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FARM MORTGAGE SITUATION PERPLEXES ALL CONCERNED

The farm mortgage situation is one of the serious economic problems confronting the country. Due to the sharp drop in farm income, this problem is perplexing a great many farm owners and mortgage holders in Oregon.

Based on preliminary data, the Oregon cash farm index is given at 43% of the 1926-1930 average. This compares with around 55 for 1931, 84 for 1930, and 109 for 1929. Most of the decline in income is due to low prices, as gross production has been fairly well maintained.

The report points out that the payment of fixed charges for interest on indebtedness out of farm income is now quite a different matter than it was three, or four years ago when income was much greater.

What can be done is the question being asked far and wide. Foreclosure! Moratorium! Adjustment! Legislation! All are being discussed and acted upon, more or less.

In several states, county farm mortgage adjustment boards have been set up through which debtors and creditors may obtain assistance in making adjustments. These county boards are composed of persons who are capable of supplying valuable information and suggestions to both creditors and debtors in the present emergency.

DIRT IN HEATING PLANT BIG CAUSE OF FUEL WASTE

Giant Suction Cleaner Takes 22 Bushels of Soot From Single System.

Many a housewife, ruefully looking at the smoked walls and smudged drapes in her home during the cold months, makes up her mind never to go through another winter of house cleaning drudgery, occasioned by a soot-clogged furnace. Investment of the price of one ton of coal, or less, in a thorough cleaning of the heating plant before the heating season starts will save the price of several tons of fuel during the winter, the Holland Institute of Thermology of Holland, Mich., advises. And it will save the housewife the worry, drudgery and extra cleaning expense that are caused by a dirty heating plant.

In support of this statement the Institute's heating engineers cite tests recently completed by the United States Bureau of Standards which revealed that one-eighth of an inch of soot in the heating chamber and other parts of the central heating plant reduces the net efficiency of the system 28 per cent, and a quarter inch coating of soot, 48 per cent.

The removal of these soot coatings means a corresponding increase in the heating efficiency of the plant, with resultant fuel savings. Also, a dirty heating plant means just so much more grime to be tracked up stairs and extra work for the housewife in sweeping and cleaning rugs and other fabrics. The extent of this house cleaning burden where the heating plant is not clean is indicated by the fact that as much as 22 bushels of soot and dirt have been extracted from the heating system of a single home.

In times gone by, cleaning the heating plant was always a messy job, but today it is a job that is done quickly, quietly and effectively by a vacuum cleaner that comes to the house on an automobile truck, equipped with a fan driven by a motor, a huge canvas bag and several sections of flexible piping. The powerful suction of the fan as effectively cleans out the heating plant, including the chimney, as the household vacuum cleaner cleans the rugs.

BELOW ZERO

A Romance of the North Woods



By Harold Titus W.M.U. SERVICE

"Then you stumbled on to a location and the properties that fitted like a glove to a plan. You couldn't wait for me to start, of course. You had to go ahead because if any demonstration is going to be of account it's got to show profit, and big timber holdings can't be carried along any more without operating. You and Gorbel got the mill up and running, the best mill ever built! You got the chemical plants operating. You were going to exercise your agreement with Gorbel and buy him out and we'd go to it . . . you and I . . . Together!"

He extended one hand in a little gesture. "And when I thought I was ready for that, I went up to Witch Hill. I'll admit now that it was a bitter dose. But I took it, didn't I? I stayed on longer than you'd said I'd have to stay before getting my finger into the Kampfest thing. I've been waiting for months for word that I could drop it, and the word has never come."

"We wound her up. When I knew you and mother were going today I got the last of the equipment loaded, the last chore done, and high-tailed down here without even stopping to buy civilized clothes because I thought . . . Kampfest at last! And instead of that I'm told that I am now superintendent at Belknap Seven!"

His lax fist fell on the desk, and he nodded as if wearied.

His father sniffed and rattled the sheet of paper he held.

"That's the trouble with you young gaffers. Don't have the guts to wait."



"That's the Trouble With You Young Gaffers—Don't Have the Guts to Wait."

Got to jump in and learn jobs from the top down. Stuffed shirts, for God knows how many years; yes-men. You won't take the time to learn from the bottom up!"

"Doesn't that mean anything?" John asked with a curt gesture towards the paper in the age-mottled hands.

The man's eyes dropped to that scrawl, written on the letter-head of the Witch Hill Lumber company. He read it once more:

"To whom it may concern, dear sir, John Steele has worked as camp foreman here for one year. He is only a kid but as good a logger as ever wore sox. Respy J. McIver supt."

The lowering of his face concealed from the son's burning eyes the pride which swept it, and John could not know the warmth which re-reading the words generated again in the old heart, nor the chagrin and fear at what he was now doing. But the belittling grunt and the dismissing gesture as he tossed the letter back to the desk told made the boy stir on his feet and tighten his lips.

"Sandy!" old Tom growled. "Sandy, writin' a recommendation!" He laughed. "Think he's ever done that for anybody before? Not much! Why, he was so rattled he left out the only part of your name that counts! Done it for you because he liked you. As my old timers always 've done, he

probably babied you from the time—

"Babied!" The interruption was hot with anger. "Babied me, did he? D—n funny babying, I'd call it!" He laughed bitterly. "I know what went ahead of me to Witch Hill. Sandy told me when it was all over. You ordered him to see what kind of a Belknap was left after the college professors got through with one! You told him to make it as rough for me as he knew how!"

He nodded again, that brisk, irate gesture.

"And what of it?" "This!" He flung his cap into a chair and slapped the desk. "I didn't squawk! I didn't even ask for a fair break. It was June, with the black flies so bad Sandy couldn't keep road-builders in the woods. He put me in there with what he had left of a crew and I stuck. I was the only one of the gang I started with who stayed through, and when we wound up I was boss!"

"Did I get something better then? Guess again! I swamped, I drove team, I went with the loading crew, and every place I was put I set the pace for the rest of 'em. Yeah, College boy. Getting sand-papered because he was son of the push!"

He nodded once more, a bit white now.

"Four things I'd proved I could do better than anybody else there. Four!"—holding up the fingers of a trembling hand. "Saw next. Could I get a partner to stay with me even at the money I made for him? I could not! They brought in a Finn who'd never found a man to stand his pace; he hoisted his turkey the ninth day and went out with his tail dragging, and when Swanson got sick there was nothing else to do but put me in to run the show, was there?"

"You know what happened then. Forty cents a thousand I saved you below anything that'd ever been done at Witch Hill, and when we were winding up the job at that! And the boys liked me. I had 'em working their heads off for you and showed the lowest labor turn-over they'd had in the country since God knows when!"

"Stuffed shirt? Yes-man? H—l, sir!"

"My," said old Tom with forced sardonic mildness. "My, you're proud, ain't you?"

The boy caught his breath as though for a stormy denial; checked himself and flared:

"You're d—d right, I am! It showed what I can do on one job; it gave me something to go on when I ask for the bigger one that's been promised me!"

His voice trembled. "You'd admit it to anybody else, too; you'd admit it to any other kid who turned the trick. Then, sir, why the devil won't you admit it to and about me?"

His fist fell to the desk again, but this time with a sharp thud. Tom Belknap's eyes left that accusing gaze, and he stared once more through the window.

"No," he said dryly, as if to end debate with himself, and the suggested alteration of his face which had threatened, perhaps, a melting, a softening, came to nothing. "It goes back to where we started; that I'm runnin' this outfit yet and hiring men and putting 'em where I think they'll do me the most good."

"One thing," he propounded, "you've got to learn is to know men, to get along with men. You don't like Gorbel—"

"No! I never have! Neither does anybody else around this outfit!"—with an inclusive gesture. "You've got a price on his interest, and even if you aren't ready to buy him out I won't lock horns with him. Let him run the office and the mills; let him run the bank. I want to get into the woods, Tom, and at Kampfest. There'd be no conflict!"

"As I was sayin'; You don't like Gorbel and for no reason, I can see. You've got to learn why you like and don't like men. You've only been on one job. You try another, now, and

The Cook's Nook

Is the woman's place in the home? Never mind don't stop now and argue it from a general or moral point of view. You will admit and agree that it certainly is there when she holds an "at home" for her bridge or church or study club, or whenever "the girls" get together for chatter and food.

Let the men smile archly at the "women's doings"; let them sigh sagely at mention of your "hen party"; let them look down their noses at the refreshments you have planned, you know what the girls will like to eat, so serve it and let the men stay away—far away!

Men and women do not vary over much in their everyday likes and dislikes of food. But when it comes to party service they arrive at the parting of the ways. Only women appreciate the extra touches, notice the care that has gone into the preparation, and admire the daintiness of its appearance. So indulge yourself with your fancy sandwich cutters, your pastry tubes and your dollies all you like when the girls come, and forget it when the stern male attends.

If you make something for which you are famous, serve that for the girls to exclaim over and demand the recipe right after. If you have no such specialty, begin now to practice one. In any case you will want something new something toothsome and dainty, and something that looks pretty.

The recipes in this collection should be of real help. They are labelled "Strictly Feminine" but don't be surprised if your nose-lifting husband devours the remnants after the party.

Grapefruit Ice

Serve this incredibly smooth and piquant ice with the main course—it's chic. Especially good with chicken a la king.

1 1/2 cups sugar
3/4 cup white syrup
1 1/2 cups water
1 No. 2 can grapefruit
6 tbsp. lemon juice

Cook sugar, syrup, and 1 cup water to a soft ball (240° F.) Add lemon juice and water. Cool; cut grapefruit segments into small pieces, add to cooled syrup. Freeze in ice and salt or in trays of refrigerator. Yield: 2 quarts.

Bridge Trump Loaf

Make a sandwich loaf (by slicing the loaf of bread lengthwise into layers and putting together with your favorite sandwich fillings) then frost the outside completely with cream cheese which has been rubbed to a paste with cream. Garnish top and sides with

come spring you show me what you're wound on!" Color was deepening in the lined face and the eyes showed pale against it. "We've had a lot of gable this forenoon! Here's your letter from Sandy. See if you can make a showin' somewhere else, and when I get back . . . we'll see what we can see!"

He rose.

"That's all then?" John asked, oddly restrained.

"That's all there is. The Century leaves in two hours. If you're going to say good-by to your mother you'd better be about it."

The boy stood irresolute, conflicting impulses surging within him. Then, with a sweeping movement, he snatched up his cap.

"Good-by, sir,"—crisply.

"Good-by, John. I . . . well, good-by!"—gruffly.

Their hands met briefly, formally. "You'll go on to Seven tomorrow. . . . Difficult to tell whether that was statement or query; difficult to tell, too, whether the clearing of the throat had been necessary or not."

"I seem to have my orders," the boy said, and none could have told what impulse lay behind the words.

He wheeled and went quickly out, and for a long moment after he had gone his father stood, a gaunt, wearied old figure. He lifted one hand with a helpless movement and sank into the great chair, chin on knuckles. . . . An unhappy man, this, helpless to rectify his mood. . . .

(Con't Next Week)

gether finely chopped dates, nutmeats and ginger, moistened with ginger syrup or peach syrup. (Maraschino cherries may be used in place of the ginger.) Serve with any preferred salad dressing.

BRIDGE NIBBLES
For the inevitable candy-tray on each table, make an assortment of goodies. Stuff pasteurized dates with Orange Peanut; add slowly 5 tablespoons orange juice, to 1/3 cup peanut butter and 1 tablespoon chopped candied orange peel. Mix stuff dates, and roll in finely chopped peanuts.

MINCEMEAT
Mincemeat! There's magic in the word. It conjures up odors, pictures and tastes of pastry that never fail to appeal. Serve it hot or serve it cold, it is popular.

2 pounds lean beef
1 pound chopped suet
4 pounds tart apples
3 pounds sugar
3 pounds currants
2 pounds raisins
1 nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon ground mace
2 oranges
2 lemons
1/2 pound citron
1 tablespoon salt

Stew the beef in a very little water until quite tender, cool and chop as fine as possible. Add the beef suet, chopped fine, and the pared, corv'd, and chopped apples, the sugar, currants, raisins, spices orange and lemon juice, the grated rind of the oranges and one lemon, chopped citron and salt. Mix thoroughly. Cook one hour. Pack in a stone jar and keep in a cold place. The mincemeat should be thoroughly stirred each time any is taken out and occasionally moistened with a little grape juice or orange juice.

GEORGIA PEACHES
(Lif-like Peaches Stuffed for salad)

6 peach halves
1/2 pkg. pasteurized dates
Lettuce
1/2 cup nutmeats
1/2 cup preserved ginger
Salad dressing

Place large perfect halves of canned peaches on cup shaped lettuce leaves. Fill the cavity in the peach with a ball made by pressing to-

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By Harold Titus W.M.U. SERVICE Copyright, 1932

A thrilling tale of adventure and romance in the north woods. A story that stirs the blood and keeps you waiting eagerly for the next installment. A story for every reader. It will appear serially in these columns, and you cannot afford to miss it.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



A Business Talk