

# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

## BUY AND SELL

List Your Wants, Rentals, Articles for Sale or Trade and Miscellaneous Wants, in These Columns

### Classified Rates

2 Cents a word per issue.  
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Classified Ads appear in  
Beaverton Enterprise  
Multnomah Press  
Tigard Sentinel  
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Complete Eastern Washington  
County and Western Multnomah  
County Coverage.

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WE BUY OR SELL USED CARS—  
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### MISCELLANEOUS

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Cataract a specialty.

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A Home Method for women, men  
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Saves operations. Opportunity for  
woman whole or part time. Write  
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eliminate swelling and pain in ankles  
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Colon  
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Write or call for FREE BOOKLET.  
Treated Without Surgical Operation.  
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Teach Yourself to  
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Reading & Study-  
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THE LLOYD STUDIO FEATURES  
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\$75 per acre, 20 per cent cash down,  
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Reedville homes; rich soil, small  
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desirably located. Will gladly show  
you See Gibson, Metzger-Parker Co.  
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WHITE ROSE CAFE 136 S. W. Morri-  
son BE. 9096 other location 18 N. W.  
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Southern Style on Sundays. Week-  
ly meals 15c and up.

### SALESMAN WANTED

MAN WANTED for Rawleigh Route  
of 800 families. Write today. Raw-  
leigh, Dept. ORB-16-SA, Oakland,  
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J. GIBBEL HANS—3952 N. Commer-  
cial St. MURdock 1546—Formerly  
the PUBLIC SANITARY SERVICE  
Co., Inc.

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MOLER Barber College—This In-  
ternational System is the scientific  
way; some day, 3 teachers. Write  
or call 227 S. W. 3d ave. Portland.

BARBERING TAUGHT—Two schools  
in Portland, Oregon; some pay, lat-  
est scientific equipment; expert in-  
structors. MODERN BARBER  
COLLEGE, 1038 S. W. 1st Ave., cor.  
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### SKATING RINKS—ROLLER

IMPERIAL SKATING RINK, C. M.  
Jefferies, Mfg., East Madison near  
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Ladies 10c. Everyone 25c Thursday  
Special rates to parties.

### STOVES

Come to Stove Headquarters  
For any kind of Range, Wood, Gas,  
Electric, or combination, new or  
used, Priced Right.

#### Lang Stove Co.

1017 S. W. 6th Ave. Phone AT. 2070

### TANK MANUFACTURERS

BEALL PIPE & TANK CORP 1945 N.  
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boists and dump bodies. Irrigation  
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### WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED TO BUY—Cheap horses  
for fox feed. Beabout Silver Fox  
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### WINDOW, PLATE, MIRROR GLASS

#### J. A. CLINE

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### TALK COST \$216.000

Pittsburgh—Two men who met at a  
cocktail bar and talked about the  
personal property they owned without  
paying taxes did not know that Ralph  
Barr, tax assessor, was standing near-  
by listening. He investigated and  
forced the men to pay \$216,000.

### HAVE FIVE SETS OF TWINS

Puiman, Conn.—Mr. and Mrs. Harry  
Fifield are the parents of their fifth  
set of twins. Altogether they have  
eleven living children.

### STEALS DUMB BOY'S SHOES

Dallas, Texas—Jack Taylor, eight  
year old deaf mute, was left in his  
father's automobile for a few min-  
utes. When the father returned he  
found a thief had stolen the shoes off  
of the boy's feet.

### SON STRIKES; SHE YIELDS

Kenosha, Wisconsin—When Mrs.  
Angeline Bonadio refused to have her  
teeth extracted upon a physician's  
advice, her son, Benjamin, went on a  
hunger strike. After several days he  
became seriously ill and the mother  
relented and had the teeth pulled.

## YOUR CHILD AND THE SCHOOL

By Dr. ALLEN G. IRELAND  
Director, Physical and Health Education  
New Jersey State Department of Public Instruction

### To Aid the Health Diet

I came across a chart of the ideal  
health diet. It was the best of its  
kind I had seen, readable, under-  
standable, and correct. And in the  
excitement of discovery I showed it  
to a young mother whom I knew to  
be a stickler for the correct thing in  
child raising.

In a twinkling she took the wild  
out of my sails by saying with a little  
touch of justifiable pride: "That's  
nothing. I have that beat a mile."  
Thereupon she showed me an admir-  
able thing of her own invention. And  
the best of it is, it actually works.

It, too, was a chart, a home-made  
affair. First, I should say this  
mother has two boys and a girl. Her  
chart, hand colored, attractively  
drawn, attempted to show in terms  
of child interest, the values of the  
several essential foods. In the left-  
hand column were statements such  
as these: "This makes chinning the  
bar easy." "This gives speed to run-  
ning." "This helps to make graceful  
dancers." "This keeps Daddy well to  
earn a living for us," and so on.

Opposite those were colored draw-  
ings. In one place were four glasses  
of milk in another a bowl of fruit; or  
a plate of bread and butter. And so  
it went, down the list of es-  
sential food items, including meat,  
fish, eggs, nuts, all kinds of veget-  
ables, and milk products such as  
cheese, ice cream, and custards.

The chart was hung in a conspicu-  
ous place in the kitchen. Sometimes  
the children are allowed to select  
meals from the chart. At other  
times, the mother points out what she  
has planned for the next meal. The  
object of the game each time is to  
pick out a balanced meal, in which  
there is a variety but with some item  
from each of the essentials.

The question of home work rises  
again. Dr. Ireland will discuss it in  
his next article.

## SHIPS TO NOWHERE

By LILLARD MCGEE  
© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

TURNING his face, gaunt and ex-  
pressionless, toward the main  
part of the city, the stumbling  
man sidled his way along the  
street.

Ahead of him, at the corner of Canal  
and Royal, a man skulked in a door-  
way and watched with rat-like eyes  
as a passerby threw away a newspaper.  
Quickly he reached for it. Times  
were hard for "Rags" Filcher, man of  
wits and at one time a barrister.

Raising his eyes from the paper, he  
noticed the spectral man slowly pass-  
ing. He quickly consulted the first  
page of the newspaper, then watched  
as the passerby hesitated before a dark-  
ened stairway sign which bore the bat-  
tered words "Attorney-at-Law."

Slowly he retraced his steps.  
Filcher watched closely, seemed to  
ponder for a moment and then fell in  
behind.

Like two shadows the two moved  
back into the protecting gloom of the  
ancient street, and on toward Jackson  
square.

The leader stumbled to a bench, start-  
ing across the square. His follower crept  
up and seated himself at the other end  
of the bench.

"I used to go there,"  
The haggard man nodded.

Filcher crowded close.  
"On Sunday," his voice trailed on,  
"with Margaret and the kid. We had  
a pew. We came—it was a long time  
ago."

His companion started and Filcher's  
eyes glinted in the half light.  
His voice dropped lower.

"Say, you look square. I'm in trou-  
ble. I've got to tell some one. I've  
just got to!"

His companion nodded and Filcher  
pulled the soiled paper from his pocket  
and pointed at a page one story and  
picture.

"Have you read that?"  
A negative reply followed without  
so much as a glance.

"Well, listen. I know you're square.  
I wouldn't do this but I've just got to  
tell some one."

The voice was a desperate half-whis-  
per as he started to read by the glim-  
mering light.

"Baton Rouge, La., Oct. 1—John Phil-  
lip Martineau, formerly widely known  
New Orleans attorney, convicted on a  
charge of slaying his law partner, Da-  
vis A. Morrissey, today made good his  
escape from state prison.

"Details of Martineau's escape were  
not announced by prison authorities,  
but it is known that five others who  
escaped at the same time have been  
recaptured. Bloodhounds have been  
placed on Martineau's trail.

"Martineau's romance with Margaret  
Orsatti, whose father rose from street  
peddler to become one of the best loved  
men in the city, stirred New Orleans  
several seasons ago.

"It is thought by officials that Mar-  
tineau is headed for New Orleans and  
officers there have been notified."

Filcher stopped reading and quickly  
peered at his companion, who made no  
comment.

"Can't you picture it?" he asked.  
"The fierce, broiling sun—the guards  
with their whips, their tobacco-stained  
mouths creaking in a sneer at the suf-  
fering of the unfortunate prisoners?"

"I see it all. I see Martineau, back-  
bent, spirit broken, as he is driven by  
the guards. I see the prisoners, goaded  
beyond endurance. I see one striking  
unconscious an unsuspecting guard—  
another leaping to seize the fallen  
guard's gun. I see the guards, run-  
ning, cursing, firing and shouting. I  
see the prisoners scattering and  
crouching, wild with fear. I see Mar-  
tineau—fleeing through the swamps,  
dragging his irons . . ."

The voice dropped lower, became  
more vibrant, and the listener shivered  
as though from a chill wind.

"I see it all. I see him losing his  
irons—running, falling, gasping in hor-  
ror at the bay of the hounds behind  
him. I see him making for the protec-  
tion of the shadows to a small shop,  
where he is known—and he is known  
in many. I see him getting money,  
hiding in alleys. And then I see him  
become almost careless of arrest by  
his longing for one sight of his wife  
and child. I see it all—"

The man beside Filcher half arose,  
then sank back wearily.

"Who are you? What do you want?"

"Who am I? Filcher's mouth  
twisted cruelly.

"And what do I want? I want all  
you've got. I might be—"

As he pocketed a handful of bills,  
his triumph turned to sickly fear as a  
blue-coated hand fell on his shoulder.

"All right, Martineau. The game's  
up. Sorry he troubled you, sir," to the  
other man.

Filcher half twisted to face the offi-  
cer, snarling, "I ain't Martineau, he—"

But the policeman shook him by  
the scruff of the neck.  
"Sure, an' you're Martineau. If  
you're not Martineau, how would you  
be knowin' so much about it all?  
Thought you'd hold up the gentleman,  
did you? Take all his money, you  
thought, and then grab one of them  
ships out there in the river and go  
sailin' off to nowhere?"

The dazed man on the bench started  
as the street light revealed the officer's  
face.

A courtroom scene flashed in his  
mind.

A judge passing sentence.  
A woman crying and attempting to  
reach her husband's side, while a blue-  
coated officer, his face drawn in pain,  
endeavored to hold her.

The officer was Big Tim Clancy, who  
had walked a beat beside the wom-  
an's father, as he had peddled fruit.

"Tramp steamers—sailing off to no-  
where."  
Quickly he arose, turned and moved  
toward the waterfront.

A short time later at police head-  
quarters Rags Filcher angrily shouted  
and waved his arms.

"There's always a reward, and I  
tell you it was him. I saw him."

The police sergeant yawned.  
"Oh, ye—ah? Well, who are you?  
It seems to me I've seen your mug be-  
fore. Lock him up. Vag him."

As Filcher was led away the ser-  
geant turned to Big Tim.

"As well as you know Martineau, you  
ought to have known that wasn't him.  
Besides—" His gaze was sharp as he  
peered into Big Tim's eyes—"I think  
he was drowned in the swamp."

The telephone at the sergeant's el-  
bow jangled.

The sergeant shouted into it, then  
handed it across to the officer.

"It's for you, Tim. Think it's O'Mal-  
ley."

Clancey listened intently before  
speaking. "Oh, he did? Good."

Hanging up the receiver he turned  
to the sergeant.

"It was O'Malley, all right. He was  
telling me a fellow down at the dock  
is wantin' to buy my car. Well, guess  
I'll be gettin' back to my beat."

Slowly he shuffled out of the room.

A few blocks down the street he  
turned in at a saloon and dropped a  
nickel in a pay telephone.

His face was beaming with pride as  
he spoke into the mouth-piece.

"Hello, Bridget? And who would ya  
be guessin' this is? Oh, ye would,  
would ye? Listen, Bridget, could ye  
be givin' a message to somebody?  
Could ye be sayin' to your mistress  
that I be sayin' there's a boat leaving  
in the mornin'? Could ye be sayin'  
that? And could ye be sayin' as how  
the first stop is Puerto, Puerto, ye dumb  
Mick, Puerto. That be in Guatemala,  
where Big Joe Cronin went after killin'  
that gangster because he could be  
brought back by no extradition papers.  
You might be tellin' her, too, about  
there bein' no extradition. I think  
she'd be understandin'—an' Bridget,  
could ye be makin' me some pancakes  
again sometime?"

Back at Jackson square, he tilted on  
his toes and squinted across the cathe-  
dral as the plaintive notes of a violin  
carried in a triumphant, sweeping mel-  
ody, blended with the distant whistle of  
a tramp steamer, down river toward  
Port Eads.

### Village to Be Drowned

With the completion of the \$27,500-  
000 Hume dam across the River Murray  
in New South Wales the village of  
Bowma, one of the country's land-  
marks, is to be "drowned." In a short  
time snow on the South Alps will be-  
gin to melt and feed the Murray river  
with flood water. Now that the dam is  
completed the water will be held back  
so that a reservoir with a water sur-  
face of 33,000 acres is formed. As the  
water collects behind the dam Bowma  
will disappear, for it is built on what  
will soon be the floor of the reservoir.  
The storage capacity of the reservoir  
will be 1,250,000 acre feet. Later on 29  
steel lifting gates, each 20 feet by 15  
feet, may be added.

### Big Crop of Teeth

Two hundred teeth were extracted  
from the month of a young woman in  
Kansas City recently. The patient,  
until she visited the dentist, thought  
she had only the normal number