

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett, Business Manager

FRIDAY MARCH 11, 1932

The numerous and different portraits of George Washington on the new stamps remind one of the museum in which were "two mummies of an ancient—one as a boy and the other as he was in adult life."—Lyons, (Kan.) News.

"Just Send It In"

"If you have a bit of news Just send it in!"

A story that is true Or a "stunt" that is new, Send it in!

Never mind if it is short, As for us, we like that sort— Send it in!

If some good work you can teach, If some interested reader reach, If you have a gladder speech, Just send it in!"

—Exchange

LION OR LAMB?

March has come, in a flurry of snow— Fat-cheeked fellow, a monstrous blow! With a boisterous laugh and a horrible howl, He whistles inside of his terrible jowl, And puffing his lips up into a pucker, He blows us out of our best bib and tucker!

Annual Irish Joke for March 17th Pat and Mike were in the army together. One day Pat received a letter. Mike, looking over Pat's shoulder, asked "Who's it from?" "It's from me woiife," answered Pat.

Then Mike noticed that the paper enclosed in the envelope was blank, so he said, "Why, Pat, there's nothing written there." "I know," said Pat, "we're not shpeakin'!"

WHAT THEY SAY

"It is now apparent that thoughts, ideals, purposes, are among the determining factors for the happenings in nature. Aspirations do influence the course of events."—Prof. H. G. Jennings, Johns Hopkins University.

"Ours is a singing faith. No great oratories have been inspired by doubt. Atheism has written no anthems. Agnosticism never has inspired soul-stirring lyrics. But wherever Christianity has gone, the gospel travels forward on the wings of Christian song. Christianity is practically unique in the use of hymns as a medium for interpreting truth and bringing religion home to men's hearts and habitations."—Dr. Stanley A. Hunter.

"The mists of today do not obscure the hopes of tomorrow."—Prime Minister MacDonald.

Some Encouragement?

Two men attended a village church tea, for which the tickets were sixpence each. The profits were to go toward providing comforts for the aged poor of the village.

Brown, after accounting for eight sandwiches, three plates of bread and butter, five jam tarts and four small buns, was passing his cup for the fifth time, when he turned to his companion, who was also doing well, and said: "I think everyone should encourage a thing of this sort—it's for such a good cause."—Tit-Bits.

What a Language!

Brown was an interested visitor to Wilson's carpentry shop. "By the way, Wilson," he said, picking up a plank, what are these holes in this wood?" "Those are knot holes," Wilson explained.

Brown threw the piece of wood on the floor. "They are holes," he insisted. "Don't you think I know a hole when I see it?"—Exchange.

Before and After

"There are two periods in my life, my dear, when a man doesn't understand women." "Indeed! And when are they?" "Before and after marriage." (Exchange.)

Home Training

Mary: "I think I should like to marry an engineer." Joan: "Would you? A civil engineer?" Mary: "Oh it wouldn't matter much. I'd soon make him civil."—Exchange.

Teamwork Needed

An Iowa newspaper declares that the smaller towns of the country are on trial for their lives, what with automobiles, buses, concrete roads and radios. Assuming that the statement is true, the test can be won by co-operation. Instead of considering every competitor in business as an enemy it is the part of good business to make a friend of him. Co-operation for the purpose of attracting custom because of the various lines offered is the winning plan. People like to trade where the stores are good and the assortments large. One store in a small town may not draw much trade. If the clothing stores bring

a customer to town by reason of being the kind of a store he likes to trade in, every other store in town has a prospect of making the customer his also. It is as plain as the nose on one's face. Country stores can hold the trade and win the trial for their lives by working with each other.

Then They Paid Up Promptly!

Once upon a time there was an editor who never dunned his subscribers and yet they always paid up. Whenever the name of one of the delinquents appeared in the local news, he printed the name upside down. Everyone in town knew what the inverted type meant and those who were behind hurried to send in their checks lest they too be treated in a like manner.

We'll Tell the World

We have heard even unto weariness the facts of this year of depression. It hangs like a fog of evil about the minds of all, manufacturer, business man, employee. Yet there are lights in the gloom. There are some businesses that are doing as well or better this year as they did in boom times.

Business Week, a fact-finding publication, has made an investigation of such businesses, in the hope of finding out why they have not found it impossible to make headway in a year of general depression. And it is interesting to find that the cause assigned by most of these businesses is advertising. Not advertising alone, of course. Advertising must be backed up by intelligent service and management. But advertising furnished the motive force which made intelligent service and management effective.

Advertising is the gas in the tank of business. It is the short-cut between the home with the dollar to spend and the place where the goods they want are to be had. As the radio beacon or the floodlights of an aviation field give the straight line for the night flying airplane, which would otherwise wander aloft in uncertainty of its destination, and shows it where to go in safety and satisfaction.

The merchant with dependable merchandise, priced at the unusual levels of this year's market, can get his goods moving by advertising with less waste of effort or loss of time, than by any other means.

This isn't bunk. Of course newspapers sell advertising, and this editorial is printed, frankly, to encourage its sale. But it is the truth which every investigation of business methods has established.

It pays to advertise. Especially when business doesn't come automatically. —Mason City (Iowa) Globe-Gazette.

PUBLIC ROADS AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The House of Representatives passed the Warren Bill, H.R. 9642, appropriating \$135,000,000 for federal public road work.

The Department of Agriculture stated, in a communication to the house on February 27, that "at least 85 per cent and possibly more than 90 per cent of the money expended for concrete pavement is ultimately paid out as wages and salaries."

According to evidence given to the committee by the Bureau of Roads and other sources, this appropriation will give employment, directly or indirectly, to 1,000,000 people.

There are now over 5,000 public school teachers out of employment and over 200,000 children without school facilities. By next fall it is estimated that there will be over 10,000 public school teachers out of employment and twice as many children out of school as there are now.

It is thought by some that the Senate will amend the Warren Bill and make available to several states a loan to open the schools which have been closed. From 85 to 90 per cent of such money would go immediately to salary accounts, to say nothing of keeping open the highways of education to nearly a half million of children.

The highway over which republics ride smoothly is a highly maintained highway of the mind. Maintain it properly and the public highways of the states will fare better. Neglect it and all will deteriorate.

Father—"I want you to come home at a reasonable hour from your party, young lady, and not with the milk man."

Daughter—"Don't be absurd, father—he won't be there."

One thing this country needs is a bumper-crop that won't give the farmers such a bump.

A geyser is a water fall going up.

Our idea of nothing is a bladeless knife without the handle.

Money to Burn

By Peter B. Kyne

© By Peter B. Kyne.

WNU Service

STORY FROM THE START

Hiram Butterworth, miser, decided to leave his fortune to Elmer Clarke, a poor nephew. Butterworth tells Abolom McPeake, his lawyer, of a deal forty years ago in which he swindled a man out of \$40,000 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 dies. Nellie tells Elmer it amounts to more than \$1,000,000. They confess their love for each other.

Sixth Installment

CHAPTER IV

WHEN Elmer Clarke strolled down town the following morning he found Sam Haskins struggling alone with the Snake Shoppe and looking very sad and disconcerted. A night's rest and the knowledge that he was no longer dependent upon Mr. Haskins had erased all the irritability which Elmer had felt and manifested the day previous. He was congenially incapable of holding a grudge. His heart went out now to Sam.

"Good morning, Sam," he cried cheerfully, and swung in behind the clear counter. "I've been thinking about our little deal yesterday and have come to the conclusion that I can't let you down without notice. I haven't been a millionaire long enough to be hard and disregard the feelings of folks, so get out of my way and let me take charge again while you go forth into the highways and byways and hire my successor."

Sam's harassed countenance lighted up like the Grand canyon of Arizona at sunset. He thrust out his hand. He was embarrassed. "Guess I was a mite hasty myself, Elmer," he admitted.

"Well, we both feel better now," Elmer declared.

Throughout the morning trade was brisk, due to the fact that news had spread around town that the new millionaire was still on duty at the Snake Shoppe, apparently none the worse for wear. Consequently the citizenry, naively curious, congregated to study Elmer with new interest. Among them was the Clarion reporter, Charley Terrill, who considered this manifestation of democracy of such news value that he sent in a wire story to the United Press association.

The Los Angeles Record printed it in bold-face type, based on the front page, where it was seen and read that very day by the promoters and bunco steers who had overlooked the story the day previous. Among the latter was one known to the room clerk of the New Billmore hotel as Mr. James P. Hutton, a coal baron from Pennsylvania. To the police, however, Mr. Hutton was known as Colorado Charley.

Upon the instant that he read that story, Colorado Charley's eyebrows elevated automatically, which was always a sure indication that he had struck a lead worth following. For two weeks he had been living in luxury at the New Billmore. In the hope of working an elaborately conceived real estate swindle on a local bank. However, while he had by no means abandoned this enterprise, he had been disturbed of late by an apprehension common to all predatory animals. He believed that he was being watched by a plain clothes man who haunted the hotel lobby and read the same newspaper too long and too thoroughly.

It would be well, therefore, Colorado Charley concluded, in view of his rapidly disappearing fund of ready money, to endeavor—one that promised speedy action and equally speedy returns. In the recently created millionaire clear clerk and pool-room manager of Pilarcitos he

saw a golden prospect and acted immediately.

In response to a telephone message there appeared at his suite within the hour the companion of Colorado Charley's lighter moments—a gorgeous brunette female of perhaps twenty-five summers.

"Well, old thing!" she queried. Her voice, low and sweet, filled the room like a chord from a violinello.

"There's game about, Mae," the man answered in businesslike tones, and handed her the Los Angeles Record with a well-manicured thumb nail indicating the boxed story.

"The woman read it and smiled happily. 'He hasn't got the million yet, Carlo, darling,' she reminded



"He Hasn't Got the Million Yet, Carlo, Darling."

him. "Why waste your little girl friend's fragrance on the desert air?"

"According to this press story he's going to get it, and when he does we'll take it away from him. Nothing could be simpler, Mae. As the proposition unfolds itself to me, your job is to go up to Pilarcitos tomorrow. You will call upon Elmer Clarke at his home. Introduce yourself as a Sunday supplement news writer come to interview him so you can write a feature story for an eastern paper—say the New York American—entitled 'How It Feels to Be Poor Today and a Millionaire Tomorrow.' He will be flattered. Do not confine yourself to a mere interview with him. Have a nice little visit and do your stuff. Mae, if you can't land this poor fish out in the grass there isn't another woman in the world who can."

"Suppose he's already married?" Colorado Charley's white, handsome teeth flashed in a gay smile. "So much the better for our purpose, Mae. The most pitiful thing I know of is a small-town married man in the coils of a lady who threatens trouble if he doesn't divorce the wife of his bosom and marry her. In such situations the settlement is always larger and easier to collect. The man is usually the first to suggest a monetary bribe."

The pair stared at each other for a minute. "You will be the coolest, sweet, shy, trusting little thing, just breaking in as a newspaper woman, and the success of this interview is going to mean so much to you," Colorado Charley went on glibly. "If you should take you to luncheon and order you a cocktail, don't take it. If he proffers a cigarette, look him over. If he suggests a ride in his new automobile, mention the desirability of a chapter. And for the Lord's sake, dress for the part and act it. You've done it before. After you've won him, get him to write to you, but fight his advances, because you don't want him to think you're after his money."

"I am not, dear, but a great many people are. A hundred well-wishers, advisers and salesmen have visited me this morning. By the way, I've gone back to help Sam out until we can break in a new man." Nellie beamed upon him. "By the way, I have been the recipient of numerous congratulations myself. The impression appears to be fairly prevalent in Pilarcitos that I am a coher with you—after a fashion."

Elmer grinned mischievously. "Pilarcitos is a small town," he admitted. "Where would you care to live, Nellie? In Los Angeles or San Francisco or New York?" "I take it," Nellie replied, "that you and I are not formally engaged to be married and that a discussion of our future residence would be premature. Or is your query by way of being a proposal?" "But—Nellie darling—"

"Now, Elmer, I love you to death. I've admitted that twice within twenty-four hours. You're the only man I've ever loved. But I'm not engaged to you."

"Why not?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"But I can't hang around Pilarcitos indefinitely to pull off a play like that, Carlo. I'll have to return here after I've interviewed him."

"Naturally. Meanwhile I'll have rented a modest furnished bungalow here. I'll be your brother. You and I are orphans living on a modest income. Lure him down here, invite him to the house for dinner, and the rest will be as easy as hitting an elephant with a handful of bird shot."

"I hope he won't turn out to be a tightwad, Carlo."

"He won't. Hoobs who have learned to care a dollar bill before they spend it always put on the dog with the first million that's left them. The only money that means anything to anybody is money that's toiled for and accumulated dollar by dollar. That's why money means nothing in our young lives, Mae."

"Sometimes I think we work hard enough for what we get," the girl sighed.

"Oh, but we do not get it dollar by dollar!" he reminded her. "It comes to us in chunks—when it comes."

"So does trouble, Carlo."

"Well, this does look like an easy job. I'll tackle it."

Colorado Charley rewarded her with a grateful smile, a kiss and a hug and a hundred dollars for expense money.

At noon Elmer Clarke called at Ansel Moody's office. "Well, how's my credit this bright summer day?" he queried nonchalantly.

"A-I, Elmer, an' goin' up. Bank in Muscatine says their attorneys have read the will an' there ain't a Chinaman's chance to bust it. Thinkin' of borrowin' a little money, Elmer?"

"Why, yes, if you don't mind, Mr. Moody. I'd like to have twenty thousand dollars for, say, a year. It may be that long before the estate is distributed and I'll have to be in Muscatine and traveling back and forth considerably, I dare say."

"Naturally, naturally, Elmer. I understand." The banker pressed a button and Mr. Crittenden entered. "Take Elmer's promissory note for twenty thousand at—well, let's see now, Elmer. The bank's gittin' as high as 10 per cent on chattel mortgages an' 8 per cent on farm mortgages an' 5 per cent on call loans. I reckon we can let you have it at eight an' a half."

"Quite satisfactory, Mr. Moody. It wasn't, really, because Elmer knew he was about to be exploited successfully for the first time, but seeing a millionaire he concluded not to worry about an extra per cent or two."

Mr. Crittenden made out the note, Elmer signed it and Mr. Crittenden credited the twenty thousand dollars to his account in the bank, entered the deposit in a pass book and with a flourish handed Elmer pass book and pocket check book. Elmer thanked Mr. Moody and Mr. Crittenden and on his way out of the bank was captured by Nellie Cathcart, who carried him off to luncheon at the Palace grill.

"Well, Elmer," said Nellie when they found themselves in the quiet privacy of a booth, "how does it feel the day after? Are you finding your riches a burden?"

"I am not, dear, but a great many people are. A hundred well-wishers, advisers and salesmen have visited me this morning. By the way, I've gone back to help Sam out until we can break in a new man."

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Oregon State News

Alms's Coat and Dress Shop has been opened in Roseburg at 120 West Cass Street.

Mrs. Mae Minemyer has acquired the management of the Richland Hotel at Halfway.

The Schaller Hardware store at Willamina has been purchased by Kennedy and Huntley of Sheridan.

Bids were called March 3 by State Highway Commission on highway projects to cost approximately \$537,000.

The Pacific Fruit and Produce Co. have acquired possession of the Medford Pear Co. for a consideration of \$85,000.

The graveling of the hangar floor and apron at the Roseburg municipal airport is nearing completion.

Classified Advertising

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

TRADES

House and Lot in Aloha—Fruit trees, berries, flowers; to trade for a chicken ranch of from one to five acres. Robert Larson, Aloha, Oregon; Phone Beaver-ton 7215 p15-16

WANTED

Wanted—Improved acreages to rent. Have several clients waiting. P. M. Madden, Real Estate, Beaverton. Ad c14-15

FOR SALE

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

Milk contains all the food values so essential to a child's growth and development. If you will but phone 4523 our wagon will deliver daily at your home the very best of milk. Beaverton Sunrize Dairy, A. Camenzind, proprietor. adv. c-39-1f

For Sale—Standard make of piano near Beaverton. Will sacrifice for unpaid balance. A snap. Easy terms. Write Tallmann Piano Store, Salem, Ore. advc14-16

For Sale—Mallard Duck eggs and White Nantais, setting eggs. W. A. Harshman, Lake Road. p-14

For Sale—Ash and oak, dry, \$7.50, cut any length. Only a few cords left. Closing out all hardwood. Beaver Wood Co., Beaverton. Telephone 6702. Adv c14f

COST OF RAISING HEIFERS IS FOUND

The dairy farmer who raises heifers to freshening for other than his own replacement must figure on doing it for less than the total cost of production, according to figures on cost of raising dairy calves in Oregon just released by the Oregon State college experiment station. Cash costs are below sales prices, but total costs including labor, interest and depreciation, are higher than present market values.

Figures were based on actual records gathered from 514 dairy farms in this state. They show that for the year ending April 1, 1931, it cost the average farmer \$81 per head to raise a heifer calf to freshening time. This was a big reduction over the previous year, however, when it cost \$110 per head.

Farm management and dairy specialists who made the study point out that there are important advantages in raising one's own replacement regardless of these facts, but there is no reason to raise great numbers of heifer calves to add to the present surplus of cows unless there is an assured market, such as is in prospect in California. It costs but \$6 more to raise a heifer from high producing herds than from poor herds.

LEGAL NOTICES

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

M. W. Mahning, 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.

Business Places To Patronize IN BEAVERTON!

Insure With The Farmers' Mutual Fire Relief Ass'n McMinville (formerly of Portland) Mutual Rates Cost Less E. L. Mapes Route 2, Gaston

STUDIO BARBER SHOP FIRST CLASS WORK AT REASONABLE PRICES E. D. VanMeter, Prop.

F. W. BISHOP PLUMBING and HEATING Hardware, Paints Phone, 2603 Beaverton

W. E. PEGG UNDERTAKER and EMBALMER Grange Building — Beaverton.

NO. 2 WOOD \$4.50 For 4-Foot Lengths \$5.25 For 16-inch Lengths \$5.50 For 12-inch Lengths ALOHA WOOD YARD Phone 9903

LAMPS EATS KAMBERGER'S CONFECTIONERY EATS CANDY

DEWEY THE PLUMBER Our work speaks for itself Beaverton, Oregon Phone 7702

Beaverton Barber Shop C. J. STEVENS, PROPRIETOR SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Erma Taylor Sparks, Mus.R. TEACHER OF PIANO Graduate Oberlin Conservatory of Music Twelve years' teaching in colleges Studio—W. L. Cady's, Saturdays Telephone 11503

BEAVER WOOD COMPANY Dry Wood—Any Length KNOTS FOR FIREPLACE HARD and SOFT COAL Agent for Eastman Furnaces Phone 6702 — Beaverton, Ore.

Meats and Groceries Holboke Bros.

WOOD 2nd Growth, 4-ft., delivered, \$4.50 1st Growth, 4-ft., delivered, \$5.50 CARL C. TOPICH Rt. 3, Box 453, Beaverton Residence 1 mile south of Cooper Mountain school

MAPES & SON RESTAURANT MEALS Cigars, Tobaccos Confections, Soft Drinks Cady Bldg. — Watson St.

Phone 6411 JOE KEMMER For any Kind of Wood Limb Wood Cut to Order

Pomes As Is

The Comic Strip

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

I HAVE HERE SOME ORIGINAL FORMS WHICH HAVE BEEN REFUSED BY SOME OF THE BEST MAGAZINES IN THE COUNTRY. PERHAPS YOU, AS A LITERARY MAN, COULD TELL ME WHY THEY DON'T SELL.

READ 'EM

"VANDERBILT" ARE SMOOCH, INVENTOR OF THE RUBBER CRYSTAL USED IN RESTAURANTS. AUNT STEWART'S MEDAL FROM THE S. R. C. A.

A HAPPY WEDDED LIFE THEY LED BEFORE THEIR FIRST BIG ALTERCATION. SHE STARTED EATING CRACKERS IN BED AND SO HE GOT A SEPARATION!

"HE WONT BITE—HE ISNT CROSS," SAID THE LADY TO JIM ROSS THEN "TH' BULL PUP SIZED HIS PAINTS AND JIM HOLLERED 'APPLE SAUCE!'"

HE WAS GONE FROM OUR MOST FAMOUS FAIR BEYOND THE PALE A FAMULAR FAIR IS MISSING BUT WELL RETURN WITHOUT FAIL. HE WAS PUNCHED FOR SELLING LIVER, "NINETY DAYS IN THE COUNTY JAIL."

THE END

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