

The Beaverton Review

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Heaven never helps the man who will not act.—Sophocles.

When words are scarce they're seldom spent in vain.—Shakespeare.

"We can have democracy only as long as we are worthy of it."—Newton D. Baker.

It isn't chivalry that makes a man consult his wife about every deal. He wants somebody to blame if it goes wrong.

We don't care about returning to the 1926 level. Wasn't that about the time everybody was singing, "Yes, We Have No Bananas?"

The mint is reported ready to speed up production of silver dollars. Let's hope that the tailors are ready to reinforce trousers' pockets.

After all, there is no difference between a woman driving the car from the back seat and a man doing the cooking from the dining-room table.

Sculptors will tell you the line of beauty is a double curve, like the letter "S". Financiers think it is much more beautiful with a line through it, thus: \$.

The man who recently invented a lie detector tried it out on a fisherman the other day. He hasn't decided whether to try to repair the machine or build a new one.

"When a rule of etiquette adds nothing of value to beauty, to comfort, to ease or to happiness it is a useless rule which may as well be thrown into the discard."—Emily Post.

No Word of Encouragement From the President

The National Education Association, speaking for several hundred thousand public school teachers instructing 25,000,000 children, who represent the Nation's homes and fireplaces, have completed their pilgrimage to Washington. While here they labored incessantly to stem the decadent tide which threatens to overwhelm our public school system and the cause of democracy. Dangers were reviewed; efforts to meet them canvassed, and plans evolved for future battle.

Faith was renewed for an unremitting struggle to protect our school system, the future generations and our free institutions. The Nation's Congress must aid, shall aid with emergency funds, the schools must be kept open, the pupils taught, was the cry and slogan of these embattled teachers.

They went so far as to pass resolutions asserting their right to express their views on the "New Deal" and other philosophies affecting the social order.

There was no word of discouragement and but one note of disappointment growing out of their deliberations:

This great gathering, representing the Nation's greatest cultural force and practically its controlling destiny, met, deliberated and adjourned without the slightest word of encouragement or recognition from the President of the Republic. These teachers in their hour of suffering and discouragement came and went without even a gesture from the White House; not even from the First Lady of the land who is accustomed to appearing before different groups of citizens. They were both invited.

Is it possible, many asked, that the New Deal has to do only with the physical welfare of man while the mind degenerates, and public education, the real bulwark of the Nation, is ignored?

"What sort of 'head' do you wish to have put over your—" Her voice drifted off into nothingness. It was the linotyper, Joy, talking to the perpetrator of the effusion in last week's issue which was started out to be an autobiographical sketch of the author's life. But the title, "autobiography" seems just a little stilted and makes one self-conscious just as though there was some one over there a few feet sneering, "See that big stiff! Think he's some pumpkins, doesn't he?"

So there you are. If this gets a head, it will be because some happy inspiration suggested it or some good Samaritan took a hand and came to the rescue of your afflicted scribe.

It was long years before Father saw any of his father's family and then they met quite casually although Father has told us often of meeting with friends of his cousins, and even of meeting people who

CODE OF THE NORTH

... By HAROLD TITUS ...

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

That was the thing he had left to do! Today was Wednesday. Tomorrow at four the contents of that portfolio must be in MacDonald's hands or all that he had tried to do for Old Jim Flynn would be as nothing.

"It must be here," the girl said. "He had it in the store. But that's no matter now. Are you . . . Are you all right?"

"Right," he answered, but his voice was thick despite the comparative ease with which his mind functioned for the moment.

"Get in, then. Oh, this is terrible! And we must hurry back to headquarters. They'll have found Tim and will be searching the whole country for us!"

"Yes," he muttered and tried to smile. They'd been searching, well enough. They'd been on his trail for long, now. But he must finish his job before more strength drained from his body. . . .

"I'll rest here," he said. "Paddle into the shallows. I might . . . upset you. . . ."

Kate picked up the paddle and headed for the little island. Steve did not look up again, but he knew that the girl's eyes were on him much of the time. His feet trailed helplessly behind. His side began to throb and sting. He felt bottom and floundered to a stand, clinging dizzily to the canoe so he would not fall.

"Should be in here," he mumbled, reaching uncertainly for a pack-sack. "We've got to know . . . now."

He loosened the straps of the pack. "There!" He pulled back the flap, exposing the duffel within. "There it is!" He drew out the light leather case as if it were a great weight. His hands were cold, fingers like sticks of wood. He tried to open it and failed. . . .

"You better," he said. He couldn't let her know that he was hurt. He'd worked for her, fought for her; she was dependent on him, now. If she knew that everything was getting fuzzy . . . "I'm . . . still a little shaky, I guess. . . ."

"But come ashore first. You need rest."

"No. Open it now. . . . Please!" She opened the case and exposed the red envelope, sealed and sound and safe.

A great sigh left Steve's breast and he lurched against the canoe, shoving it sideways through the reeds, all but falling across it.

"Good!" he said thickly. "Safe, eh? Listen! . . . Listen, Kate Flynn." He wet his lips and tried to fight back the overwhelming weakness. "Listen, that money's got to be—"

"You're bleeding!" Her cry cut him short. She screamed out again that he was bleeding.

"Nothing," he muttered. "Nicked me . . . a little . . ." But he looked down, following her terrified glance, and saw the red life fluid seeping through and mingling with the muddy water in which he stood.

She got out of the canoe herself and stood beside him, putting a tender arm about his waist, dragging one of his over her shoulder.

"Come!" she said, calmly enough. "Walk with me. So." He tried to move, but his feet seemed to be buried deep in clinging clay. He rocked as he tried, and all but fell again. "That's splendid!" she said and laughed, and her voice was filled with vigor. "Just a little way, now. Careful. Don't fall. There, that's better."

As one would encourage a timid

child she talked him into effort which otherwise would have been beyond his strength.

"Here we go! We're out of the water, now. . . . Just a few more steps. Over yonder's some bracken. Better to lie in that than on this wet sand."

"Sure," he said dully. "Sure thing. . . ."

"Now . . . Careful. . . . Here, I'll let you down."

But she did not let him down. She could not ease the slump of his weight and it dragged her to her knees with his fall.

His face had lost all color, his eyes were closed and a fine sweat pricked out on his brow.

"Can't you speak to me?" she begged. "Listen! If you hear me just open your eyes. Can't you do that much?"

But the eyes did not open. His breathing was scarcely perceptible and the hand she held was without the warmth of life.

"Oh, merciful God!" she prayed. "Oh, God, let me save him! Oh, God, let me serve him as he has served me!" And then, conscious of her own inadequacies for such a situation: "Oh, God, send me help!"

And then she called aloud for human help. But she knew screams were of no avail, and his life might be slipping away as she tried to make them serve.

Kate told herself this as she knelt beside this man she did not know, whose identity, even, was not within her wildest guess, but who, for weeks, had been fighting her fight and who, today, had saved her from whatever might have been.

She rummaged his pockets for a knife, found the slit in his clothing through which the wounding blade had cut, made it larger and exposed the lacerated flesh. Blood oozed out in regular gushes and, loosing the bandage which still hung about her neck, she spread its folds over the long gash, pressing it down, holding it firmly, fighting the tremors in her hands, sobbing a little and calling out to Steve to speak to her . . . just to give some sign that he heard her. . . .

CHAPTER XII

IT WAS a long time before Mary Wolf finished the task of scraping a resting place for her father's body. Then she lowered it gently.

For an interval she knelt there on the soft, sweet earth, hands lax at her sides. "I'll ask the sisters to pray," she said aloud as if to end an annoying quandary and began scraping the fresh earth back upon the blancketed form.

She displayed no emotion. She was of a people which knows the futility of regrets. Her father had reached the end of an arduous trail. This was what she had known must be and it was better so. She would go back to Good-Bye and on to Shoe-string. It was about school time and Young Jim had told her to go to school. She would do what he said. He was right. . . .

For hours, it seemed, Kate Flynn held that wad of gauze against the wound in Steve's side. In the beginning, blood had persisted oozed beneath the edges of the bandage but that had finally stopped. However, she did not dare relax the pressure. His life was in her hands. Others would be searching. She knew McNally and Wartin; she knew that with the discovery of Tim's body and her absence and the absence of this man whoever he be, they would fling their companies of searchers far.

But it might be days before she was found and in mere hours the

light rise and fall of this man's chest might cease. . . . She cried aloud at the thought and bit her lip and told herself again that screaming would do no good, that she must hold her mind and courage and strength under strict discipline.

Help was nearer, then, than she could have dreamed.

Old Francois had taken long in reaching the fighters and delivering Steve's note. It was well after midnight before two canoes began their dash up the Good-Bye.

LaFane, in the bow of the first, stepped ashore at the Mad Woman trail. The battery of flashlights gave sufficient light for them to read the sign left there.

"Down . . . both of 'em," said LaFane, at the forking of the trail.

Any other would have believed so, too. The tracks of both men and the girl they followed took the right-hand fork and, with their faith so firm in the one who had led them all summer, it did not occur to them to search for further indications.

"It sure looks as if they went down river," LaFane repeated. "But we may be wrong. You"—to a strapping young woodsman—"take the trail back to the Good-Bye and bring two canoes with plenty grub over here to wait for orders."

"Who'll go with you?" Young Jim asked. His voice was strained and his lips twitched in suspense.

LaFane said promptly: "Wartin and I. You and Mac scout the lake. If you find anything that looks hot, follow it. If there's no sign, come back here. We'll get word up if we need help below."

And so Young Jim Flynn entered the lake from which LaFane had dragged him a fortnight before, eyes scanning the near shore and the islands beyond.

They went slowly, following the eastern shore line.

"What's that yonder?" Young Jim asked some time later, pointing with his paddle.

"Looks like a canoe," they headed on it and as they drew near old Mac said starkly: "Y G-d, it's a canoe!"

They went swiftly after the craft. "It's Young Jim's!" McNally said sharply, not yet knowing the strange tangle of names which had concealed identities from him and all others except LaFane.

"Look!" cried the boy. "Isn't that a bullet hole?"

"One . . . two . . . why, three of 'em!"

For a moment they stared at one another, mutely questioning.

"He caught up with them!" the boy said huskily. "He caught up and there was shooting and . . . God knows what else!"

"All we know is that they're up ahead, son! And you and me are closest to 'em and we got no time to lose. No use proddin' around here any more. After murder, theft and, anyhow, more shootin' and whatever happened to Katie, he'll make tracks up country, if he's able. He won't be around here. He'll be gone yonder with all he's got. Our only chance is to find where he leaves the upper river. Anybody curious about us and who comes lookin' 'll find this canoe. Set her adrift and let's git on our way!" They began to paddle desperately as mist flowed down into the lake again, obscuring landmarks more than a few rods away.

CHAPTER XIII

THE first drop of rain falling on her cheek forced Kate Flynn to a decision. To remove the pressure of her thumbs from that bandage might permit the blood to flow again; to leave this unconscious, weakened man exposed to a soaking might take away his last chance of ultimate survival.

Slowly, she relaxed the pressure she had held on the wound and anxiously watched the edges of the coagulated gauze. No fresh flow appeared. The bleeding was stopped for the interval.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

party arrived. The section lines were blazed out and the quarter posts set so that it was not difficult for them to find their location by the simple expedient of following along a blaze.

By the aid of a pocket compass and such knowledge as they possessed of soil characteristics, they decided to file on the NE 1/4 of Section 24, the NW 1/4 of 24 and the SE 1/4 of 24, all in Town 25 North of 11 West. They were going to bring their families in and do the actual filing in the spring when their families were along.

In the spring when they returned to Grand Traverse county, Michigan, they found that Aaron Box from Canada had filed on the NW 1/4 of Section 24 and that Thos. Matchett had filed on the SE 1/4 of 24. This left only the NE 1/4 of 24 of the places they had selected and this fell to Frank Taylor when lots were cast as to who should have the one quarter section left. At that time and in that place, only one quarter of a section could be homesteaded by one family.

Father finally decided to locate on the quarter cornering Frank Taylors to the Northeast and George took up the quarter cornering on the one he had chosen in the first instance, the quarter lying southeast of the southeast quarter of 24 which is the NW 1/4 of 30 but both Father's place and George Taylor's place were in 25 North of Range 10 West.

The families came in on the boat, that being the means of transportation that came closest to the homesteads, about twenty miles inland from Traverse City, Michigan.

While the men were chopping down the trees for the first of the log houses, the one put up on Frank Taylor's place, the families stayed at the home of Uncle and Auntie Deyoe, two real personalities who had put up a cabin somewhat in advance of these and were keeping the families of the settlers, supplying them such shelter and provisions as their meager supply allowed. We will hear more of the Deyoes later on.

It was two and a half miles from the Deyoe cabin to the corner where Old Frank chose to put up his cabin. It served as a house for many a year after the writer can remember. But of course the writer knows only what he has been told of the hardships of the raising of that cabin, the living quarters provided in it for the

three families, Hulet's and George Taylor's besides Frank Taylor's. Families were not small in those days, either. I have been told often enough of the necessity of getting some sort of meat to eke out the meager "dinner" that Auntie Deyoe sent for the men to eat and of the women of the party smuggling to their men some little delicacy like half a sandwich, just plain bread and perhaps a little maple syrup on it and perhaps just meat gravy, the fryings from salt pork.

Simultaneously with the raising of Old Frank's house, there was snopping to be done on the homestead so that a clearing could be gotten under way. After sundown, which was the signal for knocking off work for others, Father would take his ax, and chop on his own place which cornered with Old Frank's, and Old Frank had chosen his building spot right in the corner joining the corner of Father's place. Then as soon as the leaves had wilted a little he would try to burn the timber, logs, limbs etc. Before he got the logs rolled together, which he had to do by hand, Mother was on hand, having walked the two and a half miles, and she was digging around among the logs, and that way got enough corn planted to supply meal the family that winter. Talk about the Starving Time among the Pilgrims, I'll wager that those travel-weary colonists seeking liberty and happiness on a new shore stood for no more heart-breaking experiences than did my parents and their neighbors, who having come from a land noted for its milk and timber, one of the wealthiest sections of this country, settled in that God-forsaken wilderness, a hundred miles from the nearest railroad, twenty miles from the nearest port, which, by the way, was always closed in the winter.

There was only one story to the log cabins that the men put up, though there was a sort of attic where the children slept. The logs had to be chopped for the men brought no saws with them into the woods. It was enough to carry their axes and their provisions, such as they absolutely had to have. The shakes for the gables of the log houses were split out of straight grained pine. The logs of the walls were largely of maple, though beech, elm and basswood mingled in the forests and I suppose were used for the walls for the houses. It was quite some stunt to select the logs, they must be compara-

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AFTER THE HONEYMOON



By Geoff Hayes