

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett, Business Manager

THE PESSIMIST

Nothing to do but work, Nothing to eat but food, Nothing to wear but clothes, To keep one from going nude. Nothing to breathe but air, Quick as a flash 'tis gone; Nowhere to fall but off, Nowhere to stand but on. Nothing to comb but hair, Nowhere to sleep but in bed, Nothing to weep but tears, Nothing to bury but dead. Nothing to sing, but songs, Ah, well, alas! alack! Nowhere to go but out, Nowhere to come but back. Nothing to see but sights, Nothing to quench but thirst, Nothing to have but what we've got, Thus thru life we are cursed. Nothing to strike but a gait, Everything moves that goes, Nothing at all but common sense, Can ever withstand these woes. —Ben King

BOYS AND GIRLS

Joan Davis, 5-year old daughter of the Secretary of Labor, prayed for curls so often that her mother took her to a beauty shop for a permanent wave.

William Brusio, 15-month-old baby of Albany, N. Y. was thought to be dead for several minutes after an operation, but was brought back to life by restoratives and has fully recovered.

Rhoda Epstein of Washington entered high school at the age of 10, after having made perfect grades in grammar school.

Josephine Barth of Denver, who was left a million-dollar estate by her grandmother at the age of 11, says she will buy a "big, snappy roadster" as soon as she is old enough to obtain a driver's license.

And then there was the Portland newsboy who opened the wrong door in the depot waiting room and yelled, "Extra! Paper!"

BOOPING THE DOOPS

Rags make paper, paper makes money, money makes banks, banks make loans, loans make poverty, poverty makes rags.

Evidence In

"I advertised that the poor would be welcome in this church," said the minister, "and after inspecting the collection, I see that they have come."

Flowering

Little Mary went to the country on a visit to her grandmother. Walking in the garden she chanced to spy a peacock, a bird she had never seen. She ran to the house and cried out, "Oh grandma, come out and see. There's an old chicken in bloom."

HOWDY, MR. HAL I. TOSIS

Dear Hazel: I've just been reading some statistics. Every time I breathe a man dies. Isn't that a bit strong? Hector. He: It's not only strong; it's powerful. Gee, gosh, man! Why don't you gargle Listerine? Hazel.

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.

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 Administratrix 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.

HOME POINTERS

Some Sauce-y Thoughts on Cooking Do you know how to be sauce-y? In a culinary way, of course! Being sauce-y implies no impudence in the kitchen, but it does imply more than a nodding acquaintance with the methods of making sauces, for the dessert and the entree.

If you do know how, you'll be able to add nutrition and flavor immeasurable to your dishes, to tempt appetites galore and embellish lonesome left-overs in such a way as to make foolish the famous Brillat-Savarin who dared say, "one must be born a sauce maker!"

Most cooks know how to make dessert sauces—or can take recipes and follow them with ease. For those who believe that sauce is to the entree as perfume is to the rose," here's a sufficient word to the wise about the sauce for the entree, the meat, or the main course.

Generally speaking, the basis for most of these is White Sauce, made from a white stock or milk and thickened with cornstarch, or Brown Sauce, made from milk or water and brown stock and thickened with part of the "binder" browned and part plain cornstarch. For the stock, the fat in which the meat or vegetables have been cooked is often used, or a melted shortening. For the shortening, modern cooks are using a cooking oil made from corn because it saves time, and brings out the individual flavor of the particular dish.

Flour is also commonly used as a thickening agent, but in the kitchens of the experts it has given away to the use of cornstarch, not alone because of the convenience of keeping the small package atop the range, but because of the added smoothness of the finished product.

New cooks invariably ask "How much cornstarch shall I use?" Here's the answer: With each cup liquid; for a very thin sauce, use 1/2 teaspoon cornstarch; for a thin sauce as in cream soups, 1 teaspoon cornstarch; for medium sauce, about thickness of cream, 2 teaspoons cornstarch; and for a cold paste to use in making mixtures for croquettes, blanc manges, etc., 5 teaspoons cornstarch.

If you want to use cornstarch instead of flour in other recipes (and you will if you are wise) use just half as much cornstarch as flour called for.

Always mix the cornstarch with some of the cold liquid, and stir smooth before adding to hot liquid. Cook until quite done—fifteen minutes at least, and decrease heat slowly.

White Sauce

1 1/2 tbsps. cooking oil Salt and pepper 1 tbsps. cornstarch 1 cup milk

Heat oil. Mix cornstarch and seasonings, stir to smooth paste in some of the cold liquid, and add to oil. Cook two minutes, stirring constantly. Stir in rest of milk and stir over fire until sauce thickens. Boil three minutes, strain and serve.

Brown Sauce

2 tbsps. cooking oil 1 tbsps. onion 1 cup meat stock 1 1/2 tbsps. cornstarch Salt and pepper

Cook onion in oil until slightly brown. Add cornstarch and brown in the oil. Stir in the stock gradually. Add the seasoning. Stir until thick. Boil three minutes and strain.

Tomato Sauce

2 tbsps. cooking oil 1 tbsps. onion 1 bay leaf 1/2 tbsps. cornstarch 1/2 cup water 1 cup tomatoes, stewed, strained Pepper and salt

Cook chopped onion and bay leaf in oil until golden brown. Add cornstarch and stir until smooth. Cook two minutes, stirring constantly. Strain and serve with cooked meats or fish.

Hollandaise Sauce

Yolks of 2 eggs 2 tbsps. cooking oil 1 tbsps. lemon juice 1/2 cup boiling water 1/2 tsp. salt Few grains cayenne

Beat yolks of eggs slightly and add oil slowly, beating constantly. Add lemon juice and boiling water slowly, and stir vigorously. Stir over hot water about five minutes until it thickens. Add salt and pepper. Serve hot on cauliflower, broccoli, asparagus or fish.

Gas service is available at Lebanon.

A survey has been started preparatory to widening Hood River loop highway from the junction near Hood River to Pine Grove road, a distance of four and one-half miles.

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

The coroner looked around—at nobody in particular. "I understand that the will has not been found," he said. "The theory is that it was stolen by the supposed murderer, with other of the deceased's papers. Nobody knows anything about it, eh?"

Wetherby was suddenly on his legs, with a sidelong glance at me. "As Mr. Holt, the beneficiary, is present, sir," he said, "I should like to ask him if he knows anything about it?"

"I know nothing about it!" I exclaimed. "I never heard of it!" Wetherby gave me another look; there was something cynical in it which I strongly resented.

"You and the deceased gentleman were very close friends, I think?" he said quietly. "Such close friends that he leaves you all his money—a vast fortune—and appoints you sole executor of his last will and testament—and yet never even mentions the matter of his good intentions and your extraordinary luck to you?" he said, with what was almost a sneer.

"I think, sir, that this has scarcely anything to do with the object of this inquiry. I suggest that the inquest be adjourned until—"

"I'm about to do that," broke in the coroner. "During the next few days, more light will doubtless be thrown on all these matters." He turned to the open-mouthed jurymen. "This day fortnight, gentlemen, and in the meantime—"

I paid no heed to the coroner's platitudes about keeping open minds—my own mind was in a whirl of indignation against Mrs. Elphinstone's solicitor. But when I turned in her direction, I saw that Mrs. Elphinstone herself had crossed over from her seat and was talking earnestly to him. Presently he came up to me, with a half-amused, half-gratifying smile.

"You're a bit hot-tempered, Mr. Holt," he said. "Come, come—I was only speaking professionally, you know—professional manners, after all, are—"

"Confoundedly offensive, sir. If that's a specimen of them!" I retorted. "You were inferring that—"

"Now, now, I wasn't inferring anything!" he interrupted soothingly. "I've the interest of my client to consider. I say again, it's an odd thing that Mazaroff or Merchison didn't mention his will to you. But the whole thing's odd," he went on, looking round, "and what I suggest is that we legal gentlemen and the parties concerned just have a talk, if we can find a place to talk in."

I took them into the private sitting room which Mazaroff and I had shared and I still retained—the three solicitors, Mr. and Mrs. Elphinstone, and Sheila. The solicitors did most of the talking that followed: it was all about the chances of recovering the missing will and the possibilities of settling up the original draft—which was wholly in Mazaroff's handwriting and also bore his signature—if no recovery was made. The discussion didn't interest me; I resolved, after what I had heard, that I should never touch one penny of the dead man's money.

Suddenly Crole smote the table at which he was sitting. "Who murdered this man?" he exclaimed, with emphasis. "That's the question! Who murdered him, and why? He was a man of mystery, evidently. And as I've asked before—was he murdered as Mazaroff, or as Merchison? I think we may have to go back—perhaps a long way. But it seems to me that the murder must be cleared up as a start."

Just then Maythorne came in, closing the door behind him. "Gathered anything?" asked Crole. "Well—something," answered Maythorne. "No secret about it, either. Manners tells me that a certain man,

course, showed no surprise; his face, always cheerful and bright, betrayed nothing. "I know Courthope's—by reputation," he remarked. "Then—you yourself can't tell us anything very much about Mazaroff?"

"I can tell you what I know," replied our informant, evidently quite willing to talk. "We know Mazaroff as a very wealthy man who had extensive dealings in trading affairs, and latterly in diamonds and other precious stones, in the East, and in South Africa. He kept his principal account at our Cape Town headquarters, but for years he has had a smaller account here as well. Lately, he transferred his Cape Town account here; he also realized all his various properties and paid the proceeds in here, with a view to reinvestment in English securities."

"Then you hold a considerable sum of his?" suggested Crole. "We understand that it is about eight hundred thousand pounds!"

"About that, I dare say," assented the manager, almost indifferently. "Rather more, I fancy. Oh, yes—a wealthy man! And the will, you say, is lost?"

"Missing temporarily, we hope," said Crole. "But Postlethwaite has the original draft, in Mazaroff's own handwriting, and signed by Mazaroff. Can you tell us anything of Mazaroff—personally?"

"Next to nothing," answered the manager. "He called here, just once, some time after his arrival in London. I saw him—in this very room. He wasn't here five minutes. He said he was just going for a tour in the north of England, and would look in on his return, a few weeks hence. And—that's all."

A few minutes later we all left. And once outside the great door of the bank, Crole gave Maythorne a sharp glance. "Um!" he said. "Armintrude" (Continued Next Week)

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.

It is not my purpose in this article to discuss in detail the various regulations which are in effect all over the country regarding dairies. Both public demand and City ordinances are demanding more expensive barns in order that every possible safeguard may be thrown around the milk, from the cow to the table.

Therefore, the dairy barn, next to the home itself, is the most important building on your farm. If you are building a new barn, there are a few points you ought to keep in mind. It will save you possible trouble and expense later. If your present barn is not what it should be, changes can be made which will bring it up-to-date.

Let us assume you are building a new barn. Walls of hollow tile or concrete blocks are popular because they are fireproof and they provide for the free circulation of air, thus making the interior dry and warm. There is practically no expense for repairs and the wall lasts a long time. Now, very satisfactory walls can be made of lumber. In that case an inner and outer wall is advisable to provide air space, with tar paper between to make it warm.

Stone or brick can be used in walls, and they will stand like the rock of ages, but beware of a solid wall with no air spaces! Cement, or concrete, is the best for floors. Dirt is the cheapest, and comfortable for the cows, but most un-sanitary. In case of disease a dirt floor cannot be disinfected. Wood or cement gutters help some, but at best dirt is a makeshift.

A tightly constructed wood floor with air space underneath to keep the wood dry, and with coal tar between the planks to make it waterproof should last eight to ten years. They are harder to keep sanitary than cement, it is true.

Cement will cost little more than lumber in most localities. It is long-lived and easy to keep clean. The objection to cement, that it is cold and causes udder trouble, can be overcome by putting a layer of cinders under the cement, and using plenty of bedding. In laying the floor the surface of the cement is left rough to prevent slipping. In the stalls a wooden platform is a good thing, or better yet, cork brick on the cement foundation.

In building the cement stalls there should be a slight depression near the manger so that cows may reach their food easily and not slip to their knees. The rear of the stall has a slope also to allow drainage (Continued on Page Three)

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



Bethel Church 9:45 a.m. The Church School, R. C. Doty, Superintendent. 11:00 a.m. Morning worship. Rev. Geo. N. Taylor will preach a Thanksgiving sermon. 6:30 p.m. Senior and Junior C. E.

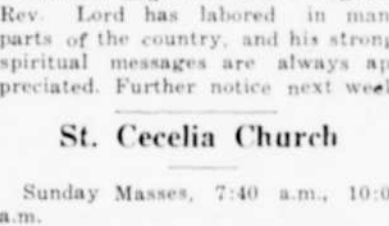
M. E. Church Bible school meets promptly at 10 a.m. This hour is set apart in reverent and devout study of God's word. We believe the Bible to be the only "Chart and Compass" that will guide in the pathway to eternal life.

Nazarene Church W. B. Tait, Pastor Sunday preaching services at 11:00 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday school at 9:45 a.m. Young People's Meeting 6:30 p.m. All welcome.

St. Cecelia Church Sunday Masses, 7:40 a.m., 10:00 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.

St. Cecelia Church Sunday Masses, 7:40 a.m., 10:00 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.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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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. p-tf

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By DICK DORGAN



GHOSTS

