

Your Easter Puzzle

"Where can I get the prettiest and most becoming Suit for the least money?"

Just step into our store and the puzzle is answered right away.

NEW NOBBY TAILORED SUITS, \$12.50 to \$30

NEW COATS in Serges, Gabardines, Wool Velours, Jerseys and Mixtures, 5.75 to \$25

NEW SKIRTS in Silk, Gabardines, Serges and Poplin—plain Colors or Plaid, 3.50 to \$8

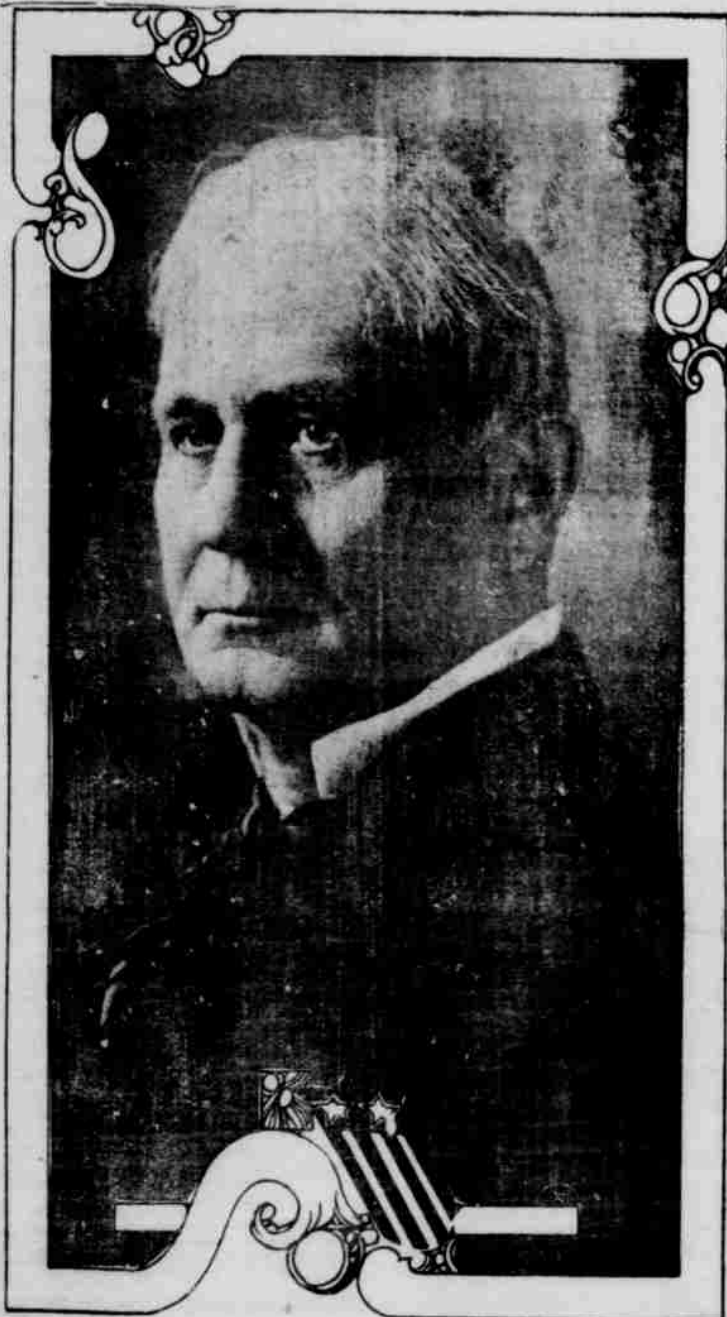
Another new arrival of Waists this week.

—large size garments for stout people

Goar's Woman's Shop

Phone Main 803

Hillsboro, Ore.



SPEAKER CHAMP CLARK

Champ Clark, again Elected Speaker of the House, at Washington, D. C.

S. P. & 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
Sheridan Train	10:03
Forest Grove Train	12:50 p. m.
McMinnville Train	2:16
Forest Grove Train	4:05
Eugene Train	4:55
McMinnville Train	6:40
Forest Grove Train	9:50

FROM PORTLAND

Eugene Train	arrives 8:15 a. m.
McMinnville Train	10:03
Forest Grove Train	11:59
Forest Grove Train	3:14 p. m.
Sheridan Train	4:33
Forest Grove Train	6:40
McMinnville Train	7:15
Forest Grove Train	9:00
McMinnville Train	12:15

All trains stop on flag at Sixth and Main; at North Range and Fir streets, Sixth and Fir Sts., and at Tenth street.

Steam Service from old depot at foot of Second Street

TO PORTLAND

P. R. & N. Train	5:05 p. m.
FROM PORTLAND	
P. R. & N. Train	9:15 a. m.

Motor Car Service

To Buxton	12:25 p. m.
To Timber	4:20
From Timber	9:55 a. m.
From Buxton	2:10 p. m.

Evangelical Church services next Sunday morning and evening; Christian Endeavor at 6:45 p. m.—A. H. Miller, pastor.

County Official Paper

G. A. LONG, Editor

Entered at the Post Office at Hillsboro, Oregon, as second-class mail matter. Subscription: \$1.50 per annum.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY

—BY—

LONG & McKINNEY

War is here. This is a time to know but one country—the land of your nativity or adoption. Be careful of your speech and conduct. And, above all, do not be too suspicious, or too exacting. Temper your opinions with justice and never forget that to you and your posterity "America is over all."

Well, well, Hillsboro responded finely, anyway, with her young men.

EASTER SERVICES

Easter services will be held at the Cong. Church Sunday, at 11 o'clock a. m., with an excellent program of music, vocal and instrumental. Mrs. Zula Linklater will open the exercises with an overture, "Easter Bells of Joy." The choir will sing several Easter selections and there will be vocal solos by Mrs. R. M. Erwin and Miss Ruth Harbison. Rev. Shaw will have for his subject "A duel between life and death and the outcome."

The evening service will consist of a like program Mrs. Linklater opening the overture, "O, Day of Gladness." The choir will sing two selections and there will be solos by Miss Georgia Baldwin and Prof. Oswald Olsen. Rev. Shaw's address will be "Philosophical Speculation vs. Historical Fact."

The Masons and Eastern Star will attend the morning services in a body. The usual Sunday School classes will be heard in the morning and Christian Endeavor will hold in the evening at the usual time.

FIELD ASSESSORS

Field assessors are now making the 1917 assessment. The corps consists of the following—

North Hillsboro—A. A. Morrill. South Hillsboro—C. E. Lytle. Cornelius and South—H. Scheuermann.

Cornelius and North and North Plains—J. E. Carpenter. Forest Grove and vicinity—E. J. Boos.

Gales Creek and Buxton—Allen Rice. Gaston and vicinity—Charles Wescott.

Bethany and Cedar Mill—Alfred Dysle. Beaverton and vicinity—E. J. Boring.

Sherwood, Tualatin and vicinity—E. G. Hagey. Scholls, Laurel, etc.—J. E. Bennett.

Banks, Mountaineer—Daniel Wooten. They expect to complete the field work by July 1. One more man will be appointed to take care of Reedville and South.

STETLER PLEADS GUILTY

Fred Stetler has pleaded guilty to selling wine, and the court will pass sentence this evening, after he has decided whether or not the wine stock is, or was, at the time of the trial, or sale, a nuisance. Stetler pleaded guilty to the six indictments against him. As the Argus goes to press before the court decides the nuisance point it might be well to state what the 1917 legislation is on the question of transporting liquor. The law does not allow any transportation within the state, excepting the alcoholic spirits, unless in lawful possession at the time the legislature passed the measure.

Later: The court this afternoon ordered the stock confiscated and destroyed, with the exception of 350 gallons, which he allowed the defendant for his personal use, being an old man. Stetler must also pay \$200 attorney fee to the court and the costs of the action. Stetler was then fined \$500 each on six indictments, making a total of \$3,000. Upon his paying the clerk \$600 he will be paroled on the balance.

Three hundred grangers, farmers and business men, all residents of the east end of Washington County, gathered in Cady Hall, Beaverton, Friday night, for a discussion of the \$6,000,000 bond issue. Addresses on the subject were made by County Judge Reasoner, S. Benson, of the Highway Commission, Whitney L. Boise, of Portland, and Senator Wood, of Hillsboro. After the provisions of the bond issue were explained in detail by Mr. Boise and Senator Wood, the meeting voted unanimously to support the bond issue at the election in June.

Money to loan at 5 per cent. Monthly payments.—E. M. Caffer, Hillsboro, Ore. 24-1f

Bulk garden seeds—the freshest and best to buy.—Greer's.

CONGRESS DECLARES THAT WAR IS HERE

Senate Passes Resolution Yesterday and House Follows Today

BIG PREPARATIONS ARE UNDER WAY

Wave of Patriotism Sweeps Over Country and Recruiting is Immense

President Wilson Monday sent in his message to Congress, asking that the legislative body take cognizance of the situation between this country and Germany, and called for a resolution "that a state of war exists." The Senate yesterday passed the resolution with but six dissenting votes, and the House followed today. The president is authorized to use all means within the resources of the country to defend American interests and to bring the war to a speedy termination.

The army is being recruiting rapidly and the navy is following suit. While not officially announced it is said that those in authority feel that if America remains silent under the loss of American lives by virtue of the submarine warfare, the allies will soon be starved out, and then Germany's official dynasty will take over the navies of her enemies and start a crusade against the U. S.

A bill introduced in Congress permitting all Germans who have been here five years to become citizens upon swearing allegiance and patriotism to the United States this to give them a chance to show their best faith.

War is here and a big army is to be raised and drilled, and the navy will within a short time start with its submarine chasers and enter the war zone.

There are many who think that Germany's people will soon set up a democratic government, following the lead of Russia, and the same prediction is made of Austria.

Four-foot fir wood for sale. Tel. Farm 54.

Mrs. Johanna Jones was called to Tacoma the last of the week, on account of the serious illness of her mother.

German Lutheran Easter service with communion, at Cong. Church, Sunday afternoon, at 2:30. English Sunday School at 2:00.—E. W. Lucke, Pastor.

Window Sale—The Needlecraft will give a sale of home baking and cooking, Saturday, April 14, at the Hillsboro National Bank Bldg., on Main St. Sale begins at 1 o'clock.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. James Brandaw, of Hillsboro, April 2, 1917, twin daughters. The happy father is in the employ of Buchanan & Co. Mother and daughters doing well.

LaFrance Circle, Women of Woodcraft, will give a dance Saturday night, April 14, at the Woodman Hall, 14 mile west of Cedar Mill. Good management and music. Tickets, including supper, \$1. You are invited.

The grand jury returned 7 true bills last night and adjourned. Ambrose Gestra, Italian, was fined \$500 for threatening to kill his ex-wife, who is divorced from him, and upon paying \$125 will get a parole. He will pay today, his attorney says.

Mrs. Alex Scott, of Gaston, is convalescing nicely from an operation performed by Dr. E. H. Smith, this week. Mrs. Chas. Wescott, who was returned to her home, at Gaston, today.

High water prevailed the first of the week to a greater extent than since the Fall rains started. Jackson's Bottom was submerged entirely, although the raise was not as high as a few years ago, when it came up to the caps on the bridge.

Officers elected for Jos. L. Meek, L. O. O. M., Tuesday evening, were: Dictator, Jas. Miltenberger; Vice, Jud. Nichodemus; Prelate, J. H. Collier; Treas., Wm. Gillenwater; Inner and Outer Guards, Claud and Ezra Sabin respectively; D. Corwin, Trustee. Installation takes place the last Tuesday in April when a big feed furnished by the out-going officers will terminate the meeting.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Third and Washington, (Church of the Friendly Greeting.) Walton Skipworth, pastor.—Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. The Sunday School in the Spirit of Easter, 11 a. m., "The Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the Dead." Anthem "Easter Praise," Junior League at 3 p. m. Epworth League devotion at 6:30 p. m. Sermon, 7:30 p. m., "The Joyful Sound," Anthem "Christ Our Passover." Choir practice, Wednesday evening. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Come with us into the

house of the Lord on Eastside. All welcome.

A. E. Scott, formerly of the News Times, was in the county seat Monday. Scott has left the newspaper game and is now cleaning up his ranch above the Grove. He says that there are too many holidays for good effective work on a ranch these days—holidays enforced because of bad weather.

Holy Week, Catholic Church: Holy Thursday, English Devotion, 7:30; Good Friday, Mass, 9:30; Way of Cross and Sermon, English, 7:30; Holy Saturday, Blessing of Baptism Water and Easter Candle, 8:15; Mass, 9:30 a. m.; Easter Sunday, Low Mass, 8:20; High Mass, 10:30. Special music and sermon open to everyone.

Now She Hates Him

Now she hates one of her oldest friends. Yesterday she was downtown with this friend, and just before noon she said to the other lady, "Well, I am going over here and catch my car." Then the other said to her: "Well, I am going home, too; I'll go over on Main and catch mine. I am awfully glad I ran across you, and I want you to come to see me real soon." Martha said she would, and the two parted. A few minutes later Martha went into a place to get a bite of something to eat, and what do you think? Yes, there she was—eating lunch. "I didn't want her to ask me to go to lunch with her," Martha explained to us after she returned from town, "but I don't see why she wanted to slip away. I don't see why she wanted to pretend that she was going home. I am sure I am able to buy my own lunch, but I want her to return those patterns she borrowed, and I never expect to set foot in her house again."—Claude Callan in Fort Worth Star-Telegraph.

When Airman Fly High

Aviators have a cold time of it when they mount high into the air. On the hottest day in summer a flying man may be in the arctic regions in ten minutes by mounting to a height of 10,000 feet, just as the climber may pass through all the zones of climate by climbing Kilimanjaro, that giant peak which rises above the snow line from the equator. He commences with the tropical jungle and ends amid eternal snow. The temperature is invariably low at 10,000 feet and over, whether at the tropics or the poles, and it is quite likely to be lowest at the equator. In fact, there is little variation of temperature in these upper reaches of the atmosphere. It is much the same in summer as winter, except for the difference which a high wind makes. Even in the depth of a hot summer the airman will encounter 40 degrees of frost at 10,000 feet, and at twice that altitude 100 degrees of frost—the temperature of the south pole is usual enough.

The Circuit Rider in Japan

We are in the upper room of the neat Japanese home. We have fallen flat on our faces and exchanged greetings in the deliberate and considerate manner of the east. Beside me the captain sits on his heels, a feat which I admire the more after trying it for ever so brief a time. In the middle of the clean mat floor a small stand supports an ugly kerosene lamp, the one jarring note in that dainty home. Behind the stand sits the Japanese pastor, and in front of it sits the church treasurer, both on the floor. In recognition of my foreign training I am allowed to sit on the window sill, a silk cushion having been placed there for the purpose by the good housewife, who, after seeing every one comfortably settled, had bowed to each in turn, kneeling at a distance and almost touching her forehead to the floor, and had withdrawn with the cheerful resignation of the Japanese wife.—Christian Herald.

Futility

Just when a man begins to understand how to do what he made his life work he ups and dies, and then, a generation later, the fellow who laughs at the first man's feeble approach and gets ready to show how it ought to be done—why, this fellow catches in, too, on about the third hole. The expert who laughed at Langley still turns turtle in the upper air, and within another generation some fanatic will actually break his neck flying with individual wings hitched up to a vast pocket motor propelled by radium or some such thing!

The infinite possibilities begin where man's greatest achievement leaves off, and about the time human understanding masters "ec" in the alphabet of cause and effect and gets ready to take up "B," John L. Earth will blow up like a toy balloon colliding with a tack.—Richmond Times-Dispatch

Don't Cross Your Legs

"Every time a man crosses his legs he gives his heart that much extra work to do," says William Muldoon. "You know what happens to a stream of water when you squeeze the garden hose."

This widely known physical instructor attaches great importance to proper breathing. He told me of the trouble he had in making John L. Sullivan breathe properly, and he dwelt on the harm that numbers of Americans do themselves (witness the prevalence of catarrhal affections) by the bad habit of mouth breathing.

"Keep your mouth shut. Breathe through your nostrils," he is always saying to his patients. If the nostrils are stopped up he explains how they may be made to function properly by simple cleansing ablutions, and he insists that these be performed regularly.

"We need filtered air just as we need filtered water, and the nose is our filter. You boys want to remember that."—Exchange.

A Philosopher

"My! You wanted fried potatoes, didn't you?" said the careless waitress as the customer in the restaurant finished his meal and rose to leave. "That's all right," answered the patient man. "I've wanted so many things all my life that I didn't get that I'm used to it."—Exchange.

A Peddling Partnership

By WARREN MILLER

Johnny Cosgrove, millionaire, determined to marry a girl who didn't know he was rich and at the same time a person of intrinsic worth.

John was fond of an outdoor life, and his plan was influenced by this taste. He concluded to rig himself up as a peddler, travel through the country selling such articles as women need and thus make the acquaintance of some girl whom he could study in cognite. He bought an auto delivery wagon and stocked it with tin pans, pins and needles, hosiery, shoes, griddles and every article he could think of that a woman would want.

It was a bright spring morning when John's loaded auto was brought up before his house by his man Thomas, whom he had charged with procuring the outfit, and John, rigged out in a ready-made suit he had bought at a cheap clothing store and a faded straw hat, sallied forth and, taking the wheel, started on his tour.

"If I don't get a wife," he said to himself, "I'll at least enjoy myself." Then along to Thomas, "Forward to day's mail to Waverly to Martin Levine. I'll keep you posted where to send it from that on." Johnny drove off, and a window sash on the opposite side of the street was closed at the same time. A few minutes later a girl emerged from a front door beneath the aforesaid window and hurried down the street.

Johnny struck the road to Waverly, then began to stop at houses along the way. He chaffed the wives, chucked the children under the chin and otherwise made himself agreeable. The consequence was that he sold his goods readily, though he generally made his prices to suit purchasers. When night came he put up at the only hotel in Waverly.

In the morning he breakfasted on spring chicken—and after the arrival of the mail started again on his travels. He had not gone far before he heard the rattling of a machine behind him and pulled out to the right to let it go by. As it did so Johnny saw that its rear was got up to hold a sewing machine which was strapped down, and the car was driven by a young woman, comely, though plainly dressed, who called to him to know if the road held good and for how long. Johnny gave her the information she desired, and the two fell into conversation. The girl told Johnny that she was a sewing machine traveling agent. She also informed him that her father was comfortably off in this world's goods, but she didn't propose to sit around waiting for a husband and must have occupation.

"By Jove," exclaimed Johnny to himself, "that's the kind of girl I'm looking for!"

John kept on one side of the road, the girl on the other, the two moving side by side except when vehicles passed, at which time John fell behind.

"I wish," said John to her after a while, "that we could make a double team of it, a joint stock concern, to take in peddler's goods and sewing machines."

"Oh, we couldn't do that," said the girl, who gave her name as Molly Sparks, "though I'd like to ever so much. I sometimes feel afraid traveling on lonely roads."

"What's the objection to a partnership?" asked John. "I don't think it would be exactly proper. People would take us for man and wife, and when they found we were not they'd talk."

John thought awhile, then proposed that they should lay out a route together for the next day, the girl to put her sewing machine in his motor car. They would stop for the night at different hotels, but travel together during the day. The girl, with apparent reluctance, assented to the plan, and the next day they carried it out. But they paid more attention to each other than to peddling.

This method of travel now kept up until John was satisfied that he might go farther and fare worse. The girl was far above the ordinary country lass, and John saw an advantage in marrying in his own class. He proposed to her, but at first was refused on the ground that if she married a peddler her family would disown her. But John was bent on winning her and finally got her consent to marry him without saying anything about it at home. They could then travel together with more propriety.

They were married at a country church and by a country parson, and after the wedding John said they must have a rest from work and they must go to his home for awhile in the city. His bride consented, and he took her to his paternal residence.

John looked at his bride, expecting to see astonishment depicted in her face. Instead, she laid aside her wraps as if she had always lived there. "Didn't you think you were marrying a peddler?" he asked in wonder. "No, I didn't. I knew I was marrying Johnny Cosgrove, millionaire."

"How did you know that?" asked John, aghast.

"I live a few doors down the street and have often seen you, though you didn't know me. I saw you drive away as a peddler. I didn't know what you were going for, but I thought it would be a good chance to go for you and take you in."

"Stung!" said Johnny. "No, you're not. I've got money of my own. I knew you were a good catch and thought I'd snare you, that's all. I'll make you a loving wife."

And she did.

Must Be. "I'm really worried about my wife."

"What's the matter?" "I don't know. There must be something radically wrong with her because she says she isn't taking the slightest interest in the new styles!"—Detroit Free Press.

While He Waited in the Parlor. Mr. Sooper (to her kid brother)—May I hope to see your sister pretty soon? Kid Brother—You'll see her pretty, all right. She's been fixin' up to beat the band.—Exchange.

A Race at the Aero Club

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Down at Wellington they've got the aeroplane race. There's a concern that has made a machine with a lot of safety appliances that is especially fitted for amateur aeronauts. The women have taken up the fad the same as the men. They've organized a club with first rate starting grounds, and although it's all brand new, there are a dozen members who own their machines, and in good weather some of them are flying all the while. Those who haven't aeroplanes sit on the clubhouse porch with opera glasses in their hands watching the fliers and flitting.

A race between two individuals, Beverly Yorke and Jim Springer, took place not long ago, on which there was a lot of money placed. It wasn't a fair race, but there was nothing that came within the rules as being foul.

A 200 mile course was laid out, starting from the clubhouse. It first went to Arlington, then south to Jonesville, then southeast to Merryman, then northeast to Hilton, then straight west to Barrington, then to the clubhouse. The fliers were to go over a certain church spire in each town, except Jonesville, where there was a big factory, and they were to pass above the 200 foot chimneys that belonged to it. Yorke was to start westward and Springer eastward. The one who got back to the clubhouse first was to be declared the winner. As to the fliers observing all the rules, this was secured by a club member being stationed at the different points they were to pass over.

The machines, being merely for pleasure, were not especially powerful. There were machines with strong engines in the club, but this race was limited to the pleasure class. It wasn't expected that the race would be made in less than three hours. At 10 o'clock the club grounds were full of members and guests to see the race, and a number of machines were flying about, dashing hither and thither, rising, ducking and doing different stunts.

One of these belonged to Kate Winterton, who in the air topped every other woman member for flying and on terra firma topped them all for flitting. She had every man in the club by the ears, and it was generally conceded that when she undertook to bring a man to his marrowbones he might as well come down at once.

Yorke was the favorite at odds of five to four. At least these were the odds up to the day before the race. But that night they suddenly changed to two to one on Springer. The queer thing about it was that no one could find out why this change should have come about. There were rumors about Yorke not being in a condition to race or his machine having been found wanting in some particular, but they were nothing but rumors and were looked upon as mere jockeying for odds.

At 11 o'clock the two machines were rolled out on the starting grounds, the one pointed west, the other east. The racers took their seats, and half a dozen men did the starting for each machine at the same moment. As they rose the aeroplanes that were flitting about to see the fun started off in different directions, either to intercept the racers or to take some central point where they hoped to keep the machines in sight by means of glasses.

Kate Winterton's last victim was Jim Springer. She had been seen on the clubhouse porch during the evening before the race spooning with him, and it was expected by their observers that she would keep in touch with him in the contest to encourage him. But in this they were disappointed. She followed neither of the fliers, hovering over the club grounds and by signs communicating with those below how the race was going. When the racers had been out a couple of hours she was seen to fly away in the direction of Merryman and was soon out of sight.

When she came within seeing distance of the fliers they had met and Yorke had passed the halfway point greatly ahead of Springer. Kate made a bee line for Yorke, who had started westward and was nearing Hilton. He had met his opponent so far ahead of the point he should have been and felt so certain of winning that he was not pressing his machine. Kate sailed up within hearing distance.

"Oh, Mr. Yorke," she called, "I'm so glad!"

"Glad about what?" "You're going to win."

"That's very nice of you." They sailed along in company for awhile when something seemed to go wrong with Kate's machine. It careened first on one side, then on the other.

"I'm afraid I'm going to fall!" she cried in a voice of terror, and, true enough, she went down rapidly till she struck the earth, but managed her machine so well that there was no absolute drop. Yorke was too much of a man to leave her in distress and followed her, finding her lying on the ground beside her machine in a state of collapse.

Well, to make a long story short, Kate kept him ministering to injuries that were not serious till he had lost the race. But he came out ahead in the game of love if he lost the race. He refused to say a word about what Kate confessed was a frame up, remunerating those who had lost money backing him and otherwise showing that he was a thoroughbred. This won over Kate, and instead of Yorke tumbling to her she tumbled to him.

Face Value

Escarotte—She said: "I want you to take me at my face value. Don't judge me by my father's wealth." Cliff—And what did you say? Escarotte—Why, I told her that the present price of dyes, paints and cosmetics was so high that I couldn't afford to be associated with her.—Life.

Golden Weddings

"But, papa, things have changed since you were young." "Yes, they have. Folks used to wait fifty years for a golden wedding, but now they demand it at the start!"