

# FRISCO BROKERS NEED HIGHGRADE FINDS O'FARREL

(Continued from page one) and policemen glanced suspiciously at his dusty clothes, but Tim's heart lurched with the hope and confidence that filled it.

He had a great property for low grade and big possibilities of regular sweet spots of highgrade, he reflected. If that didn't interest some of these fellows, then who put up the money for Homestake and Alaska Juneau?

He stopped before some pretentious revolving doors giving entrance to a large office building. Inside the doors a gold-lettered sign directed him to the left, where Porter & Goldstine, "Mining Brokers," beckoned attention.

Not catching the eye of either of the young male attendants who were busy marking quotations on a long blackboard, Tim surveyed the sumptuous room with satisfaction. Plenty of money here.

Soon an office boy took his name. "I'll see if Mr. Goldstine can see you," he promised, and then walked to the front of the office and chatted with a stenographer for 10 minutes.

Soon afterward the boy disappeared, however, and returned in 20 minutes to partly open the swinging door in the counter with a laconic "This way, Mister."

Isaac Goldstine was portly and fortyish, round faced, spectacled and prosperous looking a suit of dark cloth.

Tim took the little armchair that was offered him and leaned forward to keep the curve of the back from cramping his shoulders.

"My name is Tim O'Farrel, Mr. Goldstine. I have a 360-acre property near Jacksonville, Oregon. I own it. I want either a partner who can bring in some money, or else I want to incorporate and I'm not going to be hard to deal with because there's plenty of gold there for a good-sized company."

"Got any samples?"

"No. I didn't bring any samples because it's a lowgrade proposition and a sample doesn't tell much. The district has produced quite a bit of highgrade in concentrations that occur in offsets along the veins, but its real future is in lowgrade, and that's how I wanted to put it up to you."

Goldstine blinked wisely.

"Well, the reason I told the boy to bring you in just now, Mr. O'Farrel, isn't it? . . . was because I'm leaving town today. I'm leaving town for a couple of days. We might talk again Monday. That's three days away. That be all right?"

Mr. Goldstine arose significantly, so Tim took his hat off the desk and looked at the door, still seated.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Goldstine. I had hoped to get back home in that time but if you're going away I'll try to see you again. Of course I can't guarantee it because I will probably see several other brokers today."

The man with the spectacles smiled. "Whom did you plan to see next?"

"The people across the hall, probably. Or maybe some of the other firms in this building," Tim said.

"Well, O'Farrel, I really don't think you can do that today. They're all leaving at the same time. We're all going over to the Comstock district in Nevada," Goldstine chuckled. Tim saw nothing amusing, so he queried:

"If I'm not too curious, Mr. Goldstine, how do you happen to be going over there all at once?"

Tim knew there had been very little actual metal production from the old Virginia City area north of Reno, Nevada, for a generation.

"We're going to pick up some claims and organize companies to promote them," Mr. Goldstine was still smiling. "If gold goes up the public's going to want gold mining stock."

"But wouldn't you rather consider my mine than bare claims?"

"Well, you see the Comstock was a great old district and it produced hundreds of millions. You've got to take those things into consideration when you're raising money, O'Farrel."

"Can all of you, going over there in a caravan, get claims that will pay to develop?"

"Well, what do you think? We're in the stock selling business. We've got to give the public what it wants. Can we help it if they prefer to buy stock in bare ground because it is near some old bonanza? Besides, O'Farrel, these claims won't cost any of us anything. I don't know what your terms would be but I'll bet you'd want to keep at least a 40 per cent interest in your mine, wouldn't you?" Then without waiting for a reply:

"You've got a lot to learn, I can tell you that before I leave. And the first thing you've got to learn is that unless you've got a showing of highgrade, nobody's going to pay you anything for the privilege of selling stock in your mine."

"What do you mean by highgrade?"

"I mean the pure stuff, or something that will assay at least a

thousand dollars, that's what I mean."

"But surely you realize that no mining company ever made any money over any period of time on that kind of stuff!"

"Of course, but try and tell the public that!"

On the curbstone, after the Goldstine interview, Tim felt like a martyr. Then, lifting his shabby suitcase, he sought a rooming house across the street. Someone yelled at him as an automobile whisked by.

After registering, he called two brokerage offices whose names were prominently listed in the heavy telephone directory.

"Sorry, Mr. Samuels is leaving for Nevada."

"Not today. Both Mr. Smith and Mr. Potter have left the city for a few days on business. Call again."

Despondent, Tim could think of nothing to do but write to Molly. In the quiet of his dingy back room he penned the letter.

"Dearest Molly:

"Got here easily and am settled in a comfortable room. It seems that all of the brokers are going out of town on business. I was just able to see one, but he certainly made it look like we'll have to have the highgrade to get anywhere at all."

"Probably I will stay here for a few days to see if any of them want to develop lowgrade. Or I may come on home and try it again on my own hook. We ought to get into a concentration there any time."

"I've thought of you a lot this afternoon, Molly. I'm glad I don't have to stay down here long because I'd miss you and Axel. Tim."

The next evening Molly read the letter to Axel after walking to the cabin on Pacific Gold mountain.

Axel fell into her thoughtful mood when she had finished.

Finally Molly broke the silence. "I'm going to San Francisco, Axel. You keep the home fires burning. My father had a partner right here in Jacksonville and that man—his last name is Carter—he made millions by buying Homestake gold mining stock at 50 cents and \$1 a share. I've heard Dad mention him often, and he's int he mining brokerage business in San Francisco. He finances mines, and he'll help Tim!"

Axel was still silent, his long legs spraddled comfortably on the edge of the range, his chair tipped steeply. Thus he virtually reclined, with arms folded so that his right hand could effortlessly hold a corncob pipe to his lips.

"Axel—"

"Ay heard you, Miss Goul."

"I'm going to San Francisco tonight." Molly's eyes held a glint of determination, and Axel nodded absently.

"Don't tell Tim I'm coming," she enjoined him, and hurried out into the night.

"Glory be! What can you do in San Francisco to help Tim?" Molly's mother exclaimed when Molly, already dragging out her little black traveling case, broke the news to her.

"I can go see Hamp Carter, that's what I can do!"

"Hamp only handles about one mine every two or three years, dear," her father put in.

"Well he can just get busy and help Tim!"

"So you're Hank Goul's little girl!"

"Yes, Mr. Carter, and I've come to see you about a mine."

"What kind of a mine, Miss Goul?" A genial smile illuminated the old gentleman's face like a reflection from the crystal chandelier in his comfortable library, to which a burly butler had shown Molly.

"It's a gold mine up at Jacksonville and it's just like the Homestake, Mr. Carter. It's owned by a friend of mine and he's in San Francisco now trying to find a broker who will finance it."

"Hah! He'll get skinned out of his eye teeth if he gets tied up with some I know of."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean they is two kinds of mining brokers, just like they is two kinds of raspberries or two kinds of apples. They's the good and they's the bad. Plenty of both of them here."

"But I was hoping that you would come up and see it, or anyway send an engineer to report on it for you."

"Oh I don't think I could get around to it, Miss Goul. I only get time to consider a new project about once every two or three years. My clients wouldn't know what to think of me if I introduced a new mine to them until I've finished the one I'm developing in the Grass Valley district."

"Besides, and mind I don't want to discourage you, I never found the Jacksonville district very similar to the Black Hills of South Dakota. Course, both of them were great placer districts and the gold had to come from somewhere. We used to hunt along the hanging walls of those big veins up there at Jacksonville, your father and me, and we took out a lot of

mighty beautiful picture rock. But I don't know as I ever thought of that district for getting out a whole lot of lowgrade."

"Well Tim has, and that's what he's got, Mr. Carter."

"He may have quite a bit of it, Miss Goul, and still not have a property that would justify the thousands and thousands of dollars that it takes to open it up in a big way and make sure of the reserve tonnage before a large mill is built."

"But he's already done that! He and the others that have gone before him, like Jim Thorpe and you and Father. All of you gophering for highgrade. All of you tunneling along one side of those big veins—and putting tunnels into the side of the mountain without any thought of the lowgrade. It has been opened up, Mr. Carter! It has been opened up! All Tim needs is somebody—somebody like you, Mr. Carter—who can see it!"

Molly's eyes were filling with tears and her supple hands were gripping the arms of her chair until the knuckles stood out like white cameos. In spite of the quiver in her lips she sat there like a queer, the old mining broker told himself. Proud like her father who insisted on sticking up there at Jacksonville these 40 years.

"Tim's worked for years and years on that mine, always hunting for highgrade. He doesn't even realize himself how much work he's done in that constant search except that he knows, or thinks he knows, that if he keeps on he'll someday open up more of the rich bunches like you and Dad used to get, and then he could build a mill."

"There, there now, Miss Goul. Goodness knows I remember just how you feel," said Carter, leaning forward to loosen the girl's cold hands from their clutch on the armchair opposite him. "I'm all for you, Molly. And I'm all for your Tim. You're my kind of folks."

One of Hamp's eyes had a cast over it caused from an ancient flash of chipped drill steel, but the other now betrayed a warm mist of sympathy.

"We'll just wait and see how Tim comes out with the brokers, specially if he gets ahold of the wrong kind. I'll promise to stand by you and do what I can. Just don't tell Tim that you've seen me. Tell him I was out of town, too."

The old man's chuckle brought a smile to Molly's tear-stained, blushing cheeks.

"Oh thanks, Mr. Carter. Thanks. God! We don't want to win if we haven't got what it takes to win. But we have. Tim will put it over all right, but he's pretty blue, you see." He listener knew that her words were a prayer.

That same afternoon Tim was shocked out of a blue mood into which he had sunk while reading some of the flamboyant advertising matter issued from the offices he had visited. The shock took the form of a yellow slip in the hands of a boy in blue, who knocked briskly on the door of Tim's room.

"Sign here, Mister." Tim signed in wonderment, not daring to hope that the streak of granulated quartz which he had reluctantly left in the tunnel breast could have meant anything.

The telegram read:

Tim O'Farrel  
Star Rooms  
San Francisco, California  
Dear Tim I got it big assays thousand dollars tell brokers.  
Axel.

No antelope on the juniper desert of eastern Oregon could have bounded to the door and down the stairs with more speed than Tim seemed to feel was necessary before coming to a halt on the sidewalk in front of his rooming house. Once there, he paused upon the sudden thought that the brokers were all "out of the city."

**Don't Prolong The Agony!**

Next time you suffer from Gas on Stomach, Headache, Sour Stomach, a Cold, Muscular, Rheumatic, Sciatic or Periodic Pains; That Tired Feeling, That "Morning After" Feeling. Get a glass of water and drop in one or two tablets of

**Alka-Seltzer**

The New Pain-Relieving, Alkalizing, Effervescent Tablet. Watch it bubble up, then drink it. You will be amazed at the almost instant relief.

It is called Alka-Seltzer because it makes a sparkling alkaline drink, and as it contains an analgesic (Acetyl-Salicylate) it first relieves the pain of everyday ailments and then by restoring the alkaline balance corrects the cause when due to excess acid.

After trying many brands of medicines—so-called relief for gas, and all of them a failure, I gave up hopes. By chance I tried Alka-Seltzer—I am more than satisfied. Geo. Bennett, New York, N. Y.

Get a glass at your drug store soda fountain. Take home a 30 cent or 60 cent package.

**Alka-Seltzer**

After trying many brands of medicines—so-called relief for gas, and all of them a failure, I gave up hopes. By chance I tried Alka-Seltzer—I am more than satisfied. Geo. Bennett, New York, N. Y.

Get a glass at your drug store soda fountain. Take home a 30 cent or 60 cent package.

**Alka-Seltzer**

After trying many brands of medicines—so-called relief for gas, and all of them a failure, I gave up hopes. By chance I tried Alka-Seltzer—I am more than satisfied. Geo. Bennett, New York, N. Y.

Get a glass at your drug store soda fountain. Take home a 30 cent or 60 cent package.

**Alka-Seltzer**

After trying many brands of medicines—so-called relief for gas, and all of them a failure, I gave up hopes. By chance I tried Alka-Seltzer—I am more than satisfied. Geo. Bennett, New York, N. Y.

Get a glass at your drug store soda fountain. Take home a 30 cent or 60 cent package.

**Alka-Seltzer**

On second thought, he strode resolutely across the busy street, through the revolving doors and into the stronghold of Porter & Goldstine.

Standing up to the counter he informed a startled assistant that he must wire for the immediate return of Mr. Goldstine. He dictated the telegram himself:

Mr. Isaac Goldstine  
Palace Hotel  
Reno, Nevada  
Just have word highgrade has been struck in my mine near Jacksonville stop if you return at once will give you first chance at lease and option stop assays thousand dollars per ton.

Timothy O'Farrel.

On the following morning, as he had hoped, Tim received an early phone call from Porter & Goldstine's. Mr. Porter himself had returned, leaving Goldstine to stake out the desired claims in Nevada. (To be concluded next week)

● Young Jacksonville swimmers—to be receiving instruction in the pleasure at the Natatorium through efforts of the Jackson county Red Cross include Miss Doriand Godward, Marjorie Heckert, Russell and Luella McIntyre and Nellie Wilson.

● Mr. and Mrs. Joe McKnight and son Raymond of Lozier lane were Sunday afternoon visitors at the home of Mrs. McKnight's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Wilson of this city. Raymond is extending his stay with his grandparents over the week.

● Charles Ivey of this city was the fortunate winner of a five-tube radio being merchandised by Albert and Ernest Olsen and Marion Vogel Saturday evening at Kirkpatrick's confectionery.

● Mrs. Jack Ward and two small sons of Phoenix spent Monday at the Oscar Lewis home here.

● Dr. W. W. Wells, history instructor of Southern Oregon Normal, and his class, visited points of interest in Jacksonville Monday afternoon, including the Britt studios, Native Daughters' and Southern Oregon museums, followed by a picnic lunch at the old courthouse.

● Among visitors at the Oscar Lewis home here Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. William Aitken of Ashland.

● Master Billy Lorton of this city spent last Thursday in Klamath Falls, chief incentive being the trip, according to Billy.

● Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Van Galder and Bill "Screwball" Turner, brother of Mrs. Van Galder, returned from Hood River, Oregon,

**ROXY 20c Any Time Children 10c**

Saturday Only  
**JACKIE COOPER in The Lone Cowboy**  
also 'Fighting With Kit Carson'

Sunday and Monday  
**"All of Me"**  
with FREDRIC MARCH MIRIAM HOPKINS GEORGE RAFT

Tuesday and Wednesday  
**Double Feature!**  
**"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT"** and **"GUILTY"**

Thursday and Friday  
**"Shadows of Sing Sing"**  
with MARY BRIAN BRUCE CABOT

**Medford School of Beauty Culture**  
419 1/2 EAST MAIN PHONE 84  
BEAUTY SERVICES AT A SAVING

Permanent Wave .....\$2.50  
Finger Wave .....25c  
Comb Wave .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Haircut .....25c  
Marcel .....25c  
Manicure .....25c  
Eyebrow Arch .....25c  
Scalp Treatment .....50c  
Hot Oil .....50c  
Facials .....50c

**S. C. PETERS (D.M.D.) Dentist**  
Opposite Post Office JACKSONVILLE

**DEL ROGUE**  
SOLID PACK TOMATOES

**Medford School of Beauty Culture**  
419 1/2 EAST MAIN PHONE 84  
BEAUTY SERVICES AT A SAVING

Permanent Wave .....\$2.50  
Finger Wave .....25c  
Comb Wave .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Haircut .....25c  
Marcel .....25c  
Manicure .....25c  
Eyebrow Arch .....25c  
Scalp Treatment .....50c  
Hot Oil .....50c  
Facials .....50c

**S. C. PETERS (D.M.D.) Dentist**  
Opposite Post Office JACKSONVILLE

**DEL ROGUE**  
SOLID PACK TOMATOES

Permanent Wave .....\$2.50  
Finger Wave .....25c  
Comb Wave .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Haircut .....25c  
Marcel .....25c  
Manicure .....25c  
Eyebrow Arch .....25c  
Scalp Treatment .....50c  
Hot Oil .....50c  
Facials .....50c

**S. C. PETERS (D.M.D.) Dentist**  
Opposite Post Office JACKSONVILLE

**DEL ROGUE**  
SOLID PACK TOMATOES

Permanent Wave .....\$2.50  
Finger Wave .....25c  
Comb Wave .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Haircut .....25c  
Marcel .....25c  
Manicure .....25c  
Eyebrow Arch .....25c  
Scalp Treatment .....50c  
Hot Oil .....50c  
Facials .....50c

**S. C. PETERS (D.M.D.) Dentist**  
Opposite Post Office JACKSONVILLE

**DEL ROGUE**  
SOLID PACK TOMATOES

Permanent Wave .....\$2.50  
Finger Wave .....25c  
Comb Wave .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Haircut .....25c  
Marcel .....25c  
Manicure .....25c  
Eyebrow Arch .....25c  
Scalp Treatment .....50c  
Hot Oil .....50c  
Facials .....50c

late Sunday evening. The local folk had been visiting relatives, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Turner and family. While enroute north the Van Galder car overturned about two miles from this city, resulting in only slight damage, the party continuing north after righting the vehicle.

● Mr. and Mrs. E. Lyons and son Bob, accompanied by their nephew, Gail (Big Shot) Lusk, all of this city, motored to Lake o' the Woods Saturday.

● One of the many swimming parties to spend Sunday afternoon on Applegate included Mr. and

**RIALTO**  
Adults 25c - Kiddies 10c

Fri-Sat  
She bartered a great love—for a still greater love!

Also  
**BOB STEELE**  
in "Young Blood"

Sun-Mon

He knew all the questions—but she knew all the answers

**The PARTYS OVER**  
with SUE FURIN ANN SOUTHERN  
Arline Judge—Paris, 1928

**ROXY 20c Any Time Children 10c**

Saturday Only  
**JACKIE COOPER in The Lone Cowboy**  
also 'Fighting With Kit Carson'

Sunday and Monday  
**"All of Me"**  
with FREDRIC MARCH MIRIAM HOPKINS GEORGE RAFT

Tuesday and Wednesday  
**Double Feature!**  
**"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT"** and **"GUILTY"**

Thursday and Friday  
**"Shadows of Sing Sing"**  
with MARY BRIAN BRUCE CABOT

**Medford School of Beauty Culture**  
419 1/2 EAST MAIN PHONE 84  
BEAUTY SERVICES AT A SAVING

Permanent Wave .....\$2.50  
Finger Wave .....25c  
Comb Wave .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Haircut .....25c  
Marcel .....25c  
Manicure .....25c  
Eyebrow Arch .....25c  
Scalp Treatment .....50c  
Hot Oil .....50c  
Facials .....50c

**S. C. PETERS (D.M.D.) Dentist**  
Opposite Post Office JACKSONVILLE

**DEL ROGUE**  
SOLID PACK TOMATOES

**Medford School of Beauty Culture**  
419 1/2 EAST MAIN PHONE 84  
BEAUTY SERVICES AT A SAVING

Permanent Wave .....\$2.50  
Finger Wave .....25c  
Comb Wave .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Haircut .....25c  
Marcel .....25c  
Manicure .....25c  
Eyebrow Arch .....25c  
Scalp Treatment .....50c  
Hot Oil .....50c  
Facials .....50c

**S. C. PETERS (D.M.D.) Dentist**  
Opposite Post Office JACKSONVILLE

**DEL ROGUE**  
SOLID PACK TOMATOES

**Medford School of Beauty Culture**  
419 1/2 EAST MAIN PHONE 84  
BEAUTY SERVICES AT A SAVING

Permanent Wave .....\$2.50  
Finger Wave .....25c  
Comb Wave .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Haircut .....25c  
Marcel .....25c  
Manicure .....25c  
Eyebrow Arch .....25c  
Scalp Treatment .....50c  
Hot Oil .....50c  
Facials .....50c

**S. C. PETERS (D.M.D.) Dentist**  
Opposite Post Office JACKSONVILLE

**DEL ROGUE**  
SOLID PACK TOMATOES

Permanent Wave .....\$2.50  
Finger Wave .....25c  
Comb Wave .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Haircut .....25c  
Marcel .....25c  
Manicure .....25c  
Eyebrow Arch .....25c  
Scalp Treatment .....50c  
Hot Oil .....50c  
Facials .....50c

**S. C. PETERS (D.M.D.) Dentist**  
Opposite Post Office JACKSONVILLE

**DEL ROGUE**  
SOLID PACK TOMATOES

Permanent Wave .....\$2.50  
Finger Wave .....25c  
Comb Wave .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Haircut .....25c  
Marcel .....25c  
Manicure .....25c  
Eyebrow Arch .....25c  
Scalp Treatment .....50c  
Hot Oil .....50c  
Facials .....50c

**S. C. PETERS (D.M.D.) Dentist**  
Opposite Post Office JACKSONVILLE

**DEL ROGUE**  
SOLID PACK TOMATOES

Permanent Wave .....\$2.50  
Finger Wave .....25c  
Comb Wave .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Shampoo .....25c  
Haircut .....25c  
Marcel .....25c  
Manicure .....25c  
Eyebrow Arch .....25c  
Scalp Treatment .....50c  
Hot Oil .....50c  
Facials .....50c

Mrs. R. A. Johnson and son Bill and Larry Howe of this city.

● LOST—Black and white male foxterrier; carries one ear up and one down; black heart on left side; reward. Notify A. C. Eilers, star route, box 11, Jacksonville.

**CRATERIAN**  
Mats 25c • Eves 35c • Kiddies 10c

Ends Saturday

GEORGE BURNS GRACIE ALLEN GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS  
**"MANY HAPPY RETURNS"**

Sun-Mon-Tue

On the Stage—in Person