

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett, Business Manager

WHICH DIRECTION IS YOUR BUSINESS HEADED?

Do You Know?

The United States Chamber of Commerce has asked the following list of questions recently of business men generally:

1. Do you keep a "purchase account" that shows a total of all goods bought?
2. Do you know what you save by discounting bills?
3. Do you know what it costs to buy goods?
4. Do you know what you owe?
5. How often do you take stock?
6. Do you figure stock at cost or selling price?
7. Do you make allowances for depreciation and dead stock?
8. Do you know what is due you?
9. Do you make depreciation of fixtures and delivery equipment?
10. Can you furnish your bank a financial statement at once?
11. Are collections made as rapidly as accounts increase?
12. Do you know what it is costing you for allowances for customers?
13. How often do you make up a "profit and loss" account?
14. Into how many separate accounts are your expenses divided?
15. Do you own the building in which you do business?
16. Do you charge rent therefor?
17. Do you charge your own salary as an expense?
18. Do you charge interest on money invested?
19. Do you know the percentage of expenses to sales?
20. If a fire took place, could you, from your books, give a complete statement of all accounts?

STEPPING ON THE GAS

Back in the days before automobiles, the lovers of horseflesh used to get out in a sporting mood behind their speedy nags. The owner of a good fast stepper dearly loved to try paces in competition with horses owned by his neighbors. He would jog along lazily, as if his beast were merely some tired old plow as the slow old family horses were called. But if someone tried to pass him, he would whip up his fancy bit of horseflesh, and there would be an unexpected display of speed. It gave an owner infinite pleasure thus to demonstrate that he was not accustomed to taking any man's dust.

Today many automobile drivers have about the same idea. But their powerful machines create a different situation. To travel along behind some car that is going at about the same rate of speed hurts their pride. They want an unobstructed roadway so that the gorgeous impulse to step on the gas can be enjoyed. They try to pass the car ahead on curves, hills, or wun cars coming.

Some as a result are picked out of the ditch, and when they wake up, find themselves in a hospital bed. Unfortunately the innocent party may be there also. The public streets were built for quiet and peaceful driving, on errands of industry, business and pleasure. The public has a right to say how people shall drive in these streets.

It asks drivers not merely to cultivate skill, but a good humored philosophy that can adapt itself to a moderate pace where there is congestion or risk. Automobile racing is no doubt a fine sport on tracks provided for that purpose.

INSIST UPON PUBLICITY

The public official who does not want to publish periodic financial statements always says his books are public records and are open to examination by any one who is interested. His statement is true, but it is only a half truth. How many people have the time to make such an examination? How many are capable of putting figures together and taking off statements that mean anything?

Then there is always the chance for those who take off only such figures as answer their purpose and use them to bolster up misinformation. This is evident in most any political campaign. Finally there are plenty of instances on record of improperly kept records. Periodic publication of statements compels the keeping of proper records and in correct form.

In one case, after the death of a city clerk, it was found that he had nothing but a mass of unintelligible memoranda. He was familiar enough with it to get along some how, but it meant nothing to others. The finances of the district were thrown into a hopeless muddle. School board members and others whose duties are light often have no records. Periodic publication of statements is valuable from all points of view. There is no valid argument against it.—Ole Buck.

Work has been completed on gas distribution in Coquille by the Natural Gas Corporation of Oregon.

Bids for grading 4.2 miles of the Roosevelt highway near Tahkenitch lake, between Gardiner and Florence, will be opened January 6.

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 and other livestock and poultry. Nationally known lecturer, writer and author.



For several years we have had with us fresh air advocates. Where, as our forefathers did everything possible to keep the night air, which was supposed to be unhealthy, out of the lungs by boarding up doors and windows and filling every crack and crevice, we now roll our beds out onto the open porch and breathe deeply of the frosty atmosphere.

The modern dairy farmer is paying more and more attention to the ventilation of his barns because he knows that the proper changing of the air is essential to the health and well being of his herd. Unless pure air is mixed with hay and grain you do not get the maximum amount of milk.

In the summer time ventilation is no problem because doors and windows are open, but in winter the opposite is true. We are not talking now of barns with artificial heating, but the kind where the heat from the bodies of the animals is depended upon to keep the temperatures up and the cold down.

It is easy enough to let cold air in. But to regulate the amount is the task. Unless there is a proper proportion of cold, dry air and the warm, moist air from the live stock you have a damp and dangerous stable.

Fortunately we have men who have made a very careful study of barn ventilation, among them King, of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, and others.

We know that cows in breathing give off carbon dioxide, moisture, marsh gas, and other matters. We know definitely how many cubic feet of fresh, pure air are necessary every hour to offset the impurities of a cow's breathing. From that we can determine the size of ventilating flue necessary to produce that change in air.

The so-called King system of ventilating provides for a large flue which opens near the floor and extends above the roof. The carbon dioxide, being a heavy gas, seeks the floor. The air on the floor is always colder than that near the ceiling. The wind blowing against the top of the flue which is open above the roof provides the suction which draws the foul air from the floor up through the opening where it is discharged.

We now must provide for fresh air to enter. The wind causes pressure of air against all sides of the barn. It is desirable to have the cold, fresh air enter near the ceiling where it gradually mixes with the warm air and drifts slowly downward where eventually it will be sucked in through the ventilating flue and sent out through the roof. These openings for fresh air should not contact directly with the outside, for then the warm air would escape. The intakes should be down near the ground or foundation and go up through the walls before entering the barn. Some ventilating systems change the King plan to this extent—the outlet for foul air is at the ceiling and in the center of the barn.

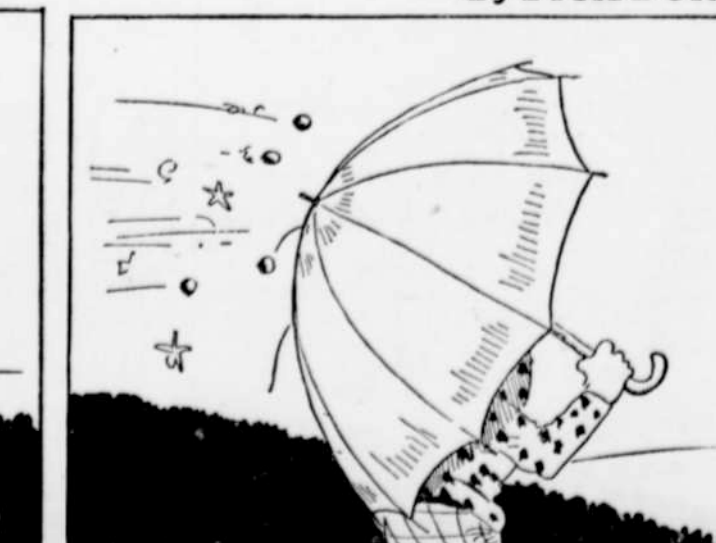
Intakes should be about 4 by 16 inches and the ventilating flue not less than 2 feet by 2 feet. This whole system of course is based upon the barn being tightly constructed. For instance if the system is properly installed and the barn closed all night there should be very little or no odor in the morning when you enter.

In some barns windows are depended upon for ventilation. Plenty of windows are a good thing. They admit sunlight and cost very little more than the same amount of wall. Double-glass windows are very desirable because a single pane allows a coating of ice to form on the glass when the moisture from the inside passes out on it. The double panes set in the same sash should be about 1-4 inch apart.

One objection to windows as a means of admitting fresh air is the draft hazard. It is a good plan to hinge the windows at the bottom in a one-story barn, because there is not room to have the sash slide upward. In the northern states, storm windows are almost a necessity in winter to keep the barn warm.

The construction of the Sherwood-Newberg-McMinnville gas main has been started by the Portland Gas & Coke Co. at the point where the Nasoma road intersects the Tualatin-Wilsonville road in South Tualatin.

DIVOT DIGGERS—Always Prepared For The Worst



The Mazaroff Mystery

by J.S. Fletcher



CHAPTER VII

The Missing Man

I was back at Ashington mansions soon after nine o'clock on the following morning, and by half past twelve and I was walking down Edgeware road on our way to Maythorne's office. Amidst the crowded London streets, we were alone in a sense in which we could not have been alone in the solitudes of Marrasdale, and the sensation was as novel as it was delightful. Yet I knew it could not last, and we had not been walking far when Sheila voiced exactly what I was feeling.

"Mervyn!—I'll have to go back, you know!" she said. "I've done what I came for—given you the will—and now I'll have to go home—soon, any way—and face the music. Of course, my mother has guessed long since what's happened. And—there'll be a nice row! I shall have the liveliest quarter of an hour I ever had in my life. And I shall only have one re-act to make—not a nice one to make to one's own mother—and that's to ask her what she was doing with that will and how she got it? And, if I know her, she won't say."

"There may be developments before it comes to that," I remarked. "The fact is, we none of us know where we are. I don't, anyhow! I feel as if I didn't know what on earth's going to turn up next."

"Anything may," said Sheila. "I suppose the thing is, in these cases, to be ready for anything and surprised at nothing."

And at that very moment a surprise was within touching distance of us. Suddenly Sheila stopped dead and clutched my arm; turning sharply on



"Mervyn!" She whispered. "Parlavise! Gone In—There!"

her, I saw that she was staring as if fascinated at the open door of a tobacconist's shop, a few yards ahead of us.

"Mervyn!" she whispered. "Parlavise! Gone In—There!"

"Parlavise!" I exclaimed. "The man missing from Marrasdale? Impossible!"

"I tell you Parlavise has just gone into that shop—the tobacco shop! Parlavise is in that shop! Come back!"

"You're certain?" I said. "Dead certain! Parlavise is in there! Watch for him—let me stand in this shop door."

"He'll know you?"

"Of course! If he comes this way, I'll slip into this shop and buy something—anything. If he goes the other way—follow. Good Heavens!—what is he doing here?—in London?"

It was a drapery establishment by which we were standing, with a deep doorway—Sheila slipped within its shelter; I half-hidden, kept an eye on the tobacconist's door. And presently out came a tall, wiry fellow, obviously a countryman, bronzed in cheek and neck; he turned along the pavement, away from us.

Sheila came out of the doorway and glanced down the street.

"That's Parlavise!" she said. "But I knew it was. What next?"

"We must follow him," I answered. "No matter where he goes, I'm going to track him. Look here!—I'll keep a little way behind him; you keep a little way behind me."

So we began our chase of this man who had disappeared from Birnside on the night of Mazaroff's murder, and

for whom the police had already instituted a hue-and-cry.

Parlavise went slowly away in front, and just as slowly Sheila sauntered after me in the rear. He was an easy man to follow, and it needed little watchfulness on my part to see that he had not the ghost of an idea that he was being followed.

He turned to his right sharply, into Prad street, crossed the roadway, and a little further along the other side, turned again. Sauntering after him, at a considerable distance, I saw him enter the side door of a house—a rather bigger, more pretentious house than those that flanked it. Then he disappeared. I hastened my steps, walked swiftly past the house he had entered, and on the side door, on a dirty, unlabeled brass plate read, to my utter amazement:

"Dr. Eccleshare
Surgery Hours 9:30 to 11 a. m. 7 to 8:30 p. m."

I hurried back to the top of the street, where Sheila was already hanging about.

"Got him?" she asked. "I touched her arm with one hand, pointing with the other to the house at the further end of the street."

"You see that house down there?—the one that stands out from the rest?"

"That's Eccleshare's! Eccleshare's, do you understand? Doctor Eccleshare. Eccleshare's—good Lord! And—Parlavise is in there!"

Then silence fell upon us. We stood, mutually questioning each other. Sheila spoke first.

"Eccleshare's house!—and Parlavise in it? Then here's some devilry at work. Mervyn—what's to be done? Of course, I see how things are. Eccleshare sent Parlavise here—to hide!"

"But I had been thinking during that moment of silence—thinking fast."

"There's only one thing to be done," I said. "Look here—you do just what I tell you. Get a taxi. Go straight to Maythorne's—107b Conduit street—got that?—and tell him exactly what's happened. Get him to come back here with you, and to bring his clerk, Cottingley. Meanwhile, I'll keep an eye on Parlavise and that house. Now—hurry!"

She went off on the instant, without as much as a word, and I turned to watch the house fifty yards away. And I had not watched long before Parlavise came out again, and came my way, too. He was carrying a rush basket, such as servants use when they go shopping. I sauntered after him (on the opposite side). He went to a grocer's shop; he bought potatoes and a couple of fine cauliflowers. And, that little domestic mission fulfilled, he went leisurely back to Doctor Eccleshare's. I pictured him and some housekeeper woman in there—Parlavise would doubtless be peeling the potatoes, like any tame family man, and exchanging pleasant talk with the female presiding genius—and yonder in the Northumbrian wilds, three hundred miles away, the police were waiting him . . . on suspicion of murder!

I was laughing softly over this when a hand was laid on my arm. I looked sharply round—to see Maythorne's queer clerk, Cottingley. He jerked a thumb over his left shoulder, silently, and following the gesture I saw, a few yards away, Sheila, Maythorne, and a strange man, somebody or other got up for the part of the confirmed loafer, the type that just hangs about, and hangs about.

"Guv'nor!" said Cottingley, as if introducing Maythorne. "Here!"

I went up to Maythorne and Sheila, Cottingley at my heels. The loafer person made a slinking movement to the rear and began to study the contents of a shop window. Maythorne gave me a glance that meant more than I could realize.

"Now then, Holt," he said, plunging straight into business. "Miss Merchison's given us a description of this man Parlavise—just you give us another, so that Cottingley and this other man of mine will know him to the last detail. Here—Johnson!"

The loafer individual slid close to us, like a shadow slipped by a moving light, and he kept his eyes on me without blinking while I rapidly but thoroughly detailed a description of Parlavise.

Cottingley nodded at Maythorne, nudged the loafer, and they turned away, with seeming utter indifference. Sheila stared after them in obvious wonder.

(Continued Next Week)

PHENOMENAL GAIN IN TRUST SERVICES

By JOHN G. LONSDALE
President American Bankers Association

SO phenomenal has been the increase of trust business that statisticians are unable to keep a true record of its advancement.

There are now something like 25,000 active trust departments in banks in America, while in 1900 only 165 active trust departments had been established.

In becoming the custodians or the guardians of the property of others, bankers as John G. Lonsdale says, have been fittingly described as one of the "most exalted human relationships ever created by law." They become at once a big brother, a big sister, an advisor, or a confessor, sworn so to conduct themselves that clients will be won to them by their ability and integrity.

Thousands of little children have received an education and have been started off right in life through the trust department's safe keeping and guidance of the family estate, numberless widows have been protected from merciless stock swindlers, many thousands of business men have been relieved of troublesome details in the conduct of their business through the creation of a living trust and still others have safeguarded their business enterprises through life insurance trusts.

The favorable reaction of the public toward trust department service is not accidental. It may be traced jointly to the growing intelligence of the American people in financial affairs and to advertising to the world at large the merits of trust service. Advertising used in a sensible, judicious way is necessary, a power that has accomplished much good for humanity.

Among the detailed services rendered by a trust department the one that seems to be winning favor the fastest is the life insurance trust. Life insurance is the quickest known way of creating an estate. In reality it affords the possessor the opportunity of setting up a positive monetary safeguard for his family and then paying for it on the installment plan. A married man is not fair to his family if he fails to carry life insurance. I would say to the young man, "Buy insurance before you buy the ring," and to the young woman I would say, "Marry no man so thoughtless as to seek at life insurance."

RADIO TELEGRAPH EXPANDS SERVICE

Recent additions to the radio telegraph service from the United States are of special interest now as indications that America is striving to hold her own in a radio telegraph leadership, which is made more difficult to maintain by the British, merger of radio telegraph and cables. The announcement that RCA Communications, Inc., will begin work at once to establish an inland telegraph network in fourteen strategic cities in the United States, with plans for 29 inland stations, as wave lengths are granted, also has added to the country-wide attention to this modern means of communication.

Within the last few weeks three new direct international circuits have been announced by W. A. Winterbottom, Vice-President in charge of Communications of RCA Communications, Inc., to Spain, Syria and Costa Rica.

Several reductions of rates for radio telegraph service also have been announced recently by Mr. Winterbottom. It was the competition of radio telegraph which forced a reduction of cable rates by which oceans have saved \$50,000,000 in the last eight years.

Every Home Owner His Own "Weather Man"

Now that the American public is becoming air-conditioning conscious, it is easy to envision standard departures from present day standards in home design and equipment, according to the Holland Institute of Thermology of Holland, Mich. In future, every home-owner will be his own indoor-weather maker, for modern warm-air heating systems of the vapor-air type will enable him to maintain controlled, healthful, comfortable conditions indoors the year around. And paradoxical though it may seem, the heating plant that keeps the home warm in winter will be the means of keeping it constantly cool and air conditioned during hot summer months.

Baker has installed new police telephones to speed the service.

The Baker fire department has purchased a new fire truck.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



Bethel Church

9:45 a.m., Sunday school. R. C. Doty, Superintendent.
11:00 a.m. Preaching service. Rev. Butler from Portland will give the address.

Methodist Church

Bible school meets at 10:00 a.m. A solemn pledge to attend regularly the Bible school for all the Sundays of the coming year would have a tendency to greatly enrich all other worthy pledges that might be made at the opening of 1931.

Pulpit worship and pulpit messages at 11:15 a.m., and 7:30 p.m. Morning theme, "Consolation in Knowing that We Have Eternal Life."

Rev. and Mrs. A. Lee Aldrich, who conducted services in this church last Sunday, are at the present time in a "Church Loyalty" campaign in the Oak Grove Community church near Portland. The place and time for the beginning of meetings in Beaverton will be announced in the near future.

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, 8:29 a.m.

Madge Pomeroy et vir to S. H. Pomeroy, 129 acres, Sec. 1, T. 2 S., R. 2 W.

MICKIE SAYS—

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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.

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