

The Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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HULETT'S TRIP

The start home was made Mon-
day, November 6, after having
been in Michigan since the fifth
of September. That made a stay of
two months, but it seemed much
longer. It may be like they say
about married men and single men
—that married men do not really
live longer than single men; it
only seems longer. Anyway during
our stay there was something doing
all the time; never the same
thing over and over like getting
out The Review. Week after week
we set the type, lock up the forms,
run the press, fold the papers, mail
them, and then begin it all over
again. But on our visit there was
no repetition, each day bringing
forth new experiences, meeting and
renewing old friendships, but sel-
dom the same people, except for
our own close relatives.

We had breakfast early enough
that Monday morning, but it
seemed that we were never going
to get away. Finally Alma Pender,
my sister, announced that she was
going to get lunch before we left.
We had lunch about 10:45 and then
got under way at 11:15 on a cold,
blustery morning, threatening rain
or snow but little fell. Even in the
car, we could see our breath coming
out, white and cloudy. The
trees were practically all bare in
that section; they had been losing
their leaves when we first arrived
in Michigan in September.

On leaving Hastings we travelled
Michigan No. 43 through Clover-
dale, Delton, Richland, Kalamazoo,
Paw Paw, Lawrence, Watervliet,
Benton Harbor, St. Joseph, Bridg-
man, Lakeside, New Buffalo, and
Grand Beach in Michigan. At Kal-
amazoo we hit U.S. No. 12, the
main road between Chicago and
Detroit. It is solid cement. We had
travelled it on short stretches at
different times, once when we
went to Jackson and again for a
little distance around Battle Creek.

Kalamazoo is in the famous
Michigan Celery belt. Here is grown
the celery for Chicago, Fort Wayne
Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Buffalo,
and way points. Acre after acre is
devoted to the production of this
intensively cultivated plant. Adver-
tisements in eastern newspapers
everywhere tell of the wonderful
virtues of this particular plant and
its health-giving qualities. I do not
know how much is true but I do
know there is a lot of back-
breaking work connected with its
cultivation. The fellow who grows
it earns his money, as do most of
the growers of edible produce.

At Battle Creek is the home of
Postum, and the lot of Kellogg's
products, as well as several other
of the so-called health foods. The
proprietors of these manufacturing
plants have coined money from ex-
tensive advertising. But thinking of
them brings to mind the statement
of a certain science teacher who
was employed at Ferris Institute
at the time when these breakfast
foods were just getting a hold on
the imagination of the public. This
fellow calmly announced in class
one day that his grocer had sold
him a new kind of breakfast food.
Said he, "I bought a package, not
that I wanted to put any of the
stuff in my stomach, but that I
wanted to see what it was made
of. I find that the only difference
between it and (he named over a
few of what are now well known
brands) is that this contains just a
wee bit more sawdust than they
do." Now, I don't know about the
sawdust but I do know that the
manufacture of this sort of thing
has brought millions of dollars in-
to the city of Battle Creek.

Kellogg has built a number of
high schools for communities in
Michigan that were too poor to
build their own high school. I can't
say just what he contributed in
the way of funds or whether he

CODE OF THE NORTH

... By HAROLD TITUS ...

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SYNOPSIS

Stephen Drake, with his four year-
old son, is rescued from a blizzard
by Jim Flynn, big timber operator,
whom Drake has robbed. Flynn
the father, until his death, im-
presses on the boy, Steve, the debt
they owe "Old Jim." Twenty years
later, Steve meets "Young Jim"
Flynn, his benefactor's son. Sent by
Old Jim, incapacitated through an
accident in which Kate, his daugh-
ter, is temporarily blinded, to take
charge of the company's—the Polaris—
woods operations, the youth is
indulging in a drunken spree.
Polaris is in dire straits, and hop-
ing to do something for Old Jim,
Steve hastens to the company's
headquarters. He finds Franz, a
secondhand, plotting against the Flynn
interests. Worthing Franz in a fist
fight, the Polaris crew assumes that
he is Flynn's son, and he takes
charge, as "Young Jim."

CHAPTER III—Continued

He learned things at the meal:
that the McNallys had been here
at Good-Bye for five years, simply
watching the property; that a man
who walked along the beach, a half
dozen settlers playing about him,
was LaFane, the mail carrier. . . .
And the way McNally spoke of La-
Fane marked him as of particular
interest.

Immediately after the meal Drake
returned to his room, shut himself
in, and began ripping open the let-
ters addressed to James Flynn, Jr.,
at Shoestring. They were typewrit-
ten. He observed from the head-
ing that he was posing as vice pre-
sident of the Polaris Forest Products
Co., that Katharine Flynn was sec-
retary and treasurer and that Old
Jim was president of the concern.

The first letter—he had arranged
them by dates—was signed in type-
written characters by the single
word Kate.

"Dear Duffer," it began. "Now
you're on your way, the last hope
of the family! I'm betting on you
this time. We've both got to stand
behind Dad and push him out of
this awful hole. You and I could
stand going broke but he can't be-
cause he's too old to start at the
bottom again. If the booze reaches
out after you, just remember that
the old Dad is flat on his back in
a hospital bed, with months more
of it ahead of him. I'm behind you
in every effort you make. I'm only
half a helper now, of course, being
as blind as the celebrated bat. The
doctor insists that I keep the light
from my eyes for weeks yet. No
use sobbing. Grin!"

"I moved the office yesterday and
let the girls go. That was hard to
do, but we must save every penny
now. Praise be, I can type blind-
folded and have a cheap little girl
read to me. The minute you are
on the job write me fully. I shan't
feel easy as long as Franz is in the
country, as Thorpe said in his last
letter that he was."

"Keep McNally driving the rail-
road through. It seems to be our
last chance. And remember: now
is the time for all good men to come
to the aid of Polaris!"

A cheerful, brave letter! He
looked again at the photograph and
experienced another thrill.

The next was more subdued. Prob-
lems, complicated and grave, were
before them. To keep pulp going
down the river in sufficient quan-
tities for the regular call of the barge
which came up Lake Superior to
load was of first importance. If that
stopped, a contract would be
broken; with the breaking of that
contract, creditors would shut down
immediately. Money was short;
there was scarcely enough to keep
the crews going and continue con-
struction of the railroad. The build-
ing of that, it developed, was a race
against time. A final grant of credit
had been extended by the banks
grudgingly; to save this remnant

of Polaris holdings, and on which
sound expansion might be based, a
mill must be up, receiving and saw-
ing logs by November.

Steve frowned. Hadn't McNally
and Smoky, the guide, both said the
right-of-way had been blocked?

In later letters a note of pleading
appeared. Kate was desperately
worried at not hearing from Jim at
Good-Bye.

"Please, please write to me," she
begged. "Every day I have to lie
to the old Dad and say you are
there. If he knew what I know, it
might kill him, Duffer!"

After he had gone through all the
mail he searched for one particular
letter and re-read a paragraph:

"If only we could get a binding
option on the MacDonald tract the
Old National would come across
with enough to let us draw a deep
breath. Not only would they finance
that purchase but they wouldn't drive
us so hard to commence operating
the Good-Bye stuff. If the Laird
weren't such a hard-boiled old rascal!
Still, there's always a chance.
You're at bat; keep your eye on the
ball!"

He stared through the window
which gave a view of the lake. The
man, LaFane, was sitting in the



"All Right; We'll Give 'Em What
They Want," He Said Abruptly.

sand before a small log house.
Three children were playing about
him and he was tossing the small-
est in his arms.

McNally came out of the store
and Steve through the window
hailed him.

"Now, Mac, I've been through the
mail," he began, "and the situation,
with all that's happened in Chicago
since you—since I left, doesn't seem
so good. Still, we're alive, and
while there's life there's hope.
You've been here a long time, you
know the country better than any
of us. I wish you'd tell me just
what your slant on this job is, and
tell it from the beginning, just as
if I were hearing the whole thing for
the first time."

The older man scratched his head
and hitched his chair before a
wall map.

"Well, likely you know more 'n
I do about the bank end of it.
That's bad enough, I guess. But,
seeing as you've never been here be-
fore . . .

"Now, here we are. Here's the
Polaris stumpage, inside this red
line. This block south of us, cuttin'
across the river below our line, is
McDonald's timber. It takes in
Twenty Mile rapid, you see. To the
west of it, country breaks off into
pine barrens and that's where we
aimed to come with the grade. I've
got it fifteen miles out from the
main line, right up to here. That's

where we went on three days ago
and found no Trespass signs up."

"Blocked, eh?"
"Tighter than a drum! I thought
when I mentioned it at breakfast
you took it awful danged calm!"

"I'd heard rumors on the way in."

"Well, this is a body blow!" the
old man declared grimly. "That
stuff just ahead of our grade, Franz
claims, is his. Well, I know dam'
well he don't own an acre anywhere.
He's just actin' for the Benson.
Could they squeeze us out and buy
our timber from the banks, they'd
have this whole country except the
Laird's stuff."

"Of course, MacDonald won't sell.
We can't build to the east of him
because he's so rough that a grade
would bust us. So we picked out
this cheap and easy route. An old
feller down below Shoestring owned
these three sections and he give
Thorpe his word we could cross.
Where Thorpe made his mistake was
in not gettin' an easement from
him; somebody found out about
that, and let us get the work done
right up to that line, bought the
land up and blocked us tight. Franz
was cool as a cucumber about it,
said he had somethin' we wanted
bad and that he was ready to let
the courts decide the value. That
means, of course, that we're cooked.
If it's Benson behind Franz they'll
hold us up just as long as the Laird
would."

He sat back and sighed.

"There she lays, Jimmy! From
all I can guess, added to what
Thorpe told me, it's the pulp wood
contract that's keepin' the job alive
until fall, and if we don't have
steel to get our logs out on and a
mill runnin' by the time snow flies
we're all in. And them lads in
camp've got to have an answer to
their question in short order."

Steve paced the room. The in-
creased cost of production might be
serious but the complete shut-down
would spell disaster. He was here
to help Old Jim.

"All right; we'll give 'em what
they want," he said abruptly.

"Good!" McNally grinned broad-
ly. "I was hopin' you'd see it
straight, Young Jim!"

Adroitly, covering his own utter
ignorance of situations and men,
Steve learned other things:

That Franz had come into the
country three years before, posing
as a cruiser; that he had met Kate
and Old Jim at Good-Bye; that
Kate had been charmed by him for
a time, that suspicion had been
born in her, that evidence finally
had been unearthed that Franz was
only an agent for Benson interests,
spying on Polaris and working
craftily to put himself into the good
graces of Duncan MacDonald, whose
property would have served as a
key holding to either of the larger
outfits.

MacDonald, or the Laird, as he
was known locally, was a wealthy
recluse whose passion was trout
fishing. He had steadfastly refused
to sell his timber or to grant a right-
of-way for Flynn's railroad through
it.

LaFane. . . . "What about La-
Fane?" Steve asked.

"He's another queer one; these
woods seem to be full of 'em! He's
been in here squattin' on your prop-
erty, since before I come. Old Jim
didn't molest him; sort of liked the
man, I guess. LaFane is the best
woodsman I've ever seen, but he
won't work at it. He breaks bird
dogs for sports, traps a little and,
recent, 's been carryin' the mail."

"I been thinkin' about him a lot,
these last days. Franz's been tryin'
to chum up to him and I had a no-
tion mebbe he'd like to get hold of
some of our letters. I don't think
LaFane'd sell out, but he's a queer
one. I've always figured he'd be
a wonder at handlin' men if he
would, but he'd rather work with
dogs. Just now he's got a wild
thing over there and thinks he's
going to develop a strain of sled
dogs."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

go as possible before dark, for we
had been told that tourist camps
were at a premium along that
stretch of the road. We found it
true.

At St. Joseph there is conducted
a sort of marriage market. Couples
from Chicago go over there to
get married much as they go from
Portland to Vancouver. The mar-
riage mill is said to do a thriving
business. But we had no grist for
that mill so journeyed right along,
not having stopped from the time
we left Hastings till we got out
of Michigan.

We got fearful of running out
of gas, but we kept going. I'll tell
you why. Just out of St. Joseph
there is a long stretch of three
lane highway and a fellow came up
behind, and without slowing or
even blowing his horn his old fliv-
ver pounded past and immediately
settled down to a jog trot of just
about five miles an hour slower
than I had been driving. It was
foggy. School children were com-
ing home. Take it all in all I sup-
pose I should have kept my pa-
tience. But we were in a hurry.
Everytime I'd pull out to go past
he'd speed up and then some one
ahead would be coming down the
middle lane. Finally I pulled on him
going up a grade where I thought
he could, not speed up much, but
he tried it. Right there the three
lanes merged into two. And over
the crest ahead came a big truck.
Well I hooted my horn for him to
get over but did he? He kept
coming for all he could get out
of his can. Well, I could slow up
and fall in behind, or I could try
to crowd him over, I tried the lat-
ter. His fender got mine just be-
hind the bulge and he wobbled off
the road. I did not stop. The state
line, I knew, was only a short dis-
tance ahead, and pennants indicated
that he was not a local fellow
anyway. I never knew what I did
to his car—if anything. He came
on as the kids in the back looked
out and saw him coming over the
crest of the hill. I did not wait
for him, nor stop until I was in
Indiana. Then I got gas just in
time to save walking.

Notes: silhouette of mills, and
still white smoke. . . . East Chicago
in Indiana. . . . dangerous crossings
... mill district—smoky, odorous. . .
crossing eight-lane road to cabins,
quite a feat. . . . floodlights on Rinsco
building make it stand out deli-
cately white against the night.
We camped right across the
street from a big soap factory.

Plenty of perfume, if you like that
kind. We made only 158 miles that
day. Expenses were: flour (pan-
cake), 28¢; butter, 30¢; maple sy-
rup, 35¢; gas, \$2.43; oil, 41¢; cab-
in, \$3.00; total, \$6.77.

Won't Reach First Base

He may give millions, sing hymns
and be a pillar in the church, but
it is all lost on God until the sin-
question is settled. All the good
works of all men since Adam could
not lift to glory even one sinner.
"Except a man be born again, he
cannot see the kingdom of God."

God creates in His own born-
again ones the desire to do His
own kind of good works and He
gives them the power to carry on.
For the twice-born are God's own
workmanship created in Christ Je-
sus for good works, which He laid
out for them before the founda-
tion of the earth.

"I have fought a good fight; I
have finished my course; I have
kept the faith; henceforth there is
laid up for me a crown of right-
eousness," says the Apostle Paul.

Rev. Geo. N. Taylor, Beaverton,
Ore. adv

DON'T SLEEP ON LEFT SIDE—AFFECTS HEART

If stomach GAS prevents sleeping on
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pressing on heart so you sleep soundly
all night. Brown's Beaverton Phar-
macy.

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Aw, Git Out!