



(Continued From Last Week)

"But he did find fuel, Peter," she said. "He must have found something."

"Yes, he found something that would do—not very well, as we can see. He had hoped for better results than he got. Come."

On the way toward the gate of the fortification walls Peter stopped and kicked at a blackened spot on the sand. He said laconically, "Their fire. Where they ate their last supper together—the vanished men."

The sun had dropped below the mountains above the mesa; its needed fire had settled down into a hot layer of dull, sullen heat. But beyond the wall where their car stood the open desert, bare, cruel, with the heat waves running like endless herds of sheep along the quivering horizon, was a relief from that strange spell of the dried well, the ruins, the fine yellow-gray dust, and the silence.

Brena filled her lungs as one does who has come from the interior of a mortuary.

"Peter," she said.

"Yes, dear."

"I want to tell you, Peter, that you need not worry about me. I am all right. It is necessary for me to know. And I'm going to know, Peter, without any weakening. We've come too far for that."

"He took her hand.

"I'm not willing to let this make a scar on me, Peter," she said. "I've paid in full before this. So show me. And then let's turn toward the earning of our ways."

"Our way," he insisted, correcting her. "Not ways. The earning of our way, together."

She shook her head a little as if some doubt had stirred within, but they were outside the wall now and Peter's eyes were upon that which he had seen before.

He dropped behind her and turned her body so that she faced toward the bend in the southern end of the fortification wall.

"There," said he. "You did not see it as we drove in."

Standing on the desert, like a ragged anemone, was the ruin of a touring car. All that was left of its top was hanging in wispy strips on the metal frame, its paint and varnish had almost gone, the tires had hardened and crumbled on the wheels, shreds of dry rotted leather dangled from the cushions. Motionless, dead, silent as all else, the car, as if it were a shabby outcast thrown out to die, appeared disconsolate, ready to rend forth a wall of loneliness into the emptiness. It had turned its back upon Pueblo Mesquero, as if it had wanted to go away but could not.

"He came in that, Peter?" Brena asked.

"Yes."

"But never took it away. Did he kill himself?"

"No," Peter answered. "A great abstract justice—a great equity from which there was no appeal—sat in trial of him here. I tell you, Brena, the thing is of magnificent, awe-inspiring dignity. It's a tremendous thing—an unforgettable majesty of inexorable dealing out of sentences. The place of his crime was the scene of his trial, his conviction and sentence. He died as Hennepe had died—of thirst."

Brena started to speak.

"No, not yet," Peter said. "As Hennepe had suffered, so he suffered. More, perhaps, because in his car—just as we have—he had a two-days' supply of water. Do you see that black thing out there on the desert? It is a metal container for water. He was so crazed that he had tried to drag it along with him on a hopeless journey through the sand. When he lost hope after many miles he dragged it back, cracking its contents to wet his chapping lips until the last drop was gone."

"But the car?" she asked. "What happened to the car?"

"The car was all right," replied Peter. "It had this way. Don't go in front of it. Look behind it—the tracks it had made from the enclosure entrance. But here it stopped. Oh, I tell you, it is a thing of staterlines—as if some great hand had come down."

Brena stared at him in open-eyed wonderment.

"He was the instrument of justice—he himself," Peter went on. "A man who would save his life, lost it. The madness of fear brought all that he had to fear—and more."

He paused.

"Brena, I will tell you," he said in a hushed, awed voice. "The man was mad, irresponsible, without power to reason. He was in a panic of fear. He wanted to hide his crime at any cost. He had filled his gasoline tank for the return journey. Look!"

Peter pointed to the hole in the back of the car into which the gasoline is poured. The screw cap had gone. A bent copper pipe still dangled out of that hole.

"He wanted a hat-full of gasoline. That was the fuel, Brena—the fuel to burn the remains of Jim Hennepe."

He wet his lips.

"He used a siphon. This bent copper pipe taken from his tool chest—a spare length of oil feed pipe! And with that he filled his hat and ran back."

Peter looked up into the sky. He went on quietly. "And the siphon ran on. He had forgotten it. It ran on with its little stream saturating the sand until the tank was empty and the

heat of the day was evaporating the last drops at the bottom. Parmelee had condemned himself to death! He had lost the fuel he had put in for the return journey!"

Brena pressed her lips tightly together and for many moments looked into the great fanlike spread of the sunset. Then suddenly she turned toward the car and took several steps.

"No," said Peter firmly. "You mustn't."

"I must know, Peter, beyond a shadow of a doubt."

"He is there—nothing for you to see, dear. He must have had the delusion at last that he could drive the car. He's there—at the wheel—fallen forward. And so—"

She looked up.

"And so—to be sure—I took the watch—a gold one—this one. Is it his?"

He held it out on the palm of his hand.

"Yes, it is—his, Peter."

He looked down at it a moment; then tossed it into the sand as one tosses aside a poisonous fungus.

"Peter."

"Yes."

"We mustn't let this go with us when we go—following us away. We must leave them both—here."

She took his hand.

"I'm sure. For myself I can answer. I know the desert has served some great will. The book is closed."

They slept upon one great square blanket spread on the open desert beneath the stars while the pale moon moved on its great silver arc across the heavens. The Pueblo Mesquero was far behind; from it they had ridden for miles in awed silence. And when they had reached a stopping place upon a rise of ground, neither had dared an expression. Aching with weariness they had looked at each other mutely and flung themselves down.

Now the second morning, like the first, came over the desert's edge with a host of golden lances; again the air of the desert became a haze of luminous violet hanging above the red and yellow sands and waiting for the clang when the yellow glare was flung forward again over the plain.

Brena awoke, sat up, unbraided her hair and tossed it loose with her fingers. Something within her, that had been growing with the slow growth of stalwart long life, that had suffered no night, that subconsciously she had protected and nurtured for an unseen end, that had been made ready to withstand assaults by tragic winds, that had lived apart and immune from taint, was now free. As she threw out her arms toward the sun, so now this thing within her for the first time came forth from its depths to greet a dawn of its own.

It was not a thing asking for dramatic crises or for summits of joy; it only asked for the ultimate romance—that of the continuity of a full, strong human life—the adventure of adventures into which the soul throws mind and body, thought and flesh, nerve and will. And because she had found her mate in this ultimate romance, Brena bent over and kissed Peter's lips.

He smiled in his sleep, and slowly his body moved and his eyes opened.

"Where are we going, Peter?" she asked.

"Somewhere with you," he said, sitting up. "Somewhere with you, I suppose we'll have to be married, dear one. But I feel that we were something more than that a long, long time ago."

He turned toward the east and the first flood of golden light illumined his face.

"Do you know, Brena, that there is something not weighed by science and the philosophies, not reckoned by governments or laws nor customs. It is something that is ours—some new, born thing without material existence, some immortal spirit that we have created—you and I—long ago."

Brena moved her head up and down in silent assent. She sat with her hands clasped in her lap, her dark eyes moist, and a calm smile upon her sensitive, flexible lips.

For now she knew that he too understood the way to the greatest of all the mysteries.

[THE END]

ner Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. Boyd's birthday anniversary.

Guy Carr was looking all dressed up the other morning, and if Dame Gossip is correct he will soon be in the ranks of the Benedicts.

J. H. Dobbins has purchased one-half acre from Henry Nelson opposite the towerhouse, and will erect a modern residence for their home.

Cecil Barnes had the misfortune to break down on the Highway the other evening. He called for assistance to have his machine towed in.

W. L. Noyes reports having the contract for putting in the plumbing in the house being built by H. A. Alexander on his tract just north of Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. John Roos of Cooper Mountain are the proud parents of a nine-pound boy born Monday morning. Dr. Mason reports mother and son doing nicely.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Cecil D. Allen of Watson St., Monday, May 17, a 7½ pound girl. Dr. Mason was in attendance. Mr. Allen is one of the employees of the Standard Oil Co. here.

"Cap" Fabram, manager of the News-Times Annex in Forest Grove, and one of his apprentices was in town Friday. He announced that he had just bought a new Miller unit for his shop.

Mr. E. E. Swenson speaks tonight, May 21st, at the Swedish Lutheran Church on the East Side, under the auspices of the Lutheran Brotherhood. His subject will be "The Future of the Church."

Beaverton Special Summer

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I. R. METZLER TO BE NEW SUPERINTENDENT

The absence of Mr. McGlas-son as superintendent here marks the rise to the office of superintendent of one of the most popular teachers that ever set foot in Beaverton High School.

Mr. I. R. Metzler has been here long enough to make a reputation as the most popular man of B. H. S.

Mr. Metzler came here from the Oregon Agricultural College where he made a name for himself as star high jumper on the varsity track team.

The war broke into his college years and he spent three years in the service. After the war he returned to O. A. C. to complete his education.

At Beaverton his rise was rapid, and he was soon principal and as a teacher of commercial subjects he is credited with turning out the best typists that ever represented this school. Several B. H. S. students under his tutelage have won honors in the state and county contests.

As a coach of basketball and football he has made the best of a small turnout and other difficulties and against schools of much larger student bodies and has always managed to break even, which speaks highly of his ability and when he did get good material he turned out the best team that Beaverton has ever had. A team that can win ten out of fifteen games against schools that are larger and against teams that have played together for two and three years is a real one and to Mr. Metzler goes credit for the performance of the team.

The students of B. H. S. will have many problems confronting them, but they are not worrying for they know they will have a man at their helm who will pilot them safely through their impending difficulties, a man that will instill into the school, as a whole, the pep and fight that he put into them on the gridiron and on the maple court, and a man who has this confidence of the whole school is bound to succeed. We wish him all the success in the world in his new position and at the long Superintendent every such same time we wish our departure.

G. H.

SENIOR PLAY GREAT SUCCESS

"Green Stockings," the first and only major play of the year, given by the Senior class April 29 and 30 was a success both as an entertaining and as a financial undertaking. One hundred and eighty dollars was taken in. The two performances were well attended by an appreciative audience. Much credit for the success of the play is due to Mrs. Dewhurst, the director. "Green Stockings" made the eighth major play she has coached. The students took a great interest in the project and gave to the public the best of their ability.

All the parts were well interpreted and much credit is due to all the actors.

Florence Harrison as Celia, the oldest daughter, gave a very excellent and pleasing interpretation of her part, and she was well received.

Ralph Mapes as Colonel Smith took his part well, and we'll all say he looked fine in his uniform.

Gladys Junkin in the role of "Aunt Ida" surely "took the cake," with her hysterics. She did splendid work and is to be highly complimented.

Gordon Wilcox as the father of four daughters should receive much credit for the way he handled his part, especially for the droll way he had of repeating his "God Bless My Soul."

Roy Briggs in the part of old Admiral Grice, won many chuckles from the audience.

The two lovers, Mildred McLeod and Myron Gray, gave a pleasing exhibition of courting and much credit is due them for the spirit with which they upheld their parts in the performance.

June Hudson and Merza Halsten added much color to the play with their bright gowns and good acting.

Jim Kimmy and Richard Vaughters did their part "up brown," in acting as the belated suitors to Celia.

Frances Sundberg, as a French maid, gave an attractive and realistic appearance to the play.

Credit must be given, also, to Paul Wirth and Herbert Keehn for the efficient way they handled the complicated lighting plot of the play. It took them

JUNIORS WIN PENNANT AT PICNIC TRACK MEET

Monday, May 17th, the Beaverton High School journeyed up to Balm Grove on Gales Creek to hold its annual picnic. It had been decided to provide entertainment by holding a track meet and to award the winning class with the Field and Track Pennant. The first of the contests was the pie-eating contest for both boys and girls. Mrs. Metzler won for the girls, and Lawrence Day for the boys. The track meet was then adjourned until all the ravishing appetites had been satisfied.

After dinner the contests continued as follows: Horse-shoe tournament, Juniors, first; Seniors, second. Backward race, Gordon Wilcox, Senior, 1st; Jim Underwood, Frosh, 2nd and Warren Jones, Frosh, 3rd. Hop step and jump race, Charles Brandt, Junior, 1st; Raymond Harrison, Junior, 2nd, and Gordon Wilcox, Senior, 3rd.

The Juniors held first place for the pennant and the Seniors won second place, Freshman third, and Sophomores last place.

Later, a girls' baseball game was played. It proved to be quite an exciting game (for those who played).

(Continued from Front Page)

About a dozen of the real brave ones ventured in "swimming" but it was too cold to stay in very long. The trip was enjoyed even if the weather was rather rainy and cool and the students, friends and relatives returned to their respective homes tired but happy.

Many hours of hard work to prepare equipment for the flicker of the fire all through the play, and the moonlight scene in Act III.

Many personal compliments that were made such as, "My, but that stage looks like home," and "How pretty the stage looks," are due to the excellent work of Bernice Cox, the Stage Decorator.

For several days after the play many "amateurs" were heard copying William Faraday's "God Bless My Soul," and Aunt Ida's laughs.

The Senior Class certainly thanks all the students of B. H. S. for their aid in making "Green Stockings" a success.

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LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. John Haulenbeck has purchased the Bascomb place in Berthold's addition.

Mrs. Sarah Richardson of Condon is visiting at the home of her niece, Mrs. Floyd Tefft.

Mrs. C. A. Smith of the High School Faculty spent the week end with her husband in Olympia, Wash.

Mrs. May Adams of Portland has bought one acre in the Berthold Addition and will put up a modern home.

Mr. Theodore Coates left Tuesday for Seattle, where he joins Mrs. Coates and daughter to make their home.

Mrs. Wm. H. Boyd entertained Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Davis at dinner.

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