

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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The Third Rail

WELL, OUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS YOURS

What's the matter with the United States? What are the causes of the economic dol-drum and the mass hysteria which have become part and parcel of existence in this country? This commentator has a theory, at which anybody is at perfect liberty to snicker or be horrified—after expounding one more tenable.

We have permitted the mellow but insidious notion to permeate us, individually and as a nation, that the peoples of other countries and races are our equals. Before you hook this down or point the finger of shame at the Third Rail for entertaining such an apparent Teutonic and intolerant attitude, remember what we accomplished in the days when our grandfathers believed that a Frenchman was a dudsish pervert to be laughed at, and our present inability to even furnish jobs for half of our workers.

There was a day when the citizens of this country made sport of Central America's comic opera wars, and of the dinky French mustache and degeneracy, the Russian beard and stupidity, the German duelist and his Hereford calf face, the dago and his monkey, the Englishman and his monocle. What of today? Like a lot of befuddled sheep herders, Americans either imitate these simple dopes or are alarmed at the goose of a Hitler or the voraciousness of a blatant we like Mussolini. And, when things get too hot for the arsonists in Europe, they crawl away from the fires of their own setting, and this country shamelessly admits a gang of fake European

statesmen, scientists professors, doctors, musicians, "artists" of every kidney, to their undisguised relief, and permits "bunds" and black-band societies, nazis and fascists and communists, to ape their drivels in the faces of Americans on American soil. About twice a year we wax so gullible as to patronize fake European akes, such as the San Something Opera company or a "Russian" ballet, composed entirely of "artists" from New York's east side.

What has become of the cow-puncher who made fun of English tourists? His place is now occupied by a simpleton who apes English tourist. Where is the American or Irish-American whose bellowed "raus!" would send a dozen Hitlers surrying into the nearest beer cellar yelping "Himmel!" at every jump? The American of a few decades back knew he was the best man on earth, and proved it more than once. Jews were then comic characters on the stage—now we've let them become a "problem." A normally healthy farm boy of fifty or sixty years ago would grab a Jap and throw a curve with him, or, what is as good, he would convince the Jap that he was about to do it.

We have discarded that which made us great and respected—our sublime and jovial Guts (a capital G there, please, Mr. Linotyper.) We've frequented Europe and Asia, and we've let their scum and squalor, disease and crime, crawl across this land of ours until we've used it them. Our diplomats have no more chance with theirs than a Salvation Army lieutenant would have if he were closeted with Scarface Al and Johnnie Torrio (A triple cross is what killed President Wilson.) Not one European nation has the slightest desire to be honest or honorable in its dealings with any other nation meaning those European nations involved in the world war and inserting themselves into the present mess. That goes for Japan also.

But, what would you? You ask. Would you quit all intercourse with Europe? You're eternally tootin' I would. As a whole the people of this country have never profited a dime's worth, commercially or any other way

from Europe, when the total account is considered. Europe has always been our biggest headache. Much smarter men than the Third Rail advocate isolation—Borah and Norris, for instance. Let's build enough ship and planes to defend ourselves against the maniac that it Europe, deal with the peoples of our own hemisphere, and tell the rest of the world to keep its distance until it is cured. Admit not another European or Asiatic to citizenship—ever. Take care of our own—the Lord knows that's a job in itself, without shouldering Europe's.

Breathes there a man with a soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said
"By gum, the sun and flower
are out,
And pretty soon I'll hook a trout!"
—L. C. D.

HUNGRY SHEEP

This woman to whom wealth means little or nothing, has retired to her cottage on the wooded heights overlooking the Pacific. With flowers and shrubs all about and rich rugs and furnishings within, a lot of us would envy her the place. And yet she confesses to a yearning in her heart. For long she has been a Bible student and at times Bible teacher but with it all she is NOT QUITE SATISFIED. Do you know her kind? Refined, travelled, wise to the ways of the world, friends enough and useful where she might be and yet—I WANT MORE, her words.

Long since she received Christ as the Son of God who died for her sins, and yet there is Something Lacking. What then for her and the many other hungry sheep to be found in the Master's flock? Is not this the Bible answer to give to such?—All these years you have had Christ as your Saviour. You HAVE HAD HIM but has He had you? Have you faced the holy business of giving yourself to him utterly and forever? Your talents, capacities, abilities for all the days of your life A quit-claim deed to Him of all that you are or ever hope to be? Dare you sing, "I'll go where you want me to go dear Lord; I'll be what You want me to be?" Have

you made it death to self that you might live for Him who bought you with His blood to be His own?"

Would not the Bible ask that of the hungry sheep? Yes—our Lord SAVES—KEEPS—SATISFIES but only to those that pay the price does he FULLY SATISFY. Said He—"If any man serve Me, let Him follow Me; and where I am there shall be my servant." He then had His face set toward the cross; death awaited Him. And so He bids us follow on to the death of self. The apostles took this to heart. Were they HUNGRY SHEEP, NOT QUITE SATISFIED? WANTING SOMETHING MORE?—And when they had called the Apostles and beaten them, they commanded that they should not speak in the name of Jesus, and let them go. And they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name." Not Hungry Sheep—Wanting Something More But Rejoicing That They Had Christ and That Christ Had Them.

Glenn Taylor
Paid Adv.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County

In the Matter of the Estate of James E. Geiger, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned has been duly confirmed by the above entitled court as executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, and has duly qualified as such.

NOW, THEREFORE, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, together with proper vouchers, to the undersigned at the law office of Bagley & Hare, First National Bank Building, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 1st day of April, 1939.
Jeannette E. Geiger
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased.
Bagley & Hare,
Attorneys for Executrix.

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BUT RAILROAD GATE-CRASHERS GET HEADLINES IN NEWS!

If a person has an earnest desire to commit suicide while driving his automobile, a time-tested method is to drive upon a railroad track in front of a roaring passenger train, according to Secretary of State Earl Snell.

Yet while a high proportion of fatalities result from accidents in which locomotives strike automobiles which drive in front of them, approximately half of all grade crossing accidents result from the automobile's running into the train. This type of mishap is especially common at night when visibility is poor.

Last summer a truck driver was crushed to death and his truck badly wrecked when he drove it into the side of a train of flat cars which was standing at a crossing, after dark. The year before another driver was killed when he drove past 13 automobiles stopped at a grade crossing, and crashed into the side of a slowly moving freight train. This accident also occurred at night.

Watchfulness and caution should be the rule at grade crossings, because trains which are moving fast cannot be stopped in time to avoid trouble, even though the engineer may see the approaching automobile.

The Oregon Journal

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