

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING BUY AND SELL

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

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

CAPONIZING—\$8 per hundred 10c each in smaller lots. L. M. Davies, Beaverton, Ore., R. 3, Phone Beaverton 7030.

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. Powdner Radio Co., Multnomah, Oregon. Branch with A. E. Wilson, Beaverton, Oregon.

1930 FORD TUDOR—\$140 down, balance 18 month payments. Bielman Motors Beaverton.

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.

1925 MODEL T FORD—Coupe, full price \$65. Bielman Motors Beaverton.

1929 CHEVROLET TRUCK—frame lengthened, over load springs, completely reconditioned, good rubber, \$145 down. Stipes Garage, Beaverton.

BEE HIVES.—Supers, complete with comb foundation starters, ready to run bees right in. 400 Delphinium plants 2 year old 15c each. Nason, Beeman, Aloha.

FERTILIZER for sale Call AT 1283

JUNE WHITE LEGHORN BABY CHICKS—\$9 per 100; Rhode Island Reds, \$12.50 per 100. Friers, three for dollar. Tualatin Chickery, Richardson, Tualatin, Ore. Phone Tigard 04102.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH RECORDS 20 records only \$15. Baby high chair \$2.50. L. E. Klatt, Aloha.

PHONOGRAPH REPAIRS—151 Fourth St. near Morrison, Portland, Oregon.

1924 CHEVROLET SEDAN—\$60 Terms. Stipes Garage, Beaverton.

1927 FORD ROADSTER—With box reconditioned, \$30 down, terms on balance. Stipes Garage, Beaverton.

1927 CHEVROLET SEDAN—Original finish like new, motor fine condition, good rubber, \$95 down terms on balance. Stipes Garage, Beaverton.

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.

GOOD FIRST GROWTH CORD WOOD—Get your winter supply now. Special prices on 4 cda or better, for immediate delivery Phone Beaverton 7252, S. D. Spies, N. Union Ave., Aloha.

1929 DURANT—Original finish, motor reconditioned. A fine family car. \$115 down, 12 months on balance. Stipes Garage, Beaverton.

PRINTED SIGNS FOR SALE—10c each. For Rent, For Sale, Rooms for Rent, etc. Pioneer Printing and Stationery Co. 407-8 Dekum Bldg., Third and Washington Sts., Portland, Oregon.

1927 FORD COUPE—Duco paint, motor in fine shape, wire wheels, ruckstel axle, \$45 down easy terms on balance. Stipes Garage, Beaverton.

1926 FORD COUPE—Ruckstel axle, motor reconditioned good rubber \$40 down, easy terms on balance. Stipes Garage, Beaverton.

1930 CHEVROLET COUP—Perfect condition, \$185 down, 12 months on balance. Trade your present car in on this fine car. Stipes Garage Beaverton.

HAY FORK and Rope \$12.50. Multnomah Furniture Exchange, Multnomah.

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

50 FINE RABBITS—For Sale. Will trade for pigs or chickens, Charles Burke, Route 2 Beaverton, opposite Barnes School House.

\$1000 or \$1200 to loan on first mortgage or real estate. C. W. Noyes Tigard, Oregon.

FOR SALE—1 Hive of Italian bees cheap. A Nelson, 6th and Lombard Sts.

FOR SALE—Hay, Clover Clippings, \$5 per ton, baled hay \$6 per ton. Jacob Faix, R. 4, Sherwood, 1 mile north of Kinton School.

FOR SALE—Burbank seed potatoes by E. Maly, Tigard R 1 Phone 0816.

10 ACRES ALFALFA—and Oats, and vetch hay, \$15 per acre. Richards Barber Shop, Aloha.

FOR SALE—Kale Plants \$1.25 per M. E. M. Storms, 1/2 mile so 1/2 mile west Aloha.

WHEN VOWS ARE BROKEN A WEEKLY SHORT STORY

"I, Burke, take thee, Grace to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward for better for worse . . . till death us do us part."

By what strange twist of reasoning do we free ourselves from this solemn promise? We bind ourselves deliberately to the wedded til death and last life frighten us out of the bargain, we specify through what vicissitudes we will remain faithful.

To be sure I did not believe that it would turn out for worse. Life with Grace must be a better thing than I had imagined possible. But even should it so prove I mean to do my part to bring this one great undertaking to a successful conclusion. And I have failed. Absolutely. Pitifully. Miserably.

I have broken my solemn vow. My promise of marriage is a shattered lie. I have made a tragedy of Grace's life and mine.

For ten months I had been in the mountains, superintending the construction of a new road. In those years engineering was a different proposition from what it is today. For one thing, the automobile had not entered into the scheme of life. Where our camp was pitched was a three days' hike to the stage and the stage was a two days' ride to the train. One hesitated before one took such a tiring journey. My one idea was to work hard and get it over before returning to civilization. I was young and in earnest. It was my first big job and its successful conclusion meant a new contract for large and better work under easier conditions.

Through thick and thin, I stuck to the road. I missed civilization cruelly. But what I longed for most in all that wilderness was the face of a woman. Not any particular woman, but just a woman. So hungry was I for this heavenly vision after those endless weeks of seeing only men, men, men—dirty, ill-kept, unshaven what wonder the first woman I met went clean to my head.

HAPPY YEARS My time was up. My road was built. I was back with my kind. I sat in the office of the city engineer as we mapped out new plans. Suddenly I saw her. A flash past the windows. A slim young figure flying by on her horse. She was riding side saddle, as the girls did in those days, and her long golden hair was loose and flying behind her like a glorious banner unfurling in the breeze. I was at the window in one stride, my eyes eagerly devouring her until she had passed from my sight. My long unconscious sigh drew a laugh from my companion.

"You have good taste, Burke. Grace is a pretty child and as sweet as she is good to look at."

"Grace what?" I asked. "Don't know her, eh? I thought you must from the speed to the window. Grace Hammond, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Paul Hammond."

"She's the first woman I've seen in ten months," I explained. "She looks like an angel fresh from heaven."

"That about describes her," smiled Mr. Carrington indulgently. "First woman in ten months! That's a record. Tell you what Burke. We'll have to make up for that dearth Mrs. Carrington will ask the Hammonds to dinner and you can meet your angel at first hand."

He was as good as his word. I was a guest at the Carrington home during my stay in Fayette and met the Hammonds frequently. My case

brought excellent recommendations and as she talked I realized she was an efficient worker.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

Her beauty was not exactly vivid but it was feminine. She was soft and dimpled and sweet. You longed to crush her to you to kiss her full red lips and deep blue eyes, that looked at you coaxingly. But, when she worked, she worked with the determined energy of a man bent on conquering whatever he undertook; and, when she stopped, she stopped completely and was the yielding woman, the clinging vine. She fascinated me. Her appearance belied her actions. I could not decide which was her real self.

With the first press of work over I found time to talk to her. She was a college graduate and this business career but a step to higher pursuits.

As the weeks passed I began to compare Loretta with Grace, to the latter's disadvantage.

I did not mean to be unfaithful. I lied to myself and when conscience pricked me, as it often did, I stilled it with the belief that I was advancing my profession to the betterment of those dependent on me.

First I stayed later in town. Then work compelled me to remain overnight. I took a room at the club and went home when it was not too pressing. It was never too pressing to keep me from the theatre, or from a long spin into the country with Loretta in my car.

Grace, who loved me, whose world was my world, sensed the change inevitably. She said nothing with her lips but her eyes spoke volumes. They reproached me, they warned me, they bade me heed my duty. They reminded me of my promise to her I shut my own against them.

The house was finished. One week end, when I was home for a change, she suggested that we go to see it.

We entered the little garden. The lawn was springing up in a carpet of green and the shrubs and flowers that Grace loved were budding in a riot of color against the grey walls of the house. Within, everything was inviting.

When we had gone together over every portion she turned to me and said quite calmly:—"We will never live here you and I. You will not want to and I could not live here without you, after all our beautiful dreams. Something has come between us, Burke. I do not know how to stop it. We will not live here, Burke. Do you want to rent it?"

I shut my heart against the longing in her eyes, in her voice. I knew I was a cad; but things had gone too far.

"Yes, let us rent it," I said. She turned and went to the window and looked out on the little patio garden.

We were finally out of debt—at the end of fifteen years of married life. And not only out of debt, but on the way to bigger and better things. Grace's thrift had purchased a home site for us and enough was saved to make a first payment on our house. We had the plans drawn up and spent many happy hours improving them and talking over the arrangement and the furnishing of the rooms. Our house was growing space. We could occupy it before the winter and the look of content was growing ever sweeter in Grace's eyes—when all our bright plans I brought crashing down around her ears.

For years now I had been in the city. I planned the work for others to execute. Both men and women were employed under me. I was a man of importance. My little secretary, a quiet bright little thing, who had been with me for five years came to me one day to say that she was to be married and would be leaving the firm. I was distressed.

And then, one dull day when I was at a low ebb—with important work to be done and makeshift secretaries to take my dictation—Loretta Farnum came into my office to apply for the position. She

I saw her breast lift but I did not hear her sigh. Suddenly I decided to say it all.

I got my freedom. The grounds were deserted. A year later Loretta and I were married. What a farce! We stood within the dim little church and I heard myself repeat the sacred words which I had sworn to Grace—and repudiated—else I would not have been there. "For better, for worse—until death—" and yet I was binding Loretta to me with lies I felt myself to be a hypocrite. How could she hear me and not despise me? I soon learned that she did.

I was no hero to Loretta. I was a mere money machine too give her the comforts and luxuries she was unable to obtain for herself. A stepping stone to a greater ease of life than she had ever known.

An intellectual companion. She has the intellect. She used it to ensnare me.

And a home? What is my home? A stuffy apartment. And children? Of course there are no children. For that I am glad. I want no children of Loretta's. I have grown in these seven years to hate her, her silly prettiness, her shallow heart, her empty head.

She knows I hate her. She will not divorce me. I am too useful. She will give me no grounds for divorce. I brought this fate upon myself by my own infidelity. I must bear it to my grave or hers.

Grace I met the other day. She stopped and spoke to me. A little older, a little graver but deeper and sweeter and more desirable than she had ever been. Oh Fool! To have stood at the doors of Eden and turned your back to follow an illusion—a hopeless and empty mirage!

Marriage vows are meant to be kept. The one big promise of our lives, which we face from every angle before we make it, we are intended to hold inviolate to the end.

LUNCH COUNTER

and BILLIARD PARLOR MAPES & SON In Manning Building

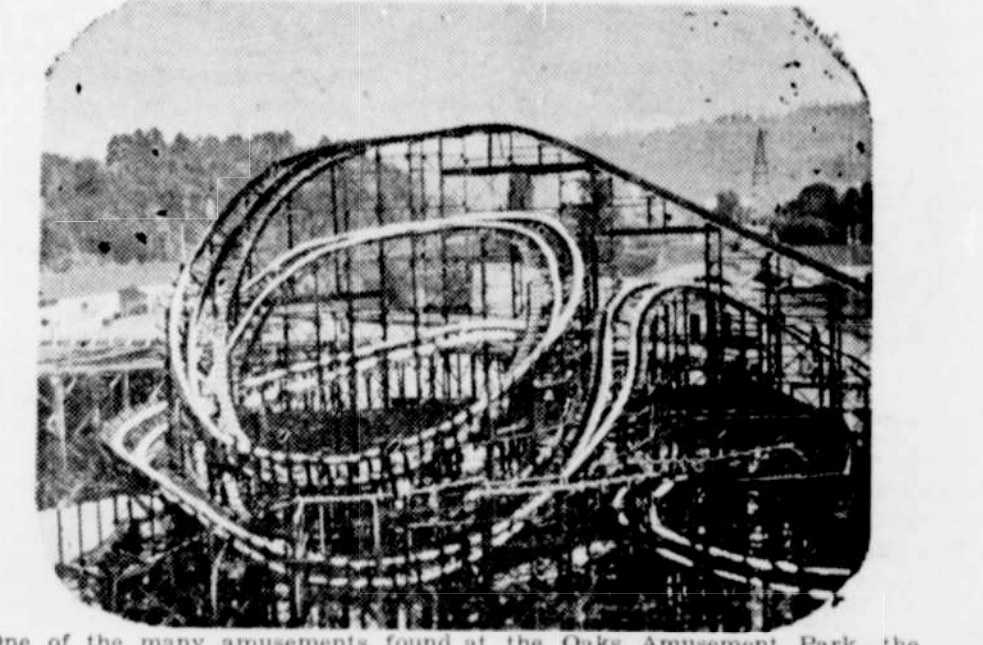
MERCHANTS LUNCH

Old-Time Records 75c

Heart Throbs and Jigs. HYMNS, COWBOY BALLADS, VOYELS, RURAL FIDDLE, ALSO GERMAN, SWISS, ETC.

World Music Shop

149 2nd St., near Morrison Street



One of the many amusements found at the Oaks Amusement Park, the huge scenic rail.

W. E. PEGG BEAVERTON, MORTICIAN OREGON WE SERVE, REGARDLESS OF THE TIME DAY OR NIGHT

Where Can I Buy It?

Grid of advertisements for various businesses including Nurseries, Motorcycles, Florist, Patent Attorney, Wallpaper, School Books, Trucks, Attorney, Optician, Auto Parking, Restaurants, and Chiropractor.