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Beaverton Livery Stables

PHOTOGRAPHS

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LAST LEWIS BULLETIN, OUT

"Fertilizers for Oregon Orchards," is the last O. A. C. Experiment Station bulletin written by Prof. C. I. Lewis, former head of horticulture. It gives a digest of the vast bulk of orchard lore gathered by Professor

Lewis and his assistants, two of whom joined in preparing the bulletin subject matter. It gives, of course, his matured judgment on the principles of tree nutrition and how it can be best supplied for different fruits on various soil types. Copies are free.

THE BEAVERTON TIMES

Beaverton, Oregon.

A Weekly Newspaper, issued Fridays.

E. H. Jones, Editor and Publisher

Entered at the Beaverton (Oregon) Postoffice as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

(in advance except by arrangement with the publisher.)

One year by mail..... \$1.00

Advertising rates on application.

It's a safe bet that Ohio will get the next president.

It was a glorious Fourth and the third and fifth were fully as glorious.

Fourth of July casualties in Oregon were limited in number and only a few of these proved serious.

Oregon has again honored its heroes. George Pope, president of the Oregon Sweet Pea Society, has named a new sweet pea the "American Legion."

Now that both big parties have nominated an Ohio man, it ought to be an interesting race this fall. Time and distance being equal, let the best man win.

Enter now the camping season. Those who can will enjoy the mountains, the seaside and the roadside and those who cannot will accept the back yard at home and congratulate or commiserate themselves as their individual natures may dictate.

GO TO CHURCH

Sunday—a rest day. Do you make it such, or are you devising ways and means of swelling your profits during the week?

Sunday is a day of rest, for one reason, because the human mind requires a certain amount of relaxation without which it becomes weakened and confused and fails to function properly and to advantage. It was so intended by the Creator.

And where do you find that rest? Where do you obtain that spirit of repose which stimulates and rejuvenates the entire human fabric.

There are many ways and places, but one is more beneficial than all others combined. That is your weekly visit to the church on Sunday morning, or evening, or both. Even if you hear not one word the minister says, the simple knowledge that you are in the sanctuary of the Lord casts a feeling of calmness, solemnity and repose over you which is good for the mind, the body and the soul.

THE DEMOCRATIC CHOICE

Another convention has passed in history and another candidate as entered in the race for the highest honor within the gift of the American people. San Francisco has been host to the Democrats of the Nation and Governor Cox, of Ohio, has won the coveted honors and will oppose his old rival for political honors in the race for the next four years in the White House.

Much disappointment is felt among the railroad and other labor organizations at the collapse of the McAdoo boom and the failure of the convention to fully endorse the administration measures. It seems to have been a compromise all the way through. Bryan was the most popular man at the convention, yet all that his favorite dry plank got was applause. The bosses were turned down on practically everything they proposed, yet they finally dictated the nomination of Cox, although he was not the man they would have picked at first. President Wilson was given an ovation at almost every mention of his name, yet none of his favorite measures were given any consideration and of the various candidates supporting the administration measures, only Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Palmer were able to rally enough support to secure consideration and neither of these could attract enough support to secure the nomination.

With Franklin D. Roosevelt for a running mate, Governor Cox's chances of election are strengthened. There is a certain charm in the name Roosevelt which will win many admirers of the former president, even if the nominee is of a different political faith and does hail from close affiliation with Tammany Hall. The mere fact that he is a Roosevelt from New York will draw many votes.

Democracy could have named many stronger men for either place but probably no stronger combination than graces their ticket, after the many things that have happened at San Francisco in the ten days of wrangling and jockeying that have seldom been outdone in conventions of either party.

The full story of the convention will be written many times and in many ways, yet the true story of the convention will probably never find its way into print. It is seemingly the general consensus of opinion, both Democratic and Republican, local and otherwise, that the nomination of Cox but emphasizes a trend toward a Republican year. However, many things can happen in a political campaign and so far as Cox and Harding are concerned the honors are about even in the past and it is anybody's race until it is run.

ONE ACRE WANTED

Want to buy improved acre close to Beaverton, must be reasonable. Address Mrs. A. E. Gardner, Cady Bldg., Beaverton, Oregon.

AS IT SEEMS TO ME

E. B.

That the fellow who doesn't advertise may know his business, but nobody else does.

That there is always room at the top, but it is better to be at the bottom in case of fire.

That marrying for love without a side issue of bread and butter, is like sipping the froth from a glass of soda water.

That about the time a man succeeds in breaking in a pair of shoes these days, his feet break out.

That in battle or business whatever the game, in law or in love, it is ever the same.

In the struggle for power Or scramble for pelf, Let this be your motto Rely on yourself.

For whether the prize Be a ribbon or throne The victor is he Who can get it alone.

That if there is such a thing as a spoiled child, it belongs to one of the neighbors.

That if we had microscopic eyes, beauty wouldn't even be skin deep.

That if babies are the fruits of matrimony, cradles must be the fruit baskets.

That a matrimonial discussion between a man and a widow is apt to result in a tie.

That the silliest of girls know how to make herself look attractive but many a seemingly wise merchant neglects his shop windows.

That if you want to know all about the new family in your neighborhood, size up the condition of the back yard.

That a woman putting a baby to sleep is ten times handsomer than a woman putting an audience to sleep.

That love always suffers more from indigestion than from starvation.

WOULD YOU WAIT FOR PERMISSION?

What do you think of having to telephone for permission to run from a flock of bears—and then having your more or less palpitating proposal turned down?

That is what happened to J. W. Hodge, a fire guard on the Sheshaquah National Forest, a few days ago. Hodge was stationed at the lookout tower on Hanky Mountain. It was his job to scan the skyline and to make expert diagnosis of far away smoke smudges or any other indication of fire in the forest. This particular morning when he went to the lookout tower on the mountain top, he failed to attach his gun to his person. It was a mere formality, anyhow—and guns are cumbersome things to carry around.

Well, he got into his lookout box and began searching the dim blue distance that look like the further fringes of the world. He was very busy at that for a while. Then his eyes came back closer home, and what he saw made him wish for an airplane to take him immediately to one of those far fringes. Three bears were browsing around only a little distance from his lookout tower. They were not apparently bothering him any thought, but he did not know how soon they might become hungry. There being no airplane at hand, he decided to use his legs.

Then he remembered he could not leave his post without permission, so he called up District Ranger Shanklin, laid the case before him, and requested permission to go for his gun. He was promptly told that the thing was impossible. The forests were dry, and fire might start anywhere at any time. Bears or no bears, it was Hodge's business to stay in that lookout box. Being a perfectly good forest guard, he stayed. Fortunately another lookout happened to listen in on the telephone conversation and succeeded in sending help to Hodge.

HILLSBORO PHYSICIAN HURT

Dr. Elmer Smith, of Hillsboro, was painfully injured Monday morning when his motor car went over the bank on the Canyon road, near Sylvan, completely demolishing the car, and smashing the doctor's nose and bruising his head.

He was picked up by Lee Mollenhour, a deputy sheriff of Multnomah County, who investigated the accident and ordered the doctor taken to Portland to have his wounds dressed. Dr. Smith was unconscious for some time following the crash. He was alone in the car at the time of the accident, which occurred about 9 o'clock in the forenoon.

He Keeps 'Em Out o' Sight

Say, folks, we won't expect any locality for strawberries now. Before us we have a two-quart basket full of great big, pretty, red, ripe strawberries, the finest you ever saw. They are hill berries that the country is proud of. In the bucket a card reads: From Mr. and Mrs. J. H. De Moss to Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. The De Moss farm north of town is certainly a good fruit farm. Take our word for these strawberries—we won't risk displaying them.—Banks Herald.

INTERESTING STORY OF PACIFIC UNIVERSITY'S EARLY HISTORY TOLD

Outgrowth of Ambitions of Pioneer Forest Grove Resident to Faithfully Recounted by Dean of Faculty in Interesting Article in Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society.—Old Tualatin Academy Was Stepping Stone to Modern University in our Fair City.—Many Men of National Reputation Have Attended Institution of Learning Here.

The following authentic and intensely interesting story of the founding of Pacific University and its early history is from the pen of Prof. Henry L. Bates, and appears in the current issue of the Oregon Historical Society's publication:

Time is a relative quantity and the age of an institution or a nation is a matter of comparison. The Rocky Mountain range seems hoary indeed as compared with the generations of men who have lived in the Willamette Valley; and yet geologists tell us that this mountain barrier belongs to the most recent geologic time as compared with the countians since since first the Appalachian range lifted its head.

We are all young here in Oregon. Contrast the brief existence of our educational institutions with such a foundation as Harvard, nearly ready to celebrate her tercentenary; and yet Harvard is young compared with the University of Paris with its nearly 800 years of continuous history.

So, while it is my pleasing task to narrate some of the facts concerning one of the oldest educational institutions west of the Mississippi River—preceded indeed, only by the splendid foundation laid by Rev. Jason Lee at Chemeketa, I realized that every work of man here is recent and immature by comparison.

Harvard was founded in 1636, Yale in 1701, and many a college in the East and Middle West has celebrated its hundredth anniversary. Oregon's Provisional Government was established in 1845, proclaimed as a territory in 1849 and admitted to the union in 1859. Only in 1847 did the first steamer enter San Francisco Bay. California was ceded to the United States in 1848 and admitted in 1850. Washington was organized as a territory in 1853 and became a state as late as 1889. Vancouver Island was constituted a British colony only in 1849.

The high character and quality of the tide of immigration to this Northwest in the thirties and forties is evidenced by their early interest in education and religion.

The building of schools and churches seemed to them to be one of the first necessities for the establishment of a permanent and desirable social structure in this new land of promise.

Many of the leaders came from that part of the East which gave us our free public school system and where the Christian college was the dominant type of the higher schools of learning.

They stopped not to question the necessity of such schools here. The first school teacher west of the Rockies was John Ball, who opened a school at Vancouver in 1832 with 25 half-breed children.

The first school south of the Columbia was the Mission school near old Champeog, taught by Philip L. Edwards in 1835. Then comes that heroic pioneer Methodist missionary, Rev. Jason Lee, whose mission, as often has been the case, was to found schools as well as churches; and in 1842 the Oregon Institute at Chemeketa or North Salem, was begun—primarily as a school for Indian children—though the school was not formally opened till 1844. Out of this grew in time Willamette University, which received its college charter from the Territorial Legislature in 1853, just one year before Pacific University received its charter.

Pacific University, too, like many of the best educational institutions of our land, had its origin in a missionary enterprise. It was truly the child of missions in that its foundation was laid by men who were dedicated to missionary labor and to planting the seeds, in this far away land, of a Christian civilization.

The first in order of time, at least, of these men of high ideals and lofty vision was the Rev. Harvey Clark, a native of Vermont, who, with his young wife, a graduate of Oberlin, first fired zeal for missionary work among the native tribes, had come to Oregon in 1841 as independent, self-supporting missionaries.

He settled upon his land claim, on which the town of Forest Grove now stands, and built a log house in which he and his wife taught the children of the settlers, being thus the first school teachers in Washington County.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark had a vision of a school of higher rank that might in time be established and that should mean much for the highest enlightenment and culture of this new land.

Meanwhile they waited some time for the opportunity and the means to realize their ideal.

Their first helper came in the person of a woman, Mrs. Tabitha Moffet Bepko—one of that long list of most heroic forerunners of civilization, to whom all too little tribute has been paid, the pioneer wives and mothers of the Pacific Northwest.

This is hardly the place to dwell very long upon her romantic story; it is a familiar one in Washington County. She was the widow of an Episcopalian minister of Stonington Conn., who was left without property and with three small children to support. After teaching school several years, at the age of nearly three-

score years and ten, she came to Oregon to be with her sons and grandchildren who had preceded her.

She crossed the plains with an ox team, coming into Oregon by that ill-fated Southern route and suffering untold dangers and hardships on the way.

This was in 1846 and almost immediately "Grandma Brown," as she came to be affectionately called far and wide in the Willamette Valley, having no family cares, but with a warm love for God and humanity in her heart, looked around for something to do for somebody. Soon she saw the opportunity presented itself to take up the work of teaching again. She found some 15 or 20 orphaned children at West Tualatin or what is now Forest Grove, whom she gathered in to an orphan school, co-operating with Mr. Clark and taking over the work which he and his wife had already begun. This school was held in the log church which stood on what is now the college campus, and the site of which is marked by a petrified stump. The next year, 1848, the number of homeless children dependent on Mrs. Brown was considerably increased through the exodus of men from Oregon to the newly discovered gold mines in California—who left their families, in some instances, almost destitute.

Meanwhile Mr. Clark's larger purpose waited the opportunity and the man. Not long, however, for in 1848 there arrived another of those missionary pioneers who had so much to do in laying the foundations of a Christian civilization on this side of the Great Divide. Dr. George H. Atkinson, the first missionary sent here by the American Home Missionary Society. With his young wife he sailed from Boston in October, 1847, by way of Cape Horn and the Sandwich Islands, reaching Oregon City eight months later in June, 1848. Among all the pioneers who came in that early day to Oregon, probably no one had a clearer vision of its possibilities and a more complete knowledge of its almost boundless resources. In process of time he came to be recognized as a foremost authority on matters of education in the Territory.

He took a leading part in forming the public school system of the state. He taught in the first graded school in Portland. He prepared the educational part of the first message of the Governor to the first Territorial Legislature which gave the first impulse towards organizing the public school system. He was a pioneer in meteorological observations in the Pacific Northwest. In 1865 he was sent East by the state in the interest of prison reform. With Lt. Symonds of the U. S. Corps of Engineers, he wrote the article on Oregon in the Encyclopedia Britannica, ninth edition.

He dedicated the first Congregational Church building in the Northwest at Oregon City, August 18, 1859, and later he organized the first Congregational Church of Portland. But Dr. Atkinson, like a true son of New England, brought with him to this new land an ambition and a well-defined purpose to plant schools as well as churches here.

It is on record that before leaving for his distant field of labor he made a visit to New York for final instructions and while there was introduced to Rev. Theron Baldwin, secretary of the American College and Education Society, then newly organized to establish and aid new colleges. He said to Dr. Atkinson:

"You are going to Oregon; build an academy there that shall grow into a college, as we built Illinois College." Learning soon after his arrival of the orphan school at West Tualatin, he rode over from Oregon City and visited Mr. Clark in his log house. The men found they had a common purpose and ideal and at once combined their efforts to attain their purpose. They called together an association

(Continued on page 3)

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