

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hueltt, Business Manager

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1932

A New Cold Cure

(Danbury News)
Somehow this news of another cold cure leaves us no pun intended—cold. It may be a good cure. It may in fact, be an excellent cure. But we have so often heard of a new cure, have followed directions absolutely, only to see and feel the cold grow from bad to worse that we can, at this late hour in our life, feel no leaping pulsation of joy when informed of another cure.

There is the grand old house-pouss of sticking your feet in mustard water, placing a dozen or more blankets and quilts about you, drinking a few quarts of boiling lemonade, and then going to bed to sweat and suffer for hours. This cure almost cured us once—of living. The cold seemed to flourish mightily on it. In fact we have a suspicion that all colds like this treatment.

Then there is the quinine treatment. It is simple. It consists of taking so much quinine that your head feels as though it were larger than any prize pumpkin ever shown at the Fair. You take so much quinine that you feel as though you were floating off to some beautiful land of Nod. You become slightly "goofy" and alarm your wife, who thinks you are delirious. Meanwhile the cold becomes worse. We have always believed, after one said experience with the quinine cure, that if a cold-sufferer kept on taking quinine his cold would become as permanent as the pyramids.

The "whiskey cure" is another laugh. We have heard of men who have taken vast quantities of whiskey for a cold, and succeeded in becoming magnificently drunk. So drunk, in fact, that they neither knew nor cared about the cold that was the excuse for the drinking. But in the cold gray dawn of the morning after they have awakened to find themselves still in possession of a bad cold, grown worse through the night, and in addition, all the penalties resultant from a night's debauch.

Another cold cure? Let 'em keep it.

REDUCING

Though sickness is the reigning mode, folks should avoid Quack medicine, Vibrating belts, Hard exercise, And dieting. If women wish To have less weight, Want figure like A silhouette, If they desire More youthful lines, Then they should sail To England, for Folks easily Loose many pounds At races there.

TIMELY REMARKS

People admit Conditions now Are very bad. Men out of work, Stock market low, New tariff scale, The fear of great Disarmament, All bring about Uncertainty. The problem is What can be used As money for Folks cannot buy Food, clothes, or home With oyster shells. In times like these When you hear folks Agree to pay So much per month, They often mean So much per...hops.

—Warren Carter Foster

With Apologies to Mr. Tenyson's Break, Break, Break! Smash, crash, dash along our busy mart, And I would I'd two tongues to utter

The cats that are in my heart. Oh, well for the flying man, Who is not obliged to walk. Oh, well for the traffic cop, Who need only stand and talk.

The stately cars dash by Without caring whom they harm, And now, alas, they've run over me And taken a leg and an arm. Smash, crash, dash as far as eye can see,

But oh, for the missing arm and leg Which will never come back to me. Frances F. Morgan

LAUGHABLE BUT TRUE Isn't it strange, that some businessmen get out of bed where they have slept on an advertised mattress laid on advertised springs, bathe in an advertised bath tub, dry with an advertised towel, shave with an advertised razor, using an advertised soap to make the lather and applying an advertised lotion and powder after shaving, put on underwear, shirt, tie, suit, shoes and hat that are advertised, eat a breakfast of advertised foods, ride to the office in an advertised automobile, sit down before an advertised desk on an advertised chair, pick up the metropolitan paper

and look for the merchandising bargains and promptly turn down the salesman from the local paper who enters to suggest that a little advertising might help local business.

Really, very peculiar, now, what?

No doubt there are some who did not like the tone of our editorial of last week, but they have not expressed any displeasure to us in words, only in looks, in lack of cordiality of greeting, or in those little snickers which border on sneers one sees sometimes, and feels often when they are just out of sight.

But that is not the only side of the question. People have called up and congratulated us on the stand taken. People have met us and told us how much they appreciated the stand we have taken, the sentiments expressed and the stamina it took to come out in the open and put into print the thoughts they had in their heads.

This is not a personal matter with The Review. It is a matter germane to the good government of our fair city. There is no wish to dictate as to what should be or should not be done, there is only the hope that those composing our city government should concern themselves about the character of Beaverton, of which there are a few rare specimens carefully preserved, and about the fundamentals of our form of government.

Take the matter of making complaints when federal laws are broken. Then consider the practicability of having Congress take steps to punish a bootlegger. It would be much the same idea. In our city, the council, in the state, the legislature, in the nation Congress is charged with law making. In our city, the Mayor, in the state, the Governor and in the nation, the President is charged with law enforcement. In our city, the Recorder, in the State, the judges of the courts, and in the nation, the department of Justice with the courts are charged with interpretation of the laws made.

Too long the impression has been fostered that in our town "The Council" is the responsible party. True they are responsible to a certain extent for certain matters but others, the Mayor and the Recorder as well as the Marshal, etc., have important duties and the neglect of these duties should not be charged to "The Council".

Each of the city officials try hard to steer the ship of state of our town, put in long hours and spend many weary moments working. But us suggest if they were to put in a part of that time studying their charter and the Oregon Code, there will be less hours needed for discussion of problems, more effective work can be done along constructive lines.

We could fuss around for hours and hours trying to make a pie and not get one fit to eat but the Mrs. can build on in about ten minutes or less that'll melt in your mouth. Such is the economy of nature. No use for us to try pie making without studying how to do it. So far as the City's affairs are concerned, anyone can learn how if they want to learn and will take the time to do so.

ON OREGON FARMS

Corvallis—Ed Merrick, who is desirous of getting a stand of Ladino clover on his farm near here, is considering the installation of a whirling irrigation system, reports C. R. Briggs, county agent who is cooperating with Mr. Merrick in estimating the cost of such a project.

Roseburg—With the objective of finishing at least 80 per cent of the Douglas county lambs previous to July 15 for shipment to Portland and San Francisco markets, a series of meetings has been scheduled throughout Douglas county by County Agent J. C. Leedy. Disease control, management problems and marketing of lambs will be discussed with the sheepmen by Mr. Leedy. H. A. Lindgren, extension specialist in livestock from Oregon State college; and Dr. Robert Jay, federal veterinarian.

Hillsboro—Cows freshening in the spring and pastured on Ladino clover produce butterfat at a lower cost than cows freshening in the fall, says C. B. Buchanan Jr. of Gaston. Other Washington county dairymen offered evidence to prove the value of Ladino clover under irrigation at a recent irrigation meeting called by W. S. Averill, assistant county agent.

Eugene—Stewart Hurd of Coburg, in co-operation with County Agent O. S. Fletcher, started a demonstration trial during January on the control of quack grass. Sodium chlorate, applied dry, was the treatment used.

Astoria—The importance of rural people becoming as nearly self-

Money to Burn

By Peter B. Kyne

STORY FROM THE START

Hiram Butterworth, miser, decided to leave his fortune to Elmer Clarke, a poor nephew. Butterworth tells Absalom McPeake, his lawyer, of a deal forty years ago in which he swindled a man out of \$10,000 and arranged for payment with interest. Butterworth dies suddenly. Through a gossiping telegraph operator the town of Pilarcitos, including Nellie Cathcart, Elmer's sweetheart, learns of his inheritance before he does.

Fourth Installment

CHAPTER III

ELMER reached the Smoke Shoppe fifteen minutes late. He found Sam Haskins had never failed to mark his assistant's rarely committed crime of tardiness. On such occasions Mr. Haskins was wont to cough loudly and look at Elmer. Then he would look at the clock, cough again and look back at Elmer. This morning, however, he varied his custom by crying joyously:

"Well, how's tricks with the old soldier this morning? Sleep well last night? Must have or you wouldn't be fifteen minutes late. Well, reckon you earn it, Elmer if anybody does." And he dealt Elmer a hearty and affectionate blow between the shoulder blades.

Elmer sighed. He wished that Sam Haskins had not done that. He had planned to say:

"Well, Sam, take a good long, satisfactory look, because it's the last in your repertoire. I'm giving you two weeks' notice, Sam. I'm going into business for myself. . . . If you will kindly step aside, Sam, I'll phone for the ambulance."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Haskins, that I'm late," he mumbled confusedly. "I started in time, but all the people in town that never come to the Smoke Shoppe had to stop me and talk a minute. Something new?"

"Not a thing," Mr. Haskins lied blithely.

From under the cigar counter Elmer produced a bundle of clean cheesecloth; one by one he took boxes of cigars from the shelves, dusted them carefully and arranged them, pausing from time to time to greet a customer and serve him. Presently looking up from his task, he saw Nellie Cathcart standing on the edge of the sidewalk in front of the Smoke Shoppe looking in at him in a manner that brought a warm, comfortable glow to his heart. He came out of the Smoke Shoppe and greeted her with a cheer.

"Hello, Nellie, old dear. How are you this morning? You look wonderful!"

Nellie Cathcart was a golden blond—a real blond, if you know what is meant by that—and she had very dark eyebrows and wide, beautiful dark blue eyes beneath a wide, beautiful white brow over-looking a sweetly wistful patriotic face. Her fine, even teeth were exposed as she cheerfully favored Elmer with a million-dollar smile.

"Well, Elmer," she queried.

"Well, Nellie," he echoed.

"You're keeping something from me, Elmer."

"No, Nellie, I don't know what it is. Do you?"

"Well, I've heard, Elmer, that Uncle Hiram Butterworth has left you a million dollars."

"Interesting, if true, Nellie. The stories that are circulated in this town and gain credence are unbelievable. However, Nellie, I have got some news for you, and you can believe this. That human icicle Absalom McPeake stood on the street half an hour ago and told me that he'd accept my application for five thousand and give me an open credit for twenty-five hundred more. I'm going up at noon to close my lease on H. Wasmervogel's butcher shop."

Nellie came closer to Elmer and took each lapel in her little brown hands. "Elmer," she warned, "be wary of the Greeks when they come

sustaining as possible, through the maintenance of year-around gardens is being stressed in Clatsop county by C. L. Smith, county agent.

Eugene—Two demonstrations with the control of weeds by use of dry sodium chlorate have been started through cooperation of Lane county farmers with County Agent Fleet. On the Stewart Hurd farm at Coburg the method is being tried with quack grass, applying the chemical in the winter. On the J. A. Neher farm near Springfield, tests with Canada thistles have been started.

Astoria—Clatsop county farmers have been holding a series of meetings this winter to consider greater use of cash crops, particular emphasis being placed on the production of green peas for market. County Agent C. L. Smith has also been pointing out the advantage of

bringing gifts. Do not accept that loan and do not treat for that lease today. Please?"

"I don't think you ought to. Today is not the day for you to discuss anything with anybody—even with me."

"Have you been going in for astrology, Nellie?"

"No, but the little birds tell me things."

"I had an impression that in Pilarcitos that was the prerogative of old hens," he replied. "Very well, Nellie. I'll not do anything then, without consulting my manager."

She drenched him with her smile and continued on to her work. She was paying teller for the Pilarcitos Commercial Trust & Savings bank and one of old Ansel's dummy directors.

Nellie also was the trust officer of the bank and a notary public. Like Elmer Clarke, she was an orphan. She was twenty-two years old and while already in Pilarcitos she was regarded as an old maid, more or less in the sere and yellow leaf, she was still the recipient of much attention from the most presentable of the Pilarcitos swains and was reputed to have declined to marry each of them.

Elmer Clarke, the last of a stricken fold, was holding his own with Nellie, however. Two years



"It's a Rotten Trick to Play on Me, Elmer."

had passed since first he had sat with her on the veranda of the Tully home with old Mr. and Mrs. Tully.

Before Elmer could escape inside the Smoke Shoppe, he felt a hand plucking at his sleeve. The messenger had arrived with the telegram from Absalom McPeake. Elmer signed for it, read it, tucked it in his pocket and returned to the Smoke Shoppe. Sam Haskins waited for him to say something—waited five minutes, in fact, and then said:

"No bad news, I hope, Elmer."

Elmer shook his head and went on wiping off the stock. Presently Sam Haskins essayed another sortie.

"Elmer, they tell me you've fallen heir."

"I have," Elmer replied without enthusiasm.

Sam swatted him smartly between the shoulder blades again. "Well, why don't you say something, Elmer?"

"Nothing to say, Sam. The whole town knows it already. You couldn't expect Old Lady Bray to live with that news bottled up inside her, could you?"

"Reckon she'd bust if she tried it, Elmer." Sam heaved a heavy sigh. "I suppose this means it's up to me to get myself some new help," he added.

Now that Sam had opened the ticklish subject Elmer was quick to take advantage of the opening. "Yes, Sam, I don't suppose either of us can afford the luxury of a million-dollar man working for

planning year-around gardens which help greatly to make the farm family self sustaining.

Enterprise—Fall farrowed pigs ready to market in 5 1/2 months is the record made by Lawrence Pratt of this section. Mr. Pratt has followed the sanitation plan for the eradication of round worms in hogs as worked out by the federal department of agriculture and introduced here by County Agent Donaldson and the state college livestock extension specialist. Other growers have found that this sanitation plan has reduced their pig losses as much as 80 per cent.

Redmond—Deschutes county dairymen are seriously considering a definite campaign to clean up contagious abortion out of the herds here and establish an accredited disease-free area. This would have

forty dollars a week. However, Sam, I was going to leave you, anyhow. In fact, it was my intention to slip you the bad news tonight. This telegram hasn't made the slightest bit of difference, because the news it contains is as great a surprise to me as it was to Old Lady Bray. I was going to quit you to go into business for myself."

"In what line?" Sam's tone was freighted with anxiety.

"What? After working for me five years and learnin' the business from me, you figure on startin' opposition?" Sam Haskins lost his temper completely. "It's a rotten trick to play on me, Elmer."

"I'm sorry you think so. At any rate, your protest does not move me, so you have my resignation, to take effect immediately. I wouldn't work a split second for a man who thinks I'm capable of dirty tricks and who has as little appreciation of loyalty and ability as you possess." And Elmer tossed the cheesecloth under the counter, took his salary to date from the cash register, made out a receipt for it—and walked out of the Smoke Shoppe.

"You goin' to let me down without notice?" Sam cried incredulously.

"I wasn't—until you talked that way. Hereafter, Sam, get along the best way you know how."

He walked away down Main street, only to be stopped by a concerted rush of men congregated across the street. They pumped his hand, slapped his back and showered him with congratulations. Eventually Elmer escaped from them and continued on down to the Pilarcitos Commercial Trust & Savings bank. At Nellie's window he paused long enough to hand her the telegram from McPeake and continued on to Ansel Moody's office.

The banker rose expeditiously and shook hands with him. "Well, Elmer, did you bring the search of the title of your C street property with you?" he inquired with mock interest.

Elmer sat down. "I've decided not to go into that business after all," Mr. Moody, he announced. "Since speaking with you this morning I have received a telegram from a lawyer in Muscatine, Iowa, informing me that under the last will and testament of my Uncle Hiram Butterworth, of that city, I am, with the exception of two minor bequests, the sole beneficiary of an estate conservatively estimated at a million dollars."

Of all the congratulatory handshakes he had received that morning none equalled in promptness and intensity of grip the one which old Ansel Moody gave him now. "By gravity!" cried the banker. "By gravity! If this ain't the best news I've ever heard, Elmer. You're the richest man in Pilarcitos and the second richest man in the county. I congratulate you with all my heart."

"Thank you, Mr. Moody. I must say I do not feel prepared about it myself. The first thought that came to me after receiving that telegram was that I had been going sixteen hours a day for five years without a vacation; and during that five years I have had to beat back a long way to regain my health. I was struggling for a prize—and now the necessity for further struggle is ended. I have come to the conclusion, therefore, that I'll leave Sam Haskins in possession of his monopoly."

At that moment Nellie entered to return the telegram to him. "I'm awfully happy for your sake, Elmer," she told him. "Still, this is not a surprise to me. I told you last night that within a week your ship would come in."

"Thank you, Nellie. I came down to tell you first, but of course you knew it already. Old Lady Bray had broadcast it."

"Yes, she telephoned me first, Elmer."

Ansel Moody turned to his paying teller and trust officer. "Why didn't you telephone me this great news, Miss Cathcart?" he demanded.

"I would have informed you when I reached the bank this morning, Mr. Moody, if Alice Goodfellow hadn't told me she had telephoned you at your home."

Old Ansel could have stabbed her with his paper knife. To cover his confusion he picked up the telegram and studied it carefully.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Classified Advertising

Advertisements in this column 1 cent a word. Minimum charge 25c.

Is there anything which distinguishes your offer from others of its kind? Then that is the point to emphasize in writing a classified ad for the columns of the Review.

WANTED

The Review will carry free of charge listings of situations wanted, in order to help the unemployment situation.

Wanted—Correspondents in every school district in this section. The Beaverton Review. ad 1f

FOR SALE

Milk contains all the food values so essential to a child's growth and development. If you will but phone 4525 our wagon will deliver daily at your home the very best of milk.

the public in Beaverton and McMinnville. Members of the quartette are Stanley Cornish, John Shilling, Robert Montgomery and Paul Boeckl. Miss Barnes is anxious to have a "bigger and better" glee club next semester.

—From the Beaverton Hummer

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

In the County Court of the State of Oregon For Washington County In the Matter of the Estate of Mary G. Dudley, Deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned, duly appointed Administrator of the above named deceased, has filed in the above entitled court and cause his final account and report as such, and the court has fixed the 7th day of March, 1932, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, and the court room of the above entitled court in Hillsboro, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account, and for the final settlement of said estate.

Dated this 5th day of February, 1932.

Doy Gray, Administrator of the Estate of Mary G. Dudley, deceased.

Hare, McAlair & Peters, Attorneys for Administrator. c10-14

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Beaverton Sunrise Dairy, A. Camenzind, proprietor. adv. c-39-1f

For Sale—Old Newspapers, Generous bundle, 5c. Call Review office.

For Sale—One 7-foot grain drill, a two-bottom John Deere plow, and six tons of hay. Inquire first house east of Holboke Store, at Beaverton. Adv c 111f

Team For Sale—4- and 5-year-old matched pair of dapple grays, Percheron mare and gelding. Inquire at Review office, Beaverton.

For Sale—Nice healthy 8-week old O. I. C. Pigs, \$2.50 and \$3.00 each, older pigs. M. Balocco, Rt. 2, Hillsboro, one mile northwest of Jacktown school. adv p-13

Lost and Found.

Lost—Samson Tire, mounted on rim, 30 x 5 inches, February 24, on Allen Avenue. Return to Stipe's Garage. c-13

Keeper: Hey, get away from that elephant. Carl B. Aw I won't hurt him.

SUMMONS IN JUSTICE COURT FOR THE BEAVERTON JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND CONSTABLE DISTRICT, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON.

M. W. Manning, Plaintiff vs. A. Cory and Julia Cory, Defendants. To A. Cory and Julia Cory, defendants above named: In the name of the state of Oregon, you are hereby commanded to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled action on or before four weeks from the date of first publication of this summons, and if you fail to answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of \$27.68 and the costs and disbursements incurred in this action, and cause the property attached herein to be sold to satisfy said judgment. This summons is published once each week for four successive weeks by order of C. E. Hedge, judge of the above entitled court.

Date of first publication February 26, 1932. Date of last publication March 25, 1932. C. E. Hedge, Justice of the Peace.

Erma Taylor Sparks, Mus.B. TEACHER OF PIANO Graduate Oberlin Conservatory of Music Twelve years' teaching in colleges Studio—W. L. Cady's, Saturdays Telephone 41593

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MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

MICKIE: EDITOR, YOU ARE A SMART MAN—LEAVE ME ASK YOU A QUESTION—AM I A DUMB RING, AN? I WANT TO MEK DE BEES' BARGAIN AN KIN—SHOULD AH PAY CASH, OR GET IT ON DE INSTALLMENT PLAN—DE RING AN IS GOT PICKED OUT IS \$25 CASH—

EDITOR: WELL, THAT DEPENDS ON THE INSTALLMENT PRICE—

MICKIE: WELL, DE MAN GEZ DOES AH GRAVE TO PURCHASE DAY DUMNY ON TIME, IT WILL BE \$25 DOWN AND \$1 A WEEK FOR TEN WEEKS

By Charles Sughrue

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Show This to Friend Wife

