

Beaverton Review

Issued Every Friday at Beaverton,
Oregon,
THE REVIEW PUBLISHING CO.
FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1931

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December 9, 1922, at the postoffice
at Beaverton, Oregon, under the
Act of March 3, 1879.

J. H. Hulett, Business Manager

It is easy for skinny people to be
modest.

Some men never get old enough
to know better.

Fortune never smiles on a man
because he is a joke.

The closer a man is the more distant
his friends are.

Distance will lend quite a bit of
enchantment to winter.

A wise husband makes his wife
do what she wants to do.

Men who don't pay as they go
have a hard time coming back.

Some people think every season
comes at the wrong time of the year.

Divorce comes not when they are
tired of each other, but when they
are not tired of someone else.

Rubber hose as a correctional device
will never get the results achieved
by the old hickory paddle.

There is one thing a family
skeleton is good for. It is good for
about two columns on the front page.

The two people able to make it
hottest for you are a woman who
can't have her own way, and a reformer
who can.

KNOW YOUR APPLES

There are all kinds of apples for
all sorts of uses, say the apple
authorities of the United States
Department of Agriculture. Some
apples are beautiful but dumb, flavorless
and tough for all their pretty
colorings. And other varieties,
not so good to look at, have a
bouquet and aroma that lingers long
after the last juicy morsel has been
eaten.

These differences in eating
qualities are just as apparent in
apple pies and sauces as in the
fresh fruit. So it is just as necessary
for the intelligent buyer to
know her apples as it is for her
to stay with her favored blends of
coffee or tea. It may be a bit difficult
for her to identify apples by
name when she first tries to order
apples by the varieties best suited
to her needs, but a little experimenting
and the intelligent enlistment
of help from the grocer or
fruit dealer or apple seller on the
cure of unemployment, will bear results
that speak for themselves.

It is quite impossible to give a
minute description of every apple
on the market, and to the inexperienced
buyer many varieties look
exactly alike. There are, however,
some fruits that almost identify
themselves—for example, the Delicious,
a comparatively new apple,
widely sold for eating. The Delicious
is an unusually large apple of a
brilliant dark red color striped over
a yellow background, and on its
bottom are five distinct and characteristic
knobs. Then there is that
favorite of the fall market, the
Grimes Golden—a tough, rough-skinned
fruit of clear, deep yellow
with scattering dots of pale yellow
or russet. The Winter Banana lives
up to both parts of its name, for
it is an excellent winter fruit and
its clear waxy yellow skin with a
pinkish-red blush has a definite
banana look. Perhaps the most easily
recognized of all the varieties
is the York Imperial, for the fruit,
a large, red and carmine striped
apple is distinctly lopsided or oblique
in shape. Russet dots against a
bright red background and what the
countrymen call a "sheepskin"—a
term which describes itself—mark
the Spitzenburg, and light gray dots
against a green and dull purplish-
red ground distinguish the Winesap.
By these and other individual markings,
the homemaker can teach
herself to recognize ten or a dozen
of the most familiar varieties.

Oregon State News

The brick manufacturing plant at
Willamina has resumed operations.
Congress has appropriated \$35,000
to establish a Federal experiment-
farm on a 180-acre tract near the
highway between Hermiston and
Stanfield.

The contract has been let to J.
A. Tordella of Harper for the
grading and surfacing of 9.16 miles
of market road from Monument to
Hamilton.

A contract has been awarded to
the Cochran Construction Co. of
Portland for 4,395 bills of grading
on the Heppner-Spray road in
Wheeler County.

Plans are underway for the extensive
development of properties of
Whitehurst Products Corporation at
Harper, with a total investment
of over \$50,000 this spring.

Work will soon be started by
The California-Oregon Power Co.
on the construction of a regulating
dam at Keno, on the Klamath
River. The dam will cost about
\$100,000.

THE MAZAROFF MYSTERY

by J. S. Fletcher

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers

W. N. U. Service

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—Mervyn Holt, bachelor
World War veteran, is engaged, in London,
by a man calling himself Salim
Mazaroff, as a traveling companion.
After a short tour the two put up at
The Westcott Inn, in Murradeale moor.
They meet, casually, Mrs. Elphinstone
and Miss Merchison, and later, Mazaroff
tells Holt that they are his wife
and daughter, who have long believed
him dead. Mazaroff's right name, he
tells Holt, is Maythorne. He had left
his wife shortly after their marriage,
before the birth of the girl, of whose
existence he had been unaware. That
night Mazaroff fails to return to the
hotel, and there is no explanation of
his disappearance.

CHAPTER II—Holt meets Miss
Merchison—she is a girl of her own
age, a cousin of Mrs. Elphinstone's—
shooting box, hoping to learn of Mazaroff's
whereabouts. At Courtship's is a
man named Armistead and a London
doctor, Eccleshare. They know
nothing of Mazaroff. Police Sergeant
Manners and a newspaper man, Brown,
question Holt. Mazaroff's body is
found in "Rever's den." He has been
shot. The dead man's lawyer, Croft,
with Maythorne, private inquiry agent,
arrives. Croft having heard of his client's
disappearance. He tells Holt
Mazaroff carried diamonds worth a
large sum, and was in the habit of
making a display of them intentionally.
Neither the diamonds, nor anything of
value, are found on Mazaroff's body.

CHAPTER III—Mrs. Elphinstone
scolds at the idea that "Mazaroff" is
Merchison, and produces apparent
proofs of his death. Maythorne finds
something at the scene of the murder,
and pockets it. A gun found near the
spot is identified as the property of
Mugrave, landlord of the Woodcock
Inn. It had been stolen from him.

CHAPTER IV—Evidence at the in-
quest proves "Mazaroff" was Merchison.
His wife made a few days before his
death, leaves all his money, an im-
mense amount, to Holt. Mazaroff had
the will in his possession, and it is
missing. A shiftless character named
Parlave is found to have left Mazaroff's
house hurriedly. From Mazaroff's
papers it is learned that Herman Klop,
then in London, had been a close friend
of Mazaroff's in South Africa.

CHAPTER V—Klop tells Croft
"Mazaroff" had two remarkable dia-
monds in his possession. It is learned
that he had offered to sell these to
Lord and Lady Loeke. Lord Loeke
said "Mazaroff" had one of these stones
and Armistead, who is the owner of
the house, brings his clerk, Cottingly, into
the room as an investigator. She comes,
alone, to Holt's room, in London. May-
thorne is there.

CHAPTER VI—The girl has Merchison's
missing will, which she has "stolen"
from her mother. Her explanation
seems reasonable. Maythorne, with
the murder. Maythorne produces a
brooch, the object he had found at the
scene of the murder. She does not
recognize it.

CHAPTER VII—Parlave is seen on
the street and followed to Eccleshare's
house. A watch is kept on the place.
Mrs. Elphinstone comes to London.
The latter refuses to make any
explanation as to her possession of Ma-
zaroff's will. Armistead explains he
bought two rare diamonds from "Mazaroff."
Mazaroff's moor, and gives
the purchase price to Holt as "Mazaroff's"
heir. This apparently ends
Armistead's connection with the affair.

CHAPTER VIII—Sergeant Manners
and a Scotland Yard man, Corkdale,
visit Maythorne. Manners tells him
Parlave was seen the night of the
murder, at Eccleshare's, near where
Merchison's body was found. Eccleshare's
explanation is completely exonerate
himself and Parlave. Both men,
however, declare they saw Mrs. Elphinstone
at the scene of the murder, that night.

CHAPTER IX—Mrs. Elphinstone
makes the announcement that her
husband, and Allison Murdoch, Mrs. Elphinstone's
maid, have disappeared from their hotel, Short's.
She identifies the brooch Maythorne had
found at the scene of Merchison's
murder. He had bought two
precisely alike, years before, and
given them to Mrs. Elphinstone. May-
thorne, believing Mrs. Elphinstone
murdered Merchison, puts his clerk, Cottingly,
on her track, and, with Croft
and Holt, goes to Short's hotel seeking
information. They learn a man whom
nobody can identify in connection with
the case had been seen to follow the
three women when they left the hotel.

CHAPTER X—Nothing is learned of
the women for two days. Newspapers
announce the finding of the murdered
man under circumstances which convince
Maythorne the victim is the man
who had followed Mrs. Elphinstone and
her companions. Holt and Manners
recognize the body as that of the newspaper
man, Brown, who had been at Murradeale.
Word comes that Mrs. Elphinstone
and Sheila have returned to the hotel, and Holt, immensely re-
lieved, goes at once to get an explanation
of their disappearance, which has
terrified Maythorne and the rest of the
investigators.

"A hoarder!" muttered Mr. Elphinstone.
"A saver of farthings! I think you're
quite right, Sheila. But murder?—
dear me!"

"Well, that's the conclusion I came
to," said Sheila, "and these were my
reasons. In the few minutes in which
I thought all this out, I came to the
absolute definite conclusion that Allison
Murdoch had shot Andrew Merchison,
had robbed him of his money,
valuables and papers, and that it was
she who had thrown his will into the
open window of Mr. Elphinstone's
library, where my mother had picked
it up. And, as I said at the beginning,
as soon as I'd arrived at that conclu-

sion, I called her into my mother's
room—that room!—and accused her of
the murder!"

Mr. Elphinstone treated us to one of
his groans. But Corkdale, uncon-
sciously, edged his chair nearer to
Sheila.

"Now this is where the really in-
teresting part comes in, miss!" he
said. "You charged her! What might
she reply, now?"

"She denied it, of course—indig-
nantly," answered Sheila. "She was
for bounding out of the room, to com-
plain to Mr. Elphinstone. Then she
changed her mind, and said she'd go
to her own room, pack her things, and
leave the hotel. I soon settled her,
though!"

"Any?—and how, miss?" asked Cor-
kdale, still more interested.

"I told her that if she attempted
to leave that room until I'd finished
with her, I'd ring the bell, send for
the police, and give her in charge!"
said Sheila. "And I should have done
so—nothing would have stopped me.
Then I talked to her. I placed things
together finally. I told her that her
carnigrum brooch had been found on
the scene of the murder—"

"How did she take that?" inter-
rupted Maythorne.

"She turned very pale," replied
Sheila. "But almost instantly she
retorted that my mother had an ex-
actly similar brooch—why wasn't she
suspected? I replied that my mother
never wore the other brooch—evidently
she, Allison, did. Then I went on to
rub it into her, frightening her all
I could. My mother, on her part,
begged her to tell of anything she
knew. Finally, on my telling her that
unless I got some explanation, I should
give her in charge there and then, she
admitted that she knew—something!"

"Ah!" said Maythorne. "Some-
thing?"

"Something!" repeated Sheila. "And
having admitted that, she made a
strange offer—though I'm bound to
say that it didn't seem so very strange
at the time. She pointed out that she
was alone there in London, that she
was, in a degree, at my mercy. Then
she reminded us that she had a brother
here in London, a man who left Mar-
radsale years ago, and who had, she
said, a business in the Harrow road—"

"Aye, to be sure!" muttered Cor-
kdale. "The Harrow road!"

"And she made us an offer," con-
tinued Sheila. "She said that if we
would go with her, there and then, to
her brother's house, and allow her to
consult with him first, she'd tell us
the absolute truth about all that
she actually knew. We were fools
enough to go—and we set off at once,
without telling anybody. We ex-
pected, of course, to be back in a
very short time."

"What happened, miss?" inquired
Corkdale.

"We left the hotel and got a taxicab
round the corner of the next
street," continued Sheila. "Allison
Murdoch told the driver where to go.
I know where the Harrow road opens
in Edgeware road at Paddington Green;
we went a long, long way beyond that.
At last we got out."

"A minute, miss," interrupted Man-
ners. "When you got out, did you
happen to notice if you were being
followed? By another taxicab, now?"

"I did see a taxicab pull up on the
other side of the street lower down,"
replied Sheila. "I noticed that while
my mother was paying our man."

Manners sniffed, and whispered to
his colleague—an audible whisper.
"That 'nd be him!" he said. "Tracked
demanded. 'Are you questioning Miss
Merchison's word?'"

"I mean that however true the
young lady's story may be—and I ain't
questioning it," said Corkdale, "I
don't believe that the old lady, in
there, isn't in this! She and the woman,
Murdoch—put-up job between 'em!
The kidnapping! A piece of bluff—to
enable the other woman to get away.
Of course, the other woman—Downs
came across her, and she tricked him
into that alley, and did him in! Ob-
vious! But—Mrs. Elphinstone's in it,
and I'm not going out of this hotel,
nor Manners, either, till we've done
a bit of questioning. That's that—as
they say nowadays."

I was still boiling with rage, but I
looked at Maythorne, inwardly wonder-
ing that he was so calm. He had
kept on nodding his head, while Cor-
kdale spoke, and he was evidently
about to give him some meditated re-
ply when a knock came at the outer
door and a waiter looked in.

"Mr. Maythorne?" he inquired,
glancing round the room. Then, as
Maythorne moved towards him, he
added: "Will you come to the tele-
phone, sir?—name of Cottingly ask-
ing for you."

CHAPTER XII

The Boat Train

Maythorne hurried out of the room,
leaving me, still indignant and glow-
ing, alone with the policemen. Pres-
ently Corkdale, who had been whis-
pering to Manners, turned to me.

"It's all very well, and I've no doubt
very natural, for you to be a bit
huffy, Mr. Holt," he said, half pro-
testingly, half apologetically. "You're
sweet on the young lady, as anybody
with half an eye can see, and—"

"Leave the young lady's name out

'em! Beg pardon, miss for interrupt-
ing you."

"We walked up the road a little
way," continued Sheila. "Then we
turned into a side street, and into a
still smaller street that ran off that—
a dark, gloomy street. Outside one of
the houses, Allison Murdoch asked us
to wait a few minutes while she went
in. We did. She was away perhaps
five minutes. Then she came out and
fetched us in. It was a dark, gloomy
house—as gloomy as the street out-
side. She took us into what seemed
to be a back bedroom, on the ground
floor, where there was a dim light
from a gas bracket, and asked us to
wait a few minutes longer. Then she
went out—and that was the last we
saw of her."

Corkdale, still twiddling his
thumbs, took his eyes off Sheila for
the first time. He cast them up to the
ceiling, and stared at whatever he
saw there, thoughtfully. Manners,
however, let out one word, sharply:
"Trapped!"

"Of course we were trapped," as-
serted Sheila. "We decided to be!—
anyhow, I did. We hadn't been in
that room five minutes before we
knew it. We heard the door locked
from outside, and what seemed to be a
bar put across it, too. I immediately
flew to the window and tore the blind
and the curtains away. Then I saw
that there were heavy shutters across
the window—on the outside—and I
found the sashes of the window itself
were nailed down. We were trapped,
indeed! Horrible!"

"What happened?" asked Maythorne,
softly.

"In brief—yes," said Sheila. "I'm
not going into details of that horror
for anything—now, at any rate. I
beat on the door, but there was no
reply—everything was quiet enough.
After an hour, a panel near the door
opened, and I saw the sort of thing,
a hatch, you know, that communicates
between a kitchen and a dining room,
was suddenly slipped open, and a hand
and arm thrust in a big basket and
dropped it on the bed. Then the panel
was banged to, again, and I heard it
secured. There was food—plenty of
it, and good—in the basket, and a
couple of bottles of wine—good claret
—and glasses and a corkscrew. So we
weren't starved. But there we were,
trapped!—until this evening—two
nights and two days. We never saw
anybody. Each evening another basket
was dropped in, so suddenly that we'd
no chance to seize the hand that
dropped it, or to get a glimpse of the
adjoining room. We neither saw nor
heard anything, all the time."

"And you got out, how?" asked
Maythorne.

"This evening, when we were about
done up, for lack of fresh air—though
to tell the truth, I'd long since broken
the window!"—replied Sheila, "we
suddenly heard sounds outside the
door. Then we heard the bolt with-
drawn, and the key turned, and some-
body outside ran away—the hall door
banged. We immediately went out—the
place was all in darkness and silence.
We left the house and hurried off
to find a cab—"

"The door of Mrs. Elphinstone's bed-
room opened and the nurse looked in
on us."

"Mrs. Elphinstone wishes to see Mr.
Elphinstone and Miss Merchison," she
said.

A moment later, Maythorne, I, and
the two policemen were alone. May-
thorne rose from his chair, put his
hands in his pockets, and looked in-
quiringly at Corkdale.

"Well!" he said.

Corkdale smiled—inscrutably—and
nodded at the door through which Mr.
Elphinstone and Sheila had just van-
ished.

"Don't believe that yarn!" he said,
almost contemptuously. "Romance!"

I was on my legs at that—I dare
say I turned on the detective in a
fury.

"What the devil do you mean?" I
of the question, if you please?" I
exclaimed. "And mine, too!"

"Bit difficult to leave her out, isn't
it?" he retorted, smiling. "After what
we've just heard! I don't disbelieve
her tale—not I!—though I'm more
than a bit surprised that a young
woman of her intelligence—clever
girl—should let herself be trapped in
that fashion. Trapped she was, no
doubt—but I don't believe her mother
was trapped!"

"What?" I exclaimed. "Why, you've
just heard—"

"I've just heard what we've all just
heard," he interrupted. "My opinion is
that it was all a put-up job between
Mrs. Elphinstone and this woman Mur-
doch, and that Miss Merchison's been
taken in by both. I think that Mrs.
Elphinstone went willingly to that
house and stood the detention there—
she wanted for nothing. You heard!
—so that her daughter, who was be-
ginning to know too much and to get
dangerous, should be kept safe and
quiet while the Murdoch woman got
right away! And I'll lay all I'm worth
to a penny piece that Murdoch knocked
that chap Downs on the head in that
back alley, and that by now she's—
somewhere!"

"You don't think that Mrs. Elphinstone
knew anything about Downs?" I
said. "Good Lord, according to you—"

(Continued Next Week)

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



Church of Christ

G. W. Springer, Minister

The month of March saw the largest
attendance in Sunday school
and church during the past year
with a record attendance in Sun-
day school of 123. Every depart-
ment of the church is growing.
Prayer meeting attendance ranges
from 15 to 20, Christian Endeavor
from 20 to 25, and the choir now
contains about 15 members. Thirty
one attended the Evangelistic meet-
ings at Multnomah in group, which
we feel was a splendid delegation.

The Easter program of the Sun-
day school will consist of a Chil-
dren's choir, special music, and a
Decision Day Sermon for the Chil-
dren. This sermon will be preached
by Mrs. Springer. We are anxious
to have a very large number pres-
ent, and especially do we want the
children to be here. Let us make
this our record Sunday.

We would like a large delega-
tion at the Union meetings to be
held next Friday evening and Mr.
Springer will bring the message in
the evening.

The morning service next Sunday
will commemorate the resurrection
of Christ and the sermon topic
will be "The Resurrection." We
urge a large attendance at the
evening services as we feel that
these are great meetings and that
you will enjoy them.

Methodist Church

J. J. Patton, Minister

Union Good Friday services of
the four Protestant churches of
Beaverton at 8:00 p.m., April 3d.
Bible School will meet Easter
day at 10:00 a.m. The class study
will be on the subject of the resur-
rection. Easter program in song
and recitation will begin at 11:00
a.m., followed by an Easter address
by the Pastor on the subject, "The
Mystery of the Resurrection Made
Plain."

At 8:00 p.m. the subject for the
pulpit message will be "Disap-
pointments and Sorrows Clarified
by the Resurrection."

Mid-week services Wednesday at
8:00 p.m.

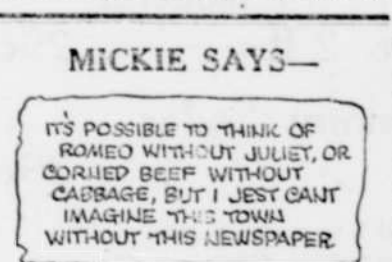
The public is cordially invited to
all services of the church.

Kinton Church

Services at the church for this
Sunday will be as follows: Sunday
school at 10:00 o'clock in the morn-
ing, with a short Easter program
by the scholars, consisting of songs
and readings; preaching by the pas-
tor, Rev. W. F. Simpson at 2:00
o'clock in the afternoon, "If Christ
Be Not Risen." This will be Rev.
Simpson's last preaching service be-

MICKIE SAYS—

IT'S POSSIBLE TO THINK OF
ROMED WITHOUT JULIET, OR
CORIOLANUS WITHOUT
CAESAR, BUT I JUST GANT
IMAGINE THIS TOWN
WITHOUT THIS NEWSPAPER.



"I've just heard what we've all just
heard," he interrupted. "My opinion is
that it was all a put-up job between
Mrs. Elphinstone and this woman Mur-
doch, and that Miss Merchison's been
taken in by both. I think that Mrs.
Elphinstone went willingly to that
house and stood the detention there—
she wanted for nothing. You heard!
—so that her daughter, who was be-
ginning to know too much and to get
dangerous, should be kept safe and
quiet while the Murdoch woman got
right away! And I'll lay all I'm worth
to a penny piece that Murdoch knocked
that chap Downs on the head in that
back alley, and that by now she's—
somewhere!"

"You don't think that Mrs. Elphinstone
knew anything about Downs?" I
said. "Good Lord, according to you—"

(Continued Next Week)

Bethel Church

Preparations have been made for
a most helpful and beautiful East-
er Day at the Congregational
Church.

Each Sunday School class is pre-
paring a number for the morning
program, which consists of recita-
tions, a dramatization, and songs.
This program is at the regular Sun-
day School hour, 9:45 a.m.

There will be special music for
the Easter services. In the morn-
ing, at the regular 11:00 worship
hour, the choir will sing, "As It
Began To Dawn." The pastor will
preach on the topic, "The Garden
of Hope."

At 8:00 o'clock p.m., the choir
will present the Easter Cantata,
"Alleluia" (Stults). It consists of
solos, duets, male quartet, women's
quartet, and chorus numbers. The
pastor, Rev. Charles F. Clarke, will
give a sermon story on "The Easter
Story." Please note the change of
time for the evening service, which
is at eight o'clock instead of 7:30.
This will be the time till next
October.

The C. E. society holds a union
service with the Church of Christ
in the Christian Church at 5:30 a.m.
This will take the place of their
usual evening meeting.

The Junior C. E. meets at 7:00
p.m. This, too, is a change of
time.

We invite you most cordially to
all services; they will brighten your
day.

St. Cecelia Church

Sunday Masses, 7:40 a.m., and
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.

Nazarene Church

W. B. Tait, Pastor

Preaching Sunday at 11:00 a.m.
and 7:30 p.m., with appropriate
Easter messages. Sunday Bible
School at 9:45 a.m.

Midweek prayer and praise ser-
vice Wednesday at 7:30 p.m.
All welcome.

NOTICE OF 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 petitioner.

To all persons concerned, Greeting:

Notice is hereby given that an
order and decree have been made
and entered by the County Court
of the State of Oregon for Wash-
ington County, dated March 30,
1931, ordering, adjudging and de-
creeing the name of Weeta C.
Brugmann to be Weeta C. Betts, and
that from and after the date of
said order and decree the legal
name of said person shall be so
changed; and that after publica-
tion of notice of said order and de-
cree as specified therein, a certifi-
cate as prescribed by law, shall
and will be issued to said person
by the clerk of said court ac-
cording to the name of said person to
be so changed to Weeta C.
Betts.

This notice is published in the
Beaverton Review pursuant to the
order and decree of said court made
and entered on March 30, 1931,
the first publication thereof being
in the issue of said paper dated
April 3, 1931, and the last pub-
lication thereof dated May 1, 1931.
Witness the Hon. F. W. Liver-
more, judge of the above entitled

NURSERY SALE