

Beaverton Review

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THE REVIEW PUBLISHING CO.

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

Community newspapers are the show windows of the towns in which they are published, reflecting to outsiders the only impression they get of local conditions. John B. Long, general manager of the California Newspaper Publishers' association told a recent meeting of the Anglenwood, Calif., Kiwanis club. He added that the community paper has become recognized as the most effective advertising medium in the world and that these papers will share generously in the distribution of national advertising accounts.

Persons who believe they can publish better newspapers than the home town editor does should confide in the publisher, who will be receptive to constructive discussion and suggestions.

"If for selfish reasons only," he said, "the publisher is anxious to produce the kind of a newspaper his readers want, and upon the number and loyalty of these readers, as well as the extent of financial support through advertising, depends success in any publishing enterprise."

FREE GARAGING

Those intending to operate tourist homes next summer and to give free garage space to their guests should secure a neatly printed sign stating that Scotchmen will not be allowed to sleep in their cars.

DRY AIR DAMAGES SKIN AND HAIR

Increased Need for Pomades During Winter Due to Super-Dry Indoor Air.

Milady would find many of her beauty and health problems more easy of solution were she to give consideration to the necessity for a suitable proportion of moisture in the home air during the long winter heating season, points out the Holland Institute of Thermology of Holland, Michigan.

During the summer months we spend most of our time in air that is adequately humidified by Mother Nature, but during the winter heating season we coop ourselves indoors where, according to the Institute, the air contains only about one-third of the moisture it should have.

The dry indoor air extracts an abnormal amount of moisture from the skin, with the result that it becomes too dry, harsh, and easily chapped. The abnormally dry indoor air also extracts the natural moisture from the scalp, with the result that the hair loses its natural luster and becomes dry and brittle.

These effects, so detrimental to personal beauty and charm, can in large degree be obviated, says the Institute, by automatically injecting into the home atmosphere sufficient water va-



The Water Pan in Old Style Heating Plants Holds a Gallon of Water, More or Less, and Usually is Dry. Six to Eight Gallons of Water Should Be Evaporated Daily in the Average Size Home During the Winter Season.

por to raise the relative humidity to a desirable percentage. In homes heated with the old style systems, the air contains less than half the amount of moisture required for health, comfort at moderate temperatures of 70 or 72 degrees, and conserving naturally beautiful skin and hair.

With modern warm-air heating systems of the vapor-air type, however, sufficient water-vapor is constantly injected into the home-air to maintain a comparatively uniform relative humidity of 40 to 50 per cent, according to heat temperature. One effect is a soft, balmy atmosphere comparable to that of a fine spring day, which will conserve the beauty of fine complexion and lustrous hair.

Of further importance is the fact that adequately humidified indoor-air is regarded by leading health authorities and physiologists as a vital factor in preventing colds and other respiratory diseases which usually become epidemic with the advance of the winter heating season. Where indoor air contains a suitable proportion of moisture, dry-air conditions conducive to irritation of the health-conserving mucous membranes in the respiratory tract are eliminated.

A \$1,518 contract has been let to C. A. Hartley Co. for grading and paving West Fifteenth St. in Milford.

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.

To sell, or not to sell, that is the question. If Shakespeare had been a dairyman he might have soliloquized in some such fashion when the question of what to do with his new-born calves came up.

The owner of pure-bred stock has the problem pretty well solved. He has a market for all the calves he does not want to keep. But the owner of the average dairy herd has a disposal of his excess stock. The market for veal is a big one in this country. Nearly one billion pounds of dressed veal are produced every year, which is quite an industry in itself.

To the average customer of a butcher shop veal is calf meat. But when you get into the subject you find out differently. There are different grades of calves and many classifications of calf meat. Government officials found that out a few years ago when they attempted to catch the offspring of a cow under one year of age. Technically they were correct, of course. Even today in some sections of the country animals under one year are sold as calves at so much a head.

Go into stockyards and you will hear buyers discussing vealers, veal calves, range calves, dairy calves, etc. In the dressed meat coolers of the packing plants you will again find many different names for the carcasses hanging there, although to the inexperienced one they may all appear to be just veal. There is a split veal, grass veal, calf carcasses, and others.

First, let us define our terms and then we will discuss the business side of calf raising. The Department of Agriculture has set up two classifications. The "vealer" is a young calf which in most instances has been fed on whole milk and may be anywhere from three weeks to three months old. The carcass of such a calf is very light, almost white in fact. The bones are soft and red. There is very little fat and the lean meat is fine and smooth grained. It is called "veal" by the government. The term "calf" is applied to animals around six months of age which have run on pasture and which show the effects of age and exercise. The meat from a "calf" is darker, more like the red of beef, the bones are hard and white, and the fat more abundant. It is called "calf carcass." In other words, a "vealer" is a young milk-fed calf and a "calf" is a slightly older animal that has been on pasture and has been raised on other foods in combination with milk.

Now the question of whether you should sell your surplus calves at an early age is an economic one and depends entirely upon conditions, the season of the year, the markets, and other factors. There is one simple rule you can always depend upon. When the cost of milk is low and the price of veal is high, raise veal. When the conditions are reversed, that is when milk is valuable and the market is off on veal, better keep the calves for beef or milk.

In raising calves for veal on a whole-milk diet, it takes about 10 pounds of milk for each pound of veal. Calves weigh around 90 to 100 pounds at birth. The market has the best demand for vealers that weigh from 150 to 175 pounds. It is very easy to figure then about what it will cost to get the calf ready for market. A 100-pound calf that is sold as a vealer when it reaches 150 pounds will require 500 pounds of milk. It may take as much as 750 to 1000 pounds of milk before the vealer is sold. These are things to be taken into consideration when the calf is born.

I might add that 100 pounds is a pretty good weight at birth. Brown Swiss and Holsteins are the largest at birth and will average from 90 to 100 pounds. The Jerseys are the smallest and will average 55 to 60 pounds for both sexes. Male calves will average heavier than the females, and the first and second calves are lighter than those which follow when the mother is in the prime of life.

I would also like to make it clear that the figures I have given both as to the age and weight of vealers and calves are not fixed. The things that will determine whether you are selling veal or calf carcass is the condition of the meat itself.

Floyd Crabtree built a modern dairy barn and milk room on his farm near Stayton.



"That's the man I saw talking to Mazaroff at Huntington and again at York," I asserted. "I recognized the photograph instantly."

"The probability is that that's the nephew we heard about—Mallison," said Maythorne. "Let's see—he was referred to as Lady Locke's nephew and Sir Samuel spoke of him as knowing his way about town pretty well. Now then, where are we? Mallison, according to what we've just heard, met Mazaroff at Locke's house. Mallison heard about, and saw, one of the blue diamonds. If the photograph is that of Mallison, as you assert, Holt, Mallison is the man to whom you saw Mazaroff talking first at Huntington and then at York. So—does Mallison know anything about this affair? That's to find out—when we can come across Mallison."

He paused for a moment in the middle of the sidewalk, hands plunged in his trousers pockets, eyes staring at the pavement. Suddenly he looked up, signaled to a passing taxicab, and motioned us to follow him into it.

"Come to my office," he said. "I've a chap there—my confidential clerk—who possesses one of the sharpest brains and most retentive memories in Europe. He'll know it."

Maythorne's office was in Conduit street, so we were there in a few minutes. At each end of the room we entered stood a table; at that at the further end sat, when we walked in, a young man who would have attracted my attention wherever I had met him. He was a smallish-sized chap, and his thinish person was arrayed in a tweed suit of very large checks; he wore a hunting stock instead of an ordinary collar, and its folds were gathered together by a gold horseshoe pin; he might, indeed, have been a head stable boy as far as this sort of thing went. But he had the sharpest and queerest pair of blue eyes I have ever seen; the most inquisitive nose, and the straightest line of lip above the squarest and most obstinate of chins—and yet these things were not, severally or collectively, the most remarkable of his features. The thing that one's eye went to first was the fellow's red hair—absolutely, genuinely red, a veritable flame of color. I don't know what Crole thought of him—he had doubtless seen him before, perhaps often—but my own mind immediately crystallized its impressions into a word at sight of the vivid pool, the sharp nose, the general aspect of ready watchfulness: Ferret!

"Croletting!" Maythorne said, going straight to the subject without preface. "Do we know the name Mallison?"

I saw a swift flash of light in the red-headed one's queer eyes—it was as if a lamp had suddenly been lighted somewhere behind them.

"We do! Mallison. James Mallison."

The creature's voice was as odd as his appearance. It was a sort of subdued, falsetto—piping. Maythorne nodded.

"I thought you'd remember, Croletting. In what connection, now?"

"Well, Mallison square affair. No direct connection—with him. One of our clients was in it, though. Mallison—his name was in the list. Memorized it. James Mallison—no occupation. Address—Park lane. Lady Locke's nephew—that's who Mallison is."

"And that Wellminster square affair, Croletting? Gambling business wasn't it?"

"Police raid in a private gambling house in Wellminster square. About three or four months ago. Thirty or forty arrests. Mallison was one of the men on the premises. If you remember, one of our clients was there—came to you in a blue funk. Nothing! Like the scrapbook?"

Maythorne nodded his head and held out a hand, and the clerk, turning to a big table that stood in the center of the room, took up a solidly bound volume which proved to contain newspaper cuttings, and with almost uncanny celerity found a page and handed the book over. Maythorne glanced at the extract, and then twisted the volume toward Crole and me.

"There you are," he said. "James Mallison, no occupation, Park lane—which seems to argue that Mr. Mallison lives with his aunt and his uncle-in-law. But perhaps Croletting knows? Croletting knows a lot! Do you know anything about Mallison, Croletting?"

"Very little! Young man about town. A bit—foppish. Sporty—in a way. Lives with Sir Samuel and Lady

Locke. They say this Mallison will come in for Sir Samuel's money."

"And that's all you know, Croletting?"

"All!"

Maythorne threw the scrapbook on the table.

"Well, that's that!" he said. "We know a bit more now about Mallison. Doubtless he's the man Mazaroff spoke to at Huntington and at York. Now, there's nothing much in that, but it seems that Mallison was going north. And what I'd like to know is this—did he and Mazaroff ever meet again? What we want to get at is the relationship of Mazaroff's murder to the fact that Mazaroff had Blue Diamond Number Two on him when he was murdered. How many people know that he had? Well, from all we can make out, here was a man—Mallison—who certainly knew it. Mallison had seen the blue diamond—Number Two—in Mazaroff's possession. Probably, when they encountered at Huntington and at York, the blue diamond deal with Sir Samuel Locke was the subject of their conversation. We'll have to get and talk with Mallison, certainly. And—Armintrude? That man has got to be seen, too—he knows more than he's told; in fact, he's told nothing. And in the meantime, he must be carefully watched. Holt—is that man you left at the Woodcock, the chauffeur, Webster, a man of good intelligence?"

"Webster's a sharp, clever chap," I answered. "Smart—trusty."

"Give me some telegraph forms, Croletting," said Maythorne. "Holt, I'm going to send Webster a wire in your name, telling him of certain things I want him to do there as regards keeping an eye on High Cap lodge. We shall have to go back there, I expect, but it mayn't be tomorrow. As for tomorrow, will you two come here at ten o'clock in the morning?"

Crole and I went away, leaving Maythorne concocting his telegram to Webster.

I bought the evening newspapers and went off to Jernyn street, resolved on going to bed at exactly nine o'clock. I should have kept my resolution if, just as I was about to make the definite move toward Maythorne had not turned up.

"I've seen Sir Samuel Locke, again, Holt," he said. "I've found out a certain fact that may or may not be relevant. About this chap Mallison, of course."

"Yes?" I said.

"Mallison," continued Maythorne, "went up north just about the time you and Mazaroff did. Old Locke wants to rent a shooting next year—grouse moor, you know—and he thought it would be a good notion if Mallison went and inspected some shootings while guns were actually at work. From what he told me, I'm pretty dead certain that Mallison was in the immediate neighborhood of Marsdale at the very time you and Mazaroff reached the Woodcock Inn. Eh?"

I said that he expected me to make some comment, I had no comment to make; all I could say was that I had never seen anything of Mallison in these regions. He smiled.

"Why, no?" he answered. "Of course you didn't—or, I might say, wouldn't, if—but still, that's all in the clouds. Yet—Mallison was certainly there or thereabouts."

"I wonder if we shall ever find out all about it?" I said.

He gave me a queer, knowing look. "We shall find out all about it, Holt," he replied. "And—when we do, there'll be a fine surprise! Look here! Do you remember that when we were at Belver's den I picked up something close by where Mazaroff's body was found? You do? Well, now—"

He broke off short. Somebody was knocking, gently but persistently, at my outer door. I walked out of the room, across the little hall, and opened the door—to stand back amazed.

Sheila stood there—alone!

CHAPTER VI

How Was It Got?

Her name sprang to my lips involuntarily as I stood there, staring at her. She laughed, half shyly, as I let it out, but she was more collected than I, and she stepped into the hall as readily as if there were nothing strange in this—to me—surprising visit. I had left the door of the sitting room open; she glanced through and saw Maythorne, and her first words were businesslike enough.

"You've Mr. Maythorne there? That's better!" she said. "Well—"

I followed her into the room and closed the door. Maythorne had jumped to his feet; for a second or two the three of us stood gazing at each other. As for myself, I felt utterly at a loss: Maythorne was quite calm. He drew a chair in front of the fire, silently motioning Sheila to it.

"Miss Merchison is here because—something has happened," he said. "Exactly!"

She thrust her hand into some inner pocket and drew out a folded paper. As quietly as if she were giving me an ordinary letter to read she held it out to me.

"Mr. Maythorne is right," she said. "Something has happened. That's the will I brought it to you—myself."

I gave one glance at the signature at its foot—here, without doubt, was the will, made at York, of which Postlethwaite had spoken at the inquest. I handed it across to Maythorne.

"Where did you get this, Miss Merchison?" he asked.

The answer came promptly and sharply—with a certain hardness of tone.

"Stole it!"

(Continued Next Week)

HOLLYWOOD HIGHLIGHTS

By Harold Fithian (Copyright)

One of the major curses of Hollywood is screen mothers. They come in all sizes and types. There are many stars of today who would have never arrived if it had not been for the persistent nagging of an ambitious mother. The screen mothers never tire of interviewing casting directors, and claiming superhuman qualities for their offsprings. Some of them would make their two-month-old babies walk a slack rope to get them in the movies. The town is full of starved and befrilled kiddies with artificially curled hair, burned by the curling iron, who never say or do anything in public which has not been rehearsed in private. Their mothers are hardboiled overseers, and the youngsters know they will get a good larping when they arrive home, should anything go haywire.

In the papers last week there was a case of a mother petitioning the court to change her Jewish name to the Irish stage name of her ten-year-old son. She has been buttering her pumpernickel bread with gold knives bought by the earnings of her infant son for the last two years.

Jackie Coogan reached the millionaire class, and retired long before he began to shave. He is staging a comeback in the title role of Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer," at an age when most kids are begging nickles from their Uncle Abner.

Seen on Hollywood Boulevard—

A man with a square cut beard, pearl gray derby, highly colored brocade stripes down his trousers, and high-heeled, cloth topped button shoes, all not over five foot tall. Buddy Rogers saving ten per cent on his laundry by calling for it. Wallace Beery, trying to park his Ford. Jim Tully, the author, who specializes in "he-men," paging through a book of Fairy Tales in the Hollywood Book Store. A nineteen-year-old girl fainting from hunger.

This practice has been so much abused and been such an expense that measures have been taken to abolish the quaint old custom. One means of doing so is to stage the parties at some hotel, inviting the guests, and making all other arrangements, but withholding the location of the affair until the last possible moment.

Another system that was good until the crashers got onto it was to stage the parties thirty or forty miles out of town in some mountain cabin or in some cottage along the ocean front. At Malibu Beach, an exclusive and expensive subdivision of the coast, there is one house guarded by armed men, and sporting a sign reading, "Invited Guests Only!"

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, In the Matter of the Estate of W. F. Deal, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned, duly appointed Administrator of the above named deceased, has filed in the above entitled court and cause his final account and report as such, and the court has fixed the 3rd day of January, 1931, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock a.m., of said day, and the court room of the above entitled cause in Hillsboro, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account, and for the final settlement of said estate.

Dated this 4th day of December, 1930.

Dry Gray, Administrator of the Estate of W. F. Deal, deceased.

Hare, McAlair, and Peters, Attorneys for Administrator. cl-5

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



St. Cecilia Church

Sunday Masses, 7:40 a.m., 10:00 a.m., and 9:30 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.

Church of Christ

M. E. CHURCH

Bible school will meet promptly at 10 a.m. Announcement will be made at this service as to when the Christmas program will be given. Public worship and pulpit message at 11:15 a.m. Subject, "The Imperishable Manger Child." No evening worship in our Beaverton church next Sunday. A cordial invitation is extended to attend the Garden Home Christmas program at 8 p.m. The public is invited to attend all services of the church.

Bethel Church

Rev. Geo. N. Taylor will preach at both services Sunday, December 31.

The High School Octette will sing and Mr. W. H. Roswell will sing a solo, at the morning service.

In the evening there will be a half hour of song service consisting of several Christmas numbers sung by the choir.

The Sunday School program and White Gift service will be held on Tuesday evening at 8:00 p.m. The young people will sing Christmas carols, Wednesday evening, meeting at the church at 8:00 p.m.

A great racket in Hollywood is party crashing. It has long been the custom for all and sundry to drop in on any party they may be able to locate—eat the food, imbibe the liquid refreshments, and make merry without even being sure who the host is, much less knowing him. It isn't even necessary to know any of the other guests—you're sure to have made several good friends before the evening is over.

MICKIE SAYS—

FOLKS, DON'T NEVER GET SORE OVER ANY OF MY WISE CRACKS, BECAUSE THEY ARE MADE IN ALL GOOD NATURE, AND WITH NO OTHER PURPOSE THAN TO HELP MY ROSSIE EDITOR, RUNNIN' A NEWSPAPER, GET A JOB, AND THE ROSSIE GET 'EM WAY YOU LOVAL READERS ADOPT SOME OF MY LIE IDEAS HELPS A LOT!



1930 1931

Good health to you,

A friend or two, a Christmas gay with holly,

A firelit nook, a favorite book,

To make your New Year jolly!

CHARLES BERTHOLD Hay, Grain, and Feed

By DICK DORGAN

THEY GOTTA BE SICK FIRST—HE'S A DOCTOR

THAT'S JUST LIKE THE OLD PEST—I NEVER KNEW HIM TO TREAT ANYBODY WELL—

I WAS PLAYIN' A ROUND WITH NEIL MINTYRE YESTERDAY AND HE REFUSED TO LET US PLAY THROUGH HIM

THERE'S THAT PESTY OLD CRAB OVER THERE NOW

(Copyright.)

DIVOT DIGGERS—He Sticks To His Club Business

