

FOOD SPECIALS FOR THE WEEK-END IN EUGENE MARKETS

REFRIGERATOR AID FOR SUMMER TIME

The automatic refrigerator has opened new possibilities in the way of chilled salads, particularly soothing to summer appetites. Here are two good salads which will relieve the monotony of the usual summer meals, and tickle the palates of the entire family.

Shrimp and Cucumber Salad
2 1/2 teaspoons gelatine.
1 1/2 cup cold water.
1 cup boiling water.
1 teaspoon sugar.
1-8 cup vinegar.

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Saturday Special
PEPPERMINT CHEWS—
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7th & Willamette
Double Stamps with Special.

2 tablespoons lemon juice.
1 teaspoon salt.
Few drops onion juice.
2-3 cup shrimp, cut in small pos.
Soak the gelatine in cold water for five minutes, then dissolve it in the boiling water. Add the sugar, vinegar, lemon juice, salt, then cool. When thickened slightly arrange alternate layers of jelly and the shrimp and cucumber mixture in individual molds. Chill in the automatic refrigerator. Serve on shredded lettuce leaves. Garnish with mayonnaise dressing. Eight servings.

Salmon Salad in Mold
2 cups red salmon (canned)
1 1/2 tablespoons salt.
1 1/2 tablespoons sugar.
1 1/2 tablespoons flour.
1 teaspoon mustard.
Few grains cayenne pepper.
2 egg yolks.
1 1/2 tablespoons melted butter.
1/2 cup milk.
1/2 cup vinegar.
2 tablespoons gelatine.
2 tablespoons cold water.
Remove bones from salmon and separate in flakes. Mix dry ingredients above, add yolks of eggs, butter, milk and vinegar. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and pour hot mixture over it. Add salmon and stir until dissolved, fill individual molds. Chill in automatic refrigerator. Serve with cucumber sauce. Eight servings.

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LOVE FOR TWO

RUTH DEWEY GROVES © 1926 By NEA Service Inc.

CHAPTER VIII

ROD looked helplessly over at Bertie Lou. Her eyes were filled with an eagerness he could not mistake. Still, he hardly knew what to say. The proposition had been shot at him with disconcerting suddenness, and life didn't move that way in Wayville. He supposed Tom had acquired the manner in New York.

"You sure are speedy in the big city, aren't you?" he said, seeking time. Then it occurred to him that he'd have to talk the matter over with Bertie Lou in private before he gave Tom an answer.

"That's how we get there," Tom snapped back at him. "Rappos: we go up to our rooms after dinner and I'll tell you what's on my mind while the girls and Bittles have a game of bridge."

That suited Rod; that is, with certain modifications. She decided to show Bertie Lou and Lila her French underwear. Instead of modeling through with the rules on "normal expectancy" and "quick tricks." The men could have the sitting room.

The dinner was finished in an air of subdued excitement. Bertie Lou could hardly sit still in her chair. But Rod, she knew, was undecided. She could see doubt in his face. She felt a little like shaking him. Couldn't he see what a wonderful opportunity Tom was offering him?

Lila sat in silence. The food tasted of ashes. She'd never before been quite so sorry before that she'd turned Rod down.

New York! Her father flatly refused to support her if she went to the city. And Lila preferred not to tell. But some day she'd meet Tom—a traveling salesman, probably, who would take her away to the land of skyscrapers. It was a little galling, though, to have the man she'd least expected make the grade getting there ahead of her, and taking another girl with him.

But then, on second thought, what would Rod amount to in New York? Tom couldn't have so much to offer him. Lila perked up. Let him go. And she'd come along later with her moneybags, whoever he might be, and show them she hadn't been left at the post.

She was unusually gay the rest of the evening. Which puzzled Bertie Lou, who was not accustomed to exaggerated flights of fancy. She'd spread out her finery on the bed, and while her guests exclaimed over it and admired her taste until she was perfectly satisfied Tom went into the details of his offer to Rod. Mr. Stiles had excused himself.

The salary was, of course, better than he was receiving at present. Rod was impressed by it. There was some small doubt of his ability to take over the duties of accountant in Fraser's firm, but Tom thought he could work into it all right. Tom was a real friend. He'd always been so to Rod, and he wanted to give him a chance.

"But my future here looks pretty good," Rod told him. "I hope to have a junior partnership with Meeks and Son some day—go into business for myself—certified accountant."

"H'm, in Wayville? Well, suppose that turns out to be what you really want to do, won't you be better off with a little city experience? A fellow doesn't know life until he's shaken the home soil off his shoes."

"Anyway it's fine of you to make me the offer," Rod evaded. "I appreciate it, Tom. Let me think it over a while, will you?"

"I'm going back to New York day after tomorrow," Tom replied. "Have to give me an answer before I leave. The man in the job now quits on the first; if you turn it down I'll have to promote Markson. He'll be under you if you accept. Don't be afraid of it, Rod. You'll make good, and we'll know we've got an honest man working for us. Everybody will be happy. Bertie Lou especially. Warned up to it plenty, didn't she?"

But how could he be stampeded. He'd never thought of leaving Wayville. All his plans for the future centered in the little place. His parents—Bertie Lou's. The people they had known all their lives. All were bonds that could not be easily broken.

"It isn't that I'm tired of Wayville, Rod, boy," she explained. "But we can't get ahead here. You know that. Look at those accounts. Why, it will be years and years before we can have enough money to build on the

heights. And this flat is—well, it's hot and it's noisy and dusty. If they'd pave the cross street—"

She paused to kiss the lobe of his ear. Rod was silent. An Indian summer night made the room close. Bertie Lou ran a hand across his hair with a touch as light as a thistle-down.

"Wouldn't it be great to live near the water? Tank swimming makes me sick. And we could get an apartment in a tall building, a nice cool one. Molly says rent is high in New York but with the salary Tom offered you we wouldn't be paying any more than we are here. It takes a fifth of what you make for this place. And for a fifth of \$63 a week we ought to get a swell apartment in New York."

And so it went, far into the night. In weariness Rod gave up. After all, it wasn't a bad proposition. A lot of fellows he knew would be tickled to death to get it.

Wayville gave them a great send-off. Everybody they knew came in to say goodbye to them and turned the occasion into an excuse for a party. Rod began to feel important. And Bertie Lou was the envy of all the girls.

They stored their furniture in Bertie Lou's old home and left money to pay for having it packed when the time came to send it to them. We'll find a place in a day or so," Bertie Lou told her mother.

Rod was over at his mother's, having a long talk with her. She was opposed to his going away and Rod knew she blamed Bertie Lou for his decision. He was trying to talk her out of that.

"Why, Ma, I'd be a fool to let this chance go by. I look at Tom. He's got a good job. It won't be long before I'll be coming back home on a visit and having a brassband meet me at the depot."

"I don't know, son, I don't know," his mother said weakly. She'd not been well all summer and was much less lively now than she had been when Bertie Lou hid a treacherous note on her bosom the day she was married.

Rod's heart ached at parting from her. "Seems to me you were pretty well fixed with Meeks and Son. You had nice home, even if it was only a rented flat. And you could have come here to live if you'd wanted to," she added.

Rod did not tell her that living with relatives was one of the things Bertie Lou had said firmly she would not do. "The flat was all right," he said. "A fellow ought to have a home of his own, though. We'll find a place in a day or so."

"I hope Tom's paying me well. We'll be able to save a lot of money in no time on \$65 a week."

"It sounds like an awful big salary, son. But you and Bertie Lou aren't the saving kind, I'm afraid. She spent more than she should on parties and such like. I tried to tell her once—"

"—I know," Rod broke in. "But she couldn't help it, Ma. That's one reason why we'll be better off out of Wayville. We know half the people in this burg. We thought we could save a nice home, even if it was chosen, but we found that our bunch still expected us to be among those present when anything was doing."

Bertie Lou's been working too hard, too, cooking and keeping house. It'll be good for her to cut out the entertaining."

"Well, you haven't been married very long. All the time might have changed. But Bertie Lou had her heart set on going to the city, I guess."

Rod looked at his watch. "Time to go over and get her. All right to take the car?"

He found Bertie Lou ready to come back with him and say goodbye to his parents. Then they returned to the Wards for their suit cases before going to the station.

The same crowd that saw them off on their honeymoon was at the old wooden station to speed them on this trip.

Bertie Lou felt a glow of pride in her popularity. It outweighed the depressing effect of Lila's presence, and she found herself able to feel cordial for the first time in many months to the girl who had once known Rod's kisses.

Lila smiled back at her. "It won't be long," she said, loud enough to be heard by several others, "before I see you in New York. I'm going to visit Molly soon."

(To Be Continued)

Greswell

CRESWELL, July 13—(Special)—Mrs. Henry Taylor entertained the Presbyterian Ladies Aid society Wednesday afternoon at her home.

A food sale was planned for Saturday, July 21, place to be held will be determined later.

A good number of the members attended. The hostess served ice cream, cake, wafers and coffee. Members present were: Mrs. John Beck, Mrs. Ellen Low, Mrs. H. A. Wheeler, Mrs. David Francis, Mrs. William Holliston, Mrs. F. D. Lacey, Mrs. John Groves, Mrs. Stanley Greer, Mrs. Anna Clark, Mrs. Andrew Olson, Mrs. C. H. Sedgwick, Mrs. William Wallace, Mrs. J. E. Woodson, Mrs. John Blankenship, Mrs. W. E. Thompson, Mrs. Henry Taylor.

Guests were: Mrs. Ruth Mitchell, Mrs. Margaret DeBroekhorst of Eugene, Miss Esther Taylor, Mrs. Mildred Rolley, Muriel and Marian Olson, Stanley Clark, Billy and Maurice Lower.

Installation of officers of the Honorable Rebekah Lodge 145 was held Wednesday evening at their hall. Mrs. Clara Traxler as installing officer was assisted by Mrs. H. Ogram, deputy grand marshal. The following officers installed were: Past grand, Edna Gehlen, noble grand, Marie Olson; vice grand, Ethel Kirby; chaplain, Mattie Ide; W. K. Kent, Plans secretary, Ethel Driscoll; treasurer, Leonard Zinkler; warden, Ora Steele; conductor, Nella Zinkler; inside guardian, N. E. Steele; outside guardian, Chester Hewitt; S. S. G. G. Mabel Jackson; L. S. N. G. G. Elizabeth Snare; R. S. V. G. Genevieve Thompson; L. S. V. G. Fairy Woodson; musician, Lulu J. Kent. Plans were made to hold their annual Odd Fellows and Rebekah picnic Sunday, July 19, at the old light plant. General committee, Leonard Zinkler. George Arnhart and Clara Traxler. Refreshments of ice cream and cream and crushed fruit, cookies and iced tea. Committee serving, Chester Hewitt, Nella Steele, Genevieve Thompson and Mrs. Mabel St. Jim Evans from Klamath Falls came home Monday and had his tonsils removed Thursday.

Mrs. and Mr. J. S. Smith and granddaughter, Wanda McCue, went to Dexter Wednesday to spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Smith, their grandchildren.

Mrs. Evans, of Corvallis was the guest of Mrs. Clyde Wright Monday.

Word was received here of the death of R. D. Cooper, at Long Beach, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Gertrude McDaniel.

Junction City

JUNCTION CITY, July 13—(Special)—Mrs. Wirt Purkerson, while picking cherries from a tree on the old Purkerson place several miles west of Junction City, fell from the tree and sustained serious injuries. The accident occurred about 9:30 Wednesday morning. A physician was called at once but was unable to say as to whether her back was broken. Late in the afternoon Mrs. Purkerson was taken to the Pacific Christian hospital in Eugene.

Dr. D. P. Love took V. C. Ivis to Salem today to be examined by the doctors of the State Accident commission. It is believed that the fall was some time ago while doing carpenter work in Kings Valley. It

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was thought a bone in the elbow might be broken.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Grivay and daughter are spending their vacation at Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Williams and family have gone to the McKenzie for a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Young and son who have been making their home for the past four years at Marshfield have returned to Junction City and live at the Geo. Young home. Burton has finished his machinist apprenticeship with the Southern Pacific at that place and will be here until he is located.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Douglas and daughter spent the week-end visiting relatives in Portland.

A group of the friends of Mrs. Thos. Nelson surprised her with a surprise party last Thursday evening, the occasion being her birthday. An auction of very interesting articles was the main entertainment of the evening. Refreshments of coffee, sandwiches, cake and ice cream were served. Several nice presents were received by the honor guest. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Merle Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Ray, Mrs. J. J. Ray and children, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Douglas and Janet, Miss Aleta Ray, Eugene, and Vardel Nelson and Geo. Watson.

Mrs. A. J. Thomas of McMinnville visited Lila Thomas here Tuesday. Mrs. Rosetta Gregory of Illinois visited at the A. E. Thomas home last Thursday. Other visitors at the Thomas home were Mr. and Mrs. Carl Smith, and daughter of Albany.

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2 Packages Potato Chips 15c	
Paper Plates, per dozen 5c	
Marshmallows, in bulk, lb. 29c	
3-lb. Can Crisco for 65c and Coupon	
10-lb. Sack Cane Sugar 69c	
25-lb. Sack Best Cane Sugar \$1.79	
49-lb. Sack Fisher's Blend Flour \$1.98	
49-lb. Sack Fischer's Hard Wheat Flour \$1.89	
9-lb. Sack Fischer's Whole Wheat or Graham Flour 39c	
9-lb. Sack Fischer's Farina 55c	
2 Packages Corn Flakes or Post Toasties 15c	
10 Tall Cans Armour's Milk 89c	
Granny's Pickles 16-oz. Jar (just like bread and butter pickles) 19c	
Porto Rico Grape Fruit, per can 19c	
2 Cans Del Monte or Tiny Kernel Corn 35c	
3 Cans Golden Bantam Corn 59c	
2 Large Cans Solid Pack Tomatoes 35c	
4 Large Cans Del Monte Peaches 89c	
3 Large Cans Kraut or Hominy 39c	
3 Medium Cans Pork & Beans 25c	
Schillings Coffee, lb. 69c	
2 Tall Cans Clams 39c	
2 Cans Shrimp or Tuna Flakes 39c	
4 1-2-lb. Box Graham Crackers 79c	
3-lb. Box Soda Crackers 59c	
6 lbs. Red Mexican or Pink Beans 59c	
15 Rolls Waldorf Toilet Paper \$1.00	
10 Bars White Eagle Soap 39c	
Large Package White King Washing Machine Soap 39c	
Matches, per carton, 6 boxes 19c	

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