

CHRISTMAS SEALS

Lend a hand to the Red Cross. The Christmas seal sales are not going as well as could be expected. Through the small amount each may contribute in the way of buying seals the Red Cross reaches out and contributes to the welfare of the sick and needy.

This year some of this money is coming back to us in Hillsboro in service. The Red Cross has a habit of doing this where it is needed. A health nurse has been sent to Hillsboro to help in the many cases of illness in our community.

Have a Christmas seal on every package and letter that you send out. Think of the good that your pennies may bring to someone in need.

A JOB FOR US

Several lot owners in the Hillsboro cemetery have expressed a willingness to contribute a certain amount each month for the proper maintenance of the local cemetery. What if there hasn't been a sinking fund set aside from the payments of lots to keep the cemetery in shape? Is that any reason why our burial ground should present such an unsightly appearance?

Members of the American Legion are planning to take steps to start a program for keeping the grounds in shape. The Argus wishes them good luck and hopes that they succeed.

What does it matter if it has failed in the past, or who started it? Can we let it remain as it is?

NURSE OF KNIGHT VISITS

Brings Kodak of Youth Lost in Far North Expedition

The nurse and last companion of Lorne Knight, former Hillsboro boy and son of Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Knight of McMinnville, who lost his life in the Wrangle Island expedition, is visiting in McMinnville with the parents of the dead explorer. Her name is Ada Blackjack and she is an Eskimo.

All McMinnville is craning its neck to see her, according to a letter just received from the Yamhill county seat by J. J. Stangel of this city. She brought young Knight's kodak to his parents as a surprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kriebel of near Cornelius were Hillsboro visitors Saturday.

J. Bernards of North Plains was a county seat visitor Wednesday.

Thomas Gregg of Leisyville was a Hillsboro business visitor today.

Frank Connel of Connell station on the United Railway was a Hillsboro visitor Monday.

L. G. Wiedewitsch and Loren Pizer of Cornelius were Hillsboro visitors the first of the week.

Perry Gardner of Elmonica was transacting business in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hollenbeck and children of above Mountaindale were county seat visitors on Saturday.

George Tews, who is farming at Laurel, was a Hillsboro visitor Saturday. George expects to return to town in the fall.

Mrs. A. C. Thomas of Seattle has been visiting with her sister, Mrs. R. H. Greer. She returned to her home the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Marshall of Witch Hazel returned last week from a few months' stay in California. While in the South they saw the most of California.

M. S. Weir of Cooper Mountain was in town Monday. His father, deceased, was the first settler on Cooper Mountain many years ago, and M. S. has seen many changes up there since his boyhood.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cruikshank are up from Seaside for an extended stay and have been visiting at the William Harvey home below Reedville. They will probably spend the most of the winter in Hillsboro.

William Gault of Linnton was a Hillsboro visitor Monday. Young Gault is a grandson of the late D. M. C. Gault, former editor of the Independent, and is a native son of Hillsboro. Mr. Gault says that his grandmother, well known here, just returned from an extended visit at Eugene and is at the home of her son, John, in Portland.

Joseph Greer and His Daughter

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Copyright by the Bobbs-Merrill Company
Continued from last week

But you've worked for 'em, seen 'em close to, so I thought maybe you could tell me the answer."

"I'm not sure I quite understand what it is you find puzzling about this," Henry said, sipping his tea and feeling queerly at ease for the moment with his companion. "I've worked for them, as you say, a good part of my life, but they've never struck me as—enigmatic, especially. Of course, they're—my own people. But you're quite right that I'm not one of them—I'd have been a musician, if I could," he added.

"There you are," said Greer; "that's something. I suppose music's just a form of engineering, really, only it happens to be one that a man can't make a living by—unless he's a sort of freak. Well, then, you're a musician; I'm an engineer. But what the devil are they? What do they see? What do they think they see? Oh, money, of course, but money's nothing but a way of getting things done. What is it they're trying to get done? If I had Williamson's money I'd do something with it. So would you. I doubt if he even has fun with it. Not as much as I have—on perhaps a twentieth as much. Round and round he goes looking for safe investments for an income that's already five or six times what he can spend—making more work for himself all the time."

"I suppose," Henry put in, "that it's really power he wants rather than money."

The other man snatched the word away from him. "Power! I understand power, or I think I do. Power is what can be used to move something. Well, now, see here! Here's a man who's got a hobby for buying electric storage-cells and charging them, and he goes on collecting more and more of them and you go to him and say, 'What are you going to do with all this?' and he says, 'Oh, I'm going to run a motor-generator outfit to charge more cells.' Couldn't you take him before a judge and get a conservator appointed on the strength of that? Of course you could. Well, what's the difference? What does Williamson want to run? The city? He could, if he liked—Roger Sullivan did. A railroad? A steamship line? An opera company? A harem? I don't care what. But it ought to be something."

He illuminated this statement with a dazzling grin, but went straight on: "Williamson gets a bound report on me and reads it, or, for all I know, hires somebody else to read it for him, and sends me word he'll go in. But in all this time—three months, mind you—he's never come out to our laboratory on the West side, where he could have seen the thing done, actually done under semi-commercial conditions. He doesn't care about how it's done. Nor, for that matter, what we do. Any damn thing in the world that would show the same profit between raw material and finished product, and the same demand, would interest him just as much—it would be the same thing to him.

"Cellulose fiber is one of the most interesting things in the world. I've been thinking about it, off and on, ever since the first time I found myself in a tropical jungle. And the things you can do by dissolving it, or by matting and compressing it, or by using it as a binder in plastic substances—there's no end. And we're just at the beginning, back in the Old Testament. But it might be putty for all Williamson cares—or prunes."

He interrupted himself here to take another drink, and Henry said: "You're partly right, of course, but he knows more about that process of yours than you think. And he knows he's not a technical man. It may be caution as much as lack of interest that's kept him away."

Greer caught that instantly over the edge of his up-raised glass. Henry found that glance of his curiously stimulating.

"Anyhow," Henry went on, "he told me himself quite a little about it—about the bug, he called it, that you'd discovered."

"H—I—" said Greer, putting down his glass. "I didn't discover any bug. I'm not a bacteriologist. I hired a fellow—a young professor of botany at one of the universities, and told him to discover it. It took him more than a year, and if I hadn't been there to speed him up it might have taken him twenty. They're queer birds, too, these pure scientists, when it comes to that. They don't care what anything's for any more than the bankers care how it works. It isn't till a man like me comes along and takes one in one hand and another in the other and cracks their heads together that anything really happens in the world."

The inward grimace Henry allowed himself at this must have shown some reflection in his face, perceptible to Greer, for almost instantly, with a shrug and a smile, he went on:

"That sounds like brag to you. Perhaps it is. But we're trying to get acquainted, aren't we? The sooner we do, the better all around; isn't that the idea? Well, then, you may as well know that I think I'm a better man than John Williamson or any of his crowd. I think you are, too, and that you know it. He inherited his money, didn't he?"

"Wasn't old Nick Williamson his father? Well, the old man, I guess, had the goods. But his son—why, he's had everything done for him. Turn him out to the woods without a guide and a pack-train, and I don't believe he could keep alive a month. I don't believe he could have earned his living with his hands and educated himself for a profession at the same time. Well, I did that, and I've done the other. And I could do it again if I had to, though I am fifty years old."

(This story will be continued in the next issue of the Argus)

"Fifty!" Henry's surprise was genuine. He'd been thinking of the man as a contemporary.

"Unless I've lost count," he said.

He paused reflectively over his drink, and gave Henry a chance he had unconsciously been waiting for. "Of course," he said, "I couldn't keep alive in the woods either, not even as long as John. I could hardly have kept alive, I'm afraid, even in the ordinary ways of civilization if I hadn't been helped. And the person who gave me that help, with a perfectly ungrudging kindness, was John Williamson."

"Well, your game's a different game from his and from mine," Greer said. "You're like some other people I know, writers and painters and such. All you really ask for is a chance to look on. But you can see what I'm driving at, and these fat people couldn't—Oh, they have their good side, I know," he conceded. "That's more than I'd have admitted twenty years ago. I was a good deal of a sorehead at thirty. I had a grudge that used to keep me awake nights against the gang that has everything brought to them on a platter. I wanted them kicked out, to give better men a chance. But I've got over that. I'm willing they should play their game as long as they'll let me play mine. But—"

His look belied his words, Henry thought. His eyes, smoldering, gazed out across the room. There was food for thought, for John and his friends, perhaps, in the look of them.

Many persons less given to analysis than Henry Craven had speculated during the past half-dozen years about the relation between Joe Greer and Jennie MacArthur. They saw, just as Henry did, that it differed somehow from the accepted standard for important, busy employers and their efficient, infallible secretaries.

Jennie was competent, and long ago she had made herself indispensable. But that was only the beginning of it. She took to Joe from the start. What appeared to others as his truly infernal temper never worried Jennie a bit. She perceived there was no malice in it.

He could think harder and faster than anybody else, and a long succession of contacts with muddled minds or irresolute wills drove him every now and then frantic. Her method with him was to let him rave until he got the worst of it out of his system, and then grin at him. She learned the trick of toning down his letters without making them sound tame and colorless, and before she'd worked for him a year, he'd given up dictating altogether.

"You're the only stenographer in the world," he said to her, apropos of



"You're the Only Stenographer in the World," Greer Told Her.

some such performance as this. "Go to the bookkeeper and tell him your salary is fifty dollars a week. Any time you think that isn't enough, say so, but don't you dare leave me on any account. You belong to me, sec." He added, "You're not thinking of going off and getting married, are you?"

When she told him she wasn't, he gave a sort of satisfied grunt which carried with it the implication that she'd better not try.

When he formed his company for the manufacture of airplane parts, he made her secretary of it and fixed her salary at six thousand a year. In every ramification of his business interests he gave her his whole confidence, which was something no one else, she was sure, shared with her, for he was naturally suspicious and secretive.

During the whole seven years, from the day when she'd first gone into his private office to the day of the directors' meeting that Henry Craven attended, she had never considered leaving Joe. She'd spoiled him. She'd endured much. She had occasionally flared up to match the red of her hair and driven some rebuking home truths into him. But, on the whole, she'd enjoyed herself enormously. There was a zest about the whole thing that made it more than a mere job, a sparkle of variety, and a spice, too, of danger.

HAS BIRTHDAY PARTY

A birthday party was given on Thursday, December 6, at the home of Mrs. Minerva Bradley, in honor of her granddaughters, Misses Cora and Ora Brown, it being their 18th birthday.

Various games were played, late in the evening refreshments were served.

Those present were Mrs. Minerva Bradley, Mrs. John Kennedy, Mrs. Harriet Lousignout, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Brown, the Misses Cora and Ora Brown, Ruth Brown, Grace Guy and Mary Barz; Ernest Schlaefli, Floyd Guy, John Meyers, Elbert Maxwell, Ed Reiser, William Barz William Whitmore.

WOMEN CARED FOR

Ex-service men of the World War in need of medical treatment or domiciliary care, will hereafter be taken care of in government institutions even though their disabilities are not due to the war, according to an announcement made by L. C. Jessup, northwest district manager of the United States Veterans' Bureau. Arrangements are being made in the Seattle, Portland, Spokane and Boise offices of the bureau to take care of such applicants immediately, he stated.

PRESENT PETITION

That John Bose be appointed as road supervisor of District No. 30, northeast of Hillsboro, was the petition presented by a delegation to the county court Wednesday morning.

Don't fail to read the Christmas ads, in this issue.

Fred Ennis was down from Banks the last of the week.

R. T. Fries of Cornelius was a Hillsboro visitor Saturday.

William Oelrich, the Orenco merchant, was a Hillsboro business visitor Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Peterson of near Linnton were Hillsboro visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bryant left the last of the week for California, where Mr. Bryant will go in business at Chico.

G. E. Erickson of several miles north of town, on Route 1, was in town the last of the week. Mr. Erickson's children are just recovering from a siege of the measles.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Krebs of Rockaway were Hillsboro visitors Monday, returning from a short visit to Portland. They visited at the Herman Kamna home while here.

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Hansen and little child of Moro, Oregon, left Friday for home, after a week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Brown. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Hansen are sisters.

G. A. Wehrung, who has been in California for the past couple of months, is now located at Long Beach, and reports that he has not been receiving his paper and letters from home since he went South.

Ray Reasoner and family returned the last of the week from Mt. Angel, where he and his father, D. B. Reasoner, have been doing contract work this summer. D. B. and wife returned a few weeks ago.

Mr. George Skym of Spokane, Mrs. H. Hutch, daughter and son, Catherine and William of Portland, were guests at the J. D. Anderson's last week. Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Woods of Portland, who were departing for Los Angeles.

CIRCUIT COURT

The case of W. G. Hill versus Lily May Hill was dismissed as was the case of Carl Kluge versus S. R. Koerber and the Hillsboro Commercial Bank. The Hillsboro Trading company was given judgment against C. Cook. The demurrer was overruled in the case of Abbie M. Steel versus H. Krachne, and the defendant was given ten days to file an answer. The defendants were given 10 days to further plead in the case of A. C. Shute versus H. S. Mitchell et al.

An order of default was granted in the case of R. D. Montague versus W. L. Pulliam, M. P. Bump was given judgment in his case versus George M. Covell. In the cases of J. B. Neubauer and Minnie Neubauer versus Valentin B. Barsi and against John F. Barsi and Susie Barsi, orders for publication of summons were made. W. R. Progeat was given an order sustaining motion against E. W. Reeves.

An order of confirmation of sale was drawn in the case of the North Pacific Mortgage company versus O. B. Hathaway and Della Hathaway. Roy Brown was given order allowing addition of original complaint against the Mitchell lumber company.

The estate of Rodell Matteson has been admitted to probate.

Alice W. Manner of Aloha is suing A. E. Manner for divorce on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment.

HOSPITAL IS BUSY

Five major operations have been performed by Dr. E. H. Smith, at his hospital, this last week.

John Heaton was operated on Sunday and is convalescing nicely, according to the hospital management. Henry Christoffer of near Scholls was operated on Saturday for appendicitis, and Peter Geisbers of Verboort underwent a major operation on Monday.

Mrs. Lee Clark was operated on Wednesday and Mrs. Arthur Ireland, likewise, underwent an abdominal operation today.

CARD OF THANKS

We desire to tender our sincere thanks to the many friends for their sympathy and kindness during the illness and obsequies of the wife and mother, the late Mrs. Stanley Jacobs, and we especially thank the Beaverton Chapter of the Eastern Star.

Stanley Jacobs,
Luella Jacobs,
Aloha, Oregon, December 10, 1923.

SHOOTS HELD WEEKLY

Due to the interest among the clay pigeon shots of the county in the American Legion Sunday shoots, the veterans have decided to hold the shoots every Sunday until the first of the year. The Legion is giving many birds as prizes to the winners. The shoots are being held at the old fair grounds on Sunday at 10 o'clock.

BIRTHS

Johnson—A boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Johnson of Hillsboro, December 12, 1923, at Dr. Smith's Hospital.

Wells—To Mr. and Mrs. Iris Wells of Hillsboro, December 12, 1923, a son, at the Hillsboro Maternity Home.

L. L. Crawford of Manning reported the ground covered with snow when he left his home last Saturday morning to come down.

CLUB IS ENTERTAINED

The ladies of the Farmington Welfare club were entertained at the home of Mrs. E. Boge last Thursday afternoon. Club guests included Mrs. Lydia Boge, Mrs. Laughlin and Mrs. Putnam, who became a member. Election of officers will be held at the next meeting at the home of Mrs. D. G. Weston, December 27.

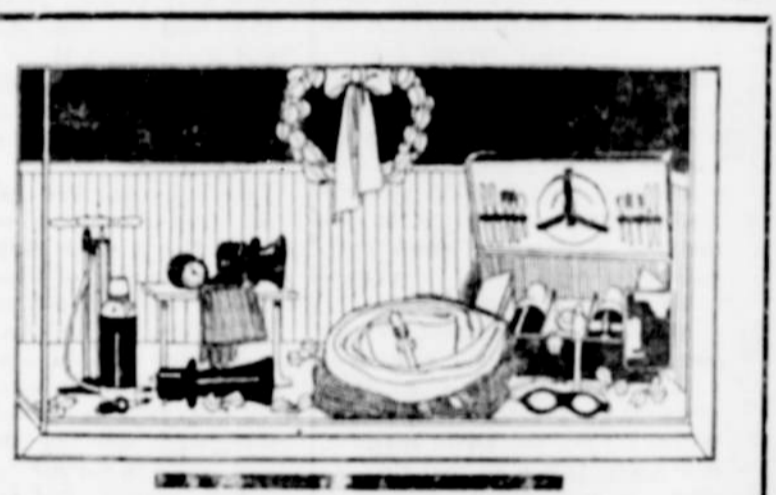
NOTICE

December 8th and thereafter the prices advertised by Skaggs United Stores in Portland papers will apply to our store in Hillsboro.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington. In the Matter of the Estate of Rodell Matteson, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed executor of the Estate of Rodell Matteson, Deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, and has qualified.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS
—TO ALL, LARGE AND SMALL—
Please call the People's Cash Store for the Christmas cards. Churches and lodges should see us for the Christmas nuts and candy.
NOTE A FEW OF OUR EVERY DAY PRICES
Milk, per can 5c and 10c
Bulk Cocoa, lb 5c
Bulk Seedless Raisins, lb., 11c; 5 lbs 50c
Bottle Bluing, 3 for 23c
Corn Flakes, 2 packages 15c
Pinnick Syrup, 2 1/2-lb can, 18c; 2 for 35c
Eastern Buckwheat Flour, 9 and 8-10 lbs 68c
Spaghetti, Macaroni, Noodles, 8-oz. package 8c
2 packages 15c
Royal Club Solid Pack Tomatoes, 2 cans 25c
Libby's Pumpkin, 2 1/2-size tin 15c
Oranges, while they last, per dozen 9c
Owing to space, we will just state that we have other prices that are real bargains. Also have hand-painted pictures that are real Christmas presents.
Remember Welch & Smith, at the
People's Cash Store
PHONE 773 FREE DELIVERY—10:00 and 4:00



Something For His Car
The way to a man's heart nowadays is through his car, so if you are especially anxious to please him, make your gift something that adds to the comfort of motoring.
Ignition and Battery Trouble will Fade when Bill helps you.
BILL HARRIS
BATTERY SERVICE



A Gift We All Enjoy
Will there be a Victrola in your home this Christmas?
\$25 to \$225
The Delta Drug Store
The Rexall Store

Groceries and Meats
—FOR YOUR—
CHRISTMAS DINNER
Whatever kind of Meat you plan to serve for Christmas Dinner, we are ready to supply you with the best the market affords. We also carry a full line of Staple and Fancy Groceries.
And you will find our prices are exceptionally reasonable, quality considered.
KING & FRANK