



# The Secret Adversary

by Agatha Christie

(Continued from last week.)

"That business about Mrs. Vandemeyer had worried me when Julius told me about it. On the face of it, it seemed that he or Sir James must have done the trick. But I didn't know which. Finding that photograph in the drawer, after that story of how it had been got from him by Inspector Brown, made me suspect Julius. Then I remembered that it was Sir James who had discovered the false Jane Finn. In the end, I couldn't make up my mind—and just decided to take no chances either way. I left a note for Julius, in case he was Mr. Brown, saying I was off to the Argentine, and I dropped Sir James' letter with the offer of the job by the desk so that he would see it was a genuine stunt. Then I wrote my letter to Mr. Carter and rang up Sir James. And then I got a bogus note from Tuppence—and I knew!"

"But how?"

Tommy took the note in question from his pocket and passed it round the table.

"It's her handwriting, all right, but I knew it wasn't from her because of the



"It's Her Handwriting, All Right."

signature. She'd never spell her name 'Tuppence,' but anyone who'd never seen it written might quite easily do so. Julius had seen it—he showed me a note of hers to him once—but Sir James hadn't! After that everything was plain sailing. I sent off Albert post-haste to Mr. Carter. I pretended to go away, but doubled back again. When Julius came bursting in his car, I felt it wasn't part of Mr. Brown's plan—and that there would probably be trouble. Unless Sir James was actually caught in the act, so to speak, I knew Mr. Carter would never believe

it at all on my unsupported word—"I didn't," interposed Mr. Carter, ruefully.

"That's why I sent the girls off to Sir James. I was sure they'd fetch up at the house in Soho sooner or later. I threatened Julius with the revolver because I wanted Tuppence to repeat that to Sir James, so that he wouldn't worry about us. The moment the girls were out of sight I told Julius to drive like h—ll for London, and as we went along I told him the whole story. We got to the Soho house in plenty of time and met Mr. Carter outside. After arranging things with him we went in and hid behind the curtain in the recess. The policemen had orders to say, if they were asked, that no one had gone into the house. That's all."

And Tommy came to an abrupt halt. There was silence for a moment.

"By the way," said Julius suddenly, "you're all wrong about that photograph of Jane. It was taken from me, but I found it again."

"Where?" cried Tuppence.

"In that little safe on the wall in Mrs. Vandemeyer's bedroom."

"We all kept back something or other," said Tuppence, thoughtfully. "I suppose secret service work makes you like that?"

Mr. Carter rose to his feet.

"I will give you a toast, The Joint Venture which has so amply justified itself by success!"

It was drunk with acclamation.

"There's something more we want to hear," continued Mr. Carter. He looked at the American ambassador.

"I speak for you also, I know. We'll ask Miss Jane Finn to tell us the story that only Miss Tuppence has heard so far—but before we do so we'll drink her health. The health of one of the bravest of America's daughters, to whom is due the thanks and gratitude of two great countries!"

## CHAPTER XIX

### And After.

"That was a mighty good toast, Jane," said Mr. Hersheltmer, as he and his cousin were being driven back in the Rolls-Royce to the Ritz.

"The one to the Joint Venture?"

"No—the one to you. There isn't another girl in the world who could have carried it through as you did. You were just wonderful!"

Jane shook her head.

"I don't feel wonderful. At heart I'm just tired and lonesome—and long-

ing for my own country."

"That brings me to something I wanted to say. I heard the ambassador telling you his wife hoped you would come to them at the embassy right away. That's good enough, but I've got another plan. Jane—I want you to marry me! Don't get scared and say no at once. You can't love me right away, of course, that's impossible. But I've loved you from the very moment I set eyes on your photo—and now I've seen you I'm simply crazy about you! If you'll only marry me, I won't worry you any—you shall take your own time. Maybe you'll never come to love me, and if that's the case I'll manage to set you free. But I want the right to look after you and take care of you."

"Oh, Julius!"

"Well, I don't want to hustle you, Jane, but there's no sense in waiting about. Don't be scared—I shan't expect you to love me all at once."

But a small hand was slipped into his.

"I love you now, Julius," said Jane Finn. "I loved you the first moment in the car when the bullet grazed your cheek..."

In the meantime the Young Adventurers were sitting bolt upright, very stiff and ill at ease, in a taxi.

They sat very straight and forebore to look at each other.

At last Tuppence made a desperate effort.

"Rather fun, wasn't it?"

"Rather."

"I like Julius," essayed Tuppence, again.

Tommy was suddenly galvanized into life.

"It has been fun, hasn't it, Tommy? I do hope we shall have lots more adventures."

"You're insatiable, Tuppence. I've had quite enough adventures for the present."

"Well, shopping is almost as good," said Tuppence, dreamily. "Think of buying old furniture, and bright carpets, and futuristic silk curtains, and a polished dining table, and a divan with lots of cushions—"

"Hold hard," said Tommy. "What's all this for?"

"Possibly a house—but I think a flat."

"Whose flat?"

"You think I mind saying it, but I don't in the least! Ours, so there!"

"You darling!" cried Tommy, his arms tightly round her. "I was determined to make you say it. I owe you something for the relentless way you've snatched me whenever I've tried to be sentimental."

Tuppence raised her face to his. The taxi proceeded on a course round the north side of Regent's park.

"You haven't really proposed now," pointed out Tuppence. "Not what our grandmothers would call a proposal. But after listening to a rotten one like Julius's, I'm inclined to let you off."

"You won't be able to get out of marrying me, so don't you think of it."

"What fun it will be," responded Tuppence. "Marriage is called all sorts of things, a haven, and a refuge, and a crowning glory, and a state of bondage, and lots more. But do you know what I think it is?"

"What?"

"A sport!"

"And a d—d good sport, too," said Tommy.

[THE END]

## Oregon Man Gives Reasons for Unusual Action—Protests Execution.

Referring to a threatened reduction in food and other supplies to Near East orphanages as a death warrant, Barclay Acheson, formerly of Portland, writes as follows to J. J. Handwerker, State Director of the Near East Relief, Portland: "I hope that you in Oregon understand the grave significance of the reduction in appropriations effective May first. It is no more nor less than a death warrant."

"We know that when the New York Committee voted that out of 25% they did it simply because the treasury was empty, and we also know that the treasury is empty because of the millions of dollars which we were compelled to spend out here for the relief of more than a million people fleeing from their homes last year. But no matter what the cause, it means death—or worse—to children in Near East Relief orphanages."

"The folks who have been uprooted from their homes are not to blame for this condition, and certainly the children are not. In the mad scramble to escape from Turkey during the time set by the Turks, at least 100,000 people died. The death rate would have been troubled but for America being on the job. There was nothing for us to do but to extend aid as far as possible, even at the cost of all our reserve fund—and more. Now it is a fight with us to keep the children in the orphanages, and if the 25% cut is made May first, it means that some of the children you played with when you were out here two years ago will be fished on the streets to die."

"If those who read Acheson's message will respond to the limit of their ability, I am confident that Oregon's part of the children will remain in the orphanages until able to make their own way, as they must, at the age of sixteen," states Handwerker. The Near East Relief office is at 613 Stock Exchange, Portland.

## Ask and Receive

"What were you and Mr. Smith talking about in the parlor?" demanded Miss Blushes' mother.

"Oh, we were discussing our kith and kin," replied the young lady.

"Yeth, you wath," interposed her little sister. "Mr. Smith asked you for a kith, and you thaid 'You kin.'"

# BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

## SCOUT COURAGE WINS FAITH

Courage and discipline displayed in a terrific flood which engulfed an entire camp in a Utah canyon were the basis for expressions of faith by parents, scout council, and local clubmen in the boy scout movement which, in a tragic experience, had proved to them its value in the development of many qualities. On the eventual evening, eight boys of the Ogden Gateway council, Utah, under the leadership of Field Executive George Bergstrom, were snugly housed from the rain in one of the tents when there came a sudden lull, and quiet, followed by a rush, a roar, a thundering crash, a sound like the roaring of a tremendous wind, and then the flood. A wall of water and debris eight feet high swept upon the tent, throwing the occupants into a vortex of swirling water and tent poles, tent sacks, tent ropes, poles, and equipment, and carrying them in its icy grip for several hundred feet over rocks, brush and undergrowth.

"I suddenly felt a dash of rain in my face and found myself clinging to a chokecherry bush in more than five feet of water, a raging torrent on both sides," says the scout leader. Calling to his boys, the scout man at the same time groped around for them, his pathway illuminated only by lightning flashes. After considerable difficulty the little band was united and the problem was to reach higher ground. Joining hands, and placing the younger boys in the more guarded positions, the sturdy team slowly made its way through the angry stream, finally reaching the scoutmaster's automobile standing some distance beyond.

A fire was essential for the bedraggled group. With some dry straw discovered in a ripped-open mattress and dry wood from some dead cottonwood trees, secured by peeling off the wet bark, a little mound of timber was formed. Taking off the cover of the gas tank, Bergstrom struck in a rag which he had fastened on a stick and saturated it with gasoline. Putting on the cover to prevent an explosion, he hastened to the motor, and grasping the high-tension cable firmly, severed its connection at the high-tension spark coil. Into the sparks that "Jumped across the gap, he shoved the rag. He received a half-paralyzing shock, but his reward was a flame which, when applied to the wood, soon reached a blaze, amid the cheers of the boys.

In the morning the party found food and shelter in a neighboring farmhouse.

## BOY SCOUTS AVERT TRAGEDY

The claim that scout training develops initiative and clear thinking is a convincing example in a recent thrilling rescue by three boy scouts of Atlanta, Georgia, and a companion. A terror-stricken girl suspended thirty feet above a ravine, in a buoy strung on a cable—such were the melodramatic circumstances which accompanied the rescue.

These young people were playing at a recreation park where a long cable had been stretched across the rear of the property, for the amusement of the children of the neighborhood. Along this cable, clinging to the breeches buoy, the children are in the habit of swinging themselves. As a rule the weight of the average boy or girl is sufficient to carry him or her from one end of the cable to the other.

"But little Mary Brown, nine-years old, couldn't quite make it," it was explained. "It was her turn on the buoy and she made a valiant effort, but as she reached a point directly over a small ravine, where the cable is thirty feet from the ground, her momentum was exhausted and she found herself suspended in midair without any apparent means of regaining the earth safely.

"Seeing the child's danger the scouts and their friend ran to the little girl who was clinging tightly to the buoy and screaming with fright. The resourceful lads looking about for means of freeing Mary, discovered a short distance away an old rug. They rushed back to the ravine with it, and holding it as firm as hold a net, they ordered her to make the jump. Gaily, Mary released the buoy and plunged into the outstretched rug, unharmed."

Boy Scouts of Atlanta, the account recalls, have figured during the past year in seven distinct rescues in which their lives were imperiled to save others.

## A GOOD TURN BY THE WAY

A highway near Seattle, Wash., was recently the scene of the scout "daily good turn." While passing along the countryside two members of Troop 2, Seattle, noticed flames issuing from the upper story of a farmhouse. Hastening to the fire area, they found the householder and his wife the sole and pathetic witnesses of the impending ruin. Following the scout principle, "to help other people at all times," the scout chief cut most of the furniture before the roof collapsed.

## CUP CAKES ARE FINE FOR TEA

Make Excellent Change for Sunday Night Supper—Many Kinds of Frostings Good.

Make cup cakes for a change instead of layer cake and serve them with afternoon tea, for lunch, or Sunday night supper. Frostings of many kinds are acceptable but none are more wholesome or better liked than those flavored with orange juice and rind.

**Cup Cakes.**  
1/2 cupful butter or 1 cupful milk  
1 cupful sugar  
1 egg  
1/2 cupful flour  
1/2 cupful sugar  
1/2 cupful baking powder

Mix according to the usual method for butter cakes, and bake in gem tins. This recipe should make 24 cakes. The following frosting is recommended by the United States Department of Agriculture as a means of using orange juice and uncooked yolks of eggs:

**Orange Frosting.**  
1 tablespoonful Yolk of one egg  
Orange Juice  
Grated rind of one orange  
Confectioners' sugar

Let the rind stand in the orange juice for 15 or 20 minutes. Strain and add the yolk of the egg to the juice, mix thoroughly and add confectioners' sugar gradually, beating thoroughly until of the right consistency to spread.

## All Around the House

When you have chicken giblets to use make a little pie of them.

All breadcrumbs should be saved and dried to use in scalloped dishes.

You can remove iodine stains from any fabric by soaking the article in lime water.

Cornmeal is excellent for cleaning articles of flannel and for taking dust from straw hats.

Lemon juice will remove stains from the hands with moist sugar. This usual ly proves effective.

You can usually remove a paint stain easily if you use equal parts of ammonia and turpentine.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Jones and Mrs. M. G. Hendricks left Memorial Day to spend the week end in Hoquiam, Washington.

## STOP CATARRH! OPEN NOSTRILS AND HEAD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Relieves Head-Colds at Once.

If your nostrils are clogged and your head is stuffed and you can't breathe freely because of a cold or catarrh, just get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm at any drug store. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream into your nostrils and let it penetrate through every air passage of your head, soothing and healing the inflamed, swollen mucous membrane and you get instant relief.

Ah! How good it feels. Your nostrils are open, your head is clear, no more headache, snuffling, blowing; no more sneezing, dryness or struggling for breath. Ely's Cream Balm is just what sufferers from head-colds and catarrh need. It's a delight.

## IF SKIN BREAKS OUT AND ITCHES APPLY SULPHUR

Just the moment you apply Mentho-Sulphur to an itching, burning or broken out skin, the itching stops and healing begins, says a noted skin specialist. This sulphur preparation, made into a pleasant cold cream, gives such a quick relief, even to fiery eczema, that nothing has ever been found to take its place.

Because of its germ-destroying properties, it quickly subdues the itching, cools the irritation and heals the eczema right up, leaving a clear, smooth skin in place of ugly eruptions, rash, pimples or roughness.

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## Household Dept. VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS

**Stuffed Noodles**—Mix 2 cups of flour and a little salt, add 3 eggs and enough milk to make a very stiff dough. Roll thin, cut in 2 inch squares, wet edges with a tablespoon of the following mixture in the center of each: 2 cups of ground cooked beef, 1 small chopped onion, 1 egg, salt and pepper. Press edges together and drop into boiling beef broth or boiling salted water. Cook 10 minutes and serve very hot.

**Rice and Veal Cutlets**—1 cup cold cooked rice, 1 cup cold finely chopped veal, 1/4 cup milk, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1-6 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Warm the rice, chopped veal and milk in the upper part of a double boiler; add the beaten egg, butter and seasonings; cook until the egg thickens. Spread the mixture on a shallow plate to cool and when cool enough to handle easily, shape in the form of cutlets. Roll the cutlets in fine crumbs, egg and then in crumbs again. Fry in deep fat until a light brown or brush over with oil and brown in a hot oven.

**Veal Birds**—1 1/2 pound veal cutlet, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup soft brown crumbs, 3 tablespoons melted butter, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon onion-juice, 2 tablespoonful oil. Hot water.

Cut the veal in individual pieces and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Make a dressing of the bread crumbs, melted butter and seasonings. Place a spoonful of dressing in the center of each piece of veal, roll the edges together and skewer with a toothpick or tie in place with a string and brown the birds in the hot oil. Add hot water to cover, and cover the pan and cook in a hot oven for forty-five minutes, then remove the cover and bake thirty minutes longer.

**Beef Ragout**—1 pound of beef, 1 onion, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 bunch celery, 2 cups canned tomatoes, 1/2 package cooked spaghetti, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1/4 cup grated cheese. Cut the meat in one-inch cubes and slice the onion thin. Have the fat hot in a frying pan, add the meat and onions, fry until brown, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire and put the meat and fat in a large kettle; add the celery, tomato, the cooked spaghetti, salt and pepper; let it simmer for three hours or until the meat is tender. Add hot water if there is danger of the meat's sticking. Serve hot on a platter and sprinkle the grated cheese over the top just before serving.

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