

Beaverton Review

Issued Every Friday at Beaverton, Oregon,
THE REVIEW PUBLISHING CO.

FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1931

Entered as second class matter December 9, 1922, at the postoffice at Beaverton, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

J. H. Hulett, Business Manager

"Although it is not generally known, and many municipalities are preparing elaborate preparations for a noisy celebration of July Fourth, it is against the law to sell, give away or explode fire-crackers in the state of Oregon over two and one-half inches in length and five-eighths inch in diameter," says State Fire Marshal A. H. Averill. "Moreover," he stated, "it is unlawful to sell, exchange, barter or give to any child, under the age of fourteen years, any explosive article, device or substance containing more than ten grains of gunpowder. Violation of these statutes carry a penalty of from \$25 to \$50."

Furthermore, under the provisions of section 42-427 of Oregon Code 1930, it is unlawful to throw or explode any firecrackers, or any other lighted material, on any forest land, private road, public highway, or railroad right of way in the state of Oregon during the closed season of any year, May 15 to October 1. Violators of this statute are subject to a penalty of \$75. This legal inhibition, besides its fire preventative intent, will also work to prevent motorists and others on the highways of the state from the annoyance and dangers incident to the indiscriminate discharge of firecrackers and fireworks which have been the cause of many serious accidents. This law also prohibits the throwing of lighted cigars, cigarettes, or matches along the highways during the closed season.

The discovery of the anti-fire-cracker laws, section 14-918, 14-919, 14-920, and 14-921, Oregon Code 1930, which have been in effect since June 15, 1912, will, according to Mr. Averill, afford relief to many cities, towns, and localities of the state which have been making inquiry concerning prohibitory measures of this character. Particularly so in those communities, including Portland, which have stringent anti-fireworks ordinances in effect within their boundaries and which have been powerless, heretofore, to prevent the sale of them immediately without their corporate limits and the carrying of the contraband explosives back into the limits where they are fired in defiance of police regulations.

During recent sessions of the legislature efforts were made to secure enactment of laws regulating the sale and use of fireworks in this state but in every case strong lobbies representing the manufacturers and wholesalers of such commodities, it is said, have succeeded in defeating them. The 1911 statutes have evidently been overlooked and forgotten until the compilation of the 1930 Code brought them to light.

Fire Marshal Averill states that, with the co-operation of the State Police, the forestry service and peace officers of the state, rigid observance of these life and fire safety measures will be enforced, where local regulations do not conflict, and the public is urged to co-operate in the interest of fire safety.

Realized Fully

Advertising—advertising—the modern merchant of today realizes that he can not do without it. The independent merchant must advertise to keep up with the systematic advertising which is done by chain stores. He must advertise to keep up with the systematic advertising which is done by chain stores. He must advertise to keep up with the systematic advertising which is done by chain stores.

The merchant who says that his business does not pay enough to advertise is starting at the end and walking backwards. The excuse of there being no money to spend is weak. Money is being spent and is going into the pockets of those who make themselves acquainted with the people through newspaper advertising.

One of our best recommendations came to us unsolicited the other day when a prominent business man who advertises steadily stated that he realized fully the good done to his business by his advertising, particularly during the past winter. This came to us unsolicited while others whom we are especially interested in because they are advertisers have given recommendations which are worthy of syndication.—Lakeview, Oregon, Lake County Tribune.

KEEP YOUR MONEY HOME

When money is continuously taken away from a community and is not replaced, the community quickly loses its vitality. The only sure way to keep our money at home, building and stimulating our industries, is to trade with the independent merchants who take an active part in your community, investing what they save in the things that make better times for all of us.

The store building at the northeast corner of Third and Oak streets at Hood River is being remodeled.

Cimarron



Copyright by Edna Ferber

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers
W.A.U.
SERVICE

"I can't say for sure. But I suspect they're the boys that did Pegler die."

"Pegler? Who is—oh, isn't that the man—the editor—the one who was found dead—shot dead on the banks of the—Yancey? Do you mean they did it?"

"I don't say they did it—exactly. They know more than I do. I was inquiring around last night, and everybody shut up like a clam. I'm going to find out who killed Pegler and print it in the first number of the Oklahoma Wigwag."

"Oh, Yancey! Yancey, I'm frightened!" She clung tighter to his arm. The grinning misanthropic faces of the men on the saloon porch seemed to her like the fanged and snarling muzzles of wolves in a pack.

"Nothing to be frightened of, honey. They know me. I'm no Pegler they can scare. They don't like my white hat, that's the truth of it. Dared me last night down at the Sunny Southwest saloon to wear it this morning. Just to try me out. They won't have the guts to come out in the open."

The sentence never was finished. Sabra heard a curious buzzing sound past her ear. Something sang—zing! Yancey's white sombrero went spinning into the dust of the road.

Sabra's mouth opened as though she were screaming, but the sounds she would have made emerged, feebly, as a croak.

"Stay where you are," Yancey ordered, his voice low and even. "The dirty dogs." She stood transfixed. She could not have run if she had wanted to. Yancey strolled leisurely over to where the white hat lay in the dust. He stooped carefully, his back to the crowd on the saloon porch, picked up the hat, surveyed it, and reached toward his pocket for his handkerchief. At that movement there was a rush and a scramble on the porch. Tilted chairs leaped forward, heels clattered, a door slammed. Of the group only three men remained. One of these leaned insolently against a porch post, a second stood warily behind him, and a third was edging prudently toward the closed door.

There was nothing to indicate who had fired the shot that had sent Yancey's hat spinning.

Yancey, now half turned toward them, had taken his fine white handkerchief from his pocket, had shaken out its ample folds with a gesture of elegant leisure and, hat in hand, was flicking the dust from his forehead. This done he surveyed the hat critically, seemed to find it little the worse for its experience unless, perhaps, one excepts the two neat round holes that were drilled, back and front, through the peak of its crown. He now placed it on his head again with a gesture almost languid, tossed the fine handkerchief into the road, and with almost the same gesture, or with another so lightning quick that Sabra's eye never followed it, his hand went to his hip. There was the crack of a shot. The

man who was edging toward the door clapped his hand to his ear and looked at it, and it was darkly smeared. Yancey still stood in the road, his hand at his thigh, one slim foot, in its fine high-heeled Texas star boot, advanced carelessly. His great head was lowered menacingly. His eyes,

steel gray beneath the brim of the white sombrero, looked as Sabra had never seen them look. They were terrible eyes, merciless, cold, hypnotic.

"A three-cornered piece, you'll find it, Lon. The Cravat sheep brand." "Can't you take a joke, Yancey?" whined one of the three, his eyes on Yancey's gun hand.

"Joke—h—!" snarled the man who had been nicked. His hand was clapped over his ear. "God help you, Cravat."

"He always has," replied Yancey, pliously.

"If your misadventure wasn't with you—!" began the man whom Yancey had called Lon. Perhaps the rough joke would have ended grimly enough. But here, suddenly, Sabra herself took a hand in the proceedings. Her fright had vanished. These were no longer men, evil, sinister, to be feared, but mean little boys to be put in their place. She now advanced on them in the majesty of her plumes and her silk, her fine eyes flashing, her gloved forefinger admonishing them as if they were indeed naughty children. She was every inch the very essence of that iron woman, Felice Venable.

"Don't you 'misadventure' me! You're a lot of miserable, good-for-nothing loafers, that's what you are! Shooting at people in the streets. You leave my husband alone. I declare, I've a notion to—"

For one ridiculous dreadful moment it looked as though she meant to slap the leathery bearded cheek of the bad man known as Lon Yountis. Certainly she raised her little hand in its neat black kid. The eyes of the three were popping. Lon Yountis ducked his head exactly like an archer who is about to be smacked by the schoolmaster. Then, with a yelp of pure terror he fled into the saloon, followed by the other two.

Sabra stood a moment. It really looked as though she might make after them. But she thought better of it and sailed down the steps in triumph to behold a crushed, a despairing Yancey.

"Oh, my G—d, Sabra! What have you done to me!"

"What's the matter?"

"This time tomorrow it'll be all over the whole Southwest, from Mexico to Arkansas, that Yancey Cravat hid behind a woman's petticoats."

"But you didn't. They can't say so. You shot him very nicely in the ear, darling." Thus had a scant eighteen hours in the Oklahoma country twisted her normal viewpoint so askew that she did not even notice the grotesquerie of what she had just said.

"They're telling it now, in there. A woman's got no call to interfere when men are having a little dispute."

"Dispute? Why, Yancey Cravat! He shot your hat right off your head!"

"What of it? Little friendly shooting."

The enormity of this example of masculine chivalry left her temporarily speechless with indignation. "Let's be getting on," Yancey continued, calmly. "If we're going to look at Doc Nisbett's house we'd better look at it. There are only two or three to be had in the whole town, and his is the pick of them. It's central (Central! she thought, looking about her) and according to what he said last night there's a room in the front big enough for getting out the paper. It'll have to be newspaper and law office in one. Then there are four rooms in the back to live in. Plenty."

"Oh, plenty," echoed Sabra, thinking of the nine or ten visiting Venables always comfortably tucked away in the various high-ceilinged bedrooms in the Wichita house.

They resumed their walk. Sabra wondered if she had imagined the shooting outside the Red Dog saloon.

Doc Nisbett (veterinarian) shirt sleeved, shrewd, with generations of New England ancestry behind him, was seated in a chair tipped up against the front of his covered property. In the rush for Territory town sites at the time of the Opening he had managed to lay his gnarled hands on five choice pieces. On these he erected dwellings, tilted his chair up against each in turn, and took his pick of latecomers frantic for some sort of shelter they could call a home.

The dwelling itself looked like one of Cim's childish drawings of a house. The roof was an inverted V; there was a front door, a side door, and a spindling little porch. It was a box, a shelter merely, as angular and un-

steel gray beneath the brim of the white sombrero, looked as Sabra had never seen them look. They were terrible eyes, merciless, cold, hypnotic.

"A three-cornered piece, you'll find it, Lon. The Cravat sheep brand." "Can't you take a joke, Yancey?" whined one of the three, his eyes on Yancey's gun hand.

"Joke—h—!" snarled the man who had been nicked. His hand was clapped over his ear. "God help you, Cravat."

"He always has," replied Yancey, pliously.

"If your misadventure wasn't with you—!" began the man whom Yancey had called Lon. Perhaps the rough joke would have ended grimly enough. But here, suddenly, Sabra herself took a hand in the proceedings. Her fright had vanished. These were no longer men, evil, sinister, to be feared, but mean little boys to be put in their place. She now advanced on them in the majesty of her plumes and her silk, her fine eyes flashing, her gloved forefinger admonishing them as if they were indeed naughty children. She was every inch the very essence of that iron woman, Felice Venable.

"Don't you 'misadventure' me! You're a lot of miserable, good-for-nothing loafers, that's what you are! Shooting at people in the streets. You leave my husband alone. I declare, I've a notion to—"

For one ridiculous dreadful moment it looked as though she meant to slap the leathery bearded cheek of the bad man known as Lon Yountis. Certainly she raised her little hand in its neat black kid. The eyes of the three were popping. Lon Yountis ducked his head exactly like an archer who is about to be smacked by the schoolmaster. Then, with a yelp of pure terror he fled into the saloon, followed by the other two.

Sabra stood a moment. It really looked as though she might make after them. But she thought better of it and sailed down the steps in triumph to behold a crushed, a despairing Yancey.

"Oh, my G—d, Sabra! What have you done to me!"

"What's the matter?"

"This time tomorrow it'll be all over the whole Southwest, from Mexico to Arkansas, that Yancey Cravat hid behind a woman's petticoats."

"But you didn't. They can't say so. You shot him very nicely in the ear, darling." Thus had a scant eighteen hours in the Oklahoma country twisted her normal viewpoint so askew that she did not even notice the grotesquerie of what she had just said.

"They're telling it now, in there. A woman's got no call to interfere when men are having a little dispute."

"Dispute? Why, Yancey Cravat! He shot your hat right off your head!"

"What of it? Little friendly shooting."

The enormity of this example of masculine chivalry left her temporarily speechless with indignation. "Let's be getting on," Yancey continued, calmly. "If we're going to look at Doc Nisbett's house we'd better look at it. There are only two or three to be had in the whole town, and his is the pick of them. It's central (Central! she thought, looking about her) and according to what he said last night there's a room in the front big enough for getting out the paper. It'll have to be newspaper and law office in one. Then there are four rooms in the back to live in. Plenty."

"Oh, plenty," echoed Sabra, thinking of the nine or ten visiting Venables always comfortably tucked away in the various high-ceilinged bedrooms in the Wichita house.

They resumed their walk. Sabra wondered if she had imagined the shooting outside the Red Dog saloon.

Doc Nisbett (veterinarian) shirt sleeved, shrewd, with generations of New England ancestry behind him, was seated in a chair tipped up against the front of his covered property. In the rush for Territory town sites at the time of the Opening he had managed to lay his gnarled hands on five choice pieces. On these he erected dwellings, tilted his chair up against each in turn, and took his pick of latecomers frantic for some sort of shelter they could call a home.

The dwelling itself looked like one of Cim's childish drawings of a house. The roof was an inverted V; there was a front door, a side door, and a spindling little porch. It was a box, a shelter merely, as angular and un-

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

lovely as the man who owned it. Taking her cue from Yancey—"Lovely," murmured Sabra, agonized. "Do very nicely. Perfectly comfortable. I see. I see. I see."

"There you are!" They stood on the porch, the tour completed. Yancey slapped his hands together gaily, as though by so doing he had summoned a genie who had tossed up the house before their very eyes. In the discussion of monthly rents he had been a child in the hands of this lion and grasping New Englander. "There you are! That's all settled." Life struck an attitude. "Survey our empire, and behold our home!"

"Heb, hold on a minute," rasped Doc Nisbett. "How about water?"

"Sabra, honey, you settle these little matters between you—you and the Doc—will you? I've got to run down the street and see Jesse Hickey about putting up the press and setting up the type racks and helping me haul the form tables, and then we've got the furniture to buy for the house. Meet you down the street at Hefner's Furniture store. Ten minutes."

He was off, with a flirt of his coat tails. She would have called, "Yancey! Don't leave me!" but for a pitiful reluctance to show fear before this dour-faced man with the tight lips and the sinister gleam in his eyes.

"Well, now," repeated Doc Nisbett, nasally, "about water."

"Water?"

"How much you going to need? Renting this house depends on how much water you think you going to need. How many barrels?"

Sabra had always taken water for granted, like air and sunshine. It was one of the elements. It was simply there. But since leaving Wichita there was always talk of water. Yancey, on the prairie journey, made it the basis of their camping site.

"Oh, barrels," she now repeated, trying to appear intensely practical.

"Well, let-me-see. There's cooking, of course, and all the cleaning around the house, and drinking, and bathing. I always give Cim his bath in the evening if I can. You wouldn't believe how dirty that child gets by the end of the day. Well, I should think ten barrels a day would be enough."

"Ten barrels," said Doc Nisbett, in a flat voice utterly devoid of expression, "a day."

"I should think that would be ample," Sabra repeated, judiciously.

Doc Nisbett now regarded Sabra with a look of active dislike. Then he did a strange thing. He walked across the little porch, shut the front door, locked it, put the key in his pocket, seated himself in the chair and tilted it up against the wall at exactly the angle at which they had come upon him.

(continued next week)

LOCAL NEWS

At the annual school meeting at the Whitford school, Mr. T. B. Denney was re-elected as director, and Mr. Spriggle, clerk. A special tax was levied which met with but one dissenting vote. On Wednesday several of the men in the district spent the day grading the school grounds and the women served dinner at noon.

Cotton Garb Will Be All the Rage

Swish It Spic-and-Span in a Jiffy



Cotton is "the thing" for spring and summer. The craze began last year; now it's stronger than ever. For social butterflies and for country mice the story is the same, there are clothes of every kind to delight them. Organdy, dotted swiss, voile, pique, crash and gingham are prominent in the new styles. Tweeds are imitated. There are attractive prints. Eyelet and embroidered materials are on the increase, and will be popular for evening dresses.

Keeping these cotton wardrobes immaculate will be easy. Clothes can be swished clean in a jiffy if the porcelain enamel tub of an ABC



You may say goodbye to Spring, and hello to Summer on June 21st. That marks the summer season's official debut, and makes it timely to talk about that alliterative occupation of keeping cool.

The less heat-producing food we eat, the cooler we should keep physically; the less we worry over what to prepare, the cooler we should keep mentally. Calories, of course, produce not only fat, but heat, but we have to have some energy foods to provide the "pep" necessary for going places and doing things; vitamins we must always have with us. All of which brings us to a simple rule for summer eating: cut down on calories, and load up on vitamins!

The head-of-the-class answer on how to accomplish this is contained in a five letter word—fruit! It's popular, it's economical, it's healthful—and it's good!

Each succeeding week brings newcomers to the fruit markets; to supplement these fleeting seasonal joys we have the reliable standbys of citrus and canned fruits, and that year 'round energy fruit, dates, so excellent to "fortify" the delicate salads, desserts and fruit cups, and provide contrast in texture, color and flavor.

In buying your fruits, be sure to keep in close touch with the market, to take advantage of such new "special." Remember that sun ripened fruits are the best. Most fruits may be kept in the ice box, although not directly in contact with the ice. Berries must be kept clean and dry. Dates need not be put in the ice box—they keep as well on the pantry shelf, right in their own container. Be sure to save all the fruit juices for making cold drinks, or combining with salad dressings.

Fruit-Cabbage Sa'd
3 cups shredded cabbage
1 cup fresh pineapple
½ pkg. pasteurized dates
Salad dressing
Lettuce

Soak the cabbage in cold water until crisp. Drain thoroughly. Dice the pineapple, slice the dates, and add to French dressing or mayonnaise. Toss with two forks until well mixed. Serve in a cup of lettuce leaves. Canned pineapple may be used instead of fresh. This mixture may also be served without lettuce as a relish with cold meats. 6 servings.

Three Fruit Cups
No. 1 (Watermelon). Chill 1 (No. 2) can of grapefruit. Pour contents into a bowl. Add 1 cup watermelon cubes and set aside until flavors blend. Serve in tall glasses topped with fresh mint. Serves six.

No. 2 (Cocoanut). Peel 3 oranges, circularly, dice pineapple (fresh or canned) to make 1 cup.

Jellied Ginger-Ale Salad
2 tbsps. gelatine
½ cup cold water
2 cups ginger ale
1 tbsps. lemon juice
2 tbsps. sugar
1 cup dates, sliced
1 orange, sliced
1 apple, diced
½ cup cherries
1 cup whipped cream

Soak gelatine in water. Dissolve over hot water. Remove from fire, add to lemon juice, ginger ale and sugar. When it begins to stiffen, pour over the fruit, arranged in layers in individual molds. Serve with whipped cream. Serves eight.

Dixie Peaches
¾ cup shredded cocoanut
6 peach halves
¼ cup jam
½ cup cream, whipped
Line 6 glass sherbet dishes with shredded cocoanut or cocoanut frostettes. Place a halved peach (canned or fresh) on the cocoanut with cut side up. Cover with peach syrup or sweetened fruit juice. Fill cavity in peach with family's favorite jam. Cover with whipped cream and top with a bit of jam, as a promise of more beneath. 6 servings. These may also be served on rounds of sponge cake.

Things that are sour or tart seem to taste better in hot weather than at any other time. Stock up with several kinds of pickles and your emergency shelf will be prepared to furnish garnishes and relishes.

Don't forget that rere may be used in dozens of ways to make those unusual or surprise dishes that are so popular with summer guests.

Serve plenty of cooling fruit drinks at this season of the year. The minerals and salts of the fruit are valuable and the sugar used to sweeten, is a quick-energy fuel food that furnishes pep for peppy days.

Meats and Groceries
Holboke Bros.

Flower & Cabbage Plants
Baby Chick Food of all Kinds
CHAS. BERTHOLD
PHONE BEAVERTON 3603 Residence Phone, 3602

BEAVER THEATRE
Friday, Saturday, Sunday
June 19, 20, and 21
SWEETHEARTS
The first ten engaged couples to come to the Beaver Theatre Friday night, June 19, will be admitted FREE!

CONSTANCE BENNETT
BORN TO LOVE

with **JOEL MCCREA**
Directed by **PAUL L. STEIN**
An RKO PATHE feature

Too Literal

HERE! QUIT CUFFING THAT DOG! LEAVE HIM ALONE! DON'T HURT THE POOR FELLOW!

BUT HE WON'T MIND ME!!

MAKES NO DIFFERENCE! ALWAYS BE KIND TO DUMB ANIMALS, ALWAYS!

GOOD ADVICE, THOUGH IT CAN BE CARRIED TOO FAR! IMAGINE TRYING TO BE KIND TO A LION IN A JUNGLE! OH, WELL, MICKIE WON'T MEET UP WITH ANY LIONS =

BOSS, I WAS KIND TO A DUMB ANIMAL JUST NOW—I FOUND A LIL' RAT IN TH' TRAP, AND I LET HIM OUT!

PLOP!

HERE'S WHAT LEFT OF WILLIAM HAKE! HE HEARD TH' BELL, BUT HE HAD NO BRAKE!

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughrue
© Western Newspaper Union

MAPES & SON
RESTAURANT
MEALS SHORT ORDER
Cigars, Tobacco
Confections, Soft Drinks
Cade Bldg. — Watson St.

STUDIO BARBER SHOP
FIRST CLASS WORK
AT REASONABLE PRICES
E. D. VanMeter, Prop.

F. W. BISHOP
PLUMBING and HEATING
Hardware, Paints
Phone, 2903 Beaverton

Beaverton Barber Shop
J. J. STEVENS, PROPRIETOR
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

W. E. PEGG
UNDERTAKER and EMBALMER
Grange Building — Beaverton

Phone 0411
JOE KEMMER
For any Kind of Wood
Limb Wood Cut to Order
Adv. c-26-1f

A. E. HANSON
WOOD and COAL
Cord Wood or Split—any length
any kind
Prompt Delivery.. Phone 4501

DEWEY
THE PLUMBER
Our work speaks for itself
Beaverton, Oregon Phone 7702

ROBINSON LUMBER COMPANY
Mill at Scholls
Rough and Planed Lumber
at the right prices
WE DELIVER
Telephone Scholls 0718 or 0710

LOANS
on Real Estate. Low interest cost, repayment privileges. Write for details.

WASHINGTON
Savings & Loan Assn.
Shute Bldg. Hillsboro, Ore.

Meats and Groceries
Holboke Bros.

Flower & Cabbage Plants
Baby Chick Food of all Kinds
CHAS. BERTHOLD
PHONE BEAVERTON 3603 Residence Phone, 3602

BEAVER THEATRE
Friday, Saturday, Sunday
June 19, 20, and 21
SWEETHEARTS
The first ten engaged couples to come to the Beaver Theatre Friday night, June 19, will be admitted FREE!

CONSTANCE BENNETT
BORN TO LOVE

with **JOEL MCCREA**
Directed by **PAUL L. STEIN**
An RKO PATHE feature

Too Literal

HERE! QUIT CUFFING THAT DOG! LEAVE HIM ALONE! DON'T HURT THE POOR FELLOW!

BUT HE WON'T MIND ME!!

MAKES NO DIFFERENCE! ALWAYS BE KIND TO DUMB ANIMALS, ALWAYS!

GOOD ADVICE, THOUGH IT CAN BE CARRIED TOO FAR! IMAGINE TRYING TO BE KIND TO A LION IN A JUNGLE! OH, WELL, MICKIE WON'T MEET UP WITH ANY LIONS =

BOSS, I WAS KIND TO A DUMB ANIMAL JUST NOW—I FOUND A LIL' RAT IN TH' TRAP, AND I LET HIM OUT!

PLOP!

HERE'S WHAT LEFT OF WILLIAM HAKE! HE HEARD TH' BELL, BUT HE HAD NO BRAKE!

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughrue
© Western Newspaper Union