

# Hillsboro Argus

The Leader in Its Field

County Official Paper  
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Subscription Rates: \$1.50 Six Months \$3.00 Per Year

The union high school board is being sued by the contractor whose work was not approved by the architect. The community would have been better off in the long run in dollars and cents and from the standpoint of progress if the job had been turned over to a local contractor with instructions to turn out a good job.

Publisher J. S. Dellinger of the Morning Astorian sent the Argus a box of Dellinger cranberries for which the editors are appreciative. To Mr. Dellinger is due a great deal of credit for the success of

the cranberry industry in Clatsop county.  
When we read of the number of lives lost in storms elsewhere in the world, Oregonians cannot help but be thankful that they live in the garden spot of the world.

Hillsboro was happy to have as his guests this week all the teachers of the county. They have the training of Washington county's greatest asset—the children.

Let's go ahead, Hillsboro!

## Thirty Years Ago

November 3, 1898—John P. Vandendyke and Miss Strohmeyer were united in marriage at the Verboort Catholic church October 31, Father P. DeRoos officiating. C. R. Bradley took charge of the poor farm Tuesday, Mr. Saxton having retired. There are at present 13 patients in the charge of the county.

William Hansen and Miss Ada Blakesley of Scholls were married October 31, Rev. Groat trying the nuptial knot.  
J. C. Lamkin's little cannon will speak no more, and is lying on a bench, a mute but eloquent narrator of its misfortune—blown up by an overdose of powder in celebrating Sampson's and Schley's victory at Santiago.

November 10—Flags were flying at half-mast from the court house and the Gen. Ransom post headquarters in memory of Private Charles Percy Oliver of Company H, Second Oregon, who died in Manila November 2. Private Oliver was a native of Minnesota, and was about 30 years old. He came to Hillsboro in 1892, and was in the employ of Dr. Linklater, being a competent druggist. Dr. Linklater received a letter from him under date of September 18 in which he said that many of the boys were ill, mostly from malaria and typhoid fever.

November 17—Nearly 500 people attended the memorial services in the Congregational church Sunday evening in honor of the late Charles Percy Oliver of Company H, Second Oregon. Rev. Evan F. Hughes delivered the memorial address, and an appropriate musical program was given.

November 24—Married at the residence of the bride's parents at Gaston, November 21, F. A. Everest and Miss Florence Grebler, Rev. C. A. Plowman officiating.  
The marriage of Mr. Frank Kelsey and Mrs. Agnes Campbell, both of Hillsboro, is announced.

### It Pays!

Dear Sir: On Thursday, August 23, we announced a new line of Frigidaire electric refrigerators. We want you to know that the advertising in your newspaper announcing the new line has produced exceedingly satisfactory results.

It has been the policy of Frigidaire Corporation to use newspaper advertising as the backbone of its publicity campaign, and the rapid strides from year to year in volume of business, the general public acceptance of electric refrigeration and the outstanding leadership of Frigidaire in this field can be credited in no small measure to the use of adequate newspaper advertising space.

Frigidaire is a quality product and the splendid results we have received from the announcement of our new line are a testimonial to the quality of the circulation of your paper.

Yours very truly,  
Frigidaire Corporation,  
E. D. Doty, Adv. Mgr.  
Some Vegetables Short  
Although the potato crop promises to be a bumper one, several of the other major vegetables will be lighter than last year, according to the U. S. department of agriculture estimate. The cabbage production for this year is estimated at 560,000 tons, against 672,000 tons last year; the onion crop is figured at 12,715,000 bushels, against 17,773,000 bushels in 1927; the sweet potato yield is estimated at 81,618,000 bushels, against 93,928,000 bushels last year.

Say you saw it in the Argus.

### MICKIE SAYS—

ANY IDEA OF A SUELL JOB PER A KID IS WORKIN' ROUND A NEWSPAPER SHOP 'YA LEARN A LOT ABOUT MECHANICAL THINGS, AND ALSO ABOUT SPELLING AND COMPOSING ARTICLES BESIDES HULL-GOBS OF INFORMATION ABOUT EVERYTHING UNDER THE SUN, AND LIKEWISE YA LEARN TO WRITE WHENEVER YA SEE A CHANGE TO BE A 'PRINTERS' DEVIL.' BOYS, GRAB IT QUICK!



## DINSMORE'S FOLLY

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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### FOREWORD

Perhaps events might not have been so complicated had not Edith Dinsmore been a creature of nerves, quite in contrast with her placid sister Josephine. In addition to being an extremely up-to-date young person, Edith had an imagination; but active as it was, it scarcely accounted for all the weird things she experienced under the roof of that interesting old mansion which, on account of its architectural peculiarities, was known as "Dinsmore's Folly." Even the serene Josephine was jolted by the happenings.

Who would have thought, in this matter, that a veritable knight-errant was going to make his appearance and exert such an influence in the life of young Edith? Who was this mysterious individual, and how did he come to be hovering around the Dinsmores in both their city and country residences? He saved Edith's life on a country road, and in town he was on hand to get her out of a dangerous scrape into which her youthful exuberance had led her. So providentially present was he when needed that Edith referred to him as "M. P." (my preserver). It was the most convenient name she had for him, for he masked his identity and was quick to drop from sight after an act of grace.

There was romance for you, and when "M. P." was brot into the picture, Edith's every heart-string was touched. "Dinsmore's Folly," suffering from an automobile accident and was forced to become a guest of the two sisters, who, owing to a peculiar turn of fate, were themselves in hiding, material began to form for a real plot. Then it was that so many mysterious things began to happen in the old house. The story is a highly agreeable mixture of comedy, romance and adventure.

### CHAPTER I

Of course, now that it's all over and done it's easy to be wise and not that it was all my fault. Maybe it was—but I don't see that there was much fault about it. Everybody seems to be satisfied and (as somebody says about marriages) though it's rather early for congratulations, I think everybody is going to stay satisfied. And I'm mighty sure that Mr. Braxton, for one, wouldn't have been satisfied at all if I hadn't—er—butted in. A girl must butt in sometimes, and this was one of the times.

"I'll admit, too, that I acted without due knowledge of the facts. But whose fault was it that I was ignorant of the facts? It was not mine. Father could have told me some of them; and Fred could have told me more; and even Josephine could have told me something last week or the week before. They had told me and weeks in which they had told me. And none of them said a word. Well, then?"

(N. B. They all claim, of course, that they thought I was too young and innocent to be trusted. It isn't the twentieth century, it's the nineteenth century, and women aren't as innocent as they used to be in the days when Hector was a pup.)

After all, now that I have argued the thing out, I am beginning to believe that the blame—if blame there was—for what happened really lies at Mr. Paul's door. This hadn't occurred to me before, but the more I think of it the more convinced I become. Why? It was even Mr. Paul who—but that comes later.

Anyway, I've got to get on with my story. Grandpa Dinsmore built Dinsmore's Folly; the fact was too notorious to leave any chance for the family to deny it. And now, of course, since everything has turned out so well, none of the family wants to deny it.

Of course I have no personal knowledge of the fact that the world ever scoffed at grandpa's house—the modern world, indeed, has always been too polite to where I could hear it—but I am convinced that it did. No self-respecting world could possibly refrain from scoffing at that amazing medley of all styles of ages, the aggregation of Greek temple, Egyptian colonnade, Moorish entrance, feudal castle, Elizabethan manor house, Swiss chalet, French chateau, not to speak of the various architectural whose miscegenetic ancestry no architect can speak without blushing, all jumbled together with a beautiful American disregard of European ideas and plastered into a self-satisfied whole by American mortar overrun by English ivy. And yet, behold how wisdom is justified of her children! Today Dinsmore's Folly brings me a fabulous income, while other nearby houses, more modern, equally large, in better repair and apparently infinitely more desirable, go begging.

However, this delightful state of affairs is very recent. Until yesterday, that is to say, until the day I dragged Josephine forty-five minutes from Broadway and dropped her down into Dinsmore's Folly, I had steadily avoided all mention of the place, and had done my best to conceal from my friends the dreadful fact that any lineal ancestor of mine had perpetrated such a monstrosity.

four weeks in every year. He also left a note, addressed to me personally, in which he requested that I should see "Standy" Perkins on as gardener or caretaker as long as he wanted to stay. "Perkins has not been very pleasant to deal with since his wife ran away, he wrote. 'But he has been a faithful servant to me for many years, and I should not like him to be turned out. Moreover, he hopes and believes that some day the woman will come back to him at Dinsmore, and I feel that it would be cruel to destroy this hope by driving him away.'

Of course I had been to Dinsmore often to see dear old grandpa, who was nice enough to make me almost forget the awful house in which he lived and about whose repairs I knew as well as anyone could know the sour old body. But until I read grandpa's note I had never known that Perkins' wife had run away; that I suppose everybody considered that I was too young to be told. In fact, I scarcely remembered that he had a wife at all. I suppose I had seen her, but I could not recall what she looked like. I asked Father about it and he said that he understood that she was much younger than Perkins and that the two had not gotten along together at all. She had disappeared three or four years before and had never been heard of since.

Soon afterward I motored out to look at the place. I thought it would look different—I hoped it would look different. I knew that I knew about the wife's exodus, of course I saw Perkins, too, and of course I surveyed him with interest, superinduced by his story and by the fact that he was now my own employe.

He was a spare, bony old codger, swarthy with sun and wrinkled with years, who carried his head thrust forward from his lean shoulders as if perpetually watching for something or someone. Now that I knew about his wife's exodus, of course, understand and pity, but I felt that I really couldn't blame her for running away. I'd have run away, too. All the sympathy and pity in the world couldn't help my feeling creep as I looked at him. If I had known—but of course I didn't know.

I plunged at once into inquiries about the place. Perkins' answers were not encouraging. Grandpa, he said, had let things run down a good deal; and Perkins thought that the executors would find that it would cost a lot of money to set it right again.

I went back home disgusted. I did not know where the money for repairs was to come from. Grandpa Dinsmore had not had much money of his own, (father was the money-maker of the family), and had had nothing but the best of his own. I certainly had no intention of spending my allowance in repairs on a monstrosity like Dinsmore's Folly. I made up my mind to let the year go by without talking the conditions of the will (I was an awful little fool in some ways in those faraway days two years ago); and to let the reversionary legatees—the Society for the Relief of the Poor, something—claim the place. But just five weeks before the first year was up Dad reminded me of the date and asked me when I was going to get on with it.

I stared at him reproachfully. "Pardon me, dad," I said, "but you forget that I requested you never to mention Dinsmore's Folly to me again."

"Never mention—?" Dad broke off; then forged ahead full speed. "Look here, Edith," he demanded. "What blamed nonsense are you making? If you don't go down there in a week—in six days, you will forfeit the place to the Society for the Relief of the Poor." "Precisely, Dad," I interrupted. "I know it is an inhuman thing to do. But it's me or them; and the homeless cats can stand Dinsmore's Folly better than I can."

"What?" "I mean to forfeit the place, dad," I answered hastily. "I can usually manage dad, but I know when to quit fooling; and this was one of the times."

"You mean to—? You mean to—? Are you crazy, Edith? The place will be worth a million dollars when the city builds out to it!" "Once more I tried to be flippant. 'What a million dollars compared to the wrecking of my whole artistic nature?' I demanded.

Dad threw down his napkin and got up. "Confound your artistic nature!" he roared. "If you'd ever learned how hard it is to make a million mills you wouldn't talk so idiotically. You and Josephine get ready to go down to Dinsmore's Folly tomorrow. And I'll go with you and see that you go—and stay, miss, stay, for the full thirty days."

"But, Dad," I cried despairingly, driven to my last defense. "But Dad, the place isn't habitable. It needs thousands of dollars worth of repairs."

Dad hesitated. "Who says so?" he demanded. "Perkins—the caretaker." "Oh, well! I'll look into it and make what repairs are necessary. But understand me once for all, Edith, you're going down there, whether the place is in repair or not, and you're going to stay and fulfill every jot and tittle of your grandfather's will. And I don't propose to have any nonsense about it either."

Dad strode off hotly, leaving me in much the same state of mind as a prisoner to whom the judge has just said, "Thirty dollars or thirty days." However, there was no use in talking. When dad laid down the law in that tone I didn't waste time; I just obeyed. Anyway, he was going to pay for the repairs, and I wasn't. That was something, and so we went—Josephine, dad, and I. The house wasn't so bad, after all; and the place was really bearable after we got used to it. It was rather trying at first to walk through a balcony Moorish doorway into a dismal Egyptian hall, which opened into a Louis Quatorze drawing room, but after a week I got used to that I could do it without a shudder. And after two weeks Fred turned up; and that made a difference.

(To Be Continued)

### The Retort Courteous

Passenger (in dining car on the Daylight Limited): "Two eggs boiled, medium soft, buttered toast, not too hard, coffee, not too much cream if it."

Waiter: "Yes, sir. Would you like any special design on the dishes?"

### PALS TOGETHER

While I'm not as young as I might be, Still I am not so very old, And a fair share of life's pleasures I've managed to grab hold. I've had some great experiences, And a number I thought were fine, But the nearest to God and Heaven Is this little girl of mine.

I have friends, the tried and true kind, I have loved ones of kith and kin; They have stood through storm and sunshine, They have stood through thick and thin.

Of the small and of the big things Of life I've had my share, But the sweetest of all, I have proved, Is our doll of the golden hair.

'Tis a long hard road we must travel If motherhood we would attain, Yet there's joy too deep to fathom And a glory to pay for our pain. There are hours of deep contemplation And thoughts shared by God alone, And many a prayer has been offered With each little stitch that's been sewn.

Our home life has always been happy, We get along better than most, We've tried to be pals together— That we've succeeded is our boast. We know our eight years together Have proven our love to be true, But it took just her to make heaven, Just her with those eyes of blue.

We'll try to bring her up proper, A lady in all of her ways, A joy and a pride to her loved ones, A blessing through all of her days. May God help us both to live rightly And teach her the things she should know; Help us to be worthy of Thy gift And lead in the way we should go.

Yes, we truly thank Thee for our baby; The right type of parents we should be. Help us to teach that true wisdom Is in following the footsteps of Thee. Help us to be truly comrades, Pals all together, we three, Make us a true mother and father, Once more for our girl we thank Thee. —Mrs. Guy Edson.

## Three Arrested at Highway Tavern

W. N. Biens of Hillsdale and D. Westover and C. M. McLellan of Portland were arrested on liquor charges by Sheriff J. E. Reeves and deputies early Sunday morning at the Tillicum Tavern near Beaverton. Archie Mackenzie was taken into custody the same night at Beaverton on a liquor charge.

Sixty chickens were stolen Friday night from the Simmons farm on the Canyon road. The thieves returned Saturday night and got away with 20 more.

## Present Comedy at Blooming on Friday

Blooming, Nov. 28.—The young people of the St. Peter's Lutheran church are presenting the play "O, Money, Money," a three-act comedy, at 8 p. m. Friday. Everyone is invited to attend.

A Thanksgiving program was given by the pupils of the public school Friday evening and a large crowd attended. Those taking part were Lea Pugh, Harold Meyer, Mildred Meyer, Leonid Voelker, Elmer Gurske, Anita Krahmer, Hilda Voelker and Mildred Krahmer.

## Portlander Takes Position With Bank

Alf O. Johnson of Portland has taken a position as assistant cashier at the Commercial National Bank. He comes to the bank to fill the vacancy caused by the suicide last week of James A. Wood. Mr. Johnson was with the American Exchange bank in Portland for ten years. He will move to Hillsboro with his family at once.

## Helvetia Man Hurt In Auto Accident

Henry Staehle of Helvetia received bad cuts around the face Sunday when his car was struck by one driven by Matt Vrlicak at the intersection of the Connell and Mason Hill roads.

Carl Watson of Buxton was bruised and shocked Saturday near Hillsboro when his car collided with one driven by R. F. Soule of Forest Grove.

## Marriage Licenses

Louis A. Hillecke, Hillsboro route 5, and Julia C. Peters, Forest Grove, November 23.  
Roy E. Maller, Banks route 3, and Mabel Barrett, Forest Grove route 2, November 27.

## Births

Cousens—To Mr. and Mrs. Ben Cousens of near Hillsboro, November 23, a girl.  
Seifert—To Mr. and Mrs. Carl Seifert of Scholls, November 27, a boy.

## Deaths

Heib—To Mr. and Mrs. Fred Heib, West Union, a boy, November 27.  
Schneider—To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schneider, Hillsboro, a boy, November 27.

## ANNOUNCING Essay Contest

Radio Station Thursday KEX 5:45 P. M. Thursday KTRR 8:30 P. M.

Courtesy of Thrift Department American Trust Company 89 Fourth Street PORTLAND, OREGON

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