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SECRET SOCIETIES

Sermon preached by Rev. W. Walter Blair at St. John's Day services, held Sunday, December 26th, at Holbrook Lodge, No. 80, Forest Grove, Ore.

Text, Prov. 25, 2—"Discover not a secret to another."

Perhaps not one of you ever heard a sermon on the subject of secret societies presented on a Sunday morning from a Christian pulpit. To me it has seemed a fair and opportune time for the discussion of just such a theme. The moral effect, the general good or propriety of Freemasonry, Odd Fellowship, etc., has long been a question in the minds of many, and in general there has been a great deal of dense ignorance and misconception regarding them.

Solomon, our first Most Excellent Grand Master, had very good reasons for saying what he does in the text, for in his time there were so many people who did not have the capacity to keep their mouths shut. Solomon had a very large domestic circle, and you will remember did not by any means belong to the race suicide class, and in his earlier days he seems to have had greatly confused ideas about monogamy and polygamy, and his multitudinous associates in the marital state made him too well informed as to what was going on in Jerusalem. They gathered up all the privacies of the city and poured them into his ear, and his family became a sort of debating society of 700, discussing day after day all of the difficulties between husbands and wives, between employers and employees, between rulers and subjects, between merchants and their customers, until Solomon deplores vulnerability about affairs that do not belong to us and extols the virtue of secretiveness. There is no reason in the world why Solomon should not be the wisest man in the world with all those 700 wives bringing in the news to him.

One half the trouble in this world is every community comes from the fact that so many people cannot keep their mouths shut. We have two ears and only one tongue, a physiological suggestion that we ought to hear a great deal more than we tell. Let us join a conspiracy that we will tell each other all the good and nothing of the ill, and there will not then be the privacies of Solomon's world to be so loudly proclaimed. "Discover not a secret to another." By the power of a secret divulged, families, churches, neighborhoods, nations fly apart. By the power of a secret kept, great charities, socialities, public reforms and Christian enterprises are advanced. It is the nature of men to run together in social circles, as it is for cattle to go in herds, fish in schools, birds in flocks. If you could by some process break up all the socialities and associations which now bind men together, you would find men again adhering, for men are gregarious. God meant it to be so. The trees of the forests stand by each other. Plants love company and are gathered together in associations. A galaxy of stars is only another form of mutual life insurance company. In consequence of this tendency, you find men coming together in tribes, communities, churches, societies. While some gather together to cultivate the arts, or for the welfare of the state, or to discuss religious themes, or to kindle their mirth, others gather to advance their crafts, and thus every community is divided into associations of artists, merchants, carpenters, plumbers, masons, etc.

Now the oft-discussed question arises just here, whether those associations which do their work behind closed doors, admit their members by pass words and greet each other with a secret grip are right or wrong. Are they good or are they bad? I answer, that all depends on the nature of the object for which they have met. If it is for revelry, blasphemy and the debauchery of the innocent, then I say they are wrong. If it is for the relief of the distressed, the improvement of the mind, the advancement of a nobler spirit of brotherhood, and the extirpation of crime and pure-hearted sociality, then I say with equal emphasis, they are quite right. Societies are like individuals, both good or bad, they are the means of moral health or of temporal and eternal damnation. Now while most people recognize the wrong of slandering an individual, it is passing strange that so few do not see the sin of slandering an organization. Jesus gave us a rule by which we can judge not only individuals, but all societies, secret and open. "By their fruits ye shall know them." A bad

society makes bad men. A good society makes good men, and a bad man will not stay long in a good society, nor a good man remain long in a bad society. You may point to a man who is a member of a secret society, and have reason to condemn him. So too, you may do with a man who is a member of the Christian church, and that is a divine institution. I have seen men who were bad men in the church, but it was not the church or its teachings that made them bad. I have seen men who were bad men and masons, but it was not the teachings of masonry nor the lodge to which they belonged that made them bad. All masons know men who are not an honor to the fraternity, and that their acts and doings are un-masonic, and all good masons know it and deplore it, even as the church deplores its unworthy members. Secrecy of plot and execution are wrong only when the object and ends are nefarious. Every true family is a secret society, as is every banking and insurance institution. Those men who have not the capacity to keep a secret, are not fit for positions of trust anywhere. There are thousands of men whose most vital need is the culturing of the capacity to keep their business, and the business entrusted to them, to themselves. Most men talk too much, and women too, sometimes. That there is a time to keep silent as well as a time to speak is not known, seemingly, to most people. I know Jerusalem. They gathered up all the privacies of the city and poured them into his ear, and his family became a sort of debating society of 700, discussing day after day all of the difficulties between husbands and wives, between employers and employees, between rulers and subjects, between merchants and their customers, until Solomon deplores vulnerability about affairs that do not belong to us and extols the virtue of secretiveness. There is no reason in the world why Solomon should not be the wisest man in the world with all those 700 wives bringing in the news to him.

Again, it can be said with truthfulness, that secret societies have done incalculable good—how much, the world can little know. It is not the office of those who belong to them to publish to all the world their brotherliness and charities. Secret societies have posed a very heavy burden of sunshine and benediction into the home of suffering. The greatest and best of them are founded upon fidelity to good citizenship and the Bible. Their object is the maintenance of right against wrong, mutual benefit, relief for the widow and orphan, and the succoring of the helpless. Now there is no need that we who plan for the conquest of right over wrong should publish to all the world our plans. The general or army never sends to the opposing troops information concerning the planned attack. Shall we who have enlisted in the cause of God and humanity, expose in secret plot the ruin of all the enterprises of the devil and his cohorts. By plan of battle planned in secret, we will come forth with the cry, "The sword of God and of Gideon."

The victory for which the world has been crying for so long, would long since have been gained, if professional whole ground certain shades into an intolerable servitude. Then, in the last place, let me say, you can try all secret societies by two or three rules. Here is test first: Their influence on home, if you have a home. The wife soon loses her influence over her husband who nervously and foolishly looks upon all absence from home during the evening as an assault on the domestic life. How are the great enterprises of reform and art, of literature, beneficence and public work to be carried on if every man is to have his world bounded on one side by his front door step, and the other side by his back window, knowing nothing higher than his own attic, or lower than his own cellar? That wife who is jealous of her husband's attention to art, or literature, or religion, or charity is breaking her own sceptre of conjugal power.

When, however, I say this, let no one imagine that I mean any man should sacrifice home life to society life, as very many do. I know many men who are guilty of this sacrifice. They are genial as angels in the society room, and as ugly as sin at home. They are generous on all subjects of fine supper, golf and auto clubs, but veritable skin-flints about the wife's dresses and the children's shoes. The lips that all day long, in business, dripped with myth and fancy, pour forth in floods and fresh-

ers over the home circle. The disposition that seems as sweet as an angel, and as warm and bright as a sheet of sunshine, proves at night to be only a magnificent show window in a warehouse of stock of goods. Now that man has made the choice which might be a healthy influence and a source of affection, and he has married it, and he is guilty of moral bigness. Under this process, the wife, whatever her features, becomes uninteresting and homely. He becomes critical of her dress, does not like the way she arranges her hair, and is amazed that he was ever so romantic as to offer to her his hand and his heart.

There are secret societies where membership always means domestic shipwreck. Tell me that a man has joined a certain secret society, and tell me nothing more for ten years and I can write his history if he is still alive. That man is a wine-guzzler, his wife is prematurely old, or broken-hearted, his fortune gone, or reduced, and his home a mere name in the directory.

Here are six nights in the week. "What shall I do with them?" says the father and husband: "I will give four of these nights to the improvement, enjoyment and entertainment of my family. I will devote one to charitable institutions, and one to my lodge." I congratulate you. But here is a man who says: "Out of six secular nights I will devote five of them to lodges, clubs and associations, and one to the home, which night I will spend there scowling like a March squall, and wishing I was where I had spent the other five. That man's obituary is written. Not one in 10,000 who get that far ever stops. Gradually his health will fall through late hours, and too much strong stimulants, and the doctor coming in will see at a glance that he has not only present disease but long years of fast living to combat. The clergyman, out of sympathy to the family, will offer religious generalities at the obsequies, but the men who got him into the rapid will not be there. Then the wife will try to offer kind sympathies and carry flowers to lay on the coffin, but they have very pressing engagements elsewhere that day. Bring me mallet and chisel, and I will cut on the tombstone that man's epitaph: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

"Oh no, no, no," you say; that would not be appropriate. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and my last end be like his." "Oh, no, that would not be a proper word for his tombstone," you say. Then bring me mallet and chisel and I will cut a true and honest epitaph: "Here lies the victim of dissipating associations."

You can make a bad use of a very good thing, and it is easy to make a god of many things beside Jehovah, and it is the tendency of men to fall down before the god of their judge. You know men almost every day who are going down through social excesses, and their business and names are ruined. Their fortunes beaten to death by the ball-players bet, or cut amidst ship by the prow of the pleasure boat, or crushed under the scurrying wheels of their fine limousine or drowned in large portions of cognac and wines.

Another test by which you can know whether the lodge to which you belong is good or bad is this: What effect has it on your sense of moral and religious obligation? If I should take a thousand names of the people of this city and arrange them on a great roll, and then lay that roll behind one of these roads is half torn up, and the bridges are all out and the switches all open, it will not take long to settle which road I want to take.

Now there are two roads in the future. The Christian and the unchristian; the safe and the unsafe. Any institution or society that confuses my ideas about the fact is a bad society. I had prayers before I joined it. Did I have them afterward? I attended the house of God before I became a member of that lodge. Do I now absent myself from religious associations? Which would I rather have in my hand when I come to die? Which would I rather have pressed to my lips in the closing moment—the cup of Belshazzar's wassail or the Christian communion? Oh, fascination for a society has caused many a man to turn back upon home when his child was dying with scarlet fever. He went away, before he got back at midnight the eyes had been closed, the undertaker had done his work, and the wife weary with the three weeks' vigil, lay unconscious in the next room. Then the returned father comes up-stairs, and he sees the cradle gone, and the windows up, and says: "Why, what is the matter?"

On the judgment day he will find out what was the matter. But such is not the part nor portion of these two splendid societies meeting with us today. In a very particular sense, before all the members of the craft in Freemasonry there is set in bold relief in this hour the saintly character of St. John the Evangelist. What a worthy character to emulate. I beseech you, my masonic brethren to follow his ennobling example. It is glorious that he stands as our patron saint. Less impulsive than Peter, less master of fact than James, less zealous than John the Baptist, less vigorous than the Apostle Paul, yet he was preeminently "the disciple whom Jesus loved." With far reaching vision in Apocalyptic scenes portraying that immortality in which you all believe, and giving the most sublime exhortations to brotherly love and kindly sympathy to the widow and orphan. Live worthy of a position at his side who stood in a place of honor. Imitate his example in love to the Christ, God's Son, and our lives will be lifted up.

I am going, this morning, to make a very stout rope. You know that often a rope-maker will take very small threads and wind them together until they make a very stout rope, even a mighty ship-cable. And I am now going to take some very small threads and wind them together until they make a very stout rope. I

WHAT DID YOU MAKE IN 1920?

Uncle Sam Begins Collection of Federal Income Tax for Last Year.—Same Rate as in 1919.

Work has begun on the collection of the income tax for the year 1920. Uncle Sam, through the Bureau of Internal Revenue, is addressing to every person in the United States the question, "What was your net income for 1920?" The answer permits of no guesswork. Every single person whose net income for 1920, was \$1,000 or more and every married person whose net income was \$2,000 or more is required to file a return under oath with the collector of internal revenue for the district in which he lives on or before March 15, 1921.

The penalty for failure is a fine of not more than \$1,000 and an additional assessment of 25 per cent of the amount of tax due. For willful refusal to make a return the penalty is a fine of not more than \$10,000 or not exceeding one year's imprisonment, or both together with the costs of prosecution. A similar penalty is provided for making a false or fraudulent return, together with an additional assessment of 50 per cent of the amount of tax evaded.

When Must Pay Tax
The income tax applies to women as well as men. Husband and wife must consider the income of both plus that of minor dependent children, and if the district in which he lives on or before March 15, 1921. The penalty for failure is a fine of not more than \$1,000 or not exceeding one year's imprisonment, or both together with the costs of prosecution. A similar penalty is provided for making a false or fraudulent return, together with an additional assessment of 50 per cent of the amount of tax evaded.

Tax Rates for 1920.
The normal tax rate for 1920 is the same as for 1919—4 per cent on the first \$4,000 of net income above the exemption and 8 per cent on the remaining net income. This applies to every citizen and resident of the United States. In addition to the normal tax a surtax is imposed upon net income in excess of \$5,000.

Instructions on Form
Full instructions for making out returns are contained on the forms, copies of which may be obtained from collectors of internal revenue. Persons whose net income for 1920 was \$5,000 or less should use Form 1040A. Those with incomes in excess of \$5,000 should use Form 1040. Revenue officers will visit every county in the United States to assist taxpayers in making out their returns. The date of their arrival and the location of their offices will be announced by the press or may be ascertained upon inquiry at the offices of collectors. This advisory service is without cost to taxpayers.

FARM BUREAU MEETING SATURDAY AT HILLSBORO

The Annual Meeting of the Washington County Farm Bureau will be held Saturday, January 15th at the Grange Hall at Hillsboro. The Bureau has been fortunate enough to secure for the occasion, Chester Gray, of Missouri, who is one of the members of the Executive Committee of the National Farm Bureau Federation. The meeting is open to the public.

PROGRAM
10:00 A. M.—Status of the Farm Bureau in Washington County.
11:00 A. M.—The Extension Service and the Farm Bureau, W. A. Kaddery, Asst. County Agent Leader.
1:00 P. M.—Organization, Dr. McPherson, Oregon Agricultural College.
2:15 P. M.—Address by Chester Gray of the National Farm Bureau Federation.

Getting back to normalcy seemed to be the motto of the city council at its regular meeting Tuesday night, and the council started the ball rolling by cutting salaries. Mrs. Spingler charged for extra pay in the Recorder's office was the first notice of the impending cut. Then followed reductions in common labor, power engineers, etc.—News-Times.

will take all the memories of the wedding day—a thread of laughter, a thread of light, a thread of music, a thread of banqueting, a thread of congratulation, and I twist them together and I have one strand. Then I will take a thread of the hour of the first advent in your house, a thread of the darkness that preceded, a thread of the light that followed, and a thread of the beautiful scarf the little one used to wear as she came bounding down the path at eventide to greet you, and then a thread of the beautiful dress in which you laid her away awaiting the resurrection; and then I twist all these threads together, and I have another strand. Then I take a thread of the sunset robe of the suffering Christ, and a thread of the white raiment of your loved ones before the throne, and a string of the harp seraphic, and I twist them altogether, and I have a third strand.

"Oh," you say, "either strand is strong enough to hold fast a world." No; I take these strands and I will twist them together, and one end of that rope I will fasten, not to the communion table, for it shall be removed; not the pulpit here, for that, too, will be taken away, nor to a pillar of the organ for that; will crumble with dust of the ages; but I will wind it round and round the cross of a sympathizing Christ, and, having fastened one end of the rope to the cross, I throw the other end to you. Lay hold on it. Pull for your life! Pull for heaven, and know the joy of that eternal abiding place where faith is lost in sight, hope in fruition and all the mists, through which we now walk, are cleared away.

WOMAN'S CLUB HEARS FROM FRENCH ORPHAN

The Forest Grove Woman's Club met for their regular monthly business meeting Jan. 10, 1921, with their president, Mrs. Wm. Pollock, presiding.

Mrs. W. S. Roberts was chosen by the Executive Board to fill the office of secretary, made vacant by the resignation of Mrs. C. C. Haynes, who moved to California.

Miss Farnham read a letter to the Club written by the French orphan, whom the Club supports. The local organization voted to withdraw their membership from the National Federation of Women's Clubs.

The announcement was made that there will be no meeting as scheduled Jan. 24th, but that the real "Humor-o-cope" will be given at the Star Theatre Jan. 26-27 to which the public is invited. The proceeds of which go to the fund which loans money to poor girls who wish to get a college education.—News-Times.

Forest Grove Locals From the News-Times

Rev. and Mrs. Oliver Curtis and family who have been visiting relatives and friends in this city and locality for a couple of weeks past left today for their home at Calgary, Alberta, Canada, where Rev. Curtis has charge of work throughout the domain for the Christian church.

Mr. Curtis was a resident of this city for a number of years and at one time was a rural carrier on Route 1. Clarence Long, of this city, last August, enlisted in the U. S. Navy, and is a member of Company II, Camp Paul Jones, and he is now attending the Radio school in Chicago. Long is nineteen years of age and a native of Forest Grove. His uncle, the late Charles Long, who passed away in England, and is buried in the Arlington National Cemetery, in Virginia, was one of the first to be enlisted from here during the World War. Both of his grandfathers fought for Old Glory during the war of the Rebellion from 1861-1865.

Parents should instruct their children to stay away from the post office when they have no business there. A number of mail boxes have been permitted to litter there, and your boy or girl may be the next victim. It is said that a number of very small boys boasted of knowing how to open scores of lock boxes. Doubtless many of these boys innocently opened boxes which of course they have no right to do, and probably never thought of taking the contents but other did and when your boy does that thing he may become implicated although he was innocent of wrongdoing.

Will H. Thompson, who has been in the Navy for three years past and has been in Gaum for a year, arrived in Portland Wednesday on the Transport Sherman Dec. 21. He arrived in Portland Wednesday on the Rose City steamer, and from there he will come to this city to visit his mother, Mrs. Eva Thompson. Mr. Thompson is a graduate of the local high school and a graduate of the North Pacific Dental College, of Portland. The Transport Sherman was six weeks in making the trip from Gaum to San Francisco.

Groceryman Harry Giltner had the misfortune to smash a wheel while making the turn at the Lincoln school building Tuesday. Harry says that he was only coasting down, but that the Ford seemed to take a quick spurt just at the wrong time and he landed on the curb. That corner and the one at "A" Street and Third Avenue North are corners that a number of autoists have come to grief on. Warning signs to slow down might help some and possibly save some one's life.

Mrs. Rita Buxton went to Portland last week to visit her grandmother, Mrs. Westanna Macrum. While there her grandmother was suddenly taken ill and passed away Sunday night. Mrs. Buxton and Mrs. Macrum had been out to dinner Sunday evening and had come home on the street car. They alighted from the car and before reaching the home Mrs. Macrum was stricken and died. Rev. Edan Mow and wife and baby are in Fayette, Idaho. Mr. Mow is pastor of the Christian church of that city, which is one of the largest of that denomination in the state of Idaho. He is a graduate of the Eugene Bible University of Eugene, Ore., and a few years ago, lived here for some time with his mother Mrs. C. M. Mow, who now lives at Eugene and has charge of one of the University Students Club houses.

Mr. M. Shields, of Minot, North Dakota, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Zabel, who are here looking for a location. They came here from Webb, Sask. Canada, and have been in Hillsboro during that time. So far they like Oregon much better than California.

The Modern Woodmen of America and the Royal Neighbors of America will hold a joint installation of officers at the L. O. O. F. hall. A general good time is anticipated by the membership of these two splendid orders.

Albert Anderson, of Sturris, South Dakota, arrived in this city Tuesday, where he joined his wife and children, who came here some six weeks ago. After a visit here of a couple of weeks with relatives, Mr. Anderson and family will go to California for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Johnson, of Sheridan, Wiscon., arrived here Saturday night for an extended visit with their son, Banker M. R. Johnson, of the First National Bank. While enroute west they visited relatives in Kansas and other middle western states.

Mrs. Rufus Cheney and son Donald spent Saturday and Sunday with her husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Cheney, at Dallas, Oregon. The Farm Bureau poultry program which was carried out here at the Star Theatre Tuesday was well attended and an excellent program was given. Ralph Oglesby was in charge. Today is horticulture day with Earl Peary presiding.

INTERESTING STORY OF ALBERT TOSIER

For the 49th consecutive time Albert Tosier, of Dec, came to Hillsboro to celebrate the coming in of the New Year by "ragging out the old and ringing in the new" at the Methodist church as he first did nearly a half century ago when quite a young man.

Speaking of this event the Argus gives the following interesting historical sketch:

"For years he has made this trip for the specific purpose. Mr. Tosier comes to Hillsboro, visits friends, takes a walk to the cemetery, where rest the remains of his parents, a sister, and a host of friends, and ubers out the dying year and welcomes the new at his boyhood home. Tosier arrived Friday evening. About eleven o'clock he repaired to the church and delivered a short address to the watchers. He told of matters of years ago as affecting Hillsboro and the church. He read letters from Rev. Joseph Hoberg, of McMinnville, who was appointed to this charge in 1871, and at once commenced work on the frame of the building which for two years had stood in statu quo. Hoberg filled the pulpit here and at Forest Grove every Sunday, and through the week did the mechanical work on the structure.

"The building was completed Jan. 6, 1872. It was dedicated by Rev. Geo. W. Isler, who came from Portland and was let off the Holiday train at the fair grounds, as Ben Holiday permitted no trains to stop at Hillsboro. The church was dedicated free of debt. A Sunday School was organized soon thereafter, as well as a church and Sunday School at Forest Grove. Religious exercises at Hillsboro were first held in the court house, the old building now standing three doors west of the Argus office.

"The church bells for Hillsboro and Forest Grove were cast at Portland for Rev. Hoberg, and the pattern was made from the Taylor St. Portland church bell. They were hauled from Portland by team, Wilson Bowly paying the freight. The bells cost \$100 each and were both swung by Hoberg. Rev. Hoberg, who was the first preacher in the first church in Hillsboro, was born in Prussia in 1828, and will be 93 years old this year. He resides at McMinnville, and came to Oregon in 1867. He was instrumental in forming the Odd Fellows lodge in Hillsboro and has been a three-linker for nearly 61 years. He joined the Masonic order in Iowa in 1887, and has been chaplain of McMinnville lodge for 25 years. Mr. Hoberg is the father of Mrs. J. I. Knight, well known in Hillsboro, now living in McMinnville.

"In his talk Mr. Tosier told much old history and introduced old copies of newspapers, photographs, press clippings, forty and fifty years old, and these were passed around and enjoyed by the audience. As each bore upon Hillsboro history they were more than interesting.

"The speaker told of one presiding elder, Rev. Peck, who weighed 325 pounds, and the Tosier home was the only domicile that had a bed strong enough to hold the big Divine. "While in the city Mr. Tosier was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Weathered. He now lives at Dec on his homestead near the base of Hood. His visits to Hillsboro are always welcome, and he will be here to see 1921 lay aside its mantle for 1922."

At the request of Herbert Hoover, the students of the United States are organizing to send financial relief to students in Europe who are suffering from lack of money and the high prices of necessities abroad. It is estimated that a hat, dress and pair of shoes cost a girl more than she can earn in tutoring a thousand lessons. Many of the students are sleeping on tables because of the lack of beds, and studying in cold rooms because there is no fuel, according to an investigator of student conditions. The Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. representing the World's Christian Student Federation in the United States, are organizing and putting through the campaign for funds. Colleges, private preparatory schools and high schools are included in the movement.

DEATH OF HENRY HARRINGTON

Henry Harrington was born in the state of Michigan, December 25, 1837, and died January 4, 1921, aged 83 years and ten days. His mother died when he was a child. He was married to his first wife, Mary, who died when he was a young man, and he was married to his second wife, Mary, who died when he was a young man, and he was married to his third wife, Mary, who died when he was a young man.

He was a member of the Civil War and was wounded in the battle of Shiloh and also was taken prisoner by the Confederates and was one of ten of 300 prisoners that were spared from Andersonville prison, after which he returned to his company and was with General Sherman in his march to the sea. He also was in the Grand review march before President Lincoln at Washington, D. C., of which he always delighted in telling to his children and friends. After being honorably discharged from the war he returned to his home and was married to Mary Almira Worley, December 5, 1867, and they resided in Illinois until the spring of 1880, when they moved to York, Nebraska, settling on a large farm where they lived for 22 years.

They came to Oregon in the spring of 1903 and bought a farm near Shefflin of 400 acres where they resided until the fall of 1910, when they moved to Hillsboro where the family still resides. To this union were born 12 children, all of whom are living except Fred, who died July 8, 1915, and a daughter, Mrs. Minnie Lewis, who died the 19th of July, 1919. The mother also passed away October 10, 1915, which marked a very short time of being their fiftieth anniversary. The surviving children are Mrs. Jella Stockman of Dec, Alberta, Canada; Fay Harrington of Oregon; Oregon; Henry P. & Bradshaw, Neb. Mrs. Grace Barber of Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Sammie Reed of York, Neb.; Mrs. Jessie Walker of Forest Grove, Ore.; Mrs. Emma Ireland of Hillsboro; Joseph Harrington of Cornelius and Alfred and Angie at home.

He also leaves one brother, Patrick Harrington of Minnesota, Mont. and 22 grandchildren and 5 great grandchildren.

JERSEY BREEDERS MEET AND ELECT OFFICERS

J. J. VanKleeck was appointed by the Washington County Jersey Cattle Association at its meeting at Hillsboro, January 7th to represent that association at a meeting of Jersey associations and clubs from California, Idaho, Nevada, Washington and Oregon, which will be held in Portland on January 22nd. Important questions for the promotion of the best interests of the Jersey breed will come up for consideration at this joint gathering of the Jersey Clubs of the Pacific Northwest.

After passing upon the general routine of business it was decided to hold a county picnic of Jersey Breeders in the late Spring or early Summer.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Geo. Biersdorf, President. A. E. Westcott, Vice-President. O. T. McWhorter, Secretary-Treasurer.

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