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WHO WILL PAY?

Who will pay the taxes after all property has been confiscated and all capital has at last found its way into the coffers of the government?

The optimistic answer is that that will never happen. Probably it won't. But we are coming closer to it than we realize. In some middle western states more than 50% of the farms have been foreclosed and are being worked by lessees, not owners. In some cities it is cheaper to tear a good building down than to allow it to stand—because taxes on the structure are greater than the income it produces. In other cases it is cheaper to close a factory—because, under present conditions, returns are not great enough to meet the tax bill and the other running expenses.

It is very easy to advocate soaking the rich to help the poor. But over-taxation of capital is the surest way to produce distress, unemployment, depression. When people are afraid to invest their money in producing enterprises, because of fear of increasing taxation, the country faces a crisis from unemployment and actual confiscation of capital and jobs by taxation.

The Congress now in session must deal with an unbalanced budget. The next Congress will have the same identical problem. Unless expenditures are reduced, there will come a time when there will not be enough taxpayers to meet the government's high cost.

WHAT IS A UTILITY WORTH?

During the last few years the public has heard much of utility valuation. A long and chaotic battle has been fought between two schools of production cost as the proper basis, and those favoring actual original cost.

Recent events have shown fallacies in both arguments. In a period of ascending prices—as, for example, between 1922 and 1929—the reproduction theory of the value works to the advantage of the utility, inasmuch as the replacement of plants, power lines, generating stations and other facilities would cost considerably more than they originally cost. In a period of descending values—as between 1930 and the present—reproduction value is very likely to fall below the actual investment value. Thus, if rates are promulgated on that basis, the utility will be unable to pay a reasonable return on its outstanding obligations.

Both theories, as the Newark Evening News has pointed out, as an exclusive criterion of value, are illogical. True value lies somewhere between the two schools, in a basis of appraisal that will penalize neither the public nor the utility investors for a change in conditions outside their control.

The evening News likewise points out that the problem is too complicated for any set formula. And that hits the nail pretty solidly on the head. The regulatory commissions and the courts must use common sense if the problem is to be equitably settled. The fact that the courts and commission, as well as the utilities, are recognizing this, is a good augury for future agreement on an extremely important issue.

WILL IT GIVE PAUSE?

Crazed with Christmas cheer, Aubrey Welch of Tigard stabbed his eight-year-old daughter and cut his wife's head practically free from her body Monday evening at Tigard.

Just one of those crimes that happen, you may say. But were the laws against Demon Rum enforced there would have been no tragedy at Tigard, Monday evening.

Such crimes as the one enumerated did more to bring about the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment than all the sermons ever preached by long faced pastors.

Are we going back to such things? Have we forgotten that license does not mean liberty? Will those who are so anxiously awaiting the repeal of the Volstead act take time to think of the probable consequences?

To you who have been telling us that no one has a right to say what a man shall eat or drink, let us ask what of the woman's two boys who are now motherless? What of the shock to the neighbors? And to carry it a little farther, who is safe from the drink-crazed maniac who just takes a little to make him feel good?

Given a free access to the drink that cheers, who can tell us when it begins to inebriate? Far better that the few who might use the stuff as it should be used be deprived of it than that drink-crazed maniacs be turned loose governed only by drink-inspired fantasies.

NATION'S LAW MAKERS SEEN AS HARD WORKERS

Banker Tells of Labor Put in by Members of Congress on Mass of Technical Measures

OUTLINING legislative procedure, Robert V. Fleming, President Riggs National Bank, Washington D. C., gave the recent convention of the American Bankers Association a description of the difficulties and problems confronting the law-makers. Mr. Fleming said in part:

"The most important part of organization of the two branches of congress is election of standing committees. There are 34 standing committees in the Senate and 46 in the House. These are the workshops of Congress and the real work of lawmaking is done in Committee Rooms.

"The task of legislating for 124,000,000 people is a tremendous one. Of recent years approximately 20,000 bills are introduced annually in the two Houses. Only a small percentage become law, but they must be weighed in committee, accepted or rejected, perhaps amended, reported out, and then considered on the floor.

"Lawmaking involves about 99% of hard and unspectacular work and about 1% of oratory. Few tasks appear so easy and are so difficult as enactment of sound and satisfactory legislation. Few individuals in any line of activity work harder or longer hours than the chairmen of the important committees during a session. I have great sympathy for the members of Congress whose constituents expect undivided attention to every place of legislation in which they may be interested. From my personal observation, they earnestly and conscientiously endeavor to do all that is humanly possible.

Public Hearings

"When a bill is introduced, referred to committee and printed, the next step, if it is a measure of considerable importance, is to conduct a public hearing. The committee makes an effort to listen to anyone who cares to be heard either for or against a measure, although witnesses are frequently limited as to time. Members of the Cabinet and other officials of the administrative departments of the Government usually testify on measures in which they are interested and furnish the committee information in executive session or otherwise. In this way the Administration takes a prominent part in shaping legislation.

"Due to pressure of work and the fact that it is impossible for members of Congress to be technical experts on every subject of legislation, the committees are inclined to give consideration to the merits of arguments presented in testimony and the recommendations of the Cabinet and other officials. It is therefore highly desirable, both from the standpoint of Congress as well as those affected by proposed legislation, that the latter have an opportunity to discuss frankly the effects of such legislation.

"We sometimes complain about the technicalities of legislation, but when we observe organized minorities endeavoring to force class legislation through one House it is a comfort to know such measures may be caught in the meshes of technical procedure in the other and there suffer what is termed automatic asphyxiation."

It is just possible that there are those in Beaverton who will want to listen in on the case of Beaverton vs. Stipe which will be called for trial at Hillsboro tomorrow, Saturday, December 31. It is difficult to tell just how much will be done on that day, or how long the trial will drag out.

The Everlasting Whipser, By Jackson Gregory

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued

—23—

She turned up the gorge, a tiny dark figure in an immense white wilderness. The snow was crisp, crunching underfoot; sunny days had thawed, clear, cold nights had frozen, and the crust had begun to form. Before she had gone a dozen feet she discovered this and its importance to her; where King's weight on the snowshoes, along a twice-traveled trail, had packed the snow and where now the sun and cold had done their work, there was a crust which upheld her slight weight; she could walk swiftly; there was to be no more floundering. She could run!

And run she did, when she had created the first ridge and had started down the far side. It was like flying! The crisp air cut her glowing cheeks; her blood leaped along her veins; she breathed deeply, a great, uplifting elation bore her along. Love—God is love—smoothed the way before her; the stars ran with her, the great blazing stars to which again and again she lifted her eyes.

Despite the rags about her boots her feet were soon dangerously cold, but always there was the trail King had made, leading her on; where he had gone before, she followed.

Where he had made slow progress, seeking game and breaking trail, she sped swiftly on the packed snow. So she came at last to the final ridge, whence, looking down into the canyon, she saw the end of her trail: hanging from a bent pine sapling was what she knew must be his bear. Down the steep slope she went, half sliding, half rolling. In the bed of the ravine she landed softly in the drift; here she rested, sitting in a nest of snow. And there came suddenly out of the silence a strange, quivering cry, bursting out upon her; a sobbing, throbbing scream.

"A woman!" cried Gloria, aghast. A woman in an agony of terror, she thought. Sudden terror leaped out upon her, striking like a knife into her heart. Fear, banished all this time, surprised her and clutched at her throat and paralyzed her muscles. Blind panic gripped her. Then came the piercing scream again, and with it enlightenment, and Gloria sank back, seeming to melt into the snow about her. Yonder, just upon the next ridge where the moonlight carved in fine details the outline of a big bare boulder, stood the thing that had screamed. Long-bodied and lithe, small-headed and merciless, steel-muscled and chisel-clawed, the big cat from snarling jaws sent forth its almost human call to cut across vast, still distances.

Moving with the stealthy caution which is its birthright, the big cat appeared fleetingly, a score of feet lower



A Great, Uplifting Elation Bore Her Along.

on the steep slope. It was coming on. Fascinated, Gloria sat like stone, with never a thought of the rifle lying across her knees.

The mountain lion leaped downward softly from stage to stage, of the canyon side, paused under the pine, lifted its head, and sent forth again its hungry cry. All this time Gloria sat breathless; the fear-fascination still held her powerless. She watched the animal crouch and gather its strength and hurl its lean body upward. The lion fell back, the ripping claws having missed the meat by some two or three feet, and Gloria heard the low rumbling growl. Again it sprang; again it missed.

But in the end feline craft found the way, and the cat set its paws against the tree trunk, and began to climb. Limbs broke under the two hundred pounds of weight; the bark was torn under slipping paws, but upward the sinuous body writhed. Swiftly now it would come to King's kill.

King's! Gloria started; this was Mark's kill; he had stalked it, he had plowed many miles through deep snow, to get it. To get it for her as well as for him. To keep the life in her—now, without it, King would die. And now the lion was going to take it. While she watched and did nothing!

"Oh, God help me!" She sprang to her feet, she jerked up her rifle and fired at the black bulk crawling upward in the pine. "It shall not have Mark's meat! It shall not!"

At the first shot the mountain lion dropped through crashing branches. She had shot it—she had driven a bullet through its heart. God had heard her. That was her first wild thought. But in a flash she saw that it was on its feet again, and that with red mouth snarling it had swung about, facing her; she saw the cruel white teeth, wet and glistening.

Incoherently Gloria cried out, again sick and shaken with terror. In another moment she would have the lean powerful body leaping upon her. She fired again and again, taking no time for aim, as fast as she could work the lever and pull the trigger; she was trembling so that it was all that she could do to hold the gun at all. She prayed and called on Mark and fired, all at once.

Never did bullets fly wider of the mark, but never did the roar of exploding shells do better service. The lion, though ravenous, was not yet starved to the degree to whip it to the supreme desperation of attacking a human being and defying a rifle; it whirled and went flashing across the snow.

Gloria gasped, stared after its wild flight a paralyzed moment and then ran to the tree where the bear hung, filled with horror at the thought that at any second the lean body might come dashing back upon her. She began climbing the young pine; she fought wildly to get up into its branches; she was handicapped by the rifle which she clung to desperately. She got the gun in a crotch above her slipped and tore the skin of hands and head; she pulled herself upward; she arms; but hastening frantically she climbed up and up. She got the rifle into her hands again, nearly dropped it, thrust it above her, jammed it into a fork of a limb and kept on climbing.

At last she was where she could reach out and touch the swinging carcass. With King's keen-edged butcher knife she hacked and cut at the frozen meat, panting with every effort. At last there was the thud of the falling meat; below her it lay on the snow crust. In wild haste she snatched her rifle; holding it in one hand, afraid to let it slip out of her grasp for a moment, casting a last fearful look in the direction whither the lion had gone, she began slipping down. And in another moment, with the precious burden caught up with the gun in her arms, she was running back up the ridge, her feet in King's trail. The home trail!

She was cold to the bone; her teeth chattered, her body quaked. Yet she kept on. And so, in the fullness of time, after long frightful, hellish hours, she came to the last terror of the night.

The new day was bright on the mountain tops when she felt at first a dull sort of surprise and then a sudden, stimulating gladness, noting the familiar look of the ridge ahead. Yonder the cave would be. The cave and King, success and rest. She straightened up a little, brushing her hand across her straining eyes, making sure that she was right. She heard the insistent scream behind her, but now she did not heed it, for in front of her, stock-still in the trail, was a man. It was Benny.

Suddenly all emotions were upgathered into searing anger. Her thought was: "He will take the meat from me! The meat I have brought for Mark." She grew rigid in her tracks. She jerked up her rifle in front of her; her tired eyes hardened.

Then she noted that Benny had not seen her. He was stooping. She saw that he had a small pack on his back; food, no doubt. On the ground by him was a second pack, something in a crash sack; Benny was struggling to lift it to his shoulders. It must be very heavy. Gloria drew back hastily,

glancing about her, found the only hiding place offered, and slipped behind the big rock.

Presently Benny came on. She heard him from a distance; he was talking to himself excitedly, jabbering broken fragments of sentences, twice breaking into his hideous dry cackle of laughter. She shivered; his utterances sounded mad.

And mad they were. He was talking about "gold," and he chuckled. He mentioned names, Brodie's and Jarrold's and Gratton's and another name, and he chuckled again. Gloria peered cautiously from the shelter of a rock. He was very near her now, struggling with the smaller pack and his rifle and the heavy bundle in his sack. She thought that he was going to pass without seeing her. But just as he passed abreast of her hiding place something prompted Benny to jerk up his head. He saw her and stopped suddenly; she saw his eyes. And she knew on the instant that if the man were not stark mad, at least he was not entirely sane. She lifted her rifle, cold all over; if he came another step nearer she would shoot. . . .

"It's mine!" Benny shrieked at her. "Mine, I tell you!"

He broke into a run, passing her, leaving the trail, floundering down the ridge the shortest way. His rifle encumbered him; he saw it fall into the snow while Benny, clutching his gunny sack in both arms, stumbled on. He fell; he rose, shrieking curses. She watched, fascinated. The pack on his back slipped around in front of him; Benny tore at it and cursed it and hurled it from him. Still hugging his gold he was gone, far down the steep slope. Gloria shuddered and stepped back into her own trail. She could hear Benny cursing faintly. Like an echo came another cry across the ridges; the cry of a starving cat.

Mark King awakened to a sensation of piercing cold. He moved a little to draw his blankets closer about him and, as an awaking impression, found that his strength, even though slowly, was surely returning to him. He turned his head, lifting it a trifle; already he had thought of Gloria, and now he sought her. He could not see her anywhere; no doubt she lay in the shadowy dark beyond the dying fire. He lay back, staring up into the gloom above him. It was thinning; day was coming or had come already. A day with sunshine! They could go out on the crust by the time that he was able to be about—

Gloria was not in the cave. He snuck back, sure of that. Then she had gone down again for wood. He frowned and lay staring upward again, Gloria bringing wood while he lay here like a log. He grew nervously restive at the thought; it was unthinkable that she should do work like that. Always he saw her as he had first seen her, a fragile-looking girl, a girl with sweet little hands as soft as rose petals. He must fight to get his strength back, to get on his feet again, to save her from such toil as was no woman's work in the world, certainly never the work for a girl like Gloria.

He heard a sound at the cave's mouth. Gloria was coming back. He found no words with which to greet her, but lay very still, waiting for her to come in.

She set her gun down; at first he wondered at that. Poor little Gloria, he thought; taking her rifle with her when she went down for wood, frightened and yet strong-hearted enough to go in spite of fear. She came on, not to him but to the smoldering coals. She had turned toward him, but, no doubt, thought him still asleep. He watched her, still knowing that presently she would come, awaiting her coming. And again he was perplexed; he did not understand why Gloria walked like that. He had never seen her walk so before; she had always been so light of foot, so graceful—so like a fairy creature, scarcely touching a ground. Now her feet dragged; she groped uncertainly; she was like one gone suddenly dizzy.

She dropped down by the coals, her face in her hands. The light was bad; he could hardly see her now. He heard a sigh that ended in a sob. She rose, oh, so wearily. He saw her away as she walked; she was throwing wood on the fire. It caught; a flame flared out; other flames followed with their merry crackling and leaping lights. And now he saw Gloria's face. It was drawn and haggard; it had been washed with tears; her eyes looked enormous and unnaturally bright. He saw her hair; it was in wild disarray, a tumble of

disorder. He saw that she had sacks wrapped about her lagging feet; that her clothes were torn, that her sleeves were ragged, that her arms were covered with long scratches! His first thought, making his body tense with anger, was that he had not come in time to save her from Brodie's hands. . . .

What was Gloria doing? Struggling with something on her back. Something which was tied across her shoulders. She got it free; it fell close to the fire, played over by the light of the flames. He craned his neck and saw; it was a great chunk of bear meat—he could see bits of the hide still on it!

He could not understand. Not yet. All that he could do was stare at her and wonder and grope confusedly for the explanation. It was clear that something was wrong with Gloria;



She Thought That He Was Going to Pass Without Seeing Her.

she dropped down by the fire, she slumped forward, she lay her face upon her crossed arms. He could see the frail body shaking—he could hear her sudden wild sobbing.

The truth came upon him at last, dawning slowly, slowly.

"Gloria!" It was a gasp of more than amazement; consternation was in his heart. "Gloria!"

She lifted her head and sat up. He saw her great wide-open eyes and the tears gushing from them. She fought to control herself, a sob in her throat. She rose and came toward him in strange, wildly uncertain steps.

"My God," he cried hoarsely. "You went for my bear! You did it!"

She tried to smile at him, and into his own eyes there broke a sudden gush of tears.

"You wonderful, wonderful, wonderful Gloria!" he cried out. "There is no girl in all the world could have done that—there is no girl like you."

Her hand was questing his; he caught it and gripped it with all the strength in him; he hurt her, and at last, with the pain, her smile broke through.

"Gloria—"

"Mark!"

"Can you—not so soon, but some day—forgive me?"

She found only a faint whisper with which to answer him; her eyes were as hungry as his.

"Can you forgive, Mark?"

And now, when their eyes clung together as their hands were already clinging, each was marvelling that the other could forgive and love one who had erred so.

[THE END.]

How Black Hills Mine

Got Odd Appellation

Looking over a large map of any chunk of the West, one gets many a laugh at the curious and often inconceivable names that appear. Some conjure up gruesome memories. It would be interesting to know how these places got their names.

But one, at least, we do know, and that is a mine in the Black Hills of South Dakota. The prospector who made the strike had rushed home and told his wife the good news.

"Are you sure it will be a big mine?" she demanded.

He assured her that it would.

"Then I want you to name it after me," his wife insisted.

The prospector meekly agreed, and from that day to this the mine has been known as "The Holy Terror."—Los Angeles Times.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



A Kid's Ambition