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HATE
By
Arthur D.
Howden Smith

CHAPTER XV—Continued

"I still don't understand," said Fel-
lowes, shaking his head. "You were
a nun, anyway?"
"Corra a nun. Unless ye call me
a nun that was housekeeper for the
Irish Nuns at Lisbon, and that same
by token Mother Seraphina that was
born Margaret Gilhooley, third daugh-
ter to old Squire Gilhooley av the
Reeks in County Donegal, would
have me come wid her when she tuk
the veil for a bit av company and
blanbhanderin' by times she wasn't
prayin' But that was before I got
me growth or me appetite, an' shure,
says she, I'd ate the convent av its
funds if I went on. But was I to
blame that the dear God give me a
stomach above nuns' fare?"
"Ye left the convent for Miss
Inglepin's service?"
"Tha't I did, and maany's the time
I've been down on me two shinbones,
thankin' the blessed saints that sint
a foine, lovely, young leddy the like
av her—"

"But didn't she know you were
Irish?" Fellowes interrupted, his sus-
picions reawakened.
The duenna eyed him shrewdly.
"Net she! 'Twas a Portuguese she
wanted. One that knew the way av
the country, and Mother Seraphina
says, says she, me young leddy
wouldn't be satisfied wid—"

"Was that honest?"
"An' why not?" snapped the attend-
ant. "How was a chit of a girl to
know what was better for her? An'
I'll thank ye not to miscall me, that's
been a good friend to ye, for all yer
black scowls, and murberin' ragas,
and the blood ye've split on the right
hand and the left."
"Ye're sorry," Fellowes apologized,
genuinely bewildered. "But ye mustn't
blame me—"

"Arrah, and 'tis nobody else I'll
blame, and me young leddy asettin'
wid the salt tears on her cheeks, all
for the way ye mishandled her, was
minite for kissin' and the next for
hangin'! 'Tisn't shame to ye, for all yer
scowls, that have spread misery and
sorrow, and won't see love when it
comes in yer path, but turn yer back
on it, and go off to seek God knows
phwat!"
She paused to catch her breath, per-
haps to give him an opportunity to
answer; but he was speechless, fumb-
ling for comprehension of her words.

"Ah, as shure as me name's Mary
McCarthy, that was housekeeper to the
Irish Nuns, and for hunger sint out
to wait on the sweetest young leddy
alive, 'tis ye are the fool av the
world!" The beady, black eyes as-
sumed a sympathy at odds with the
spirit of the declaration. "God for
give ye, sorr, she went on softly, "do
ye have to be told 'tis just yerself
she loves?"
"Ye're afraid you don't know what
you're talking about," Fellowes pro-
tested unsteadily. "Miss Inglepin
was very fond of Captain Collishawe.
He deserved her affection. That's
why I feel so bad over his death."
"Och, blieve me glory," exclaimed Mary
McCarthy. "'Tis a babe in arms ye
are! Ain't ye got the sense to know
she turned down poor Cap'n 'Col-
lishawe for yerself? That was why
she made such a todo over him—and
to her credit. A kind, gentle lamb
wouldn't do a hurrt to anny man
which is more nor the best av them
deserve!"
With a strength none would have
suspected, she clutched one of Fel-
lowes' elbows, and started to propel
him back to front street; but almost
immediately she released him.

"Shure ye can run faster nor me
that's weighted wid belly-fat," she
said. "Go on, lad! 'Tis the spurs to
yer flanks, and make haste to her.
There's nothin' the like av tears to
wipe clane the sorriest slata. So be
sly—and on ye way."
He obeyed mechanically. The crowd
in front of the Inglepin warehouse
had increased in size with the arrival
of the governor, and made room for
him reluctantly until Doak and
Eaches recognized him, and aban-
doned their reminiscing to brandish
musket-butts and bayonets and shout
importantly:
"Stand aside, good people! Stand
aside for Squire Fellowes!"
Cara, mournful and perturbed, sat
at her uncle's desk, jostling on one
side of her, Ben on the other. The
governor was stamping back and forth
in front of the window, while Sopher
orated with keen appreciation of the
distinction of his audience.
"—and I can but asseverate once
again, your excellency, that as the
woman passed me I distinctly heard
her say—or possibly 'twould be pre-
ferable to employ the word mutter—
"Ah, 'tis hungry ye'll be this hour to-
morrow, Mary McCarthy!"
"Shel'll not be, then," asserted Fel-
lowes.
The four men stared at him in a
complex of humors, but Cara cried
out apiritedly:
"Tha't she shan't be, and I care not
who'd persecute her. Besides, 'tis
ridiculous, Mr. Sopher. The poor
creature has no English."
"Yet we all heard her speak," Gov-
ernor Tompkins pointed out temper-
ately.
"Shure speaks English as well as any
of us, your excellency," Fellowes in-
terjected; "but there's no great mys-
tery to it. She was in need of em-
ployment; she was told Miss Inglepin
would accept only a Portuguese; and
'tis she should lose her place she pre-

tended ignorance of English. She
abandoned her ruse because—because
she had her mistress' happiness at
heart."
He looked straight at Cara, and after
a moment of indecision she let her
eyes meet his.
"I owe a debt to Mary McCarthy,"
Fellowes added gently. "She showed
me what I was too blind to see."
The answering light that shone in
Cara's face drew him forward a step
before he could check himself.
"Humph," granted the governor.
"I must get back to Government
house. You might come with me
Joshua."
"Mind if I come, too?" asked Ben.
"Glad to have you," answered
Joshua, linking arms with him.
In the doorway his excellency
paused, and seized hold of Sopher's
shoulder.
"You, too," he commanded.
"Ye're excellency, I am on duty!
In charge of Captain Fellowes' escort,
and—"

"You come along as Fellowes' attor-
ney," advised the governor. "He'll
not require assistance here or I miss
my guess."
The door closed behind the four,
and as if by the click of the latch had
been a signal Cara rose from her chair,
her eyes were brown pools, decked
with star-glint, and it seemed to Fel-
lowes that he was sinking gradually,
gratefully, into the infinite mystery of
their depths. Here, rekindled for him,
was the subtle glamor that had lured
him from Perenna to Lisbon, and from
Lisbon aboard the True Bounty, its
embers glowing rosy with every
breath he drew. He leaned toward
her, and suddenly she was in his
arms, her lips lifted frankly to his.
"Forgive me," he whispered.
"Ah, dearest—" her fingers stroked
his lacerated back—"I have your



Here, Rekindled for Him, Was the
Subtle Glamor That Had Lured Him
From Perenna to Lisbon.

stripes to answer for, however inno-
cent I was."
"Ye're but scars," he protested.
"So they're not scars on your mem-
ory," she murmured, and nestled
closer.

CHAPTER XVI
Mrs. Rhodes Makes Up Her
Mind

"Easy, Pete! Whoa, thar, Paul!"
Jeff Riggle caught the thong of his
whip around the butt, and climbed
creakily down from his seat, as the
Widow Rhodes emerged from the side
door of the General Armstrong into
the spring twilight of the inn yard.
"Late as usual," she sniffed. "E'en
stop'n' off ag'in to see that busy
dawn to Floyd-Jones, hey?"
"Altho' blieve the wuss of a man
daon't ye?" Jeff countered. "Any-
one 'ud be late, carry'n' the load I did."
"Tha'tn't noticeable," she remarked,
peering into the coach's empty inter-
ior.
"Set 'em off back a piece," affirmed
Jeff.
"Square's to home."
Mrs. Rhodes became alert.
"Lon' Fellowes? Home? Why, ye
footless loon! Keep'n' all the news
back from a body!"
"Naow, naow, M'randy, ye ain't got
me time to flap my jaw, I was all s'te
to tell ye, and—"

"Go on, unum! Tell me! Has he
got his health? Haow'd he do pri-
vateer'n'?"
"Done fine. Married."
"Married!" The widow's tone was
falsetto. "Aprivateer'n'! Be ye crazy?"
"Shore, he's married. Thar'n't Miss
Inglepin was up to Chaters' Reck'
lect?"
"Waill, I vum," exclaimed the wid-
ow. "Guess I better git my bonnet,
ye' hustle up to the Manor. They'ud
be need'n' help more'n' likely."
"Och, they got plenty help," Jeff as-
sured her. "Thar'n't Portygee woman
—only she ain't Portygee, she's Irish.

All Humanity Put on Level by Seasickness

It is refreshing to discover that, aft-
er all, the great and alleged great are
not unlike ourselves. One of the best
places in the world to find this out is
on board an ocean-going liner. We
once saw a famous surgeon, whose
skill in the attack of disease brought
relief to thousands, fold up like a
sack, in a heavy sea. The roll and
pitch of the ship was more than his
science could fathom.

On another trip was a celebrated
woman athlete. Her name is familiar,
in midocean. The young lady was sit-
ting in the ship's foyer by the side of
a woman companion. The great liner
was rolling as it plowed its way
through the resisting sea. Slowly the
lady began to show signs of seasick-
ness. She turned pale and her chin
sank low on her bosom. Then the
craft suddenly pitched forward and
the young woman nearly fell from her
chair. Several times she vainly at-
tempted to reach the bracing air of
the promenade deck. It was a few
feet away, but inches spelled miles to

name o' McCarthy, and talks nigh as
much as ye do, M'randy—"

"Huh! I'll thank ye not to be coun-
tin' me with an outlandish furrine
the shape of a earl's salt pork!"
"Shore," drawled Jeff, "but ye kin
say this for a fat woman. She ain't
so short in her temper."
"Any woman 'ud be short-tempered
with a tight-mouthed alunny had'n'
more'n' boss talk on his tongue! Git
along, do! Who else come with
Squire?"
"Minrod Sopher. The rest o' the
Babylon fellers stared into the city
Spenlin's prize money."
"Ye're the widow observed
grimly. "Anyone else?"
"Tha' mahog'ny-colored feller, Tom,
n' his niggerman—only he ain't Tom's
alguner no more 'cause Squire Fellowes
—or mebbe 'twas Miss Fellowes—it's
kinder hard to make out how they
done it—bought him off o' Tom."

Mrs. Rhodes' eye brightened visibly.
"De tell!" she cried. "Why thar'n't
Tom must have a heap o' money
Jeff."
"Must money daon't never do a sail-
or no good," asserted Jeff. "An' the
best o' 'em air uneasy fellers, alius
up 'n' away, jest when ye figger ye
got 'em tied daown."
"Ye'd like to see the man, sailor or
no, could git away from me, short o'
the Heavenly trawp," commented the
widow.
"Waill, naow, if 'twere me, thar
wouldn't be no need to keep him from
git'n' away," pronounced Jeff. "I
had it on my mind quite a time.
M'randy, to talk things over with ye.
"Save yer breath," advised Mrs.
Rhodes. "Did ye hear haow much
prize money Tom got?"
Jeff's response was unintelligible
and he turned to the task of un-
gassing his team; but the widow
reached out a lean arm, and grasped
him to her.

"None o' that with me, Jeff Riggle,"
she ordered. "Answer my question."
"Haow'd I know? Ask him yer-
self."
"As if ye didn't worm into every bit
o' news along the road," she scoffed.
"Haow much?"
"After a hopeless wriggle, Jeff an-
swered sullenly:
"Ye do say squire give Tom all
his share o' the prize money."
"Square's share? Glory be! But
haow much?"
"Four-five thousand dollars."
Her arm fell beside her.
"Land's sake! All that money for
a niggerman?"
"Square 'n' Miss Fellowes air purty
fond o' Cuffee."
"Och, Cuffee's a good nigger! But—
All that for him! I vum! An' Tom
imprecant as a cradle babe!"
Her head sank in reflection, while
Jeff regarded her more anxiously than
before.

"I got a terrible hunger, M'randy,"
he said. "Haow 'bout a snack to
eat?"
She didn't hear him. Her eye was
scanning the inn structure with a
calculating efficiency.
"Mebbe 'twould be a good scheme to
change the name," she murmured.
"Ye jest changed it," objected Jeff.
"I know, but the war ain't goin'
to last much longer. And folks won't
think much o' sojers. 'The Sailor's
Rest.' Tha't 'ud be a good one. Kind-
er appeal'n', too. Make a man feel
to home. Course, we'd need a new
sign, but that pig fits into any pictur',
and a handy man—"

M'randy, ye ain't fixin' to throw me
over?" gulped Jeff. "Ye ain't goin'
to go 'n' tangle yerself with this
leettle, hairy sailor that wont draw
two sober breaths ashore?"
"Ye'll thank ye to keep a civil tongue
in yer head where Tom's consarned,"
the widow retorted briskly. "An' I
ain't fixin' to go over-thar ain't
nothin' betwixt us to throw, Jeff Rig-
gle. Jest 'cause I've let ye order me
round like I was yer wife, which the
dear Lord knows I'll never dream of
bein', not while thar was a single
other man left able to draw briches onto
his legs, ain't no reason why ye should
presume to try to boss 'n' bother me.
Git along, now! Unhitch them hosses,
'n' bed 'em daown." If ye want a bite,
thar's a ham in the cold cupboard, 'a
fire for a dish o' tea."
"Ye whar ye goin', M'randy?" he
wailed as she started to sail out of
the yard.
"Go'n'?" Why, of course, I'm going
to see what I kin do for squire 'n' Miss
Fellowes."

"Figger'n' to marry Tom right off?"
he snarled. "Mebbe he'll have some-
thin' to say for himself."
"Ye're a sensible man, Tom is," she
retorted. "An' thar's more to a sail-
or 'n' thar is to a stage driver."
Bitterness welled up in Jeff's heart.
"Ye, and more'n' one wife most
generally."
"Not if he's married to M'randy
Rhodes," the widow returned, undis-
turbed. "I calc'late to keep a man so
busy he won't hanker after sin—which
is what I'm goin' to tell Miss Fellowes.
Not that squire ain't a decent, young
man, but men air men, and all Minrod
Sopher's law learn'n' won't change
'em."
[THE END.]

Keep Count on Salmon
in Rivers of Alaska
On July 8, 1929, eight men of Nak-
nek, Alaska, counted 257,546 salmon
passing through the underwater gates
placed by the United States bureau of
fisheries on the Naknek river.
The law requires that at least 50
per cent of the salmon swimming to
the spawning shallows of Alaskan
rivers shall escape the nets and traps
of the salmon canneries. Only by
counting the fish taken by the can-

neries and by counting the fish that
swim up a river, can bureau agents
guarantee freedom to every other sal-
mon.
So fences with gates are placed
across the chief salmon rivers of
Alaska. Canvas painted white is
stretched on the river bottom at each
gate, where bureau representatives
with enumerating machines count the
salmon as they shoot through.—Na-
tional Geographic Society bulletin.

The wise man ever seeks wisdom.

What is a Husband?
A husband is a man who comes
home two hours late and wonders why
in thunder his wife hasn't got back.—
San Francisco Chronicle.

Domestic Tolerance
Housekeeping isn't such a bad job
after you learn that nothing happens
if the dusting waits another day.—
Nashville Tennessean.

An outright knocker is seldom a
reformer; he doesn't go that far.

Spain Becoming Alive
to Value of Schools
No less than 6,800 new schools have
been created by the Spanish dictator-
ship since 1924. Gen. Primo de Rivera
proposed to create 1,000 schools every
year. At first the villages and towns
most in need of schools showed little
enthusiasm and municipalities were
reluctant in sending in petitions to meet
their requirements. Persistent gov-
ernmental propaganda, however, has
had its effects, and for the last two
years demands for schools have ex-
ceeded the quota provided for in the
budget. Thus it would appear that an
appetite for education is being roused
—one of the healthiest signs the
Spanish nation has shown in years.

Also girls are waking up to the pos-
sibilities of self-earned independence.
Prior to 1916 there were 60 female
students at Madrid university, but in
that year 60 girls took examinations
in philosophy, sciences and pharmacy.
Six years later the number was 363.
Today more than 25,000 woman stu-
dents are matriculated in Spanish uni-
versities. The first woman doctor ap-
peared in Madrid in 1917. There are
92 today.

Triflers
"The gentleman who just inter-
rupted me," said Senator Capper in a
political address in Topeka, "is a
trifler, I am afraid. He reminds me
of the high school student.
"Which took delight in discomfiting a
nervous young professor. One day
the professor's subject was archaeo-
logical discoveries and he asked his
class:
"'Can anybody give me an example
of a commercial appliance that we
know to have been used in ancient
times?'
"'Yes, sir; the loose-leaf system
used in the Garden of Eden,' the stu-
dent replied."

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may absorb as high as 500 to 600 per
cent moisture. Its life is said to be
very short under ordinary conditions
unless treated with a preservative.

Uncle Eben
"De man dat only knows one joke,"
said Uncle Eben, "is better dan de one
dat keeps comin' round wif a bunch
o' new hard luck stories."—Washing-
ton Star.

Leather Sets
Before starting to polish the leath-
er-seated chairs, wipe off the seats
with a cloth dipped in sweet milk. You
will be surprised at the dirt that will
come off. Then polish as usual.

Moderns Ancient
Historian says ancient women used
cosmetics 3,000 years ago—and many
ancient women still use them.—Wall
Street Journal.

WALKED FAR IN SLEEP
What is thought to be a marathon
sleep-walking record was set by Mor-
ris Hopkins, seventeen, of Cleburne,
Texas. Hopkins arose in his sleep,
donned a pair of overalls and wan-
dered beyond Glen Ross, 20 miles
distant, before awakening and finding
his way home. Parents of the youth
found his clothes in his room and or-
ganized a country-wide search for him.
The overalls had not been missed.—
Indianapolis News.

Fortune for Man Who
Can Eliminate Static
American inventors turn out inven-
tions at the rate of about 120 a day,
according to Dr. W. A. Kinnam, act-
ing commissioner of patents. "Amer-
icans," he says, "are more inventive
than any other race. They have been
granted 1,750,000 patents since 1791,
while only 3,000,000 patents have been
granted by all the other nations of the
world."
Notwithstanding this great number

of new patents, there are plenty of
fortunes still waiting the inventors of
the right devices. For instance, adds
Kinnam, an invention to eliminate static
in radio is very much needed and a
fortune awaits the man who is lucky
enough to be the first to solve the
problem.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Thought Is Supreme
Mind, said Daniel Webster, is the
great leveler of all things; human
thought is the process by which hu-
man ends are alternately answered.

Locusts Herded by Plans
When locusts, which recently
have been taking heavy toll of crops
in the Philippines, deded the planes
sent to rout them, aviators had to
herd the insects. Army planes were
used to spray poisonous dust on the
crop destroyers, and, at first, left
them dead in windrows on the planta-
tions. Then the locusts changed front,
and when an airplane motor was heard
they vacated areas in vast swarms,
often flying into the paths of the
planes and menacing the pilots. Avia-
tors then changed their methods, and
herded the swarms of insects, much
as cowboys herd cattle, slowly driv-
ing them out of the crop districts.
Pilots declare locust punching requires
skill in avoiding the insect columns
while keeping them moving.

An Awful Accent
Mrs. Sinclair Lewis paused in a
discussion of Theodore Dreiser's al-
leged plagiarism of her work to dis-
cuss the American accent.
"Wow, anyhow," she said, "the
American accent doesn't draw a hard
and fast line between the sheep and
the goats, the way the English accent
does. In England, if your accent
isn't the Oxford kind, you're a goat
forer.

"The goat accent is awful, certainly.
In the east end school one day the
teacher was telling the little cockney
children about fairies. To see if they
had profited by his words he said:
"'Now, children, what's a gnome?'
"—The children answered in prompt
chorus:
"'An 'ouse.'"

Envy Is Ignorance
There is a time in every man's edu-
cation when he arrives at the con-
viction that envy is ignorance; that
imitation is suicide; that he must take
himself for better, for worse, as his
portion; that though the wide uni-
verse is full of good, no kernel of
nourishing corn can come to him but
through his toil bestowed on that plot
of ground which is given him to till.—
Emerson.

Correct Warding
A fish expert says that it is correct
to speak of "fishes" or "trout" when
several live specimens are meant, but
anglers, shopkeepers and cooks should
refer to "fish" or "trout," regardless
of number.

Lie's Spreading Power
A lie has no legs, and cannot stand;
but it has wings, and can fly far and
wide.—Warburton.

No Figure of Speech
When Mexican politicians talk about
burying the opposition they mean it.—
Dallas News.

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