

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

An old maid is just a back seat driver suffering from unemployment.

Polly Perkins says that she might work a lot harder at the office, but she never did like showing off.

Travel is said to broaden the mind but hitch hiking seems to have only the effect of enlarging the gall.

Many a faithful husband is condemned to labor on the rock pile there—but his sweet wife calls it her rock garden.

You'll be hay fever
Bye and Bye,
So, little cold,
You must not cry.

What we need in the diplomatic corps is half a dozen men who have been married for fifteen or twenty years and possess wives who still believe the story about the sick friend who enjoys company at night.

A few of those on our list of public enemies:

Newly made peroxide blonds who didn't quite make it.

Those fanatic prohibitionists.

The equally fanatic anti-prohibitionists.

Some frequently calling bill collectors.

This Old Man Depression we hear so much about.

That blankety blank road hog we met last night.

Congressmen who do nothing but go to Congress.

Calamity howlers, especially at times like these.

GOING WITHOUT BREAKFAST

Have you developed the habit of going without breakfast, hoping by so doing to be able to take off a little of that surplus fat?

This bad habit results in impairment of health, and is especially dangerous to those under thirty years of age.

Statistics show that to be overweight up to the age of thirty gives better chance of long life and health. Of course, one does not want to be too much overweight, but a few extra pounds provide a reserve in case of illness or for a strenuous athletic strain.

Probably it would be wiser to omit the mid-day meal, but when still to make this mid-day meal a small one consisting of light foods.

Breakfast is the meal that furnishes fuel for the most strenuous work of the day. Furthermore, the well-balanced breakfast contains orange juice, milk and other foods that are particularly valuable. If breakfast is omitted there is a likelihood that the day's quota of milk will be reduced.

No! Don't eliminate breakfast unless a skilled physician has a good reason for it. Too many troubles can easily come as a result.

When a boy we read a pamphlet entitled "The Mistakes of Moses."

We have often thought of some of the suggestions contained in that publication but though we are quite familiar with the name of the author, we hesitate to mention it here because of various reasons.

Now in this series of articles on municipal government, we are tempted to cite "Some Mistakes of Municipal Governments." We might almost suggest that perhaps it is a mistake to incorporate into such a governmental body as the smaller towns and cities usually have, on account of the calibre of the men who run for office, the nature of the undertakings put through, and for many other reasons.

Men go out to seek office for the same reasons that prompt other human actions. Perhaps the highest motive which can stir human beings into action is the desire to do a thing because it is right that the thing be done. This action has prompted most of the great inventors, most of the great men of science, most explorers, and in fact it is considered the highest motive governing human conduct.

We believe that Lincoln was governed by that motive, largely. That our famous men of history responded to the desire to do right, just for Right's sake, seems almost self-evident.

But there is another motive, high when considered in comparison with some others but not so high as the first one, that of doing a thing for the honor, the glory that comes from their actions.

Just a little farther down the line we find those who are prompted to action by hope of reward, pecuniary or otherwise. This forms a large group. But still lower is that class who do things for fear of being punished if they do not do them. These are acting from the lowest motive.

Now when it comes to getting men into office in these smaller towns and cities, we find by the laws that certain officers are not allowed to draw salaries. They must go into office from the very highest motive, that of doing right for right's sake, or they go into office for some of the other motives. If they are afraid that if they don't accept the office offered they will be punished, then they are surely not very desirable men to

have in office.

If they go into office for the pecuniary rewards they hope to get, then the community is very likely to pay a lot for their service. If for the sake of the honor and glory they can get, they soon learn that the honor makes a mighty lean breakfast. So there it goes, on and on until the community wakes up to the fact that the public has paid about twice or three times the par value for the work done.

Supposing there is no corporation formed. Tigrard is not incorporated. They are getting along nicely. A lot of new building is being done in that vicinity. Real estate is in demand. They have electric lights, many of the modern conveniences, and they do not have the cost of maintaining a municipal government shouldered on their backs. Aloha is another example.

But there are certain things they do not have. One of them is an organization to act legally in case conditions arise which have to be met. There is very inadequate lighting all around that section, and if one wants lights he has to pay for them out of his own pocket. If water is wanted, either there is a form of municipal corporation organized or the individual has to put in an adequate water system. And so on down the line. Co-operation through some sort of organization seems to be the solution of many of the problems confronting people who wish to live close together for one reason or another. Municipal organization seems to meet the popular needs as well as has any thing that has been worked out yet.

THEY ANSWER THE PESSIMISTS

We hear a great deal of grumbling about the future of the youth of today. Pessimists point to an unhappy future for our country when "modern youth" are grown up to play their part in the affairs of this country. Usually the critics stop with talk. There are others, whose voices are heard less but who have undertaken the task of doing something about it. They are a devoted group. There are said to be more than half a million men and women engaged in giving volunteer leadership within the organizations that provide activities for the leisure time of youth outside school hours.

There are 200,000 such volunteers alone giving time and effort within the boy scout movement, the largest among this group of organizations.

The figures are amazing. There are nearly 30,000 troops of boy scouts each with a Scoutmaster as its head and one or more Assistant Scoutmasters. Nearly fifty per cent of the Scoutmasters are college men.

Many are fathers. Each is trying to help mold the character of the group of boys under his care and to instill into them those traits which will make for better citizenship.

America has a great educational system in its schools but no one should ever pass by as insignificant the work that is being done by the Scoutmasters of America and by those who do a no less effective task in other organizations. On the contrary, it is a highly significant work. The value to the youth of the nation of this intimate association with fine leaders can hardly be estimated.

The answer to the pessimists who rarely unite their words with works, therefore, lies in the faith and example that is most needed by boys and girls, and which comes from an adult leadership that is at once constructive and helpful.

YOUR WATCH

If the mainspring breaks your watch will stop because its motor power is gone. Why mainsprings break is a good deal of a mystery.

When scientists learn the fatigue laws of steel the mystery may be solved. Atmospheric conditions seem to have their effect. Watch repairers usually have an increased mainspring business after a severe thunder storm. At other times the spring breaks without any apparent cause whatever. A new spring may break within a week or it may run for years.

The balance wheel to which the main-spring delivers its power via the "train," is the most extraordinary of the marvels in what is so aptly called, "the box of wonders in your pocket." The balance wheel beats 157,680,000 times a year. You sometimes marvel at the endurance of the giant locomotive, how it is able to withstand the sustained stress of its own tremendous activity, but the drive wheels of the fastest locomotives which are oiled every few hours are slower than the balance wheel of your watch which requires oiling and adjusting but once a year.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Verne Donagall on Friday of this week at 2:00 p.m. Those interested in the work are cordially invited.

CIMARRON

By Edna Ferber

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Thirty-Second Installment

Eight o'clock. She heated some of the afternoon coffee and drank it sitting at the kitchen table. She went out on the front porch. Darkness had come on. A hot September evening. The crickets squeaked and ground away in the weeds. She was conscious of an aching weariness in all her body, but she could not sleep. Her eyes felt as though they were being pulled apart by invisible fingers. She put her palms over her eyes, shut them, and tried to sleep. The night air brushed it, plaited it for the night. All the time she was listening. Listening. One.

Suddenly she began to dress again with icy trembling fingers. She slipped up her hair, put on her hat and a jacket. She closed the door behind her, unlocked the key in the key to the mail box. The Wigwam office. Yancey was not there. The office was dark. She shook the door, rattled the knob, peered in, unlocked it with the key in her hand. Her heart was pounding, but she was not afraid of the darkness. A cat's eyes gleamed at her from the printing shop. She struck a light. No one. No one. The linotype machine grinned at her with its white teeth. Its iron arm and hand shook tauntingly at her in the wavering light. With a sudden premonition she ran to Yancey's desk, opened the drawer in which he kept his holster and six-shooters, now that Osage had become so off-set as to make them an unsentimental article of dress. They were not there. She knew then that Yancey had gone.

Doc Valliant. She closed and locked the door after her, stepped out into the quiet blackness of Pawhuska avenue. Doc Valliant. He would go with her. He would drive her out there. But his office and the room at the rear, which was his dwelling, gave forth no response. Gone out somewhere—a case. Down the rickety wooden steps of the two-story brick building. She stood a moment in the street, looking this way and that. She struck her palms together in a kind of agony of futility. She would go alone if she had a horse and buggy. She could rent one at the livery stable. But what would they think—those men at the stable? They would be guessing of the town. It would be all over Osage, all over the county. Sabra Cravat driving out into the prairie alone in the middle of the night. Something up. Well, she could help that. She had to go. She had to get him.

Toward the livery stable, past the livery house. A quiet little figure rose from a blackness of the porch where she had been waiting. The traveling men and loafers sat with their chairs tilted back against the wall. The red coal of his cigar was an eye in the darkness.

"Sabra! What is this? What are you doing running around at this hour of the night?"

Sol Levy, sitting there in the Oklahoma night, a lonely little figure, asleep, brooding. He had never before called her Sabra.

"Sol! Sol! Cim's out at the reservation. Something's happened. I know. I feel it."

He did not wince at this, as most men would. He seemed to understand her fear, her premonition, and to accept it with oriental fatalism.

"What do you want to do?"

"Wait a minute. Hitch up and drive me out there. Cim's got the buggy. He went out with her."

He did not ask where Yancey was. He asked nothing. "Go home," he said. "Wait on your porch. I'll get my rig and come for you. They shouldn't see you. Do you want me to go home with you first?"

"No, no. I'm not afraid. I'm not afraid of anything."

Sol Levy had two very fine horses; really good animals. They were the races regularly at the local fairs. The little light rig with its smart rubber tires whirled behind them over the red dusty Oklahoma prairie roads. His slim hands were not expert with horses. Sol asked a nervous, jerky driver. They left the town behind them, were swallowed up by the prairie. The reservation was a full two hours distant. Sabra took off her hat. The night air rushed against her face, cooling it. A half hour.

"Let me drive, will you, Sol?"

Without a word he entrusted the reins to her strong, accustomed hands; the hands of one who had come of generations of horse lovers. The animals sensed the change. They leaped ahead in the darkness. The light buggy rocked and bounced over the rutted roads. Sol asked a nervous, jerky driver. They left the town behind them, were swallowed up by the prairie. The reservation was a full two hours distant. Sabra took off her hat. The night air rushed against her face, cooling it. A half hour.

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