

ALOHA NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. W. Benjamin and family, N. Weisenback and family and Tad Wheeler and family spent the Fourth at Gales Creek.

Dr. Ella B. Kimmell of Portland was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gerrow July Fourth.

Miss Norma Stickney is now on a three months tour of the west with the Laura Shay Harmony girls. She plays the banjo.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Ketchum and Mr. and Mrs. Bonlock of Yamhill spent the Fourth with Mr. and Mrs. Hawley Buck.

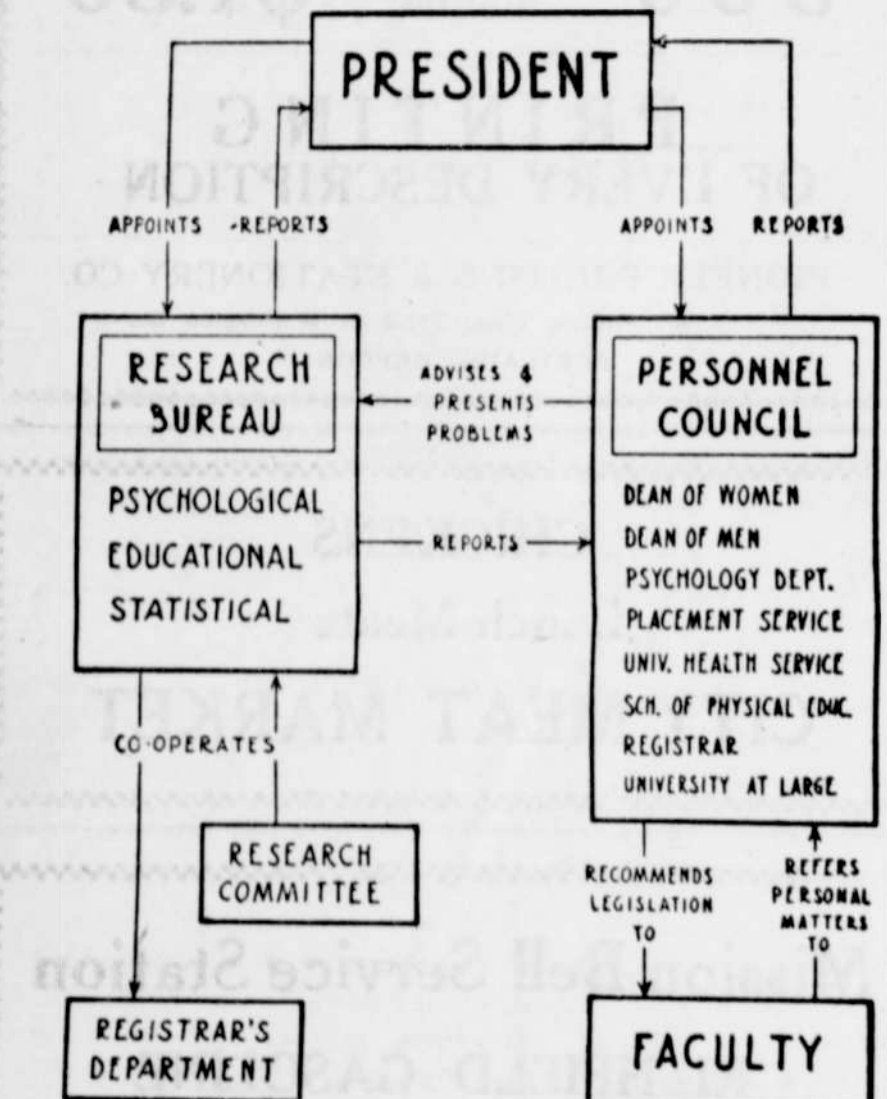
Al and Joe Kyger climbed Mount Hood Sunday. There were ten in the party and they all reached the summit.

One of the girl bikers in the Fourth of July luncheon derby fainted away in front of the Aloha Service station and was carried in and given first aid and then was taken to Portland.

Tom Sullivan has moved into his new home.

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Personnel Plan to Aid University of Oregon Students



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene.—A complete plan of personnel work for students of the University of Oregon, in which contact with the student before entering the university, while attending, and after graduation is to be carried on extensively, has been worked out and has received the approval of Dr. Arnold Bennett Hall, president of the university.

The president appoints members of the Research Bureau, shown on the left, and the personnel council, shown on the right. Both of these report back to the president on problems and projects taken up. The research bureau has access to all university and other records and works in cooperation with the research committee and registrar's office. It considers problems referred to it by the personnel council, to which it reports back. The faculty refers problems with the research bureau, refers the matters back to the faculty for legislation. The bureau includes expert advisory service to students before entering the university, while they are here, and then offers them vocational placement service after they graduate.

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OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Brief Resume of Happenings of the Week Collected for Our Readers.

The first vacation Bible school ever held in Baker opened last week at the Calvary Baptist church with about 70 pupils in the several departments.

Harvesting of Bing and Tartarian cherries is now under way in the Freewater section and producers expect to ship about 125 cars this year.

Central Oregon's first motorcycle traffic officer began work this week. He is Herbert Hamilton, formerly of Prineville, and will work out of Redmond.

Reports received from the rural districts around Salem indicated that last week's rain proved detrimental to the cherries, which have been ripening for the past week.

Strawberry picking for commercial purposes came to an end in the LaBish Center district last week. Most of the growers are doing much better than they expected.

A trainload of 24 cars of lambs moved out of Douglas county last week for San Francisco. Fourteen of the cars were loaded at Roseburg and 10 at Oakland.

Curtis Payton, graduate in sanitary engineering at Stanford university, has been employed as sanitary inspector by the Marion county child health demonstration.

Construction work on the new bridge over Sutherlin creek at Sutherlin was completed last week and the bridge, which is a most substantial affair, is now open for traffic.

Baker's city commission has unanimously passed an ordinance taxing the telephone company 25 cents per month for each pole which stands on public property in Baker.

The cherry crop now being harvested in The Dalles district is said to be the biggest in the history of the industry. Irrigated orchards are now yielding six to eight tons to the acre.

Packing of strawberries is practically at an end in Salem's canneries, although some hill berries are still coming in and barreling of the product is proceeding at the rate of 100 barrels a day.

The 16th annual Southern Wasco County fair opens at Tygh Valley on Thursday, August 30, and continues for three days. It is expected to be the biggest fair ever staged in Wasco county.

The flying field of the Valley Air Service, northwest of Forest Grove, on the Gales Creek road, has been leased by the chamber of commerce of Forest Grove for a municipal landing field.

The Coos county chamber of commerce will co-operate with the Oregon state chamber of commerce in its program to bring settlers to Oregon, it was announced at a meeting held at Coquille recently.

Work was rushed on the new aviation field at Swin and was completed July 1. This is the first airport in Clackamas county and much interest is taken in the project, which is for forest protection.

The haying season at Sweet Home is open. It commenced the last part of the week here. Many of the farmers are confronted with a problem for the winter's hay supply, as the crop is turning out light.

According to F. F. Wilcox, Jackson county fruit agent, Rogue river valley's fruit crop for 1928 is coming along in fine shape, with the insect pest and tree well in hand with the usual annual remedies applied.

Loganberry picking is on in much earnestness in the Dayton locality. Many women and children are being employed in the various fields. The weather has been ideal for the development of large, well matured fruit.

With an unexpectedly late crop of strawberries, June shows brisk buying at Forest Grove. One authority has estimated that strawberry growers in that vicinity have netted from \$60,000 to \$80,000 and a good part of this return was banked and spent there.

The strawberry season will close in the Banks yards this week. Three tons daily have been marketed from these yards from 30 days and about 300 pickers have been quartered in the town on a payroll of \$1000 a day. The average yield was about 300 tons per acre.

Miss Edith Dodge of Ashland has been declared winner of the Gerling cup, presented annually to the woman student of the junior class at the University of Oregon who has shown the greatest development in her college work.

Steady though light rains fell last week in the Grande Ronde valley, and farmers rejoiced at the cessation of a long, arid drought. Agriculturists said, however, that the moisture to be of help would have to be more than a day's fall.

The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

WNW Service
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CHAPTER VI

Julia's Story

Having spent a profitless evening in the study of these queries, I resolved the next morning that nothing but a convulsion of nature should again distract me from the rare-book catalogue until it was finished. But the clatter of my typewriter keys had hardly begun when the convulsion of nature occurred, in the form of a persistent booming which gradually resolved it.



I Looked Up to See Mr. Roberts Peering Over the Barricade of Books Surrounding the Scene of Operations.

self into my name. I looked up to see Mr. Roberts peering over the barricade of books surrounding the scene of operations.

Mr. Almy would like to see you at once, in my office."

"You can do the catalogue later," said Mr. Almy, next moment.

"Mr. Roberts didn't say so," I observed severely.

"He did to me."

"Indeed!" I remarked restrainedly.

"Well, then, now what?"

"This: I'm going to ask you to go and see Miss Grosvenor."

Choking off a violent impulse to refuse point-blank in a few well-chosen words, I demurred gracefully:

"Oh . . . a stranger . . . to go and see her now? Her grandfather can't be buried yet."

"I thought of that," said Mr. Almy.

"The funeral will be over by the time you go. You haven't heard the verdict of the inquest? Death at the hand of person or persons unknown," as was expected, Miss Grosvenor will be able to see you."

"Mightn't she refuse to?"

"She cannot, if I send you."

"But why should you?"

"For one thing, because she asked me to."

I fell into a chair with my mouth wide open.

"I don't really think I understand," I confessed finally.

"It seems not. So kindly give me your full attention a few moments."

I concentrated an intelligent gaze upon Mr. Almy.

"It is important," he began, "for you to know a few special facts before you call on Miss Grosvenor at her home at four o'clock this afternoon. The first is, her position in her grandfather's household was most unusual and difficult."

"It seems that she was the only child of his younger daughter Mary who has been long dead. With the name or whereabouts of her father she was never acquainted by any one. She tells me her grandfather would never mention either of her parents. He seems to have had an unreasonable grudge against the girl, which is partially explained by what I can learn of his character. On this point, and on the old gentleman's antecedents, Mr. Henry Ballard has been of some service to us. Mr. Ballard says Mr. Grosvenor never mentioned his granddaughter except once. That occasion was just after the girl had finished her artistic studies in Italy, where she had been for several years learning stained-glass designing, and had come back here to live. Mr. Ballard, knowing his client's health to be rather precarious, made some suggestion to him in regard to making proper provision for the girl in case of his death. This Mr. Grosvenor wholly declined to do. He told Mr. Ballard that his granddaughter—she had just the two children—was his only legitimate heir."

and he had no wish out to see the whole estate go to him."

"It's a wonder, he acknowledged his granddaughter at all if he wouldn't do anything for her," said I.

"As a matter of fact," Mr. Almy reminded me, "he did a number of things for her; more than plenty of people with his disposition and traditions would have done. Mr. Ballard himself admitted. He had her educated properly, her artistic gift was developed, he gave her the protection of a home. The truth was, Miss Fuller, that this Mr. Charles Grosvenor was an unusually proud man. His father bought that fine Normandy terrace house in what was, a century ago, a very exclusive neighborhood, having come to live here about 1830, though a Virginian by birth. The little Mr. Ballard and I can learn about him tells us that he was a distinguished physician; he was especially known for his ability in handling yellow-fever epidemics. Now Mr. Charles Grosvenor, Mr. Ballard says, was full of typical southern family pride, but it was called on to suffer so many crushing blows that he became embittered, and, indeed, practically a recluse."

"I think I understand," I observed, as Mr. Almy paused a moment. "His younger daughter was the mother of this unwelcome child, and as he had no son, the family name ended; you say his grandson is named MacIvor. That must have been indeed a terrible blow for such a man as you describe Mr. Grosvenor to have been. His wife is not living, I suppose?"

"No, she died, unfortunately, while he was still quite a young man. He outlived all his immediate family. His elder daughter, Charles MacIvor's mother, died a few years ago, after a disastrous marriage which ended in a divorce. Indeed, the whole family history is tragic, and deepens the mystery surrounding Mr. Grosvenor. He had no intimates but his grandson who was a great favorite with him."

"And he didn't live in New York, I understand?"

"No, his residence was Richmond, actually, however, he spent a good deal of time here, making his home in Normandy terrace. We've found out from his cousin that he sailed for Buenos Aires on Saturday; he's been intending for some time to enter business there. We sent a radio to the liner; but have had no reply as yet."

"Then Miss Grosvenor is alone? A difficult situation for her!"

"I'm afraid her situation has always been difficult. Until about this time she would have been too young, and too dependent upon her grandfather to show resentment at his ignoring her as he did, or to oppose him; especially as she is an extraordinarily reticent and delicate sort of girl."

"I was becoming interested."

"You've talked with her?" I suggested.

"Yes. She seems to me the most solitary human being I've ever met. All the family she has now, at the age of twenty, consists of one cousin who is out of the country. Her grandfather sent her away to boarding-school for years, and the young people she knew there, of course, are scattered. Then she went to Italy to study for three years, and came back eight months ago, so that practically all the friends she has now are mere business acquaintances."

"Oh, I think that looks as if she had been intentionally cut off from other people; don't you?" I demanded. Even taking such pride as Mr. Grosvenor's into account, he must have realized that she was blameless in that matter, and in all other respects apparently a credit to him. Then, from your description, he was the exact type of old-fashioned man who invariably objects to having any woman connected with him work or enter a profession, and, however badly he treated her, he did acknowledge her as his granddaughter. Oh, I'll never believe that such a total lack of sympathy with her during his life, and a decision to leave her stranded at his death wasn't due to some powerful motive!"

"Feminine intuition, maybe; certainly not pure reason!" commented Mr. Almy, who had heard me out, however. "Well, it might be of the greatest value to find out what the motive was, if it existed. The truth is, that Miss Grosvenor, on her side, had evidently no high regard for her grandfather. She has said nothing whatever against him, but it is evident that she very bitterly resented the way he treated her, and furthermore, this long-pent-up resentment seems to have burst out violently last Sunday afternoon. She does not know this yet, but she and her grandfather were then overheard quarreling bitterly."

"Oh, dear!" I faltered, "about what? I suppose somebody listened?"

"Somebody did; but unfortunately his command of English was not equal to the situation. All he can definitely state is that the quarrel apparently concerned some book. He heard the word 'book' over and over again, and sticks to his story; though a book might seem a strange object of violent dispute between an old man and a young girl."

I managed to give no sign of the fact that that word "book" had made my heart stop short for a second, and then make up six beats at once; nor of the fact that it had spurred me to great eagerness for the proposed visit where I had previously felt only reluctance. I inquired:

"Shall I ask Miss Grosvenor anything special this afternoon?"

"No. Let her talk, rather than get her to talk. Don't under any circumstances press her. She was told you took care of her when she fainted here; her reason for asking you to visit her is to thank you for your at-

tention. She asked for you before I told her you were working with me in an attempt to clear up the mystery about her grandfather's death."

"If the invitation still stands, then," said I, thoughtfully, "I can at least go on from there."

So a few hours later I passed between the box-trees flanking Number 14 Normandy terrace; and there in the hall, as he had a right to be, was Ernesto.

"Do you know if Miss Grosvenor's in?" I asked. "I've been sent from Darrow's to see her on business."

"Yes, she's in," responded Ernesto, hesitantly.

"Well, I think she'll see me."

"You could try. She doesn't see anybody but that old fellow—lawyer; he came once—and police."

"She's not all alone here, I hope."

"Her housekeeper sleeps here, now. My wife, she's been to see her, but the young lady don't talk. She don't know many people, see?" Ernesto again hesitated discreetly, but a chance to talk was too much temptation. "That old fellow, her grandfather, he didn't treat her so good."

I appeared amazed.

"She worked hard, didn't she?" I suggested.

"Sure! And she is beautiful young lady, and the old fellow's rich. But he don't give the money to her."

"Kept it, did he?"

"Yeah-h-h! And he gives it to the young fellow. You know—grandson—Ernesto here bestowed on me a wink of an utterly classic description, which I officially ignored, but readily interpreted to mean that Mr. Charles MacIvor was a good and versatile spender of the ancestral cash. With dignity I ventured on the remark that it was unfortunate that Miss Grosvenor's cousin should be unavailable at this critical time."

"Bah-h-h! He's not so good she couldn't do without him! I know him; he's all the time here. She likes him pretty good, I'm sorry. The old fellow liked him real good. He says he's in the wooden business, too, but I say he's in . . . what you call . . . tele- business! Always a good time if you got money, notta? All right, you go see the young lady."

Having mounted the first flight, I rapped with a brass knocker on a black door in the front of the second-story hall. An elderly maid-servant admitted me, and ushered me directly into the front room.

It was a very long room, still used, as designed ninety years ago, for a drawing room. Handsome rosewood furniture filled the apartment. The thick carpet was blue with pink rose wreaths; blue brocade curtains draped the windows, through which I caught a glimpse of the long line of the gray balcony columns. In the shadows at the back of the room I caught the glitter of tall glass-fronted bookcases.

The effect of the room was intensely grand, formal, forbidding. Amid pairs of ruby-glass plates and china dogs, and painted vases, the one touch of individuality was a miniature walnut work table inconspicuously placed among some books on a little table in a corner. It was complete in every detail, though only about ten inches high, and I thought must be very useful to its owner, if she were as fine a sewer as she was an artist. And then a door opened, and she came into that strange, formal, bright-colored room, a sharp setting for a somber, arresting personality.

Julia Grosvenor was in black, as I had seen her before; her face was still perfectly white; but now self-possession characterized her bearing. She came forward with a certain grace despite her limp on the right foot, which I should of course have expected, but which, for some reason, surprised me for an instant. Through my mind unaccountably shot that sentence from Daisy Abbott's story:

"After Miss Grosvenor stopped short, she stumbled."

"How do you do?" She touched my hand, and sat down on the long blue sofa opposite me. "I am glad to see you . . . again."

Her voice had that clear ringing note I had heard before. I said:

"Oh, yes, you've seen me at my desk."

"I meant," she rejoined very directly, "that I saw you when you were taking care of me last Monday. I came to one instant when you were covering me up with my cape. You were bending over, and didn't see me look at you. I fainted again immediately."

"No, I didn't know that until now," I said, trying to show no surprise.

"I told no one, Miss Fuller—" her voice sank—"did you notice my slip-pers?"

There was nothing to do but meet her directness.

"Yes," I answered point-blank. "I said nothing about them, though. I thought you could explain them yourself at the right time, if, indeed, it should ever be necessary."

She looked at me with evident gratitude, and said not one single word.

"I suppose you know," I resumed, "that Mr. Almy wants me to help him clear up the mystery of your grandfather's death. I am an entirely unofficial assistant, but I do wish, Miss Grosvenor, that it lay in my power to do something to help you."

"I'm under great obligation to you already for your attention to me when I was so ill," she said cordially; "but I'm afraid I can't even help myself much. I couldn't even tell Mr. Almy if my grandfather had any enemies, if there was any reason for an attack to be made on him. Indeed, I haven't been very clear in my mind as to what I saw at the time I fainted."

(To be continued)