

Beaverton Review

Issued Every Friday at Beaverton, Oregon, FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 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

NOEMICS

A Message to American Business Men

You are depressed. You think you are crippled. You are afraid of the future. You are full of fears. You have half the gold of the world and half of the machinery and most of the automobiles and all the skyscrapers.

You have the greatest home markets in the world, and the largest corporations that the world has ever seen.

You are ruled more by ideas and less by tradition than any other people in the world. You have usually done what you thought you could do.

How can it be possible that a progressive nation of 120,000,000 people can be wrecked by the speculations of a little handful of fools in Wall Street.

The prices that were forced too high had to come down. Today all the prices are low.

There is now a golden opportunity for every man who has eyes to see it.

Dollars are now being sold for thirty cents.

Practically every security in the United States is now being sold at less than its value.

The way to create a fortune is to buy from pessimists. Pay your money and take the risk. Frank started his career by buying coke ovens in the slump of 1873. Carnegie made \$300,000,000 by buying steel plants in the slumps.

Hundreds of fortunes have been made by buying from pessimists. Ye Gods! What a chance there is at this moment!

Five years from now, most American business men will belong to the "I-Wish-I-Had-Club".

Then it will be too late to buy a dollar for thirty cents. The opportunities will be gone.

When a horse balks the balk is in his head, not in his legs. He moves on when he thinks he will.

And when an American business man is depressed THE SLUMP IS IN HIS HEAD. There is nothing serious to prevent him from making money if he thinks he will.

When Fear rules he will nothing can be done, but when a man casts Fear out of his mind the world becomes his oyster.

To lose a bit of money is nothing, but to lose hope—or lose nerve and ambition—that is what makes men cripples.

This silly depression has gone on long enough. Get rid of it. It is inside of you. RISE AND WALK.

The Way Of All Flesh

A massive car comes to a stop at the curb.

Out steps the owner, swift-footedly heading for a man standing with a bundle of papers under his arm. The driver wishes to buy a morning paper and is off for home.

He hands the paper seller the usual nickel and is just about to step back when by chance he happens to glance into the face of the supposed news-vendor. To his utter astonishment the car-owner finds himself face to face with a close friend of long years' standing.

"How'd you get here? Why are you selling papers?" The words come anxiously from the car-owner as he looks sharply into the eyes of his old friend.

The newsdealer quickly explains. He had been given a corner by a certain daily paper, and as he was penniless he had gladly transferred himself into a newsboy. That way, he explained, he could get enough pennies to buy "coffee and".

Who is the man, still young, found by his friend in the unexpected role of news-vendor? Only a few short years ago, in Portland, he had been able to sign his name to cashable checks for thousands of dollars. His property holdings were substantial and very valuable. His list of personal acquaintances ran into the thousands.

In short, the "newsboy" had been one of the most prominent figures in the city's life, well known and respected in business circles. In fact, his name was familiar to most of us.

He was an athlete of coast-wide repute, and the fact that he had several times been publicly hailed as a "hero", together with his remarkable success in business made his name a common down town by-word. Hardly a day passed that his name was not mentioned in the papers. He was universally acclaimed as one of the men who had made good.

If we dared to print the name of this man, whose swift ups and downs make such a colorful story, not a man or woman but would be surprised—and startled. But we're going to keep his name a secret. It wouldn't do the man any good and he deserves another chance. There's still hope for him.

But if we did dare to print the name of this unfortunate character, it might serve as an eye-opener and a warning to some of our cocksure citizenry—and more particularly as a STORM WARNING to some whose egotism and vanity are SLOWLY but SURELY engulfing them.

For here's the fact—whatever RISETH must in time come DOWN.

Cimarron by Edna Ferber



Illustrations by Irwin Myers WNU SERVICE

"It's almost time for the Jew," Sabra would say, looking up from her sewing. "I need some number forty sewing-machine needles."

And then perhaps next day, or the day after, Cim, playing in the yard, would see a familiar figure bent almost double, gnomic and grotesque, against the western sky. It was Sol Levy, the peddler, the Abatan Jew.

Sabra would fold up her work, brush the threads from her apron; or if her hands were in the dough she would hastily mold and crimp her pie crust so as to be ready for his visit.

Sol Levy had come over an immigrant in the noisome bowels of some dreadful ship. His hair was blue black and very thick, and his face was white in spite of the burning south-west sun. A black stubble of beard intensified this pallor. He had delicate blue-veined hands and narrow arched feet. He belonged in crowded places, in populous places, in the color and glow and swift drama of the bazaars. God knows how he had found his way to this vast wilderness, Fertonia in Chicago, or in Kansas City, or Omaha he had heard of this new country and the rush of thousands for its land. And he had bunched his way on foot. He had started to peddle with an oldcloth-covered pack on his back. Through the little hot western towns in summer. Through the bitter cold western towns in winter. They turned dogs on him. The children cried, "Jew! Jew!" He was only a boy, disguised with that stubble of beard. He would enter the yard of a farmhouse or a dwelling, in a town such as Osage. Nice doggie. Down, down! Pins, sewing machine needles, rolls of gingham and calico, and last, craftily, his Hamburg lace. He brought news, too.

The bridge is out below Gray Horse. . . The Osages are having a powwow at Hominy. All night they kept me awake with their drums, those savages. . . The Kid and his gang held up the Santa Fe near Wetoka and got thirty-five thousand dollars; but one of them will never hold up a train again. Shot in the head. Verdigris Bob by name. Would be a feather in that sheriff's cap, to catch the Kid! . . . A country! My forefathers should have lived to see me here!

His beautiful, civilized face, mobile as an actor's, was at once expressive of despair and bitter amusement. His long slender hands were spread in a gesture of wondering resignation.

He sometimes talked to Dixie Lee. There existed between these two a strange relation of understanding and something resembling respect. Outcasts, both of them, he because of his

race, she because of her calling. "A smart girl like you, what do you want in such a business?"

"I've got to live, Solly. God knows why!"

"You come from a good family. You are young yet, you are smart. There are other ways."

"Y-e-e-s? I tried a couple of things. Nix, nix!"

In a year or two he opened a little store in Osage. It was, at first, only a wooden shack containing two or three rough pine tables on which his wares were spread. He was the town

mother's do-thee do-thai. She was Felice Venable now, no longer as a power, an authority in all matters of importance, but as a sallow old lady who tottered on heels that were too high and who, as she sat talking, plected and unplected with tremulous fingers the many ruffles of her white dimity wrapper. The matriarch had lost her crown. Sabra was matriarch now of her own little kingdom; and already she was planning to extend that realm beyond and beyond its present confines into who knows what vastness of dominion.

She had meant, at the last, to find occasion to inform her mother and the minor Venables that it was she who ironed Yancey's fine white linen shirts. But she was not a spiteful woman. And she reflected that this might be construed as a criticism of her husband.

So, gladly, eagerly, Sabra went back to the wilds she once had despised.

(continued next week)

Great orange and lemon rind are used by the best cooks to flavor cakes, pies, breads, desserts, frostings, fillings, sauces, and other foods. Grate only the yellow portion which contains the oil cells. Use fresh or mix with sugar and keep in a tightly covered jar.

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Classified Advertising

Advertisements in this column 1 cent a word. Minimum charge 25c.

Bring boxes. Enquire at Hazeldale Store. p38

FOR SALE Milk contains all the food values so essential to a child's growth and development. If you will but phone 4525 our wagon will deliver daily at your home the very best of milk. Beaverton Sunrise Dairy, A. Camenzind, proprietor. adv. c-39-1f

Choice Canning Peaches. Reasonable. Chas. Eller's peach orchard. Big red lara. Cross free ferry at Wilanville. Follow signs. Rt. 3, Aurora, Phone 28. Bring containers. p36-39

For Sale—1 Jewel enamel range stove, 1 library table, 1 round table, 2 young Jersey heifers, 6 and 8 months old. Leo Novelli, Beaverton, Ore., Rt. 3, Box 372, Scholl's Road. p-37

For Sale—Elberta peaches, ripe next week. A. Mills, Beaverton, Rt. 1.

Lost and Found. Lost—Off Meier and Frank truck, Monday, 2 rolls linoleum, between Cedar Mills road to Beaverton, out Watson St. to Greenbush. Reward. p-38

FOR RENT For Rent—House on Hyland Ave., Aloha. Large garden, fruit, electric pump. Near school. Inquire at Review office or write Mrs. Eva Bracken, Multnomah, Ore. c38

For Rent—4 room house, modern, go-d garage, at Aloha on Blanton Ave., close to school. Inquire of O. M. Taylor, Hazeldale. Phone 0314. p38-39

ANNOUNCEMENT You and your friends are cordially invited to attend a card party given by the Ladies' Auxiliary at the Huber Club House, Saturday evening, August 22nd at 8:00 p.m. Children not playing cards. 6 to 18 years. 10c admission. Admission 25c. Prizes and Lunch. Entertainment. adv.

Built On Advertising No merchant ever failed because of the money he spent for advertising, but the business history of this country is filled with instances of men who have made brilliant successes in business by means of advertising.

A well written advertisement in the columns of a local newspaper is an invitation to every reader of the paper to visit the store and see the merchandise displayed there.

A well written advertisement attracts attention, interests and creates desire. Desire once created, it is but a step until the purchase is made.

A well written advertisement is the best employe any merchant can put on his pay roll.

An advertisement to be effective must be backed by good merchandise, an attractive store, the right

"Eat Wheat" Campaign, to Offset War Propaganda, Urged by Ohio Governor

America's "wheat problem" is not the involved, complicated, abstruse proposition it has been pictured in the judgment of Governor George White of Ohio. In a brief, terse statement which presented this situation in simple fundamentals, Gov. White recently told his fellow governors assembled at French Lick, Ind., what he believes should be done as a first constructive practical step toward the elimination of our troublesome wheat surplus.

Briefly White showed that our domestic consumption of this cereal was reduced from about five and one-half bushels per capita per year to about four bushels as a direct result of the government's "Save Wheat" propaganda during the war.

Having led the public away from wheat however no official steps ever have been taken to restore our old rate of national consumption. He requested support by the national government and the states of an "Eat Wheat" campaign comparable to the war-time campaign which cut down our wheat consumption.

Restoration of our old-time rate of consumption, he says, would immediately about 100,000,000 bushels of our annual domestic requirements. No other move to reduce our wheat surplus could act so promptly to reduce our wheat surplus.

But wheat problem has recently been pictured to us as a world problem which must depend on a world solution, he told the governors. "But a world solution in turn depends on some action individually by the various great producing nations in this country the most effective move would be the restoration of our previous wheat consumption of wheat."

That required consumption is due primarily to the appeals made by the government during the war to "eat wheat" today it is equally a matter of national concern that we eat wheat.

From 1917 our average annual per capita consumption of wheat was 5.2 bushels. Due to the government's campaign to wheat conservation in the war time consumption was reduced to about four bushels per capita. Here is the remaining Government

Wheat more than railroads of steel is the real index of our national well-being. It is the bell-weather of the whole farm community. Our own domestic demand would at once expand by about 150,000,000 bushels yearly.

The more recovery of our previous domestic demand would be a big step toward practical farm relief.



Gov. GEORGE WHITE

figures show that in 1930 the average was something like 4.2 bushels.

If our wheat consumption today per person was at the pre-war average the Farm Board would not now be holding a carry-over of more than 100,000,000 bushels at a heavy loss to taxpayers and with the price to farmers at the lowest point in a generation. Our own domestic demand would at once expand by about 150,000,000 bushels yearly.

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Service! ASK FOR McCREADY'S ESTIMATE! THEY'LL HELP YOU SAVE AS WELL AS BUILD PROPERLY. Practy Cal says: "So tell your dough—the place to go—for Perfect Satisfaction—is to this place, to please they race. Their middle name is action. Estimates are free at McCreedy's." "Our Red Trucks Deliver" W. J. McCreedy Lumber Company F. D. Peck, Sales Agent Phone 4603

Washington County Fair

HILLSBORO, OREGON

Day and Night Sept. 10, 11, 12

Livestock, Agricultural 4-H Club And Industrial Exhibits

Entertainment Dancing, Fireworks, Bands Drum Corp, Rides Shows

Day Admission 25c Night Admission 25c Season Tickets 75c

Meats and Groceries Holboke Bros.

HAY, GRAIN & FEED Baby Chick Food of all Kinds

CHAS. BERTHOLD PHONE BEAVERTON 3603 Residence Phone, 3602

price, and modern merchandising methods.

The combination will build business for any merchant who undertakes it seriously and gives it intelligent thought and effort.

I wonder if we still have an old-fashioned kingdom where the ruler can die a natural death?

Beach pajamas are nothing but short skirts with baggy legs on the bottom.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT In the County Court of the State of Oregon For Washington County

In the Matter of the Estate of Theodore Doring, deceased NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned, duly appointed Administrator of the above named estate, has filed in the above entitled Court and in the above account and report as such, and the Court has fixed the eighth day of September, 1931, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock a.m. of said day, and the Court room of the above entitled Court in Hillsboro, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account, and for the final settlement of said estate.

Dated this 7th day of August, 1931.

Doy Gray, Administrator of the estate of said decedent. Haro, McAlair, & Peters, Attorneys for Administrator.

MAPES & SON RESTAURANT MEALS SHORT ORDER Cigars, Tobaccos Confections, Soft Drinks Cady Bldg. Watson St.

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

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

Beaverton Barber Shop C. 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 Slab—any length any kind Prompt Delivery.. Phone 4504

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

LOANS on Real Estate. Low interest cost, repayment privileges. Write for details. WASHINGTON Savings & Loan Assn. Shute Bldg. Hillsboro, Ore.



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MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

GOLLY, I HOPE OUR OLE TRAMP PRINTER IS OVER HIS PEEVE = I HID ALL THE "E'S" IN HIS AD CASE, AND WAS HE MAD? OH BABY!

YOU AINT MAD AT ME NO MORE, BILL, ARE YOU, HUH? SURE, YOU AINT MAD AT ME! I KNOW YA AINT!

YOU'RE DOGGONE RIGHT I'M MAD

BUT YOU SMILED JEST THEN = I SEEN YOU!

MEBBE, BUT IF I DONE SO =

I WAS JEST RESTIN' MY FACE!

