

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

APPRECIATION

The Editor stood at the pearly gate,
His face looked worn and old;
He meekly asked the man of fate
For admission to the fold.

"What have you done?" asked
Peter,
"To ask admission here?"
"Oh, I used to run a printing plant
On earth for many a year."

The gate swung open sharply,
As Peter touched the bell;
"Come in, my lad, and take a harp;
You've had enough of hell."
—Redmond A. Bolton.
(Contributed)

ODORIFEROUS LINES TO
A SPRING ONION

Ah, little onion, growing there
Side by side with flowers rare,
Than rose to me you are more fair:
Lovely little onion!

How proudly there you lift your
stalks
Amid the posy-bordered walks;
We'll know who ate you when he
talks:
Potent little onion!

How tenderly, how faithfully,
Your fragrance clings so close to
me;
It still remains while others flee—
Fervent little onion!

When you've grown to larger size,
I'll greet you then with tearful
eyes;
Your pungent virtues still I'll prize:
Healthful little onion!

—The Rhyming Cook

HOME POINTERS

"Supper" Returns to Our Tables:
Revives Cakes and Syrup Custom
Supper, that intimate and informal
meal that is neither luncheon,
dinner, nor "snack," has been lost
to our tables for a time. But now
—praise be—it is being revived and
with it's return to a fond public,
many a favorite food comes back
into the fold.

Ever since the modern tempo of
living has shortened and diminished
our breakfasts, we have sorely
missed some of the "little dishes"
which do not seem to fit into the
more formal meal. But the revival
of supper, served as the regular
evening meal, as a special meal,
as the Sunday or holiday repast,
or as a late-hour buffet, has created
a special and satisfying place for them.

There's waffles! Pancakes! Biscuits!
Syrup—plenty of syrup in
our favorite flavor! Maple, Butter-
scotch, honey, sorghum, caramel-
mmh, and mmmh! There's time
to eat, and tie to enjoy them, and
no dashing away to the daily routine
to interrupt the pleasure. So
why not out with the waffle iron
and the syrup can, and "eat a
treat" for supper?

Of course, besides these supper
dishes of breakfast origin, there are
those little entrees like Welsh Rare-
bit, Eggs Benedict, Fricassee, that
fit so snugly into the supper hour.
Try them and join in the cry of
"welcome back, supper!"

Quick Waffles

2½ cups pastry flour, or 1½ cups
bread flour and ½ cup corn-
starch
4 tps. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
3 eggs
½ cup corn oil
1½ cups milk
Mix and sift dry ingredients;
beat eggs and stir in oil. Add milk
and then dry ingredients all at once.
Beat until thoroughly mixed,
bake in hot waffle iron about five
minutes.

Gingerbread Waffles

2 cups flour
1½ tps. ginger
½ tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. salt
2 tps. baking powder
1 cup dark corn syrup
4 tps. butter
½ tsp. soda
½ cup sour milk
3 eggs
Mix and sift dry ingredients.
Heat syrup and butter to boiling
point, but do not boil. Remove from
fire; add sour milk, beaten egg,
then sifted dry ingredients. Bake in
hot oiled waffle iron. Serve hot
with whipped cream flavored to
taste with maple flavored corn
syrup.

Popovers

1 cup pastry flour, or ¾ cup
bread flour and 2 tps. corn
starch
½ tsp. salt
1 egg
1 tps. salad oil
1 cup milk
Mix salt and flour. Beat egg
slightly, stir in oil and add milk,
then dry ingredients all at once.
Beat only enough to mix well,
and pour into hot oiled gem pans
or custard cups. Bake in hot oven,
450 degrees F., thirty minutes, then
turn out fire and keep in oven for
ten minutes. Iron or earthenware
is better than agate or tin for bak-
ing popovers. Serve hot with syr-
up.

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 Lon-
don, by a man calling himself Salim
Mazaroff, as a traveling companion.
After a short tour the two put up at
the Woodcock Inn, on Marradale moor.
They meet, casually, Mrs. Elphinstone
and Miss Merchison, and later, Maza-
roff informs Holt that they are his wife
and daughter, who have long believed
him dead. Mazaroff's right name, he
tells Holt, is Merchison. 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—Shelia—and with her goes
to her cousin's (Vernor Couper's)
shooting box, hoping to learn of Maza-
roff's whereabouts. At Couper's is a
man named Armistead and a London
doctor, Eccleshare. They know
nothing of Mazaroff. Police Sergeant
Manners and a nurse, Mrs. Rowan,
question Holt. Mazaroff's body is
found in "Holt's den." He has been
dead some time. Mazaroff's last
known address is in London. Holt
Mazaroff carried diamonds worth a
large sum, and was in the habit of
making a display of them incautiously.
Neither the diamonds nor anything of
value, are found on Mazaroff's body.

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

CHAPTER IV—Evidence at the in-
quest proves "Mazaroff" was Merchison.
His will, 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, Holt
Parslow is found to have left Marradale
moor hurriedly. From Mazaroff's
papers it is learned that Herman Klen,
then in London, has been a close friend
of Mazaroff's in South Africa.

CHAPTER V—Kloppe tells Crole
"Mazaroff" had two remarkable dis-
tinctive marks. One was a scar on his
face that he had offered to sell to the
Lord and Lady Locke. Lord Locke says
"Mazaroff" was one of those stones and
Armistead the other. Maythorne
brings his clerk, Cottingley, into the
affair as an investigator. Shelia comes
alone to Holt's rooms in London. May-
thorne is there.

CHAPTER VI—The girl has Merchison's
missing will, which she has "stol-
en" from her mother. Her explanation
seems to link Mrs. Elphinstone with
the murder. Maythorne produces the
brooch which he had found at the scene
of the murder. Shelia does not
recognize it.

CHAPTER VII—Parslow is seen on
the street and followed to Eccleshare's
house, which is kept on the place.
Mr. and Mrs. Elphinstone come to Lon-
don. The latter refuses to make any
explanation as to her possession of Ma-
zaroff's will. Armistead explains he
bought the rare diamonds from "Maza-
roff's" heir. This apparently se-
curely connects the connection with the
affair.

CHAPTER VIII—Sergeant Manners
and a Scotland Yard man, Corkedale,
visit Maythorne. Manners tells him
Parslow was seen the night of the
murder, with Eccleshare, near where
Merchison's body was found. Eccleshare's
explanations completely exoner-
ate himself and Parslow. Both men,
however, declare they saw Mrs. Elphinstone
at the scene of the murder, that night.

CHAPTER IX—Mr. Elphinstone
makes the announcement that his wife,
Shelia, and Alison Murdoch, Mrs. El-
phinstone's maid, have been seen at the
murder, with Eccleshare, near where
Merchison's body was found. Short's
dentist's the brooch Maythorne had
found at the scene of the murder. The
death of his wife's. He had bought
two precisely alike, years before, and
given them to Mrs. Elphinstone. May-
thorne, believing Mrs. Elphinstone mur-
dered Merchison, puts his clerk, Cot-
tingley, on her track, and with Crole
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 a murdered
man under circumstances which con-
vince Maythorne the victim is the man
who had followed Mrs. Elphinstone and
her companions. Holt and Manners re-
cognize the body as that of the news-
paper man, Rowan, who had been at
Marradale. Word comes that Mrs.
Elphinstone and Shelia have returned
to the hotel, and Holt, immensely re-
lieved, goes at once to get an explana-
tion of their disappearance, which has
nervously Maythorne and the rest of the
investigators.

"According to me, sir, Murdoch mur-
dered Mazaroff," and Mrs. Elphinstone's
well aware of it," he said, deter-
minedly. "There's what the law-
yers call prima facie evidence of that,
anyhow, and Manners here agrees with
me! And we're not going out of this
hotel until that doctor comes back,
and then we're going to see if Mrs.
Elphinstone isn't fit to be questioned.
And if she isn't—just yet—then we're
going to stay on the premises till she
is! So there!"

Before I could say anything the
outer door opened and Maythorne
stuck half his face inside the room.

"Holt!" he said.

I went to him; he drew me into the
corridor and closed the door.

"Message from Cottingley," he said
in a whisper. "He's been carrying on
a close investigation of steamship
offices this last forty-eight hours, work-
ing like a nigger. And at last he's
hit on something! This afternoon a
woman, closely answering to the de-
scription I gave him of Alison Mur-
doch, booked two passages for New
Zealand at the New Zealand Shipping
company offices in Cockspur street, by
their ship the Rimetaka, which leaves
Southampton early tomorrow morning.
The boat train is the ten o'clock to-
night from Waterloo. Cottingley's
down there—he's got a couple of de-
tectives with him from the Yard; to
save time he went there and told what
he'd discovered. We'll get down there
at once—the immediate question is—
shall we tell those fellows inside?
What do you think?"

"Corkedale's just declared that he
won't leave this hotel till he's ques-
tioned Mrs. Elphinstone," I replied.
"He's going to wait for the doctor's
return."

"Then come on!" he said. "It's now
about nine-twenty—we shall be at
Waterloo in plenty of time. Gad! I
shouldn't wonder if Cottingley's struck
the trail at last—I told you what a
sharp chap he is."

We ran down to the entrance hall;
outside there were two or three taxi-
cabs standing about: Maythorne made
for the first.

"We'd better pull up a little short
of Waterloo," he remarked as we got
in. "Stop in York road—by the hotel
there," he added to the driver. "You
see, Holt," he went on as we moved
off southward, "if this woman is Mur-
doch, she'll know you, from having
seen you at the Woodcock; she may
know me, though I don't remember
her. So we must move warily: if
she's attempting a total clear-out,
the least thing will put her off. But—she
booked two passages, this woman of
whom Cottingley's heard; Now, for
whom can the other be?"

"Can she have had an accomplice?
—if this woman really is Murdoch?" I
suggested.

"She's had accomplices here in Lon-
don, in that Harrow road affair, with-
out doubt," he answered. "May be
the brother she spoke of to Mrs. El-
phinstone and Miss Merchison. But as
to an accomplice in the Mazaroff
business—now! If she had—"

He paused there and remained silent
so long that at last I asked him what
he was thinking about.

"I was thinking," he answered
slowly. "This—that if this woman
Murdoch really murdered Mazaroff and
had an accomplice, and if Murdoch is
the woman who booked two passages
for New Zealand this afternoon, and
if—it's all if, you see—if the second
passage is for the accomplice, why,
then, we're probably going to have a
very astounding surprise and revela-
tion! But as I say, it's all if."

We got out of the cab at the corner
of York road and walked quickly
toward the big station. Before we
were half way up the incline we met
Cottingley. He was lounging along
with his hands in his trousers pockets
and a cigarette hanging loosely from
the corner of his queer mouth, and he
looked as phlegmatic and unconcerned
as ever.

"Thought you'd come this way," he
said as we passed. "You're in good
time—twenty-five minutes yet. I
should say she—they, I mean—'ll not
turn up till the last thing. And all's
ready. The only thing is, if this
woman is the woman we think—Mur-
doch—who can recognize her, pos-
itively?"

"Mr. Holt can," answered May-
thorne.

Cottingley regarded me with specu-
lative eyes—I felt I was not of any
great account in his opinion.
"Knows her?" he asked.

"I know her!" I answered.
Without another word he turned on
his heel toward the front of the sta-
tion.

"What'll be done is this," he said,
walking between us. "The Southamp-
ton train leaves Number Four plat-
form ten o'clock precisely. I've got
two thoroughly dependable men from
the Yard—had to go there and tell 'em
everything, of course, if I meant to
do any good—and they and I'll be on
the platform. She'll not know us.
Now then, is there any fear of her
knowing either of you?"

"The strong presumption," replied
Maythorne, "is that she'll know us
both."

"Very well," said Cottingley. "Then,
this is what we do. I've already with
the detectives, given the tip to the
railway authorities—that there may
be an important arrest, d'ye see?
Now, I'm going to post you two just
within the barrier, where you can't be
seen. You'll keep there till the pas-
sengers begin coming through for the
train. I shall be close by—the detec-
tives'll be a yard or two further on,
in touch with me; there'll also be two
or three railway police about, in case
there's any bother. Now if Mr. Holt
there recognizes this Murdoch woman,
he'll signal to me by lifting his hat
the instant she passes him—and you
can leave the rest. The only other
thing is that if we make the arrest,
I've arranged with the station people
that the detectives are to hurry her
off to a little office on the platform—
you follow."

CHURCH
ANNOUNCEMENTS

Nazarene Church

W. B. Tait, Pastor

Preaching Sunday at 11:00 a.m.
and 7:30 p.m.
Bible School at 9:45 a.m.
Young People's Service at 6:30
p.m.
Mid-week prayer and praise ser-
vice Wednesday at 7:30 p.m.
All welcome.

St. Cecilia 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.

Methodist Church

J. J. Patton, Minister

Bible school assemblies at 10:00
a.m. Public worship and pulpit
message at 11:15 a.m. Evening wor-
ship and sermon at 8:00.

Morning theme, "Jesus the Light"

"All clear," said Maythorne. "We've
got you, Cottingley."

We passed into the big brilliantly
lighted station. Even at that late
hour of the evening it was crowded.
Cottingley moved swiftly ahead of us
through the groups, passed us through
a barrier with a whispered word to
the man in charge, and suddenly
twisting to his left, ushered us behind
a high wooden partition, a few yards
away from the gate where tickets
were punched. There was a dark
cavernous recess there; he signed to
us to step in.

"Remember!" he said. "If it's the
woman we want—with your hat! But—
be sure!"

He swung on his heel, moved off
into the light of the big lamps above
the platform, and, pulling out his ci-
garette case, began to smoke, loading
itly about. A few yards away two
solidly built men, who, from their out-
ward appearance might have been
highly respectable citizens going home
late to their suburban residences after
a day's business in the city, stood;
looming, too. But as they chatted to-
gether, I saw that their eyes were
not long away from Cottingley, nor
from the barrier, nor from the gloomy
recess in which Maythorne and I
waited.

(Continued Next Week)

of Life." Evening theme, "Van-
ishing Doubts."

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

The public is cordially invited.

Ladies' Aid meets Wednesday at
1:00 p.m.

Bethel Church

When the Apostle Peter said,
"I'm going fishing," something won-
derful happened; this will be the
theme of Mr. Clarke's sermon next
Sunday evening at 8:00 p.m. he
will translate what an old Hebrew
said as "At-a-boy," for that is
what he meant, and will use that
as his topic. Good, wholesome Gos-
pel sermons can be found in strange
places.

Both Endeavor Societies meet at
7:00 p.m. The seniors begin their
new type of meeting with a new
kind of topic. All young people are
cordially invited.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

(Continued from Page Two)

He terrified the guests by terrible
tales.
So that they wanted to go.

One day a stranger came to the
inn,
And wanted to see his mate, Bill;
I told him that he was taking a
walk
Near the cove over the hill.

When Bill came back they had a
talk
Which ended in a fight.
Bill fell down, dead with apoplexy,
Black dog ran with all his might.
—Willard Clinton

THE TALE OF BILLY BONES

At the Admiral Benbow Inn
Billy Bones did appear,
People didn't think much of him
Because he caused great fear.

His fearful stories of pirates, bold,
Who sailed upon the seas,
Frightened people, both young and
old.

With these dreadful "ideas",
He spent his evenings drinking rum;
He told stories of a chest,
He feared that a one-legged man
would come—

That's why he liked few guests.
Then one day Billy Bones' foes
came,
And the end of his career.

He had no one but himself to blame
And nobody shed a tear.
People will remember all life long
The tale of Bones' chest,
And the often sung "Porates" song
After he had gone to rest.
—Dorothy Boy

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of Ma-
ble Barrett, deceased.
ALL PERSONS having claims a-
gainst the estate of Mable Barrett,
late of the City of Tigard, in the
County of Washington, in the
State of Oregon, one of the States
of the United States of America,
Married Woman, deceased, are re-
quired to send same with particu-
lars of security held, if any, and
verified by statutory declaration, to
the undersigned, on or before the
sixteenth day of May, A. D. 1931,
after which date the assets of the
estate may be distributed amongst
the parties entitled thereto, having
regard only to the claims of which

the undersigned shall then have no-
tice.

Saskatchewan General Trusts
Corporation Limited, Administrator,
by MacPherson, Leslie, & Paul, its
solicitors.

SEND CLAIMS TO: Saskatche-
wan General Trusts Corporation
Limited, Regina, Saskatchewan.
c-18-21

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 has 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-
creasing 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 certi-
ficate 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 publi-
cation thereof dated May 1, 1931.
Witness the Hon. F. W. Liver-
more, judge of the above entitled
court with the seal of said court
affixed this March 31, 1931. (seal)
Attest: Edward C. Luce, County

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Clerk,
M. B. Rump, residence and ad-
dress, Hillsboro, Oregon, Attorney
for Applicant. c-18-22

Beaverton Barber Shop

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