

Beaverton Review

Issued Every Friday at Beaverton Oregon

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J. H. Hulst Business Manager

FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1932

Sanskrit Wisdom

The following bits of wisdom are gleaned from old Hindu lore: Having crossed yourself, get others across.

A man by his own acts goes down and down or moves upward, as the digger of a well or the builder of a wall. If a man's heart be impure, all things will appear hostile to him.

He who looks upon all living beings as upon himself, sees. The moon that shines after a time waxes again. Thus do wise men reflect and, though distressed, are not overwhelmed.

A good man may fall, but he falls as a ball; an ignoble man falls like a lump of clay.

A fool too may shine in the assembly, dressed in fine garments; he shines no longer, however, than he holdeth his tongue.

Keeping away from the mire is better than washing it off.

The gem of learning is great wealth. It cannot be shared by cousins nor lost by robbery, nor exhausted by liberality.

A man should not form any acquaintance, nor enter into any amusements, with one of evil character. A piece of charcoal, if it be hot, burneth; and if cold, it blackeneth the hands.

Sophisticated

A newly married woman was shopping, and was determined that the grocer should not take advantage of her youth and inexperience.

"Don't you think these eggs are very small," she said, critically. "I do," answered the grocer, but that's the kind the farmer sends me. They are fresh from the country this morning.

"Yes," said the shopper. "That's the trouble with those farmers. They're so anxious to get their eggs sold that they take them out of the nest too soon!"

Barney, the junior partner, burst into the senior partner's room and banged on the desk. "Our showroom manager! We must dismiss him at once."

"Calm yourself," said the senior partner. "What's happened?" "He has put a testimonial praising our typewriters on the showroom window, and it is written with a fountain pen," Barney explained.

"Why are you clearing the umbrella stand?" "Because we are to have company this evening."

"Surely you don't think they would steal umbrellas." "No, but they might identify some of them."

The quarterly farm labor report of the U. S. Bureau of Agricultural Economics, which was released July 12, indicated that the available supply of farm labor in the United States is twice as large as the effective demand. Demand is 62 per cent normal and supply 124 per cent. Farm wages are reported the lowest in thirty years.

Oregon State News

The A. G. A. Cannery at Hood River is operating. Parking guide lines in Newberg are being repainted.

F. M. Brown has taken over the "Brownville Times". Plans are proposed for a new sewer system at Roseburg.

Carl Kirkpatrick is erecting an apartment house at Molalla. The Malin Drug Co. of Malin has moved to new quarters.

General improvements have been made to the Bly water works. Plans are being made to open a swimming pool at Heppner.

V. H. Moffitt has leased the Brynd Service Station at Florence. The road to Cloud Gap opened to travel—Hood River Glacier.

Philip Winters has opened a bakery at La Grande on Adams Ave. Smith Wood Products Co. plant at Coquille has resumed operations.

Bids are opened in Portland for the construction of a \$15,000 school. Work on the new Santiam bridge at Jefferson is progressing rapidly.

The Oregon Coast Highway from Waldport to Newport will be oiled soon. The Jackson County courthouse at Medford is to be dedicated September 1.

Plans are being considered to establish a power plant at St. Helens. The Owen-Oregon Lumber Co. sawmill at Medford, was reopened recently.

The City of Sheridan is to purchase 1200 feet of new water main pipe. A number of improvements have been made at Cloud Cap Inn, Hood River.

The Everlasting Whisper



Jackson Gregory WNU SERVICE Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

(Continued from last week)

Today were three mysteries tremblingly close to revealing themselves to another: the great green mystery of the woodlands; the mystery of a man clothed in his masculinity as in an outer garment; the tender mystery of a young girl, her own thoughts half veiled from herself, her instincts alive and urgent, and often all in confusion.

From the first he called her Gloria quite naturally; to her he was Mr. King. But the "Mark" slipped out before they came into sight of the roofs of picturesque Coloma.

"You are sure you won't be gone more than an hour?" Gloria asked. "Never, it seemed to her, had she seen a lonelier-looking place than old Coloma. The street into which they had ridden was deserted save for a couple of dogs making each other's acquaintance suspiciously."

"Less than an hour," he assured her. "What business I have can be done in fifteen minutes if it can be done at all. But, in the meantime, what will you do?"

"Oh, I'll just poke around."

He put the horses in the stable, watered and fed them himself, and came back to her outside the front double doors.

"Tired much?" he asked solicitously. "Not a bit tired," she told him brightly.

"That's good. But I could get a room for you at the hotel; you could lie down and rest a couple of hours—"

Gloria would not hear of it; if she did want to lie down she'd go out un-

der one of the trees and rest there. She trudged along with him to the post office; she watched as Mark called for and got a registered parcel. She was smiling brightly when Mark King hurried off to his meeting with old Loony Honeycutt.

He realized that his visit to Loony Honeycutt was not likely to pass unnoticed. What he had not counted on was finding Swen Brodie himself before him in Honeycutt's shanty. As he lifted his foot to the first of the three front steps he heard voices. Nor would any man who had once listened to the deep, sullen bass of Swen Brodie have forgotten or have failed now in quick recognition, Brodie's mouth, when he spoke, dripped the vilest of vocabularies that had ever been known in these mountains.

What King heard, as though Brodie had held his speech for the moment and buried it like a challenge to the man he did not know had come, was, when stripped of its cargo of verbal filth: "You old fool, you're dying right now. It's for me or Mark King to get it, and it ain't going to be King."

Honeycutt all the time was whining like a feeble spirit in pain, his utter-

ances like the final dwindlings of a mean-spirited dog. Perhaps Brodie as the ultimate argument had manhandled him. King threw open the door. There stood old Honeycutt, tremblingly upheld upon his sawed-off broom-handle. Beyond him, facing the door, was Swen Brodie, his immense body towering over Honeycutt's spindling one, his bestial face hideous in its contortions as at once he gloated and threatened. In Brodie's hands, which were twice the size of an ordinary man's, was a little wooden box, to which Honeycutt's rheumy eyes were glued with frantic despair. Evidently the box had only now been taken from its hiding place under a loose board in the floor; the board lay tossed to one side, and Brodie's legs straddled the opening.

Honeycutt did not know immediately that anyone had entered; either his old ears had not heard, or his excited mind was concentrated so exclusively on Brodie that he had no thought of aught else. Brodie, however, turned his small, restless eyes, that were like two shiny bright-blue buttons, upon the intruder.

Swen Brodie was the biggest man who had ever come to the mountains, men said, unless that honor went to one of the seven who more than a half-century ago had perished with Gus Ingle. And even so Brodie kept the honor in his own blood, boasting that Ingle's giant composition, the worst of a bad lot, was his own father. The older Brodie had come from Iceland, had lived with a squaw, had sired the first "Swen" Brodie. And this last scion of a house of outlawry and depravity, the Blue Devil, as many called him, stood six or eight clear inches above Mark King, who was well above six feet. His head was all face, flat-topped, with an inch above the hairless brows; his face was all enormous, double-toothed mouth.

Slowly the big mouth closed. The shiny blue eyes narrowed and glistened; the coarse face reddened. Old Honeycutt saw. He began to sputter but Brodie's loud voice had come back to him and drowned out the old man's shrillings. Brodie ripped out a string of oaths, demanding: "Who told you to come in? You—"

"He was aiming to kill me," cried old Honeycutt, dragging and pulling at King's sleeve. "He was for doin' for me—like that!"

He pointed to the floor. There lay a heavy iron poker bent double. "You old fool, I'll do you yet," growled Brodie. "And you, King, what are you after?"

Always truculent, today Brodie was plainly spilling for trouble. "I came for a word with Honeycutt, not with you," King flashed back at him. "And from the look of things Honeycutt is thanking his stars that I did come."

"If you mean anything by that," shouted Brodie threateningly, "put a name to it."

"If it's a fight you want," said King sharply. "I'm ready to take you on, any time, and without a lot of palaver."

Old Honeycutt began sliding off toward the back door, neither of his two visitors noticing him now as their eyes clashed.

"What I come for I'm going to have," announced Brodie. "It's mine, any-how, more than any other man's; I could prove it by law if I gave the snap of a finger for what the law deals out, hit or miss. Was there a King with Gus Ingle's crowd? Or a Honeycutt? No, but there was a Brodie! And I'm his heir, by thunder. It's mine more'n any man's."

King laughed at him. "Since when have you been studying law, Brodie? Since you got back this last trip, figuring you might have a word with the sheriff? I happened to see you and Andy Parker standing together on the cliffs. I saw Andy go overboard. What is more, I had a talk with him before I buried him."

Brodie's big mouth dropped open; his little blue eyes rounded, and he put one hand at his throat nervously. "Andy's a liar; always a liar," he said thickly. But he seemed annoyed. Then his face cleared, and he, too, laughed, derision in his tone. "Any-way, he's dead and can't lie no more, and your word against mine ain't worth an even break. So if your nosing sheriff gets gay with me I'll twist his cursed neck for him."

"Suit yourself. I've told you already I came for a talk with Honeycutt and not with you."

"Then you'll wait until I'm done

with him," roared Brodie, all of his first baffled rage sweeping back through his blood. "And now you'll clear out!"

King stooped forward just a little, gathering himself and ready as he saw Brodie crouch for a spring. It was just then that both remembered old Honeycutt. For the old man, tottering in the opening of the rear door, was muttering in a wicked sort of glee: "Up with them hands of you'n, Swen Brodie. High up an' right quick, or I'll blow your ugly head off'n your shoulders!"

In his trembling hands was a double-barreled shotgun, sawed off and doubtless loaded to the muzzle with buck-shot. Though the thing wavered considerably, its end was not six feet from Brodie's head, and both hammers were back, while the ancient nervous fingers were playing as with palsy about the triggers. King expected the discharge each second.

Brodie whirled and drew back, his face turning gray. "Put it down, you old fool; put it down!" he cried raspingly. "I'll go."

The old man cackled in his delight. "I'll put nothin' down," he announced triumphantly. "You set down that box!"

Hastily Brodie put it on the table. "Git!" cried old Honeycutt. They could hear the air rushing back into Brodie's lungs as he came to the door and his feet left him.

"I'll be back, Honeycutt, don't you fear," he growled savagely. "As for you, King, you and me ain't done. I'll get you where there's no old fool to butt in, and I'll break every bone in your body."

"I'll be ready, Brodie," said King. He watched the great hulking figure as it went out; two hundred and fifty pounds of brawn there, every ounce of it packed with power and the cunning of a British battle. If he ever fought Swen Brodie, just man to man, with only the weapons nature gave them, what would the end be?

But Brodie was gone, his shadow withdrawn from the door-step, and he had his business with Honeycutt. "Put your gun down, Honeycutt," he said quietly. "I want to talk with you."

"I got the big stiff on the run?" mumbled the old man. "He can't come an' bulldoze me. Not me, he can't. No, nor if Swen Brodie can't git the best of me, no other man can," he added meaningly, glaring at King.

"There's that box on the table," said King. "Maybe you'll want to put it away before he makes you another visit."

Honeycutt hastily set his gun down, leaning it against the wall with both hammers still back, and shambled to the table. He caught the box up and hugged it to his thin old breast, breathing hard, went to his tumbled bunk in a corner, sat down on it, thrusting the box out of sight under the untidy heap of dirty bedding.

He glanced at his gun. "You git, then."

(Continued Next Week)

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



St. Cecilia Church

Sunday Masses, 7:40 a.m., and 10:00 a.m. Sunday Christian Doctrine, 8:30 a.m., and 9:30 a.m. Saturday Confession, 3:30 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., and 9:00 p.m. Weekday Mass, 8:20 a.m.

Kintion Church

Services at the church for this Sunday will be as follows: Bible school at 10 o'clock in the morning and preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Simpson at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. All are invited to be present at these services.

Nazarene Church

Miss Ava S. Adams, Minister Phone 10993

Sunday school at 9:45. Mrs. Flora Williams, Supt. Classes for all ages. At 10:45 Mrs. Guy Sharp, of Nampa, Idaho, will speak to the children.

Morning worship at eleven o'clock. Sermon by Rev. Guy Sharp, Dean of men of Northwest Nazarene College, Nampa Idaho, Solo by Mrs. Sharp.

Union service at 8:00 p.m. at the Congregational Church, Louie, the converted Indian, will preach. At 8:00 p.m. Tuesday, August 9th, the Cavalier Male Quartet of Northwest Nazarene College will present a musical program. They will be accompanied by Rev. Ira L. True, also of the college. The public is cordially invited. Midweek prayer service Wednesday evening at eight o'clock.

Church of Christ

G. W. Springer, Minister

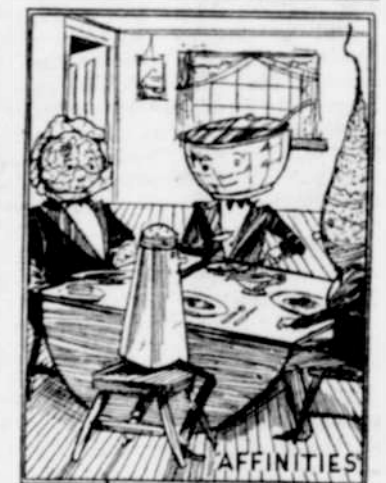
During the month of August each member of the Sunday school is requested to write a letter not to exceed three hundred words, on the topic, "Why I Go to Sunday School." At the conclusion of the contest the winner will receive an appropriate prize. Several good letters have already been submitted. The Christian Endeavorers are taking a course on Expert Endeavor, taught by Mrs. Springer. The classes are held every Sunday evening at seven o'clock sharp and every Wednesday evening immediately after the prayer meeting service. Any Endeavorer wishing to take this work is welcome. It is intended that every one taking the work shall take their examination at the Turner Summer Conference.

MICKIE SAYS—

IF YOU DON'T SEE NEWS OF YOUR CLUB OR LODGE IN THESE COLUMNS, MAKE A MOTION AT THE NEXT MEETING THAT A REPORTER BE APPOINTED TO SUPPLY US WITH NEWS



BETTY BARCLAY'S HELPFUL HINTS



BRING your cooking affinities together and your dishes will attain a flavor that will surprise.

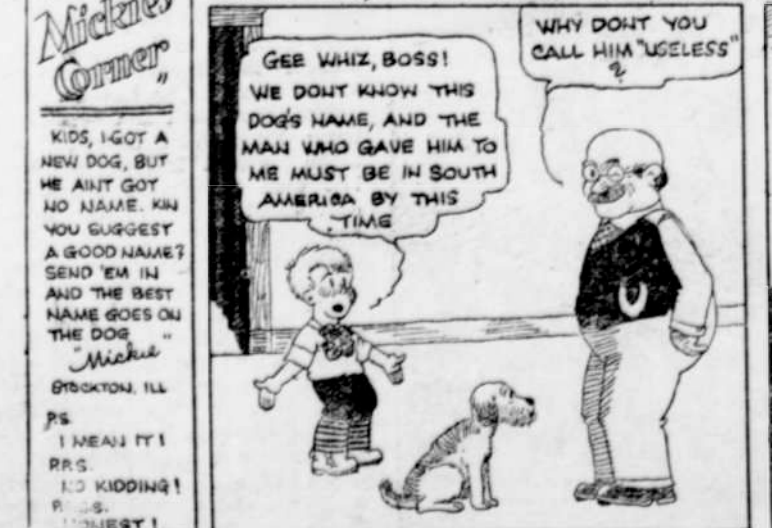
Many housewives use salt and pepper plentifully with vegetables but fail to realize that sugar is also a part of vegetable cookery.

It not only restores the natural sweetness to all vegetables whether cooked alone or together, but blends the various flavors into a pleasing whole.

Not too much, of course, but a touch by all means. The result will delight you.

Eleven servings of canned vegetables, seven servings of canned fruit, and two servings of canned meat per person each week are provided in the "1932 Canning and Storage Budget for Western Oregon Farm Families" recommended by the home economics division of the state extension service, Corvallis. This leaflet suggests the number of containers of various products which these farm home canners should fill in order to reduce cash expenditures for food during a non-growing season of 40 weeks as well as other similar information. It may be obtained by writing the home economics extension service, Corvallis.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.



Classified Advertising

Advertisements in this column 1 cent a word. Minimum charge 25c.

FOR SALE 160 cu. ft. Load 12 inch block \$5.50 16 inch slab \$4.50 Dry Planers \$5.50 Green \$5.00 Small Green \$4.50 Cord Wood and Coal Phone 5225 F. R. ZASTROW Corner Second and Angel

Milk contains all the food values so essential to a child's growth and development. If you will but phone 4525 our wagon will deliver daily at your home the very best of milk. Beaverton Sunrise Dairy, A. Camenzind, proprietor. adv. e-39-1f

For Sale—Young Jersey and Guernsey cow, fresh in a few days. Corner Lange and Division 1 1/2 miles west of Beaverton, 1 block South Farmington Road. A. Boren. adv e-36

WANTED

Wanted—Tools. Anyone having crosscut saws, axes, sledges and wedges they would care to loan to the Beaverton Relief Committee to cut wood for the coming winter please see "Andy" at Conoly's Grocery, Beaverton, Ore.

FOR RENT

For Sale or Rent—My five-room home, furnished and one acre ground, reasonable. Am going east. Mrs. Jessie Myers, Rt. 1, Box 31. adv e-35

taken up and cancelled. Interest will cease on October 1, 1932. Dated at Beaverton, Oregon, August 1, 1932. Lela L. Richey, Recorder. e-36-38

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Sealed bids will be received by the city of Beaverton, Ore. until 8 o'clock P.M. August 15, 1932, for the drilling of a water well, place of drilling to be designated by the city. Specification instructions and forms for bids may be had at the office of the recorder.

The city reserves the right to reject any and/or all bids or to accept the bid which in its judgment is for the best interest of the city of Beaverton.

A. E. Wilson, Mayor Lela E. Richey, Recorder Published August 5 and August 12. adv e36-37

SAFEMATE STORES

Features for Saturday - Monday, August 6 - 8

SUGAR 25 lbs. \$1.00 C. H. Cloth Bag

FLOUR 49-lb. Sack 79c Primrose Hard Wheat

MILK MAX-I-MUM Tall Cans 4 1/2c

SOAP Med. Ivory 3 Bars 14c OIL Wesson for Mayonnaise 45c vin'g'r Pure Cider For Pickles 25c

PEANUT BUTTER 19c Maximum in 2-lb. Jar

ASPARAGUS Picnic Tins 2 Cans 25c

COFFEE 1-lb. Can 29c Edward's Dependable Vacuum Pack

MAYONNAISE qt. jar 47c Best Foods

SALAD DRESSING qt. 23c Gold Medal, a Boiled Dressing

Fresh Milk 8c WHIPPING CREAM 13c That Whips

Wanda Beauty Soap 3 Bars 13c Grape Nut Flakes, 2 pkgs., 19c

SEE OUR WINDOWS, ALSO PORTLAND PAPERS FRIDAY EVENING AND SATURDAY MORNING FOR SPECIAL PRICES ON FRESH MEATS AND VEGETABLES

Read 'Em and Weep

