

# BEAVER STATE HERALD

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

ONE OF THE most important matters to interest people of this part of the county is the construction of a roadway from Fairview to the transfer landing on the Columbia. As it is people of Clark county, Wash., must go by way of Vancouver to reach Portland. The maintenance of a transfer at Fairview would be a great convenience to all the people of eastern Clark and Multnomah counties. The roadway has been donated and its control awaits the pleasure of our County Court. We suggest a delegation of citizens wait on the court.

The report of the publication committee of the Washington State Grange was favorable to a continuation of the co-operative publication of the Pacific Grange Bulletin as heretofore by the Herald office. There is some talk of enlarging the paper.

Call at the Herald office and get a copy of the new premium list. It is fine and shows a lot of improvements over last year's book.

### Leaving the Old Home

The following poem is number 2 of a series of five numbers of pioneer ballads contributed by Eugene L. Thorpe.

Breaking the ties of childhood days,  
Saying the last farewell,  
We're leaving now for the far away; in  
memory to dwell  
The scenes of youth where first we knew  
the bonds we break today  
For another home by the sunset sea,  
across the mountain way.  
A last goodbye and parting hand to  
those we leave behind,  
And the toilsome track is ours to tread  
till we that haven find.

Beside the stream of shifting sand that  
backward speeds along,  
Bearing its flood of mountain blood with  
rushing fished song,  
We'll dare the dangers of the plains,  
with star of hope before,  
Pointing us onward to the way, toward  
the sunset shore.  
We'll know the lure of desert trails the  
argonauts have trod,  
Daring the power of ruthless hosts,  
with faith and strength in God.

The plainsmen tell of warring clash  
with savage beasts and men;  
The redman's bow and tomahawk; the  
wild war cry, and then  
The flying arrows of the foe that glinted  
in the light  
With poisoned barbs to carry death and  
bring eternal night.  
And gory blade from scalp-lock red,  
that twirled in fiendish pride,  
By warrior's hand that he might wear  
a trophy by his side.

The wild hool-beat of bison herd will  
pale each flushing cheek  
With thundering roar of cloven hoof,  
and to our hearts will speak  
A terrifying message then, and give to  
curb and rein  
The scorn they feel of puny men, as  
tempest scorns a chain.  
Till, hurtling by in mad career, they  
speed across our path.  
And leave us trembling at the power  
they harness in their wrath.

The fierce, wild storm of mountain  
glade, and darkened sunlight stain;  
The torrent roar and downward pour  
that rushes to the plain—  
Sweeping the canyon bed above, and  
with its frenzied flow,  
Carrying woe to all before, in wreck  
and death below.  
If ours the chance to meet its wrath,  
One hand alone can stay

That rushing reek of chaos born across  
our onward way.  
And specter gaunt may walk beside to  
make the pilgrim cower,  
Bearing a pall of somber hue to warn  
us of his power.  
A shroud, a prayer, a lonely cross,  
where prairie grasses wave,  
Will mark the spot where one was left—  
a toiler's lonely grave.  
One less to share the burden then, one  
less to reach the goal;  
Another martyr to the lust that claimed  
a daring soul.

The upward climb of mountain chain,  
and downward slope, will speak;  
Will echo voices as we pass from every  
crag and peak  
Of forest gnomes in elfin glee, to chill  
each pulsing heart  
And terrify the weary brain that bids  
each do his part.  
A courage born of deep despair will  
wake our hearts anew,  
Linked with a trust in One above to  
guide us safely through.

The poisonous fens of wildwood tarn  
may wait their upas breath  
On lowing breasts that drag us by those  
lethal ports of death.  
Or bronzing tint of alkali may taint the  
rushing rill  
That comes from purest snows along  
the crest of highest hill.  
Or fiery heat of summer sun may cast  
its scorching ray  
Upon the verdure of the veldt and  
parch its life away.

The Rocky range will speak to us a  
sermon in its might.  
The grassy plain will stretch away, a  
poem in its flight,  
Where antelope and buffalo will tempt  
the hunter's skill  
To serve a dainty for the feast—or boast  
his strength to kill;  
Where reeking jaws of prairie wolf will  
gleam beyond the light,  
And jackal snarls of treachery speak in  
stillness of the night.

Yet toil, nor grief, nor fear shall take  
within their hold full away,  
For joy will share with us its mirth and  
charm dull care away.  
The glowing campfire, leaping high,  
will light the murkly gloam,  
And bring the songs we loved to sing  
with those we left at home.  
And lithesome feet will pace again the  
stately minuet,  
By dreamy light of moonlit night, when  
blazing sun has set.

The scaling peak where ibex leap; the  
sporting mountain rill;  
The dark morass and jungle deep that  
skirt the frowning hill;  
The towering cliff in forest wreath that  
eches back o'er call;  
The spirit lake that rests beneath the  
misty waterfall—  
All speak in voices of their own, girt  
with a lasting power  
To wield their scepter over all—eternity  
their dower.

A youth may tell the tale oft told, be-  
neath the yew-tree shade,  
As rustling breezes fan the boughs with-  
in the forest glade.  
Where carpets green of moss and fern  
upon the ground are spread  
And silvery light of starlit night glows  
softly overhead.  
A trembling maid may answer then a  
promise soft and sweet,  
And starry eyes may light a smile where  
jeweled lips would meet.

A sweet communion of the soul will  
link each heart anew  
With friendship's chain, and ever share  
a memory warm and true,  
Though parting days will come at last,  
in yonder near sometime  
That waits us by the sunset sea, where  
mind and heart will chime.  
For we shall part with those we chance  
to meet upon the plain.  
And know them not until an hour shall  
link the chain again.

But ringing shout will hail the day we  
see the shadow lines  
Across the gleam of western sea—the  
wraiths of mountain pines.

The rushing bosom of the stream that  
flows from Rocky slope  
To mingle with the sounding deep, the  
harbinger of hope,  
Will mirror there the promised land  
beside its tranquil breast.  
With years to come an empire great—  
our new home in the West.

## Life's Common Things

The things of every day are all so sweet,  
The morning meadows wet with dew,  
The dance of daisies in the noon, the  
Of far-off hills when twilight shadows  
lie,  
The night with all its tender mystery of  
sound  
And silence, and God's starry sky!  
Oh, life, the whole of life, is far too  
fleet,  
The things of every day are all so  
sweet.

The common things of life are all so  
dear.  
The waking in the warm half-gloom;  
To find again the old familiar room,  
The scents and sights and sounds that  
never tire,  
The homely work, the plan, the lilt of  
baby's laugh,  
The crackle of the open fire,  
The waiting, then the footsteps coming  
near,  
The opening door, your handclasp  
and your kiss;  
Is heaven not, after all, the now and  
here?  
The common things of life are all so  
dear.  
—Alice E. Allen.

## PLEASANT VALLEY

Miss Worshem of Portland visited the  
fore part of the week with her sister,  
Mrs. T. R. Berry.  
Grandma Kesterson spent several  
days last week visiting friends and relatives  
at Arleta and Portland.  
Mrs. Luce and two sons of Nampa,  
Idaho, are visiting with her nephews,  
Fred and Andy Olson.

Gertrude and Millie Rosebrook, who  
have been attending school at this place  
for the past two years, have returned to  
their home at Centralia, Wash.  
Mr. Opfield is getting material on the  
ground preparatory to erecting a beautiful  
residence on his place.  
Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Moore took dinner  
with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Craft at  
Arleta Sunday.

Mr. Moran, the Boring merchant was in  
the Valley Monday on business con-  
nected with the mail routes.  
Mr. Poppleton's hay barn will be  
completed to receive the crop soon to  
be cut.  
Rev. Owen of Portland filled the pulpit  
at the church last week.  
After a week spent at home T. R.  
Berry has returned to his work at  
Joseph, Ore.

The Bequeath Orchestra of Portland  
—16 members—gives Concert in Gresham  
Methodist Church, Friday evening,  
June 24. Admission 25c. Miss Mary  
Cabill, director; Miss Delta Bradley,  
reader. Best amateur orchestra in  
Northwest. Classical and popular  
program. Orchestra and ten-piece band  
arrives in Gresham in six automobiles,  
owned by members.

## WEST SECTION LINE

Among those intending to take an  
eastern trip from our neighborhood are  
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cummings and Mrs.  
Mary Shaffer, who will go to Iowa.  
Mrs. Shaffer is called east by the serious  
illness of her mother.  
Among many visitors at Buckley  
grove recently were, Mrs. T. E. Lewis,  
Miss Carrie Wilson, the Misses Moll,  
and P. M. Flannigan, a newwew of J.  
C. Buckley, who, with his family, will  
soon make this section his home.  
Mrs. Minsinger and daughter Eather  
of Portland were guests of the McCart-  
neys for week end.  
This locality was well represented in  
Portland last week.  
The Amspigars entertained the Raber  
family of Portland last Sunday.  
The Carpenter family have taken up  
a home in Mt. Tabor since their return  
from Penn.

## KELSO

R. E. Jarl is painting and remodeling  
his store building.  
Mr. Osborne, who injured his foot  
some time ago, is able to be around on  
crutches.  
Mrs. J. Kennedy of Los Angeles, a  
niece of Mrs. T. G. Jonsrud, has been  
visiting relatives at Kelso.  
Clara Jonsrud and Nathan Bickford  
have received their eighth grade  
diplomas, making a total of five gradu-  
ates during the term.  
Rev. Hagoes of Portland will conduct  
services in the Lutheran church, Sun-  
day, June 19.

## Wedding at Pleasant Home

The wedding of Mr. Lewis Miller  
and Miss Edith Lunderback of Pleasant  
Home was celebrated at the home  
of the bride on Thursday evening. The  
young couple will make a trip to the  
Sound and to eastern Washington and  
will return in a short time to be at  
home about July 1st.

## SALMON

Mr. and Mrs. Bronson from Spokane  
have taken up a homestead near here  
and are intending to build soon. They  
are now living in the McIntyre house.

W. L. Barthwick, who has a contract  
to build a cottage for Mr. McIntyre, will  
soon bring his family here for the sum-  
mer.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Glenn McIn-  
tyre Monday, June 13, a girl.

Mr. and Mrs. Bronson are preparing  
to serve meals to travelers during the  
summer.

Settlers near here are clubbing to-  
gether to put in bridges over two creeks  
on the north road up the Sandy river.  
Henry Larson is putting in water  
pipes for J. T. McIntyre to bring water  
from a spring to the house and barn.

## GATES CROSSING.

Karl Amos entertained a number of  
Portland friends Sunday.

Miss DeLong was taken suddenly ill  
last week. Very little hope is enter-  
tained for her recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Barrick came  
down from Salem last Wednesday to  
visit relatives and attend the carnival  
at Portland.

A number of our people enjoyed a  
trip to the end of the line Sunday.

Mrs. Fleming of Portland is visiting  
with her mother, Mrs. Bristow.

Mr. C. A. Freed has rented the Gard-  
ner place near Gilbert station.

A brother of H. Dahl, who came here  
on a visit, has decided to stay. He has  
purchased the place which joins his  
brother's on the north and has started  
to build a residence.

## LUSTEDS

Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg and family vis-  
ited the rose carnival in Portland last  
week.

Alfred and Harris Hamilton visited  
their aunt and uncle at Vancouver, one  
day last week.

Mrs. John Sieret visited friends and  
took in the sights at Portland last week.

It is reported that L. A. Davies has  
sold his place.  
Dr. Short was looking after his farm  
and other property here.

John Sieret made a business trip to  
Oregon City Monday.

T. Neibauer has been getting out  
timber for his new barn which he ex-  
pects to erect soon.

E. D. Hamilton and wife attended a  
family re-union given at St. Johns June  
13 at the home of the former's father,  
W. H. Hamilton. The affair was given  
in honor of a son, W. H. Hamilton, Jr.,  
who leaves soon to take up an under-  
taking business at Wenatchee. About  
twenty relative were present and the  
time has pleasantly passed.

W. H. Hamilton, Sr. recently sold his  
property at St. Johns and will move  
here to make a future home.

## CHERRYVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. McCabe and Leo  
McCabe spent Sunday in Cherryville.

Jas. Edgerton returned last Wednes-  
day from a trip to Portland accom-  
panied by his mother, who will spend  
the summer here.

Dney Buchorr worked for Geo. B.  
Cooper last week.

## Posthaste.

He kicked off his wet boots, slid his  
tired feet into a pair of carpet slippers,  
lit his pipe, sat down in the easy chair  
with a sigh of relief and declared that  
twenty thousand wild horses couldn't  
make him stir from the house till  
morning.  
"Henry," remarked the lady with the  
knitting needles, "you posted that let-  
ter I gave you this morning, I sup-  
pose?"  
"I did, my love," he answered un-  
blushingly.

"I asked me to postpone her visit for  
awhile," his wife went on. "You see?"  
Henry did see. His wife saw too.  
What she saw was the tired man jump  
from his chair, kick off his slippers,  
put on his boots and skip out into the  
street as if rain was the very thing he  
liked wading through.

And when five minutes later, Henry  
came back with a tale that he'd just  
been to see how the thermometer out-  
side the postoffice stood she smiled.--  
London Scraps.

## Just Like Eve's Apple.

A fruit supposed to bear the mark of  
Eve's teeth is one of the many botan-  
ical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on  
which it grows is known by the sig-  
nificant name of "the forbidden fruit,"  
or "Eve's apple tree." The blossom  
has a very pleasant scent, but the real-  
ly remarkable feature of the tree, the  
one to which it owes its name, is the  
fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from  
the tree in a peculiar manner. Orange  
on the outside and deep crimson with-  
in, each fruit has the appearance of  
having had a piece bitten out of it.  
This fact, together with its poisonous  
quality, led the Mohammedans to re-  
present it as the forbidden fruit of the  
garden of Eden and to warn men  
against its noxious properties. The  
mark upon the fruit is attributed to  
Eve. Why the bite of Adam did not  
also leave its mark is not known, but  
as only one piece seems to be missing  
its loss is ascribed to the woman.

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

## Lookers and Buyers

both are always welcome  
to inspect our stock of



### 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.

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.

STUDEBAKER BROS. COMPANY  
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PORTLAND, OREGON

## Rora McGregor 45374

Son of Malcolm Suet, by Robert McGregor (sire of Crescens 2 0214, by Major Edsall 211, by Abdallah 13.  
Dam Sully Red, by Vinmont 14017, 1 21 14 (sire of Fortia Knight 2 16 14), by Alivmont 3600, 2 26 34, sire of 5 in 2 30. Second dam, Miss Katy Lyons, by Fred Hamilton 9468, 2 28, by Hamiltonian, Mambrino 524. Third dam, Sally Burren (dam of Patrons 2 27), by Autocrat 12563. Fourth dam, Nelly Burren.)  
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.

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FROM ALL POINTS ON THE

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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.

WM. McMURRAY,  
General Passenger Agent.  
PORTLAND, ORE.

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FROM

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PORTLAND, OREGON