

# BELOW ZERO

A Romance of the North Woods



By Harold Titus  
W.N.U. SERVICE

And now a faint, faint trace of color started to climb the man's cheeks as he resumed his chair and gestured towards another. But John did not sit down. He stood there, staring hard at his father's partner.

"Someone in Kampfest tipped Miss Richards off to the fact that I hadn't dared use my father's name when I struck her for a job. I was let out yesterday, a bit discredited!"

"Well I'll be d—d!" breathed Gorbel and John's temper flared.

"Forget it!" he snapped. "I'm coming clean with you; be man enough to do as much with me! I blundered into a mess over yonder. I found out that a lot of desperate things were being done in my father's name. We'd had a little difference, Tom and I, and I welcomed the chance to hit back at him. I hadn't been on the job long, though, before I realized that what was being done wasn't the sort of plan he'd follow or countenance. Somebody else was behind it, screening himself behind the Belknap name!"

"Good lord, man! And you're insinuating that I know something about—"

"Know! Know? Why, I heard you make threats to Miss Richards, just a moment before I tossed you out of her office in December!"

The other swayed a bit and the flush of temper yielded to the paling of fear.

"Yes! I thought so!" John muttered. "Let's come clean with each other, Gorbel! From now on, let's fight in the open!"

"Fight? That what you're here for? A fight?"

John pondered and a hard smile flickered about his lips.

"Not unless it's forced, Gorbel, I'm here . . . on guard, maybe. In the first place, I'm going to stick right here in Kampfest and keep my eyes and ears open. If unexplainable things keep happening to the Richards outfit, I'm going to take on the chore of explaining 'em! If Ellen is let alone to make a go of the job—which she can do now with a fair break—you and I'll get along splendidly; if not . . . then there'll be a war, and you'd better believe it!"

Gorbel summoned a sort of laugh. "Sir Galahad, eh?"

"If you choose. We understand each other, I guess, and all that's left is for you to give me a job."

"Job? After you've made a play like this?"

"Of course a job. You're advertising for men; you're hiring men every day. I can't just mount guard over you and do nothing else; besides, I'll have a better chance of hearing what's going on if I'm on the payroll. Or are you afraid to have me around?"

Gorbel's mouth twitched.

"Listen here, John," he began. "You've been guessing at a great many things; you've gone off half cocked. What you heard me say to Ellen Richards can be explained—"

"Explain? Who the devil's asking for an explanation? I'm not interested in what you've got to say, Gorbel. Where and when do I answer the advertisement you've been running in local papers for men?"

Conflict in those eyes before him then! Fright and caution and craft flickered in their depths, and out of these came a faint gleam, as will show in a man's eyes when inspiration sweeps him.

He shrugged. "Very well. Have it your own way. If you want to go to work as a common laborer, good. But I don't know what's open. You might ask McWethy, the mill foreman."

ected on his face, "young John Belknap is coming down to ask for a job. He's had a row with the old man, I take it. I think you'd better put him in at the bottom. Start him with the pond crew. Fire somebody if you have to."

The girl, Marie, came slipping into the room as he hung up. Her eyes were wide.

"My gosh, it worked!" she whispered.

"Worked!?" Gorbel laughed mirthlessly. "I'll say it worked!"

"What's the matter?"—approaching. "Did he guess where the letter came from?"

"If he did he neglected to mention it. That's no matter. He's guessed the racket, all right, and he's come here to work in the mill so he can keep his d—d eyes open!"

The girl drew a quick breath but did not speak.

"That'll raise h—!" he muttered. "Still, it may not be so bad in one way. If I do let up now, won't she think her finding out about his game had something to do with easier going? That might be an advantage, I'll need all the breaks I can get now"—glancing at a calendar. "The old man'll be on his way back in a month. . . . Maybe it won't be so bad having the kid here under my thumb! He can't be sure of a thing. All he'll have is his d—d suspicion!"

"Don't be too sure. If he ever tumbles to the North Star deal, look out!" His head jolted forward truculently.

"What do you know about North Star?"

"I haven't been a stenog in lumber offices for five years without learning

my way around!"—heatedly. "It's all right if you get away with it. I'd sooner see you two-time a rich old geezer than to throw the harpoon into a girl, even if I could scratch her eyes out! We know that down in Chicago; you should know it up here. And if he gets inside this office and gets the same bee in his bonnet that I've got it's the old ball and chain anklet for you, big boy!"

He wiped his forehead irritably. "You know too d—d much."

(Continued Next Week)

**CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS**

**Methodist Church**  
George F. Gordon, Pastor

The fourth sermon in a series of six on the theme "God, the Greatest Poet; Man His Greatest Poem" will be delivered in the morning worship service at eleven o'clock. The subject is "The Poem Is Refreshing". Text: John 4 13-14.

Jesus answered and said unto her, "Whoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever

drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but that water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

In Emerson's Essays we find "The true poem is the poet's mind." How true this is. The true man is the inner man. The message on the above subject will be of much interest and benefit to you. It may help you to find your true place in life, in work, in vocation.

When Jesus uttered the text he was going somewhere. There is a reason why you are here. Things don't "just happen."

**Nazarene Church**  
Rev. Willard P. Andersen, Pastor

We have just closed another church year. There has been marked advancements in all departments of the church. We feel the Lord has put his seal upon the work in a precious way. We have seen precious souls find peace and rest that God alone can give.

We are starting another year with the expectation of being a greater blessing and inspiration to the community in which we serve. Sunday School at 9:45 A. M. and Morning Worship at 11 A. M. N. Y. P. S. devotional 7 P. M. all young people are invited. Evening service 8 P. M. Wednesday Prayer and Praise at 8 P. M.

**Kinton Church**

Services at the church for this Sunday will be Bible school at 10 o'clock, followed by preaching by

the pastor, Rev. W. E. Simpson at 11 A. M. This will be the last preaching service in this conference year, as the annual conference convenes in Salem June 1-5.

**Congregational Church**  
Rev. Charles F. Clarke, Pastor

Well Friends. One is always glad to hear a new voice now and then, so next Sunday as part of a general exchange among Congregational ministers of the state, we shall hear Rev. E. D. Kellogg of Forest Grove at the morning service. We can not tell you his subject but we know he is an inspiring preacher, so come and give him a hearty welcome. The pastor will preach at the eight o'clock service and his topic will be "The Bull, Calf and Other gods." Bible school as usual at 9:45 and the Endeavor Society's meeting at 7:00 o'clock. All our young people are asked to come a half hour earlier to discuss ways and means of sending delegates to Hillockburn next month.

**Church of Christ**  
Rev. G. W. Springer

The Young Peoples Society of Christian Endeavor had a pot-luck dinner in the church basement last Sunday evening. After the meal a business meeting was held. The society is growing and taking an active part in all church affairs.

Many acclaim the mid-week prayer service and Bible study the most interesting service of the week. These meetings are well attended with crowds ranging from 20 to 30. Frequently special num-

bers are arranged by the leaders. The Seth Parker meeting which was planned for Sunday evening has been postponed for a couple of weeks. There will, however be a special attraction, possibly another beautiful pantomime by Mrs. Springer. The topic of the evening is "Fools".

**GRANGE NEWS**

The program for the June meeting of the Beaverton Grange will be devoted to flower observance.

The roll call will be a poem or prose quotation in which a lesson is taught by flowers, such as—"Plant a little patch of kindness, Loving kindness, In the garden of your heart, etc.

The Beaverton Grange met in regular session Saturday, May 13. Many in regular attendance were absent. Mr. Dickenson of Oswego was a cordially welcomed visitor.

The twenty fifth Mother's Day of the Union was observed by the afternoon program. "The Hand that Rocks the Cradle is the Hand that Rocks the World" was sung by the grange. A poem, "Month of May" was read by Mrs. James Lewis, a recitation was given by Kathryn Van Kleek, "A toast to My Mother". Billie Emmons recited, "Flowers for Mother." Billie and Eleanor Gore played a violin duet. Other recitations honoring Mother were given by Margaret and Jean Hanson, Vera May Wooden, Ida and Janet Felsler, Billie Emmons played a harmonica solo. The origin of Mother's Day was read by Mrs. A. P. Christenson.

Rev. Clark, pastor of the Bethel Congregational church delivered a very interesting talk on "Modern Mothers." To the use of modern conveniences he attributed the broadening of the traditional scope of a mother's life of work, children, and church to her present day activities. This talk was very much appreciated by the Grange.

**MRS. A. H. DALLMAN IS ENTERTAINED**

Mr. and Mrs. August Dallman entertained a large family gathering at their home "Mother's Day" and a number of their children and grand-children were present and enjoyed the family dinner, there being fifteen at the table. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harris and son, Mrs. Oscar Lierman and children of Beaverton, Mrs. August Obrist and three sons of Gresham, Mrs. Winifred Weibel, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Gerig and daughter of Cornelius and Mr. Baker of Beaverton. Mrs. Dallmann was the recipient of many lovely gifts.

**LOCAL NEWS**

Miss Dorothy Lewis spent the week end with her parents at Huber, returning to Monmouth Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lewis, Mrs. C. J. Bielman, Mrs. Sanford Rogers and M. E. Underhill left Monday morning for Pendleton where they will attend the convention of the Grand Lodge and the Rebekah Assembly of Oregon.

Henry Ford  
Dearborn, Mich.

May 9, 1933

A great thing has occurred amongst us. We have made a complete turn-around, and at last America's face is toward the future.

Three years---1929 to 1932---we Americans looked backward. All our old financial and political machinery was geared to pull us out of the depression by the same door through which we entered. We thought it simply a case of going back the way we came. It failed. We now realize that the way out is forward---through it.

Thanks for that belongs to President Roosevelt. Inauguration Day he turned the Ship of State around. Having observed the failure of sincere efforts to haul us back the way we came, he designed a new method---new political and financial machinery---to pull us out the way we are going---forward. He is clearing international obstacles out of the way; he does not stand in awe of tariffs. The people begin to feel that he does not take advice from the "interests"; that he has courage and loyalty to work for one supreme interest only---the welfare of the American people. That is a big achievement for two months in office.

And now we all look to what is coming; we grow less and less concerned with what is behind. We are looking for a hand-hold on the haul rope. Every man wants to do what he can, and all he can.

The best thing I can do for the Country is to create industry by building good motor cars. If I knew anything better to do, I would do it. Industry must be my contribution. Motor cars must face ahead to the future, like everything else. They are so much a part of the Nation's daily life that if they lag behind they hold the Country back.

Henry Ford

**MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL**



**The Grocer's Pet Joke**