

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

SUCCESS

It's doing your job the best you can
And being just to your fellow man;
It's making money, but holding friends
And staying true to your aims and ends;
It's figuring how and learning why,
And looking forward and thinking high,
And dreaming a little and doing much;
It's keeping always in closest touch
With what is finest in word and deed;
It's being thorough, yet making speed;
It's daring blithely the field of chance
While making labor a brave romance,
It's going onward despite defeat
And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet;
It's being clean and it's playing fair;
It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair;
It's looking up at the stars above,
And drinking deeply of life and love;
It's struggling on with the will to win,
But taking loss with a cheerful grin;
It's sharing sorrow, and work and mirth,
And making better this good old earth
It's serving, striving through strain and stress,
It's doing your noblest—that's Success!

—The Rambler.

MOST PEOPLE CATCH COLD

It has been estimated that approximately 83 per cent of the American people suffer from a cold or influenza sometime during each year. Some who are more unfortunate than others manage to catch cold half a dozen times between the first of January and the last of December.

It is interesting to note the handwriting on the wall that announces an epidemic in any certain section. The sale of lemons will increase enormously almost over night, for the hot lemonade has long been recognized as one of the first assistants to call upon when the little cold germs besiege the body.

Many colds could be avoided if we kept constipation far removed from us. Plenty of rough foods, green-leaf vegetables, fresh fruits, and fruit juice, and also milk should be secured by everyone, particularly when a cold epidemic is in the neighborhood.

OUR FRIEND THE LEMON

Few realize how valuable the sour little lemon is in the home. We all appreciate its value as a cold drink in hot weather and a hot drink when we have taken cold or when it is included in a lemon meringue pie, but the lemon has many additional uses in the home. The juice of half a lemon in a glass of hot water taken a short time before breakfast every morning is very beneficial. Lemon juice acts as a stimulant in toning up a sluggish liver and in that way tones up the entire system.

Teeth treated regularly night and morning with lemon juice and water applied with a soft brush will show a noticeable difference in even two weeks' time, however particular one may have been in the care of them. Lemons are extremely valuable in the manicure, in a lemon rinse for cleansing and whitening the hands, and for the complexion when equal parts of glycerine and lemon juice are mixed.

The Rogue River Fish Bill, providing for the closing of the river to commercial fishing has passed both Senate and House and is now up to the Chief Executive for his signature.

The effect of this legislative act will be to reverse the effect of the people's vote, which endorsed the open river at the last election less than three months ago. How much longer the Legislature will exercise the power to reverse the expression of the electorate at the polls is a current topic among visitors in legislative halls. It is frequently suggested that a measure should be initiated to put a stop to this practice.

WHAT THE WORLD EATS

We all eat certain foods that other people would scorn. But we all think our foods are perfectly all right no matter what they may be. Among the very unusual foods eaten by people in different countries are dogs, rats, skunks, worms, grasshoppers, snakes, ants, parrots, caterpillars, butter made out of clay, earth baked into bread, bricks, broken pots, and a drink composed of dynamite and water mixed.

After that list, bring on your raw oysters, your liver, and your kidney stew. We will never say a word about them again.

The only hope of preserving what is best lies in the practice of an immense charity, a wide tolerance, a sincere respect for opinions that are not ours.—P. G. Hamerton.

NORTHWEST TO HEAR
OUTSTANDING OPERAS
BY CHICAGO STARS

Civic Opera Will Give Four Performances in Portland.

Opera lovers of the Pacific Northwest will have an opportunity to hear the world's greatest artists when the Chicago Civic Opera Company returns to Portland for four performances March 12 to 14 for the first time in three years. Three evening performances and a Saturday matinee are scheduled in the Public Auditorium, Portland.

Great Wagnerian Opera.

The cast for "Die Walkure" includes Frida Leider, the sensational dramatic soprano of the Chicago company, as Brunnhilde; Maria Olszewska, who has delighted Chicago audiences for three seasons and has toured for the same length of time, as Fricka; Emma Redell, American soprano, as Sieglinde, Theodore Strack, German dramatic tenor, as Siegmund; Alexander Kipnis as Wotan.



Alexander Kipnis as Wotan in Die Walkure
Chicago Civic Opera Company

der Kipnis, the great Wagnerian bass-baritone, as Wotan, and Chase Bormose as Hunding. Emil Cooper will conduct.

"Die Walkure" is one of the four operas comprising Wagner's great tetralogy, "The Ring of the Nibelungs"—a story of the reign and fall of the gods. Though the story is continuous from one opera to another, each is a complete story in itself. The characters are gods and heroes; but Wagner meant them to stand for characters in any age, and their problems are as much the problems of modern America as of primitive Germany.

Siegmund, a son of Wotan, chief of the gods, takes refuge in a house



Antonio Cortis as Turiddu in Cavalleria Rusticana
Chicago Civic Opera Company

where his unknown sister Sieglinde is the unwilling wife of Hunding. They fall in love, and flee from Hunding's house together. Wotan, hard pressed by the problems of governing the world, has counted on Siegmund to recover for him the Rhinegold (which has magic power) from the giant Fafnir to whom Wotan has given it in payment of a debt. Though Brunnhilde, Wotan's favorite daughter and one of the Valkyries, urges him to protect Siegmund, Wotan yields at last to the commands of his consort Fricka, goddess of law, who insists that the guilty couple be punished. He permits Siegmund to be killed by Hunding; but Brunnhilde, disobeying him, rescues Siegmund from his wrath. In punishment, he condemns her to sleep until she is awakened by some mortal man, who may then possess her. But he grants her the boon of being encircled by fire while he sleeps.

(Continued next week)

A \$5,000 schoolhouse is planned for Neer City.

The Mazaroff Mystery
by J.S. Fletcher

Illustrations by J.S. Fletcher

"Don't know—it needs thinking out," answered Crole. "But—to my mind, the pertinent thing is this. Doctor Eccleshare and Parslave are both dead certain they saw Mrs. Elphinstone come away from Reiver's den, where, afterwards Mazaroff's lifeless body was found, robbed of money, valuables, papers, and his will. Now then, neither Manners nor Corkerdale know this—and I'm going to tell them, as police officers. A few nights after the murder, Mrs. Elphinstone was found to be in possession of the will! How did she get it?"

CHAPTER IX

Missing!

It needed no more than a glance at the two policemen to see that this announcement produced an effect on their officially trained minds which was equivalent to letting in a sudden flood of illuminating light on a hitherto dark subject. Corkerdale looked at Manners; Manners stared at Corkerdale; then both turned on the solicitor. "Mrs. Elphinstone!" exclaimed Manners. "In possession of the missing will?"

But Corkerdale's first remark was in a quieter tone. "That'll need some explanation," he said, with a significant look. "As I understand matters, the will was in Mazaroff's pocket when he was murdered."

"As far as is known, it was," replied Crole. "He carried it away from Postlethwaite's office at York, in his pocket, anyway, and it certainly wasn't amongst his effects at the Woodcock, which we examined after his death. Explanation, yes! But I'll tell you how we came to find out that Mrs. Elphinstone got it. He went on to narrate the happenings of the previous night but one, on which Sheila came to me with the missing will."

"Now," he continued, "the thing of course is—how, where, under what circumstances did Mrs. Elphinstone get hold of that will? Last night, after Mrs. Elphinstone arrived in London, Maythorne saw her and tried to get an explanation out of her. He got nothing."

"Not a word!" said Maythorne. "She showed nothing but defiance. I pointed out the inference that might be drawn; the suspicion that might be thrown upon her—all no good! She refused to say or tell anything."

"And that makes me think," remarked Crole, a little eagerly, "that Mrs. Elphinstone, after all, may have a proper and reasonable explanation to give. I can't think that a woman of any common sense—and she's a shrewd, clever, hard woman!—would be so foolish as to behave in this fashion unless she knew she was safe. You hinted that you'd have to give information to the police, didn't you, Maythorne?"

"I did."

"And it produced no effect on her?"

"Not the slightest! Her whole attitude was that of—mind your own business!"

Crole began to drum the table with his fingers, looking round at the rest of us as if he wondered whether anybody had got any suggestion to make. As nobody spoke, he made one himself.

"I wonder of Mazaroff, or Merchison, as he really was, met Mrs. Elphinstone, or Mrs. Merchison, as she really is, at any time while he was at the Woodcock before his death?" he said. "Possible?"

"I don't think he did," replied Maythorne, at whom Crole was looking particularly. "There's nothing whatever to suggest it. Of course, if Mrs. Elphinstone could be got to speak it would clear up a tremendous lot."

"From what little I saw of Mrs. Elphinstone at Marrasdale," observed Crole, "she's the sort of woman who will not speak—until it pleases her to do so! A hard woman—d-d hard!"

"Where is Mrs. Elphinstone to be found?" asked Corkerdale.

"Short's hotel," replied Maythorne. "Then I think Manners and I had better go there and see her," said Corkerdale. He turned to Eccleshare. "You spoke of leaving England, doctor? When?"

"I've not quite settled the exact date," replied Eccleshare. "I thought about the end of next week."

"Better put it off a bit, doctor," suggested Corkerdale, quietly. "As far as I can see, your evidence will be wanted—and so will your man's. Now," he continued, "I suppose Parslave there is a native of this place, Marrasdale? Just so—then he's very

well acquainted with the personal appearance of Mrs. Elphinstone?"

"Known her a many years, sir—ever since she came to live at Marrasdale tower," replied Parslave.

"You'd be in the habit of seeing her regularly, Parslave?" suggested the detective.

"Most every day, sir—here and there."

"And you've no doubt that it was Mrs. Elphinstone you saw that night, coming away from the place where you heard the shot fired, and where Mazaroff's dead body was afterwards discovered?"

"Not a doubt about that, sir! Take my solemn 'davy twas Mrs. Elphinstone'."

"And you've no doubt either, doctor? though you, of course, being, I gather, a mere visitor to these parts, wouldn't know Mrs. Elphinstone so well?"

"I've no doubt," replied Eccleshare. "Although I was only a visitor, I know Mrs. Elphinstone well enough. My host, Mr. Courthouse, is her nephew. He, Mr. Armitage, and myself dined at Marrasdale tower two of three times during my stay. I often met Mrs. Elphinstone out on the moors, or in the village. I'm positive she was the woman Parslave and I saw coming away that night from Reiver's den."

Corkerdale turned to Manners. "I think we'd better go round to Short's hotel," he remarked.

"That's what I think," agreed Manners. "Can't be left where it is."

We all got up. There was a brief silence. Crole was just going to say something when a knock came at the door. Eccleshare's housekeeper put her head inside.

"There's a young man outside, sir, wants to know if Mr. Maythorne is here?" she said. "Come in a taxi, sir, with an old gentleman. The young man said—if Mr. Maythorne's here which his name is Pickles."

"One of my clerks," muttered Maythorne. "Excuse me!"

He hurried out—to return within a minute or two with Mr. Elphinstone. And, for the first time since the beginning of my acquaintance with him, Maythorne showed evidence of something close akin to excitement.

"There's a new development!" he exclaimed as he came into the room. "Mr. Elphinstone has been to my office and followed me here to tell me that Mrs. Elphinstone has disappeared!"

We all turned on Mr. Elphinstone. He was shaken out of his usual dreaminess; he looked perturbed, dismayed, puzzled, wholly at a loss. Standing there a little within the doorway, blinking at us as if unable to make us out or reckon us up, he nodded automatically at Maythorne's announcement. But he was sufficiently master of himself to confirm it, in words.

"Since last night," he said. "Disappeared—completely! Most extraordinary—and unpleasant—and embarrassing—I really do not know what to think—or do."

Crole, who had given the two policemen a sharp glance on hearing the news, pushed a chair toward the newcomer.

"Sit down, Mr. Elphinstone," he said. "Perhaps we can help you a bit. When did Mrs. Elphinstone disappear?"

Mr. Elphinstone dropped into the chair, and looked round us again. "Just so!" he said. "The fact is, the whole thing is really most confusing. Last night, of course! We left Miss Apperley's flat and went to Short's hotel. We had dinner on our arrival. It was some little time after that that Sheila came. She—"

"Oh!—Miss Merchison came there, did she?" interrupted Maythorne.

"Miss Merchison—Sheila—my step-daughter—yes. She came. She and her mother went into the adjoining bedroom—to talk. I heard them talking. I—I went away—downstairs, you know—I thought I'd smoke a cigar in the smoking room. I was down there perhaps an hour. I forgot there was a man who turned out to be something of an archeologist—interesting conversation. Perhaps I was a little longer away. Then I went up to our rooms again. There was nobody there—nobody at all! I thought perhaps Mrs. Elphinstone and Sheila had gone into the drawing room, and I went there, but they were not to be seen. I waited some time. Then, as they didn't come, I made some inquiry. And I found—really most astonishing—I found, from the hall porter, that Mrs. Elphinstone and Sheila, and

"None returned!" said Mr. Elphinstone. "I waited up till midnight—eventually I retired—very much puzzled. And—I was so fatigued I fell asleep at once, and slept soundly until morning. To my great amazement, I found that neither Mrs. Elphinstone nor Miss Apperley had come back."

Sheila, of course, I supposed to be at Miss Apperley's. So, after getting a little breakfast, I drove to Miss Apperley's, and just caught that young lady as she was leaving for her classes. To my still greater amazement she knew nothing whatever about Sheila. Sheila, she said, had suddenly remarked, after sitting in silence for a long time the previous evening, that she would go to Short's hotel and have things out with her mother, and had not off there and then—and had never returned! So," concluded Mr. Elphinstone, waving his silver-mounted cane, "there it is! All three have vanished!—In London! I thought of Mr. Maythorne and went to his office—and was brought along here to him. And I was going to ask you, Mr. Maythorne—do you think it possible they have been kidnapped?"

No one laughed; Mr. Elphinstone's simplicity was too apparent. He was very grave, too, in his simplicity, and Crole was equally grave in replying to his ingenious question.

"No, Mr. Elphinstone, no, I don't think it possible for three women to be kidnapped, even in London," he answered. "I think you'll find that they went out on some business of their own, and that they had good reasons—again of their own!—for not returning. But let me ask you for a little more information—when your wife and

(Continued Next Week)

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



Methodist Church

J. J. Patton, Minister

Bible school meets promptly at ten a.m.

The officers of the school were especially delighted last Sunday to realize that the attendance in the various classes was the largest thus far during the past year.

Public worship and pulpit message at 11:15 a.m.

The sermon text will be found in Galatians 2:20.

No services in this church Sunday evening, February 22. Midweek services Wednesday at 8:00 p.m. The Ladies Aid will meet Wednesday at 1:00 p.m.

The public is cordially invited to all the services of the church.

Church of Christ

The ladies of the church met last Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Reed. There were nineteen present. They decided at that time to give their missionary activity of the State support in a financial way to the

MICKIE SAYS—

A LOT OF ADVERTISING FOR A LITTLE MONEY IN OUR WAIT AD SECTION—THESE LITTLE ADS GET THE BENEFIT OF OUR FULL CIRCULATION, SAME AS A PAGE AD, AND THEY KNOW HOW TO GET RESULTS



Missions. The next missionary meeting will be held the first Tuesday of next month at the home of Mrs. Arnet. This missionary effort is carried on by the ladies of the ladies Sunday school class. All who are interested in missionary work are invited to these meetings.

In the contest between the lady's and men's classes which began last Sunday, the ladies had thirty-two points and the men, twenty-six. This contest is to last three months.

The Young People's senior Christian Endeavor society visited the society of the first Congregational church in Portland last Sunday evening.

The attendance at prayer meeting is growing. We are pleased to notice an increasing interest in the mid-week service. The members of the church are beginning to realize the necessity of prayer.

Next Sunday morning Mr. Springer will bring a message on "The Responsibility of Truth." We are happy to announce that next Sunday evening, we will have a national W. C. T. U. worker with us, Mrs. Neela Buck, who will bring a message to us.

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. Cecilia Church

Sunday Masses, 7:40 a.m., 10:00 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.

The Methodist Episcopal Church building at Prairie City will be remodeled and moved on the west side of Bridge Street, adjoining the parsonage on the north.

APPLICATION

FOR CHANGE OF NAME In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County.

In the Matter of the Application of Weeta C. Brugmann for Change of Name of Pettitioner, Weeta C. Brugmann.

To all persons concerned, Greeting: Notice is hereby given that the petition and application of Weeta C. Brugmann was filed in the above entitled Court on February 11, 1931, praying for an order changing her name to Weeta C. Betts.

Now, THEREFORE, in the Name of the State of Oregon, you and each of you, and all persons in any matter interested in said petition, are hereby cited and required to appear at the County Court Room in Hillsboro, Washington County, State of Oregon, on Monday March 30, 1931, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, and then and there show cause, if any you have, why an order of said Court should not be made granting the prayer of said petition and changing the name of Weeta C. Brugmann to Weeta C. Betts, and decreeing the legal name of said person to be so changed. This notice is published in the Beaverton Review, pursuant to the order of Hon. Frank Livermore.

INFLUENZA SPREADING

Check Colds at once with 666. Take it as a preventive. Use 666 Salve for Babies.

The BEST Gray Hair Remedy is Home Made

To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a 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 make it soft and glossy. Barbo will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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By DICK DORGAN

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