

# The Vanishing Men

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

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(Continued From Last Week)

"I'm not going away, Jim?"

"Why not? You're a good boy, Jim?"

"I've had a call," he said craftily. "If I can't see you when I come for you in St. Louis you'll say that it is all the same. Well, I've had a call."

Brena went to St. Louis. She had not marked the date on her little calendar on the bureau; it was not necessary because she was not ready to forget, and besides some one might ask her a question. Some one might have asked why she went. And she could not have told.

### CHAPTER VI

Brena Selous returned from St. Louis on the sixteenth of the month. The train arrived in Dallas in the early morning when the night prairie wind was still cool, but she spent the last dollar in her purse to be driven to Mrs. Wilkie's in one of the old city

"Well," said the round headed, expelling the breath from her little mouth to express astonishment, inquiry and disapproval all at once.

"Yes, I came back," Brena replied, lifting her suitcase up the steps wearily.

"I thought I was going to lose all my nice young people," Mrs. Wilkie said, turning on the disk record of her false good nature. "Jim Hennessey went with hardly a thank you. There's been no end of mail for him. I didn't know where he'd gone; he made such a mystery about it, so I sent the letters to his office. They probably know about him—more than I do. He didn't tell you where he went?"

"No," said Brena, "he didn't tell me."

"And not a word from him. Not a touch as a picture post card."

Brena was trying to pass around the bulk of the older woman.

"And you went off yourself without much explanation," Mrs. Wilkie complained, putting herself in the way, "and without knowing whether or not you was coming back."

She looked all over the girl from head to foot with an expression in her heavy eyes indicating that it would have been better if a legal guardian had been appointed for Brena.

"Well, I'm here."

"So I see. Have you had breakfast?"

"I don't want any," replied Brena.

She went up to her room under the roof where, upon the bedspread were the dust marks made by her suitcase when she had thrown it up to pack six days before. She put it back on those marks as if a round of life had been completed. Then she got up to cross the room to the picture of the Aeroplane—her father's picture, the last pos-

### "LATEST SONG HITS" AS SUNG BY OUR STUDENTS

(From the Beaverton Hummer)

"I Love You Truly," as sung by John L. to Lillian Berg.

"If I Had a Girl Like You," as sung by Robert Wood to Viola Hansen.

"Hinky Dinky Parley Vou," as sung by Mrs. Metzler to Mr. Metzler.

"Freshie," as sung by most any Freshman.

"Alice, Where Art Thou?" to Alice Blomquist.

"When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," by Mark Jones to A Girl named Helen.

"Let It Rain, Let It Pour," by any of the girls who are sporting galoshes.

"I Wonder What's Become of Ruth?" by Merwin Dant.

"Red Nose Pete" by Pete Bous.

"All for the Love of Mike," by Milton Corum.

"Nobody Loves You Like I Do," a song Lawrence Day sings to all the girls.

"By the 'Light of the Stars' as sung by any member of the Basket Ball team after being knocked cold.

"Beside a Silvery Stream," most any place on our school grounds after a rain.

"Oh, There Ain't No Flies on Auntie," by Rose Fry.

"Abie's Irish Nose," as sung by Prima Donna Georgiana.

"Oh, What a Pal Was Mary," written exclusively for Mary Crabtree.

### "NO MAN IS USELESS"—MESSAGE OF CHEER

CHRISTMAS snow was falling, but the downy flakes, so feather-like, beautiful in themselves, were covering the earth with a thick, cold blanket which to Mr. Simmons' mind was like a shroud to all the ambitious of his life. When others were jostling, each other good-naturedly in every store, buying presents to surprise their loved ones, and wrapping them carefully in tissue paper tied with scarlet ribbon behind closed doors, this Ebenezer walked the streets meekly and aimlessly, disturbed and tormented by the unwanted crowds of shoppers, and if the truth were known, hopelessly depressed both by the weather, and the animated throngs so busy with activities which he could neither share nor bear.

Alone, yet terribly afraid to be alone, and feeling more so in these crowds in which he had no part, he turned his footsteps from the town and sought companionship from Nature. He strolled across the snowy fields, beside a freezing brook, and into a pine grove all weighted down with snow. There in the solitude he felt gradually at ease, for a throng of happy memories came trooping to him through the trees—memories of yesteryear, when with his sisters in these very woods he had helped chop down the family Christmas tree when he was very small. What jolly days those were—what fun they'd had—be lived again those happy times before the reaper came. And then, mechanically, as he leaned against a tree, he drew from his pocket an envelope he had received that morning, but had not had interest enough to open for it was evidently a baneful Christmas card. But he tore it open now, and read:

### STORY OF CHRISTMAS SEAL INTERESTING

More full of dramatic interest than the chapters of a novel, is the history of the Little Christmas Seal now on sale throughout the state of Oregon. Concocted by a Danish postal clerk, to raise money that would save the lives of children suffering from tuberculosis; wandering across the Atlantic, falling into the hands of a great American writer; being recreated on American soil, and sold to maintain another tuberculosis hospital; becoming the sole financial support of a great organization dedicated to a Health Campaign steadily and surely overcoming the "white plague," are leading events in the life history of the Christmas Seal.

Mr. Einar Holboell, postal clerk in far off Denmark, busy cancelling stamps and handling packages during the Christmas season of 1903, had on his heart the problem of raising money to support a little hospital for poor children stricken with tuberculosis. In the midst of his work, he conceived the idea of selling a seal somewhat like the stamps he was so busy cancelling. Mr. Holboell submitted his plan to the king, received the royal sanction and the new seal was printed, sold, and fulfilled its mission. The children of the poor received the care they needed, at the little hospital. Several years later, one of the Danish seals fell into the hands of Jacob Riis, the American writer and publicist. He was immediately interested, wrote to a friend across the ocean, obtained the story behind the seal and published it in the "Outlook" in 1907.

This story in turn stirred to action an American woman, Miss Emily Bissel, who like the Danish Postal Clerk, was struggling with the financial problem of a little tuberculosis sanitarium near Wilmington, Delaware. Miss Bissel managed the first American Christmas Seal Sale in 1907, raising \$3,000 for the needy hospital, a sum far beyond her expectations.

From the three thousand dollar Seal Sale in 1907 to the four and a half million dollar sale in 1924, the story of the Christmas Seal has been one of magnificent accomplishment against the foe tuberculosis. Between 1903 and 1919 the American Red Cross put its shoulder to the wheel, and backed the Seal Sale, hence the term "Red Cross Seal" which still lingers although now six years out of date. The right name is CHRISTMAS SEALS or tuberculosis Christmas Seals, for since 1918 the National Tuberculosis Association, and its branches, state and local, have been selling the seals, and depending on them for their entire support. The Oregon sale is conducted by the Oregon Tuberculosis Association and the County Public Health Associations.

Since the time of the first Seal Sale many millions of dollars have been invested in tuberculosis-fighting equipment; hospitals, open air schools, clinics, dispensaries, tubercular sanitariums, etc., and it has been largely through the interest focused on the problem by the annual sale of Christmas Seals. The tuberculosis death rate in the United States has been considerably more than cut in half in these eighteen years. The disease is being conquered. The winning slogan is Health! Health! Health!—such fine radiant health that it repels sickness, and Christmas Seals are in the field in Oregon, and in every state in the Union, to continue the fight to a winning finish.

### WHAT THANKSGIVING SHOULD MEAN TO US

Pilgrim Men and Women at Plymouth Set Example.

THANKSGIVING is a day unique in the list of holidays—not perhaps, so unique in its conception as in the meaning which the day has come to have. We think of it as a day of getting together. The dinner is its symbol. Faith in the goodness of God and a reverent and formal prayer of thanksgiving for His bounty is its avowed purpose.

But its greatest profit to us may come from the thoughts it invokes of that little band of hardy men and women who knew what it meant to face hunger; to know hunger and stick to an appointed task. That task happened to be the opening up of that new land which was destined to provide so beautifully for you and me who have inherited it.

They were sickened—those from whom this heritage has come down hardy? Yes; but with a ruggedness that was not alone a physical attribute. They experienced the primal lessons: want, fear, and the need of strife. But they stuck. And they won. That first Thanksgiving day was for them a solemn rite. If they—that band of Pilgrim men and women—could feel so honestly thankful for God's bounty as it was measured out to them at Plymouth in 1621, what one of us in this day and generation but needs be ashamed to feel less. It was a solemn occasion, but how could they else but be happy? Let us be happy on this Thanksgiving day. But, too, let us not forget.—Frank H. Sweet.

### THE UNUSUAL USUAL

"WERE tired of Christmas, they said. 'It's the same old thing every year. Same old greetings. Same old nuisance getting presents. Same old expense. Same old fatigue. Same old holiday greetings. Nothing new about it. It's a bore.'"

Their names are Mr. and Mrs. Joylessness. They do not see, poor, pathetic creatures that they are, that the usual things are in reality the unusual.

Love is usual, so are children, so is a birthday, an anniversary, friendship.

But only the usual can rise to the great heights.

And Christmas is the most unusual of all.—Mary Graham Bonner.

### FREQUENTLY HAPPENS

First Bug—What do you expect for Christmas.

Second Bug—Judging by past experience, something that I will have no use in the world for!

# Beaverton Special Hummer

Vol. 5 No. 4 Beaverton, Oregon, December, 1925 50 cents a year

## Merry Christmas Happy New Year

### STUDENT BODY ACTIVITIES

Several Assembly Meetings have been held, since the last Edition of the "Hummer."

The first assembly was held for the purpose of arousing student body, class and individual enthusiasm, and spirit in order to successfully put over the sale of the Annual coupons, and the plan of the coupon sale was outlined, after which Merwin Dant led the Student Body in some yells.

A few days later the second assembly was called for the purpose of "talking up" the vaudeville. At this time several members of the Student Body gave some very good "pep talks". It was decided to hold a rally and serpentine in the downtown district the opening day of the vaudeville. The meeting was adjourned with a few yells led by the yell leader.

Assembly was called Friday, Dec. 18, for the purpose of presenting the "annual sales" winners with their respective prizes, and to muster up some pep for the games with Parkrose Friday night. Speeches were heard from Miss Lanning, girls' coach; Marie Leahy, girls' captain; Metzler, boys' coach; and Victor Johnson, boys' captain. "Mike" McLeod and Merwin Dant led the Student Body in yells.

Dr. E. T. Helms gave a short talk in connection with his work in character analysis.

### BEAVERTON WINS OVER BENSON

The boys displayed altogether different form in winning a practice game from Benson 2nd team Tues. Dec. 22, by a score of 17 to 14. Their passing and team work as a whole was a great improvement over their previous showing against Parkrose. It is believed that the team has now hit its stride and will give a good account of itself in the future. Lester Gray was the scoring star with 12 points to his credit.

### FRESHMEN WANT SANTA CLAUS

The Freshmen voted by a large majority for a Santa Claus and a Christmas tree. They wanted to hang up their stockings too, but the upper classmen voted them down. So down the stockings are. Just the same we will have a Santa Claus and a Christmas tree, Thursday afternoon, on the stage. Everybody drew a name from the box, with the intention of buying someone a Christmas present, and those not satisfied with the name drawn, have been trading names ever since, trying to get the name they want. Some ever went as far as to try to buy the name wanted. "Here's a chance for speculation." It was voted, by the assembly, that no present should exceed the price of twenty-five cents. We hope everybody goes the limit, and it is no great offense to spend thirty cents for your best girl's present.

### REPORT FROM THE EUGENE CONFERENCE

On Tuesday, Dec. 8, the five delegates to Eugene gave their reports.

Myron Gray gave the first report about the last suitcase and also the convention of Student Body Officers. He emphasized the need of a council in Student Body Organizations. Ruth Haulenbeck also gave a report from the Student Body Convention. She told of different items taken up, among which was the cufflaw of Portland. This caused great comment at the conference. June Hudson gave a report from the Editors' meeting of the Press Association. Her report was mostly on the construction of newspapers. Miss Kinney attended the Girls' League Conference. She offered her time to the girls if they wished to organize a club of that sort. Mr. Webb gave the final report. He was to have incidentals and incidentally he devoted part of his time in proving to us that Myron's act of giving the first report was very unmannerly. The incidentals, however, proved to be a most important part of the conference.

We feel that a great amount of good was derived from this conference and hope that we may have the same opportunity of sending delegates next year.

This is the time of year when it begins to get late early.

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**ROASTS**



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to every housekeeper in our city to come into our place and inspect our meats—and our market. We keep choice FRESH MEATS and we keep our market Clean and Sanitary.

Our meat is properly aged and in fine condition when we sell it.

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To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Wm. C. Fletcher*  
Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

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Idea Originated in Denmark Years Ago Accomplishes Wonders in United States.

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### CHILDREN'S VOICES AT CHRISTMAS TIME

IT WAS the Christmas time. Snowflakes like soft downy feathers were falling over the city, covering its dirt and soot with a beautiful blanket of white.

Men and women were jostling one another through the crowded city streets. Some were laden with packages. Some carried but a few.

A few were poorly clothed; yet with calm, satisfied faces. More were poorly clothed, with sad, restless faces, as if they grieved for what they could not have.

Many wore rich clothing and luxurious furs, and some of these had calm, restful faces; but many were weary as if they worried for a peace which was not theirs.

A beggar sat in a corner selling his pencils, one by one. Many unheeding the pencils, dropped a coin into the box strapped about his weather-beaten neck. Some, not noticing the beggar, passed in and out of the great department store.

Many stories over the beggar's head Christmas carols had been pealing forth all the afternoon. The passers-by could not have failed to hear them; yet if their minds or hearts responded they gave no sign. Their expressions changed not.

Down through the hurrying crowds came a group of little girls on Christmas shopping bent, hastening to the store over which the Christmas chimes rang out. Heedless of the elbowing through they stopped to listen and saw the beggar.

"Let's buy," said the blithe little leader, and they stepped forward to purchase his wares.

The dull-eyed creature looked at the fresh young faces and spoke: "Why don't you sing, girls?"

"All right, Let's!" joyfully agreed the girl children.

"The Lord is come!" the clear young voices took up the old refrain.

Pedestrians, so long unmindful of the children's voices. Some stopped and listened; tense faces relaxed, softened; many smiled as they went on their way.

Other children joined the little band. They sang the old hymn through; then scurried away. But those who had heard and seen remembered. Their hearts were lightened; their burdens lifted; their worries seemed passed away.

It was the children's voices.—Florence H. Wells.

### A Nest of Tables

An ever-useful Christmas gift is a nest of four tables of mahogany. At ten times, to hold the after-dinner coffee cups, and, in fact, a dozen times a day, these tables will prove their usefulness.

**When It's Christmas**  
Tell Old Trouble: "Go your way when it's Christmas."  
No place here for you to stay, when it's Christmas.  
We are in the joyous land; Sing and shout at Joy's command; Give us "Dixie" by the band when it's Christmas!

**A CHEERFUL GUY**



I have absolutely nothing to be thankful for. You can be thankful you're not dead, can't you? What! And me carrying a big life insurance.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of The State of Oregon for Washington County

In the Matter of the Estate of William Welch, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the above entitled court, as Administratrix of the Estate of said deceased, and has duly qualified as such.

Now, Therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, together with proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned at the law offices of Haro, McAlair & Peters in the American National Bank Building in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 21st day of November, 1925.

Haro, McAlair & Peters, Attorneys for Administratrix, Nora Welch, Administratrix of the Estate of William Welch, deceased.

Adv c 52-1

### CATARH

Catarh is a Local disease greatly influenced by Constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE consists of an Ointment which gives Quick Relief by local application and the Internal Medicine, a Tonic, which acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces and assists in ridding your System of Catarrh.

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