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J. H. Hulet Editor

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EDUCATION

The question "What are the schools for?" should be raised in citizens' forums and discussion groups. Teachers must develop greater skill in teaching; they must become more capable students of social issues; they must take a more vital part in life than they have heretofore done if they are to make the social studies the core of the curriculum as they must be. Teachers must take their place in the middle of the current. It is in the power of the schools to introduce into adult life, in the almost immediate future, millions of young people educated in the problems of social reconstruction.—A. L. Threlkeld, superintendent, Denver.

HULETT'S TRIP

At Denison, the road curved to the south in the general direction of Omaha and Council Bluffs. The land as we got near the rivers was more broken even, as it was farther up north. As we came down out of the hills onto Logan, it seemed buried in a forest. The hills towards the west seem to be higher as we go along. Though it is many a mile before we really get to the mountains there is a look to the west as though we could see the foothills. The land here is fertile, and corn, corn, corn. One never seems to see the end. "Heap high the farmer's golden hoard, heap high the yellow corn. No richer gift has autumn poured from out her lavish horn." Here one gets an eyeful of that amazing crop the maize, or Indian corn.

Some day I'm going to write an article on "What the Indian had contributed to the agricultural wealth of this country." What with the ordinary corn, potatoes, squash, and other plants cultivated by the aborigines, one ought to be able to make out a pretty case for those fiends that are told about by our Pilgrim forefathers.

One of the machines that I had never seen operating was a corn husker. Oh, I'd seen the so-called shredder to which one hauls the cut corn and feeds something like a silo-filler only that the corn is husked and comes out on the ear while the silo machine cuts the whole crop up for the barrel-like building used for preserving succulent feed. But a corn husker, a machine that is drawn down the rows of corn which picks the ears off the standing corn and husks them and runs them into a wagon box drawn alongside the machine like the old fashioned header, that was a new one on me. For a long time I had noted the stalks of corn which, lying prostrate pointing in one direction, had caused some comment. We did not see how wind could knock it so flat and so uniform! But after awhile we saw the machine in operation, husking corn off the standing stalks.

There they don't take the trouble to put the corn in buildings but just heap it up on the ground. First they circle a small plot, say twenty-five or thirty feet across with woven fence wire. The ends are made fast to each other and the corn is shovelled into the enclosure. When the thing is full they place another on top of the first and fill that, and then yet another circle of fence placed on top the first is filled, and then yet to throw the corn over. This corn is taken to the barn and ricked up handy to feed. No joke, now, they pile it up just like you do the wood you split for the good wife's cook stove. And they feed it by the ear, three ears to a feed for a horse that isn't working and six ears to the big horse that is doing the heaviest sort of work. Makes me think of Aunt Deyoe, who used to live not far from my old home in Michigan. She told my uncle once, when he had called to see the hired girl, "Visitors shouldn't eat much; two white biscuit isn't enough for a workingman."

That noon we ate lunch beside the banks of the Missouri, "Muddy Water" that has the reputation of being the purest water to be found in that section. Our road map says "Only Skelly gasoline is high-test, high anti-knock and tailor-made for Iowa."

U. S. 30 south goes through Omaha and Council Bluffs at the Missouri but No. 30 north turns off at Missouri Valley in Iowa and goes almost due west along the line of the Union Pacific railroad. There is no town where we crossed the "Muddy River", only the two bridges, the railroad and highway bridge.

Hair was the first town we came to in Nebraska. At Fremont the two "30's", that is 30 north

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 benefactor's son. Sent by Old Jim, incapacitated through an accident in which Kate, his daughter, is temporarily blinded, to take charge of the company's—the Polaris—woods operations, 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. Worthington Crawl in a flat 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 desire to aid Old Jim. Steve gains the warm friendship of LaFane, queer woods scout. Steve adds to Franz's hate by driving him away from Mary Wolf, young Indian girl whom he has been abusing.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"What are you getting at? Some body gone to my shanty?"

LaFane nodded.

"Who?"

"That would only be a guess. I could almost touch him as he passed but I could only guess."

"Well, seems to me that's the time a man should go."

"That's for you to decide."

"Come along, then, or—hesitating—I don't want to drag you into any jam."

LaFane laughed softly. "Hurry," he said, "or you may only guess, too."

The sand deadened their foot-falls and they went with utmost care. At the cabin trail they halted, Steve laying a hand on LaFane's arm.

Just the breath of a sound, the merest suggestion of approach, reached them as they sank together in the high reeds. Some one was coming, surely approaching with stealth.

He loomed above them so closely that they could hear his breathing, so near that both could have touched him. He stooped for his canoe with a light whiff of breath, as in relief.

"Looking for somebody?"

Steve's words, so sharp, so unexpected, caused the man to gasp. But he did not turn, did not hesitate. He pitched forward in a lunge for his canoe.

Drake lunged out a hand to grapple with the figure before him but he was too late. The canoe rasped bottom, water splashed. Steve floundered. LaFane behind him. His fingers tore at the figure there, clutching the heavy shirt. The move caused an inarticulate syllable to burst from the man's lips, all but dragged him from his balance, but he tore free.

Drake, his hold gone, was falling prone in inches of water while LaFane stumbled over him.

But a foot had found purchase, a leg had straightened; under that drive the canoe shot outward and although LaFane buried himself forward and swam stoutly he could not overtake it and as he gave up the sound of swift paddle strokes reached them mockingly.

Steve, reaching into his pocket for a flash-light, turned its beam on his left hand. In his palm was a button, torn threads clinging to it; a plain, brown button.

"D—n!" he said. "Come on, LaFane, let's have a look at the trail."

The light of the torch showed them the cord and, edging around it, they reached the gun. It was a twelve-gauge shotgun, safety off, set for the first unsuspecting travel-

er on that trail.

Steve cut the cord, set the safety and ejected the shells. He gave no sign of excitement but when he spoke his voice was somewhat husky.

"Buckshot," he said. "It'd have blown my guts out. Much obliged, LaFane. . . . And can I get you to keep this to yourself? No use talking until we have somebody to talk to."

"That's right," the man said. "Good night."

He went quickly down the trail. Three days later Steve paddled over the lake bound for the wood camp. He was frowning, filled with misgiving.

That noon LaFane had brought a letter from Kate, written after receiving word that the railroad construction was blocked. Her despair had touched him profoundly, goaded him to fresh effort. And yet, what to do? No new capital was forthcoming, no extension of time could be anticipated from impatient creditors. He was keeping the job alive for a few weeks and that was all, so far.

Another canoe rounded a long point and came toward him and as the distance narrowed Steve's lip quirked. It was Franz, whom he had not seen or heard of since their encounter on the upper river.

He pointed his canoe at Drake's. "Howdy," he said in an odd tone, trailing his paddle. "How's Young Jim Flynn today?"

A peculiar inference was in the words and he grinned with something like insolence.

Steve's eyes dropped to the man's clothing and his outfit. The bottom of his canoe was smeared with red clay.

"Don't you figure you've crawled about far enough out on this particular limb?" Franz asked.

A sharp thrill of apprehension ran Drake's body.

"Meaning just what?" he countered.

"Principally, that the original Young Jim Flynn is on his way in; or will be when he sobers up." The man laughed. "Won't it be interesting to watch McNally and the rest of these dubs? And to see the real boss, well pickled, a shaking, miserable spectacle, come to take charge of a sinking ship?"

"And won't it also be interesting for you to explain to somebody how you came to be spending Polaris money so free and easy? Why, you d—d pretender, he'll have licked up what booze he's got in a few hours; he's out of money; he'll come to try to do what he was supposed to try to do a month ago! And when he finds you here, playing his part, even he'll run you off so fast it'll make your head swim!"

Steve's head did swim then, for an instant.

It was not thought of what Young Jim Flynn might do that caused confusion. Steve had kept the job alive by his ability to give men confidence in his leadership. This was no feeling of self-satisfaction, of conceit; it was simply the fact.

But Young Jim's advent would send the fragile structure of Polaris hopes crumbling. The important matter before Drake now was to seal Franz's lips, to prevent spread of the news the man bore because, should the rumor that he was only a pretender spread, and should he be questioned, he would be forced to admit the truth. That would be enough to put everything in a sorry tangle.

He studied the other closely, noting the deep pockets in the breast of his shirt. He raised a hand to fumble in one of his own pockets, fingers closing on that which repoused them. "Franz, you're untidy," he said.

The man looked hard at him and laughed.

"What're you driving at, now?" he asked. "A lot of interest you've got in how I look."

"Not a great deal, that's true. But a man who's careless about where he leaves buttons from his clothing is likely to stir up interest in other folks' minds."

The other sneered.

"Buttons?"

"Yes. Like this one." Steve opened his hand, displaying a smooth, brown button. "You see, this one happened to belong under the flap of your right-hand shirt pocket. No button there; this one's mate is on the other pocket."

"And even if it weren't for this button," Drake went on, "I have plenty on you. I took a lot of pains in handling that shotgun. It's a good gun. It had been well cared for. There's plenty of gun oil in it to keep the rust off and to take the print of a man's fingers!"

"I don't know what you're talking about, I tell you!"

"Then you're a lot dumber than I'd figured on! You see, Franz, it's one of these air-tight cases. You've a double motive to raise the devil with me. Twenty men saw me knock you for a row of something on my first night here at headquarters. It spilled a lot of beans you'd taken a lot of pains to gather. Old Man Wolf and Mary would be believed in court if they told what happened up above the other day. When one man interferes between another man and his girl that also establishes motive, doesn't it?"

"So much for reasons. Added to that, I've a witness who heard a man land at the foot of my trail the other night and warned me to be cagey and was with me when this skulker was interrupted slightly in his get-away. I made a grab for him. The witness saw it. All I got was a button, but it's this particular button. No good in court, likely, but it convinces me, you see."

"Right after we tried to get more than a buttonhold on this bird, this witness and I found a gun set in my trail, loaded and ready to blow me to kingdom come. That gun is covered with finger-prints."

The other's face paled.

"Talk!" he snarled. "Bunk! If you think you can tie me up to something I don't know about you've got a flock of guesses coming!" But the paddle held tightly in one of his hands rattled against the gunwale.

On that Steve grinned easily.

"I'll make you this promise, Franz: one word from you about the game I'm playing—which I admit to you freely, now—or about another man said to be Young Jim Flynn in this country, and I'll have the sheriff on you and an attempted murder charge against you."

"I'm not promising to let this set-gun case drop. Nothing like that. But I'll make no move in it so long as I'm convinced it's advisable to keep on playing the game I've been playing since the start . . . that is, unless you want to find out just how quick and how hard I'll bear down, just let your tongue run. I don't care where the story comes from; if it so much as starts I'll put the clamps on you. Get that?"

Franz caught his breath to reply. "Hold it! I don't want to hear another d—d word from you! We seem to understand each other plenty, and using up more words now is . . . just using up more words!"

He resumed his way, leaving Franz with a baffled look on his face in which a helpless rage and great relief mingled.

Drake went on to the wood camp, pondering this new complication. Young Jim's coming would mean more than disaster for the operation of the property; just as surely as it would precipitate trouble here, it would eventually mean heartbreak for Kate Flynn and this, oddly, seemed to him to be of greater importance than the effect on such items as production and credit.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

and so we decided to continue on towards Oregon. The pavement continued as far as Shelton where we put up that night.

Thursday, November 9—

That day we had spent \$3.82 for gas, \$2.02 for oil, \$2.15 for greasings, postcards 25¢, toll (at the Missouri) 65¢, groceries 30¢, cabin \$1.25; total, \$10.44. We drove 296 miles costing a little over three cents per mile.

The cabins were newly constructed here, and the debris of buildings going up was everywhere present. Young people managed the auto camp. But the N. R. A. had taken firm hold so that we had difficulty in getting supplies that night and we had to go back after them after going a little way. Leaving Shelton we found considerable part of the road gravel. Good surface, and easy travelling but there was some dust that the wind could have made disagreeable had it been blowing from the east.

From Kearney to Odessa we had to detour and the going was specially rough just as we got back to the highway. There was late cut hay in shock here in places. Away to the west peculiar cloud formations attracted wonder. It was a long way off, and after hours' travelling we got to it, we found that it was smoke.

At Kearney they told us that it was the first cold weather of the fall. A sign said, "San Francisco, 1133 miles." We met tourists carrying a goat along. The animal, riding on the car roof, did not look very comfortable. At Lexington the sign informed us that we were half way between New York and Los Angeles. After following the course of the Platte river for almost two hundred miles we got our first sight of the water here. This place claimed 150,000 acres under irrigation. This section is on the border land between the irrigated and the wet or humid land.

Here we changed from Central to Mountain time. Here we had our first break, the rod that holds the head lights together, a sort of tie rod. Had it fixed but it did not

last long. The girls watched a man trying to light a cigarette—it took six matches. He was going on west. Was waiting for a passenger, a hitch hiker. We saw the fellow he was waiting for, on several miles, and the man was still waiting, we suppose.

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