quite ill at his home near Reedville.

Alfred Kaufman and family, of Valle Vista, and Miss Anna Josse, of Portland, started for Bay Ocean, Tuesday, for a week's stay.

The Thief, an extraordinary production, starring the famous Dorothy Donnelly, will be the attraction at the Grand tomorrow evening. Special solos by Oswald Olsen, the well known basso.

The Scholls Ladies Aid Society will give an ice cream social at the home of Mrs. L. R. Campbell, Scholls, on Friday evening, August 27. A short program has been arranged. Everybody invited.

Gov. Withycombe will attend the school picnic at Banks, Saturday, August 28. This will be his first trip to the county since his election, so far as public appearance is concerned, and his many friends will take advantage of it to meet him.

Cornelius Ott, Tuesday made application to again become a citizen of the domain of your Uncle Samuel. A few years ago Ott, who was born in Illinois, went to Canada where he homesteaded. In order for him to do this it was necessary for him to swear allegiance to the King of Great Britain. Ott was farming up there, and he and his associates had 1300 acres in grain. He had just started six binders in the harvest, when a hail storm came along and destroyed the entire crop. This made Ott long for the good old United States, and he came back to the land of Oregon. He settled down at Laurel.

A. L. Sexton, of Forest Grove, must have lost his rabbit's foot several years ago. About three years ago he was driving a span of mules across the Watts Bridge above Forest Grove, when his team and wagon with himself, went through the structure, causing him both injury and damage. A few weeks ago he lost two and a half fingers in a wood saw accident, and the other day he cut his hand again, this time severing the tendons of the back of his hand. Sexton received no damages for his Watts bridge accident. The Argus would advise brother Sexton to sew a horseshoe in his clothes, and kill a rabbit in the dark of the moon, and then wear one of the paws in each of his four trousers' pockets.

UNION STOCK YARDS

The receipts for Monday are—Cattle 1111; hogs 1617; sheep 1430.

A fair run of 1200 cattle came forward over Sunday. The usual 7 cent kind were not in evidence, however, and 6 90 was as close as any sales made. Cows sold from 3 cents to 5 25; steers 4 50 to 6 00; bulls, 3 75 to 5 25.

Hogs—There was another spectacular advance in the hog section the first of the week, last week's top was advanced 30 cents, making the present high mark for hogs 7 60. Receipts have been light, only 1600 being on Monday's market.

Sheep—Sheep house transactions were steady in all lines. Some lambs sold end of last week at 6 50, this price of course for strictly good stuff. Only about 2500 came forward this week.

Meeting of Board of Equalization

To Taxpayers of Washington County, Oregon: Notice is hereby given that the Board of Equalization of Washington County, Oregon, will meet on Monday, Sept. 13, 1915, at the Court House in Hillsboro, in Washington County, that being the second Monday in September, and that being the time and place provided by law to publicly examine the assessment rolls of said County for 1915, and correct all errors in valuation and description of land, lots or other property, as assessed twice or in the name of a person or persons not the owner of the same, or assessed under or beyond its value, or any lots or other properties not assessed said Board of Equalization shall make the proper correction. Max Crandall, Assessor for Washington County, Oregon.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY.

In the matter of the estate of Joseph Miller, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed and confirmed by the order of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, heretofore entered, as Executor of the last Will and Testament of Joseph Miller, deceased, and that the undersigned has qualified as such executor, as by law prescribed.

Now therefore, all persons having claims against said estate of said decedent are hereby notified and required to present the same, together with proper vouchers therefor, at the law office of W. G. Hare, in the American National Bank Building, in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 19th day of August, 1915. Jesse C. Applegate, Executor of the estate of Joseph Miller, deceased. Wm. G. Hare, Attorney for Executor.

Guy Powers and family are on the Nehalem this week, Herman Becker taking them over in an auto.

For Rent—A hotel in Cornelius. Inquire of the telephone central at Cornelius. 22-4

Marriage licenses have been granted to Guy W. Kahler and Dorothy Davies, Banks; and Wade B. Patterson and Alta Nervin.

S. P. AND P. E. & E.

All, except the P. R. & N., trains are electric, and stop at the depot on Main street.

To Portland Forest Grove Train.....6:50 a. m. McMinnville Train.....7:36 a. m. Sheridan Train.....10:02 a. m. Forest Grove Train.....12:50 p. m. McMinnville Train.....2:15 p. m. Forest Grove Train.....4:10 p. m. Eugene Train.....4:53 p. m. McMinnville Train.....6:40 p. m. Forest Grove Train.....9:50 p. m.

From Portland Eugene Train arrives...8:15 a. m. McMinnville " " 9:45 a. m. Forest Grove " " 11:59 a. m. Forest Grove " " 3:15 p. m. Sheridan " " 4:30 p. m. McMinnville " " 6:40 p. m. Forest Grove " " 7:15 p. m. Forest Grove " " 9:00 p. m. McMinnville " " 12:15 a. m.

All trains, stop on flag at Sixth and Main; at North Range and Fir streets; at Sixth and Fir streets and at Tenth street. Steam Service.....Old Depot

To Portland P. R. & N. Train.....4:30 p. m. From Portland P. R. & N. Train.....9:12 a. m.

Loop Special, due at Hillsboro at 2:00 p. m. from Portland Saturday and Sunday only. Forest Grove Special—(Saturdays only) From Portland.....10:33 p. m. To Portland.....11:15 p. m. Beach Special (on P. R. & N.) Lv. Hillsboro Sat. at 3:02 P. M. Return " Sun. at 9:22 P. M.

OREGON ELECTRIC TRAINS

To Portland—55 minutes. 6:32 a m 7:18 a m 8:28 a m 9:58 a m 12:43 p m 3:58 p m 5:43 p m 8:10 p m 9:58 (Sat. only) p m From Portland—55 minutes. 7:54 a m 9:20 a m 11:25 a m 2:05 p m 4:27 p m 6:25 p m 7:13 p m 9:12 (Sat. only) p m 12:25 a m

The Scrap Book

He Delivered It. A boy walked into the office of the telegraph company at Chicago and asked for a job. He said his name was Missouri. The manager happened to want a messenger boy just at that moment and gave him a message that had to be delivered in a hurry.

"Here's your chance, my boy," said the manager, "these people have been kicking about undelivered messages. Now, don't come back until you have delivered it."

A little while afterward the telephone rang. On the other end of the wire there appeared to be a building watchman, somewhat terrified.

"Have you got a boy they call Missouri?" inquired the watchman.

"We did have ten minutes ago," replied the manager.

The watchman continued: "That Missouri fellow came over here and said he had to go to one of the offices. We don't allow no one up at that office at this hour, and I told him he couldn't go."

"Yes, yes," said the manager. "Well," said the watchman, "he said he would go, and I had to pull my gun on him."

"But you didn't shoot him?" exclaimed the manager.

"No," meekly came back the response over the wire, "but I want my gun back."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Hope. There is no grave on earth's broad chart but has some kind to cheer it. So hope sings on in every breast. Although we may not hear it. And if today the heavy wing Of sorrow is oppressing. Perchance tomorrow's sun may bring The weary heart a blessing. —Unidentified.

The Abducted Voter. A Londoner of pronounced Tory principles had a wife with strong radical tendencies. On the morning of a contest in which every vote was of the utmost importance his better half insinuatingly suggested over breakfast that she should enjoy what promised to be a glorious day by driving in the country.

The husband readily consented, and after a pleasant outing they returned in the evening just as 8 o'clock was chiming. Then said the wife sweetly, "It is too late now, dear, to vote in this election."

"Yes," was the reply, "but I voted at 8 o'clock this morning, before you came downstairs."—London Tatler.

Time to Call a Halt. One night an esteemed citizen was enjoying his after dinner smoke and evening paper when little Willie rambled into his zone wearing a perplexed expression.

"Papa," said he, "why is it that people of Africa are black?"

"Because, my boy," was the prompt rejoinder of the old man, "they are always in the sun."

Select. Once when passing through a cemetery in Lenox Elton Gregory was surprised to see that the members of one old New England family had been buried in a circle, with their feet toward its center. He asked the reason for this arrangement, and a wit of that day, daughter of Mrs. Stowe, replied, "So that when they rise at the last day only members of their own family may face them!"

Safety First. Colonel E. Polk Johnson of Louisville, who fought for the Confederacy, read something in the dispatches from the front the other day that reminded him very much of what happened when he was serving in the western army.

"I remember it was a wet, cold, rainy night in the middle of winter," said the veteran, "when a long, lean chap in my regiment was ordered to go on picket duty. He thought the situation over for a minute, and then he turned to the sergeant who had brought the message. 'You go right straight back what you come from,' he drawled, 'and tell the cap'n I just natchelly can't do it. I got a letter from G'neral Bragg this mornin', and he said good men was gittin' mighty scarce in this here army and for me to take good care of myself.'—Argonaut.

Marine Intelligence. A steamboat captain who has spent fifty years with the Hudson River Day line is responsible for the following: "A lot of passengers who had arrived in Albany by train came aboard early one morning," he says. "The boat was crowded, and many of them stretched themselves out on deck to sleep until sailing time. We didn't get far out of Albany when a much disgraced man came up to me. 'I've lost my shoes,' says he. 'How'd you do that?' says I. 'I put 'em in a cupboard,' says he. 'Cupboard?' says I. 'Yes,' says he. 'When I come on the boat I went to the down, so I naturally takes my shoes off. So I seen a cupboard, and I put 'em inside. Now the shoes ain't there.' 'Show me the cupboard,' says I. 'The man led me to the stn-board paddlewheel box, which had been left open as usual during the night to permit inspection. 'I put the shoes right in that on one of them shelves,' says my man from up state. 'You don't need to be told what happened, for the shelves were the paddle blades, and the very first revolution of the shaft had damped the passenger's footgear into the Hudson.'—New York Post.

Miss Martha Florine



who has charge of the Sixteen World's Champion dancing horses of the Barnes Wild Animal Circus that is to exhibit in Hillsboro Tomorrow

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JOHN M. SCOTT, General Passenger Agent, Portlens, Ore

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