

Church Notices

ST. CECILIA CHURCH.
Rev. J. M. O'Neill, pastor.
Week-day mass 8:20 a. m.
Sunday masses, 7:45 and 10 a. m.

ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR SEPT. 16.

Church of Christ.

Bible school begins at 9:45 a. m. School has begun and vacation time is over so be sure to start to Sunday school next Sunday. Something new each Sunday.

Preaching and communion service at 11:00. A new series of sermons on the Characteristics of Jesus begins next Sunday. The first one being, "Jesus The Great Physician." Special music.

Christian Endeavor 7:00. Come on young people, we are having a good time social Friday night at 8:00 in the church basement.

The evening service at 8:00. Hear the sermon on "The Inquest of Pharaoh." Also enjoy our special music.

—Oscar A. Cooper, Minister.

NAZARENE CHURCH

Sunday September 16th.
10:00 a. m. Sunday school.
J. L. Holden, Superintendent.
11:00 a. m. Morning Worship.
7:00 p. m. Young Peoples Meeting.
8:00 p. m. Preaching Service.
8:00 p. m. Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.
You have a cordial welcome to attend these services.

—Roy C. Nolt, Pastor.

BETHEL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

All regular services will be held Sunday, both morning and evening. A benefit supper will be given by the Junior Christian Endeavor Society Friday September 21. Admission will be one cent for each year of your age.

Professional Cards

HARE, McALEAR & PETERS

Attorneys-at-Law
Upstairs, Shute Savings Bank Bldg.
Hillsboro, Oregon.

THOS. H. TONGUE, JR., Attorney-at-Law—Notary Public

Office, Commercial Building
Hillsboro, Oregon.

STUDIO BEAUTY SHOP

MRS. J. E. STEPHENS
MARCELLING
Phone 7803

A. M. HOCKENS Contractor & Builder

Any Size Building
Phone 0825 Beaverton

HARDWARE Plumbing and Heating

F. W. BISHOP
Phone 2003 Beaverton, Or.

FOUNTAIN PENS

\$1.50 and up

Dr. A. E. Wilson

Optometrist
Jeweler

STANDARD HARDWARE

New and Second-hand Furniture
ED. HALSTEN
Beaverton, Ore. - - - Phone 4855
We buy for cash any second-hand goods.

CANNING TOMATOES

2c pound
R. ROSSI BEAVERTON

KINTON NEWS

The much talked of picnic of the seven Sunday schools in this district held at Elser's grove Saturday, was a great success. Kinton won a number of the prizes in the races. The winners were: Glenn Pringle, Ivan Bierly, Yuma Dallman, Leo Young. All enjoyed the day and hope to meet at the same place next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bierly and family spent Saturday in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newell, of Portland, were guests of Mrs. Newell's father, S. H. Pomeroy, Sunday.

Emery VanKleck has a new Ford sedan.

Alfred Wenzel, of Portland, spent Friday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. August Wenzel.

Melvin Vandermost, formerly of Kinton, but now of Sandy, was a visitor Saturday, at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Vandermost.

Mrs. L. S. Bierly and daughter Mrs. Ethel McCormick and family returned to their home at Hillsboro, Saturday where they will spend the winter.

T. J. Dorgan returned home Friday from a three weeks visit to the coast.

All ladies in the community are cordially invited to attend the regular meeting of the Kinton Ladies Aid - - - at 1:30 p. m. on September 20. Come out and help tie comforters.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Fricker and family of Portland, were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Chambers returned home Tuesday.

Joseph Wenzel, who spent the week end with his sister, Mrs. Kurt Brune.

Regular services will be held at the church next Sunday. Bible school at 10 o'clock in the morning with sermon by the pastor Rev. W. L. Strange at 11 a. m. Everyone invited to attend.

The road supervisor and crew of men with the caterpillar grader have been doing a good job on the Flat road the past week. The bad curve in front of the Godfrey property has been straightened and the road widened out.

Mrs. E. Hollenbeck of Portland, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. Wingarton, of Sidney, Australia, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Chambers last week.

David and Stanley Beck of Port were week end guests of their aunt Mrs. Robert Pomeroy.

Yeast to Be Studied



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene.—Chemical isolation of a material known as "bios," closely related to vitamins and, possibly, identical with some of them, is the project which Dr. Roger Williams, professor of chemistry at the University of Oregon, will direct under a research fellowship granted by the Fleischman Yeast company. Richard Roehm, Eugene, a senior in chemistry, has been appointed by the graduate council, on the recommendation of Dr. Williams, to assist him in the project next year.

Instead of using animals to test the materials involved in the project, as is done in vitamin research, Dr. Williams will test the effect of the materials on the growth of yeast. Beginning with a yeast extract, he will attempt to get out of that the particular thing which stimulates the great growth of yeast. The project is of great interest to chemists, and has been the purpose of several previous researches.

The Fleischman company has granted similar fellowships to research experts at the University of Chicago and the University of Minnesota. Dr. Williams had a fellowship of this type at the former institution in 1919, and later worked a year with the Fleischman company as research chemist. The fellowship granted him here carries a stipend of \$900.

Dr. Williams is the author of a recent text-book on chemistry, "An Introduction to Organic Chemistry," widely used.

Roehm has been an outstanding student in chemistry here and was recipient of the Bernard Jakway scholarship in chemistry last year.

The Colfax Bookplate

By
AGNES MILLER

WNU Service
© by The Century Co.

"Nor by Charles," answered Julia: "and I always thought he must have known something about them. He's enough older than I am to remember or to have picked up something about my mother."

"Do you know how old you were when she died?"

"Four months old. I was told that by an old colored nurse of mine, who had been in the family for decades, and who had waited on my mother; she also said my mother died of tuberculosis. She took care of me only when I was very tiny, for she was sent home to Virginia for telling me as much as that. My suspicions about the book were nothing but suspicions; yet I was so distressed and vexed that I just made up my mind to go to Richmond myself, and look at that book, and see what was so interesting about it!"

"So I went. I wanted to avoid Charles, so I decided not to go to the auction, but to the exhibition room early in the day. And there, first thing, I nearly ran straight into him! Gracious! I was frightened! But there was a large showcase not far from where he was standing beside the counter, so I waited behind that until he should leave. I saw him looking at a book very carefully; I couldn't, of course, see what book it was, but I watched him closely, and . . . I saw him trying to pry the bookplate off with his finger nail! And then I heard him order the clerk to take a bid from him, for Clarithew's 'Notes,' up to five hundred dollars, for he said he couldn't attend the auction."

"That was curious, after he went down especially to accommodate your grandfather," remarked Mr. Almy.

"Not at all, if you knew him," said Julia, coolly. "He has many friends in Richmond, really a large social circle. He didn't want to go down solely on account of that book, I assure you. And five hundred dollars! Judging from what little I know about some of the prices my grandfather paid for similar books, it wasn't worth one hundred! He might well have been sure he would get it. Then he went out, and I went and asked for the book, to examine it. And when I got it, I almost fainted. It didn't have a real bookplate in it at all!"

"No," said I, "it had a drawing that would deceive almost anybody but an artist."

"It was a wonderfully skillful piece of work," said Julia. It seemed very strange to me that anyone would make a drawn bookplate, unless for some special book, in event, perhaps, of accident to the metal plate from which the regular bookplates were engraved. I wondered what there was about that very queer bookplate that made my two relatives so anxious to conceal it from me. I was distracted; I hadn't an idea what to do, until I heard a voice asking for that book. It was Mr. Burton's; I recognized it at the auction. It gave me my idea.

"Charles wasn't going to the sale; some one else was interested in the book. I then and there resolved to go to the auction in the faint hope that some one might outbid Charles. In that event, I resolved to find out who it was, and keep track of the book until I could either learn the truth about it or perhaps even buy it. If Charles succeeded in getting the book, I felt sure I'd have little chance of ever seeing it again. I can't tell you how his attitude and my grandfather's terrified me! The rest of the story you know, for Mr. Burton got the book."

"A very clear, interesting account of your experiences, Miss Grosvenor!" said Mr. Almy. "I'm much obliged to you, and I shouldn't trouble you further today if I can help it. May I just use your telephone a moment, if you please?"

The door closed on him. My real chance to speak to Julia Grosvenor had come at last.

"Yes," I said quietly, "Peter Burton got that book; and I know why, and so do you. It was for your sake. It was to help you out of a difficulty he didn't understand at all. He did it out of pure chivalry, because he knew you were in great need of just that service. You can see he has not broadcast his deed, either. Mr. Almy's source of information about Richmond is the clerk from the galleries. And ever since that purchase, Peter has been in no end of hot water."

Julia groaned—moved, indeed, far beyond what I had expected.

"What has happened?" she gasped. "Mr. Darrow was furious over the price, to begin with, Peter Burton bore the blame in silence. The legu society which had ordered the book—for which Peter ostensibly bought it—then refused it. Then your recog-

nition of him in the shop on Monday caused a great deal of comment, which he entirely ignored. He is not in the best of spirits; but if I know Peter Burton—he has known him seven years—he is seeing this thing through without flinching. So I can't help hoping you'll finish your story, Miss Grosvenor; tell us all you know about the mystery surrounding your grandfather's death; clear yourself of suspicion, for suspicion does hang over you. Oh, don't make a poor return for the unswerving confidence shown in you by this week of silence and suffering!"

Julia's face was blanched, her breath came in gasps. At first she could not speak; when she finally raised her eyes from the floor, they were again full of tears.

"Oh," she whispered huskily, "but you don't know how poor my best return would be—"

She was interrupted. A latch key



Charles MacIvor Stood Before Us.

sounded in the front door. Charles MacIvor stood before us.

But before he could speak, Mr. Almy had stepped back into the room. So Mr. MacIvor, on taking me in, had no opportunity to comment on the presence in "his" house of one he had ordered out of it the previous evening, though from his expression, he was not pleased. Julia grew very uneasy, but Mr. Almy, placid and self-possessed, inquired politely what was wanted.

"I came to see my cousin on personal matters," said MacIvor, coldly. "By which," Mr. Almy responded, "you mean that bookplate you want out of Clarithew's 'Notes.' There it is, look at it."

Taken aback as MacIvor was by this unexpected answer, he could not restrain his eagerness to see the bookplate. He snatched it breathlessly from the other man's hand, and like Julia, turned it over, only to see the blank back. In stupefaction, he stared at it fully half a minute, then turned on his cousin, white with rage and badly frightened, but attempting to conceal his fright under bluster.

"Thought you'd get ahead of me again, did you?"

"I don't know what you mean, Charles," said Julia.

"Likely story! Got the bookplate through your new confidante, Miss Fuller, did you? I don't think you'd arouse all her sympathies if you told her your whole story."

"Miss Fuller brought me the bookplate because she knew I had an interest in it," cried Julia, aroused. "I have as much right to it as you have!"

Charles opened his eyes. "As much!" he echoed; "as much!" He looked at her hard, studying her. "How much is that?" She looked back at him innocently.

"I know you and grandfather both wanted that book, Clarithew's 'Notes,'" she said quietly, "and I know I wasn't allowed to go and get it, so I suspect that there may be something about it you don't want me to know."

"What?"

Her natural sincerity gave her away. "I don't know," she admitted. "You don't know!" repeated Charles, triumphantly. "You just implied it was the bookplate. Be careful, Julia; you're stumbling. What was it about the bookplate that interested you?"

I felt he was testing her to see how much she knew. I glanced at Mr. Almy, imploring him silently to stop the questioning, but he did not seem to. Julia looked at her cousin, affronted.

"Perhaps it was the same thing that interested you, when you tried to pry it off the cover in the exhibition room at Richmond!" she flung at him.

He almost sprang out of his seat. "You were there, were you?" he cried. "Spying on me?"

"I have as much right in any exhibition room as any one!" cried Julia. "Don't dare speak to me that way! Why were you so interested in the bookplate yourself?"

"You'll never know that!" sneered her cousin. "And a lot of good the bookplate has done you, hasn't it? Keep it!" He gave it one final appraising glance and flung it on the table.

"I will keep it," returned Julia, calmly; "or, rather, Miss Fuller will. She has charge of it." And she handed it to me.

His suspicious blazed up again.

"You've been lying to me! That bookplate's not all there! The idea of pretending you don't know what I'm talking about!"

"It," said Julia, reflectively, "taking all our circumstances into consideration, part of the bookplate is not there, according to your judgment, and if there is something secret about it which I must not know because it would be to my advantage and against yours, I guess that you were expecting to find down at Richmond some document which would give me a right to part of the estate!"

"So this is why you've been in cahoots with all that gang at Darrow's—Burton, and his sister, and this woman. Anybody else?" he stormed.

"I haven't an idea what you mean!" cried Julia.

"You've been working against me, after the special kindness I showed you!" The emphasis in his words was deadly.

Julia gave a start, and looked frightened, but did not reply. Mr. Almy, however, broke promptly in: "Special kindness! Since it suits your taste to refer to such a thing,

Where, oh where had I heard of elick before? Last night, in that room? Could it have been that animism of the shaft and the which I confused with a hammer or a trigger? I caught Charles MacIvor's eye; he was glancing at me unphantly; he read my thought, strictly I glanced at Julia, and was looking at me imploringly, as if to beg me not to misjudge her, though that instrument must have been in her hand before she came from the shadows, snatched up to receive the intruder, who she did know was her cousin. Yet I had noticed either of them. That snick was beating on my brain, source, that small brass box, in Darrow's; I had heard that of before, not once, but often! I heard it at 10:40 that fateful Monday previous, when the shippping-pilefanc ran in, and again ten minutes later, at 7:20 Thursday evening, also at 10:15—that elick, which I knew was not the time-clock, and though it had sounded. All in stunted minute these facts flashed across my mind. Then Mr. Almy spoke. He was turning the flat on the top of the box up and down and at intervals snapping the trigger. He tapped the screw:

"This is a depth-gauge. It registers the depth which these knives of theirs can make a deep incision or slight scratch, as desired. Sixteen 'em, eh? And all grouped together. This is a beautiful little instrument. Julia shivered.

"Paris, eighteen-twenty-five," Mr. Almy, slowly, deciphering a tiny letters along one edge of the which he turned to the "Paris" instrument is evidently used for as-fying, MacIvor; belongs to the of bloodletting. Your grandfather's was it?"

"Yes! It's a spring-lancet." "Now, how did it get into Darrow's so that you should have to go after it?" wondered Mr. Almy, paying no attention to the defiant tone. "Fuller, what were you doing with that spring-lancet in your desk?"

"It never was in my desk!" I protested.

"But you say you saw Mr. MacIvor at your desk Thursday night, and says he went to Darrow's to get a spring-lancet."

"It never was in the desk!" I peated firmly; "but it was under the desk. When I sat down there that early that evening, I pulled up the far in, to settle down. It was the time in three days I had been able to do so without fear of interruption, since Monday I had merely waited a few minutes there as I was habitually rising to look up references and material. Well, as I pulled up the chair in that time, I distinctly touched the hammer of the lancet. It must have been under the desk!"

Julia began to tremble violently. Her cousin said with triumph: "There! You've given your word away. I can't protect you any longer. I saw you in Darrow's Monday morning, Julia, in the history alcove, saw grandfather in the medical alcove in front of you. I was in the left-hand aisle under the gallery, didn't want to see what might be in your desk. My foot must have touched the hammer of the lancet. So I helped you, again, by clearing out."

"What time were you there?" demanded Julia.

"Ten o'clock. I left within five minutes of entering the shop, and straight to my Spanish lesson, remaining there until twelve o'clock."

"Yes; and to ask questions I showed me you thought maybe I grasped the fact that you and grandfather both wanted that book!" read him about, the week before, returned Julia, scornfully. "What the first time you suggested maybe had been after it in Darrow's, maybe I had it!"

"It was at that time," Charles continued implacably, "that you told where the spring-lancet was! I went and got it for you, asking for a single question. I've also offered financial assistance. In return, you try to get me in bad with the police to direct suspicion from yourself?"

"What do you mean?"

"To distract the authorities' attention from the fact that you went to get this deadly weapon from Darrow's, from its hiding place which is known to you, you suggest that I been trying to steal something from

"That D—d Sneak, Case!" He Shouted. MacIvor, you'll not mind saying if you mean that trip you made to Darrow's Thursday night?"

Charles MacIvor sprang from his chair. "That d—d sneak Case!" he shouted. "So he's a friend of yours too, is he, Julia?"

"He certainly is—a good one!" cried Julia, outraged. "You shan't speak so of him! He was here today to offer me the aid refused me by the men of my own family—and he a stranger! He said he knew you, he'd seen you off and on all your life; he warned me against you! And he did right!"

"He warned you against me, did he? And he told the police I broke into Darrow's late at night to steal, I suppose, by way of helping you?"

"No," interposed Mr. Almy, suavely. "Mr. Case did not mention the circumstance."

MacIvor turned violently on his cousin. "Then you did! You're the one person who knew I was going, and you knew well why! For your own safety, you try to betray me, do you?"

"Charles," Julia denied, "I did not say one word about it!"

"Do you expect me to believe that? Who did, then?"

"I did," said I, boldly, "I saw you at my desk, from where I was standing in the north gallery!"

"Then it's a conspiracy against me, in behalf of you, is it?" shouted the infuriated MacIvor to his cousin.

"Very well, then it's time for me to explain why I went to Darrow's. Here's the reason!"

Headless of her cry, of her hand stretched out to stop him, he dashed to the rear of the room, threw open one of the glass-doored bookcases, and snatched a small object from a lower shelf.

"That's what I went to get!" he cried, and flung it on the table, while Julia, overcome by his fury, sank back and covered her face with her hands.

Mr. Almy picked up the small object. It was a cube-shaped brass box, the bases of which were about an inch and a half square. He revolved it slowly in his hand, and we could see it from every angle. From the top protruded a thick black metal shaft nearly an inch in length, out of a wide slot about half the length of the base. Beside this shaft, in the very center of the top, was a flat black screw that stood out perhaps a quarter of an inch on the round base of its own, sunk into the box. On the side of the box, just below the shaft, was a small black lever projecting from a small slot. And on the bottom, as he slowly turned it toward me, I saw—a pattern of slots which I instantly recognized! Straight across the bottom base they ran, in just the formation I had seen elsewhere, clinking for me that conviction which had instantly sprung to my mind as Mr. Almy picked up the instrument; I had seen it on the bookplate in miniature; I had seen the pattern of these slots on my yellow note!