

The Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett, Editor & Publisher

Still Need Newspapers

The modern newspaper performs so many functions, renders so many services and fills so many requirements of civilization that it has become indispensable to every intelligent family.

The American newspaper was never so important, so interesting or so instructive as it is today. It is not only the news of every day affairs that makes the newspaper such an integral part of our modern daily life. It is the numerous features, scientific, social, household, entertaining, educational, and instructive that lend an added zest to the perusal of the family's favorite newspaper. And not the least valuable portion of a newspaper is the advertising pages containing business announcements and news of definite interest and value to the readers in every walk of life.—Wenatchee (Wash.) World.

Add Typographic Erroriana

One of the funniest typographical mistakes happened with one of the Louisville newspapers some time ago. The error was caught in the first edition, and the story has just leaked out.

It seemed that two ads came over the counter at the same time from a local agency. Both were exactly the same size, and both bore catch lines that were quite similar. They were from Dr. Deimel's Linen Mesh Underwear and Dr. Daniel's Horse Remedies. One man set the headlines for both ads, and another compositor set the rest of the copy. Unfortunately the make-up man got the catch lines mixed and the ads appeared something like this:

DR. DEIMEL'S  
Linen Mesh Underwear  
for  
Horses or Cattle  
Also recommended for sheep

DR. DANIEL'S  
Horse Remedies  
COMFORTABLE AND COOL  
Great for the good old Summertime

Newspaper Advertising

In the name of advertising more sins are committed than anything else in the commercial life. The anxiety of the average business man to find a new way to advance his interests makes him an easy victim of the shark and grafter with some scheme which he calls advertising. Every businessman has paid for his short sightedness in waste of advertising funds.

Strange to say, such losses do not seem to have educated many of the victims and this sort of fraud is one of the best paying rackets being worked today. Many a merchant will ignore the faithful efforts of his local publisher, and the value of his home town newspaper as an advertising medium, to patronize these rackets.

It would seem that in this Twentieth century, and age of modern commerce, everybody would fully recognize the place of the newspaper in modern life. Not only is it bought and paid for as a medium of current news, but its advertising columns are regarded as news as well, and the soundest kind of an investment for the reader as well as the advertiser. The reader looks to these advertising columns as a guide to his purchasing of everything that enters into his economic plans. He is influenced and guided by the information thus gained in practically all of his investments and purchases.

The newspaper is read by every member of the family, the man, the woman and all of the children old enough to read. Practically all of the family spending is directed by information gained by reading of advertising in the family newspaper.

On the other hand, who ever heard of the family spending being influenced by the multitude of freak

BELOW ZERO

A Romance of the North Woods



By Harold Titus  
W.M.U. SERVICE

"Careful," she said. "It's hot...." He drank the coffee slowly; she filled the cup again. He appeared to be oblivious of her presence for long intervals. His hands, under the stimulant, ceased to tremble so violently, and she thought that perhaps this device for gaining time might work against her.

Three cups, he drank, scarcely speaking, and another half-hour was gone.

"There!" he said, setting the cup on the hearth with a clatter and rising. "Better now!" He eyed the girl closely. "Where were we, eh? We were.... Oh yes; about you.... you're paying.... You're paying for not loving me! You've scorned me, you had him wait outside your office and throw me out.... Well, he isn't here now"—advancing.

Ellen backed away as he came forward, heart pounding in her throat.

"Paul!" she cried, but he did not seem to have heard.

"He won't know; you can't call him!" He seized her wrists in his clammy grip and drew her close. "We'll leave here together, you and I..... Just you and I, and—"

"Let me go!" she cried, wrestling against his hold. "Let me go, Paul!" She tore one hand free and struck at his face with it, in a paroxysm of fear. "Let me go, I say!"

She staggered and would have fallen except for the table as she broke from his hold. She poised there a moment, one hand on the oaken table, the other at her throat, watching him. Then, like a flash, she whirled and flung herself against the outer door, tearing it open, crossing the threshold in flight, as he cried out and leaped forward.

The girl's strength was no match for his. He caught an arm and dragged her back into the room.

"None of that!" he said evenly. "None of that, Ellen! You've eluded me for.... long, now. That's over. We're here.... together.... alone...."

She circled the room to a far corner and stood there, hands behind her back, while he dragged the table along the wall and placed it against the door.

"There!" he said. "There we are He smiled oddly. "I've things to do, Ellen. I'm going on. I've got to get an outfit together. Can't have you running off while I am busy.... I'm going on! And you're going with me! You're the one thing I've wanted that I didn't get.... I almost had all the rest but you.... I never came near having you un-

advertising and ballyhoo sold by these smooth-tongued artists who are here today and gone tomorrow? In these times of economic stress every advertising dollar should be used where it will buy the most merchandising service. This is no time to waste hard earned funds from diminished profits in freak and spasmodic advertising. The place to spend the entire appropriation is in the local newspaper on a well-planned and practical advertising campaign that will sell merchandise.

There never has been a time when the buyer was more careful of his spending, or more diligent in searching for the best his money will buy. He will watch the columns of his newspaper for information on that, the most important problem of his present existence. It is up to the modern merchant to furnish this information and place it where it will be readily found, in the advertising columns of the home-town newspaper.—Texas Commercial News.

til now...." He laughed again, mirthlessly. "And now you've got to go! I can't leave you here, to go back and tell them. I can't harm you.... unless you try to get away again...."

He moved to the cupboard, opened the doors and surveyed the contents. Salt, tea, sugar, he took down and carried to the table. He eyed the utensils next, picking up kettles one by one, examining them, selecting one of the lot eventually, placing it also on the table. A frying-pan next; a teapot.

Flour and other articles, until the end of the table was heaped with them. After this he started rummaging, peering under the bed, tearing aside the calico hanging at one end of the room to paw over the deep shelves behind it, muttering to himself.

Then, he asked: "Where's he keep his pack-sacks?" Ellen gestured toward the fur loft and tried to speak. The words would not come; the inspiration, the hope, throbbing in her heart, choked them back.

"In there," she finally said. For a moment he stared at the door and its fastening, and then looked at her.

"You bring the lamp," he said. Without response she moved to obey, and he watched her walk to the table, lift the lamp in both hands. He stood aside, showing the door open, and she passed within. A single pack-sack was hanging from a rafter and he took it down. Ellen started to move into the outer room.

"Wait!" he said, and with a queer chuckle went first. "Now you may come," he remarked when he crossed the threshold. "That hook.... it'd hold a person in there a long time...."

He had seen the opportunity as Ellen had seen it. Upset as he was, Paul Gorbels' mind still pursued its function of guarding his own interests!

Time was what she needed now; time and daylight. She watched the clock, ticking its way through the growing hours, marking the death of night. Her heart tripped faster than the clicks of the mechanism....

He selected rifle ammunition, muttering, now and again making a sound that was hybrid between sob and chuckle. He gathered his plunder in a pile on the floor and reached for the pack-sack. A dangling strap caught his eye and he cursed savagely....

"Rivets?" he demanded. "Where does Wolf keep 'em?"

"I don't know, Paul. I'll.... I'll look."

"Look then!" She began to look, searching in those places where she was certain rivets would not be kept, using up minutes, counting even seconds so spent as precious. Wolf might come, some wayfarer might come.... but daylight would surely come. A girl can take strength from daylight, can command forces which darkness makes unavailable.

Gorbels looked up at the clock and cursed.

"No time to fool!" he snarled. "Got to be going, you and I!" His look chilled her and she turned her face away, making motions towards searching in the table drawer.... Time! She needed time! (Continued Next Week)

WHERE TO GO

The Washington County Oddfellows Association will hold their annual picnic Sunday at Rippling Waters. All Oddfellows and Rebekahs are invited to come, and bring basket lunches. Coffee, sugar and cream will be furnished.

The Cook's Nook

Principles of National Recovery Started by Homemakers Long Ago! Homemakers, members of the most ancient and honorable business in the world, find nothing new or strange in the much-discussed National Industrial Recovery Act. What American business men hail as something new and utopian, homemakers have been following for years!

Although not dignified by any such name, The Kitchen Recovery Act has been in force for years, and for decades, every homemaker from Maine to California has been striving for the very same thing the men now seek: shorter working hours, minimum wages, co-operation, the elimination of unfair competition.

Codes, too, are nothing new in the life of a homemaker. Fair play, respecting the rights of others, is taught by every mother to those at her knee. And as for careful planning ahead, now held up by Big Business as the key to a lot of problems—why, women are just natural-born planners!

Casting around for evidences of the time-honored code reveals instances easy to find. Lack of unfair competition is plainly shown when a prize-winning cook agrees to reveal her envied recipe for her famous "Bagdad Cream Puffs", so that every cook may be on an equal basis, and learn another recipe for winning men's hearts.

Mrs. Allen's Bagdad Cream Puffs. Shortly before serving, make a slit in the bottom of cream puff shells and fill with:  
1 pkg. marshmallows  
1/2 pkg. dates  
1/2 cup nutmeats  
1 cup heavy cream  
1/2 tsp. vanilla  
Few grains salt  
Cut dates and marshmallows with wet scissors. Chop nuts coarsely. Beat cream, add vanilla and salt, and fold in dates, marshmallows and nuts. One dozen puffs.

President Roosevelt calls for creative effort in his NRA. Creative effort in the kitchen gets a workout every day, and was responsible for the development of cracker cookery exemplified by this recipe:

Apple Cobbler De Luxe  
3 cups apples  
2 tbsps. butter  
1/3 cup water  
15 graham crackers  
2 tbsps. baking powder  
1/4 tsp. salt  
2 tbsps. sugar  
1 egg  
1/2 cup milk  
1/2 cup chopped nutmeats  
Fill greased baking dish half full of peeled and cut cooking apples. Dot with butter and add water. Crumble crackers fine (you need a heaping cupful) and add dry ingredients. Mix beaten egg with milk and stir into dry mixture. Fold in nutmeats. Spread over top of apples, making several cuts to allow steam to escape. Bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven (375° F.). Serve warm, plain or with sweet cream and cheese.

Some codes deal lengthily with "the elimination of waste". Cooks call it "getting rid of leftovers", and practice the art with this recipe, guaranteed to make left-over ham flavorful, because of the use of bland saled oil, which heightens instead of obscuring the original taste.

Ham Croquettes  
3 cups left-over ham  
1 cup milk  
4 tbsps. saled oil  
2 tbsps. chopped parsley  
1/3 cup flour  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1/4 tsp. pepper  
Blend together flour, salt, pepper and saled oil. Add hot milk and cook in double boiler about 10 minutes. Add the chopped, cooked ham. Cool, shape into 6 croquettes. Dip in egg beaten with 2 table-spoons water, then in fine cracker crumbs, again. Fry in deep fat heated to 395° F. Drain. 6 croquettes.

Some codes prohibit the "expansion of production facilities" without consent of the whole group. Women recognize the wisdom of that procedure—what homemaker ever so much as had her kitchen enlarged, or bought a mechanical refrigerator unless the whole family agreed? Having bought a new device, however, she straightaway learns to use it to best advantage, as this recipe will prove:

Orange Date Ice  
1 cup sugar  
1/2 cup corn syrup  
2 cups water  
2 cups orange juice  
1 cup evaporated milk  
1/2 tsp. salt

4 tbsps. lemon juice  
1/2 pkg. dates  
Grated rind of 1 orange  
Combine sugar, syrup and water. Cool until thoroughly mixed and dissolved, then add finely chopped dates and salt and simmer five minutes. Remove from stove, cool thoroughly. Add orange juice, lemon juice and grated orange rind. Pour into tray of mechanical refrigerator or into ice cream freezer and partially freeze. Carefully fold in the cup of evaporated milk which has been stiffly whipped. Continue freezing until firm.

Mrs. Chase St. Clair of Gresham is in the Portland Sanitarium where she underwent a major operation last week. Mr. St. Clair is a son of H. L. St. Clair who was pastor in the local Methodist Church 30 years ago. He later retired from the ministry and instituted the Gresham Outlook, taking his sons into partnership as they grew older.

Fashion Follows Health Lead



On smart tables everywhere, a new appearance—the pineapple cup—is making its appearance following recent revelations that Hawaii's golden fruit has, in addition to its luscious flavor, definite health values. The new pineapple cup is simple to prepare. It is made from crushed pineapple or tidbits, chilled and served in this cocktail glasses.

It Used To Be From Pins To Brides But Now It's False Teeth Via Mail!



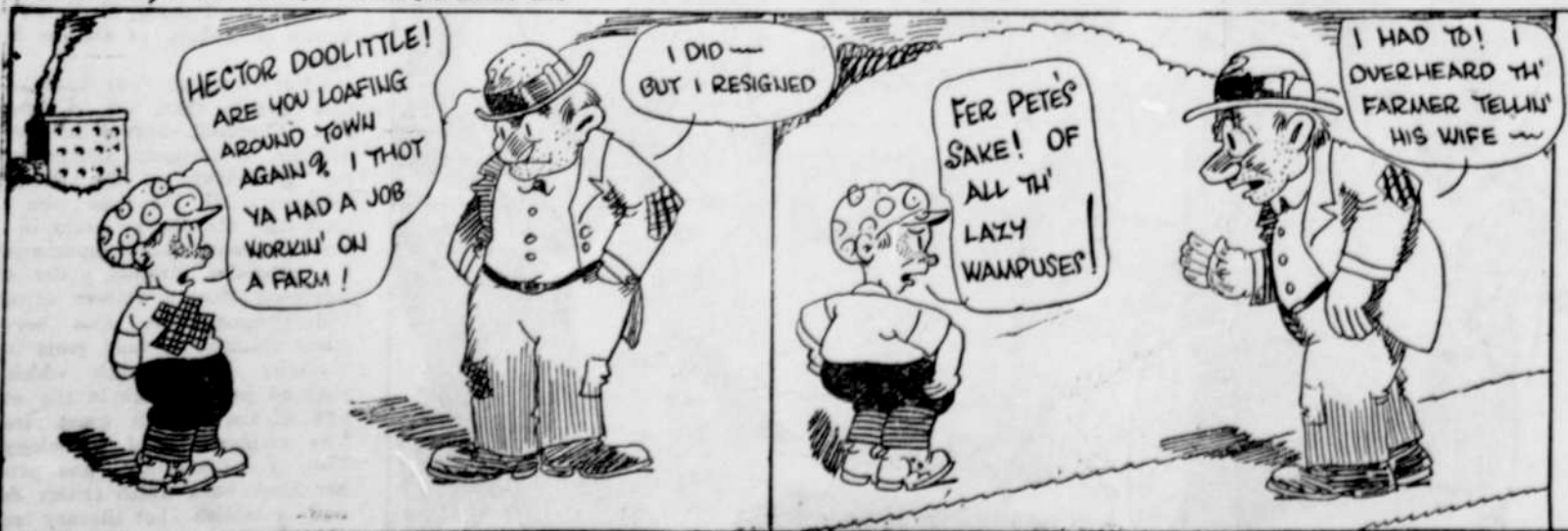
Beautiful Model—Stout Shows Dental Authorities Chart and the New Impression Material Used in Getting False Teeth by Mail.

CHICAGO—To the infinite variety of objects that may be secured by mail, ranging from packets of pins to bristles, science has added false teeth. Dr. L. M. Maas, chief of staff of the Chicago Dentists' clinic, announced in an address before a conference of dental authorities here.

Exhaustive experimental work and widespread tests carried on for several years have proved the practicability of this innovation in dental science, Dr. Maas revealed.

A newly perfected composition for taking impressions of the gums, along with a scientifically worked out chart of all types of faces, permits the patient to secure whole or partial sets of teeth by mail, just as easily as he now orders any of hundreds of other items via the same route, the speaker asserted. Dr. Maas told the gathering that the new development is a boon especially to residents of small communities and agricultural areas. "Many inventions and innovations," he stated, "are born under the stress of economic pressure, and this development falls into that category. The health and facial appearance of tens of thousands of people is adversely affected by the loss of many or all of their teeth, and their financial inability to replace them. Dental science has now solved their problem. "It is only a matter of time before dental establishments in all parts of the country will make the service available to the masses of financially distressed people in need of relief."

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



Hector Demands Better Treatment

