

BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

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TWO MYSTERIES

The attention of the nation was directed to two national occurrences during the comparatively recent past, each of which called for strenuous efforts by police officials throughout the country to solve, and the results in both were not exceedingly complimentary to the thousands of police officers throughout these United States.

The entire nation was stirred by the kidnapping and murder of the Lindbergh baby. Every resource of government available to combat crime was thrown into the effort to apprehend the criminals, but to this day the mystery has not been solved. It should be borne in mind, however, in justice to the police officials, that they were hampered somewhat by considerations of the safe return of the child during the early weeks following the crime, which was the period which should have been most productive of clues.

The disappearance of Colonel Raymond Robins about September 3rd, was another strange occurrence which enlisted considerable publicity and called upon the police for service, especially inasmuch as this prominent leader disappeared just prior to an appointment which he had with President Hoover. Two months and one-half later he is supposedly found in a little North Carolina town, under an assumed name, located as the result of the intelligence of a small boy rather than through any activity of the thousands of law-enforcement officers scattered throughout the country.

Such cases illustrate the need for a greater degree of co-operation and coordination between the various authorities throughout the nation. Every state has its own police systems, and in most cases these agencies are highly scattered and decentralized. The task of locating criminals and solving mysteries in this country would probably be assisted by the creation of a central bureau, through which local and state enforcement officers throughout the country could be guided and their efforts regulated consistently. Whenever criminals slip across state lines they pass into different jurisdictions and a new set of enforcement officers take up the problem, except in the case of violation of federal laws.

Considering the thousands of officers devoted to the detection of criminals and the protection of property, it would seem almost impossible for a kidnapping such as that of the Lindbergh child to completely baffle the efforts of every officer. Just as strange is the fact that a man as prominent as Colonel Robins could suddenly drop from sight and completely disappear. If he could do this, a criminal fleeing from arrest should have a good chance of doing the same thing.

THEY CRITICISE SMALL TOWNS

The arrogance with which many residents of cities assume all civic virtues and the delight with which many of their public characters assail the weakness and failures of smaller communities would lead one to believe that there exists some virtue in size and that our great cities are well governed.

Judging by the condition of our largest metropolis, New York and Chicago, the opposite is true. Readers of newspapers are familiar with the disclosures in New York City, which resulted in the retirement of Mayor Jimmy Walker and the awakened public conscience against misrule and grafting illustration.

The city of Chicago is another illustration of how a city should not be governed. Half the real property of Cook county is being sold for nonpayment of taxes and there are few bidders. Property valued at \$1,500,000,000, on which more than \$100,000,000 in 1930 taxes remain unpaid, is on the block because of the muddled fiscal management in the nation's second largest city and the rich county in which it is situated.

For more than a year, those who keep up with such things have known that the city of Chicago was in a desperate plight. Salaries of school teachers have not been paid for months and mismanagement, graft and waste have led to a taxpayers' strike which has completed the debacle and brought affairs to the brink of chaos.

Of course, none of the smart alecs who live in these large cities of the Beaverton Enterprise might profit by the wisecracks at rural incompetency will continue. However, the facts revealed and quit wasting time and worry over the long distance criticism, which is directed against them by the so-called experts and super-experts who seem to have no influence or power over their own home affairs.

Postoffice will be open till 6 p. m. Saturday December 17 and Saturday, December 24. No postoffice service from 6 p. m. December 24 till 8 a. m. December 26.

LADY BLANCHE FARM

A Romance of the Commonplace

by Frances Parkinson Keyes

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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—Mary receives Philip with true Vermont hospitality, and he makes the acquaintance of her two interesting small brothers, Moses and Algy, to whom she is "mother." The mother being dead, and of Mary's cousin Paul, her fiance, Mary Starr finds, in acquaintance with Gale Hamlin, noted Boston architect, in whose office Paul is employed. Recognizing in Mary a friendly spirit, he informs her of his desire to win Blanche for his wife. She is sympathetic, and tells him of an old family superstition concerning the "Blanches" of the Manning family.

CHAPTER III—Violet Manning, mother of Blanche and of Paul, with her sister, Jane, spinster, are dubious concerning Philip's worldly and spiritual standing, but await developments.

CHAPTER IV

The dinner which Mary stayed home from church to cook, was not an entire success, either in her eyes or in the eyes of anyone else who attended it, with the possible exception of Blanche and Philip.

In the first place, it was prepared somewhat hurriedly, and with a sore and grieving spirit—a combination of misfortunes which has proved disastrous to more pretentious banquets. Going into her cousin's room with the bowl of ice and pitcher of leewater, Mary found Paul, clad in pale-blue pajamas, lying on his back in bed, his face lined and white, black rings about his closed eyes.

In spite of her wholesome freshness, Mary was by no means stupid. She knew perfectly well that "shows" in Wallacetown were apt to include other things "on the side," and she knew, too, that a drawn, mask-like pallor might be as certain an indication of dissipation as a puffy flush.

"Oh, Paul," she said reproachfully, "how can you?"

Paul sat up in bed, reaching for the leewater. "How can I what?" he asked crossly.

"You know."

"I'm sure I don't. You're not very definite. Put some of that cracked ice in a handkerchief, will you, and wrap it around my head."

Mary complied in silence. Paul lay down again, and kept very still for some minutes, his tense expression gradually relaxing. Then he smiled, and put his arm around her.

"You're an awfully good girl, Mary," he said softly. "I don't know what I should do without you. Won't you give me a kiss? You haven't yet, this morning."

"Whom did you kiss last?" asked Mary in a hard voice.

"Why you, right after supper last night! Don't you remember? That is—" Mary's gray eyes were looking straight into his, and there was some-

thing in them which Paul found it impossible to meet. "Look here," he broke off angrily, "you are getting to be the greatest prude, do you know it? And an awfully suspicious, jealous one at that. I went to Wallacetown with Jack Weston and some of the White Water crowd—no one else from Hamstead."

"By some of the White Water crowd, I don't suppose you mean our friends and relatives there, do you? You mean some of the girls and fellows that have just come to work in the new mill?"

"Well, what if I do? There's no harm in working in a mill, is there?"

"Oh, Paul," she said reproachfully, "how can you?"

Paul's next remark was interrupted by a terrific clattering and banging in the room above them. Mary arose hastily, in the act of serving stewed tomatoes.

"That's only Algy," she said by way of explanation to Philip, "waking up from his nap. I'll go and dress him and bring him down."

When Algy, still pink and warm with sleep, was settled in his high chair, the ice cream was being served, and the fresh, feathery sponge cake passed about. Both were delicious. There was a comfortable silence as everyone began to eat with renewed appreciation of Mary's talents as a cook.

Good Rabbit Hatches, with or without rabbits, for sale or trade for what have you? Mrs. Zednik, Tigard 0854.

"Paul isn't coming to dinner," she said tartly. "You hurt his feelings very much this morning. I can't think how you can act so, especially when the poor boy is ill. I should have asked nothing better than to sit beside him the whole morning, bathing his poor aching head, if I'd only been equal to it. But then, of course, there's no love as devoted and self-sacrificing as a mother's! Though I felt the same way towards Martin. I didn't feel towards him at all the way you do to Paul. I couldn't have."

"No I don't believe you could," said Mary trying to control the grief and anger that seemed to be struggling for

"No—in fact, I think it's rather better to work in a mill than it is to loaf on a farm. Go on."

"I won't go on," said Paul, more angrily than he had spoken before. "You're enough to drive a fellow to drink—or worse—supposing I had done anything worse. But what does it amount to—kissing a pretty girl that you've had a lark with, when you say 'good-night'—anyway! It's only what she expects. It doesn't mean anything."

"It doesn't seem to—to you," replied Mary, very quietly.

"Oh, Lord! I mean, of course, it doesn't amount to anything wrong. Come back here—"

But Mary was gone, shutting the door behind her.

Outside the house, she hesitated, her lips quivering, her eyes full of tears. She couldn't—she couldn't—go home feeling the way she did, and start getting dinner. The village clock, striking eleven, decided her. Undeterred by the rain, which was still gently falling, she walked up the road towards a little mountain which was part of the farm, and called in memory of the first Blanche, who had loved to go there, "Countess Hill."

It was very quiet on the mountain. Mary, walking up one of the wide, needle-strewn paths that led to the top, the soft rain hardly penetrating the thick trees, began, almost immediately, to find peace and what she wanted still more—time and space to think resolutely about Paul. "What should she do—what ought she to do? Break her engagement? How much, she asked herself, with a quick little quiver of pain, would he care if she did? Why was she always fated to make herself so unattractive to him, to be so tactless, when she was trying only to be fair and honest? And would either of them be any better off if she made what would be, to her, a heart-breaking sacrifice? In vain she admitted that neither her reason nor her instinct should allow her to love a man whom she did not respect or trust, not nearly as much as she already respected and trusted Philip Starr, who, twenty-four hours earlier had been a complete stranger to her. The fact remained that she did love Paul, with every fiber of her being, far more deeply, far more passionately, than she had ever let him see. She always had—she always would.

He had not actually even proposed to her. Their kisses had changed a little in character, had become more frequent—some way, through embraces growing less cautiously and more loverlike they had reached "an understanding." It was not clear in the minds of either of them how or when. But from that faintly determined time, Paul had become all in all to Mary, and Mary had gradually become less than she was before to Paul.

She faced this fact resolutely. Paul did not love her as much as she loved him. Why—why? She almost cried it aloud. He was constantly falling her, not only by his whole idle, self-life, but by follies such as he committed the night before. Folly—there is little compromise of language in the speech of the average New Englander; he does not, as one writer has wittily put it, call a spade a silver trowel. The real name for such follies was sin, and Mary said it, even though she flinched in doing so. Sin! and how had she ever failed him—or anyone else—in thought or word or deed?

Mary could not help knowing that there were other men in the village who had been attracted to her, who would have been glad to make it plain that they were more than attracted. If she hadn't made it plain that no one in the world mattered to her except Paul. There was Thomas Gray, for instance, slow and plodding, but hard-working, kind and wholesome. And then—then there had been Gale Hamlin, the great architect, whose name Philip pronounced with an awe amounting almost to veneration. She had never told her family much about Hannah Adams' uncle. Her casual remarks about him had included little mention of his frequent calls at the Adams' house when she visited there, none at all of that last call, paid at the school when the news of her mother's death had come.

The sharp note of a phoebe bird, singing beside her, brought Mary to the consciousness that she must have been dreaming a long time, and sent her hurrying down the hill, still undecided what she ought to do, but immeasurably, if vaguely, comforted and refreshed. Reaching the house, she slipped out of her wet garments, took a hot bath, dressed again in crisp, clean clothes, and began, a little breathlessly, to get dinner.

She need not have hurried, for everyone else was late, but as she had no means of knowing that they would be, she was both tired and ruffled when, at half-past one, she had a meal ready to serve which would have done credit to an older and more experienced cook. Violet was the first to appear, and Violet was "nervous."

Mary knew it the instant she looked at her.

"Paul isn't coming to dinner," she said tartly. "You hurt his feelings very much this morning. I can't think how you can act so, especially when the poor boy is ill. I should have asked nothing better than to sit beside him the whole morning, bathing his poor aching head, if I'd only been equal to it. But then, of course, there's no love as devoted and self-sacrificing as a mother's! Though I felt the same way towards Martin. I didn't feel towards him at all the way you do to Paul. I couldn't have."

"No I don't believe you could," said Mary trying to control the grief and anger that seemed to be struggling for

mastery in her voice. "I'm sorry he won't come—I'll take off his plate. Won't you come into the parlor now and meet Mr. Starr?"

While this meeting was taking place, very satisfactorily to both persons concerned in it, Seth Manning was sitting patiently in the family carryall outside the village church, waiting for his cousin, Jane, and his small son, Moses, to come out of Sunday school. Miss Manning, in common with her neighbors, saw nothing irreverent in using aisles and porch for a little to formal visiting after the services were over. And as just at this time children's Sunday was looming large ahead of them, there was a good deal to consider.

"I'm just as nervous as I kin be about them new-fangled exercises Miss Weston has chosen," Mrs. Elliott was confiding to Miss Manning. "Of course, seein' she's chairman of the committee on entertainment, none of the rest of us could say a word, but it looks to me as if she'd bit off more'n she can chew. If Sylvia Gray was so's she could be around, I shouldn't worry none, but Land! have you heard? Sylvia's expectin' again, and she's real poorly. She ain't strong enough to have children so fast. I went and told her so the other day and what do you think she said? That she was real pleased, that she only hoped it would be twins, twin girls, so she'd have two of 'em, right off, to go with the two boys! She does beat everything!"

When at last the assembled family, with the exception of Paul, sat down to a repast by this time slightly overdone, Seth was hampered by the desire to avoid trouble and to please everyone all the time. Violet had come to him just before they sat down, and urged him to omit asking a blessing, for fear that Mr. Starr would think they were old-fashioned. He had agreed with her. But now he quailed before Jane's stern eye.

"For what we are about to receive—make us duly thankful," he gulped, all in one breath, and was immediately conscious that now he had offended both his cousins, one by asking the blessing at all, and the other by his manner of doing it.

"Lemme give you some chicken, Mr. Starr," he said hastily, "which do you favor, light or dark?"

Before Philip could answer, Cousin Jane also asked a question.

"I suppose you're not a church member?" she said with dark conviction.

Philip smiled. "Oh, yes," he said. "My father was a Congregational minister. I hadn't told you that before, had I? . . . Dark, please, Mr. Manning."

"A Congregational minister!" exclaimed Cousin Jane in amazement, while the others sat staring at him in speechless relief at his tact in introducing so exemplary a relative into their ruffled midst. "Why, I understood Mary to say that one of your grandfathers was—"

"—Was an Irish immigrant. Yes, he was—North of Ireland Protestant. Plumber, after he got to this country. Made lots of money when he got started to plumb—just hit the first wave in the fashion for bathrooms. He only had one child, and there was plenty of money to let him travel and study and prepare for the ministry—which was what he wanted to do—those queer freaks of heredity come sometimes, you know. He was minister for years of one of the largest Congregational churches in Massachusetts—until he died, in fact. He—

he was an awfully good sort for a fellow to have for a father. My mother came from Brookline. She was an other only child. And I'm another," ended Philip, less cheerfully.

"Do you mean to say," asked Blanche, with unconcealed envy, "that you haven't a cousin in the world?"

"Not one. Nor parents nor grand parents. It isn't much fun."

"Blanche wouldn't agree with you," said Cousin Jane. But her mind was still too busy with Philip's unexpected and gratifying disclosures to dwell long on the shortcomings of Blanche.

"How come you not to go to church this morning?"

"Extenuating circumstances," answered Philip promptly, glancing at Blanche.

Cousin Jane's next remark was interrupted by a terrific clattering and banging in the room above them. Mary arose hastily, in the act of serving stewed tomatoes.

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THE TAX MENACE A GROWING CRISIS

By FRANCIS H. Sisson

President American Bankers Association

NO danger, economic or social, more seriously menaces our life, happiness and prosperity than the rising tide of taxes which threaten to engulf us. This is not simply a problem of the depression. It has been developing for many years, growing more serious all the time. The depression merely brought it to a climax. Unless drastic steps are taken to reverse this trend the problem will not end with the depression. It will continue to weigh down and retard progress for an indefinite period.

In city, county, state and nation the orgy of spending has run on. It is estimated that in the United States the total cost of all government is nearly five times what it was before the World War. Many localities have been brought to the verge of bankruptcy by their expenditures, while many have saddled their citizens with a debt burden that will darken their lives and hamper their progress for years to come.

The total cost of Federal, state and local government in the United States is estimated at forty-six million dollars a day. Based on national income in 1930, this represents about one-fifth the total income of our people, or about \$110 for every individual in the nation. Total taxes in 1931 are estimated to have taken more than 22 per cent of the national income. It is occasion for serious thought on the part of everyone when one day's income out of every four or five must be contributed to the maintenance of government machinery.

Reductions Possible United States Government expenditures were reduced one hundred and forty million dollars during the first quarter of the current fiscal year. The recent action of bankers in calling a halt to unnecessary expenditures of New York City as prerequisite to loans will reduce the cost of government in the country's metropolis, which is second in its expenditures to only the Federal Government. No state in the Union, in fact, no other government on this hemisphere, spends half as much as this one city. These savings in Federal and municipal costs are only the beginning of a movement needed throughout the country. If we are to be led out of depression into prosperity.

Unless the people can be made to realize that money for governmental expenditure can come only from their own pockets as taxpayers, casting depressing effects on both individual effort and general business, there is an imminent threat that we may be forced to meet economic difficulties similar to those that have so seriously handicapped other countries. The question is not primarily one of merely paring government salaries or shaving budgets, but rather of curtailing government activities for which we cannot afford to pay.

The idea that money for these mounting extravagances can be raised by following the slogan "Soak the Rich" is utterly fallacious, for such a policy will simply exterminate "the rich" and eliminate sources of revenue. It is also important to realize that corporate business in this country is in no position to withstand the effects of indefinite advances in tax rates. Current earning reports reveal that fact beyond shadow of doubt. The tax base must be broadened, and it therefore seems likely that Congress will be called upon to reconsider the sales tax, at least as a temporary measure to help meet a critical condition in the nation's finance.

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