

BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

J. LAMBORN ELDER, Publisher

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DELAYING FARM FORECLOSURES.

The foreclosure of many mortgages has created a problem in the United States which must inevitably become worse unless some successful steps are taken to prevent additional foreclosures.

The farmer, as a general thing, is suffering from the burden of indebtedness assumed in former years and many find themselves unable to pay up these obligations. Many farmers have stated to us that they could get along and see a reasonable prospect for future success if it were not for the debts which under present prices for farm products take a heavy toll from the meagre cash income of the agriculturalists.

There has been a good deal of talking about doing something for the farmers but word comes from Iowa of a plan to solve the problem for farmers worthy of a "second chance". It provides for the establishment in each county of a council of bankers, insurance men, farmers, county agents and others, who will hear the problems of every distressed farmer and seek a solution for the individual case. Those who are so heavily involved as to face an impossible future will be advised to turn over their holdings and make a new start. Others whose circumstances and past record indicate a reasonable chance of going forward and living on their farms until price trends improve, will be given it is hoped, liberal treatment by the mortgagees who will thus have assurance in regards to the value of their investments.

Charles T. Hearst, president of the Iowa Farm Bureau Federation, says, "There is no question that if the public spirited, fair-minded men are selected in each county to assist in making plans to permit the present land owner to continue on his farm until conditions improve, mortgage foreclosures will cease to a large extent in Iowa."

Other cities and countries may be interested in following the plan soon to be set up in Iowa.

CHURCH SERVICES

METHODIST CHURCH

George F. Gordon

Sunday at 11 A. M. the sermon subject will be "The Christian's Armour". Text Ephesians 6: 10-20. One great enemy is the flesh. Our greatest warfare is against principalities, powers, world rulers, spiritual hosts of wickedness. Our warfare is not so much with mortal beings as with the immortal powers of evil that rule in lives, and that come to us in the form of the "vices of the Devil". A great spiritual warfare is in progress. The enemy is moving toward victory. A careless and indifferent spirit is being manifest in the lives of millions of Christians and church members.

Come Sunday morning and hear the message. You need it, it will make you realize conditions as they are today in the world of affairs.

At 7:45, Rev. Chas. Salkeld will bring the closing message in a week of special services being conducted by Salkeld and Sankard with the Arnold singers.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Rev. Charles F. Clarke, Pastor

Well friends, we are going to have our services next Sunday at the usual time, we hope to see you. Bible School at 9:45, Morning service at 11 A. M. with the sermon by the pastor on "Participating Shareholders" and evening

service at 7:30 with sermon on the subject "Make Love your Aim" two Endeavor Societies meet at 6:30. On Wednesday at 6:30 we shall have a pot luck supper to which every one is invited. This will take the place of the regular prayer meeting.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Rev. G. W. Springer, Pastor.

This is especially a message for friends and members of the church of Christ. A fellowship meeting given in your honor will be held in the church on Saturday evening at 8 P. M. A program of a most unusual nature which has been some time in the preparation will be given first following this there will be a social gathering in the church basement. A lunch will be served and members are requested to bring sandwiches cake and coffee will be furnished to go with them. This promises to be one of the best fellowship gatherings ever to be held in this church.

If our social gathering Saturday night interferes with our worship on the Lord's Day it will defeat its own purpose. Everyone is urged to make a special effort to be present at the Lords table Sunday morning. The topic of the morning worship will be "An Acrostic".

We appreciate the active part the Endeavor take in the evening worship. A special part will be given them every Sunday night. The topic of the evening service will be "An Inevitable Meeting".

BENEFIT DANCE

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LADY BLANCHE FARM

A Romance of the Commonplace

by

Frances Parkinson Keyes

WNU Service

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THE STORY

CHAPTER I—Motoring through Vermont, near the village of Hamstead, Philip Starr, young Boston architect, makes the acquaintance, in unconventional fashion, of Blanche Manning, girl of seventeen, with whom he is immediately enamored. From her, in conversation, he learns something of her family history, dating from Revolutionary times. Starr is convalescing from a serious illness, and it being a long distance to Burlington, his destination, Blanche suggests, the small village not boasting a hotel, that he become, for the night, a guest of her cousin, Mary Manning.

CHAPTER II

Lady Blanche farm lay a mile or so south of Hamstead, stretching on one side of the road back to the foothills of the Green mountains, and on the other, in broad, sweeping meadows, straight down to the Connecticut river. Two big houses, one of brick, with a small, semi-detached brick building—the lawyer Moses' office—the other of wood, white-painted and white-pillared, with a large flower garden, stood on it. Across the road was a smaller house, brick with a wooden ell, less true to line, and decidedly less prosperous in appearance.

As they came in sight of all this Philip Starr brought his motor to an abrupt stop, and turned to Blanche, who had unhesitatingly accepted his invitation to "help him find the farm," by riding back with him.

"Is that where you live?"
"Yes, the big brick house is ours. The big white one is Cousin Jane's. The one across the way is where Mary lives."

"Good Lord!"

"What's the matter?"
"Matter! It's the most beautiful place I ever saw in my life. I didn't tell you, did I—I'm an architect. I mean, that's my regular job. But on the side, I can't help dabbling in other things—sketching, modeling, carving—I was four years in Europe while I was growing up, and went back to Paris for a course at the Beaux Arts after I got through Harvard. And I've never—his eyes turned from the landscape and swept over the face and figure of the girl beside him—

"Seen the Elysian fields and one of the nymphs before!"
"It's pretty, but I don't see why you should think it's so remarkable. And it's so delectably dull!—Perhaps we had better hurry a little, or Mary may be through supper."

They stopped beside the least pretensions of the three houses, and walked up the cobblestone path. Here, on the huge granite slab that formed the front doorstep, sat a small boy, who was engaged in eating an enormous piece of lemon pie with his fingers.

"Hello, Moses," said Blanche.
"Where's Mary?"
"She's putting Algernon to bed," replied the small boy. He regarded the stranger with a thoughtful stare from a pair of dark-fringed, divinely blue eyes.

"Algernon!" exclaimed Philip, involuntarily.

"Yes," interposed Blanche, a trifle impatiently. "Cousin Laura—his mother, you know, that died—said she was so tired of the same old family names, that when he came along, she felt she'd simply got to have a change. She found that in a book called 'The Wicked Duke'; Algernon was the duke. It wasn't allowed in the Hamstead library, but it was a great story, just the same. Come in, Mr. Starr, and I'll call Mary. Mary—!—M-A-R-Y—"

"Yes," floated down a voice from the upper story. "Coming, honey. Did you have a good time?"

"Yes, lovely. Hurry up—we've got company."

A door opened and shut quickly, there was the sound of swift footsteps coming across a hall, and a girl, with another golden-haired child—presumably the namesake of the wicked duke—in her arms, appeared at the head of the stairs. In a flash, Philip remembered and understood the quick resentment Blanche had shown when he asked her if her cousin were plain. For if Blanche were lovely, Mary was certainly beautiful, with tall, superbly formed, quiet beauty; Greek statue, and yet, it was of a Greek statue that he almost instantly thought. The blue cotton she had on, dulled and faded from frequent washing, had turned to the soft color in which the girls of the Middle Ages loved to wear their Madonnas; the little boy, rently

snatched from his bath, was wearing Blanche's summons, was pink and plump and sturdy as a piglet. Mary! The of the name, too, seemed startling. What sort of a the indifferent Paul be, he The younger girl's explanation presence broke in upon admiration.

"This is Mr. Philip Starr, Mary. I met him by the architect. He's been a

typhoid fever, and is on his way to Burlington in a motor to make a visit while he's getting strong, but he got lost. I told him I was sure you'd take him in for the night."

"I'm afraid I'm dreadfully intrusive," interrupted Philip, smiling up at Mary, but she in turn interrupted him.

"Of course not. Father and I'll both be awfully glad to have you. Will you put your motor in the shed while I get Algy tucked in? Blanche will take you. I'll be back in a minute, and show you where the guest chamber and bathroom are."

She was already downstairs when they returned from the shed, bending over the guilty but contented Moses. "I'm afraid you won't have any dessert for supper," she said, laughing. "Moses seems to have cleaned out the pantry while I was busy with Algy. But I can open a jar of preserves, and there are cookies. You go upstairs and turn on the water, Moses. I'll be there in just a minute—Hello, Paul!"

Her voice, soft already, softened perceptibly at the last words. Philip, turning quickly, saw a boy who seemed to be simply a larger and masculine replica of Blanche—there was an almost astonishing family resemblance between all these Mannings!—coming up the walk towards them.

"Hello," he said leisurely. "Hello, Blanche, you're going to catch it for running away. Hello—"

"This is Mr. Starr of Boston," put in Mary, quickly, repeating the somewhat scanty information which Blanche had been able to give her about him. "My cousin Paul, Mr. Starr—Blanche's brother."

"How do you do?" said Paul, without much enthusiasm. "Glad to see you—Mother's gone to bed with a sick headache—all used up after cleaning the North parlor. So I thought I better come over here for supper."

"Of course," agreed Mary warmly. "Will you show Mr. Starr where to go while I get Moses settled? Come, Moses."

She disappeared up the stairs again, Philip picked up his bag, which Paul had made no effort to take from him, and followed. Little as he knew of the customs of New England farmers, he thought it unlikely that there were many who looked like this one, or who were at leisure to appear in white flannels at six o'clock on a May evening. He resented both the boy's beauty and his clothes. Paul stopped at the open door of a small room and motioned him to enter.

"I hope you'll find this fairly decent," he said, depreciatingly. "Mary's not much of a housekeeper—there's probably some dust about. That's the bathroom at the end of the hall—there's only one."

"Thanks—have I time for a shave before supper?"

"I guess so—Mary'll wait for you anyway."

The family was waiting for him when he went downstairs again. Blanche had gone home and changed her dress for another white one, softer and flatter than the one she had worn in the afternoon. Mary, apparently, had had no time to freshen up, and had simply tied a crisp apron of generous proportions over the faded blue gingham; while a tired-looking, elderly man, without a necktie and with a shabby coat slipped on over his khaki shirt and trousers, came forward to welcome Philip.

"Pleased to meet you," he said with the same unquestioning cordiality that Mary had shown. "Blanche has been telling us how she happened to find you and that you've been sick. I'm real sorry, but I guess our good Vermont air'll fix you up. Come and set down to supper. It's all ready—such as 'tis. I understand Moses has set up a good share of it."

There was, however, no scarcity of supper. There was, on the contrary, a good deal of it—two big slices of ham, with a quantity of clear, golden-brown gravy, fried eggs, baked potatoes, dandelion greens. Philip thought he had never been so hungry, that nothing had ever tasted so good—

"Want to smoke?" asked Paul at his elbow as they rose from the table.

Philip hesitated. He had not visited in many families where "they did their own work" but he had a vague feeling that he ought to offer to be useful.

"Don't we help with the dishes first?" he asked.

"Mercy, don't you think of such a thing!" Seth exclaimed. "Mary'll have 'em done in no time, while I finish milkin'. You and Blanche and Paul go and set on the front porch and take it easy."

"I'm going to Wallacetown, to a show," said Paul briefly.

"Oh, don't tonight!"

Paul turned on his cousin impatiently. "What are you so down on Wallacetown for?" he asked crossly. "I've got all my plans made—I didn't know we were going to have company, did I? I'd have asked you to go with me, of course, only I knew you wouldn't care for it anyway, even if you weren't too busy—it'll be nine o'clock before you get the dishes done and the bread set." Then, seeing that Mary's face was still clouded, he added, more pleasantly and very persuasively, "Mary—you like me to have a good time, once in a while, don't you?"

"Of course I do. But—"

"Then say you hope I'll have it, like a good girl."

He slipped his arm around her, rubbing his head against hers, and kissing her cheek. She smiled and returned his kiss.

"All right, run along," she said cheerfully. "Blanche, you can keep Mr. Starr amused, can't you?"

"Of course she can," said Philip hastily. But he stood still, looking at Mary with a slightly puzzled expression. Was it possible that Paul—engaged—he had the boy's sister's word

for it—to this wonderful creature, was going to Wallacetown, wherever that



"Then Say You Hope I'll Have It, Like a Good Girl."

might be, to a "show," his privilege to do so practically unquestioned, leaving her to wash dishes and make bread? To his chagrin, Mary seemed to guess what was passing in his mind.

"It's awfully dull on the farm for Blanche and Paul," she said, as she moved about, clearing the table. "I'm glad there's something amusing for him to go to. We don't often have a good show in Hamstead. And I'm glad that Blanche can have a pleasant evening with you. It's lovely on the porch. You can find your way out there all right, can't you?"

Customs of chaperonage in Hamstead are simple, not to say primitive. As a rule, however, they work out surprisingly well. Seth, coming in after dark from the barn, lighted the kitchen lamp, and read the Wallacetown Bugle and his farm paper. Then he took off his shoes, and tiptoed up the stairs to bed, Philip, going up to bed about eleven, found Mary in his room, turning down his bed.

"I say, Miss Manning—may I speak to you for a minute?"

"Of course," answered Mary, turning to him with a smile. "What is it?"

"Your cousin Blanche—she isn't engaged, too, is she?"

Mary flushed. "What makes you say 'too'?" she asked quietly.

"Why—she told me about you and her brother. I hope you won't think I'm fresh if I tell you I consider him awfully lucky."

"It's I that am lucky," returned Mary slowly. "Paul's the dearest boy in all the world, after you get to know him. I feel much older than he is, though as a matter of fact, we're almost exactly the same age. But—we're not exactly engaged. We've a sort of an understanding—'keeping company' it's called, here in Hamstead. But—Paul isn't bound at all."

"Well, I should think he'd want to be," said Philip with visible admiration. "But now, about his sister? Has she got an 'understanding' or anything awkward like that with anybody?"

"No," said Mary, smiling. "She's very young yet, you know—barely seventeen. Why?"

"Because," Philip burst out, "I've fallen in love with her—head over heels. Of course I haven't told her so yet. But I think she's the loveliest—the most exquisite—oh, the—"

"Yes, I know," said Mary. "So you want—?"

"I'm twenty-four years old, and I'm a fairly decent sort," went on Philip, plunging as usual straight to his point. "I haven't any ancestral home like this—in fact, one of my ancestors was an Irish immigrant, and all of my family were very plain people—there weren't any town histories written about them! But we've always been honest, as far as I know, and we've prospered and risen in the world. I've lots of friends. I've inherited some money, and I'm earning more. I've got a pretty good job, for my age. I'm in Davis and Hamlin's office—"

"Gale Hamlin, the architect?"

"Why, yes! Do you know him?"

"I've met him. His niece, Hannah Adams, was one of my classmates on boarding school. I used to visit her, sometimes, in Boston. So you are in his office?"

"Yes," said Philip excitedly. "What tremendous luck! He can tell you about me—Blanche's mother and brother, you know—and you, for that matter! And you will help me all you can with Blanche, won't you?"

Mary picked up her lamp. "I don't believe you'll need an awful lot of help with Blanche," she said, whimsically. "But I'll say a few things to Cousin Violet that might make a difference. Good night."

"You are good! And you don't think I'm an awful chump going at things this way?"

"I think you're rather nice," said Mary, still whimsically—"If you must know!"

She was closing the door gently behind her, when Philip pulled it open again.

"Mary," he said, "I may call you Mary, mayn't I—tell me the superstition about Lady Blanche—about all the Blanche Mannings?"

"Well," said Mary, hesitating a little, "all the Blanches so far have fallen in love at first sight, and married strangers—and gone away from their own homes to live. Their husbands have adored them, and they've been rich and beautiful and—"

"Is that all of the story?"

"Is there anything," asked Mary, suddenly, "that I could tell you that would make you want her any less? Anything that would make you—afraid

to try and get her?"

"Anything in the way of an old superstition, you mean? Good Lord, no!"

"Then," said Mary, "I think that's enough for tonight. And good enough for any night, too, don't it? Especially for a man who has just said he was in love with Blanche—it ought to make you feel as if the suit were half won already! Good night."

NEW AUTO GIVEN AWAY

Continued from page one

this company will increase its subscription list to the point where more advertisers will use its columns at a higher rate, to reach a greater number of people, then in the years to come, this \$3,000 will be returned time and again.

A Business Proposition

It is simply a business proposition and sound from every standpoint. No one loses, not even the papers. This Company will not realize the benefits and cash in on them, however, as soon as our readers, who carry on with us in this great free gift distribution.

It's Fair and Square

The plan for this great gift distribution is absolutely fair and square. Friends and readers of these papers are to determine to whom the gifts are to go, as votes are the deciding factor.

All over this territory the Enterprise, News, Sentinel or Press have or would share in this great gift. The stand ready to help. Every reading giving distribution will find the ground well broken for them. You will readily understand the whole plan once you read our "Everybody Wins Something" automobile and gift distribution announcement elsewhere in this issue.

Costs You Nothing

This company bears the expense. There is not one cent for you to spend. Your time is your own. You can win by simply devoting part of your time. It will be easy, you will find, to be the recipient of one of the big gifts.

Now, at the outset, there are some things to be made clear. Because test" held in the past, the Tualatin there have been "subscription contest" Publishing Co., wants to make everything clear, to know that you really understand that our plan is different. All cards are laid right on the table. Everything is fair, square and above-board.

Everybody Wins something

In some contest there have been contestants who have really worked for nothing. One or two big prizes have been given and these went to the first and second highest candidates, all others were left to hold the sack. In this gift distribution "Everybody Wins Something". You win either a new car, one of the purses of gold, or you win the cash commission.

The Enterprise, News, Sentinel and Press are striving to go ahead and progress and grow as this territory is constantly growing and progressing. The Enterprise, News, Sentinel and Press will continually add new features and make every warranted improvement. Now we want to add hundreds of new subscribers, and in doing this we will pay those who help us generously for what they do for us. Take advantage of this exceptional opportunity right now. For further information, mail the nomination blank, call on, phone or write, Campaign Manager, care of The Beaverton Enterprise, Beaverton, Oregon.

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