

The Vanishing Men



BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

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(Continued From Last Week)

except this shadow was explained when Demetrius, the learned and impractical, the heroic and the humbled exiled gentleman of Athens, stepped in front of a moving train one evening as he was trying to cross the tracks which run through the Dallas streets, and then lay starting up at the sky, his hair and beard brushed back as if he faced a tempest.

It was the doctor who carried the news to Brena. He stood beside the engraving of the Acropolis in its frame battered with many packings and un packings and many hangings and removals and many longings in the bottoms of trunks.

"You do not weep?" he inquired.

"No," said Brena, looking at him with her blanched face.

The doctor was a little dried up southerner, whose manner straddled between his Kentucky birthright and the Prussian medical schools where he had acquired his education.

"He was a noble man," he said, "He was a haunted man, as well."

Brena said nothing.

"If he had lived another six months, he would have been totally blind. Only I knew that. He would tell no one. And what would have supported you both then, eh? The public funds, I reckon."

The woman, who was still a child,

"He was sorely tempted—your father," said Doctor Gregory. "He had insured his life and he would have killed himself to provide for you. Yes, that was his plan. He asked me about it. Such a man! Hesitating to blow his brains out because of what? Honor. Not to defraud a soulless corporation, eh? Not doing it, either. Too virtuous! Too just! Splendid! Magnificent! Like his own forehead—noble, classic!"

Brena covered her face with her hands.

"Ah, well," said the doctor, "it was well to know such a man. You must be brave—a good girl, eh? Your father may have been killed in answer to his prayers. One cannot grudge his way in front of a moving train."

"Did he die—without—a word?" she asked.

"No; I was going to speak of that," said Gregory, chewing harder than ever on his ever-present toothpick. "He was conscious for a time—quite conscious. He said that you never knew how much he loved you—some awkwardness, he said, prevented. He asked me to tell you that something would protect you from danger. He didn't say what. Something would. He said that you must not be afraid."

The doctor sighed and looked about the room with its few books, pictures, ornaments—the shabby remnants of a life of discriminating taste, high purposes and poverty.

"There isn't much for you to begin on," he said, reflectively. "Five hundred life insurance. The rest had gone because he didn't pay the premiums. Too honest to take it by blowing his brains out—a noble man—the fingers of a noble human craft deserving better of life's sea!"

He was proud of that phrase.

"I think you will find that Mrs. Wilkie on the corner will take you in for a while," he suggested. "You will find work."

Yes, Brena would find work. The granddaughter of the proud and intellectual Tom Vaughn, the daughter of the man who in America called himself Demetrius Solcos, once the teacher of chemistry in the National Institution of Greece, who had the right to wear royal decoration and who bore on his body the marks of battles for liberty—she was now merely a girl alone in the world, without friends, money, background, training, experience. A great democracy had leveled her. Possessed only of that sun-ripened beauty of fruit coming into its prime with untouched bloom upon it, to which was added the charm and the dangers of immaturity and innocence, her assets were a hazard. Her mind and its capacities and its rich supply of academic learning were not currency which passed as legal tender among the persons she would know. Her father, who had said she always had life unprepared, might well have added that he left it without provision.

Brena went to live with Mrs. Wilkie. She remembered that lady as an intensely practical woman who was always in a hurry. On haste, she had grown almost unpleasantly stout, and one of the disagreeable memories of Brena's tragic storehouse is the picture of this woman's absurdly small mouth, which would not stay fixed in one spot between her fat cheeks and her fat chin, but moved about, appearing to be located first here and then there, like a newly punched office. It never moved so unpleasantly as when she was talking of her ancestry, her relatives who had great wealth and her husband's injustice and brutality in making her give up society. Her husband had given up her society; he had gone to Paris unknown. She brooded upon her fancy that she could have been a kind of dowager grandee if she had been born under a luckier star or had rejected Sam Wilkie.

She would not have been of any particular importance in the life of Brena Solcos had it not been for two facts. One of them was that, lacking other distinction, she could have that of giving refuge to so much and so much for room and board per week to the most alluring young-creature that, for the moment, was known to the male eyes of Dallas as an unsolved riddle. The other fact was that she was the half-sister of the mother of Jim Hennepin of Virginia.

Jim Hennepin, who liked to attach to his name the words "of Virginia," was the last of a line which had been brought to American soil by a refugee Huguenot connected distantly with the great explorer of the headwaters of the Mississippi. There are those who remember him in his escapades in Danville, and felt relief when his father, who had himself dissipated the small remainder of the Hennepin wealth and tobacco lands in futile speculations through a Washington broker, said to Jim, "You can go down to your mother's sister in Texas. She will put you up and I have a job all ready for you with a cotton buying and commission house in Dallas. There is nothing left in my own pockets. The only genius you have is for getting into trouble; your only talent is for figures. As time goes on the accountant is playing an ever-growing part in American business, just as the drunkard is playing a lesser part. Do you get my meaning, son?"

This accounted for the presence of Jim Hennepin in Texas. He had been there two years. Compton Parmelee & Co. had found nothing to criticize in his bookkeeping. In fact, it had qualities of genius which sometimes make bookkeeping not only a cold record, but a vitalized inspiration of business. Hennepin was a useful addition to Compton Parmelee's small staff. He drank at the club, but with a moderation considered his resistance to the effect of alcohol. He was a popular young man in Dallas, and the fact that so many men in that Texas city have now forgotten that they ever heard of this youth is only a commentary upon the truth that the impressions most of us make are not even fine scratches when time's roller has passed once or twice over men's memory and today has become so much more important than yesterday and that which is in sight covers that which is gone like new strata in a geological period.

(To be continued next week)

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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, McAlair & 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, McAlair & Peters, Attorneys for Administratrix.

Nora Welch, Administratrix of the Estate of William Welch, deceased.

Adv c 52-4

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 prescribed 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 thereof being on Nov. 6, 1925, and if you fail to appear and answer said complaint for want thereof 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 description of the real estate described in said governing order 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, recited in the records of conveyances of Washington County, Oregon, in Book 125 at page 246 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 located and described real property, situated in the County of Washington and State of Oregon, to-wit: Beginning at an iron pipe 31.25 feet north and 272.91 feet North, 89 degrees, 3 minutes East from the South West corner of Section 15, T. 2 S. R. 1 West 1/2 Sec. 20, south 89 degrees, 3 minutes, west 302.3 feet to center of County road; thence North 5 degrees, 30 minutes West in center of County Road 71.36 feet to a point; thence North 89 degrees, 3 minutes, East 399.1 feet to a point; and thence 71.2 feet to the place of beginning. It being the intention to convey the south half of Lot 51, Hooker area, according to an unrecorded plat thereof; and that said deed be decreed to be a deed to, and to have conveyed 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 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. Bagley, Judge of the above entitled Court, which order was made and dated Nov. 4, 1925, at Hillsboro, Oregon.

First publication Nov. 6, 1925. Last Publication Dec. 15, 1925.

M. B. Bump and D. B. Bump, Attorneys for Plaintiffs.

M. B. Bump, residence and post office address, Hillsboro, Oregon.

D. B. Bump, residence and post office address, Forest Grove, Oregon.

Adv c 49-4

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Vol. 5 No. 3 Beaverton, Oregon, November, 1925 50 cents a year

DON'T FORGET OUR BIG VAUDEVILLE DEC. 10 & 11

Every one of us wanted a Student Body Entertainment. We hustled for it and got it. Now after it is started, we don't want to lose interest and "lie down on the job".

It is going to be one of the biggest successes that the school has ever had. All the casts have their parts well in hand; everything is going fine. The different committees are also working hard, and have almost all of the preliminaries worked out.

The evening will be a treat from start to finish. There will be four short comedies and several readings. The plays are as follows:

"Is Your Name Smith?"

Bob Evans - Raymond Harrison
John Smith - Ralph Mapes
Charles Augustus Smith - John Livermore

CAPTAINS ELECTED; SCHEDULE PERFECTED

The class basket-ball captains were elected last week and the following were elected:

Freshman class, "Reggie" Jones
Sophomore class, Mark Jones
Junior class, Raymond Harrison
Senior class, "Pete" Bous

The schedule for the season's games is as follows:

Alumni at Beaverton, Dec. 4
Parkrose at Beaverton, Dec. 18
Hillsboro at Hillsboro, Jan. 8
Gresham at Beaverton, Jan. 15
Forest Grove at Forest Grove, Jan. 22
Gaston at Beaverton, Jan. 29
Gresham at Gresham, Feb. 5
Corbett at Beaverton, Feb. 12
Parkrose at Parkrose, Feb. 19
Hillsboro at Beaverton, Feb. 26
Corbett at Corbett, March 5
Forest Grove at Beaverton, March 12
Gaston at Gaston, March 19

STUDENT BODY

The student body is taking an active part in the different conventions this year. We have been asked to send delegates to the convention at the U. of O. on Dec. 4 and 5. We are entitled to four delegates, one being a faculty member. The speakers have been selected for this convention and they will speak on different vital problems and interesting subjects. The Student Body elected the following delegates: Myron Gray, Ruth Haulenbeck, and Mildred McLeod. Mr. Webb was chosen as the faculty member.

Last week end there was an Older Boys' Convention at McMinnville. This district was allowed four delegates. The high school decided to send two, Ralph Mapes and Curtis Tigar were elected.

"The Red Lamp"

Harold Deering Robert Wood
Bill Worth Warren Jones
Aunt Matilda Rose Fry
Alice Deering Laura Pray
Annie Veda Bous
Archie Clark Milton Corum

Harold Deering and his sister, Alice Deering, are two young people who have always been held under suspicion by their Aunt Matilda. There is a mysterious red lamp in the house, and all three of the above persons decide to use it as a signal for their own special friend to come to the house! This brings the wrong persons at the wrong time, resulting in mistaken identities, humorous situations, and confusion in general—it will keep you guessing all the way through.

"Lady Frances"

Lady Frances Viola Hansen
Bridget O'Harrigan
Georgianna Malarkey

There are also other minor characters, besides six little French maids, which are taken by the remaining girls in the Glee Club. This is a one-act musical comedy, and the first production to be put on by the Glee Club this year. The plot centers around Lady Frances, "a shining light of English society," and Bridget O'Harrigan, an Irish servant girl. The setting is in a sorority house on the Saturday before school opens.

DELEGATES GIVE REPORT ON CONFERENCE

Ralph Mapes and Curtis Tigar, our representatives to the Older Boys' Conference, held at McMinnville, November 27 and 28, gave the following report:

Fifty-five towns were represented, which included 300 boys. The whole town of McMinnville welcomed the boys of the Conference. Among the delegates were two boys from Oak Grove who were wonders on the Harmonica, and also a quartet of Indian boys from Chienawa who were reported to be very good singers.

Saturday, the representatives attended an address, "Relative Value in Choice of Friends," by Judge Fred G. Bale, former juvenile judge in Ohio, but now professor at the Albany College. He says that most of the crimes are caused by bad companionship of boys and that YOU are responsible for your friends. Judge Bale gave three reasons why you make friends with someone: (1) You look on them for what they are, (2) What you get out of him, (3) Faith to believe, to have power to become.

Boys from Hood River played a surprise on the delegation by passing a nice big red jelly apple to each delegate.

The afternoon was set aside for recreation in the College gymnasium. Basket-ball games were played between Hood River and Dallas, and Portland and Salem.

Saturday night Judge Bale gave another talk, which was on "Relative Values in One's Life Work". After this, a motion picture, "The Black Cyclone" was shown. The business meeting and address by J. W. Palmer, on "Vision, Determination, and Action, closed the Conference.

"Embalmng Ebenezer"

Ebenezer Rosenstein Pete Bous
Horace Hardupp Mark Jones
Dr. George Washington
Stonewall Jackson
George Hemming

This is a negro farce in one act. Horace Hardupp has spent his friend Ebenezer's "las" two quanta's for an insurance policy in his own favor; however, Ebenezer "ain't got no notion

"Will you marry me?"

"No," she replied.
And they lived happily ever afterward.

"Embalmng Ebenezer"

Continued on Page Four

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