

Professional Cards

HARE, McALEER & PETERS
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Upstairs, Shute Savings Bank Bldg
Hillsboro, Oregon.

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Office, Commercial Building
Hillsboro, Oregon

Church Notices

ST. CECILIA CHURCH.
Rev. J. M. O'Neill, pastor.
Week-day mass 8:20 a. m.
Sunday masses, 7:45 and 10 a. m.

NAZARENE CHURCH
SUNDAY, JUNE 3
Sunday school at 10 a. m. J. L. Holden, superintendent. Missionary Sunday, 11 a. m., sermon on Foreign Missions; 7 p. m., young people's meeting; 8 p. m., evangelistic service; 8 p. m., Wednesday is prayer meeting. Also Tuesday at 9 a. m. All are welcome to attend these services.—Roy L. Nolt, Pastor.

M. E. CHURCH
Sunday, June 3—Sunday school at 10, Edward D. Rossman, superintendent. Morning worship at 11; Epworth League at 7 p. m.; evening worship at 8 o'clock. Choir rehearsal Tuesday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8 Sunday, June 13, will be Children's day. You are cordially invited to attend all of these seasons of worship and fellowship with us.—W. Edwin Ingalls, Pastor.

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THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—On a certain momentous Monday morning, Miss Constance Fuller, catalogue and seller of rare books at Burrows' New and Second-Hand Bookshop on lower Fourth avenue, New York, notices that the first customer who enters the store, at half-past nine, is a dignified, white-bearded old gentleman, who saunters into the store placarded "Medical Works." After a while Peter Burton, one of the employees who has been out on a buying trip, comes in with a pathetic tale of woe.

CHAPTER II.—Peter amazes Constance by telling her he paid \$510 at an auction for an old law book containing a Colfax bookplate. Suddenly a girl's shriek of "Murder!" rings out in the store.

Of course the fainting girl came in for endless curiosity, directed chiefly at me. But even had I wanted to talk, I knew just two facts about her: namely, that Peter had seen her at the Richmond auction, and that she had had on black satin bedroom slippers; and these facts I decided to suppress for the present time at least. I did not know who she was, where she came from, what she had been doing for an hour and a half in the rear of the shop, whether she knew the old gentleman, how she came to find him, I lost patience at the unceasing questions.

"Is this the catechism, or what?" I finally snapped at Daisy Abbott. Daisy sniffed in an injured manner, and glanced at Mr. Dildin, who looked at me as if he considered me very cruel and rough.

"I guess we have a right to talk about what happens right before our eyes, especially if it's awfully queer!" she murmured placidly. "At least, you heard her say, 'Keep it! Keep it for me!' Now, is it ridiculous to wonder what that meant?"

I had actually forgotten that cry of distress, temporarily, in the ensuing turmoil. Daisy certainly hit me amidships, and that time I knew the answer.

"You must think we're mind-readers!" I retorted. "Now, I can't waste any more time talking. I must finish that indexing. Thank goodness I got it nearly done before this rumpus happened!"

I sped down the side aisle to my desk. But oh, my work! Where was it? Where were those neat piles of classified cards? On the floor, in the aisle, everywhere except on the desk! But there was no time for wondering why, or even for vexation. Scooping them all up as fast as I could, I made for the desk, only to find a note stuck between two of my reference books. It read as follows:

"I am ordered to the rear; otherwise, to go this afternoon and buy from two old ladies, whose grandfather was a bishop, his professional library (date about 1840) 'at a reasonable figure.'"

"I have one final request. I had no time this morning to tell you that Mr. Roberts has just given Nancy the position he promised her. She is here, therefore; Miss Wilkes is in charge. Would you add to your innumerable benefits, and go some time or other and speak agreeably to my ill-fated sister?"

"PETER."

Poor Peter! I would do better than that, I resolved, recalling the pretty young vision with the chestnut hair whom I had seen entering that morning with Miss Wilkes. I decided to eat, not work, even for Mr. Darrows' nephew; I would take Nancy Burton with me, in celebration of her first day in business. I stuffed all the cards into a drawer, and went in search of her.

Through the open door of the stenographic department came Miss Wilkes' metallic accents, in exhortation:

"Don't forget that nice dark blue serge we were talking about, dear. Tomorrow, dear, and not more than eight inches off the floor. That will be all now, dear."

As I walked in, I heard the reply to those observations. It was a faint yet distinctly audible snort proceeding out of the straight, closed nose belonging to the tall young lady of the short wavy chestnut tresses. She was standing in front of Miss Wilkes' desk, her height and slenderness accentuated by a bright apple-green knitted frock whose straight lines ceased not less than fourteen inches from the floor, above footgear composed of as many as three patent leather straps, through which peeped pale-pink chiffon-weight stockings. The large blue eyes of the imperturbable face above the round white collar stared at me unflinchingly at Miss Wilkes as those of a young baby. The red-tinted mouth was beautifully shaped and firmly closed.

Miss Wilkes greeted me with sweet suspicion.

"Come in, dear. What is it?"

"I beg your pardon! Has Miss Burton gone to luncheon?"

"I am Miss Burton," I swiftly announced the apple-green young lady in a clear, shrill voice, transferring her unflinching gaze to my face, "and I was supposed to be gone to lunch a long time ago."

"Then won't you go with me? My name is Constance Fuller."

"I know all about you," said Nancy Burton. "All right, I'll come."

She was a speedy withdrawer; we were on the streets in a twinkling. I cast about for a diverting topic.

"Let's go to Ernesto's for lunch! I'm sure you'll enjoy it. They have such good things to eat!"

"That so?"

"And Ernesto is a famous local character. He owns one of the nicest, oddest houses on this island. He not only has a restaurant downstairs, but he lives in the house, and rents some floors as apartments."

Nancy nodded.

"How do you think you'll like your work?" I pursued faithfully.

"All right. Say," she broke out suddenly, scattering social amenities to the winds, "if you hadn't come in that minute, I'd have murdered that Wilkes woman! I hate women. Though you, she was pleasant to add, 'are an exception. Do you know about my step mother?'"

"I have only just heard of your father's marriage."

"There's another woman for you! She said I couldn't be respectable! Listen, Miss Fuller: did you know I eloped?"

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, the girl was so pretty and clever-looking and precocious and neglected, and at the same time there was a wild

streak of humor in her blue eyes that both aroused my mirth and put you on your guard. I compromised with my feelings, and smiled sympathetically.

"I know no details whatever about your affairs, my dear, and it is not necessary to tell me any if you don't want to."

"But I do, I have no one else to tell!" protested Nancy, not to be done by delicacy out of a recital of her exploits, as the rushing late-luncheon crowd bore us down the avenue toward Ernesto's. "It was like this: Last Saturday I eloped with Brandon Tower. He taught shorthand at the business college where I went, and he liked me, and I did like him awfully because he was so polite and handsome, though now I hate him. Well then father met my stepmother at a church fair where she was dishing out oyster stew, and she thought he looked lonely, and so that was that. I couldn't stand her, she picked on me right from the start—said my clothes were immodest, and look where this collar comes to, absolutely to my nose, while that other old cat starts at the other end! Well, Saturday afternoon Brandon telephoned me and asked me to go to the rink. I told him I was sorry, but Peter had just got back from Richmond, and it was his first long trip, so I was anxious to see him right away."

"Of course Brandon knew all about Peter, and that he was a rare-book buyer for Darrows', because I told him. Maybe it did sound a little queer to say I was so anxious to see him; Peter's naturally always off on business. The truth was, when Peter got in that morning, he had been so mad about Malvina, my stepmother, that he just managed to be civil and rush out of the house. Well, they were married, and it couldn't be helped, so I wanted to smooth Peter down a little bit if I could, before dinner. But I couldn't say all that over the telephone, and Brandon got fearfully mad because I wouldn't go to the rink."

"Then Malvina passed me in the hall on her way to a matinee, and said she was going to tell father that I talked incessantly over the telephone to boys, if I didn't instantly stop. I said, 'All right, I will,' which answered both her and Brandon; and the minute she'd gone, I skipped out and met him on Sixth avenue, and then—" Nancy gave a skip then and there, clutching my arm in excited climax—"he asked me to elope!"

As on a faint, distant beacon of hope, I fixed my eyes on Ernesto's now just a block down the avenue one of a massive row of stately granite-pillared houses, built ninety years before as homes for a group of New Yorkers who had been distinguished for combining money with brains. Normandy terrace, as the long row was still called, had been constructed to laugh at the passage of time, though gone were all vestiges of time, though floor space were no longer to be wasted on Manhattan Island and all the lower floors of the terrace had been invaded by business. I endeavored to listen patiently to further details of Nancy's narrative, knowing that relief was imminent.

Peter, it seemed, had outwardly borne up nobly under the shock of the news of his father's marriage, had handsomely congratulated both parties, in fact. Then, under pretext of pressing business, he had bolted out of the living room and down the hall toward his own room, to find Nancy waiting for him in the hall. He had cheered her doleful state with a promise to come home early and tell her all about Richmond, and show her the weirdest old bookplate in a book he had picked up there. He then performed the exploit of pitching his suitcase across his bed and two tables and an armchair, to relieve his feelings, and fled.

Hence Nancy's desire to soothe him before dinner. She had then confided to Brandon, Malvina's latest threat; whereupon he, outraged, she could see, by so much persecution, had stopped short under the Sixth avenue elevated with the romantic suggestion:

"Listen! Why don't you chuck it? Let's elope!"

Alas for Peter's brotherly sacrifices! Nancy, flattered, excited, and eager to leave home, fell promptly in with the proposal, to depart for Atlantic City within an hour, where, she naively implied, she seemed to have an impression that this attractive young man would marry her.

Mercifully at this point we passed between the clipped box-trees beside Ernesto's door, and were greeted rapturously at the door of the restaurant by Ernesto himself.

I had known this worthy Genoese ever since my salary could afford him, but had yet to hear anyone address him as "Mr. Sansoni," though his gray hair, dignified bulk, and stately official manners rendered him more than impressive. Like a dreadnaught conveying a chaser and a cruiser he led us down the wide blue-and-white-tiled hallway.

"Not for ten days have you been here!" cried Ernesto to me with almost theatrical reproach, pulling out chairs at a table just inside the door. "You have forgotten Ernesto's!"

"I never could do that," I averred with simple truth, "but we've been so busy I've just been grabbing sandwiches at the drug stores every day."

"My God! that's fierce!" cried Ernesto in fluent Italian, truly shocked, and he recommended frantically the day's special, which neither Nancy nor I opposed, as it included duck, chops, steak, mushrooms, peas, potatoes, beans and spaghetti, all in a

secret-formula sauce, served on a mystical but highly important blue plate.

"Still, lots of business is good," he admitted. "I wish I had it."

I glanced inquiringly around the room, where the number of obviously contented patrons seemed to contradict Ernesto's implication that he was facing bankruptcy.

"My third-floor tenant leave two weeks ago, I cannotta rent the flat!" he explained woefully. "Everybody say 'Thass notta nize place to live,' 'way downtown. I wanta live uplin the Bronx, I lovea the subway!' 'Izza nize place,' bristled Ernesto; "nize cheap flat, nize furniture, nize and quiet at night! Nobody want!"

"What a shame!" I sympathized. "People are just silly. And maybe it's a little too soon to expect to rent the flat. Your luck will turn!"

Ernesto gave a pessimistic-artistic shrug, and moved off to greet some new arrivals. Nancy leaned over the table toward me.

"I want to ask your advice," she announced. "Peter thinks you're the most sensible young woman he knows."

"Thank you. That makes a girl feel so nice and safe!" Absorbed in a new idea, Nancy continued to lean over the table, and so missed a two-second drama that flashed past on the staircase. Silhouetted against the big hall window, the figure of a young man suddenly turned the corner of the landing, leaped to the hall, posed effectively an instant, back toward me, before a long mirror near the staircase, then, satisfied, flashed past the hall door. The front door slammed. His visored cap had been low on his face, he wore a loud, vaguely familiar suit. . . .

"This is what I want to ask you about," Nancy was saying eagerly. "Do you think it would be all right if Peter and I should take that flat upstairs? Could you and I look at it after lunch? Do you think it would be all right?"

"Why . . . I suppose so. If you and Peter want a flat. But why . . ."

"Because Malvina insulted me so about my elopement that I simply won't stay home. Neither will Peter. We've left and we haven't anywhere to go, not even tonight! And we're always lived downtown and like it, and I love to keep house, and I don't see why I should be done out of everything just because . . . Oh, I never finished!"

I perceived that I was now in for the conclusion of this distressing child's singular romance.

"Brandon came to the house in about half an hour to get my suitcase," proceeded Nancy, systematically; "while everybody was still out. It was packed, standing by the hall hat-rack. He waited there while I dashed upstairs for my things; I hadn't expected him quite so soon. I came right down again, but he was already holding the door open, with the suitcase in one hand and his own bag in the other. We got the train all right. As we were getting into Trenton, where it stopped, he suggested going into the diner to get some tea; he said if I'd go in first and keep a table, he'd come right along after he'd moved our things to a better seat that was just being vacated. But I had to come right back, for the diner was full; I met him just as he was starting forward with our bags, and goodness, he was cross! I thought he must be terribly hungry, and didn't say anything."

"Well, at Philadelphia, we had to change trains for Atlantic City, and wait a few minutes for the connection. He said: 'Why don't you buy those picture-postals? I had sug-



"I Grabbed Away My Suitcase, and Hit Him Hard."

gested sending some home to tell our news. So I went over to the newsstand and turned around to look at him, and . . . he was racing toward the door with our two bags!"

"What did you do?" I inquired, at last interested.

"I ran faster, another way, and got to the door first, and . . ."

"Yes, my dear?"

"I grabbed away my own suitcase and hit him—hard."

"Nancy," said I, in congratulatory tones, "shed no tears over your erstwhile friend Mr. Tower. I think you did a good job with him."

"That's what the Travelers' aid told said," observed Nancy, complacently.

SCHOOL TO START SUMMER CLINIC

Hillsboro, Ore., May 31.—(Special)—The Hill school near Gaston is considering plans to establish a health clinic this summer for examination of youngsters under seven years of age. Miss Grace Millgate, county health nurse, made a trip there the forepart of the week to discuss the project with the community P.T. A., which is sponsoring the work.

Other community Parent-Teacher associations are expected to take up the movement as quickly as possible. Miss Millgate spoke on the clinical plan before the county council of the P.T. A. at Gales Creek last Saturday and she states that they have referred her to the community organizations with recommendation that the clinics be established. It is classified on the P.T. A. calendar as a branch of the pre-school work.

TIGARD.

Mrs. G. Thompson, of Cornoda, Calif., is visiting her daughter Mrs. G. Rankin and family.

Mr. McCabe of Portland is now employed at the First Bank of Tigard.

Mrs. Mary McKay returned from the Hillsboro hospital Monday much improved in health.

E. B. Nedry left Friday for the coast towns and will be gone for several days. He is employed in the advertising department of the Journal.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. Spangle, of Dayton are guests of Mr. and Mrs. V. Low Sunday.

Edna Sandbloom attended the conference of the Swedish church at Tillamook this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Christensen, Mrs. Hite, Mrs. Charles Van Kleeck, Miss Effie Van Kleeck, Mrs. Hans Gaarde attended the I. O. O. F. grand lodge at Roseburg this week.

A. Zweiner and wife attended the I. O. O. F. conference at Roseburg.

Pupils of St. Anthony school held their annual picnic at Oswego lake Tuesday.

week when they fell out of their parents car. Besides being bruised they were cut about the head by rock.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McDaniel, of Kelso, Wash., spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. H. W. McDonald. They were guests of Mrs. E. Vincent on Saturday.

Allen Young, of Sherwood, spent several days this week with his grandmother Mrs. B. G. Leedy.

Mrs. C. F. Tigard entertained Saturday with a dinner and those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Hohman, of Portland; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McDaniel, of Kelso, Wash.; Mrs. E. Vincent; Arthur Vincent; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. McDonald and family. Selma Tontz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. S. Tontz of this community,

has been winning fine honors at college. She was recently elected, along with six others out of a class of more than a hundred, to membership in Mortar Board, a national honorary sorority. Members are elected to this society on a basis of scholarship, leadership and service. Selma is a Junior at Whitman.

Miss Marie Pfaffle and her aunt Mrs. T. Piazza, of Portland, drove to Taft Friday returning Sunday evening.

Carl Schamoni and family returned home Saturday from a weeks vacation at Pacific City.

The flower boxes at the Lone Oak Service Station are filled with colorful blooms and are very attractive.

The two small children of Felix Roach were injured severely last week.

John Rankin was taken to Good Samaritan hospital Wednesday and had his appendix removed. He returned home Sunday.

John Scheckla is planning on piping Bull Run water to his tract of land near the highway.

The new Metzger road near the Lone Oak service station was graded this week as was also the new market road to Trece.

Word comes from the county road crusher plant near Durham that several sacks of material had been stolen Sunday night officers chased a car which loitered near the crusher but lost track of them on the highway.

The Tigard water company held their monthly meeting Monday evening in Judge Noyes office.

Herbert Duncan was ill several days last week with the flu.

The Junior league of the M. E. church play volleyball in the church yard after their meetings.

Mrs. C. Christy had a demonstration of aluminum ware at her home last week.

The Sunday school of the M. E. church are planning an interesting program for Children's Day, the second Sunday in June.

Mrs. George Arnold left Monday for Chicago where her husband will join her. They will spend the summer there.

LANCETTO STEELE GIVES INFORMAL RECITAL

Miss Lancetto Steele presented a number of her pupils in a informal recital last Saturday afternoon, those taking part included Carl Sanberg, Josephine Selby, Bernice Whitman, Holace Oslund, Georgia Braskin, Leta Richwood, Sara Louise Braskin, Margaret Rhue, Rosemary Husk, Mary Jane Blake and Barbara Richwood. Certificates of promotion were awarded for completing a two year course in the Moore Fundamentals Music System. Bernice Whitman was awarded the prize for the greatest progress made during the year on piano. Leta Richwood was awarded a prize for the best sight reading.

W. E. PEGG

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