

Hillsboro Argus

The Leader in its Field

County Official Paper

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The Tillamook Headlight has been sold by Roy Blodgett to George Martin and Irl McSherry, both experienced Oregon newspapermen. The experience and ability of the two men assure the people of Tillamook county a paper of which they will be proud.

While politicians talk the grange is working on two projects which

they believe will bring farm relief along some lines. They are seeking higher tariff on imported eggs and potatoes.

California cars visiting Oregon during the first seven months totaled 32,804, which is almost four times as many as from any other state. They have to come up here where nature has been so kind in order to keep up their enthusiasm.

Thirty Years Ago

Aug. 18, 1898.—J. A. Flippin of Buxton, a pioneer, died August 14 at the home of J. R. Bailey of Green Mountain. Mr. Flippin was born in Tennessee March 17, 1824, and crossed the plains by ox team in 1845, and again in 1852, the year after his marriage to Miss Jane Patton of Tennessee. He is survived by five sons and three daughters. For two terms he was county assessor.

Hillsboro people petition Southern Pacific for Sunday train service. August 25.—Frederick R. Butler, aged 20 years, died last evening at the residence of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Butler, of consumption.

J. C. Lamkin opens up an undertaking parlor at the corner of Main and Third streets.

Wesley Boscow writes to Cal Jack, Jr., from Skagway that he has four good men grub staked for the Tagish mining district and that he hopes for good returns.

September 1.—Dr. James Withycombe of Hillsboro has accepted the position of vice-director of the Oregon Agricultural college.

The Imperial Cider factory of Cornelius opens today and will run every day during the season.

Born, Tuesday, September 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Mark Berdau, a son, Neighbor D. M. C. Gault is now president of the Oregon Press association, having been elected to that position at the joint Oregon-Washington Press association meeting at Spokane last week.

County Treasurer Cady left today for a trip to New York.

Leisyville

Miss Ruby Hornecker is convalescing at the home of her mother, Mrs. Anna Hornecker, from a recent goiter operation performed at the Good Samaritan hospital.

Hop picking started in the John Sinclair hop yard Wednesday morning.

Miss Helen Powers returned from the beaches Monday evening.

Miss Dorothy Sanders Wedded to Mr. Childs

Mr. C. Van Nuys Childs and Miss Dorothy Marie Sanders were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Monday afternoon at 2:30. Rev. S. McMinis of the Baptist church officiated, using the ring ceremony. The bride was given in marriage by her father.

The bride wore a light blue silk dress and carried a bridal bouquet of sweet peas and pink rosebuds caught with long streamers of white ribbon. Miss Gladys Stark of Cornelius acted as maid of honor, and Mr. Oliver Williamson of Portland acted as best man to the groom.

The living room was beautifully decorated with asters and greens.

Dorothy is the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David W. Sanders, managers of the Sprouse-Reitz company variety store in Hillsboro, and has a wide circle of friends here and in Portland.

Mr. Childs, formerly of Pasadena, California, is a popular young man in musical circles and is an embalmer at the Limber funeral home. Their marriage came as a surprise to their many friends.

Dorothy is a graduate of Grant high school in Portland, being a member of the class of '27. Mr. and Mrs. Childs left for a short honeymoon trip. They will reside at the bride's home until October.

WHO'S WHO AND HOW



The Music Dealer is On The Job to keep Music in the Home. Music hath power to Soothe the Savage Breast, and Keep the Kids out of Mischief. It also Gives them Something to Do besides Decorating the Wall when they are Out in Company.

1, when they plan to tour California.

Those present at the wedding were Mrs. Mabelle Van Nuys Lockett of Los Angeles, Cal., aunt of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Williamson of Portland, Miss Gladys Stark of Cornelius, Miss Verna Snyder of Hillsboro, and the immediate family of the bride.

JOHN ADDISON McCOY

John Addison McCoy, 61, died at his home at Forest Grove Friday and funeral services were held from the Buxton & Prickett chapel Sunday with the Rev. Fite officiating. He is survived by the widow, and a daughter, Mrs. Dale Underwood of Forest Grove, and three sons, Joseph H. of New York, Arthur L. of Corvallis, and Raymond of Forest Grove.

WARD L. THOMPSON

Ward L. Thompson, 57, of Mountaineer, died at the Jones hospital Tuesday after an extended illness. Funeral services were held this morning from the Glenn F. Bell mortuary and interment was in the Rafferty cemetery. The Glencoe lodge of Knights of Pythias of which he was a member, conducted the services at the grave.

He was born March 15, 1871, at had been a resident of Mountaineer. Deceased is survived by the widow and three sons, Francis, Archie and Maurice, his mother, Mrs. Celia Thompson, of Mountaineer, five brothers and two sisters.

FRED GOETZE

Fred Goetze, 58, of Blooming, died at the Good Samaritan hospital in Portland Friday. Funeral services were held Sunday from the Blooming church with the Rev. L. Stuebe officiating. Interment was in the Blooming cemetery.

Highland, Kansas. For 35 years he was a resident of Blooming, Germany, August 1, 1870, and came to Washington county about 32 years ago, and the most of that time had been spent in farming at Blooming. He was married to Miss Wilhelmina Meyer at Blooming in 1899. Mr. Goetze is survived by the widow and the following sons and daughters: William C., Portland; Mrs. Ivan Zimmerman, Cathlamet, Wash.; Herman, George, Margaret and Marie, at home. Mrs. Henry Kriebel of Hillsboro and two other sisters survive. Four brothers also survive.

A cadet at the United States military academy at West Point receives pay at the rate of \$780 a year.

Places of amusement in New York city sent more than 1,000,000 people. There are 414 theaters and 152 cabarets.

United States treasury department figures indicate that the World war cost the United States \$35,119,622,144. Naval activities cost \$3,480,781,737 while military operations cost \$16,283,569,220.

It is estimated that the United States government expends \$70,000,000 a year for the care of war veterans. This sum is equal to the cost of running the entire federal government, outside of the post-office department, before the World war.

Tax assessors of the District of Columbia estimate that the White House and the grounds surrounding it are worth about \$22,000,000. Only two federal properties, the Capitol and the Treasury department building, are valued at higher figures.

The United States has the greatest per capita wealth of diamonds of all countries, according to figures for 1925. More than 10,000,000 carats, of an estimated value of about \$4,000,000,000 are owned in this country.

S. O. S.

Bride (at the telephone): "Oh, John, do come home, I must have put the plugs in the wrong way. The radio is all covered with frost and the electric ice box is singing 'Deep River.'"

Ask Me Another

He: "I can answer any question." She: "Well, what's the broad band used to keep the saddle in place on a horse's back?" He: "Aw, that's a cinch!" —Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

Creamed dried beef in potato shells may be served for the main dish at a summer supper. Bake the potatoes, scoop out and season the mashed potato with salt, pepper, butter and milk. Line the shells with the potato mixture and fill with creamed dried beef. Place in the oven until slightly brown on top.



(Continued from last week)

First of all he thought of McKimber. Could he, after all, have dared this? Was his dejected spirit assumed for putting the younger man of his guard? He remembered telling McKimber that those who underestimated him came to disaster. Perhaps he had made the mistake of thinking a man beaten to the ground when he was merely resting, awaiting an opportunity to spring. His assailant might even have been young McKimber. It was a tall, agile man who attacked him.

According to Barnes' instructions Sneed, at breakfast, asked if he should arouse Mr. Raxon or see if he wanted his coffee in his room. As a rule Raxon was up early. In the end they discovered him. His mouth was swollen and discolored, and he could not rise to his feet when Bradley uncut the bonds. He was in a deplorable condition. He would tell his wife nothing. Nor would he hear of the police being notified.

"I know who did it," he lied, "and I will attend to him myself. This must not get into the papers. If it does, I shall know it comes from one of you three." He looked coldly at his wife, his butler, and the footman.

It was Bradley alone who dared to meet his gaze. In such a rage as this Mrs. Raxon trembled. Sneed could not avoid the consciousness that it was one of the wealthy employing classes who shivered with anger. Bradley welcomed the opportunity to see a man of whom he had heard so much, but, at whose hands he had himself experienced ill-treatment, at a moment when his usual control was gone. It seemed to the scientist that for a minute the mask was lifted and the terrific emotions which he had kept hidden were let loose. He cursed his wife. He called Sneed a timid, worthless creature that he had allowed a thief to break through and assault him. Bradley, towering over them all, came in for his share. Where had this hulking flunkey been that the marauder had stolen upon him?

Bradley was secretly amused. Then he saw his chance to escape. He recalled some of Barnes' gestures and gave notice at once. There could hardly be a suspicion of collusion. It seemed to Mrs. Raxon that here was a courteous and efficient man servant goaded to rare indignation. Sneed suddenly took the resolve to depart with his footman.

Raxon turned to his wife. "Pay them and see that they leave at once."

Sneed turned on his heel and left the room. His second-footman followed.

"If any of those other people heard any commotion, just tell them I had a fainting spell and shall be all right tomorrow." He almost pushed her from the room and turned the key.

Raxon hoped, as he walked to the safe, that he would find the robbery had been made by professionals for readily convertible plunder. He hardly dared search for the McKimber exhibits.

The envelope which had held what would have kept McKimber a pliant and obedient tool was gone. Negotiable securities and a large sum of cash were untouched. It was plain that the intruder had come for one thing only, and had been successful. The man who would have most to gain by this abstraction was young Robin McKimber, who had been in the house a week and had learned of the danger in which his father stood. In figure young McKimber was like the man of whom Raxon had one fleeting glance.

Never again would there be the opportunity to get any more incriminating letters. The page stolen from the register could not be replaced. What a fool he had been not to have them photographed. To implicate the politician without them would be almost impossible. Were McKimber to make a bold stand and accuse his enemy of attempted blackmail, the public would probably flock to the support of the older and better-known man. It was the greatest blow Paul Raxon had ever sustained. He felt that the humiliation of it would never pass from his mind. His face was bruised and sore, but he hardly knew it. He who had warned his opponent of the folly of underestimating him, had fallen himself into that very trap.

It was late in the afternoon when he allowed his wife to enter. She had brought with her a pot of coffee and some sandwiches. The coffee he drank eagerly. He would not eat.

"I don't know what we are to do now those men have gone. It was most inconsiderate of you to talk like that to them. The maids won't wait at table and the agency can't send any men until tomorrow. If only we hadn't so many people staying here!"

"They won't be long here," he said grimly. "I think this social experiment is going to end. Pile the whole bunch in automobiles and take them to the chateau at Huntington. Telephone for reservations and see they get a good meal. They

will like the change. Now leave me alone."

CHAPTER XII

The evening that saw the Raxon guests taken to dinner at Huntington found the Japanese garden in Lower Fifth Avenue occupied by the Milman conspirators. During the dinner, which was perceptibly better served because Sneed had dropped back into his old place and Achille was less hurried, there was no word said about Great Rock. It was Sneed who had taken the coffee away that Milman began. Sitting in the center of them, he showed no sign of triumph. Watching him, Nita thought that she had never seen a man more perfectly courteous than he. Milman complimented them all on what they had done, but it was her father who came in for the greatest praise. The daughter watched him growing younger as he listened to Peter's eulogiums. Barnes felt that at last he had been able to do his share.

"We are now," Milman went on, "in the position of holding what Raxon was going to use to lever himself into a senatorial seat. I have little doubt in my mind but that he will pay the price asked, which is a million dollars. Without this evidence he has no actual hold on McKimber. With it he can command his absolute obedience. I feel certain that with McKimber's help Raxon can win. Without it he has little chance. The question is this: Is the senatorship worth a million dollars to Paul Raxon? If not, we are worse off than when we began. If it is, we have won."

Peter Milman looked about him as the chairman of a meeting does when he desires suggestions. None would have supposed that there was a very real risk of disgrace and imprisonment if Raxon refused to buy and determined to prosecute.

"If you had looked into his face," Bradley remarked, "and had seen all the passions of hate and disappointment, fear and despair graven on it, you would have no doubt at all on the subject. I'm certain he will buy them back."

"But he'll try and get us," Barnes reminded him. "I wasn't any too gentle."

"There's always that danger," Peter Milman observed calmly, "but when a man has so overpowering an ambition as his, he may use caution which is really abhorrent. I have no doubt he will wish he could put us in Sing Sing, but better counsel will show him that it is dangerous. Before we see him we must rehearse some of the circumstances in which we were injured by him. I want him to think that we all know very certainly by what means he hurt us. In case he should decline to buy these letters, he must understand that he cannot prosecute us."

Floyd Malet had said little. He was watching the girl's sensitive face. He did not understand how it was the others did not realize she was suffering. They had assumed that she was wholly with them and as eager as they to win. It was because Malet loved her that he knew what was passing in her mind. He had seen her with Robin. He knew certainly that she loved the lad and suffered torture at the thought that she was going to aid in giving Paul Raxon the whip hand over him.

It was plain to Floyd Malet that this love of his for a girl, whose beauty had first attracted him because it was of a rare and finer sort, must be kept a secret. What has the world to offer but scorn for the middle-aged and unsuccessful lover? But love, he reflected, if it is genuine, finds its reward in service. How could he help her? Was it possible to bring her happiness and Robin? The other men were talking about Robin's father.

"He will suffer," said Mr. Milman impartially. "And his family will suffer. I am sorry for them; but in this case our interests weigh down the balance. McKimber, at all events, has money and an assured position."

"Why not offer to sell the letters to him then?" Malet cried. "You will get your money just the same and you will be defying Raxon?" He noticed that Nita listened eagerly for the reply.

"There are two reasons against it. One, that we know Raxon to be a crook used to chicanery, fraud and blackmail. He will not protest, no matter how we obtained these letters. He will probably pay. With McKimber it is different. How shall we convince him that if he buys these letters he is safe from subsequent blackmail? He will know that his secret is shared by many others and he will never feel safe. As he probably won't run for office now, he may make a fight of it. He has money. He can retain the best counsel, while we are handicapped from the start. It is not a matter of choosing to benefit one at the cost of the other. Personally, I am inclined to be sorry for McKimber. With us all it is merely the easiest and safest way to get the money we have been defrauded of from the man who did it."

(Continued next week)



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