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Hillsboro Independent.

BY D. W. BATH.

OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER.

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and this together with our delivery system makes this Hillsboro's popular market.

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Having purchased the Central Meat Market, we wish to announce to former patrons and the public, that we have established a free delivery and have reduced the prices on all meats. For the best cuts and best service possible we respectfully solicit your patronage.

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Diseases cured without drugs or surgery by magnetic osteopathy, the new science of drugless healing. Consultation free. Office over the bakery.

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EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCES

AS TOLD TO DR. LINKLATER

By Two Washington County Young Ladies Who Were in San Francisco During the Disaster.

Recently the parents of the Misses Eva and Alma Lund, who live on a small farm on the road between Cornelius and Centerville, were overjoyed at the return of these young ladies from San Francisco, where they had gone through a never-to-be-forgotten experience in the great earthquake. Miss Eva was undergoing a course of training in the Methodist National Training School and Deaconess Home in that city, from which institution she did considerable missionary work among the poor and the Chinese. Miss Alma was employed in a mercantile establishment.

On Thursday of last week they were the guests of Mrs. Linklater in this city and in an interview Miss Eva said:

"The first thing I observed after being shaken off my couch bed, was the tottering of the surrounding buildings and the crashing fall of a big frame structure next to our home. There was a rumbling sound and the air seemed filled with a general crashing and crushing of buildings and the shrieks of terrified and injured people. The streets were lined with people in all kinds of undress, who after their first shock seemed awe-struck and spoke in whispers—as if in dread of something indefinable. Fires were raging in a few minutes in several places. Only one man perished in the fallen buildings near us and that was by gas suffocation, though many were badly injured. People were rushing about crying for aid to buried and injured loved ones and friends, and not a few such were bleeding themselves. One of my first thoughts was for Alma's safety, and after hurriedly dressing I ran in the direction of her residence which was beyond the Valencia Hotel. The ground was billowy and great cracks had opened (chiefly lengthwise) in Valencia street. As I neared the hotel my heart sank for there was the hostelry down, crushed, and partly sunk into a great crevice, a heap of ruins, and water was gushing from broken water mains down among the debris, drowning those in the lower stories. Probably a hundred men were doing all they could to extricate the victims. As I passed, a man seemingly dead, was being pulled out. Arriving at Alma's home I found she had run to look for me."

"Yes," said Miss Alma, "I ran down past the Valencia hotel on my way to find Eva. Oh, it was awful, the sight of the fallen buildings and men tugging and lifting and trying to save those being killed by crushing and drowning. I heard them calling out to a man away down in the ruins and I could hear his muffled voice in reply. I could see the burst-water and gas pipes down in the deep cracks in the street."

"On my way back to find Alma," continued Miss Eva, "I saw so many people who were injured, and one old lady who seemed in great pain, I just felt I could not pass without at least saying a kind word to her. She told me her leg was broken above the ankle, but she was dragging herself along. While we were speaking an automobile from the Emergency hospital came in sight and I assisted her into it. From the Home a Sister and Alma and I went to the Mechanic's Pavilion, which was being used as a morgue and an emergency hospital, to see if we could be of use. We found, however, that sterner hands than ours were doing all the work, and it was much. They soon stopped taking the dead there and shortly after 10 a. m., they had to leave it to the flames which had begun to devour the once great and lovely city. Being unable to help

in any way, we returned to the Home, but on the way we were impressed very gratefully at the great service being rendered the injured and helpless by the automobiles which were darting from all quarters ahead of the flames with their precious loads of humanity. In the afternoon we cooked food in the streets and handed to the never-resting chaffeurs and to the hungry passing us. When night came we went up into the tower of the Home and sat spell bound, seeing the great city being burned. No lights were in the city—only the one great light of the holocaust.

But the following day, (Thursday) was really the most fearful day of any, as the fire had got beyond all possible control, notwithstanding the dreadful destruction done by the dynamites. Smoke and heat were dreadful; thirst was unbearable by the fleeing multitudes, and dust from the dynamiting was suffocating. Many fell exhausted; none hardly had slept, and so when people fainted it was so hard to bring them to, as we found them in clined to become comatose, and it was very difficult to get cold water for them. We used camphor freely instead, and aromatic ammonia. We assisted in the case of a gallant fireman who was carried on an express wagon four blocks before any water could be found. Somebody offered him whiskey as he revived, but he swept it aside saying it was against the military law.

Hot cinders fell like snow and Alma had a new jacket riddled with little holes.

On authority of a Red Cross relief officer we went into the refugees' camp nearby and searched for sick women and children and with the aid of the soldiers brought those in immediate need to our home. In a short time we had fifty under our care. One little boy had a leg broken, but the sufferings of the infants were terrible. Imagine the sudden conditions of heat, suffocating smoke, thirst, and hunger for nourishment. Oh! I shall never forget their feeble despairing wails as they would subside into oblivion exhausted, while their frantic mothers suffered a heart thrust with every wail. Often do I wish I could forget some of these scenes. I only saw one man shot down and in the circumstances I think it might have been necessary to maintain discipline. The presence of the soldiers gave us a feeling of safety and they were as full of help as they were of stern duty. Their thousands of kind deeds have been unfortunately lost sight of under a few misdeeds or misunderstandings.

The city was bright all this night and Friday night from the conflagration. It was dreadful to contemplate the situation—the thousands of homes being burned in one great holocaust and the hundreds of thousands of homeless people whose all was being destroyed—and really the worst of it was the feeling of helplessness, induced by the origin of the whole catastrophe—the want of stability of the very foundation of the earth.

"Many rumors of other dire calamities were rapidly circulated, such as the destruction of Portland, Seattle, St. Louis, Chicago, etc. Many were determined to make you listen to the fact that they had always prophesied the event of San Francisco's destruction, while others thought it the beginning of the end of all earthly things. There was far more self-sacrifice than selfishness—infinite more. Big, hungry men, who worked themselves exhausted, to help others would give up their share of bread to those unable to secure a supply. By Friday morning order was being displayed in the dealing out of supplies. Our baker had, however, sent out all his loaves to his customers, as he saw inevitable destruction coming to his store. Even got great hardships exists. We got a letter a few days ago from a friend saying she had sent a loaf of new bread from Oakland to her brother as a birthday gift.

"After the conflagration had spent itself, darkness at night came on, thick with the fog of the bay and the overhanging smoke. This gloom was very distressing. An ominous silence accompanied it, and people sat and talked in whispers. It seemed as if everything was gone. One could think that a period had come when only memories were left, and that the only things in life of ultimate real value were little good deeds performed, self-denials exercised and temptations overcome."

Chickens for Sale. One dozen full-blood black Minorca hens and rooster, and half-dozen full-blood Barred Plymouth Rock hens and rooster. Last year's chickens. Particulars at this office.

A PROSPEROUS HAPPY LODGE

IS BUTTE GRANGE NO. 148.

Owens Its Own Home, Meets Every Month, and Always Has a Lodge Room Full.

In the southeast part of Washington county, at a country village called Tigardville, a good many years ago was organized a P. of H. Order called Butte Grange No. 148, the founders, of which in their far-sighted wisdom, built their own hall and later added a kitchen with a full equipment of everything necessary for having a good dinner every meeting day.

This Grange has prospered from the beginning and now numbers 110 members in good standing. It holds its regular meeting on the fourth Saturday of each month, and the latch-string is always hanging out to all members of the Order.

At each meeting the lecturer has a program. The program for May meeting follows:

Song by the Grange.

Quotations. Emma Wood, Minnie Shamburg, John Tigard, Geo. Smith, Johanna Pollard and Emma Holmes.

Instrumental music, B. G. Leedy and Gussie Tigard.

Question: What are the chief reasons for the thorough cultivation of the soil, by A. Gustin.

Solo, Clara Morin.

Select reading, Lizzie Vincent.

History of Oregon State Grange by W. S. M., B. G. Leedy.

Recitation, Annie Nicols.

Instrumental Music.

Question: "What is the best spray for henhouse." Fred Greenberg.

Select Reading, Rosa Tigard.

Song, Broder, Goddard.

Discussion: "What are the best and cheapest facing materials in your locality," by the Grange.

Samuel Weaver Experiences in San Francisco.

Mr. Weaver is a brother of Mrs. Claude Greear, of this city, and as stated in The Independent last week, is here visiting after the San Francisco catastrophe. He says "My bed was shaken violently about three feet out from the wall, and the door of my room opened, though it had a Yale lock. I dressed before leaving my room, making a record for celerity. The back of the house was split open; the rear of the Iroquois hotel next door was partly torn down and several people killed. The miners were ablaze from broken electric wires. People crowded the middle of the street, owing to falling walls and cornices; dead people and wounded were soon being hurried in express wagons or automobiles, and the fires soon became terrific. The people would stampede in one direction or another or back, according as they could get out of reach of fires or blocked streets. At the corner of Fourth and Market streets I heard some one yelling that a large building there was coming down. Many people were injured in the wild and needless crush that ensued, for it did not fall.

"At Seventh and Folsom streets I began to notice the dazed, aimless expression on the faces of some people. For example, a woman there was tenderly holding a big doll to her breast, evidently in the belief that it was her own baby. One poor old man was tottering along with a loaf of bread as the only thing he had rescued. I, myself, was less fortunate in that way, as I had only my laundry under my arm, and I would cheerfully have exchanged that for a loaf of bread before 10 o'clock that evening, when in Franklin Park I tasted the first food for the day in the shape of a few spoonfuls of canned salmon, given me by a woman, and that had to suffice until noon next day. In this park I saw the body of a man who had been shot by the soldiers, owing to some robbery or attempt robbery. I forgot to say that about 10 o'clock in the morn-

ing I saw two men shot at a top window of a five-story rooming house. No chance of escape was possible and they were yelling for help, and this was the only human act in the power of the soldiers.

"I slept on my overcoat in the park that night. It was not cold, for the air was comfortable, only cinders and ashes fell freely. Next day, Thursday, the fire had extended for miles, and I may say the reflection of the fire in the bay was grand.

"About 3 p. m. Thursday, I took the ferry to Sausalito and walked to Fort Baker, a distance of four miles. It was a great and terrifying sight to see the conflagration as I walked along. I got a bed there and was comfortable enough, only it was a rather long distance to go back to Sausalito twice a day for meals, viz., 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. I believe I eat as much here with Claude at one meal as I did in the five days there, but I was thankful to get what I did. There was very much suffering among the people with families in their escaping, and we could do but little to help."

Says the Silverton Appeal: In these days of strife between two great political parties we must remember that, after all, we are just a band of brothers here on earth, traveling from the cradle to the grave. We live side by side, our children attend the same school, and after the smoke of the battle clears away we will still be friends and neighbors. Let the bitter things go unsaid. At best, life is short and we get out of it a full measure of sorrow.

There is a feeling in the air that the republicans of Oregon, with a normal majority of 10,000 votes, are becoming tired of seeing the best offices in the state filled by democrats, and are waiting until the June election to place these offices in republican hands again, where they rightly belong. Is Oregon to be a republican state or a democratic state? Here we have a democrat for governor, a democrat for United States senator, a democrat for supreme judge, a democratic mayor of Portland and a democratic sheriff of Multnomah county, and all elected, directly or indirectly, by republican votes. Small wonder that the democratic newspapers protest against the republican papers urging a straight party vote. The democrats have all to gain and nothing to lose by breaking up party lines in Oregon, and being in the minority, cannot be blamed for protesting against a straight party vote. It is shrewd politics on the part of the minority to pursue such a course, which is all the better reason why a republican should cast a straight republican ballot in the approaching election. The republicans have allowed themselves to be cat-hopped long enough.—Polk County Observer.

Olympic Flour, the best flour on the market, at R. H. Greer's.

Wanted:—Gentleman or lady with good reference to travel by rail or with a rig, for a firm of \$250,000.00 capital. Salary \$1,072.00 per year and expenses; salary paid weekly and expenses advanced. Address, with stamp, Jos. Alexander, Hillsboro, Ore.

Alti-Tone, the new spring medicine—guaranteed. The Delta Drug Store.

THEIR BUBBLE SMASHED

WITHYCOMBE'S CITIZENSHIP.

He Has Voted the Straight Republican Ticket Ever Since He Became of Age.

The following letter from Hon. James Withycombe was published in the Oregonian of recent date, addressed to the Editor:

"I observe that an effort is made on the behalf of the democratic opposition to my election as governor to show that I resided in Oregon for seventeen years before I became a citizen.

I will state the facts, so that the public may understand for all time how utterly baseless and unjust this particular fabrication is, and how easily confuted by the simple truth.

I was born near Plymouth, England, March 21, 1854. My father, Thomas Withycombe, my mother, Mary Ann Withycombe, my three brothers, John, Thomas and Philip, my sister Mary and myself, constituting the entire Withycombe family, came to Oregon in 1871 to become permanent residents and American citizens. Shortly after his arrival my father, Thomas Withycombe, declared his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States. I was then 17 years of age, and I was informed that the act of my father naturalized all the minor members of the family. Deeming myself an American citizen I voted for Rutherford B. Hayes for president in 1876, and I have ever since that time discharged with good conscience and to the best of my ability my full duties as a loyal citizen of the great American republic. About 1888, a question was raised as to whether Thomas H. Tongue, then a candidate for state senator, who was born in England and came to this country under circumstances similar to mine, was in fact a qualified American citizen. It occurred to me then that possibly my own naturalization had not been regular, and in my great anxiety and desire to possess an absolutely unclouded title to my American citizenship I went before Judge Deady and formally took out naturalization papers. I think that there never was the slightest question that from the time my father became a citizen of the United States, I was a citizen of the United States.

But I simply made assurance doubly sure. That is all there is to it. If I was not a citizen, I beg to say to all democratic gentlemen who are so much concerned about my nativity, after my thirty-five years of continuous residence in Oregon, that I will waive the statute of limitations and submit to prosecution and trial for having cast an illegal vote for the republican ticket in 1876, and at every subsequent election in order that they may have a clear and conclusive determination of a matter that they now consider of real importance.

JAMES WITHYCOMBE.

Hoyle has just received a fine lot of men and boys' summer hats. Don't buy until you have seen them.

Use Alti-Tone.

Have you weakness of any kind—stomach, back, or any organs of the body? Don't dope yourself with ordinary medicine. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is the supreme curative power. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

Field, Garden and Flower Seeds for sale at R. H. Greer's. All kinds and a full stock.

A VALUABLE PUBLICATION.

A Book for the Farmer, Stock-Raiser, and Fruit Grower, Published Here.

An "Agricultural Log Book," prepared at great expense by the Central Publishing Company, in the Manufacturers Exchange Building, consisting of reputable "up-to-date" Kansas Cityans, soon to appear, is not only novel in its design, but replete with valuable information, especially for all classes of farmers, breeders and raisers of all kinds of domestic animals; for dairymen, fruit-growers and others; with carefully written instructions as to various civil laws in which all wealth-producing classes are personally interested and with many strictly legal, blank and detachable forms of bills of sale, leases, mortgages, notes, receipts, warrantee and quitclaim blanks, etc.

One of the most prominent features of the work is its systematic, easily understood, common sense and decidedly complete arrangements for recording all kinds of business transactions universally common among farmers and stock-raisers, giving inventories of articles owned, and all liabilities at time of commencing business; clearly exhibiting at the close of each year the results of all kinds of investments, purchases and sales; explaining how and when entries of all "debts" and "credits" are made; how gains and losses are ascertained; interest and other tables, with much additional information to housekeepers, gardeners, and others. It is evidently a work not only of merit, but of genius; its whole "makes up" is methodical, clear, scholarly and attractive; its authors certainly have the one thing required in such an undertaking, a complete, comprehensive and practical knowledge of the whole field presented; while their full purpose is to enable each farmer using it to know just where he is in his business at all times, as the mariner does by the aid of his compass and charts.

It is a mammoth production, not in size, but significance, in evidence of which several of the largest publishing companies in the United States presented bids for its publication, but the contract for many thousands of copies was finally given to Messrs. Hudson & Kimberly, of this city, who are regarded by many as the most artistic as well as reliable publishers in the great West.

The Central Publishing Company, which owns and controls the work, has ample means to bring it speedily and successfully to the front, and to give profitable employment in its introduction and sale to thousands anxious and deserving.

We wish the company great success in placing the work in the home of every farmer, stock-raiser, dairyman and fruitgrower in this fair land of ours, as a stimulus not only to greater efforts of industry, but, especially to the keeping before him a complete history of every business transaction in which he may be interested.—Kansas City (Mo) Star.

There's a lot of Satisfaction

in a shoe which after month's of wear, needs only polish to "Look like new." You'll find comfort, ease and profit in the

Hamilton-Brown Shoes

—your children—will want something pretty and good. Come and see our

School Shoes



No better made. No better can be made. Our guarantee goes with every pair.

Our line of
GROCERIES
is the finest in the county.

Everything usually carried by an up-to-date Grocery House. Our immense sales make it possible for us to carry strictly fresh goods. Not a shop-worn article in the establishment.

JOHN DENNIS.

The old Reliable Corner Grocery and Shoe Store