

# The Vanishing Men

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

(Continued From Last Week)

It would be untrue to deny that Jim Hennepin was an attractive figure. If he had craft and viciousness, as some have said he had, it was belied by the Hennepin smile—an inviting smile, invoking the cheer of the moment, like a smile of a boy. Furthermore, he was tall and graceful, like an oarsman in an English college eight. He was more like the bad son of an earl than a bobkicker, and persons often inquired who he was, especially before they had heard him speak in his care-free, modern American slang figures, and were surprised to find that he was older than he looked, had fought his

education for several years in the University of Virginia and was earning forty-three dollars a week and spending fifty-nine when he was over thirty.

The first time he ever saw Brena Selous was one morning when he had come back from a vacation of several weeks at some ranch among the pecan trees in Coleman. His vacations had become a mystery to other young men who were employed; all that appeared necessary was for Jim to go to Compton Farmalee and tell him when he would be back. It was ascribed to his magic quality of persuasion. Some said that if Hennepin smiled and asked in his inviting, breathless manner there would be no surprise to find

that the treatment of the United States had allowed him to take the whole of Alaska under the Homestead act. And yet, though no one in Dallas then knew it, this was the man of un-checked wild youth, who had beaten a train conductor almost lifeless in the Baltimore station and had killed his riding horse with a stone held in his strong young hand.

Brena was sitting at an early breakfast when he came in. He did not speak to her; he merely stared. After a while, without taking his eyes away from her, he put his gun, his coat and his bag into a chair behind him. He still gazed at her and she, astonished, gazed back. He suggested Apollo; he suggested vaguely the sudden appearance of the fairy prince. He was giving an exhibition of his supreme rudeness—his almost majestic and monumental insolence; but it was also a supreme compliment; the best he knew how to bestow.

"Well," said he at last. "It's spring time."

He spoke as if he had been a jester, son of Destiny, as if spring were Brena's time and that time had come. It was like a sentence of a court.

With a quick about the corners of his mouth, he walked boldly toward her and looked down into the dish of cereal on the table beneath her eyes.

"Nothing but milk," said he. "No, by G—, you shan't have milk on your rice! It's an outrage. You are the young queen and I am the captain of the palace guards. And I'm off in a borrowed motorcar to get you the richest, thickest pint of cream in the city, and the speed laws can't stop me."

This absurd young man, with his infant smile, his athlete's body and his elementary hunger, leaped out down the steps, into a new touring car in which he had come, cut out the muffler and was gone.

He came back with cream. His aunt said, "Jim, you are crazy." But he was not crazy. He had an instinct for creating romance; he made the illusion when he wished because he had learned that, adventures, particularly those with women, failed or succeeded according to the distance from the humdrum world he could lead on as a guide into the tropical and gaudy-colored jungle of Change.

He became Brena's knight. He said so himself. He told her that for her to contemplate going to work was absurd—it was an impropriety like feeding American Beauty roses to army mules. Brena laughed and went to work on Monday morning, but Jim Hennepin had started the right note when he had told her he would be her knight. She said, "I do like knights—not for myself, because I am so healthy."

"Yes, you burst with it," he said, looking at her forehead, her throat, her wrists. "It is my distraction."

"Nevertheless I like knights because they are knights."

"I am the originator of the knight idea," he said. "Somebody has told you it was King Arthur or some one else. Mine is original! Come with me this evening on a ride to Waco."

He took her everywhere and his aunt scowled.

"Jim, she is only seventeen," Mrs. Wilkie said, pausing.

"She looks twenty-five," he answered.

"But it leads nowhere," said the aunt. "Nowhere except to scandal."

"Scandal!" replied Hennepin yawning. "Nonsense! Also piffle! A man takes a beautiful girl around for the same reason that you'd wear a diamond tiara if you had one, especially if it had been given you by some broker. It's just a symbol of one's ability to have the right things. It's ego."

"Is that all, Jim?"

"Yes," he said, lying glibly.

"Because you haven't the money to be married, Jim," she said, moving her mouth over so that it looked like a newly punctured pink opening. She liked to live near immorality; it gave her vicarious pleasure. She had a magazine picture of a certain French actress tacked up beside her looking-glass. She would have been sorry if Brena had suffered misfortune from Jim, but also she would have been glad just as one, though sorry to hear of a distant acquaintance dying, has a thrill of interest in finding a familiar name in the obituary notices.

Hennepin was whimsical enough to repeat to Brena, word for word, this conversation.

They were sitting in the motorcar looking out over the undulating Texas prairie. In the hollows the red bud was

in bloom and the air of dusk was like the light, velvety.

"It never occurred to her that I might love you," he said.

In bloom and the air of dusk was like the light, velvety.

"It never occurred to her that I might love you," he said.

Brena said nothing.

"Don't you love me a little?" he asked.

"I don't know, Jim—really, I don't know. I don't know what love is. I've only read about it, and it is just like reading about some place you've never

seen. I wouldn't know when I had arrived there and stood on the very spot."

"My G—d, you're like a new flower, opened up for the first time and wet with dew!"

As if he could not conceal haste, he seized her hand and squeezed it until she said, "Oh, Jim!"

"Well, you're fond of me?"

"Yes, Jim. I'm fond of you."

"Perhaps it's because you have no one else to be fond of," he suggested.

"I don't know," she told him. "I don't know yet."

He looked around at the yellow horizon in the west and shivered.

"We aren't by ourselves," he exclaimed with irritation. "Not here in Dallas. We ought to take a trip."

"A trip?" said Brena. "How could we take a trip?"

"You mean because of money? Well, I'm going to fix that." He smiled craftily. "I've a strange hold on some money, Brena. I suppose that when I turn up with some real money people will say that I dipped into the till or had a rich uncle die. It will be such a novelty to have a roll. But they'll be wrong. I'll get it my own way. And it's coming."

"Oh, Jim?"

"Money or no money, I want you," he said. "Some day I'll make you say you love me."

Brena lay awake under a hot roof wondering whether she loved Jim Hennepin. There was no one to tell her that she did not.

As the weeks went on she found herself asking where the end would be of day after day of showing perfumed wives of Dallas business men embroidered linens at the Porto Rican store, of walking home, sometimes with men staring at her, of trying to find interest in the chocolate fudge minds of girls who did not like to have her around because she talked like a professor and wore the beauty they wished was theirs. It was not clear that Jim was not the one man of all, the prince who stepped out of nothing and held out his hands to her in some kind of miraculous tableau. No one reminded her that she was only seventeen; she felt that she was as old as the pyramids, for her reading had made her appear as related to the past. More than anything else some fundamental part of her declared that she was as nothing, that whatever she might do or become there could be no disaster, no loss; that she was created to be given away.

One day Jim came home at the noon hour. He did not usually come then, and evidently he had not come to have lunch there, for he stood outside the door where his aunt's piggy eyes could not see him, and beckoned to Brena mysteriously.

When she had come out onto the porch, he took her hand and led her around the corner of the house. She could always remember the heat of the blazing sun of noon which flattened its burning upon them as if it were some great wrath.

"Look here!" said Jim, with a kind of ferocity in his voice and eyes. "I'm going away. Compton Farmalee won't be in Dallas, and I've an errand to do."

"You're so excited, Jim."

"Yes, I know. But the time has come. I want to know if you love me."

He did not appear to care much what her answer would be.

"I think I do, Jim."

"You're willing to take a trip? Brave enough to go to St. Louis alone? To meet me?"

"You mean you want to marry me, Jim?"

"Why yes, if it turns out all right."

"I'll go."

"Brave enough?"

"I'm not much of a coward, Jim—that least of all."

"Well, then—listen. Here's a hotel. The name is written on that card. Be there on Friday, the twelfth of the month. I'll be there at four o'clock. You better come the day before. Get a room and don't be frightened."

"No, Jim."

"Why do you look at me so?"

"Because I have no money now."

(To be continued next week)

### CHRISTMAS

A STORY in two parts. The birth of a Babe, heralded by angels, and the wonderful light from a star; the career of a Man whose life radiated love and good will.

With the Babe God came to earth. In the Man He walked and communed with men. In both, the Divine and human are beautifully interwoven into the love which Christmas personifies.

Let us sense the light above the manger and feel the warmth of the love which has hallowed the day since first the angels brought their unusual message. May Christmas bring you joy.

—W. D. Pennypacker.  
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### SEASONABLE WILDNESS



She—I know a place nearby where the mistletoe grows wild.

He—Lead me there. I'll grow wild, too.

### Everybody's Tree Is the Community Tree

CHRISTMAS means so much that one day cannot contain it. It begins about December 1 and continues until New Year's Day crowds it out. Forests of evergreen trees move into town in advance. Burdened expressmen and overloaded postmen serve Santa Claus as heralds, and the tide of joyful excitement rises higher and higher until it foams about the roots of the sparkling and beautiful community Christmas tree.

It was a glorious tree last year. The moon looked down from a peaceful sky. The singers filled the air with sweet sounds. The people who crowded about were from every land. They all translated the carols into their own tongues and made them bring back the gladness of past days. All nations and all denominations were for a moment unified as they stood in front of the courthouse and looked up past the summit of the tree that stood for all and saw the flag of America shining in the spotlight and streaming in the free air of our great democracy. The tree that grows on American soil is Everybody's Tree. It sheds its light and its gift of liberty upon us all.—Christopher G. Hazard.  
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### Christmas Season Time to Make New Friends

THE car stopped. It had been passing through a poor locality that Christmas morning.

"Where are all these old women hurrying?" the lady asked of one of the old women hobbling along.

"Bet Bogg's man is hurted, an' we're goin' to help what we can, mam."

"So many?"

"Oh, I'll clean the windy, likely, an' Jen, under, who's a good cook, will get dinner. Some'll do one thing, an' some another. We'll all help, so Bet can be with her man. We like to be neighborly."

The lady drove on, but stopped at a Christmas store.

She had lived next door to her neighbor for three years, and had never nodded or called. Such things were common in their sets.

But now the car stopped, and the lady went to the house and introduced herself, and begged to come in later and see the children playing about the Christmas tree.

They parted with warmly clasped hands. They were to be good friends. It had just come about.

The footman had taken an armful of bundles round to the side door.—Frank Herbert Sweet.

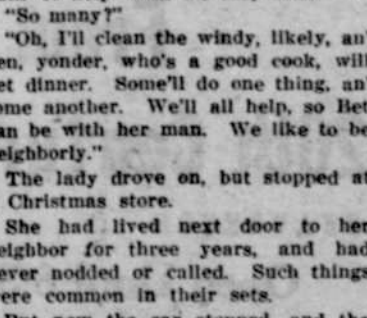
### CHRISTMAS CARDS

CHRISTMAS cards have become a nightmare for many people, but it is the misuse and not the use of them that should be deplored.

A Christmas card today, as always, is, or should be, a harbinger of love. If it is not, the fault is with us, and not with the card. A card should always be a message of friendship, not a perfunctory duty. In a busy world it is a convenient, delightful way in which to remember one's friends; as such, it has come to stay.

May we respect this time-honored institution and may it serve us as our winged messenger, rather than oppress us as an unpleasant or pretended duty.—H. Lucius Cook.  
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### SAD, BUT TRUE



Teacher—Willie, why is everyone happy at Christmas time?

Willie—Well my father's happy because business is so good.

### LAUGH—BE HAPPY AT CHRISTMAS TIME

IF IT were possible, the Randalls would have been unhappy, because of the many reverses of the past year; a great loss by fire, sickness, too; and hospital bills, and many of the misfortunes that come in a lifetime seemed to have come to them the past year. To peep in on them, or even to have listened in, would have convinced any recluse that happiness was permeating the very atmosphere of that home.

"Now, James," began Mrs. Randall, who didn't resemble one who takes the "daily dozen" but proved the saying, "Laugh and the world laughs with you." "I have laughed at Marta's letter until I am sick. All their money, yet she says she can't have a happy Christmas because of our many reverses, and that they wouldn't think of having any one in, and for us not to be too lonely. Well, that surely is funny—us not be too lonely!" Mrs. Randall burst out laughing again.

"Well, Rose, quit your laughing and read that letter, or tell it to me."

"Oh, James, to think of her being so unhappy over our loss when we don't even think about it. She always sees the 'Ghough of Despond'; no wonder she's so skinny. Worrying about us! Jim, we've never had a happier Christmas. None of us has died yet; we still have our garage to live in. Christmas is Christmas whether our pocketbook be fat or lean."

"Yes, Rose, but Christmas doesn't seem to be the same to the fat and lean, judging from your laugh and Marta's sadness."

"Say, James, let's have them down for Christmas and show them what a wonderful time people can have living in their garage. We can put them overhead in the servants' quarters—have to make use of it in some way, for we may never be able to afford another maid."

"Hop to it, dear. You always do the proper stunt at the right time. I think we shall enjoy it, as you seem to enjoy the thought of it."

Mrs. Randall continued to laugh, and as Marta was leaving, she too, laughed and said: "Well, Rose, laughing is catching; happiness, too, I suppose. I think we shall live in our garage next year—not nearly so much work, and truly—I've never had a better time. Surely a Merry Christmas we've had and we wish for you and James—well, you'll be happy and think you are prosperous whether you are or not, so all I can say is to be good-by.—Emily Burks Adams.  
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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, 1932.

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

Adv. a 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 prescribed in the order of 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. 8, 1932, and if you fail so to appear and answer said complaint for want thereof the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief provided 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 complaint, and correcting that certain deed executed and delivered by defendant, 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 12, 1925, recorded in the office of the recorder of conveyances of Washington County, Oregon, in Book 123 at page 345 thereof, records of deeds of said County and State, and mentioned in plaintiff's 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 and 3 1/2 feet North, 89 degrees, 30 minutes East from the South West corner of Section 15, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., 2nd range, south 32 degrees, 30 minutes, west 292.2 feet to center of county road; thence North 5 degrees, 10 minutes, West in center of County Road 7125 feet to a point; thence North 89 degrees, 30 minutes, East 2001 feet to a point; thence South 712.2 feet to the place of beginning, it being the intention to convey the south half of Lot 61, Hooker acres, according to an unrecorded plat decreed; and that said deed be declared 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 of in fee simple of all of said real property above described, and that 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 Saturday Review, by order of Hon. George R. Hagley, Judge of the above entitled Court, which order was made and dated Nov. 4, 1932, at Hillsboro, Oregon.

First publication Nov. 6, 1932. Last Publication Dec. 18, 1932. 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. a 49-4

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