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**OREGON STATE NEWS  
OF GENERAL INTEREST**  
Brief Resume of Happenings of  
the Week Collected for  
Our Readers.

Loganberry picking will start Wednesday in the Dayton locality.

The 36th annual session of Oregon Friends was held last week in Newberg.

The 75th annual conference of the United Brethren church came to a close at Oregon City last week.

Hubbard plans an old-time Fourth of July celebration at Playmore Park, with a reunion of all former residents as a feature.

Rainbow girls from all sections of Oregon attended the annual assembly of the organization, which was held in Salem last week.

Community members of the Linn county open forum will join in a county-wide picnic to be held at Nye for the affair are now under way.

Taxpayers of Crane voted 3 to 1 in favor of a \$30,000 bond issue to be used this summer in the construction of an addition to the high school building.

Seven cars of cattle were shipped from Baker last Friday to Chicago by the Eastern Oregon Livestock company. The cattle were fed in transit at Ogden.

Fire razed the Tourist hotel at park, near Cascadia, July 4, and plans Myrtle Creek last week. The blaze is thought to have been started by incendiaries.

The Chaney logging camp on the Coquille river will open July 9. Between 75 and 100 men will be employed in the camp located on the Lidgerwood side.

All of Coos county north of Coos bay assembled last week at the Hollow Stump pleasure park at the bay-side for the grange and good roads association picnic.

Three-quarters of an inch of rain fell at Baker last week, insuring good crops in Baker valley. More rain is forecast. Three culverts were washed out on county roads.

The annual coast county agents' convention was held at Coquille last week with representatives of Clatsop, Lincoln, Lane, Tillamook, Douglas and Coos counties represented.

Mrs. Mary Culbertson, Coos county pioneer, died last week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. L. Cornwell of Arago, near Myrtle Point, just a few days before her 90th birthday.

The first half of Yamhill county's apportionment of the market road fund, amounting to \$18,479.23, was received this week by the county treasurer from Thomas B. Kay, state treasurer.

The Eugene school district spent \$109.39 in educating each child enrolled in high school grades during the past school year, according to a report compiled by O. H. Jones, district clerk.

A sneak thief entered the Baptist church at Dayton a few nights ago and, using a glass cutter, cut a hole about 10 inches square in the book-case in order to gain access to the birthday bank.

Clay of a superior quality has been found at Cloverdale in Tillamook county and a stock company has been formed to operate a brick and tile plant with prospects of later erecting pottery works.

A fall festival and celebration will be given by the Siuslaw chamber of commerce in Florence, August 18. The purpose of the celebration is to sell western Lane to the rest of Lane county and the state.

Tillamook county's warrant indebtedness on May 31 had been reduced to \$122,111, according to the financial statement of the county treasurer. It is thought this will be wiped out before the end of the year.

Ernest Stoddard took out a permit for the new \$20,000 Latter Day Saints church building in Baker, on which work has already commenced at the corner of Second and Grace streets. Excavation is well under way.

Albert Crouch, 63, a resident of Coquille, was killed at Camas Valley when he was shot accidentally while taking his rifle from the corner of the bunkhouse in the west end of the valley, where he had been engaged in timber cruising.

Fleet footed, his bronzed face cleared on the winds like the name he bears, Flying Cloud, the handsome Karook Indian, won the 480-mile foot race of the Redwood highway from San Francisco to Grants Pass last week.

The Christian church at Pleasant Hill was organized 78 years ago this month and to observe the anniversary an all-day meeting was held at the church Sunday. This is the oldest church of the denomination in Oregon.

**The Colfax Bookplate**  
By  
**AGNES MILLER**

WNU Service  
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from your fellow-witnesses to the discovery of that accident in the shop."

Mr. Almy turned briskly to the desk telephone. I turned to Mr. Roberts, a private given contradictory orders by two generals. In the language of eye-brows, I inquired:

"What's going to happen to the rare-book catalogue?" But I couldn't make him understand me; and, indeed, before I should have had time to present my case more clearly, I bounded—literally, bounded—Daisy Abbott, whom the telephone had just summoned.

She beamed flutteringly on Mr.



Mr. Almy Turned Briefly to the Desk Telephone.

Almy, and held out tribute to him, looking somewhat askance at me.

"You wanted me to bring you this, you said!" she breathed.

He flipped over the carbon pages of her salesbook in businesslike style.

"You sold five books to Professor Harrington at ten-fifty-one yesterday morning, did you?" he asked. "What did he do when he bought them?"

"He left the shop."

"Very good. Now, Miss Abbott, will you describe to me what you saw and heard when the alarm regarding Mr. Grosvenor was given?"

"I was putting some books into the first alcove on the right of the main aisle," began Daisy, willingly and thrillingly. "When suddenly I heard a scream: 'Murder! Help! Help! He's dead!' Then Miss Grosvenor—of course I didn't know then who she was—dashed out of the law-book section just as I reached the aisle, and shrieked at Mr. Burton. 'Keep it for me!' I simply couldn't imagine what the girl meant. . . ."

"Then what?"

"Then she clutched at a table and fainted."

"Miss Abbott, did you see Miss Grosvenor hand to Mr. Burton, or in any way convey to him, an object of any sort?"

"No," said Daisy, promptly and with obvious relief.

"Did you see him take anything from her, or off the table?"

Daisy drooped again.

"No, no, no, exactly."

Mr. Roberts appeared to be court-ing apoplexy, but Mr. Almy leaned forward confidentially, if not tenderly.

"Now, listen: you want to help me, don't you?"

"Oh, yes!" breathed little Goldilocks.

"Then just tell me anything that in your judgment might help solve this baffling mystery. You might know something nobody else did!"

"Oh, yes!" breathed Daisy, fluttering her eyelids over this violation of the Scriptural injunction against strong meat for babes. "Well, if this is of any use, this is what I had in mind: You see, first both Mr. Burton and Miss Grosvenor stopped short in the middle of the aisle just as if they recognized each other. It was awfully quick, but it did happen; I saw it. But neither of them spoke a word. Then, instantly after Miss Grosvenor had stopped short, she stumbled. Then instantly, both of them grabbed toward the table at the same time, just after she'd shrieked. 'Keep it!' That's absolutely all I saw then. Mr. Almy, and it's absolutely all true. But of course, I don't know whether any of that is useful to you."

"You may safely leave that decision to Mr. Almy, Miss Abbott," observed Mr. Roberts, and opened the door. Daisy bestowed a freezing stare on him—being fired, she was

now a free agent—a sweet smile on Mr. Almy and nothing at all on me, and departed.

"Get Diddin now," said Mr. Almy, without further comment, and soon the keen George Henry appeared, entirely alert. As he had been the first to reach the law alcove after the alarm, Mr. Almy referred to the fact that he had seen no signs of a struggle according to his testimony given the policeman.

"No, sir, and I looked sharp for a weapon, too," said Mr. Diddin; "but not any. There was only the old man, lying hunched against the lowest shelf, on the rear side of the alcove, facing toward the back of the shop."

Mr. Diddin was dismissed with thanks, and asked to send Miss Jones up from the shop. As soon as the door was shut, Mr. Almy asked me:

"Where were you during all that time?"

"In Mr. Case's office, trying to revive Miss Grosvenor," I replied, wondering if I were in for more searching questions.

But Mr. Almy merely gazed at the desk blotter until Emily appeared.

"I understand you sold a copy of Schuler on Willis yesterday, Miss James," began Mr. Almy.

"Yes, to a young man. He had a brief-case. He seemed to be a law student. I inquired if he wished something in law books. He mentioned Schuler. We had the one copy. I found it at once. He gave me the exact change, one dollar and a half, and took the book without wrapping. He left the shop directly. It was just before ten o'clock, as you can see from this duplicate sales record which I have brought you."

"Very good. Now, Miss James, as you were the one person here who had any dealings with Mr. Grosvenor, will you please describe just what took place between you and him?"

"It was almost nothing," said Miss James. "He stepped from the law-book shelves as I was coming up the aisle with some books for the front shelves, and asked me to turn on the light."

"As you passed up the aisle, did you see the young lady who has been identified as Miss Grosvenor?"

"No. I first saw her when she rushed up the aisle, screaming."

This was all Miss James knew, and it was now lunch time, and I was ordered to come straight back to Mr. Roberts' office after luncheon. And there was Peter ahead of me, alone with Mr. Almy, and I could see a trifle flustered. Mr. Almy began briskly:

"Miss Fuller, Mr. Burton says he was sitting at your desk between ten-thirty and eleven-fifteen yesterday morning, when your chat was interrupted by this applicant from the employment agency, whom you yourself mentioned to me. Can you describe his appearance, Mr. Burton?"

"He was about six feet tall, a big broad-shouldered chap; had fair hair and complexion, and wore a gray sweater and an old soft hat—gray, too, I think."

"I nodded in corroboration. Mr. Almy then asked:

"Did either or both of you see him enter the shipping office?"

"No, you can't see the door from Miss Fuller's desk," answered Peter; "but he did go in."

"How do you know?"

"I heard the time-clock ring almost immediately."

"About what time was that?"

"Well, I came down to the shop about ten-thirty," reflected Peter; "he came in a few minutes later. I guess it was about twenty minutes of eleven."

Mr. Almy plunged his hand into the desk drawer, and next minute spread out a pile of punched time-clock cards.

"Here are yesterday's records," he said. "Look them over. We did 'There's no time, you see, punched on any card between eight-fifty-nine and noon! And furthermore, Mr. Riggs denies positively that any one applied to work for him yesterday."

"What does the employment agency say?" I demanded.

"That they got a request from Dar-row's at nine o'clock, and sent a man up as soon as possible. But he never reported back to them. And I might mention that none of the three clerks in the shop saw him, either."

"Nevertheless," said I, "that man came in just as Mr. Burton described; the time clock rang about ten-forty; and, furthermore, it rang again, ten minutes later."

"That's so, it did," ejaculated Peter, "I remember. I looked at my watch when we heard it."

"There's no record of either of these rings on these cards," said Mr. Almy, positively.

"Well, I can't tell you what didn't happen," said I, rather exasperated. "But I have told you what did."

Nobody said anything for a while. I almost believed that Mr. Almy had been convinced that the time clock had rung, and that Peter and I were deciding it hadn't, when a sudden question came:

"Mr. Burton, were you at all acquainted with Mr. Grosvenor?"

"Not even by sight, sir," answered Peter. "I had never even seen him in the shop, like some of the other employees."

"Or were you acquainted with his granddaughter?"

"Never met her in my life."

"Several people heard her say to you, 'Keep it for me!' Do you know what she meant?"

"I couldn't possibly say," replied Peter, without a tremor, "for she was just on the point of fainting, and seemed to speak almost without consciousness at the act. I thought her mind was elsewhere to tell you the truth. I thought she had lost track

of her surroundings, from the way she looked, so dazed and helpless. She toppled right over before I could reach her."

"I see," said Mr. Almy. We were all silent a moment, then Peter said: "I'd like to ask a question; that is, if there's no harm in it. Is it known yet how that attack on the old gentleman was made?"

"I have a theory," said Mr. Almy. "I think the attack took place from behind the rear of that law alcove. There was no outcry, no struggle, plausible, therefore, to suppose the old man didn't see or hear his assailant. The position in which Diddin found Mr. Grosvenor lying—dead against the bookcase, facing rear—is strange. If some one got behind that alcove, and slashed the old man's right wrist across the back shelf as he was reaching for a book, and was therefore slightly off his balance, he would probably have fallen in just that position. You know there was a large gap on the shelf in front of him, caused by the removal of the big book Diddin found on the floor. That shelf is about four feet above the floor, an easy height for an assassin on an outstretched arm."

"You think the attack was planned out carefully?" I ejaculated in horror.

"Well, all I will say now is that Mr. Grosvenor had evidently been watched and followed. . . . And I've answered your question, Burton."

"Yes, sir," said Peter; "thank you. And as Mr. Almy signified that he needed him no longer, he left the office. When the door was shut."

"Miss Fuller," said Mr. Almy, evidently not despairing of trying to startle some one that afternoon with unexpected questions, "what do you know about Burton taking an apartment yesterday at Fourteen N. mandy terrace?"

"This," I answered: "He and a young—very young—sister were intensely vexed by their father's remarriage; the stepmother is evidently most unsympathetic. Miss Burton, on an impulse, ran away from home with a young man who was after all, the prince, and she then very sensibly to my way of thinking, ran promptly back. The stepmother having finally achieved a wedding herself, was scandalized at the daughter's seeking further for her brother took his sister's part; and the two young folks decided to leave home. They hadn't a place to go, their heads Monday night, until happened to be trying to divert the unhappy damsel with luncheon, Ernesto's, and he chanced to mention that he had an apartment vacant. She is a somewhat impulsive young woman, and took the apartment at Fourteen N. mandy terrace."

Mr. Almy treated himself to a smile, a little one, but a smile notwithstanding.

"You present your case ably," he said; "now, if you have nothing to do, I wish you'd go home."

"Go home! When I have to make a catalogue—"

"Exactly. Make a mental catalogue for ready reference, of all this raw information you've heard today."

Orders had to be carried out, as being of a generous disposition, added a mental questionnaire, for reference, to the catalogue; went as follows:

How did the professor's book-plate, Daisy's testimony had identified him—get into Framingham's "Notes?"

Had Brandon Tower any connection with that law student?

"If so, had he come twice to Burton's for Claribeth's 'Notes'?"

Why had the twice-rung time-clock left no record?

What had become of the man from the employment agency?

**Oregon Student Will  
Go on Science Trip**

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene.—Eugene Callaghan, an outstanding 1926 graduate of the University of Oregon geology department, has been appointed geologist of an expedition which will make an important scientific investigation of the early travels of mankind in Northern Persia.

These backing the expedition hope that in the highlands of Northern Persia may be found evidences of the traverse of early man from his birthplace in Central Asia westward to Europe. Anthropologists, geologists and other scientists will make the expedition. The geological part of the investigation, which is financed by a wealthy Eastern party, is interested in science.

Callaghan did a year of geology work here for his master's degree, won a fellowship at Columbia University.