

# THE HONOR MAN

How He Made Good.

By VINIE E. ROE

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The great, pine shaggy shoulders of the Cascades reared against the turquoise summer sky.

Halfway between the two extremes a fine roadway climbed by steady grades along the giant hills.

Along this road for a matter of a mile were scattered little groups of men still at work upon it.

Farther on the pine shanties and tents of the honor camp straggled along the road, hugging it close by reason of the steepness of the hills.

Here there was a cook shack where the life of the camp centered. There was no sign of authority anywhere, and McConnell, the superintendent, went about unarmed as far as any one knew.

A quarter mile from the camp, just below the roadhead, a single man worked alone with pick and shovel deepening a wash from a culvert pipe.

He was about thirty, dark eyed and haired, though the short curls at his temples were dusted with gray. He was slim and agile, with the suggestion of football and the track meet in every line of his body.

He looked out of place as he labored, stopping from time to time to gaze off over the feathery, whispering slopes dropping so swiftly to the river below.

"Heavens," he said aloud—"the good green earth!"

Presently, as he worked, holding his eyes to the prosaic task under his hand with an effort, a girl came along around the bend on the road above him.

"Hello, impostor!" she called in a strong, contralto voice that carried splendidly in the clear air.

He straightened and looked up with a smile.

"Not on your life!" he said. "Haven't I told you I'm where I belong?"

"Nix!" said the girl shortly, and, sitting down on the hill, she dropped her length to the sloping surface a little above him, where she sat down, drew up her knees, clasped them in her arms and smiled at him with clear, womanly gray eyes.

"You're an impostor. You're not one of the boys at heart."

"No?" he said courteously at this blunt opening of the tactily shunned subject of the camp. "You're wide astray."

She shook her brown head.

"I know a man," she said simply, "from a criminal."

He smiled a trifle grimly.

"Not in this case," he said. "You don't know what's in my heart."

She did not speak, but under her breath she said to herself sharply:

"Pity I don't!"

She was McConnell's daughter, and her parole was more important than the governor's in the honor camp.

"I might be meditating escape right now," he said, flicking his eyes upward at her face as he bent to his interrupted work again.

"It's a mighty call—a mighty call—that of the open woods and the streams."

He stopped again and looked down over the whispering pine tops to the roaring river.

"To you more than to those others," she said, nodding her head toward the bend ahead which hid the scattered groups, "and a common man might answer it. You are of better fiber."

They both fell silent, while the river roared and the little winds played in the pine tops.

He did not look up again, and she watched his broad shoulders and lithe hips give and take with the motion of the pick for a long time.

Her gray eyes were speculative and very tender, while a tense line of anxiety drew in around her lips. Presently she shifted her position a trifle. As she did so a tiny stone under her foot became dislodged, starting to roll down the sharp decline. Watching, she saw it suddenly disappear in a narrow crack in the worn rock of the hillside.

A moment later there came a tiny thud as it struck bottom, a thud that reverberated with a strangely hollow sound.

The man did not seem to notice it and looked up as she rose after a while to go on her way.

"Goodby," he said gently, but she did not speak.

At supper time the men came straggling in, some weary and hopeless, others singing, a pathetic file in the high blue shadow of the mountains, and crowded about the basins and the towels.

The girl hung upon the outskirts of the crowd, busy at some task, but covertly watching for the figure that was not like those others.

And she knew—long before her father stood at the cook shack door and checked them off by number as they filed in to the evening meal—she knew.

She did not need the sudden halt in the roll call, the repetition of his number, its iteration, the glances of in-

quity, the questions, to tell her that it had happened.

There was sudden confusion. The supper sat unfasted on the tables while a search was made of the shacks and tents.

Then there was order, and squads were made up and details given, and she saw a gun suddenly spring into sight on her father's hip.

In ten minutes the honor camp was out on the hillside starting the first man hunt, for this was the first time a man had broken his parole.

The girl ran at her father's side, lithe and strong in her short skirt and trim mountain boots, silent, listening to the buzz of comment and speculation.

Like bloodhounds the squads went first to the wash below the high arched culvert which carried off the most threatening of the big mountain's rushing rivulets in the rains. Here lay his tools, but of himself or the way he had gone there was no sign.

"Skipped," said her father disdainfully, "and him a 'trusty'—the first man to play the infernal fool, for it'll mean a long addition to his term when he's caught. And he'll be caught. Now we'll spread out from here."

But here the girl pushed through and stood just over the long crack in the slanting rock. She leaned forward a bit, as if she wished her ringing young voice to carry downward.

"You're wrong, dad!" she cried strongly. "I tell you you're wrong! The man's been a hunter—a fisher. He's the pitted, gauntleted, tailored khaki kind, and the pull of the hills and woods has been too strong! He's gone for a time, but he'll come back. The freedom and the wild have waked the old longings in him, and he's flung out to the woods, but he'll come back. I know, for my rifle and my steel fly rod are gone."

"Rosie," said her father gravely. "you've never been a fool before. Go on back to your mother."

Obediently, having fallen contentedly silent, she went, and the squads spread up and down the great watershed in grim and orderly fashion.

When the midnight stars stood overhead there was a tiny, whispering sound at the culvert, and a man came crawling cautiously out of it, having merely raised the mat of drooping ferns that concealed the mouth of as fine a natural underground cavern that gave at the upper end as one might need for such a purpose as his.

Now he straightened cautiously and listened. Far up on the ridge he could hear occasional scattered shouts where his fellows searched for him. He smiled grimly.

His dark eyes were full of fire and grim determination, and the excitement of great hazard marked his clean lined face. He was starting for freedom. But the first careful step appalled him by its consequence. He put his foot on something that rolled and sent him rattling down the wash, while the object of the disaster slid with him.

With his heart stopped still he put out his hands and felt of it. It was a steel fishing rod, its joints tied together. Dangling from it he found, as his fingers slipped along it, a reel full of line and a fly book.

It had been placed directly across the culvert's mouth.

With his face a study in the darkness he crept slowly back, reaching with his sensitive hands along the rocky bed. They came upon the cold metal of a gun—a neat, light rifle.

"Lord!" he said under his breath. Then he sat back up on his heels, motionless in the darkness.

The men came straggling back at dawn for food, ate, talked, compared notes and went out again. All day they hunted the hills and the gorges, slept a bit by turns and returned to the search.

McConnell was grim and angry. He hated to send word to the authorities until he had satisfied himself that he could do nothing himself.

The girl watched slyly from her gray eyes and said nothing, though she was as tense as a drawn string.

The next morning they were a bag-gard bunch that clustered around the long tables in the cook shack, and McConnell stood at the telephone calling for the valley town. He was sending for help.

The voices of the men were hushed for his benefit, and there was only the clatter of knives against heavy plates.

Suddenly there was an exclamation, the rasp of a chair pushed back on the rough floor, and a man sprang up with a tragic finger pointed to a window that commanded the road.

"Heavens!" he cried shrilly. "There he comes!"

In one hand he carried the lengths of a steel rod and a string of trout fresh from the cool shadows of the spray dashed rocks. In the other he bore a light hunting rifle, while on his back, properly slung with the trick of the true hunter, its slender feet tied on his breast and its weight on his shoulders, there rode a young spike buck.

"Good morning!" he smiled. "By George, I'm hungry!"

McConnell walked up to him, and for a long moment the two men looked each other between the eyes with glances sharp as steel. Then:

"Wash up," said the former shortly. "You're just in time."

As he turned to obey his dark eyes traveled to where the girl stood at the far side of the tables with a dish in her hands, and they were full of a smiling light. Her lips were trembling and her lashes wet with tears.

He nodded ever so slightly.

Presently as he washed at the basin she passed him, and her hand rested for a moment on his muscled arm under its torn sleeve with an eloquent caressing touch.

"Man," she laughed tremulously, "oh,

"I"

## FALLS CITY, OREGON

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Manufacturers and Homeseekers who want to know the facts concerning Falls City and its possibilities for future development are requested to read the information given in these two columns. For further and more particular information, address The News.

#### The Name

The city derives its name from the falls of the Little Luckiamute River, which flows through the city from the West.

The first sale of town lots occurred in 1889, though donation land-claim settlers came here many years before that date. In 1900 the population was 269; in 1910, 969; 1914, about 1,250.

#### The Location

Falls City is situated in the south central part of Polk County Oregon, in section 21, township 8, S., range 6, W., Willamette meridian, 27 rail miles southwest of Salem, and 73 rail miles southwest of Portland, in the narrow western end of the Little Luckiamute River valley, surrounded on the north, south, and west by the foothills of the Coast Range mountains. Elevation, 886.38 ft above sea level. Transportation—Salem, Falls City & Western Railroad, which extends from Salem to Black Rock, a rail distance of 30 miles, with E. P. main line connections at Dallas, Gerlinger, and Salem, and with the Oregon Electric at Salem.

Falls City is incorporated as a city, and contains 753.33 acres, valuation for taxation \$268,887. The city administration is composed of mayor, seven councilmen, auditor and police judge, marshal, treasurer, engineer, health officer. Salaries: Marshal and water superintendent, \$60; auditor, \$25; attorney, \$25.

#### Water and Wood

The city of Falls City owns the gravity water system. Its first cost was \$30,000. Pure mountain water is piped from springs on Judge Teal's ranch, 3 miles away, at an elevation of about 300 feet above city level.

Oak and fir fire wood is plentiful and cheap.

#### Lumber, Fruit, Vegetables and Berries

Electric-power planing and saw mill, log pond, dry kiln and lumber yard in the city, lumber flume, logging roads and logging outfits, all owned and operated by the Falls City Lumber Co.

The surrounding bench and hill lands are as well adapted to the production of fruits and berries as any other section of the Pacific Northwest, and development on these lines is going on.

Vegetables and berries of many kinds grow to perfection in and adjoining Falls City, and many acres are planted to strawberries and loganberries. Market conditions are improving steadily, as production is increased.

#### Schools, Churches, Societies, Clubs

Falls City has a 12-grade school with a four-year high school course, with principal, assistant, and eight grade teachers. Its diplomas are accepted by the higher schools in lieu of examinations. The entire community is justly proud of the school.

The religious organizations are: Adventist, Catholic, Christian, Free Methodist, Methodist Episcopal, German Lutheran.

The fraternal societies: Ind. Order of Oddfellows, Rebekahs, Masons, Knights of Pythias, Pythian Sisters, Modern Woodmen of America, Royal Neighbors of America, Woodmen of the World, Women of Woodcraft.

Free reading room. Gem theatre, photoplay.

Hydro-electric light generated by the power of the falls; owned by the Falls City Electric Co., W. B. Stevens president, H. C. Brown vice-president and manager, A. W. Stevens secretary and treasurer.

Telephone system, with long-distance connections. C. J. Pugh local manager.

#### Business Enterprises

Falls City is well provided with the usual business enterprises. The News contains the announcements of the following business and professional men of the city:

- Bakery, D. Toller,
- Bank of Falls City, W. F. Nichols cashier.
- Barber shops, Wm. Bohle.
- Carpenters and Builders, Elle & Elle, S. Ouderkirk.
- Clothier, Tailor and gents' furnisher, Chas. Hartung.
- Confectionery stores: B. L. Ellis, R. B. Harrington.
- Drug store, M. L. Thompson.
- Dentist, Dr. A. G. Atwood.
- Department store, N. Selig.
- Funeral director, R. L. Chapman.
- Furniture, J. C. Talbott & Co.
- General stores, N. Selig, F. C. Lumber Co., F. C. Merc. Co.
- Hardware store, J. C. Talbott & Co.
- Hotels: Falls City Hotel, Fritz Droegge, owner and manager; The Madena, Mrs. Mae Nichols, Mrs. Dennis, managers
- Jewelry store, W. A. Persey.
- Newspaper, the Falls City News, D. L. Wood & Son.
- Photoplay theatre, the Gem, C. J. Pugh.
- Physicians, Dr. W. B. Officer; Dr. F. M. Hellwirth.
- Pressing and cleaning parlor, I. A. Johnston.
- Railroads, Salem, Falls City & Western, Southern Pacific.
- Real estate agent, F. K. Hubbard Realty Co.
- Restaurant, The Madena; Wm. Finley, owner.
- Saloons: The Oregon, C. W. Matthews; The Idaho, Chas. Mix.

### Boost for a Gymnasium for the School

## REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

- 1 Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 13, 14, block E.
- 2 Two fine building lots in block G, East View add.
- 3 For rent, house, barn, 3 lots; \$6; Ellis street. Property for sale.
- 4 For Sale, 2 good lots, on Pine street in block K, cultivated.
- 5 Lots 13, 14, 15, 16, block O, at a bargain; \$100 cash, bal. on terms at 8%.
- 6 Two lots, 6-r. house; fruit, berries, city water, electric light; close in, bargain.
- 7 For sale, One acre, adjoining city limits, with 5-room house. A bargain at \$425, terms. House to rent.
- 8 For sale—9 acres, partially improved; house, timber; spring and living stream; near western city limits; price, \$1000, half cash.
- 9 For sale, one acre, cultivated, fruit, berries; 6-r. house insured for \$1400; elec. light, city water, cesspool; price \$1050; all cash, or \$700 cash, terms on balance.
- 10 For sale, 7 lots (all of block A) in Montgomery's addition to Falls City; good garden ground, fenced; city water; price \$1100 if bought within the next 30 days.
- 11 For sale, fine home in city, with 25 acres, 30 cultivated.
- 12 For sale, lots 7, 8, 14, 23 block K, and lots 11 and 12 block E. Will trade for Portland property.
- 13 For sale, lot 2 block M, M. ad.
- 14 For sale, 80 a. 1 1/2 mi. north of city 20 a. improved; 25 a. good timber; plenty of pasture and water.
- 15 To rent, 12-r. house.
- 16 Two acres, cultivated, fruit, berries; 6-r. house, sheds; water, electric light; will divide.
- 17 Three acres, adjoining city.
- 18 Five acres, in city.
- 19 Six lots, no improvements; cheap
- 20 Lot 5 and 20 ft. of lot 4 blk D, 70 feet front, on North Main street, is for sale at a bargain; best building lot in town. See F. K. Hubbard.

**F. K. Hubbard Realty Company**  
In The News office, Falls City

Abstracts of title promptly furnished. Rates reasonable. Brown & Sibley, 610 Mill St., Dallas, Or.

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## Professional Cards

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Office in Toller Bldg.  
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Attorney at Law  
Practice in all the State courts.  
Suite 11 Bush-Breyman Bldg., phone 235  
Salem, Oregon

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