

The Beaverton Review
ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY AT BEA-
VERTON, OREGON
J. H. Hulett . . . . . Editor

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On Oregon Farms

Lakeview—Lake county farmers
are showing a markedly increased
interest in Union Beardless barley in
recent years, according to Victor
W. Johnson, county agent, who
reports that there are now more
than 400 acres of this crop in the
county, most of which will be cut
for hay. This beardless barley was
introduced into Lake county in
1927 by the state college exten-
sion service, and the first seed
was planted by C. W. Ogle of the
Idaho district.

Canyon City—The grasshopper
menace in Grant county, so far as
a serious infestation goes, is a
thing of the past this year, reports
County Agent R. G. Johnston. The
Logan Valley Cattlemen's associa-
tion worked diligently and with
federal aid for supplies has com-
pletely wiped out the beds in that
district, Mr. Johnston says, thus
saving summer food for at least
4000 head of cattle. The main beds
in the Fox Valley district were
also poisoned and killed out be-
fore the hoppers spread very
badly.

Corvallis—The ordinary goat-
weed which thrives so abundantly
in many sections may look to many
persons like a perennial because
it continues to flourish year after
year, but it is really an annual
plant, says W. S. Averill, county
agent. In most places where goat
weed has been growing the seed
has fallen on the ground for a good
many years, Mr. Averill says, and
these seeds will continue to come
up for several years. It is not nec-
essary to treat goat weed with
chemicals to kill it, however. Just
cutting them off with a mowing
machine so that they won't go to
seed will take care of this year's
growth, he says.

Hood River—H. R. Adkins of
this county has made application
to the Oregon State college exten-
sion service for certification of a
planting of "Adkins" strawberry
plants, reports County Agent A.
L. Marble. This berry is a high
producer of a berry suitable for
barrelling, and no disease has yet
been found in the plants, Mr. Mar-
ble says. Mr. Adkins has already
contracted for the sale of 300,000
plants of this variety. A part of
his crop this year is being bar-
relled, and one lot has been sup-
plied the Eugene Fruit Growers as-
sociation for a freezing trial.

Eugene—C. A. Schooling of Route
3, Junction City, who has grown
sweet clover for more than 10
years, was one of the first farm-
ers of Lane county to try out the
stem-rot resistant strain of
sweet clover developed at the Ore-
gon Experiment station. He was
a sweet clover enthusiast, but his
plants always died at the end of
the first year. With the new strain
however, he is now growing sweet
clover successfully, and the plants
live two years—the normal life of
sweet clover plants.

Dallas—Ralph Kester of Suver
district—one of the few dairymen
in his district who cuts his hay
before putting it in the mow—be-
lieves this method just as cheap
as pulling it in with a hay fork,
he told County Agent J. R. Beck
recently. Mr. Kester, like many oth-
er farmers of that section, has
a fine hay crop that will tax the
capacity of his barn, Mr. Beck says.

A Timely Garden Hint
By Ann Pryor



HAVE you ever heard that treat-
ing cuttings with sugar makes
them root more quickly? Try it,
and see what interesting results
you get.
In treating rose cuttings, for in-
stance, make the cuttings with a
very sharp knife or razor blade.
Place them in a sugar solution, in
the proportions of two or three
level tablespoons of sugar to a pint
of water. Leave them in the solu-
tion five or six hours. Then rinse
in clear water and treat in the
regular manner.

CODE OF THE NORTH

... By HAROLD TITUS ...

CHAPTER X—Continued

"My friend!"—stoutly and hos-
tly. She felt sure of that much.
"Friend, h—ll Listen, Kate. . .
Handsome stranger comes to the
rescue of the operation and the lady
in financial distress falls for him.
That it?"
"No. Of course not."
A surge of jealousy swept into
his heart. He laughed scornfully.
"The idea of you falling for a
squaw man!"
"I don't believe you," she said
simply. "Besides, even if I did,
even if it were true, it would be
beside the point. He has done so
many impossible things this sum-
mer that finding you and taking you
back to answer for what you did
this evening should be a simple
matter."

reached the Mad Woman. He fol-
lowed the footprints down the
branch of the trail that led to the
right. They had stopped a few
rods from the water's edge; then
they had gone on and the girl had
stood waiting while Franz loaded
his canoe.
She had stood still but not idly.
The indicating arrow she had
drawn in the wet sand stared up
at him and he grinned and said
aloud: "Good girl!"
Where Franz would elect to leave
the Mad Woman, Steve could not
know. But he could not be so far
in the lead now. These tracks left
in the silt were not old.

In a little bay of the lake, as
dawn came up, Mary Wolf was
blowing up the breakfast fire. With
the blaze going, she looked at the
meager bed where her father lay,
his back to her, and spoke. He did
not answer.
Slowly, apprehensively, she moved
toward the crude shelter. She
stood outside and bent forward, a
hand at her breast, to see the face
of the wrinkled, old man. She sank
slowly to one knee and touched
him. He did not move. Old Jim
Wolf had followed his fathers.

CHAPTER XI

FRANZ believed he had left only
sign which would indicate that
he had gone in the opposite direc-
tion. He stopped paddling to roll
a cigarette, to consider, audibly,
the matter of food. But he did not
finish what he had started to say;
did not complete the cigarette.
Far, far behind him a flock had
appeared on the water. He broke
his words short, arrested all move-
ment and then, opening his fingers,
let paper and tobacco drop to his
knees.

"So, now . . . More shooting?"
he asked and Kate started up to a
sitting posture.
For an interval both strained
their eyes to observe that approach-
ing canoe and then Franz laughed.
"If it's one, removing him is sim-
ple. . . . And it looks like one!"
he growled.
He swung toward a point of
rushes which projected from the
nearest island.

The girl, gone white, now, did not
speak as they glided into the
screening growth. Franz drove one
paddle into the bottom and hitched
forward, placed the other on the
opposite side of the light craft and
turned to Kate. Queerly fascinated
by his deliberation she watched
him draw his pistol, slip out the
clip and fill it to capacity.

"You're going to shoot . . . from
ambush?" she asked.
For answer he grasped her
quickly in his arms, drawing her
head tightly against his shoulder.
With his handkerchief he bound
her mouth again despite her efforts
to break away and, again removing
his belt, twisted the leather about
her wrists.
"From ambush," he said. "I'm
either making my get-away or ex-
acting a heavy price. And if you
try to make one move you'll be
the first!"
He stroked the trigger signifi-
cantly.
Steve Drake kept on. He watched
constantly for another craft, scanned
the horizon for the smoke of a
campfire, even eyed closely the scat-
tered flocks of froth and bubbles
on the placid water in the hope they
might yield some information of

significance. No sign of life was
perceptible, however, except water
fowl.
In the canoe screened by rushes
Franz spoke the first word for half
an hour.
"Alone . . . the fool." Relief
was in his tone, along with a ter-
rible sort of elation. He twitched
the muzzle of his pistol toward Kate
and added: "I'd as soon send you
with him as not. Remember that,
if you please. When this is over,
I'll land you at the head of the lake.
You'll get back, somehow."

Steve approached the islands in
a quandary. Each moment that
passed added to Franz's chances of
escape, and as for Kate . . . He
drew his shoulders upward in a
shuddering shrug when he thought
of her alone with that renegade.

Ducks flew up as he slipped past
the first island and on their flight
pitched toward a patch of rushes
off to his left.
Gracefully, the ducks plummeted
for it and then the leader, with a
quick bank and a rise, was in full
flight again, sounding an unmistak-
able note of warning to the others.
Something was there, hidden from
Franz by the rushes, which fright-
ened the ducks. . . .

Almost in a reflex Steve dropped
his paddle and grasped the rifle
which lay between his feet, and
hitched forward, weapon poised and
ready to fire.

He was half-way erect when a
man's head and shoulders emerged
above the rushes and a girl's
scream, sharp and clear, carried to
him across the water.

The man was Franz, fifty yards
from him. Franz, whipping his gun
hand upward and Franz's pistol
leaping as it barked!

Steve was poised on bent knees,
clapping the stock of the rifle to
his shoulder as the other fired. It
was as if a sledge had struck the
barrel of his gun, as though hot
iron seared the thumb of his left
hand, and the impact set him reel-
ing, sagging, fighting to stay in the
canoe, but, despite his efforts,
pitching over sideways with a
mighty splash.

The gun slipped from his right
hand as the butt raked the gun-
wale. He was in the water, on his
back, the rifle slipping through his
weakened fingers, sinking down
into the depths to leave him un-
armed.

He came up, the canoe screening
him for the moment, and again he
heard the girl scream. A bullet
tore through the canoe at arm's
length to the right of him, and he
sank at once, feet foremost, beneath
the surface.

Kate Flynn, in a ferment of
fright, had lifted her bound hands
to the handkerchief across her
mouth as Franz rose for his first
shot. One jerk and the gag was
about her throat and, heedless of
the penalty that might be exacted
from her, she had screamed her
warning.

"D—n you!" Franz snarled.
"You'll pay for . . ."
But he did not look at her. He
stood watching, waiting, having
more important matters than her
disregard for his threats to occupy
him at the moment. The girl
tugged frantically at the belt hold-
ing her hands.

"Stop!" she cried after that sec-
ond shot. "Stop it! He's helpless
and you . . ."

Her voice failed her as Franz
shot again and still again, drilling
the empty canoe with lead.

He waited after that fourth shot,
poised, pistol ready. He hoped that
he had hit to kill, but was not cer-
tain and took no chances.

Steve, his lungs bursting, ceased
his struggle to remain submerged,
looked upward to locate his canoe
and shot to the surface.
(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.

KINTON CHURCH
Rev. W. E. Simpson, Pastor

Services for this Sunday will be
as follows: preaching by the pas-
tor, Rev. W. E. Simpson at 9:45;
Bible school at 10:15, in the morn-
ing. Everybody is most cordially in-
vited to attend these services.

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

"I was glad when they said unto
me, Let us go into the house of
the Lord."
Sunday school, 9:45 a.m. Morn-
ing worship, 11 a.m. Young Peo-
ple's meeting, 7:00 p.m. Evening
service, 8:00 p.m. Wednesday Prayer
and Bible Study, 8:00 p.m.
You are invited to attend.

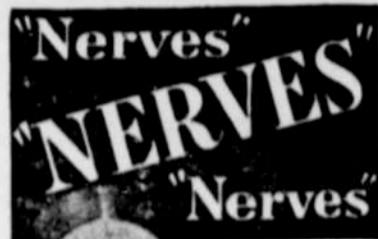
Church of Christ
G. W. Springer, minister

In our Christian life program the
Reds are several thousand points
ahead of the Blues. The Blues are

working hard this week to over-
come the difference.
The topic for the morning ser-
mon will be "Goals". The evening
topic will be, "Scriptural Sanctifica-
tion."

Just Caws
If a crow's caws have caused a
rooster to crow,
And the crow is of more caws
the cause,
Would you say, then, the crow was
the cause of the crow?
Or the crow was the cause of the
caws?
—Montreal Star

How strange is man! He would-
n't steal a dime of your money,
but brazenly robs you of a dollar's
worth of your time.



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

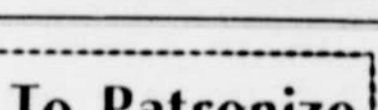
After more than three months
of suffering from a nervous ail-
ment, Miss Glivar used Dr. Miles
Nervine which gave her such
splendid results that she wrote
us an enthusiastic letter.

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.

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years, you'll find this time-
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G. A. COBB
Attorney at Law
HEDGE BUILDING, BEAVERTON

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. Bert Rohse visited at the
home of Mrs. Sarah Butner, Sun-
day.

Louise Howard, little daughter of
Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Howard, cele-
brated her eleventh birthday with
a party entertaining twenty little
girls from Beaverton and Portland
at her home last Thursday.

Mrs. Myrtle Haines was called
to Morrill, Neb., on account of the
serious illness of her brother, James
Craig, Jr. His illness was caused
by an injury to his foot. Mrs.
Haines left Saturday evening.

The schoolmistress was giving her
class of young pupils a test on
a recent natural history lesson.
"Now, Bobby Jones," she said,
"tell me where the elephant is
found."

The boy hesitated for a moment;
then his face lit up.
"The elephant, teacher," he said,
"is such a large animal it is
scarcely ever lost."

A little boy, on visiting the
country for the first time, was
asked what he liked best.
He replied, "I liked the old
garages where they kept the cows."

The Judge's Joke



THE REASON DOT MC GEE
KNOWS HOW TO MANAGE
A HUSBAND IS BECAUSE
SHE NEVER
HAD ONE

AFTER THE HONEYMOON



HOW ARE YOU
AND THE WIFE
GETTING ON?
FINE—WE DON'T
FIGHT—WE
COMPROMISE
NOW.



FOR INSTANCE, MY WIFE
LIKES TEA FOR BREAK-
FAST AND I LIKE COFFEE.



SO YOU HAVE TEA
AND COFFEE



NO—WE HAVE
TEA!

By Geoff Hayes

Geoff Hayes