

### ELECT BEND MAN TO HEAD VETS OF WAR WITH SPAIN

ROSEBURG, Ore., July 18.—(AP)—E. L. Clark of Bend was unanimously elected commander of the Oregon department of Spanish-American war veterans and Bend was selected as the 1930 convention city at the close of the three-day encampment of the veterans here Wednesday. Auxiliary elected and concluded its joint convention at the same time. Andy Dray of Portland was elected department president of the auxiliary.

Other officers of the Oregon department are: Robert C. Ellsworth, Portland, senior vice-commander; E. A. Kirkendall, Baker, junior vice-commander; George H. Cary, Portland, department inspector. Clark announced appointment of A. L. Love, Portland, adjutant; George Euston, Bend, department quartermaster and Hay H. Epton, Bend, chief of staff.

The other auxiliary officers are: Clara T. Starnes, Roseburg, secretary; president, Harry L. Sawyer, Portland; junior vice-president, Elsie Erns, Grants Pass; chaplain, Anna H. Kaye, The Dalles; judge advocate, Hazel Hoffman, McMinnville; department inspector, Jerry M. Eddy, Portland; patriotic instructor, Ethel Kirkendall, Albany; and Eschta Helreich, Portland, assistant conductor; Mattie Clark, Bend, guard; and Ida Covell, Albany, assistant guard.

### FIRST MAN TO MARRY ON COOS BAY IS DEAD

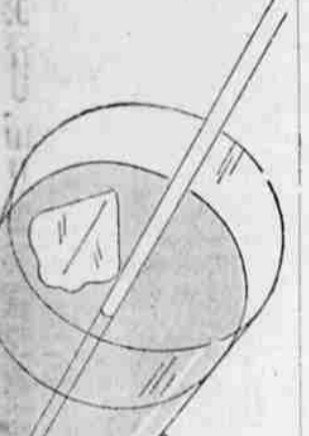
MARSHFIELD, Ore., July 18.—(AP)—James T. Nosler, 75, one of the oldest residents of Coquille, died here today after a paralytic stroke. Mr. and Mrs. Nosler were the first couple married in the Coos county seat more than 27 years ago.

Nosler was a court bailiff for more than 20 years, a post now held by his brother, Anne Nosler.

### REPUBLICAN WOMEN TALK POLITICS ONLY

PORTLAND, July 18.—(AP)—Republicans here say most of the women's clubs in the city lose all discussion of politics, the Women Republican League, has been organized here and will talk nothing but politics. The organization plans to participate actively in the politics of the state and will cooperate with the general Republican organization.

### CHEERY COOLNESS



**TREE TEA**  
ORANGE PEKOE  
Keep the thermometer down. Full-flavored... the perfect tea to serve iced.

### ICED



## For the Love of a Lady

by Jeffery Farnol

HELEN: Helen Daisy is engaged and interested by Sir Richard's cruel misunderstanding—she believes that she is still his wife and placed Richard's ring beside the door to fasten quiet on him. Visually, Helen strikes him in the face with her whip, but riding some will Gregory, she confesses her real and deep concern for Richard's safety. Meanwhile, Richard realizes that he has misjudged her and decides on a bold plan. Turning back toward the village, he hides in a hedge and overhears Helen's tender words of her regard for him. He vows that he will soon be speedily crowned to the sea. Richard spies a fast-moving shadow—and follows it.

Chapter 22  
**A MESSAGE IN THE ARBOUR**  
THE Duchess sat up in bed, very wide awake despite the late hour.

"And is it see him ye did, no sweet soul?" she demanded.

"Ah, dearly beloved," sighed Helen, frowning at the candle-flame. "I saw the odious wretch!" Helen turned away with gesture so superbly disdainful that the Duchess snorted.

"Tush, girl! Have done wif your high tragedy airs, miss! Ye've seen him and he's disappointed you—tell me how, tell me why, and tell me quick!"

"My lady's magnificent disdain withered and she sank upon the great bed and hid her face.



Stooping suddenly, Richard swept Helen into his arms—carried her off.

"Oh, Aunt," she whispered, "he thinks me a... murderer... he thinks 'twas I killed his cousin Julian!"

"Av course he does, ye sweet almonst! Ha, don't ye see? Here's the true reason for his flight. He fathers the crime, runs the hazard of shameful death—for thee, Helen, all for thee! This Guyford of Weare is noble gentleman, ah—and what's more, a very man!"

"Ah, belovedest, if this indeed be so—"

"Pest!" cried the Duchess, "if me no lie, and proud ye should be o' such brave devotion, humble and thankful for the love of such a man!"

"Humble? Oh, my dear, I—struck him—with my whip!"

"Ah!" sighed the Duchess, "So—a man perils his life for ye, and ye show your gratitude with a whip!"

Then the Duchess abruptly changed the subject.

"Your maid Betty's a sly mix and will bear watching—So I watched her! And, what's more, your devoted, faithful creature can read and write!"

"Why, yes, aunt, but—"

"And me dear, she reads your letters and my letters, and writes to somebody she names 'dear T.'"

"Aunt!" gasped Helen.

"There's a letter writ to 'dear T.' hidden in the arbour at this moment."

"Aunt, you never bothered to read the thing?"

"Every word, I'm wondering who 'dear T.' may chance to be... Then Viscount Brocklehurst called this morning and mighty curious and insistent to know whether you had ridden and with whom."

"In she with Despard?" says he, and share the man was all at shiver. "Maybe," says I, and the man frowns and bites his lip. Afterwards, in shady corner—they didn't see me—your faithful devoted Betty told him something concerning yourself, I caught whisper also of Richard Guyford's name."

Once again my lady gasped, but this time in growing terror.

"Aunt... oh, aunt—the perfidious wretch!"

"Whereupon, your lord vowed 'twas time to act."

"To act how, aunt, how? What doth it all mean?"

"That mischief's afoot. But be the saints, we'll outwit 'em, then and I. And now enough—kiss me good-night."

So they clasped and kissed each other and Helen, taking lighted candle, went to her room, but paused in her dressing to draw the curtains, and to gaze down into the garden, a place of mystery. Now as

she stood thus, awed by the deep and brooding stillness, her heart made a sudden leap and, instinctively drawing the curtains about her loveliness, she stood breathless and wide of eye, for amid those black shadows something had moved.

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A tall figure it was, Sir Richard noticed, as he followed whither it led. So came they to the Moat House garden and there to a rustic arbour wherein the figure vanished, soon to reappear and, crouching in the moonlight, unfolded a slip of paper to scan it with eager eyes; then Sir Richard recognized the reader and stepped behind a tree as the man thrust paper into pocket and hastened away, swift and silent as he had come.

For some while Sir Richard leaned there, moved by sudden thought, he stepped into the arbour and peered about. Passing his hands to and fro across the timbering until at last his care and patience were rewarded, something rustled faintly, and from behind one of the uprights, he drew a folded paper, and spreading this to the moon, read these words very plainly written:

"Dear B.—Do as I bid thee and our fortune is made. My L. is pleased with thee and I have leave for thee French post, nightly fine. Should you hear aught of his whereabouts haste to tell me, for I might not see and hear all you may and act when I give word. My L. is for the haunted mill and 'de little spot being so desolate. Tomorrow is the day, so no more until we meet; same hour and place. I've much to tell."

"Thy ever-dear T."

Sir Richard was still reading when a vague sound startled him and, glancing round, he espied a cloaked and hooded figure speeding to him across the wide lawn.

"Helen!" said he, in glad surprise.

Breathless she was with haste and now stood before him, panting a little, her face a pale sweet oval beneath drawn hood.

"What do you here, sir?"

"T'pass, ma'm, beyond a doubt."

"And run deadly peril to come for your—love-note!" And she pointed disdainfully at the open letter.

"Sir," said she, chin aloft, contempt and disdain in every line of her, "twas writ by my maid!"

"Alack, madam!" he sighed.

"Can it be that you—you are her... 'dear T.'?"

"Let us suppose it, ma'm, and what then?"

"There is no more to t' said, sir."

"Nay, faith, ma'm, there is so much that we are like to talk until dawn."

"So will I bid you good-night, sir? Hei, even as she turned to be gone, he had her by the cloak.

"A good-night indeed," said he, "tis a lady's air and kindly warn; this night we come to an understanding."

"Loose me or I scream!"

"Attempt it, ma'm, and I kiss you breathless."

"So you well deign me an explanation at last, sir?" she demanded.

"What brought you here to-night?"

"Pure villainy," he answered lightly; "it crept before me all the way, it brought this letter, a mischievous mysterious addressed 'dear B' and subscribed 'dear T.'"

"Oh!" said my lady. "T'will be for Betty, my wicked maid."

"And T," nodded Sir Richard, "is for Thomas, Tom for short. Tom Pitt, my Helen; you saw him the night these eyes first looked on thee—"

"You," she answered, coming nearer yet. "Now pray show me this letter."

"Yonder, 'neath the old cherry tree—come!" and, stooping suddenly, he swept her up in his arms before she might prevent.

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**HOPE FOR VIC BERGER AFTER STREET INJURY**  
MILWAUKEE, Wis., July 18.—(AP)—Haling from the coma in which he has lain since he was struck by a street car Tuesday, Victor L. Berger, national socialist leader and former congressman, early today gave physicians hope that he might recover, despite his critical injuries.

**PICTURE PRODUCER MAKING RECOVERY**  
MINNOLA, N. Y., July 18.—(AP)—The condition of William Fox, motion picture producer, showed progress today in his recovery from injuries suffered in an automobile accident.

After a blood transfusion operation the film magnate spent a fairly comfortable night.

### OREGON WEATHER IDEAL FOR CROPS; FRUIT GAINS SIZE

PORTLAND, Ore., July 18.—(AP)—Temperature conditions during the past week were nearly ideal for all crops, the United States department of agriculture reported today in its summary of weather and crop conditions for the week ending July 16.

Day temperatures for the week, the department said, were somewhat above normal, but not injurious, and night temperatures were about the seasonal average. Sunshine was adequate except along the coast where considerable cloudiness prevailed.

Excerpts from the report follow:

"Cereals: Harvesting of fall wheat has commenced in all parts of the state, except in the higher altitudes. Spring wheat in most sections is heading heavily and rapidly under favorable weather conditions, although rains would improve the crop in some eastern sections where hot, dry winds prevailed at times during the week.

"Fruits: Practically all fruit trees are carrying a short crop as a result of cold, stormy weather during the pollination period, but the fruit is now developing size and quality in a very satisfactory manner, with temperature and sunshine conditions about right. Picking of raspberries and Loganberries in the Willamette valley has commenced."

### ASHLAND DEACONESS MOVING TO EUGENE

ASHLAND, Ore., July 18.—(Sp.)—Miss Bertha Pease, who for nearly two years has served as deaconess of the Methodist church, has presented her resignation to take effect August 1st. After a short vacation, she plans to take up work of a similar nature in Eugene, Ore. A successor to Miss Pease has not yet been named, but a committee has been named to make the selection. Those who will serve on the committee are: G. F. Billings, Mrs. Lulu Howard and A. M. Beaver.

Since she came to Ashland, Miss Pease has been indispensable in the administrative duties of the Methodist church, and her departure will be a distinct loss to the organization.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Brown of Glendale, Cal., arrived Sunday for a visit at the home of Mrs. Brown's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. Winter.

Miss Rhoda Slusher of Astoria is visiting with Miss Marie Davies and attending the Ashland summer school of art.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hooper and Mr. and Mrs. Dale Guiley and family returned on Saturday from a vacation trip into the North Umpqua region.

Lynn Mowatt and his mother, Mrs. Janet Mowatt, have arrived in Ashland to spend the summer months and will be located at the home of Mrs. J. V. Miller on Iowa street. Mr. Mowatt has charge of the community chest in San Francisco. The Mowatt family formerly lived in Ashland.

W. B. McNair has gone to Seaside to attend the convention of Oregon druggists.

Mrs. Eda Anterson, Mrs. Beet Hinthorn and Colver Andegson left on Tuesday morning for Portland and will spend a week. On the return trip they will bring Miss Louise Anterson home from Bull Run, Ore., where she has been attending the Campfire Girls camp. During their absence, Colver hopes to climb Mount Rainier.

Misses Dolly Trusk, Zepha Patterson, Arnold Gosnell and Harry May made the trip to the Oregon Caves on Tuesday.

Early presence of porpoises off the Maine coast presages an early and abundant run of sardines, packers declare.

### RELIEF FROM CURSE OF CONSTIPATION

A Battle Creek physician says, "Constipation is responsible for more misery than any other cause." But immediate relief has been found. A tablet called Rexall Orderlies attracts water from the system into the lax, dry evacuating colon. The water loosens the dry food waste and causes a gentle, thorough movement without forming a habit or ever increasing the dose.

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