

Kinton Grange Plans Election

Ladies' Aid Benefit Helps Treasury; Lights in

(By Mrs. E. L. Cox)

KINTON—Grange will meet at the hall Saturday in all day session. Officers will be elected during the business session and the lecturer, Alice Fluke, has prepared a program for lecture hour, including the discussion of measures on the ballot. All grangers are welcome to attend. The lecture hour is open to all.

H. Pomroy has been making improvements to his home on The Flat road by adding a bathroom and other equipment.

About 75 attended the chicken dinner Friday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jake Paix under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid society. Sherwood, Beaverton and Scholls were represented. The Everybody in the Aid about \$18, which will be used in wiring the church for electric lights and necessary equipment, which will be done at an early date.

Services at the church Sunday include preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Simpson, at 9:45, and Bible school at 10. Everybody is invited to attend these services.

Mrs. O. E. Bell, who has been making an extended visit with her son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Earl C. Bell, Cooper mountain, returned to her home in Welbux, Mont., last week.

Mrs. Harriett Ford, a former teacher of the Kinton school, but who now teaches a school near Hillsboro, spent the week-end with old friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Snider of Long Beach, Wash., have been guests recently at the home of Mr. Snider's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Snider. They returned home the first of the week.

Mrs. Ed Moar and family of Burlington spent Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boy.

A dance was held at the Cedar Mill Grange hall Saturday night. Four prizes were awarded. Next Saturday night a modern dance will be given.

John Lundin and Thelma Hakala of Portland were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Arvid Sandstrom recently.

Enred Erickson and Arvid Sandstrom went to Basma logging camp Friday to take inventory. They met with a head-on collision about eight miles on the other side of Sherman's mill. Three men were in the other car. Both cars were disabled but none of the men were hurt seriously.

C. Smith and Enred Erickson of Portland were callers at the Sandstrom home Sunday on a hunting trip.

Johnson, Aitken Get Endorsement

Leisyville Woman Receives Injury

There will be a Halloween party at the school house Friday evening given by the school and the ladies' club.

About 50 neighbors and friends were present at a shower and charivari for Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Adams Wednesday evening.

LEISYVILLE—Mrs. John Gates Sr. sustained a broken hip when she fell on a slippery board while visiting relatives near Tekamah, Neb. She is recovering in the Methodist hospital at Omaha.

Mrs. Lily Hanley attended the funeral of John Stark at McMinnville Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Stark and family formerly lived on the Bagley place.

The next meeting of the Leisyville Ladies' club will be with Mrs. H. McIntyre Thursday, November 8.

Mrs. Harriett Ford visited with the VanKleeks and Bierlys of Kinton over the week-end.

MRS. MARY C. SUMMERS
Mrs. Mary C. Summers, 65, died in Beaverton October 28 and funeral services were held at Pegg's chapel, Beaverton, Tuesday. Interment was in Crescent cemetery. She was the mother of Robert R. Summers and Mrs. Mabel Alexander of Beaverton.

MRS. F. A. REITZEL
Mrs. Anna Marie Reitzel, wife of Frank A. Reitzel of Farmington, died Thursday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Anna Williamson of Hillsboro. Mrs. Reitzel was born August 18, 1863, in Flintshire, Denmark. She came to America in 1880 and married Franz A. Reitzel in 1888, at Portland, Oregon. They spent about 20 years. Moved to Fern Hill, south of Cornelius, and lived there four years, then moved to Farmington, where she had resided for 26

Parties Held at Cedar Mill Homes

BETHANY-CEGAR MILL.—Mrs. John Meurer entertained Tuesday evening with a musical and tea at her home. Present were Mrs. E. Britch, M. Lee Paget, Miss Mary Paget, Miss Doris Lechold, and Miss Peterson, all of Paxton, and Mr. and Mrs. Phil Thorne of Cedar Mill.

Mrs. L. Orbits of Vancouver spent Saturday evening with Mrs. Frank Steffen.

L. M. Commons of Toledo is visiting relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Clev Owens and his brother, A. Commons.

Walters Entertain
Mr. and Mrs. James Walters gave a dinner party Sunday. Present were Mr. and Mrs. F. Malcom and Mary Jane Malcom of Portland, Mrs. I. Oliver of Pomeroy, Wash., Mr. and Mrs. John Walters, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Walters, Mr. and Mrs. W. Shipman and Bertha Shipman of Beaverton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Satchel and Delina Satchel of Beaverton, Art Pearson and Miss Gertrude Walters of Portland, Leola Barbara, Jimmy and Donald Walters, and the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. James Walters.

Mrs. James Walters, Mrs. Sam Walters and Mrs. John Walters spent Friday with Mrs. J. J. Church of Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hickey, Lattie Hickey, Mrs. Weeks and some friends visited M. C. Larsen and family. Mr. Larsen has been ill for some time. Miss Nellie Larsen of Portland spent the week-end at home.

Mrs. Ed Moar and family of Burlington spent Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boy.

A dance was held at the Cedar Mill Grange hall Saturday night. Four prizes were awarded. Next Saturday night a modern dance will be given.

John Lundin and Thelma Hakala of Portland were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Arvid Sandstrom recently.

Enred Erickson and Arvid Sandstrom went to Basma logging camp Friday to take inventory. They met with a head-on collision about eight miles on the other side of Sherman's mill. Three men were in the other car. Both cars were disabled but none of the men were hurt seriously.

C. Smith and Enred Erickson of Portland were callers at the Sandstrom home Sunday on a hunting trip.

Representative J. O. Johnson of Tigard and George M. Aitken of Garden Home, candidates for state representative and senator, respectively, received the unopposed endorsement of the Railroad Brotherhood.

"Automotive News," official publication of automobile dealers of the Pacific Northwest, cites Representative Johnson as author of the bill which made it unlawful to engage in the sale of gasoline both at wholesale and retail, and co-author of the bill which defined and prohibited unfair competition in selling gasoline. The periodical quoted him as declaring that he would continue his fight in behalf of the independent gasoline dealers, would urge that the sale of gasoline be declared a public utility and subject to price regulation, and would fight for lower gasoline prices, low gasoline tax and lower license fees for private carriers.

HENRY B. COFFEY
Funeral services for Henry B. Coffey, 86, who died in Portland, were held Sunday afternoon at the home of his niece, Mrs. Samuel B. Olds, the Old Meadows farm near Beaverton. Interment was in Union cemetery.

Mr. Coffey was a twin brother of the late Mrs. Rachel Walker, pioneer resident of this county. He is survived by two children, Mrs. Mary Stohr and Asbury Coffey of Portland.

MAE E. RICHARDSON
Funeral services for Mae E. Richardson, 68, were held at Pegg's chapel in Beaverton Sunday afternoon. Interment was in Crescent Grove cemetery.

Meeting Fourth Friday
Federation of Farm Organizations, which was recently formed here, will meet November 23 instead of November 4 as stated in the Argus last week.

Queen Anne's Lace
By Frances Parkinson Keyes
© Frances Parkinson Keyes
WNU Service

(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER VII

IN THE next eight years, Neal continued to grow, not indeed by leaps and bounds, but steadily and satisfactorily. He also served four terms in the state legislature, the fourth as chairman of the most important committee in the senate. During the same eight years, Anne, smothering again and again her disappointment at taking no tangible part in her husband's campaigns, and at being left behind when he went to Belford, washed, cooked, cleaned, sewed, and took care of Junior, presented a husky youngster, when he was three years old, with a little sister, Nancy, took care of them both; washed, cooked, cleaned and sewed some more.

When the second baby was imminent, it became apparent that the little flat in which they had continued to live up to this time would not suffice for the family needs any longer. So they moved to a six-room cottage, which they were able to rent cheaply, and which was sorely in need of paint, paper and plumbing. By degrees they persuaded a reluctant landlord to make it more comfortable and attractive.

Mabel came and spent a month with them when Anne left the hospital after Nancy's birth, a complacent Mabel, engaged to George, who had become more and more prosperous and who had the largest and finest barns in Hamstead. After she left, Anne was unable to get on her feet, and she was very heavy. She not only grew very thin herself but the baby stopped gaining, became fretful and turned blue under the eyes. At last she consulted Doctor Pratt, and he told her that unless she had regular help and equal regular recreation, she would have to wear Nancy.

"And that," he added, meaningly, "you should not, of course, consider in this warm weather."

edly took possession of the attic, and seemed perfectly satisfied to remain there. She was like Anne herself, a farmer's daughter, who had drilled to a little city. She was willing to learn, and Anne, far from resenting her ignorance, marveled at the quickness with which she overcame it.

But, even with Dora's help, her working hours were long and hard. Indeed as time went on, Anne became more and more appalled at the number of things that could happen to children, normal, reasonably healthy children. They had croup, and kept her awake all night; they had colic, and kept her distracted all day; they had measles and mumps and whooping-cough and chicken pox; they had nasty little sniffing colds, and deep frightened coughs.

But they adored her. She was to them far more important, far more precious than their father. They loved him, of course; but he did not figure largely in their field of vision, not nearly as largely as she did, not even as largely as Dora. He was away from home a great deal, and they learned to take this as a matter of course.

So, in the adoration of her children and Dora went on, and she became that also—Anne found, for a long time, all the beauty and romance which her life contained. If she had not been so busy with her political destiny, she at least had undeniable gifts as a homemaker. The dingy little cottage became gradually more and more lovely. She "put up" more fruit and vegetables than any woman in Hillsboro. She kept hens, and supplied not only her own family and her mother-in-law's with eggs and poultry, but sold some of both besides, until Neal put a stop to that; and then canned her extra chickens and stored away her extra eggs in wicker baskets.

And so the seasons sped past, filled to overflowing, with hardly a landmark to show their passing. She had been married five years, six, seven; Junior was five years old and starting in kindergarten; she had been married eight years, nine, ten; Nancy was five years old and starting in kindergarten. She was not so busy any more, and the house was empty, terribly so. Then war was declared, and suddenly she was busied to the hilt with her never-ending drudgery of her work began to tell on her heavily. She not only grew very thin herself but the baby stopped gaining, became fretful and turned blue under the eyes. At last she consulted Doctor Pratt, and he told her that unless she had regular help and equal regular recreation, she would have to wear Nancy.

"And that," he added, meaningly, "you should not, of course, consider in this warm weather."

Anne's dread of the "servant problem" rose from a deeper source than the horrible stories she had heard from her mother-in-law about the depravity of all domestic workers; it rose also from her very sincere sense of her own probable incompetence in directing, rather than doing, work, and her unwillingness to entrust the care of the children to anyone else. But to her infinite surprise and relief, Dora King, the first applicant in response to the advertisement, came when she said she would, content-

edly took possession of the attic, and seemed perfectly satisfied to remain there. She was like Anne herself, a farmer's daughter, who had drilled to a little city. She was willing to learn, and Anne, far from resenting her ignorance, marveled at the quickness with which she overcame it.

But, even with Dora's help, her working hours were long and hard. Indeed as time went on, Anne became more and more appalled at the number of things that could happen to children, normal, reasonably healthy children. They had croup, and kept her awake all night; they had colic, and kept her distracted all day; they had measles and mumps and whooping-cough and chicken pox; they had nasty little sniffing colds, and deep frightened coughs.

But they adored her. She was to them far more important, far more precious than their father. They loved him, of course; but he did not figure largely in their field of vision, not nearly as largely as she did, not even as largely as Dora. He was away from home a great deal, and they learned to take this as a matter of course.

So, in the adoration of her children and Dora went on, and she became that also—Anne found, for a long time, all the beauty and romance which her life contained. If she had not been so busy with her political destiny, she at least had undeniable gifts as a homemaker. The dingy little cottage became gradually more and more lovely. She "put up" more fruit and vegetables than any woman in Hillsboro. She kept hens, and supplied not only her own family and her mother-in-law's with eggs and poultry, but sold some of both besides, until Neal put a stop to that; and then canned her extra chickens and stored away her extra eggs in wicker baskets.

And so the seasons sped past, filled to overflowing, with hardly a landmark to show their passing. She had been married five years, six, seven; Junior was five years old and starting in kindergarten; she had been married eight years, nine, ten; Nancy was five years old and starting in kindergarten. She was not so busy any more, and the house was empty, terribly so. Then war was declared, and suddenly she was busied to the hilt with her never-ending drudgery of her work began to tell on her heavily. She not only grew very thin herself but the baby stopped gaining, became fretful and turned blue under the eyes. At last she consulted Doctor Pratt, and he told her that unless she had regular help and equal regular recreation, she would have to wear Nancy.

"And that," he added, meaningly, "you should not, of course, consider in this warm weather."

Anne's dread of the "servant problem" rose from a deeper source than the horrible stories she had heard from her mother-in-law about the depravity of all domestic workers; it rose also from her very sincere sense of her own probable incompetence in directing, rather than doing, work, and her unwillingness to entrust the care of the children to anyone else. But to her infinite surprise and relief, Dora King, the first applicant in response to the advertisement, came when she said she would, content-

Neal was not a good loser; he had been alert in his success—that is, at home—seldom discussing his progress with Anne! Now he became complainingly loquacious.

He went sullenly about the house, or shut himself up in his office, declining to come home to his meals. His political success had been difficult for Anne to bear, his political failure was doubly so. Through her tears she saw in remembrance the man she had loved so dearly, so kind, so loving and tender. Through her tears she saw, too, in reality, the man to whom she was married—sombre, selfish, indifferent, curt. If she had loved him less, it would have been easier for her. But to her he was still as he had been on the day when he first held her in his arms, the most wonderful being in the world.

She had the wisdom, greater than might reasonably be expected, to neither reproach nor nag him; after a few weeks, he pulled himself together, and flung himself into his law practice with renewed vigor. He was making money now, real money, and if he kept his nose to the grindstone, and closed his ears to the hum of the political buzz for all time, he could become well, very comfortably fixed financially. On Christmas day he gave Anne the deeds for a large lot on the outskirts of the city which she had long admired, and suggested to her, a little gruffly, that he thought the time had come when they could build if she would like an architect who was said to know his business to start drawing plans whenever she said in his words, the most wonderful being in the world.

She knew that this was his way of seeking to make amends, and responded with delight. With the plans spread out before them, their heads touching, they came closer together, mentally and spiritually, as well as physically, than they had been in a long time; and, with the coming of spring they spent every spare moment in supervising the building. They had found a common interest, a common enthusiasm again and both were happy.

The new house, when it was finally done, was extremely comfortable, and very attractive. It stood in her name, un-mortgaged and fully paid for. They had built for all time, and built well.

Their first guest, after they were duly installed in their new house, was Clarence Hathaway.

He appeared in the wake of a telegram stating that he was passing through Hillsboro on his way back to Washington after a vacation in Canada, and would like to "spend the week-end if they could put him up." And Anne felt a stirred excitement, even greater than Neal's surprise, when the message reached them.

"Good old, Clarence—he doesn't forget his friends, does he? He's first secretary now, you know, in Paris—getting on in the way he planned all right, and look at me—"

"You're getting on all right, too, aren't you? I think so! Oh, Neal—what shall I wear?"

Neal burst out laughing. "Well, you look all right to me whatever Hathaway may think, and that ought to go as big with you as it does with me when you say you think I'm getting on all right whatever—"

"It does go big with me, darling. Only—"

She realized how big the "only" was with the first casual glance Hathaway cast in her direction after the mutual greetings had been exchanged. The house was quite all right; Anne felt sure of that. And Dora was all right; she carried off her unaccustomed but wholly correct black uniform and spotted frilly apron with pleased pride, and served tea without a visible tremor. The children were all right, too. And of course Neal was all right; had old charm, his old buoyancy, had come to the surface, and bubbled over again at the sight of his friend, Hathaway himself, for all his elegance, had no more distinction, no more magnetism. But she—

There had been no such else to do in preparation for the great visit that she had found herself with only fifteen minutes left in which to dress; so she had washed hastily, and hastily twisted her hair. The children were all right, too. Her "best dress" was nearly a year old, and she had made it herself, as she did all her dresses; it was brown taffeta, many seasons behind the style, too long, too full, over-trimmed. She had thought it pretty once; now she hated it. And when Hathaway gave her that casual look, she felt that she could gladly tear it off and throw it into the scrap basket.

When she left the two men to "take over old times together" and went to her room, exhausted, from emotion as much as fatigue, she flung herself down on her bed with an unexpressed, and a sobbed aloud. "I'll take the first train to New York after he goes and buy myself some clothes. I can leave the children with Dora perfectly well, and I don't need to scrip and save any more. Why have I been such an awful fool as to keep on doing it, and on and on! I'll be a millionaire, and on and on! They're as rough as nutmeg grates! And my face massaged and my hair treated. I—I am probably the most hideous looking woman in all the world."

Meanwhile, downstairs, the conversation had taken a turn which she was very far from guessing. Hathaway talked of himself for a while, of his satisfactory advancement, his delightful post in Paris, his hopes for an even more notable appointment; easily and quietly, without arrogance without even a too apparent complacency. And it was he who finally began to talk of Neal.

"You'll get terribly fed up if I go on like this—How about yourself? Doing well, aren't you?"

"Financially, yes. It was hard sledding at first, but this year I've earned close to fifteen thousand. I've never run into debt, or even spent all my income—Anne's seen to that. He added ungrudgingly. "Not startling, but pretty solid. I should say, but why do you stress the word 'financially'? Don't you feel you're doing well every way?"

"I was thinking that I hadn't done as well politically as I'd hoped. I expected to be governor of this state by now."

"Well, yes, I rather thought that was your plan. But after all—"

Hathaway tapped the arm of his chair with his fingers, gazing into the open fire as he did so. Then he asked a most astonishing question.

"How about your wife? Was she interested in politics, too?"

"Anne?" Neal's surprise was apparent in his voice. "Why, Anne would be interested. I guess in anything I wanted to do. She—she's devoted to me."

"Yes, of course, I saw that. But I mean—has she been helping you actively and directly as well as passively and indirectly?"

"She's gone without anything," Neal answered, coming swiftly to Anne's defense, under the impression that she was being attacked. "Good times, and pretty clothes, and trips and friends. I never would have been able to go into politics if she hadn't. Once I thought I was going to lose her—I'd neglected her terribly, and she was going to have a baby, which made it all the worse—I nearly went wild when I realized what I'd done."

"But after you'd had a chance to forget about that time, you neglected her again?"

"I suppose I did—do. But—there's never been another woman."

"Good G-d! I should say not! Who do you want—The Capitoline Venus?"

"No," roared Neal, angrily, "what are you driving at, anyway?"

"My dear fellow, please don't think I'm venturing to criticize your conduct. And as for criticizing your wife—well, I thought ten years ago she was on of the loveliest, as well as one of the most remarkable girls I'd ever met in my life. I've remembered her, pretty vividly, all this time. That's a little unusual for me. And I confess that seeing her tonight has been an acute disappointment."

"Well, I'm not disappointed in her. She suits me."

"Just a minute, can't you? I still think she's beautiful—and remarkable. Even more remarkable than I'd guessed. But I think she's tragic!"

"Yes, How old is she? Under thirty? I thought so. Well, she looks over forty. She's stamating, mentally submerged herself in your personality, and your career and your children until she's nothing but a washed-out drudge without a particle of individuality left. She's done it voluntarily because she loved you—loves you. But she must know, that she would be capable of something a good deal bigger. With her looks and her mind, and her natural gifts as a hostess—Neal, you utter fool."

"Even if you are my guest, and an old friend, I think you've gone far enough in discussing my wife."

"Then suppose we discuss mine for a change."

"You're! I didn't know you were married!"

"I'm not. But I was." (Continued on page 6.)

Right Now--To-day Start to Get Rid of That Old Cough

Buckley's Mixture (triple acting) the largest selling cough and cold medicine in all of Canada is now made in Buffalo—it's different from all others because it "acts like a flash"—one little sip proves it. You can't go wrong on Buckley's—often 1 or 2 doses ends a stubborn cough and the toughest old hang-on coughs and colds leave for good in a day or two.

It's a powerful yet safe and harmless remedy and when you buy one 45-cent bottle you won't need to worry over bronchitis, coughs or colds.

Get Buckley's Mixture at Riggs' Hillsboro Pharmacy or any modern drug store—money back if not delighted.

AT DRUGGISTS 45¢ & 85¢

BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE
A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT!



We have made it easy for you to have a new MONTAG CIRCULATOR HEATER

Right now is the time to Act! Take advantage of our special plan which will allow you to have a new Montag Circulator Heater in your home immediately. Now, You CAN enjoy real comfort in your home this winter and for many years to come.

Beauty, plus Economy
The famous Montag circulator heater is designed to do an efficient and economical heating job right here in this territory—burning the fuels which are most practical for use here. With a Montag in your home there will be no need for constant re-fueling and boxes of fuel which create dirt in your living room. There will be less sweeping, less house cleaning, and an abundance of healthful warmth.

There's a Montag Circulator Heater for every home; a type, a size, a style, a price for every requirement.

See our Complete Display!
YOUR OLD HEATER IS DOWN PAYMENT
LESTER IRELAND & CO.
Hillsboro, Oregon
YOUR OLD HEATER IS DOWN PAYMENT

EARLY FALL SALE

6-lb. Electric Iron, special **\$1.98**

Extra Large, Strong
Strong Egg Beaters, special **29c**

Card Tables, special **98c**

Stable Brooms, special **59c**

Heavy Wire Trash Burner, sp. **\$1.19**

Felt Weather Strips, special **9c**

Heavy Coal Hod, special **39c**

Big Bowl
Stand Lamps, beautiful, sp. **\$1.49**

21-gallon Capacity
Galvanized Garbage Cans **\$1.49**

Large
Bird Cages with Stands, special **\$3.98**

Door Mats, special **79c**

Electric Vacuum Sweeper, sp. **\$9.85**

Davenport, Chair and Stool **\$49.50**

SEE OUR WINDOWS
LESTER IRELAND & CO
Hillsboro, Oregon

MEN!... If You Plan to Spend About \$20

You Can Save The Cost of a New Hat, Shoes, Shirt, Socks and Tie By Buying Your New Overcoat NOW!

Penney's Spectacular Overcoat EVENT!

\$12.75

Every Coat a Thoroughbred In Fabrics and Tailoring!

Don't let the low price fool you...they look like a lot more than \$12.75! Rich, luxurious fabrics, that will convince you in a minute! Styled by experts! Single and double breasted! Smart polo styles! A big choice of popular grays, browns, blues. It's big news! Be down early tomorrow!

Overcoats J.C. Penney Co. Inc.

HILLSBORO BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY

BEAUTY SHOPS	PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
EVE'S BEAUTY SHOP General Beauty Work Permanents and all kinds of beauty work. Telephone 1811X Balcony Hillsboro Pharmacy	A. O. PITMAN, M. D. PHYSICIAN and SURGEON X-Ray and Physio-Therapy Commercial National Bank Bldg. Telephone Office 8231 Residence 7912
Sanitary Beauty Shop All Kinds of Beauty Work PERMANENTS a specialty WELL'S APARTMENTS Mabel Schendel	DR. D. E. WILEY, M. D. Physician and Surgeon Wells Building TELEPHONES Office 2682 Residence 2681
DENTISTS	GARBAGE COLLECTION
DR. RALPH DRESSER Dentist Commercial Building Telephone 144 Evenings, Sunday by Appointment	Garbage Collection AND CANS D. P. CORRIEHI Telephone 2325
INSURANCE	RUBBER STAMPS
GEORGE T. McGRATH Washington County Agency INSURANCE SERVICE Shute Bank Building Phone 2211 Hillsboro	BUY YOUR RUBBER STAMPS from HILLSBORO ARGUS

For information about Directory or its Advertisers call The Argus—2101