

Oregon Hist. Society
Public Auditorium

BEAVERTON TIMES

VOL. X.

BEAVERTON, OREGON, FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1928.

NO. 18

Photography of Words.
Devans-Chambon, the French scientist, has photographed the vibrations of current in a microphone circuit by the aid of a Biendal oscillograph. The photographs are reproductions of the syllables pronounced by a human voice, and it is expected that they will be of use in the solution of various problems in telephony. In studying the impression made by syllables the experimenter found that each syllable is composed of 30 to 40 complete vibrations. The beginning and the end of the syllables are modified by the impressions of the consonants, but the modifications cover only four or five periods, so that each syllable has 20 to 30 regular vibrations corresponding to its vowel. The method permits the study of the higher harmonics, which give character to words.

Codfish.
Codfish is said to be the world's most important—which means the most scarce—fish. Few fish are more prolific. It has been asserted that one weighing 75 pounds will contain over 2,000,000 eggs. Perhaps the largest is one of them, for it is a large fish with a very fine eye. The cod is practically omnivorous, feeding means to supply great schools wherever food of any sort is found. It is found in many parts of the world other than the North American "banks" and it is said that it has been fished for by fishermen of northern Europe since the beginning of recorded history and of course for uncountable centuries before man began to make written records.

Cord Tire Facts.
A 30 by 5 1/2 cord tire contains almost 9,000 feet of cord or over a mile and a half. A 35 by 5 has over 30,000 feet of cord or over 5 1/2 miles. The cord, similar to medium-weight fishing line, is made of long fiber cotton, of far better grade than used in ordinary cotton goods. Each cord, insulated in rubber, is separated from the next by a layer of rubber insulating, which gives additional strength. A standard make five-inch cord tire has 20 to 25 cords per inch and a strength in fabric excess alone in excess of 2,400 pounds to the square inch, irrespective of the strength given by other parts.

Sense of Security.
"I hope some day," remarked Mr. Chuggins, "to give up my driver and have a private yacht."
"Why do you prefer the yacht?"
"I can go to bed without being disturbed by the fear that some one is going to steal it out of the garage."

Lamp for Every Inhabitant.
The production of electric lamps in the United States now approximates 150,000,000 annually, or about one for every inhabitant of the country.

IN SHADE OF HIMALAYAS

Majestic Panorama Displayed When the Gray Clouds Break and Reveal the Great Mountain.

Northward from Darjeeling the view of the Himalaya mountains is inspiring. When the gray clouds break, they reveal crystal ramparts, lifting far to east and west, and a majestic panorama of range beyond range in the blue distance. The primeval forest no longer extends to the snow line. There are bare spots and grain fields and hundreds of tea gardens. But the farther mountains are clothed with great trees and with a tangle of ferns and creepers, bamboo, climbing palms and wild flowers. The hill tribes living in these solitudes are very dissimilar in features, dress and habits, but alike in their half-superstitious awe of their great mountains and in their quiet friendliness. Sometimes a woman from the Himalaya forests appears in the Darjeeling market place, bearing on her back, it may be, a bundle of fagots for firewood, a bird's nest beautiful to western eyes than any of the scarlet rhododendron blossoms or strange-hued orchids would be, but no less precious to the heart of a dweller in a land of unceasing rain.—From "In the Darjeeling Market-Place," by Marietta Neff, in Asia Magazine.

Tara, "Beautiful Hill."
From the coming of Hercules, husband of Tyra, to the foundation of Tara in the sixteenth century, 120 kings of the Scythic or Mithraic stock ruled from their palace on the famous hill. In the annals of the Four Masters we read of the fourth in the list of Irish kings, the renowned Ollav Fala, who instituted the Feis or Assembly of Tara. His real name was Eochy, the little Ollav Fala, or Doctor of Erin, being given him because of his extraordinary learning. The "feis tara" was the national parliament of the Ireland of his day, and met triennially for one week at the period known as Samhain (three days before and three days after November day). The meeting was held in the open air in fine weather and in the banquet hall in wet. This hall was 800 feet long and from 60 to 80 feet wide, and had six or seven large entrances on either side. The site can still be traced.

The last king to reign at Tara was Diarmid, and no king after him, even when called king of Tara, ever dwelt upon "the beautiful hill."

Salt Supply Here to Stay.
The salt supply is not likely to be exhausted. Every pint of sea water contains a half ounce of salt and it is estimated that there is salt enough in the seas to cover the entire globe to a depth of 60 feet. The Scandinavians and people of northern Russia are the greatest salt eaters in the world.

OREGON CHAMBER WILL SURVEY STATE WEALTH

A state-wide survey of Oregon's agricultural, industrial, mineral, scenic and other natural resources was ordered by the Board of Directors of the Oregon State Chamber of Commerce in an all-day meeting held in Portland on April 19th. The data gathered in this survey will be used in the compilation of a booklet descriptive of Oregon's resources.

Decision to undertake the survey was reached after reports by directors in charge of the various departments of the State Chamber showed the Oregon as a state has not sufficient data available setting forth in exact terms what the various districts have to offer to prospective settlers and investors.

Secretary George Quayle was instructed to get in touch immediately with all state commissions and departments, the Oregon Agricultural College and experimental station station, the Oregon Bureau of Mines and all other sources of authentic information. These organizations and departments will be asked to state to what extent they can assist an undertaking of this kind.

"We propose to bring Oregon up to date in a statistical way," said "Bill" Hanley of Burns, president of the State Chamber. "Before we can continue the development plans we have under way, it is necessary that we know exactly what the state has to offer to the investor and settler. The preliminary work in this survey will be done through correspondence. Later, our field men will secure final and complete data on every district of the state through personal investigation."

WHERE BUNGLER DOES HARM

Always Makes a Mess of His Own Life and Too Frequently the Lives of Others.

Bunglers are frequently talked above their ability to perform. To be sure they want to be rated well among their friends and frequently go to the limit in telling others what they are going to do. That's how George got into the hospital. It seems George and another colored chap did the gardening on a certain man's estate in the Middle West. One morning George didn't turn up. The master went to Sam and said: "Sam, where's George?" "In de hospital, sah." "In the hospital; how did that happen?" "Well, you see," replied Sam, "George is married and he's telling me for a long time as how he's going to look his wife, 'cause her naggin' and yestiddy she done hear him at it. Dat's all." And how many there are like him. They are going to turn the world upside down until they meet face to face with the facts.

After the bunglers get in their work it's impossible for anyone else to make a good job of it. They take perfectly good reputations and leave them pretty poor examples of what is good. No wood butcher ever made a bigger mess of good lumber than has many a tumbler made of other people's lives. And those artists even huncle on their own lives. They get their heads full of notions that lead to folly. Like quacks, they go off half-cocked and the damage can never be repaired. Careless of the facts, they frequently make assertions that are far from true and act according to what you expect of such creatures. Every effort added seems to add to the confusion.—Grit.

RIDE ON SUNBEAM EXPRESS

Journey That Would Be Remarkable for Speed and for Wonders Seen Along the Way.

Emile Reint, the French astronomer, suggests that, if one were able to straddle a light ray (which travels 186,000 miles a second) and this voyage through space, observations along the route would be exceedingly interesting.

It would take only a little more than a second to reach the moon and in 4 minutes and 20 seconds one would arrive at the planet Mars. One would get as far as Jupiter in 35 minutes, to Saturn in 70 minutes, to Uranus in 2 1/2 hours and to Neptune in 4 hours. On the way one would come across a great many comets without falling—nebulous bodies of spherical shape which are rarely seen from the earth. It would take two years to get outside the sphere of the sun's attraction, and by that time our orb of day would look like nothing more important than a big star.

The star nearest to us, Alpha Centauri, would necessarily be heading out and the wayfarer through space might expect to arrive there in a little more than four years. He this time he would have journeyed 24,000,000,000 miles.

Faithfully Thrilling Game.

The natives of the Philippine Islands have a game known as "slapping." It is played by two men. Both are nude and after tossing a shell to determine who is "it," one of them, the "it" man, takes a seat on a log in such a manner as to expose his right thigh. He then lights a cigarette and endeavors to maintain an air of contemptuous indifference.

The other man steps back so as to get a good swing, and then slaps with his hand with every ounce of strength he can put into it. The report sounds like a pistol shot. A judge examines the spot where the blow fell. If a blood blister is shown—that is, if the blood can be seen just under the skin—the victim has no chance to come back at his antagonist. If it does not show, then he can swing at the other fellow.

Evolved in Prison.

Esperanto, the only one of all the many so-called universal languages that shows any signs of survival, was invented by Doctor Damohoff during his 15 years of captivity in a Polish prison.

MY OWN PEOPLE

By ELIZABETH M'NAUGHT

There were many things that dark-eyed Rebecca was forced to put up with in her quiet little home—many things that were not at all conducive to the happiness of a twenty-year-old visionary such as she happened to be.

There was Grandma Schwartz, comfortably situated, with no real worry of an impoverished old age, yet forever lamenting her growing loneliness and its attendant loss of usefulness; and Grandma Schwartz, continually railing against the present generation, and last, Rebecca's father, moody and silent, constantly worrying that a nice wife might be found for him at all costs. And he in the liquor business.

To gentle, retiring little Rebecca the very smell of the mill was an abomination. Difficultly, she worked unseen in the little compartment behind the bar, labeling, bottling, sealing but worked industriously, for always her mind was far ahead in the future, far removed from that dingy, heavy atmosphere. Before her mind's eye many futures visioned themselves, many modes of life, many friends. And, importantly, without a moment's notice had reached her great decision.

And the tears and pleas and dire, bewildering predictions of her four ones she passed into the gray stone walls of the county hospital to emerge four years later a positive little, self-sufficient Rebecca, aptness in white linen, bearing so much dignity, yet influencing so sweetly. Not even her father dared to challenge her when she sprinkled her queer smelling disinfectants about the house nor yet when she calmly disagreed with many of their life-long traditions. Slowly, yet patiently she worked for the change. And slowly it came.

No longer did grandma pray about that her last sickness might be "a short bed"; grandma, if he still retained his own opinions, kept them pretty well to himself, especially in the presence of this capable young changeling, and father, the former master of his own and others' destinies, had cause to be jubilant, for because of the earnest solicitation of Rebecca, he had stopped, very successfully and financially safe from the business a year previous and compelling himself on his shrewdness, sat back and dared a real proposition to do his worst. Thus they sat out the rest of their little world of happiness. Suddenly, their world ended in! Father was his first.

"Why, I was simply on a case with

him," was her only explanation, given with a shrill that was eloquent in its defiance, or such it seemed to the small old man. But the case became most frequent.

Like most old ladies, grandma had the habit of sitting down in her rocking chair with something to read, then going to sleep, to awaken just as the small black rooster barked away her daughter's child turned the corner. One evening she awakened about three seconds sooner than usual or just in time to catch a glimpse of the mystery man. Her vantage point was the bedroom window and the moonlight, shrouded by a fading vision, interferred somewhat. Her heart stood still, for the silvery grayness of the hair and the paleness of the skin proclaimed him a gentle. The trembling knees grew weak and shakingly she crept beneath the sheets, sore at heart, fearfully apprehensive, yet an ally.

Rebecca would marry whomever she chose, this the old lady knew, yet she also knew the hardness of the non-compromising father, and after weeks of dwelling in such misery, it was not surprising that she took to her bed, rarely sick this time. One evening, he invaded her home; straining hard, the invalid heard Rebecca's happy voice and cheery laugh welcoming him.

"Oh, God of Abraham," she prayed humbly, "take me to your bosom."

Great drops of perspiration stood out on her forehead and it was quite a few minutes before she became conscious of a cool hand soothing her brow. Slowly, she peered up, seeking for a little comfort in the kind eyes above her bed, but they were elsewhere.

"I shouldn't have left her," Rebecca was saying, "the heart is so depressing today."

Grandma's eyes encircled the room, seeking the intruder, and one look into a pair of amber black eyes and her bluish, grayish, swaying old world up and righted itself. What matter blonde-like hair or gentle features? For, instinctively, Grandma Schwartz knew she was being supported by the strong arm of a son of the chosen people. A little gasping, half-frenzied explanation, in Rebecca's ear, a few nervous tears and it was all over as the girl said childishly:

"Grandma, dear, where is your trust in me? I never could forsake my own people, my own faith; if I for a moment doubted that I should, I would have dropped it all four years ago."

And with a glad little cry, recognizable as happiness in any dialect, grandma sank back among the pillows and closed her eyes for her first real nap in weeks.

Wan't in His Right Mind. She—I shall never forget how crazy you looked when you proposed to me. He—I was crazy.

Every Voter in Washington County Should Support

EARLE FISHER for Congress

He will work for the interests of the farmers. Washington County is a farming community.

Not There, Not There, My Child. "Mother," said little Raymond, please show me the place in the Bible where it tells about Santa Claus.—Boston Transcript.

WHITE for GOVERNOR

He has made good for us on one job. Give him a bigger one now.

VOTE X 21

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



Women Don't Understand About These Things



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