

BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

J. LAMBORN ELDER, Publisher

Published Friday of each week by the Tualatin Publishing Co., at Beaverton Oregon. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Beaverton, Ore.

Subscription Rates

One Year \$1.00 Three Months .35
Six Months .50 Subscriptions Payable in Advance

Concerning Foreclosures

Iowa farmers, exerting pressure against the sale of real estate under foreclosure, express a natural resentment against the evils of "hard times."

Of course, there are those who readily denounce the protestants as "agitators" but the question has, at least two sides. During the present depression real estate is sold at a sacrifice, and forced sales seldom bring anything like real much less, normal value.

One of the main causes of the agitation is the "deficiency judgment," which is left hanging over the harassed loser of property like a funeral pall. Not only does he lose his land, given up under the stress of unusual and abnormal conditions, but, in addition, the effort is made to hold over him a judgment for the balance due when the land fails to bring the amount of the mortgage.

In several states there is agitation for a law delaying forced sales and in others an outright moratorium on foreclosures during the next few years. The advocates maintain that ways can be found to render the holder of the mortgage reasonably secure and that the mortgagor will be given a chance to make good in the future.

We are not advocating such a law in this state at this time, but the idea is not as radical nor as absurd as some would have it appear.

Pass Up the Peddler!

"Beware. Don't trade with the door-to-door peddler." That is the heading over a page advertisement in an exchange, signed by the merchants of the city.

It points out that the rule of "caveat emptor" prevails when one purchases from the unknown agent. "Let the buyer beware," for there are no come-backs. The continued success of the merchant, however, depends upon his local patronage, and therefore his reputation for fair dealing. He can be reached, endeavors to provide service and correct mistakes. With the peddler he is here today and gone tomorrow.

The advertisement asks: "Do you want to deal with an assortment of 'fly-by-night' traders? Or do you want to deal with your steadfast, reliable, home-town merchants—the men who make up the list of your best citizens, largest taxpayers, public benefactors and community builders?"

The irresponsible agent appears at the door. He or she shows you samples of goods. You are prevailed upon to buy for it appears to be a bargain. But you find out differently when the article arrives. It is not in accordance with the sample or representations. It is cheap stuff, may not fit, and is entirely unsatisfactory. It is returned with request for correction or return of money. You receive neither. There is no redress. Your investment is lost.

Many have undergone such experiences, and have profited thereby at a cost. So from the selfish and safe standpoints alone, it pays to patronize the home merchant in preference to the unknown afar off.

Complete Funeral Service
At Lowest Cost
Phone Tigard 2362, Day or Night
WM. G. GILLESPIE
With Walter C. Kenworthy & Co.

FINLEY & SON
Funeral Directors
Montgomery St. 4th
to Fifth
Motor Equipment,
Staff & Facilities for
Serving Portland and
its Suburbs

Dr. Virgil MacMickle
in New Location
824 Bedell Building
Specializing in Tonell coagulation
Physiotherapy and Gynecology
Note new phone number AT 1321

CLEARANCE SALE
PIANOS — \$2 A MONTH
Here's Our Proposition

Select any new or used upright piano or player piano in our store, pay \$2 a month like rent for six months, then apply the total amount paid as first payment on purchase. Balance will be arranged in easy payments. Free delivery, no extras of any kind. You select the piano you want and we will send it out at once.

Collins & Erwin Piano Co.
2d Flr. Alderway Bldg., Edwy & Alder

New train fares to California



Tourist fares to California cut. Longer limits. Stopover privileges—and dozens more California destinations included. Now you can ride in warm, steam-heated coaches or reclining chair cars for less than ever before. And you can sleep in a comfortable tourist berth for the night for as little as \$1.50. (Tourist berths are the same size as Standard Pullman berths—not as luxurious, but very comfortable.)

Stopover anywhere within the limit of your ticket. Roundtrips are good for 21 days.

SAMPLE TOURIST FARES

	One Round-trip
SAN FRANCISCO	\$19 \$20
LOS ANGELES	\$22 \$30

and many others

Southern Pacific

LADY BLANCHE FARM

A Romance of the Commonplace

by Frances Parkins Keyes

Service by Frances Parkins 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 Blanche Manning, girl of seventeen, with whom he is immediately smitten. 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 fiancé. Mary, Starr, finds in 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 tells him of an old family superstition concerning the "Blanche" of the Manning family.

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

CHAPTER IV.—Paul Manning, pampered in his home life, is inclined to be dissipated, not realizing Mary's true character, and taking their future relationship as a husband and wife as established, though there is no formal agreement. Mary reproaches for his undue "conviviality" and is received by Paul, and the girl begins to have misgivings as to the wisdom of the alliance. Philip's disclosure of the fact that he is the son of a Congregational minister, and of his financial standing, establish 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 wooing. Philip, understanding with Blanche, is the immediate future, is understood.

CHAPTER VI.—Philip, poring over old records of the Manning family, learns the story of the "Countess Blanche," French wife of a Revolutionary hero, Moses Manning, and of the peculiar "curse" she has transmitted to her descendants and the women of Hamstead. Mary's sage counsel sees any misgivings he had entertained, and she is understood. Blanche is solemnized. The evening of the marriage Paul, under the influence of a doctor, who is understanding, and bitterly affronts Mary when she reproaches him for his condition, and the 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 old friend, and the love of her two small brothers.

CHAPTER VIII.—Paul, really loving Mary, though with a selfish attachment, finds life a good deal of a blank when he sees the picture of the Countess Blanche, and his unworthy actions, and a keen desire to re-establish himself in her esteem, but Mary, disinterested, rejects him.

CHAPTER IX.—Conscientiously desirous of making himself worthy of Mary's affection, Paul busies himself with small affairs of her household, in the hope of changing her attitude. Passing her house, late at night, and seeing it illuminated, he goes in, finding her in a state of despair, and a small Algy in convulsions, and a baby at hand. Between them they minister to the little sufferer until the arrival of a doctor, who has died a short time before, in childbirth, taking with her in death one of her twin daughters.

CHAPTER X

The tragedy of Sylvia Gray's death shook Hamstead to its very foundations. Austin was almost crazed with grief. Even David, who had always had more influence over him than anyone else except Sylvia herself, could not move him.

"This won't bring her back, Austin, you know," he said, at last, as gently as ever, but more firmly. "And—and she would have been the last to—want you to take it like this. Her courage never faltered through anything."

Austin neither answered nor moved. "We must think what to do for the other baby. You've got her, you know, and the two little boys."

"I don't want to think of the baby." "It isn't the baby's fault," said David, still more gently, divining what was passing in Austin's mind.

"No—but it's mine! She wasn't strong enough for this! You said yourself, when the second boy came so soon after the first, that—that she shouldn't have another for a long time."

"Yes." David chose his words carefully. "But, Austin—you came first, with Sylvia, just as she did with you. She was so brave that it was hard to get her to admit, ever, that she felt ill—that everything wasn't all right. But once she said to me, 'David, if anything should go wrong, be sure to tell Austin, afterwards, that there wasn't one minute in our life together that I would have had different—that there's no price too great to pay for perfect happiness.' She meant it. How many men's wives do you think can say that?—Mine can't," he ended, his voice breaking.

Next to Austin himself, there was no one, perhaps, in the whole village, to whom the loss of Sylvia came as such a horrible shock as to Mary. Algy was still very ill. The fear that the child would yet die, in spite of her fight for his life, gave a thousand

times larger now that Sylvia's death had brought the Valley of the Shadow so close to her.

Mary did not close her eyes, nor stir from her little brother's side for three days and nights. And all that time, beside the actuality of the stricken child that she saw there, she visualized the picture of Sylvia and one little baby—of Austin and the other. And she thought—involuntarily, but constantly—of Lady Blanche's dying curse and its retreating fulfillment. Whom would it strike next? She thought of Blanche, seemingly so secure in her radiant happiness, and trembled until her teeth chattered. The first time that Paul saw her again after the night of the double tragedy—that long night through which they had fought for the sick child together—he felt that he would gladly have given ten years of his life if he had not thrown away his right to take her in his arms and kiss away the tears and bring a little color into her white cheeks and a smile to her drawn lips. As it was, he could only venture to lay one of his hands on the two that lay so tightly clenched in her lap, and put the other gently on her shoulder.

"Don't," was all he could think of to say, all that is, that he dared to say, his own lips quivering. "Don't, Mary," and was thankful when she did not repulse him, but clung to him, sobbing, while he stroked her soft hair.

Paul was suffering, too, suffering with the revelation of truths that he had never sensed, with the facing of problems he had never solved nor tried to solve. The way that Austin loved Sylvia—that the way men cared for women? The way that Mary loved Algy—that the way women cared for children? Passion that was all love, love that was all self-sacrifice—what had that to do with careless sensuality, or equally careless affection? When, for the second time, David Noble sought him out, he found that the boy had already started to find him.

"What can I do to help?" Paul asked abruptly.

"There isn't much. Your Cousin Jane is proving a tower of strength to Mary by relieving her of the burden of ordinary daily grind. We men never stop to think that meals have to be cooked and dishes washed and fires built, no matter who lives or dies, do we? Everyone is trying to help Mary now. And no one in God's world can help Austin."

"Then what were you looking for me for?"

"I wanted to tell you that I thought you did darned well the night that kid almost slipped through Mary's fingers. He would have, if you hadn't been there. And also—to give you a message from Sylvia. She seemed to have a good deal of faith in you. I had a rather long talk with her about a week before she—went—and one of the things she said to me was, 'Tell Paul Manning not to stop fighting to get Mary back, if he has to die doing it.'"

"How—how am I to go about it?" "I should think it might be rather difficult," said David dryly. "I confess it's hard for me to see the justice of a Divine Providence that snatches Sylvia from Austin who worshipped the ground she walked on, and lets you treat Mary like—"

Something in Paul's face stopped him abruptly. "Well, I suppose Providence sees a good many things we ignorant mortals don't," he ended.

"Yes," said Paul slowly. "I guess it does. Do you remember saying to me a while ago that as long as a man had a woman like Sylvia, of course he'd make her his first consideration as long as he could? Maybe the time had come for Austin to make some thing else his first consideration. Maybe he's needed a lot more in France than he realized. Perhaps it took a—"

For a moment David stared silently at the boy. He was too surprised at such conclusions reached from such a source to give utterance to speech.

"I think you're right," he said at last. "But Austin isn't the only one, you know, who's needed in France just now."

"I know," said Paul. "I've been thinking that over, too—what you said about the Foreign legion. I'll be up tomorrow night to have you look me over."

"Good for you! About eight? I shall be off myself pretty soon, now. I waited before signing up until—after Sylvia's time, because Austin begged me to do so. Well, I'll see you tomorrow night! Meanwhile, there are probably lots of little things you can find to do for Mary, if you really want to!"

As David drove away, he found he could not get Paul and his unexpected sentiments out of his mind. "Darned if I don't believe Sylvia was right about him, as usual," he reflected. "The phase that he's been passing through has been pretty unattractive, Lord knows, but it may have been just a phase. If only he hadn't lost Mary— But if he hadn't, he never would have started to think again—he was too lazy. Well, it's all beyond me."

David's remark about the daily grind of housework gave Paul his first cue to helpfulness. Mary began to find the kitchen fire built and the teakettle boiling when she came downstairs in the morning, the wood box filled, the furnace tended faithfully day and night, and the porches and paths kept free from snow. On Monday mornings he appeared to empty wash-tubs and hang out clothes. At his instigation, Myra agreed to do all the baking for both houses until "things got straightened out." Violet undertook the mending, and Jane actually

gave up a meeting of the Foreign Missionary society to finish the weekly sweeping. And when, in spite of all this relief, Mary paid for her long strain and quietly crumpled up in a heap on the floor one afternoon when Algy was out of danger, and Sylvia's grave was hidden with snow, Paul picked her up and laid her on the bed, loosening her dress and taking off her shoes as he called for help. Jane, fortunately, was in the house and undressed her while he went downstairs to telephone for Doctor Wells and to get a hot-water bottle and a hot stimulant ready. And when he saw that it was her inability to care for the boys that was worrying her more than anything else, he turned his attention mainly to them. It would have been hard to discover anyone more stupid and awkward in dealing with a little child than Paul was, but he did what he could. He did better than he realized and his reward was greater than he expected. The first time that the children fell upon him, almost simultaneously, with hugs and kisses, was when he came in with two small wooden snow shovels—"to use when Algy was outdoors again, in no time now." As he hugged and kissed them in return, his embarrassment was equaled only by the inner glow of contentment that permeated his being.

Mary, up again for the first time, came in to find them thus occupied. The inner glow of contentment changed to a leaping flame as Paul looked at her and saw the expression of surprise and gratitude on her pale face.

"You're awfully good to those children," she said softly.

"They're great kids. I never knew before how much fun a kid is. I thought they were horrid little nuisances," returned Paul apologetically.

Mary sat down beside him. "Blanche and Philip are coming home for Christmas," she said. "Isn't that nice? Cousin Violet has a letter saying they'll surely be here the twenty-fourth, and of course she's perfectly delighted."

"That is good news! Got any more?"

"I don't know whether you'll call it good or not—but Austin Gray is going to France. I think that's much the best thing he can do, really. He says it's only a matter of months now before the United States will be in the war, too. He's going over as an ambulance driver, but he says he can get transferred to the real job later on if we do. He was just here to see you. I went downstairs for a minute just as he came in, but I didn't know you were here, so he didn't wait. He asked me to invite you to go to New York with him, after Christmas. He'll be there for a fortnight, at least, making final arrangements."

"New York!"

"Yes. Wouldn't you like to go? I thought you were crazy to get away from Hamstead."

"I'm not quite so crazy as I used to be."

"No, you're getting fairly sane!" said Mary with a little laugh that made his heart leap, and—just as kind and thoughtful as you can be. But you ought to go. It'll be wonderful for you! And I'm sure you'd be a comfort to Austin, too. He must think so, or he wouldn't have asked you. You'll go, won't you, Paul?"

"Yes, of course. Especially if you think I'd better. Mary, wait a minute—"

After that, for the first time since they had "made up," Paul saw that she was avoiding him again. The fact gave him fresh food for thought. She was willing to be his cousin, his friend, his companion. She was grateful far beyond his deserving for the little he had been able to do to serve her. She had forgiven him freely for all he had done to hurt her. But more than that she could not and would not do and be.

Paul was now, for the first time in his life, deeply in love, and perhaps for that reason, daily going deeper—going deeper of all because he felt it to be absolutely hopeless. Well, he must hide it as best he could. That startled look must not come into Mary's eyes again. He must accept the bitter knowledge that she regarded his love as something to fear, as part of his punishment. When Blanche and Philip arrived, he took Blanche's statements of what she thought of him—it was the first time she had seen him since the engagement had been broken—so quietly that she was frightened.

Philip was less surprised than she had expected, when she told him about it. He had been watching his brother-in-law closely and had come to the conclusion that he had either misjudged the boy at first, or that the latter had improved somewhat during the last few months.

"Let Paul alone, honey," he said. "He looks to me like a man who is working out his own salvation."

Paul, with the rest of the village, was glad to have his sister and brother-in-law at home; glad not only because he was fond of them, but because it was easier, in their presence to keep from saying the things he was longing to say to Mary—to keep, as he was longing still more, from touching her. Time, mercifully, softens everything—lovers' quarrels and children's sufferings and even the thought of the Valley of the Shadow. Austin was finding his solution, Algy, thin but thriving, was in his high chair at the table once more. Philip and Blanche, radiantly happy, were with them again. After Christmas day dinner, while the two little boys took their naps, Violet went to the town, Seth to smoke his pipe, and Cousin Jane to help Myra, loaned for the occasion, with the dishes. The four young peo-

ple were left alone together. And, as the door closed behind the last retreating elder, Philip suddenly snatched up Blanche and kissed her, announcing that he was so full of joy and dinner mixed, that he'd got to let off steam, some way, that very minute. And Blanche, curling up in his arms like a contented kitten, smiled



And Blanche Curling Up in His Arms Like a Contented Kitten.

and kissed him back. They settled down in the big winged chair before the fire together—

Over their unconscious heads, Paul looked at Mary. Then he crossed to where she stood, and the expression on his face was unmistakable. Before he could speak, she fled from the room.

Paul went after her. She had almost reached the stairs. He stepped in front of her.

"See here, Mary," he said. "I can stand almost anything you want to do or say and I know I deserve it. But please don't look at me that way. I can't stand it."

"Well, don't look at me the way you did then."

"I'll try not to. I'm trying not to, all the time. I only thought—it's Christmas day—that perhaps you could, just once—I won't ask you again for a long time. . . ."

It is unfortunately true that many naturally sweet-tempered women, if they are also clever, take refuge, when they are hurt or frightened, in flippancy or sarcasm. It is to be hoped that they do not know how deeply they can wound with these weapons. But whether they do or not, Mary was no exception to this rule.

"Why should you care about it so much?" she quoted scathingly. "A kiss doesn't mean anything."

Paul stepped to one side, leaving the passage upstairs clear for her. She went by him swiftly, her head up. Then, on the landing, she turned and came still more swiftly down.

"That wasn't fair," she said. "Please forgive me, Paul."

"No," he said slowly. "It wasn't fair, and it wasn't kind of you to remind me of it. But what I said was true. There are some kisses that don't mean anything in almost every fellow's life. They drink too much sometimes, too. I'm sorry, but it's so. But that doesn't mean they're hopeless drunkards and—degenerates. There hasn't been anything to drink, or any of that kind of kisses for me in a long time. You know that, and you know why, too. And you ought to know that it would mean more to anything in the world to me if I could kiss you again."

Paul had learned a good many valuable lessons in the last months. Mary learned one now. The boy was humble, but he was not abject. If he had a right to demand nothing else from her, he deserved and demanded, at least, fair play and respect.

"When you go to New York—" she began.

"You'll let me kiss you good-by?" This was not at all what Mary had intended to say. She hesitated a minute, and then, in spite of herself, she nodded. Then she leaned forward and touched his cheek with her lips, so lightly that it seemed merely as if a flower had brushed it.

"The telephone is ringing," she said, over her shoulder and left him to answer it as she fled.

"I wonder if Mary and Paul are really going to make up, after all?" Philip asked Blanche, a few days later.

"Oh, I hope not—even if he is my brother! You wouldn't want her to marry him now that she's got such a splendid chance!"

"Splendid chance!"

"Yes. Of getting Mr. Hamlin, who if she took Paul, even if he was good enough for her, which of course he isn't, she'd be buried in Hamstead all the rest of her life!"

"Well, I shouldn't mind being buried in Hamstead, with someone I loved," Philip said. "What do you say about starting in to fix up the little law office for ourselves this spring after all? I know you didn't care much for the idea when I first suggested it. But I'd enjoy the work immensely, and I can probably get off for a month next summer."

"Oh, Philip, couldn't we go somewhere else? There's plenty of time for that! I'm crazy to see Bar Harbor or Newport."

"All right, honey, just as you prefer," he said quietly.

He left Hamstead with the growing certainty that Paul and Mary were "really making up." Violet shared this certainty and ran up several new bills on the strength of it. Mary came in and out of her house again