

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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DAD'S STORY

Last week I ended my story before I had hardly finished it. There are a lot of the old proverbs, sayings, or what have you that need to be emphasized more than they are at present. For a few years past it has been the custom to sneer at the "Copy-book maxims." But they represent the experience of years. They may not quite meet up with the more impudent generalities of the present but they are very true.

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do" is the maxim that is thought to be taught in the story we related last week. But talk to the present day youth and he tells you that men should not work but six hours a day, that the remainder of the twenty-four hours should be just pleasure. That brings us to the question of just what constitutes pleasure. We hardly have a stereotyped reply but in brief it is that which brings pleasing reactions. Some men may get pleasure from sipping two dogs to fighting but to another it would be just pure cruelty.

The man who makes a success of any undertaking must find pleasure in performing the actions which go to make up the undertaking. This seems to be quite a complicated matter to explain to even my own satisfaction. It gets into a maze of saying the same thing over and over again. Like the Englishmen's "It just isn't done!"

Possibly I am old fashioned, but I do not think so. I like to see the lambs play, the young goats gambol, the children run and scamper, the kittens scuffle just as well as I ever did. I like to read, to see pictures, to hear a good story, to do many of the things I used to enjoy, fishing, hunting, playing cards, checkers, driving, yes, all of those. Is that any reason I am old fashioned, or is it just irrelevant, and immaterial?

The thing that seems to me to be most wrong is that we do not take any effort to teach the youth some of the facts of life, perhaps disagreeable lessons but necessary. Honesty is still the best policy, not from the gaining of worldly effects, perhaps, (and only perhaps) but from the peace of mind of the one doing a dishonest deed. Is there such a thing as conscience? If there is, one needs listen to the dictates of that still small voice. But where are we doing anything to teach present day youth these things? Is it in the home? In the school? In the Church? Where? And the echo still answers, "Where?"

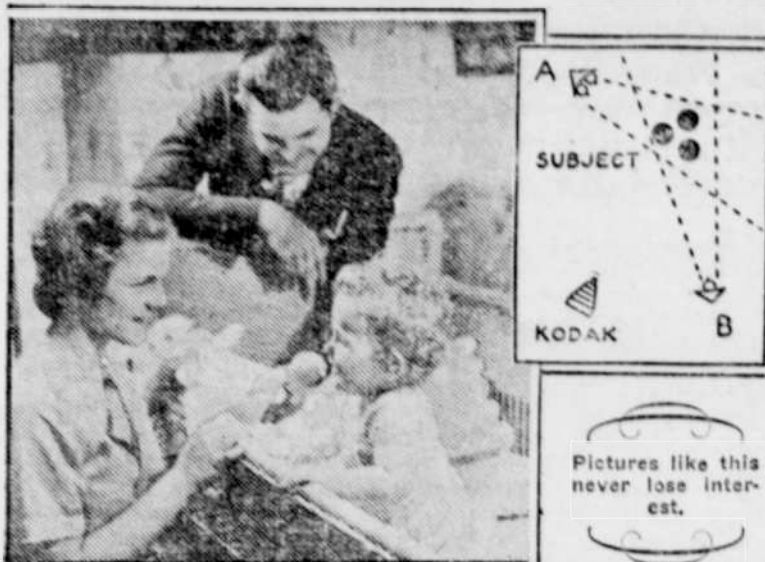
There was some sort of precept in the old home which went towards keeping the child out of mischief. He had chores to do. He had the cows to feed and milk, the pigs to take care of the horses to rub down and many other things that kept his hands busy and his mind clean but now the Chevy does not need rubbing down every night, the meat market supplies the meat and the flour comes in cloth sacks instead of fresh from the custom grist mill. Not that these things are not all right, that is the new way, but where and how and when are we going to get across to our Youth those lessons which mean the difference between a healthy outlook on life and a dangerous outlook—dangerous to his own well-being as well as dangerous to the society in which he lives and moves and has his being?

We chase our Chevies ninety miles an hour but we still have our feet, if we are lucky. What are we to do with our feet to develop them, or are they gradually to shrink away as our appendages have? They must be developed, though not necessarily in size. We have no machine to take the place of our eyes or perhaps we should gradually become blind! Or our ears, or our mouth, though we are all getting to wear store teeth.

It all comes to this, the human being has not changed in his stature, the color of his eyes, or hair, but the environment of youth has changed immensely since these immortal words were spoken, "Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature?" Are we to believe that young minds left to their own devices will go straight? Perhaps, but the experience of the race has been that the youth of a race or a nation with nothing to do soon finds itself in the wilderness, or the desert, never on the straight and narrow path which leads to the land flowing with milk and honey.

Present day readers are full of the stories of the classics, of adventure much to my mind like the yellow back dime novels Dad used

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
DON'T FORGET THE BABY



It isn't necessary to check back over vital statistics or do any research work to know that thousands of new babies made their debut into this world during the past few months. In fact, a lot of babies were born yesterday.

How many parents have taken snapshots of their new arrivals? The chances are that the majority have been so busy watching the antics of the little rascals that they have completely overlooked the fact that babies have a habit of growing up and changing right before parents' fond eyes without their seeing the change—in size, disposition, looks or actions.

Cute things the baby may do today may be completely forgotten by him tomorrow. A snapshot would preserve that little baby gesture for years to come. Of course you want many so-called "record" pictures of the youngster but for the most part make an effort to snap the baby when he is doing something.

Sooner or later he will discover that he has toes to play with. Snap a picture of him when his tiny little hands have a "strangle hold" on his chubby foot. You will cherish that picture in years to come.

In a baby's life there is the first time for everything. There's his first smile; the first time he reaches out his little arms to be taken from his crib; the first time he pulls himself up to the side of a chair and then his first step. By all means don't fail to get a picture of his first excursion to his "high chair" to join the family for his first meal at the table.

Make it a practice, or better yet, a duty to have your camera loaded at all times and ready for action. At

least be prepared to make one day a week a picture taking day and then watch for that picture making opportunity.

A picture such as the one above is quite simple to make with the aid of three Photoflood bulbs providing you have a camera with an f.6.3 or faster lens.

Place an ordinary floor lamp about three feet to the back and to the left of your subject as shown in diagram above. Floor lamp "B" should be placed as shown in the diagram about five feet away with both shades tilted upward so as to throw the light directly on your subject. You should have two Photoflood bulbs in lamp "A" and in lamp "B."

Set the diaphragm at f.6.3 and shutter speed at 1/25 of a second. Focus the camera properly, turn on your Photoflood bulbs, snap the picture—and there you are.

If you have a box camera or one with a slower lens you can make a flashlight picture with the aid of a Photoflood bulb. With a Photoflash bulb you will need but the one lamp. Place your camera on a table or some solid object and set it for "time." Within arm's length and at your side, place a floor lamp with the shade removed. Remove the home light bulb and replace with the Photoflash bulb. Now—open the shutter of your camera, switch on the current for the Photoflash bulb, which will give a vivid, instantaneous flash of light. Immediately after the flash close the shutter of your camera.

You will get a lot of fun out of taking pictures of your baby and in years to come these pictures will prove to be a real treasure chest of memories. Start today.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

to tan our hides for reading. The story of the wooden horse of Troy is one where deception triumphs over the guileless, the trusting.

It is the same with the Noble Red Man. He trusted the white man, gave him shelter, food, taught him how to grow corn, fashion rude garments from the skin of animals. He did not need the land, and so he gave it freely, with only the promise of a pittance as remuneration. The history books make a great deal of the treaty made by William Penn with the Indians. No Indian ever broke a treaty, but what treaty has the white man made that was not broken when the time came that it was to his advantage to break it?

The Indians have been gradually forced back onto land that the whites did not want or cared least for. Indian reservations, as a usual thing are rough, mountainous, undesirable locations. Only in isolated instances have they been given land that ever amounted to anything. In Oklahoma there is oil on the land but believe me, the whites did not have any idea there was oil there when they allowed the Indians to get title.

Guess I'd better get back to Dulce and the Jicarilla Indian Reservation. Emmet Wirt was Indian trader. Typical westerner he was. A fine fellow to deal with but a man who gave you the impression that it would not be well to try to put anything over.

Just to the east of Dulce about four miles was Lumberton. Three or four stores, a hotel and, on the whole, more of a town than Dulce. Ignacio went there to a dance one night. None of the Indians were there, Lumberton being off the re-

servation. But the beauty of the Mexican Senoritas was something to marvel at. The older women were anything but handsome, but the young girls just coming into womanhood were worthy of a prize in any man's beauty contest. Two or three children and their beauty faded, they lost their graceful form, their faces got sallow and their complexion looked like old leather. The younger ones had everything, complexion, expression, color, form.

It seems that during the short time I stayed there I got around quite a little. But yet, there were few places of interest to go and there was one place I did not get. I never visited the Amphitheatre. There lay the head waters of three or four of the largest rivers of that region. A vast plateau hemmed in by mountain ridges on all sides, yet the bottom was said to have been a veritable meadow. Elk, deer, all sorts of wild animals abounded there. I had the 303 Savage and would like to have taken a trip up there to hunt but things happened that prevented.

We had a number of cows at the boarding school. When the children left we turned the calves in with the cows and let them get the milk which the employees did not want. But it came time to wean the calves. There was a morning set to take the cows down to the pasture south of the Agency while the calves were to be left at the school. There was plenty of grass there and the cows would some of them come fresh in time for the beginning of the coming school year. There must have been a dozen of the cattle kind in the herd we took to the Agency.

The road was mostly in the open until we got to town. There it

dodged around buildings, crossed an arroyo or two and after skirting along the warehouse it went down a lane to the pasture. One old cow had given considerable trouble all along but we managed all right until we got her through town and was across the bridge of an arroyo that ran right alongside the warehouse. At the end of the bridge she broke into a run, turned down a path along the arroyo, to the left, apparently aiming to get across another bridge a little way farther on and thus get back to her calf.

I was on Ignacio's horse that morning, for some reason, don't remember why, but he was rather a good cow pony. I gave him the highball and we went after that old dogie, aiming to be first to that bridge. We got there—just, and the cow swerved to the right away from the arroyo, to me an entirely unexpected direction, for I thought that if she did not get to cross the bridge she would keep on up the water course. But she turned as on her heels and made off to the right and towards the other members of the herd. My horse, better versed in the ways of the western cow, turned just as abruptly. Well, I did too, but only by dint of clawing leather, and then my saddle slipped, turned, and there was I clawing at it and it giving way. The old farmer boy trick of grabbing around the horse's neck was automatic, but I stayed on the horse. Got my saddle righted up, stopped, dismounted and tightened the girth, then I got sick to my stomach.

I got on the horse and we put the cattle in the pasture, but that was the last time I rode for a good many weeks. My hernia, which had been kept in place by a truss, just refused to stay in place after that saddle turned. I could replace the protrusion when lying on my back and as long as I lay there it would stay. But as soon as I got to my feet and started doing anything it would break loose.

It must have been a week before I went in to see Doctor Wyckoff. He told me that the truss I was wearing was the best made, that if that make would not hold, then none would. When I went around the corner of the house on my way to call on him—he was not in his office—his dog bit me on my heel. It was the first time a dog had ever bit me but it is not the last.

I asked Superintendent Green's advice and he, who had been educated as a physician, advised me to undergo an operation. He would give me sick leave and also I had considerable vacation coming, having been in the service all that calendar year. I began to write

all around to hospitals to see what the cost of an operation was going to be. It was my first contact with hospitals, nurses, operations, and such things. I wrote to Denver, to Santa Fe, to Portland, to Helena, and to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. I'll tell something of their replies next week.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. William Harris and son William Jr., of Portland, were guests Saturday evening at the home of Mrs. Harris' father and sister, Ole Oleson and Miss Leivie Oleson. Mrs. Harris was formerly Miss Lillian Oleson.

Mrs. Emma Gerrish and Mrs. R. B. Denney attended the O.E.S. Matron's luncheon at the Heathman Hotel in Portland Saturday. The luncheon was given in honor of the O.E.S. secretaries, and was followed by an interesting program.



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BE WISE-ALKALIZE

The Misses Miriam Doty, Elaine McMinn, Ruth West, Noma Browne, and Ruth and Katherine Denney, Mr. and Mrs. Dod Berg and Charles West attended the banquet and installation ceremonies of the Young People's group of the Portland Union Bible Classes at the Swedish Baptist church in Portland, Friday evening. More than a hundred and fifty were present. An interesting program, in which Dr. B. B. Sutcliffe was the principal speaker, followed the banquet.



Rev. I. N. Demy says:

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