

A New Year's Wish

By Edith L. Smith, In the Outlook

THIS wish for you: That past regrets fade unheeded
 You march ahead,
 Undaunted with the hope of trust be-
 gotten
 To win life's bread;
 To wear a smile 'e'en when tears be
 your portion,
 With sighs unmade
 To find fair blooms from last year's
 brown leaves springing
 Upon your way;
 To reap the worth of deeds gone by
 that left you
 A bit more gray,
 A bit more strong to live and love with
 others
 From day to day,
 In fruitful fields may time think wise
 to give you
 A gentle part;
 With love of home and friends to twine
 about you
 May this year start—
 Blue skies to cheer and peace of God
 to guide you
 O faithful heart!

New Year's Eve

By Susan Marr Spaulding

A NOBLE of the parting year,
 Winging back to heaven thy
 flight,
 Sad the burden thou must bear,
 From the darkness into light,
 Burden of my wasted days,
 Fragments of my broken hours,
 Budding promises that grew
 Never into fruit or flowers,
 Happiness I might have won,
 Worthily deeds I might have wrought,
 Wronged I hate, but did not shun,
 Good I crave, but never sought;
 All my proud and lofty aims,
 Withered now to vain regret—
 Feeble, foolish, as the will
 To no noble purpose set.

Take them all, my griefs, my joys,
 Lay them at the Father's feet;
 He will search if yet there be
 Mid the chaff some grain of wheat.
 He will fan my faint resolves
 To a purer flame and clear,
 Hear to heaven my heart's desire,
 Angel of the parting year!



THE UNKNOWN BABY
Christmas Seals help preserve such babies as this from tuberculosis, which infects three out of four in cities before they are 15 years old. Nobody knows whose baby will be infected, will win the fight, or lose. Buy Christmas Seals and help the unknown baby.

A Welcome Surprise

By Katherine Edelman

HAPPY New Year, daddy? Helen Danvers called out as she ran to where her father was seated at the breakfast table. Then, noticing the gloom upon his usually cheerful face, she cried out: "Why, daddy, where is your smile, and on New Year's, too?"

Robert Danvers raised a white and strained face to meet his daughter's kiss, then his eyes fell upon his plate. "Whatever is the matter?" Hilda persisted. "You know you have always said that the best thing to do when something is troubling you is to get it out of your system. Why not practice what you preach, daddy, for it can't be anything very dreadful?"

Robert Danvers, however, did not seem inclined to speak. Instead, he sat stiff and tense in his chair for a long time, then he raised his head and made a motion to speak. But Hilda could see that the effort was costing him dearly.

Lovefully she went over to his chair, and pressing her cheek against his, said softly: "Never mind telling me, daddy, if you don't want to. Maybe it will be alright in a little while and then we can talk about it."

With a relieved look upon his face Robert Danvers left the breakfast table and went to his room. There, he struggled with himself for a long time. Why should he tell Hilda, he reasoned; there was a chance things would come right, and even if they did not, perhaps he could make good the loss within the year. He was really being kind to keep the knowledge of her loss from her. It would be a shame to tell it, and last of the

New Year, too. He would have to make an effort to be cheerful.

Somehow the thought of the New Year brought Robert Danvers to himself. What a coward he was, trying to soothe his conscience as he was doing, starting out on the New Year with deceit and subterfuge for companions. He would tell Hilda, even if she despised him for what he had done—even that would be better than to feel that he was acting the part of a coward. The truth was best—even though its telling should wound them both!

Going downstairs again, he found Hilda gazing pensively out of the window. This was unlike her, and he knew that she was troubled.

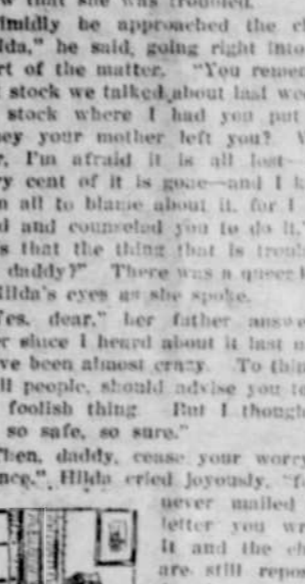
Timidly he approached the chair. "Hilda," he said, going right into the heart of the matter. "You remember that stock where I had you put the money your mother left you? Well, dear, I'm afraid it is all lost—that every cent of it is gone—and I know I am all to blame about it, for I advised and counseled you to do it."

"Is that the thing that is troubling you, daddy?" There was a queer light in Hilda's eyes as she spoke.

"Yes, dear," her father answered, "ever since I heard about it last night I have been almost crazy. To think of all of people, should advise you to do this foolish thing. But I thought it was so safe, so sure."

"Then, daddy, cease your worrying at once," Hilda cried joyously. "I never mailed the letter you wrote it and the check are still reposing in the desk. I felt rather afraid of it, you will remember, so I thought I would wait some time before sending it in. You see, daddy, I have inherited some Scotch caniness from my mother, and I am rather fearful of the things that promise big profits. But even if the money had been lost I never would have blamed you, and we could have gotten along without it."

Robert Danvers looked ten years younger before Hilda finished speaking. Catching his hands in his, he pulled her toward him and cried: "Hilda, I feel so sorry that you just must come with me and celebrate. Look up the best hotel in town and phone the hotel for dinner reservations. Forget about expense today—make it a real New Year celebration." And Hilda, in spite of her Scotch caniness, did.



HADN'T I heard about it last night I have been almost crazy. To think of all of people, should advise you to do this foolish thing. But I thought it was so safe, so sure."

"Then, daddy, cease your worrying at once," Hilda cried joyously. "I never mailed the letter you wrote it and the check are still reposing in the desk. I felt rather afraid of it, you will remember, so I thought I would wait some time before sending it in. You see, daddy, I have inherited some Scotch caniness from my mother, and I am rather fearful of the things that promise big profits. But even if the money had been lost I never would have blamed you, and we could have gotten along without it."

Robert Danvers looked ten years younger before Hilda finished speaking. Catching his hands in his, he pulled her toward him and cried: "Hilda, I feel so sorry that you just must come with me and celebrate. Look up the best hotel in town and phone the hotel for dinner reservations. Forget about expense today—make it a real New Year celebration." And Hilda, in spite of her Scotch caniness, did.

A New Year's Offer

By Eleanor E. King

SOME one opened the door. A cold draft swept in. She shivered.

"Could you tell me the price of this?"

"Is my parcel ready yet?"

"Has my change come back from the cashier's cage?"

"How many yards are there in this piece?"

"Could you wait on me, now, please?"

"I want to return this article."

Strange to say, the girl, at whom all these questions were being hurled in the last minute, mid all the uproar and clamor around her, was as calm and sweet, answering all the questions of these last-minute holiday shoppers.

Alice, seemingly combating the storm of customers assailing her counter.



cheerfully and quickly took care of them. One couldn't help but admire her. Her golden hair, with its natural wave, her stately, well-formed features gave one the opinion that unfortunate circumstances must have forced her to her present position, for she seemed entirely out of her sphere.

The floorwalker of the department wasn't missing a thing, as he answered several questions, and gave directions. He smiled as he viewed the chaos about him.

"Funny how these folks never think of getting things until the last minute, and then they want them in such a hurry."

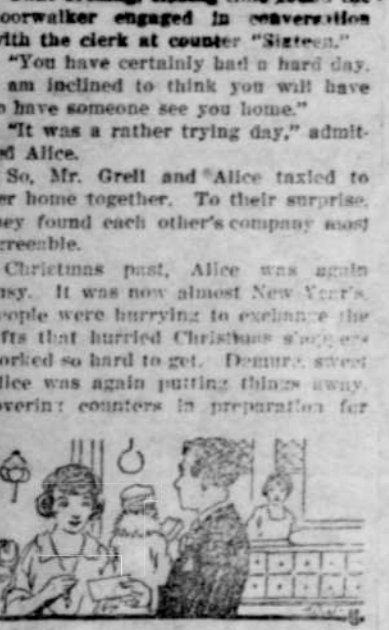
That evening, closing time found the floorwalker engaged in conversation with the clerk at counter "Sixteen."

"You have certainly had a hard day. I am inclined to think you will have to have someone see you home."

"It was a rather trying day," admitted Alice.

"So, Mr. Grell and Alice taxied to her home together. To their surprise, they found each other's company just agreeable.

Christmas past, Alice was again busy. It was now almost New Year's. People were hurrying to exchange the gifts that hurried Christmas shoppers worked so hard to get. Demure, sweet Alice was again putting things away, covering counters in preparation for



the New Year's holiday when the dignified floor-walker, Mr. Grell, interrupted the procedure. He placed an envelope in her hand.

"I asked if I might deliver this in person because I wanted to accompany it with a little request. The company appreciates the help and services you have rendered at this time of year when most of our clerks lose their heads and accomplish nothing. This envelope denotes a substantial raise, for—I am going to play traitor to my faith—a thing which I shall never do again. But in this case I think I am justified. In other words, beginning with the first of the year, New Year's Day, I am asking you to come and take charge of my special domain and manage it as you have this one."

Alice blushed and hung her head.

(© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.)

A NEW YEAR PROMISE

By Frank Herbert Sweet

THEY sat across the table from each other, the father's lined face was impassive, the boy's openly defiant.

"Parting of the ways for us, of course, Dad," said the youth, sippantly. "How much loot do I take along?"

The man across the table did not speak. He was looking toward his son.

"This sentence was called for more New Year resolutions, naturally," went on the youth, "but the first of January don't mean a thing to me."

Still the weary, far-away gaze.

"Now, see here, Dad," angrily, "spit it out! Am I going to be furnished with any ballast or not? Remember, a lot of the money was mother's, and she—"

He stopped abruptly, his lips suddenly trembling. "No, no, father, I don't mean that. Let's not bring



mother into it. But you have so much you can spare some, especially when you shanghaied my best friend, after despoiling him. And I may as well tell you," definitely, "that Sid Kyler writes me of the wonderful chances in Chile, and for me to join him there."

His father seemed to bristle; his thoughts lurch with an effort.

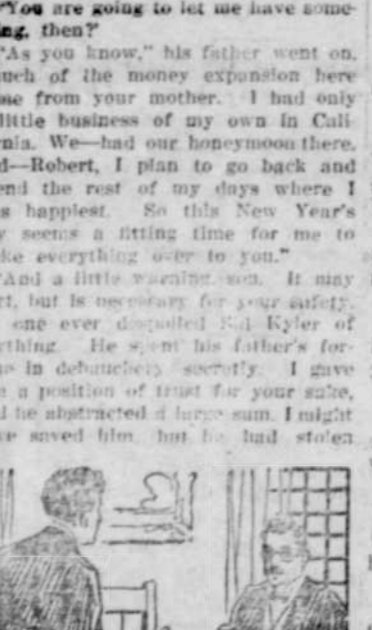
"Beg pardon, Robert," he apologized. "I was thinking of your mother. She—left us so recently that I can't seem to adjust myself to the loss. And New Year's is as much a day of business accounting and readjusting as of making new resolutions."

Robert's face began to clear.

"You are going to let me have some things, then?"

"As you know," his father went on, "much of the money expedition here came from your mother. I had only a little business of my own in California. We had our honeymoon there, and—Robert, I plan to go back and spend the rest of my days where I was happiest. So this New Year's day seems a fitting time for me to make everything over to you."

"And a little something soon. It may hurt, but is necessary for your safety. No one ever despoiled Sid Kyler of anything. He spent his father's fortune in debauchery, so I gave him a position of trust for your sake, and he abstracted a large sum. I might have saved him, but he had stolen



from others and had to flee. You should know him now, or he will bleed you long as there is a drop of blood left."

"But how—how could I—"

"Think, Robert," significantly.

"Five minutes, then suddenly a great light came to the young man. He threw himself upon his knees beside his father.

"I see it. I—I believed everything Sid Kyler and his kind told me, against what you said, and we drifted apart. But listen now, Dad. On this New Year day I promise to carry on the business as you and mother would. I have no do, do. But Dad, won't you help me, or advise me?"

"Some of the lines left his father's face. His eyes brightened.

"You will, it, see, I think your mother would like it that way."



mother into it. But you have so much you can spare some, especially when you shanghaied my best friend, after despoiling him. And I may as well tell you," definitely, "that Sid Kyler writes me of the wonderful chances in Chile, and for me to join him there."

His father seemed to bristle; his thoughts lurch with an effort.

"Beg pardon, Robert," he apologized. "I was thinking of your mother. She—left us so recently that I can't seem to adjust myself to the loss. And New Year's is as much a day of business accounting and readjusting as of making new resolutions."

Robert's face began to clear.

"You are going to let me have some things, then?"

"As you know," his father went on, "much of the money expedition here came from your mother. I had only a little business of my own in California. We had our honeymoon there, and—Robert, I plan to go back and spend the rest of my days where I was happiest. So this New Year's day seems a fitting time for me to make everything over to you."

"And a little something soon. It may hurt, but is necessary for your safety. No one ever despoiled Sid Kyler of anything. He spent his father's fortune in debauchery, so I gave him a position of trust for your sake, and he abstracted a large sum. I might have saved him, but he had stolen

LOCAL NEWS

A baby daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Schoene who live out near Hazeldale.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Mills from Portland were guests at the J. J. Henderson home New Year's Eve.

Mrs. Alfred Powell and two children from Albany spent the holidays with the Hiron family.

J. A. Sannar has sold his piece on the highway near St. Mary's and has moved to Portland.

There was a big crowd at the Midnight Carnival at the Beaver Theatre Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Mapes of the Star Film Exchange in Portland were in Beaverton on business Thursday evening.

Born, December 15, a son to Mr. and Mrs. George Anderson. Mr. Anderson will be remembered as Ruth Anderson.

Mr. F. A. Bucher is very ill with influenza and pneumonia but his condition is reported to be improved at this time.

A large number of Beaverton people celebrated the New Year by attending the Carnival Dance in Huber Thursday evening.

PUBLIC SALE
 At the Robt. Johnson place, two and one-half miles north of Beaverton, Wednesday, January 6th at 1 o'clock P. M.
 17 head of Jersey, Guernsey and Holstein grades, some fresh some 2 to 3 years old, and all in good flow of milk. 1 registered Guernsey bull. Also milk cooler and some cans.
 Terms: \$20 and under, cash Over \$20, 6 months' approved note at 3%.

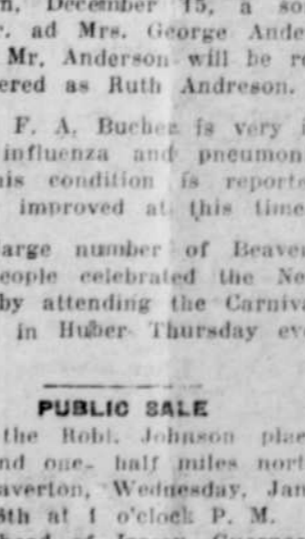
Sale will be held inside in case of bad weather.
 Johnson Bros., Owners; J. W. Hughes, Auctioneer; Doy Gray, Clerk.
 Adv p 5

WE KLY PROGRAM

BEAVER THEATER
 Beaverton, Oregon

Sunday and Monday
 January 3 and 4
 Norma Shearer in
 "SLAVE OF FASHION"

Tuesday and Wednesday
 January 5 and 6
 Lon Chaney, Mae Busch, and Matt Moore in
 "THE UNHOLY THREE"
 TUESDAY is "Merchant's Night"
 Featuring Evans Brown in
 Musical Entertainment



WE PRINT BUTTER WRAPPERS

Is It For Sale!

IF SO—A Classified Advertisement in The Beaverton Review will separate you from it—QUICK!

HILLCREST ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

By Marion R. Reagan

MAX KING hurried into the busy office of Manning Bros. Mercantile company for a promised interview with Walter Manning, elder member of the firm. During the ten minutes which the office girl informed him that he must wait, Max seized the opportunity to closely scrutinize the details in the office of the noted capitalists to find if there be a clue here that contributed to the success of the famous financiers. He had not long to look, for the first thing that struck his attention were the red-lettered words above the calendar beside which were two notices in bold, black type in neat frames. The notices were both striking. One read: "May Every Day in Your New Year Calendar Be a Red Letter Day When You Are Free From Any Hindering Harness." Another notice read: "May the New Year Leave You Turn Over in New Year News or Be Blown Back by the Wind of Broken Resolutions."

During the interview Max called attention to the red-lettered words at the top of the calendar headed "Red Letter Days," under which were the words, "Serve Day." The prominent business man drew from his desk a handful of papers as he said: "You see but one of the slogans. As I need them a new one is placed at the top of the calendar. My wife tries the same plan at home; when she has a tendency to forget some task or obligation, or wishes to improve her physical or mental habits she places one slogan in red letters that reads: "Red Letter Day—Deep Breathing Day," or "Order the Milk Day," "Vocal Practice Day," "Read an Article Day," "No-Nag Day."

On the slips Max was reading: "Exercise Day," "No Meat Day," "On Time Day," "Play Day," "Pay Day," "Save Day," "Rest at Lunch Day," "Give Day," "Save Day," "Write a Letter Day," "Keep Accounts Day."

With these "Reason Reminders" the great man seized time to say, "We try to patch the small tears that cause the big rents in our plans and success some times. They have helped to rebuild us of the cause of some of our failures in the past."

Half an hour later as Max King entered his own office he wrote on a slip of paper and tucked it above his calendar these words: "Red Letter Day," under which he wrote, "Never Too Old to Learn Day."

(© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.)



HILLCREST ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

BY MARION R. REAGAN

MAX KING hurried into the busy office of Manning Bros. Mercantile company for a promised interview with Walter Manning, elder member of the firm. During the ten minutes which the office girl informed him that he must wait, Max seized the opportunity to closely scrutinize the details in the office of the noted capitalists to find if there be a clue here that contributed to the success of the famous financiers. He had not long to look, for the first thing that struck his attention were the red-lettered words above the calendar beside which were two notices in bold, black type in neat frames. The notices were both striking. One read: "May Every Day in Your New Year Calendar Be a Red Letter Day When You Are Free From Any Hindering Harness." Another notice read: "May the New Year Leave You Turn Over in New Year News or Be Blown Back by the Wind of Broken Resolutions."

During the interview Max called attention to the red-lettered words at the top of the calendar headed "Red Letter Days," under which were the words, "Serve Day." The prominent business man drew from his desk a handful of papers as he said: "You see but one of the slogans. As I need them a new one is placed at the top of the calendar. My wife tries the same plan at home; when she has a tendency to forget some task or obligation, or wishes to improve her physical or mental habits she places one slogan in red letters that reads: "Red Letter Day—Deep Breathing Day," or "Order the Milk Day," "Vocal Practice Day," "Read an Article Day," "No-Nag Day."

On the slips Max was reading: "Exercise Day," "No Meat Day," "On Time Day," "Play Day," "Pay Day," "Save Day," "Rest at Lunch Day," "Give Day," "Save Day," "Write a Letter Day," "Keep Accounts Day."

With these "Reason Reminders" the great man seized time to say, "We try to patch the small tears that cause the big rents in our plans and success some times. They have helped to rebuild us of the cause of some of our failures in the past."

Half an hour later as Max King entered his own office he wrote on a slip of paper and tucked it above his calendar these words: "Red Letter Day," under which he wrote, "Never Too Old to Learn Day."

(© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.)



WE KLY PROGRAM
 BEAVER THEATER
 Beaverton, Oregon

Sunday and Monday
 January 3 and 4
 Norma Shearer in
 "SLAVE OF FASHION"

Tuesday and Wednesday
 January 5 and 6
 Lon Chaney, Mae Busch, and Matt Moore in
 "THE UNHOLY THREE"
 TUESDAY is "Merchant's Night"
 Featuring Evans Brown in
 Musical Entertainment

WE PRINT BUTTER WRAPPERS

Is It For Sale!

IF SO—A Classified Advertisement in The Beaverton Review will separate you from it—QUICK!

Red Letter Days

By GERTRUDE WALTON

MAX KING hurried into the busy office of Manning Bros. Mercantile company for a promised interview with Walter Manning, elder member of the firm. During the ten minutes which the office girl informed him that he must wait, Max seized the opportunity to closely scrutinize the details in the office of the noted capitalists to find if there be a clue here that contributed to the success of the famous financiers. He had not long to look, for the first thing that struck his attention were the red-lettered words above the calendar beside which were two notices in bold, black type in neat frames. The notices were both striking. One read: "May Every Day in Your New Year Calendar Be a Red Letter Day When You Are Free From Any Hindering Harness." Another notice read: "May the New Year Leave You Turn Over in New Year News or Be Blown Back by the Wind of Broken Resolutions."

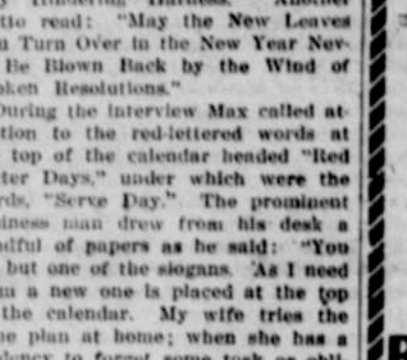
During the interview Max called attention to the red-lettered words at the top of the calendar headed "Red Letter Days," under which were the words, "Serve Day." The prominent business man drew from his desk a handful of papers as he said: "You see but one of the slogans. As I need them a new one is placed at the top of the calendar. My wife tries the same plan at home; when she has a tendency to forget some task or obligation, or wishes to improve her physical or mental habits she places one slogan in red letters that reads: "Red Letter Day—Deep Breathing Day," or "Order the Milk Day," "Vocal Practice Day," "Read an Article Day," "No-Nag Day."

On the slips Max was reading: "Exercise Day," "No Meat Day," "On Time Day," "Play Day," "Pay Day," "Save Day," "Rest at Lunch Day," "Give Day," "Save Day," "Write a Letter Day," "Keep Accounts Day."

With these "Reason Reminders" the great man seized time to say, "We try to patch the small tears that cause the big rents in our plans and success some times. They have helped to rebuild us of the cause of some of our failures in the past."

Half an hour later as Max King entered his own office he wrote on a slip of paper and tucked it above his calendar these words: "Red Letter Day," under which he wrote, "Never Too Old to Learn Day."

(© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.)



HILLCREST ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

BY MARION R. REAGAN

MAX KING hurried into the busy office of Manning Bros. Mercantile company for a promised interview with Walter Manning, elder member of the firm. During the ten minutes which the office girl informed him that he must wait, Max seized the opportunity to closely scrutinize the details in the office of the noted capitalists to find if there be a clue here that contributed to the success of the famous financiers. He had not long to look, for the first thing that struck his attention were the red-lettered words above the calendar beside which were two notices in bold, black type in neat frames. The notices were both striking. One read: "May Every Day in Your New Year Calendar Be a Red Letter Day When You Are Free From Any Hindering Harness." Another notice read: "May the New Year Leave You Turn Over in New Year News or Be Blown Back by the Wind of Broken Resolutions."

During the interview Max called attention to the red-lettered words at the top of the calendar headed "Red Letter Days," under which were the words, "Serve Day." The prominent business man drew from his desk a handful of papers as he said: "You see but one of the slogans. As I need them a new one is placed at the top of the calendar. My wife tries the same plan at home; when she has a tendency to forget some task or obligation, or wishes to improve her physical or mental habits she places one slogan in red letters that reads: "Red Letter Day—Deep Breathing Day," or "Order the Milk Day," "Vocal Practice Day," "Read an Article Day," "No-Nag Day."

On the slips Max was reading: "Exercise Day," "No Meat Day," "On Time Day," "Play Day," "Pay Day," "Save Day," "Rest at Lunch Day," "Give Day," "Save Day," "Write a Letter Day," "Keep Accounts Day."

With these "Reason Reminders" the great man seized time to say, "We try to patch the small tears that cause the big rents in our plans and success some times. They have helped to rebuild us of the cause of some of our failures in the past."

Half an hour later as Max King entered his own office he wrote on a slip of paper and tucked it above his calendar these words: "Red Letter Day," under which he wrote, "Never Too Old to Learn Day."

(© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.)



WE KLY PROGRAM
 BEAVER THEATER
 Beaverton, Oregon

Sunday and Monday
 January 3 and 4
 Norma Shearer in
 "SLAVE OF FASHION"

Tuesday and Wednesday
 January 5 and 6
 Lon Chaney, Mae Busch, and Matt Moore in
 "THE UNHOLY THREE"
 TUESDAY is "Merchant's Night"
 Featuring Evans Brown in
 Musical Entertainment

WE PRINT BUTTER WRAPPERS

Is It For Sale!

IF SO—A Classified Advertisement in The Beaverton Review will separate you from it—QUICK!

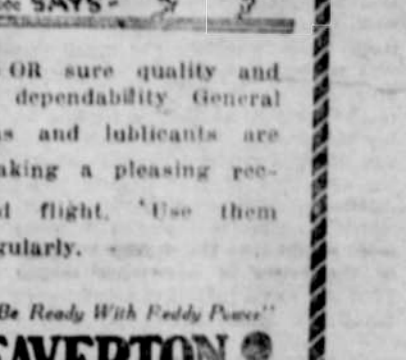
Thursday, Friday and Saturday

January 7, 8, 9

BIG SPECIAL WESTERNS

Our Phone—0505

Beaver Social Club, O. E. S., will give a dance in Huber Saturday evening, January 9th. A good time is assured everyone. Adv e 5



BEAVER SOCIAL CLUB
 O. E. S., will give a dance in Huber Saturday evening, January 9th. A good time is assured everyone. Adv e 5

BEAVER SOCIAL CLUB
 O. E. S., will give a dance in Huber Saturday evening, January 9th. A good time is assured everyone. Adv e 5

BEAVER SOCIAL CLUB
 O. E. S., will give a dance in Huber Saturday evening, January 9th. A good time is assured everyone. Adv e 5

BEAVER SOCIAL CLUB
 O. E. S., will give a dance in Huber Saturday evening, January 9th. A good time is assured everyone. Adv e 5

BEAVER SOCIAL CLUB
 O. E. S., will give a dance in Huber Saturday evening, January 9th. A good time is assured everyone. Adv e 5

BEAVER SOCIAL CLUB
 O. E. S., will give a dance in Huber Saturday evening, January 9th. A good time is assured everyone. Adv e 5