

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

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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 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, 565 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 46.

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

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Although nearly two years have passed since the new small size currency was placed in circulation by the U. S. Government, there are 95,581,861 of the old large-size paper currency with the total face value of \$724,880,861 still in the hands of the people.

NICKIE SAYS—

WHEN A FELLER COMES IN WITH AN AD JEST WHEN WE ARE ALL SET TO GO TO PRESS, OUR WISE OLD OFFICE CAT DASHES OUT THE DOOR. HE KNOWS TROUBLE WHEN HE SEES IT COMING—YEP!



LIFE'S PAY DAY

A WEEKLY SHORT STORY

In the twilight of a May day two men sat at the desk of a church study. The mellow light fell softly upon the gray hair and kindly face of the elder, the expression of which was dreamy and meditative. He was seeing visions—an old man's visions of the past. The younger waited rather breathlessly.

The old clergyman began his story slowly. His voice seemed to come back from far away as though his physical body had drifted back into the years with his thoughts.

I knew the day had ended. I had snapped off the center lights, and had my hand outstretched to shut off my desk lamp, intending to rest in the shadowy evening, when a light knock fell on the door.

The door opened and a woman stepped inside. With a rather impatient "Well, madam, what can I do for you?" I pressed the button and flooded the room with light.

A single glance at her figure was quite sufficient to reveal to me the age-old story. With a feeling of disgust at the sordidness of life, I requested her to be seated and leaned back prepared to hear the usual story of abuse, ill luck or desertion. "Won't you please turn out those lights again?" The exquisite modulations of the voice that uttered rather a command, than a petition brought me upright and, even as I obeyed her request, her face became stamped indelibly upon my consciousness.

A face to make a merely human man immediately desire to become a Galahad. So nearly faultless of features that it would have lacked character, but for her firm mouth and small, determined chin. And her eyes. Ah! those eyes! Clear, innocent, steadfast, no cringing guilt there, but such trouble and bewilderment that my experience-hardened heart was wrung.

As the lights went out she sank into a chair before me where the single lamp shed its light upon her face.

LOVE LOST FOREVER

"I will not detain you long," the soft voice said. "I hated to intrude at this hour, but I felt I could not come until you were sure to be alone. Perhaps, sir," the slight Southern accent accomplished my complete capitulation—my own mother came from Alabama, "You will remember visiting our small town of Compton about this time last year. We were giving an entertainment and you brought some singers from your church to assist us."

As she spoke, a little shudder of my mind opened, and though the gentle voice went on with her story, I scarcely heard, as memory painted a picture so vivid that I was amazed I had failed to recognize her at once.

The pleasant bustle of the little country church; the happy faces of young and old; the little company of youths and maidens performing with not unpleasant skill; but like a lily, pure and innocent in a garden of gorgeous roses, was the little Southern girl who charmed us all with her music whose fragile beauty had played upon our hearts as her hands played upon her harp. I saw with startling distinctness her dark eyes raised in unconscious adoration to the ardent tender face of my golden voiced tenor, and I did not need to hear his name as she concluded, "And so, sir, I thought perhaps your influence with Henry might show him that for our child's sake we can no longer avoid the publicity of marriage."

I sat amazed, aghast—Henry Gavin—my pride—the delight of my music-loving soul, the idol of old and young.

And yet, I had of late felt a vague uneasiness about him. Henry's merry laugh sounded forced and cold. His eyes had lost somewhat of their clear frankness; and oftentimes I had fancied I caught a flaw in the absolute perfection of his voice. I had reproached myself that I had become suspicious, cynical. Now a dozen subtleties and clearly.

As, with a heavy heart, I called his number, his vibrant voice sounded slightly reluctant, but with some demur he agreed to come over to my study.

We sat in silence, only a slight movement of her hands betrayed her nervous tension. As his step sounded in the corridor, I turned on the lights and opened the door. He crossed to where she sat.

She raised her hand pleadingly to him. He had only accusations to heap upon her.

He finally struck aside her outstretched hand in cold anger that chilled my slightest hope for her.

He made it perfectly clear that in coming to me she had disobeyed his express commands, and had forfeited in this betrayal any consideration he might have had for her.

He had loved her, yes, but his music was his mistress. He would sacrifice any interest in life to his art. No man made a success in life who bound himself to a woman early in his career. He would provide for her, but marry her—never!

Like little icicles that, loosened by the noonday sun, fall one by one to the pavement, words fell from her stiffened lips.

"You are quiet right, you shall never marry me." A proud dignity enveloped her as she turned: "Sir," she addressed me, "will you secure from this gentleman an oath that he has no claim upon my child?"

I had turned to the telephone when a sharp cry made me whirl. The cowardly cur had attempted to leave but she had slipped before him and turned the key. I verily believe he would have stricken her had they been alone.

I have often thought God had Henry Gavin in mind when he fashioned me, for He had given me great physical strength. None too gently I swung him into his very chair and kept my eye on him as I called Evelyn, my wife.

My desk clock ticked like the beating of a heart in the heavy silence that ensued.

At my wife's rap a smothered oath broke from Gavin. Evelyn's outstretched hand fell slowly and her friendly smile faded as she took in the scene. Alas, the life of a clergyman's wife makes wise the simple!

My beloved crossed the room and taking the girl's hand, turned to face Gavin with motherly protection in look and gesture.

I wrote a brief statement, and Gavin signed it with sullen mutterings. My wife and I sadly witnessed his repudiation of all claims on the child he had fathered. Then he went.

Then Evelyn whose emotions had alternated between pity and indignation, rose to her feet and pronounced judgment.

"Never again shall he have the opportunity to claim either you or the child, my dear," she promised. "For the present you must come to us; be our very welcome guest until the hour of your trial. Afterwards we will plan for you and yours."

SUCCESS AND REVENGE
To my question as to what she had told her aunt, Alice for so we called her ever after, told me that

she was employed in social service work; that she had gone home once or twice and the dear old lady was quite content as long as she was happy.

When I asked her if I should not act as mediator, the appealing gratitude of the dark eyes raised to mine unmanned me and I hastily suggested that we go to the parsonage.

A letter to the aunt, telling her that her niece was in trouble, brought that little old-world lady to us next day. I met her and took her to the study where, as gently and carefully as I could, I gave her a few brief facts.

Beyond a consultation with the heads of my musical committee, in which they agreed that we engage a new tenor, I knew nothing of Gavin for many years.

Then I learned that he had indeed gone the way of the world, and for a time had achieved his ambition; but the golden apple must have changed to dust and ashes in his mouth. Eventually his voice had left him and his world friends had forsaken him.

Alice had a beautiful boy, completely her own, bearing no likeness to his father. In order to secure him and herself from possible molestation, she assumed her mother's name, Dorothy Corbin, and named her son, Franklin, for her mother's father. I asked if I might add George, my name and that of our one dear son who barely saw the light of this world.

"That," she said, "would fill my cup of gratitude to overflowing."

And so we baptised him George Franklin Corbin but she called him George.

They left us and went to a distant city where, through the influence of an old family friend, Alice took up her music and by teaching added sufficient to their revenue to allow them to live in comfort.

Some twelve years after they left us Alice wrote that the dear little auntie had gone from them; that she was returning from the old Southern home where they had laid her to rest.

Then Alice told us that when he was a mere baby she had discovered the wonder of his voice and had most carefully, with the aid of her old music master, preserved and cultivated it.

Now she was going to New York to find a master for him.

Of George we heard regularly and ever he was mounting up and up. Alice, too, was studying again, and always appeared as George's accompanist.

The years slip by so quickly as life runs on, and it seemed but a year or two till we received news that he had returned from Europe, where he had swept the musical world from its feet.

His arrival in New York was a pageant of triumph, but we could not go and they wrote they would come to us soon.

Ah, me! Before they came Evelyn had slipped away and I was left the loneliest of men, but they did come to reverence and honor her in death and George sang at the beautiful requiem services.

They came again when he sang to raise funds for my orphanage—my darling project of my old age. They wanted me to be one of a party, but I had no heart for that. I just slipped in quietly to be lost in the crowd and unobserved, discover the secret of George's magical influence upon the mass of humanity.

As the lights went down and he led his mother to the front of the stage to receive the thunder of applause that greeted them I heard a strangled cry beside me and saw a man lean out, grasping the seat in front with hands so strained that the knuckles grew white. When George's first numbers were over and the lights flashed on I turned to look at the man. Our recognition was simultaneous. It was Gavin!

The following morning George came to my study once more and I told him. He looked troubled. "I would not like her to know

that," he said. "Could you locate him I could for I had seen to that."

He wrote two checks, put them on the desk and taking my face in his hands, kissed me on both cheeks.

"Good-by, my dear George." I picked up the checks, one for the poor wretch, his unworthy father. The other took my breath away by its munificence. Now indeed I could build my orphanage.



BEE DIFFER

To most folks, the honey bee is just one big family but to those who know anything about them, there is quite a difference in their physical characteristics and behavior.

The honey bee is not a native in the United States but was introduced from Europe in the first half of the Seventh century. Those studying these insects recognize and know about several certain varieties or races and for the bee keeper in the United States the most important of these are the Italian, the Caucasian, the Carniolan, the ordinary black or Dutch bee, the Cyprian and the German brown. The Italian and the Cyprian are readily distinguished from the other races, according to W. J. Nolan, apiculturist, Bureau of Entomology, U. S. Department of Agriculture, by having yellow, or russet orange, bands on the front part of their stomachs. The Cyprian worker bee is readily distinguished from the Italian bee by its small size.

The Caucasian, Carniolan, Dutch and German brown bees are known as dark bees because their general appearance is dark brown or black or sometimes both. The Cyprian is said to be the least gentle and in this way is closely followed by the Dutch and German brown. The Caucasian is reputed to be the most gentle and the Carniolan a little more gentle than the Italian. In fact, the Cyprians when aroused are the most persistent stingers and are so bad-tempered that most bee keepers do not want them in their apiaries.

In this country, the Italian bee has the reputation for keeping its hive cleaner and for fighting foul brood better than the darker races. The Dutch bee has a very pronounced tendency to swarm.

COTTON FOR CHILDREN

Don't cram the kids' style by dressing them in satins, silk and velvets. It may be all right to use some of these materials for "high dress" but what kid is there who hasn't been scolded repeatedly for soiling or tearing his "fine" clothes. Kids will be kids and must play freely and uncensored so dress the little boy and girls in cotton. A happy child is one who is allowed to have free and unrestricted play and because cotton cloth is so durable, so cheap, it is ideal for the little folks.

Clarice L. Scott, Assistant Clothing specialist, Bureau of Home Economics, says that little girls enjoy play dresses when they are fashioned from gaily printed lawn, gingham and percale. The soft dainty texture of these fabrics makes them especially comfortable and adaptable to the designs which must always have fullness for free play. A dress-up frock is attractive and practical when made of either dotted Swiss, dimity, lawn, batiste and voile.

Sturdier types of cotton satisfy the active small boys, who must climb trees and turn somersaults. Heavy cottons that are closely woven, such as damras, garboline, gaiters, and the like, may be used for winter suits, while small boys clothes, especially shirts and blouses are comfortable of made of light weight gingham that harmonize with trousers of fine ribbed pique, poplin or broadcloth. All of these fabrics have body enough to tailor neatly, yet they are soft in texture.

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