

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

OH, YEAH?

Absolute knowledge I have none. But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son... Heard a policeman on his beat Say to a laborer on the street That he had a letter just last week— A letter which he did not seek— From a Chinese merchant in Tim-buctoo, Who said that his brother in Cuba knew Of an Indian chief in a Texas town Who got the dope from a circus clown, That a man in the Klondike had it straight From a guy in a South American state That a wild man over in Borneo Was told by a woman who claimed to know, Of a well-known swell society rake, Whose mother soon will undertake To prove that her husband's sister's brother Had stated plain at some place or other That a man whom he holds in high regard Actually knows why times are hard.

The funeral was over. The elderly widower, having returned from the cemetery, sat on the front porch of his small New Hampshire cottage whistling to himself. A neighbor passed, saw the solitary figure in the shadow of the porch, and halted his team. "Well, Uncle Gil," he said, striving to put sympathy into his tones, "How air you bearin' up?" "Fust-rate, Eph," said the supposedly bereaved one, cheerfully. "Dun't know ez I ever felt better." "I thought maybe you'd be missin' her," said the neighbor. "She was a good wife—tuck keer of your home and raised your children and always done mighty well by you durin' all the thutty years you lived together." "Yas; I know that," stated the widower. "She done all them things and I lived with her thutty years just as you was saying. But, gol-dern her, I never did like her."

PICKED UP AT RANDOM

The movies have gone from bad to voice.

The new skirts are so tight around the bottom the girls can hardly walk. Some of them are pretty tight around the ankles, too.

They call 'em miniature golf courses because in a miniature all through.

He who laughs last is usually the dumbest.

Petting isn't sanitary, but nobody does it for their health.

Frog Liquor defined: Take a drink, hop around a little, and then croak.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON PANTS

Pants are made for men and not for women. Women are made for men and not for pants. When a man pants for a woman, and a woman pants for a man, that makes a pair of pants. Pants are like molasses. They are thinner in hot weather, and thicker in cold weather. There has been much argument as to whether pants is singular or plural. Seems to me when you wear pants it's plural, and when you don't wear 'em it's singular. If you want to make pants last, make the coat first.

A street car "masher" tried in every way to attract the attention of the pretty girl opposite him. Just as he had given up hope, the girl, entirely unconscious of what was going on, happened to glance in his direction. The "masher" immediately took fresh courage. "It's cold out today, isn't it?" he ventured. The girl smiled and nodded assent, but had nothing to say. "My name is Baumgartner," he volunteered. "Oh, I am so sorry," breathed the girl, sympathetically, as she left the car.

Norah, the "green" cook, poked her head in at the dining room door. "Please, Ma'am," she asked, "and how will I be knowin' when the pudding is cooked?" "Stick a knife into it," said her mistress, recalling the cook-book instructions. "If the knife comes out clean, the pudding is ready to serve." "Yis, Ma'am." "And, oh, Norah!" The mistress had an afterthought. "If the knife does come out clean, you might stick all the rest of the knives into the pudding."

A farmer was the father of twelve children, all of whom had been rocked in the same cradle by the same great toe. He was rocking the latest arrival one night when his wife remarked: "John, that cradle is nearly worn out; it's so rickety I'm afraid it will fall to pieces." "It is about used up," replied her husband. Then, handing her ten dollars, he added: "The next time you go to town get a new one, a good one, one that will last a while."

Queen Wilhelmina had a trick Of eating oysters with a stick. Her dress was low and not too tight And what she missed, she found at night.

AND YET WE JUDGE!

How little we know, and yet we judge. This one is "good" and that one is "bad." This one is "weak" and that one is "strong." This one is "wise" and that one is "foolish". But the "good" go wrong, and the "bad" on occasion reveal heroic qualities; the "weak" perform miracles of strength, and the "strong" collapse in the presence of danger; the "wise" grope in doubt and stand stock still in consciousness of limitations, while the "foolish" march with confident step into the unknown. We all know so much more than we can express and are so impatient at another's judgment. Others know so much more than we can understand, and yet we judge them. The foolishness of one age is the wisdom of the next, and the wisdom of one era becomes the foolishness of the succeeding. Dreams are transformed by time into realities, and the stable things dissolve as mist before the sun. Virtue in one place is sin in another, and the good of one condition is turned into evil in new surroundings. How little we know, AND YET WE JUDGE!

USE SUCTION TO RID HEAT PLANT OF DIRT

Giant Vacuum Cleaner Is Modern Method of Cleaning Performance.

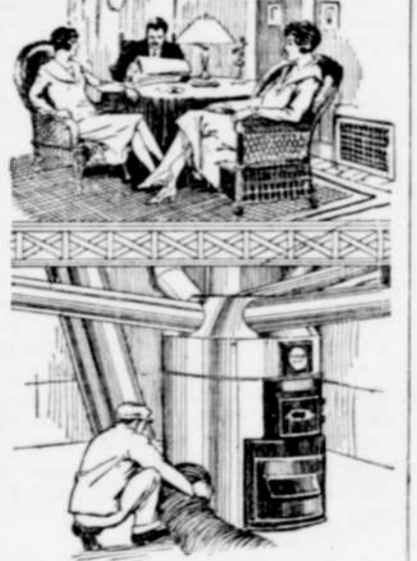
Take good care of your home heating system, keep it regularly cleaned of the soot and dust that accumulate each season, and it will render long and satisfactory service, advises the Holland Institute of Thermology of Holland, Mich.

Soot and dust in the heating system not only create an unnecessary fire hazard, but they seriously interfere with heating efficiency when the plant is in operation. Not only that, but a dirty system sally interferes with the housewife's ideal of a scrupulously clean house, immaculate draperies and floors, and clean walls and rugs.

To be assured of fire-safety, efficient heating service, and the elimination of unnecessary household drudgery, the logical procedure is to have the heating system, including the chimney, thoroughly cleaned before the fall fire is started.

It is a simple, clean job, when done the modern way. The modern way is by means of a giant vacuum cleaner that comes to the house mounted on a motor truck. This machine operates on the same principle as an ordinary household vacuum cleaner. The dust bag is about forty feet long and when inflated by the cleaning operation stands six feet high.

By means of flexible piping this huge cleaner is attached to various openings in the furnace and to the



Efficient Operation of the Heating System and Complete Indoor Comfort during the Winter Season is Assured Thoughtful Householders Who Have Their Heating Systems Thoroughly Cleaned. The Savings in Laundry and Cleaning Bills, and Fuel Savings, More Than Offset the Cost of Vacuum Cleaning the Chimney and Heating System.

clean-out door of the chimney. The powerful suction fan draws the soot and heavy dirt from every part of the heating system, including those parts so difficult to reach by hand cleaning, forcing the dust and soot into the huge bag to be carried away.

An important feature of a job of this sort is that it reveals any structural defects or leaks in the heating plant or chimney that from the standpoint of safety, satisfaction and fuel economy should be repaired before the plant is again put into operation. It is claimed that the expense of a thorough cleaning of the heating system is offset many times by the savings in laundry and household cleaning expense, and winter fuel economy.

Wonderful hot water bottle, 98c. Brown's Beaverton Pharmacy. adv.

The Mazaroff Mystery by J.S. Fletcher



Illustrations by Edwin Myers.

"We were on the lower one—perhaps a hundred yards from Reiver's den. And," continued Eccleshare, "as I was saying, we stood there a few minutes, talking. It was then quite dark, but a clear, starlit night. We were just moving away, in the High Cap lodge direction, when we heard a shot fired. It seemed, as far as we could make out, to be in Reiver's den, or just beyond it—I think it must have been in Reiver's den, because there was a distinct echo from the rocks. We heard nothing follow—no cry, scream, anything of that sort. Neither of us took any particular notice—I think we each had the same idea; that it was a gamekeeper who was after something. In fact, we heeded it so little that we went on talking about our own business for a minute or two after the shot was fired. Then because it was time for Parslave to be getting on to catch his train we moved—coming over to the other path because it leads directly to the moorland road. We had just got on it when we heard steps coming along from the direction of Reiver's den. There were some high, thick bushes close by, and—I really don't know why we did it, but we did—Parslave never heard of Mazaroff's murder at all until last night, when I returned home. I told him—we had a talk last night about our own experiences near Reiver's den that evening—in the light of what we remembered, of course."



"A Woman!"

of us he had been following Eccleshare closely; now he showed signs of excitement; clearly, some notion had suddenly come to him.

"A woman!" repeated Eccleshare, quietly. "A woman—tall, slender, walking very quickly indeed—we heard her breathing, sharply. She was past and gone, like a flash."

"In which direction?" asked Maythorne.

"Towards Marrasdale," replied Eccleshare.

"And then?" suggested Maythorne after a brief pause.

"Then Parslave and I went on again—he was getting pressed for time. We neither heard nor saw anything there. We passed Cowie's cottage. You say Cowie saw us together. Probable—but we never saw him. We walked quickly across the moor, struck the high road, and parted. I went into High Cap lodge, and Parslave—but let Parslave himself tell you what he did."

We all turned to Parslave, who still sat perched on the edge of a chair near the door, twiddling his thumbs.

"Went straight along the road to Petherby station, then," said Parslave.

"Caught the nine-fifteen train—last Newcastle at ten-fifty. Put up at a temperance, near the station, for the night. Went to see Mr. Graham, the lawyer, as soon as I'd had my breakfast next morning—about ten o'clock, that 'ud be. When I'd done with him, got a bit of a snack and then caught the twelve-ten express to London. Got to King's Cross at a quarter to seven that evening. Came straight here—and been here ever since."

"Let me ask Parslave a question while I think of it," said Crole. "Parslave!—do you mean to say that since you left Marrasdale, you've never

heard of the murder there?—from the newspapers?"

"I can't read, sir," answered Parslave. "I've no scholarship. Can't neither read nor write."

"But you've been in the company of Doctor Eccleshare's housekeeper," continued Crole. "Do you mean to say that she's never read anything about it to you—out of the papers?"

Parslave shook his head. "No, sir—she hasn't," he replied. "Don't seem a paper-reading woman, that. Her reads them story papers—tales—such like. But I ain't seen her a-reading of newspapers."

"Well, but you've no doubt been in the habit since you've been here, of going out to have a glass of ale at some public house or other," persisted Crole. "Have you never heard it mentioned at such times?"

"No, sir," answered Parslave, with solemn assurance. "Never! I always go out to take a pint of ale at the public up the street, but I ain't never talked to nobody—don't understand this London talk—'tis all so much furrin language to me. And I ain't never heard nobody talking of the murder."

"You can take it from me, Mr. Crole," said Eccleshare, "that Parslave never heard of Mazaroff's murder at all until last night, when I returned home. I told him—we had a talk last night about our own experiences near Reiver's den that evening—in the light of what we remembered, of course."

"That's just what I want to ask you some questions about, Doctor," said Crole. "It seems to me that we're getting nearer a solution of this mystery than we've ever been before. Now, you won't mind if I ask you a few straightforward questions?"

"Ask me anything you like," replied Eccleshare.

"You were at the inquest on Mazaroff's body at the Woodcock," said Crole. "You gave evidence."

"Purely professional evidence," interrupted Eccleshare.

"Precisely—as to the cause of death," assented Crole. "Now, why didn't you tell the coroner and the jury what you've told us just now?"

"And—if I may put a word in," said Manners, quickly, "why didn't you tell us—the police—all you've just told us about Parslave, when you knew quite well that we were looking for him?"

"As to your question, Manners, I wasn't aware of the hue-and-cry for Parslave to the extent you think," answered Eccleshare. "My time wasn't spent in the Marrasdale district, so much as on the east side of my host's house. As to yours, Crole—well, I've told you I possibly made a mistake—no doubt I did. But I had reason for silence. They're easily summed up. The person that Parslave and I saw hurrying away from Reiver's den, where, presumably, murder had just been committed—was a woman!"

Crole summoned our undivided attention with a swift glance round the table. He went forward to Eccleshare.

"Now, Doctor!" he said. "Don't let's beat about the bush any longer—let's get at the truth, however unpleasant it may be. Did you form any opinion as to who that woman was?"

Eccleshare made a gesture of dislike at the situation. But he bowed his head and replied without hesitation.

"I did!—certainly!"

"Who was she?"

"Mrs. Elphinstone!"

"You feel sure of that?"

"Positive—without doubt. Ask Parslave!"

Crole turned sharply on Parslave. And Parslave threw up his head with a jerk.

"What do you say, Parslave? Who was the woman that passed you?"

"Mistress Elphinstone, sir—no doubt on it! Never had no doubt—myself."

Crole turned again to Eccleshare.

"You said it was dark, then, but clear, starlit. How did you recognize her?"

"Figure, walk, profile," replied Eccleshare. "I'd no doubt at the time, and I've none now. The woman who passed Parslave and myself just after—at least almost just after—we heard the shot fired, was Mrs. Elphinstone."

"That's why you kept silence?" suggested Crole.

"I thought things out, next morning," answered Eccleshare. "I kept silence—Parslave, of course, had gone. I—well, I didn't want to give a woman away. And after all—there might be explanations."

"Explanations!" exclaimed Crole. "Here's something that needs explanation," interrupted Maythorne. "Doctor Eccleshare and Parslave agree that they heard a shot fired near Reiver's den soon after eight o'clock. Old Mr. Hassendean told us Crole, when you, Holt, and myself met him, there, that he heard a shot fired, about ten o'clock. Now then—which of those shots was it that killed Mazaroff? Remember!—neither Eccleshare nor Parslave saw anything of Mazaroff near Reiver's den at eight o'clock. And yet, if the eight o'clock shot killed him, he must have been about there when they were. What do you make of that?"

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



Church of Christ

There were one hundred and fourteen present for Sunday school last Sunday.

The men's and women's classes are engaging in a contest beginning next Sunday. Each member is to read a chapter a day beginning with the book of James, and continuing through the book of Revelation.

Our slogan is "A chapter a day keeps the devil away." Everyone who has read his chapter a day will count twice as much for that Sunday.

The young people of the Christian Endeavor had a very interesting meeting last Sunday evening. They had charge of the evening service and talks were made by several members.

Next Sunday, Mr. Springer will speak on the following topics: morning, "Good Advice from an Apostle"; Evening "Three Great Truths Defended."

Kinton Church

Services at the Kinton church for Sunday, February 15th, will be as follows: Bible school at 10:00 o'clock in the morning, followed by preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Simpson at 11 o'clock. All are most cordially invited to be present at these services.

Methodist Church

J. J. Patton, Minister. The Bible school meets promptly at 10:00 a.m. We appreciate the interest manifest in the study of the Scriptures during this important hour. The superintendent, W. H. Hart and the other officers of the school urge that, as far as possible, all connected with or interested in this church help in this good work. Public worship and pulpit message at 11:15 a.m. The text for the morning.

MICKIE SAYS—

WE'RE PROUD OF THE WAY YOU BUSINESSMEN SUPPORT YOUR HOME NEWSPAPER WITH ADVERTISING, JOB PRINTING AND SUBSCRIPTIONS. WE SURE APPRECIATE IT AND WHEN YOU WANT ANY FAVORS, FELLERS, FEEL FREE TO CALL ON US



ning discourse is First Samuel 16:7. In the evening the Pastor will speak at 7:30 upon the subject "Facing the Future for Christ." The Bible text is Philippians 3:14. Midweek service, Wednesday at 8:00 p.m. The Ladies' Aid meets Wednesday at 1:00 p.m. The public is cordially invited to all services of the church.

Nazarene Church

Sunday Bible school, 9:45 a.m. Morning worship, 11:00 a.m. Young People's Meeting, 6:30 p.m. Evangelistic Service, 7:30 p.m. Midweek prayer and praise service, Wednesday at 7:30 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.

The Prouty Lumber & Box Co. has resumed operations at Warren-ton.

The work of plating the cemetery at Linkville has been completed.

Bids have been opened for the widening of twelve miles of the Wilcox-Shanike section of the Sherman road.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY. In the Matter of the Estate of Theodor Doring, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the above entitled court as the Administrator 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 Bldg., in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 16th day of January, 1931. Doy Gray, Administrator of said Estate.

Hare, McAlear, & Peters, Attorneys for the Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County: In the Matter of the estate of John Edward Duggan, 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

The BEST Gray Hair Remedy is Home Made

To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It will gradually darken streaked, faded or gray hair and makes it soft and glossy. Barbo will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

SOCIAL DANCE Every Thursday Evening Huber Hall Music by Jim Diericks 8-piece dance band FEATURING CALDWELL TRIO Gents, 50c Ladies, 25c

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DIVOT DIGGERS—He Just Despises Himself



By DICK DORGAN