

IF PRIVATE THOUGHTS WERE SPOKEN...

"I'll never invite you again," she thought yet to be polite, she said, "So glad you came"



She liked him at first, but 'B.O.' spoiled everything

RUTH was thrilled when Bob asked to call. He had seemed interesting—then. But now—! She couldn't forgive "B.O."—Body Odor. "So glad you came," she murmured politely. But how different her real thoughts. She never asked him again. Treacherous "B.O." It gives us away—yet never warns us. And no one ever tells us that we offend. So it's sensible for all to take precautions—constantly. Perspiration is healthful. Even on cool days pores give off as much as a quart of odor-causing waste. To avoid embarrassment, bathe always with Lifebuoy. Its gentle, antiseptic lather purifies. Ends body odor. Great for Complexions By purifying pores, Lifebuoy keeps complexions fresh, too. Guards health by removing germs. You'll love its pleasant extra-clean scent which tells you Lifebuoy purifies and which vanishes as you rinse. Adopt Lifebuoy today! LAVA SOAP CO., Cambridge, Mass.

Lifebuoy stops body odor HEALTH SOAP

Your MODEL T FORD is still a good car

THE Model T Ford led the motor industry for twenty years because of its sturdy worth, reliability and economy. Those same reasons continue to make it a good car. As a matter of fact, nearly one-fourth of all the automobiles in use today are Model T Fords. Millions of them can be driven two, three and even five more years with reasonable care and proper replacements. Figures show that the average life is seven years. Don't sacrifice your Model T, therefore, but take it to the Ford dealer and have him estimate on the cost of putting it in A1 shape. A very small expenditure may be the means of giving you thousands of miles of additional service. For a labor charge of \$20 to \$25 you can have your motor and transmission completely overhauled. This price includes new bearings, reboring cylinders and any other work necessary. Parts are extra. Valves can be ground and carbon removed for \$3 to \$4. The cost of tightening all main bearings is only \$6. The labor charge for overhauling the front axle is \$4.50 to \$5—rear axle assembly, \$5.75 to \$7. New universal joint will be installed for a labor charge of \$3. Brake shoes relined for \$1.50. Rear spring and perches rebushed for \$1.75. The cost of overhauling the starting motor is \$3. A labor charge of approximately \$2.50 covers the overhauling of the generator. It will pay you, therefore, to see your Ford dealer and have him put your Model T in good running order. By doing so you will protect and maintain the investment you have in your car and get months and years of reliable transportation at a very low cost per mile.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY



Trowbridge Lumber Yard

Everything in Lumber and Building Materials Distributors for Johns-Mannville Roofings

Trowbridge Cabinet Works

Cabinets, Windows, Doors, Screens, Etc.

The Old Reliable—Established in 1908

When in need of ANYTHING for Building, Phone 238. We can be of real service to you.

GUILT FROM CIVIL WAR CLOTH BEING PIECED IN TALENT

(By Mrs. Marion Tryer.) TALENT, Ore., April 30.—(Sp.) Grandmas Works is piecing a quilt with calico purchased during and following the Civil war. The material is fully as strong as our present gingham, and when a person could afford a dress of this kind, at that time, they felt all dressed up. Mrs. Works has three tops made of this old-time material, which she is making for her daughter.

Mrs. Claud Williams returned Thursday from the Community hospital in Ashland. She is still in a very critical condition. Harry Cleveland of Ashland was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hearing Wednesday.

Don and Charles Williams are expecting to start Monday for Alaska. Darrell Davis and Henry Nelland arrived from Chico, Cal., the end of the week and expect to spend the summer in the Wagner creek district.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Childers of Medford were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Walters Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. William Breeze attended the Federation of Women's clubs which met in Ashland Friday afternoon. Other ladies attending from Talent were Mrs. Charley Estes, Mrs. J. O. Penland, Mrs. Chase Gardner and Mrs. C. W. Long.

Marshall Gretmore, who has been working for Mrs. Bullen at the Red Crown service station, returned to his home at Siskiyou camp Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brandt and daughter, Barbara, called Friday evening at the Tryer home.

S. A. Nye is having his house repainted. A. B. Cadwell and O. B. Shoeman of Medford are doing the work.

Chase Gardner and E. T. Newberry were attending to business affairs in Medford Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mason, Wm. Petri and daughter Margaret and son Elton, and Mrs. Cliff Bond were shopping in Medford Saturday afternoon.

Several trucks have been hauling lumber, sand and cement the past week for the building of the new school on Wagner.

Erman Wilson has been out of school for several days the past week, suffering from a bad case of poison oak. She returned to school Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hamilton and son Harry and Frank Works have formed a musical company who call themselves "The 49'ers," who will broadcast every Thursday evening between 8 and 9, over KMEB, through the Farmers Exchange Cooperative.

Miss Elizabeth Higgins broadcast a solo over KMEB last Thursday evening during the program put on by the Pomona Grange.

Mrs. O. Wimer spent Friday afternoon a guest at the home of Mrs. Cliff Garvin.

Howard Burnett and his mother, Mrs. Henry Burnett, and Mrs. Orville Works spent Saturday morning shopping in Medford.

Collier Learning came down from Butte Falls Saturday evening and returned Sunday.

Earl Simmons is erecting an awning over the front of his fruit-stand, preparatory for summer trade. Mr. Simmons has collected some 100 pairs of deer horns with which he intends to decorate the front of the building, which is all made of poles in their natural condition. Mr. and Mrs. Simmons do a thriving business during the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Gates of Grants Pass were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Parks last Thursday. Very recently Mr. Gates had sustained the loss of most all his household effects and their personal belongings by fire.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bruin and Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Garvin spent Saturday evening in Medford where they attended the Shriners' parade.

Miss Edna Newby gave a party to her Sunday school class Saturday afternoon at the church.

Don Tryer and Collier Learning made a trip to Grants Pass Saturday evening.

Prof. and Mrs. Miller and two daughters, Willetta and Juanita, Mrs. Joecey and two sons, Mrs. Scott, Miss Slater and Miss Wisley spent Saturday picnicking at Klamath Falls.

Harold Slater of Sutherlin spent Sunday with his sister, Miss Blanche Slater, at the home of Mrs. Minnie Joecey. Mr. Slater is attending the Shriners' convention being held in Medford.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holdridge and daughter Esther and son Clarence and Miss Nell Hill spent Saturday at Crescent City, Cal.

The Talent Grange will meet Thursday evening. At this meeting the first and second degrees will be conferred on new members.

The Community club will meet at the hall Wednesday afternoon. At this time reports from the delegates attending the federation will be given.

Remember the opening of the Archery hall Wednesday evening. Sports will be held between 6 and 9 o'clock.

The senior class play, "The Dead of Night," will be produced Friday. Admission 45, 35 and 25 cents.

G. L. Dyllen left Monday morning for Portland.

CROTON, N. Y., April 30.—(Sp.) A wild pitch in a sandlot baseball game killed Dominick Espanola, a spectator. He stood behind the catcher watching the game and the ball hit him near the heart. The pitcher was exonerated.

Baker. — Plans progressing for construction of ten miles road from New Bridge up Eagle creek to mouth of Little Eagle.

GOLD BULLETS

by Charles G. Booth

SYNOPSIS: Alex Peterson was a picturesque gambler of the California mining camps in the 90's. John Peebles buys one of Peterson's famous gold-mounted revolvers, loaded with gold bullets, from Nathan Hyde, crafty and secretive antique dealer. Hyde refuses to tell how he procured the weapon. Roy Hammond, lawyer and formerly a prospector, is visibly startled when Peebles unexpectedly enters Hyde's office. Hyde deftly covers some object on his desk. Peebles ponders on the possible connection between Peterson, his gun and gold bullets, and the antique shop.

CHAPTER 2. Death Over the Wire. I had several things to do in town, so instead of going straight home I dined at Gall's with my old friend, Captain Deacon, our chief of police. Deacon had done more than his share towards making the department as efficient as any in the state and I respect his keen driving brain.

The meal over and my business attended to, I drove slowly home. It was just ten minutes past nine when I arrived there. It was to remember the time.

Polyandria reclined on the hearth. She got lazily up, stretched herself fore and aft and came purring towards me. I picked her up and she made herself comfortable on my shoulder. Polyandria is a gold-brown Angora, a magnificent animal, and I suppose I am absurdly fond of her.

"No more complaints, Polyandria?" I inquired.

Luther MacNair, a retired private detective of considerable reputation, had recently come to Mag- nolia avenue. It turned out that he has a passion for growing tomatoes. Polyandria got among the vines—so he said—and some little damage was done. I insisted on paying MacNair's estimate of the

damage, but he was quite nasty about it.

Lucy danced in just then. She is always dancing in upon me.

"Look at me instead of Polyandria, Uncle John. Am I all right?" I frowned. "How should I know whether you are all right? Ask Jerry."

"He's busy with his father. He telephoned me during dinner. Something has happened."

"What?" "He didn't say. Do you like my new dress?" "You'll do," I said. "Where are you going?"

"To the Chesters. I am singing there. Jerry will come for me after his father has done with him, I suppose. I wish Mr. Ogden would let him reopen that old mine. Jerry believes he can make it pay. I don't know why Mr. Ogden is so stupid."

"He should know best." "You old people always know best! You dear old Uncle John. What were you doing all afternoon?"

"Well, I bought a pistol." "Goodness! Another?" "It's a pistol. I have been trying to get for a long time, my dear. It belonged to a man named Peterson who lived in the mining town of Torridity down in Skull Valley."

"Torridity! Why, that's where Mr. Ogden's mine is. Isn't it strange that he won't let Jerry open it up?" I chuckled.

She kissed me again and fled. Now that Lucy had spoken of it, I recalled that the mine Jerry wanted to operate—some feeling about it had arisen between father and son—was in or near Torridity. The coincidence was interesting. I was getting up to unwrap my purchase when Mrs. Moffit came in.

Without Mrs. Moffit life would be more of a labyrinth than it is and I an infant in the middle of it. "How's your head, Mr. Peebles?" she inquired solicitously.

"Head?" I murmured.

Mrs. Moffit looked disappointed. "You had a headache when you go up this morning, hadn't you? I suppose it was that pie last night. I was bringing you a powder." Mrs. Moffit has a powder for everything.

"Ah, yes," I said. "Well, it's all right now, and it wasn't the pie. I am very fond of Mrs. Moffit's pie."

She shook her head disapprovingly. "You always say that. Mr. Ogden phoned a while back. He said I was to ask you to call him up as soon as you can. He seemed terribly upset about something. I didn't know you were home until Miss Lucy told me just now."

I crossed to the telephone, wondering what was the matter with Andrew. Instead of taking the instrument up at once I unwrapped the Peterson revolver and ran my

fingers caressingly over the barrel and gold-mounted butt. I was on the point of breaking the weapon when the telephone whirred sharply.

As I picked up the instrument my eye fell on the clock on the mantel. It was exactly none-thirty.

"Hello," I called.

"Is that you, John? This is Andrew." The voice might have been anyone's but his, so strained and unnatural did it sound.

"What is it, Andrew?" "I want to see you . . . Come over . . . right away. You hear me? Right?"

The voice had stopped. Then I heard what might have been a gasp. A queer, strangled sort of gasp. Silence again. Now came a dull thud and a rattle.

"Andrew!" I shouted. "What's wrong, man?"

Did I hear a faint groan? I threw off the shackles that bound me, flung myself through the French window near my desk, and plunged through the maze of shrubbery outside.

This moon had not yet risen, but my feet quickly found the familiar winding path and I raced through the scented bloom toward the Ogden house. Suddenly, I heard the pound of feet on the cinder walk ahead and as I neared the walk Jerry Ogden's white flannels flashed past into the drive.

"Jerry!" I called. "Jerry! Jerry!" Instead of replying, he went on like the wind and I stopped, dumb-founded. He had seemed to drop something as he passed, but the gloom was too deep for me to be sure of this.

The shadows of the place swallowed him before I could tell whether he had gone on to the garage, which lies on the other side of the house, or down to the avenue, and I stood with a queer coldness tightening about my heart.

Off again at top speed, I did not stop until I had climbed over the iron grille which embraces a tiny balcony just big enough to

stand on outside the library window. The doors of the window were ajar, but drawn draperies concealed the room. I was sweating with dread. For the moment I couldn't have parted the curtains to see what Andrew's boy had fled from to save my soul.

Desperately beating my weakness back, I compelled myself to open the window, to part the curtains, to look in.

Andrew Ogden sat at his desk, his head down upon it. The light of a reading lamp fell upon his neck where a cross of metal burned dully.

(Copyright, 1929, William Morrow Co.)

Jerry flees from his home just after his father has been murdered. Why didn't he stop when Peebles called? Another gripping chapter appears tomorrow.

San Diego Sheriff Falls from Window

SAN DIEGO, Cal., April 30.—(Sp.) James C. Byers, sheriff of San Diego county, was killed this morning when he either fell or jumped from a fourth story window of Mercy hospital.

Last week Sheriff Byers went to the hospital to be operated on for appendicitis and was reported well on the way to recovery.

Early this morning he asked his nurse for a glass of malted milk. When the nurse returned she discovered her patient missing and at the same time observed that several articles on the window ledge were disarranged. Upon investigation she discovered the screen had been unlatched and looking down to the court pavement saw the body of Byers on the concrete. When hospital attaches reached the body they found life extinct.

APPLAUSE FOR KILLER RETAINED IN RECORD

WASHINGTON, April 30.—(Sp.) An attempt to have expunged from the Congressional Record all references to applause in connection with last week's debate over the killing by a local policeman of a suspected rum runner failed today in the house.

Representative Laguardia, republican, New York, asked unanimous consent that the word "applause" be stricken from the record in two instances, but Representative Johnson, republican, Washington, objected.

The word "applause" appeared in the record after a statement by Representative Holiday, republican, Illinois, defending the officer's action in the case and after the words "this shot struck him in the back of the head and killed him."

Woodmen to Fight Increase of Rates

Delegates from 50 camps of the Woodmen of the World, representing Utah, Idaho, Wyoming and Montana in session at Salt Lake City, Utah, adopted resolutions condemning insurance rates imposed on other members and criticizing methods of handling funds of the organization.

The executive committee was empowered to employ counsel and take necessary action to stop the increase if possible.

Burns. — Extensive improvements underway here.

Bilious/ NR

Bilious, constipated? Take NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—tonight—the mild, safe, all-vegetable laxative. You'll feel fine in the morning. Promptly and pleasantly ride the system of the lower bowels that cause these headaches—BILIOUS. Recommended and sold by All 8 Medford Druggists

THE BEAUMONT Presented for SPRING, 1929, by Lord Rochester Styling HERE is a suit styled for the well-dressed man with a conservative note in his character—a soft, rolling front with peaked lapels—body-tracing lines that are semi-form-fitting—and modified, broad shoulders. One and two trousers. \$30 to \$50 Tailored by MICHAELS-STERN, ROCHESTER, N. Y. MODEL CLOTHING COMPANY Medford's Correct Clothiers Louis L. Richardson, Mgr. 126 East Main

Walking Back at Isis Tonight Some of the most jazzy, peppy and original ballroom dancing is said to take place in a party sequence of "Walking Back," a picture of the younger set of today, at the Isis theatre. Sue Carol is featured. The cast includes Richard Walling, Robert Edison, Arthur Rankin, Jane Keeckley, Florence Turner and Ivan Lebedeff. Soviet Closes Churches CONSTANTINOPLE, April 30.—(Sp.)—Reliable information from Ankara stated today that the soviet government had closed Armenian churches at Akra, Tifflis and Erivan. Police later broke up an Armenian meeting of protest and arrested many persons.

Cooks in toast-and-coffee time QUICK QUAKER OATS World's fastest hot breakfast

Poultry Fence Styles to Please All Prices Right 1-inch Mesh—12 inches high, per roll \$2.00 1-inch Mesh—24 inches high, per roll \$3.70 POULTRY FENCE 4-foot, per rod 45c 5-foot, per rod 52c 6-foot, per rod 57c Hubbard Bros. Inc. Corner Main and Riverside Phone 231