

BEAVER STATE HERALD

Succeeding Gresham Vindicator, Gresham Gazette, East Multnomah Record, Multnomah Record and Montavilla Herald.

Published Every Friday at Gresham, Ore., by the BEAVER STATE PUBLISHING CO.
H. A. DARNALL, EDITOR AND MANAGER.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Gresham, Oregon.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Per Year, \$1.00 in advance; to foreign countries, \$1.50. Six Months 75c. Three months trial subscriptions 35c. Single copies 5c. Ask for clipping rates.

REMITTANCES should be sent by Express or Postoffice Money Order, Registered Letter or Check. Stamps accepted up to 50 cents.

RECEIPTS for subscriptions are not sent unless requested. The change of label on your paper will indicate the receipt of your remittance. If it does not please notify us.

DISCONTINUANCES. If you do not wish your paper continued please notify us about the time the subscription expires. We find this plan most satisfactory to our patrons, though it is not in accordance with our personal views.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. In ordering change of address give old as well as new address.

CORRESPONDENTS are wanted in every community. If no correspondence appears from your neighborhood, you are respectfully requested to send us as many local items as you can.

ADVERTISING RATES. PROFESSIONAL CARDS (one inch), 25c each issue. CARDS OF THANKS (not exceeding two inches) 30 cents. LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE (not exceeding four inches) \$1. OBITUARIES for subscribers or their immediate families, free up to 100 words, 1 cent per word for additional words. WANTED ADS at 1 cent per word for first insertion; subsequent insertions, 15 to 20 words, 10 cents; 20 to 30 words, 15 cents; 30 to 40 words, 20 cents. READERS 1 cent per word per issue. DISPLAY ADVERTISING, rates made known on application.

All Lodge, Grange, School, Church, or other notices or advertisements of socials, parties, dances, concerts, theatricals, etc., given for a profit, charged for at regular rates.

In order to insure change of ad. advertisers must have copy in this office not later than Thursday preceding day of publication.

JOB PRINTING is our specialty. We are well equipped to do the best work at current prices. Especially farmers' and business men's Letter Heads, Envelopes, Butter Wrappers, Statements, etc., in small or large quantities. Auction Bills, Dodgers, Posters, etc., printed on short notice.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

WE MEANT to call attention to the very pathetic piece of correspondence from our neighbor, Fred T. Merrill, in a recent issue of the Telegram. Mr. Merrill breaks forth this way about every so often. He does it not so much for defense as for advertisement. He wants to let people know that he will be found at the old stand, if they already know him. If they are strangers he wants to put them "next." Since he lives behind closed doors, and locked at that, it is to be inferred that something of an unusual nature is occurring. Legitimate roadhouses do not transact their business and amusements behind closed doors, which, though locked, are readily opened to anyone who has the price of a glass of malt (beer), 15 cents. He says they do not allow drunken people at his place. What do they do with them? They make them drunk there. There seems to be but one person in the county that will take this as serious, and that is probably the county attorney. At least the manner of his movements would indicate that.

EVERYBODY in this part of the county is interested in the coming Fourth of July celebration to be held in this city. We have had several other celebrations and they have been considered successful but the one this year promises to be more interesting and important than any in the past. The committee in whose hands the arrangements have been placed is sparing no pains to make this event one that will afford an unlimited amount of enjoyment during the entire day and evening. The business men are coming to the front with financial aid and the committee expects to have sufficient money to successfully finance all the ball games and other amusement features of the day. The committee is planning to make this a big picnic day for everybody, and the Fourth is a day when everyone wants some recreation and a chance to get away from the cares of home and business. The city of Gresham is putting forth every effort to give the people this opportunity and at a low estimate three or four thousand visitors may be expected to enjoy the day here in a good old-fashioned picnic in the cool shade of the inviting groves with outdoor sports and a grand ball for those who wish in the evening.

BABBLING BESS is the suggestive name of the bad little girl whose photograph is to be seen so often in the Telegram these days. Of all the really disagreeable girls we have seen pictured she seems to be about the worst. Not morally bad, but just troublesome. Always stirring up a row between the folks and some one else, and between pa and ma. She seems to have the talking tendency pretty bad

and she is not a little bit considerate when she exercises it. Children who incidentally make remarks that cause trouble are inconvenient enough, but those who persist in always doing the wrong thing show a great want of parental attention. Bess seems to have attention enough. She is shut up in the closet about every time she turns around. The trouble seems to be she does not get the restraining influence in the right way.

While it is not to be denied that children inherit considerable wrong tendency, and develop other bad inclinations, the source for both of these things lies without the child. Children naturally are honest. If treated fairly, if always treated honestly, if never instructed in deceitful arts by bad examples and all sorts of double-faced hypocrisy, they will remain innocent and pure in intent and action. But the majority of children, like Bess, are astonished to find their parents so deceitful, and in many instances find it is dangerous to be honest. The real cause of Bess' troubles is her father and mother. Only a little study will disclose that, although at the first thought she appears to be a very bad child. In reality she is a very honest, innocent little lady who thinks it all right to tell everything she hears, and in time she will be as despicable as her parents. What the child should not tell should not be said within its hearing. Actions are read by the child as well as by adults and so they too should be as guarded as our words. At the best, civilized society cultivates a large number of deceits. But if these are kept from the child until it has arrived at the age when the reason and necessity for duplicity of this sort can be understood, injury to its moral development will be for the most part avoided. The importance for this care on the part of parents is brought out in the Babbling Bess series of cartoons, although we can never fully comprehend the responsibility of parents who surround their children with such examples of dishonesty.

From one state legislature to another the spotlight is turned showing corruption in legislation—laws auctioned off, United States senatorships sold. If we permit Oregon to slide back to the old rule of boost and boodle we will once more hear the cry of the political auctioneer in Salem resounding through committee rooms and legislative halls, "Who bids? Who bids?" And among the bidders hope to be M. C. George, T. B. Wilcox, H. W. Scott, Dr. Coe and Joe Simon.—Portland Labor Press.

An Oregon shingle mill in Tillamook county worked 33 days on one mammoth cedar log, cutting from it 141,000 shingles. This is almost unbelievable to people not familiar with the Pacific Coast, where big trees and vast timber resources are accepted as quite a matter of course.

Uncertainty surrounding the future of the annual fair and livestock show on the Country Club grounds near this city was dispelled during the week when stockholders decided to continue the organization. The usual exposition will be held this fall. Big plans are being made for the coming show and it is the intention of those behind the affair to make it as big an attraction for that season of the year as the Rose Festival is in the spring. It will certainly be a great benefit to the whole Northwest to have the livestock show continued annually.

Los Angeles has voted six and a half millions for free public docks while Portland mossbacks are letting the harbor be formed into a combine of corporations to choke off development.

Life's Sweet Morning Time

The following poem is number 1 of a series of five numbers of pioneer ballads contributed by Eugene L. Thorpe.

I take thee now to be my wife until death do us part,
As hand in hand we're kneeling here,
Sweet idol of my heart,
To "cherish, honor, love protect," while life on earth is mine,
Has been the pledge I give to thee, and thou hast given thine.
"Whom God hath joined no man shall part," His promise gone before,
To have and hold each other's love—one now, and evermore.

This now I give, sweetheart of mine, and with this ring endow
Myself and all till end of time—my life and fortune now.
For thou art mine and mine alone, and I am wholly thine.
Our God has heard the plighted troth, hath sealed with word divine
The youthful love each shares with each, as at his shrine we bow;
He'll lead us down a chastened life, the guardian of our vow.

We'll bring sweet nectar of the soul, and join with lip to lip
A rare caress to prove our love, as we that nectar sip.
And looking in thine eyes I'll see a depth of love unknown,
Which mirrored there in dreaming light reveals to thee my own.
With hand in hand we'll journey on life's pathway to its goal,
Our hearts as one unto the end—a soul linked to a soul.

Our steps will wander far away, as destiny has won,
And lead us there—we know not where—until our journey's done.
But when we're on life's stormy sea, sailing where breakers roar,
Our love will be the stronger then, away from youth's bright shore,
Till sunbeams bursting over all, bring darkness into light—
Bring hope and strength together, wife, in deepest gloom and night.

Age is our heritage, sweetheart, the future is before,
Pointing to the portals wide, upon the other shore.
We'll wander down its changing aisles, as down it points the way,
Leaving the past unto the past and to its own decay;
But memory's links shall bind us, wife, luring us back to youth,
Yet changeless ever we go—our love, our vows and truth.

The years that wait before us, wife, will bring a life anew.
Hardship and toil may be our share, bidding to ease adieu.
We'll go to build another home, far in the golden west;
Another home by setting sun where life shall find its rest.
We're going there together, wife, as pioneers, the trail
Will lead us to that other life—a pilgrim's holy grad.

A golden promise waits us there, a land across the plains,
For all who seek it as a home, beyond the mountain chains
That slope toward the other shore where fades the light of day,
And casts a shadow of the pines across the backward way.
Where sturdy hands are rearing now an empire in the west,
And building for their closing years a home of peace and rest.

Across those plains we'll emigrate toward the setting sun,
With courage of the pioneer until the goal is won.
Where danger lurks from wily foe—the redman of the trail,
With war-whoop shrill, a sequiem that chimes a dying wail,
Will there dispute our onward way across the desert sand,
And take his toll of daring men, invaders of his land.

Death and disease may stalk before and scatter on their way
Grim pestilence along our path, their scepter holding sway;
Leaving behind a lonely mound, remembrance thus to keep

With tears of sorrow for the lost we're leaving there to sleep.
And if perchance we fall beside, as victims of his will,
We'll pray that Heaven be the guide of those remaining still.

Yet a star will lead us onward, as 'twas in the long ago,
When one shown above the manger, pointing to the place below
Where the hope of earth was lying pillowed on the virgin's breast;
So 'twill lead us from the toiling of the trail unto the west.
Breaking forth in bounteous vision, it will light us more and more,
To the ending of our journey when our pilgrimage is o'er.

And a homestead by the river that is ever flowing by,
Nearth the hemlocks and the cedars pointing upward to the sky,
Where the mountains frown at sunset and awake in morning light,
As day comes o'er the eastern hills to rout the shades of night.
Our home at last—the magic spot—a Heaven yet on earth,
Where life will flow in sweet content and teach us there is worth.

The trail that leads us thither, wife, will bring ten thousand more
To build their homes beside our own, as we have done before.
And childhood's breath will fan our cheeks—a tiny hand we'll feel,
Caressing in its tender touch—across our hearts will steal
Another love from Heaven sent to bind our pledge anew;

And prattling tongue will lisp a word—a new, sweet name for you.
And sorrow, too, perhaps we'll share, perhaps our lot will be
A toilsome one with death and care, when happiness will flee;
But when His hand is heavy laid with judgment on our brow,
We'll bless the cross we had to bear, though far behind us now.
Perhaps, hereft one will be left, but His will alone,
For he will watch the sparrow fall and for its sins atone.

So in the west we'll gather, wife, the length of waiting years;
Living our lives, and making there a home of pioneers.
Toiling beneath Pacific skies until the final call
Shall break the bonds that hold us there, and silence cover all.
We'll wait the day that summons comes, to call us to our rest,
Leaving behind a home and grave, far in the distant west.

The Usual Thing.
"That man looks quite down on his luck."
"Yes, I guess he is."
"Wonder if he has lost his job."
"No; not a bit of it."
"Do you know him?"
"Yes."
"Who is he?"
"The author of a new brand of cheer up philosophy."

The Modern Hired Girl.
"Why did you leave your last place?"
"Why did I leave?"
"Yes."
"And why wouldn't I leave? The missus simply insisted that I should serve the center bit av the pourterhouse steak in the dining room an' me needing that for meself."

His Preference.
"Some people know an awful lot!"
"Yes. But I don't care much for them."
"Don't you?"
"No."
"What sort do you like?"
"Those that don't tell an awful lot."

His Bank Account.
"He has had a frightful quarrel with his wife."
"Indeed! You surprise me."
"It is a fact."
"What about?"
"Nothing."

Beautiful.
"She has a good figure."
"Generous or slight?"
"About a million."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

When you meet a man who is dead anxious to make you rich take him over to your dearest foe and encourage him to get busy.

Some men who have married for money have concluded that they could make more on a ten dollar a week job.

The truth of the matter is that income and outgo have more to do with marriage being a failure than anything else.

Lookers and Buyers
both are always welcome
to inspect our stock of

Studebaker BUGGIES



Some of the styles we have on our floor we feel certain will please you, but if you want anything we haven't in stock we will get it for you in short order. We aim to please and satisfy our customers.

Don't buy a buggy or wagon of inferior make and pay more than you will have to pay for a

STUDEBAKER

Don't let anyone tell you that prices are high or low, but investigate for yourself. You will be surprised.

Let us send you our catalogue.

STUDEBAKER BROS. COMPANY
330 E. Morrison St.
PORTLAND, OREGON

Rora McGregor 45374

Son of Malcolm 566, by Robert McGregor (sire of Crescens 2:02 1/4, by Major Edall 2:11, by Abdallah 15).
Dam Sally Bird, by Vinmont 1:01 1/2, 1:21 1/4 (sire of Fortia Knight 2:16 1/4), by Altimont 3:05, 2:29 3/4, sire of 5 in 2 1/2. Second dam Miss Katy Lynn, by Fred Hamilton 3:43, 2:36, by Hamiltonian Mambrian 1:24. Third dam Sally Burrell (dam of Factors 2:37), by Astrocal 1:29 1/2. Fourth Dam Nelly Burrell.
RORA MCGREGOR is a handsome black stallion, 3 years old, 16 hands and weighs 1200 pounds. He is well proportioned and well developed, with plenty of action, style and quality. He carries some of the blood of some of our most successful speed producing families. He will make the season of 1910 at Wilson Stock Farm near Gresham, Oregon. Terms: \$25 the season with usual return privilege. Care taken to avoid accidents, but will be responsible for none. Good pasture for mares sent to breed.

R. Wilson, Owner, 67 N. 17th, Portland, Ore. F. K. Wismer, Keeper, Gresham, Ore.

EXCURSION RATES TO THE EAST

DURING 1910
FROM ALL POINTS ON THE

Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company

TO	RATES
Chicago	\$72.50
Council Bluffs, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Joseph, St. Paul	61.00
St. Paul, via Council Bluffs	63.00
Minneapolis direct	61.00
Minneapolis, via Council Bluffs	63.00
Duluth direct	66.00
Duluth, via Council Bluffs	67.50
St. Louis	67.50

Tickets will be on sale May 24 and 29th, June 24, 17th, and 24th, July 5th and 23d, August 3d, September 8th.

Ten days provided for the going trip.
Stop-overs within limits in either direction.
Final return limit three months from date of sale, but not later than October 31st.
One way through California \$15 additional.

Inquire of any O. R. & N. Agent for more complete information.

W.M. McMURRAY,
General Passenger Agent.

PORTLAND, ORE.

COOL BREEZES

ELECTRIC FANS

NEW AND SECOND HAND

ELECTRIC STORE

7th St. Cor. Alder St.

PORTLAND, OREGON