

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

Stipe's Garage is remodeling and improving the east part of their building.

I overheard a girl, a pretty girl, a few days ago wondering aloud how the astronomers ever found out the right name for all the stars.

Bids will be opened October 30, for gravel-surfacing 13.6 miles Lakeside-North Bend section of the Roosevelt highway.

Linn County farmers have sold cucumbers to the Albany plant of Oregon Packing Co., this season, making from \$160 to \$360 per acre.

Wiltseville is the name of a new town, established in Crook County, as a result of the discovery of high grade cinnabar ore in the locality of eastern slopes of Bear Buttes.

NOTICE OF DISTRICT ROAD MEETING TO VOTE SPECIAL ROAD TAX IN ROAD DISTRICT NO. 1, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the resident tax payers of Road District No. 1, Washington County, Oregon, is hereby called and will be held at Auditorium, Shute Park, adjoining Washington County Fair Grounds, at Hillsboro, Oregon, on Saturday the 8th day of November, 1930, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, to discuss the advisability of levying a special or additional road tax in said Road District, to determine what if any county roads or portions thereof in said district shall be improved, in any special manner, and the character and extent of such improvement or improvements they shall make thereon, and to levy such special or additional tax, not to exceed ten mills on the dollar, on all taxable real and personal property in said road district, as a majority of such resident tax payers of said road district shall deem advisable for the purpose of raising money with which to defray the expense of such special improvement or improvements in said Road District No. 1, Washington County, Oregon.

Dated this 21st day of October, 1930. E. J. Ward, County Judge-Advc47-48

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, McAlear & 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, McAlear & Peters and U. T. DeMartini Attorneys for Executor. c44-48

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.

Henry A. Stohler, Administrator of said Estate. G. Russell Morgan, Attorney for Administrator. c45-49

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned by an order of the County Court of Washington County, State of Oregon, duly made and entered on the 14th day of October 1930, was duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Wilhelm Serff, late of Beaverton, Oregon, deceased, and has qualified as such.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified as required by law, at the office of A. L. Fletcher in the Town of Beaverton, Washington County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice, to wit: October 24th, 1930.

Gertrude Redfield, Administratrix of the estate of Wilhelm Serff. A. L. Fletcher, Attorney for said Estate, Beaverton, Oregon.

DAIRYING By Dr. L. D. LeGear, V. S. Dr. LeGear is a graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, 1892. Thirty-eight years of veterinary work. Eminent authority on diseases and raising of dairy cows, other livestock and poultry. Nationally known lecturer, writer and author.

No one who has ever built a house can forget the many happy evenings spent in reading books, examining pictures and studying blueprints in preparation for the task of planning the future home.

Truly, a man can say that "his home is his castle" when the job is done and the family moves in.

The enthusiast in dairying should be just as interested in providing suitable quarters for their cows. For surely they are "the geese that lay the golden eggs" of profits and it has been proved time and again that the amount of milk a cow gives can be influenced by the way she is housed.

When you consider that a modern dairy cow will produce as much milk in one month as a scrub cow allowed to shift for itself gives during an entire milking season you know there is something more than just breeding and feeding to account for it.

In the next two or three articles we shall discuss this important subject of dairy barn construction and arrangement. First, let us take up the location and the type of barn. From the standpoint of drainage and fresh air, high ground is desirable. If too high, cold winds in winter and the difficulty of hauling feed up to the barn are things to consider. Later on we shall point out the desirability of having running water in the barns, and a hilltop location might prevent that.

A gently sloping hill, with a southern exposure is very good. In any event the cow barn should run north and south, or nearly so. In order that both the morning and afternoon sun may shine in on the stalls. Sanitation, as my readers know, is now becoming a matter of law in many localities where officials who have to do with the health of the community are regulating the barns where the milk is produced.

Keep this one thought in mind. A cow does her best work at producing milk during the warm summer months. The more comfortable you make her in cold weather, the greater will be your profits.

Several types of barns are now in use on American farms. In the colder states the basement barn is popular. It is made by digging out the side of a hill so that one or two sides of the second story will be on a level with the ground. This makes a warm barn in winter and a cool barn in summer, but it may be far from healthy because of lack of ventilation.

Perhaps the commonest type is the plain two story building with a stable on the first floor and hayloft and storage space above. Sometimes the first story walls are made of stone. If built according to approved principles this is a very satisfactory type. Good lighting and ventilation can be secured. One common fault in such a barn is that the ceiling, or the floor above the live stock, may not be tight. Dust filters through, and the odor from the stables goes all through the upstairs.

Dairymen generally favor the one-story barn because of the better sanitation it affords. Usually, it is made wide enough for two rows of cows. The roof is well constructed so as to provide plenty of warmth. In moderate climates cupolas can be built to provide ventilation, providing they can be closed up in case of storms and severe cold spells.

In the case of a one-story barn, the hay and feed will have to be stored elsewhere. Sometimes one end is raised two stories to provide space for hay. Some farmers keep their cattle in open sheds all year around, using a stable for milking and feeding only. This makes for rugged, healthy animals.

The round barn is advocated by a number of experts. Friends of the round barn say it is far cheaper, requiring 25 per cent less wall to enclose a similar space than does a rectangular building.

(Copyright, 1930 by Dr. L. D. LeGear, V. S.)

TOO THOUGHTFULLY

The kind little wife had just informed her husband that she had mended a new hole in his trouser's pocket.

"Am I not thoughtful, dear?" she asked.

"You are, darling," he replied.

But all the way down town he wondered how she had discovered the hole.

Alta M. Lee has opened a new restaurant in the Lee Hotel building at Rainier.

The Mazaroff Mystery by J.S. Fletcher Illustrations by Lewin Myers

Inside, at a round table drawn up in front of a turf fire, an old man and an old woman sat. At sight of us, the old woman rose, politely, but the old man stuck to his seat, eyeing us with no friendly glance. He got in the first word, too, surlyly, before Maythorne could address him.

"Don't know nothing about that there affair in the den yonder!" he growled. "Tel'd the policeman just now we neither heard nor see'd anything, and don't want no bother about it."

"My good friend!" said Maythorne, soothingly. "We only wanted to ask you where this footpath, that crosses Reiver's den, and goes outside your garden, leads to? We're strangers."

"There now, master!" remarked the old woman, glancing reprovingly at the old man. "You see now!—this gentleman's only asking his way. The path, sir!—it leads across the moor to High Cap lodge, sir; Mr. Court-hope's place."

"Then it makes a short cut to—where, now?" asked Maythorne.

"Well, sir, it's a short cut from Mr. Court-hope's to Birnsdale, and to the Woodcock," replied the old woman. "But it's little used, sir—it's little better than a sheep track."

"And we didn't see nobody along it that night, neither one way nor t'other," growled the old man. "Don't know nothing—ain't got nothing to tell—nothing!"

We backed out, closed the door, and went away. Maythorne smiled—inscrutably.

"All the same, Mazaroff followed this path," he said. "Why? Did he want to go to High Cap lodge?—Mr. Court-hope's place? Or—had he been there and was coming away from it? Who knows? However, I want to go up to the top of those rocks."

He turned off the path, and began to make his way to the head of the ravine through the scrub and undergrowth. Crole and I followed. We came out on a sort of plateau, overlooking the black depths in which Mazaroff's body had been found. And there, a solitary figure, stood another old man, older, it seemed, than the crusty and ancient fellow we had just left; grayer, more gnarled and wrinkled, but erect and alert, and evidently quick of hearing as a boy, for at the first sound of our approach he turned sharply upon us.

"The place already attracts the curious," he observed, half-ironically.

"We have something more than idle curiosity to bring us here, sir," retorted Crole, almost sharply. "We are the dead gentleman's friends! May I in my turn ask—as you seem interested in the matter—if you can tell us anything to help us?"

The old man smiled, and looked from one to the other.

"Well, I could tell you of something, but whether it will help you or not I don't know. Yet—it might. I heard a gun discharged—hereabouts—on the night this man was missed."

"And about what time would that be?" inquired Crole.

"About what is usually my bedtime," replied the old fellow. "Ten o'clock."

Crole looked at Maythorne. "That must have been the shot," he said, musingly.

Just then the policeman at the foot of the rocks, who had been pottering about the bushes, looked up, and waved his hand excitedly.

"Come down here!" he shouted. "I've found something. A gun!"

We began to descend the rocks to the dense undergrowth amidst which the policeman stood. He was gingerly handling a sporting gun, and as we drew up to him, he nodded toward a clump of overgrown gorse.

"Shoved in beneath that!" he exclaimed. "That's where it was."

Maythorne opened the breach—there were two cartridges in the barrels; one, in the choke-bore barrel, had been discharged. He glanced at Crole.

"Ood!" he said. "Why didn't he use the right-hand barrel?"

The old gentleman, who seemed to be fascinated by the sight of a weapon that had doubtless been used by a murderer, laughed a little.

"If that's the gun that was used to shoot this young gentleman's elderly companion," he remarked, "as I, personally, have no doubt it was, there's a good reason why the murderer used the left-hand barrel. Perhaps you're not a shooting man, sir?—if not, I may tell you that the left-hand barrel of a fowling piece is always narrowed in the bore as it approaches the muzzle; the notion, of course, is that the shot, or charge, is concentrated

rather than diffused. If a man wanted to shoot another man dead, at close quarters, as in this case, he'd naturally use the choke-bore barrel in preference to the other."

Then, with a polite nod, he turned and went off. Maythorne watched him for a minute or so; then glanced at the policeman.

"Wasn't that old gentleman?" he asked.

"That's Mr. Hassendane, of Birnsdale house, sir," replied the policeman.

Maythorne drew Crole's attention and came to a halt and address engraved on a plate let into the stone—J. Musgrave, Woodcock Inn, Marrasdale. "This is the landlord's missing property, sure enough," he remarked.

We left Reiver's den, and went back across the moor. Maythorne, as soon as we reached the Woodcock, sought out Musgrave and told him of the discovery of his missing gun. He hurried over his lunch, and as soon as I had finished mine, addressed me.

"The police are sure to come along here after the finding of that gun," he remarked. "And I want to be beforehand with them. I want to examine Mazaroff's belongings."

"Just so!" murmured Crole. "That, of course, must be done."

We went up to the dead man's room. Maythorne did the searching while Crole and I looked on. In the waistcoat pockets of a well-worn tweed suit Maythorne found a number of loose diamonds, large and small.

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed Crole as the diamonds came to light. "He did carry diamonds, loose, on him? Look at those, now—must be a dozen or so stones there, loose in his pocket! Do you suppose those are worth a lot, Maythorne?—You know more about it than I do."

"Can't say," replied Maythorne, indifferently. He was more deeply interested in a crumpled scrap of thin paper which he found in an inner pocket and smoothed out before us.

"Look at this!" he said presently. "Here's something, at any rate."

The scrap of paper was a receipt for a registered letter, dispatched from Cape Town, and addressed to the Imperial Banking Corporation of South Africa, 65 Lombard street, London. Maythorne pointed to the date—January 17—on the postmark.

"Nine months since," he remarked. "How long had Mazaroff been in England when you met him at the Cecil?"

"A few weeks," I replied. "As far as I know."

"I know," said Crole. "He came to England in July—about the end of the month."

"Then the letter, or packet, or whatever it was, to which this receipt refers, was sent off from Cape Town to the London branch of this bank some months before Mazaroff came here," observed Maythorne. He turned the receipt over. "There's an indorsement on the back—letters and a figure," he continued. "See? H. D. 1. What's that mean, I wonder?"

He carefully put away the receipt.

"We'll just keep a knowledge of that to ourselves, for the present," he said. "If the police come here this afternoon, as they're pretty sure to, after that gun business, and want to examine his effects, let 'em. But I'll keep this scrap of paper to myself—I want to work things up from it."

The police came to the Woodcock a little later. They asked a lot of questions of Musgrave about his gun, and of me and of Webster about our movements on the night of the murder, of Crole about the dead man's identity and position; of me again about the money and valuables he was likely to have on him. And in the course of their investigations a fact came out of which I, until then, had been unaware. It turned out that after dinner on the night of the murder, while I was busied in writing some private letters, Mazaroff, who was naturally a sociable man, had strolled into the bar-parlor of the Woodcock, where a highly diversified assemblage had gathered—farmers, cattle dealers, drovers, others, all homeward bound from Clonlough-walke fair. There he had made himself very agreeable, and had treated the entire company to drinks and cigars, which he paid for with a five-pound note, taken, said the barmaid, from a notecase that seemed to be pretty full, and in open view of anybody and everybody.

This bit of news appeared to give considerable satisfaction, and even relief to the police officials, and Man-

ners, who lingered behind when his superiors went away, found it impossible to refrain from communicating to me his belief that they were on the right line of pursuit.

I communicated the police sergeant's notions to Crole and Maythorne. Maythorne seemed to understand Manners' standpoint.

"Following the most probable line," he remarked. "A sensible one, too. Here's an evidently wealthy man, traveling in a luxurious car of his own, puts up at a roadside inn, goes into a public bar-parlor, lets it be seen that he's got lots of money on him, and strolls out on a lonely moor after night has fallen. What more likely than that one of the men before whom he's just pulled out his purse should slip after him, murder him, and rob him?"

"With Musgrave's gun?" I asked.

"Nothing out of the way about that little detail!" said Maythorne. "What was easier than for the murderer to take down the gun from those hooks, and slip out after Mazaroff?"

"That would presuppose a knowledge that the gun was there," remarked Crole.

"Precisely," agreed Maythorne. "There were no doubt local characters about who know quite well what was in this room and what hung on that wall. I think Manners has got hold of a good theory—murder for the sake of robbery. But—whether it's the right one or not—um!"

"You doubt it?" I asked.

He gave us a candid, confidential smile.

"If you really want to know," he replied, "I neither doubt it nor agree with it. At present I don't know where we are. I'd like to know a lot of things yet. In particular—who was the man that Mazaroff said he wanted to see, hereabouts? Did he see him? If so, when—and where? If he hadn't seen him, was he on his way to see him at the time of the murder? Again—does this man, whoever he is, know Mazaroff as Mazaroff or as Morelson? Was Mazaroff murdered as Morelson, an unknown man here, or as Morelson, a man who had been known here?"

"Ah!" muttered Crole. "My question!"

CHAPTER IV

The York Solicitor

The inquest was duly opened next morning. Crole, as a solicitor whom he had employed in London, and I, as his traveling companion, identified the dead man as Salim Mazaroff, and told what we knew about him: Ecclesiastical and the local doctor testified as to the cause of his death; the men who had found the body at Reiver's den gave evidence as to the circumstances under which they came across it. At this stage an interruption came through the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Elphinstone and Sheila, with whom appeared an elderly man of professional bearing; Manners, by whom I was sitting, whispered to me that this was Mr. Wetherby, Mrs. Elphinstone's lawyer.

Wetherby lost no time in letting the authorities know why he and his party were there.

(Continued Next Week)

NOTICE OF TOWN CAUCUS

Notice is hereby given that the Town Caucus for the Town of Beaverton will be held at the old auditorium at Beaverton High School, Monday evening, November 17, 1930 at 8:00 p.m. for the purpose of nominating officers to fill the following named positions:

One Mayor to serve one year. Two Councilmen to serve 2 years. One Recorder-Treasurer to serve one year.

Dated at Beaverton, Oregon, November 7, 1930. Otto Erickson, Mayor. Frank Dietsch, Recorder. c49-50

NOTICE OF CITY ELECTION

Notice is hereby given that the regular Annual Election for the Town of Beaverton will be held at the City Hall, Beaverton, Oregon, Tuesday, December 2, 1930, between the hours of One o'clock, and Seven o'clock p.m. to elect the following officers:

One Mayor to serve one year. Two Councilmen to serve two years. One Recorder-Treasurer to serve one year.

The following named persons have been selected by the City Council to act as judges and clerks of the above election:

Judges: C. E. Hedge, Fannie Stock and Mabel Alexander. Clerks: Anna Hyland, and Mrs. Carrie Summers.

Dated at Beaverton, Oregon, this sixth day of November, 1930. Otto Erickson, Mayor. Frank Dietsch, Recorder.

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.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS Church of Christ Rev. G. W. Springer, Pastor Tuesday evening the Sunday School council held its regular monthly business meeting at the home of C. W. Rogers. Excellent reports were submitted of the school's activities during the past month, outstanding among them was an average attendance of 99 1/2 for the month of October. We are hoping that the following month will find the attendance far above a hundred. Are you the one whose absence is keeping the school's average below the hundred mark? A prize was given to the Sunday school officer presenting the best attendance contest for the cold weather months. A flight over the north pole in airplanes was suggested by Mr. Springer, teacher of the men's class, and adopted by the school. Details will be explained later. The prize given was a reference Bible. Plans were made for a Thanksgiving program and as soon as we are sure the numbers suggested can be obtained we have a splendid surprise and treat for Beaverton. There will be the regular church services both morning and evening, next Sunday.

Bethel Church

9:45 a.m. The Church School, R. C. Doty, Superintendent.

11:00 a.m. Morning worship. Sermon: "Religious Verities." Anthem, "Hark, Hark My Soul," Shelley. 6:30 p.m. Senior and Junior C. E.

M. E. Church

J. J. Patton, Minister The Bible school meets at 10 a.m. Public worship and sermon at 11:15 a.m. Sermon subject, "The Reward of Perseverance." In the evening of the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month, the services are held in the Garden Home Community church. The ladies of the Beaverton church meet for work, Wednesday at 1 P.M.

St. Cecelia Church

Sunday Masses, 7:40 a.m., 10:00 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.

Nazarene Church

W. B. Tait, Pastor Regular preaching services Sunday at 11:00 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday School at 9:45 a.m. Young People's Meeting at 6:30

p.m. Midweek prayer and praise service Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. A cordial welcome to all.

Miss Erma Nelson and Beverly Spear visited with friends at Corbett on Sunday.

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DIVOT DIGGERS—A Saving Disposition By DICK DORGAN

Comic strip panels with dialogue: GEE, I'D LIKE TO GET SOME ONE TO PLAY AROUND WITH ME. I HATE TO PLAY FOR NOTHING. HOW ABOUT OLD MAC OVER THERE? SAY, HE WOULDN'T BET YOU THE SUN WAS SHININ'. OH, I MEAN TO HAVE A NICE, LITTLE FRIENDLY GAME. NO HIGH FINANCE AT ALL. I TELL YOU THE PIKER WOULDN'T TAKE A CHANCE. YA MEAN TO TELL ME HE WOULDN'T BET A LITTLE TO MAKE IT INTERESTING—SAYA A QUARTER A HOLE? A QUARTER A HOLE? THAT WOULD BREAK HIS HEART. THAT GUY'S SO TIGHT HE EVEN SAVES UP THE GIGUES HE GETS