

ASHLAND WOMEN REVIVE INTEREST IN GOLF TOURNEY

ASHLAND, Ore., Aug. 22.—(Special)—Ashland's women golf players have revived their interest in golf since the wave of summer heat has passed and Ashland families have returned from vacations. On Tuesday fourteen members met on the course for the first event of a summer tournament. Members were paired and the winner of each two some will be paired in a second round on Friday. On a week from Friday, each member will invite a friend for a few holes of golf and a picnic on the greens.

The committee that has the tournament in charge is composed of Mrs. W. Hal McNair, chairman; Mrs. Herbert Bentley, Mrs. Frank Jordan, Mrs. Frank Dean and Mrs. Louis Dodge.

Mr. D. McPherson from Medford, the new instructor, who has been engaged to give lessons in golf on the course during the coming winter, will have charge of the details of the tournament.

Mrs. Russell Cordell, who has spent a month visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. V. V. Mills on Strawberry lane, has left for her home in Oakland, Cal.

Mrs. Georgia Young, who has been in Portland for two weeks, has returned to Ashland.

Miss Floy Young and Mrs. Ida Grandall went to the lake of the Wood on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray of Merrill, Oregon, are in Ashland for several days so that Mr. Murray may have the attention of a physician. He underwent an operation for the removal of tonsils on Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Crosslin of the Neil creek district, entertained with a sumptuous birthday dinner on Sunday in honor of their sons, J. C. Crosslin and C. G. Crosslin, who had celebrated their birthday anniversary a few days before. Covers were laid for E. C. Crosslin, C. G. Crosslin and wife, Fred Peniston and family, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Kells and their son, Anthony King and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Crosslin.

EDEN PRECINCT PACKING BEGINS

EDEN PRECINCT, Ore., Aug. 22.—(Special)—The big Newbury Packing Company's begin packing in Eden Precinct Wednesday of this week. They have already contracts for a good run and the fruit is beginning to come in.

Ray Bosham went from the new home near Phoenix to work in the pear picking at Sun Crest orchards. Mr. Bosham would not miss the fun of working in the Oregon orchards.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Shearer of Medford had as their guests last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Barnburg and Mrs. Shollman.

A. Hensler of Fern Valley has been in a serious condition with infection after an operation for the removal of his tonsils, but is much better at this writing.

Mrs. Walter Allen and James Allen, Sr. and Mrs. Sadie Dale returned from a seven weeks sojourn in Portland, where they attended the Apostolic Faith camp meetings.

JACKSONVILLE FOLK WILL HARVEST HOPS

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Aug. 22.—(Special)—Mrs. Chester Moore and family and mother, Mrs. Larry Stevenson, Mildred, Caroline and Donald Stevenson and Wilbur Rosen all went to the hop yards north of Grants Pass Tuesday where they will work during the hop picking season.

Mrs. Lolla McDonald and son Jordan of Flint, Michigan are expected for a visit with her father Jack Taylor and sister, Mrs. Nan Kenney. They are coming by way of California.

Hay Stevenson came from Grants Pass Tuesday where he is working and spent the day with his family here.

Mrs. George Tranda came down from camp 2, Butte Falls to spend a few days with her sister, Mrs. Fred Butcher.

L. S. Fredren and Mr. and Mrs. Homer Hany of Butte Falls spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harting.

Lola Erway of Copco, Calif., spent a few days this week with her aunt, Mrs. Fred Harting while her mother went to Portland.

JACKSONVILLE GRANGE IN NEW HALL TONIGHT

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Aug. 22.—(Special)—Jacksonville grange will hold a social meeting tonight at 8:30 o'clock in the new hall at the old county court house. This will be a sort of house warming as this is the first meeting to be held in the new hall. The men will have charge of the entertainment and refreshments of the evening. Every one is looking forward to a good time. All grangers and friends are welcome.

Woodburn—Portland Gas & Coke Co. will give service to this city.

Death Treasure

By R. A. J. WALLING

SYNOPSIS: Every man heard the shot, saw Roger Pell fall dead and saw the keyhole in the wall. A sound drama had been enacted before their eyes—Pell turning on his chief enemy, Professor Marling, threatening to produce a "bomb" for the trenchless mine. Pell stopped to unlock the library door, a pistol exploded, Pell dropped, Inspector Wayne rushes to believe the story but soon operators insist. He searches all, finds no pistol. For a moment the room, a shot through a window is ruled out. An interruption—Professor Laxton, who failed to arrive at the intended scene overburied treasure, is found in the corridor unconscious. Here comes Laxton—a startling theory is suggested—was Pell shot through the keyhole?

Chapter 10 THE KEYHOLE MURDER

"SHOT through the keyhole—?" Somerfield's words set up a rush of theory, which broke the oppressive spell. It loosed all tongues.

Wayne turned to stare at the door, in its archway, and at the huge lock, and at the large waza aperture in it.

"Mr. Fotherbury," said Wayne, "Is that door ever locked?"

"Always at night."

"And the key usually kept on the outside?"

"Always."



The inspector grasped at a startling theory—murder through the keyhole.

"Before I examine it, should you say that the key ought to be in the lock now?"

"Yes, certainly—if nobody has removed it."

"It is not in the lock," Wayne exclaimed. "Every man in the room must have known it—the door has been swung open several times."

Wayne walked to the door and pulled it open. There was no key.

"You gentlemen will please remain in your seats," said he.

He went outside and closed the door. We could imagine him stooping to peep through the keyhole. Immediately he was inside again, looking down on the body of Pell.

"Mr. Granfen," he called to me, "will you come and show me exactly what Pell did?"

As I went to him, Wayne fastened both bolts.

"Pell was here," said I, taking the spot where he had stood. "He waited with his arms up, looking at his watch like this. He said, 'Now!' and he started immediately for the door. He shot back to the top bolt, so, and he was stooping to the bottom bolt, like this, and before he reached it, there was a terrific bang and he just fell in a heap—there."

"He was shot in the forehead," said Wayne, looking at him. "Did he face the door when he stopped?"

"I can't say. He was in rapid motion all the time. You saw the whole thing was done in an instant."

Wayne stood contemplating us, his brow puckered, his eyes full of light.

"Did anybody see the key in the door before this happened?"

"Nobody had noticed whether it was there or not."

"I should make a suggestion," said Somerfield.

"That if by any chance Pell's shot struck Pell, he probably didn't go off with a great bang like that in the pocket of his shirt. You're or doubt observed that the vestible is badly fit."

"Ah!" Wayne cried, unlocked the door, took a torch from his pocket and flickered it along the flange of the corridor.

The suspense was too much for Somerfield. He muttered something about it's being silly, and marched across the room to look over Wayne's shoulder.

"Good for you, Somerfield!" he called out.

We heard a ring of metal on stone, and Wayne rose with a large iron key in his hand. He examined the keyhole by the light of his torch.

"Mr. Fotherbury," said he, "You assure me that there has been no trick with this key? It's not a plant?"

"Of course not, Mr. Wayne. You wouldn't ask me that if you weren't suffering a little from excitement. It looks as if—but perhaps you'd rather we didn't speculate?"

"It alters things," said Wayne. "Don't you think?" Mr. Fotherbury asked, "you could at least put us on parole? I suppose we can all give our word of honor to stay within call of Mr. Wayne until something is decided?"

He sent a look of inquiry round. "Very well," said Wayne. "Until the chief comes, the body must stay there. The door can be locked and I'll take the key."

By this time we were all standing round him except Marling, who had not moved from his chair by the hearth.

"Come along, Marling," said Mr. Fotherbury.

Marling rose and walked slowly towards us, with his cassock swinging. He was at the tail of the little

procession that filed past Wayne and went along the corridor.

"That's the place," said Mr. Fotherbury, checking where another shot vaulted passage went off to the left. It was a mere substitute to the eye.

"Curious how he got in there," Laxton observed.

"Please pass along without going in," came Wayne's voice behind us. And so we reached the hall to encounter Laxton and the constable one on either side of Laxton, coming across it. We stopped and spread out. Wayne pushed to the front.

Laxton seemed a little groggy, but not much hurt. He gave me no sign of recognition.

"Which of you gentlemen is Mr. Fotherbury?" he asked.

"Most extraordinary introduction," said Laxton. "I'm afraid I've not been able to keep my appointment very punctually."

"Appointment?" Mr. Fotherbury inquired with his eyebrows up.

"Yes, I said I'd be with you at three o'clock."

"Good gracious!" cried the constable. "You can't be Professor Laxton?"

"Oh, yes, I am," said Laxton. "And what an earth—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Fotherbury," Wayne put his hand up. "If this gentleman will come with me, I'll speak to him first."

For my purpose, which is to tell the facts about Roger Pell, I need not dwell with the public proceedings of Wayne and his superiors.

Wayne was a capital fellow—the best type of the trained police officer, and in England that is saying a lot. But Wayne naturally concerned himself only to find an explanation of the murder and when he had found it, since the murderer could obviously not be caught in Blackwater, he handed the whole thing over to Scotland Yard.

And Scotland Yard began to hunt for the mysterious person of whom we came to speak as "Pell's ghost."

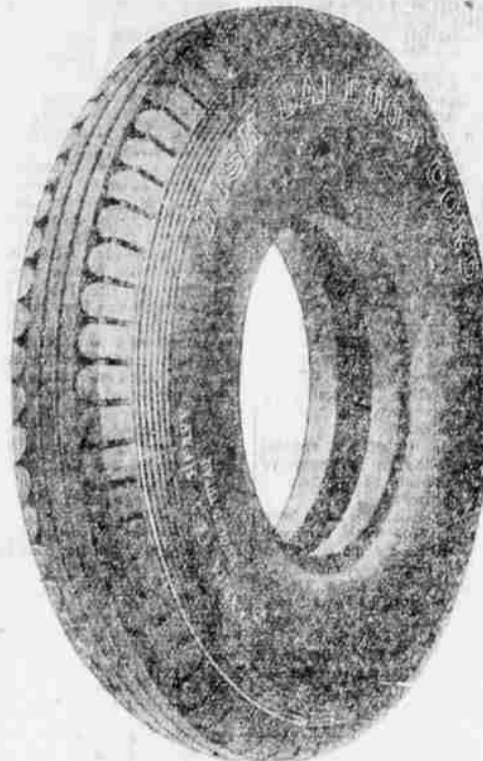
Wayne, puzzled to death and bawling with those suspicions of his, as soon as the theory of the shot through the keyhole was suggested, conceived the idea that Laxton might be the chap!

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Professor Laxton has a puzzling explanation to offer—a topographer's chapter.

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LAKE CREEK WILL SEE GRANGE PLAY SATURDAY NIGHT

LAKE CREEK, Ore., Aug. 22.—(Special)—Everybody should see Deacon Dabbs, "Grange" (Center, State of West Virginia). He is funny. So are the other players. The play will be put on Saturday night by the Lake Creek Grange. They have been working hard and it is hoped a good crowd will reward their efforts.

Several young folks from Lake Creek and Brownport went to a charivari the other night. They report they had some fun.

Mrs. Mary Carline of Klamath Falls and the C. E. Bellows family of Brown Creek visited their brother L. H. Wyatt and family a short time ago.

Mrs. Wilkinson of the local Indian soda springs was in Medford on business Monday.

Miss Taylor and Norma Rader of Ashland went to Dead Indian soda springs Sunday. They called on a few friends along the way.

Shirley Jennings and family and some friends were visitors Andy Simpson Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Payne and Clyde Young and family of Ashland, accompanied by a friend, made a short all Lake Creek party.

Julia and Agnes Deagan are guests at the Shiloh home.

Doris Fry, who is working near Klamath Falls, was home for a short visit with her mother, Mrs. G. W. Fry.

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Watch Tongue For Signs of Illness

Your tongue is nothing more than the upper end of your stomach and intestines. It is the first thing your doctor looks at. It tells at a glance the condition of your digestive system—and physicians say that 90 per cent of all sicknesses start with stomach and bowel trouble.

A white or yellowish coating on your tongue is a danger signal of those digestive disorders. It tells you why the least exertion tires you out; why you have pains in the bowels, gas, sour stomach, dirty spells.

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HERBERT HOOVER, JR. CALLED TO COLORS

WASHINGTON, Aug. 22.—(AP)—Herbert Hoover, Jr., son of the president, was today ordered by the war department to active duty effective October 12 as a first lieutenant in the special reserve.

The order, which was designated as "by the directions of the president," instructed First Lieutenant Hoover to proceed from Pasadena, Cal., to San Francisco and report for training.

First Lieutenant Hoover will report to inactive status October 20.

STATE TREASURER KAY HOME FROM HOSPITAL

SALISBURY, Ore., Aug. 22.—(AP)—State Treasurer T. B. Kay, who underwent a minor operation for relief from an illness contracted while on a trip to Europe, was removed from the hospital to his home yesterday. Mr. Kay was considerably weaker by the time from the hospital, but his recovery towards recovery is said to be satisfactory.

Keno-Weyerhaeuser Timber Co. building railroad to virgin forest.

JACKSONVILLE PIANIST AIDS IN RADIO PROGRAM

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Aug. 22.—(Special)—Miss Virginia Pick,