

This Mother Had Problem



As a rule, milk is about the best food for children, but there are times when they are much better off without it. It should always be left off when children show by feverish, fretful or cross spells, by bad breath, coated tongue, swollen skin, indigestion, biliousness, etc., that their stomach and bowels are out of order.

In cases like this, California Fig Syrup never fails to work wonders, by the quick and gentle way it removes all the souring waste which is causing the trouble, regulates the stomach and bowels and gives these organs tone and strength so they continue to act normally of their own accord.

Millions of mothers have proved its merit and reliability in over 50 years of steadily increasing use. A Western mother, Mrs. May Snively, Montrose, California, says: "My little girl, Edna's, tendency to constipation was a problem to me until I began giving her California Fig Syrup. It helped her right away and soon her stomach and bowels were acting perfectly. Since then I've never had to have any advice about her bowels. I have also used California Fig Syrup with my little boy, with equal success."

To be sure of getting the genuine, which physicians endorse, always ask for California Fig Syrup by the full name.

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Was Your Grandmother's Remedy. For every stomach and intestinal ailment, this good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

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A million pounds of chicken feed is used every year on a poultry farm near Los Angeles, one of the largest in the world. Three hundred thousand laying hens produce almost \$5,000 worth of eggs a day.—Popular Science Monthly.

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KOENIG'S NERVINE

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the safe easy way before worse troubles follow. Take HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR. The tried home remedy for breaking up colds, relieving throat troubles, healing and soothing—quick relief for coughing and hoarseness.

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HATE

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STORY FROM THE START

Capt. Lion Follows' American merchant ship is sunk by a British submarine in the War of 1912. Follows' life is saved by an English-speaking girl, who conceals her identity. Follows 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 his offer. He secures a pilot in his life, Cara Inglepin, daughter of the owner of True Bounty. She is bound for home and induces Follows to sail as mate. He is in love with Cara. The vessel is stopped by the British frigate, Badger. Captain Collishaw, Follows is taken aboard the Badger as a "pressed" man. Maddened at what he believes is Cara's and Chater's treachery he strikes Collishaw, who orders him a hundred lashes with the "cat." Follows' hatred of the three becomes an obsession. On New York Follows escapes from the Badger. He is captured by a militia in a fight between the militia and British sailors Collishaw escapes. At Chater's home Follows meets his father and Chater. Follows scoffs at the girl's denial of connivance at his kidnaping. No incriminating papers are found. The English party leaves for New York.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"And carry on the maintenance of the estate? I fear not, Lion, I fear not. Business is siothful." "Humph! Then I'll have you look over our titles. See which lands could be disposed of most readily." "Sell the Manor fields? Sopher was overwhelmed. "Why, my dear Lion! Not an acre has gone since—but this is absurd. Do listen to reason!" "There isn't any reason in the situation," Follows replied, between strokes of the razor. "I must have a ship, Nimrod, and that means I must have money. Unless I can come to some terms with Joshua Inglepin. His lean, bronzed features were contorted in a scowl. "He hates his brother—as I do. I should think two men who hate the same person would make excellent partners."

"I must deplore the bitterness of your spirit," protested the lawyer. "Hatred is the cause of infinite suffering and misery." "You have the cart before the horse," rapped Follows. "Misery and suffering inspire hate. No, you needn't argue. I appreciate your motives but my mind is fast." Sopher looked uncomfortable. "At the least," he said hesitantly, "allow me to offer my services as counselor and advisor. I should be delighted to accompany you to the city, and—ah—examine any measures suggested in the light of practical and consistent lawfulness."

"No, it won't do," denied Follows. And smiled at the lawyer's chagrin. "This isn't an occasion for legal niceties." "Dear me, Lion, you are most obstinate," sighed Sopher. "And do I understand it's your purpose to put to sea as a privateersman?" "Yes." "I shall go with you! I shall accompany you—as—marine officer. My military services will have equipped me for the duties, and I am sure a number of my corps will enlist with their captain." Follows' smile became a laugh, at most carefree and hearty. "You shall come, Nimrod," he promised, "and all the Fenellics will can raise. You shall see sample Mrs. Rhodes cooking? 'Twill taste more than good to me, after two years of salt horse." The widow received them at the foot of the stairs. "Perked up a mite, ain't ye, squire?" she remarked. "That's nothin' I can master sleep for a 'red man I say and after sleep ye want food."

She led the way into the dining room, where Tom and Cuffee—Tom distinctly sheepish—were cleaning the floor and polishing furniture. "Now, then, Tom," she admonished, "we'll do with the sweepin' a while. Cuffee, ye can come outside with me, and fetch in the pliers. I'll make a good waiter of ye, yet. After we get the squire settled, ye two can help out at the General Armstrong. I alius wanted a pair of husky men folks 'round the place. Now that I need 'em, specially; but it makes ye feel pert best to have me like 'round. And Tom, that, he's cut out for the heavy work. A honest, well-meanin' man, Tom is. She gave him a pat, under which he wiggled ecstatically. "Wantin' a leetle trainin' to be sure, but he'll come on. A couple of months, and he'll earn his keep. I wouldn't wonder."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Rhodes," Follows answered when he could squeeze a word in, "but we are starting for New York as soon as Jeff Riggle can come for us." She halted in the kitchen door, arms akimbo. "Now Yawk, hey? After that Miss Inglepin, I'll be bound." "After her and her father—and Chater," Follows corrected stiffly. "Humph!" The widow eyed him shrewdly. "Ain't got much use for her, I take it." He said nothing. "Oh, well, ye ain't the fust man I ever calculated. Humph! Mebbe I better keep my mouth shut. I'm all upset here. I figured ye'd want the Manor open, and I then and sweep and cleanest and brushed and polished till my body's crackin'. And ye tell me ye'll shut the place in an hour!" Follows crossed the room, and took one of her red, oil-stained hands in his. "Thank you," he said. "It was like you to think of me. And I'll come back again—with Tom and Cuffee—some day."

Mrs. Rhodes blinked her eyes

sharply. There was a suspicion of a trickle in each corner.

"Some day! That's what men alius say. They come and ye get ye self used to that dirty ways—and they and leave ye, keevies as a cat huntin' a new hearth. But they'll come back—some day, says they. Humph! Well, all I can tell ye, Squire Follows, is, ye'll be happier when ye stop sailin' 'round killin' folks, and gettin' yerself beat, and I don't know what else—runnin' after gals ye hate, too. That's the queerest tune I ever hopped to. If ye'd made yer mind up to settle down, all nice and proper, and farm yer land, and raise a family—ye'd be better off. I'll send Riggle up to you. Miranda is—ah—in a beligerent mood, I judge."

Tom Grugan wagged his head as the lawyer left the room. The sailor was sitting, rather uncomfortably, upon one of the spindly-legged mahogany chairs Follows' mother had fetched home from England. "I dunno what belligerent is," he said, "less it's kin to gabby; but



"When Will He Return?"

whatever 'is, messmate, did ye ever see the woman could talk as fast and do as much?" "She's a fine woman, Tom," smiled Follows. "And she seems to be fond of you." "Fond of me, hey? She's fond o' workin' me." "Well, you won't see her after today." "And blowed if I don't feel sorry for it," growled Tom. "I like the way she swings a rope's end over me." He jumped up quickly as the kitchen door swung in, and Mrs. Rhodes' instructions floated through. "but if ye ain't got time for no more, Cuffee, the two of ye can wash up them dishes, and fold up all the furnitry covers, and lay the drapery on the carpet ag'in in that bedroom, and—" "Sink me, what a bosun she'd make," Tom whispered awesomely.

CHAPTER VIII

Joshua Inglepin Jeff Riggle pulled his team to a halt, with a mild: "Whoo-oo, that!" brandishing his whip in either direction along the crest of the low hills overlooking Brooklyn. As far as could be seen, the countryside was dotted with work-gangs, laboring at the fortifications, which made ugly scars upon the green of fields and orchards. "Now that air's a slight fog come miles to see," he observed. "All the way from Gowanus creek to Wallabout bay. We ain't ag'in' to be ketches like we were in '78, squire. Look to them ships!" The whip indicated the close-packed anchorages in the East river and off Governors' Bedloe's, and Ellis islands, hundreds of sail of all dimensions, most of them with their topmasts hoisted, and tar-barrels capping their mastsheads. "Madison's nightcaps" folks call them bars," said Jeff. "Shippin's dead. Tain't even safe to sail the sound east of New London—and that's why been picked up this side of New Haven. Coastin'! That ain't a coast er put to sea in months, since the blockade was tightened. If twasn't

Phoenician Dental Art Preserved in the Louvre

The first false teeth, as far as known today, were worn by a woman of Sidon in Phoenicia about 300 B. C., according to Dr. Roy L. Mouldie, of Santa Monica, Calif. The Phoenician woman's jaw, with the false teeth is now preserved in the Louvre, in Paris. The two right incisors are represented by artificial teeth, held in place and bound to each other by gold wire. The wire has been drawn through careful perforations in the artificial teeth. Although the Egyptians pioneered in treatment of many diseased conditions of the body, this sort of dental replacement apparently was never devised by Egyptian physicians. Thousands of mummies, representing 7,000 years of life in Egypt, have been examined, but no clear evidence of such regular work has ever been found. It appears that we not only owe our alphabet and numerous geographic discoveries to the restless, inquiring minds of the Phoenicians, Doctor Mouldie points out, but also we are indebted to them for this entrance into prosthetics, which is a particularly valuable field of dentistry.

Odd English Bird

Pied wagtails are attractive birds, with bold, swinging flight, says Nature Magazine. Their call is something like their relatives, the pipits, as they fly, then alighting beside a stream or stagnant pool to feed while constantly wagging their long tails. These pied wagtails of England are clad in contrasting black and white; the white wagtails, more common on the continent, are gray and white.

for privateers' and then d-d licensed traders, that wouldn't be no clearances at all. I ain't holdin' with Charter none, but ye can't argify past the point the country wasn't fixed to take on the Brits. No, squire, not by a huffull! Privateers! The auction markets are full o' capture cargoes, and ye couldn't throw a stone in the river, and not hit a privateer, but that's a many privateers got took, themselves, and our ships that put to sea to trade stand seven chances into ten o' losin'. So what does it get us, eh? That's what I crave to know."

Follows hadn't devised a solution of Jeff's problem by the time the coach dropped them at the ferry-landing. It was a sorry fix for the country to be in, only half-interested in the struggle, and that half, as he knew, mainly concentrated in the southern and frontier states, which had no conception of the government's need of a navy, and were inclined to be jealous of the wealth shipping had brought to the seaboard cities of the north. But perhaps, if men like himself, who had either a sense of conviction or of wrong, fought desperately, determinedly for long enough, the sullen apathy of the shipping interests could be neutralized, and the southerners and backwoodsmen might learn the potentialities the sea held for America. They'd all come to hate the same object. Hate sufficiently and you could conquer anyone, any difficulty. A lesson he'd learned by bitter experience, and must teach others.

He landed at the foot of Whitehall street as grim of countenance as though he tried to meet Collishaw, Tom and Cuffee, and trod close at his heels, bewildered by the throngs of people and the racket of voices and cartwheels grinding on the cobble. In front of the Washington hotel, at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, Follows halted his charges. "I am going on to see Mr. Joshua Inglepin," he said. "Do you two wait in the taproom here. And Cuffee, see to it that Tom doesn't get drunk."

"Yah, Mars' Follows?" "Relyin' on an ign'rant nigger," fumed Tom. "Tain't fair, messmate. How'd ye know I was squarin' my sails to get three sheets in the wind?" Follows turned into Pearl street, crossed Hanover square and so came to Front street, which he traversed as far as a large, double brick warehouse. Once upon a time, its facade had been glorified by a double door, exactly in the center, but this had been bricked up, so many years ago that the new bricks had faded almost to the hue of the surrounding wall. In place of the large door, two single ones had been placed under either gable. Over the nearer one hung the sign:

BENJAMIN INGLEPIN, Exporter and Importer; Farther sign read: JOSHUA INGLEPIN, Exporter and Importer. Sailing to the Baltic, the British Isles, Southern Europe and the Indies.

Follows entered the farther door. A gray-haired clerk stood at a high stool, and advanced to meet him, timorously. "I am looking for Mr. Inglepin," said Follows. "Mr. Inglepin is out, sir. At the Tontine." "When will he return?" "Ah, sir, not until after three, when the board meets. But if you went around to Wall street now you might find him at leisure. 'Tis the hour of 'high Change,' sir, and all the gentlemen should be taking their noon tea."

Follows thanked the old man, and went out into Front street, turning the corner into Wall, where the Tontine coffee house rose above the curbing this side of Water. Threading the groups, still arguing and discussing the trading projects of the morning, he had as little difficulty identifying Joshua Inglepin as the Inglepin warehouse the hostile brothers had divided in half when they broke up their partnership.

Joshua's stout body was clad as neatly as Benjamin's, but after the Democratic fashion; his long-tailed blue coat was short-waisted, and his nether garments were skin-tight gray pantaloons, terminating in polished half-boots. His gray hair was cut short, and brushed straight back and his ruddy face was set off by a plump nose and peckered cheek. Where Benjamin was sedate, quiet, circumspect, with an elusive eye, Joshua was postive, outspoken, forthright. Follows tapped him on the arm. "I beg your pardon," said the Long Islander. "My name is Lion Follows. Mr. Inglepin is pressed off your brother's ship True Bounty." (TO BE CONTINUED)



Needless Pain!

People are often too patient with pain. Suffering when there is no need to suffer. Shopping with a head that throbs. Working though they ache all over. And Bayer Aspirin would bring immediate relief! The best time to take Bayer Aspirin is the moment you first feel the pain. Why postpone relief until the pain has reached its height? Why hesitate to take anything so harmless? Read the proven directions for checking colds, easing a sore throat; relieving headaches and the pains of neuritis, neuralgia, rheumatism, etc. You can always count on its quick comfort. But if pain is of frequent recurrence see a doctor as to its cause.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Not So Good "Algy says I am his inspiration." "You should be proud of that, girlie." "Well, I don't know. He can't sell his work." Profitable Fad The Customer—I understand your hobby is coin collecting. Have you a large collection? The Writer—Fairly satisfactory, sir. Mostly quarters and halves.

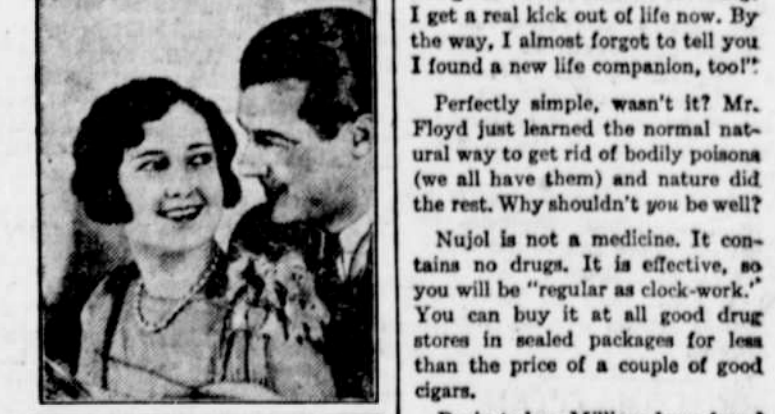
Children CRY for it



It may be the little stomach; it may be the bowels are sluggish. No matter what coats a child's tongue, its a safe and sensible precaution to give a few drops of Castoria. This gentle regulation of the little system soon sets things to rights. A pure vegetable preparation that can't harm a wee infant, but brings quick comfort—even when it is colic, diarrhea, or similar disturbance. And don't forsake Castoria as the child grows older. If you want to raise boys and girls with strong systems that will ward off constipation, stick to good old Castoria; and give nothing stronger when there's any irregularity except on the advice of a doctor. Castoria is sold in every drugstore, and the genuine always bears Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper.

Wins Wife as First Prize!

If you don't think your whole life can be changed by chance, read this. It is the story of a young man who was pretty well down and out, but he figured he might win a prize if he took some advice. "As far back as I can remember I had been a weakling," says Mr. Calvin L. Floyd of Orlando, Florida. "A headache, it seemed, was to be my life companion. I was always dizzy in the mornings. Nothing I ate seemed good for me. Then I attended a health lecture in a sanatorium and the physician talked on 'faulty elimination.' That was certainly my trouble. One of the patients asked him about Nujol. He recommended it highly. I decided to try one bottle to see if there was anything in what he said about natural lubrication for the human body. "Long before I had finished the first bottle my 'companion-headache' was gone. No more tired out feeling. I get a real kick out of life now. By the way, I almost forgot to tell you I found a new life companion, too!"



Perfectly simple, wasn't it? Mr. Floyd just learned the normal natural way to get rid of bodily poisons (we all have them) and nature did the rest. Why shouldn't you be well? Nujol is not a medicine. It contains no drugs. It is effective, so you will be "regular as clock-work." You can buy it at all good drug stores in sealed packages for less than the price of a couple of good cigars.

Begin today. Millions have found that Nujol makes all the difference in the world. Nujol will make you feel fine and you can prove it.

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