News Notes of Pomona and Subordinate Grange Chapters Given by Official Reporters

Grange Calendar
For this week.
Lake Creek, Thursday, July 11, 8 p. m.
Jacksonville, Friday, July 12, 8 p. m.
Enterprise, Saturday, July 13, 10 a. m.
Eagle Point Juvenile, Saturday, July 13, 2:30 p. m.

Grange Motto

"In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity."

From Will Carlton's "Three Links of a Life"

"And, neat, due care and diligence keep
That the mind be trained and fed;
For blessings ever look shabby and cheap
That light on an empty head."

Eagle Point Grange

The next meeting of the Eagle Point Grange will be held on Tuesday, July 16, at 8:30 p. m.

The Grange decided to meet at 8:30 p. m. in place of 8 p. m. during the hot and busy season.

The building committee reported good progress on the new hall. It is planned to have the hall ready for occupancy before cold weather.

Memorial services, in charge of Mrs. Violet Spencer, chaplain, were fittingly observed in honor of our beloved brother and sister who so recently departed from this life.

During the lecture hour, besides two assembly songs, H. W. Ward read a good article entitled, "Four Things Money Cannot Buy." Mr. Buell Hildreth told the Grange of a sure way to locate the bee trees, showing a practical home-made device and explaining the method of using it. Mr. Hildreth is a practical and, I believe, commercial apiarist with many years of experience in handling these gentle little pets.

The master announced that the third and fourth degrees would be put on at our next meeting. He hopes to be able to get the Lake Creek Grange team to do the work.

The Eagle Point Grange will put on the lecture hour program (under the auspices of the Eagle Point Grange lecturer) at the next Lake Creek Grange meeting, Thursday, July 11.

The refreshment committee served ice cream and cake, coffee and iced tea during the social hour.

Eagle Point Grangers who attended the Fourth of July Grange picnic held at the Elks camp grounds, report a wonderful time. Every one says it was the most enjoyable picnic they ever attended.

Eagle Point Juvenile

The Juvenile will meet on Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, July 13.

We will try to have the wands and other equipment for use in the drills ready to use at that time.

We hope every member will be present as this may be our last opportunity to practice our drills.

Do not forget to bring your harmonicas and other musical instruments, please.

Grange Radio Program

The Pomona Grange radio program, which has come to be a regular part of Grange work in the county, will be given Thursday night, July 11, between 8:30 and 9:30.

These programs feature home rural talent, a pleasing and interesting change from the regulation radio program.

The program this week will feature several good vocal soloists, among the number being Bill Holman, singer of the famous old time cowboy chanty songs. Every number on this program will be good, so make a date with your radio for Thursday night, July 11, for the hour between 8:30 and 9:30 p. m. You will not be disappointed.

These Grange programs are put on through the courtesy of the Farmers Exchange Co-operative (Incorporated).

Each subordinate Grange in the county has a member on the Pomona radio committee who arranges for the numbers coming from their Grange. E. R. Nealon, representative on the committee from Sams Valley Grange, is also chairman of the radio committee.

Your Community

Several weeks ago the good Granger who has charge of these weekly Grange columns and I were discussing the National Grange radio program and the splendid ideas presented by the speakers.

This good Granger requested me to discuss the National Grange Radio program in an article for this column. But that dis-arranger of man's plans, illness, intruded one of its long grimy tentacles into the inner recesses of my orderly and carefully pigeon-holed mental desk, leaving disorder and confusion in its wake.

However, order has again been partially restored and so we will proceed to write "an" article, but not "the" article requested.

Far be it from me to attempt to elucidate or enlarge on those speeches which were in themselves not only complete, but gems of thought coming from men whose every word is not only a gem of thought but a blessed gift to humanity. There can be no word of mine but what would mar the completeness and beauty of the thought expressed.

I will take as my subject the same subject so ably handled by James C. Farmer, National Grange lecturer, "Your Community," a subject which could be handled by a thousand different people from a thousand different angles and yet never be completely covered.

My community. What are the pictures those magic words conjure up before our minds eye. Let us analyze the words.

My community. The place where I live; the place where I earn my living; the place where I go to church; the place where I send my children to school; the place where I meet the other members of the community in the Grange, possibly in civic clubs and parent-teacher orders; the place where every act of mine, every word of mine, yes, every thought of mine influences for the better or worse. The place where every act done or word expressed by any other member of that community has its influence on my mental, spiritual or social well being.

Am I my brother's keeper? Most assuredly so. So is he also your keeper.

What kind of a community is your community? Is it a good place to live; are the people friendly and congenial; do they attend church and send their children to Sunday school; do you have a comfortable, sanitary and substantial school building surrounded by lawn, flowers, shrubs, and shade trees. Are you particular that the teachers of your children are capable men or women with high moral standards and refined manners.

Are you proud of your community, or indifferent, or ashamed?

Can your community be what you would like to have it? It certainly can for your community is just what you have made it. If your community is not up to par, you will say that you can do nothing alone and your neighbors will not co-operate with you to build up the community. If you are proud of your community, you will smirk and say, "Yes, I have worked hard and accomplished a great deal, but I have had to work alone. I could get no co-operation." What bosh.

Do you have an ideal of what your community should be? Let us say, a 100 percent community. We must have some standard to work from. Suppose we make a 75 percent community a standard community, with 100 percent as your ideal.

If you want to know just how near a standard community you now have, take a pencil and paper, check up on the items which I will give you next week, placing assets and liabilities in separate columns, then add up and you will have a fair idea of what your community really is. Such a sheet will also give you just the information you need in case you should have a desire to try to bring your community up to standard. Any community progressive enough to reach the standard or 75 percent mark, will be a community that is constantly striving for the 100 per cent mark.

If your above mentioned good Granger permits, I will conclude in your next week column with an itemized list from which you can check up your community and incidentally find out whether you are an asset or a liability to your community.

GAYLE DE KRAKER.

Stomach Sufferers! Eat What You Like This Summer—

A teaspoonful of simple herbal compound before meals fine to end misery — New Strength, Weight and Vigor

If you only knew—you poor unfortunates who pay for almost every mouthful you eat with terrible distress and misery—who are weak, nervous and thin—who can't sleep—how quickly these troubles vanish as Tanlac straightens out stomach disturbances and gives you new strength, you wouldn't hesitate a moment about going to your druggist and getting a bottle of this splendid herbal compound.

Tanlac is as free from harmful drugs as the water you drink—only Nature's own medicinal tonic herbs. Druggists know this and for the past 10 years have recommended it to men and women who were rapidly becoming physical wrecks from stomach troubles.

The makers have so much confidence in Tanlac that if it doesn't help you—money back.

Tanlac
52 MILLION BOTTLES USED

OUSTED MEDIC TO AGAIN MAKE PLEA

PORTLAND, Ore., July 9.—(AP)—Dr. Louis E. Schmidt, nationally known urologist, ousted from membership in the Chicago Medical society for alleged unethical conduct in connection with his clinic, arrived here early today to further his plea for reinstatement in the American Medical association.

The doctor, whose controversy with the Chicago society attracted nationwide attention, is said to have petitioned the judicial council of the American Medical association for reinstatement.

Dr. George Follansbee, chairman of the council, said today no action would be taken for some time and did not promise a hearing for Dr. Schmidt.

An unadvertised flight over the Atlantic failed dismally when a marsh hen fell exhausted on the deck of a schooner off Georges Banks, Mass.

For the Love of a Lady

by Jeffery Farnol

SYNOPSIS: Sir Julian Gayford, convinced that treacherous friends are poisoning him as he lies ill, leaves his bed in the inn and walks to Fallowdene Wood. From the concealment of a bush, a pistol roars and Julian falls mortally wounded. His cousin, Richard, hears the shot and reaches Julian just before he dies. Julian is clutching in his hand a ring—Richard's signet ring given to Helen D'Arcy a few hours before as a pledge of their friendship. Remembering Helen's threat to kill Julian and drawing an inescapable conclusion, Richard places the ring beside Julian's body to cast suspicion on himself—for the love of a lady.

Chapter 14

A PROPHECY

THE obtrusive branch of a tree sweeping off hat and wig roused Sir Richard from his most bitter meditation to find himself deep amid tangled woodlands and with night coming down.

His mind was still obsessed by this one tormenting thought—he had been so wantonly sacrificed . . . His ring, that sacred bond of friendship had been made the proof of his guilt, the evidence which should drag him to the gibbet! His ring! . . . And she had sought him out in his solitude, had named him her friend . . . and he had begun to dream of a future . . . happiness.

Truffeni's gypsy camp—a haven of safety for a hunted man.

At thought of this he laughed suddenly, and dismounted, took up hat and wig, clapped them on and turned back to his horse.

"Ha, Caesar," said he, smoothing his horse's glossy neck, "whither shall it be boy? I might creep aboard some smuggling craft, as coward murderer should, and steal away to France and exist henceforth an alien and outcast. Again, I might yield myself up and go to shameful death a very heroical martyr. But I am neither hero nor martyr. Third, I might live here i' the wild, an outlaw and fugitive. Eh, Caesar, how think ye o' this?" Caesar whinnied softly and nodded sleek head.

"Then so be it, boy!" said Sir Richard, smiling grimly. Seeing the wood too dense for riding, Sir Richard slipped the reins over his arm and strode along a narrow alley.

Thus went they, these fugitives, on and on until glimmering dusk deepened to night. But after some while Sir Richard halted; before them was a glow, the dancing, ruddy light of a fire. He advanced thitherwards until he reached the edge of a small clearing where blazed the fire, crackling merrily, whose cheery beams showed him livers dingy tents pitched in the shadow of a large, weather-beaten caravan.

And then one spoke in voice strangely rich and sweet:

"Who creepeth yonder? Who seeketh the Romany? Up, Tornapo, and see!" Into the light of the fire sprang a tall, swarthy fellow, who advanced fierce-eyed and peering; then Sir Richard stepped forth of the shadows and thus beheld old Truffeni, the gypsy woman, staring at him across the fire.

"Mrs. Camlo," said he, saluting her with smiling bow, "I bid ye a very good evening!"

"Ah," cried she, "'tis the kind, noble gentleman as is friend to the poor folks and as the poor folks bids welcome!" And rising with stately gesture, she beckoned him near.

"Be seated, sir," said old Truffeni, "so! And now—why doth the proud Gayfford flee hither to the Romany, to Truffeni, the old, wise one?"

"I am here by the merest chance, Mrs. Camlo."

"Chance, say ye! Then what o' the prophecy as I foretold, noble sir? A dead man! Blood i' the grass! Ha!" Sir Richard rose from the stool in sudden, frowning perplexity.

"What do you know?" he questioned.

"I know, as there's one lays dead and one as comes riding into the wildwood, wi' death behind him!"

He exclaimed: "What more do you know?"

"Reach me thy hands, lord, both of 'em, that I may read thy past. Be seated, sir!" Sir Richard obeyed, and began to whistle through his teeth while old Truffeni peered into each palm.

"Well," he inquired at last, "what d' ye see, ma'm?"

"That thy fine ring is gone."

"Ay," he nodded. "I left it beside a dead man."

At this she glanced at him with her quick, bright eyes. "And yet 'twas fool's act, my chavo!" She was silent again and for so long that at last he questioned her:

"Speak, good dame! Are my hands foul or clean? See ye any blood there?"

"Not so!" she answered. "Here is dangers and trouble, but likewise I sees here a great joy!"

"Joy?" he repeated. "Nay, 'tis stranger hath passed me by."

"Patience, thou man!" she nodded. "For happiness shall be thine by reason of thy dear lady."

"Tush, dame! I ha' no lady nor ever shall!"

"However, I sees her near thee, my chavo, her white arms clasping thee . . ."

Sir Richard laughed harshly while the gypsy surveyed him with wise, pitying smile.

"How then," she demanded, "D' ye doubt—you—that is no better than a blind child i' the dark? I tell ye by this lady shall ye 'scape shameful death—" she stopped and turned as a tall grizzled man stepped suddenly into the firelight and, pointing towards Sir Richard, said something in the strange Romany tongue, whereat Truffeni questioned him sharply; so they talked awhile in their outlandish dialect and with hushed voices. At last Truffeni nodded and the man stepped aside into the underbrush and vanished sudden as he had come.

"So, my chavo," said she, to Sir Richard, "ye was spied riding into the greenwood."

"Why, then," he answered, rising, "the sooner I'm away the better, ma'm."

"I knows o' them as might hide ye, my chavo, safe and sound, where none should dare seek ye."

"Most excellent dame, tell me who—tell me where?"

"'Twould none avail except old Truffeni go with ye."

"Nay but, good dame, 'tis vastly kind in you I vow, but if the way be long—"

"'Tis no matter!" she sighed.

"Also to help such as me may perchance bring trouble on your head."

"Ah, sir, trouble is no stranger to old Truffeni. Moreover, Richard Gayfford y' are one o' the few as deals kindly by my people, and ye were friend to me i' the matter o' Squire Parret and my little Sheri. Also have I not named thee 'my chavo'?"

"And pray what is that?"

"Sir, in the Romany tongue it means 'my son.' For here i' the wilderness the proudest gentleman is no more than a man!"

"Why, faith, that's true enough!" he smiled and bowed to her. "God bless thee, mother!" said he.

She clapped her hands, at which summons came the gypsies.

"Children," said she, "behold this gentleman as I ha' named my chavo because he is true friend to the Romanys, so shall the Romanys be friends to him. I gives ye this my word—obey and let it pass on. And now Tornapo, my chavo and I go a-riding; bring hither the horses."

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A hunted man—labelled murderer for sake of one who scorned him! Continue the story tomorrow.

MARSHFIELD CHIEF ENDS LONG SERVICE

MARSHFIELD, Ore., July 9.—(AP)—After 22 years of service as chief of police of Marshfield, J. W. Carter last night tendered his resignation effective at once. Because of his years of service he was placed on the retired list and will receive a pension from the city.

Perhaps no figure in this section of the state has had a more varying career I notice than Carter.

Formerly a stage driver on the old Coos Bay Wagon road during the days of frequent holdups, Carter figured in many prominent rescues and daring bandit hunts. His early police career here was colorful and he was at one time known as the most feared officer in the state. He is 75 years old.

Wilsonville. — Columbus Park, along Willamette river, recently dedicated.

Coquille. — Pioneer church edifice dedicated.

CRATER LAKE HAS RELIEF FOR MANY IN COOL BREEZES

CRATER LAKE, Ore., July 9.—(Special)—A very large crowd of local people visited at the lake on Sunday. Weather being perfect, dozens made the hike down to the water's edge and took advantage of the many trips offered on the lake. A cool breeze fanned the air all day long and hundreds of people found considerable relief in comparison with the heat in the valleys nearby.

A party of four visiting here Sunday afternoon were Mr. and Mrs. "Hob" Deuel and Mr. and Mrs. "Matt" Williamson.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Engles of Medford, accompanied by Mrs. C. S. Richardson, motored to the lake Saturday evening and spent the night and all day Sunday.

Miss Helen Lantis and Lee Wilson of Medford spent a few minutes at the lake Sunday afternoon.

Miss Lois Russell of Medford visited with friends at the lodge Sunday. She motored to the lake with Judge and Mrs. John Reed and son, Charles, of Gold Hill.

Others of Medford to visit the lake Sunday were Misses Edna Mae Welles and Theo von der Hellen.

Paul Luy of Medford was a visitor at the lake Sunday.

Walter Jones and Miss Maude Barrigar spent Sunday at Crater lake.

Three young men, Vairus Weatherall, Hugh Thompson and Frederick Hoagland, from Medford, motored, via Ford roadster, to Crater lake and then to Klamath Falls before returning to Medford.

Dr. and Mrs. Kresse and children were among those from Medford spending the day at Crater Lake Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reed and Mr. Reed's mother, spent the afternoon at Crater lake Sunday. They were accompanied by friends.

Miss Elizabeth Watson of Medford motored with friends to the lake Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Larry Mann and friends were at Crater lake for lunch Monday and took great pleasure in the cool atmosphere here.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Vawter of Medford drove to the lake Sunday. Mr. Vawter returned in the evening to Medford, but Mrs. Vawter will remain here as a guest for the remainder of the week.

JOHN ENDERS, ASHLAND HOME FROM HOSPITAL

ASHLAND, Ore., July 9.—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. John Enders have returned from Portland, where Mr. Enders has been a patient at the Veterans' hospital for several weeks, following an operation. Their daughter, Shirley Enders, who has been spending the time of her parents' absence at Klamath Falls with her grandparents, has also returned home.

Miss Isabelle Gaffney went to Medford on Thursday as the week end guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Moffet.

Lawrence Porter went to the Lake of the Woods on Friday for a short stay.

Mrs. Katie Scroggins, her daughter Louise and son Lonnie, left Ashland Saturday morning for Alabama to visit for two months. They plan to stop at Denver and Kansas City en route for a visit with friends and relatives.

Robert Herndon, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Herndon on Beach street, went to Medford on Sunday, where he expects to be employed for the next two weeks propping fruit trees.

Russell Parr left on Sunday for Fish lake, where he will work for the forest service.

BURGLAR PLIES TRADE IN HOME OF ADVISOR

WARSAW, Poland, July 9.—(AP)—Police have captured a notorious burglar in the apartments of Chas. S. Dewey, American financial advisor to Poland, later frustrating his attempt at suicide.

A policeman on duty near the Sobanski palace, where Mr. Dewey lives, was attracted by noise at one of the windows. He opened the gate and with his service revolver in his hand finally cornered Bernard Trauska, one of the most widely known malefactors in Poland.

The burglar, taken to police headquarters, tried to commit suicide by hanging himself with strips of his shirt tied to the bars of his cell window. The guards cut him down in time to save his life.

AUSTIN AND OLLIFF REPRESENT BRITAIN

LONDON, July 9.—(AP)—H. W. Austin and J. S. Olliff will represent Great Britain in the American lawn tennis championships in September, it was announced today. Austin, former Cambridge captain, reached the semi-finals of the Wimbledon tournament and is considered his country's most promising player, while Olliff is believed to be ripe for international play abroad.

ASHLAND ROTARY REPORTS PRIZES FLOAT ENTRANTS

ASHLAND, Ore., July 9.—(Special) — The Rotarians have announced the prizes and awards that were made on the Fourth.

Among the commercial floats, first place was awarded to the Automotive Shop, which makes a third successive winning by the shop in that classification. The First National bank won second place, and the Enders company placed third. The respective prizes were $15, $7.50 and $5.

The first prize, $7.50, for community floats, was awarded to the Talent Grange, and Bellview won the second prize of $5.

For the best decorated store window, J. P. Dodge & Sons received an award of $15.

The prizes are to be awarded at the next band concert, which will be held in the park on Thursday evening.

The local battery of the 249th Coast Artillery will leave today for its big special encampment which will be held at Fort Worden on Puget Sound. "Time off" will be given the men in Seattle and other sound cities.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Chandler of Boston, Mass., are in Ashland for a few days, guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leverett Davis on Fairview. Mr. and Mrs. Chandler are soon to sail for China, where they will resume charge of a parish of schools and churches about Tientsin in northern China. Both Mr. and Mrs. Chandler labored in the field for 15 years, but have spent the past two and a half years in Boston, where Mr. Chandler has been acting secretary at the home office of the American Board of Foreign Missions, having special charge of the correspondence in connection with China and Japan. Mrs. Chandler's special interest has been handcraft for Chinese women. She established a school of applique in 1920 which has become a self-supporting institution.

Mrs. C. H. Swearinger is in Ashland for a few days introducing a new arrangement of the Bible.

W. T. Thrasher of Shasta City, Cal., spent Thursday in Ashland a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Gaffney on the Boulevard. Mr. Thrasher is a brother of Mrs. Gaffney.

Miss Elizabeth Carter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Carter on Mountain avenue, left Sunday afternoon for Anna Springs camp, where she will be an assistant to Mrs. Solinsky during the summer season.

Miss Opal Rush has just returned from a three weeks' trip to the northern part of the state. She attended the Oregon conference for young people, which was held at Rock Creek, and then spent two weeks visiting with her aunt at Salem.

Miss Ruth Shoudy of San Francisco arrived in Ashland Saturday evening to spend two weeks visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Shoudy on Helman street.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McWilliams of Salem arrived in Ashland early Sunday morning, called by the serious illness of Mr. McWilliams' father, F. G. McWilliams, who is critically ill at the Barber Convalescent home on Granite street.

UTAH PACKING PLANT WILL CAN POTATOES

OGDEN, Utah, July 9.—(AP)—Development of a process for canning potatoes is announced by an Ogden packing company.

The potatoes are peeled, quartered, packed in the cans dry and then steam cooked until suitable for serving as cold boiled potatoes, as a base for salad, or for reheating and serving in the usual variety of ways.

Utah growers believe successful canning of potatoes on a large scale will be a beneficial factor in stabilizing prices. It will help keep the market from glutting because of the limited selling period to prevent decay.

Have You a Problem? Then Do This—

Put it in black and white in a Want Ad. You're sure to get action. If you want to buy, you can uncover good sellers and good prices through a Want Ad; and if you want to sell, you can locate live prospects who want your goods.

Everybody Reads the
MAIL TRIBUNE

"I'll take your car, sir"

"It Is Cool in San Francisco"

No parking troubles exist at The Manx. The doorman takes your car when you arrive and places it in a garage connected with the Hotel. Just hand him your key as you leave the car—that's all. Located in the heart of the City—near everything.

Service, Quality, Hospitality
The MANX HOTEL
SAN FRANCISCO

Money-saving Fares!

TAKE this year's vacation trip in a big luxurious Pickwick coach. This Nation-wide transportation system reaches thousands of delightful vacation spots along the scenic highways of America.

REDWOOD HIGHWAY—North from San Francisco to Eureka and Grants Pass, through a hundred continuous miles of giant Redwoods. Finest fishing and hunting.

PACIFIC HIGHWAY—From San Francisco to Portland, Seattle and Vancouver. Serves Mt. Lassen National Park, Mt. Shasta resorts, Crater Lake, Mt. Hood, Columbia River Highway, Rainier Park and the Evergreen Playgrounds.

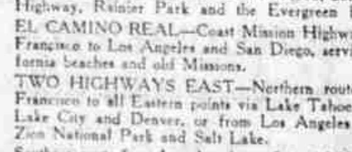
EL CAMINO REAL—Coast Mission Highway from San Francisco to Los Angeles and San Diego, serving all California beaches and old Missions.

TWO HIGHWAYS EAST—Northern route from San Francisco to all Eastern points via Lake Tahoe, Reno, Salt Lake City and Denver, or from Los Angeles by way of Zion National Park and Salt Lake.

Southern route from Los Angeles to Imperial Valley, Phoenix, El Paso, St. Louis and to all Atlantic Coast points.

Scenic Highway Routes of America

Pickwick Stages



Made up in unusual mountings, bringing out their full charm and beauty, they offer real possibilities in acceptable gifts.

YOUR FAVORITE JEWELER SINCE 1908
Larry Schade
The JEWELER
NEXT TO CRATERIAN THEATRE

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING GETS RESULTS

few restricted areas occurs the ... she would ... uptive disease, not found else- forces on her the belief that the