



(Continued From Last Week)

ing upon biological chemistry years before the scientific world had the imagination to listen—a giant, with dark haunting eyes, long Homeric hair and beard, always brushed back as if he were eternally facing a hurricane, and a voice and presence as mysteriously impressive as that of some Elijah. Even Brena remembered his affection for her, profound as it was, as being like the affection of some god of mythology directed down upon a beautiful but mortal child.

Between the frivolous sunlight of her mother and the magnificent shadow of her father, Brena grew, acquiring from one a whimsical humor and from the other a calm of high cliffs and of a Partienon.

According to Brena's own phrase, she "had no childhood and all childhood." She had none because her father, after a month or two of concentrated application of his mind upon studies of similarities in the architecture of ancient Mexico and prehistoric Greece, would find the butcher, landlord and greaser at his door, and then, as if awakened, he would take his little family and board the train for some minor university where he would teach himself out of debt and into a period of bitterness of heart because neither his learning nor his important share

in history were given recognition. With a great sigh from his expansive chest, he would move on again in pursuit of some inquiry, some research, some new application of his heroic, impractical head. In consequence, the little girl, red of cheeks, with spindling legs and great wondering brown eyes, never stayed long enough anywhere for acquaintance with children and for play. Tutored by her mother and by the booming, terrifying voice of Demetrius Selcoos when he, as he said, could spare time for it, she learned a taste for books and consumed them, according to her own story, "like a hungry little pig regardless of the wisdom of a diet and eating all that was within reach." The books served to give her a fake veneer of experience and maturity.

This outer covering was fake because it failed to represent the truth that Brena had reached sixteen, with physical attributes which made men turn as she passed but without any consciousness of having approached womanhood. Without contact with childhood, ever on the move, living in hotels, in boarding houses, in suburban cottages, ever dependent upon one rickety patched old trunk and her two parents, she had acquired the habits of childlike dependence. Like a child she found that life was shaped without intervention of her own. She allowed herself to be dragged along with her mixed load of conceptions drawn from a helter-skelter reading. Among other conceptions was that eternal fiction of the gallant and perfect fairy story prince whose bride she would one day be. To be a bride meant little more in terms of real life than to become an angel.

"If I ever have a daughter," said Brena Selcoos, "I will never allow her to have this dangerous dream of a Prince Charming. It is the common foundation upon which girls throw sensible judgment to the four winds and come to critical moments without a thought of the flowing years of real life which are to come. It might have wrecked me when I was seventeen."

While Brena was seventeen, indeed, many landmarks had been set up in her development. Her mother had died quietly in the year before without a word of warning, without a murmur, a smile upon her engaging lips. Brena had been asleep in the next room, and Demetrius, having one of his spells of lunacy, sat almost all night long on the porch of their cottage in Dallas, Texas, in a rocker which squeaked a little as his bulk moved. He had come up at dawn to find his wife, with the first rays of summer sun through the shutters, and onto the happy, lifeless figure in bars of gold. It shimmered on her lovely hair; in all the red-gold mass there was not one strand of gray.

"This is the time for great calm," he had said to Brena, as he woke her with his giant's hand upon her shoulder. "The life has gone from your mother's beautiful body, my daughter, but she will live always with us because she was a brave and tender soul which endures forever."

"I thought that she had endless life," he said after a pause, burying his bearded face in his sun-browned hands. "It is the way with me always—I am unprepared—always unprepared."

This was the only sinching brought out in him by the death of the Irish girl he had adored so completely, to whose songs he had listened while his life went adrift and in whose smiles he had warmed the chills of bitterness and whose arms had stilled the restlessness behind his great dark glowing eyes. He went on his way unchanged, but no doubt making new attempts to reach across the chasm which separated him from the yearning heart of his daughter.

These attempts were failures. Beside each other, when he was home, they were as persons alone; the erstwhile remnant, living in a past where great figures of history stalked majestically; the other expectant, with the eyes of youth turned away from the shadows and toward the glints of the future.

For three or more years before Mary Vaughn Selcoos had died, she had been alarmed by a new characteristic of her husband. In Dallas when he, who once had known the tang of great deeds done in a setting of romantic grandeur, came out through the heat-streets on a common electric car and walked up a suburban avenue with its cheap bungalows and its phonographs, its lawn sprinklers trying to raise the sun-baked grass from the dead, and its concrete sidewalks, Brena's mother had noticed a look in his eyes of a haunting fear.

"I wonder what would become of you and Brena if anything happened to me," he had said in explanation. "Nothing will happen to you," Brena's mother had gaily answered. "Come into the house. I've something to show you."

"To show me?"

"Yes—a happy little home with the rent all paid up till last February. Nothing will happen to you."

But the fear was written upon his countenance deeper and deeper, like a tracing often repeated. He said to his wife on one occasion, "You say this fear is new. No, dearest; I have carried it about for many, many years."

Long after her mother had gone Brena had seen that look in her father's eyes.

"Perhaps he is afraid he will lose his place with the oil company," she had said to herself many times.

Opportunity enough was given her in those days to speak for herself. She had gone beyond any school training not only in independence but in learning; nevertheless she remained a child—a lonely, sensitive child in the heart of her rippling womanhood. Her father's austerity and her own peculiar shyness made the pair appear to the Texan neighbors aloof, strange, like persons over whom some shadow hung. And her father considered alone? He too, even to her, was in spite of all his giant desire for tenderness, also aloof, strange, and over him some shadow also cast its menacing shadow.

(To be continued next week)

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The Beaverton Review
NOTICE TO CREDITORS
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County

In the Matter of the Estate of William Welch, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the above entitled court, as Administratrix of the Estate of said deceased, and has duly qualified as such.

Now, Therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, together with proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned at the law offices of Hare, McAllear & Peters in the American National Bank Building in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 21st day of November, 1925.

Hare, McAllear & Peters, Attorneys for Administratrix, Nora Welch, Administratrix of the Estate of William Welch, deceased.

Adv c 52-1

SUMMONS
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County.

E. E. Swenson and Hulda E. Swenson, his wife, Plaintiffs,

vs
John G. McFadden and Minnie C. McFadden, his wife, Defendants.

To John G. McFadden and Minnie C. McFadden, his wife, the above named defendants:

In the name of the State of Oregon:

You and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause, on or before the last day of the time specified in the order for publication of this summons, to-wit:

On or before the expiration of six weeks next, from and after the date of the first publication of this summons, the date of said first publication being the date of Nov. 6, 1925, and if you fail to appear and answer said complaint by said date, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in their said complaint, to-wit: For a decree of the above entitled Court correcting the destination of the real estate described in, and resuming and correcting that certain deed executed and delivered by defendants, John G. McFadden and Minnie C. McFadden, his wife, to E. E. Swenson and Hulda E. Swenson, his wife, plaintiffs herein, dated September 11, 1924 and on September 15, 1924, recorded in the office of the recorder of conveyances of Washington County, Oregon, in book 123 at page 316 thereof, records of deeds of said County and State, and mentioned in plaintiffs' complaint herein, by correctly describing said land as being all the following bounded and described real property, situated in the County of Washington and State of Oregon, to-wit: Beginning at an iron pipe 3 1/2 inches in diameter, 21.91 feet North, 89 degrees 3 minutes East from the South West corner of Section 15, T. 1 S., R. 1 West; thence south 89 degrees 3 minutes, west 262.5 feet to center of County road; thence North, 5 degrees, 36 minutes, West in center of County Road 71.36 feet to a point; thence North 89 degrees 3 minutes, East 295.1 feet to a point; thence South 71.2 feet to the place of beginning. It being the intention to convey the south half of Lot 61, Hocken acres, according to an approved plat thereof; and that said deed be decreed to be a deed to, and to have con-

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veyed from said defendants to plaintiffs the land above described. And for a further decree of the above entitled Court that plaintiffs E. E. Swenson and Hulda E. Swenson, his wife, are the absolute owners in fee simple of all of said real property above described, and the whole thereof, and that their title to the same be forever quieted as against all of said defendants; that it be decreed that you and each of

you and all persons claiming by through or under you, or either of you, have no right, title or interest of, in, or to said land or any part thereof, and that plaintiffs have such other and further relief as to the Court may seem just and equitable. This summons is served upon you by publication in The Beaverton Review, by order of Hon. George R. Hagley, Judge of the above entitled Court, which order was made and

dated Nov. 4, 1925, at Hillsboro, Oregon.
First publication Nov. 4, 1925.
Last Publication Dec. 12, 1925.
M. B. Bump and D. D. Bump, Attorneys for Plaintiffs.
M. B. Bump, residence and post office address, Hillsboro, Oregon.
D. D. Bump, residence and post office address, Forest Grove, Oregon.
Adv c 49-1

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