

CELEBRATION AT ASHLAND HELPED BY ROTARY CLUB

ASHLAND, Ore., June 27.—

(Special.)—Rotarian representatives have been appointed to appear before the various service clubs of Medford this week to interest them in entering the parade feature of the Ashland celebration on the Fourth of July. Already generous support has been given the celebration by some of the leading business firms of Medford and it is the hope of the committee that the parade may represent all the interests of southern Oregon.

The Rotarian committee that has the parade in charge includes in its membership H. A. Stearns, Rev. C. D. Gaffney, Charles Bowman, A. W. Moon, J. R. Saunders, James Hopper, Dr. Charles Kunz, Lew Hansen, Arthur Tepper and James Harker.

Marching groups that will appear in the parade are Lithians and other clubs of the city, National Guard, American Legion, Boy Scouts, Sunday schools, and an invitational has also been given to the Southern Oregon Normal.

Chester Woods visited northern California on Thursday to advertise the Fourth of July celebration, which is to be staged in Ashland. He carried a large stock of posters and automobile stickers, which were distributed to newspaper offices.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dodge were dinner hosts on Friday evening. The dinner was served at a table attractive with flowers and green tapers. The evening was spent in conversation and music. Covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thomas of Medford, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Price of Portland, Miss Edith Dodge, Robert Dodge and the host and hostess.

Irving E. Vining, who has just returned from the Lake of the Woods, reports that there are already a good many visitors at the lake and that fishing, especially for silversides, is good. The Klamath Falls entrance, he says, is a boulevard, with only a few muddy spots near the lake. The various building operations are being rushed to completion for the season's influx of summer dwellers and tourists.

CIVIC CLUB OF EAGLE POINT CLOSES WORK DURING HOT SEASON

EAGLE POINT, Ore., June 27.—(Special.)—The Civic Improvement club met Thursday afternoon in their hall over Browns' store. This was the last meeting for the summer months. They will resume their business operations in September. Hostesses for the day were Mrs. John Rader, Mrs. Van Sooy and Mrs. S. B. Holmes.

The Presbyterian church choir will practice every Thursday evening at the home of Mrs. Royal Brown at 8 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Nee went to Medford Thursday evening on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Royal Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Stoner and son, Jack, motored to Yreka Sunday and visited with friends in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dutton are driving a fine new Durant coach, which is leather upholstered. Vida and Margaret Nickells who live with their parents in Brownboro, were in Eagle Point Saturday morning en route to Medford, where they will spend a few days visiting friends.

Mrs. Smith and daughter, Mrs. Davis of Ashland and Grandma Taylor of Eagle Point, spent Sunday at the Klamath creek Sunday school picnic. They report a splendid time.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Farlow of Medford and Miss Beth Farlow of Lake Creek were supper guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. L. McClelland Sunday evening.

SARDINE CREEK FOLK HEAR POULTRY EXPERT

SARDINE CREEK, Ore., June 27.—(Special.)—Quite a few from here attended the talk in Gold Hill Friday night, given by N. C. Westfield, poultry expert with the Farmers' Exchange co-operative of Medford. An interesting talk was given on the subject of "raising pullets."

We regret to learn that Tom Griffiths, who has been spending several weeks with his sister, Mrs. Etha Patrick in Gold Hill, is in very poor health.

J. H. Miller, who has been logging at the Cougle mill on Williams creek, returned home last Friday evening and is now busy cultivating his corn and getting his hay in.

BUGS MORAN GANGSTER PUT ON SPOT BY FOES

CHICAGO, Ill., June 27.—(AP)—Two men shot and killed Sigmund Muscia, 36, reported alcohol peddler and gangster, tossed their revolvers beside his body and fled. Police said Muscia was a gangster under the banner of Joe Aiello, a George (Bugs) Moran ally.

For the Love of a Lady

by Jeffery Farnol

SYNOPSIS: To Richard Guyford, nobleman, young and handsome, Helen Darcy seemed the most beautiful woman he ever had seen. From her he learned that his none too savory reputation had been added to another blunder—"blackmail"—and discovers that his extortion levied on a love-faithful girl. By chance he discovers a midnight trait—Julian and Angela, who is Helen's dear friend. Angela pleads for a pocket of love letters Julian threatens to expose to her fiancée. He rescues her from her despairing jump into a deep well pond, leads her home and learns more of the lovely Helen.

CHAPTER 4 WHIPPING A SCOUNDREL

MEANWHILE Sir Richard, reaching the inn, made his way to a hind door, a small, discreet door in shadow and unexpected angle, that seemed to hide coyly from all chance observation. Taking a key from his pocket, he opened this door and stepped into a narrow passage, closed the door. Halfway along this passage he paused and slid aside a certain panel, discovering a dim flight of stairs, up which he mounted, the panel closing behind him, and so came into a small, odd-shaped chamber. Although this strange room possessed four doors, it had not so much as a single window. Upon oak table lay



Julian, shrieking and groaning, writhed under Richard's vicious blows.

a horseman's cloak, very dusty, a pair of long-barreled pistols and a heavy riding-whip. Beholding these articles, Sir Richard laid his hand upon the latch of one door when from somewhere nearby rose a querulous, high-pitched voice:

"No, I refuse—I refuse, I say!"

Ensued now the smooth, soft murmur of another voice, whereat Sir Richard frowned and, crossing to a particular corner, lifted a section of the moulding, thus disclosing a "Judas"—two peepholes whereby one might look into the neighbouring room.

At a table heavily laden with bottles, mostly empty, sat a gorgeous young gentleman, his face contorted by rueful despair. Behind him sat an older man, keen-eyed, high-nosed, intent; and, fronting these, stood a tall, elegantly slim, smiling creature, who seemed to dominate the situation. His face, modishly pale, was almost hidden in the blonde curls of his lofty wig. Though his lips smiled, his sleepy eyes were a menace.

"My dear Brocklehurst," he murmured, "I shall be happy to afford you another week, and then—"

"But ye know—ye must know—it would mean my ruination, Guyford!" and in the speaker's haggard eyes was sudden, glaring hate.

"My lord, you exaggerate the fact."

"It's true—"tis too devilish true!" cried his lordship. "Don't—no, don't push me too far, Guyford."

Sir Richard closed the Judas and, taking up the riding-whip, viewed it with thoughtful frown. Then a door opened suddenly and there entered a fine, handsome girl who wept; but, spying Sir Richard, she checked her sobs.

"Why, Penelope, lass, what's amiss?"

"Tis Nick, sir; I come to hide his pistols."

"Nick? Are the officers on his heels again, or is he only drunk?"

"Oh, worse, Sir Richard; he be jealous! And it be all because o' the London gentlemen—they were for kissing me, sir, I told father, and father told Nick, and Nick do swear to be shoutin' some o' the gentlemen."

"Where is Nick?"

"In the kitchen, sir, with father—no, he be coming up here for his pistols sure! I can hear him."

As she spoke in came a tall, well-featured man, a comely fellow, from neat wig to dusty, spurred boots, who might have been anything rather than the notorious character and dreaded night-rider he was.

"Oho—is't you, sir?" he exclaimed.

"Myself!" nodded Sir Richard. "And leave your pistols alone, Black Nick. Don't be a fool."

"Lord, sir, fool I must be, being in love wi' lass as loveth not poor Nick. But dog bite me, sir, if any man shall treat my Pen anyways disrespectful—"

"And why are ye here tonight, Nick?" inquired Sir Richard.

"I'll lack, sir, my mare, good lass, cast a shoe, or I should ha' made pretty work on 't wi' so much grand company on the road, love-sick fools and country gentry."

"Nicholas, mind your neck! You'll leave these frolicsome gentry to me," said Sir Richard and strode from the room.

Thus Mr. Julian Guyford was strolling so amiably at his two companions when the door swung open and Sir Richard entered.

"What—what—the devil?" queried Lord Brocklehurst. Julian Guyford halted cheerily:

"Greetings, Dick! 'Tis my joy to present Lord Brocklehurst—Captain Despard. Gentlemen, my esteemed cousin, Sir Richard Guyford."

The Viscount bowed, the captain merely nodded. Sir Richard did neither, nor did his somber gaze leave his cousin's handsome face, conscious of which scrutiny Julian's smile faded.

"Well—what d'ye want here?"

"You."

"Ay, you bring me my letter, I think? Tom Pitt tells me of a letter."

"'Twas addressed to me."

"What o' that?"

"So—you'll mask your damnable villainy under my name, will ye?"

"Villainy, d'ye say—you? Why, your name is so devilish smirched and blown upon that one peccadillo more or less can pass unnoticed."

"But enough o' this!"

"I'm but beginning, cousin Julian. These dear friends o' yours shall learn the loathly villain you are and see ye flogged."

With the word he leaped to action. . . . Vicious blows—a cry, and Julian Guyford was squirming beneath his cousin's dusty riding-boot.

The Viscount gasped, floundering to unsteady legs, but Captain Despard pulled him down again, whispering sibilantly:

"A way out for us, Will: wait, man, wait—let be! And then was the vicious hiss of flailing whip-lash, a passionate cry repeated again, again and yet again. . . .

The whip broke at last, and Sir Richard, panting a little, let it fall and nodded down at the awful shape writhing beneath his foot.

"Cousin Julian, tonight I was named a 'blackmailer' of women! From tonight I refuse to father any more sins o' yours! And now I'll have—these!" So saying, he thrust hand into Julian's breast and, snatching thence the packet of letters, dropped them into his own coat-pocket.

"You—you shall rot—in Newgate—for this!" gasped Julian.

Sir Richard turned towards the door, but in that moment Julian was up, a small pistol in his hand, but even as he leveled it Captain Despard caught his wrist, turning the pistol against Julian's other arm; a shattering explosion and, reeling to the table, Julian leaned there, left arm a-dangle, glaring at Sir Richard through a swirl of smoke.

"What, cousin, is it murder, then?" said Sir Richard, smiling into that haggard, passion-distorted face. "Why, very well, seek me when you are more able." Turning to be gone, he saw the place a-throw with people.

Then Julian laughed oddly and, still supported by the table, raised his left arm and showed a hand red and dripping.

"My arm, George," said he; "a few more inches and 'twould ha' been my heart."

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Sir Richard receives the blow, table challenge—to duel to death with his cousin—in tomorrow's chapter.

Mr. Kent and the Aretetha's crew of a coast guard patrol boat after a backfire from the engine set the yacht afire, were at New Bedford hotel minus all their belongings except the clothes on their backs.

The engine backfire started a fire that spread over the 30-foot yacht with great rapidity.

Oregon Weather Fair in the east, cloudy in the west portion; unsettled on the coast tonight and Friday; continued mild. Gentle to moderate winds, mostly southerly.

ATWATER KENT YACHT BURNED AT CAPE COD

BUZZARD'S BAY, Mass., June 27.—(AP)—The Aretetha, 328.89, auxiliary schooner yacht of A. Atwater Kent Jr., son of the radio manufacturer, lay burned to the water's edge in 15 feet of water near the entrance to the Cape Cod canal today.

THOMPSON ATTENDING AGRICULTURAL CLASS

OREGON STATE COLLEGE, Corvallis, June 27.—An intensive two-week course consisting of evening and part-time school training is being held on the Oregon State college campus for 31 Oregon instructors in agriculture, from as many high schools having agricultural departments organized under the Smith-Hughes act. This is the annual state conference on the campus for this group, and is being conducted in connection with the college summer session. O. D. Thompson of Medford is among those in attendance.

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Strong belief in the rapid development of adult educational work during the next 10 years was expressed by R. C. Ford, state supervisor of agricultural education for New Mexico, who is in charge of the session.

Mule Kick Fatal
FRESNO, Cal., June 27.—(AP)—Injuries received when he was kicked by a mule resulted in the death of Ray Edwin Russell, 28, a rancher, Russell died at a local hospital.

NON EXPLOSIVE

Gas War Resumed
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 27.—(AP)—Resumption of the gasoline war indicated with the reduction of the retail price here by some service stations to 18 cents a gallon.

Southern Pacific's new 56-mile railroad between Klamath Falls, Ore., and Astoria, Cal., may be completed July 15.

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