

HARROWING TRIALS OF MISS CONNOR AS LUSITANIA SANK

WASHINGTON, June 21.—How narrowly Miss Dorothy Connor of Medford, Or., escaped drowning when the Lusitania was torpedoed and sunk is related in a letter written by Miss Connor's brother-in-law, Dr. Howard Fisher, to his son, living in Washington. This letter has just been made public by the son and details some of Miss Connor's experiences which she did not relate in her letters. Dr. Fisher's letter in part is as follows:

"Friday, May 7, was a beautiful day. All trunks were ordered on deck by 10 p. m., so I told Dorothy that I would pack mine in the morning and get it over with. The trunk was packed with some difficulty and delayed me, so that I was late getting to lunch. Dorothy and I had just finished eating our squash when bang! came a rather dull sound like a soft blast, a slight shock, and in a few seconds a listing of the ship to the side on which we were struck. Dorothy said, 'What is that?' I replied, 'That is what we came after, a torpedo; we must go on deck.' Everybody rushed on deck (second cabin, third cabin and steerage), and came pouring forward, it seemed.

Boat Falls in Water Upside Down

"Not an officer was in sight and everything was confusion. To say there was a panic is not the truth. Within ten feet from where I stood some people were trying to lower a boat. Men jumped on women and children, trying to get into it. I would not let Dorothy try it, nor did she wish to. She behaved beautifully. It was fortunate, for there was no one who knew how to manage it, and the boat fell into the sea upside down, spilling and hurtling as it fell on those struggling in the water.

"A second boat was next tried and the same thing happened, only by a miracle it righted itself and so got away safely. Those two were the only boats that were cast loose from my side. No one tried a third. When I saw the boats were of no use I posted Dorothy and then rushed below to get life belts.

Life Preservers Hard to Find

"My cabin deck was already flooded, so I returned to the deck above, rushing here and there in the dark, for the electric lights had gone out, trying open cabins for a chance life belt left behind by its owner. I found one and then in the topmost deck I found a second one. The ship was so badly listed that I had some trouble, but finally rushed up the stairway to be greeted by some devil who tried to snatch one of my belts. He did not get it. In five minutes from the time we had our belts on the water was at our feet and I called Dorothy to jump for it. I slipped through the rail into the sea. Dorothy had to climb over it.

"It pays always to keep cool. So I said to myself as I went down: 'Now, if you can only keep your mind long enough, if nothing entangles you or strikes you, you will be all right.' I went down and down, twisted and turned, like a bug in a whirlpool, always wondering if I could last it out. Once I slid across a rope and pushed myself free from it, to go still lower, and then I started upward as rapidly as I had gone down.

Struggle Beneath Surface Avoided

"I had nearly reached the surface, for the sunlight was strong through my closed eyes, when some one grappled with me. Not wishing for a struggle in the water, I sank again, it was a second only, and so came free to the surface, turned over on my back, got my wind and struck out for an overturned boat some twenty-five yards away. I had a slightly bruised eye and two scratches, but they did not bother me in the least and I have no idea where I got them unless I was kicked while under water.

"The overturned boat had some 35 people on it before I left it. Had I known the old ship would go down so soon Dorothy and I would have jumped sooner and so swam free from the suction.

"We stayed where we were because some of the floor passed the word that the ship would right itself. From the time she was struck to her going down was just eighteen minutes. How is that for your watertight compartments?

Two in Water Three Hours

"We were three hours in the water, and it seemed that I never would get warm and that we would never get back to Queenstown. I had to share my pipe with two dirty sailors from the Lusitania. When I reached the hotel it was so late they could only give me a place on the floor near a fire, where a drunken reserved man talked all night and kept everybody awake. Dorothy I found next morning upstairs in bed. She had come in

NEWSPAPERS BEST ADVERTISING VALUE STATES ADVERTISER

CHICAGO, June 22.—Present day newspapers are a better advertising medium than ever because they have a more gripping national power—a power that should be studied by every thinking advertiser, Joseph H. Finn of Chicago told delegates attending the annual convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World here today.

Mr. Finn spoke of the "newspaper, the advertiser and the advertising agent." He declared that advertising is the news about merchandising and that there was nothing closer to the hearts of the reading public than the "live news concerning buying opportunity."

Luck is Eliminated

"I believe in the efficiency of newspaper advertising because I have seen what it can do in such a variety of lines, covering such a divergence of propositions that the possibility of luck or accident must be eliminated from consideration."

It is the paper which publishes the true news that pays the advertiser best, the speaker said.

"Generally speaking, the best newspaper is the one which secures the best advertising," Mr. Finn continued. "And the best advertising is what helps make it the best newspaper. Truth is the slogan of the newspaper that hopes to win the most lasting success—the widest influence."

"I have seen almost overnight newspaper advertising and merchandise successes that would have been deemed incredible ten years ago. And these successes were solid—they stayed put."

Advocates Boosting Policy

"Undoubtedly the greatest thing that newspapers can do for advertisers—for the business world, for humanity—is to spread the gospel of optimism, to chart a straight course of confidence. A newspaper that deals in unquieting rumors, that dispenses gloom and that is always on the hair-trigger of uncertainty, defeats the advertiser and defeats itself."

"It is the truth that good times and bad are each largely a matter of psychology. In this respect the power of the newspaper is almost beyond reckoning. Boost and keep on boosting."

RUSSIANS SINK TURKISH VESSELS

PETROGRAD, June 22.—It is officially announced that Russian submarines have sunk a large steamer and two sailing vessels belonging to the Turks, in the Black sea, between Tregli (a seaport 120 miles east of the Bosphorus) and Kefken island (sixty miles west of Eregh).

SUBMARINE SINKS STEAMER CARIS BROOK

LONDON, June 22.—The British steamer Carisbrook of Glasgow, from Montreal for Leith, Scotland, was sunk by gun fire from a German submarine on June 21, forty miles north of Kinnaird's Head.

Eleven members of her crew were saved. Thirteen are as yet unaccounted for.

Palmer Winner in School Election

R. J. Palmer, endorsed by the Parent-Teachers association, was the successful candidate in the annual city school election Monday afternoon. Mr. Palmer received 167 of the 285 votes cast. Though he announced that he would not be a candidate, J. H. Cochran, retiring director, was given 19 votes. F. V. Modynski received 97 votes. Interest in the election was slight.

about 10 p. m., while I got in at 1 a. m.

"Poor girl, she had a narrow escape, and she was picked up unconscious. She's quite well now, though she has a little neuritis. As for me, I have only contracted a bad cold. Neither of us nor any one else saved a stitch of clothing nor anything beyond what was on our person."

OUT ON STREETS WITH LONDON'S MILLIONS AT MIDNIGHT DURING ZEPPELIN RAID

With Desperate Courage People Stand and Wait While Enemy of the Air Drop Bombs That Are Only Warning of the Great Attack That is to Come. Writes Mary Boyle O'Reilly, Mail Tribune Correspondent.

(By Mary Boyle O'Reilly.)

LONDON, Eng., June 22.—I have just been out in the streets with London's millions at midnight during a Zeppelin raid!

The friend who promised to take me out kept faith with me. It was near midnight last night when the telephone rang.

"Zeppelins over London," whispered the eager voice. "I am waiting below with a motor."

Three minutes later we were gliding through silent streets under the quiet stars.

East and west small shady parks made recesses of deeper darkness. In the midst of each stood a shadowy scaffolding crowned with a sky-pointing air gun.

Gun Crews Await Signal

In the moonlight I could almost count the gun crews waiting and ready. Their courage was not calmer than that of the crowds who crammed the streets.

After long threatening the great raid had come.

The air throbbled with expectation and curiosity, but no fear. Every policeman was at his post, thousands of special constables on duty, hundreds of first aid volunteers concentrated at strategic points with ambulances or stretchers.

The street cleaners who wash the pavements of London every night stood at attention, giant hose coupled to corner hydrants, firemen wearing brass helmets lined up in the doors of their stations. The enemy was about to wreak his worst—London was ready and waiting.

On the first alarm the majority of street lamps were suddenly extinguished, but moonlight flooded the wider streets. "A wonderful night, clear, warm and calm," said the citizen constable. "We are bound to have a hundred such before the autumn equinox. But the war office should put out that moon."

Bomb Smashes Cobbles

Crash! A mile to the east a bomb smashed the cobbles, flinging blistering fragments against the nearest houses. Instantly the motor sped into the echoes. Next women towers of flame flashed up north and south. Two big lumberyards had been simultaneously fired. Both burned as petroleum burns, straight upward, without smoke, gigantic torches under the arch of the dark. Enemy airmen could ask no better beacon, assuming that they knew the location of these sites.

The mounting flames illuminated great areas of the congested foreign cities which make up East London. By that awful light I saw a thrilling thing—the calm courage of the common people.

For mile after mile of city streets 3,000,000 men and women—heroes and heroines of whom the world will never hear—stood in the darkened streets, ready and waiting.

Here and there a rabbi, sacred Talnud held to his breast, comforted his nervous people, everywhere priests and ministers reassured quiet, but desperately anxious crowds.

In East London alone are concentrated twelve giant gas tanks. To bomb these would poison, perhaps imperil all London. Therefore the cities of the poor are the deadliest point of attack for ruthless air-raiders.

London a Mighty Target

No human intelligence could foresee the probabilities of the night. London was a mighty target for enemy airmen. Injury was inevitable, catastrophe, even cataclysm, possible. Millions of men and women crowded into the almost silent streets, realized that for them there was no escape. Any wholesale flight from the threatened area was practically impossible. Tremendous distances separate the great city's boroughs and the big tram strike blocks escape to comparative safety.

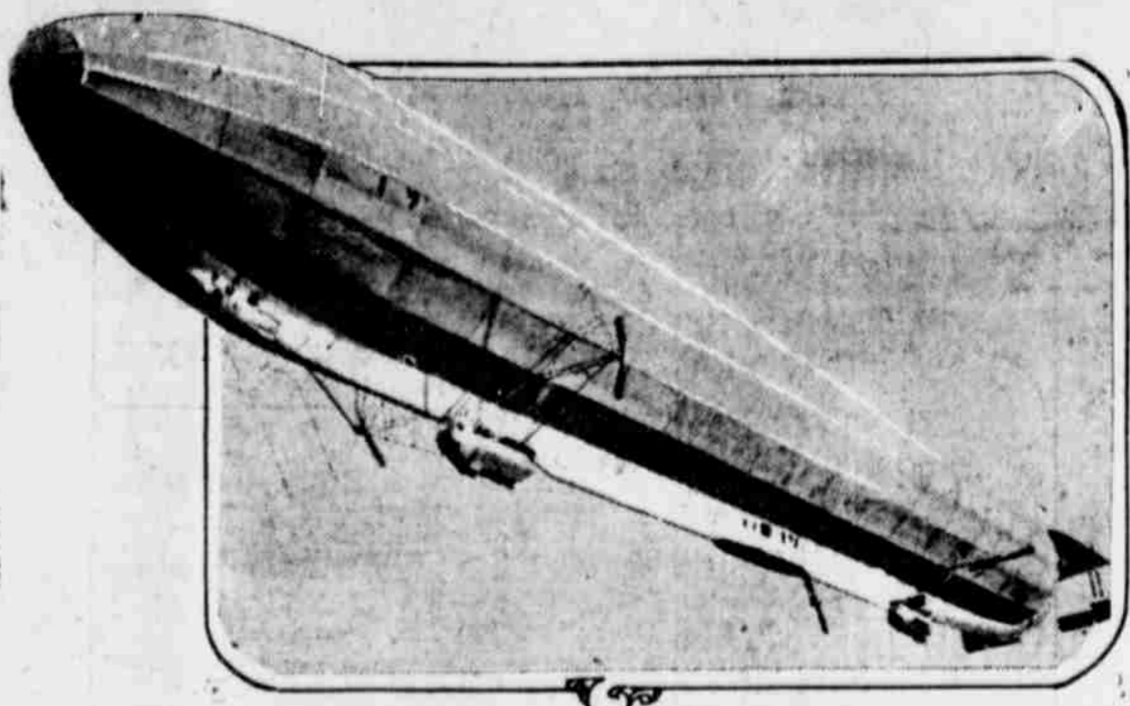
A little group of constables and sobbing women followed an ambulance to the nearest hospital. Sara Schrader and her sister, Yetta, girl tailoresses and Germans, had been wounded by the fragments of a bomb. The watching crowd commented softly.

Hundreds stood about their house doors, work-worn figures bowed beneath bundles and bags of the poor treasures they hoped to save. Their wan, patient faces were half masked by home-made respirators.

No one spoke of the nearby gas tanks whose millions of gallons of fumes a bomb might any moment release.

The reprobation of anti-air craft gass echoed through the arch of the dark. Faint and far borne resounded the impact of falling missiles.

Five bombs on the slums of Shore-



"Enough high explosive could be carried by one such Zeppelin to blow all London into dust—"

ditch, twelve in the tenements along Commercial road, probably 300 upon London.

Aircraft Merely Scouts

"All non-explosive, that tells the story," commented an old stevedore familiar with work in government dockyards. "These enemy air craft are only scouts casting off range finders. There are hundreds of known explosives, some sure and stable, as lyddite, which can be struck with a hammer, some dangerous to handle, as nitroglycerine, which goes off on the least increase of warmth.

"But the most' perilous' stuff is iodide of nitrogen, innocent looking as brown sugar, which a breath of summer wind will explode.

"Enough iodide of nitrogen could be carried by one Zeppelin to blow all London into dust. That is what the air dreadnaughts will carry.

"These sharpshooters are sent to draw our fire—to locate our air gun stations before the big Zeppelin fleet comes. Therefore our men should not shoot."

"True—right—good!" assented the crowd.

Far up in the deep blue sky the bow light of an aeroplane dropped like a falling star. No one could recognize whether it was friend or foe

Of the Zeppelins cruising 5000 feet overhead there was no trace.

For the air raiders who plan to destroy London have not yet come.

NOTICE

An invitation has been extended from Adale Chapter Jacksonville to the officers and members of Reames Chapter to meet with them July 1st in honor of their 31st anniversary. Those wishing to attend please leave notice with the secretary Wednesday evening, regular meeting night, or with J. F. Lawrence, worthy patron, 126 E. Main, before Saturday afternoon, June 26th.

"For its work and its policies"

The Standard Oil Company (California) has been awarded many honors for its high grade products exhibited at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, but the one it prizes most—the one in which it feels the deepest sense of gratification—is the special award—"for its work and its policies."

Gold Medal of Honor

This means that its treatment of its employees, its dealings with the public, its attitude toward competitors, its service to its patrons, its methods of producing, transporting, and refining petroleum—in short, the company's business morals and practices—have been found worthy of the special praise of a great national jury of awards.

The company is justly proud of this signal honor as a recognition of the fundamental policies under which it has operated from the beginning.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

(CALIFORNIA)



GERMAN-AMERICAN Steel Cut COFFEE LANG & CO. COFFEE ROASTERS PORTLAND, OREGON

G-A steel-cut Coffee was the first to sell at 20c. That's why it caught the public favor—five pounds now sold to any one of any other 30c steel-cut coffee.

1-lb. tin.....30c 3-lb. tin.....85c LANG & CO., PORTLAND

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On all microbes, germs, dirt and spots. Our plant is modern, sanitary and we know how. Try us and be convinced. Special attention to all classes of work.



Phone 244

We Must Have More

Butter Fat

Highest Market Price Paid

The White Velvet Ice Cream Co.

32 S. Central



HORSES WANTED

Will be at Dr. Helm's stable Wednesday, June 23d, to buy horses, 5 to 10 years old, weight 1100 to 1500 heavy bone, block type; must be in good condition. For other information, call Dr. Helms, 308.

EARL MCNUTT.

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