

BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

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Cooperative Movement Strengthens Farmers

Cotton is one of the leaders in American export trade. During the first eight months of 1932 the value of cotton exports was more than seven times that of wheat exports. It exceeded the value of the combined exports of all American machinery, automobiles and parts, cotton cloth, wheat flour and rubber manufactures—whereas, in 1931, the export value of these articles was more than double that of cotton.

It looks as if the cotton growers were entering a new era. As in pre-Civil War days, they have grasped the two-edged sword of price and quality and with it are ruling the cotton world.

Much of the credit for this must go to the cotton cooperatives. These organizations have led in a movement toward more economical production, a better product and more profitable prices. They have put new "fight" into the grower. They have shown him that he must battle in the economic wars if he is to survive, and that his efforts will be most effectual if he enlists in the cooperative army.

American agriculture, in all its branches, is passing through critical days, and it now appears that those producers who join and loyally support their cooperatives—wherever they may be, whatever they may deal in—will be the prosperous farmers of tomorrow.

Is America Initiative and Enterprise a Myth?

The people of the United States have a reputation for initiative and enterprise.

They start things and they finish them.

They have a chance now to demonstrate their ability as never before.

Everyone is waiting for "business to pick up." But business won't pick up of its own accord. It will pick up when the desire and the determination to do something rises again in our national consciousness.

There are about 25 to 30 million families in the United States. This means that there are some 30 million men who are actual producers.

Payrolls depend on construction activity—the building and upkeep of homes, factories and enterprises which consume every imaginable product.

Building has been going down steadily for the past several years until it has become almost stagnant. Thousands of structures are deteriorating because of lack of repairs, paint, rotting foundations, leaky plumbing, worn out heating plants, crumbling chimneys and a thousand and one other things which have been let go.

Never in years could repair work or new construction be done as cheaply as today.

There are millions of individuals and industries in this country that have savings and are well able to carry on necessary improvements now.

Starting a few million jobs, varying in amounts from ten dollars to a few thousands dollars each, would release an avalanche of money and start the wheels of industry.

Employment would increase; our nation would take heart and commerce and industry would slowly regain a normal stride.

Before long this improvement would be reflected in other nations.

No amount of legislation or political panaceas involving increased taxation and greater public panaceas can do a fraction of the good that the people can do for themselves by exercising our much prized American initiative and enterprise.

Do it now! Investment and employment are cheaper than charity!

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LADY BLANCHE FARM

A Romance of the Commonplace

by Frances Parkes 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, 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. She is sympathetic and, under the influence of 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 is no formal agreement. Mary's approach to his undue "conviviality" are badly received by Paul, and the girl begins to have misgivings as to the wisdom of the alliance. Starr's disclosure of the fact that he is the son of a Congregational minister, and of his financial standing, establishes him in the Manning family's regard.

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 love-making. Philip's wedding, with Blanche, is the immediate future, is understood.

CHAPTER VI.—Philip, poring over old records of the Manning family, learns the sorrowful story of the Countess Blanche, French wife of a Revolutionary hero, whose death, and of the peculiar "curse" she has transmitted to her descendants and the women of Hamstead. Mary's sage counsel settles any misgivings he had entertained, and his wedding with Blanche is solemnized. The evening of the nuptials, under the influence of liquor, having "celebrated" unduly, bitterly affronts Mary when she reproaches him for his conduct, and tells her their engagement is ended.

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

CHAPTER VIII.—Paul, really loving Mary, though with a selfish attachment, is a great deal of a block with her out of the picture. He expresses contrition for his unworthy action, and a keen desire to re-establish himself in her esteem, but Mary, disillusioned, rejects him.

CHAPTER IX

Paul was wise enough to guess that his cause would be hurt rather than helped if, immediately after his encounter with Mary in the orchard, he "happened" to see her too often. But he nodded to her when he caught sight of her at a distance, and she nodded back. He did not venture on more than "Hello," or "Good morning," when they met. But after a week or so he remarked that there had been a hard frost the night before, and that the post office was being shingled. This daring attempt at conversation having left him unscathed and even unattacked, he risked stopping a moment, the next day, to warm his chilled fingers over the stove and get a drink of water at the sink. And summoning more and more courage with each new success, he finally appeared one evening after supper and asked Mary if she would lend him something to read. He felt that the desire to improve his mind might be one which would appeal to Mary and cause him to find some slight favor in her sight. Most of all, however, he welcomed any excuse which could be construed as sufficiently reasonable to give him a few words with her.

She held the door half-open without inviting him to enter as he made his request, and the corners of her mouth twitched. He had the uncomfortable feeling that she saw through him perfectly.

"Would you like the 'Autobiography of Charles Francis Adams?' she asked.

He looked at her miserably. "You know I couldn't make head nor tail of it," he said, in the voice of a prisoner at the bar who pleads for justice though he knows he deserves no mercy. "I'm not clever like you."

"You're thorough, when you take the trouble to be. Thoroughness helps in reading."

"All right, give it to me." Mary vanished, leaving him on the doorstep, closing the door behind her. When she reappeared, she had an formidable looking volume in her hand.

"This is Rex Beach's 'Heart of the Sunset,'" she said demurely. "It took me a little while to find it, but I think you may like it better. If you decide you want Charles Francis after all, come back and get it."

"Well, your coronal invitation is a bribe worth considering," retorted Paul. Then, rather frightened at his daring, he blushed scarlet. Nevertheless he looked straight at her, smiled, and lifted his cap. "Thanks very much for this," he said. "Good night."

Inevitably, a few evenings later, he brought the book back, having, to his intense surprise, thoroughly enjoyed it. Seth had gone to prayer meeting, and Mary was putting the children to bed upstairs and did not hear his knock. After hesitating a minute, he went into the living room, put the volume down on the table, and began to look at the others that were lying upon it. He chanced on a novel of Zane Grey's, glanced down the first two or three pages, and then, genuinely interested, sat down and began to read, entirely forgetting his awkward position as an unwelcome guest. When Mary entered, half an hour later, carrying a huge mending basket piled high with sewing, he started guiltily to his feet and stammered his excuses.

"That's all right," said Mary, tranquilly. "Why don't you read aloud to me while I sew?"

"Do you honestly mean that?" "If you would honestly like to. You might poke up the fire a little before you start in."

It was not until the tall clock in the corner struck eleven that Mary spoke or stirred. Then she rose, gathering up her piles of neatly folded and mended clothes.

"You must go home," she said. "It's getting late. That's a good story, isn't it?"

"Fine! Could—could we have some more tomorrow night?"

"I've promised to go to White Water with the Taylors. There's going to be a concert."

"Well, the next night, then."

"That's Sunday. I generally go to church Sunday evenings, now. Father listens for the boys."

"The service is over early."

"Yes, but Thomas walks home with me and comes in for a little while. You can come, too, of course, if you'd enjoy it, but we couldn't read."

This did not sound especially attractive to Paul. Nevertheless, with his new-born caution, and in his gratitude for the unexpected favor he had just received, he decided not to say so.

"Well, perhaps I will. And thanks awfully for letting me stay tonight. I've had a fine time. May I take the book home with me?"

"Certainly—would you like a glass of milk and a doughnut before you go? I made fresh ones today."

"Um-m-m! Would I?"

They went into the kitchen, sat down beside the table with the red cloth on it, and talked over the story as they ate. They did not agree as to the probable outcome. A friendly argument ensued. When Paul finally got up and pushed back his chair, they were both laughing, and Mary, with a sudden gesture, snatched the book from him.

"You shan't find out which of us is right before I do!" she exclaimed. "You had better come over Monday night and read aloud some more. I promise not to look into it myself before then. Good night."

"Good night," said Paul, briefly and happily. And held out his hand.

It was not until Mary had put her hand in his that she remembered her statement of a few weeks earlier about a ten-foot pole, though Paul had by no means forgotten it. And when, growing crimson, she tried to pull her hand away, she found she could not.

"Good night," he said again, pleasantly and firmly, and gripping hard.

For a moment Mary struggled to free herself. Then she met his eyes. The first lesson in Paul's new course of education had been to learn to look Mary in the face, and, as she had said, Paul was thorough. The expression that the girl saw in her cousin's was so full of new-born humility and penitence, and yet so clearly determined to deserve, and claim, the right on which he was insisting, that she could not well see it and remain untouched. She stopped struggling and returned his pressure.

"Good night, Paul," she said softly. "I've had a good time, too," and smiled.

Violet, having fixed a date for her visit with Blanche, decided to go to New York for a few days' shopping first. She had no intention, she said, with a slight flutter of "nerves," when Paul, who had been giving some painful attention to the subject, pointed out to her that the state of their finances was still low after his sister's wedding and that such trips and shopping were expensive, of looking "countersigned" when she first went to stay at her new son-in-law's home, and to meet her daughter's new friends.

"If you had shown any consideration of me at all, we wouldn't have been so straitened!" she sobbed.

"Why, I never urged you to spend all that money."

"Don't argue with me! You know it always prostrates me to have vulgar quarrels going on. As if this wretched affair with Mary hadn't ended every hope of our having her money! And then you try to put the blame on me and accuse me of—"

"Well, I've played Mary so many dirty, mean tricks that I suppose it's natural you should think I'd use her money to pay our silly debts. I probably would have—the way things were going. But I haven't accused you of anything. I only said—"

"Oh, I know what you said, but it makes all the difference how a thing is said, and the meaning back of the saying counts still more! I suppose you'll refuse to drive me to the midnight train, next!"

Paul did not, of course, refuse to do anything of the sort. To tell the truth, he was almost glad to see his mother

go. Her indolence, her extravagance, her selfishness, seemed so appalling to him just then, that he found them increasingly difficult to live with, and none the less so because he thought he saw all these qualities reflected and magnified in his own character. It was also becoming clear to him that he must either earn more—or rather earn something—or spend less, if they were to get out of debt, and that he could put considerable time to advantage in figuring out how he was to do this. He began his reflections in this direction on his way home after taking her to the station. An unusually heavy snow storm had obliged him to drive the old family horse, instead of using the new motor, and it was two o'clock in the morning when he reached home. There was, he happened to notice, a light in Mary's room. When he had put the horse up and was going from the barn to the house, he saw that it was still burning, and heard her voice at the telephone through an open window. Seth and Jane were both away, he knew, attending a Sunday school convention. Mary was therefore alone with the two little boys, and something was certainly wrong. He went up close to the house and called.

"Mary! Mary! Is anything the matter? Can I help?"

He was more frightened than before at the agonized voice that answered him.

"Yes—YES—Oh, thank God you've come!"

He pushed open the front door and bounded up the stairs. Mary was bending over the bed. And on the bed lay Algy, gasping and writhing, and then lying deathly still.

"He's got convulsions," Mary managed to say in a stifled voice. "I

can't leave him a second. He might choke to death if I did."

"What am I to do first?" "Start the kitchen fire. We'll get him into a hot bath."

Paul vanished without another word. In an incredibly short time, he was back again.

"What next?" "See if you can get hold of a doctor. I tried, but Central was so slow in answering I didn't dare . . . Oh—Oh—"

for the livid child was choking again.

There was no resident physician at the little cottage hospital, Doctor Noble, the head surgeon, lived at home. After what seemed like endless waiting, Paul got his house.

"David's with Sylvia Gray," he said a minute later, turning with a white face from the telephone. "She's very ill."

"Try Doctor Wells, then."

There was another long wait, and then again Paul faced the despair in Mary's eyes. "He's gone there, too, it's—it's a desperate case. Shall I call him up, there?"

"Yes—no— Oh, Paul, you know what the trouble is there! It's two lives, maybe, against one!"

"He might at least be able to tell us what to do."

"You'll have to try White Water—Wallacetown—any place you can think of."

Again Paul tried. One doctor was sick himself. Two had gone away to attend a medical congress. A fourth, twenty miles away, appeared to be a last resort, didn't know how he could get there—"The roads aren't broken through down this way."

"We've got to face it alone," said Mary at last.

Paul knew that it was in that moment that his selfish and idle boyhood died and that the potential manhood in him came to life.

"We've got to face it together, Mary," he said.

It was eight o'clock in the gray November morning when David Noble finally came to them. Mary was sitting in a large rocker, with Algy, a little gray shadow of the rosy child of the day before, clasped in her arms. Paul, a glass of brandy-and-water in his hand, rose from his knees beside his cousin's chair.

"Algy was all right when he went to bed last night," he stated, briefly. "He woke up in convulsions at midnight. I was passing about two o'clock and saw Mary's light. She was all alone with him till then. We've done the best we could."

David raised the child's eyelids to look at the pupils and felt his pulse while Paul was speaking. He bent over, listening intently to the little heart. Then he raised his head.

"You've saved his life," he said, with equal brevity.

A few minutes later, in the blessed

sense of security that now came over her, Mary asked for Sylvia.

"She didn't get her twins, of course?" she asked, almost lightly. "She's talked of nothing else for months."

David's face contracted, and Mary noticed for the first time that he looked strangely old and very, very tired.

"Yes," he said huskily. "She did. Twin girls, just what she wanted. And—she's taken one of them back to Heaven with her."

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