BEAVERTON

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INFLATION or WHAT?

The cry for inflation is abroad in the land with many responsible citizens advocating some measure to provide for the easy settlement of debts.

The problem is not easy to solve, although there are excellent arguments advanced on both sides. We have been reading some of them and the question is beclouded by positive assertions that conflict.

The idea that any inflation will produce ruin is about shot to pieces, however, in our minds at least, by the facts that exist everywhere. Apparently, millions of citizens are facing ruin, early and inevitable, unless something is done to help them. Those who oppose inflation should tackle the problem. * * * *

MILLIONS IN MISSING MONEY

Acording to W. O. Woods, Treasurer of the United States, there is now outstanding \$472,199,000 in old sized bills which have been officially recalled since July, 1929. While about \$7,000,000 per month continues to come in to the Treasury for replacement, it is known that a large of this balance has been lost or destroyed.

It is interesting to observe the enormous sums lost by people every year through carelessness and much of the large mony still out will probably never be turned in to the government. This fact is illustrated almost every time a large security issue matures. Inevitably, some of the paper never comes in for payment and while the percentage thus lost is not great in comparison with the amount outstanding, it makes a considerable total.

TO SELL, WE MUST BUY

This paper is anxious to build up the welfare of the advantages for the civilization of other lands.

We say this by perface to further remarks upon the 'Buy America" campaign now being waged agressively in this country. In many respects, the slogan is sound, but in final analysis, it is entirely misleading.

The farmer, for example, who has wheat or cotton to sell abroad, would suffer considerably if foreign nations followed such an example and bought everything from their own land. International trade would shrink to nothing as soon as the doctrine became generally established.

There is no magic in the name "United States" to cause foreign peoples to be anxious about our welfare, or to trade with us to their own disadvantge. Unless there is mutuality, and joint advantages, to be found in every commercial interchange between nations, there will be little trading done.

The lesson of commerce is that buying and selling is barter, whether done by direct swapping or indirect settlement in currencies. We cannot sell to the nations if we do not buy something from them. Unless we are willing to buy from them we will lose them as customers.

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THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Motoring through Ver-nont, near the village of Hamstead, Philip Starr, young Boston architect, nakes the acquaintance, in unconven-

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 Phinp 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 flance. 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 tells him of an eld family superstition concerning the "Blanches" of the Manning family.

CHAPTER III.—Violet Manning.

CHAPTER III. - Violet Manning, mother of Blanche and of Paul, with her sister, Jane, spinster, are dublous concerning Philip's worldly and spirit-ual standing, but await developments.

CHAPTER IV .- Paul Manning, pam-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 reproaches for 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, establish bim in the Manning family's research.

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

CHAPTER VI.—Philip, poring over old records of the Manning family, learns the serrowful story of the "Countess Blancke," French wife of a Revolutionary here, Moses Manning, 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 solemnised. The evening of the marriage Paul, under the influence of liquor, having "celebrated" unduly, bitterly affronts 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 "jilt-ed" woman, and the disapprobation of her family, 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, finds life a good deal of a blank 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, distilusioned, 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 attifude. Passing her house, late at night, and seeing it illuminated, he goes in, finding her in the depths of despair, with small Algy in convuisions, and no help at hand. Between them they minister to the little sufferer until the arrival of a doctor, when the child is out of danger, owing to their united efforts. The doctor, however, bears the ill tidings that Sylvia Gray has died a short time before, in childbirth, taking with her in death one of her twin daughters.

CHAPTER X .- Paul, miserable under CHAPTER X.—Paul, misorable under the existing circumstances, decides to enlist for service in the French Foreign legion. After reaching something of a reconciliation with Mary, he goes to New York with Austin Gray, widewer of Sylvia, who is on his way to France for service in the World war. Returning, he finds Mary has gone to Boston, visiting a girlhood friend, and hears also that Gale Hamlin, wealthy, and prominent in his profession, has been in Hamstead, and still is hopeful of overcoming Mary's rejection of his offer of marriage. Paul's cup of sorrow is full.

CHAPTER XI

The sun, streaming into the pretty living room, fell on Blanche's golden hair and turned the color of her dellcate negligee from palest pink to rose. She was, her husband reflected, growing lovelier and loveller with every month that passed. Just now, however, her face wore the expression of slight discontent which at first he had noticed only when she spoke of the duliness of Hamstead and which had left it altogether during the first radiant weeks of their marriage.

"What's the matter, honey?" "Nothing, except that I'm wishing I was a nymph again."

Philip laughed. "The first time I heard you say that was because you wanted to get away from spring cleaning," he said lightly, "and the second, when you had to go to an intelligence office and engage a maid. The third time was when you tried in vain to crank the car on a cold day and I got home and found you nearly crying over it. What's the matter this time?"

"Bills," said Blanche briefly. "Bills?" echoed Philip. "Why, I should think those were one of the last things that need trouble you. We've plenty of money to pay bills for all the things we really need. You

silly child, hand them over-" She gathered the fluttering sheets on the desk and gave them to him. Then, watching his face as he began to glance through them, she suddenly burst out, "I'm sure I've tried to be dow, He heeltated a moment, then

careful! We have only one maid, instead of three or four, and an apartment instead of a house, like almost everyone we know. And I really don't apend anything on clothes compared to the other young married women I've met this winter. And we don't go to the theater or entertain much or-

"I know, darling. It does seem to cost a lot, just to live. I didn't realize how much, beforehand. But after all, we had a lovely trip and we've been pretty comfortable and happy in this little apartment. And I can take care of all these all right. But I guess we shall have to go a little slow for a while."

"Well, it's lucky we haven't had a baby! I don't know what you'd have said about bills then! And yet you've been perfectly crazy-

Something about Philip's silence halted Blanche. She decided that it was wiser to change the subject.

"I had a letter from Paul last night." she said. "I meant to speak of it before. I guess he's rather fed up with Lady Blanche farm, too. At any rate, he wants to come to Boston for a week or so and asks if it would be convenient for us to have him here."

Philip besitated. He felt that the present state of his finances could ill permit him to give his brother-in-law the kind of a good time he would expect if he came to town. On the other hand, he was curious to see it the more favorable impressions which he had gained of the boy at Christmas time would prove to be lasting.

"Of course, if Paul is coming to Boston, we must have him here," he said pleasantly.

Paul appeared three days later, and Phillp, with his usual fairmindedness, confessed to himself that the boy was still more changed, and though differently, it was certainly not for the worse. He seemed much older, much quieter, and decidedly preoccupied.

"Yes, of course I'd enjoy going to the theater," he said a trifle absently. Thanks awfully. Or anything else you've planned. First of all, though, if you don't mind, I'd like to go and see Mary. 1-1 haven't heard from her at all, except indirectly, since before I went to New York. Do you think she's had a pleasant winter?"

"Pleasant winter!" exclaimed Blanche. "Why, she's had a wonderful time! She's packed these few months pretty full, I can tell you! And I must say she's a great success. I don't believe she'll turn her back on it all a second time in a hurry! Mary is nice, there's no denying that, and awfully clever, too, and you'd never believe the difference good-looking clothes have made in her appearance."

"And she's had time to rest and read," cut in Philip, "which I think has meant more to her than almost anything else. The first week she was here she was in bed most of the time. Then she began to go for a daily ride and to pick up generally.

Mr. Hamlin's pretty attentive to her." "Pretty attentive!" Blanche echoed her husband. "Why, he follows her | to tell us that he was after her before-and not to accept him? I don't see how she could have hesitated a

"I'm glad she's had a good time," of these and similar disclosures. "I want to see her myself."

"Well, let's go to the theater tonight, and you can go there temorrow afternoon.'

There was an amusing farce running at the Park Square theater and as the curtain went down after the arst act and the lights came on, Blanche, wiping the tears of merriment from her eyes, gave Paul a sudden nudge.

"Look!" she whispered, "in the first box on the right!"

Paul turned in the direction indicated. The box contained six persons -a middle-aged man and woman, two younger men, one of them in khaki, and two girls. At the first glance. that was all Paul realized. Then it came over him that the two older persons were Mr. and Mrs. Adams, one of the young men. Gale Hamlin, one of the girls Hannah Adams and the other -the one in white brocade, with the rose-colored velvet wrap flung over the back of her chair and the big bunch of orchids and lilles of the valley at her waist-was Mary Manning. whom he had last seen wearing a red knitted hood, and shabby little red

wool mittens-The theater seemed to be swaying, then everything blurred. He shut his eyes for a minute. When he opened them, the box was beginning to fill Half a dozen extra men had joined the party, one in navy blue, two more in khaki, adding to its merriment. Hannah was entirely absorbed in the first officer, but Mary seemed quite equal to handling the others. Blanche kept whispering in his ear, as he watched.

"That blond man with glasses on is Hannah's flance, Captain Merrill. They didn't intend to be married until fall, but since he's in the army, they've put the wedding ahead six months, now that war is declared. Mary's going to be maid of honor. Don't you want to go up and speak to her? You said you wanted to

see her!" "I can see her all right from here." "Well, speak to her then!"

"I'd have a fat chance of saying anything there now, wouldn't I?" Well, don't have one of your 'grouches' about it-"

Philip hastened to interrupt the exchange of fraternal compliments that seemed imminent. The following morning, immediately after lunch, Paul left Blanche's apartment and betook himself into town. Eventually he alighted from the street car, to and himself in front of a florist's winentered the shop. "I want some flowers," he said, a

little vaguely, "something pretty. For -for a lady."

"Certainly, sir. Orchids, two dollars apiece? American Beauties, fifteen a dozen? Or gilt baskets, filled with white lilacs-just in-are very attractive. Twenty dollars for the smaller size, thirty for the larger ones."

Comparative wealth in Hamstead meant actual poverty in New York, Paul had discovered. In Boston, it meant, apparently, strattened circumstances at best. He fingered the slim wallet in his pocket nervously.

"Not any-nothing like those, I'm afraid. You haven't anything likelike what grows in a country garden, have you?'

"A few sweet-peas, you mean or pansles?"

"Yes, and mignonette, and forgetme-nots."

"I could make you up an old-fashloned nosegay-'

"Yes, that's what I want." When Paul took out his wallet to

pay for the bouquet, he took out a little box, too, and writing on it in pencil in his curiously unformed and immature hand, "For Mary, with Paul's love." he slipped it in among the flowers which the salesman handed him. Then, thus armed, he turned toward Beacon street. His destination proved to be an

enormous corner house of brown stone, on the water side. Its appearance instantly suggested age, wealth and exclusiveness. Paul, uncomfortable enough already, became decidedly more so as he rang the front-door bell. The appearance of the man-servant who answered the ring did not reassure him.

"Miss Manning is not at home, sir." "Or Mrs. Adams? Or Miss Adams?" "None of the ladies are in, sir."

"Could I wait? I want very much to see Miss Manning."

The butler seemed to hesitate. "I'm her cousin, Paul Manning, from Vermont. I've--I've come a long way--How silly that he should be pleading with this wooden-faced automaton! He half regretted the words before they were out of his mouth. But, as usual, he stood his ground. And he

was rewarded. "I think Miss Manning would wish you to wait, sir. Will you come to the library? I'll tell her you're here, directly she gets in, sir-or Miss Adams, if she comes first, sir."

The library proved to be an enormous bay-windowed room at the rear of the house, overlooking the Charles river, lined with books to the ceiling and furnished in Cordova leather. Paul had never seen, hardly even imagined, such a room before. This was the kind of house-fer Mr. Hamlin's, he felt sure, would be very like his sister's-that Mary could live in forever if she chose! Mary, whose chance for "advantages" had been no better than his! Mary, whom he had called a prude and a shrew and a The clock on the mante tallor! chimed and struck half past four. The butler reappeared and piled fresh

wood on the fire. "I doubt if Miss Manning will be in now, before tea-time, sir. Is there was Paul's only comment at the end anything I could get you, sir? Some cigarettes, or a whisky and soda?"

"No, thank you."

The fire crackled a little with the new wood, blazed into brilliant colors and settled to a steady flame. The clock chimed and struck, and struck and chimed again. It was after five when he finally heard Mary's voice. "Someone waiting to see me? Who

is it, Judkins?" "The gentleman said he was your

cousin, miss. I took him into the library."

There was a short silence. "Thank you, Judkins."

"Shall I serve tea for you there, now

"Please." So they were to be alone-what he had hoped for so much! He heard her coming, lightly and quickly, up the

stairs. Then she entered the room. She was dressed in the dull blue color that she had always loved, a soft, flowing gown, a large drooping hat. These were not the kind. Paul instinctively knew, that were burriedly stitched together after the children were in bed at night, or painfully created by Miss Sims, the village dressmaker, from a "paper pattern." But the change in her was far greater than

in apparel alone. He could see that now, even more clearly than at the theater the evening before. She was rested, she was happy, all of her gravity seemed to have left her. Paul had never seen a woman so beautiful, so vital, so full of promise.

"Paul! When did you come? I'm ever so glad to see you!" "Just yesterday. I'm staying with

Blanche "How nice! Isn't her apartment pretty? And isn't Philip-well, just almost too good to be true?"

"Yes. I guess he is true, though Blanche is lucky.' Mary sat down, pulled off her white gloves and took off her hat.

"Is everything all right at Lady Blanche farm? Of course, or you wouldn't be here! Are you going to stay long?"

"Only a few days." "We must try and make them pleasant for you. Hannah is giving a dinner for me tomorrow--I'm sure she'll want you to come. And there are sev-

eral good plays in town-" "It's awfully kind of you. But Pd honestly rather not be asked to dinner. I-I came just for-for rather special reason."

"Yes" said Mary, still lightly, "I'm poine to anti-Mary nourther tan, did not answer with mother."

Mary handed him the cup. would, of course," she said quietly.

"Do you think I did wrong?" "No-I don't think so more about it."

"She's all right, physically, though she insists she's a nervous invalid. And she's all right financially, too, if she'll only be careful. We were in debt, rather, after Blanche's wedding, but I've paid that all up. I've used some capital of my own Now she can keep Hod and Myra to work for her and have plenty of money left over for food and clothing and taxes and everything that I can think of-I've been over it all pretty carefully. I've told her she could have my share of our income, too, as long as I was gone. That's fair, isn't it. Mary?"

"I should think it was-perfectly fair. What branch of the service do you want to enter?" "The marines. If they can't get

into a scrap on sea, perhaps they will on land. "Yes-I suppose Cousin Violet, when she saw she couldn't stop your going,

advised the quartermaster's depart-

ment or something like that?" "How did you guess? I felt there were lots of other men who could go into that, men with families, I mean, or who weren't all right physically, There's nothing the matter with my heart; I found that out from David Noble before he left. It was David who first put the idea of going to war into my head. I've had plenty of time to think it over since, and I'm

sure I'm doing the best thing. But I'm sorry to have quarreled with mother. Cousin Jane took her side, too, and your father. No one seems to know there is a war, in Hamstead, hardly. I tried to make them see how I felt. I couldn't. I'd made up my mind to go, anyhow, but I hated going

"Yes," said Mary. "It must have been hard. And I'm-I'm sorry, Paul."

"Sorry I'm going?" "Oh, no. I'm glad you're going. I'm only sorry they couldn't see that you were right to go and that it made your going harder. I suppose it is hard

enough, anyway." Paul put down his cup and came and sat down beside her on the sofa, "Mary," he said, his voice trembling a little, "I haven't any right to ask, of course, but would you tell me?-Are you going to marry Mr. Hamlin?"

"No. I'm going home, very soon now. I'll try to make them see your side, in Hamstead. I don't know whether I can, but I'll try. And that there is a war. And that they must wake up and help to win it, if they don't want to perish in it."

"Would-would you marry me?" For a minute the girl did not answer. She sat looking into the fire and in spite of its bright reflection, Paul thought that some of the lovely color had suddenly left her face.

"1-1 thought," he went on, taking courage at not being instantly repulsed, "that if you would-we could have just a week or so together before I enlist. We could go to some quiet little place by the sea-neither of us has ever done that. And while I am gone, I could-I could remember itand look forward to coming back to

you, that way, again." Suddenly he knelt down, and halfburied his face in the soft folds of her dress. "Mary-I've been so lonely without you all winter. I've wanted to talk to you-about New York, and the farm and the war-shout everything I was interested in and thinking over myself. I've wanted to try to make some things easier and pleasanter for you. I never knew before that home, to me, meant-just you.

Mary-I want you so-" "I know," she said slowly. "I've known that, of course, since Christmas, That's why I went away. Becauseyou don't love me." She drew away from him a little. "You think love is just that-'wanting,' " she said. "Wanting something you can't get. And throwing it away as worthless as soon as you've got it. If I married you, you would be happy that week. But the first little French peasant you

"Mary!" "Well, wouldn't you? Or at any rate, have I any reason to suppose-to know-that you wouldn't? You don't know what it means to love."

"I thought I did. But perhaps I don't-will you tell me?"

Mary hesitated. "I don't know that I can put it into words very well," she said at last. "It isn't something you talk about. It's something you feelthat you are. And I can only tell what it means-for a girl. I can't, of course, for a man. Perhaps they don't feel as much as we do, though they always say they feel more-"

She turned her head away for a minute, and then faced him. "I can't pretend I wouldn't like to live like this always," she said, "I love the country but I haven't any illusions about it. I know that Lady Blanche farm-or any farm-means lots of hard work, lots of loneliness, lots of deprivation. I'd like to have a big, beautiful house in the city, and the constant association with delightful people-and all the rest of it. And when a man whom you like very much, offers them all to you, and you realize that you could not only have everything you want yourself, but give your father rest and comfort in his old age, and your brothers a good education, and and you hesitate. You can't help it. It is an awful temptation. Of course Gale Hamlin is too tactful, and too too square, to try to bribe me. But it amounts to a bribe just the

same. So I've tried to love him, so that I-I could have all this. thought I could, perhaps. But "Tve-I've had a devil of a row