

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Houlet Business Manager

THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1932

TIPS FROM A STROLLER

"Senate Realizes Need of Economy." Communication has kept pace with politics to finally supply Congress with that universal information.

A prominent divorce court judge advises married couples to save their love letters which serve as I.O.U.'s of romance—they have forced many an ardent single man into bankruptcy, however.

A famous woman flyer cautions her sisters to raise families, rather than to duplicate the feats of airmen—wives are "up in the air" enough, anyway.

Northwest sport fans will view with regret the passing of I'Paul Swift from track circles—a W. S. C. sprinter equalled the world's mark in the century at the Drake Relays last spring. This boy, who is the Cougar's best bet for Olympic honors, has been forced out of competition with a permanent leg injury.

Education has made an attempt to keep pace with the world but in the course of events has been subjected to harsh criticism. But didn't the ancient world persecute the greatest teacher of all? Rather than evolution of thought we may have revolution of action. It may be necessary to discard all of our pseudo-democratic demagoguery to find a solution for this enigma confronting us. Youth must lead the way, and we must educate youth!

According to statistics recently compiled school taxes in Oregon have decreased 1.6% over a ten-year period while all other taxes have increased 50%. In one year the Oregon people spend approximately \$20,000,000 for tobacco, \$27,000,000 plus for amusements and small luxuries, and nearly \$80,000,000 for jewelry and cosmetics; at the same time taxes levied and not collected for elementary education amounted to but \$18,500,000. What's the answer? It appears that education in this state has surely subscribed its total in tax reduction.

A Chicago motorist made application recently for a license for his 1905 automobile. After unsuccessful attempts to sell the car to a museum the man decided to drive it himself. This should be no novelty a few years hence.

The Daylight Saving Plan has taken a rap in Portland when petitions have been received at the city hall to have it rejected—Youth and springtime may account for the remonstrance.

Learned to my discomfiture that "It's time to retire"—can't rival the coming generation. Mentally, perhaps—physically, emphatically not. No blue ribbons for a stiff-jointed "has been." My dog is glib of becoming an athlete—shall impart my brief knowledge to him and depart to the side-lines. Soon he will inform parents that there is a preponderance of world leadership in each graduating class—let's give 'em jobs, not positions.

Henry T. Rainey, Democratic floor leader in the House and tariff expert says "We are in a tariff trap"—Our foreign trade is being systematically and definitely taken away from us and we will never get it back until we form a definite plan to recover it." There may have been need for protection of infant industry in 1832—is there in 1932?

A woman held the gavel in the Senate recently for the first time in our country's history. This is quite an ordinary event in many American homes.

"Sing Sing Grid Team Starts Spring Training." There's one institution where the alumni can't clamor for a coach's removal, which however might be welcomed by the mentor.

My dog again inquires about our vacation, and dreams of campfires, turbulent streams and quiet trysts with nature. Little does he realize that the next furlough may be for a six month period, semiannually.

HELPING HAND DEPARTMENT

Herbie wants a little advice about reducing before the spring season breaks loose in earnest.

Herbie dear: The best exercise I know of for reducing is simply this: Just move the head slowly from right to left when offered a second helping. For snapper and more startling results try the three day diet of dried apples and water. At the end of the week take a heaping teaspoonful of powdered yeast. You'll be surprised.

Dear Hazel: Do you know of a good fast substitute for soap for cleaning purposes?

Dear Keith: Ever try bath tub gin? One drink and you're all washed up.

Dear Hazel: I don't mind washing the dishes for my wife and I

Money to Burn

By Peter B. Kyne

Sixteenth Installment

He did—at eight-thirty a. m., next day, to report that Colorado Charley and his lady friend had purchased tickets from Los Angeles to Pilarcitos and return; that they were due in Pilarcitos at nine-two that night.

At ten o'clock a sleepy-looking man walked into the bank and immediately sought Nellie Catheart's window, a small gold sign bearing Nellie's name serving as a clew.

"I'm Detective Sergeant Fahy, from Los Angeles," he announced. "The chief sent me an' my partner up with orders to report to you."

"I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Fahy. Here are your instructions," and she handed him a sealed envelope. "Good morning!"

"Just met the smartest Jane in the world," Mr. Fahy confided to his partner, Detective Sergeant Abraham Lipowsky, when he returned the latter on the sidewalk.

"She takes no chances on being seen in long, earnest conversation with a strange man, so she had the dope all typed out an' waitin' for us. Pleased to meet you. Good-by," says she.

"You tore open the envelope and read to Lipowsky: "Colorado Charley and Mae are due in Pilarcitos at 9:02 tonight. They will probably go direct to Mr. Clarke's house, a shingled bungalow, at No. 302 C street, corner of Hazel drive."

"At seven o'clock tonight Mr. Clarke will leave his house to take me to dinner. He will not return until shortly after ten. As soon as he has left the house his colored servant will go uptown to spend the evening. You can gain entrance to the house by using a skeleton key on the kitchen door, the lock of which is simple and old-fashioned, since burglars seldom operate in Pilarcitos.

"You can set up your dictograph behind the old hair sofa in the parlor and run your wires along the edge of the wall, draw them up back of the piano and out of the window, around the back of the house to the garage. Nobody will disturb you there as Mr. Clarke keeps his car in an uptown garage."

"When Mr. Clarke drops me at my house and proceeds to the uptown garage, I will come over to his garage with a large flashlight torch, a stenographer's notebook and several sharp pencils. The fender of the flivver will serve as a desk. I will knock twice on the door, pause between each rap. The rest I leave to you."

"Well, what do you know about that damsel?" said Detective Sergeant Lipowsky.

"I'd ask her to marry me if I stood a Chinaman's chance—which I don't," Detective Sergeant Fahy replied sadly.

Promptly at seven o'clock Elmer called for Nellie and carried her off to Joe Angellotti's road house for dinner. Not once during the ride out did Nellie refer to Elmer's unfortunate predicament; seemingly she was not interested in it and not until they were halfway through dinner did Elmer broach the subject himself.

"Can't linger to do any dandaz here tonight, Nellie. I must get home early."

Nellie seemed disappointed, so he hastened to excuse his action.

"I'm afraid I'm in for a bad hour between nine and ten tonight, Nellie. I had a wire from Doris Gatewood this morning. She's coming up to see me and she asked me to be at home tonight."

"Now, what do you suppose she wants?" Nellie's tones were freighted with a languid interest. She helped herself to an olive, and ate it with relish. Elmer, watching her sharply, was reassured.

"Well, of course, in so far as that young lady is concerned I've done an about-face, so I suppose she wants an explanation."

"She doesn't want any explanation. She doesn't even want your

affection. All she's after is your cash."

"Well, of course, I did promise her the thousand dollars; I dare say she predicted certain payments on that promise and my reversal of form has probably embarrassed her greatly. I'm a little sorry the lady lost, but—a little glad I won! Of course," he added parenthetically, "I never was the least bit in love with her. She went to my head, like champagne, when I was with her, but when I wasn't I found it hard to keep up steam. Nellie, I must have been crazy to tell you to play second fiddle."

"If we are to be judged by the worst we do in the world, Elmer, we'd all be out of luck. Now, when I look over my mental ledger account with you, I see a long string of golden credits—page after page of them—and on the debit side I find one little human entry under the explanatory head of Doris Gatewood. This lone debit item is composed of equal parts of blind-



"I'm Detective Sergeant Fahy From Los Angeles," He Announced.

ness, repression, curiosity, stupidity, shattered ego, selfishness, masculine pride and original sin. You didn't fall without a battle, and when you fell you hurt everything that was wise and decent in you—and knew it. You weren't really happy in your new conquest. You only told yourself you were. And as for little Nellie Catheart thinking for an infinitesimal fraction of a second that she could possibly descend to playing second fiddle to that baby-faced doll—well, Elmer, you are a sweet fool! Why, I'm the whole orchestra. I suppose, Elmer, it never occurred to you that I am a designing, scheming, far-seeing selfish girl where you are concerned."

He laughed derisively. "Tell me another joke," he pleaded.

"You're a helpless idiot, Elmer. You will persist in making an angel out of a human being. Well, have one little dance with me, and then we'll go home and commence your education."

When Elmer dropped Nellie off at her home he had the audacity, the monumental masculine assurance, to attempt to claim a good night kiss. Nellie laughed at him. "I'll not kiss you good night," she declared. "Because I'm not particularly desirous of kissing you and you've forfeited the right to ask it." He drove away chafed to a degree.

The instant his car had turned the corner Nellie came out of the house and ran all the way to within a block of Elmer's bungalow. As she passed down C street and turned into Hazel drive she observed a man and woman seated on Elmer's front steps, with a suitcase and a bag reposing beside them. Elmer's garage stood at the rear of the lot and opened on Hazel drive, so Nellie walked boldly

up to the door, gave the prearranged signal and was accorded instant admittance.

"They're waiting for him," said Detective Sergeant Fahy out of the corner of his mouth.

"I saw them the moment he was along in five minutes," Nellie gasped. "Is everything all right?"

"Right as a fox," said Detective Sergeant Lipowsky.

"Elmer will come down C street in the direction of Hazel drive. He's expecting them, so there will not be any talk on the porch. He'll take them inside immediately. However, one or both of you might go out to the corner of the house and listen."

The two detectives waited five minutes and followed her suggestion. Presently they returned with velvet feet. "All he said was 'Good evening. Please come inside and we'll talk.' All the woman said was: 'You know it!'"

Nellie wrote that brief record in shorthand. Detective Sergeant Fahy clamped the receivers over her ears and spread her notebook out on the front fender of the flivver, leaned over it and prepared to take dictation. The two detectives were also listening in.

Elmer unlocked the front door, switched on the light and walked into his bedroom to put away his overcoat and hat before returning to the stuffy little parlor, where his Nemesis awaited him. Nellie thrilled with a vast pride as his first words came clearly to them via the dictograph. The eyebrows of the two detectives went up and Detective Sergeant Fahy dropped his prognathous jaw in a comical grimace, for without an instant's hesitation Elmer had seized the initiative by going directly to the attack.

"Well, Colorado Charley, old settler," he began blithely, "how about a little drink to wash down the dust of travel out of your lousy throat? I mean a drink of water. I wouldn't waste liquor on a skunk like you."

"Say," Colorado Charley came back at him, "where do you get that stuff?"

"Draw it out of a faucet," chirped Elmer cheerfully. "Doris, or whatever your real name is, you wired me for a conference, but you didn't tell me this confidence man was coming with you. Let us understand each other, Doris. Your boy friend here is out of the picture. Charley, if I hear one peep out of you I'll knock you for a double loop. That being clearly understood, say your say, Doris, and then get to blazes out of here before I throw you out."

Followed about five seconds of profound silence, then: "Hands up, Charley, my boy! Don't pull the gun—please. There, that's ever so much more sensible. You don't suppose I'd be loath enough to go into conference with Doris, in your presence, without heeling myself, do you? Stand up now, and back slowly toward me while I help myself to that little pistol of yours. Here's the gun, Charley. I'll keep the cartridges. Well, Doris, dear old light of mine, you were about to say something?"

"I came to ask you why you went back on me the way you did. The girl's voice came to the listeners. It was hard and high-pitched. She was colicky furious.

"You know why I went back on you. I don't like the company you keep."

"What's wrong with the company?"

"His police record is over there on the whatnot. Want a look at it? Perhaps you'd like to verify my photograph with the original and check up on his Bertillon measurements."

"Quit stalling, Mae, and get down to business," Colorado Charley growled testily.

"I told you, Charley, that if I heard one little peep out of you I'd knock you for a double loop," Elmer reminded his unwelcome guest. "I admit I went back on my promise to lend Doris or Mae or whatever her name is a thousand dollars, but I'm not going back on my promise to you."

There was a suppressed scream, the sound of shuffling feet, the crash of furniture—silence! Nellie trembled violently and turned a white, pitiful face to Detective Sergeant Fahy, who laid his great paw on her little brown hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



Methodist Church Rev. L. C. Poor, Minister Sunday school at 10:00 a.m. Preaching at 11:00 a.m. by the minister. Subject: "It is Time to Leave This Mountain" Official Board meeting at 12:00 M. Ladies Aid Wednesday afternoon. Midweek services Wednesday at 8 p.m.

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.

Bethel Church All the Congregational churches of Portland and vicinity have arranged for exchanges of pastors, either last Sunday or this. Rev. Geo. N. Magwood of the University Park Congregational church, Portland, will be the preacher next Sunday and will bring a profitable message, so we hope as many as can will attend. The Bible school will be held at 9:45. The Christian Endeavor meeting will be omitted. The evening service will be held in the High School auditorium, when Mr. Clarke will preach the Baccalaureate sermon and the Bethel choir and Male quartet will furnish special music. As the other churches are uniting in this service we urge everyone to attend.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that I am asking the Republican voters of Washington County for re-election in the Primaries, May 20th, 1932. I am a candidate to succeed myself. I have held the office of Sheriff for the past three years and if the voters approve of the administration I would appreciate their assistance of going to the Primaries and voting for me for Sheriff for the next term of office. Respectfully submitted, J. W. Connell, Sheriff

EDWARD C. LUCE Candidate for nomination for County Clerk The major part of this announcement of candidacy is to express my grateful appreciation of past favors bestowed on me by the people of Washington County. Also voters are reminded that they must be registered before they can vote. Registration books close thirty days before election. Edward C. Luce pd. adv. c-17-25

Notice of Special Election Notice is hereby given that a special election will be held in the Town of Beaverton on Saturday, June 4, 1932. For the purpose of voting on a charter amendment submitted to the voters by the Council, authorizing the issuance of Refunding bonds. The election will be held in the Town hall, corner of First and Main streets, between the hours of twelve o'clock noon and seven o'clock P. M. Dated at Beaverton, Oregon, May 16, 1932. Lela L. Richey Recorder.

EX-SERVICE MEN J. O. Johnson is a candidate for State Representative for Washington county and asks your support in the coming primary election, May 20th. Mr. Johnson is an ex-service man and has always been active in ex-service men's organizations. c-24 Paid advertisement p-24

Vote for J. O. BAILEY (State Senator) FOR Supreme Court Judge Position No. 3 Qualified—Vigorous—Progressive He is conscientious and has the confidence and respect of all the people. —Paid Adv.

Classified Advertising

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

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 4525 our wagon will deliver daily at your home the very best of milk. Beaverton Sunrise Dairy, A. Camenzind, proprietor. adv. c-39-1f

PIGS Seven Weeks Old—O. I. C. pigs. No reasonable offer refused. Also brood sows. M. Balocco, one mile northwest of Jacktown school. adv. c-11f

For Sale—Special on Dudley's Leghorn chicks. May and June, \$9.00 per hundred, \$8.00 per hundred in five-hundred lots. Hanson strain Leghorns. Free range disease free stock, bred for high production and carefully mated with high pedigreed males. Young pul-

lets at attractive prices. Send for catalogue. Let us hatch your eggs for you. Paul Dudley, R-1 Beaverton, Phone 0618 c23-27

160 cu. ft. Load 12 inch block \$5.50 16 inch slab \$4.50 Dry Planers \$5.50 Green \$5.00 Small Green \$4.50 Cord Wood and Coal Phone 5225 F. R. ZASTROW Corner Second and Angel

For Sale: A. 1 Cordwood Any length. New low price for a short time only. We deliver. Call after 7:00 p.m. Carl Lindberg, Scholls 1715, Laurel Rt. 2 p-24-25

Man—52, Clean milkster, reliable, desires work, Address, O. H. Swan, 333 Glisan St., Portland. p-25-26

For Sale or Trade—\$125.00 credit on new Chevrolet, any model, at a big reduction or will trade for milk cows. F. H. Brown, Rt. 2 Laurel, Ore. adv-u

Vote For



DONALD T. TEMPLETON FOR COUNTY JUDGE

LOOK AT YOUR TAX STATEMENT

The County Court of Washington county in reducing taxes to a point lower this year than they have been at any time in the 10 years last past is one of 5 counties in the state that has met the 20% tax reduction on real property advocated by Governor Meier.

In making this reduction County Judge Donald T. Templeton has demonstrated an ability to effect the most stringent economy in the management of county affairs with no loss of efficiency. He is the only attorney seeking

the office and the only candidate qualified to administer the affairs of the probate court.

He stands for a progressive program of road construction with adequate and proper maintenance of the roads we now have.

A continuance of the present program of economy, efficiency and tax reduction is his pledge to the people.

Retain an able, competent, conscientious public official who has no interests to serve but the interests of Washington county.

For County Treasurer



E. L. McCormick If nominated and elected will practice economy, efficiency and courtesy.

Business Places To Patronize IN BEAVERTON!

F. W. BISHOP PLUMBING and HEATING Hardware, Paints Phone, 2003 Beaverton

W. E. PEGG UNDERTAKER and EMBALMER Grange Building Beaverton

HORSESHOEING GENERAL BLACKSMITHING at the old stand Corner Main and Front Streets Satisfaction guaranteed—Prices right J. A. STITT, PROP. BEAVERTON OREGON

LAMPS EATS KAMBERGER'S CONFECTIONERY EATS CANDY

CRAZY CRYSTALS A Mineral Water Treatment Now Available in Beaverton GET A SAMPLE GLASS, FREE Office Upstairs in Telephone Bldg. Phone 6782

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

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

Meats and Groceries Holboke Bros.

MAPES & SON RESTAURANT SHORT ORDER Cigars, Tobaccos Confections, Soft Drinks Cady Bldg. Watson St.

Phone 0411 JOE KEMMER For any Kind of Wood Limb Wood Cut to Order

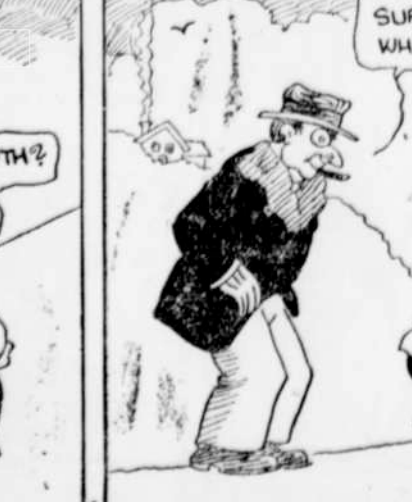
MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



THAT COURSE IT MUST BE REMEMBERED



SURELY YOU KNOW WHAT A MYTH IS?



A MYTH IS A FEMALE "MOTH"



Sounds Plausible

