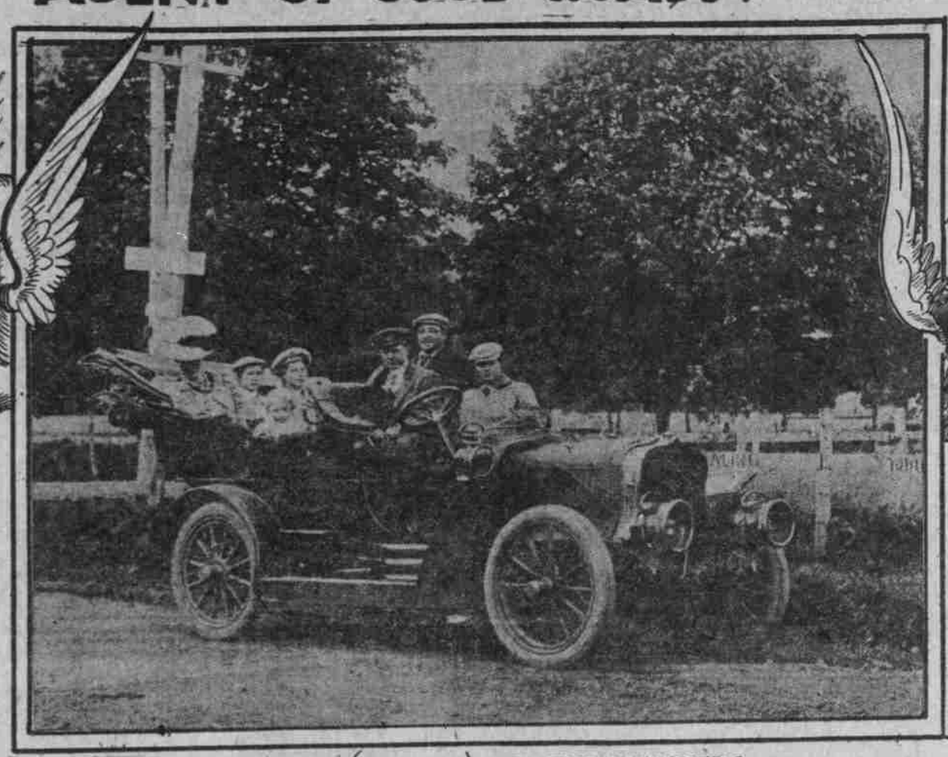
From The Valley To Tillamook In Six Hours

HOW THE AUTOMOBILE HAS ANNIHILATED SPACE AND IS THE ADVANCE AGENT OF GOOD ROADS.

EVERY SCHOOL DISTRICT HAS ONE OR TWO CREAMERIES.



R. W. WATSON (IN MIDDLE) AND TWO MEMBERS OF PORTLAND AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.

HERE, GENTLE, BOSSY, HOLDS SWAY.

BY L. A. FERNSWORTH.

FROM Portland to Tillamook in one day; from the valley through the wilds of the Coast regions to the city of Tillamook in six hours' time! How the pioneer of yestertime would gasp at the suggestion; and yet that is exactly what R. W. Watson, newspaper editor and chauffeur is doing three times each week.

Mr. Watson, or "Rollie," as he is familiarly called, is one of the most experienced chauffeurs in the state. The idea of establishing an auto-stage line was conceived by him several years ago, but it was only last June that the idea assumed any definite shape. On June 2 the new enterprise was launched, and now, where before it took days, yea months, to penetrate the borders of this far-near little paradise on the shores of the Pacific, and when to get there meant either a tedious journey by stage, or a still more fatiguing journey in a rickety old tub that passes for a boat, is substituted a trip of which every moment is one of pleasure, and the traveler is landed in Tillamook six hours after he has left the starting point, 76 miles away.

Having just finished a bountiful meal at McMinnville, I tucked myself snugly in the seat beside the editor-chauffeur, and, presto! off we were, speeding first through the dusty streets of the metropolis of Old Yamhill, then through the even more dusty roads of the country (Tillamook knows not the meaning of that word—"dusty") through fields of waving grain, or stubble fields dotted with freshly made grain shocks. We speed past busy crews of harvest hands engaged in the work of "bailin' hay," but who linger long enough to wave us a greeting as we disappear in the distance. Upon reaching Sheridan we stop sufficiently long to gather in a passenger, and off we are again, eating up the distance between us and the busy, bustling little burg of Willamina; and then for the tedious climb over the mountains.

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Rollie knows everyone along the road, and everybody knows Rollie. Babes cry in their mother's arms to be allowed to wave at him, little children run to the gate to meet him. Between our chauffeur-editor and the residents along the road nothing but the best of good-will exists. The teamster does not dread to meet his go-devil, for well does he know that while Rollie is at the wheel there is no danger. Rollie will slow down or even stop if need be, and the teamster never fails to receive a cheery greeting from him.

Mr. Watson is an ardent good roads enthusiast. He has already done much towards making the roads of Tillamook County passable, but much remains yet to be done in that line, and Mr. Watson is the one to accomplish the work if anyone will accomplish it. He has several times appeared before the County Courts of Polk, Yamhill and Tillamook Counties, and at one time brought the County Judge and commissioners of Polk County on a personal tour of inspection over the road. From them he has received definite promises to make Polk County's part of the road a first class one, and the other counties have also interested themselves in the matter. Through the medium of the press he is creating a sentiment for "at least one good road," as he puts it to the "outside," but through a better and surer medium, a personal appeal to the property-owners along the road, is our chauffeur-editor slowly perfecting the realization of his dream—an ideal highway over the Coast Range to Tillamook.

When this is brought about, absolutely the most beautiful and scenic automobile drive in the state will be afforded the pleasure-seeker. Persons who have been over the now famous Mount Hood drive, and who have been over the Sheridan road, aver that the former pales into insignificance in point of scenic attractions, when compared with the latter. Nowhere does such a comparatively short distance carry one through such a variety in the character of the land lying along different parts of the route.

Leaving Yamhill's hay and grain fields and the parched vegetation along the road, the hopfields nestling around the foothills that fringe the edge of the Valley, we are carried into the hills themselves. They were once green with a wealth of timber, but now they are barren, the work of forest fires. Immediately after leaving the hills, we find ourselves in the rocky, swampy mountainous, and almost barren lands which our Government has so generously set aside as an Indian reservation and allotted to the redman of the forest. As we pass the agency, a few of the remnants of a noble race stare wide-mouthedly at us from their ponies and are lost in the distance.

The agency consists of four large buildings, beside a large church. These buildings bear evidence of better times; evidently they were white once, but since the forced departure of those good and devoted women known as sisters of the Catholic faith, and the kind priest who ministered to their spiritual wants, they have been suffered to dwindle to neglect and decay.

Here in 1859 Rev. Andrian Croquet came as a missionary to look after the spiritual interests of the Indians. He devoted 40 years to unceasing, unselfish, sacrificing labor among them, and when he died in his native home of Belgium the work in which he had so unselfishly devoted his life was neglected, the Indians lapsed back into their old ways, they lost their faith and the good priest's labor was worse than set at naught.

Across from the agency is the old blockhouse that Phil Sheridan erected during the Indian troubles, and in which he fought them with his small garrison.

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Upon leaving the reservation, the ascent into the Coast Range proper begins. On all sides as we make the climb luxurious wealth of timber greets our eyes. From the summit we behold a sight that will not soon be forgotten. Our gaze takes us over the heads of larger and smaller mountains on all sides, and in the distance we behold lofty sentinels towering far above us; all are robed with a verdure of green forest. Branching off in different directions through the hills and mountains are canyons, marking in many cases the course of some mountain stream of purest water. Much of the land before us has never been trod by the foot of man; the sportsman will indeed find this a veritable paradise. It matters not whether he is after deer, elk, fish or just a common teddy bear, his fondest hopes will be gratified if he half tries.

After leaving the summit the road runs through one of these canyons and follows a stream of pure, limpid water. To say that the scenery through this canyon is grand would be putting it mildly. It is simply gorgeous. High cliffs and steep mountain sides loom up on every hand. Castle Rock is one of the sights of this canyon that will not soon be forgotten.

Meanwhile our driver is not unmindful of his purpose to have an ideal highway constructed, and frequently he will stop to talk "good roads" to such residents along the road as we may happen to meet. It may be a common laborer, a farmer, a tourist or even the road supervisor himself, it matters not—Mr. Watson's theory is that every little bit helps.

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Upon leaving the canyon the fertile Nestucca Valley looms into view, and we are soon passing over high river grades, through short stretches of forest and past prosperous-looking farmhouses. Evidences of civilization again appear. We are in God's own country.

Here the gentle bossy holds sway. Every school district has one or two creameries; this county supplies the world with dairy products.

Tillamook is at the head of Tillamook Bay, the largest between the Columbia and the Golden Gate. It is 29 miles from the point where we have left the canyon, but to get there now means but a matter of 1½ or two hours. So tomorrow, or even today, if the day is still young, which it is very likely to be, you may go for a spin around the bay and along the ocean beach. It will pay you.

Tillamook, Or., Aug. 13.

A Punch for Langdon

By Sewell Ford

AN EPISODE IN NEW YORK LIFE WHEREIN PROFESSOR McCABE WORKS A PERSONAL REFORM

SAY, the longer I knocks around, and the more kinds I meet, the slower I am about sizin' folks up on a first view. I used to think there was only two classes, them that was my kind and them that wa'n't; but I've got over that. I don't try to grade 'em up any more; for they're built on so many different plans it would take a card index the size of a flat buildin' to keep 'em all on file. All I can make out is that there's some good points about the worst of 'em, and some of the best has their streak of yellow.

Anyway, I'm glad I ain't called on to write a tag for Langdon. First news I had of him was what I took for inside information, bein' as it was handed me by his maw. When I gets the note askin' me to call up in the 70's between five and six I don't know whether it's a bid to a tea fest or a bait for an auction. The stationery was real swell, though, and the writin' was this up and down kind that goes with the gilt crest. What I could puzzle out of the name, though, wa'n't familiar.

So about five-thirty I'm standin' outside the glass doors pushin' the bell. A butler with boiled-egg eyes looks me over real frosty from behind the lace curtains; but the minute I says I'm Shorty McCabe he takes off the tramp chain and says, "Yes, sir. This way, sir." I'm towed in over the Persian hall runner to the back parlor, where there's a lady and gent sittin' on opposite sides of the coal grate, with a tea tray between 'em.

"I'll be drinkin' that stuff yet, if I ain't careful," thinks I.

But I didn't even have to duck. The lady was so anxious to get to talkin' that she forgot to shove the cups at me, and the gent didn't act like it was his say. It was hard to tell, the way she has the lights fixed, whether she was 35 or 50. Anyway, she hadn't got past the kittenish stage. Some of 'em never does. She don't overdo the thing, but just gushes natural; usin' her eyes, and eyebrows, and the end of her nose, and the tip of her chin when she spoke, as well as throwin' in a few shoulder lifts once in a while.

"It's so good of you to come up, professor!" says she. "Isn't it, Pembroke?"

Pembroke—he's the gent on the other side of the tray—starts to say that it was, but she don't give him a chance. She blazes right ahead, tellin' how she's heard of me and my studio through friends, and the minute she hears she knows that nothing would suit Langdon better. "Langdon's my son, you know," says she.

"Honest?" says I.

"Te-he!" says she. "How sweet of you! Hardly any one believes it at first, though. But he's a dear boy; isn't he, Pembroke?"

This was Pembroke's cue for fair. It's up to him to do the boost act. But all he produces is a double-barreled blink from behind the glasses. He's one of these chubby chaps, Pembroke is, especially around the belt. He has pink cheeks, and a nice white forehead that almost meets the back of his collar. But he knows when to let things slide with a blink.

"I guess some one's been givin' you the wrong steer," says I. "I ain't started any kindergarten class yet. The Y. M. C. A. does that sort of—"

"Oh, dear! but Langdon isn't a child, you know," says the lady. "He's a great big fellow, almost 22. Yes, really. And I know you'll get to be awfully fond of him. Won't he Pembroke?"

"We-e-e-ell—" says Pembroke.

"Oh, he's bound to," says she. "Of course, Langdon doesn't always make friends easily. He is so apt to be misunderstood. Why they treated him perfectly horrid at prep. school, and even worse at college. A lot of the fellows, and, actually, some of the professors, were so rude to him that Langdon said he just wouldn't stay another day! I told him I didn't blame him a bit. So he came home. But it's awfully dull for a young man like Langdon here in New York, you know."

"Crippled, or blind, or something, is he?" says I.

"Who, Langdon? Why, he's perfect—absolutely perfect!" says she.

"Oh, that accounts for it," says I, and Pembroke went through some motions with his cheeks like he was tryin' to blow soap bubbles up in the air.

Well, it seems that mother has been worryin' a lot over keepin' Langdon amused. Think of it, in a town like this! "He detests business," says she, "and he doesn't care for theaters, or going to clubs, or reading, or society. But his poor dear father didn't care for any of those things, either, except business. And Langdon hasn't any head for that. All he takes an interest in is his machine."

"Singer or Remington?" says I.

"Why, his auto, of course. He's perfectly devoted to that," says she; "but the police are so dreadfully particular. Oh, they make such lots of trouble for Langdon, and get him into such stupid scrapes. Don't they, Pembroke?"

Pembroke didn't blink at that. He nods twice.

"It just keeps me worried all the time," she goes on. "It isn't that I mind paying the absurd fines, of course; but—well, you can't understand. No one knows what those horrid officers will do next, they're so unreasonable. Just think, that is the poor boy's only pleasure! So I thought that if we could only get Langdon interested in something of an athletic nature—he's a splendid boxer, you know—oh, splendid!"

"That's different," says I. You might send him down a few times and—"

"Oh, but I want you to meet him first," says she, "and arouse his enthusiasm. He would never go if you didn't. I expect he will be in soon, and then—Why, that must be Langdon now!"

It might have been an ax brigade from the District Attorney's office, or a hook and ladder company, by the sound. I didn't know whether he was comin' through the doors or bringin' 'em in with him. As I squints around I sees the egg-eyed butler get shouldered into the hall rack; so I judges that Langdon must be in something of a hurry.

He gets over it, though, for he stamps into the middle of the room, plants his feet wide apart, throws his leather cap with the goggles on into a chair, chucks one of them greasy bootleg gloves into the middle of the tea tray.

"Hello, maw!" he growls. Hello, Fatty! You here again?"

Playful little cuss, Langdon was. He's about five feet nine, short-necked, and broad across the chest. But he's got a nice face—for a masked ball—eyes the color of purple writin' ink, hair of a lovely ripe tomato shade growin' down to a peak in front and standin' up stiff and bristly; a corrugated brow, like a washboard; and an undershot jaw, same's a bull terrier. Oh, yes, he was a dear boy, all right. In his leggin's and leather coat he looks too cute for any use.

"Who's this?" says he, gettin' sight of me sittin' sideways on the stuffed chair.

"Why, Langdon, dear," says maw, "this is Professor McCabe. I was speaking to you of him, you know."

He looks me over friendly as if I was some yegg man that had been hauled out of the coal cellar.

"Huh!" says he. I've heard freight engines coughin' up a grade make a noise a good deal like that.

Say, as a rule I ain't anxious to take on new people, and it's gettin' so lately that we turn away two or three a week; but it didn't take me long to make up my mind that I could find time for a session with Langdon, if he wanted it.

"Your maw says you do a little boxin'?" says I, smooth and soothin'.

"What of it?" says he.

"Well," says I, "down to my studio we juggle the kid pillows once in awhile ourselves, when we ain't doin' the wand drill, 'or playin' bean bag."

"Huh!" says he once more.

For a parlor conversationalist, Langdon was a frost, and he has manners that would turn a subway guard green. But maw jumps in with enough buttered talk for both, and pretty soon she tells me that Langdon's perfectly delighted and will be down next day.

"Me and Mr. Gallaher'll be on the spot," says I. "Good evenin', ma'am."

At that Pembroke jumps up, makes a quick break-away, and trails along too, so we does a promenade together down West End avenue.

"Charming young fellow, eh?" says Pembroke.

"Sure!" says I. "But he hides it well."

"You think Langdon needs exercise?" says he.

"Never saw any one that needed it much worse," says I.

"Just my notion," says he. "In fact, I am so interested in seeing that Langdon gets it that I am quite willing to pay something extra for—"

"You don't have to," says I. "I'm almost willin' to do the payin' myself."

That pleases Pembroke so much he has to stop right in his tracks and shake hands. Funny, ain't it, how you can get to be such good friends with anyone so sudden? We walks 30 blocks, chinnin' like brothers, and when he stops on the corner of Forty-second I've got the whole story of maw and Langdon, with some of Pembroke's hist'ry thrown in.

It was just a plain case of mother bein' used as a doormat by her dear, darling boy. She was more or less broke in to it, for it seems that the late departed had been a good deal of a rough-houser in his day, havin' been about as gentle in his ways as a 'Leventh-avenue bartender entertainin' the Gas House Gang. He hadn't much more'n quit the game, though, before Langdon got big enough to carry out the programme, and he'd been at it ever since.

As near as I could figure, Pembroke was a boyhood friend of maw's. He'd missed his chance of bein' anything nearer, years ago, but was still anxious to try again. But it didn't look like there'd be any weddin' bells for him until Langdon either got his neck broke or was put away for life. Pemby wa'n't soured, though. He talked real nice about it. He said he could see how much maw thought of Langdon, and it showed what good stuff she was made of, her stickin' to the boy until he'd settled on something, or something had settled on him. Course, he thought it was about time she had a let up and was treated white for awhile. Accordin' to the hints he dropped, I suspicions that Pembroke would have ranked her A-1 in the queen class, and gathers that the size of her bank account don't cut any ice in this deal, him havin' more or less of a surplus himself. I guess he'd been a patient waiter; but he'd set his hopes hard on engagin' the bridal state-room for a Spring trip to Europe.

It all comes back, though, to what could be done with Langdon, and that was where the form sheet wa'n't any help. There's a million or so left in trust for him; but he don't get it until he's 25. Meantime, it was a question of how you're goin' to handle a youngster that's inherited the instincts of a truck-driver and the income of a bank president.

"It's a pity, too," says Pembroke. "He hasn't any vicious habits, he's rather bright, and if he could be started right he would make quite a man, even now. He needs to be caged up somewhere long enough to have some of the bully knocked out of him. I'm hoping you can do a little along that line."

"Too big a contract," says I. "All I want is to make his ears buzz a little, just as a comeback for a few of them grunts he chucked at me."

And who do you suppose showed up at the studio next forenoon? Him and maw; she smilin' all over and tickled to death to think she'd got him there; Langdon actin' like a bear with a sore ear.

"Maybe you hadn't better wait," says I to her.

"Oh, yes," says she. "I goin' to stay and watch dear Langdon box, you know."

Well, unless I ruled her out flat, there was no way of changin' her mind, so I had to let her stay. And she saw Langdon box. Oh, yes! For an amateur, he puts up a fairly good exhibition, and as I didn't have the heart to throw the hook into him with her sittin' there lookin' so cheerful, about all I does is step around and block his swings and jabs. And say, with him carryin' his guard high, and leavin' the way to his meat safe open half the time, it was all I could do to hold myself back.

The only fun I gets is watchin' Swifty Joe's face out of the corner of my eye. He was pipin' us off from the start. First his mouth comes open a foot or so as he sees me let a chance slide, and when I misses more openin's he takes on a look like some one had fed him a ripe egg.

Langdon is havin' the time of his life. He can hit as hard as he likes, and he don't get hit back. Must have seemed real homelike to him. Anyway, soon's he dopes it out that there ain't any danger at all, he bores in like a snow plow, and between blockin' and duckin' I has my hands full.

Just how Langdon has it sized up I couldn't make out; but like as not I made somethin' of a hit with him. I put it down that way when he shows up one afternoon with his bubble, and offers to take me for a spin. It was so unexpected to find him tryin' to do somethin' agreeable that I don't feel like I ought to throw him down. So I pulls on a sweater and climbs in next to the steerin' wheel.

There wa'n't anything fancy about Langdon's oil wagon. He'd had the tonneau stripped off, and left just the front seat—no varnished wood, only a coat of primin' paint and a layer of mud splashed over that. But we hadn't gone a dozen blocks before I am wise to the fact that nothin' was the matter with the cog wheels underneath.

"Kind of a high-powered cart, ain't it?" says I.

"Only 90-horse," says Langdon, jerkin' us around a Broadway car so fast that we grazed both ends at once.

"You needn't hit 'er up on my account," says I, as we scoots across the Plaza, makin' a cab horse stand on his hind legs to give us room.

"I'm only on the second speed," says he. "Wait," and he does some monkeyin' with the lever.

'Maybe it was Central Park; but it seems to me like bein' shot through a Christmas wreath, and the next thing I knows we're tearin' up Amsterdam avenue. Say, I can see 'em yet, them folks and wagons and things we missed—women holdin' kids by the hand, old ladies steppin' out of cars, little girls runnin' across the street with their arms full of bundles, white wings with their dust cans, and boys with delivery carts. Sometimes I'd just shut my eyes and listen for the squashy sound, and when it didn't come I'd open 'em and figure on what would happen if I should reach out and get Langdon's neck in the crook of my arm.

And it wa'n't my first fast ride in town, either. But I'd never been behind the lamps when a two-ton machine was bein' sent at a 50-mile clip up a street crowded with folks that had almost as much right to be livin' as we did.

It was a game that suited Langdon all right, though. He's squattin' behind the wheel bareheaded, with his ketchup-tinted hair plastered back by the wind, them purple eyes shut to a squint, his under jaw stuck out, and a kind of half grin—if you could call it that—flickerin' on and off his thick lips. I don't wonder men shook their fists at us and women turned white and sick as we cleared 'em by the thickness of a sheet of paper. I expect we left a string of cuss words three blocks long.

I don't know how far we went, or where. It was all a nightmare to me, just a string of gasps and visions of what would be in the papers next day after the Coroner's jury got busy. But somehow we got through without any red on the tires, and pulls up in front of the studio. I didn't jump out in a hurry, like I wanted to. I needed a minute to think, for it seemed to me something was due some one.

"Nice little plaything you've got here," says I. "And that was a great ride. But sittin' still so long has kind of cramped my legs. Don't feel like limberin' up a bit with the mits, do you?"

"I'd just as soon," says Langdon.

I was tryin' not to look the way I felt; but when we'd sent Swifty down to sit in the machine, and I'd got Langdon peeled off and standin' on the mat, with the spring lock snapped between him and the outside door, it seemed too good to be true. I'd picked out an old set of gloves that had the hair worked away from the knuckles some, for I wa'n't plannin' on any push ball picnic this time.

Just to stir his fightin' blood, and partly so I could be sure I had a good grip on my own temper, I let him get in a few facers on me. Then I opens up with the side remarks I'd been thinkin' over.

"Say, Langy," says I, "side steppin' one of his swings for my jaw, "s'posin' you'd hit some of them people, eh? S'posin' that car of yours had caught one of them old women—biff!—like that?"

"Ugh!" says Langdon, real surprised. But he shakes his head and comes back at me.

"Ever stop to think," says I, "how one of them kids would look after you'd got him—so?" and I shoots the left into that bull neck of his.

"S-s-s-say!" sputters Langdon. "What do you think you're doin' anyway?"

"Me?" says I. "I'm just tryin' to get a few points on the bubble business. Is it more fun to smash 'em in the ribs—bang!—like that? Or to slug 'em in the head—biff!—so? That's right, son; come in for more. It's waitin'. There! Jarred your nut a bit, that one did, eh? Yes, here's the mate to it. There's plenty more on tap. Oh' never mind the nose claret. It'll wipe off. Keep your guard up. Careful now! You're swingin' wide. And, as I was sayin'—there, you ran into that one—this bubble scorchin' must be great sport. When you don't—biff!—get 'em—bill—you can scare 'em to death, eh? Wabbly on your feet, are you? That's the stuff! Keep it up. That eye's all right. One's all you need to see with. Gosh! Now you've got a pair of 'em."

If it hadn't been for his comin' in so ugly and strong I never could have done it. I'd have weakened and let up on him long before he'd got half what was owin'. But he was bound to have it all, and there's no sayin' he wa'n't game about it. At the last I tried to tell him he'd had

(Concluded on Page 15.)

"HELLOW, FATTY! YOU HERE AGAIN?"

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