Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1932

Thrill of Reading a Newspaper

Romantic is the simple act of reading a newspaper! Only a short time ago this sheet of white paper was in another form of life. It was part of a spruce or balsam tree—flexing its green arms in the white silence of a north country. The woodsman's ax meant not death but new life to that tree. It meant that the tree was to become part of your life, that it was to bear the urgent news of the world to your doorstep. That tree was to know the big "barking" drums that tear logs into shreds. It was to whirl along in the wide white wet ribbon of paper in the paper making machine; some day to hear the roar of newspaper presses in the heart of the newspaper building. Before this newspaper got into those presses it had felt the molten heat of the stereotype chamber, the steam of the matrix table; it had scuttled through the slam bang bustle of composing and engraving and editorial rooms.

The newspaper is the brainchild of a small army of news-hungry men and women who have in many cases suffered hardship and labored long that their reportings may be placed before you on this sheet of paper.

Be as unworldly as a child for a moment—focus your eyes and powers beyond the surface of this newsprint. Picture in your mind the trees and the ships and the freight cars and the presses—vision the faces of newspaper men and women, etched sometimes with fatigue, ablaze with the fire of a purpose.

Let your imagination be your companion as you read your newspaper and you'll never know boredom. Wouldn't life today be a dull business without the newspaper? It's a thrilling business to both of us—to you in the reading and to us in the publishing!—S. E. Thompson, Publisher, Chicago Illustrated Times.

SAYS WILL ROGERS:

Beverly Hills, Calif.—We have a great bunch out here prowling around. It's the National Editorial association, composed of editors in smaller towns and weekly publications. They are just eating their way around the country, having a good time, and getting a lot of pleasure out of it. And giving every one that meets 'em a close-up of just about as representative a gang of Americans as would be possible to band together—intelligent, well read, and no national advertising controls their pages.

They just go along and service their community with the most indispensable article that it has. And yet their real power is greater than all your metropolitan dailies combined. Any person that don't read at least one well-written country newspaper is not truly informed.

Yours, WILL ROGERS.

Yea, Bill, we're one of that bunch but we just couldn't raise the mazooka to visit your town.

Too True to Be Good

Dear Hazel:

Last time I saw Johnnie Wash he uncorked another "Ripley." He claimed to have doused a fire which had been burning in the bosom of a green fir three for two and one-half years before being discovered. His yarn inspired me to poetry:

"Quoth a fire warden from County Coos,
Who thrived on cheese and heavy snoos,
My methods are stronger,
My fires burn longer,
To scoff at my records is simply no use."

"Horsefeathers"! says I, right to his face, and that's Johnnie all over. Sometimes I think he really has.

Hoping you are the same,
Ott Wego

The average value of U.S. No. 1 alfalfa at 8 leading domestic markets during July $11.50 per ton, compared with $15.25 in the corresponding month last year and $20 for the preceding five years, 1926 to 1930 inclusive. A strong holding tendency on the part of many growers has been noted this season as they are reported unwilling to sell at current bids, hence fair amounts are being stacked. Receipts at the Kansas City market for July totaled only 206 cars copmared with a seven-year July average of 642 cars.

When Ira Wade wrote in from Toledo to inquire "How long should a hen remain on the eggs," we promptly replied "three weeks for chickens and four weeks for ducks."

That was three weeks ago. Now Ira writes us:

"Thank you very much for your kind advice. The hen stayed on the eggs for three weeks and no chickens came, and, as I did not care for ducks, I took her off the nest and sold the eggs.

Hinky Dinky Parley Voo

Mr. and Mrs. Boss Morehead are taking French lessons. They have adopted a French baby and they want to understand what it says when it begins to talk.

The Everlasting Whisper, By Jackson Gregory

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SYNOPSIS

The California sierra Mark King, ...tor, sees Andy Parker killed by ...Brodie, Parker's outlaw companion known to King. He is on his ... to the home of his friend, Ben ...or. King and Gaynor share with ...e and his crowd knowledge of a ...store of hidden gold. King meets ...Gaynor and is impressed by her ...hter Gloria's youthful beauty. He ...nctively dislikes a house visitor ...d Gratton. With Gloria, King rides ...he village of Coloma, intending to ...nd" Honeycutt. He finds Brodie ...the old prospector, and animosity ...s.

CHAPTER II—Continued

—4—

...here's that box on the table," said ... "Maybe you'll want to put it ...v before he makes you another ...."

...neycutt hastily set his gun down, ...ing it against the wall with both ...mers still back, and shambled to ...table. He caught the box up and ...ed it to his thin old breast, breathing hard, went to his tumbled bunk in ...rner, sat down on it, thrusting the ...out of sight under the untidy heap ...irty bedding.

...e glanced at his gun. "You git, ..."

...ing felt that he could not have ...cted a more inopportune moment ...his visit, and already began to fear ...t he would have no success today. ...It began to look as though it were ...question of now or never; Brodie ...uld return despite the shotgun, and ...die might now be looked to for ...gh-shod methods. So, to catch an ...erest which he know was always ...dily awakened, he said:

"Brodie and Parker were on Lookout ridge day before yesterday. Brodie ...ved Parker over. At Lookout ...dge, Honeycutt." He stressed the ...rds significantly while keenly watching for the gleam of interest in the ...ded eyes. It came; Honeycutt jerked ...s head up.

"I wish I'd of shot him," he wailed. "I wish I'd of blowed his ugly head off."

"It might have saved trouble," admitted King coolly. "Also, it might have been the job to hang you, Honeycutt. Better leave well enough alone. But listen to me: Brodie told you, and he meant it, that it was going to be Brodie or King who got away with this deal."

"He lied! Like you lie!" Here was Honeycutt probed in his tenderest spot. "It'll be me! Me, I tell you. Think I'm old, do you? I'm feelin' right peart this spring; by summer I'll be strong as a young feller again."

"By summer will be too late. Don't I tell you that already Brodie has gone as far as Lookout Ridge? That means he's getting hot on the trail of it, doesn't it? As hot as I am."

"Then what are you comin' pesterin' me for? If you know where it is?"

"I don't know." Honeycutt cackled and rubbed his hands at the admission. "But I'm going to find out. So, probably, is Brodie. Now, look here, Honeycutt. I am for making you a straight business proposition. If you know anything, I stand ready to buy your knowledge. In cold, hard cash."

"No man ain't got the money—not enough—not any Morgan or Rockfeller—"

King began opening the parcel he had brought from the post office. As he cut the heavy cord with his pocketknife Honeycutt looked on curiously. King stepped to the table, standing so that out of the corners of his eyes he commanded both doors, and stripped off the wrapping paper.

"Look sharp, Honeycutt," he commanded. "Here's money enough to last you as long as you live. All yours if you can tell me what I want to know."

A golden twenty-dollar coin rolled free, shone with its virgin newness and lay on the table-top, gleaming its lure into the covetous old eyes. Another followed it and another. King began counting.

"There's one thousand dollars. Right in the pile," he said. "One thousand dollars."

"One thousand dollars. An' some of it gold. New lookin', ain't it, Mark? Let me have the feel of one of them twenties."

King tossed it; it fell upon the bedding, and Honeycutt's fingers dived after it and held it tight. He began rubbing it, caressing it.

King went on counting.

"One more thousand in this pile," he said. "That's two thousand, Honeycutt!"

"Two thousand," repeated Honeycutt nodding. He got up and shambled on his aging claws to put table, leaning against it, thrusting his peering eyes down.

King counted out the last crisp note. "Three thousand dollars." He stepped back a pace.

"Three thousand dollars! That's a might of money, Mark. Three thousand dollars all on my table." His thin voice was a hushed whisper now. "I never seen that much money, not all at once and spread out."

"It's likely that you'll never see that much again. Unless you and I do business."

"It's a sight of money, Mark," Honeycutt whispered again. "It's a sight of money."

King held his silence. His whole argument was on the table.

He went to the door, standing in the sunshine, filling his lungs with the outside air. The sight of the gloating miser sickened him. More than that. It sickened his fancies so that for a minute he asked himself what he and

His Whole Argument Was on the Table.

Brodie were doing! The lure of gold. The thing had hypnotized him; he wished that he were out in the mountains riding among the pines and cedars; listening to the voice of the wilderness. It was clean out there.

But the emotion, like a vertigo, passed as swiftly as it had come. For he knew that though he had traveled on many a golden trail it was clean heartedly; that it was the game itself that counted ever with him and no such poisonous emotions as grew within the wretched breast of Loony Honeycutt.

He turned back to the room. Honeycutt was near the bunk, groping for his shotgun. He started guiltily, veiled his eyes, and returned empty-handed to the table.

"If it was all in gold, now," said Honeycutt hurriedly.

King made no reference to Honeycutt's murderous intent.

"That paper is the same as gold," he said. "The government backs it up."

"I know, I know. But what's a gove'ment? They go busted, don't they sometimes? Same as folks? Gold don't go busted. There ain't nothin' like gold. If that was all in twenty-dollar gold pieces, now—"

"I'll get a car here," said King. "We'll drive down to Auburn and take a train to San Francisco. And there I'll undertake to get you the whole thing in gold. One hundred and fifty twenty-dollar pieces."

But old Honeycutt shook his head.

"I couldn't leave here an' you know it. I—I got things here," he said with a look of great cunning. "I wouldn't go away from. With the world full of robbers that would be after me like hounds running' down a rabbit. I won't go; you cain't make me. No man cain't."

King's patience deserted him.

"I am not going to make you do anything. Further, I am not going to put in any more time on you. I have offered to pay you three thousand dollars for what you know—and there is the very strong likelihood that you don't know a bit more than I do—"

"Don't know!" shrieked Honeycutt. "Wasn't I a boy grown when the dyin', delerious man stumbled in on the camp? Didn't I hear him talk an' didn't I see what he had in his fist? Wasn't I setting right side by side with Gus Ingle when that happened? Wouldn't I of been one to go, if it hadn't of been that I had a big knifecut in my side you could of shoved a cat in—give to me by a slant-eyed cuss name of Baldy Winch. Didn't I watch 'em go, the whole seven of 'em, Baldy Winch, rot him, jeerin' at me an' me swearin' I'd get him yet, him an' Gus Ingle an' Preacher Ellson an' the first Brodie an' Jimmy Kelp an' Manny Howard an' the Italian? Wasn't I there? If I don't know nothin', what're you askin' me for?"

King had learned little that he did not already know. He came back to the table and began gathering up the money.

"Wait a minute, Mark," pleaded the old man, restless as he understood that the glittering coins were to be taken away. "Let's talk a while. You an' me ain't had a good chat like this for a year."

"I'm going," retorted King. "But I'll make you one last proposition." He thrust into his pocket everything excepting five twenty-dollar gold pieces. These he left standing in a little pile. "I'll give you just exactly one hundred dollars for a look at what is in that box of yours."

In sudden alarm the old man shambled back to his bunk, his hands on the bedding over the box.

"You'd grab it an' run," he clacked. "You'd rob me. You're worse than Brodie—"

"You know better than that," King told him sternly. "If I wanted to rob you I'd do it without all this monkey business."

In his suspicious old heart Honeycutt knew that.

"I'll go you!" he said abruptly. "Stand back. An' give me the money first."

King gave him the money and drew back some three or four paces. Honeycutt drew out the box and poured out the contents.

What King saw, three articles only, were these: an old leather pouch, bulging, probably with coins; a parcel; and a burnished gold nugget. The parcel, since it was enwrapped in a piece of cloth, might have been anything. It was shaped like a flat box.

Honeycutt leered.

"If Swen Brodie had of knowed what he had right in his hands," he gloated, "he'd never of let go! Not even for a shotgun at his head!"

"Brodie hasn't gone far. He'll come back. You have your last chance to talk business with me, Honeycutt. Brodie will get it next time."

"Ho! Will he? Not where I'm goin' to hide it, Mark King. I got another place; a better place; a place the old hell-sarpint himself couldn't find."

King left him gloating and placing his treasures back in his box. In his heart he knew that Brodie would come again. Soon. It began to look as though Brodie had the bulge on the situation. For that which Mark King could not come at by fair means Brodie meant to have by foul. For he had little faith in the new "hidin' place."

But on a near-by knoll, where she sat with her back to a tree, was Gloria. He turned toward her; she waved. He saw that Brodie and two men with him were looking out a window, he heard one of them laughing. They were looking at Gloria—

King quickened his step to come to her, his blood ruffled by a new anger which he did not stop to reason over. He could imagine the look in Swen Brodie's evil little eyes.

CHAPTER III

Gloria was genuinely glad to see King returning to her.

"It seemed that you were gone hours," she said. "I never saw such a dreary, lonesome place as this sleepy little town. It gives me the fidgets," she concluded laughingly.

"These old mining camps ... mospheres all their own," he ... understandingly. "A dead town ... into a ghost town. It gets ... nerves."

She nodded soberly.

As side by side they went through the sunshine King noted Brodie and a couple of men ... to look after them. He heard the ... sullen bass of the unforgetable ... saw that Brodie had left his ... pantons and was going straight ... Honeycutt's shanty. King ... and for an instant hung on his ... drawing Gloria's curious look.

"You don't like that big man ... the big voice," said Gloria.

"No," he said tersely.

"It is Swen Brodie?"

"Yes. But how do you know?"

"Oh, I know lots of things ... don't think I know! All girls ... Girls are rather knowing creatures ... wonder if you realize that?"

"I don't know much about girls," ... smiled at her.

She pondered the matter for a ... steps, swinging her hat at her side, ... looking across the housetops to ... mountains. She did not know ... other man who would have said ... in just that way. Archie and Ted ... any of her boy friends in town—... knew all about girls! Or thought ... they did. Mr. Gratton with his sure ... way; he led her to suppose that ... had been giving girls a great deal ... studious thought for many years, ... that only after this thorough investigation did he feel in a position to ... clare herself to be the most wonderful of her sex.

"Don't you like girls?" she ... For once she wasn't "fishing"; ... wanted to know.

"Of course I do," he told her ... lly. "As well as a man can—... the circumstances."

"You mean not knowing them ... ter?" When he nodded she looked ... at him again, hesitated, and then ... manded: "You like me, don't you?"

She had never asked a man that ... fore; she was not accustomed to ... ploying either that direct method ... matter-of-fact tone. Just now there ... was no hint of the coquette in her; ... was just a very grave-eyed girl, ... serious in her tete-a-tete with an ... teresting male as she could have ... were she sixty years old.

"Of course I do," he said heartily, ... little surprised by the abruptness ... the question and yet without hesitation. "Very much."

She flushed prettily; she, Gloria ... Gaynor, flushed up because Mark King ... said in blunt, unvarnished fashion ... "I like you very much." The gravity ... sobriety went out of her eyes; they ... shone happily.

Through the long shadows of evening they rode back to the log house.

Gratton looked at them sharply and ... suspiciously. King with a nod to the ... various guests and a few words with ... Mrs. Gaynor, entirely given to warm ... praise of her daughter, drew Ben aside ... for a discussion of conditions as he ... had found them and left them today. ... He was dead sure that Brodie had ... gone back to Honeycutt, had gotten ... what he wanted, and was off in a bee-... line to put to the proof the old man's ... tale.

Gloria was off to bed early, saying ... "good night everybody" rather absently. She climbed up the stairs wearily. When her mother slipped away from the others, she found Gloria ready for ... bed but standing before her window, ... looking out at the first stars. Gloria ... usually had so many bright, gushing ... things to say after a day of pleasure, ... but tonight she appeared oddly preoccupied.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Glass Given to World by Phoenician Sailors?

The discovery of glass, according to the Roman, Pliny, was accidental. Some Phoenician sailors, he relates, with a cargo of carbonate of soda, landed on the shore of Palestine. They could find no stones on which to place their cooking pots, so they substituted some lumps of their cargo for the stones.

When the fires were glowing, the carbonate of soda melted and with the sand of the shore produced a transparent stream which quickly hardened. This chain of circumstances, so Pliny says, led to subsequent experiments and the production of glass.

According to Egyptologists, the ancient Egyptians made sham jewels of glass at least 5,000 years before Christ. Scarabs of glass, imitation rubies, emeralds, sapphires have been found in old tombs. Glass beads were a medium of barter among many races.

In the days of ancient Rome, it is said, glass was more precious than gold or silver. The Emperor Hadrian received as a kingly gift several glass cups sent by an Egyptian priest as a peace offering. Nero paid, for two glass cups with double handles, a sum equal to $25,000.

Within Rhyme and Reason

Mrs. A. Milne, mother of Christopher Robin: "The grandest career any woman can have is to be the wife of a man of genius."—Quoted in "Genius Proof."

ON OREGON FARMS

Ontario—To test out the effectiveness of other materials recently developed for cover sprays in codling moth control, A. B. Cain, local fruit grower, has turned over several blocks of his orchard for some experiments being carried on this season under the supervision of County Agent Larson. One block is being sprayed with standard lead arsenate, 3 pounds per hundred gallons of water, one with Dutox, a florida compound, and oil; and a third with oil and nicotine. There are 12 trees in each block.

Baker—Baker county farm products will be represented in the displays to be maintained in all the principal Portland hotels during the comng American Legion national convention. The county agent is working with a committee of the local chamber of commerce in assembling such display materials. An information booth for tourist travel will also be maintained here for visitors coming over the Old Oregon Trail.

Rickreall—A plan whereby all the farmers along a local drainage outlet known as Basket Slough will cooperate in donating labor to improve it has been worked out by a local committee headed by the county agent. This plan, it is thought, will avoid any organization costs and other expenses in case a drainage district were formed. The committee found that by grubbing, burning and blowing out stumps, trees and piles of brush, only a minimum amount of dirt will need to be moved to improve the channel.

Ashland — Southern Oregon is still free from the cherry fruit fly, now such a pest in some other sections of the state, judging from tests made this past season by County Agent Wilcox. Wilcox took cherries from five orchards near here and one near Medford and incubated them without getting a single fruit fly larva. As long as this region is free from this pest shipments of fresh fruit to other states is unhampered.

Work is progressing on the new Masonic building at Newberg.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

St. Cecelia 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.

Nazarene Church

Miss Ava S. Adams, Minister
Phone 10903

Sunday school at 9:45. Mrs. Flora Williams, Supt. Classes for all ages.

Mornng worship at eleven o'clock. Duet by Miss Esther Porter and Miss Alma Horr.

Young People's meeting at seven o'clock. Missionary service with Miss Alice Watts in charge.

Evening service at eight o'clock. Solo by Miss Adams.

The pastor will preach both morning and evening.

Midweek prayer service Wednesday evening at eight o'clock.

Church of Christ

G. W. Springer, Minister

Everyone is urged to be at Sunday school on time ntxt Sunday. The regular Sunday school period will be shortened by fifteen minutes due to the union picnic which will follow the communion service at 10:45. The Beaverton and Hillsboro schools will meet at Farmington, after the communion services at their respective churches where Rev. G. W. Springer will deliver the message on the topic "Fellowship in Christ."

Christian Endeavor will be at the same hour next Sunday evening. If we are to complete the work outlined in the Expert Endeavor course before the examinations are given it will be necessary to begin on time.

Evening service as usual. The sermon topic will be "Looking Up."

The Missionary Society met at the home of Mrs. Jenne in Sellwood last Tuesday. There were 15 ladies present. A lovely silver tea luncheon was served at noon, after which some time was spent in visiting just previous to the lesson period. The meetng was called to order by Mrs. Hall, the president, who also led in prayer. Mrs. Springer gave a short talk entitled "First Things First", from the 21st Chapter of John. A chapter was read from "The Christ of the Indian Road," after this and in keeping with topic of the chapter each lady told her personal experience with Christ and answered the question, "What Jesus Means to Me?" Everyone felt that a delightful as well as profitable afternoon had been spent together.

Dear Hazel.

Next month I'll be thirty-two. My mother-in-law in Venice is going to send me a gondola for a birthday present. How do you play it? Dwight L. Nipps

Dear Dwight:

You don't play a gondola, silly. You throw it over your shoulder like a mantilla on a bull fighter. You're thinking of a piccolo.

—Hazel

SAFEWAY STORES
DISTRIBUTION WITHOUT WASTE

BIG 3-DAY SALE

Friday - Saturday - Monday, August 12 - 13 - 15

SUGAR — Pure Cane For Canning 20 lb. — 79c

FLOUR — Safeway 49-lb. sk. 98c; Primrose 49-lb. sk. 79c; Crown 49-lb. sk. $1.09

MILK — (Limit) Maximum Tall Cans Each — 4c

BEANS, Small White — 3 lbs. 10c; 10 lbs. 27c

SALMON — Libby's or Del Monte Red Alaska 1-lb. can — 2 for 35c

COCOA — Our Mother's, Serve it for Breokfast, 2-lb. pkg. — 18c

TUNA — White Star—Chicken of the Sea, 3 ½-lb. cans, — 40c

VINEGAR — Pure Cider For Pickling. Per Gal. only — 19c

CORN FLAKES — Kellog's or Post Toasties, 3 pkgs. — 19c

Cream Of Wheat — Large pkg. Serve with raisins — 21c

Swansdown — The dependable Cake Flour, 2¼ lb. pkg. — 23c

SILKO TISSUE — 1000 Sheets 4 Rolls — 25c

JAR RINGS — Heavy Red Double Lip, Per Pkg. — 2c

Rice — Blue Rose 5 lbs. — 23c

Soap — Luna, White Laundry 10 bars — 22c

SEE OUR HANDBILLS AND windows, also Portland papers for many other special, low-priced items that will mean a Big Saving to you during this 3-day sale.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

A Police Dog in Disguise