

The Beaverton Review

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VERTON, OREGON

J. H. Hulett Editor

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per year (in advance) \$1.50
Not in advance 2.00If riches didn't have wings there
would be fewer flyers in the stock
market.It's lucky for most editorial writers
that the child labor laws are
applied physically speaking.It is our observation that the
few surviving political cartoonists
of the day are telling the news
story better than it has ever been
told in pictures.Facility of mind is what enables
an editor to write an editorial de-
nouncing Wall Street on the same
day his ten shares of North Amer-
ican Baloney make a new high."The curse of modern government
is excessive expenditure and op-
pressive taxation. It complicates
business, interferes with employ-
ment, prevents investment and in-
dustry, and retards the return of
prosperity."—Detroit Times.

The Good Old Weekly Paper

You can talk about your dailies
In cities large and small,
But give me the country weekly
For it can beat them all.
No city room at "thirty"
Can surpass the matchless thrill
Of a country weekly office
When a subscriber pays his bill.
Where the editor can run down news
And gather ads as well
As feed the balky flatbed press
And politics foretell.
Where the office boy holds twenty
Jobs
And works for little pay,
He runs a chance of getting fired
A dozen times a day.Where rent is high and bills not
few
And lots of notes to pay
It takes hard work and lots of
brains
To live from day to day
But the folks must have their paper
Every Friday, rain or shine,
And by heck they're sure to get it
From a weekly—every time.
—Exchange

Mosquitoes from Georgia

From away down in Georgia,
comes a mosquito yarn the likes
of which makes our Oregon mos-
quitoes look like mere infants. A
tree trooper stationed in a Georgia
CCC camp spins the yarn:
"The mosquitoes in our camp
atop Pine mountain are so big we
use hog wire for mosquito netting.
Some of 'em even carried black-
jacks. And say, the Mess Sarge had
to bribe 'em with pork chops so he
could sleep nights. One morning,
just as one of the boys was start-
ing to work, a big grey-headed
mosquito made a pass at him, but
he was quick enough to jump be-
hind a big pine tree. The mos-
quito, angered at this move, drove
his bill through the tree, but our
hero braddd his bill with the back
of an ax, and left him kicking
as he continued on to his work.
That afternoon as our hero return-
ed he found that the mosquito had
kicked out 326 building rafters and
gone."P.S.—The rafters were used to
build barrack buildings down here
in our new camp."

YOUR BREAD AND BUTTER

If you talk to a business man
today about the problems that are
worrying him, nine chances out of
ten he will bring up the subject
of taxation. He knows that govern-
ment must be supported and is
anxious and willing to do his part.
But he is beginning to question
whether too many things are be-
ing done in the name of government,
which are outside the functions of
governing and in the realms of

CODE OF THE NORTH

... By HAROLD TITUS ...

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

Stephen Drake, with his four year-
old son, is rescued from a blizzard
by Jim Flynn, big timber operator.
Drake, until his death, impresses
on the boy, Steve, the debt they owe
"Old Jim." Twenty years later, Steve
meets "Young Jim" Flynn, his bene-
factor's son. Sent by Old Jim, in-
capacitated through an accident in
which Kate, his daughter, is tempo-
rarily blinded, to take charge of the
company's—the Polaris—woods op-
erations, the youth is indulging in a
drunken spree. Polaris is in dire
straits, and hoping to do something
for Old Jim, Steve hastens to the
company's headquarters. He finds
Franz, a scoundrel, plotting against
the Flynn interests. Worthing Franz
in a fist fight, the Polaris crew
assumes that he is Flynn's son, and
he takes charge as "Young Jim." A
photograph of Kate Flynn, which
he finds, immensely increases his de-
sire to aid Old Jim. Steve gains the
warm friendship of LaFane, queer
woods scout.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

The man turned abruptly. His
eyes were pale against the angered
flush of his face."What the h—l's this to you?"
"Not a great deal, except that
you are hurting her. Let her go,
I'm telling you! Didn't you get me
the first time?""If this is any of your d—d af-
fair . . ." Franz began, but Drake
gave him no heed."What's the trouble?" he asked
the girl.Her eyes were fixed on him and
both fright and suspicion showed in
their depths. She gave her head a
slight shake."Whatever it is, it's my business,"
Franz declared hotly, "and you
won't come boring in, if you know
what's healthy for you.""Healthy for me?" Steve laughed
derisively. "I took you on once be-
fore, Franz, and I know pretty well
what your threats amount to.
You're getting rough with the girl.
I don't like you and I don't like
that sort of thing, anyhow. Now,
what's the row?""Have I got to tell you in so many
words to go to h—l?"
Steve ignored this and addressed
the girl:"Won't you tell me what the
trouble is? There is trouble of some
sort, of course. If you, too, say it's
none of my affair I'll get going. But
it seemed to me that, maybe, you
could use a little help here and
there."He smiled encouragingly.
"We go to the Mad Woman," she
answered simply. "My father is sick.
He wants to be in the bush. He"—
with a look at Franz—"told me not
to go.""That's it, eh? And is it . . .
that is, has he any right to tell you
what to do and make you do it?"He thought that something like
pride and, also, something kindred
to shame showed in her face. She
hesitated a moment and then said:"No."
"That's a lie!" Franz cried.
"Haven't I bought you two flour and
pork? Where'd you've gotten those
clothes you're wearing if it hadn't
been for me? Where'd your seed for
crops come from if I didn't furnish
it this spring?""You got pay," the girl said and
though she spoke dully—or perhaps
because of it—and although her
face simply smoldered, Steve read
in those, three short words the
whole sorry story."Why, you're crazy to take him
into that country!" Franz burst out.
"He's a sick man. He's got his
ticket. The doctor told you that.
Back in your shanty he'll keep warm
and dry and have something to eat
and if you go dragging him off intothe bush he'll just lie down and
never get up!"

The girl answered:

"Yes. He die. He know that. I
know that. He wants to die in the
bush, in a lodge. Not in any house.
He wants that," she said again as
if that want justified anything."Think I'm going to let you get
away with that?" Franz demand-
ed. "After holding you two up all
this time, think I'm going to—"
"Hold on!" Steve snapped. "Let
me talk a minute.""Where've you been living?" he
asked the girl. "Where is this
shanty he talks about?"

"By Shoestring."

"Handy, eh?" Franz winced from
the scorn in his question and Steve
said to him: "Get on your way,
Franz! . . . Beat it. Get away
from these folks and let 'em alone
to do as they please!"He had left his canoe drift off
but now shoved the bow between
the other two craft."Get out!" he said, grasping the
rails of the other canoes and shov-
ing Franz's out into the current. "If
you bother these people again I'll
make it one of my jobs to run you
over the horizon, you skunk!"

"All Injun and No Mistake!"

Sulkily, Franz paddled on and
Drake turned toward the others. The
girl was watching the departing
canoe and although her face had
the native stolidity he thought he
could read in it, along with relief,
the shadow of a shattered dream."I don't think he will bother you,"
he said, "but if he does— Do you
know who I am?"She did not answer; just averted
her eyes."I'm at Good-Bye. You just ask
there for Young Jim if he tries to
make you any more trouble." He
looked at the old man in the bow
who, beyond any doubt, was des-
perately ill."Is it, after all, really a good
thing to take him away when he's
sick?""He wants to go," she replied
simply."You've been to school, haven't you?
I can tell from the way you talk.""I was four winters at the sis-
ters' school."

"What's your name?"

"Mary Wolf."

"Well, Mary, wouldn't you be bet-
ter off at home? I take it you've
got some crops in.""Some," she said. "He can't work
corn now. I can. Not him. He
don't like to stay home. He remem-
bers how to make birch canoe. He
likes that. He can make canoes 'til
he die. He wants to go by the MadWoman. Birch is good there."
"But how're you going to live?
You haven't enough grub here to
keep going very long.""Lots fish. Plenty rabbits," she
answered.The old man began to talk exci-
tedly, looking and gesticulating
down the stream where Franz had
disappeared.

"What is he saying?"

"He says Franz took his paddle."
"Sure enough! Well . . . here,
I've got two. Take this. Good luck,
now, and if Franz follows you and
starts bothering you again just get
word to me."To this Mary made no response
whatever. She did not thank him
for the paddle nor for the aid he
had rendered. She spoke a word
to her father and dipped her blade
and as though they had simply
passed on their river journey went
on."All Injun and no mistake!" Steve
laughed to himself as he resumed
his homeward way. But he did not
laugh when his mind went back to
Franz. He realized that McNally
was right: that to give the man
added reason for disliking him was
to invite more trouble.Back at headquarters, Steve went
to LaFane's, got the fishing tackle
the man had mentioned, paddled to
the mouth of the creek below the
store, and until dusk, took trout,
and pondered on this and that.He stopped at the store after dark
and sat for some time on the steps
talking with old Tim Todd. They
spoke softly, but their voices car-
ried in the still night. Almost any
sound would travel far in that at-
mosphere and yet a canoe which
had been lying behind a point while
Steve fished made no sound as it
passed the cluster of buildings.After a time the man in the canoe
ceased to paddle and let the breath
of a breeze carry him to the beach.
He stepped out in the reeds and
carefully drew the canoe in until it
rested on bottom and then with
great caution took the trail that led
through the thicket to Steve's cabin.
In his hand he carried a gun.At a moss-grown boulder which
the trail skirted, he paused, put
down his gun, and rolled a rock to
the trail; another, and still a third.
He arranged them in a sort of nest,
with meticulous care, and then took
a ball of stout cord from his pocket
and unwound it.This all required time and it took
more time to set the gun with prop-
er firmness, stock held fast by those
well arranged rocks. Next, he
stripped branches from a young
birch, carried the cord back from
the gun around that, on down and
parallel to the trail for a dozen
feet, around another tree and finally
across the trail itself. He took in
the slack with precise caution and
made the end fast to a stump.He had worked in darkness; he
had moved slowly, he had listened,
always listening. And the time which
elapsed gave two men, walking the
beach so quietly that they disturbed
no pebble, an opportunity to travel
from headquarters to the foot of
the trail where the canoe lay in the
reeds before he had finished.LaFane had glided into the light
that fell through the store doorway,
a tall, statuesque figure. He stood
a moment, at some distance, before
he spoke."Jim," he said in his deep voice,
"will you come here?"Impressed Steve had risen, left
Tom Todd and followed as LaFane
turned back into the shadows. They
walked to the water's edge and
halted."Don't go to your camp tonight,"
LaFane said.

"No? Why not? What's up?"

The man shrugged. "Don't know.
But a man does not paddle his
canoe so quietly that even a dog is
not sure he hears, twenty rods
away. A man does not walk up the
trail to another man's camp with
a gun in his hands for any good pur-
pose."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ADVERTISE

He who whispers down a well
About the things he has to sell,
Will not rake in the shining dollars
Like he who climbs a tree and
hollers.

Local Happenings

Mrs. G. A. Cobb is reported ill
with the flu.Mrs. Ida Zimbrick is in a Port-
land hospital recovering from an
operation for appendicitis.Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Denney
and family visited Sunday at the
R. H. Vose home at Oswego.Miss Georgiabelle Kamberger
left Tuesday for The Dalles,
where she will undergo treatment.Miss Luella Davis of Portland
was a guest at the home of Mr.
and Mrs. F. W. Livermore, Jr.,
Sunday.Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Denney had
as dinner guests Friday evening,
evening, Dr. and Mrs. Ray Codd
of Portland.Mrs. Elizabeth Kemp and Miss
Rachel Kemp of Portland were
week-end guests at the Dr. F. L.
Howard home.F. R. Noel, who has been with
the local Standard Oil plant, for
sometime has been transferred to
Cornelius, Ore.Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Downing
visited at the home of Mrs. Down-
ing's brother, Chas. Ayres, at
Ridgefield Sunday.Mrs. W. J. Scott, Mrs. A. E.
Hansen, and Mrs. Doy Gray were
luncheon and theater guests of
Mrs. F. H. Schoene, Friday.Mr. and Mrs. Billy Anderson of
Myrtlepoint, and Mr. and Mrs.
Carl Tucker of Dilley visited at
the Floyd Tefft home Sunday.Mrs. Elizabeth McGowan was sud-
denly stricken with acute indiges-
tion at her home Thursday night.
She is still confined to her bed.Mrs. N. W. Gorham, Mrs. W. O.
Roberts, and Mrs. Nell Anderson
of Portland attended the meetingof Beaver Chapter Wednesday eve-
ning.Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Kellington
and daughter Joyce drove to Salem
Sunday to visit with relatives, and
also spent Sunday evening visiting
in Portland.Mr. J. A. McCann on Denney
road, who has been quite ill for
some time is much improved. He
served on the Grand Jury at Hills-
boro last week.Mrs. F. H. Schoene entertained
members of the Tuesday bridge
club with a luncheon at her home,
Tuesday. Miss Juliette Carter won
the high honors.Mrs. Geo. Chambers, who has
been taking care of her mother,
Mrs. G. A. Cobb, during her ill-
ness, returned to her home in
Portland, Wednesday.Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Davis, the
Misses Luella and Margaret Davis,
and Leonard Davis, all of Portland,
were dinner guests at the F. W.
Livermore home Wednesday.Mrs. Joe Bush of Aloha was a
guest of Beaverton grange at their
regular session Saturday. Until A-
loha grange was organized Mrs.
Bush was a member of Beaverton
Grange.The ladies aid of the Congrega-
tional church will hold a silver tea
at the home of Mrs. W. C. Mc
Kell Thursday afternoon at 2:30
p.m. March 22. A program will be
provided.Nine deputy assessors and the
county assessor, J. E. Carpenter,
started a tour of the county last
week, making assessments for the
1934 levy. They expect to com-
plete the entire county in two
months. J. E. Bennett of Scholls
is assigned to Beaverton and vi-
cinity.Business Places To Patronize
IN BEAVERTON!

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The Beaverton Review

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HEDGE BUILDING, BEAVERTON

How It Happens

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

EVERY LITTLE WHILE SOME
CITY NEWSPAPER WILL
PRINT AN ITEM FROM A
COUNTRY NEWSPAPER
ABOUT SOME TRIFLING
MATTER, LIKE HENRY
JONES HAVING HIS BARN
SHINGLED, AND THEN
EVERYONE WILL GIVE
TH' EDITOR AN' TH'
SMALL TOWN
TH' LAFF!NOT REALIZIN' THAT THIS WUZ TH'
FIRST TIME IN SIXTEEN YEARS
THAT HENRY HAD DONE ANYTHIN'
T' GIVE TH' EDITOR A CHANCE
TO MENTION HIM IN TH' NEWSPAPER!THE EDITOR TRIES TO MENTION TH'
NAMES OF EVERYBODY IN TOWN
AS OFTEN AS POSSIBLE, AN' TH'
REASON SOME PERSONS AREMENTIONED OFTEN
THAN OTHERS IS NOT
THAT TH' EDITOR
IS PLANNIN' FAVORITES!
NOPE! IT'S JUST
THAT THESE PEOPLE
MAKE MORE NEWS!