

The Beaverton Review

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY AT BEAVERTON, OREGON

J. H. Hulett Editor

Entered as second-class mail matter December 9, 1922, at the postoffice at Beaverton, Oregon, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per year (in advance) . . . \$1.00
Not in advance 1.50

On Oregon Farms

Bend—The Northern Sweet Watermelon, reported as being so early that growers are warned to watch for ripe melons nine to 10 weeks after planting, is being tried out by C. W. Green of Tumalo, as a demonstration trial in cooperation with County Agent Gus Hagglund. In addition to being extremely early, this variety it also reported as being quite frost proof, and it is destined to become very popular in Deschutes county if it lives up to these advance reports, as danger of frost makes the growing of melon, even for home use, very hazardous in this county, Mr. Hagglund says.

Dallas—The largest planting of irrigated Ladino clover in Polk county is on the farm of W. T. Hoffman northeast of Independence where 35 acres in a series of three or four fields are irrigated from two pumping plants connected with Ash creek. Mr. Hoffman uses this as pasture for his herd of 40 or more Jerseys.

Roseburg—The third annual Douglas county lamb show will be held at Roseburg, June 15, sponsored by the Douglas County Livestock Growers, according to J. Roland Parker, county agent and secretary of the organization. Premiums totalling more than \$150 are being offered for the various classes, with the committee in charge authorized to increase the premiums or extend the awards if the number and quality of exhibits justifies. Sheepmen are being urged to exhibit only the highest quality fat market lambs, and to show none weighing over 90 pounds, as lambs over this weight are generally discriminated against by buyers at this time of the year.

Corvallis—A total of 3585 cows on test in five dairy herd improvement associations of the state during April produced an average of 695.2 pounds of milk containing 33.73 pounds of butterfat, according to the official report just released here by the extension service. Of these 1459 produced more than 40 pounds of butterfat each, and 17 culls or "boarders" were disposed of during the month. The Coos Bay association made the highest record for the month with 33 herds averaging 37.43 pounds of fat, and C. H. Woodward of this association had the high herd, with an average of 64.4 pounds of fat, and also the high individual cow a grade Jersey producing 1665 pounds of milk containing 99.9 pounds of fat.

Dallas—Various strains and grades of Grimm alfalfa are to be compared in an alfalfa nursery planted on the Miles Davis farm near Saver recently by County Agent J. R. Beck. Thirteen different lots of seed were planted, some of which were grown in Polk county, and the rest in various parts of Idaho, Montana and eastern Oregon.

Eugene—Cecil Peerce of Springfield, who has completed brooding chicks for this year, is enthusiastic about the results obtained with the Oregon bottom heat electric brooder developed at the Oregon State college experiment station, reports County Agent O. S. Fletcher. This new type brooder, which can be constructed at home with little difficulty, has attracted a great deal of interest among poultrymen throughout the state.

Corvallis—Among several new clover varieties being tried out on the Oregon experiment station this year by Harry Schoth, associate agronomist of the U.S.D.A., is one called "Sulla" clover, which is believed to have considerable possibilities for this section, particularly as a forage crop. It grows rather tall and stiff stemmed, much like sweet clover, and the stalks are decidedly sweet. This is said to be the first planting of the variety in the northwest, and it is too early to make definite recommendations concerning it.

The Dalles—W. L. Rowland, Elmer Root and W. R. Wilcox, all of Mosier, have established codling moth traps in their orchards this year, thus co-operating with County Agent W. Wray Lawrence in furnishing all growers of the county with prompt information as to the timing of sprays for the moths. The traps are watched closely and all catches reported to Mr. Lawrence, who in turn sends out spraying notices to other orchardists of the county.

CODE OF THE NORTH

... By HAROLD TITUS ...

Copyright by Harold Titus

WNU Service

CHAPTER IX—Continued

She commenced to struggle in his grasp, twisting her arm to free it, kicking out with her small feet. But her efforts were futile. Franz dropped the brief case, turned her roughly about, pulled her hands together behind her and bound them securely.

"Oh, help!" she screamed. "Help, Hel—"

His palm cut off her words. "No one near," he reminded her. "However, there might be a little later. We will take no chances."

The bandage she had torn from her eyes hung loosely about her neck. He put one arm about her head, drawing it tightly against his breast, and with quick movements slipped the gauze across her lips, twisted a knot at the nape of her neck and then held her at arm's length, bound and gagged.

Kate made inarticulate, raging sounds, but he paid them no heed. Lifting her in his arms, with only one look behind at old Tim's form, he walked quickly out to his canoe, and laid her gently in the bottom with the duff.

He headed up the lake to where the smoke shroud, now hanging low in the heavier air of approaching evening, obscured all landmarks.

Back in the store old Tim had rolled over. He tried to rise and could not; tried to crawl and could not so much as get his knees up. So slowly, at the cost of infinite pain, he hitched himself along halfway to the open door. He saw the canoe making northward; he tried to call out. His face dropped again to the planks and he moaned twice and was still.

Steve Drake stood aside as the other men clustered about Young Jim Flynn, the men he had saved from probable death and the others whose hearts he had won by that achievement.

LaFane approached him, that grim smile playing about his lips.

"Broken, would you say?"

"Lord, no! Made!" Steve replied. "He's got the boys with him from the start!"

"And he'll keep 'em. He's wound on grand stuff. No need of your fearing to let 'em know who you are, now."

Drake experienced an odd let-down on this. The Polaris property was safe, with Kate's arrival; Young Jim was finally on the job, capable, competent and his courage had been spectacularly demonstrated. There was no longer any reason for him to use another's name; no longer cause to be reluctant to reveal to Kate Flynn the facts of his pretense. The twin goals for which he had struggled seemed to have been attained.

He drew a slow breath as he thought of the girl. She was more lovely than he had believed. The feel of her lips had stirred in him all manner of incredible impulses. The impression of a girl which he had built up for himself in those past weeks was a feeble thing compared to her reality.

Evening was at hand. The fire was under control. Already Wartin was preparing for the night's work. Steve beckoned to him.

"You told me where she started. Got any idea how?"

The man pursed his lips and shook his head.

"Must be a bug fire."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, she come up over on the southwest of twenty-four. We've had no men over there all summer. There ain't any berries in that

country so there wouldn't be any Injuns there lookin' for fruit. Nobody would be going through that particular country gettin' from one river to the other because there's better ways."

"Who'd have a reason? That we know, I mean? What's in your head?"

"Well, you've just about cleaned up on Franz. When you got here he was sittin' in the golden chair. You've made a monkey out of him since. He ain't quit the country and he ain't the kind to forgive. If I was to want to nab the man who started this fire I'd begin right now checkin' up on where Mr. Franz esquire was at this forenoon."

A crawly premonition ran through Steve. The future of Polaris lay between the folds of a heavy brief case back there at headquarters, protected only by an old, crippled man and a temporarily blinded girl. This fact assumed ominous proportions although he tried to laugh at himself.

Why, Franz could not know that the money had arrived, he argued silently as Wartin talked on about plans for the night; but in the next breath he was remembering that



She Commenced to Struggle in His Grasp, Twisting Her Arm to Free It, Kicking Out With Her Small Feet.

the man had been present when MacDonald dictated his terms and would know that any representative of the Flynns arriving now would bring currency.

He called LaFane to one side. "Tim dropping back to headquarters just to have a look," he said. "I'll take a canoe because Wartin may need the boats for supplies. Just tell Young Jim to sit tight until I get back. When the boys are told what we three know, we should all be together."

"Right."

Dusk was falling as Steve landed. A silence hung over headquarters which seemed weighted with import as he stepped to the sand. He stood still a moment, listening, and then called sharply:

"Hi, Tim! . . . You, Tim!"

No answer, and again a premonition of trouble went crawling along his spine. He called again; still no response.

He could see that the door of the store was open, and stopping only to take an electric flash-light from his jacket in the canoe, walked swiftly toward it.

"Tim!" he called sharply from the steps, that premonition more pronounced. "Tim!"

A faint, faint sound rewarded him: a scraping on the floor, a husky gasp.

He stepped within, snapping on the beam of his torch. He halted with a sharp oath at sight of the figure sprawled there.

"Tim!" he cried. "Tim, what happened?"

"Franz," the old fellow gasped. "Franz . . . shot me . . . took the . . . money . . ."

Words died to bubble in his throat as he struggled valiantly for the breath to speak.

"Franz!" Steve echoed. "He shot you down, Tim?"

"Yes,"—a faint whisper. The light Steve held on Tim's face revealed the heroic struggle he made for strength to speak further.

One of the old hands, cold as ice, now, gripped his wrist.

"I'm dusted . . . Jimmy . . . it's . . . it's money . . . and . . ." He was struggling against the darkness which closed over his mind, clinging to that remnant of consciousness that remained, fighting to keep mind and voice functioning until he had done the thing that he alone could do. "Money," he mumbled as Drake tried to ease his posture. "Money. . . . He took it . . . 'nd shot me . . . 'nd Katie . . ."

"Kate? Shot Kate?"

Steve's voice sounded like a woman's, so drawn by panic.

"Didn't shoot . . . her . . . She heard . . . Saw him dust . . . me. He took her . . . tied her up . . . Had canoe . . . and outfit . . . Took her north . . . Up lake . . . Said he'd . . . It'll be . . . just h—l . . ."

Steve's moan was weak and heavy. His mouth was dry; his heart flailed his ribs.

The old man's eyes were closing. He had lived to tell this, which he alone could tell. His chin sank to his breast; he seemed to nestle almost comfortably in the strong arms which held him. He had done all that he could possibly do. Now, he wanted rest.

But Drake could not let him rest. "When, Tim?" he asked quickly. "How long ago? When did he go? How long ago was it Franz took Katie away?"

The suggestion of a frown crossed the graying face. Old Tim drew a slow, labored breath.

"Just . . ." he began and his chest collapsed and as the last of the breath slipped from his torn and tortured lungs it carried the long-drawn whisper: "No-w-w-w."

The word was faint, but unmistakable.

Tim lay wholly inert in Drake's arms. The old heart had fluttered its last. Trying to be true to his trust, to function until he had discharged his duty, Tim had failed. So much had happened of treachery and pain in these last hours that it seemed to him as though Franz had only just then shoved off, bearing Kate as a hostage.

"Just," he had said; and then, after that last pause he was ever to make in speaking: "Now."

He was dead, slain in the service of the Flynns, but this was no hour to give way to regrets, to be concerned with the dead. One tragedy had ended and nothing beneath the stars could undo it, and another was in the making that very moment, perhaps, and a fear such as Steve had never known possessed him.

He went quickly to the far end of the room and took down a rifle from its resting place on a set of antlers. It was loaded. He slipped more ammunition into his pocket and ran out, closing the door behind him.

He strained his eyes up the lake to where the first stars struggled to show through the edge of the smoke haze. Franz and Kate must be somewhere not so far off, heading for the upper river and the big country to which it gave access.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



Congregational Church
Charles F. Clarke, Pastor

Bible school, 9:45 a.m., Mr. W. H. Boswell, Superintendent.
Worship and sermon, 11:00 a.m.
No evening service during July and August.

Church of the Nazarene
Rev. Willard P. Anderson, Pastor

Rev. Omar Idso, pastor of the Methodist church at White Fish, Montana, gave us two splendid services this week which will be long remembered.

The musical program given by the Northwest Nazarene College Quartet was a grand success. The house was packed, and everybody much enjoyed the program.

Next Sunday the Sunday school is giving a missionary program. What the children do is always good. So plan to come at the Sunday school hour, 9:45 a.m.

The morning service will also be missionary, with several speaker-giving different parts of the work. "We are debtors to give the gospel in same measure as we received it." Let's do our part.

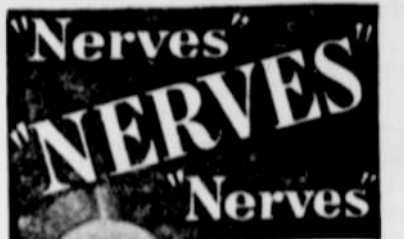
N.Y.P.S., 7 p.m., evening service, 8:00 p.m. Wednesday prayer and Bible study, 8:00 p.m.
Everybody welcome.

KINTON CHURCH
Rev. W. E. Simpson, Pastor

All interested in the affairs of the church and Bible school were very glad to hear that Rev. W. E. Simpson, who has been with this conference during the past four years, has been returned for another year. Rev. Simpson supplies the three Evangelical churches in this district: Mountain Home, Laurel, and Kinton.

Regular preaching service by the pastor Sunday morning, at 9:45. Bible school, 10:15. Everybody is invited to attend these services.

Henry A. Olin to Roy A. Fisk, Lot 33, Virginia Place.



Dr. Miles NERVINE
"Did the work" says Miss Glivar
WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

After more than three months of suffering from a nervous ailment, Miss Glivar used Dr. Miles NERVINE which gave her such splendid results that she wrote us an enthusiastic letter.

If you suffer from "Nerves," if you lie awake nights, start at sudden noises, tire easily, are cranky, blue and fidgety, your nerves are probably out of order.

Quiet and relax them with the same medicine that "did the work" for this Colorado girl.

Whether your "Nerves" have troubled you for hours or for years, you'll find this time-tested remedy effective.

At Drug Stores 25c and \$1.00.



Business Places To Patronize IN BEAVERTON!

Spend Your Money in Beaverton

Alt Heidelberg Beer On Draught
Try us for Chicken Dinners and Barbecue Sandwiches
FREE DANCING
OLD HEIDELBERG PARK

W. E. PEGG
UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER
Grange Building Beaverton

STUDIO BARBER SHOP
FIRST CLASS WORK
AT REASONABLE PRICES
E. D. Van METEE, Prop.

Beaverton Barber Shop
C. J. STEVENS, PROPRIETOR
—SATISFACTION GUARANTEED—

BEER ON DRAUGHT
5c and 10c Glasses
Express Office—Stage Depot
Western Union Phone 10605
GREYHOUND COFFEE SHOP
Roast Building Beaverton, Oregon

W. L. KELLY
Oregon Journal
Agent
Phone Beaverton 5010.

OPTOMETRY
Glasses, Fitted or Repaired
Our Specialty
DR. A. E. WILSON
Beaverton Oregon

Beaverton Electric Shop
State Licensed Electrician
Wiring and Repairing of all Kinds
ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES
Radio Tubes Mazda Lamps
Free Test Phone 6103

IF IT'S PRINTING WE CAN DO IT
GIVE US YOUR ORDER
Buy from your home merchant and get your printing from
The Beaverton Review

G. A. COBB
Attorney at Law
HEDGE BUILDING, BEAVERTON

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Haley are moving into the Lassiter house.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Barnes on June 28th, a nine pound son.

Dr. and Mrs. Forest Howard were entertained at a luncheon at the Campbell Court Hotel, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Fredrickson

of The Dalles, but formerly of Beaverton, visited with Beaverton friends Tuesday.

Born June 27th to Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Clarke, a 8 pound son, with Dr. C. E. Mason attending.

Mrs. Dewey Drorbaugh's mother, Mrs. Berger, had the misfortune last Saturday to fall and break her left arm at the wrist. Dr. Mason was called to attend it.

Mrs. John Summers, Mrs. Oglesby Young of Portland and their mother, Mrs. Marcia Pike, visited

at the home of Mrs. Pike's brother, Geo. Doughty at Hillsboro.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Anderson, Mrs. W. O. Roberts, Ward Roberts, and Mrs. Hazel Hunter McCue all of Portland attended the meeting of Beaver Chapter Wednesday evening.

Rev. Geo. Gray and Mrs. Gray called on Beaverton friends, Saturday. Rev. Gray was pastor in the local Methodist church for ten years, and is now in a pastorate at Coquille, Ore.

AFTER THE HONEYMOON



By Geoff Hayes

Geoff Hayes