

# Fenderton Roper, Hero

by Ellis Parker Butler

WHEN Fenderton Roper's left front tire blew out just as he was leaving his father's driveway in his snappy little roadster Fenderton said "Pshaw!" but what he felt was worse than that.

He was on his way to pick up pretty May Middleton and take her to the movies. He had a whole dollar in his pocket and three gallons of gas in the car's tank, but the tire was utterly beyond repair, and to get money quickly for a new tire was about as impossible as to buy the moon.

Fenderton's father was mad at him and his mother had been forbidden to give him any money; his father declared it was certainly time that Fenderton got a job and showed if he was good for anything at all.

With another "Pshaw!" Fenderton got out of the car and pushed it to one side. He took his cane from the seat—for he never went forth without that insignia of manly dignity—set his natty hat at the proper jaunty angle, and set forth for May Middleton's humble home on foot.

"Why, Fenderton," May said when she had issued from her rather humble door, "I thought you were coming in your car. You said you were coming in your car, Fenderton."

"I believe I did express that intention," Fenderton said in his haughtiest manner, "but I presumed you would rather have me get here on time than to waste a lot of time changing a tire, and not get here on time."

"WHY, of course, Fenderton," said May, falling into step with him. "Did you have a blow-out?"

"I should think you would presume that I did have a blow-out when I talk about changing tires, Miss Middleton," Fenderton answered.

"Well, you needn't be so cross about it, Fenderton," said May in her usual cheerful way.

Thus mollified, Fenderton condescended to converse in a more friendly manner, and his self-esteem was quite restored by the time they reached Main Street. Here, on a door beside a butcher's shop, the lettering "Robert Connerty, Private Investigator," caught Fenderton's eye, reminding him that he had a somewhat one-sided arrangement with that local detective.

"Wait a minute here, May," he said. "I've got to run up and see the Big Noise a minute. Report, you know."

ROBERT CONNERTY was asleep with his feet on his desk, but he looked up as Fenderton entered.

"Listen, bo," he said roughly. "I'm a busy man, see? I can't have all you dumb bunnies buttin' in on me all the time. I told you what you could do—you find a case and come and tell me, and I'll see will I let you work on it. You dug up a case?"

"Well, not yet, Mr. Connerty." "Then you get out and stay out until you do, see?" said the detective, and put his feet on the desk again and closed his eyes.

"What did he say, Fenderton?" asked May when Fenderton was at her side again. "Was your report all right?"

"You'll have to excuse me from talking about that at the present time," Fenderton told her. "This is a pretty big affair I'm working on just now, and the least said is the soonest mended. I mean, May, you wouldn't talk or anything like that, but I guess it would be a pretty mean piece of business if something got out just when we were ready to snap the old bracelets on a couple of crooks that—"

HE paused an instant then, but only an instant. His attention had been caught by a card standing in the corner of a small stationery and cigar shop. This sign, roughly scrawled on the bottom torn from a cardboard box said, "Boy Wanted."

Fenderton was far from being a mere boy. A man who has been to college—and Fenderton had been kicked out of three colleges—and who carries a cane, should be justified in considering himself a man, but with his father in the mood that he was, money was very scarce with Fenderton.

In the instant that he hesitated in his words to May Middleton, Fenderton had thought "There's a



Fenderton lighted a cigaret and snapped the match away from him carelessly. . . . "All in the day's work, May, all in the day's work," he said.

Mrs. Gruber. "You was plenty big for a boy; we ain't got much room for two such big ones. Well, maybe. We don't could pay so much."

"What is the remuneration?" Fenderton asked.

"Remuneration? You mean how long you work, maybe?"

"The pay," Fenderton explained. "How much do you pay?"

"Eight dollars is all. For a week we pay eight dollars. Only Sunday we stay shut."

"I'll take eight dollars," said Fenderton.

"Well, I guess maybe we try you a while anyway," said Mrs. Gruber. "Maybe you don't fool around so much like a little kid. And anyway maybe the job don't last so long; my husband he got sick and has to go by the country; maybe when he comes back he don't want no boy."

That suited Fenderton well enough. "When do you want me to start to work?" he asked, and it was arranged that he begin the next morning, and he hurried back to the theater.

"Did you sleuth them, Fenderton?" May asked in a whisper. "Did you detect them?"

"Sh!" Fenderton shushed. "Keep it dark, can't you? This is a big case, May—a mighty big case. Under-cover stuff. I won't be seeing you much for a couple of weeks, I guess; I've got to lay low and pretend like I'm just a dumb-bunny in a shop, maybe. Throw the crooks off the track, see?"

"Why, of course, Fenderton," said May, although what she saw was that Fenderton had probably found another job that was so petty he was ashamed of it.

THE next morning at 8 o'clock Fenderton was on hand at the Gruber stationery store, and he found that his duties were such that he could easily handle them. Before he left, Mr. Gruber had marked everything in plain figures for his wife's benefit, and when he needed to know anything Mrs. Gruber was there to be asked. He found, too, that he was most needed to take care of the shop when Mrs. Gruber made a hurried trip to her flat upstairs, where she had three small children.

It was about the middle of the afternoon that Mrs. Gruber had to go upstairs to attend to her children. She took all the money except change for a dollar out of the cash register and put it in a small canvas bag and put the bag in the bosom of her dress.

"I don't be so long," she told Fenderton.

"RIGHT away down I come as quick as I could, I guess, yet along all right, I guess, yet."

The sun was shining in brightly over the wooden screen that backed the show window and Fenderton leaned back against the shelf behind the counter, and the door opened and Mr. Blatz came in. He came to the counter and pointed at the tins of Golden Glow in the wall-case and held up one finger.

"Yes, sir," said Fenderton briskly. "One Golden Glow, 15 cents, although Mr. Blatz could not hear him, being deaf and dumb, and life."

Mr. Blatz took the tin and laid down his money, and smiled in friendly fashion. The store door opened and two men came in. Automatics flashed from their pockets and the muzzles covered Fenderton and Mr. Blatz.

"Hands up!" ordered the tougher of the two, and Fenderton and Mr. Blatz quickly raised their hands high above their heads.

"Shut up and keep shut up or you'll get yours and plenty."

"I got 'em, Joe," said the other man. "Get busy."

Joe walked around behind the counter and opened the cash register and uttered an oath of disgust as he saw the few nickels and dimes there. He turned to Fenderton.

"You don't get away with this, bo," he said. "Where's the rest of the cash? Come across."

"That's all there is," said Fenderton. "That's all Mrs. Gruber left here. She took the rest with her."

"Cut it!" growled Joe. "Where's the cash? Come across. Talk fast."

"My goodness!" said Fenderton. "I am telling you the truth."

HIS attention was all given to Joe and the ugly automatic, and Joe's companion, with his gun pointed at Mr. Blatz, was scowling at Fenderton. Mr. Blatz, with his hands held high, did not move.

He knew that his wife, upstairs across the street, always watched him until he was safely home, afraid that some car he could not hear might strike him as he crossed the street. He could see, over the window screen, that she was watching him now, and his fingers were busy forming letters of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet.

"Hold-up men here," he spelled. "Telephone police," and he spelled it over again while Fenderton talked, trying to convince Joe that he was telling the truth about the money. In the window across the street Mrs. Blatz read her husband's message and ran to the telephone.

"Listen, bo," snarled Joe, "you've got one more chance, see? Where's the cash?"

"But I'm telling you that there isn't any more," said Fenderton. "I'd—"

A police car swung to the curb and two burly policemen leaped from it. Their automatics were in their hands and they threw open the door. Joe and his companions gave one look and their hands went up and their guns fell to the floor.

It was 10 o'clock the next evening before Fenderton was able to see May Middleton, but she came to meet him as soon as she heard his whistle, and she had read the news in the evening paper. The paragraph said:

"Joseph Gulkin and Richard Cuffy, two holdup men for whom the police squads have been hunting, were captured yesterday afternoon while holding up the Gruber stationery store, 837 Main Street. Credit for their capture is given to Fennerton Rober, who kept the two men in conversation until the arrival of officers Murrey and Hargraves in police car No. 45."

"WHY, Fenderton," exclaimed May Middleton as she took his arm and fell into step with him, "you were in earnest, weren't you?"

"I don't know what you mean, May Middleton," said Fenderton severely. "I hope you don't presume to say you think I've been kidding you."

"Of course not, Fenderton. But—well—you were detecting, weren't you? And you did capture those holdup men, didn't you?"

"Oh, that!" said Fenderton loftily. "That's all in the day's work of a detective."

"Yes, I know," said May Middleton. "But I do think it was awfully smart of you, Fenderton. Why, Fenderton, you're a hero."

Fenderton lighted a cigaret and snapped the match away from him carelessly.

"All in the day's work, May," all in the day's work," he said. "And am I sore?"

"Sore?" asked May. "What are you sore about?"

"They spelled my name wrong," said Fenderton, but he laughed. "But that's life," he said; "that's life."

## Student Player Receives Injury

(By Mrs. John Kamna) BLOOMING—Elmer Gurske, who is attending Walter Mays baseball school for the third season, who knocked unconscious for sometime Friday, as he was catching a fly ball that led him unexpectedly into the fence.

Sister Passes Word has been received here of the death of Mrs. Gulderson, who was a sister of Mrs. Liebenow and Henry Scheuerman.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Brejle and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Muhly returned Thursday evening from a four-day trip to Oregon Caves and Crater Lake.

The Rudolph Meyer Cherry picking crew were given an ice cream treat Tuesday evening.

Jean Jopson from here went to Sherwood Sunday to the annual mission festival.

Occupies Pulpit Rev. Wendling of Forest Grove will conduct the church service Sunday in the absence of Rev. Harries. Services will start at 9:30 instead of 10, the usual time.

Glen Werre was able to be brought home Sunday after a week's stay at Smith hospital with an infected knee.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jopson and Junior left Wednesday for a week's stay at Waldport.

John Jopson is spending six weeks at Newport.

Hits Two Home Runs The Blooming softball team won a nine-inning game with a score of 7 to 3 from the Cannery team Friday night. It proved to be one of the most interesting games of the season. Fred Mihly made two home runs, one of them in the ninth inning, winning the game for the home team.

Miss Anne Meyer is spending two weeks' vacation at the home of her parents, the George Meyers.

Ladies Aid will be held at the home of Mrs. Henry Schulerberg Thursday.

The first grain cutting of the season began here Saturday.

E. Carter Enlists in U. S. Army (By Mrs. John Haase) FIRDALE-IOWA HILL—Edward Carter has joined the U. S. army and leaves for San Francisco by train this week, and will sail for the Hawaiian Islands in the near future. He will be gone two years and three months.

Anthony Unger, who is employed at Bellingham, Wash., spent the week-end at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sheets and family returned from The Dalles last Wednesday where they had been picking apricots and cherries. Their daughter, Bernetta Sheets, spent Friday and Saturday in Portland visiting Margery Carter.

Hazel Carter of Firdale visited her brother and wife in Portland last week. On Wednesday and Thursday she visited Mrs. Edna Grazer and family, who formerly lived in Firdale. They all attended the disabled veterans' picnic at Jantzen Beach Thursday.

Mrs. Sam Gerig and daughter Mildred are visiting relatives in Salem this week.

Maurice Waibel is employed at a logging camp on the other side of Forest Grove.

Roy Carter returned to work last week on the P. S. Dredge Michie at Coos Bay after a month's vacation.

Several farmers in the community started to cut their wheat this week.

## Local Electric Rates Cheaper

The level of rural electric rates in this territory is a mark for rural electrification administration projects to attain, says R. R. Easter, Hillsboro division manager for Portland General Electric company, on the basis of a report in the current issue of one of its newest projects, in Richland county, Wis., at \$3.34 a month for 40 kilowatt hours, remarked Easter.

"This compares with local rural rates of only \$2.20 for 40 kilowatt hours or 37 per cent less."

"A further point of comparison is that rural customers on a new line in this territory need guarantee payment of a monthly minimum for only five years, while the amortization period for lines built with REA funds is 20 years."

Judge Long Reported as Dark Horse Candidate Judge Donald E. Long of Portland, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Long of Hillsboro, is on his way to Washington, D. C. He is reported as being a dark horse in the federal judge vacancy race in this district.

Council to Ponder Franchise Tuesday Franchise for the PEP company operation in Hillsboro will be thrashed out at the August meeting of the city council Tuesday night.

Application for a 20-year franchise was presented the council at the June meeting and rejected when the vote to accept the franchise was tied and Mayor J. H. Garrett cast his vote with those opposing the franchise.

Meanwhile opposing councilmen have been considering franchises approved in other cities, placing greater limitations on public utilities.

Subscribe for the Argus.

Time is Often a Great Factor in the Drug Business

Speed in filling of a prescription often is vitally important—a life may depend upon getting the proper medicine in time. Rely on the Palm for prompt service.

Registered Pharmacists on Duty at all Times. Serums kept dependable and at proper potency by efficient refrigeration.

KRAMIEN'S Palm Drug Store Prescription Druggists PHONE 266

## Ennis Named New Warden for Jail

Following the resignation of Grant Zumwalt as jailer after eight and a half years of service, Sheriff J. W. Connell Wednesday announced the appointment of Fred Ennis of Hillsboro to the position, with Mrs. Ennis to assist with cooking for the prisoners.

The resignation becomes effective August 1. Zumwalt has not announced his plans for the future.

Say you saw it in the Argus.

\$10 Reward For any Radio we can't fix! Douglass Radio Service 126 S. 3rd Ave. Phone 21X

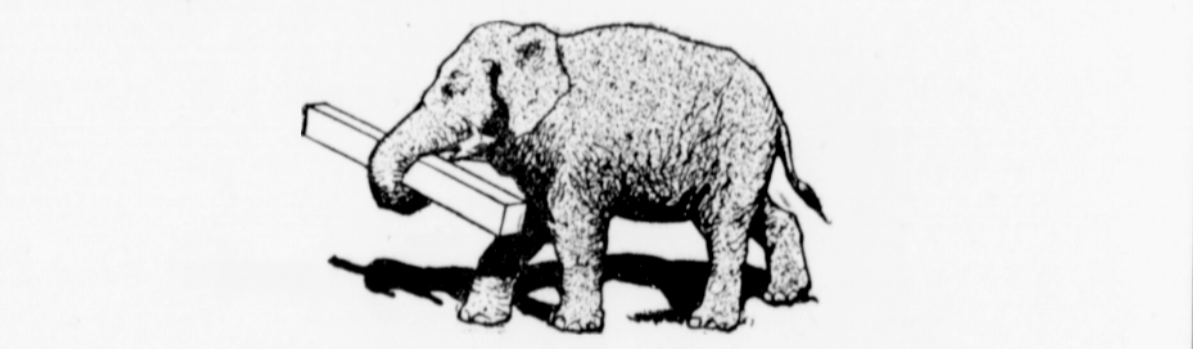
# Fond Memories

Of cool water drawn in a dripping bucket from the old-fashioned well on hot summer days—

More picturesque, perhaps, than the present day faucet with a constant supply of fresh water, but not nearly so sanitary or convenient. The value of water always available for all purposes cannot be over-estimated. This is the service rendered by

Peoples Water and Gas Co. R. E. WILEY, Local Manager

## HEAVY Equipment for HEAVY Work



Heavy, bulky mailings require extra strong envelopes. We offer the new Mail-Well SILVER FIBRE CLASP and Mail-Well BANKERS' FLAP Envelopes.

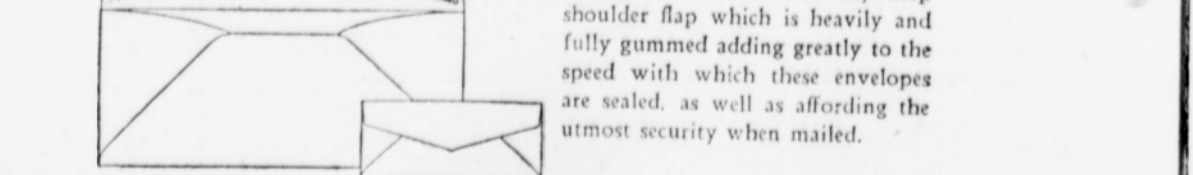
The Silver Fibre Clasp envelope is one of the Mail-Well specialties. Made of a distinctive, high-quality, tough silver-grey stock it presents a rich appearance.

It prints well and lends itself to either hand or type writer addressing.

The Mail-Well clasp is made of brass, which does not tarnish or mar the face of adjoining envelopes. The clasp is securely fastened at eight points through double thicknesses of paper.

You will find service, quality, and beauty at their utmost in this envelope.

These envelopes are built for heavy duty --- to withstand rough handling. They insure safe and proper delivery of the contents.



Mail-Well bankers' flap envelopes are made with an unusually deep shoulder flap which is heavily and fully gummed adding greatly to the speed with which these envelopes are sealed, as well as affording the utmost security when mailed.

Insist on ENVELOPES Your Double Guarantee of QUALITY Hillsboro Argus

Funeral Held for Victim of Tetanus Funeral services were held Friday afternoon from the Donelson & Sewell chapel, Hillsboro, for Mrs. Olive P. Pritchard, 64, wife of John Pritchard of North Plains. Mrs. Pritchard died last Wednesday in the Portland sanitarium following an attack of lockjaw. Commitment was at the Portland crematorium.

She is survived by the widower; three sons, Oscar, Seattle; Dean, Calexico, Cal., and John Jr., Hillsboro, route 3; two daughters, Mrs. Nona Wyss, Sheridan, Mrs. Mary Snobar, Seattle, and eight grandchildren. A son, Clarence, preceded her in death.

## WAHNER'S MODERN SHOE REPAIR SHOP

Established 25 Years

There Must Be A Reason

Guaranteed Work	Highest Grade Materials
Honest Service	Up-to-Date Machinery
Reasonable Prices	No Long Waits for Finishing

152 S. Second Ave.—Between Main and Washington

## SAVE 20 to 25% on Fire Insurance costs

Owners of property that is less apt to burn save from 20 to 25% of each premium dollar by insuring with this strong, Western, legal reserve company. All policies are non-assessable.

SEE US ABOUT YOUR NEXT POLICY

### OREGON MUTUAL FIRE Insurance Company

## Chas. L. Walker

"Every Form of Protection"

Phone 1732 Hillsboro, Oregon 116 S. Third Ave.

## PAINT UP Now!

There's no time like the present to increase the beauty and value of your home with

### FISHER-THORSEN'S Guaranteed PAINTS

Always Uniform Stands the Test of Time

Authorized Dealer

### Hillsboro Appliance & Plumbing Co.

"Standard" Plumbing Kelvinator Appliances

Phone 72 132 S. 2nd Ave Hillsboro, Oregon