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These Classified Ads appear in six wspapers, Beaverton Enterprise, gard Sentinel, Multnomah Press, ona News, Yamhill Journal and laston Herald.

VER 17,000 READERS WEEKLY

PERSONAL

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

MISCELLANEOUS

OOL & SNOOKER TABLES—7625 Clinton St., Multnomah, Oregon. Your patronage solicited.

LOSING OUT GLADS—60 top size bulbs $1, 25 varieties. Beautiful Dahlias, $1.50 doz, named. Call or write Rex Gardens, Watson & Allen Ave., Beaverton.

OR SALE—2 year old Jersey heifer fresh next month. Inquire B. Leonetti, Rt 1, Beaverton.

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

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

X-SERVICE MEN and Dependants 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

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

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WOULD CARE for children or invalid in my home. Beaverton 2452 or Ex 38, Aloha.

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

1930 FORD TUDOR—$160 down, balance easy terms. Bielman Motors, Beaverton, Oregon.

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

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

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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.

ONE DODGE—Screen delivery, Bargain. Bielman Motors, Beaverton

1926 FORD ROADSTER—2 balloon tires, repainted, new top, $25 down balance easy terms. Stipes Garage, Beaverton.

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

FERTILIZER for sale Call AT 1283

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FATE'S MIRACLE

Complete Short Story

The story of my life really began when I was 17 and in the third year of high school. I am now 52 years old, so you see that was a long time ago. It has seemed a long thirty-five years to me, at least.

I had never been allowed to run around in the company of boys of my own age, as many girl associates of mine were doing, and consequently knew very little about schoolday "love affairs". In this my parents were right.

But—there came a day when my young heart leaped with love and a flame sprang up that was not to be easily quenched.

I was 17 when I entered my third year in high school. Among the new members of the class that year was one Bruce Raymond. He was 19 years old and not at all good looking.

He had a certain matter-of-fact way about him that made him very popular among the other students. He finally began to show a preference for Gertrude Long, one of the girls in the class who had a good voice, and her singing had attracted him.

Things drifted along until Christmas was approaching and we began practicing for a Christmas entertainment to be given in the opera house of our little village.

He had been taking Gertrude home from practice every night, but on the final night, as we were all gathering behind the curtains and in our dressing rooms, I ran across Bruce in the hall.

As Bruce met me he stopped "Edna may I take you home tonight" he asked in a low tone.

"Well you may if you want to" I said.

I stood with burning cheeks and throbbing heart looking after him. What would Gertrude say?

The entertainment was a success and I had many compliments paid me.

After the crowd had begun to clear away, I put on my wraps and started to the entry to meet Bruce. I met Gertrude on the way. She had been waiting in the entry for Bruce, but no Bruce appeared. She was returning to the dressing room thinking he might still be there. As I approached the entry Bruce came forward, and we walked away arm in arm.

KEPT APART!

The next few weeks Bruce and I were together a great deal. On every possible occasion he declared his love for me. I had told him that I loved him and had allowed him to kiss me good-night after a time.

My mother watched me very closely. I was neglecting my studies of late—I was absorbed in my love affair that school was becoming a second matter.

One evening mother followed me to my room for a talk with me. She told me I was too young to be keeping company with boys.

I had said nothing, but let her do the talking. I loved my mother—she was always sweet and patient. As she was leaving the room I promised her to drop my love affair for the present and pay more attention to my school—but did I?

Monday at school, Bruce came to me and said he wanted to see me and have a talk. "Something must be done, Gypsy" he said. We planned a walk after school. I was to tell my parents that I stayed about some lessons.

We walked to the edge of town and sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree and talked about an hour. Bruce begged me to slip away with him the following Saturday and be married.

"We will keep it a secret until school is out then announce our marriage and go up to the city where I have a good job waiting for me" he said.

I begged him to wait until school was out. Then I would go with him and get married—no matter what anybody said. He finally agreed to do this. He then promised me to never go with Gertrude again but wait for me. Iknew he meant to keep his promise.

Along in February about a dozen of our class were invited out in the country to the home of one of the boys for a house party, to stay from Saturday afternoon until Sunday evening.

We were going in a sleigh as there was deep snow on the ground. Bruce was to drive the sled. My folks had promised me I might go, but about noon Saturday a blizzard came up and they changed their minds and kept me at home.

Monday at school they reported a wonderful time, but Bruce seemed not to want to talk of the affair. I thought it was because I could not go along, but weeks afterwards one of the girls told me of an incident that had been kept a secret. It was this:—

Going out to the house party that Saturday, their sled had broken down several miles from their destination near an old, deserted farmhouse. The girls were all nearly frozen so they took possession of the old house, and the boys cut wood and dragged it in and made a fire in the old fireplace.

They could not patch up the sled in the dark so stayed all night in the old house, taking the robes in to sit on before the fire.

Several of the boys fought their way through the storm to a neighboring farmhouse and procured some food—saying a family had been caught in the storm.

The next morning they patched up the sleigh, went on and spent the day at the country home, returning to town in the evening. They had all agreed never to tell their escapade—and not until spring was it told!

A few days after school closed, I picked up the paper and read where Bruce Raymond and Gertrude Long had surprised their friends by slipping away and being quietly married

I could not believe my eyes—my young heart was broken—but deep down in my heart I knew that Bruce loved me. Something had happened.

Then my girl friend's story explained it all. Bruce wanted me along that trip and, had I gone, this would not have happened for Bruce was honorable—he had proved he was in marrying Gertrude.

I went away to Chicago that winter and took a course in expression at a school of oratory. I attended the school two years; then accepted a position in one of the schools in Chicago.

I corresponded with my girl friend and she kept me posted about the gossip of our small town—things my parents would not write me.

She had reported that a son had been born to Bruce and Gertrude. Then Gertrude came back home for a visit—with no baby—but she was not happy. Then it was reported that Gertrude was in a sanitarium—we heard all sorts of things and how my heart ached for poor Bruce.

PATCHING UP LIFE

My friend would write that Gertrude was at home; then at a sanitarium; then with Bruce—and so on.

During the second year of my teaching in Chicago I answered a rap at my door one day. On opening it Bruce stood before me.

"Gypsy" he said as he stepped inside and closed the door. I forgot everything else—forgot that he was a married man!

When I came to myself I was in his dear arms being showered with kisses.

"Bruce," I whispered, 'where is she—Gertrude?"

He did not answer me at once, and a sudden feeling crept over me. Perhaps she was dead. He seemed to read my mind and said "No, Gypsy she is in a sanitarium. She is a nervous wreck."

I released myself from his embrace. He made no effort to detain me. He stood before me—tall, haggard—a most pitiful sight to behold.

"Bruce, why did you come?" I asked.

"I had some business in Chicago, and I knew you were here. I hunted you up. I did not announce my coming for fear you would not see me Gypsy—and I had to see you. I have never loved another but you."

As I listened to Bruce, I knew that I hated Gertrude. He asked me if he were divorced, if I would marry him. I told him we did not believe in divorces.

"That is so," he said.

I told him as he was leaving that night, that we must not see each other again and he said it should be as I wished. It was years before we met again.

I changed locations and went to Duluth to teach the following year. New scenes and faces helped me.

I began to feel that I was forgetting the past, and began going out in company again. It was then that I met Howard Reid a young attorney who fell desperately in love with me, and in a few months asked me to be his wife.

I frankly told him that I did not love him enough to marry him.

"You will learn to love me more," he pleaded. So—we were married. He was all that I could ask—our honeymoon was ideal—but when we came back and settled down, I was not happy. I thought of my old love—how I had planned a home with Bruce—I had a good man and he loved me but—I had made the mistake of my life. How it would all end, I did not know.

It was about that time that I discovered I was to become a mother. Howard was the father of my child that I must bear and I owed it a mother's love and a father's protection. So the thing was settled—that little life held us together.

I wrote to my mother about her little grandson, and she came and made us a visit. One day I asked her how Bruce and Gertrude were getting along. She told me they were doing better, and had a little daughter now. I was surprised to hear this, but I was glad—we both had something to live for now—and I tried all the more to forget.

I had a second son born in about three years—they were wonderful boys, and their father and I were very proud of them. I named the older one George for my father and the younger one was Howard, Jr. To all outside appearances we were a very happy family.

The boys finally grew up and went to school. This threw my husband and me more together again and I had to do more pretending—more acting the lie.

The boys were finally home for good from school. The older one was a lawyer the younger a dentist.

During that summer the most unexpected thing happened and our little home circle was broken. My husband was killed in an automobile accident.

The following year my older son wrote me that he intended to get married soon. He had met a young lady teacher in Cleveland and they had fallen in love. He went on to say he knew I would like her. Her mother had been dead about a year, and her name was Thelma Raymond

The most unbelievable thing on earth—my son to wed Bruce's daughter! Gertrude was dead. Well, what would happen next? And how much more could I endure?

During the next year I received another shock of my life. My son Howard and Bruce's other daughter slipped away and were married, returning for our blessing. Cupid had done his work at the first wedding, it seemed.

A few weeks before Christmas the next winter I received a letter from Thelma asking me to spend Christmas week with them, saying that Howard Jr., and Julia would be with them and that she had also invited her father.

We all arrived in Cleveland Christmas Eve. It was a happy meeting and the children did all within their power to make us happy. Little did they know the happiness they had brought into two lonely hearts.

The day our party was to break up Bruce and I were quietly married.

HIGHWAY BEAUTIFICATION PLAN EXPLAINED BY SAWYER

Preservation of the beauty of Oregon highways through the elimination of roadside advertising in non-commercial locations, by giving additional protection to wild life of the state, and by the provision and maintenance of parks along the highways to provide rest and comfort for the tourist traveler was advocated by Judge Robert W. Sawyer, of Bend, former state highway commissioner.

Already the Forest service has broadened its policy so that hereafter the timber in its control on the Oregon highway will be left and the traveler will be presented with the appearance of an unbroken forest, Judge Sawyer said.

The new law to go into effect in June protecting the sea lion is one step toward the preservation of wild life, he pointed out.

"Highway beautification is taking the interest of the people in every state in the Union," he said. "But in Oregon beautification does not mean entering upon extensive programs of roadside gardening and tree planting. It means only the preservation of what we have, or where the beauty is beginning to go because of advertising, that it be recovered by doing away with advertising. Oregon is beautiful already, and its roadsides are largely beautiful, but they will remain so only as we see that they are kept undefiled and unspoiled."

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