

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING BUY AND SELL

**5 CENTS
A LINE
PER TIME**

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, Astoria News, Yamhill Journal and Clatsop Herald.

OVER 17,000 READERS WEEKLY

PERSONAL

ANY GIRL in need of a friend, write Elsie H. Alleman, the Saltonstall Army White Shield Home, 465 Mayfair Avenue, Portland.

MISCELLANEOUS

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 45.

I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Elma A. Lynch. J. W. Lynch, Rt 1, Beaverton, Ore.

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 FORD TUDOR SEDAN—Duo paint, good condition, \$125 down. Balance easy terms. Stipes Garage, Beaverton.

ONE WHITE LEGHORN BABY CHICKS—\$9 per 100; Rhode Island Reds, \$12.50 per 100. Priers, three for dollar. Tualatin Chickery, Richardson, Tualatin, Ore. Phone Tigard 04132.

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

1929 FORD COUPE—Wire wheels, motor good condition, Duo paint, Stipes Garage, Beaverton.

1929 FORD ROADSTER—Box delivery, rim tires, motor reconditioned \$100 down, balance easy terms. 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 cds 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.

MARCELLING 50c, Betty Hall, phone BR 9944-J-9 for appointment.

LOST—Between grade school and Trece station ring containing initials AR to EE night Eighth Grade Graduation Reward. Mary E. Johnston, Trece Station. It

SEASONED Old Growth Fir \$6 2nd growth \$5. Oak \$7.25 delivered in Multnomah district. Harry Wilson SU 5643.

FOR SALE—Burbank seed potatoes by E. Maly, Tigard R 1 Phone 0815.

PLUMBING, Heating, Repairing. Small payment down—balance terms. Frank Noyes, Beaverton 3303.

GENERAL HAULING—Long and short Distances, Robert Johnson, Phone Beaverton 3152.

Tom Hendricks of Newbern, Tenn. is said to be the owner of a hen that dances every time it hears music.

Cuba has just completed the construction of a new 700-mile highway at a cost of \$100,000,000.

A stone axe-head, 7 inches long and perfectly grooved and shaped, has been unearthed by workmen at the depth of 18 feet below the earth's surface at Phoenix, Arizona.

Testimony that she was forced to sleep in a chicken coop to escape the wrath of her husband won a divorce for Mrs. Frances Sarsynski of Bridgeport, Conn.

Sympathy for the needy persons of his home town, Martinsburg, W. Va., impelled 6-year-old Marvin Cunningham to donate the 1,450 pennies he had saved to the cause of the poor.

MICHELLE SAYS—

WHEN A FELLOW COMES IN WITH AN AD JEST WHEN WE ARE ALL SET TO GO TO PRESS, OUR WISE CLEOPATRA CAT DASHES OUT THE DOOR—HE KNOWS TROUBLE WHEN HE SEES IT COMING—YES!



HER BID FOR HAPPINESS

A WEEKLY SHORT STORY

Without warning I was plunged heading into a pitiful drama of loneliness and desperation, a drama in which disaster was narrowly avoided. All three of us were shocked, nervous. I for one was horrified. The empty schoolroom was bleak and outside the window the stubble fields and meadows of the Middle Western prairie were bleak too. But bleaker than all was the story we were hearing.

"Don't be afraid to tell me the truth," said Mr. Harris, the principal. "I'll find out anyway from your mother. I've always been your friend, haven't I?"

But Carl's face was still hard and sullen. "I told you," he said. "She did it."

He winced and put his hand to the dark patch on his sleeve near the right shoulder. That ghastly patch. Would the doctor never come. "See here, Carl," I pleaded once more. "Just let me wash it with warm water. It won't hurt a bit, and there may be an infection."

He didn't answer. There was no shaking his story either. Could he be telling the truth?

Then we heard the doctor's car outside and his brisk steps down the deserted hall. Mr. Harris went out to meet him and brought him in. Finally the boy's arm was swathed in a huge bandage.

"Now, young man," said the doctor grimly. "I want to know how you got that hole in your arm."

"My mother did it."

The doctor glanced at him sharply. "It's his stepmother," said Mr. Harris.

"Ump. What did she use?" said the doctor, turning abruptly to Carl. "She had an icepick," said the boy. "Well, that's possible. It looks as though you were telling the truth there. What had you been doing?"

PRISON WANTED

"I wasn't doing nothing to her," Carl sobbed. "I was chopping wood outside and I wasn't doing nothing to her. And then a skunk gets in the chicken yard and it kills a chicken. But I couldn't do nothing about it. I didn't see it in time. And she runs out and blames me. Says I should have done something. And she gets sore and puts that in me and I hit her with the ax, the blunt side."

"Oh Carl!" I cried. "You struck her? You hurt her? Is she badly hurt?"

The doctor turned to me and said. "Now, Miss Carroll, we've kept you long enough. You run along home and get this off your mind if you can. We'll take care of Carl tonight. I think he had better stay in town so that I can watch that arm of his. I'll let his folks know."

As I walked hurriedly down the street of the friendly little town and saw the lights burning in the cottages, I could scarcely believe the story I had just been hearing. Here were peaceable, home-loving people. Certainly there was no crime element. This was my second year of teaching in the town and I had grown to like it.

The next day was Friday. Carl appeared with a stiff arm and a thick white bandage which caused a great deal of curiosity in class. On Saturday morning we all got into the doctor's runabout and drove out to Carl's farm.

It was three or four miles out in flat, dull prairie land. We turned off the main road and followed a wagon track until we came to a gate close to the house. It was a small house which had been painted white long ago, two or three sheds and outhouses, unpainted and a

pose I did it for? I know the law. That's assault and battery. Anybody can be arrested for tryin' to kill some one."

For a moment we were too dazed to speak. I was thinking that she had lost her mind, that the farm had already driven her crazy, that we were too late to do anything for her. Then I heard the doctor's slow gruff words as he towered over her. "Do you mean to tell me that you did this on purpose, so that you could be arrested?"

"Yes, I did. I'd rather be in jail than here. I figured out that was the only way I could ever leave here. I wasn't never meant to live on a farm, Doc. Myers."

He patted her kindly on the shoulder as she huddled there and not noticing his words. I stooped swiftly and whispered:

"Mrs. Felton, tomorrow is Sunday. Do you think you could come for a little ride with me if I call for you? I'm going to call for you tomorrow afternoon early. I said 'and I want you to be ready.'"

I can't tell you all that she told me that afternoon. Some of it would not bear repeating. But if you think that women are not sold into marriage in this free, enlightened country of ours, even as they were in olden times, then you should have heard this pitiful little tragedy of forced marriage. She was 18 then. It was no marriage. It was slavery. She did a man's work—all the chores around the house, the chickens, the garden, the churning and helping to feed the stock. The chicken money was hers, by a curious farm custom which allows that much of the proceeds to the woman. She had saved almost a hundred dollars, she told me slyly, with bright, snapping eyes, because the idea of escape had been in her mind and had given her no peace.

She agreed, rather sullenly, not to do anything for a few days, and I let her out beside the porch.

The next afternoon the doctor dropped in at the principal's office to talk over Mrs. Felton's case.

"She's in the mood to do something desperate," I argued. "If we don't help her she is likely to kill one of those men. She can't plan nor look calmly at her situation. She will take what she thinks is a short cut, and ruin her chances for happiness."

We finally agreed that the doctor was to go down and offer to help her get a divorce if she wanted one. If she was willing, he would bring her up to town and see that she had a place to stay until her decree was granted. And he would try to get work for her, to keep her mind occupied.

That winter she was granted her divorce. Part of her egg money, she told me, had gone to pay her board. The doctor had insisted that she keep the rest. She could owe him for her other expenses and pay it back when she began to work. She grew plumper during the winter and actually pretty. It was surprising what rest and good treatment did for her. She was as gay as a bird and simply thrilled to be living in town. She loved the movies and store windows and the lighted streets at night.

"My things don't look right here in town," she said, ruefully, as she studied herself in my mirror. "I look like an old woman and I'm only 22 after all."

Only 22! She was younger than I was. So we spent several evenings taking out the hems of dresses and making them a more fashionable length.

The next day we went over to the barber shop with her and there she had her hair bobbed. It was the final step in her change from the farm drudge to the pretty bright young woman.

One evening late in the winter she came running in to me and sat down breathlessly before she could speak. "What do you think?" she cried finally. "He's gone and married again. I just seen Carl and he told me. He says she's young, too. The poor little thing. I wish I had seen her first."

And that was the end of her old life. Her past was a closed book. Her future—well I'll tell you this much. She is being escorted home from church sociables by Bill Chase, who runs the gasoline station across from the postoffice. Bill, as everybody calls him, couldn't be more than a year or so older than she, but he is a hard worker in spite of his grinning outlook on life. Bill meets every situation with a smile, and when this new situation came up—the pretty little bright-eyed woman in red—he met her with a smile, too. And she was not the woman to resist a smile, she who had known so few.



NITROGEN IS IMPORTANT

Nitrogen is probably the most important element which we are concerned about in agriculture today. According to F. E. Allison, Senior Chemist, Bureau of Chemistry and Soils, nitrogen in a gaseous form constitutes approximately four-fifths of the atmosphere but it is only after it has entered into combinations with other elements that it becomes a food material for most plants.

In forms such as ammonia, nitrates and various organic combinations, it is indispensable for the existence of all forms of plant life. There is no doubt in our mind that the great emphasis that has been placed on securing adequate and cheap sources of fixed nitrogen for agriculture and the industries is justified.

It would be fine if nitrogen could be maintained automatically in the soils but constant cultivation has brought about a depletion of the supplies by removal in crops, by leaching, by escape to the atmosphere in gaseous forms.

There are many ways in which nitrogen can be added to the soil, all of the methods being known to farmers and are in the incorporation of legumes in the soil, the adding of various animal manures and of the organic and mineral fertilizers.

Nitrogen is the real limiting factor in crop production in all of the agricultural lands we are familiar with.

FARMERS READ MORE

There was a time not so far in the past when farmers did not read much. Perhaps the almanac with the signs of the Zodiac was their chief diversion.

Not long ago, a survey was made through the U. S. Department of Agriculture and it was found that approximately ninety per cent of the farmers of the United States took one or more farm journals, about fifty-five per cent took a country newspaper and over twenty per cent have radios.

Farmers receive from the Federal government and from state agencies approximately 30,000,000 bulletins annually. The farm journals long recognized as leaders in the development of agricultural life are doing increasingly effective work. Daily newspapers devote approximately twice as much space to agriculture as they did ten years ago and now in all states many weekly publications are devoting special departments and pages to agriculture.

For the alleged violation of the corrupt practices act, the district court has removed from office Mat Wagner who during his recent campaign for mayor of Winona, Minn., distributed 600 dozen eggs to the town's citizens at 1 cent a dozen—15 cents below market price.

When 21-year-old Marie Aubin lost control of her automobile at Plattsburg, N. Y., it crashed through the side-wall of a frame house and hit the bed occupied by Walter Rizzi with such force that the slumbering man was hurled to the floor of the room.

Where Can I Buy It?

NURSERIES	MOTORCYCLES	FLORIST	PATENT ATTORNEY	WALLPAPER	SCHOOL BOOKS
BENEDICT NURSERY CO.	AT LOWER PRICES	PORTLAND'S PROGRESSIVE	THOMAS BILYEU	Largest Assortment, and Lowest	BOOKS
Low Prices on Fruit Trees and Shrubs	Make Your Selection Now	FLORIST	Patent Attorney	Prices in	We carry all
101 E. 34th St. N. Portland, Ore.	WRITE FOR FREE LIST	FLOWERS	Patents, Trademarks, Copyrights	WALLPAPER	STATE SCHOOL BOOKS
Two blocks north of Glisan.	Parts and Service for All Makes	TOMMY LUKE	Free Booklet and Disclosure Sheet on request	Visit	New and Second Hand
TRUCKS	MOTORCYCLE SUPPLY CO.	Sixth and Alder (Almost)	802 Corbett Bldg Portland	SMITHS WALLPAPER HOUSE	HYLAND BOOK STORE
GENUINE BARGAINS	Third and Taylor Portland	Portland, Oregon	AUTO PARKING	108-110 Second Street Portland	205-7 Fourth Next to Fire Station
Is Slightly Used	Northwest Distributors for Super and	IT IS ONLY ON THE BASIS OF	Market Parking Station	RESTAURANTS	CHIROPRACTOR
FORD — GRAHAM — REO	and 4-Cylinder Henderson	CONFIDENCE AND TRUST	OPEN DAY AND NITE	When you go to Portland go to	Dr. John E. La Valley
We have the Truck you want	WRITE FOR CATALOG	THAT YOU CAN BUILD UP	Rates by Day or Week	IL TROVATORE CAFE	Chiropractic Physician
SABLE'S	ATTORNEY	BUSINESS	4th and Taylor Street Portland	Italian Meals	215 Alisky Bldg. AT 4836 Portland
123 Hawthorne	Beacon 7277 Residence Beacon 5071	FREDERICK M. DEMPSEY	225 Fifth Street Portland	Opposite Court House	
Take 201	Attorney at Law	Evenings by Appointment			
620 Washington	326 American Bank Bldg. Portland				
Beacon 0378					