

The Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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This week will be found the last part of H. R. Findley's letter and a letter from the County Court. We are pleased to receive these communications and print them in the interest of the whole people, well knowing there are those who will take exception to some of the statements made.

Whether or not you agree with the assertions, it should be the pleasure of every good citizen to keep informed of what the "other fellow" thinks, of what he considers Justice, Sound Government and the principles of political economy which will promote the welfare of all the people.

Perhaps you may have some ideas along the lines discussed, the tax problem, or you may wish to put forth some other matter for public consideration. If so why not sit down and write us a few paragraphs on the subject. If they seem of sufficient interest we will be pleased to publish your communication, with or without your signature as you desire. Election is coming up this fall. You may have a slant on some candidate, condition or conclusion which merits being put before your neighbors.

HULETT'S TRIP

We found out soon that the Seftons were in no mood to take hold and keep the Review. They complained that the "town was not supporting the paper," that there "was such a prejudice against it that it could not be made to pay," and all such stuff. I was in no condition to take up the work, and let things drift along.

Just as soon as we got settled and had any time to get at it Mrs. Hulett consulted Dr. Mason about the growth in her breast. His face lengthened as he made the examination and he said, "I'd have that cut out of there just as soon as you can get to it." Well, it was only what we had expected but there were complications.

All the money, only \$200, that we had received when we turned the paper over to the Seftons had been used up while away. We had expected to get some payments to help bear the expenses. But nothing came. We borrowed a hundred dollars from relatives before starting home, otherwise we should have been forced to desert the old Dodge and try hitch-hiking. Of course there were a few dollars coming on the hills owing the Review when I had left. These came into the Bank, and Mr. Gray forwarded a draft to cover them, some sixty dollars. That covers every cent we had of cash and we had been gone three months, driving around a considerable part of the time. Of course our eats and keep were taken care of by the relatives and friends of early years, but one is on expense for all that. One would not like to say, "Jim, I'm out of gas. Can I fill up at your gas barrel?" Or, maybe, "Jim you've got an account down at the Umpty Service Station. How about my filling up down there on your account?" Just imagine!

Well, here we were, no money, our income property held by another who gave no indication of paying anything on it, a serious operation which MUST be attended to. All the above to say nothing of getting a little something to eat.

Much as we value Dr. Mason's diagnosis, we felt too, that it would be well to get some corroboration. This is how we went about it, and the reason why.

When in New Mexico in 1912, while riding one day, my saddle turned with me, resulting in a hernia which I was not able to hold with a truss. I had worn a truss for some fifteen years, but now the thing would no longer hold. At that time I was in the Indian Service and Superintendent Greene (peace to his ashes—he's dead now) advised me to go to the University of Michigan hospital where the expense would be much less.

I wrote to many hospitals in the West and found that I could pay my fare to Michigan from New Mexico and back again for about what any hospital in the west would take care of me for. The cost at the University of Michigan hospital was borne by the state, it being something the same sort of state school the University of Oregon is. And the thought came to us that it was possible that the University of Oregon had a hospital connected with its medical school in Portland. No one knew anything about it, but we went to the office of the dean of the University of Oregon med-

CODE OF THE NORTH

By HAROLD TITUS

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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—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. Worshipping Franz, a plotting enemy of the Flynn, in a fit fight, the Polaris crew assumes Steve 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, quoser woods scout. Drake escapes a death trap set for him. Franz discovers Steve's impersonation. Steve accuses Franz of setting the death trap, exhibiting evidence, and the man dare not act. Steve sends LaFane to find Young Jim and sober him up. Steve wins the friendship of MacDonald, owner of timber land the Flynn greatly need, and the Scotsman gives him an option for Polaris to buy his timber. Knowing of the option, and wanting the timber for a rival company, Franz plans to put Steve out of the way, but the latter outwits him. Franz secures another option and records it. He finds out that \$25,000 is to be forwarded from Chicago to Drake, and the time of its arrival.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"No," she said and looked away and a suggestion of disappointment rested about her red mouth. It was not pain, not despair; just an acceptance of frustration, perhaps, and it touched Steve profoundly.

"I won't be here very long, now, Mary," he said. "I may be going any time, now. I will go, perhaps, even before your father dies. I don't know where. I haven't any plan. But before I go I'm going to look you up and see how your father is and fix it some way so Franz won't bother you even after I'm out of the country. You'd better get along back, now. Want a canoe?"

"No. I walk fast in the woods."

"Aren't you hungry?"

She had risen and looked at him in a manner which made him wince. It was not a conscious glance of reproach, but her face reflected a hunger such as he had not had in mind when he put the question. She was starved, silently crying for nourishment; but it was not a hunger of the body, not meat and drink which she needed.

"I have bread," she answered. "I go now. Good-by, Jim."

"Good-by, Mary."

She walked down the trail to where another branched off to take her along the lake shore and Drake stood alone, feeling small and humiliated.

His sense of having failed so miserably to meet a situation clung. It bothered him and that was why he gave the arrival of McNally's team no heed for the moment.

When he glanced up McNally was clambering down over the wagon wheel and standing where she had risen from her place on the seat, was a girl. Outlined there against the sky, she was a Diana. Her laced pacs were trim; the riding breeches encased snuggly molded legs. A gay shirt fitted well over a slender torso and square, boyish shoulders. Her throat rose in a fine column and her head, swung back with the brisk

breeze blowing tendrils of fair hair about it, seemed like a posture of brave defiance to the white bandage which covered her eyes.

Kate Flynn! Kate Flynn, holding in both hands a worn brief case. Kate Flynn, coming herself as a saving messenger for Polaris!

Strength trickled out of Steve's body. She was more fair to look upon than he had ever dreamed in all those dreams he had had of her fairness through these feverish weeks and it was this beauty which weakened him, not the thought that here was the person whom he could not deceive, that his pretense of being Young Jim must end now and the truth about that individual at last be told.

The girl talked softly and rapidly and laughed as one will in excitement, and old Mac, seeing Steve in the doorway, called out to him:

"Jim! Oh, Jim! Here's Katie herself!"

The girl stopped talking as McNally, taking her in his arms, swung her to the ground. The narrow bandage covered her eyes, the windows to the heart's expression, but



"You Did It, Duffer! You Did It All Yourself!"

it could not wholly hide the high eagerness which possessed her. She started forward eagerly, leading McNally toward the store rather than being led herself.

"Jim!" she called, and her voice was as lovely to the ear as her body was to the eye. "Duffer, I'm here! . . . Duffer, I couldn't send anybody else. I had to come myself!"

Steve moved down the steps and halted awaiting her approach in the deepest confusion he had ever experienced.

"Where are you Duffer?" she cried, breathlessly.

She stopped, withdrawing her hands from McNally's.

"Jim! Jimmy? Where are you?"

Steve stepped forward, then, swallowing drily, and took both her small hands. She clutched his convulsively, drawing herself close, touching his body with hers.

He went slightly giddy. She was freeing her hands, now, lifting them, letting them creep about his neck hungrily and her breath was uneven as she whispered to him:

"You did it, Duffer! You did it all yourself! You're the old Dad's son for certain. . . ."

She pulled his face down, offering her lips. He wrapped his arms

about her; he kissed her on the mouth, a long lingering kiss unable to resist the impulse before the strength of her appeal. She responded as their lips touched and then he felt the breath gush from her lungs warm on his face, felt her body tense as if in surprise and, possibly, fright at the ardor of his caress.

She put a palm against his chest, bewildered, and resisted his tight embrace.

"Jim?"—bewildered. "Jim, why don't you say something to me? Speak to me, Duffer!"

He let her go, feeling weak and contrite. His voice, he knew, would reveal to her the secret, confirm the suspicions that his kiss had awakened.

And then, instead of his voice, McNally's rose.

"Fire!" he cried. "Good G—d, Jimmy! Look!"

He stood beside them, pointing up the lake to its western side where a great column of gray smoke, tinged with orange, rose like a thunder head.

Almost roughly Steve put the girl to one side and ran from the store down to the beach so he might be beyond the scattered trees and see better.

Fire for certain! The thing which he had feared and prepared for through these weeks of drought had come, but, because of it, he would not for this hour at least be forced to unmask and tell this girl that her brother, so far as any man at Good-Rye knew, was still a wastrel, was still bearing the shame of a trust betrayed.

Calmly and rapidly he gave his orders. The fire fighting equipment held for such emergencies was rushed to the lake shore; outboard motors were clamped to two large, flat-bottomed boats and the pumps and shovels and axes loaded.

Within a surprisingly brief time the laden boats were heading up the lake across the head of which, now, drifted the first outriders of a heavy smoke pall.

And up there in the timber, to the southward of the burning slash, a man fled rapidly. Once he paused at an opening near the water and stared out at the boats making their way up the lake. His mouth twitched as he watched them.

The weather had played into Franz's hands. Had it rained the night before, his well laid scheme would have fallen to uselessness. But it had not rained. Heat would be great toward midday and there was no sign of a change in the skies.

Ever since his arrival at Good-Rye, Steve Drake had been insistent that every man in Polaris employ be ready at a moment's notice to give battle to fire. As the weather hazard increased he had been constantly on the alert for reports of smoke.

Today, the money which was to remove the Laird's timber forever from the horizon of Franz's hopes would arrive at headquarters. Timed properly, the alarm of fire would drain the place of every able man and once that brief case which Franz had seen McNally place carefully beneath the blanket on the wagon seat in Shoestring passed out of the possession of the Flynn or their loyal help without being delivered to MacDonald, the principal point in his plotting would be achieved.

So the man had waited even past the time when the fire would take a rapid hold. Then he had heaped materials together against a huge pile of brush, applied the match which would send a destroying element on its way, and turned in flight southward, the direction of headquarters. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

at the Multnomah county hospital where the students of the medical school got in their training but that if you lived outside of Portland that you would be obliged to pay the regular charges—that is for room and nurse and all that. He intimated, or I gathered, that the nurses of the Oregon University training school did all their work in the Multnomah hospital or in the Doernbecher hospital. It seemed just too bad for the patient that wished to avail himself of the University medical school facilities if he lived outside of Multnomah county.

All of which has prompted a little search to see how much the state pays for the institutions remotely or otherwise connected with the medical school. The millage tax for the University for the last year for which statistics at hand run something like this: U. of O. \$968,732.99; medical school, \$251,122.36; construction of infirmary, \$50,000.00; Doernbecher hospital, \$169,240.71; a total of \$1,439,096.06 or in round numbers a million and a half or a little more than a dollar and a half for every man, woman and child in Oregon, not all of which goes into the medical school but a lot of it goes there and only Portland or Multnomah county can have their sick looked after by the men and women that this money pays the salary of.

Maybe we are old fashioned, maybe we have come to the age when

"I do not care for the things that ARE,

As I do for the things that WERE," but when an institution is a State Institution and the state is supporting it, why should one city have the benefits?

I have wandered far afield. This is supposed to be a story of our return to Oregon. We finally decided to raise money on my life insurance and have Dr. Mason operate at the Good Samaritan hospital. The date was all set, the admission into the hospital arranged, when just a day or two before in came Lutina saying that she was being admitted to the hospital at The Dalles just the day previous to the date set for Mrs. Hulett's admission, and that she was undergoing a major operation.

An old maid is a gal who knows all the answers but nobody ever asks her the questions, says Go-boonus.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



KINTON CHURCH

Rev. W. E. Simpson, Pastor

The pastor, Rev. W. E. Simpson, will preach his last sermon for this conference year next Sunday, June 3. All members of the churches in this district are hoping Rev. Simpson will be returned to this field for another year.

Church of Christ

G. W. Springer, minister

There will be regular services at the church next Sunday. Sunday school is at 9:45. The Blues are now in the lead, but not so far but that it is easily possible for the Reds to overtake them.

The morning worship is at 11 o'clock. At that time, Mr. Springer will speak on the topic, "There Will my Servant Be."

Christian Endeavor is at 7 o'clock and the evening worship at 8. In the evening the sermon topic will be "The New Walk."

A famous scientist was present at a dinner at which one of the guests began to ferde philosophy. The speaker declared rudely that to him the word "philosopher" was but another way of spelling "fool!" "What is your opinion, professor?" he asked, smiling. "Is there much distance between them?"

The gentleman addressed surveyed the man across the table keenly for a moment, then responded:

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AFTER THE HONEYMOON



By Geoff Hayes