

BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

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"Share the Work" and Do It Now

The two outstanding public men in the United States are earnest believers in the "Share-the-Work" movement. According to Pres. Hoover, "This movement affords one of the most practicable methods of speedily relieving the present distressing unemployment situation and should have the active cooperation of every employer and employee."

According to President-elect Roosevelt, "It is not enough to get the big nation-wide industrial organizations to put the 'Share-the-work' plan into operation; it is equally important to get the smaller corporations and smaller employers in every community to put work-sharing into their individual plants and business."

As this unanimity of opinion shows, "Share-the-Work" is a matter that goes beyond politics and party, and touches a vital problem of the moment. It is essential to the future of the country that what work there is be so dispersed as to afford a living to the largest possible number of workers. "Share-the-Work" is a powerful weapon with which to overcome unemployment.

It is especially noteworthy that both the President and the Pres-elect accentuate the need for smaller businesses following the lead of the larger ones. That is essential to the success of the movement. The bulk of the employment in this country is provided by comparatively small industries, and their influence will be the determining one in working out any plan of this kind.

Where Reputation Counts

When it comes to fire apparatus for "town protection" the gallage of a pump power of the motor necessarily determine its usefulness and dependability.

An "assembler" of fire apparatus, that is, a maker who buys a chassis here, body there, and his equipment some where else and simply assembles it in his shop—might offer a pump or a motor equivalent in capacity to the products of pioneer manufacturers who build fire apparatus and nothing else. He might be able to sell his product at 20 or 25 per cent less money. But that doesn't mean that it is the best buy.

Almost anybody can make a thing a little cheaper—or a little worse. The few manufacturers who specialize in making fire apparatus only, go far beyond rated capacities. They choose every bolt, every part, with an eye to its influence on the finished job—will it wear as long as possible, will it maintain its efficiency over long years of arduous service, will it be immune to failure? These are the questions they ask themselves. Quality does the answering.

Then, after "town protection" has been sold, they put at the disposal of the purchaser the full facilities of reliable service departments—something the casual manufacturer cannot do.

HI-WAYS TO HEALTH

by ADA R. MAYNE

OREGON DAIRY COUNCIL

THE ADEQUATE DIET
Authorities agree that the best health insurance is an adequate diet. There is a tendency, when the amount spent for food is decreased, to in turn decrease the amount for the essentials necessary to an adequate diet. When forced to a retrenchment in food expenditures it is a common thing to find that the food served revolves around meat, potatoes, gravy and bread. It is true that these are important, but in a diet of this kind the protective elements, that is, the minerals and the vitamins, have been removed. This type of diet will result in injury to health, especially where there are growing children, if used for any great length of time.

The essentials of a balanced or adequate diet are: Milk, fruit, vegetable and eggs, which are called the "protective" foods. Everywhere, nutrition leaders and authorities urge that food money be spent for foods that will "feed" and not merely "fill", which is true economy in the long run.

It is known through observation and experiment that milk and dairy products do more to make up for the deficiencies in diets than do any other foods. An eminent authority on nu-

trition states, "Milk is both the cheapest and surest protection from the nutritional deficiencies which open the way to diseases and life-long injuries to health happiness and working efficiency."

Surveys show that great numbers of children in the European countries during the World War suffered dietary deficiency diseases due to a lack of the protective foods in their diets. In Denmark many children suffered from a dreaded eye disease caused by the fact that Danish butter was sold to other countries, leaving only butter substitutes and skimmed milk. After an embargo was placed on the butter and the children were again receiving it, together with whole milk, the disease practically disappeared.

It is the wise housewife who will avail herself of these nutritional facts. With such knowledge it will be easy to modify the inadequate diet and to make a balanced one from it. Milk may be used in the preparation of foods, as in mashed potatoes, in gravy or with vegetables. It may also be used to make simple desserts and soups, in fact, it adds food value and protective value in any of its various forms.

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LADY BLANCHE FARM

A Romance of the Commonplace

by
Frances Parkinson Keyes

Service
Frances Parkinson Keyes

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Motoring through Vermont near the village of Hamstead, Philip Starr, young Boston architect, makes the acquaintance in unconventional fashion of Elizabeth 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 Washington, 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 through two interesting small brothers, Moses and Algy, to whom she is "mother," the mother being dead, and of Mary's cousin Paul, her fiancé. Mary, Starr finds, is acquainted 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, and is sympathetic as to her 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.—Paul Manning, pampered in his home life, is inclined to be dissipated, not realizing Mary's true worth, and taking their future relationship as husband and wife as established, though there was no formal agreement. Mary's reproaches for his undue "conviviality" are badly received by Paul, having "celebrated" unduly, misgivings as to the wisdom of the alliance. Starr's disclosure of the fact that he is having "celebrated" unduly, minister, and of his financial standing, establish his in the Manning family's eyes.

CHAPTER V.—Gale Hamlin, long a suitor for Mary's hand, having known her since her college days in Boston, visits Hamstead but makes no progress in his loving suit. Philip's wedding with Blanche, in the immediate future, is understood.

CHAPTER VI.—Philip, poring over old records of the Manning family, learns the somewhat curious story of the "Countess Blanche," French wife of a Revolutionary hero, Moses Manning, and the peculiar "curse" she has transmitted to her descendants and the women of Hamstead. Mary's sage counsel settles any misgivings he had entertained as to the wisdom of the alliance. Starr, having "celebrated" unduly, bitterly reproaches Mary when she reproaches him for his condition, and tells her their engagement is ended.

CHAPTER VII.—Mary, at first acutely conscious of her position as a "blighted" woman, and the disapprobation of her family, is greatly comforted by her friend, Sylvia Gray, and the love of her two small brothers.

Meanwhile, Paul, instead of rejoicing in his longed-for liberty, was finding it utterly "dull, flat, stale and unprofitable."

In the first place, living at close quarters with his mother's "nerves," unrelieved by Blanche's sunny presence or the ready escape to Mary's house which had always been open to him, was not a pleasant experience, as has already been hinted. But this was by no means all. For a day or two after his sister's wedding he was really ill. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, however, he made his way, feeling very blithe and unshackled, to call on Rosalie.

"I'm right in the midst of packing," she announced, "I haven't much time to spare. I'm going back to New York on the midnight."

Paul strove to express his regret. "Don't you go getting fresh with me!" said Miss King, crisply. "I'm not that kind and you needn't forget it, little one. . . . Why didn't you tell me you were engaged to that good-looking cousin of yours? My, but she's a looker!"

"I'm not engaged to her," said Paul shortly.

"Oh, she's thrown you over, has she?" jeered Rosalie. "Well, I should think she would. She can do a lot better than you, Little Boy Blue, even if you behaved yourself instead of hitting it up all summer like you've been doing. That Mr. Hamlin from Boston is sweet on her all right, and he's some swell, believe me."

"It was me that broke the engagement," said Paul, stiffly and ungrammatically.

Rosalie stared at him speechlessly for a moment. But only for a moment.

"So that's the kind of a bird you are, is it?" she inquired with immeasurable scorn. "Well, I've heard a lot about 'ancestors' since I struck this burg, and I don't deny that you've got something to be proud of along that line. The men that came up here—to say nothing of the women that came with 'em—just got settled when the Revolutionary war broke out, and were willing and glad to strike out again and fight for their country, were sure all wool and a yard wide and then some. But I guess if they could look up or down now, as the case may be, and see their descendants wearing out the seats of their trousers sitting on the post office steps and saying what they'd do if they were President, or standing on the curbstone in Wallacetown thinking they're having the best of a time because they've got a

couple too many drinks inside of them and are talking to some skirt they wouldn't introduce to their mother—I guess their old equines and Judges and governors would think the good old stock had run down to a pretty poor line of goods! I got a fellow in New York—four weeks on the eighth—who doesn't know who his father was, let alone any great-grand! But he's white clean through for all that, believe me! If he could have your chance, my! what he'd have done with it! A good home and money for an education and a lady for a sweet-heart! And you've turned up your



"But He's White Clean Through, for All That, Believe Me!"

ugly nose at all of them—while he's had to climb out of the gutter on his way to decency without a soul to help him. But he's got there, all right. I've written Steve that if he still wants a girl who's been fool enough to play round all summer with a stupid rule that said another girl's beau, he can have her, and he's telegraphed back prepart that he'd be waiting in the Grand Central right by the gate on Thursday."

Rosalie having departed without further delay to smooth things out with Steve, that episode seemed to be closed, and Paul felt that he had reason to hope that it would be a long time before anyone made him so thoroughly uncomfortable again. But he was mistaken. The next person to treat him harshly was Doctor Noble. Meeting the boy one day on the road, down which Paul was wandering somewhat aimlessly, David brought his motor to a stop and hailed him.

"Just the person I've been hoping to see," he remarked pleasantly. "I wanted to speak to you about your fiancée. I'm worried about her. I don't think she's looking at all well."

"If you mean my cousin, Mary Manning," said Paul with forced dignity, "she isn't my fiancée."

"Oh," said David still pleasantly. "Well—of course that must be a great disappointment to you, but perhaps it's all for the best. Of course your tastes wouldn't be particularly congenial. Mary has such a fine mind. . . . Well, I must pass along the good news to Thomas Gray the next time I see him, if he hasn't heard it already. I believe he thought, with considerable regret, that you had the right of way in that quarter."

Paul glared. People seemed bent on reminding him that Mary was not, after all, in the least dependent upon him for masculine attentions. It hurt his pride.

"The war news isn't very good, is it?" went on David with an abrupt change of subject. "Ever thought of enlisting in the Foreign Legion?"

If the doctor had asked him if he had ever thought of cutting off his right hand, Paul could not have been more surprised. The war was still regarded in Hamstead, in spite of the sinking of the Lusitania, with impatience, when it was regarded at all.

"Lord, no!" Paul exclaimed now. "Why should I?"

"Why, you're exactly the sort of chap for it! No ties of any kind, independent income, fine constitution—"

"Farmers can't be spared," quoted Paul hurriedly, recalling statistics he had happened to read in some newspaper. "It takes five men in the field to keep one at the front. And I've got heart trouble." He went on, growing very red and writhing more and more at David's pleasant voice.

"Hard luck! But are you sure? Been examined lately? Well, come up to the house some evening and let me look you over. Some evening soon, I'm going across myself, very shortly, as a member of one of the Harvard medical units. We'll be connected with the British army. Jacqueline's going to take up some branch of Red Cross work—nursing, probably. It isn't as if we had any children," ended David a little wistfully. "I'm sure Austin Gray would have done something long ago if it hadn't been for Sylvia. Naturally any man that's fortunate enough to get a family like that makes it his first consideration as long as he can. Well, good-by."

Paul began to feel very sorry for himself. Public opinion, which he had at first thought to be wholly on his side, seemed to be gradually, but none the less surely, swinging the other way. If the other women still clattered against Mary, the younger ones spoke differently, and none of them would have anything to do with him. He had an unappreciated existence, after twenty-one petted years. As for the men, he thought they were actually beginning to go out of their way to be disagreeable to him and pleasant to Mary. He found himself virtually ostracized in Hamstead, and neither

White Water nor Wallacetown, though he tried them both, seemed to furnish either lasting stimulation or lasting solace. He discovered, as many another man has discovered with resentment, the deadly dullness with which dissipation is permitted.

Driven at last to desperation by loneliness and boredom, he decided to go to Mary and ask to be reinstated in her favor. This seemed easy enough when he first thought of it, but the more he reflected, the more he saw that it might be rather difficult. He had treated Mary somewhat shabbily, he admitted. She was having a very good time without him—he was forced to admit that too—and there was really no special reason why she should ever crave his society. He started on his errand of reconciliation several times, only to turn back, feeling that his stomach was giving in uncomfortably for some reason, and that it might be better to wait a few days longer. At last having spent a Saturday evening at home when every one else under thirty in town had gone off on a picnic, returning in the highest spirits at midnight—Mary was with the Grays and laughing and singing when they dropped her at the front door—he took his courage, what there was of it, in his hands, and sought her out. He found her, late that Sunday afternoon in Indian summer, sitting in the fragrant orchard reading a book, a rather solid looking book. She was, Paul thought, looking unusually fresh and contented and attractive.

"Hello," he said, advancing towards her firmly, though inwardly quaking.

"Hello," said Mary quietly, without looking up.

Paul's heart gave a queer exhibition of acrobatic powers, as if it were turning somersaults all the way from his throat to his stomach, and then began to thump—to thump so vigorously that he feared it might be audible. He was pleased, and he was beyond all reasonable measure excited.

"Have a good time last night?" he inquired carelessly.

"Yes. Did you?"

Paul choked, and fumbled with his tie. He could not understand why Mary should ask such a tactless question, when she knew perfectly well—

He decided to be magnanimous, and ignore it.

"What are you reading?" he asked.

"The Life of Charles Francis Adams."

"Do you like it?"

"Very much. Haven't you read it?"

Another tactless question! Mary's voice expressed only polite surprise, yet she was aware that he never read things of that sort. The top of Paul's collar was rapidly sinking to the level of his collar button. Mary went on reading.

"I thought I'd come over for a little while," he murmured desperately.

Mary turned a page.

"Nice day, isn't it?"

"Lovely."

"Warm for the time of the year, too."

"And likely to grow warmer any minute," replied Mary, her eyes still on her book.

Paul could feel even the back of his neck growing red. Still he persisted. "Blanche is back in Brookline. Mother had a letter from her last night. She's thinking of leaving me and going down to pay her a little visit."

"I should think it would be a very pleasant change for her."

Something in Mary's tone made Paul look at her more carefully. The painful flush at the back of his neck spread all over him. He could feel the cold perspiration dropping down his spine. There was no possible doubt of it—Mary was laughing!

Paul turned his back on her and strode away. Though unfamiliar with the quotation, he had, in substance, pictured Mary sitting like patience on a monument smiling down at grief. Apparently she was doing nothing of the sort. She missed him so little and was getting along so well without him, that when he went to her and tried to "make up," she felt she could afford to laugh at him! Well, he wasn't to be trifled with like that! He'd show her. Angriely he brushed away two big tears of resentment and hurt pride that were trickling down his flushed cheeks.

In the seclusion of his bedroom he brushed his rumpled hair and changed his collar, then sat down to cool off and think things over. He'd show Mary. . . . He dwelt for a few minutes on this agreeable thought. But show her what? What was there to show her? And supposing he could think up something, would she consent to be shown? His recent interview with her, the mere thought of which caused him to grow hot again, did not furnish material for much hope of exhibition. Mary, after all, held all the high cards. His only chance, so to speak, was to lead through weakness up to strength. His pride, if nothing else, told him that it would be better than leaving the game unfinished, even if he lost. His common sense told him that if he did not finish it, he would have smaller hope than ever of another game with Mary. And he wanted to play with her. . . . Having reached this conclusion, of which there was no possible doubt, neither comfortably nor rapidly, he decided to act upon it at once. He fairly rushed to the orchard. Mary was still reading.

"Look here, Mary," he burst out. "I'm—I'm—sorry I—I acted as I did the night of Blanche's wedding. In fact, I'm—I'm just as ashamed of it as I can be. I'd give anything if you'd—overlook it."

"Overlook it!" flamed Mary. "That was the wrong word," fount dered Paul. "I meant, of course, I

want to ask you to—forgive me. To—to be friends with me, if you won't be anything else—"

"Anything else!"

"Oh, of course, I knew you wouldn't be anything again after—after that! But I can't seem to say what I'm trying to. You know what I mean, though. Please, Mary—"

The girl closed her book, rose, and came toward him, looking at him with that clear and direct gaze that was so hard to meet. But, though he flinched, he looked at her squarely.

"Please," he said again. "I never would have done it if I hadn't been drunk."

She drew back a little. "You speak as if that were an excuse," she said evenly.

"Why of course it's an excuse!"

"Of course it isn't. It was—disgraceful, to do what you did, but it was even more disgraceful to get into a condition that would allow you to do it."

Paul had honestly not considered the matter in this light before.

"Well, I guess it was," he said, flushing. "I'll try not to get into such a condition again. I am sorry. Honestly, I am. Won't you shake hands with me and forgive me?"

"I wouldn't touch you with a ten-foot pole. I certainly won't forgive you. I believe you're sorry now, because you're having a horrid time. But if I forgave you and you began to have a good time again, you would forget all about being sorry and do the same thing right over again."

"I wouldn't—I swear I wouldn't."

"You're not going to have the chance. I must go in now and get supper."

"Well—won't you at least speak to me when you see me and—"

as long as I do behave?"

"Yes," said Mary over her shoulder. "I'll do that, if you just happen to see me. I won't if you try to like this, again."

And with this small concession, Paul was obliged to be satisfied. Or rather, he strove to be satisfied and was not. Mary was amazingly pretty, prettier than Blanche, far and away prettier than Rosalie King or any of the girls who worked in the mill at White Water. Why hadn't he noticed that before? And she had "pop"—oceans of it! How could he possibly have thought that she was tame? He had not only acted like a fool, but like a blackguard. He deserved his fate. That was the last conclusion that Paul reached and the effect that it had upon him was more sobering than anything that had happened to him in all his life. He bowed under it, hurt and cowed and a little frightened. Then he pulled himself together, still winching, and began to try to build together again, a stone at a time, the foundation for that happiness which he had destroyed.

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