Hillsboro Argus

"The Leader in Its Field"

County Official Paper

W. VERNE McKINNEY ..... Editor MRS. E. C. McKINNEY ..... Associate Editor

Subscription Rates

Per Year ..... $1.50 Six Months $1.00

Issued on Thursday of each week by McKinney & McKinney, Publishers. Entered in the Postoffice at Hillsboro, Oregon, as second-class matter. Member of Oregon State Editorial Association, and the National Editorial Association.

Wilbur Thibault of Jefferson high school, Portland, is to be congratulated on winning the state oratorical title. To be able to adequately express one's self is a very desirable asset for any young man.

Don't send your prosperity out of Washington county, spend your money at home. When you buy here you encourage the establishment of new and larger payrolls. The more prosperous the community becomes the more opportunities there will be for you and for everybody else.

A Tribute to Main Street

By HERBERT HOOVER

In an address delivered at Elizabethton, Tennessee, October 6, 1928, Herbert Hoover paid the following tribute to Main Street in referring to the opportunities given him for service to the South following the Mississippi flood disaster:

I, with other Americans, have perhaps unduly resented the stream of criticism of American life, the stature and character of our people. More particularly have I resented the sneers at Main Street. For I know that in the cottages that lay behind the street rested the strength of our national character. When it came to the organization necessary to meet that great catastrophe the pressure of time alone made it necessary to rely wholly upon the leadership, intelligence, the devotion, the sense of integrity and service of hundreds of town and villages on the border of the flood. It was they who must undertake the instant work of rescue, the building of gigantic camps, the care of children, the provision of food, the protection of health of three-quarters of a million of homeless people. All that we who were in the direction could do was to outline the nature of the service that every town and village should perform, and assist them with resources. In the face of that terrific problem that would test the stamina and quality of any people there was not a failure in a single case. This perhaps stands out larger in my mind than in most men because under similar conditions of great emergency I have had the duty to organize populations abroad. And in no country does there exist the intelligence, the devotion, the probity, the ability to rise to a great emergency that exists in the Main Street of the American town and village. I do not wish to disparage the usefulness of Broadway, Pennsylvania Avenue, or State Street, but it is from Main Street and its countryside that the creative energies of the nation must be replenished and restored.

Jots in Jest

A three-legged hen was displayed at the recent Madison Square Garden poultry show and attracted a lot of attention. New Yorkers wondered what had happened to the other leg.

* * *

The worm that turns with the least warning is the one driving the car ahead.

* * *

Another thing in favor of bobbed hair is that it has done away with the joke about the long-hair-on-rabbit's-coat.

* * *

A man is judged by the company he brings home.

* * *

Then there is the story about the man who drove a car for three months in Chicago without finding out that it had been backing all that time.

* * *

A few more weeks and it ought to be perfectly safe to return the neighbor's snow shovel.

Clean-Up and Paint-Up Pledge

I hereby pledge my support to Hillsboro Clean-up Week,

May 6 to 11, 1929

and will clean up my property and have refuse hauled to the city dump during that week.

Name _____

Address _____

(NOTE)—A special low price for hauling during this week has been secured and the hauler also agrees to give 15 per cent to the Boy Scout getting this pledge.

Name of Boy Scout _____

County Institute Held Last Friday

All federated clubs of this city were represented at the County Institute of Federated Clubs at Metzger Friday. Mrs. Sadie Orr Dreiber of Portland was the principal speaker and conducted the institute, with clubs giving reports and participating in the discussions.

After a luncheon at noon a program was given as follows: Solos by Mrs. Whitworth of Multnomah, duet by Mrs. McCarl and Mrs. Hedrick of Metzger, and original songs by little Philip Johnson of Metzger.

SECRETS ABOUT COOKING LEARNED BY WOMEN

(Continued from Page One)

matinees were given away at the end of the classes. The whole oven dinner prepared at the second class was also given away. It consisted of roast chicken, browned potatoes, carrots and a fig pudding. These were all cooked in the oven at the same time and showed the efficiency of a heat-controlled oven when one wishes to save work and worry or possibly wishes to go out during the cooking period of the dinner. If the dinner is in the oven and it is set for 250 degrees it will cook for five hours without any need for looking in the oven at all. Or it may be set for 275 degrees and cook for three hours. If the dinner is wished in a shorter time than that the oven may be set for 300 degrees and cooked for two hours. All three of the ladies on the platform had many other things to do during the class period and did not once look into the oven before the dinner was finished. When the dinner was taken out it was cooked perfectly and the chicken was browned just right.

Miss Reger's surprise for the day was a cottage cheese torte made with a zwieback crust. She has given us this recipe: Two cups rolled zwieback crumbs, ¼ cup melted butter, 2 eggs, 1 pint cottage cheese, 3 cups milk, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup raisins.

The melted butter is worked into the zwieback crumbs and the mixture is used as a crust. Put it into a deep cake pan and pour into it the mixture of cheese, milk, sugar and raisins, mixed with the beaten eggs. Bake in an oven set for 350 degrees until set. This makes a delicious dessert for luncheon or dinner.

Both Miss Reger and Miss Anderson said they had made many friends during the two matinees and have offered their services to the ladies of Hillsboro and said they would be glad to help with the management of a gas range or in giving recipes or methods of cookery.

OPEN SEASON SUNDAY WITH A 1-TO-0 WIN

(Continued from Page One)

Camas in a wild and woolly 10-inning contest, 9 to 8, and Vancouver defeated Estacada 4 to 1. The Oregon City-Sellwood contest was delayed on account of rain.

Firsts were won as follows in the opening game by local players: Kemper, first run, hit of game from The Mailbu; Walsh, first base hit, sweat shirt from Corwin Hardware; Andres, first two-base hit, shirt by Weil's; Andrus, first error, Remington pocket knife from Corwin; Walsh, first put out, bottle hair tonic from Tom Shuck's barber shop. The awards could not be made for the first home run, first three-base hit, first double-play, first baseball and first man to get hit.

Sellwood	A.B.	H.	O.	A.
Scheffler, lf	2	1	0	0
F. Feenia, ss	1	0	0	1
Sacra't, 1b	1	0	7	0
Wilson, 3b	1	0	0	1
Vaughan, c	2	0	5	2
Barnard, 2b	2*	0	1	2
Lorraine, cf	2	0	0	0
T. Rogers, rf	2	0	1	0
J. Rogers, p	2	0	1	2
Galloway, p	0	0	0	0
Total	15	2	15	6

Hillsboro	A.B.	H.	O.	A.
Kemper, ss	2	0	0	1
Deaville, lf	2	0	1	0
Andres, 2b	2	0	2	0
Walsh, 1b	2	0	2	1
Stampel, cf	2	0	0	0
Meeks, rf	2	1	1	0
L. Turk, 3b	2	0	0	0
Ziegler, c	2	0	8	0
Gardner, p	1	0	0	0
*Robinson	1	0	0	0
Total	20	1	14	2

*Batted for Meeks in fifth.
Game called in fifth; rain.

Sellwood Pharmacy—					
Runs	0	0	0	0	0
Hits	2	0	0	0	0
Hillsboro—					
Runs	1	0	0	0	0
Hits	1	0	2	0	2

Runs — Sellwood Pharmacy: Hillsboro: Kemper. Errors—Sellwood Pharmacy: F. Feenia 2. Hillsboro: Andres. Struck out—By Gardner 6, Rogers 2. Bases on balls—Gardner 1, Rogers 1. Stolen base—Stacament. Two-base hit—Andres. Sacrifice hit—F. Feenia, Wilson. Wild pitch—Rogers. Passed ball—Vaughn. Umpire—Scott.

MORGAN-HAMILTON

G. Russell Morgan, son of Mrs. Henrietta Morgan of this city, was married April 20 to Laura Hamilton at the home of his uncle, W. J. Morgan, at Oakland, Cal.

After an extended wedding trip through California Mr. and Mrs. Morgan will make their home in this city.

Mr. Morgan, who is well known here, is a graduate of the University of Oregon and for several years has been practicing law at Coquille.

Portland People Hurt

Margaret L. Welsh and L. L. Turney of Portland were in an automobile accident on the highway at White Hazel Saturday, when the Welsh car struck one driven by C. L. Martin of Maplewood. Margaret Welsh suffered a broken nose, two black eyes, bruises and cuts on the legs, while Turney was cut around the face and was bruised and cut about the legs.

Fraternal Note

Have you heard about the Scotchman who was building a home and telephoned to the Masonic Temple for a couple of Free Masons?—Ex.

Fire Is Taken To Fire Hall

Something new in fire-fighting was demonstrated here Wednesday morning. A salesman for a Portland concern drove up to the fire hall to have Fire Marshal Wilbur Dillon use fire apparatus to put out a blaze in the rear end of his light coupe. He stopped to make a business call at the Copeland Lumber yard, which is just across from the city hall, and when he alighted from the car he discovered that his car was on fire. Some metal lath had dropped down and crossed the wiring.

Veterans Meet At Grove Yesterday

The Washington County Veterans' association met at Forest Grove Wednesday in an all-day session, with a large attendance.

Officers for the year were elected as follows: C. H. Blake of the G. A. R., president; H. S. Rogers of the Spanish-American war, senior vice president; Ernest Schmid of the American Legion, junior vice president; Mrs. H. S. Rogers of the W. R. C., secretary; Mrs. W. W. Brown of the Spanish-American Auxiliary and Mrs. Alvin Hoffman of the Legion Auxiliary, executive board members.

All patriotic organizations were well represented and a good program was given. The Rev. Mr. Holmes and the Rev. Mr. Jeffrey were the principal speakers. A beautiful memorial ceremony was exemplified by the Forest Grove W. R. C., and the G. A. R. fife and drum corps rendered some music. Those in the drum corps were William Brooks and A. F. Doughty of Hillsboro, F. M. Kellogg, S. W. Durant and J. Hortman of Portland and John Baldwin of Forest Grove.

The Hillsboro W. R. C. presented a cowboy movie picture, "The Supreme Sacrifice," and readings and musical numbers completed the program.

Mrs. Crabtree of Forest Grove was honored as the oldest W. R. C. member present and Dad Dupins, 91, was the oldest G. A. R. member present. He was presented with a birthday cake.

The meeting was held on the 31st anniversary of Dewey's victory at Manila bay.

The meeting next year will be held in Hillsboro.

CATHERINE ELIZABETH SARGENT

Catherine Elizabeth Sargent, 24, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Sargent of Gales creek, died April 22 and funeral services were held last Wednesday from the Prickett chapel and interment in the Gales creek cemetery. She had been attending high school at Forest Grove and the students attended in a body. Deceased is survived by her parents, a sister and three brothers.

WILLIAM HENRY TOLKE

William Henry Tolke, 74, a resident of this county for many years, died at his home near North Plains Wednesday after an illness of a month. Funeral services will be held at the Burton Presbyterian church at 2 p. m. Friday, with the Rev. M. A. Marvy officiating.

He was born in Germany October 28, 1854. For 41 years he lived at Manning and for the past year at North Plains. He took a trip to the old country last summer. In 1886, in Brooklyn, N. Y., he was married to Lena Christensen, who is deceased. Thirteen children were born to the union and 10 survive.

MISS MALING BRIDE OF MR. McDONALD

Miss Eleanor Virginia Maling and Thomas William McDonald were married at the home of her parents in Dunthorpe, Portland, Wednesday afternoon. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Maling, formerly of Hillsboro. The ceremony was simple, the bride having only one attendant, Miss Lola Robb of Hillsboro. The best man was Paul King of Hoquiam, Wash. The Rev. W. B. Youngson of the Rose City Methodist church officiated. Only a few friends and relatives were present.

The bride was dressed in white satin with a lace and tulle veil and carried a bouquet of orchids, white roses and sweet peas. The bridesmaid was dressed in shell pink with a picture hat of pale straw trimmed with roses, and carried a bouquet of gold roses and lavender sweet peas.

The house was beautifully decorated with a profusion of flowers.

The couple will spend their honeymoon in California and will make their home in Alaska.

CORNELIUS H. SOEHREN

Cornelius H. Soehren, 56, of Forest Grove, died at the Dr. Vin hospital in Forest Grove this morning. Funeral services will be held from Prickett's chapel at 2 p. m. Sunday, with the Rev. O. E. Holmes officiating. The Odd Fellows of Jericho lodge of Banks will be in charge of the services at the grave.

He was born January 7, 1873, at Los Gatos, Cal., and November 8, 1902, was married to Miss Elsie Staley at Hillside. Two daughters, Mrs. Clara Hess and Mrs. Leatha C. Garrigus of Forest Grove, survive. His mother, M. E. Lewis, of San Jose, Cal., and the following sisters and brothers survive: Mrs. L. F. Wilkes, Hillsboro; Mrs. S. C. Fulton, Morgan Hill, Cal.; Mrs. Frank Ferris, San Jose, Cal.; W. L. Soehren, Dallas; L. G. and Ray H. Soehren, Sacramento, and Thomas E., St. Helens, Cal.

James Beard of Scholls was seriously injured this week when a pile of lumber fell on his leg and broke it just above the ankle.

William Volz, while sniping logs this week, was seriously cut when the knife slipped and struck his left leg below the knee.

Mrs. M. Eischen returned this morning from a three and a half months' visit with her son, Joe Eischen, and family at Fresno, Cal. Mrs. Eischen reports the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Eischen on March 18. She says that south of Fresno everything was fine, but to the north the frost injured the grapes to quite an extent.

The strong flavor of turnips that are getting old may be lessened by leaving the lid off the kettle while cooking.

DINSMORE'S FOLLY

By CRITTERDON MARRIOTT

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

Copyright WNU Service

(Continued from Last Week)

Besides, Mr. Braxton was in it—in it up to the hilt. No murmured word nor brush of mustached lips could alter that fact. I made up my mind then and there that he would have to tell me about it very humbly before I could forgive him. I resolved, too, not to question him, but to let him think that I believed it all a dream. At least, I would do this for one day. Then when night came I would lay for those ghosts. If they ventured into the house again I would see to it that they didn't get away without explaining who they were. Having quite made up my mind to this I left the ballroom and started upstairs to wake Josephine and Mrs. James.

I did not need to wake them, however. Both of them were up and dressed and ready to come down. I must have been prowling about for a good deal longer than I had supposed. By the time I had explained my prowlings the clang of a breakfast going downstairs told that Perkins had gotten some sort of breakfast ready for us.

At the foot of the stairs we met Perkins. When he saw me he shrank back as if he expected me to fly at him with questions. But I didn't. I merely sent him to ask Mr. Braxton if he felt able to join us at breakfast or whether we should send him something.

While we waited we mapped out a course of action. That is, I mapped it out, and the others promised to follow it. I wanted to keep absolutely quiet about those "ghosts," to ask no questions either of Mr. Braxton or of Perkins and to let them think I was persuaded that all I had seen was a dream. Josephine and Mrs. James did not like this plan. They wanted to question both Mr. Braxton and Perkins and to threaten them with arrest if they refused to talk. They both became convinced that something secret was going on in the house and they wanted to take the direct way of stopping it.

I didn't. I didn't want to threaten Mr. Braxton. I owed him too much and he was my guest, besides. I wanted to punish him, but I wanted to do it myself. As for Perkins—well, Perkins was small fry.

"Don't say a word today," I begged. "Tomorrow, perhaps, we'll be ready to say a lot. But today I want to keep quiet. I feel it in my bones that those make-believe spooks are going to walk again tonight, and if they do I want to catch them red-handed. I'm willing to call in Fred as a guard, but I'm not willing to scare them away by letting Perkins know that we suspect anything. See?"

They saw; or, at least, they were silenced for the moment. Probably they wouldn't have been silenced for long. But at that moment Perkins came back with a note that he had found on Mr. Braxton's table.

Perkins blinked. "Mr. Braxton's gone away, miss," he said. "He left a letter for you."

"Gone?" I knew I lost my color. "Gone where? . . . Give me the note quick."

With maddening slowness Perkins extracted the note and handed it over. "I dinna ken where he's gone, miss," he said. "I dinna see him gang. He left the note in his room."

I had the note open by this time. It was short.

"My dear Miss Edith," it ran. "I am going away with the doctor, who has just come in. I am going much against my will, but the doctor insisted. In two or three days I shall return, if I possibly can, and explain some things that must have perplexed you. I need hardly add that I am very sorry you should have been frightened last night. I am leaving this note rather than wake you up at the hour of the day. Will you kindly tell Miss Dinsmore how grateful I am to her for her hospitality?

"Sincerely yours,

"MAYO BRAXTON."

Perkins shuffled away for the breakfast while I was reading the letter. I looked up and saw that he was gone. Then I read the letter again. Then I said—no, on second thoughts I won't put down what I said. It was a plenty. Harring said it, I cried with pure rage.

Then Josephine came out crying. She seemed to understand, though I don't know how she found out. She took me in her arms and petted me. "There, Edie," she said. "Don't fret, dear. He's coming back, you know."

Sure enough, he was coming back. That was some consolation. "Well," I said, "let's eat breakfast, anyhow."

So we ate it.

It isn't necessary to tell what we said as we ate nor how we said it. If there was any phase of the day before or the night before that we didn't discuss I don't know what it was. Of course, I did most of the talking. I always do. But the others did their share.

But it all came to nothing. None of us could suggest any explanation that was at all satisfactory. We ended just where we had begun.

We had scarcely finished breakfast when a messenger boy arrived on a wheel with a bundle of newspapers and a note from Fred commending them to Josephine and myself. While Josephine was reading the note (which was addressed to her) I fell on the bundle of newspapers and tore it apart and distributed its contents. For a half second all was silent, then pandemonium began.

The papers were full of startling news that bore more or less directly on our case. They had a lot about Father, of course, and most of them seemed to speak about him more favorably than they had the day before. Fred's paper had an account, under big headlines such as papers use when they think they've got a scoop, of Josephine's and my flight from the boat just before it sailed. It ended with the statement that we were staying with friends until we could find Father, of whose whereabouts we were as ignorant as the rest of New York. All the papers had scarehead articles on the stock market, which it seemed had been cutting high jinks the day before and was expected to repeat the performance that day. But what really excited both Josephine and me was a wireless dispatch from the Silver Heels which opened up an entirely new line of thought.

Father had been found! At least the officers of the Silver Heels thought he had been found. Suspicion for some reason had centered—after Aunt Candice had changed to a homeward-bound steamer—on a passenger who had remained carefully secluded in his stateroom. Suspicion had increased, as suspicion does, and the aforesaid passenger had finally been forced to come on deck and had been identified by a lot of people.

True, nobody on board had ever seen Father close up, though several claimed to have seen him from a distance. True, the accused man denied that he was Father and claimed that he was John Smith of New York. If he had claimed any other name he might have been believed, but nobody can claim to be John Smith of New York and get away with it. This seems queer, since there are so very many John Smiths. But it is a fact, nevertheless. He claimed, too, that he had stayed below because he was seasick. And this also, for some reason, was taken for proof that he was hiding.

It seemed to me that the identification was pretty slim—especially as I was still sure I heard Father talking over the telephone the day before. But, of course, it might be correct. You never can tell.

We didn't have very long to consider it, for at that moment Perkins shuffled in. "There's a pack of young devils outside," he said. "They say they are reporters from the papers and they're fair wild to talk with the twa of you."

Of course, we should have expected this, but as a matter of fact we had not. I suppose Josephine and I had taken it for granted that the other newspapers could get the facts from Fred's paper and would content themselves with that. But it seemed that each paper had to get a story of its own. How they found out where we were I never knew (Fred hadn't told our address in his story), but find us they did. I asked Fred about it later, but he laughed and said they followed their nose for news.

I wasn't afraid of reporters. In fact, I rather liked them. So I rushed out to the front porch to talk to them at once. Josephine came along behind. Josephine didn't come to talk, of course. She came to hold me down—if she could.

The reporters were rooting all over the porch. They filled the chairs and blocked the steps and draped the rail. There seemed to be a regiment of them. I never knew how important Josephine and I were before. They were all young and most of them were good-looking and they were all just as nice as could be. I could not imagine why Father always hailed the breed so. I may mention right here that I found out why Father objected when I read their interviews with me later. I talked to them all at once, and yet no two of them put the same words in my mouth. They all had the main facts correct, but when they got off that solid basis they seemed to cut the string and let their imagination suffer. Some of them laughed at me, others laughed with me, others pitied me in the most outrageous impersonal manner, and others made me talk like a 40-year-old suffragette oratrix.

They all wanted to know whether Father was really on board the Silver Heels. Of course, I didn't know and I said so. "If we had thought he was on the steamer we shouldn't have left it," I protested. "If he is on it we don't know anything about it. But I don't believe he is, for I——"

Josephine trod on my foot here and I turned to look at her.

"We don't know where Father is," she said. "We haven't had any news of him since we came ashore."

"And besides," I began, "I heard——"

Josephine trod on my foot again and I stopped short.

"Yes?" said one of the reporters—a particularly nice one with an ingratiating manner. "You heard——"

Again Josephine trod on my foot and this time I caught on. I didn't know why Josephine wanted me to keep quiet about my hearing Father's voice on the telephone, but I understood that she did. So I kept quiet. That is, I changed the subject.

"I mean I read in the papers that he was still in town. I don't believe he was ever on the steamer at all."

I was looking over the heads of the men on the steps as I spoke, and I saw an auto coming rushing up the drive. Mr. Paul was in it.

"Yonder comes Mr. Paul," I said. "He's Father's lawyer. Perhaps he knows something and has come to tell us. You might ask him."

(To Be Continued)

She's First

Miss Lola Williams, above, enjoys the distinction of being the first of her sex in the history of the United States to be secretary to the vice president. She has been Vice President Curtis' private secretary for years, and upon his inauguration became his official secretarial aide.

Births

Dillon—To Mr. and Mrs. Ray Dillon of Hillsboro, March 27, a girl, at the Jones hospital.

Boge—To Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Boge of Firdale, April 26, a girl.

Adams—To Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Adams of Carnation, April 26, a girl.

Too Late to Classify

June chix at low prices. Black Giants, $17.50; Reds, $12.50; Leghorns, 11c, 100 prepaid. Easy to raise now. Good for fall fryers, winter capons, roasters. Big demand, so place order early.—Hart's Hatchery, Beaverton, Oregon. 11-13

High quality White Leghorn chicks. Sires from dam 250 to 327 eggs. Hanson strain, 2 and 3 weeks old and husky, 25c each. May, $12 per 100; $11 in 500 lots.—Paul Dudley, ¾ mile S. of Aloha. Mail R. 4, Beaverton, Oregon. Phone Beaverton 10F13. 10-13

Pickers—Better line up with us for gooseberries, strawberries, peas, raspberries and cherries; six weeks' work; good camping and fuel.—J. R. McLaren, 1½ miles south of Hillsboro, on Laurel road. Phone 2564. 10-11p

To Trade—Equity in late 1928 Pontiac standard sedan as first payment on residence in or near Hillsboro. See Blair at Argus office. 10

Better Watch repairing.—"Kellington the Jeweler." 52tf

DANCE at Shadyside

Sat. Nite, May 4th

Free Admission Until 9:30 p. m.

Five Miles from Forest Grove

TOBEY AND TYKE

(Copyright, 1929, NEA Service, Inc.—Printed in U. S. A.)

BY REDNER