SOUTHERN OREGON MINER, Ashland, Oregon



Bashful Swain Came Close to the Real Thing

George was the most bashful lad in the village. So the family were astonished when he told them one evening that he was going courting.

After spending over an hour getting ready, he set out.

In half an hour he returned, looking well pleased with himself. "You're back soon," said his

mother. "How did you get on?" "All right," replied George,

with a grin.

"Did you see her?" "I sure did," said George, still grinning. "And if I hadn't ducked down quick behind the hedge, she would have seen me, too, maybe!"

A most welcome gift to any pipe-smoker or roll-your-own fan now in our armed forces is a pound of his favorite tobacco. Numerous surveys have shown that tobacco is the No. 1 gift on the service man's list. A favorite with many of our soldiers, sailors, marines, and Coast Guardsmen is Prince Albert, the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world. If you have a friend or relative in the Army, Navy, Marines, or Coast Guard who smokes a pipe or rolls-his-own, send a pound can of Prince Albert. Your local dealer is featuring the National Joy Smoke as an ideal gift for service men.-Adv.

NO ASPIRIN FASTER

than genuine, pure St. Joseph Aspirin. World's largest seller at 104. None safer, none surer. Demand St. Joseph Aspirin.

Vulnerable Sicily

Sicily, the steppingstone be-tween Africa and Europe, has a highly vulnerable coast of 700 miles, probably one of the reasons why it has been invaded and occupied, at one time or another, by 15 different nations.

How To Relieve Bronchitis

Creomulsion relieves promptly be-cause it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inned bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the un-derstanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.



THE STORY SO FAR: An orphan since the age of seven, Charlotte (Cherry) Rawlings knows almost nothing about her early history. Judge Judson Marshbanks, her co-guardian with Emma Haskell, arranges for her to leave Saint Dorothea's, and tells her that Emma has obtained for her a secretarial position with the wealthy Mrs. Porteous Porter, of San Francisco, where Emma is housekeeper. She is first to go to the Marshbanks mansion. When she arrives she dines alone with the judge as Fran, his young wife, and his niece, Amy, are dining out. Kelly Coates, an artist, drops in and Cherry feels very ill at ease in her convent clothes. On their way out. Fran and Amy stop and casually nod when Cherry is introduced. It is evident to Cherry that Kelly and Fran are interested in each other. As Fran and Amy leave, she stands on the stairway, concealed by palms, and hears laughing reference to her and her clothes. Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER IV

Mrs. Porter was a stout, soft, pretty woman of seventy-four. Some physical difficulty, perhaps not more serious than her weight itself. made it inconvenient for her to ever walk more than a few steps at a time. She took a drive every day, she could get to the bathroom for the comfort of a long, leisurely bath, and every morning she moved to her favorite chair in a sunny bay window or beside an old-fashioned fire.

As Dovey Glashell, Mrs. Porter had had an adored, flirtatious, giddy girlhood. Hers had been the generation that twined flowers in hair and danced kid slippers to pulp at formal balls. Upon marrying the richest and most eligible young man in a city full of mining and railway, banking and land barons' sons, she had flashed upon a stunned group of friends the news of a prospective European honeymoon trip with her bridegroom.

Emma was indispensable; she kept the whole enormous machine running; she knew where business papers were, and what the lawyer came about, and when to call the doctor. But there was nothing soft, friendly, companionable about Emma, and at the telephone or when it came to special shopping she was grimly inadequate. Also, she was a monotonous and disinterested reader. Mrs. Porter had a large mail; she had long been unequal to it, and had employed unsatisfactory girls to act as secretary from time to time with wearying results.

Cherry began her duties with the trembling feeling that by no chance could her lines have fallen permanently in such pleasant places. To be able to creep away from the world that in one brief encounter had hurt her so terribly and to hide herself here, with a lovely room for her own, a houseful of books for company, amazing meals served at or indeed, irregular regular -



The girl saw that two bay horses carrying a man and a woman were pacing along one of the bridle paths.

everyone, Madeleine especially, and | on that committee!" Mrs. Porter Elizabeth and all the Sisters and adjured her vigorously. "I will. I've not been going to

One day Cherry had an adventure. It came on a quiet, foggy said Fran, "but I'm going tomorafternoon when all the world seemed dull and quiet. Cherry was driving with Mrs. Porter when her old companion said suddenly, "Look there -wait a minute-stop him!"

girls."

Automatically obeying these instructions Cherry seized the speaking tube and Merryweather drew up at the right-hand side of the road. Then the girl saw that two path again. bay horses carrying a man and

woman were pacing along one of the bridle paths. and that the woman was Fran

Marshbanks and the man Kelly Coates.

In response to old Mrs. Porter's gesticulations, and her voice at the window she was energetically lowering, the riders came close to the car and Fran gave Cherry her second careless smile and nod, and Kelly saluted her by touching his cap with his whip. He was presented to Mrs. Porter, and as the two women fell into a discussion of the list of patronesses for a series of concerts, he rode around the back of the car and chatted with Cherry at her own opened window.

"Well, Miss-I have to call you Cherry, I've forgotten the other name-" he began.

"Oh, do!" said Cherry, the dull park breaking into sparkles, the white winter sky turned June. "Cherry then. What have you

done to yourself? You look like another woman!"

"It's my hat," said Cherry. The Polk street creation was on her head, a picturesque hat that came into a much larger affair. It was



Washington, D. C. THE AGRICULTURE DEPARTMENT

In the last few days the President himself has silenced administration critics of Claude Wickard, and decreed that he remain as secretary of agriculture.

The President's stand came at the height of an increasing storm brewing round the amiable Indiana corn farmer, whom everyone likes but whose all-important food program is lagging.

White House advisers have told the President that Wickard's program was inadequate, that it must be drastically revised, that there would be shocking deficiencies of food. Some have urged that Wickard be replaced.

The President, however, has defended his secretary of agriculture. But also he has appointed White House Secretary Lauchlin Curriewhose regular field is Chinese relations-to act as umpire on the farm program. Currie has given Wickard a nine-point program for revamping American agriculture and among other things has pointed out that England increased her food production 50 per cent with liftle additional manpower. Why, he asks, cannot the United States do the same?

. . .

AGRICULTURE'S PROGRAM Here are Currie's proposals, advanced with the blessing of the White House:

1. The goals of agricultural production should be higher.

.2. A new production program, possibly with a new budget, should be presented to congress.

3. All acreage allotments and other restrictions on production should be removed to encourage the more efficient farmers.

4. The 1,000,000 farm operators of second rate efficiency should be brought into full production with the aid of seed, fertilizer, livestock, machinery and even land.

5. Cotton and tobacco acreage should be reduced, corn acreage, allotments removed entirely, and more wheat should be fed to livestock.

6. Profiting by British example, a new "land army" should be organized, to use town and city dwellers, especially women, for farm work.

7. Truck farmers who produce such luxuries as iceberg lettuce should be converted to more essential crops.

8. Facilities for processing and drying foods should be increased.

9. Local direction of the farm program should be shifted away from Farm-bureau-minded agents, toward agents more respo

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

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POULTRY, Rabbits, Hides, Pelts, Wool, Good white frier rabbit skins 60c lb, Ship or write post card for prices, Ruby & Co., 935 S. W. Front, Portland, Oregon.

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BEER PARLOR AND CARDROOM in good payroll town. Write Box 811, Mullan, Idaho.

LEGHORNS AND NEW HAMPSHIRE day-old chicks, pullets, cockerels and started chicks. Breeders are bloodtested and mated to R.O.P. males. Send for circular, Mediund Foultry Farm, Brownsville, Ore.

FOR SALE-DELUXE QUAKER OIL Circulating Heaters, slightly Lsed, 4 to 6 room. Maytag Shop, Grand Coulee, Wn. Phone 354 or write.

WANTED-Small Combine 7-8 or 10 ft. cut or large Combine 12 or 14 ft. cut Otto Joens, Rosalia, Wash-ington, Route 1.

SELL OUR TWO-UNIT 9000-EGO capacity Jamesway electric incuba-tor, nearly new, A-1 condition. In-land Empire Mill Co., St. John, Wash.

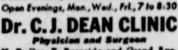
HATCHING Booths best, Hansons pedgreed leghorns. White Salmon Washington, Merry Matchery.

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WANTED - ANY AMOUNT TAME RABBIT HIDES. We pay highest prices. Marry Turk, 528 Pourth St., Bremerton, Wash.

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Such disorders impair your bealth -- efficiency -- earning power. For 30 years we have successfully treated thou-ands of people for these al-ments. No hospital opera-tion. No continement. No loss of time from work. Call for examination or send for. FREE descriptive Booklet.



Physician and Surgeon N. E. Cor. E. Burnside and Grand Ava Telephone EAst 3918, Portland, Oregon

Coconut Casualty

DENVER .- Ernest M. Scoffetd, Denver marine, returned from the Solomons as a coconut casualty. His left leg was broken by a coconut dislodged from a tree over his foxhole by a stray bullet.



married Frances Unger-she's a very brilliant girl, but I don't think she's pretty, and she's twenty-two years younger than he is. Seems so strange!" This was as near as Cherry ever

the meetings, more shame to me."

"And you tell 'em Cherry'll send

them my check for two hundred."

row and I'll do what I can.'

had heard her come to criticism or unkindness, and she smiled at her interrogatively.

"That doesn't sound like you, Mrs. Porter." she said, with the simple daring that she knew well the old woman liked. "You always say such nice things about everyone."

"Well, I hope I always do, my dear, but somehow that girl always does seem to me outlandish. And I loved his first wife, Mary Lee Carey. She died-oh, ten years ago. Her mother was Sophy Laquelle, French family here-lovely people." Mrs. Porter's proposed dinner

party for a chosen dozen of the debutantes took on an increasing importance as the days went by, and, by the debutantes' mothers and families, was by degrees developed

"I'll tell them." Fran did not say anything about the generous size of the donation. And Cherry fancied that her employer looked just a little dashed and disappointed as the riders cantered away on the bridle "We none of us understood," Mrs. Porter said then, in her sweet, wistful voice, "why Judson Marshbanks





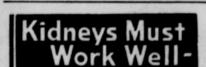
Keep the Battle Rolling With War Bonds and Scrap



Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound TABLETS (with added iron) have helped *thousands* to relieve peri-odic pain, backache, headache with weak, nervous, cranky, blue feel-ings-due to functional monthly disturbances.

Taken regularly—Pinkham's Tab-lets help build up resistance against such annoying symptoms. Also, their iron makes them a fine hema-tic tonic to help build up red blood. Pinkham's Tablets are made espe-cially for women. Follow label di-rections. Worth trying!





9 43

WNU-13

For You To Feel Well

For You To Feel Well 24 hours every day, 7 days every wate matter from the blod. If more people were aware of how the hidroys must constantly remove sur-plus fluid, excess acids and other wasts without injury to health, there would be better understanding of sky the bedter understanding of sky the unction properly. Burning, acanty or too frequent urina-flow sometimes warns that something wrong. You may suffer nagging back-point, etting up at nights, welling. Why not try Doan's Pills? You will be unterly Doan's Pills? You will be untry over. Doan's etting the func-tion of the kidneys and help them to flush out poisonous wasts from the blood. They contain nothing harmful. Bet Doan's today. Use with confidence. At all drug stores.



hours, and only a gentle, sweet, helpless old lady to amuse seemed too good a fortune to be true.

From this she passed to a sort of exultation that she had succeeded. She answered the telephone and wrote letters and drove out in the park in her new brown coat and becoming brown hat, in a pleasant quiver of feeling herself liked and needed and approved.

The third phase came only after several weeks, and was one of doubt, boredom and weariness. She wanted exercise and interest and companionship: she wanted a sense of living: instead she was like a girl caught in a dream.

Outwardly, it was all easy and delightful. Cherry came into her employer's room not earlier than half past ten o'clock every morning, not later than eleven. Mrs. Porter only lost sight of the girl for brief intervals thereafter until ten o'clock at night. Cherry had immediately discovered her appetite for flattery and had innocently gratified it in their first days together. Now she had to pay the price for this concession with constant pleasantries.

"I like you because you're so frank with me, Cherry," Mrs. Porter said to her once. "I told Emma that you were a blunt little thing and she was afraid I didn't like it. But I do! I love people to be absolutely frank with me."

With her first sight of Emma. Cherry had had the feeling that the long years since last they had met were as nothing and that she was a little girl of seven again, living in a small tiled house with a patio and a fountain, and running in and out of the bedroom where her mother lay always in bed. A thousand details, half forgotten until now, had rushed back to her, and she had longed for the moment when she might talk freely to Emma of the past.

To include any exercise at all in the twenty-four hours she formed the habit of rising early and taking a long walk about the streets or into the eucalyptus-shaded roads of the Presidio before breakfast.

In the freshness and sparkle of these winter mornings life seemed exhilarating enough. But after her breakfast the warmth and torpidity of the Porter mansion enveloped her again like a stupefying drug.

"I wonder," she wrote Anita, "how long this would go on? Emma -that's my old nurse, you knowhas been in one job or another like this for years and years. Well, anyway, I got my first pay yesterday and I'm going to buy myself a hat I saw on Polk street. My love to get Mary Trainor and Lizzie Block

far down over the streaked gold and brown of her hair.

"It's more than your hat," Kelly assured her. "You've washed your face, too."

Her laugh rang out; he had not heard her laugh before, and as it had impressed Judson Marshbanks at the convent a month or so earlier, it impressed the younger man now as being extraordinarily fresh many who must not be forgotten, and pleasant.

He looked at her a long time, thoughtfully. Or at least, if only for a few seconds, it seemed a long time to Cherry. She felt the warm color in her cheeks and the slow beat of her heart.

"I suppose that's true," Kelly said at last in a surprised tone.

"I'd read about girls making their debuts," Cherry pursued, warmed to the very soul by his attentive. half-sympathetic and half-amused look, "and orchids and all that, But somehow, just that night, to see her so safe and so happy and having such a wonderful time when I was homesick and tired and I knew I looked so awful . . .

"Well, of course," he agreed quickly, as she paused in a sort of shame and embarrassment. "Amy, you mean?" "Amy."

"She's not having such a wonder-ful time," he said. "It's all comparative. She thinks other girls are having a slightly better time, and that drives her wild. Mrs. Marshbanks, Fran, was speaking of it just a few minutes ago, and saying what fools girls are!"

"Oh, girls are fools all right," Cherry agreed meekly, and as the man laughed she laughed too.

"Mr. Coates," old Mrs. Porter said, breaking into the conversation and leaning across Cherry to catch his attention.

"Frances has promised to bring Amy to dine with me two weeks from Thursday, and I want you to come too."

"I'm a dead loss at dinners," Kelly said, laughing. "You'll never ask me again."

"Well, we'll see about that," said the old lady, in high feather. "But you come, now! My nephew George's daughter, Dorothy Page-Smith, is going to be here-comin' up with her mother from Santa Barbara, where they tell me she's been breakin' all hearts, and I want her to meet Amy and some of the other youngsters."

"Jud may not be here; he gets back from Portland tonight," Fran said, "but he may have to go right back again. So Mr. Coates will squire me. I'll guarantee him." "And you tell Mrs. Dickson to

a long time-perhaps twenty or twenty-five years-since entertaining on a large scale had taken place in the old Glashell mansion, and the newspapers made much of it, and many were the friendly offers of assistance to Cherry's employer as the plan got daily under way.

The original twelve girls swelled to a score, to thirty, for there were and at least forty eligible young men were asked to join them. Then certain favored and intimate elders were included to save the hostess the least effort, and in no time at all caterers had come in to set tables and decorate them and prepare a sumptuous meal for one hundred guests; florists arrived with palms and ropes of chrysanthemums; newspaper men and photographers

gave the house no rest; a five piece orchestra was engaged, and Mrs. Porter remained in bed all day, getting herself completely rested and ready.

To Cherry's eagerness and inexperience and hunger for excitement all this was satisfying beyond words. She was everywhere; she helped with everything.

In the midst of the flurry the guest of honor, Dorothy Page-Smith, arrived with a formidable mother as escort, and took possession of one of the big rooms on the second floor. This alone would have supplied Cherry with pleasurable interest, for Dorothy was a harmless, indeed a seemingly half-witted little creature who turned to Cherry at once as being the only other person of anything like her age in the house, and in a babyish lisp consulted her about her gowns, her hair arrangement, her beaux and the possibility of her having anything but a "wotten" time in a place where she just didn't know one "thingle thole."

The day of the party was overcast with a cold rain spattering down.

At seven o'clock, trim and demure in her blue dress with the silver buttons, Cherry went into Mrs. Porter's bedroom to find Emma and Ferny busily getting the old lady into a magnificent robe of silver - and - blue brocade, decorating the beautiful curls of her rich white hair with diamond butterflies and preparing her with a preliminary cup of tea and chicken sandwich for the evening's frivolities.

She had at first planned to go downstairs tonight, to be installed majestically in some great chair, to welcome her guests herself. But this seemed at the last moment too great an effort.

federal direction. . . .

WICKARD'S FARM PROGRAM

Wickard's response to this sweeping proposal was to accept part of it, reject part.

He believes the production goals are already high enough that it's too late to present a new program for 1943, that cotton goals have already been substantially lowered, and tobacco reduction would require change of the law.

He agrees to removal of acreage restrictions on most crops, but not on cotton and wheat, which still yield embarrassing surpluses,

Claude is a little touchy on the question of county agents and committeemen, insisting that federal representation is adequate.

. . . FULL PRODUCTION

On other points, however, he agrees with the White House proposals, declaring some already are in effect. He wants to bring the 1,000,000 less efficient farmers into full production, to increase dehydration of foods, convert truck farmers from iceberg lettuce, etc., and organize a new land army from towns and cities. In fact, he already has a plan well advanced for the "land army."

Wickard, who had hardly been heard of before his elevation to Wallace's place in the cabinet, has had clear sailing for two years, thanks in part to good weather.

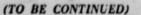
Now, however, he is facing just as tough a job in trying to produce more, as Wallace faced ten years ago in trying to produce less. No secretary of agriculture ever faced more opposite and more difficult problems. The average person realizes the problems confronting the secretary of agriculture. They are exceedingly complex.

Wickard knows his position is shaky. But he is on his mettle, fighting to meet the established production goals.

. . . CAPITAL CHAFF

C Munro Leaf, who wrote Ferdinand the Bull, hailed as a children's classic on pacifism, has now got himself a captain's commission in the army, and is more belligerent than any West Pointer. He even believes that it is sacrilegious to criticize anyone in the army, or anything the army does-especially the services of supply, to which he is detailed.

4 When Postmaster General Frank Walker was shown a recent news photo of himself, he said, "Is that Herbert Hoover or me?"

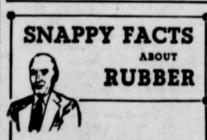


Sleeps Now . . . here's wonderful home-proved medication that works 2 ways at once to relieve distress of child's cold—even while he sleepel Just rub throat, chest and

Just rub throat, chest and back with Vicks VapoRub at bed-time. instantly VapoRub starts to relieve coughing spasms, case muscular soreness or tightness, and invite restful, comforting sleep. Often by morning, most of the misery is gone. For baby's sake, try VapoRub tonight. It must be good, because when colds strike, must mothers use Vicks VapoRub.

Truth's Friend

The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice.-Colton.



so of group riding conservation proc-The importance of group riding as a rubber conservation prac-tice has been domonstrated in Pontial, Mich., where today 20,000 workers roll to war plants in 4,000 cars instead of the 15,000 cars they used daily earlier this year.

2,300 cities and towns with a total population of 12½ millions depend entirely upon automobiles for pas-senger transportation.

In 1296 The B. P. Geodrich Co. mode the first fabric clinch or type automobile itre in the 36 x 4 size.

A ton of rubber a year is the collec-tion of the average Brasilian wild rubber gatherer. This explains why man power is the crux of the South American natural rubber problem.

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