

CLOSE HARMONY AT CRATERIAN IS TUNEFUL TALKIE

By their applause, laughter and rapt attention the big audience at Hunt's Craterian theater last night put their approval on the unusual all-around pleasing bill consisting of "Close Harmony," a feature all-talking comedy drama starring "Buddy" Rogers and Nancy Carroll, several excellent short lullaby subjects, a motion picture review and a home style show, which will be seen at this theater the remainder of the week.

While the feature film was surprisingly good, the short talkies will be spoken of first, and the best of these probably was Gus Edwards International Revue in colors, enacted by a large cast of dancers in the customs of various countries. Carl Emmer's Pets, a rapid fire dog show of unusual merit in which a dozen clever canine performers went through their various stunts with snap and precision, was a close second. Jan Gerber's Band proved to be an original jazz musical organization, which won much applause by their several musical and comedy singing selections.

In fact, jazz orchestration is featured all through the bill, but in such a way that it met with the approval of even those who usually detest jazz features, including this writer who on hearing a jazz orchestra usually feels, according to one of "Buddy" Rogers' wisecracks, "as uncomfortable as a cow riding a bicycle."

"Close Harmony" proved to be a different one of those depictions of back stage life interspersed with night club scenes and with a very large cast of principals and chorus supporting Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll, who are the principals in a very entertaining love story—Buddy as an aspiring young amateur jazz band leader and Nancy as a song and dance headliner in a big movie theater with vaudeville acts, who befriends him. Of course he eventually lands, after many vicissitudes, in the big time at \$1000 a week and they are married and live happily ever after.

Harry Green, as the manager of the theater, and Steve Gallagher and Jack Oakie as a song and dance team, furnish the comedy of "Close Harmony," which outside of their efforts and the dialogue, has quite a number of other mirthful angles.

The very likable young stars are filled with personality and presumably of music, and form a romantic team of lovers which captivate the sympathies of the audience. There is something especially wholesome appearing and manly about Buddy, and the red-headed Nancy always carries the impression of "true blue." Both are clever actors.

Each sang a song during the performance, which caused no special alarm, and Buddy in his characterization of a jazz band leader played various instruments and wielded the baton like a regular band master.

PREPARE FOR FAIR JOSEPHINE COUNTY

Extensive preparations have been under way for the Josephine county fair which is to be held in Grants Pass next week, beginning Wednesday, September 4, and continuing through Saturday. New buildings have been constructed at the new fair grounds to accommodate the large crowd expected.

Horse races will be included in the amusement program and, according to a report from the Josephine county fair board, 70 horses have been entered for the harness and running races.

The Dave Anderson rodeo, and Manuel Marinas, tight rope walker, already scheduled for the Jackson county fair, will be on the program every day. Sourdough Gulch, the western mining town; fireworks every evening and plenty of good music are among the many features of the fair.

Word received from F. G. Roper, secretary, said that all exhibit buildings were filled to capacity.

May Reorganize A. B. C. NEW YORK, Aug. 29. — (AP) — Adolph S. Linden, president of the American Broadcasting company, now in the hands of receivers, has been in New York for several days on a mission said to be connected with a proposed reorganization of the chain. It was learned today.

Pay NO Premium for anti-knock Gasoline Buy



Death Treasure

By R. A. J. WALLING

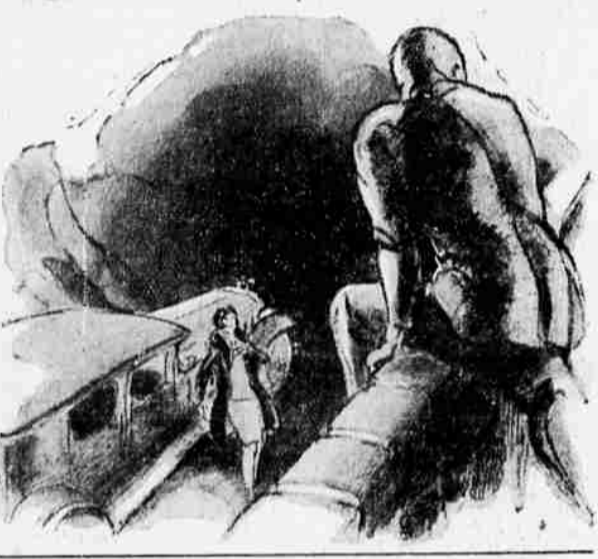
RYNOPSIS: Veronica's mysterious fugitive—whom Max Green has decided to name Cousin John—was shot during his flight from Woodville—brings deep amazement to Tom Green's all-moment immediately after his arrival by demanding that the duplicitous man, which he carries, he looked in the face. But Tom's surprise at the man's appearance is even greater—his ragged clothes, his hair cropped close to his head, his washed features. The strange guest betrays an intimate knowledge of the Blackwater country, then tries to cover up his misdeeds. The next morning Tom receives a shock that makes him doubt the wisdom of being influenced by Veronica's blue eyes, for a glaring headline states of him from the morning paper: "During Escape of a Convict."

Chapter 14

THE CONVICT'S ESCAPE

RECOVERED from the first shock of reading that headline, "During Escape of a Convict," I noted the many subsidiary headings full of Extraordinary Circumstances, a Mystery Woman, a Subtle Plot and other ingredients well mixed in the dispatch into an exciting story. In brief, it was thus:

That the escape of a prisoner from Dartmoor Convict Prison on Saturday was much more remarkable than it had appeared at first.



The convict scurried over the wall to a waiting auto—and a girl!

The prison officials and the police were entirely nonplussed. They did not know where the man had gone, or with whom.

What they had discovered was the extremely clever way in which his accomplices outside had worked without arousing the least suspicion.

The chief agent was apparently a young woman who was seen in a car that passed through the city of Exeter, 25 miles from the prison, early Sunday morning.

It was much later when it was discovered that the prisoner was missing; then, of course, it was far too late to trace the car.

But the policeman who saw it was so struck by the physiognomy of the man who leaned forward impatiently and said, "Go on, go on!" that when the description of the fugitive was circulated he had no doubt whatever this was the same man.

The escape had been elaborately studied, and once out of the cell the prisoner had been able to get clear by a microscopical timing of the movements of the warders and officers. The alarm system had been cleverly deranged.

He had been provided with the cord and a thin steel hook to throw over the wall. He had scaled it at the point nearest a plantation which, within three seconds, gave him perfect cover. The car waited for him in the road below the copse.

The authorities suspected that without the assistance of an accomplice inside as well as outside it would have failed. A further point was that the accomplice outside must have been quite familiar with the routine of the prison.

The prisoner, of whom a description was issued, was Eugene Richard, 32, convicted at Canterbury of manslaughter and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. He declined at the trial to reveal a single fact about himself.

The crime of which he was convicted was committed at Dover. He and another man, giving the name of Ernest Philip, but also of uncertain nationality, seemed to have followed across from Ostend a clerk in a London business house, returning from Belgium with a large sum in Belgian currency. Instead of taking the train to London the two men went to the hotel. Late at night they informed the police that they had been molested by a gang

while walking. There had been a fight in which one of the gang was knocked out.

The police accompanied them to the place and found the clerk unconscious. He died in hospital. No trace of a gang could be found.

Suspicion against the two men was confirmed when on Richard the police found a considerable sum of money in Belgian currency amounting to 10,000 francs. Richard declared that it was his own.

Richard admitted that he gave the blow which knocked out the clerk and declared that the blow was in self-defense.

The jury convicted of manslaughter, and the judge inflicted the severe sentence of five years' penal servitude, and gave Philip, who was found guilty of being accessory during the fact, 12 months' hard labor.

From the dock Richard had made a violent protest against the sentence. He had ever since been a most difficult prisoner, and this was why he was in Dartmoor—the isolated fastness among the clouds of a mountainous wild reserved for the worst convicts.

This was the narrative which spread over two or three columns of the newspaper. I read them with growing mystification and alarm.

What a trick of fate that had brought quiet and decorous Wood-

not into the midst of a sensational and sordid drama like this!

For I could not question that the hero of the fight on Dover cliffs and the escape from Dartmoor Prison now lay in the guest room.

It all dovetailed in too perfectly to leave a single loophole—the days, the times, the circumstances.

The police description of Richard might have been written sitting in front of Cousin John—his tall figure, his dark eyes and overhanging brows.

And there was Veronica's sudden flight from London on Saturday morning, her secret return on Sunday evening, her concealment of a fugitive—and such a fugitive!

And there was Pell's absence at the same time. Was Pell the other accomplice, the second man in the car? Somehow this did not seem to harmonize with the worst suspicion that tortured me about his death. But Pell's absence would have to be explained.

That some connection existed between the escape from Dartmoor and the tragedy in the library at Newplace I could not doubt. It was hateful to have my mother in the midst of this confusion; but Veronica's blue eyes . . . they placed me under compulsion.

None of these considerations, however, was the most alarming that the newspaper suggested. Another transcended them all.

Last night, when Cousin John leaped back from the square of light on the back lawn with that horrified whisper, I paid no special attention to his gesture. I thought it part of his general objection to being seen by anybody.

Now the idea forced itself into my mind that it was a particular objection to being seen by Professor Laxton.

"That man!"

I recalled his nerve-stricken exclamation. And the terrifying thought came that, later in the night, when Cousin John took flight at the open window, he might have had more reason for alarm than I supposed.

For Laxton was in Devonshire on Saturday, as I had imagined doing some archeological work, and his letter to me came from Tavistock—close to the scene of Cousin John's escape. And Laxton had acted very curiously for a professor of archeology on Sunday night.

Professor Laxton disturbs Tom Green's peace of mind in tomorrow's chapter.

LABOR DAY TIRE SALE

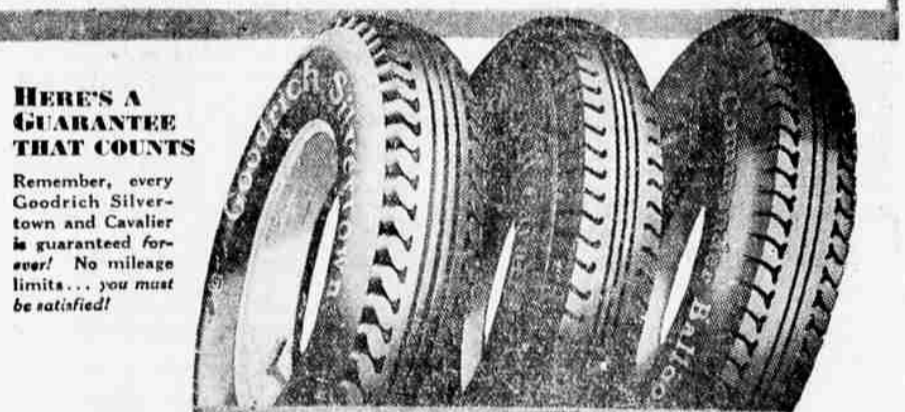
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ASHLAND INSTALLS IMPROVED LIGHTS ON MAIN STREETS

ASHLAND, Ore., Aug. 29. — (Special.) A recent expansion of the electric street lighting system of Ashland includes improvements along Whitburn Way. New light fixtures, that were lately authorized by the city council, have been installed along Whitburn Way and also along Granite street. A little later, similar improvement will be made along North Main street. These lights, according to J. M. Wauchope, superintendent of the electric department, have been installed with no expense to the residents of Ashland, as the outlay has been met by the profits from Ashland's municipally owned electric system. After the improvements have been completed on North Main street, Ashland will have spent \$23,000 within the past two years for electric street lighting equipment, and the whole expense has been met by the profits from the system.

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