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HULETT'S TRIP

"The evening and the morning were the first day," according to Holy Writ. Well, that evening after starting for Oregon we camped just across the street from the Rinsco building. Numerous soap factories were in the neighborhood and perhaps you can imagine something of the odors that filled the air. We did not care to go to bed early that night and when we did get to bed there was little sleep for the older members of the family. The day had been cool at times and Mrs. Hulett's breast had an unusual sensation. Not that there was much pain, nor that much out of the ordinary was in evidence, but that there was an unfamiliar feeling.

We paid the most for that cabin that we paid anywhere along the trip, \$3.00. The water was about a block away, and undrinkable, even in coffee, after being carried to the cabin. The baths were also some little distance. Dirty, unkempt, unwholesome, it is little wonder that we were up early. But there was also the lure of the great Century of Progress that held a wonderful fascination for the younger members of the family. Russel had religiously saved a dollar for a certain special purpose, to spend on the Enchanted Isle.

Others of the children were on their toes to see and as we jogged along Lake Shore drive, as I believe the street is called (you see, it is really a street for from the time we reached the Indiana line it was city all the way) they kept a keen watch for Illinois and the state line. Lake Michigan appeared on our right, almost before we thought about it. Then through a part of the business section of South Chicago, we left the immediate shore, but soon after getting through the business section we came through an apartment house district into view of the lake again.

It was five to seven when we left our cabins. Only, a short distance, some fifteen miles, to go. Of course, we got to the south gate before it was open. Should we wait? Some were in favor of waiting but the driver kept on driving. Right past the gates until coming to the Field museum where we stopped and inquired how long before we could get into the fair ground and where could a parking place be found that was in the shortest walking distance from a gate. The policeman directed us to keep on the way we were going until a certain street where we could make a left turn, some seven or eight blocks, and then to drive back to Twenty-third street where we could find parking right under the bridge that crossed over the street we were on. We parked under that street and climbed the stairs to the bridge where one of those northeasters was blowing right off the lake down the street. We hurried for a ticket office, but it would not be open for almost an hour. We thought we'd freeze until some stranger, more acquainted or sophisticated, opened the door to the room next a ticket window. We crowded in. It was a whole lot warmer inside than out but it was n't any too hot inside the building.

At the click of nine (or was it ten?) the police with the red coat told us that we could get tickets, and we lost no time in getting them. The big thermometer, several dozen feet high at the Twenty-third street entrance stood at 32 degrees and scarcely moved all day.

You have read about the fair and your neighbors tell of its wonders, and perhaps you have been there yourself. No need for me to tell you much of what we saw. However, in many ways, the fair was not up to our expectations.

CODE OF THE NORTH

... By HAROLD TITUS ...

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

Stephen Drake, with his four year-old son, is rescued from a blizzard by Jim Flynn, big timber operator, whom Drake has robbed. Drake, the father, until his death, owed them "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 daughter, 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 hoping to do something for Old Jim, Steve hastens to the company's headquarters. He finds Franz, a scoundrel, plotting against the Flynn interests. Worthing Franz in a flat fight, the Polaris crew assumes that he is Flynn's son, and he takes charge, as "Young Jim." A photograph of beautiful Kate Flynn, which Steve finds, immensely increases his desire to aid Old Jim.

CHAPTER III—Continued

—7—

"Yes, sir, LaFane's a queer fish! The gentlest man with children you've ever seen. All wrapped up in his kids. I've watched him handle a drunken lumber-jack just like he would a dog and you'd think there wasn't a kind hair in his head, then. He don't beat 'em up, understand. Just a natural-born handler. And hard! D—n, how hard he is! He don't warm up to anybody except his kids and his dogs."

Steve decided to watch LaFane closely. Just now he was chaining some setters and, after a moment, with a final playful toss of the youngest child, set off into the woods with two bird dogs. After he went, a great gray creature that had been pacing at his chain length, which lay flat, head on his paws, while the man was near, rose to his feet. He resumed that restless pacing back and forth, back and forth, watching the children with ears stiff.

For another hour Steve and McNally talked and might have continued until noon had not a shrill, long-drawn scream brought them to their feet.

Steve was first to the window. He saw LaFane's three children on the beach, walking toward the store, the youngest with a hand held by each of the others. The scream came again and they turned and saw what Drake saw, a huge wolf-like dog, a length of chain attached to his collar curling and snapping behind him, racing along the sand, head low, the hair along his back on end.

A man appeared in the doorway of the store, looked out and whirled back. The children stood still an instant and then the eldest, with a frightened cry, tugged at the baby's hand and ran for sanctuary.

"Come on!" cried Drake. "Get a gun, Mac!"

He vaulted out the window and ran to intercept the dog. The children had stopped, were huddled together as the dog, lashing with his fangs at the youngest, ripped a slash in her dress, but evidently missing the flesh, went past, whirling to a stop, his feet clawing in the wet sand for hold to turn and be at them again.

The man reappeared in the store doorway, rifle butt against his cheek.

"Don't shoot!" Steve cried. "Don't—"

No need of that warning; the man saw that he could not send a saving bullet without grave danger of having it injure the child.

The largest girl, sweeping the other behind her protectively, stooped, scooped her hands full of pebbles and sand and as the dog rushed at her, fangs bared, snarling, the grit full

in his face.

It drove him, blinking and raging, from his course, made his rush harmless and gave Steve Drake time to close in.

No more than time. The dog leaped for the baby and bore her down. The teeth had missed a hold but Steve saw blood on the child's cheek where a paw had raked, as he raised a foot for the kick that lifted the animal, spun him about and threw him clear of the little girl.

"Pick her up! Get her away! Run!" he shouted to the largest, stamping and kicking at the dog.

His toe caught the beast on the point of the nose as he leaped in to accept this challenge. With a short yelp the creature backed away, circling, and Steve, not taking his eyes from him, stooped and seized a stout hardwood stick which lay on the sand.

The dog had forgotten the running children, evidently. He circled the man, jaws drooping, eyes fixed. Steve, turning as the dog moved, braced himself for the rush which he knew would come.

When it did come it was with that suddenness which only a creature with the wild in his blood could summon. He hurtled straight at the man.

With a grunt Drake put the whole of his strength into the blow. The club caught the animal along the ribs.

He went over twice, chain wrapping about his body, and even though the man closed quickly, raining blows, he scattered free and circled briefly at a safe distance.

Once again he rushed, hurling his hundred pounds of fury through the air, straight for Steve's throat. This time the club caught him atop the skull and he went down with a yelp.

The limping individual with the rifle was close, shouting, his weapon at his shoulder.

"Put up that gun!" Steve snapped. "You'll get me—"

He struck at the dog's back, but the animal threw himself sideways, going with the blow, and scurrying a few feet to safety, whirled again.

"Now!" panted McNally, coming with a gun himself. "Get back! I'll fix him!"

"Let him alone," said Drake, lifting his eyes just long enough to see the children disappearing into the doorway of the store, to see their mother, who had run past him, close behind them. "This seems to be a kind of personal matter."

Indeed it was. The look in the dog's eyes was of such unmistakable hatred, so intense, so personal that it carried a direct challenge.

Again a rush, but this time the animal feinted, went under the swinging club and slashed at Steve's thigh as he passed. The fangs missed by inches. But the next time the club found its mark, blood slavered from the dog's lip and he backed off slowly, grudgingly until Drake, setting his foot on the dragging chain, checked his retreat.

Steve walked down that chain with the precision of a tightrope walker, keeping his full weight always on it, and the dog, digging his feet into the sand, straining backward with all his strength, throwing his head from side to side as he sought to tear free. . . .

The animal was belly down, now, and Drake raised the club high. One fair blow on the skull and—

"Let me take him," said a voice close behind.

LaFane was looking at the great beast, face unperturbed, but he was breathing quickly and when he

turned his gaze to the others an expression lay in the eyes such as Drake had never seen before.

"What you were going to do would spoil my chance," he said quietly.

"Chance?" Steve demanded incredulously. "Chance for what?"

"To save myself in the eyes of my children, perhaps. Let him go . . . please."

Amazed, Drake hesitated; then took his weight from the chain.

The dog turned to skulk away, licking his chops.

LaFane spoke: "Duke!" The word was crisp and sharp, not loud. "Come in!"

The animal hesitated, stopped; the tail dropped between his legs, he lowered his head in shame or fear.

"Come in!" his owner insisted and snatched his thumb. Slowly, then, belly to the sand, the dog skulked toward him.

"Good Lord, man, are you going to keep that thing around after what almost happened?"

"Yes," said LaFane. "And because of what almost happened." He searched Drake's face and his mouth. "If I killed him before I made him safe for them, what would my children think of me?"

Steve scratched his head.

"Well, that's one way to look at it," he muttered. "But what . . ."

LaFane, evidently, was not interested in what Drake had been about to ask.

"Heel!" he said and started for the store, dog close behind him.

He did not look at the creature again. The children and his wife were in the doorway, the woman trying to still the frantic crying of the youngest.

The man brushed her aside, almost roughly. He took the babe in his hands and held her before him. Then, with a quick movement, he crushed her close, putting his cheek to her scratched cheek, wrapping his arms about her.

He started off for his home as others approached. The dog skunk at his heels. As he passed, Drake saw that tears were on the man's face.

"A queer one, for sure," he said, thinking of McNally's words.

That afternoon Steve found LaFane in the store.

"I want to send a telegram in to town," he said. "Can you start early in the morning?"

"I will start now," he said. "That's fine of you but it isn't necessary."

"Anything you want of me I will do, Young Jim," LaFane said quietly. "If you had not been here . . ."

He shrugged. "I have you to thank for something which is priceless."

He went out abruptly and Steve felt that in those few words he had conveyed as much feeling as most men could in an oration.

The message which Steve sent out, addressed to Katharine Flynn, was as follows:

"Am on job. Situation bad but nothing is impossible. Don't expect letter until I have something to report. Jim."

He had experienced some qualms about the signature, but it had to be. No concern would be content to know that a stranger held its destinies in his hands and he knew that the truth would be the last straw for the burden which Old Jim and his daughter bore.

Immediately, he commenced informing himself of the Polaris holdings. On the fourth day, after meeting with Wartin and the wood-choppers and conceding to their demands, feeling guilty at spending another's money and yet bolstered by the knowledge that it was the only way out, Steve set out to inspect the lower river.

McNally was busy and Steve wanted some one familiar with the country along, asked LaFane to go in the canoe with him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The machinery is a little crude, the pictures are wavy and a bit vague, but these faults can be corrected in time. Does anyone remember the first radios, or phonographs? Of all things that impressed us, this left the strongest effect.

By the time we reached the Enchanted Island, it was too late for Russel to spend his dollar. Sie transit gloria mundi!

We left the fair that afternoon and started west, out Roosevelt road. It led us through much of the old business district where the streets were paved with brick or cobblestones. But we finally emerged on to the cement. About the time we got out of the business district it began to snow. And how it did snow. The white mantle stuck to everything it hit, and we had one sweet time keeping that windshield clear so as to see the traffic and the road. But about fifty miles west the sky cleared, the snow disappeared, the sun came out for an hour or two and we had fine sledding. The wind blew cold but the sky was clear.

That night we camped near De Kalb, the place where my oldest sister was born. The cabin cost \$1.25, we spent 61¢ for gas, 44¢ for groceries, the fair cost us \$2.50, dinner cost 75¢, parking 75¢, \$6.55 in all. We drove 67 miles that afternoon. That night was perhaps the coldest night we passed on the road. Of course we drained the radiator, but the ground froze three or four inches deep, the water works at the camp were frozen up in the morning though the proprietor had turned off the liquid early in the evening. We got off to a good start that morning. Perhaps it was too cold to sleep, or perhaps the let down of the fair, the snow, the cold—well, I don't know what it was but we were on the road a little before six that Wednesday morning. Dark, it was dark as a stack of black cats as we used to say. A little wind was blowing and flakes of snow stuck to the windshield for a short time soon after getting under way but gradually the light appeared. The sky continued cloudy for a few miles but soon cleared up and we got a fine view of the sunrise. Joy's notes say the sun that morning was "shining white".

Cows in the corn fodder reminded us of Little Boy Blue, though these cows were turned in purposely. Two fields of asparagus attracted us. Reddish-green ostrich plumes we called the tops. Large fields they



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were; I'd not care to mention the number of acres, but in that prairie country fields are big, and these were big fields.

We found a toll bridge at the Mississippi river. Forty cents was the toll for the five of us and the car. Not much like the tolls they charge in some places but enough for the fellow who has it to pay.

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