

The Beaverton Review

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY AT BEA- VERTON, OREGON

J. H. Hulett Editor

Entered as second-class mail mat- ter December 9, 1922, at the postoffice at Beaverton, Oregon, under the act of March 8, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

It seems that about every so often some silver tongued bunco steerer will drop into town and with the aid of a nice prospectus sell a page or two of so-called advertising to the long-suffering businessmen of the community.

Not one person in five hundred who is occupied with serving the public but knows down deep in his heart of hearts that he or she should advertise. They have been told they should advertise from the time they were told anything.

The finding on my desk of "Lafiar's National Real Estate Reporter and Tourist Guide" brings forth the above little ditty. Within its pages we find listed Cascade Locks, Tigard, Oregon City, Carlton, Milwaukie, Oswego, Beaverton, Multnomah, Gresham, Hubbard, Silverton, Camas, Centralia, Vancouver, Toledo, and an ad or two from Portland and Salem.

(Inadvertently left out, last week) Mayor Wilson and wife and baby visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kuenzy, who live on a farm southwest of Silverton.

So many commendations and such apparently hearty praise has been heard coming from so many different places by the author of those notes on the Michigan Trip that I am moved to perpetrate a little more on a long-suffering public.

My father was born in St. Lawrence county, in the northeastern part of New York state—York State as they called it whenever the early home of the author's parents was spoken of by them.

When he was a boy of about two and a half or three year of age his mother died of what was then called consumption. Of course now we call it tuberculosis but such high sounding names were not spoken, if known, by the farmer folks of that part of the Union.

These notes will be mostly autobiographical with quotations and observations interspersed. As there is to be no copy prepared in advance, the probability is that there is going to be some repetition, and probably also many things left out that might better have been written.

CODE OF THE NORTH

. . . By HAROLD TITUS . . .

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

He all but gained that meager shelter without betraying himself. Only the flip of one hand beyond the bow gave him away, but that was enough and Franz tensed as he took careful aim to bore the canoe at the point where he knew, now, the other hung gasping for breath.

Kate saw and understood. She felt the tremor which ran through Franz's body as he steeled himself. And then as his hand squeezed to send the bullet speeding to where it surely would find a mark, she threw her whole body to the right as sharply, as vigorously as she could and drove the rail of his canoe to the water's edge.

The pistol exploded. The bullet tore up the water harmlessly a few yards beyond the rushes and Franz, with a retching oath, stepped into shallow water. The rising gunwale caught his toe and he sprawled into the rushes, throwing out his hands to save himself.

"D-n you—" he cried again, lunging to his feet. His hands, his wrists, were thick with mud and as he floundered up he turned the pistol to look into the barrel and swore again as he saw silt clogging it.

And Kate called shrilly: "Quick! Quick! He can't shoot! He can't!"

Franz shook the gun savagely, tore at the slide to make it function and looked back to see Steve shoving the canoe recklessly from before him, striking out toward the rushes in a long, swift crawl stroke.

Franz, rapping the pistol on the canoe, watched Steve's rapid ap-



She Jabbed at Him With All Her Strength, Hurling Him Backward.

proach as he worked the slide frantically. It began to slip easier. He gave the weapon one more flip and mud from the barrel splattered the water about his knees. He turned, as Kate, with a desperate wrench, freed her hands. He laughed and raised his arm once more. His man was there, wholly exposed, coming closer all the time. . . .

"Come on!" Franz called thickly. "Come on . . . to h—!"

And Kate was on her knees, wrenched one upended paddle from its place in the lake bottom. She tore it free, swung it with all her might and Franz, seeing from the tail of his eye, ducked sideways. But he was too late. The edge of the blade hit his arm, silhouetted down the sieve to his hand, caught

the pistol barrel and the weapon, with a spin and plop, disappeared into the roily water.

"You'll pay . . . You'll . . ." he choked angrily.

He groped the bottom for the weapon but Kate leaped from the canoe, raised the paddle again. He fended the first blow with his arm and lunged for her, but she jabbed at him with all her strength, hurling him backward.

Steve Drake was within twenty yards when Kate struck the weapon from Franz's hand; within ten when she struck again with her paddle, was dragging himself through the shallows for the reeds when Franz turned in flight.

He gained the channel bank and dived. Breathing hoarsely, Steve followed. Franz looked behind and gasped out a curse. He threw his hips upward and dived. . . .

He went under . . . and drove himself down, but Steve followed the eddies, and bubbles he left, knowing the other's panic would cost him dearly though he might gain for the moment.

Franz came up to the right, shaking water from his eyes, gasping air avidly. A moment later he cried out as Steve's one hand fastened in his shirt.

Franz struck out, but the blow, though it caught Steve on the point of the chin, was light and ineffectual. Drake seized one of Franz's hands and twisted the arm cruelly. They went under, Franz's legs groping for a hold on Steve's, his fingers scratching at the throat.

They turned over. Franz tried to shove Drake deeper but could not and, as if by prearrangement, they broke their holds and shot to the surface, gasping for air. A brief interval they rested so, face to face, treading water, and then Franz commenced to swim again toward land.

But on his third stroke a hand grasped his ankle, his head was dragged under and Drake's body floated over him, binding his arms and legs close. He struggled an instant and then went limp.

Steve let him up, then, holding firmly to his shirt front while the man gagged and choked. "You can't . . . get away," he panted. "Enough? . . . Will you . . . go back now?"

Franz's mouth opened and closed convulsively. ". . . to h—!" he rasped.

"Then I'll take you!" Drake cried. "Hold you under . . . until you . . ."

Franz half turned and fought Steve away with thrusts of one arm. Beneath the surface his other hand was busy, seeking, tugging at something, and as Drake broke through his guard and grasped for a hold on clothing it came up with as much of a sweep as he could manage in the water and on that movement a glint of flashing brightness swept for Steve's middle.

He threw himself quickly on one side to elude the blade, gasping out a word as he realized he had failed. A sharp sting above his left groin manifested itself but he had the knife hand securely, twisted and wrenched it, sending the man under, holding him there mercilessly until the fingers finally opened and the knife sank slithering toward the bottom.

Then Steve had to let go, strangling as he was from the water he had swallowed. The sting in his side had become a burning. He gave that no heed, however. He raised one arm high and turned his face toward the rushes where he had last seen Kate.

"Got him!" he called hoarsely. "Bring the canoe . . . Got him . . ." But he winced from the throb in his belly which had by then replaced the sensation of burning.

He had believed he finally had Franz captive, but before his words were well spoken, the fellow broke loose and was swimming away. Steve followed, a great weariness, something more than the effects of this tremendous exertion, creeping through his muscles. He shut his eyes and used all his will to close quickly before that could happen which, it seemed certain, was going to happen, now. And when he opened them Franz was nowhere in sight.

He stopped swimming at once, treading water sluggishly and pressed one hand to his wounded side, wincing from the pain the touch rendered.

Behind, he heard the canoe approaching. The sounds penetrated through a queer sensation in his ears. It was like a thickness, something hampering his hearing as fog will hinder sight.

The approaching paddle dipped rapidly. Still Franz did not show himself.

Steve brushed a hand across his eyes. His ears were going bad; were his eyes playing tricks, also? An odd warmth lay over his side, now; it was almost comfortable. . . .

Movement hurt him, now. He moaned from the pain and then, a few yards beyond, came a ruffling of the surface. Bubbles. . . . Bubbles, coming upward from deep down. . . .

"Stay back!" he gasped over his shoulder and the sounds of the paddle ceased.

He waited an interval for breath. The sun broke through the clouds again. Somehow, its light seemed feeble. Perhaps his sight was dimming. . . . Nevertheless, he let himself under water and stared about and saw what he saw. . . .

Speech was impossible when he rose that time. He scarcely had strength to beckon Kate forward. It seemed that she would never get across that intervening strip of water; seemed as if he could not stay afloat another fractional second.

But he did. His fingers found the gunwale and curled over it. With great effort he raised his other hand and took hold and leaned his forehead against his wrists, breath quick and shallow, not caring a great deal, now, that what strength remained in his body seemed to be pouring into the lake through his side.

"Get in!" the girl said huskily. "Here! Let me help you!" "No," he tried to say stoutly, but the words came only in a whisper. "Please," he added. "Let me . . . just rest a . . . moment."

That was better. Resting was sweet. But the fingers of one hand wanted to let go. He shut his teeth as he fought to retain a hold on consciousness. His job was not done. He had one more obligation to discharge.

"Where," he began, without lifting his face. "Where . . ." What was it he had wanted to say? What had prompted a question? . . . "Where's Franz?" he finished dully. "Franz? He's . . . he's gone. You saw. He didn't come up. What's wrong with you?"—sharply. "What's happened?"

The lovely timbre of her voice shot through his veins like a stimulating drug. He raised his face to look into hers. Her eyes, those clear, widely set, blue eyes which had been bandaged when he looked at her closely before, set up a strength within him which gathered wit, marshaled his resources, gave him strength and clarity of mind. "I'm all right," he muttered. "Tired. . . . What I started to ask was, where's the brief case?" (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

"This poor man cried and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." Psa. 34:6. How wonderful to have a refuge in these times of distress.

We invite you to worship with us—Sunday school, 9:45 a.m. Morning worship, 11:00 a.m. Evening service, 8:00 p.m. Because of the Camp meetings in progress there will be no Wednesday service next week.

Church of Christ G. W. Springer, minister

Only two more Sundays remain in our Christian Life Program contest. The Reds are still in the lead by several thousand points.

Next Sunday morning Mr. Springer will speak on "The Life of Joshua." The evening sermon will be, "Paul in Philippi".

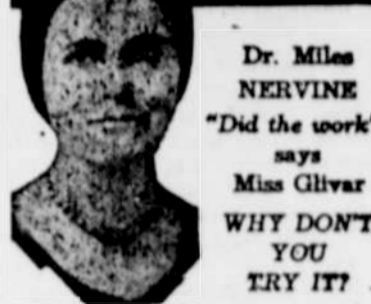
LOCAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Metcalf, sons Ernest and Donald, and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Campbell spent Sunday at Vernonia.

Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Talbert, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Carr, and Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Livermore, Jr., and their families enjoyed a picnic dinner in Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Metzler's beautiful garden Friday evening.

Mrs. Elizabeth Deal and brother-in-law, Mr. Hall, left Tuesday morning for their home in Amarillo, Texas, after a month's visit here with former neighbors and friends. They will visit relatives on their way home.

Nerves NERVINE Nerves



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 Nerveine 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. DR. MILES NERVINE LIQUID

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 METER, 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 Ross 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

See DOY GRAY For Insurance of All Kinds Phone 1003 Notary Public

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

AFTER THE HONEYMOON

