

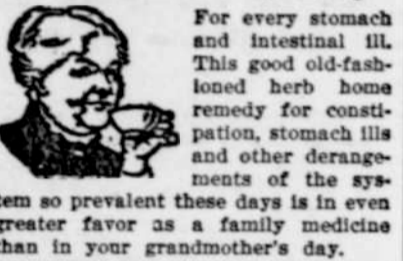
John's Mother Praises Doctor



There isn't a moth or living who won't agree that no half-sick child should be the subject for an experiment with medicines of uncertain merit. When your child is bilious, head-achy, half-sick, fretful, restless, with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy, you know that nine times out of ten it's a sign his little stomach and bowels need purging. And when you know that for over fifty years leading physicians have endorsed one preparation for this condition, there doesn't seem to be any reason for "trying" things. Rich, fruity California Fig Syrup clears the little stomach and bowels gently, harmlessly and in a hurry. It regulates the bowels, gives tone and strength to them and to the stomach; and helps to give your child new strength, energy and vitality. Thousands of Western mothers praise it. Mrs. Joseph W. Hill, 4906 Bedford Ave., Omaha, Nebraska, says: "I'll never forget the doctor who got me to give my baby boy, John, California Fig Syrup. Nothing else seemed to help his weak bowels. That was when he was just a baby. He suffered a good deal before I gave him Fig Syrup, but it stopped his trouble quick. I have used it with him for colds and little upsets ever since. I consider him a Fig Syrup boy." Insist on the genuine article. See that the carton bears the word "California." Over four million bottles used a year.

Largest "Rabbit Farm" The Hillcrest rabbitry, at Alta Loma, Calif., is the largest in the United States. This farm contains 90 acres, with 26 rabbit sheds, each housing 2,500 rabbits. These sheds are 226 feet long by 26 feet wide.

Garfield Tea Was Your Grandmother's Remedy



For every stomach and intestinal ailment, this good old-fashioned herb medicine is the remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system. These days it is even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day. Tide and Untied The young man and young woman occupying the rear seat of the bus were obviously returning from a trip to Indianapolis. Oblivious to the slouching figure in the corner they chattered on. When the driver switched off the inside lights of the bus they were attracted to the appearance of the moon. "Oh look, what a perfectly beautiful moon," she, hisped. "Yes, isn't it?" her companion agreed. "And, by the way, they say the moon affects the tide." The figure in the corner stirred uneasily. "And also the untied," it growled.—Indianapolis News.

The Reason Banker—No, I've not been inside a theater for the last 15 years. Actor—Ah! Then you're one of the reasons why I haven't been inside a bank for the last 15 years.—London Humorist.

Girls no longer amuse themselves by trying on each other's hats; the hats are too much alike.

Record Gain in Butter Profits

Dairymen Who Use "Dandelion Butter Color" Say It's the Best Investment of All.

The biggest creameries in the country, who are most careful to cater to the whims of the public, are earning record profits by keeping their butter that appetizing June color everyone likes. Ninety per cent of them are doing it with "Dandelion Butter Color." It's the most economical and satisfactory butter color made. Half a teaspoonful colors a gallon of cream! It doesn't color the buttermilk. It's purely vegetable and tasteless. Approved by all State and National Food Laws. Large bottles, only 35¢ at all drug and grocery stores or write Wells and Richardson Co., Inc., Burlington, Vt., for a FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE.

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HATE

BY ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

preached in every Federalist news paper. Descending the stairs, very mournfully, they encountered Mrs. Rhodes, waiting outside the parlor door, a triumphant smile on her angular features.

"That wore just this," she announced, extending a single sheet of newspaper. "In the lady's bodice." Fellowes accepted the sheet from her, and carried it to the open front door to examine, Sopher peering over his shoulder. The letter-draft was unaddressed, unsealed and unfranked. On the inner side was written:

Dearest Cara: If we are denied a word alone, I would prefer to substitute for the plea I would like to offer with my lips. The plea has been in my heart since we met first at the Rothays in London. Will you marry me? I have little to offer, save a fond heart, and I see no chance of coming off the sea short of a General Peace, and God knows when that will be, if ever. But there you are. Prizes be kind, and send me Hope of the future. Whether you do, or don't, I subscribe myself with all good wishes, Yr obt. hble sv. James Collishawe.

Bewildered, reluctantly abashed, Fellowes was yet entirely skeptical. "I'll not believe it," he cried. "It's a blind! Can't you see that? They are clever, abominably clever." "I grant you, Lion," returned Sopher, "but 'tis the one piece of evi-

CHAPTER VII—Continued

A sneeze from Miss Inglepin—under whose nose the duenna was burning feathers—attracted Sopher's attention to the couch. "I trust the lady is unharmed?" he asked, with a suspicious glance at Fellowes' companions.

"She fainted. An excess of—shall we say contrition, Mr. Inglepin?" "An excess of abominable misusage," flared her father. "What woman wouldn't faint after such a night! A pitched battle outside her windows—a mangled body before her eyes—naked men forcing themselves into her presence!"

"You overlook a period of captivity in the hands of her country's enemies," remarked Fellowes. "And I must add still another to your list of outrages. 'Twill be necessary to search her, as I have said."

"You'd miss no chance to humiliate her," returned Inglepin. "Tis to be expected, sir." Yet, for all his bluster, Fellowes detected in the merchant's bearing an aspect of relief. Chater, too, resumed his position by the mantel piece, a leer of derision in his greenish eyes. Could it be that they had no documentary evidence to conceal and accepted the threat of search as admission his case against them would collapse without it? His lips tightened; his voice hardened.

"Send a man for Mrs. Rhodes, Nimrod." "She's outside. She came up from the village when she heard some of the men were hurt." "Have her in. I want her to search these women." Sopher flung up a window. "Corporal Eches! Ask Mrs. Rhodes to be good enough to step in side."

"A regular party," she commented. "Wash, squire, see a lost ser shirt. 'Must have had a real battle by all accounts. What's wrong with the gal, thar?" "She'll be all right," Fellowes answered. "I want you to search her. Mrs. Rhodes. The Portuguese woman, too."

Mrs. Rhodes planted herself in front of the sofa, arms akimbo. "And what do I search 'em for?" she demanded. "Papers. Anything, except the clothes they wear—and make certain no documents are concealed in seams or pockets."

"Leave 'em to me," the widow returned briskly. "And clear out all these menfolks." As Fellowes herded captives into the hall, she was all ready at her task, closing the doors that connected with the dining-room, her lips moving in prayer. Sopher dropped back beside Fel- lowes, a worried look in the lawyer's horsey face.

"I'm not entirely positive as to the legality of these measures, Lion," he remarked confidentially. "If we find nothing—" "Man, I saw Miss Inglepin coming out of British headquarters in Lisbon with Lord Wellington—talking treason. If words mean anything, I saw her exchanging documents with Collishawe in Chater's cabin and was I cramped by Collishawe simply because he needed another hand? Use your wits, Nimrod!"

"Tis my wits tell me we must have documentary proof of all that," the lawyer retorted doggedly. "But argument will carry us no whither. Do you search Inglepin, and I will take 'chater'."

Their prisoners submitted with an ill grace, but, however, in no wise disturbed seriously—which wasn't odd, for nothing of moment was found on either of them. A search of the house produced a quantity of correspondence, and a map of the country showing the rough division of political sentiment; but not a line of mat- ter more offensive than was openly

STORY FROM THE START

Capt. Lion Fellowes' American merchant ship is sunk by a British frigate off Portugal in the War of 1812. Fellowes' life is saved by an English-speaking girl, who conceals his identity. Fellowes goes to Lisbon where he meets an acquaintance, Capt. Chater, of the American ship True Bounty, who offers him a berth as a mate, but knowing Chater is disloyal in trading with the enemy, he refuses. He meets the girl who saved his life, Cara Inglepin, daughter of the owner of True Bounty. She is bound for home and induces Fellowes to sail as mate. He is in love with her. The vessel is stopped by the British frigate, Badger, Captain Collishawe. Fellowes is taken aboard the Badger as a "pressed" man. Maddened at what he believes is Cara's and Chater's treachery he strikes Collishawe, who orders him a hundred lashes with the "cat." Fellowes' hatred of the three becomes an obsession. Off New York Fellowes escapes from the Badger. In a fight between the militia and British sailors Collishawe escapes. At Chater's home Fellowes finds her father and Chater. Fellowes scoffs at the girl's denial of conniving at his kidnapping.

Names of Cloud Formations

The idea of giving names to various kinds of cloud formation was first attempted in the early part of the Nineteenth century by a man named Lamark, but his terms were not well chosen. A simpler form was devised about 1837 by Luke Howard which seemed to answer the purpose and was generally accepted. Howard classified clouds according to their appearance, recognizing three primary types—cirrus, cumulus and stratus—and four derivative, or compound forms—cirro-cumulus, cirro-stratus, cumulo-stratus and cumulo-cirro-stratus, or nimbus. Thus, he defined seven varieties.

"I dunno 'bout what other folks'll believe, but I can tell ye right now Nimrod Sopher, Miss ain't happy over what she's done—or ain't done. She didn't want me to take that letter, not one bit." "Ah! I think I'll return it to her," Fellowes said, and walked down the hall to the parlor door. "Come in," Cara Inglepin answered his knock.

"She was sitting on the sofa as when he first seen her, drinking a glass of wine. The duenna was beside her, dumbly protective. Her father and Chater, talking restrainedly in a far corner, met Fellowes with frankly hostile glances.

"Is it necessary for you to annoy us further, sir?" demanded Inglepin. Fellowes ignored the question. "I regret we felt obliged to take this from you, ma'am." He placed the letter in the listless hand she put out for it. "You have my apologies for the intrusion. I am confident Captain Collishawe is too honorable a man to have intended it should be used to cover a political intrigue."

The startled look she gave him was his reward. "Your confidence does you honor, sir," she acknowledged gratefully. "And, oh, Captain Fellowes—" "Don't ye talk to him, Miss Cara," Chater interrupted. "I'll thank ye to get out o' my house, and stay out. Fellowes, ye ain't got no excuse for bidin' a minute. I'll have the law on ye, if ye bother me ag'in."

"Try the law, you fool," Fellowes retorted contemptuously. "I'm done with it." Passing out the parlor door he heard Cara Inglepin catch her breath, and understood she was shocked anew at the spectacle of his scarred back. But he was puzzled that this sign of remorse should inspire him with pity rather than exultation. He resolved to root out all pity from his heart, lest it undermine the strength of his hatred.

Fellowes awakened slowly, conscious of an unaccustomed sense of luxury. Sunshine was warm in his face, soft linen caressed his body. It was very different from the berth-deck of the Badger. He was in his own room at the Manor. A suit of clothes hung on a chair, all brushed and neat. Towels were draped on a rack. Evidently, some one had been busy putting a disused house in order while he slept. He turned who that some one was when the Widow Rhodes' voice drifted in to him through a door that stood ajar.

"Come right in, Nimrod. If he ain't up yet, it's time he was rix. A man can't more'n sleep the clock 'round in comfort."

Fellowes slid out of bed, chuckling, languidly satisfied. The world seemed good after twenty-four hours' rest. And he was home. He stroiled to the window, and the world turned gloomy in a moment. Beyond the maples, and the creek fields and the creek itself, he saw the lane winding from Chater's house to the South Country road and rolling along in a shower of dust a cumbersome post-chaise. While he watched, it turned around a corner and vanished under the thick leafage of the trees lining the main road.

His face was so grim that when Sopher entered the room the lawyer nodded understandingly. "Good morning, Lion, good morning, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed with a patient effort at cheerfulness. "You are the better for a proper sleep, I see. And watching our—ah—snip-onists departure. Returning to the city, I believe. Let us hope a thought cheered by their experience."

"You may hope it," snapped Fellowes, beginning to dress. "I don't. They are on their way to do whatever they arranged with Collishawe."

"Oh, my dear Lion! You are unreasonably. We have no evidence—" "We have plenty of evidence. What we require is a method of exploiting it. I think Joshua Inglepin is the man for my purpose. If he is, and sees it, we'll lay the story before the federal authorities—and the governor is Jeff Biggie still in the village?"

"Yes, he waited on the possibility you might wish his services."

"Send word to the General Arm strong we'll drive west in an hour. Have you any money for me? Enough to buy a ship?" Mrs. Rhodes, listening to her de- bate, struck in swiftly:

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Resent Employment of "English" for "British"

The extreme sensitiveness of the Scotch and Welsh about the use of the word "English" as a general adjective for the inhabitants of this island is well known, writes the London correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle. Speakers in the house of commons are continually being heckled on the subject. They must say (at least so the members from north of the Irish) "British," and not "English." This has led to many points that the word "English" or "Englishman" can hope for a good reception anywhere in the world except in Westminster.

So sensitive are the Scots generally at being left out in this way that there is a story that once, during the World War, some Scottish soldiers who broke into the Hindenburg line were indignant to find the notice "Scott Strafe England" posted in an abandoned dugout. They immediately crossed out the last word and substituted "Britain."

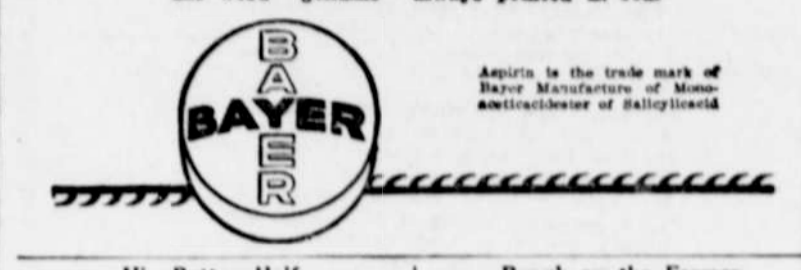
High Schools' Beginning The term high school came into use between 1820 and 1850, when in place of or by the side of schools called academies, which were maintained by endowment or at private expense, schools of a corresponding grade were established at public expense. Such institutions were variously designated at first. In Philadelphia the central high school yet retains its original name. The term high school came in to use in Boston when in 1821 English high school was established as complementary to the Latin school. During the period of Horace Mann's secretaryship of the Massachusetts board of education (1837-48) a system of high schools was instituted. This example was followed by other educational leaders. From the middle of the Nineteenth century the movement in the establishment of high schools became general.

Peculiar Mill Stones Before England became an industrial country, and when the villages were self-supporting, mill stones were used by the villagers to grind their corn. A remarkable feature of the stones was that the surface of the lower stone was carved with a fixed harp pattern of hollows and ridges, disposed in a certain direction between the axle and the periphery of the stone, so as to obtain uniformity of grinding and regulate the flow of flour to the edge.—Detroit News.

Spilling the Salt Salt is the ancient symbol of friend- ship. Hence the belief that it is un- lucky to spill it in a friend's house.



The Mark of Genuine Aspirin.. BAYER ASPIRIN is like an old friend, tried and true. There can never be a satisfactory substitute for either one. Bayer Aspirin is genuine. It is the accepted antidote for pain. Its relief may always be relied on, whether used for the occasional headache, to head-off a cold, or for the more serious aches and pains from neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism or other ailments. It's easy to identify Bayer Aspirin by the Bayer Cross on every tablet, by the name Bayer on the box and the word "genuine" always printed in red.



His Better Half The bishop of Coventry, England, addressing a diocesan conference, is reported to have thus defined the "ideal clergyman." He should be young and married to a wife with an attractive personality and, preferably, a private income, and she should be "a real leader in all parochial work," where her husband is rector, she should be director, as it were.

When a man loses faith in humanity he hits himself a solar-plexus blow. Nothing so effectually cures a man of the flattery habit as marriage.

Rough on the Farmer Topkin—Recently a biplane was used to pull a plow. Popkin—And I know what the farmer said: "By heck, I never took jumps a rod long since I tried to hold in that brindle calf."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Making It Clear Ambulance Surgeon—"Are you married?" Victim—"No; that was an automobile that hit me."—Detroit News.

The little job of being square with yourself and not being afraid to look yourself in the eye covers a lot of territory.—American Magazine.

For any BABY

We can never be sure just what makes an infant restless, but the remedy can always be the same. Good old Castoria! There's comfort in every drop of this pure vegetable preparation, and not the slightest harm in its frequent use. As often as Baby has a fretful spell, is feverish, or cries and can't sleep, let Castoria soothe and quiet him. Sometimes it's a touch of colic. Sometimes constipation. Or diarrhea—a condition that should always be checked without delay. Just keep Castoria handy, and give it promptly. Relief will follow.

Doesn't Sound True Life is full of pleasant surprises. Just when you think your luck has vanished forever, you put a cent in a slot machine and get two pieces of gum.—Farm and Fireside.

So It Seems Ida—Fashions may come and fashions may go, but there's always a demand for cosmetics. June—Yes. Women can't go without.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Girl Fights Big Handicap

MANY a girl would give up in despair when she found herself snubbed in school and unpopular in college, but not so Mrs. Norma Kussel Jones of 1567 Cramer Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"When I was seventeen I went away to college," says Mrs. Jones. "Freda, my room-mate, was a very popular girl. Soon she asked to have her room changed. It seems I kept her awake at night, I slept so restlessly. No one knows how I suffered."

"One day one of my teachers found me sobbing. 'Why,' she said, 'sometimes sluggish circulation causes restless sleep. Why don't you try Nujol!'"

"In two weeks Nujol had begun clearing out the poisons in my body, my skin had a clear healthy appearance, and everything looked brighter. 'What have you been doing to yourself?' asked my room-mate. 'You are a different girl!' The days and years that followed were filled with every activity and not long ago Freda was maid of honor at my wedding. That's what Nujol did for me!"

Such a simple way to health and happiness! Your doctor will tell you that Nujol contains no medicines or drugs—it is simply bodily lubrication—harmless, normal, and it works easily so you will be regular as clock-work. You can get a bottle in a sealed package at any drug store for what you would pay for two or three sodas. Get a bottle today and try it. If you are like most other people Nujol will make you brighter, happier, more able to succeed. Don't put off good health! Start being well this easy way, this very day.

Highest in Alleghenies The highest point in the Alleghenies is Mount Mitchell, N. C. It has an elevation of 6,711 feet.

Looking to the Future Wife—"If you ever got tired of me, I'd take poison!" Husband—"That's handy to know. Praise publicly wherever it is deserved. There is plenty of occasion for it."

