

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

Beaverton has been considerably excited the past few days on account of several incidents which have occurred. Not the least of these was the bond election which was held Tuesday of this week.

To say that the election went as it did solely because of the matter published in the Review would be taking in a lot of territory. As a matter of fact, probably what had more to do with the verdict at the polls Tuesday was the finding of certain very actively used water pipes leading from Beaverton water mains onto private property without going through meters as all of the city water is supposed to. Then a backfire from the late-lamented mass meeting may have contributed its share to the reaction.

Taking all these conditions, and many more into consideration, the fact remains that for a number of years the Review has consistently published information which once it was understood could not help but show the right of Beaverton to the Springs as a source of clean drinking water, right at our door, without having to pipe our supply miles and miles and help pay for the maintenance of water mains to convey for considerable distances what is going down a natural water course right at home.

The Review feels that the people of Beaverton have given it a vote of confidence as well as expressing their appreciation of what their City Officers are trying to do.

IN OREGON HOMES

Canby—Not one recipe trampled underfoot at the Clackamas county fair grounds, at least not any of those tested and approved and given away at the home economics exhibit says Mrs. Carson Armrine, member of the county home economics extension committee, who personally checked the grounds to make sure. Consequently, Mrs. Armrine and others of her committee are quite certain that Clackamas county homes are enjoying milk, cheese, butter, cream, and ice cream dishes they have never had before. Hundreds of recipes using milk and milk products were received by fair visitors who spun the dairy wheel.

St. Helens—Columbia county homemakers have saved more than \$850 as a result of meetings on "New Clothes for Old" supervised by Mrs. Sarah Case, county home demonstration agent. Old dresses worth little or nothing were rescued from the rag bag and others hopelessly out-of-date were brought out from trunk or closet. Altogether 170 dresses were remodeled, representing an estimated net saving of \$851.92 for the family budgets.

Gresham—Old rags have been put to new uses, creating real money value, by women in the home economics club of the Russellville grange, according to Mrs. P. Avont, president. From old rags they have made nine rugs, or an average of 54.5 square feet of hooked material. Valued at approximately \$11 apiece, this work represents a saving of about \$101. The project was directed by Frances Clinton, county home demonstration agent.

Redmond—Men, women and children of Deschutes county are more milk-minded and butter minded than ever before after seeing the striking educational exhibit at their county fair. This display showed the lime content of milk and the vitamin A content of butter as compared with other common foods, and was prepared by Ella Miller, county home demonstration agent, and Donald McKenzie, manager of the Central Oregon creamery.

A Kentuckian had seventeen children, all boys. When they came of age, they voted uniformly the Democratic ticket—all except one boy. The father, asked to explain this evident fall from grace, said, "Well, I've always tried to bring them boys up right, in fear of the Lord, and Democrats to the backbone, but John, the ornery cuss, got to reading."

MICKIE SAYS—

THE MAN WHO WANTS BUSINESS BUT DOESN'T ADVERTISE IS NO MORE APT TO SUCCEED THAN THE FELLOW WHO WANTS TO MARRY THE GIRL, BUT DOESN'T TELL HER.



CIMARRON

By Edna Ferber

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WNU Service.

Twenty-Seventh Installment

"Nothing's changed. It's all the same. Dixie's been stoned in the market place for two thousand years and more. Driving her out is not going to do it. You've got to drive the devil out of—"

Yancey Cravat, are you preaching to me? You who left your wife and children to starve, for all you cared? And now you come back and you take this creature's part against every respectable woman in Osage—against me?"

"I know it. I can't help it, Sabra."

"I'll tell you what I think," cried Sabra—the Sabra Cravat who had been evolved in the past five years. "I think you're crazy! They've all said so. And now I know they are right."

"If you care to think of disgracing me by defending her. And your children. I've fought her for months in the paper. A miserable creature and that! You owe one wife—a laughing stock—for a—"

"The territory's rotten. But, by G—d, every citizen's still got the legal right to fight for existence!"

He put her gently aside. She went mad. She became a wildcat. She tried to hold him. She beat herself against him. It was like an infuriated sparrow hawking itself upon a mastodon.

"If you dare! Why did you come back? I hate you. What's she to you? I say you won't. I'd rather see you dead. I'll kill you first. That's sure! That's it! That's it!"

Her dignity was gone. He lifted her, scratching, kicking, clawing, set her gently down in the chair in front of her desk. The screen slammed. His quick, light step across the porch, down the stairs. Crumpled, tear-stained, wild as she was, and with her hat on one side she reached automatically for her pencil, a pad of copy paper, and wrote a new head. "Vice Again Triumphs Over Justice." Then, with what courtesy she could summon, she sped down the dusty road to where the combination jail and courthouse—a crude wooden building—sat brooding in the sun.

Because of the notoriety of the defendant the inadequate little courtroom would have been crowded enough in any case. But the news of Yancey's abrupt departure from the Sunny Southwest saloon—and the reason for it—had spread from house to house through the little town with the rapidity of a fire.

Mad Yancey Cravat's latest freak. Men left their offices, their stores; women their cooking, their cleaning. The jury so hastily assembled, Pat Leary, in a solemn suit of black, Dixie Lee with her girls, even Judge Sipes himself seemed in momentary danger of being trampled by the milling mob.

The jury was a hard-faced lot for the most part. Plucked from the plains or the hills; halting of speech, slow of mind, quick on the trigger. A slow, rhythmic motion of the jaw was evidence that a generous preliminary bite of plug served as a precaution to soothe the nerves and steady the judgment.

This legal farce had already begun before Yancey made his spectacular entrance.

"Case of the Territory of Oklahoma versus Dixie Lee." (So they had made it a territorial case.) "Counsel for the territory of Oklahoma?" Pat Leary stood up. "... for the defense." No one. The close-packed courtroom was a nightmare of staring eyes and fish-like mouths greedily devouring Dixie Lee's white, ravaged face. Oddly enough, compared to these, she seemed pale, aloof, exquisite.

"The defendant having failed to provide herself with counsel, it is

my duty, according to the laws of the government of the United States and the territory of Oklahoma to appoint counsel for the defendant." He shifted his quid, the while his cunning, red-rimmed eyes roving solemnly through the crowd seeking the shyster, Gwin Larkins. A stir in the close-packed crowd; a murmur. "I hereby appoint The Honorable..."

"Your honor!"

Towers above the crowd, forging his way through it like some relentless force of nature, came the great buffalo head, the romantic Rough Rider hat with its turned-up brim, caught by the crossed sabers; the massive khaki-clad figure. It was dramatic, it was melodramatic, it was ridiculous. It was superb. Here was the kind of situation that the Southwest loved and craved; here was action, here was excitement, here was adventure. Here, in a word, was Cimarron.

He stood before the shoddy judge. He swept off his hat with a gesture that invested it with plumes. "If it please your honor, I represent the defendant, Dixie Lee."

No territorial judge, denying Yancey Cravat, would have dared to face that crowd. He cast another glance round—a helpless, baffled one, this time—waved the approaching Gwin Larkins back with a feeble gesture, and prepared to proceed with the case according to the laws of the territory. Certainly the look that he turned on Sabra Cravat as she entered the court was not one of the most pleasant.

Scant ten minutes later, white faced, resolute, and took her place as representative of the press, was one of such mingled bewilderment and reproach as would have embarrassed anyone less utterly preoccupied than the editor and publisher of the Oklahoma Wigwag.

Objection on the part of the slick Pat Leary overruled, perforce, by the judge. A shout from the crowd. Order! Bang! Another shout. Law in a lawless community not yet ten years old; a community made up, for the most part, of people whose very presence meant impatience of the old order, defiance of the conventions. Ten minutes earlier they had been all for the cocky little Leary; eager to cast the first stone at the woman in the temple. Now, with the inexplicable fickleness of the mob, electric current of sympathy flowed out from them to the woman to be tried, to the man who would defend her. Hot and swift and plenty of action—that was the way the Southwest liked its justice.

Pat Leary, Irish, ambitious, fiery. His temper, now too even at best, had been lost before he even rose. The thought of Yancey ahead of him, the purity brigade behind him, spurred him to his frantic, his disorderly charge.

His years as section hand on the railroad had equipped him with a vocabulary well suited to scourge this woman in black who sat so quietly, so white faced, before him for the cocky little Leary; eager for all the crowd to see. Adjective on adjective; vituperation; words which are considered obscenity outside the Bible and the courtroom.

Names. Names. Names. The dull red of resentment deepened the natural red of their sunburned faces. The jurors shifted in their places. A low murmur, ominous, like a growl, sounded in the courtroom crowd, had come of a frontier background, had lived in the frontier atmosphere. In their rough youth, and now, women were scarce, with the scarcity that the hard life predicated. And because

they were scarce they were precious. No woman so plain, so hard, so undesirable that she did not take on, by the very fact of her sex, a value far beyond her deserts. The attitude of a whole nation had been touched by this sentimental fact which was, after all, largely geographic. For a full century the countries of Europe, bewildered by it, unable to account for it, had laughed at this adolescent reverence of the American man for the American woman.

Leary finished in a burst of oratory so ruthless, so brutal that he had the satisfaction of seeing the painful, unaccustomed red surge thickly over Dixie Lee's pale face when her brow down to where the ladylike white turnover of her high collar met the line of her throat.

The pompous little Irishman seated himself, chest out, head high, eye roving the crowd and the bench, like upon with self-satisfaction. A few more cases like this and maybe they'd see there was material for a territory governor right here in Osage.

The crowd shifted, murmured, gabbled. Yancey still sat sunk in his chair as though lost in thought. The gable rose, soared. "He's given it up," thought Sabra, exulting. "He sees how it is."

The eyes of the crowd so close packed in that suffocating little courtroom were concentrated on the inert figure lying so limply in its chair. Perhaps they were going to be checked of their show after all. Still, the big head lifted, the powerful shoulders straightened, he rose, he seemed to rise endlessly, he walked to Judge Sipes' crude

desk with his light, graceful stride. The tide went still and down over the lightning eyes. He stood a moment, that singularly sweet and winning smile wreathing his lips. He began to speak. The vibrant, the vibrant, the vibrant, was so low pitched that the crowd held its breath in order to hear.

"Your honor, gentlemen of the jury. I am the first to bow to achievement. Recognition where recognition is due, this gentleman, has ever been my way. May I, then, before I begin my poor plea in defense of this lady, my client, most respectfully call your attention to that which, in my humble opinion, has never before been achieved, much less duplicated, in the whole of the Southwest. Turn your eyes to the figure which has so recently and so deservedly held your attention. Gaze once more upon him. Regard him well. You will not look upon his like again. For, gentlemen, in my opinion this gifted person, Mr. Patrick Leary, is the only man in the Oklahoma territory—in the Indian territory—in the whole of the brilliant and glorious Southwest—may I say even go so far as to say the only man in this magnificent country, the United States of America—of whom it actually can be said that he is able to strut sitting down."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

2 egg yolks (or 1 whole egg)
1 cup brown sugar
1/2 tsp. vanilla
1/2 cup nutmeats
1/4 tsp. salt

Scald milk in top part of double boiler. Add the 1/2 cup dates, which have been sliced. Mix cornstarch and salt with cold milk; stir the paste into scalded milk; continue to stir until mixture has thickened. Cover tightly and cook ten minutes. Beat the egg yolks (or 1 whole egg) slightly, add the sugar; and stir into cornstarch mixture one minute before removing from the stove.

Add the vanilla and nuts. Cool slightly. Pour into individual serving dishes. Chill thoroughly. Serve with whipped cream. If a moister dessert is desired, increase the cornstarch to 3 tablespoons, and pour the pudding into individual molds which have been rinsed in cold water. Six servings.

Chocolate Dandies
1/2 cup flour
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1/2 cup corn oil
2 tps. chocolate

Beat eggs and add oil. Then add chocolate, which has been melted. Sift together flour and sugar, and add to egg mixture. Mix thoroughly. Add vanilla and nuts. Pour into pan, having the mixture about 1/2 inch thick. Bake at 350° F. for 30 minutes. Remove from pan while still hot, and allow to become cool before cutting into squares. Serve as cookies or top with whipped cream and serve as pudding.

Secret Apples
6 large apples
1/4 cup brown sugar
12 pasteurized dates
1 1/2 cups water

Fill the centers of the apples with sliced dates. Slit the skin of the apples to prevent bursting in the oven. Place in a baking pan, surround with a syrup made by dissolving the sugar in the hot water. Bake in a fairly hot oven (400° F.) until tender, basting occasionally. Serve with cream. Six servings.

Fried Oysters
Fried oysters are delicious when properly done. Always select large oysters for frying if possible. Pour a cupful of cold water over them and drain well; then wipe dry with a towel. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dip in flour. Take care that the oysters are thoroughly dry, otherwise it will not be possible to egg and crumb them properly; avoid picking them up by a fork, for that will break them. Beat one egg with two tablespoonsful of water and dip the oysters carefully so that every part is covered with the egg. Then dip or roll in very fine, dry bread or cracker crumbs and lay aside until all have been dipped. If a very fluffy fried oyster is desired, dip once more in the egg and cracker crumbs or place in a frying basket and cook in deep fat four minutes at 375 degrees; drain on paper and serve with Sauce Tyrolienne, made by adding half a tablespoonful each of chopped parsley, capers and gherkins and half a cupful of chili sauce to a cupful of mayonnaise.

Date Caramel Cream
1 1/2 cups scalded milk
1/4 pkg. pasteurized dates
2 tps. cornstarch
1/4 cup cold milk

are also suitable for the child's lunch, but may serve as pudding if they are topped with whipped cream and a nutmeat. They keep well and grow "chewy" on storage, but are crisp when first baked.

Honey Chile
1 tbs. cornstarch
2 tps. honey
3 egg yolks or 2 whole eggs
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tbs. butter
2/3 cup water
5 tps. orange juice
6 tps. lemon juice
Rind of 1 orange

Mix cornstarch, water, honey and salt. Add slightly beaten eggs and stir thoroughly. Cook in double boiler until thick. Add fruit juices and grated rind. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add butter. Remove from fire and cool quickly. Serve with whipped cream.

The children adore small surprises in their lunch boxes, and small "men" made of dried fruits are real delights.

The chocolate cookies given here



Healthful Desserts for Children

Can Please the Grown-ups, Too
Not only are little girls "made of sugar and spice and all things nice" but that is what they and their brothers like best to eat. Desserts of course!

Whether your method of child-training makes the dessert a form of reward or not, it's not just to deny them their favorite food, for a wholesome dessert is quite as much a necessary part of the balanced meal as the vegetables that need to be cooked down.

Particularly is this true when the dessert is a healthful cornstarch pudding, made with milk, as the Honey Chile pudding given here. Or, as in the case of the Secret Apples, stuffed with nutritious pasteurized dates, when fruit forms the principal ingredient. It's hard for the young things to realize that something that tastes so good could possibly be good for them, but such is the happy circumstance.

If you have had trouble satisfying Dad or the adult members of the family with the dessert you have made, then perhaps you have haven't chosen recipes with sufficient "sophistication." All these given here should find favor with all ages for they appeal to the eye as well as to the palate. You will find them suitable, too, to tuck in the school lunch-box; the puddings pack well in the screw-top glass jars.

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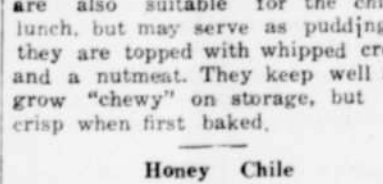
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ON OREGON FARMS

Coquille—Coos county stockmen are seeding large areas of burned over pasture land by airplane again this year, according to W. L. Teutsch, assistant county agent leader, who recently inspected the burnings. Among those who are using this modern method of seeding this year are Alfred Powers of Powers and J. E. Ford of Marshfield who plan to seed between 400 and 500 acres each. A 1,400 acre area of land seeded in this manner two years ago by Mr. Powers now has at excellent and uniform stand of grass, Mr. Teutsch says.

McMinnville—Members of the Yamhill County Farmers' union are rapidly developing plans for a new co-operative creamery at Sheridan, and a meeting of all the dairymen interested has been called for the near future to complete the organization. There are approximately 5000 dairy cows in the area to be served by the new creamery, according to County Agent S. T. White.

Oregon City—Kahadin potatoes, a new variety developed by the United States department of agriculture, are being tried out for the first time in Clackamas county on the farm of W. H. Zivney, using seed furnished by E. N. Lresman of the farm crops department of the Oregon Experiment station. Kahadin potatoes are said to be unusually disease-resistant.

Toledo—Eighteen Lincoln county dairymen, led by County Agent M. J. Conklin, recently visited various irrigation developments throughout the county, including one on the J.

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1 cup brown sugar
1/2 tsp. vanilla
1/2 cup nutmeats
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Advertisements in this column 1 cent a word. Minimum charge 25c.

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. e-39-1f

For Sale—New Oregon Strawberry plants. Specially developed in this famous section Geo. Howell, six miles north of Banks. p-44-45

For Sale—Fresh Salmon, Chinook, 7 cents per pound; Silverside, 6 cents per pound. Write to Milo Houser, Brighton, Ore. e44-46

For Sale—Span of young sorrel horses, or might trade for young Jersey or Guernsey cow. D. C. Tallman, Spencer Ave., Beaverton. Adv. e-46

For Sale—Oats and Blue vetch seeds. Also cooking apples for 25c a sack D. Shaw, Beaverton, Rt. 1. e46-47

For Sale—Fresh Cow, S. F. Wray, Farmington Rd. near Lang Ave. adv. p46

WANTED

Salesmen sell the fastest selling auto specialty on the market, Koret, Lite, the new scientific no-glare auto lamps. Double road light, shines through fog. Big Profits. Protected territory. Send one dollar for sample set and agent's

C. Fox farm at Alsea where water is being lifted 30 feet out of the Alsea river by means of a 2 and one-half inch centrifugal pump and an automobile engine. With this equipment Mr. Fox is watering 4 acres of Laido clover and 2 acres of corn, potatoes and roots. He estimates that his bill for gas and oil for the season will be \$60, which he considers well invested.

Six carloads of Klamath potatoes were recently shipped from Klamath Falls bound for California markets, during one day.

County bridge crews have started redecking the Elmira road bridge and repairing the 80-foot bridge on the Noti road, near Springfield.

A new plant is to be constructed in Portland, near Kenton, for the Pacific Phosphate and Chemical Co. at a cost of approximately \$25,000.

A large force of men are rushing construction work on a branch line of Oregon Electric railroad from Sweet Home to Dollar timber in the Galesburg district near Crawford.

County Chamber of Commerce and County Chamber of Commerce celebrate the completion of the new grade through Picture Rock pass on Fremont highway.

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