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J. H. Hulett Editor

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HULETT'S TRIP

The snow began to fall soon after we had started that climb up the Blue Mountains. By the time we reached Five Points Creek the trees had assumed that Christmasy look that characterizes all evergreens when covered with the "Ermine too dear for an Earl."

At Meacham the snow was deep enough so that the wheels no longer cut down to the pavement and the danger of skidding increased accordingly. Just past Meacham we found crews working on the road, striving to keep the pass open. Here the fog became so thick one could hardly see two car lengths ahead no matter how the snow helped.

The snow turned to rain at about what must have been Emigrant State Park but we couldn't see the side of the road to know where we were. Rain and fog tormented us then until we reached Boiling Point, the cabins where we had stayed on our way east. At times one couldn't see five feet ahead. Then the fog would raise for a few rods only to reappear thicker than ever. Some time we were on the right side of the pavement and then we were we didn't know where; only the posts that marked the fills showed when we were on the proper grade.

I never want to drive through such an experience again. The rain had removed all the white of the snow and only the gray of the fog banks were visible, and a little black patch of pavement where the lights shone brightest. Then the spot light went out and we were in a pickle.

We hardly knew when we got to the little camp kept by a fellow and his breed wife at the place they call Boiling Point. There were only two cabins, and when we drove up a light in the one we had occupied when going eastward caused a sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach. There was no light at the gas pump but I knocked at the door and inquired if there was still a cabin that we could get. There was. What a relief!

This was not the same one we had occupied when going east. It had apparently been occupied more by tourists, for we found names of people from almost every state and most of the counties and large cities in the country penciled on the walls. Florida, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Kentucky, everywhere. Even messages had been written there, and comments on their trips. Reminds us of the old verse about "Fools' names and fools' faces are often found in public places"—but then, again, they were interesting to read.

We had travelled 315 miles that day, but that wasn't half so far as it had seemed. The cost: gas, \$3.38; oil, \$1.20; groceries, 24c; and cabin, 75c; total, \$5.57. Not so much, but as we were getting towards home we were not loading up with so much food stuffs to carry along.

Friday, the 17th of November, we arose late, 7:00 a.m., with the sun shining as we looked out on what looked like a big ocean. The fog had settled into the valley and such a sight as it made. The hills stood out like islands in a great ocean of water, only the fog lay more quiet than ever such a big body of water ever lay. But there looked to be all the various shore forms, bays, peninsulas, capes, gulfs, islands, surf and everything. While all about us the sun shone brightly as it can shine only at the top of mountains.

About eight we got under way and started down the steep grade. There was slow going for we had to depend on the brakes entirely, that differential noise was too loud to risk depending anything on compression. Soon after starting

CODE OF THE NORTH

... By HAROLD TITUS ...

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WFO 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—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. Worsted by a plotting enemy of the Polaris in a flat fight, the Polaris crew assumes Steve 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 gives the warm friendship of LaFane, queer woods scout, and adds to Franks' hate by driving him away from Mary Wolf, young Indian girl whom he has been abusing. Drake escapes a death trap set for him. Steve discovers Steve's impersonation. Steve accuses Franks of setting the death trap, exhibiting evidence, and the man dare not act. Steve sends LaFane to find Young Jim and sober him up. Steve wins the friendship of MacDonald, owner of timber land the Flyns greatly need, and the Scotsman gives him a seven-day option for Polaris to buy his land. Franks having destroyed the evidence of his plot to kill Steve, LaFane has a free hand. Knowing of the option, and wanting the timber for a rival company, he plans to get Steve out of the way, but the latter outwits him.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

Honest appeal was in both voice and gesture. Tears showed in his eyes and his breath caught.

For an interval the older man watched him. Then he walked close. He put a hand on the boy's shoulder and gripped it tightly.

"Look at me, son," he said and his tone was more gentle. "Look at me. . . That's right; and listen to this: It was all you had left, your sense of the decent thing. It wasn't got away but you hung to it. You've got it, now; it's yours; for keeps. If you hate me, I'm sorry. But you won't have much longer to endure me. That's a promise. As soon as the last shake is gone, we go. The job waiting is not one for a man who isn't steady as a rock!"

Young Jim stared at him and his lip twisted as he fought back emotion.

"I don't hate you," he said quietly. "I'm only hating myself. . . the myself that was!"

Badly, then, the other began dumping the contents of the grub sack on the rock. He smiled serenely as he cooked that hearty breakfast.

Steve Drake wrote his telegram to Kate Flynn with great care. He told all that had happened as briefly as was possible but re-read it carefully to be certain that no word important to the proposed transaction had been omitted.

His last line was: "This deal is only way out. Money must be in MacDonald's hands Thursday at four p. m."

To the operator, he said: "Send that. And I'll wait right here until an answer comes."

Better would not melt in Franks' wrath at times, McNally had said, and this day was one of those occasions. He stood on a high point beyond the Laird and showed him where he had found Steve Drake's canoe.

He spoke in a husky tone, as one does of tragedy. He led the old man slowly to where the wrecked craft was beached and there Mac-

Donald stood with bared head while tears ran down his wrinkled cheeks.

"Oh, a gude lad he was! A fine, gude lad. 'Nd a grand angler. . . Why . . . Why'd he chance th' rapid?"

Franks debated with himself craftily.

"The queer part of it all, Mr. MacDonald, is that the fellow was not Young Jim Flynn. The real Young Jim was drunk over on Moose lake when this fellow showed up and passed himself off for the one they'd been expecting. He admitted it to me but I didn't think it was any of my affair so I said nothing to anyone."

"But who was he? What was he doing?"

"I can't answer that. Who he was doesn't matter. What he was doing here I could only guess."

He said that significantly and the Laird stared at him in sharp query. "My guess would be this: that Flynn tried to buy from you and had gotten nowhere, that he knew his son was a worthless bum, that he found this fellow who makes a good enough appearance and who surely is a darned good fisherman and sent him in here with the deliberate purpose of winning your confidence and friendship."

"Ye think so? Ye think that, lad? . . . I wonder . . ." An irate gleam commenced to show in the Laird's eyes. "Queer happenin's, queer things. Ah, I'm sick of it all! Age rides heavy on th' shoulders! A great relief I felt when I signed his option but if he's gone, it's gone with him 'nd I've got th' timber back again! If Jim Flynn's a smart trickster, no more will I have to do with him but I've th' property back now 'nd just when I'd commenced to reckon on other investments."

It was Franks' opportunity, his hour snatched from what happened to have been defeat yesterday. Cleverly he played his cards. Each word he spoke was well calculated. They walked back to the Laird's where the old man paced the room while Franks listened in evident sympathy and waited. . . waited.

His waiting was rewarded and, at dawn, he started for Shoestring himself, an option in his possession. He presented his document to the register of deeds and watched that worthy scratch his head as he read it.

"Well, that's the second option on this description!" he declared. "Second!" Franks' voice was shrill.

"Sure, Young Jim Flynn was in yesterday with it. He waited around town until this noon for a telegram."

"But . . . Why, he couldn't . . . He's . . ."

But ghosts do not transact business. He had been thwarted again but his agile mind grasped one shred of hope.

"His was a seven-day option, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Dated Thursday."

"Record this, then. It's for fifteen."

He went out of the building and walked slowly to the edge of town, throwing himself down under a tree and trying to plan. Telegrams had been exchanged between Shoestring and Chicago relating to this transaction. Now, if a man could know what instructions those messages contained. . .

Down at the railroad station, which was also the telegraph office, a figure stood for long in the deep shadow of the building. After a time, seeing no one, hearing no one, a man slipped an iron bar beneath a window sash, put his weight on it

and heard the catch give with a snap and a tinkle. Slipping into the room he closed the window cautiously behind him.

He found Steve's message, signed with the single word, Jim; and after further searching, located the reply:

"God's in his heaven, all's well with the world. The option is grand news but indication of what you have done with Dad's trust brings the greatest happiness I have known. Twenty-five thousand currency will be delivered to Good-Bye Tuesday. Have team at Shoestring Monday noon."

"Kate."

And in the little camp beyond the Mad Woman two men lay under the arching stars and talked on and on.

"You've got it to do," LaFane said again and again. "You can do it; you must do it. In less than a week, now, you'll be as fit as you ever were. . . And you can and you must; you can and you must!"

The boy beside him trembled a little.

CHAPTER VIII

EVEN after he had taken up the many details that were awaiting his decision Steve re-read that telegram from Kate Flynn and although one phase of her reaction gave him a feeling of achievement another factor gave him pronounced dismay.

If LaFane failed to do for Young Jim what Steve had hoped he might do, Kate's heart would be broken. If he were making progress, Steve had no word of it and each day that was added to the absence of the two reduced his hope by just so much.

Drake knew that the time for his unmasking was at hand. Beyond a doubt Old Jim would send an attorney to close the timber deal and the chances were that any lawyer or agent so trusted would have had dealings with Polaris in the past, and would know Young Jim well.

When Steve re-entered his cabin on the return from town to find it in a sorry state of disarrangement he experienced a moment of great surprise. Then Franks' words at the Laird's came back. He had boasted that Steve had no evidence against him to prove that he had attempted murder.

Sure enough; the shotgun was gone. He was chagrined at not having taken more precautions. However, he told himself, the threat was no longer of major importance. The man could tell his story of having discovered the genuine Young Jim elsewhere in the country almost any time, now; it would make little difference to any person but Kate.

Early on a Sunday morning McNally harnessed his light team and started for town to meet the arrival due the next day.

Drake would have driven to the railroad himself but the fire hazard continued to increase, and if a burning started he wanted to be on the job; furthermore, he was hoping that LaFane would come, either with Young Jim or bearing word of him. He must be present to have at the earliest possible moment whatever news might be forthcoming.

Had he gone to Shoestring himself he might have observed things that old McNally missed.

For one thing, he might have seen Franks idling within the building, watching as Mac escorted the arrival toward the waiting wagon. He was even close enough to hear McNally say as he looked down at the brief case which was lifted in query:

"Oh, that's all right. Jim's likely take it right down to the Laird's. Anyhow, we got a safe 'n' th' store to lock it up in."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ternoon where we met familiar faces. The grand children turned somersaults and otherwise performed for the edification of Grandpa and Grandpa. Even Buddy, the dog, smiled when once he had sniffed our pants leg. And we rested till the next noon before starting out on the final lap of a trip that had taken us almost across the continent, that lasted from the 25th of August until the 18th of November.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.—Emerson.

A LIMERICK A DAY—

A lady once owned a black cat
That caught birdies like those on
her hat;
But her conscience was struck
By the birdies' hard luck—
Now she's hatless and catless.
How's that?

Some appalling but quite truthful facts,
Show that man when equipped with
an axe
Can soon mar a tree—
When he'd much better be
In the forests a followin' tracks.

There once was a girl whose delight
Was in pulling the flowers left and
right;
But she soon found out—'tis clear,
There were none the next year,
So perforce she stopped spoiling
the site.

There once was a boy with a gun
Who thought hunting birds would
be fun;

Birth Pains

Except there be birth-pains there will be no births into the eternal Father's heavenly family—

"Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of heaven."

Be the unsaved ever so educated, polished, or clever, how shall they come through to the new birth, except some Christian labor in prayer for them?

You were saved because someone prayed you through. Your own will go down into Christless graves, and out into Christless eternities, unless they be prayed through.

The old preacher showed note books with scores of names, "These are the ones I saw come through to salvation, and they are the ones I prayed for."

"If ye abide in Me and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you," said our Lord to those who would pray. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be My disciples"—pray and bear fruit.

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

He found they were dead
When shot through the head,
Now his hunting with a kodak is
done.

Lisle Walker

"So foreign cabinets change the holders of portfolios rather frequently?"

"Yes," said Senator Sorghum. Sometimes they don't look as much like portfolios to me as they do like overnight suitcases."

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