Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

Some weeks ago we started to write a colyum each week. While we got several responses from outside Beaverton, for which we are duly grateful, the local kick back was simply conspicuous by its absence. Therefore, it is with some trepidation that we sit down to tap off these few thoughts suggested to us by two editorials clipped from prominent Portland papers. The clippings were handed to us, or it is more than likely that the subject would be passed up that we might chronicle how Mrs. Black called on Mrs. Brown, or how the Smiths and the Joneses were celebrating the lack of increase in their respective families.

Speaking of families brings us to the point of what we want to say. Families make work for teachers, and teachers are employed and paid, not much, according to the economic standard, but something.

There has gone up a hue and cry to employ only the unmarried teachers, or those with no other visible means of support, and in that manner help to stem the unemployment tide. This clamor, like many another public demand, comes probably from entirely conscientious and sincere people. They think that all there is to do is to let that Mrs. So-and-so go and put this poor little Miss Such-and-such in her place. Just as simple as that, don't you know? But——

Just look at it from one angle. Here is a bank clerk married, sufficiently able to provide for herself. Would these good people like to have her discharged to make a place for this poor little lady who has nothing to eat and no one to provide for her? Would they like to deposit their money in the bank which pursued those tactics? Or why not hire this poor, struggling physician? He needs the money. Let that fellow go who has laid something by—he doesn't need the practice! Give the work to this fellow who has no practice.

We might carry that line of argument right through to its logical conclusion, that the fellow who is down and out take over everything in sight, and let the fellow who has accumulated a little something get out and start saving again.

But the question is deeper than that. Teachers are born, not drafted into the ranks just by reason of being out of a job. Children are too precious to be left to the tender mercies of the great army of Unemployed. Call in the girl off the street, and let her act as nurse-maid to your tender little three-year-old. Would you? I'll bet you would think twice before doing that. So let the teachers who are doing good work alone in our schools, and get rid of those who are unfitted by temperament, or ignorance, or prejudice, if there is to be a change.

We of Beaverton are exceedingly fortunate in having a capable school board, an unexcelled superintendent, a staff of teachers of whom we can be justly proud. Do we want to jeopardize an excellent school to give employment to some harum-scarum just because she happens to be out of a job?

Use hard rubber buttons on your children's clothes whenever possible. You will find them practical in every way. When there is a strain on a button, fasten it on a piece of elastic, which gives as the child bends.

This little pointer, as well as the one which follows, are from a list of similar helpful hints which appear in the October issue of The Parents' Magazine.

"We had great trouble to get our two small daughters to go to sleep when they were put to bed. They sat up and played, tossed the covers about and not only lost an hour or two of rest but annoyed the older members of the family and were in danger of taking cold. No scolding or argument changed matters. Finally I resorted to putting a drop of toilet water on each pillow. They loved it and lay quietly so that they would not lose any of the perfume. As a result they developed good habits and go to sleep promptly."

MICKIE SAYS—

CIMARRON

By Edna Ferber

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Twenty-Eighth Installment

The puffed little figure in the chair collapsed, then bounded to its feet, redfaced, gesticulating. "Your honor! I object!"

But the rest was lost in the gigantic roar of the delighted crowd.

"Go it, Yancey!"

"That's the stuff, Cimarron!"

Here was what they had come for. Doggone, there was nobody like him.

Even today, though more than a quarter of a century has gone by, there still are people in Oklahoma who have kept a copy, typed neatly now from records made by hand, of the speech made that day by Yancey Cravat in defense of the town woman, Dixie Lee. "Yancey Cravat's Plea for a Fallen Woman," it is called; and never was speech more sentimental, windy, false, and utterly moving. The slang words hokum and bunk were not then in use, but even had they been they never would have been applied, by that appreciative crowd, at least, to the flowery and impassioned oratory of the Southwest Silver Tongue, Yancey Cravat.

Cheap, melodramatic, gorgeous, impassioned. A quart of whisky in him, an enthralled audience behind him; a white-faced woman with hopeless eyes to spur him on; the cry of his wronged and righteous wife still sounding in his ears—Booth himself, in his hey-dey, never gave a more brilliant, a more false performance.

"Your honor! gentlemen of the jury! You have heard with what cruelty the prosecution has referred to the sins of this woman, as if her condition was of her own preference. A dreadful—a vicious—a revolting picture has been painted for you of her life and surroundings. Tell me—tell me—do you really think that she willingly embraced a life so repellent, so horrible? No, gentlemen! A thousand times, no! This girl was bred in such luxury, such refinement, as few of us have known. And just as the young girl was budding into womanhood, cruel fate snatched all this from her, bereft her of her dear ones, took from her, one by one, with a terrible and fierce rapidity, those upon whom she had come to look for love and support. And then, in that moment of darkest terror and loneliness, came one of our sex, gentlemen. A wolf in sheep's clothing. A fiend in the guise of a human. False promises. Lie. Deceit so palpable that it would have deceived no one but a young girl as innocent, as pure, as starry eyed as was this woman you now see white and trembling before you. One of our sex was the author of her ruin, more to blame than she. What could be more pathetic than the spectacle she presents? An immortal soul in ruin. A moment ago you heard her reviled, in the lowest terms a man can employ toward a woman, for the depths to which she has sunk, for the company she keeps, for the life she leads. Yet where can she go that her sin does not pursue her? You would drive her out. But where? Gentlemen, the very promises of God are denied her. Who was it said, "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"? She is indeed heavy laden, this trampled flower of the South, but if at this instant she were to kneel down before us all and confess her Redeemer, where is the church that would receive her, where the community that would take her in? Our sex wrecked her once pure life. Her own sex shrinks from her as from a pestilence. Society has reared its relentless walls against her. Only in the friendly shelter of the grave can her betrayed and broken heart ever find the Redeemer's promised rest. The gentleman who so eloquently spoke before me told you of her assumed names, of her sins, of her habits. He never, for all his eloquence, told you of her sorrows, her agonies, her hopes, her despairs. But I could tell you. I could tell you of the desperate day—the red-letter day in the banner of the great Oklahoma country—when she tried to win a home for herself where she could live in decency and quiet. . . . When the remembered voices of father and mother and sisters and brothers fall like music on her erring ears . . . who shall tell what this heavy heart, sinful though it may seem to you and to me . . . understanding, pity, help, like music on her erring soul . . . oh, gentlemen . . . gentlemen . . ."

But by this time the gentlemen, between emotion and tobacco juice, were having such difficulty with their Adam's apples as to make a wholesale strangling seem inevitable. The beautiful flexible voice went on, the hands wove their enchantment, the eyes held you in their spell. The pompous figure of little Pat Leary shrank, dwindled, disappeared before their mind's eye. The hariot Dixie Lee, in her black, became a woman romantic, piteous, appealing. Sabra Cravat, her pencil flying over her paper, thought grimly:

"It isn't true. Don't believe him. He is wrong. He has always been wrong. For fifteen years he has always been wrong. Don't believe him. I shall have to print this. How lovely his voice is. It's like a knife in my heart. I mustn't look at his eyes. His hands—what was that he said?—I must keep my mind on . . . music on her erring soul . . . oh, my love . . . I ought to hate him . . . I do hate him. . . ."

It was finished. Yancey walked to his seat, sat as before, the great buffalo head lowered, the lids closed over the compelling eyes, the beautiful hands folded, relaxed.

The good men and true of the jury filed solemnly out through the crowd that made way for them. As solemnly they crossed the dusty road and repaired to a draw at the roadside, where they squatted on such bits of rock or board as came to hand. Solemnly, briefly, and with utter disregard of its legal aspect, they discussed the case—if their inarticulate monosyllables could be termed discussion. The courtroom throng, scattering for refreshment, had barely time to down its drink before the jury stamped heavily across the road and into the noisome courtroom.

". . . find the defendant, Dixie Lee, not guilty."

CHAPTER X

IT WAS as though Osage and the whole Oklahoma country now stopped and took a deep breath. Well it might. Just ahead of it, all unknown, waited years of such clangor and strife as would make the past years seem uneventful in comparison. Ever since the day of the Run, more than fifteen years ago, it had been racing helter-skelter, devil take the hindmost; shooting into the air, prancing and yelping out of sheer vitality and cussedness. A man's country it seemed to be, ruled by men for men. The women allowed them to think so. The word feminism was unknown to the Sabra Cravats, the Mrs. Wyatts, the Mrs. Hefners, the Mesdames Turket and Folsom and Sipes. Prim, good women and courageous, banded together by their goodness and by their common resolve to tame the wilderness. Their power was the more tremendous because they did not know they had it. They never once said, during those fifteen years, "We women will do this. We women will change that." Quietly, indomitably, relentlessly, without even a furtive glance of understanding exchanged between them, but secure in their common knowledge of the sentimental American male, they went ahead with their plans.

Yancey had come home from the Spanish-American war a hero. Other men from Osage had been in the Philippines. One had even died there (dysentery and ptomaine from the bad canned beef). But Yancey was the town's Rough Rider. He had charged up San Juan hill with Roosevelt. Osage, knowing Yancey and never having seen Roosevelt, assumed that Yancey Cravat—the Southwest Cimarron—had led the way, an ivory-and-silver-mounted six-shooter in either hand, the great buffalo head lowered with such menace that the enemy had fled in terror.

His return has been the occasion for such a celebration as the town had never known and never would know again, they assured each other, between drinks, until the day when statehood should come to the territory. He returned a captain, unwounded, but thin and yellow, with the livery look that confirmed the stories one had heard of putrid food, typhoid, dysentery, and mosquitoes more deadly, in this semi-tropical country, than bullets or cannon.

Poisoned and enfeebled though he was, his return seemed to energize the crude little town. Wherever he might be he lived in a swirl of events that drew into its eddy all that came within its radius. Hi, Yancey! Hi, Clint! He shed the khaki and the cocked hat and actually appeared again in the familiar white sombrero, Prince Albert, and high-heeled boots. Osage breathed a sigh of satisfaction. His dereliction was forgiven, the rumors about him forgotten—or allowed to subside, at least. Again the editorial columns of the Oklahoma Wigwam blazed with hyperbole.

It was hard for Sabra to take second place (or to appear to take second place) in the office of the Wigwam. She had so long ruled there alone. Her word had been law to the wavering Jesse Rickey and to the worshiping Cliff Means. And now to say, "You'd better ask Mr. Cravat."

"He says leave it to you. He's went out."

Yancey did a good deal of going out. Sabra, after all, still did most of the work of the paper without having the satisfaction of dictating its policy. A linotype machine, that talented iron monster, now chattered and chittered and clanked in the composing room of the Wigwam. It was the first of its kind in the Oklahoma country.

Sabra was proud of the linotype machine, for it had been her live years at the head of the Wigwam that had made it possible. It was she who had gone out after job printing contracts; who had educated the local merchants to the value of advertising. Certainly Yancey, prancing and prating, had never given a thought to these substantial foundations on which the entire business success of the paper rested. They now got out with ease the daily Wigwam for the Osage townspeople and the weekly for country subscribers.

Five years had gone by—six years since Yancey's return. Yet, strangely enough, Sabra never had a feeling of security. She never forgot what he had said about Wichita. "Almost five years in one place. That's the longest stretch I've ever done, honey." Five years. And this was well into the sixth. He had plunged head first into the statehood fight, into the Indian territory situation. The anti-Indian faction was bitterly opposed to the plan for combining the Indian territory under the single state of Oklahoma. Their slogan was "The White Man's State for the White Man."

"Who brought the Indian here to the Oklahoma country in the first place?" shouted Yancey in the editorial columns of the Wigwam. "White men. They hounded them from Missouri to Arkansas, from Arkansas to southern Kansas, then to northern Kansas, to northern Oklahoma, to southern Oklahoma. You white men sold them the piece of arid and barren land on which they now live in squalor and misery. It isn't fit for a white man to live on, or the Indians wouldn't be living on it now. Deprived of their tribal laws, deprived of their tribal rites, herded together in stockades like wild animals, robbed, cheated, kicked, hounded from place to place, give them the protection of the country that has taken their country away from them. Give them at least the right to become citizens of the state of Oklahoma."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Cook's Nook

Dutch Brought Us Waffles and Syrup, Crullers and Doughnuts

If women wrote the history books, Peter Stuyvesant and the other Dutchmen would get due credit for more than settling New York, or providing us with some fine sturdy ancestors. These early settlers have endeared themselves to American housewives for bringing to this land the golden waffle with syrup, the cinnamon-sprinkled crueller, and the sugar-topped doughnut, which grace our Autumn tables now that October's here.

Most of us thank the South for the waffle—and certainly the Mammies know how to make them!—but it is to the Annetjes and Enguelties of little old New Amsterdam we owe gratitude for the original recipe, and for the method of popping dough into hot kettles to obtain crispy crullers.

Waffles were most popular with Governor Stuyvesant's subjects on feast days. St. Martin's Day or the Kermis called for a great celebration; "hot booths" were set up along the main street, where waffles and syrup were dispensed to the burghers who had not entirely filled up on home-made "oylkoeks." Even after the Duke of York claimed the village for England, the fame of these delicacies continued to spread throughout the colonies.

The very recipes we use today are adaptations of those of the 17th century. But so much easier! Annetje fairly got smoked out of her house, deep-frying her crullers. Now we use a modern cooking oil made from corn for the purpose, depending on its high smoking point to keep the fumes from the kitchen. We use the same oil as an ingredient, too, to keep the dainties delicate and greaseless and find it invaluable for oiling the waffle iron.

The secret of good waffles is to have a rich, frothy batter and a very hot iron. The rest of the success depends on the syrup served with them, but certainly, with syrup now obtainable in seven or more flavors, that should not be difficult.

The traditional doughnut recipe, like that still preferred by the Dutch who turn out such wonderful "fried cakes", is for the yeast-raised variety, but modern housewives prefer the speedy method.

The newest health knowledge shows us that properly fried foods are good for us—so follow the recipe properly and prepare to enjoy yourself.

Crullers

2 eggs
4 tbsps. corn oil
1 cup sugar
¾ cup milk
¼ tsp. nutmeg
3½ cups flour
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. salt
3½ tsps. baking powder

Add oil gradually to beaten eggs; add sugar and one-quarter cup milk and beat one minute. Add one-half pastry flour, nutmeg, cinnamon, salt and baking powder, which have been sifted together and mix well; add rest of milk and remainder of dry ingredients to make soft dough. Roll out on floured board to about one-half inch thick and cut into strips about four inches long and one-quarter inch wide; roll in hands and twist each strip bringing ends together to form cruller. Fry in deep oil hot enough to brown a piece of bread in sixty secnds. 375 degrees F. Drain, and roll in powdered sugar.

Oylkoeks

Use same recipe for crullers, except cut dough into squares 1½ inches in size. Put a spoonful of jelly or jam on each square, fold corners over and press edges together. Then drop the balls in the hot oil, and fry like the crullers.

Speedy Doughnuts

1 egg
1½ tbsps. corn oil
¾ cup sugar
¾ cup milk
1 tsp. salt
4 cups pastry flour
3 tsps. baking powder
½ tsp. nutmeg

Beat egg well, stir in oil and add sugar. Stir in one-fourth cup milk and beat with egg beater one minute. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with rest of milk to make soft dough. Add more flour if necessary. Roll out one-fourth inch thick on slightly floured board; cut with doughnutcutter; fry in deep oil hot enough to brown a piece of bread in 60 seconds, 375 degrees F. Drain well on soft paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar just before serving.

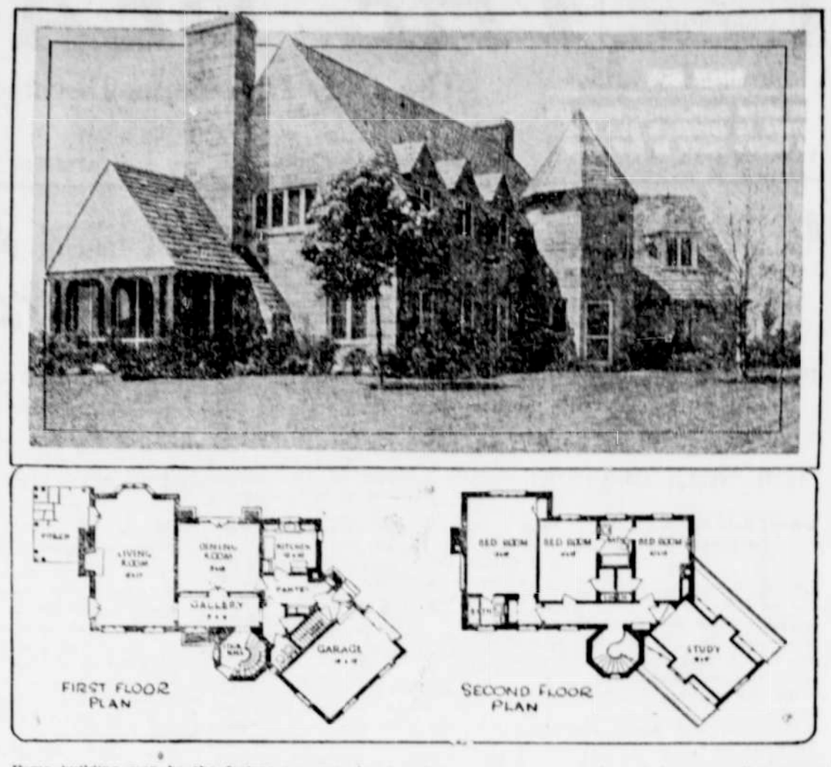
While not traditional, some lovers of the "hole-y food" may enjoy them frosted with an icing made with syrup and egg whites.

Sixteen carloads of potatoes were shipped out of Klamath Falls during a recent day.

Grading is nearing completion on the Coast Highway between Florence and Yachats.

Thirty-five carloads of lambs were shipped from the Crane stockyards from Sept. 1st to 9th.

NOW IS THE BEST TIME TO BUILD HOME



Home building may be the factor that leads the country back to prosperity. At no time in fourteen years have conditions for construction of a new home been more propitious. Land and material costs are at bottom levels.

According to a survey by the Indiana Limestone Company, few cities are actually overbuilt with residential structures. In fact it is declared there would be a distinct home shortage if the thousands of families now living "double" with other families were spread out again.

A new trend in the present home-building movement is the demand for a distinctive home at moderate price. With the shrinking of assets and lowering of incomes, the average home-owner today is in no mood for building palatial estates. Combining beauty of design, spaciousness, and a pleasing combination of color-tone and texture, the flco riplatone house here illustrated reflects all the dignity and permanence of the mansion. A convenient floor plan is arranged with large living room, dining room, gallery and kitchen on the main floor and three good-sized bedrooms with two baths on the second. Above the garage, at one end of the house, is a cheerful study room.

The Architects' Service Bureau, Bedford, Ind., from whom this and many other designs may be obtained, declares that while the distinction and beauty of Indiana limestone are perhaps the chief reasons for its popularity, a powerful feature in its favor is the low maintenance cost.

Classified Advertising

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. c-39-tf

For Sale—Oats and Blue vetch seeds. Also cooking apples for 25c a sack D. Shaw, Beaverton, Rt. 1 c46,47

For Sale—Standard make of piano near Beaverton. Will sacrifice for unpaid balance. A snap. Easy terms. Write Tallman Piano Store, Salem, Ore. a-47-49

For Sale—Toggenburg milk goat. Mrs. Jack Satchell, Beaverton, Rt. two. p-47

WANTED

For Plastering Work or Stucco call Beaverton 4003 or address Rt. 1, Box 29. Mr. E. Jacobsen. Adv p 45-48

The Review will carry free of charge listings of situations wanted, in order to help the unemployment situation.

NOTICE

The regular annual meeting of the Beaverton Chamber of Commerce is to be held Wednesday, November 4, at 8:00 p.m. Reserve this date. The election of officers, and annual report of committees and officers will take up the entire evening. A president, vice-president, and three members of the board of directors will be elected. All members are requested to attend.

P. L. Schultz, president.

ATTENTION!
Farmers and Poultry Raisers

Please note that if you are selling live poultry the new state law requires that a tag be placed on each coop of chickens of more than ten birds. This law was passed to prevent theft of chickens and we request your cooperation. These tags are required no matter whether the sale be made to your local dealer or a peddler. These tickets are available upon application at the sheriff's office and at other points in the county.

Advc44-7 J. W. Connell, Sheriff

LOCAL NEWS

Mayor and Mrs. Wilson, Recorder Lela Richey, and Mr. Richey attended the Kiwanis inter-club meeting at Vancouver, Friday evening of last week. They report a very entertaining and enjoyable event.

Mr. Gilmore of Banks, father of Mrs. Otto Erickson, visited here for several days last week. While here he accompanied the Ericksons on a trip to Wilhoit Springs. Mr. and Mrs. Ed Boring also made the trip.

Katherine Denney who is spending the winter with her aunt, Mrs. H. C. Gilbert of Salem, and attending Leslie Junior High School there, spent the week-end at home here. Mrs. Gilbert was also a visitor here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fransham of Bozeman, Montana, are visiting here with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Alexander. Mrs. Fransham is Mr. Alexander's daughter. An enjoyable stay of several days at Oceanside was made by the party.

Mrs. Doy Gray entertained with a luncheon and theatre party Wednesday, in honor of Mrs. A. C. Cox, of Chicago. Mrs. Cox has been visiting for some time with her sisters, Mrs. W. C. McKell and Miss Juliette Carter. She will leave shortly for her home.

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