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These Classified Ads appear in six newspapers, Beaverton Enterprise, Tigard Sentinel, Multnomah Press, Aloha News, Yamhill Journal and Gaston Herald.

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PERSONAL

ANY GIRL in need of a friend, write Elsie H. Allemann, the Salvation Army White Shield Home, 565 Mayfair Avenue, Portland.

MISCELLANEOUS

OLD GROWTH FIR—Fir Limbs, Country Slab, Maple-Sawdust, Get your fuel supply direct from the country and Save, Wholesale and Retail Fuel Dealers. Phone Scholla 0710, or Broadway 9729-R-2 SAM GRAFF, Hillsboro Route 2.

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FOR SALE—Sand, gravel, crushed rock and road gravel. P. E. Hagg, Phone Tigard 45.

WANTED—A Brood Sow with pigs to feed and take care of for part of pigs. O. J. Meisner, Tigard, R1 or phone 5 Talents store.

FOR SALE—Easter Bunnies 50c L. B. Hall, Tigard 61-M

FOR SALE—Hay Fork and Rope \$12.50. Multnomah Furniture Exchange, Multnomah, Ore.

1931 FORD TOWN SEDAN—Lots of extras, \$150 down, balance 18 mo contract. Bielman Motors, Beaverton. 1t

WANTED—Couple of day old calves Beaverton 0319 Mrs. A. Homrich

FOR RENT—4-Room modern House unfurnished, on Walnut St., one block from Multnomah school. Inquire Ross Motor Co. Multnomah. 2t

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1930 TUDOR FORD SEDAN—\$120 down, balance 18 mo contract. Bielman Motors, Beaverton.

PIANO, ORGAN—Phonograph and String Instrument Repairing, Refinishing, Tuning, F. C. Leithold 151 Fourth St., Portland, Ore. 4

1926 FORD ROADSTER—New top, tires reconditioned \$30 down, balance easy terms. Stipes Garage.

RHODE ISLAND RED Setting Eggs 50c a setting. Also Black and White Nanny goat. Ben Frettm, Metzger

FOR SALE—First Growth Fir, 16 inch wood \$6.50 a cord also cordwood \$5.50 a cord and up. S. D. Spieez, N. Union Ave, Aloha, Phone Beaverton 7252.

1929 DURANT 4—Completely reconditioned, original paint, like new, upholstery good condition. \$120 down, balance easy terms Sold with an OK. Stipes Garage.

HOUSE FOR RENT—5 rooms and bath. Inquire Valley View Garage BR 9520-J-4, Tigard Oregon. 1t

ORDER YOUR RUBBER STAMPS and Seals from Pioneer Printing and Stationery Co. 407-8 Dekum Bldg., 3rd and Washington St., Portland Oregon.

FARM WANTED—I want farms for cash buyers. Describe, give price. R. McNew, 459 Wilkinson, Omaha Neb.

WANTED—Cheap horses for fox farm. Telephone Beaverton 9855.

PRINTED SIGNS FOR SALE—10c each. For Rent, For Sale, Rooms for Rent, etc. Pioneer Printing and Stationery Co. 407-408 Dekum Bldg., Third and Washington Sts., Portland Oregon.

BLOOD TESTED W. L. Baby Chicks at \$12.50 per 100; Reds, McRae Strain, \$14; Rocks, Kleinsmith strain \$16. Custom hatching a specialty at 3 cents an egg. Four and five weeks old cockerels at 10 cents each, will make early broilers. Tualatin Chickery, Richardson, Tualatin, Ore. Tigard 04152.

FOR SALE—Beautiful Checkered Giant Rabbits, buck 8 mo old, 10 lbs \$5; buck 5 mo old, 8 lbs, \$3; doe 4 mo old 7 lbs \$2.50; 3 does \$3 and up, each. Three weeks old bunnies 50c each. M. F. Briggs, Beaverton, Ore. 1t

PIANO IN STORAGE—Looks and is like new. Will sacrifice for balance, \$161. Terms \$2 weekly, or crop or monthly payments Will discount for cash. Also will sacrifice Baby Grand for quick sale. To see, write Tallman Piano Store 395 So. 12th St., Salem Oregon. 3t

FOR SALE—White Wyndotte choice setting eggs 65c a setting. L. R. Miner Metzger, Ore 4t

FOR SALE—Pansies, Iceland poppies, and delphinium plants. Mrs. Grant, 1 block north Multnomah school. 2t

DRINK Pure Goat Milk, Health in Every Drop, Hall's Goat Dairy, Tigard 61-M.

JERSEY WHITE, giant hatching eggs, \$1.75 a setting mailed. Or write for location—Rt 6, Bx 868 Portland, Oregon. 2t

PLAYING SQUARE

Complete Short Story

My companion, Bernice Clayton, and I, were returning home after a long drive in the country. Miss Clayton was the possessor of something which is coveted by every woman, a charming personality. That illusive undefinable quality called personality was hers. One was unconsciously, irresistibly drawn to her by a magnetic charm which was reflected in her eyes, her smile, her voice, and even in her actions.

We had met, several months before in Seattle, a city to which I had come little more than six months ago homeless, friendless, penniless jobless. I was an outcast, a typical hobo.

Through untiring perseverance and bulldog tenacity, I worked myself up from this degrading condition of life to the position of construction engineer of a large building, but an outcast I still remained. I seldom went abroad outside of working hours, and even then I was very careful to come in contact with as few people as possible. I led almost the life of a hermit in the very heart of the city. To the pleasure of companionship and association of one person alone did I feel free to trust myself. This was a stenographer in the office of my employer, and it was there that I had made her acquaintance.

We were now traveling over a road that ran close by the side of the bay. We could hear the deep low chant of the waves, and occasionally, when the shore dipped low, we could catch a glimpse of the water.

The pale, yellow moon was just peeping across the top of a nearby roof, and its soft silvery light fell upon my fair companion, bewitchingly enhancing her beauty and attractiveness. I became filled with an indescribable, nameless yearning, a longing emotional tenderness.

PARTY OF DEATH

Sitting down beside her, I looked into those limpid, tantalizing eyes.

and tried to unburden my soul. "Dearest I—I—Oh! I had no right to do it. I've been deceiving you ever since we met."

"What do you mean—deceiving me?" She rose to her feet with a frightened bewildered look upon her face. I caught her hand and she turned her head away at the pleading look in my eyes.

"Bernice," after a few moments I spoke again, repeating her name lingeringly, and then proceeding slowly and deliberately with the following words:

"I am an ex-convict, with a price upon my head."

Again I paused to note the effect those startling words would have upon her. An involuntary shudder ran through her, and her features changed to a look of surprise and pain. But she was true-blue. She did not scream or weep or fly from me; only waited patiently for me to proceed; and while gazing abstractly out across the water, which in the moonlight, was a veritable sea of silvery ripples.

I shall now endeavor to tell the story as nearly as I can remember it, in the same words in which I told it to her that night. Although it was a number of years ago it seems but yesterday.

"It all happened four years ago; in one of the smaller cities of Ohio we were having an evening party—you know the kind—dancing, singing, and so on. I had just returned home for vacation from the engineering school where I was then studying. Every one was in high spirits, and when youth and pleasure meet, youth is apt to forget. Youth does forget, all too often—and to its sorrow. Several of us became more or less intoxicated, and I—oh, heaven forgive me! Bernice I was one of the worst of them."

"After the dancing some one suggested going for a ride. Half a dozen guests clambered and crowded into my car and we started. I could scarcely sit upright in the seat. Think of my trying to drive a car.

"The streets were nearly deserted at that late hour and we were passing through the suburbs at a break-neck speed lurching from one side of the road to the other, when a night workman just going to work, started across the street in front of us, apparently not noticing our approach. I flung my weight desperately against the brake, but it was too late to stop I saw this and swung off to the side, but the fender caught him, hurling him to the pavement. The girls screamed in terror. I can hear them yet.

"The shock served somewhat to bring back our senses and we placed him in the car and rushed him to a hospital. But our efforts proved futile, for he had received a fatal fracture of the skull and died before morning.

"My trial came up a month later. I was convicted of manslaughter, and the judge pronounced a sentence of four years imprisonment.

"After two years, in which I did not live but merely existed in that earthly purgatory, my opportunity came.

"The prisoners are required to work around the grounds at various odd jobs. One day while working in a flower bed that was intended to relieve somewhat the dreary and forlorn aspect of the place, I chanced upon an object which made my heart leap. Glancing around furtively to see if anyone was observing me I picked it up. It was an old three-sided file that had been lost three years before. It was much the worse for rust and wear, but I concealed it in my clothing, and guarded it closely like a precious diamond, carrying to my cell that evening.

"Many were the nights for a long time after that which passed almost entirely unheeded for me. With this old file I worked feverishly through the long hours of the night at the iron bars which guarded the window. Chewing-gum in the possession of a prisoner would have been an absurd thing to look upon suspiciously but it proved a very valuable aid to me. I would fill the notch with it and after carefully smoothing it over every appearance of the work I was doing was concealed.

"Finally two of the bars were entirely filed off at the lower ends, and I saw that by bending them aside when I should be ready to pass through, I would not need to file them off at the top.

"My patience was rewarded at length, for one night came which was admirably suited for my purpose; indeed much better suited than I could possibly have hoped for. It was inky black and a fog so thick that it was almost tangible, enveloped the earth.

"For weeks I wandered through the woods half starved, my clothing torn, and my entire body scratched and bruised. But I managed somehow to keep alive on the few berries I could find. The meanest tramp or bum never led a more miserable existence than I did during those weeks. Oh! It was awful I tell you. It was awful.

THE HUNTED MAN

"Eventually I arrived in Seattle;

unkempt, clothing torn and ragged. "I had no fear of being caught or identified, strange to say. The vast distance that lay between me and the places where I was known gave me confidence, as I was all too soon to learn.

"After contriving a few make-shift improvements in my appearance I started out to hunt work; not steady work, but an odd job here and there; just so I earned enough to get an occasional meal.

"One day, in one of these wanderings, I chanced upon the contractor in whose employ I now am.

"With occupation and a full stomach once more I soon came to feel like a new person. A glimmer of ambition and courage returned, and I stuck to the job; a thing which I had no intention of doing when I started.

"Then one day the construction engineer resigned on account of a disagreement over some of the methods the contractor was employing. I had a hard time convincing him that I was really qualified for it, but finally succeeded in proving my capabilities to him. It was my first big proposition since I left college. I put my whole heart in it.

"Then I met you Bernice. I can't begin to tell you what your acquaintance and companionship have meant to me. You have inspired me and driven me on to exert myself for the best whether I was willing or not. But just as the world which had lately looked so dark, was beginning to seem bright and rosy again, something sprang up to shatter all my hopes.

"One day I chanced to pick up an Eastern newspaper. The first thing that caught my eye on the front page of that paper was the words written in glaring headlines:

"FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD OFFERED FOR ESCAPED CONVICT"

"There was a column with my description and picture telling how I had escaped prison and disappeared so completely that no clue or trace could be found.

"That was the end of my peace and happiness. Everywhere I go now I am haunted by that fear of discovery; at work, on the streets, day or night; at no time or place do I feel safe. In my imagination I can see every eye staring at me with scrutinizing eyes.

My story finished, her gaze roved out over the moonlit water and for a long while we both pondered deeply in silence unbroken. I watched her expectantly fearfully, hopefully. At last she brought her eyes slowly to my own. They were inexpressibly soft and tender, and she made no attempt to hide a suspicious trace of tears. She spoke her voice was husky with emotion.

"Why don't you go back—and finish your sentence?"

"If I were to go back there, I would love you forever. I can't think of doing that. Oh, Bernice! I can tell you now, I love you! I would rather die than ever lose you by going back there."

(Continued on Back Page)

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