S. P. EXPERT SAYS MEDFORD CROP TO BE RICHEST EVER

From the standpoint of financial return, the 1929 fruit crop in southern Oregon is the best in history, according to J. H. Mulcahy, assistant freight traffic manager, Southern Pacific company, just returned from a trip of inspection in that part of the state.

"Pear packing will start next week. Growers will get from $80 to $90 a ton for Bartletts," he said. "There will be about 18,000 tons of this brand of pears alone in the Rogue River valley. Of this 13,500 to 14,000 tons already are under contract, for there has been a big shortage in the California crop."

All told, the Rogue River valley should produce about 4600 carloads of pears this year. Other fruits are doing well, too, he said.

As usual, business is enjoying a real boom in Klamath Falls, Mr. Mulcahy found when he visited that part of the state.—The Oregonian.

ASHLAND COUPLE LOSE CHAUFFEUR AND BELONGINGS

W. C. Casebier of Ashland reported to police yesterday that a man who had been engaged to drive him and his wife to Colorado had disappeared and taken with him several articles belonging to the Casebiers.

Wishing to visit their daughter, who is ill at Grand Junction, Colo., Mr. and Mrs. Casebier bargained with a man who gave his name as Bill Pickword to drive them from Ashland, to Grand Junction, the Casebiers to pay all expenses.

They arrived in Portland yesterday. Mrs. Casebier was in need of medical attention, so Pickword drove them to the Weatherly building, and Mr and Mrs. Casebier saw a physician there. Pickword said he would be back in a little while.

But instead, he drove to a garage, called a taxi, and loaded most of his companions' luggage into the cab, it was reported.

"Take this to the Weatherly building," he told the cab driver. "The people are expecting it."

Casebier reported that Pickword kept out several articles. — The Oregonian.

D. M. LOWE ISSUES STATE-WIDE CALL FOR BIG MELONS

D. M. Lowe, general manager of the Oregon state exhibit at the golden jubilee anniversary of the California state fair at Sacramento issued an appeal today for Oregon growers to furnish six watermelons, each to weigh 35 pounds or more, six casabas, six honeydew melons and the largest pumpkin and the hugest squash obtainable.

The monster products are wanted to exhibit in the Oregon booth, and the appeal is state-wide.

The final date for the entry of the above is August 25.

Mr. Lowe said that the first car of Oregon-produced perishables would leave Salem, August 20, and that it would contain exhibits from the Willamette.

The Rogue River valley exhibits will be loaded on August 21, in the same car.

Mr. Lowe is now busy gathering up exhibits from this section, which will display products from the orchards, the fields and the gardens.

He plans to make it the largest and most representative exhibit ever sent out of this state.

WHISKEY PEAK FIRE IS OUT, BUT MEN LEFT FOR PATROL

The big fire in the Whiskey Peak section of the Crater National forest, 32 miles from the city and six miles distant from the nearest main road, which had been burning for several days, covering an area of over 300 acres, was gotten under control yesterday by the force of 65 fire fighters, 40 of whom were sent back to the city today, arriving here early this afternoon. Most of the remainder of the fire fighters will be kept on duty watching the fire lines for a day or so yet.

This fire, for the most part, was in an old burn of 1916, and therefore the loss was comparatively small, as only a little good timber was burned, and that at one end of the fire devastated area. However, there was a considerable loss of reproduction growth of seedlings and young trees.

Hugh B. Rankin, supervisor of the Crater National forest, who had been in charge of the fire fighting force, returned to the city last evening.

They have numbered football, basketball, hockey and finally baseball players. Now Long Island polo players will carry numbers.

News of the Churches

Sacred Heart Catholic Church
So. Oakdale Ave. and 10th St. Masses tomorrow at 7 and 10:30 a. m. Rev. F. W. Black, pastor.

Valley Radio Church.
Bill Ray, pastor. P. O. box 918. From studio KMED, 8 to 9 p. m.

Mrs. Lulu Saulsbury, readings. It's the old-time religion.

Come to the church o'er the radio.

Miss Tina E. Skaggs, soloist, First Baptist church, Dallas, Texas, will sing two numbers.

Bible Students.
Every Sunday evening from 9 to 9:30 the International Bible Students' association is broadcasting Watch Tower Bible programs over KMED.

Sunday evening, August 11th, the title of the lecture to be given is "Do All the Saved Go to Heaven?"

Kindly mark down the different scripture citations given during these lectures and look them up in your Bible.

First Presbyterian Church.
Holly and Eights Sts.

9:45—Sunday school. All are welcome. Earl B. Hopper, superintendent.

11 a. m. — Preaching service. Rev. Elijah B. Johnson, field secretary for Northwestern Presbyterian Sanatorium at Albuquerque, N. M., will preach.

Music: Prelude, Shelley; offertory, Traumerei," Schumann; postlude, Clarkson. Miss Marian A. Mercer, organist.

English Lutheran Church.
Fourth St., at Oakdale.
"Where the Way is Made Plain."
Dr. H. C. Funk, pastor.

Hour of worship, 11 a. m. Dr. Funk will speak on "The Joy of the Believer." Special music.

Prelude, "Come Unto Him," by Gounod. Offertory, "Canzonetta," by Hollaender. Anthem, "The Master Calls," by Fiske. Prelude, "With Joy and Gladness," by Ashford.

The Bible school begins at 10:15 a. m.

First Baptist Church.
Central at Fifth St.
W. H. Eaton, Ph.D., minister.
Phones: Office 1952, Res. 704-H.

Sunday school at 9:45. Come and spend the hour with us in the study of God's word. Bring your Bibles. J. F. Wortman, superintendent.

In the absence of the pastor, Attorney Percy A. Bray will occupy the pulpit at 11 a. m. Music by chorus choir.

B. Y. P. U. at 7 p. m.

At 8 p. m., union services at the First Methodist church. Rev. Raymond Rees will be the speaker.

A cordial welcome to all services.

First Methodist Church.
West Main at Laurel.
Raymond S. Rees, minister.

Church school at 9:45. C. A. Meeker, superintendent.

Dr. M. A. Marcy, superintendent of the southern district of the Methodist Episcopal church, will preach at 10:55, and at the union service at 8 o'clock in this church.

Music for the day includes "God, My King," an anthem by Schwarz; "Send Out Thy Light," an anthem by Gounod, and Luigi Luzzi's "Ave Maria," sung as a solo by Mrs. C. H. Paske.

Young people's hour at 7; Miss Dorotha Riddell, leader.

Main Street Methodist Church, South.
James E. Conder, pastor.

Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Dr. Frank Roberts, superintendent. Preaching at 11 a. m. Sermon subject, "Home Building." Rev. D. E. Millard is the morning soloist. In the evening at 8 the pastor will speak on "Honoring all men." Leagues will meet at 7 p. m., in their respective rooms. Mid-week services on Wednesday evening a / 7:45 Choir rehearsal after services. Come and join our band in their mid-week services. The attendance is very large and the meetings are deeply spiritual.

You are cordially invited to attend these services.

First Church of Christ, Scientist.
Authorized branch of the mother church, the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

Services are held every Sunday at 11 o'clock, church edifice, 212 North Oakdale. Subject for Sunday, Aug. 11: Spirit.

Sunday school at 9:45. Applicants under the age of 20 may be admitted.

Wednesday evening meetings, which include testimonies of Christian healings, at 8 o'clock.

The reading room, which is in the Medford building, is open daily from 12 to 4, except Sundays and holidays. The Bible and all authorized Christian Science literature may be read, borrowed or purchased.

The public is cordially invited to attend the services and visit the reading room.

New Traveling Special Agent Local Territory Named

William Sutherland, who has been covering the Southern Oregon district as traveling agent for the Southern Pacific lines, has been promoted to district passenger agent with headquarters in Seattle, according to A. S. Rosenbaum, general agent.

Henry D. Olsen, who has been with the Southern Pacific for many years, will succeed Mr. Sutherland as traveling agent in this district. Mr. Olsen started as a telegraph operator in Glendale, Ore., and was later at Albany. For the last several years he has been a traveling agent with headquarters in Portland. Mr. Olsen is not a stranger to the southern Oregon district and will be glad to renew many former friendships, he said. Both of the changes will be effective August 15.

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL SESSION IN SAMS VALLEY

SAMS VALLEY, Aug. 10.—(Special)—The Daily Vacation Bible school, under the direction of Rev. Randall of Medford, opened Monday for a week's session. The enrollment includes members of intermediate and primary classes of Sunday school.

Mr. and Mrs. John Holst spent the week-end at home, away from Mr. Holst's employment at the Pelican Bay lumber camp.

Grange met Wednesday night with a fair attendance. Three new candidates were given the concluding degrees.

The Farmers' Co-operative Exchange was the main subject of discussion for the evening. The majority of the stock holders of the exchange seem to favor a change in the by-laws of the organization. Reports were made from the different fair committees and revealed that some have been earnestly at work, while others have not yet accomplished much. All were urged to do what they can and need to do now to make our exhibit a success.

W. W. Edington leaves Thursday for Turlock, Calif., to be with his sister, Mrs. Jim Shields, who is very near death.

Mrs. E. A. Wilhite of Eagle Point was a pleasant visitor among her friends here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dodge and children of Medford were Sunday callers on relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Koger spent Wednesday in Jacksonville, looking for property to rent.

ASHLAND

Mr. and Mrs. Leland DeCarlo of Pinehurst were visitors in Medford on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Gordon of Yreka and Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bartlett of Johnson Prairie, have spent a few days visiting with their niece and nephew, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. VanValkenburg, on North Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer Hilt made a business trip to Medford on Thursday.

Miss Rhoda Fowler of Olympia, Wash., was a guest in Ashland for a few days, visiting with friends. Miss Fowler has been attending a Bible school at Pasadena.

Miss H. C. High and her daughter, Miss Helen High, have been making a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Lois Evans of Dunsmuir.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Brown attended a bridge tournament at Hilt on Wednesday which was held at the Fruit Growers' clubhouse. Mr. and Mrs. Brown won second place in the tournament.

Mrs. T. W. Hines of MacDowell, Cal., who has been in Ashland for the past two months, under the care of a physician, left for her home on Sunday. She will visit with her two daughters at Klamath Falls on her way to MacDowell.

Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Wiley and their family are spending a few days at Crescent City.

Mr. and Mrs. Walton and their two daughters, Noreen and Shirley, of San Francisco are visitors in Ashland at the home of Mrs. Adah Gandee on North Main street. The visitors, with Mrs. Gandee and her daughter Adell and son Royal, spent Wednesday at Crater Lake. The visitors started south to their home on Thursday, and plan to visit the Oregon Caves and continue south by the Redwood highway.

Mr. and Mrs. Dom Provost and John Henry went to Hiatt Prairie on Wednesday to enjoy a fishing trip.

Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Franklin will leave on Friday to take a vacation at Crescent City. They plan to be gone for about 10 days.

Charles Gordon MacCracken is working near Klamath Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Patrick of Corvallis are visiting with relatives and old friends in Ashland. They are guests at the home of Mr. Patrick's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Patrick.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. McClure and her son Roland of Bend, Ore., are visiting with Ashland relatives. Mr. McClure made the trip to Grants Pass to visit with her father, H. P. Holmes, who is ill and in a hospital in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Billings and their family have gone to the Lake o' the Woods to spend their vacation.

GRANTS PASS MAN IS NEW LOCAL RESIDENT

Roy B. Baker of Grants Pass has just purchased a four-room house and two lots on Sailing avenue, from F. L. Renfro. Mr. Baker will take immediate possession and intends to make his home here. Another sale announced by the French and Atwood agency today was the sale of the five-room bungalow, formerly owned by Carl Knutsen of Klamath Falls to F. M. Wilson, 328 Apple street, Medford, who will make his home there.

Predict a Warm Week.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—(AP) The weather outlook for the week beginning August 11, was announced here today by the United States weather bureau as follows:

Far western states—The outlook is for generally fair weather, but with fog along the coast and occasional thunder storms in the plateau regions and Sierras. Temperatures near or somewhat above normal throughout the interior.

For the Love of a Lady

by Jeffery Farnol

SYNOPSIS: Sir Richard freed the Gallopin' Parson, rides through wildwood to the inn, where Helen is kept prisoner. Furiously he dashes into the place, his fists felling the three rogues who are guarding the captive Helen for Brocklehurst. Breaking through a giant door he takes Helen in his arms. Up to the inn rides Jonas Skag, Brocklehurst's chief rogue, and their escape is blocked. But Richard leaps out of the window to pounce on Skag and beat him into unconsciousness. Then Richard takes Skag's horse, draws Helen to the saddle beside him and spurs on toward the village.

Chapter 47

AN APPARITION

HELEN, a radiant figure in her dainty laces and voluminous rustling silks, entered the great drawing-room, where many candles shone bravely upon velvet coats, glossy wigs and gleaming shoebuckles, for the primest gentlemen of the neighborhood were here convened.

"Greetings, sirs!" said my lady, saluting the back-bending company. "Indeed you are vastly welcome, but if there be any among you can ease a poor soul's curiosity and say why we are here assembled at the Moat House so secret and at such hour, I pray you speak."

"Why, madam, y must know, I' faith," lisped Mr. Tarsep, "there is a whisper that we are to enjoy a charade——"

"A play-acting, madam!" murmured Mr. Trumpington.

"Tush, sirs!" cried Sir John Parret, rapping his snuff-box, "'tis no such—hem! I say her Grace would never convoke us for such—fiddle-faddle! I protest and dare assert 'tis for matter more serious Madam summoned me hither—some matter o' moment to us all, some matter doubtless touching our——"

"That same," cried the Duchess, rustling suddenly in upon them, "that very same, me dear Sir John . . . And here's news for ye, gentlemen all—last night Sir Richard Gufford was struck down and captured."

"Eh—captured, madam!" cried Sir John, forgetting to be dignified. "Captured? Why was not I informed?"

"Ah, well, sirs, 'tis no matter—for the poor gentleman being captured last night, escaped this afternoon and——"

"Escaped?" gasped Sir John.

"Faith, Sir John, me dear, don't you hear?"

"But d'ye say, ma'am, will ye actually tell me——"

"This, sir! Last night he was captured, this afternoon he escaped, and this evening he will, I hope and pray, be exonerated, his fair name vindicated for good and all, before your very eyes. 'Tis for this purpose I summoned ye here. I hope, ere the clock strikes, to show you all in a dramatical interlude that I'll call 'The Biter Bit.' The actors shall play their several parts as natural as life—especially one! . . . At least, b' the Powers, I hope so! Soon the stage be set, you will follow me into the morning room, where we shall sit very silent and very still—the windows will stand open, and you will listen and—watch the summer-arbor. But, sirs, there must be no talking, no, not even a whisper, or our play is ruined, and 'tis a case o' life—and death!"

Here the Duchess consulted a somewhat ponderous gold watch, and—nobody spoke; even Sir John was silent.

"Come!" said she, at suddenly. "You, Sir John, shall sit with me—your arm, pray! Helen and gentlemen, follow us!"

Soft-treading and with a strange hush upon them, one and all, they followed the Duchess and Sir John into an unlighted chamber whose long windows looked out upon the gardens, opposite which windows stood a row of chairs sufficient for the company.

"Sirs," whispered the Duchess, when all were seated, "Oh, sirs, if the dead are truly alive and may rise to affright the guilty, avenge wrongs and vindicate the innocent, I pray we may thus see, hear and know the truth at last."

And now fell a silence that, as moment after moment dragged by, seemed but to grow the more irksome, more painfully acute.

The glimmering dusk beyond the open casements deepened to night, a windless dark wherein stars began to wink . . . a hush, a stillness, an all-pervading silence wherein—the straining senses began to distinguish a thousand small indefinable sounds blent and resolving into a heavy, ceaseless throb that was the very pulse of life itself. . . . Slowly this deadly stillness seemed to become more and yet more ominous . . . the deepening gloom seemed full of a terrified questioning—Who? What?

At last — stealthily — upon this awful troublous quietude crept a sound, regular, drawing nearer, growing louder. . . .

"Horse . . . horse hoofs!" whispered someone.

Hoofs clattering on the distant road, wonderfully clear . . . suddenly stopped.

Stillness again . . . silence . . . then a shadow flitted through the shadows — Viscount Brocklehurst—was entering the garden like a furtive animal.

A puff of greenish vapour . . . a glow, and, within the arbour's blackness, rising from this gloom, was a bewigged head, a face greenly luminous that seemed suspended in air, blotched . . . frightful.

"Julian Gayfford!" someone gasped. "A specter!"

And then—the night-silence was split, riven asunder by a scream that dying gave place to loud babblement—the Viscount's frantic speech:

"Julian, . . . Julian—eh, no! . . . I never meant to kill . . . you . . . 'twas you forced me—forced me to it! . . . You——"

The feverish speech ended in a hoarse cry strangled to a dreadful choking . . . Brocklehurst lay dead. Then the luminous head moved forward, and there, bent low to earth and still dreadfully aglow, was the keen, hawk-like face of old Truffeni. She wiped a phosporescent mask from her brow.

* * * * * * *

It was the next morning Landlord John and old Ben were enjoying tankards of ale before the Inn.

"Stone-dead!" nodded old Ben. "And 'im a lord and Vi-count—t' think 'twas 'im as done the deed—and now dead!"

"Ay," sighed John, "and Cap'n Despard agoin' the same road, so Doctor Samson do say."

"Eh—another deader? These be toimes—Mr. Julian dead, Vi-count dead, Oldcraft dead, th' Gallopin' Parson dead—me an' Joel Bym found 'im—and now the Cap'n."

"Ah, but murder and that-like beant good for my trade, Ben. . . . And yonder is your lady, a-horseback."

And now, swaying easily to every graceful motion of her beautiful mare, my lady came cantering across the green and reined up within a yard of them.

"Pray, John," she inquired, "how is the invalid this morning?"

"Sinkin', my lady, sinkin' rapid. Don't know nobody, pore gen'leman, ravin' all night, my lady, and all about death and Cap'n Archer, the highwayman, and Sir Richard and hisself, and all on 'em drownding together in th' ow' mill pool."

At that moment Doctor Samson came hurrying forth to greet my lady.

"Sir," she questioned anxious-eyed, "what is this I hear of Captain Despard?"

"If that he is dead, madam, the news is but a little previous," answered the doctor, shaking his head. "Alas, I fear the poor gentleman will be gone ere sunset."

"Dying?" murmured Helen. "Oh, sir, can nothing be done?"

"Nought, I fear. He needs a care unremitting, such as no man and no paid nurse can bestow. Given such——"

With an effortless ease Helen swung lightly to earth and stripped off her gauntlets.

"Take The White home, Ben," said she, "and tell aunt I am remaining to nurse Captain Despard. And now, Doctor Samson, pray bring me to him."

She hurried indoors with the little doctor eagerly attendant.

"So!" exclaimed Ben, staring at John. "So 'twas the captain as be her choice, after all!"

"And all along I were thinkin' 'twas some 'un else," John replied.

"Eh, lad, but I could ha' told 'ee 'twas the captain weeks ago, I could."

"But . . . burn me, Ben."

"Lookee, John—I'll lay a quart o' your best 'tis the captain—s'posing 'e don't die—a quart my lady marries 'im soon as 'e be fit!"

"A quart it be, Ben!" sighed John gloomily, "though I'd sort o' hoped —ah, well!"

(Copyright, 1928, Jeffery Farnol)

The story returns to Richard—the dashing nobleman—in Mon...

News of the Screen

Hunt's Craterian Sunday.

Always an outstanding favorite in silent pictures, Edmund Lowe has reached new heights.

"Thru Different Eyes," an all-dialog Movietone play, which comes to Hunt's Craterian tomorrow, gives Lowe another chance in the new medium, his previous one having been his performance as Sergeant Mickey Dunn in "In Old Arizona." That marvelous production, the first all-outdoor sound picture, definitely established Lowe and his co-featured players, Dorothy Burgess and Warner Baxter, as leaders in talking pictures. In "Thru Different Eyes" the forthcoming attraction at Hunt's Craterian, Lowe and Baxter are teamed again, this time with Mary Duncan, outstanding stage and screen performer, as the leading woman.

Coming to Rialto.

The ace of adventure, Buck Jones, in "The Big Hop," featuring Jobyna Ralston, will be shown at the Rialto theatre tomorrow.

Thrills in the air! Thrills on the ground! Thrills at sea! Buck has performed what is known as a "natural"—one of those pictures that delights everybody.

It is a tale of rash adventure in the air, loaded with young love and popping with excitement.

While the greatest dramatic climax takes place a thousand feet above the angry ocean, there is power in every scene—horse power—man power—Jobyna's big dark eyes!

Soviet Plane Off for New York

KRASNOVARSK, U. S. S. R., Aug. 10.—(AP)—The Russian airplane, "Land of the Soviets," bound from Moscow to New York, landed here this afternoon. It made the flight here from Novosibirsk in excellent time across the steppes of central Siberia.

VACATIONS AND PICNICS POPULAR IN JACKSONVILLE

JACKSONVILLE, Aug. 10.—Fred Sparks and mother, Mrs. Katie Sparks and parties from Medford made a trip to Crater Lake Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cary Culy and son Homer of Big Applegate and Mrs. Dews and Mrs. McKee of Jacksonville and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McIntire and baby of Central Point, made a trip to Sexton mountain beyond Grants Pass Sunday, where they met Mr. and Mrs. George Prowell of Roseburg and Leora Culy, all enjoying a picnic dinner there. Miss Culy had spent some time visiting her cousin, Mrs. Prowell and returned home with her parents Sunday.

G. O. Sanden and his Sunday school class of boys, The Pioneers, left Friday noon for the Applegate, where they spent the night camping near John Pernoll's store.

Vierl Stearns from Griffin creek rode over on his new bicycle and spent Thursday night with his cousins, Marion and Clair Vogle. The three boys enjoyed swimming at the Natatorium Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. V. T. Wilson and son Orville and Joseph Busby of Medford left Saturday afternoon for Union Creek, where they will spend a week's vacation camping.

Fred Sparks left for a trip to Myrtle Point Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Miller and children left Saturday morning for Crescent City and will spend the week end there and in the vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan of Newark, New Jersey arrived here Monday for a few weeks visit with Mrs. Sullivan's mother, Mrs. Anna Broad. They visited en route here with her brother, Wilul Broad at Weed and expect to go to Coquille to visit her sister, Mrs. Katie Dungie before returning home.

Mrscolm Jones has been entertaining David Johnson of Ashland for several days this week.

Mrs. N. C. Smythe left for Portland last Sunday to visit her son, V. N. Smythe there for a few weeks.

Mrs. Katie Sparks and son Fred Sparks and friends of Medford motored to the Green Spring mountains Tuesday, where they visited their daughter and sister, Mrs. Cox.

Rev. S. Jones and wife motored to Ashland Tuesday.

Mrs. David Hardman and son David, Jr., former residents of Jacksonville but now living at Portland, and Mrs. Vert Walker and small daughter Elaine of Medford were callers at the home of Miss McCully Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Mary Murphy Marden of San Francisco was calling on friends here Friday. Mrs. Marden is a native of Jacksonville and received her early education at the old St. Mary's Academy in Jacksonville.

Mrs. W. A. Childers and daughter of Big Applegate were in our city Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan of Newark N. J., Mrs. Anna Broad and friends motored to Crater Lake Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard McKee and daughter Marcine of Big Applegate were luncheon guests of Mrs. Dews and Mrs. McKee in Jacksonville Wednesday.

Mrs. David Gammon is assisting at the new Waffle Inn and confectionery.

The ice cream social given by the missionary society at the Presbyterian church Thursday evening was quite successful and well attended.

Mrs. R. G. Jennings from Medford and friend Mrs. Bier from Washington, Mrs. Fred Fick and Mrs. E. S. Severance formed a swimming party at the Applegate Wednesday; also enjoying a picnic dinner.

Mrs. Lula Saulsberry will give a couple of musical readings accompanied at the piano by Virginia Fick over KMED, for the Valley Radio church Sunday evening.

Mrs. G. O. Sanden and children returned home Thursday from a couple weeks camping near the Applegate store.

Mrs. Etta Tranta from Camp 3, Butte Falls was in our city Friday.

WAGNER CREEK

Mrs. G. A. Briner and Mrs. J. L. Briner were shopping in Medford on Saturday.

Mrs. Ella Abbott and daughters, Goldie and Eudell, returned to their home here last week. They have been spending some time near Bray, Ore.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. McCall were in Klamath Falls last Sunday, where they visited a cousin of Mrs. McCall, Dr. O. J. Johnson and family.

Mrs. R. B. Purves has returned after spending a several days' vacation at Crescent City.

Floyd V. Bell, O. M. Goddard and Everett Beeson are attending the American Legion convention in Salem this week.

Prof. J. W. Kerns and family moved to their Ashland home this week after camping for some time on Wagner creek.

Mrs. F. W. Combs has been enjoying a visit from her brother, Leslie Rose of Yakima, Wash.

Elroy McGrew and James Purves spent a week at Cinnabar springs recently.

GERMAN TRYING TO BREAK U. S. ENDURANCE FLIGHT

BREMEN, Aug. 10.—(AP)—Cornelius Edzard, widely known German pilot, took off at 5:08 o'clock this morning in an 880-pound "Baby" plane in an attempt to break the world record for distance flying. He will fly back and forth over a 40-mile stretch between Bremen and Bremerhaven.

SON OF TRIBUNE WRITER VERY ILL; BREAKS HIS ARM

SAMS VALLEY, Aug. 10.—(Special)—In answer to the question from several readers as to why the absence of the Sams Valley items for some time will say your correspondent has been very busily occupied for the past two weeks on day and night duty with a sick boy, who is now convalescing from an attack of pneumonia with symptoms of typhoid. And you know "it never rains but it pours," so our little son broke his arm in the electric wringer. Dr. Chisholm of Gold Hill attended both cases, which are recovering satisfactorily.

Miss Mary Edington returned Sunday from a two weeks' absence, where she spent the time visiting different friends and relatives in Portland and vicinity.

Mrs. John Hall returned last week from a visit with her brother, John Cushman and family at Eugene. Mrs. Hall also took in the big pageant and celebration, "The Sunset Trail" at Eugene and pronounced it to be one of the most interesting affairs she ever attended.

Billie Fisher, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Fisher, who has been employed for several years under the Bell Telegraph and Telephone Co. at San Francisco, spent four days visiting his parents before he left ofr New York to take an advanced position with the Bell company. While en route to New York, young Mr. Fisher will take a three days' stop in St. Paul, his birthplace, where he hasn't visited since he was five years of age and where he has several relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Rowe returned last week from the Belknap Mineral Springs at Eugene, where they spent two weeks.

Mrs. Rowe, with her daughter, Mrs. Bent Edington, and granddaughter, Lavelle Edington, is camping at the Ferguson mineral springs.

Mrs. O. R. Tresham enjoyed a pleasant day Wednesday when her mother, Mrs. W. F. DeFord of Ashland and her sisters, Mrs. Lee Wakefield and Mrs. Hughes of Los Angeles and Mrs. O. Carlson of Portland visited with her. The sisters have been house guests of their mother for the past week.

Two Medford workmen are putting a new roof of shakes on the Deuel & Strang barn this week.

The Rogue-Elk Inn

Rustic setting in the mountains,
Where the pine tree lifts its head,
Where the Rogue River murmurs softly,
As it flows o'er rocky bed;
Where Elk Creek's lazy waters
Blend with Rogue's cold dashing spray,
That's where Rogue-Elk Inn awaits you,
Waits, and welcomes you to stay.

On the way along Rogue River,
Where the gamey Steelheads wait,
Where the friends of Isaac Walton
Pause to troll with shining bait,
Where the pine trees on the mountains
Murmur soft, as breezes wake
Sweetest music mid their branches,
On the way to Crater Lake.

Under tall trees by the river,
In the welcome shade, so cool,
Here the traveler loves to linger,
By the side of sparkling pool,
Where the speckled beauties glisten,
Here is where real life begins,
On the banks of the Rogue River,
At the famous Rogue-Elk Inn.

Endless pleasure, here, awaits them,
If they love the larger life
In the mountains, near to Nature,
Far removed from strife,
Listening to the gentle murmur
Of the Rogue, at close of day,
Or the whispers in the pine trees,
At the time when fairies play.

Evening's lure, so well portraying,
At the setting of the sun,
As they dance amid the shadows
When the work of day is done;
Here we find, amid the mountains,
At the close of summer's day,
Quiet, peace, and joy entrancing,
'Tis our wish to always stay.

Nature calls us with the music
Of the water and the wind,
Bids us look to God who loves us,
Bids us take our cares to Him;
And if we would learn life's lessons,
Learn, for us, the one, best way,
We should spend some time with nature,
Where the fairies dance and play.

'Neath the tall and bending treetops,
In the shadows, and the moon
Seems to hang so close above us
Coaxing lovers fond, to croon
Of the future days, so splendid,
As they, their new life begin;
Such a place you'll find near Medford,
And 'tis known as Rogue-Elk Inn.

Famous for fine chicken dinners,
Famous for it's paintings rare;
Famous for it's sylvan setting,
Famous for it's mountain air;
On the banks of the Rogue River,
On the road toward the rim
Of Crater Lake, you're welcome,
At the famous Rogue-Elk Inn.
—Paid adv. tf

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