

Lodge Directory



BEAVER LODGE

No. 100, A. F. & A. M.

Meets first and third Thursdays of each month by order of L. D. Shellenger, W. M., J. B. Kamberger, secretary.



BEAVER CHAPTER

No. 106, O. E. S.

Meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month.
Barbara Gorham, Worthy Matron
Margaret Denny, Secretary.
Card party and 500 the third Wednesday—Visitors welcome.

Beaverton city council meets first Monday of each month.

Beaverton Chamber of Commerce meets second Tuesday in each month.

Modern Woodman of American, Silverleaf camp, meets the first Saturday and third Tuesday of the month.

Beaverton I. O. O. F. No. 252 meets every Monday night at their hall in Beaverton. N. G. J. F. Godard; sec'y M. E. Underhill.

Beaverton Rebekah Lodge No. 248 meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month. Mrs. Albert Erickson, N. G. Lena Godard, secretary.

Beaver Grange, No. 324, meets the second Saturday of each month. B. K. Denny, master, Mrs. Ruby Boyd, secretary.

Professional Cards

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Upstairs, Shute Savings Bank Bldg
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STANDARD HARDWARE
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Out and In Christmas Eve

by Wickes Wamboldt

ONE of the best times I ever had on Christmas was about five years ago," said Jason Griggs reminiscently as we sat in front of a big log fire in his cozy sitting room Christmas eve.

Mrs. Griggs smiled and looked up from her sewing. "We did have a lot of fun that Christmas, didn't we, Jason?"

"We certainly did, ma," Jason laughed softly and continued:

"I had gone to town Christmas eve with a load of wood. The sun was



pretty well down when I started home; and as I came along the street back of the baseball park I saw a lot of household goods piled out on the sidewalk. A man and woman and two little children were standing there looking at the stuff like they didn't know what to do. I stopped.

"Been put out?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," said the woman. The man didn't say a word. He had the most woe-begone look on his face I ever saw. To have one's goods dumped onto the sidewalk at any time isn't pleasant, but on Christmas eve of all times is just about the worst.

"Got any place to go?" I asked.

"No, sir," said the woman; then I turned to the man.

"How did you get this way?" I asked. He lifted his head and looked me straight in the eye.

"Carousing," he said frank as you please. I liked the way he said it. I like frank-hearted folks. If a man will be open and above board with me I can always get along with him.

"Why don't you cut it out?" I asked.

"God helping me, I have cut it out right now," he said.

"Got a job?" I asked.

"No," he said.

"Want one?" I asked.

"Mister," he said, "I'll take any decent job at anything I can feed my wife and children on."

"Well," said I, "my name is Griggs, Jason Griggs. I've got a farm out here on Turkey creek, and I need an all-year-round hand. I've got a nice little cottage out on my farm, too, that's empty. If you want to move out and go to work for me, I'll pay you \$35 a month and give you your house rent, your firewood, your milk and your eggs when they ain't too scarce; and let you have a piece of ground to make yourself a garden; and let you have the tools to work it with."

"Well, that fellow's face lit up like a jack-o-lantern on a Halloween night. He tried to say something but he just couldn't. He acted like he was about to choke. Then a couple of big tears pushed out of his eyes and rolled down his face.

"It was the woman who answered. She said: 'Thank you, mister! Thank you! It seems like God Himself must have sent you to help us.'

"All right," I said cheery as you please. 'Let's pile this stuff of yours right into the truck, and you folks'll spend Christmas out on the farm with me and my old lady.'

"It didn't take long to load up; they didn't have overly much; and they all worked like beavers, including the two little ones. We were soon rolling along, with the man and one of the children sitting on a mattress, and the woman and the other youngster in the seat with me. It was getting sort of late, so I kind of let the car have her head a bit; for a man who has been married as long as I

have known never seems to sleep supper waiting.

"When we reached home it was plumb dark, so I stopped at the house for a lantern and told ma what I had



done; and she laughed and told me I was just as crazy as ever. I drove the folks down to their little cottage back of the orchard. We soon had things in and the stove up; and while the woman and the children were setting things to right I took Jim (that was the fellow's name) and we went up to my back yard to get a load of wood. I knew they didn't have anything to eat, so while Jim was piling

the wood onto the truck I went into the kitchen and found that ma had already fixed up a basket for them.

"After ma and I had finished our supper, ma says to me 'Jason, those young ones are not going to have any Christmas presents.' And I said 'Well, that will never do.' So we put on our duds and climbed into the flivver and drove to town and blew ourselves.

"We bought Jim a pair of overalls, a jumper and some heavy work gloves, something he could use on the farm. We bought Mrs. Jim a nice warm sweater and a dress. We got each of the kids a little red sweater, a red stocking cap and shoes, and some toys and candy and popcorn and oranges.

"We are fools," I says to ma on the way home. 'Nobody is ever grateful for what you do for them.'

"That isn't the idea," says ma to me, 'to do things for people to make them grateful. You want to do things



for folks because things ought to be done!'

"Guess you're right," says I, 'as you always are.'

"Early next morning ma and I carried the things down to Jim's house. I never saw a more tickled bunch in my life. The kids squealed and yelled. They were as happy as pigs in a goober patch. And Jim had on a grin that took in his whole face.

"You sure have made a happy Christmas for us!" says Mrs. Jim, and her eyes were wet.

"And yesterday afternoon it looked like we weren't going to have any Christmas," said Jim, and his eyes were wet, too; then ma and I topped things off by having the whole kit and parcel up to Christmas dinner with us. That sure was one jolly Christmas."

"What became of Jim?" I asked.

"Oh, Jim's got a farm of his own, now. He's a natural born farmer, Jim is. And when he got a chance to get the Henry farm next to mine on easy terms, I helped him buy it and get started. He's making money, too; and I reckon Jim is one of the best friends I've got. Talk about gratitude! Jim is one chap who doesn't overlook the gratitude business."

(© 1928, Western Newswoman Union.)

Christmas' Namesake
The most important of Christmas' namesakes is Natal, a province of South Africa. The Portuguese discovered it on Christmas day and named it Natal since it was sighted on Christ's natal day.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
In the County Court of the state of Oregon for Washington County. In the matter of the estate of A. E. Story, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly confirmed by the above entitled court as Executor 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 therefor, to the undersigned at the Bank of Beaverton in Beaverton, Oregon within six months from date hereof.

Dated this 30th day of November 1928.

J. C. BECK
Executor of said estate
317 Artisans Bldg
Portland, Oregon

Church Notices

ST. CECILIA CHURCH
Xmas Day Services
High mass 6 a. m.; second mass 7:40 a. m.; third mass 10 a. m.
Bethlehem Nativity Child in church for 2 weeks.
Everybody invited and welcome to Christmas services or any during the entire year.

CHURCH OF CHRIST
The young people will put on a Christmas play, called "the Christmas Quest". Everybody is invited.

An election of officers will be held after the preaching service, Sunday. All members are urged to be present. Bible school at 9:45. Preaching at 11:30. Sermon, "The Birth of Jesus" Supernatural or Not.

Celebrate the birth of the world's Savior by attending church some place next Sunday. Welcome to all at our services.

OSCAR A. COOPER, Pastor

BETHEL CONGREGATIONAL

At 7:30 this coming Sunday evening occurs the annual Christmas cantata presented by members of the Bethel Congregational choir. The one chosen this season is "The Wondrous Light" (Stults) and expresses the relationship between the guiding star of Bethlehem and the Shepherds and the wise men.

Soloists for this Sunday evening service include Miss Rhoda Shellenger, Miss Viola Hansen, Mrs. E. G. Webb, Mrs. E. L. Spencer, W. H. Boswell, Harris Hansen, and E. G. Webb. They will be supported in the chorus number by the full choir, Mrs. R. C. Doty accompanying. All are invited to attend.

The Sunday morning Christmas services at Bethel Church includes the story of the birth of Christ in song, taken from Fearis cantata "The Star of Hope", while Mrs. E. G. Webb sings the offertory solo, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," (Harker) a beautiful arrangement of the well known hymn.

NAZARINE CHURCH

Christmas greetings to you all. The Sunday School will give a Christmas program on Monday, December 24th at 7:30 p. m. Every body invited to come. We will observe the "White gift" Christmas this year. You may bring a gift wrapped in white, for some needy one.

The Sunday services will be at the usual time with appropriate messages.

You are invited to come and worship with us.

ROY L. NOLT, Pastor

Notice to the public

SUPPOSE you are today paying 50c a tube for your tooth paste (and there are many very good dentifrices selling today at that price).

Suppose, like most people, you buy about twelve tubes during a year. Now if you knew that you could buy as good a dentifrice as can be made and still save each year the price of 25 loaves of bread or 60 bars of soap or 40 pounds of sugar or a box of fine cigars—could you conscientiously fail to take advantage of such an opportunity?

That is exactly what you do when you buy Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c for a large tube. Figure it out for yourself.

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HAPPY NEW YEAR

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Be loyal to your own merchants—spend money at home

DAD AND I

O Dad, see the large bird! It's an Ostrich, taking his turn in sitting on about 16 or 20 eggs. You know each male Ostrich has four or five wives.

They lay their eggs in a hole swooped in the sand and take turns in sitting on them

The wings of an Ostrich are too small to be used for flying, but they help to balance the bird. They also serve as sails when the Ostrich is running.

After about six weeks if the eggs are not all hatched, the male bird becomes impatient and presses the pad in front of his chest against each egg in turn.

He breaks the egg, pulls out the membranous bag with the young bird in it and, after swallowing the bag, goes on to another egg.

As soon as the young birds are out of their shells, they begin to pick up small stones to prepare their gizzards for grinding the food which their parents bring them.

By Stafford