

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulet Business Manager

FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1932

HERE AND THERE

Down in the land of Fungadom. Where the monkeys play and the tom toms boom.

It's to stick a knife in the aged men Whose hunting days are over. Then they plant them safe in a foot of clay.

In a land so civilized as this We would not use the knife or crisis. With us to kill is a heinous crime

So we hire a youngster—strong and bold, And merely "fire" a man who's old.

BUY-BYE BLUES

"Buy now!" They told us a year ago. "That's how We'll end the depression."

By now! Our family has reached the end— And how! We haven't a single friend,

It's stranded us high and dry. We bow To Fate—no use to cry— We'll take a gun and we'll go bye-bye now!

BUS COMPETITION HITS RAILROADS

Bankers Association President Asks If Unifor Aid Is Given Motorist Transport— For Rail Motors.

NEW YORK.—Fair treatment for the railroads in respect to highway motor competition was called for by Rome C. Stephenson, President American Bankers Association, in a recent address here.

"I am very strongly of the opinion that one of the measures which would help materially to put back business where it ought to be is the Eastern four-system plan of railroad consolidation as announced recently following negotiations instituted by President Hoover," said Mr. Stephenson.

"It is a fact well known to business leaders that our railroads are now facing a crisis. Not only do they need protective laws to meet competitive situations arising from increased use of our highways and waterways by other carriers, but they need unification such as the proposed four-system plan provides.

Mr. Stephenson declared that the railroads have served this country "so superlatively well that we are prone in our public affairs to overlook our dependence upon them and our obligations to them. The past, present and future progress of the United States is inseparably bound up with their welfare.

"We are confronted with the question as to how much more the public economic interest will stand an invasion of the welfare of the railroads by forces and difficulties not of their own creating and not within the scope of their own unaided powers to combat," said Mr. Stephenson.

"We have simply taken possession of public highways built by public funds, both state and national," he continued, "and they have extensively made those highways vastly less comfortable, less safe and less serviceable

for private motorists and others who are contributing chiefly to their creation and maintenance."

Mr. Stephenson declared that all these matters should be thoroughly inquired into by competent public bodies, both state and national, with a view of determining the equities and basic public economic interests involved, particularly in respect to their effects upon the nation's railroads.

"I venture to say," he added, "that such inquiries would show whether it is to the public interest to let things remain as they are, whether the situation calls for a new basis of motorbus and truck taxes to satisfy the equities of the case or whether it would call for such drastic action as the exclusion of this traffic from our public general highways, and the requirement that, even as the railways, it provide as a part of its own private capital investment its own rights of way and for its own maintenance of way out of operating income."

Somebody told Tillie, the office stenographer, that a chiropractor could cure her neuritis. Now Tillie tells us that "A chiropractor is a guy who gets paid for what an ordinary guy gets slapped for."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY

IN THE Matter of the Estate Of HARRISON M. HUGHSON, Deceased. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the above entitled court as the Administrator of the Estate of said deceased, and has duly qualified as such:

Money to Burn

By Peter B. Kyne

Twenty-Third Installment

They looked at each other, and presently the slow, amused smile crept around Elmer's mouth.

"Mac," he asked, "did you get your fee out of the estate before the crash?"

McPeake shook his head wearily. "Then the joke's on you," Elmer declared, and stood up.

"You get hold of that collector, run down his accounting and, when you are convinced he is right and we haven't a leg to stand on, you settle with him on the best basis you can."

"As for me, I'm out. I have neither the time nor the inclination to fight for anything except a living and the longer I'll be, the more I'll have to hurry to catch up."

"Good-by, Mac, I'm on my way."

"Elmer, I'm terribly sorry," McPeake, friendliest of men, was calling him by his first name.

"Don't waste your sympathy, Mac. I'm one bird in this world who hates sympathy. I've never been able to use any. Uncle Hiram's money would have meant a great deal to the happiness of that girl I told you about, and for her sake I wish Bunker had never been born. But why reprove? When the collector of internal revenue proves his case, hand him this with my compliments," and Elmer laid on McPeake's desk the check the latter had so recently handed him.

"He held out his hand. "Good-by, Mac. Hope you get yours. You've worked for it—which is more than I did. You might write to me from time to time and tell me how you're coming along."

He shook hands and departed. Back at his hotel, he packed his trunk and suitcase, telephoned downstairs for his bill and then lay down on his bed to wait for train time.

At four o'clock he was somewhat surprised to find that after he had dropped off the Del Monte Flyer at Pilarcitos and made his way on foot up to his house.

He was greeted enthusiastically by Benjy, his old hunting dog, and his colored retainer, Jasper. To the latter he handed the wages due him to date.

"I'll not need you any more, Jasper," he announced. "I'm sorry. You're a good servant and faithful, but I can't afford you. I'll dine uptown tonight."

He left the amazed and disappointed Jasper staring after him, went to the telephone and called up Nellie at the bank.

"Elmer speaking, Nellie. I'm home—back home and broke. I'd like to take you out to dinner to-night—probably for the last time—and tell you all about it. Uncle Hiram's estate has melted like a dish of ice cream on a hot stove. Funniest tale you'll ever listen to, Nellie. Brace yourself for a laugh."

"Oh, Elmer dear! I'm so sorry!" Nellie's voice was pregnant with tears.

"Don't," he pleaded. "Please do not feel sorry for me, Nellie. Time enough for that when I begin feeling sorry for myself. I've assimilated the grandest thrashing any man ever assimilated, and I can still stand and see and think clearly. Yes, I've taken a thrashing, but I'm not down and out for the count. I've got all kinds of graft left in me yet—you wait and see."

"Well," Nellie replied. "It's all terribly awful, of course, but for all that, I'm happy. You have come back to me and nothing else matters."

"I've come back to you, but not for you," he answered bitterly. "I'm not dog enough to ask you to share my poverty with me. Nellie, you must forget that I was ever selfish enough to ask you to marry me."

"We'll talk that matter over before we decide," she retorted. "Pick me up at the house at seven o'clock."

At seven o'clock Elmer called for Nellie and drove her out to Joe Angeletti's roadhouse for dinner. And there, between the soup and nuts, he told her the tale of his vanishing million. When the story was done Nellie poked the tablecloth with the tines of her fork and was silent for about a minute.

Then: "What are you going to do?" Elmer?

"Anything at all that I can find to do, Nellie."

"But you're the mayor of Pilarcitos now—you're a trustee of the

"I'll Not Need You Any More, Jasper," He Announced, "I'm Sorry."

Union high school. Are you going to resign and leave Pilarcitos?"

"Not if I can make a decent living here. To resign and leave now would be equivalent to running away."

"But you'll be laughed to death, Elmer. Oh, you haven't any idea how cruelly you'll be twisted by the townspeople! It'll hurt terribly. I wouldn't blame you for leaving the town."

"I know. But I've stood some hurts in my day and I can stand more."

Nellie looked up at him with love unutterable in her brown eyes. "I adore you," she whispered.

Her simple, heartfelt declaration brought a mist to his eyes. "Please don't say it, Nellie," he pleaded. "I love you more than I'll ever love any woman again, but—you understand, don't you darling? I can't expect you to marry a pauper. I'll probably be a fat, middle-aged man before I'll have enough money to support you decently—and oh, please understand, Nellie! I want you so, but I'll not be selfish enough to ask you to wait."

"I understand thoroughly, dear. I do not expect you to ask me to wait and as a matter of fact I would not consent to wait. When I marry you I want some of the sweetness of life, not the sacrifice and the drudgery of never-ending poverty. I have my place in the bank and I take me out of here, Elmer. I'm going to cry."

Elmer hurriedly paid his bill and they left the roadhouse. Five miles down the road they came to the first arc light on the outskirts of Pilarcitos. Nellie laid her soft little hand on Elmer's arm.

"Pull up under that arc light," she commanded, and Elmer obeyed. From her bag Nellie drew a sheaf of typewritten papers and handed them to Elmer. "Read!" she commanded.

Elmer threw in his gears and the car glided down the highway. Presently he turned off into a lateral road and pulled up in the shadow of a line of eucalyptus trees. Very calmly he switched off the ignition and lights and then turned to Nellie.

"Now," he said soberly, "I'll kiss the most wonderful girl in all the world, and after that we're going motor over to San Jose, get the county clerk out of bed, secure a license and get married. If I'm to stay in Pilarcitos and pool my fortune with yours, we might as well start now because—well, because—oh, Nellie darling, how can you love me so? What an ass I've been!"

Nellie's arms went around his neck. "Stop singing the national anthem of Siam!" she commanded. "You dear old booby!"

[THE END.]

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CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

Church of Christ G. W. Springer, Minister

There will be the regular services next Sunday both morning and evening. Sunday school is at 9:45, and don't forget the contest with Hillsboro. Due to the Holiday last week the attendance dropped below average, if the proper effort is put forth we should be able to regain next Sunday that which we lost last Sunday. The morning worship is at 11 o'clock. Christian Endeavor at 7 o'clock. It is necessary that a business meeting be called at 6:30 before the prayer meeting service. This is for the election of officers and everyone should be present. The evening service is at 8 o'clock.

The sisterhood urges that as many ladies as possible attend its meetings. The work has been accumulating and help is needed.

The daily vacation Bible school held in the Methodist Church has attracted a large number of boys and girls. A very instructive as well as enjoyable time is spent there. Don't forget the hours, 9 to 12 each week day except Saturday.

Methodist Church Geo. F. Gordon, Minister

Services in the Methodist church on Sunday will consist of Bible school at 10:00 a.m. followed by worship service from 11 o'clock to 12. The sermon subject will be, "Behold the sower goes forth to sow". This message will deal with the kind of seed being planted in national life and the results we may expect. It will be a real eye opener, and no one can afford to be asleep in times like these! American institutions and ideals are being attacked by a great enemy and we need to know about what is going on behind the scenes. Come to the service Sunday morning and meet the new minister and his family; let's fill the old church and surprise the natives. Mid week Bible study and prayer at the church 8:00 p.m. on Wednesday.

Bethel Church Rev. Charles F. Clarke, pastor

Mr. Clarke will preach next Sunday morning on "The Spirit of Youth." Misses Ruth Denny, Aline Boswell and Henrietta Hawley will be sent to Hillock Burn Young people's Conference as delegates. There will be a Commissioning Service at the morning worship. At 8 o'clock the Oddfellows, Rebekahs and their friends will attend the service. The Bible school will meet at 9:45 a.m. and the C. E. at 7:00 p.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 8:00 o'clock. Every one cordially invited to all services.

Nazarene Church Miss Ava S. Adams, Minister

Sunday school at 9:45. Mrs. Flora Williams, Supt. Classes for all ages.

Morning worship at eleven o'clock. Sermon by the pastor, "The Gift of the Holy Spirit." Young peoples' meeting at seven o'clock.

Evening service at eight. Sermon by the pastor, "The New Birth." Duet by Miss Esther Porter and Miss Alma Herr, "The End of the Road," illustrated with a chalk drawing by Miss Wilylla Bushnell. Mid-week prayer service Wednesday evening at eight o'clock.

St. Cecilia Church Sunday Masses, 7:40 a.m., and 10:00 a.m.

Sunday Christian Doctrine, 8:30 a.m., and 9:30 a.m.

Saturday Confession, 3:30 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., and 9:00 p.m. Weekday Mass, 8:20 a.m.

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Classified Advertising

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

FOR SALE If You Want a Real Treat TRY STASSEN'S HOMEMADE ICECREAM One-Half Mile West of Beaverton On Highway

Milk contains all the food values so essential to a child's growth and development. If you will but phone 4625 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—Royal Anne and black cherries. W. C. Matzke, 1 mile south on Lombard. Phone 0236. p-31

For Sale—Model T ford engine converted into a stationary power plant, suitable for driving any sort of machinery, pump, grinder, etc. Very reasonable. Inquire at Review office. adv

For Sale—7-weeks old Chester White pigs, weight from 20 to 25 pounds. C. Topich, Beaverton, Rt. 3, box 453. adv p-31

160 cu. ft. Load 12 inch block \$5.50 16 inch slab \$4.50 Dry Planers \$5.50 Green \$5.00 Small Green \$4.50 Cord Wood and Coal Phone 5225 F. R. ZASTROW Corner Second and Angel

TRADES For Sale or Trade—Going hotel in good town in Willamette valley for acreage or other property or business in this vicinity. P. O. Box 530, Carlton, Ore. p-31

WANTED Wanted—Used silo in good condition. For cash. A. E. Andrews, Boring, Oregon. R. F. D. No. 1. adv p-31-32

SAFETY STORES

WARM WEATHER FOODS Indeed—You'll find a wide assortment of warm weather foods at Safeway quality foods at lowest prices.

Saturday - Monday Features, July 9 - 11 SUGAR 100 lbs. \$3.69 25 lbs. 99c Canning Season Is Here—Be Prepared

FLOUR Primrose An All Purpose Hard Wheat 49 lb. Sack 85c COFFEE Guaranteed to please 1 lb. 23c 1/2 lbs. 65c

CANNING SUPPLIES Mason Jars qts. 87c pts. 75c Kerr or Mason Lids Regular Size Doz. 22c Jar Rubbers, 3 dozen 10c

FIG BARS 2 lbs. 17c Powdered SUGAR 3 lbs. 17c Blue Rose RICE 3 lbs. 14c

Mother's Oats, with china package 28c Tomatoes No. 2 1/2 Cans with Puree Mission Brand 10c COCOA Hersey's 1/2-lb. can 10c

Salad Dressing, Gold Medal Quart 23c Watermelons Klondikes, lb. 2c Firm, ripe 6 lbs. 25c

ONIONS New Crop 5 lbs. 9c Med. Size, Sweet Dozen 15c

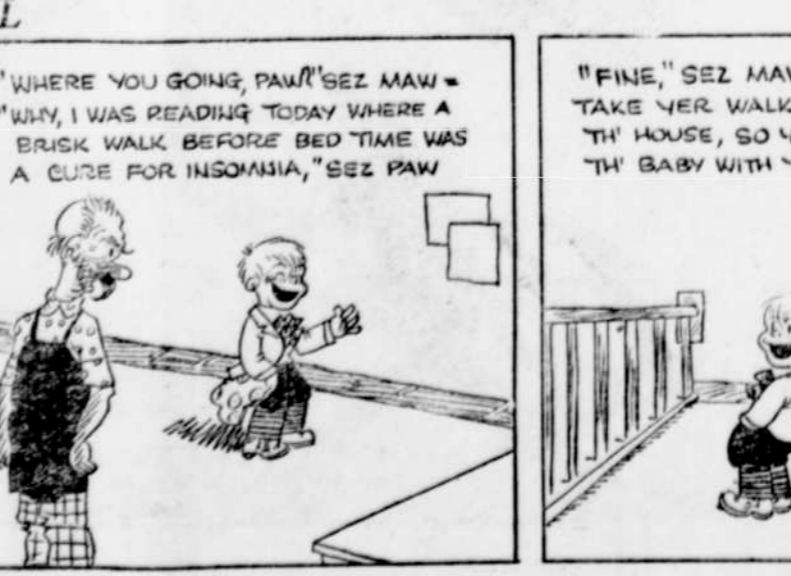
PICNICS SUGAR CURED pound 12 1/2c PURE LARD 4 lbs. 25c

BEEF POT ROASTS lb. 12 1/2c STEAKS BABY BEEF lb. 18c

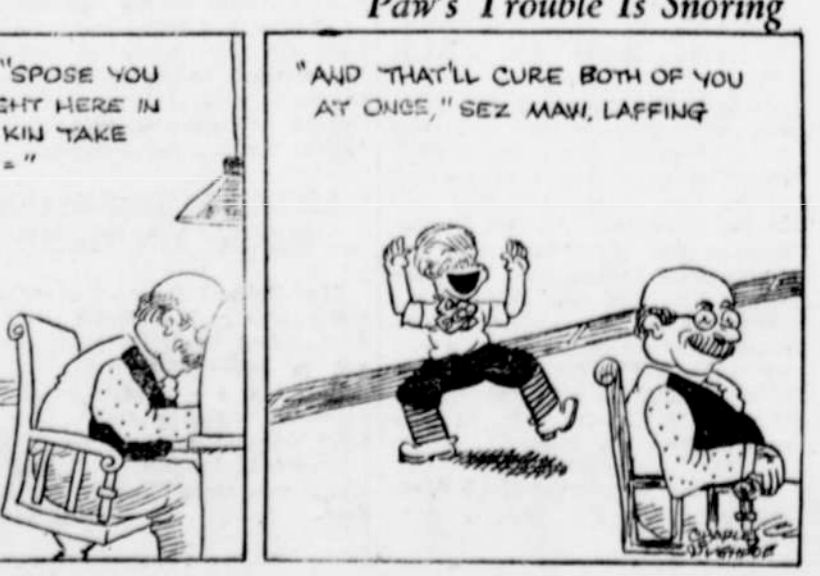
MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



"WHERE YOU GOING, PAW?" SEZ MAW



Paw's Trouble Is Snoring



"It goes without saying that the railroads have no right, nor claim any, so far as I have been able to discern, to complain at legitimate competition in the field of transportation, for the public is entitled to the best possible transportation at the lowest practical cost. But equally does it go without saying that this cannot be fairly brought about by using, or by failing to use, the taxing powers of government to enable competitive methods of transportation to do things they could not otherwise do as unaided private enterprises, particularly when such action impairs the invested rights held in good faith by great masses of our people in established enterprises that are serving the public well."

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