

Beaverton Review

Issued Every Friday at Beaverton, Oregon, THE REVIEW PUBLISHING CO.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1930

Entered as second class matter December 9, 1922, at the postoffice at Beaverton, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

A good conscience is one that is trained not to interrupt.

We're still waiting for the manufacturer who dares to guarantee us his car will wear until it is paid for.

Anyway in these times of controversy we must all agree that the prohibition law is getting the breaks.

Congressmen overlooked the most important possible measure for farm relief after passing some twenty one laws. They neglected to provide for rain at proper intervals.

Women resist heat much more successfully than men, it is said. We have noticed that to be the case whenever there is an argument.

Most people are broad minded until they are forced to consider a problem that affects them personally.

Little Fibs That Never Wear Out "Well, I had a good time, but it's good to back at work again."

"Oh, we don't mind riding in the rumble seat a bit."

"Aw, let the kids stay here, Bill. They don't bother us."

"Listen, I know I'm in, but I'll put in another chip, anyhow."

"Go right ahead, Mrs. Smith! We always enjoy Amos 'n Andy."

"Usually it's very cool here at night. I can't understand why..."

"Really, I think your daughter has a marvelous voice."

"..... And we hope you'll come over and see us real soon!"

—Chet Johnson in Judge

A NATURAL LAW

All literature, ancient and modern, emphasizes the thought that unity is power—that co-operation is the motive power of achievement.

Nature, too, to those who can read the lessons of the ages gives us a conception of this fundamental truth.

In any museum of natural history you can find fossil remains of prehistoric monsters, dinosaurs, brontosaurus, and all the other savage creatures of distant ages.

But all these powerful animals have disappeared left the earth long ago to the smaller, less powerful creatures with which it is now occupied.

Why? Because these prehistoric monsters were not gregarious—they fought and lived into themselves alone selfishly—and were forced to give way to the creatures that lived in packs, swarms, and flocks.

The world has changed, but nature's laws are as effective today as at any time in past ages. It is through co-operation alone that a species, a race, a nation, or a community can survive and prosper.

GOOD BUSINESS

Two gentlemen stopped on the street to talk to each other. One wore a large diamond pin.

"Isaac," said the other, "dot iss a fine diamond you have. Vare you get it?"

"Vell," said Isaac, "my brother he died and left \$450.00 for a stone. Dis iss de stone."

ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

"Smell anything, Grandmother?" asked the youngster who was lying on the floor drawing. Grandmother assured him that she did not.

The young artist gave a few finishing touches and repeated the question. Grandmother sniffed the air, and declared that she smelled nothing.

"Well," said the boy, "you ought to. I just drew a skunk."

ASK DAD, HE KNOWS

All were quiet in the cinema watching the comic man counterfeiting intoxication. The silence was broken by a small boy's shrill voice: "That ain't the way to be drunk, is it, farver?"

—Pearson's Weekly.

NO SOLOMON

There is a man in our town, and he is wondrous wise, He swore by all the gods above he would not advertise!

But one day he did break this rule; and thereby hangs a tale; The ad was set in real small type, and headed Sheriff's Sale.

—Exchange

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. John Davis of First Street are moving to their farm at Cottage Grove this week.

A pot luck supper was held at the Christian church Friday night by the Girl's Senior Class.

Election measures were discussed at the meeting of the W. T. C. U. Friday afternoon. Mrs. Howard Huggins entertained the meeting. Several new members were in.

Mr. and Mrs. Maulsby of Bellingham, Wn., and son of Everett, Wn. spent the week end with Mrs. Maulsby's brother, Mr. Peters, and his daughter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Barber of Watson St.

Beaverton Rebekah Lodge No. 248 meets first and third Tuesday evenings at 7:30 P. M. in the I. O. O. F. Hall. Mrs. Marjorie Lewis, Secretary, Mrs. Mary J. Ware, N. G.

The Mazaroff Mystery by J.S. Fletcher. Illustrations by Irwin Myra. WNU SERVICE.

"Then I'll tell you what it is!" he exclaimed. "And no mistake either! This is a case of murder and robbery! What!—here's a gentleman with all that on him walks out on a lonely moor in full view of all those drover chaps that was about here last night and comes from Lord knows where—why, of course, some of 'em followed him, and did him in for what they could get! Murder, sir—that's what it is, and followed by robbery—never heard of a clearer case!"

"If it is so," I asked, "how is it that his body hasn't been found?"

"Ah!" he answered, giving me a significant look. "You don't know these parts, sir. They're wilder nor what you'd think. There's places here where you could drop a body, quiet like, and nobody'd ever find it. Bog holes. Lots of places. I should say that, if you meant to do it, you could hide the vestiges of a crime for ever on Marrasdale moor."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Well," he replied reflectively, "it'll have to be reported to headquarters. There'll be a proper search made, and inquiries. Of course, in my opinion, it's as I say—some of them drovers has done him in and rifled his pockets. We must circulate the news far and wide—Mr. Bownas here'll put pieces in the papers."

Mr. Bownas waved his notebook. "It'll be in every principal newspaper in England, London and provincial, tomorrow morning," he announced. "You haven't got a photo of the missing gentleman?"

"No!" I replied. "And I'm not at all sure that the missing gentleman will like so much publicity. If he turns up—"

The sergeant laughed. "Turn up!" he exclaimed. "Lord bless you!—he'll never turn up, not if he went out with all that valuable property on him. Murder and robbery!—that's what it is."

And with a final remark to the effect that this was a bad job, and he expected it to work out as he had predicted, the two went away.

What the local police did I don't know, but when darkness fell that night I was still without news of Mazaroff. Nor did we get any during the next day, and when the third night after his disappearance came, I began to feel certain that that disappearance was premeditated and intentional, and that he had just cleared out in order to avoid the revelations of which he had spoken to me.

It was just coming gray dawn on the third morning, and I was awake, wondering what to do, when a knock came at my door. I sprang out of bed, opened it, and found Musgrave and Webster, half-dressed, in the passage.

The landlady gave me a look. "They've found him!" he whispered. "Leastwise, they've found—"

He seemed to choke at that, and I turned eagerly to the chauffeur. He, too, showed signs of unwillingness. But he got some words out.

"They've found a body, Mr. Holt," he said. "Some place on the moors—"

"Reiver's den," interrupted Musgrave.

"And brought it here," continued Webster. "It—the fact is, sir, the head's—the features, you know—gone! But the clothes, sir—they're his!"

I dressed hastily and went down with them to the outhouse wherein its finders, a local policeman and a game warden, had laid the body. I am not going into details about it here—but, as somebody muttered, there were stots and weasels and similar carnivorous animals in hundreds on those moors. Still, those were Mazaroff's clothes, and there was the birthmark he had told me of.

The news had already spread, and Manners, the sergeant who had questioned me, came hurrying along. He examined the clothing. There was not as much as a penny piece left in the pockets; watch, chain, rings, pocketbook, papers, were all gone. He turned on me with a look that was as triumphant as it was significant.

"What did I tell you, captain?" he murmured. "Didn't I say murder and robbery? And wasn't I right? What could be plainer?"

I made no answer. I was thinking of other things. However he had come by his death, the fact remained that Mazaroff was dead. And there was I, as far as I knew, the only person in the world who knew his secret—a secret which meant that I should presently have to carry this strangest of stories to Marrasdale tower.

Later in the morning Eccleshare came to the Woodcock. He had heard of the discovery, he said, and had hurried over from High Cap lodge to offer his professional services. And just then up drove the local doctor, on the same errand. The two of them went to the room where the dead man had been laid out. They were there some time. At last Eccleshare came back alone.

"Mr. Holt," he said, as the police sergeant and I approached him, "your friend has been shot."

He made this announcement with a curious gravity. But Manners and I both let out exclamations of astonishment.

"Shot, doctor?" said the police sergeant. "Why, I never noticed—"

"Perhaps not," interrupted Eccleshare, quietly. "But you noticed that some wild animal or animals had destroyed the features, and it perhaps didn't occur to you to examine the back part of the head. He was shot through the head, from behind; shot dead. And by an ordinary fowling-piece. Look there!"

He held out a plump, smooth white hand, unclosed it, and showed us, lying in the palm, a couple of pellets. "Riddled!" he said, significantly. "That's number twelve shot. And that's how he came to his death. Shot, from an ordinary fowling-piece, at close quarters."

I saw that Manners was considerably taken aback by this opinion, which was corroborated by the local doctor, who just then came out and joined us. It upset the police sergeant's theory, for it was not likely that the cattle drovers whom he suspected would carry a gun.

The two medical men went away, Eccleshare previously turning to me and saying that if there was anything he could do for me, I was to let him know, and Manners, for the first time, betrayed symptoms of uneasiness.

"This is a queer business, captain!" he said. "Shot! That never came into my reckoning. Well—I must be doing something. But now, about him?—you know where his relations are to be found, of course? They'll have to be communicated with at once. Better telegraph to 'em."

The predicament! There it was—full facing me. But I was not going to tell this somewhat thick-headed policeman that Salim Mazaroff was really Andrew Merchison, and that his wife and daughter were within a mile of us.

"I'll look through his papers, upstairs, and see what I can find," I answered, evasively.

That secret of Mazaroff's weighed on me like lead. Ought I to keep it to myself?—or ought I to go straight to Marrasdale tower and tell Mrs. Elphinstone what I knew. It seemed to me that I ought, for there was this about the situation—if Mazaroff was really Merchison, then his wealth (and I was something more than certain that he was very wealthy) would surely go to his wife and daughter. Yet it was no pleasant task that confronted me. There was Sheila, with whom—it was useless to deny it—I was already in love; I loathed the idea of having to tell her that the father she had never known had been foully murdered at her very door!

Yet—

Even then the advice I was longing for was coming to me as quickly as an old horse and a ramshackle fly from the station beyond the hills could carry it. Such an equippage drove up to the Woodcock and from it descended first a keen-looking sharp-featured, middle-aged man, whom I at once set down as either a solicitor or a barrister, and second a younger man, smart, alert, well-dressed. They hurried into the hall; through the open door of my sitting room I heard my name spoken. I went forward; the legal-looking man turned and gave me a sharp inspection.

"Mr. Holt," he said. "I am Mr. Lincoln Croft, of Croft & Wyatt, solicitors, Bedford row. I heard of Mr. Mazaroff's strange disappearance from the London papers last night, and I caught the night mail here. Now, has Mr. Mazaroff been found—or heard of?"

"Yes," I replied. "He was found this morning. Dead. Murdered."

He gave two successive starts at the first two words—then pointed to the room which I had just left.

(Continued Next Week)

Bids are being received for the construction of a grade school building and two-room addition to the Kenwood school at Bend.

HOME POINTERS

HAVE YOU COOKING COMPLEX? CURE IT WITH THESE RECIPES!

If you're bored to tears with the "three squares" a day, if the family has elevated its finicky nose at some of your pet concoctions, or if the whole meal question has given you a complex against cooking—what you need is variety! Something new and special, something with that "different" touch, something so interesting to make it will give you a chance to rival Edison with your inventive skill in your own kitchen-laboratory.

A successful painter constantly creates new pictures, a singer learns new songs, and the poet seeks new subjects—who can call cooking a lesser art? The kitchen-wizard who would keep her own talent fresh and bright as a new cake-pan will create new dishes, too, at least one a week.

It needn't be difficult, not in this age of the package and the can, this era of the easy-way, not if you follow your chosen tested recipes with care. Pin on a bright, gaudy apron, take out your newest utensils, fetch forth your manual of directions, and serve on your "Sunday-best" dishes, a new dish that will lower the family's nose and send your own complex flying like so much flour in the wind.

Here are some tested recipes which will help give you a head start of that rut:

Biscuit Tortoni (French Whipped Ice Cream) 1 cup light corn syrup 3 egg yolks Few grains salt 1/2 teaspoon vanilla 1/2 tsp. gelatine 1 cup heavy cream 1/2 cup macaroon crumbs

Beat the egg yolks light and add to the corn syrup. Cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens—about five minutes. Add the gelatine soaked five minutes in water to cover. When cool, flavor, add salt, beat into the cream, whipped, and transfer to little paper cases.

Dust the tops thickly with the macaroon crumbs and put in a cold place to become firm. If possible, pack in an ice cream freezer, using equal parts of ice and salt, and put pieces of cardboard between the layers to keep the cases separate, or put in freezing compartment of automatic refrigerator.

(continued next week)

Rails will be laid on both Lebanon-Sweet Home and Holley-Sweet Home railroad lines by January 1st, 1931, according to W. Turner, president of S. P. & S. and A. J. Witchel, chief engineer of Oregon Electric.

SPECIAL NOTICES

SUMMONS IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY.

Emma Hocken, William Orville Tucker, and Claudia Tucker, his wife; Louisa Tucker Ellwell and Charles A. Ellwell, her husband; Wilfing Tucker and Martha Tucker, his wife; Ira Tucker; Carl Tucker and May Tucker, his wife; Adaline Anderson and William Anderson, her husband; Delilah Tefft; M. K. MacRae; U. G. Gardner and Kathryn Gardner, his wife; Maud Tucker Bevier and John Doe Bevier, her husband; also all unknown heirs of Joshua Welch and Olive Welch, his wife; also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein, Defendants.

To M. K. MacRae, Maud Tucker Bevier and John Doe Bevier, her husband; Carl Tucker and May Tucker, his wife; also all unknown heirs of Joshua Welch and Olive Welch, his wife; also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein, Defendants.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the above entitled Court, as Administrator of the estate of Alfred Stohler, deceased, and has duly qualified as such.

Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, together with proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned at the law offices of G. Russell Morgan, in the Commercial National Bank Building, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 3rd day of October, 1930.

Henri A. Stohler, Administrator of said Estate.

G. Russell Morgan, Attorney for Administrator.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the above entitled Court, as Administrator of the estate of Alfred Stohler, deceased, and has duly qualified as such.

Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, together with proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned at the law offices of G. Russell Morgan, in the Commercial National Bank Building, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 4th day of October, 1930.

Henri A. Stohler, Administrator of said Estate.

G. Russell Morgan, Attorney for Administrator.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the above entitled Court, as Administrator of the estate of Alfred Stohler, deceased, and has duly qualified as such.

Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, together with proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned at the law offices of G. Russell Morgan, in the Commercial National Bank Building, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 4th day of October, 1930.

Henri A. Stohler, Administrator of said Estate.

G. Russell Morgan, Attorney for Administrator.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the above entitled Court, as Administrator of the estate of Alfred Stohler, deceased, and has duly qualified as such.

Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, together with proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned at the law offices of G. Russell Morgan, in the Commercial National Bank Building, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 4th day of October, 1930.

Henri A. Stohler, Administrator of said Estate.

G. Russell Morgan, Attorney for Administrator.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the above entitled Court, as Administrator of the estate of Alfred Stohler, deceased, and has duly qualified as such.

Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, together with proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned at the law offices of G. Russell Morgan, in the Commercial National Bank Building, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 4th day of October, 1930.

Henri A. Stohler, Administrator of said Estate.

G. Russell Morgan, Attorney for Administrator.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the above entitled Court, as Administrator of the estate of Alfred Stohler, deceased, and has duly qualified as such.

Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, together with proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned at the law offices of G. Russell Morgan, in the Commercial National Bank Building, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 4th day of October, 1930.

Henri A. Stohler, Administrator of said Estate.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

Nazarene Church W. R. Tait, Pastor Next Sunday is our Rally Day, beginning at 10:00 a.m. An interesting program has been arranged and the public is cordially invited to come. Music by the orchestra and special singing. In the evening at 7:30 p.m. the pastor will preach on "Profit and Loss". Midweek prayer and praise service Wednesday at 7:30 p.m.

M. E. CHURCH

J. J. Patton, minister. Bible school meets promptly at 10:00 a.m. Public worship and sermon at 11:15 a.m.

As second and fourth Sunday evenings of each month are given to the work at Garden Home, there will be no preaching service in this church Sunday evening. Ladies Aid will meet Wednesday at 1:00 p.m. The public is cordially invited to all services of this church.

Bethel Church

9:45 a.m. The Church School. R. C. Duty, Superintendent. 11:00 a.m. Morning Worship. "The World of Thought, Shall We Conform or Transform?" Chorus Choir Selection. Duet by Mrs. Webb and Mrs. Roswell, with Violin obligato. 6:30 p.m. Senior and Junior Young People.

7:30 p.m. Evening Worship. "The Religion of Prosperity." Selection by Male Quartet Solo by Harria Hanson. —T. Arthur Dungan, Minister

St. Cecilia Church

Sunday Masses, 7:40 a.m., 10:30 a.m., Sunday Christian Doctrine, 8:30 a.m., and 9:30 a.m. Saturday Confession: 3:30 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., and 9:00 p.m. Weekday Mass, 8:20 a.m.

CEEDAR MILLS GRANGE HALL MODERN DANCE

OCTOBER 18, 1930 Admission, 50c

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY. In the Matter of the Estate of R. ROSSI, DECEASED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned has been duly confirmed by the above entitled court as the Executor of the Estate of said deceased, and has duly qualified as such.

NOW, THEREFORE, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, together with proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned at the law offices of Hare, McAlair & Peters, in the Shute Savings Bank Building, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 3rd day of October, 1930.

N. J. SKEE, Executor of said Estate. Hare, McAlair & Peters and U. T. DeMartini Attorneys for Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY. In the Matter of the Estate of Alfred Stohler, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the above entitled Court, as Administrator of the estate of Alfred Stohler, deceased, and has duly qualified as such.

Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, together with proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned at the law offices of G. Russell Morgan, in the Commercial National Bank Building, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 4th day of October, 1930.

Henri A. Stohler, Administrator of said Estate.

G. Russell Morgan, Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY. In the Matter of the Estate of Alfred Stohler, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the above entitled Court, as Administrator of the estate of Alfred Stohler, deceased, and has duly qualified as such.

Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, together with proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned at the law offices of G. Russell Morgan, in the Commercial National Bank Building, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 4th day of October, 1930.

Henri A. Stohler, Administrator of said Estate.

G. Russell Morgan, Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY. In the Matter of the Estate of Alfred Stohler, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the above entitled Court, as Administrator of the estate of Alfred Stohler, deceased, and has duly qualified as such.

Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, together with proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned at the law offices of G. Russell Morgan, in the Commercial National Bank Building, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 4th day of October, 1930.

Henri A. Stohler, Administrator of said Estate.

G. Russell Morgan, Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY. In the Matter of the Estate of Alfred Stohler, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the above entitled Court, as Administrator of the estate of Alfred Stohler, deceased, and has duly qualified as such.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS Nazarene Church W. R. Tait, Pastor Next Sunday is our Rally Day, beginning at 10:00 a.m. An interesting program has been arranged and the public is cordially invited to come. Music by the orchestra and special singing. In the evening at 7:30 p.m. the pastor will preach on "Profit and Loss". Midweek prayer and praise service Wednesday at 7:30 p.m.

M. E. CHURCH

J. J. Patton, minister. Bible school meets promptly at 10:00 a.m. Public worship and sermon at 11:15 a.m.

As second and fourth Sunday evenings of each month are given to the work at Garden Home, there will be no preaching service in this church Sunday evening. Ladies Aid will meet Wednesday at 1:00 p.m. The public is cordially invited to all services of this church.

Bethel Church

9:45 a.m. The Church School. R. C. Duty, Superintendent. 11:00 a.m. Morning Worship. "The World of Thought, Shall We Conform or Transform?" Chorus Choir Selection. Duet by Mrs. Webb and Mrs. Roswell, with Violin obligato. 6:30 p.m. Senior and Junior Young People.

7:30 p.m. Evening Worship. "The Religion of Prosperity." Selection by Male Quartet Solo by Harria Hanson. —T. Arthur Dungan, Minister

St. Cecilia Church

Sunday Masses, 7:40 a.m., 10:30 a.m., Sunday Christian Doctrine, 8:30 a.m., and 9:30 a.m. Saturday Confession: 3:30 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., and 9:00 p.m. Weekday Mass, 8:20 a.m.

CEEDAR MILLS GRANGE HALL MODERN DANCE