

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, 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.

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

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

1926 FORD ROADSTER—Box delivery, rim tires, motor reconditioned \$30 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 Sts. 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. Spiesz N. Union Ave., Aloha.

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

1926 FORD ROADSTER—With pickup box, balloon tires, wire wheels motor reconditioned, \$25 down, balance easy terms. Stipes Garage Beaverton.

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

SEASONED Old Growth Fir \$6, 2nd growth \$5. Oak delivered \$7.25 delivered in Multnomah district. Harry Wilson SU 5543.

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

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

CARPENTER, Grinding and Saw filing. Phone Beaverton 7651.

1928 CHEVROLET CABRIOLET—two new tires, an O. K. that counts, \$100 down, balance easy terms. Stipes Garage Beaverton 3003.

1928 CHEVROLET LANDAU SEDAN, \$115 down, balance easy terms, upholstery fine condition, original Duco, 1932 license. Stipes Garage, Beaverton 3003.

WE HAVE SEVERAL GOOD CARS—40 to 80, various models, good condition, small payments, balance easy terms. These cars will give valuable transportation, exceptionally low price. Come in and see them. Stipes Garage, Beaverton 3003.

WET WASH OR ROUGH DRY—Delivered same day. Mrs. Kilander 3rd and Angel Sts., Beaverton.

FOR SALE—Canary Birds, Singers and females. AT 5844, Mrs. Fred Harris, City Ave., Multnomah.

WEANED PIGS—FOR SALE F. A. Eichler, Box 30 Aloha, Wheeler Avenue, South.

On the Pacific coast, off the shores of Oregon and British Columbia, there are seaweeds with stalks more than 500 feet in length.

MICKIE SAYS—

ONCE THEY WUZ A CITY MAN WHO WENT OUT INTO TH' COW PASTURE AN' SAT ON A STOOL, WAITING FOR TH' COWS TO BACK UP AND GET MILKED = TH' BOSS SEZ TH' MERCHANT WHO DOESN'T ADVERTISE REMINDS HIM OF TH' CITY MAN



ately in love with her, begged her day after day to marry him. She finally consented, caught on the apathetic rebound.

Dusk had come; the lights of the city began to flicker and come on like myriads of fireflies. With no word of excuse or explanation, as if it were but the natural thing, I turned the car down a coconut studded avenue which led to the bayside. There I stopped, switching off the current.

My heated brain rolled back the curtain of the years. I bent swiftly toward her, passion undubitably written on my yearning face, love holy and enduring in my pleading voice. "Sweetheart!" I cried. "Oh, my darling sweetheart!"

Her slender little hand, the one on which was ringed the wedding band, gently held me away. "No, Arnold," she said. "No."

"You love me!" I cried fiercely. "I know you do! And what else counts?"

"Honor," she said simply. "Honor is more than love."

Realization came then, and even though I detected the sob in her voice I turned miserably away.

Her marriage, after all, was a chasm I could not climb. Old Fate had played his joker not only foolishly, but too well!

I took her home, to the little rented bungalow in the poorest and most unattractive section of West Palm Beach.

Time dragged by I fought day after day, night after night, to kill my passion and desire for Doris a married woman.

Then—bitterest picture of all—I saw Doris shoulders droop, saw her once lissom figure stooped with pain and toil, saw the gay light depart from her erstwhile merry eyes.

The sight was a curse to me!

And all the while my own wealth grew; I had all, and far more, than I wanted. I was worth almost a million dollars.

Ironie old Fate capper everything with a psychological climax.

The other day I saw Doris passing a fashionable dining place, and her gaze was riveted for several seconds longingly on the attractive viands in the windows.

Since then, every time I dine at a fine restaurant or attend a banquet the food turns to ashes in my mouth. And so today, as I write this, the matter rests—and it will always rest thus, I am sure.

I loved, I lost—I wish I had never loved! For if I had not, today I would be like other men, enjoying normal life to the utmost, spending happy times with merry companions leading a natural existence. As it is, I am the most wretched man on earth.

POLICE DOG ORDERS OWN DINNER BY TELEPHONE

It would seem but natural that a police dog should know how to summon aid, and Pal, a puppy, who resides in the tailor and shoe shop at Chicago's House of Correction certainly knew what to do in an emergency.

On Sundays the dog is left alone, but someone usually brings his food to him about one o'clock in the afternoon. As long as Pal was fed, this arrangement was entirely satisfactory to him, but there came a day when the food was not forthcoming. Growing hungrier and hungrier, he prowled about the place until he knocked the receiver off the telephone on his master's desk and barked loudly.

The operator at the private branch exchange telephone switchboard heard the barking, and it was not long after that until Pal was enjoying a plate of "eats."

HARDWARE

Plumbing and Heating

F. W. BISHOP

Phone 2003 Beaverton, Oregon

LUNCH COUNTER

and

BILLARD PARLOR

MAPES & SON

In Manning Building

MERCHANTS LUNCH

Sarah Anne's Cooking Class

During the hot weather it behooves us all to save ourselves from the heat as much as possible. We can do this by some of the recipes for short cuts in cooking. Many delicious and novel desserts can be made in a few moments, some require no cooking. The frostings are astonishingly easy to make and are usually perfect.

Uncooked Lemon Pie

1 1-2 cups condensed milk,
2 eggs,
1-2 cup lemon juice,
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
Grated rind of 1 lemon
Blend together, condensed milk, lemon juice, grated rind and egg yolks. Pour into baked pie shell. Cover with meringue, made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake in a moderate oven until brown. Chill before serving.

Caramel

Place a can of unopened condensed milk in a kettle of boiling water and keep at boiling point for three hours, being careful to keep can covered with water.

Remove from water and chill thoroughly. Remove from can as follows: Warm can by immersing in hot water about one minute. Punch a hole in bottom of can, remove top with a can opener, cutting just below top edge, starting at seam. Loosen caramel from side of can with a tableknife dipped in hot water. Turn on to a plate, cut in slices with a knife dipped into hot water. Serve on slice of pineapple topped with whipped cream and nuts. For convenience caramelize several cans of condensed milk at one time and keep in refrigerator ready for immediate use.

Graham Cracker Cake

1 tablespoon butter,
1 cup condensed milk,
1 egg,
1 cup finely rolled graham crackers,

Pinch of salt,
1 teaspoon baking powder,
1-2 teaspoon vanilla,
1-2 cup shopped nut meats.
Melt butter, add to condensed milk add well beaten egg yolk and one cup graham cracker crumbs. Add baking powder and salt. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Turn into well greased baking dish. Bake about 25 minutes in moderate oven. Serve plain or with whipped cream.

Chocolate Frosting

4 squares unsweetened chocolate,
1-2 cups condensed milk,
1 tablespoon water.
Melt chocolate in double boiler, add condensed milk, stir over boiling water five minutes until it thickens. Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

IT IS ONLY ON THE BASIS OF CONFIDENCE AND TRUST THAT YOU CAN BUILD UP BUSINESS.

BENEDICT NURSERY CO.

Low Prices on Fruit Trees and Shrubs

185 East 87th St., N. Portland, Ore.
Two blocks north of Glisan

Beacon 7217 Residence Beacon 5071

FREDERICK M. DEMPSEY

Attorney at Law

Evenings by Appointment

826 American Bank Bldg. Portland

PORTLAND'S PROGRESSIVE FLORIST

FLOWERS

TOMMY LUKE

Sixth and Alder (Almost)

Be. 7215 Portland, Oregon

Largest Assortment, and Lowest Prices in

WALLPAPER

Visit

SMITH'S WALLPAPER HOUSE

108-110 Second Street Portland

Dr. John E. LaValley

CHIROPRACTOR

Chiropractic Physician

215 Alisky Bldg. AT 4836 Portland

PILLOW OF DREAMS

WEEKLY SHORT STORY

"It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." I think that's a lie. I think that life without love is better than life with a vain love.

Yes, I hate that old quotation, and sometimes I even hate that word "love." For, if long ago I had not loved, today I might have been happy. Ten years ago I came here to West Palm Beach. People were then yet laughing at the big financiers "folly" in building a railroad down the east coast to Key West.

To all of this criticism I good-naturedly laughed. I could afford to laugh. For I was one of the first men to realize the fact that, despite its many undoubted commercial and geographical handicaps, Florida had a golden future—and it would last as long as the sun lasted.

I bought vast acreage and resold it as building lots—lots for which I often got a hundred times what they were intrinsically worth.

In two years I had a stenographer and a bookkeeper, and I began to smoke 25 cent cigars and think of the time I could discard my flivver and buy a real car. In three years I incorporated as a land-selling and building organization and I had my big touring car and my own private secretary. In four years I was rich one of the best known and most influential realtors in West Palm Beach.

Then in the fifth year, when I was not quite 30 years of age, a new magic came to me—the magic of love! For it was then that I met Doris.

"Doris Edwards. Twenty years of age. Unmarried. Orphan. Room 14 Clairborne Hotel. Stenographer, with fair knowledge of filing and bookkeeping."

That was the information she gave in a rounded, girlish chirrup on the application blank my office manager told her to fill out the day she inquired for a position.

And she got it, luckily for me. Or unluckily, as I now realize! Her salary was \$25 a week, seemingly small, but really all of the job was worth.

My private secretary was absent

on her annual vacation. Various employees were "filling in" for her, and one day, in answer to my buzzer the door softly opened and Doris came shyly in to take a letter.

"PLANS OF MEN"

This was the first time I saw her. I don't remember dictating that communication; I dare say, thinking on it now, it was a vague or ambiguous affair—for all I could see or think of was the slender, pretty young girl who sat in the chair before my desk.

Gradually we became acquainted. Friends, close friends. I suppose that the office force raised quizzical eyebrows everytime I saw us together, but naturally I was above what my employees thought. When love enters, as everyone should know, position, age, all fly out of the window. And it was that way with us.

The beach casinos, the country clubs, the jai alai courts, the yacht club, the gilded dining places, the jockey and kennel clubs, and the gay dancing salons—we went to them all.

One night we drove in my coupe down to the bayside. The tropical moon made fairylike silver patterns on the calm waters, but all I could see was the beatific light in Doris' wide young eyes.

Mortal man could fight back primal desire no longer.

I took her swiftly into my arms. "Sweetheart," I said. "Sweetheart! I want you! I love you!"

A slim arm crept up and around my neck; I felt warm, intoxicating lips on mine. "I love you, too," she whispered, simply, childishly, faithfully, as though that settled all—her arduous future, her practical destiny, her material home, her mate her family—everything.

We planned to marry the next spring. The barrier on the Hymeneal Sweepstakes would soon be lifted!

But spring came and there were no marriage bans, for Fate—sardonic Fate—stepped in and took a hand.

During the winter I had to go to Boston on important business. Doris and I had an unhappy farewell at

the West Palm Beach railroad station.

Some hours later in Boston, just after I arrived, while walking across the tessellated floors of the South Station to a telegraph booth to send Doris a wire of my safe arrival, I suddenly felt a swift and terrible flash of pain rip down my right side. Then came oblivion.

I came to myself three weeks later. Three weeks, mind you! I was in a small hospital room; there was a competent-faced elderly nurse at my bedside. In answer to my quick, bewildered questions she told me that I had been seized with an attack of acute appendicitis; I was rushed to the hospital, operated on immediately to save my life. The operation seemed successful, but I failed to rally from it. While yet lying under the influence of the anesthetic fever set in. And I came out of the ether only to be delirious. Then the delirium gradually wore off and was succeeded by a state of coma that held me in its lethargic grip for two weeks.

But Doris? Doris! Oh, my darling sweetheart, she must be worrying so! I was frantic, distraught. At my pleading the nurse phoned the hotel where I had reservations and told them to send my mail if any, over to the hospital.

The messenger soon came. Yes, there were letters, a number of them written during the past few days—but all were from my business associates in West Palm Beach. There was not even a note or a card from Doris.

I thought and thought; my poor sick mind was racked with a thousand conjectures. What should I do? What should I do?

Finally, I had the kind nurse send a telegram to Doris' home address saying, "Have been ill. No letter from you. Please write immediately."

The hands of the tiny clock on the white dresser dragged so slowly for the next few hours. Six o'clock came. Eight. Then, after an eternity, 10. And finally midnight. No answer came.

About 2 or 3 I dozed fitfully, flashes of sleep fraught with horrible nightmares. After a meager breakfast I sent the following wire to my office manager: "Is Miss Edwards in the office?"

Two hours later I had his reply: "Miss Edwards resigned the day you left. Now in Twin Falls, Idaho, I believe."

What would you have done?

In a month I left the hospital—well in body at least! I attended to my business affairs, then, phlegmatic-faced, returned to West Palm Beach. I took up the old life where I had left off.

Let me pass quickly to the end of this tale.

One day several years later I met Doris, face to face, on the main business artery of West Palm Beach.

GANG AFT AGLEY

I paused, flushing, embarrassed, knowing not what to say. She paused also, crimson mounting to her lovely brows, slow, hesitant words on her trembling lips.

My quick eyes took in a cheap wedding ring on her finger, the shabby garments on her frail person, the dark circles under her now languid eyes.

In her arms were some brown paper bundles. In sudden humility I took them from her, saying my car was just around the corner, that I insisted on taking her home. Silently, she let me have my way.

Once ensconced in the seat beside me she closed her eyes, restfully for a few minutes, relaxed back and then said, rather shyly, "And you never wrote?"

"You never wrote!" I accused hotly, before I could command my feelings.

"Yes, I did," she countered calmly, "but the hotel returned them after ten days, as 'Refused' instead of 'Unclaimed,' and naturally she had not written any more. And it had never occurred to me that my mail wouldn't be held."

On such trifles does the earth's axis move! On such trifles is love upraised or cast down! On such trifles is the fate of persons, even nations, wrought.

Not hearing from me, and then having her letters returned, she had in time and after many bitter thoughts (she recounted this with face averted) come to the conclusion that I did not care for her; that after all she had been just a "silly young girl," who has just temporarily fascinated me; that no doubt I had met a more mature and charming woman in Boston who meant real happiness to me.

Foolish? Of course! All lovers are foolish. Did you ever see one in your life who reasoned logically? And, I, think what an ass I had been!

Came the aftermath. She met a man in Twin Falls who fell desper-

SUSIE SUNSHINE—

Straight From the Shoulder

By "ZERE"

