

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulet .. Business Manager

PAYS TO NAME YOUR FARM

You might have a 60 acre or up to 375 acre farm, or larger or have only five acres "somewhere out north of town" or "up the valley a ways", or "south across the river and west a mile", or "down Bentwell's Canyon", or "two miles up the river west of the village". This is about the type of information given folks who ask where "Jack Robinette" lives, or where "The Kann Boys' Farm" is located, or where YOU live!

How in the world is a person going to tell just where the farmer is living by all that kind of information? Must that person watch for names on mail boxes (some boxes are not named right) or ask at a half dozen places along the way? How much better it would be if you would call your farm "The Gordon Jersey Farm", or if you are a poultry specialist call it "The White Egg Ranch", or "Bar's Barred Rock Farm", or if you specialize in ducks name your place, "Henry's Quack Farm", or "Indian Runner Yards", or something like that. If you are doing a little of every kind of farming, you might name it "The Douglas Home Ranch" (if Douglas is your name, or "Jensen's Red Rock Ranch".

You should have something to indicate the place so that when one gets there, he knows he's there. Jensen's Red Rock Ranch" should have out in front a huge red rock—one painted red. Others may have large well-made and well-painted signs bearing the name of the place. Your place will be more valuable to you and will become better known if you give it a name, same as the city business man names his place of business. Try it.

NAME O' HOWLS

Liberty's poll of prominent aviators held that James DOOLITTLE had done the most for aviation in the past year.

Lewis SICK of Davenport, Ia., tried to beat a train to the crossing with his sliver. Now he's real sick.

Among the guests at Lady Astor's dinner to women celebrities in London was Miss ISITT.

E. J. PINKEPANK of Sweetwater, Mo., gives lessons on the ukelele.

Rose PERFECT, vaudeville actress, is still 100 per cent. She has just divorced her third husband.

The New Yorker reports that GEORGE WASHINGTON lives on West 140th street, and MARTHA WASHINGTON lives right around the corner, on 139th.

The well known Stokes who recently got a divorce at Reno has for his first initials W. E. D.

GRANDMA WAYBACK SAYS

The modern girl doesn't worry so much about whether her soul is as white as the driven snow as whether she has a smudge on her nose.

One thing that always spoils things when we have company for dinner is that Pa always picks up his napkin like we were afraid of it.

One of the greatest causes of domestic friction is that he thinks economy is something for him to preach and for her to practice.

Modern women would rather get a good cry at the movie than in the kitchen peeling onions.

The honeymoon is over when he begins bringing home groceries instead of flowers.

The trouble today is that too many women consider themselves happily married as long as they get their alimony regularly.

GRANDPA WAYBACK SAYS

It ain't hard to succeed today. The hard part comes in staying succeeded.

I don't want millions, but I would like to have as much as they spend on a Chicago gangster's funeral.

The only thing harder to find now than a sleigh would be a horse to pull it.

The more I see of Congress the better I understand why our forefathers put their trust in providence.

When a woman says there is no use in anybody talking, she means there is no use in anybody else talking.

A diplomat is a man who says nothing when his wife has 25 candles on her birthday cake on her 40th birthday.

As pathetic as a girl in a street car trying to get used to not having to pull her dress down.

As cold as a hot water faucet in an apartment hotel at 7 a.m.

What we need in Chicago are some unemployed "pineapples."

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 a.m. Public worship and pulpit message at 11:15 a.m. Sermon theme, "Life's Review and Eternal Assurance."
Plans are nearing completion for the opening of the A. Lee Aldrich "Church Loyalty" campaign.

Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich will arrive in our city in time for the opening of the first service of the series at 7:30 p.m. Tuesday, Jan. 13th. W. H. Hart will act as chairman of the prayer-meeting committee. The schedule for cottage prayer meetings will be announced Tuesday evening. Mrs. Josephine Cavanese is chairman of the music committee. Volunteers are invited to form a chorus choir. Chairman for entertainment for Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich, Mrs. Cora Walker. Chairman of decorations, Mrs. Carrie Clement.

The general public is not only most cordially invited but also urged to co-operate in all these services, where they will be heartily welcomed.

Church of Christ

Last Sunday was a big day at the church. There were 110 present at Sunday school.

Six new members were added to the church. One confessed the name of Christ.

The reports from the different heads of the departments showed an increase in every department during the last year. We are looking forward to a still greater increase during the coming year.

Next Sunday morning by request Mr. Springer will speak on "The Ordinance of the Lord's Supper." In the evening the topic will be, "In Touch with Humanity."

St. Cecelia 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: 8:30 p.m., 10:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., and 9:00 p.m.
Weekday Mass, 8:20 a.m.

Nazarene Church

Bible school, Sunday at 9:45 a.m. Preaching at 11:00 a.m., and 7:30 p.m.

Young People's meeting at 6:30 p.m.
Midweek prayer and praise service, Wednesday at 7:30 p.m.
All welcome.

The Forest highway program for 1932 fiscal year beginning July 1st, and calling for a total expenditure of \$1,959,000, has been approved by the State Highway Commission.

DOG LICENSE NOTICE

Dog Licenses for the year 1931 are now due and payable at the office of the County Clerk.

License fees for dogs over 6 months old and owned or kept in the State of Oregon over 30 days are:

Male Dog, Two Dollars (\$2.00); Female Dog, Three Dollars (\$3.00); Spayed Female Dog, Two Dollars (\$2.00).

After March 1st, 1931, the law requires Two Dollars (\$2.00) more to be added to the foregoing prices on dogs that are licensable before March 1st, 1931.

Licenses may be ordered by mail. State the sex of the dog, name and post office address of owner or keeper.

Edw. C. Luce, County Clerk, Hillsboro, Oregon. c 6-7

The Mazaroff Mystery

by J.S. Fletcher



Maythorne laughed and motioned us toward the end of Broad street. "You two young people can go on duty now," he said. "Parslave is as safe as if we'd got him inside the jewel case at the Tower! Take my advice—go somewhere and have the day to yourselves. Leave all this to me—the only thing is that I want you, Holt, to look in at my office at six o'clock sharp this evening. Now—I'm off! Business!"

He was in the taxicab which he had kept waiting and was being driven away before we could say anything. We both looked at each other and laughed.

"That's good advice of Maythorne's, anyhow," I said. "Let's follow it. Let's go somewhere where we can talk about—"

"What?" she said as I hesitated. "Ourselves," said I. "We've had enough of other people."

We had a delightful lunch in a delightful, old-fashioned inn; we spent the afternoon amongst the autumn-tinted lanes, and—

But that, after all, has nothing to do with this story, though it has all to do with Sheila and myself. At half past five I took her back to her friend's flat, and then went on to Conduit street and Maythorne. He immediately waved a telegram at me.

"Here you are, Holt," he said. "More developments. A wire from your man, Webster."

There was no great amount of wording in Webster's telegram, but such words as were there conveyed a good deal of highly important information. This is what Webster said:

"Courthouse, Armistead, Eccleshare, Mr. and Mrs. Elphinstone all left here for Carlisle by eight o'clock train this morning."

I handed back the telegram without comment. "Carlisle, of course, means London," Maythorne said. "The scene of operation's shifted. Holt—we've got some of the chief actors close at hand."

"Mrs. Elphinstone, of course, has come after her daughter," I suggested. "And the will," he answered. "Or to find out what her daughter's done with the will. Well—there are two men we'll have to have a pretty straight talk with tomorrow. We're going to have it out with Armistead. After that, we're going to interview Eccleshare—and Parslave, possibly with a little police assistance, if need be. But tonight you and I are going to see Mrs. Elphinstone. We know where she's to be found—and we'll go now and find her."

"Where?" I asked, wondering if he had some further information. "Can you doubt?" he answered with a laugh. "She'll be found at Ashington mansions—where, I suppose, you've just left her daughter. I want to ask Mrs. Elphinstone a question or two. And I may as well tell you, Holt—she won't answer 'em! Tonight, at any rate."

"That I quite expect," said I. "Just so! But she'll answer 'em tomorrow—or next day—or the day after that," he said, with a significant glance. "The thing is, first, to put them to her."

We rode up to Malda Vale and got out of our cab some twenty or thirty yards short of Ashington mansions. Maythorne immediately nudged my elbow.

"What did I tell you?" he said. "They're here, now!"

In front of the main entrance to the flats a taxicab stood. And within it sat a woman—a tall, angular, elderly woman, dressed in somewhat rusty black, who stared straight in front of her until, attracted by our momentary halt and seeing our eyes turn in her direction, she gave us a quick side glance only to withdraw it sharply and to look ahead again, still more steadily. We passed on and entered the door.

"I've seen that woman before, remarked Maythorne, as we crossed the hall to the elevator. "At Marrasdale."

"So have I," I answered. "I saw her about the Woodcock—in fact, I took her for the cook. What can she be doing—here?"

"Mrs. Elphinstone will know," he said. "But—I shan't ask her that, now. Well—what's this Miss Apperley's number?" he went on, as we were whirled upwards. "Twenty-seven? Right! Now then, Holt—we walk straight in! We'll excuse ourselves to Miss Apperley afterward."

I did as he bade me. Without ceremony as much as a tap, I opened the door of Miss Apperley's sitting

room, and Maythorne and I entered, abreast. We plunged into the middle of things. An acrimonious debate was already at its full height. Sheila stood, indignant and defiant, by the center table. Mrs. Elphinstone was enthroned, obviously in a fine temper, in an elbow chair by the hearth. Mr. Elphinstone was perched on the edge of a chair in another corner, nursing the handle of his umbrella and apparently as uncomfortable as a nervous and peevish man can be.

"—not one word, good mother, till you tell me how you came into possession of that will!" Sheila was saying, and saying with emphasis, as we strode in. "It's up to you to speak first—you're—"

She broke off there, or, rather, Maythorne broke things off for her. He strode forward and took the words out of Sheila's mouth.

"Your daughter's in the right, Mrs. Elphinstone," he said in cool, even accents. "It's up to you to give explanations. Now, come, Mrs. Elphinstone—how did you obtain possession of Mazaroff's will—which is now safe, let me tell you, safe—in Mr. Crole's strong room. Come?"

Mr. Elphinstone groaned—wearily. But Mrs. Elphinstone showed temper—and fight.

"How dare you speak to me—me!—like that?" she demanded. "What right?"

"My dear lady!" interrupted Maythorne. "Be calm, and don't be foolish. Think a little. Here is a very wealthy man murdered under most suspicious circumstances. He has his will in his pocket, with other papers, and with valuables, and with money. He is not only murdered, but he is robbed of everything he has on him. Nothing can be discovered about his missing property. Then a few nights later, your daughter accidentally finds out that the will is in—your hands! What do you suppose the police authorities will say to that, Mrs. Elphinstone? I'm asking you."

Mrs. Elphinstone looked at him half-wonderingly, as though he were slightly stupid people will look at a questioner: I could see quite well that she was wondering how he dared to be so plain-spoken and unceremonious.

Mr. Elphinstone groaned once more—audibly. "Most distressing!" he murmured. "Most—unpleasant. Really—I—I think, Marlon, that—er—you know—if I were you—I—I think I should say how you got this—er document—I should—really."

"Mrs. Elphinstone will have to say how she got it, and from whom," observed Maythorne. "That will be without doubt abstracted—stolen—from Mazaroff's pocket by the man who murdered him. And Mr. Elphinstone, it is later discovered in Mrs. Elphinstone's keeping. How came it there?"

Mrs. Elphinstone suddenly gathered up her wraps and her umbrella and rose from her chair.

"What right have you to ask me questions?" she demanded, facing Maythorne. "You're not a policeman, as far as I'm aware, and I don't know that you've any authority. I am going, and whoever wishes to see me will find me at Short's hotel. You'll find me there, Sheila—I shall not run after you again."

"That's a useful thing to know, Mrs. Elphinstone," said Maythorne, still perturbed. "You will no doubt be called upon at Short's. This is a matter of murder! And whether you like it or not, Mrs. Elphinstone—or, as it should be, Merelison—I am going to know who murdered Mazaroff. If you know, you're already an accessory after the crime."

Mrs. Elphinstone was at the door by this time, and her eyes were as hard as ever as she swept us all with a half contemptuous glance. "Are you coming, Malcolm? As for you, Sheila, if you want me again, you'll have to come to me. Otherwise—"

She made a gesture which seemed to indicate that she washed her hands of her daughter and of everybody present, and without waiting for Mr. Elphinstone, she marched off down the corridor.

Mr. Elphinstone shook his head—wearily and despondently. He looked round at all of us as if he wanted to speak, but no words came, and he presently turned and went after his wife. Maythorne closed the door, and glanced at us.

"You may think I was too explicit—perhaps brutal—with Mrs. Elphinstone," he said, "but I don't believe any of you understand. Knowing what I do—and Crole, of course, knows it

The Cook's Nook

"SOUP'S ON"—AND NEVER MIND THE NOISE!

Emulate Hilda, the grim-visaged cook of Andy Gump's flustered household, and cry "soup's on" if you would have your cold weather meals satisfying and full of warmth. For soup's a dish that gracefully combines the vitamins and the calories in a medley of flavors that are so healthfully pleasant you will not mind the sibilance that sometimes accompanies its consumption.

The truly successful soup is not the article some wit has defined as "just like hash, only looser." The vegetables that go into it should be so cooked as to retain their own distinctive flavors, by first frying them in a bland corn oil, which will avoid giving them any "fatty" taste. The texture of this cockle-warming dish should be smooth as velvet, neither too thick nor too thin, and this makes the choice of the thickening agent an important one.

Note in the recipes here how the vegetables are first prepared and how they are thickened. Follow the directions, and then let a note of pride creep into your voice when you cry to the hungry brood, "Soup's on!"

Baked Bean Soup

3 cups cooked baked beans
3 pints water
2 stalks celery
1½ cups stewed and strained tomatoes
1 tsp. chili sauce
Salt and pepper
2 tbs. corn oil
1 tsp. onion, minced
1 tsp. cornstarch
CROUTONS

Put beans, water and celery in saucepan, bring to boiling point and simmer thirty minutes. Rub through sieve, add tomato and chili sauce, season to taste with salt and pepper. Cook onion in oil two minutes, add cornstarch and cook two minutes. Stir into soup. Boil three minutes and serve with CROUTONS.

Bermuda Soup

6 med. onions
2 tbs. corn oil
2 cups water
1 tsp. butter
3 tbs. flour
2 cups milk
Salt
Cayenne pepper
1 egg yolk
½ can (3 one-half oz.) pimientos
Chopped cheese

Grated cheese; place in a saucepan with oil; cover and cook over a low flame until straw colored; add water and boil uncovered for 30 minutes or until onions are tender. Rub through a sieve. Melt one tablespoon of butter, add flour, add in milk gradually, and heat to the boiling

THE INEVITABLE DISHES

(A Cook's Complaint)

There is one task in this world I can't perform with calm, A job which gives me aches and pains For which there is no balm.

And that one task is—dishes! (You never do get through, You get one batch all neatly washed, There's another batch to do.)

Our joys are all too fleeting, Even sorrows fly. But always we have with us— Dishes to wash and dry.

It's sure as death and taxes (A fact you can't ignore) That tho' you cleanse each single dish You're bound to soil some more.

When, as, and if, the Fairy comes With those three splendid wishes, All three of mine will be to get Out of doing dishes!

—The Kitchen Gossip

now—I cannot keep this information from the police! It's impossible! We know—the police know—that Mazaroff was robbed as well as murdered. That will was on him! How did Mrs. Elphinstone get it? She is, shielding somebody. That's the truth! Now, then—who is it? Then, without waiting for any reply or remark, he tapped my shoulder and set off. I lingered a moment, to exchange a word or two with Sheila, and then followed him.

"You think that, Maythorne?" I asked as we paused at the door of the elevator.

"Of course," he exclaimed. "Doesn't need half an eye nor an ounce of brain to be dead certain of that! She knows—knows! And, as I said in there—who is it? Here's one thing certain, Holt—if she won't speak, I'll have to tell the police. But between now and tomorrow she'll have time to reflect.

(Continued Next Week)

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Beaverton Rebekah Lodge No. 248 meets first and third Tuesdays 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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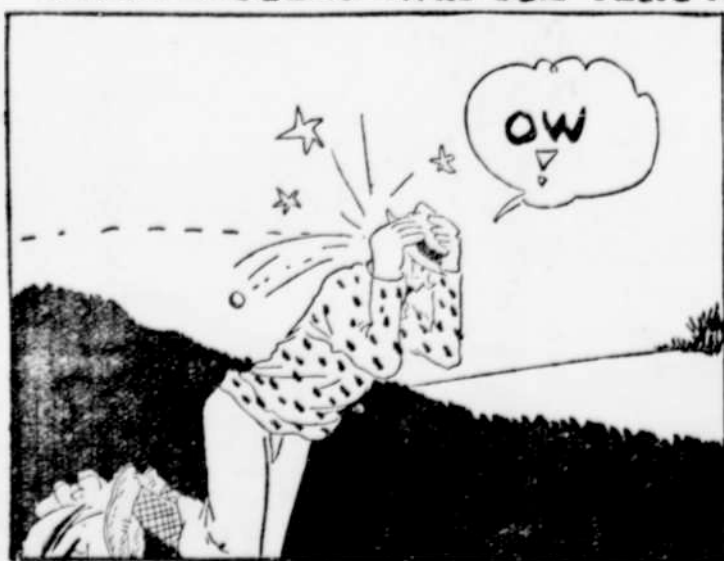
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DIVOT DIGGERS—Who Said There Ain't No Justice?

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