10 MAJOR PROJECTS IN "BUILD OREGON" CAMPAIGN GIVEN

PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 9.—R. S. Hamilton, Bend, Ore., president of the Oregon state chamber of commerce, announced yesterday the ten major projects recommended by the policies and projects committee of the board of directors in connection with the "Build Oregon" program for 1930. They follow:

1. Expansion of land settlement program to increase the number of families coming into Oregon to 500 per month; standardization and improvement of the agricultural products; advancement of irrigation and reclamation projects.
2. To hold business, agricultural and industrial conferences.
3. To cooperate in the establishment of adequate airports and landing fields, study the trade areas, expansion of the Los Angeles office. Encouragement of fisheries and woodworking industries.
4. To keep in close touch with legislative matters.
5. To urge the use of Oregon posters and stamps on all outgoing mail.
6. To assist in the conservation, exploitation and development of natural resources.
7. To create and offer organization service to all local chambers of commerce.
8. Publication of information directory of Oregon's 922 cities and towns, bringing all agricultural and industrial data to date.
9. National advertising calculated to direct tourists and visitors to Oregon; publication of a series of Oregon circle tours and dissemination of business information through Oregon Business.
10. Cooperation with established agencies seeking to make a more equitable distribution of taxes.

The report stated that all projects now under way should be carried to completion and that the state chamber should plan for sound development and expansion of agriculture, industry, trade and commerce.

OREGON QUINTET DOWNS STARTERS IN FAST BATTLE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

CORVALLIS, Ore., Feb. 8.—University of Oregon's fast basketball quintet, taking a big spurt in the second frame, defeated Oregon State, 34-27, here last night. It was 13-13 at half time. But Jean Eberhart, Oregon's lanky center, shortly after the second frame started, went on a scoring spree and soon ran the score up to 26 to 17. It was one of the fastest games of the season to date. Fouls were frequent. Both Eberhart and Horner of Oregon were put out on fouls. Seventeen were charged against Oregon and 15 against the stalers. Oregon made more of its free chances good, however, scoring 12 points by that route to the Orangemen's nine.

The victory gave Oregon an even break in conference games with four victories and four defeats, while Oregon State drops down a notch with four and six.

The third game of the present series will be played at Eugene tonight.

Huskies Beat Vandals

MOSCOW, Ida., Feb. 8.—The leading University of Washington's basketball team increased its lead another game in the conference race here last night, when they defeated Idaho, 35 to 26, in a hotly contested game. The score stood 14 to 12 in the Huskies' favor at the half. With 12 minutes to go the Vandals were leading 21 to 18, but the Huskies settled down and soon took a safe lead. Another game will be played here tonight.

LOUD SPEAKER OF CHURCH TO BE PUT OUTSIDE OF CITY

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

OREGON CITY, Ore., Feb. 9.—Rather than dismantle the new $1,500 public address system, the Church of Christ congregation has decided to move the 95-foot tower and apparatus to outside the city limits to escape the anti-loud speaker ordinance passed by the city council last week.

The Rev. A. C. Baker, pastor of the church, said the church's loud speaker was the forerunner to a $10,000 broadcasting station to be erected as soon as government license was obtained.

The city council passed the ordinance despite the protest of 1,200 residents of Oregon City. Rev Mr. Baker said he had not abandoned entirely thoughts of testing the validity of the ordinance in the "highest courts of the land".

SHOOTS WIFE AND GIRL THEN HIMSELF

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

BOSTON, Feb. 9.—Clarence Trefry, Malden auto repairman, whose wife and four-year-old daughter were found by neighbors in their home late last night with fractured skulls, walked into a sporting goods store today, chose a rifle, fitted a bullet into it, and, as the clerk turned his back, shot himself to death. Mrs. Trefry and her daughter are in a Malden hospital. Little hope is held for the girl's recovery.

RUSH ON TO GOLD STRIKE IN ALASKA

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

FAIRBANKS, Alaska, Feb. 9.—Recalling the days of the early stampedes, rugged prospectors from the lower Yukon regions are rushing to the Ruby district 225 miles west of Fairbanks where a rich gold strike had been reported on Wolf, Poorman and Beaver creeks, about 50 miles southwest of Ruby.

The pay streak on Beaver creek, a short stream only eight miles long, was said to be especially rich, running as high as six dollars to the foot, and in some instances turning out a dollar and twenty cents to the pan. It was estimated that the gold bearing dirt was at least 60 feet wide and not less than a mile long.

The discovery has converted Ruby, a struggling if hopeful mining camp, into a bee-hive of activity. Business is booming with miners continually outfitting and setting forth for the new diggings, confident that a new Eldorado has been found.

FIRE DESTROYS 5 FRENCH ARMORIES

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

PARIS, Feb. 9.—Five big armories burned to the ground and hundreds of oxygen tanks roared like big guns at the Vincennes arsenal on the eastern edge of Paris yesterday. Not a single powder magazine exploded although fire was all around them.

The loss was estimated at $3,000,000 but may be much greater as buildings collapsed on artillery stocks.

Despite the bombardment which lasted from late at night into the forenoon the only casualty was one fireman who was slightly gassed.

Troops cleared inhabitants from a wide area around the arsenal as a precaution against any explosion in the powder magazines.

$4,250,000 HOSPITAL FOR ELITE OF N. Y.

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—The folks who live on Parke avenue and travel in high society are soon to have a hospital where they can be sick in the manner in which they are accustomed to live when well.

The Doctors' hospital, housed in a $4,250,000 structure overlooking the East river at 87th street, will open its doors next week. But its clientele will be quite restricted. There will be no charity ward, no white enamel bed, and prunes will be taboo.

Each of its 264 private rooms will have a rug on the floor, chintz at the windows and individual bath and ice box. Rooms will rent from $8 to $45 a day. There also will be 32 rooms on one of its 14 floors operated as a hotel for the convenience of relatives and friends of patients who wish to be with them during illness. Also there will be a restaurant, presided over by a French chef, a barber shop, tailor, telegraph office, news stand and what not.

Stockholders included 400 social registerites. On its medical board will be 182 physicians and surgeons—and not an interne will be allowed.

COLORADO PRISON WARDEN COLLAPSES

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

CANON CITY, Colo., Feb. 8.—With the collapse of Warden F. E. Crawford, stricken suddenly ill last night and taken to a hospital for treatment, the military rule of Col. Patrick J. Harmock tightened at the state penitentiary.

Warden Crawford's illness seized him at his office where he was working on disciplinary data to be given to Col. Hamrock. Taken hurriedly to the Holmes hospital, Dr. R. E. Holmes, his physician, said the warden was suffering from congestion of the lungs, aggravated by the strain of overwork at the penitentiary. His condition was pronounced serious but not dangerous.

Today some of Col. Hamrock's stern edicts in force at the penitentiary were: Strict news censorship; positive precautions against smuggling of weapons and narcotics in the prison; absolutely no visitors within the walls and segregation of whites and negroes within the prison.

LOVE-MARRIAGE LECTURE BANNED

WICHITA, Kan., Feb. 9.—The advertised "love lecture" of Patrick Mack and Dr. James Rose, supplemented by "right living models" recruited locally, won't be staged here, a committee headed by Police Chief O. W. Wilson decided today after members had viewed a performance "for men only."

Managers and girls, police declared, were jailed and fined at Denver recently following a raid on the "lecture" purporting to be educational concerning love and marriage. Copies of "The Nature Book" are sold at performances.

Wilson said the committee decided there was "nothing new or valuable" about the lecture and refused to sanction its appearance here.

AWARDED GOLD MEDAL

The J. R. Watkins company is awarded grand prize with gold medal at International Exposition, Paris, for highest quality spices and vanilla.—Adv.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand.

A Kiss for Corinna

By MAY CHRISTIE

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Denise Van Wyck, bored with the life of a debutante, and Corinna Dugan, beauty parlor operator, are both in love with Malvey Craig, a clerk in the employ of Denise's uncle, Mr. Crisswell. However, only the lack of enough money prevents Malvey from asking Corinna to marry him. And although Corinna knows that he is in love with her she cannot help being jealous of Denise, who is pursuing Malvey. Realizing that Malvey undoubtedly prefers Corinna to herself, Denise asks her uncle to help her. As luck would have it, Malvey is sent to the Crisswell residence on important business, and Denise takes care to impress Malvey with the fact that she is a "womanly woman." Her uncle sends them into the library when he is finished talking business with Malvey, and Denise is quick to grab her opportunity.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER 37.

"Uncle has taken a great liking to you," said Denise Van Wyck, Malvey sat beside her on the deep settee in the drawing room. "One lump or two?" The sugar tongs were gracefully poised in her hand above the gleaming silver of the tea-table.

Malvey smiled inwardly. A queer simile flitted through his mind, of Aesop's crow who was seduced to sing with a lump of sugar in its beak. Wasn't he rather in the position of that bird just now? Something of the sort was certainly expected of him.

But such reflections were not gallant. And the arch little flatterer had an innocent malvete that took him back from metaphorical flights.

He got his tea—much too sweet for his liking—and some French pastisserie just about as saccharine as Denise's speech.

For it was in that young woman's credo that there is no compliment, however bare-faced and exaggerated, that a man will not swallow greedily and credulously, if offered by a very pretty girl.

This "line" did not apply to such as Natâlie de Santalvos, who was rather homely-looking. Men always suspected an ulterior motive when a plain woman served the flattery, Denise thought. Made them afraid of being "caught" . . .

"Good heavens! I've an appointment to meet Natalie at that dress-show on Madison avenue at 5," remembered Denise. Best not speak about it now, for fear the mention of an engagement might make Malvey take his leave. . . .

On the other hand, the run up to town tete-a-tete with him in the limousine would give her further opportunities. . . .

He was chatting pleasantly on a variety of topics. But any moment her uncle—when he had perused that financial report to his final satisfaction—might summon Malvey back into the library.

"You must often run out here," suggested Denise. "You know I'm giving a big coming-out party. The grounds are to be illuminated . . . we're having a special open-air dance platform set out under the birches . . . a band from town, of course. . . . I'm thinking of a floating cocktail-bar in the middle of the swimming-pool . . ."

He laughed indulgently. This spoiled young favorite of fortune! Only had to command, and everything came to her.

There was a subtle flattery in the fact that she was laying herself out to be especially nice to him. He felt it all the more in that Corinna had been "queer" of late.

The last two times he'd tried to get in touch with Corinna, she had curtly informed him she was very busy . . . indeed, it almost seemed she was avoiding him.

An incident had occurred, too, that had upset him. That Van Tuyl fellow had dropped into the office to have a chat with Mortimer. Fragments of conversation had drifted through the open glass partition, in disjointed fashion. Malvey couldn't help overhearing the name of Corinna Dugan mentioned more than once.

Some party was afoot.

Was Corinna like all the rest of women, who could be weaned away and dazzled by cold cash?

Hadn't he rather neglected her of late, what with the press of business on the Stock Exchange, his evening classes, not forgetting that party at the Countess de Santalvos'? Maybe Corinna had a right to be a little cool to him. . . .

Denise snuggled down into the sofa near him, one exquisitely stockinged leg dangling, the other foot tucked cosily beneath her in little-girl fashion. She looked extraordinarily young.

"Are you fond of horseback riding?" she was asking him. "Because I've two gees down here who are simply eating their heads off for lack of exercise—my groom complains a lot about it—it's lonely for me taking a canter on my own—and I'd be glad of your company."

"I used to ride a lot when I was a boy," said Malvey simply. "But now I haven't got the time, or—" —honestly—"the money to afford it."

"You could borrow Mortimer's togs any old time." Her eyes ran over him in swift approval. "Mortimer's so darn lazy he won't go in for even the mildest sport."

Just at that moment, Gieves, the butler, opened the drawing-room door, and in the aperture appeared none other than Natalie de Santalvos.

At the unwelcome interruption Denise could have slain her so-called friend!

"Ha! ha! You here?" giggled the intruder, rolling her small and near-set eyes at Malvey, archly. "Thought you were one of the world's hard workers, and not a squire of dames!"

He flushed and rose immediately. He would make his excuses quickly and get away from the house.

So, after greeting her, he said: "If you'll pardon me I'll go in to Mr. Crisswell now and get those papers—" He pulled out his watch and added: "I'll just manage to make the 3:45."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," exclaimed the brazen Natalie, putting a predatory hand on the young man's sleeve. "I shall be frightfully offended if you run away whenever I arrive. You came to my party, and now to entertain me for a little while is only tit for tat."

What could one say to that?

"I must get back to the office . . ."

"My car is at the door, complete with chauffeur who drives as fast as a fiend! I came down to take Denise with me. The three of us will be in New York much sooner than the old train."

"Yes, we'll drop you at the subway," chirruped the little hostess. "You finish your tea. You'll have a cup, won't you, Natalie?"

"I'll have a drink," said Natalie with a loud laugh. "And make it peppy. I like your English posse, my child. You look very pure and domesticated drooping over the teacups."

With that, she dumped on the table a leather-covered something she was carrying, giving another excited squeal over it.

"Guess what this is. I just bought it. Never intended to for a moment, but the salesman was the best-looking young man! I'm susceptible to good looks—nearly as bad as Denise when it comes to a handsome, persuasive young chap."

She plumped down boisterously on the sofa, playfully dragging Malvey with her, and pushed her package onto his lap.

"Am I supposed to look?" He felt awkward between the two young women.

"Go on. See what's inside. We'll have more fun with it than a circus."

From its leather case he pulled out a small cine-kodak.

"I drove here the moment I fell for it, to practice with Denise. There's a 100-foot film in it, all ready. What do you say we start right now, while the light's favorable?"

Denise's annoyance over the intrusion began to melt at this suggestion. Malvey and she—the hero and heroine of a movie-drama!

They went out on the lawn, but Denise insisted that was much too public . . . much too near the house.

"Let's get farther off where we can't be spied on. Down towards the sea."

Then, after a few minutes' searching for the right spot, they stopped in a small, sunlit clearing. "Here! This'll do," cried Natalie. "Take your positions."

She focused the camera on Denise and Malvey, with much giggling.

"Now," she exclaimed, "I expect you two to do some heavy emoting . . .!"

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To Be Continued.

"THE HORSE AWAITS WITHOUT" HISSED LORD DUZZLEBURT

"If you ask me," replied Aletia coldly, "you seem to have brought the hoarse in with you. The hoarseness of your voice repels me, sir! If you wish me to go buggy-riding with you, you'd better change to OLD GOLDS.

"When my heart leaves me, it will go to the man who smokes this queen-leaf cigarette. There's not a throat-scratch in a trillion."

FASTEST GROWING CIGARETTE IN HISTORY...NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

On your Radio OLD GOLD—PAUL WHITEMAN HOUR. Paul Whiteman and complete orchestra, every Tuesday, 9 to 10 p. m., Eastern Standard Time.

EX-BANKING CZAR OF IDAHO REGION GETS PRISON TERM

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

LEWISTON, Idaho, Feb. 9.—Ernest Weinas, confessed bank forger, was sentenced yesterday to serve seven to fourteen years in prison.

Weinas returned here from Fort Worth, Texas, after having been a fugitive from justice for nine years, pleaded guilty to taking $76,365 in funds of the Union State bank at Nez Perce, Idaho, of which he was an official.

In addition, his wife declared recently, he took $50,000 of her money before deserting her and fleeing while officers were waiting to arrest him for criminal activities at the bank.

The "kaiser of Nez Perce", as he was called, ruled that little town with a hand of iron until he began to play the stock market. The bank forgeries followed. He fled to Fort Worth, took the name of Wyman, and established a thriving automobile business. Justice overtook him after a tourist happened to notice the resemblance to the fugitive and notified police. He waived preliminary hearing, pleaded guilty today, and sentence was imposed by District Judge Miles S. Johnson.

Meanwhile his wife took in boarders at Spokane to support herself. She was arrested recently for making home brew. Her boarders desired it, she said, so she made it for them, as they were her only means of support. At that time she denounced the man who had deserted her.

PLANE LIBERATES GIRL MAROONED BY ICE FOR MONTHS

NOME, Alaska, Feb. 8.—Released at last from the icy bonds of Arctic Siberia, Miss Marion Swenson, Seattle high school girl, who has been marooned for months on the fur trading ship Nanuk at North Cape, Siberia, arrived at Teller, Alaska, yesterday in an airplane piloted by Captain Pat Reid, Canadian pilot.

Accompanying Miss Swenson were her father, Olaf Swenson, head of the company which owns the Nanuk, and Captain Nilovzorov, master of the Russian ship Stavropol, also locked in the ice at North Cape. The Swensons are enroute to their home in Seattle.

Captain Reid made the trip in one of the Fairchild planes sent north to engage in the search for Carl Ben Eielson and Earl Borland. American aviators lost November 9 while attempting to fly from Teller to the Nanuk. He intended to fly back to Siberia with a large quantity of gasoline so that planes now at North Cape could continue their trips to the lagoon 99 miles southeast of the Nanuk, where the wreckage of the Eielson-Borland plane was found recently.

A message received from the Nanuk yesterday revealed that Harold Gillam, who made a flight to the wrock and return, found the searching party working under new difficulties. Recent storms had piled additional snowdrifts around the battered plane, he said.

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Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L

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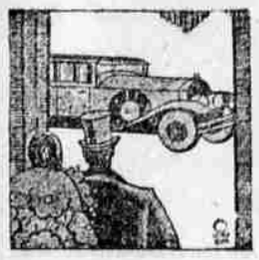

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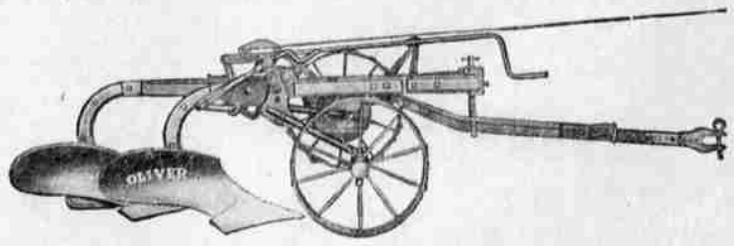

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Creomulsion is guaranteed satisfactory in the treatment of coughs from colds, bronchitis and minor forms of bronchial irritations, and is excellent for building up the system after colds or flu. Money refunded if not relieved after taking according to directions. Ask your druggist. (adv.)

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FOR THE COUGH FROM COLDS THAT HANG ON