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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 Miss H. Alleman, the Salvation Army White Shield Home, 805 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 Scholls 0710, or Broadway 9729-R-2. SAM GRAFF, Hillsboro Route 2.

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FOR SALE—Wedgewood Combination Wood and Gas Stove \$27. Multnomah Furniture Exchange, Multnomah, Oregon.

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

FOR SALE—Antique Bed Room Set \$42.50. Multnomah Furniture Exchange, Multnomah, Oregon.

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

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HOUSE FOR RENT—5 rooms and bath. Inquire Valley View Garage BR 9920-J-4, Tigard Oregon. 1f

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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

WANTED—Lady for Light House work. S. E. Cor 1st and Angel street, Beaverton. 1t

LOST—Between Multnomah and Garden Home, a man's fur lined glove, call ATwater 5731.

GAMBLING WITH LOVE

Complete Short Story

Lady Luck has always been kind to me, but she never showed herself more generous than sending me a real friend in need.

I was at that time a senior in one of the large colleges in New York city, but I must confess, very much less interested in my studies than in social diversions. Away from the restrictions and conventions of my New England home town, I was like a child in my eagerness for "good times."

Even my engagement to the son of my father's partner, which had been understood for years seemed remote and unimportant in my new surroundings.

I had become familiar with a rather fast crowd whose gaiety seemed to me sufficient excuse for their shortcomings. Among them was a young newspaper man who fell madly in love with me.

When I wrote to Abner, confessing my doubts and emotions, his answer was to take the next train to New York.

The interview that took place upon his arrival was painful. In spite of our efforts to be calm our words became more and more heated. Finally, maddened by my stubbornness and indecision Abner delivered an ultimatum.

"I'm taking the 10:47 tomorrow," he cried. "Either you call me before that at the hotel or it's all over between us."

Before I could answer he was gone. After a time I dried my tears and set out to seek the advice of Mrs. Burton, the true friend to whom I have referred.

When I told my story, she was all kindness and sympathy in her manner but said nothing for a long time.

After what seemed hours to me in my anxiety, Wilma rose and unlocked a drawer of the tall secretary in the corner of the room. Still without a word, she took from it a long roll and opened it before my astonished gaze.

WILMA'S FOLLY
It was a portrait of herself. The artist had caught perfectly her characteristic expression of a few years back, and had done justice to her exquisite beauty.

"What a wonderful portrait Wilma!" I cried. "But who was so

PRINTED SIGNS FOR SALE—10c each. For Rent, For Sale, Rooms for Rent, etc. Pioneer Printing and Stationery Co. 407-4 Dekum Bldg., Third and Washington Sts., Portland, Oregon.

bestly as to ruin it that way?"

Wilma's answer seemed quite irrelevant. "I won't presume to give you advice, but I can tell you the story of this portrait which may help you to make up your own mind. You will be the only person, outside of the artist, Leroy and myself, to know of the existence of this picture and what it means to me."

And this is the story I heard from Wilma that day:—

While Leroy was in college with me our days were spent together in study and innocent recreation—concerts, lectures quiet walks and occasional trips to the theatre. We weren't exactly engaged, but we saw a great deal of each other, and spent most of our time together.

Then, when Leroy left to go to medical college, I was terribly lonesome and had very few friends to help me pass the time pleasantly. In my loneliness, I turned for companionship to an older girl, whose mode of life I would have probably found unattractive at any other period.

But Louise was a jolly sort and a good sport. Furthermore she was an artist and was occupied in the then popular pastime of impoverished artists the making of batiks.

In my unsophistication she seemed to have an irresistible glamor because she lived in Greenwich Village, The Village and its Bohemian inhabitants offered the romance which I lacked and eagerly craved.

One of our favorite haunts was a then famous meeting place of Village celebrities. The food was pretty bad but that wasn't the attraction of the place. The cigarette-smoking, short-haired woman and the long-haired bow-tied men gave it a Bohemian air which attracted visitors from all parts of the city.

It was while lunching there one day that a new face riveted my attention. I looked up from my tea and saw gazing intently at me through a film of cigarette smoke a pair of fascinating, deep set dark eyes.

As we were paying our checks, I noticed, much to my confusion that my bold admirer had left his unfinished lunch, seized his hat and coat, and was coming in our direction. We left the place and hurried

along 4th Street to the subway station. As we rushed on my curiosity to know whether he was really following was not satisfied until, when I was saying good-by to Louise at the subway kiosk he passed us and descended with one fleeting, tantalizing glance.

A train had just pulled out, and we were alone on the platform. Although I knew it was improper and felt utterly shameless at the very thought, I couldn't help wishing that he would speak to me. Then, as if he had read my mind, he smilingly approached.

"I beg your pardon, but didn't you drop your glove in the restaurant?"

I blushingly showed him my two gray gloves and we both laughed together and felt as if we had known each other all our lives.

By the time we left our local to change for the express we had progressed to the point where we had exchanged cards, and I had been induced to write my telephone number on mine. I had discovered that he was an artist with a studio in the Village, and that his name was Murray Forbes.

Louise visited me that night at my room in the dormitory and while she was there I was called to the telephone. I knew instinctively it was Murray Forbes.

He said he couldn't forget my lovely face—I'm quoting—and wanted to paint it, and begged me to come to his studio the next afternoon and start sitting for a portrait.

Of course I told him that I didn't think it would be proper, and upon his suggestion that I bring a friend I asked Louise: "Could you come with me tomorrow to the studio of a friend? He wants to paint me and I don't think I ought to go alone."

"Sure," said Louise, in her usual easy-going manner, and I made an appointment for the next day at twelve, when I was free.

Louise was sufficiently infatuated to be willing to come with me on further trips to his studio, and on subsequent visits the work on the portrait progressed more satisfactorily.

Its striking likeness showed that Murray was as talented a he was attractive. You can see it even now under the gashes.

At the sixth visit the portrait was almost finished. In fact, Louise and I considered it complete, but Murray insisted that the eyes were not sufficiently like, and wished to put a few finishing touches to them.

HER ONLY CHANCE

Louise had to leave to keep an engagement with a wealthy customer for her batiks and Murray begged me to cut my classes for the rest of the day and stay there so that he could finish the picture.

As he had always behaved so courteously, Louise and I both felt sure that I could safely remain.

After Louise had gone I leaned back in the model's chair, while Murray worked on diligently for about an hour, at the same time talking in a more intimate manner than he ever had before when con-

strained by Louise's presence.

Finally he declared that he was too tired to go on working without a rest. Glad of an excuse to rest myself I left the rather uncomfortable chair, and with a sigh of relief sank into a half recumbent position on one of the low couches.

Murray drew an easy chair up beside the couch brought cigarettes and ash trays, and we settled down to a cozy conversation.

Of course we were irresistibly drawn toward the popular conversational topic of modern youth—"to pet or not to pet." I was shocked to hear him say bluntly: "I don't believe in promiscuous petting. I have never yet kissed a woman I didn't expect to win."

Even as he said this he suddenly flung his cigarette to a far corner of the room and, before I was aware of his intentions he was at my side on the divan, had me tightly clasped in his arms and was pressing ardent kisses on my resisting lips.

"If you don't let me go I'll scream," I sobbed but he only laughed.

"Scream if you want to. There's nobody to hear."

I knew that he was right, and had a swift intuition that I must change my tactics if I hoped to get away. Frightened as I was, I retained enough presence of mind to realize that pleas of innocence would not help me, whereupon I assumed as worldly an air as possible. With proper sophistication I commanded my immediate release, promising to remain with him that evening.

Perhaps ten minutes passed with matters still in this state, when I recovered sufficiently to begin to devise some suitable manner in which to make my escape.

As soon as I realized that I should have to think of some plan which would allow me to put on my wraps without arousing Murray's suspicions I began to talk of an all consuming hunger, though I can assure you nothing was further from my mind at that moment than food. He was immediately solicitous and suggested that he send down to the Italian place in the building and have dinner brought to us.

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed. "We had an Italian lunch. Let's go down to the Chinese place around the corner and have a Chinese dinner."

"Oh, I'll have to shave and change my suit. It isn't worth the trouble."

"All right, then, just wait till I shave, but I don't want to go outside. It's so much bother. Let's go right to the restaurant in this building."

As we went out I asked Murray to remind me to take some books I was leaving there when I returned, wishing to convince him that I had every intention of keeping my promise to come back.

As each step down the dingy stairs carried me a step further from the hated studio my tensed and overwrought emotions began to leave me. However, I was still in the same building and with the

(Continued on Back Page)

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