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A LINE
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INSTRUCTIONS

FIVE CENTS a line per issue
Count five words to the line. Then count your profits. Cash should accompany the order. When a statement is required the charge is 10c per line, minimum 50c.

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

OVER 17,000 READERS WEEKLY

PERSONAL

ANY GIRL in need of a friend, write Elsie H. Alleman, the Salvation Army White Shield Home, 545 Mayfair Avenue, Portland.

MISCELLANEOUS

I. B. SUTTON is no longer employed by Bielman Motors at Beaverton, C. J. Bielman.

CLOSING OUT GLASS—60 top size bulbs \$1.25 varieties. Beautiful Dahlias, \$1.50 doz. named. Call or write Rex Gardens, Watson & Allen Ave., Beaverton.

FOR SALE—Sand, gravel, crushed rock and road gravel. P. E. Hagg, Phone Tigard 46.

EXPERT RADIO REPAIRING—Call AT 4066 when you have trouble. Tubes and accessories. Powder Radio Co., Multnomah, Oregon. Branch with A. E. Wilson, Beaverton, Oregon.

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

EX-SERVICE MEN and Dependents of World War. Do you know Your Rights? Pensions, compensation, insurance, hospitalization, soldiers' homes, bonus, funeral expenses, etc. Methods of obtaining these and other benefits covered in our Manual. One Dollar Service Men's service, 311 W. Pearl St. Jackson Miss. 4t

FOR SALE—Weaned Pigs, Earliest of All and Burbank Seed Potatoes, Marble Head Squash Seed, Planting Onions used berry wire. C. A. Johnston, Sherwood, Oregon.

1929 CHEVROLET CABRIOLET—New Duco paint, collapsible top, rumble seat, good rubber, \$135 down balance easy terms. Stipes Garage Beaverton.

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

WARDROBE TRUNK Like New \$20 costs \$65. Multnomah Furniture Exchange.

PLUMBING—Heating and Gas Fitting. W. I. Noyes, Tigard 52

1929 DURANT—Motor Reconditioned, original Duco, good rubber, \$115 down balance easy terms. Stipes Garage, Beaverton.

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

ORDER YOUR RUBBER STAMPS and Seals from Pioneer Printing and Stationery Co. 407-4 Dekum Bldg., 3rd and Washington St., Portland Oregon.

WANTED—Cheap horses for fox farm. Telephone Beaverton 9455.

BLOOD TESTED W. L. Baby Chick 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.

1929 CHEVROLET COACH—Motor Reconditioned, good rubber, good Duco finish. \$135 down, balance easy terms. Stipes Garage, Beaverton.

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.

PAIR CANARIES, 2 Pair Pekin Ducks, sell or trade, Rte 1, Box 189 Sherwood, Oregon.

FOR SALE—Two Electric Air Heaters, one half size Violin, one trash burner, Bargains, AT 2216.

FERTILIZER for sale Call AT 1283

FOR SALE—Octagonal Walnut table Mrs. Stilwell, AT 0901.

WANTED—for Cash—Chunky 1100 lb horse, R. E. Day, Rt 1, Box 37 Beaverton Oregon.

UNCLE HAM BLOW SAYS:

At a show, a concert or lecture, if your chair seems uncomfortable it's a sign that the entertainment is below standard.

"A sharp nose indicates curiosity," states a famous specialist. I think a flat nose must indicate too much curiosity.

The average man spends a lot of time prosecuting the work of others that he would better spend in prosecuting his own.

Some folks think they are just as good as anybody when they go to church in the rain.

Guess this one: Why can't two persons singing a song finish it in half the time that it would take one to do it?

When pride heads the procession poverty always brings up the rear.

The new Theme Song of the Department of Justice

Wherever you go, whatever you do, I want you to know I'm following you.

Whatever you climb or tumble into, Why all the time I'm following you.

Royal Booth of Clinton, Mo., is the owner of a White Leghorn hen that laid 312 eggs during a 365-day contest.

After he puffed for 5 hours on a cigar which was 15 3/4 inches long and weighed 1 pound, Jose Garcia Naranjo was crowned champion smoker of Seville Spain.

THE HOUSE THAT LOVE BUILT

Complete Short Story

In the beginning we lived in the two rooms back of my father's grocery store. There was not much space for romance and gaiety in back rooms, but my mother crowded in rather more than was to be expected. She had a talent for home making.

There was always a canary singing in the window and bright chintz hangings and window boxes full of pansies or nasturtiums in the back rooms.

I think my mother had a queer feeling of guilt, sometimes, when she looked at her only child. It seemed so unfair that she should have kept all the bright curls and sweet pea pink complexion herself, and handed out to me only a plain serviceable appearance like my father's. Nightly she put my mouse-colored hair in kid curls. It was no use. The least dampness in the air reduced my hair to straight shaggies again.

In vain she made me dresses of pink dimity and ruffled dotted swiss. My parents had not the least excuse for giving me such a name as Agatha Marilyn, but my mother had a romantic mind. It didn't really matter much, as our neighbors in Shiloh promptly shortened it to Aggie.

Still, for all my plainness my first years in the little tree-shadowed town were very happy ones, even if our dream house came no nearer to realization than the buying of a quarter acre to build it on, half a mile from the edge of town.

And in spite of my appearance of a "born old maid" I once had a "beau" in these very early days.

His name was William Dexter and he went to the same Sunday-school. He was a plump little boy with round inquiring eyes and round pink cheeks. We sat side by side in the primary department and cast shy, sidelong glances at each other.

Billy Dexter won my heart completely.

But such idyllic days do not last long. Presently Bill Dexter and I were making our way through the awkward upper grades of the Shiloh school.

After our classmates had yelled, "Tubby Dexter's got a girl!" Aggie Smith has got a fellow!" at us a few times, we ceased speaking when we met on Main Street. Then the Dexter family moved away from Shiloh and I lost the only "beau" the town had ever offered—before I had finished the seventh grade.

I have always had a feeling that if my mother had lived she would have found some way to soften the hard awkward years of adolescence for me. But, before I had finished the Shiloh High School before the little dream house had ever been begun on the quarter acre at the edge of town, she succumbed to pneumonia one winter. I was left with only my silent, reserved father for friend and counselor.

HAPPY CHANGE

I finished my course in the Shiloh High School with good marks in my studies, but little distinction in the social life of the school.

Then came a couple of years of earnest work in a distant normal school. My father and I decided I should become a teacher.

So it was that on the verge of 30 I was living at Mrs. King's boarding house in my native town and teaching the sixth grade in the Shiloh Grammar School. My father had been dead several years then.

And one morning came the letter which was to alter the whole course of my existence.

It was an ordinary enough looking

epistle I recognized my Cousin Louise's handwriting. She had been married seven or eight years then and lived with her husband and two little boys on a farm some eighty miles from Shiloh. We had never kept up much of a correspondence so I tore open the envelope curiously.

"Dear Cousin Aggie," I read.

"I suppose you'll wonder why I'm writing to you. Well it's to ask if you can do Ed and me a big favor. I guess the news that I'm expecting another baby next month will be news to you, because I'm not a good hand at writing letters. Of course Ed and I hope it will be a girl this time. I haven't been very well the last month and the doctor says I've got to keep off my feet more. But you know how it is with two lively young ones after you all the time. Ed's mother has offered to take Junior to stay with her until after the little one comes, but Ed thinks we ought to send Jackie away for a few weeks too. I told Ed I didn't believe you'd have any place for Jackie but he wanted me to ask anyhow. Jackie is in the first grade at school now so that would get him out of your way while teaching—if you think you could take him. Hoping to hear from you soon. Your affectionate cousin

"LOUISE"

So it was that Jackie Brewer came to stay with me. A strenuous little boy of 6 is a queer addition to a boarding house inhabited chiefly by spinsters.

A fortnight later a long distance call told me that Jackie had lost his mother. The relatives at home would be very grateful if he might stay on with me until things were more settled.

Before I went to bed I wrote a letter to Jackie's father—a letter not only of condolence for his loss, but setting before Ed a plan which had formed itself in my mind. I asked him to let me adopt Jackie.

When Ed Brewer's answering note arrived a week later I tore it open with trembling hands. I realized how much Jackie had grown into my life.

Ed's hastily scrawled letter told me that he was grateful for my offer, that, of course he didn't feel like letting any one adopt his boy legally, but he'd be mighty glad to have Jackie go on living with me.

Very happily and very busily, I began making plans.

There was the lot—the only bit of property my poor father had left me—and there was most of the money from my father's life insurance still in the bank. Alone, it had seemed foolish for me to build a house. But with a son to raise it was quite a different matter. It must be a very tiny house, to be sure. Four rooms and a bath and a wide porch, but I thought it could be managed.

My mind reverted to an attractive advertisement I had noted in the Shiloh Weekly:

"Make your dream house come true! Bungalows built to your own plans. Tell us what you want and we'll have it ready for you in a month."

Buell & Dexter

The Shiloh Home Builders
Office: 204 Harrison Building
Perhaps the name Dexter awakened some sleeping memory in my childhood friend Bill Dexter. If he had returned to Shiloh I had never heard of it.

Certainly the sleek, blond young man who greeted me when I went into the office of the Harrison building in no way resembled Tubby Dexter.

It was Jackie who first made ac-

quaintance with the big man who was hammering studding into place. He won the little boy's heart by giving him a pocketful of assorted nails. Jackie drew me enthusiastically toward his benefactor. When I saw his face my heart gave a queer little leap. It was Bill Dexter. "So this is the little lady the house is for!" the large man boomed genially. Then I saw a puzzled look come into his eyes.

I put out my hand, half hesitating. "I used to know you, we went to school together," I said.

"Of course we did!" Bill Dexter rejoined heartily. "Little Agatha Marilyn!" He crushed my fingers in his strong hand. I could see he was glad to meet me again.

I smiled as I saw the big man stoop to lift another timber. I thanked him for his kindness to Jackie. I said I hoped the little boy didn't bother him.

"Not much!" he replied heartily. "If there's anything I like better than building houses, it's playing with kids! I've got a youngster about his size at home!"

My heart gave a queer little twinge. Of course I had known Bill Dexter was married, had guessed he might have children.

"I suppose you're as proud of your big boy as I am of mine!" the big contractor boomed.

I nodded vaguely I had not the heart to tell him Jackie was not really mine, that my hold on him was only my relationship with his mother and his father's permission to keep the child.

William Dexter put more than good workmanship into the bungalow. No detail seemed too small for him to oversee its proper construction.

At last the little house was nearly finished. It looked wonderfully attractive with its shining walls, green shutters and wide hospitable porch. We were to move into it the following Saturday.

On Friday morning Jackie came running to our room with a letter in his hand.

"For you!" Aunt Aggie he cried happily.

I recognized the postmark and tore open the envelope with a twinge of apprehension. I felt choked as I read:

OREGON APPLE SHIPMENTS LEAD

Oregon's apple shipments continue to rank first in volume, in the carlot fruit and vegetable industry of the state, according to a report just released by the Oregon State college extension service. Pears are a close second.

"Carlot shipments of fruits and vegetables have practically doubled in the last ten years," the report says. "Fresh pears account for a large part of the increase in shipments, but loadings of cherries, prunes, potatoes, green peas, onions, celery, cauliflower, and cantaloupes have also increased substantially."

Out of a record total of 17,000 carloads of fruits and vegetables shipped in 1930 from Oregon loading points, 5,301 were apples and 5,139 pears. Potatoes accounted for 2,174 carloads. These three commodities made up 12,614 carloads, or 75 per cent of the total.

Fresh prune shipments have averaged 1000 cars or more in recent years. In 1930, 515 carloads of

"Dear Aggie: It's been awfully good of you to look after Jackie all these months. It certainly has helped out here. But now I have things fixed up so he can come home."

My eyes filled with tears as I reread Ed Brewer's words. I knew there was nothing I could do, Jackie was his son—not mine after all.

Very slowly I walked out toward the little white house Sunday afternoon. Jackie was gone—and Bill Dexter was gone. Probably I should never see Bill again now the house was complete.

I made my way toward the kitchen door. From beside the sink William Dexter's smiling face greeted me.

"Hope you don't mind my breaking in like this" he boomed.

I forced a smile "I am very glad to see you. I said ineffectively. "I think maybe you can advise me—about selling this house."

"If you really want to sell" he said after a minute "I might take the place off your hands. I've been wanting a house with a bigger yard—for Billy!"

My throat felt very dry. "You can have it—at your own price," I managed to tell him.

"What's the matter, little lady?" William Dexter asked very gently. He drew me into the living room.

In a few brief sentences I told him about Jackie's real relationship to me, about his being taken home.

William Dexter suddenly drew me close. "Then you aren't married?" he asked me. There was a sudden light in his face.

I shook my head. Then I remembered Billie. I tried to draw away but he held me in his big arms.

"You are married, though," I said unsteadily.

For a moment his face clouded. "I was," he said, but Billie's mother has been dead nearly five years now. He needs a mother." He pressed his lips against my hair. "I need you too, honey," he whispered. "Do you think you could ever care about me, dear?"

I clung to him with a glad little sob. "I do!" I said. "I always have I think—ever since we were very little!"

dried prunes were loaded at Oregon stations, which is about an average amount. Other fruit shipped were 426 carloads of cherries, 48 of peaches 35 of strawberries, 33 of mixed deciduous fruits and 17 of dried apples.

The cantaloupe business jumped up to 131 carloads from 12 in 1929 and practically nothing in former years. The watermelon carlot business was 18 loads, with 5 carlots of miscellaneous melons recorded.

Loadings of celery in 1930 totaled 647 carlots, of cauliflower 620 and onions 615. Tomato shipments were 68 carloads, green peas 73, lettuce 14, asparagus 21, cabbage 8, and mixed vegetables 151.

Laborers who dug into an old cemetery when clearing land at Sayopa, Mexico, uncovered skeletons of giant men averaging 8 feet in height, buried tier on tier.

The vicar of St. Michael's church, Oxford, Eng., permits the choir boys to read thrilling stories during the sermon period.

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