

The Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulet Editor

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HULETT'S TRIP

That fellow waiting for his passenger merits more than passing notice. He told us he had loaned his overcoat to the fellow he had picked up, the hitch-hiker. When we passed a truck away on to the west, a fellow was riding in the back with an overcoat like the one that had been loaned the hitch-hiker. Too bad for that overcoat.

The fellow who had loaned his coat was quite a character. He was journeying west. Told us he was going to drive to Cheyenne that night yet. Also was quite certain that we would make a big mistake if we followed the route we indicated, we intended to take. "Better go south, to San Francisco or to Los Angeles," he told us. "You'll get into snow and storms if you follow '30' to Portland." We almost believed him when we got to the top of the Blue Mountains in Oregon, and it was snowing, Holy Moses, and sticking to the windshield.

Between Hershey and Paxton and again between Beule and Colton there was one detour after one detour, just like that. We ate lunch near Lodge Pole and discovered the broken head light tie rod. Had it fixed at Sidney and it broke again in a few miles. The fellow tried to weld it without taking it off the car. Didn't work. On one of the detours we struck a sharp rock and broke a hole in a front tire, one of those second hand ones we had traded for in Michigan. Got a boot put in and it is still on the old bus.

We were trying to get across the state line that day. Not that we had run into any one as we did when leaving Michigan, but you know, just figuring how far we would get that night. We made it all right but the days were short, the delays for fixing the tie rod and getting the tire fixed took up precious time and it was dark before we came to the state line. The towns were few and scattering, none right on the road for miles and miles, and then we got into rough gravel road for several miles in the western part of Nebraska. When we hit the pavement again we slid right along, but it was a short distance to Pine Bluffs, where we put up for the night. Nice place, clean cabins, fine old couple in attendance, and they made us feel right at home.

After supper we went over to the village and bought a magazine to read. We drove 304 miles that day and spent \$5.04 for gas; (gas is high here, 28 to 30 cents per gal.) oil, \$1.30; welding, 50¢; flat tire, 35¢; groceries, \$1.03; cabin, \$1.00; total, \$9.22.

Here we talked with the fellows round about of the NRA. It was a new thing when we left Oregon. In Michigan it was hailed with great gusto. It was putting men back to work. "Ford has not signed up and he's going to lose out." What did he mean anyway, opposing the president? He would sell mighty few cars, you'd see! Going east the cars all bore the stickers, "Consumer—we do our part." But we hadn't noticed these stickers so much on our way west. Here the garageman who fixed that tie rod again, thought that NRA might be all right for the rich man who had enough money to hire, and put the extra men to work, but for him it was the bunk. He could not keep the help he had when the NRA went into effect. By working his man ten or twelve hours he was able to pay him but when the hours were cut down he just had to let the man go and try to do the work himself. At Rock Springs, Wyoming, we heard much the same story.

That morning we left our cabin at seven o'clock, but had to get that rod fixed yet as there was no one working when we got in the night before. That took half an hour, so it was seven thirty before really getting under way. But it was slow going that day. The mountains were right around us for sure. We kept climbing and climbing. Not very noticeable except in the behaviour of the engine, and possibly we felt the air a little keener. Plenty of sheep in this section and most of them seemed to be moving along the road. We passed bunch after bunch, dirty, fine wool fellows, being driven home for the winter, but they gave way for the car better here than they did later.

The trees that we had seen all along were missing here. Even the homes were treeless, so different from farther east. One could see

CODE OF THE NORTH

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By HAROLD TITUS

WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

Stephen Drake, with his four-year-old son, is rescued from a blizzard by Jim Flynn, big timber operator. Drake, until his death, impresses 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 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 fist fight, the Polaris crew assumes that he is Flynn's son, and he takes charge, as "Young Jim." A photograph of Kate Flynn, which he finds, immensely increases his desire to aid Old Jim. Steve gains the warm friendship of LaFane, queer woods scout, and adds to Franz's hate by driving him away from Mary Wolf, young Indian girl whom he has been abusing. Drake escapes a death trap set for him. Franz discovers Steve's impersonation. Threatened with disclosure, Steve accuses Franz of setting the death trap, exhibiting evidence, and the man dare not act.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

—11—

As Steve came abreast of LaFane's cabin on his return he saw the man and his children in the doorway. More, the great dog, Duke, was with them, walking slowly about and on his either side walked a child.

"Evening!" Steve hailed ashore and LaFane saluted gravely.

As Drake stepped ashore he saw the dog's lips draw back, exposing the long, white fangs and then the animal, as if reminded of some important matter that had been temporarily forgotten, looked up into LaFane's face.

"Walk up and touch him," LaFane said, amusement in his face.

"Hello, Duke," Steve muttered, stepping forward, hand extended.

The dog lowered his head, stopped his leisurely panting and stiffened. But when the hand touched him in light caress he flopped his bushy tail and let his tongue loll again.

"Great hat!" declared Drake.

"How'd you do it, LaFane?"

The other chuckled then, as one will whose pride has been fed.

"There are ways," he said. "Take him down to the beach, children."

The three little girls scampered along the sand, the eldest calling to the dog to follow. Duke still sat there but he stared eagerly at his master, ears cocked expectantly.

"Go on!" the man said. "Go on! Take care of 'em, Duke!"

With a great bound he was gone, dying after the children as fast as he had rushed on another day. But this day he did not pursue to maim or kill. When he overtook the children he ran among them, bunting them aside, licking ecstatically at hands and faces, frolicking like a spaniel puppy!

"But how in the name of Heaven?" Drake insisted.

"I had it to do. And when a man has a thing to do it must be done. Isn't that so? When you first saw him, I had had him here only three days. I had been watching him, trying to find out what he was like. I knew him pretty well but I made one mistake: I was careless about the strength of the chain that held him. I should have made sure of that, knowing him as well as I did, and with the children here."

He was still a moment.

"He was as dangerous as I'd guessed. If it had not been for you, we would be bearing a great sorrow now. I took him that afternoon into

the bush. Just the two of us. He came back . . . mine."

"You knocked the poison all out of him?"

LaFane shook his head. "No. I did not strike him often. When I did, of course, it counted. That was one thing. After that was over, I put him in harness. I made him drag things through the brush. I let him get hung up and then forced him to try his best to pull loose. His best, understand; made him pull his heart out. And then, when he'd used all his strength and could not get free, I helped him. When he found out he had a job to do and could not do it without my help, and that he must put into trying all the strength of muscle and heart he had before I would help or else suffer . . . why, then he was all mine."

Steve sat down with a surprised ejaculation and the other smiled grimly.

"It works, with dogs and with men. There are few outlaw dogs. Just as there are few outlaw men. Give a man or a dog an idea of his duty, of his job, and see that he knows he must do it—knows clear down to the roots of his heart that he must—and there you are."

"If I had shot him that day after he had rushed my babies it would have been a coward's way out and they would have known it. You



"Great Hat!" declared Drake. "How'd you do it, LaFane?"

gave me the chance to finish what I had planned to do without . . . without —I coming to my home. That is why I have been waiting to do something anything, for you."

Steve oddly touched, growled that LaFane owed him nothing.

"But men and dogs, LaFane . . . You've not always lived here then?"

"I have tried living many places."

"And handled men?"

"Handled? Handled! I've herded men. I was deputy warden in a big penitentiary once."

"Didn't like man herding?"

"Didn't like seeing them herded without a chance to find and unearth the thing that would make them fit and safe to walk alone, free. Some, of course, must always be herded; the weak ones. But so many of the others never have a chance, because of bad handling."

Drake thought rapidly as he received this confidence.

"You think, then, that if you had a chance you could break men as you break dogs?"

"I'm no breaker, I say. I can handle men, yes. That is an answer to your question. I have done it."

Steve locked his hands around one knee and stared out across the lake.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Do you like to try handling men? Young men? Who are strong enough but who haven't discovered themselves yet?"

"No, I'm happy here, with the dogs and my family. But . . . you've a man in mind?"

"LaFane, can I trust you to keep a secret? A special, personal secret which involves others?"

"I have kept it."

"What? You mean . . . you've guessed something?"

"I have not even told myself that you are not Young Jim Flynn."

"Well, how in— When did— Who told you that, LaFane?"

"You."

"If I haven't breathed it!"

"No. You have said nothing. You have been smart and wise. But the first day I took the mail up to your cabin I walked in quietly. I thought you were out, but you were sitting there at a table and you thought, even though I surprised you, that you put it away in time. But you did not. I saw it in your face as you looked at it."

"No man, you know, would look at his sister's photograph as you were looking at Kate Flynn's."

Steve felt himself flushing. He recalled how he had been re-reading her letters that first day in his new cabin and of how his heart had speeded up when he looked at her likeness.

"Well, there's nothing much for me to say," he laughed, abashed.

"And no need of it. Your business is not mine. Why you came as you did, I don't know. I'm not curious, even. I know what you have done, which is to save Old Jim's hide for a time, anyhow. That is all that matters. He too, is my friend."

"Thanks," said Steve, feeling that any words were inadequate. "I'm glad you found out about me for yourself. I was wondering how to tell it . . ."

"Now, here's my present problem . . ." and swiftly he told of how he had blundered on Young Jim, of how he had come to masquerade and of the worry which Franz's news today had given him.

"And if I leave the job and try to persuade Young Jim to stay away or to brace him up, things may all go to the devil before I return."

The other agreed.

"Do you suppose you could do two jobs in one? Keep the boy away until we have a chance to see what can be done toward putting this thing really on its feet and, while you're doing it, handle him as . . . as you handled Duke? I can't keep this game up very long. But until Old Jim gets squared away somebody must be in charge who has a clear head and the respect of the men."

"Where is he?"

Steve pondered. "How much red clay is there in this country? Within a day's travel, I mean."

"Only in one place. On a portage between the Good-Bye and the Mad Woman."

"I came that way. And the bottom of Franz's canoe was smeared with it today. It was fresh. He had come across the carry."

"If Young Jim is still on the Mad Woman and bound to come here, it will be across that trail. If the rest are with him, it may be not too easy." LaFane shrugged and rose. "I will do what I can do."

Then, without speaking further he walked toward his house. Steve stood on the beach watching him and thinking that, for such a situation, no better man could have been found to accomplish all that might be done.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

reason for the name, "Rockies." A valley bordered by snow covered mountains gave way to hills covered with small cottonwoods in clumps, and then at "Summit Inn" we found the sign, "Welcome to Laramie." But there was no Laramie in sight. We began to descend a canyon, slowly at first, and then more abruptly. "Croink, croink, croink" went something about the running gear of the car. We threw the transmission into neutral and held it with the brakes. It ran quietly. Then we tried holding back with the compression of the engine. "Croink, croink" it went. And still the road dropped down that confounded canyon.

Somebody hunted out the road map and found it was ten miles from Summit Inn to Laramie. Could we make it? I got out and looked at the brakes, smoking like they were a fire!

Finally a great wide valley opened up ahead. We had seen the edges along the road back a ways. But such a flat level valley beautiful, green, fields, and here it was really warm. We took off our coats and basked in the sunshine. Such a change after the snow, the cold and the wind on the hills. As soon as we got down to the level and there was no holding back for the engine to do, the car behaved famously, but when the driver tried to use compression to save his brakes that noise would begin. It followed us clear home, and some places we had a time getting down some of those grades. But we'll tell of that when we get that far.

Just about noon we noticed smoke coming up from the floor in front of the front seat. Got out and found the floor mat afire. The "heel" from the driver's pipe had got down there and set the floor mat afire. But it was soon out. Then on a curve we stopped to eat lunch, somewhere near Bosler.

All along the road we kept meeting trucks loaded with coal.

Wondered where it had come from. Then at Rock River there was a whole train load of coal.

We had left the course of the Platte river at the town, North Platte. Here at Laramie we found a tributary of the North Platte river, running off to the northwest. We followed its course for a couple of hours. Then late that afternoon we crossed the North Platte itself. From Cheyenne the road runs northwesterly to Medicine Bow. At that place we turn abruptly to the left and go between the Medicine Bow and the Seminoe ranges of mountains. Sometimes it looks as though we were going right into a high bluff but the road would turn and miss it. Then another bluff would appear right in front. How those "Covered Wagons" ever followed that Oregon trail through that country is beyond me!

On Oregon Farms

Redmond—A demonstration trial to determine the reaction of alfalfa to sulfur, superphosphate and gypsum has been established on the J. W. Schruink farm here in co-operation with Gus Hagglund, county agent. Four plots of one-fourth acre each have been seeded, one plot being treated with sulfur at the rate of 100 pounds, one with sulfur at 50 pounds, one with superphosphate at 100 pounds and one with gypsum at 100 pounds. The soil is uniform on the four plots, Mr. Hagglund says, and the hay from each plot will be weighed separately.

Toledo—A recent inspection of pasture seeding trials on the Rudolph Ruprecht farm at Norton's showed the bent grass to be making outstanding progress with orchard grass, tall meadow oat grass and sweet vernal grass also showing up well, according to M. J. Conklin, county agent, who visited the plot accompanied by G. R. Hyslop, chief of farm crops at Oregon State college.

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