



Special Fares For Year-End Trips

OREGON ELECTRIC RAILWAY

The Popular Willamette Valley Route

Round Trip Fares

In effect Between Willamette Valley points Dec. 17, 18, 22, 23, 24, 25, and 31st, 1915, and Jan. 1st, 1916.

Final Return Limit on Tickets sold these dates is January 4, 1916.

Plan Your Christmas and New Year Holidays Accordingly

Round Trip rates of \$30 and \$26.70 from Portland to San Francisco via "The North Bank Rail and S. S. "Northern Pacific" Dec. 20, 21, 24, 25, 29, 30. Return limit Jan. 4. Meals and berth included in fares.

For further details consult

G. W. MASON, Agent, Hillsboro, Ore.

XMAS CIGARS

Manufactured in Hillsboro by Chas. McFadden are sold by all dealers. December this year brings a big contrast—Hell in Europe and Christmas in America—Think it over, you men with good minds and a fine flock of kids. Loosen up and be glad for yourself and yours. Going broke for the sake of Christmas in America is a little corner in heaven compared to sitting out there in the trenches in a row cold and hungry, with nothing to do but shoot and be shot at. So cheer up, lose your grinch. The world is up-side-down. If you are on the top side, add to your happiness by extending a little to the fellow underneath.

CHAS. F. McFADDEN

Hillsboro, Oregon

Scene from the 4-part Paramount Comic tragedy,

NO LAUGHING MATTER

at the Grand, Tomorrow and Saturday



EXTRA—EXTRA—Comedy attraction Lover's Lost Canoe

In two reels, Featuring SYD CHAPDIN Brother of Chas. Chaplin. This all-comedy feature program will be shown both tomorrow and Saturday. Prices, 5-10c

BIG

Xmas Dance

Moose Hall, Hillsboro, Ore.

Thursday, December 25th

Tickets, \$1.00

MASQUERADE ON NEW YEAR'S NIGHT

The Too Good Man

His Kindness is Always Repaid.

By M. QUAD

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I've figured it up with slate and pencil, and I've chalked it down and added it up and subtracted it and multiplied it on the barn door, but it always comes out the same—the too good man has no place in this world. He is a sort of cross between a burdock and a sunflower—not ornamental enough for wear nor good enough eating for cows.

Coming up from Red Bank the other day, I followed an old man into the passenger coach. I had noticed him on the platform, and I recognized him as belonging to the species I have named.

The train had scarcely begun to move when my too good man, who had a rear seat, rose up and announced: "Don't nobody be skered, now. This hain't no collision. It's just like they says more off. I've rid on 'em more'n a dozen times, and I'll tell you when to jump off."

Everybody looked at him, while some deluded him with smiles meant to be encouraging. He stowed away his satchel and removed an old slouch hat he had been wearing.

There was a woman sitting alone a few seats down the aisle. She had an umbrella, a bundle secured with a shawl strap and two or three parcels on the seat, and as Uncle Jerry passed down the aisle he stopped before her and cheerfully observed:

"Face kinder familiar to me, but I can't remember your name. Never been much of a hand at remembering names, anyhow. Husband flew around and helped ye to git ready, I suppose? Leave the children all right? Been lots o' messes around this year. Didn't leave the outside cellar door open, did ye?"

"I don't know ye," she said as she looked up.

"What! Hain't ye Hanner Jones of Jones' Crossroads?"

"No, sir."

"Waal, I s'wore! I'd bet a two-year-old steer agin a cider bar! that ye was."

The next one he accosted was a man fully as old as himself whose crown was bald and who wore spectacles. He was reading a letter, which he had taken from a corn colored envelope, when Uncle Jerry gave him a playful poke in the ribs and called out:

"Lands, you look just like my brother Bill across the back and head. Got'n some whar, I s'pose."

"Who did that?" testily exclaimed the old man as he looked up.

"I kinder poked ye, but it hain't out'nin' to git mad at," replied Uncle Jerry. "Folks all well at home, I hope. How'd yer letters keep last winter? Hear any demand for turnips lately?"

"I want you to stop, I say!" yelled the old man as he waved his arms around.

"Then I will. If ye are so techy as all that I don't want out'nin' to do with ye. Lucky that ye hain't got'n to run for supervisor in my town. You wouldn't git a blamed vote. Howdy do, naybur?"

This last remark was addressed to a rather savage looking man with a weed on his hat who was reading a magazine.

"I warn you to go on," said the man. "I'm wicked; I'm tall; I'll hurt ye!"

"By squaw, but what a feller ye be! Haul right off and plunk me 'cause I want to be friendly, eh?"

He seemed to be a bit discouraged for a moment, but presently his eye caught the figures of two females at the far end of the car, and he edged along down to see if anything was wanted in his line. The two were mother and daughter, and the latter didn't look well.

"Did she fall down the cellar stairs or pitch off the haymow?" kindly inquired Uncle Jerry as he sat down on the rail of the seat.

"Are ye speak'n' of me darter?" demanded the mother.

"Zactly. Doesn't look just right for this time of the year. If I'd only thought I'd bring along a bunch o' mayweed and told ye how to make tea of it. Beats all creation how mayweed takes the kinks out of the system. She ain't in luv, is she?"

"B'r!"

"Naybur o' mine had a gal about her age who began to rave out and fade away. They put horseradish drafts to her feet, mustard plasters to her neck and doused her with catnip, mayweed and sage tea, but she continued to fade off and fade in the wash and finally died. When too late they discovered she had all along bin in luv with Bill Hawes, my hired man, who was so gaul durned bashful that he dnessn't say a word about it. Better begin to hunt around the grass and see if some-thin' of that sort ain't trouble'n' her."

"You old critter, go away from here with yer blarney or I'll be the death of ye!" shouted the mother, and as he jumped back she pulled the girl out into the aisle beside her and waved her umbrella in a threatening manner.

"W-what's the rumpus now?" gasped Uncle Jerry in great astonishment.

"If ye don't go I'll call the police!"

"Waal, by gum, if I was to tell this to Lucy when I git home she'd say I fell asleep and had the nightmare. Don't none o' ye seem to want to be sympathized with. I'll go. I'll git right away, and if I had a hull sack of dried catnip and two dozen red peppers here I'd let the whole crew of ye suffer. Waal, I just won't say another word, I'm dished if I dew."

Delhi's Iron Pillar. At Delhi there still exists an iron pillar fifty feet high and sixteen inches in diameter, made of fifty pound blooms welded together. This pillar, it is suggested, may be regarded as the dozen among products of the heavy iron industry.

His Business. "The dentist should make a good soldier." "Why so?" "He's drilling a good deal of the time."—Boston Transcript.

Entered in 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

—BY— LONG & McMINNRY

For those who doubt that a curfew ordinance can be enforced, the Argus declares they are mistaken. It can. But it will take one policeman for every four blocks in the city. The best enforcers of a curfew provision are parents.

Portland is having a bad taste in the mouth these days and there is gloom over the fact that the city goes dry in a few days. It leaves many vacant rooms and throws several hundred people out of employment. Portland will survive, however, and should congratulate itself that the sister state of Washington was not declared wet.

Marriage license has been issued to Wm. H. Rogers and Alvaretta E. Ego, of near Laurel.

Born, to H. L. Ruecker and wife, of Blooming, Dec. 12, 1915, a daughter. The happy father is principal of the Blooming schools.

Mrs. Jane Mackey Chandler, aged 80 years, died Dec. 11, at Junction City, Oregon. She was the mother of Mrs. J. R. Ennes, of South Tualatin. Her obituary will appear next week.

Services at the Evangelical Church, Sunday, Dec. 19; Sunday School at 10 a. m., under the leadership of H. W. Stauffer; preaching in the morning and evening by the pastor, N. W. Phelps.

Down the Columbia River, by house-boat, under the auspices of the Hillsboro schools, will be shown in moving pictures and by special lectures, at the Grand Theatre, next Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23. Get your tickets from the students.

The Oreoco store of Emmott & Jones was again entered last Friday night. About twenty-five dollars worth of jewelry was taken, and the work is laid to inexperienced burglars. This is the second time that the store has been entered by thieves.

Arrangements have been perfected for Elder B. F. Clay to preach full time for the Christian Church. Subject, Sunday morning, "The Church;" in the evening, "Our Lord's Great Commandment." Prayer meeting and Bible study on Thursday evening. A cordial invitation to all.

Scout Harrington Camp No. 15, U. S. W. V. elected the following officers for the ensuing year, Monday evening: Hugh S. Rogers, Commander; W. S. Atchinson, S. V. Commander; A. F. Doughty, J. V. Commander; Chas. R. Stephens, Officer of the Day; L. H. Shibley, Officer of the Guard; C. G. Sleeper, Trustee.

PETER M. HERMENS

Peter M. Hermens died Dec. 15, 1915, at Sublimity, Ore., after an illness of but a few days, pleurisy. He was born at DePere, Wis., April 15, 1873, and came to Oregon in 1883, settling at Verboort. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hermens, who celebrated their golden wedding in June, 1911, the mother dying two weeks later. He was married April 24, 1895, to Antoinette Vanderveiden, daughter of Adriaan Vanderveiden, one of the early settlers of Verboort. Deceased leaves a wife, two sons and three daughters. Of his immediate family he leaves to mourn his loss a father and the following brothers and sisters: Antone Hermens, Mrs. John Peters, Mrs. John M. Vandye, of Verboort; Mrs. Jno. Bernards, Louis and C. W. Hermens, and Mrs. Peter J. Krieger, of McMinnville, and Sister Juliana, of St. Marys, Beaverton.

Mr. Hermens farmed at Verboort until 14 years ago, when he and W. A. Vanderveiden built Verboort's first creamery. About 12 years ago he moved to Sublimity, where he had interest in a creamery.

Spirella Corsets—Not sold in stores. A question and a suggestion. Have you any corset troubles? If so, let Spirella service cure them. Over three million satisfied Spirella wearers testify to the ease, comfort and perfection of style produced by Spirella corsets. Many exclusive designs from which to select the corset best suited to your individual needs. A Spirella residence corsetiere in this field. My advice, experience and training are at your service, without obligation. Appointments by letter or telephone given prompt attention.—Phone Main 384. Residence, Fifth and Jacks'n, Hillsboro, Ore. 33-46

The Torch of Civilization

In the history of civilization the torch has been the symbol of the torch bearer and then another takes the torch as it becomes stronger, the stronger always pushing the weaker aside and becoming in its turn the leader. Each nation that has borne the torch of civilization has followed some path peculiarly its own. Egyptian, Syrian, Persian, Greek, Roman, Frank, all had their ideal of power—order and progress directed under supreme authority, maintained by armed organization. We Anglo-Saxons bear the torch of civilization because we possess the principles of civil liberty, and we have the character, or should have the character, which our fathers have transmitted to us, with which to uphold it. If we have not, then be sure that with the certainty of a law of nature some nation—it may be one or it may be another—already knocking at our doors, will push us from the way and take the torch and bear it onward, and we shall go down.—Thomas Nelson Page.

Classification of Stars.

In classifying stars astronomers recognize six degrees of magnitude, but the term relates to radiance or brilliancy rather than to size. Although the classification is somewhat arbitrary, yet each degree of magnitude is approximately two and a half times as brilliant as a star of the next magnitude below. Then, too, each magnitude is about three times more numerous than the one which precedes it. Beginning with the brightest, there are visible without a glass, about twenty stars of the first magnitude, about sixty-five of the second magnitude, nearly 300 of the third magnitude, over 100 of the fourth magnitude, about 1,100 of the fifth and over 3,000 of the sixth. The total number of stars that can be seen by the unaided eye is about 5,000, but not all at one time. This takes no account of the millions, perhaps hundreds of millions, in regions of space that cannot be reached by the unaided eye.

Hot Winds.

The alrocco blows hot from the high lands of north Africa and falls on the Mediterranean as far as Malta. The alrocco jumps like a windy fireball from the best of the Sahara desert and lands blotted in Spain. The hamat-tan blows hot Sahara dust far into the Atlantic and gives sun-baked and makes skin and lips parch and crack, while furniture and ship timbers groan and crack and scream in an agony of droughty despair. The khamsin blows Sahara's ancient dust into Egyptian eyes every fifty days. The pamperis periodically blow down into Buenos Aires out of the unexplored desert highlands of Brazil, and the blowing causes suicides and murders to be more common and wounds to break out afresh, with a heavy death rate. Pamperis pass away in a second, leaving the air fine.—Exchange.

Painter and Pawnbroker.

Mr. Frank Hrangwyn, A. R. A., has been his name as well as artist, and also a good many more out of the way parts of the world besides—Russia, Spain, Algiers, Turkey and the rest—which he has visited in the pursuit of his art, more especially during his earlier days, when he was less affluent than today, in which latter connection he once had an amusing experience. Drying a financial crisis he sought to effect a loan of \$50 on the security of one of his own pictures. The pawnbroker offered \$250, to the artist's indignation. "Why, the frame alone is worth more than that," he protested to be met with the crushing reply, "I know it is, and it is on the frame that I am lending the money."—Westminster Gazette.

A Japanese Breakfast.

The usual Japanese breakfast consists of rice, miso, soup, pickles and occasionally fish. Tea is always served with meals and is drunk clear, without sugar or cream. Miso soup consists of strips of radishes, seaweed, eggplant or other vegetables cooked with bean curd and water. The cooking is not continued for a long period, and so few vegetables are used that the soup partakes only slightly of the flavor of the ingredients.

A Whistling Moth.

A whistling moth is an Australian rarity. There is a glassy space on the wings crossed with ribs. When the moth wants to whistle it strikes these ribs with its antennae, which have a knob at the end. The sound is a love call from the male to the female.

A Last Resort.

"Can't you do anything at all for my hair?" "Nope," said the barber. "Hair all gone."

"But my dome shines like a newly starched collar. Can you give it a sort of dull finish?"—Exchange.

Unexpected.

Bill—Did you ever try to stand on a egg? Jim—Oh, yes.

"And what did you learn?" "That the inside of the egg was stronger than the outside."—Philadelphia Record.

Psychology.

Psychology is the science of explaining why the time between weekly pay days seems longer than the period from one monthly gas bill to the next.—Toledo Blade.

We're Still.

"I have a wife who is fifteen feet tall and can shoo me out." "You're lucky. Mine can't sing and will."—Baltimore American.

Thugs of India.

Among the countless varieties of criminal which infest the large cities you are doubtless familiar with the one commonly designated by the name "thug," a ruffian who would stab a person in the back for a few cents. The name "thug" is derived from the old religious order that flourished in India unmolested up to about 1820. Thuggee was practiced by religious fanatics, whose creed prohibited the shedding of blood. Any human sacrifice which might be offered to the goddess Kall must be slain without the drinking of the skin or the appearance of one bloodstain. Usually the thugs

masqueraded as pilgrims or peddlers, got the confidence of their victims and then strangled them by means of a rope, a handkerchief or an unwooded turban. They were then buried in shallow graves, dug with a consecrated pickax, and a third of the plunder was laid on the altar of Kall, their barbaric deity.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Taking an Impression.

The original point of view of Stephen Haweis, the English painter, is seen in the following fable, which was included in a letter to a friend:

The artist peeped into a window of a room where a retired merchant sat, doing aigsaw puzzle.

"Whose is that strange face?" the merchant asked anxiously.

"I saw no one," his wife said.

"I did. I saw a strange face distinctly—but before he reached the window the artist was gone."

"Do you think it was a burglar?" his wife said.

"We will see if he has taken anything."

Investigation showed that nothing was missing, but the artist had taken away an impression which he sold to that particular merchant for \$100.—Kansas City Times.

The Penetrating Stars.

Can a star be felt? A woman who has conducted many experiments says it can, that "no matter how deep her absorption, the stare at her back will always disturb her. All girls feel a stare." Dr. Coover, "a psychologist," says a stare is not felt and that he has tested it a thousand times. It is probably all imagination on the part of the woman, for it is easy in such cases for what one imagines to become real to her. Where she passes a man, and he stares at her, she can doubtless feel that stare a block away. For it will take awhile for the impression of a stare to pass away. Stars are no doubt a great annoyance to women, but there is no way to prohibit them. The only way to do so is to abolish the stare for women to dress simply and go modestly about their business.—Ohio State Journal.

Nickel in Soapmaking.

It will probably be news to the average student that the metal nickel is used in making his soap. And for that, perhaps, he will be glad to learn that although the nickel, finely ground, is mixed with the other soap ingredients the finished product contains none of it. This is so because the nickel acts as what the chemists call a catalyst—that is, its presence causes certain desirable changes to occur, although it takes no part in the chemical reaction. Offensive oils and those too thin for satisfactory use when mixed with finely divided nickel and subjected to the action of a current of hydrogen become desodorized and harder and suitable for the soapmaker's use. Cottonseed oil, for example, after the nickel-hydrogen treatment, makes a satisfactory soap.—Pittsburgh Press.

Elephant Skin.

Elephant skin is beautiful and durable, but it is very hard to get. The price of a live elephant is large, and a leather manufacturer who promised to provide a number of elephant skin bags at short order would find himself facing a big problem. Almost all elephants, after they die, fall into the hands of the leather manufacturers, or else they are stuffed and put in museums.

She Was Right.

Teacher—Now, Dorothy, tell me how many loaves in your loaf? Dorothy—Two hundred and eight. Teacher—That's not right. There are only 207. Dorothy (with great delight)—But I swallowed a fish bone this morning!—Indianapolis Star.

YOUTH AND AGE By F. A. MITCHEL

She was born a flirt. When she was a little girl she preferred the company of boys rather than girls; not that she was a tomboy, for she was very feminine. When she was thirteen she captured a boy of ten and gave him a genuine case of love. At fifteen she enthralled a man of thirty. At eighteen her admirers were numberless. At twenty her mother insisted that she should stop flirting and marry.

She promised to think about it, but before she had finished her thinking she was twenty-four, and by that time a woman is hard to please. At twenty-six she was not only harder to please, but had fewer eligible men to choose from. Then she woke up one morning to find herself an old maid.

She did not like the prospect before her. She declined to accept it. She set her jaws and resolved that she would marry for a home and children. She did not agree with the poet that "knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." She believed she could select a partner who would fulfill all the conditions of a desirable husband. As for romance, ha! Had she not been very nearly in love with Charlie Ashurst, who had afterward gone to the bad? She had been engaged to Tom Chester, who was now a fat, baldheaded pig. Her mother had interposed between her and Jimmie Ludlow, who had married and had been divorced for cruelty, well established. This was or had been romance. No more of it for her. She wanted a man who would go to business in the morning, return in the evening and not bother her for those little attentions husbands usually desire. She would lavish her affection on the children.

She met a man a few years her senior who seemed to fill the bill. On meeting her he seemed interested in her. He did very little talking, but was a first rate listener. So far as she could discover there was not a spark of romance in him. She determined to marry him if she could. Realizing that the conventional ways of a girl in her teens would not avail her now, she tried to make herself accept-

able to him as a companion. She talked sensibly, acted modestly, she admitted that she had made a mistake and was not marrying when younger and it was too late. Any time was too late for a home, but would soon be too late for children. She also stated that the man she wanted was one who would make her comfortable. Love after marriage, she had heard married persons say, was, after all, but an intensified companionship.

He neither assented nor dissented from this. He looked at her curiously while she was saying it, and she wondered what he was thinking about. Perhaps it was his reference and her own curiosity that gave her an insight into him, the strength of which she did not realize. She noticed that, though he said very little, what he did say inspired confidence. After an hour spent in his company she felt her inferiority. He paid her few compliments, but when he did praise her she felt that he meant it and she deserved it.

Notwithstanding that they were much together and she had admitted that she wished to marry, he did not propose. Either he was waiting or he preferred to remain a bachelor. Nevertheless his visits increased in frequency, and at last he was with her every other evening. Finally he said to her:

"Your philosophy has converted me. A marriage based on common sense is worth a dozen with no other foundation than infatuation. That's what it is, infatuation. Like you I wish to marry for a home and children."

"It's coming at last," she said to herself.

"At my time of life I look for the woman who is most likely to make my home comfortable. I have been considering two women—not that I have any assurance that I can get either myself and another. I think the other will make me the more comfortable, though she is not as attractive as you."

"This was too much for her philosophy. She looked at him, trying to find voice to make a reply, but found it betray herself by quivering lips.

"I would like you to meet my house," he continued. "She is not intelligent, but practical. One thing about her that has gone for to decide me is her favor is that she is an excellent cook."

"At last she found voice to speak. "Your words are positively brutal!" He burst into a laugh, at the same time taking her into his arms.

"Am I more brutal," he said, "than the girl who drove Fred Jones to attempt suicide?"

"Fred Jones?"

"Yes I am that Fred Jones whom you lured to a proposal eleven years ago and who left you to jump into a river, from which he was miraculously rescued. He recovered from a date to fill himself with dirty water, but has never recovered from his love of the dear girl who sent him forth that night to—"

"Heavens!" she interrupted, "I can remember a good many of them, but I can't recall any one by the name of Jones."

"It doesn't matter. The age of romance with us has passed. We need each other now. In our youth we didn't; the world was ours."

"They were married, and every one said, 'What a lachrymose couple!'"

Notice to Creditors

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Orlando W. Jones, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the estate of Orlando W. Jones, Deceased, has been duly qualified as such.

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

Dated this December 10, 1915. Mullie White, Administrator of the estate of Orlando W. Jones, Deceased. William G. Hare, Attorney for Administrator.

Administrators' Notice

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, having been by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, duly appointed Administrators of the estate of Harry W. Bradley, Deceased, and have duly qualified as such.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me with proper vouchers at the law office of W. N. Barrett, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated December 10, 1915. W. N. Barrett, Attorney for Administrators.

Patterson Undertaking Company

G. A. Patterson, Mgr. FUNERAL DIRECTORS and EMBALMERS. Free Chapels—Ladies Assistant. Over Hillsboro Furniture & Etc. Co. Night and Sunday Phone Main 77. Day Phone Main 773.

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