

# ASHLAND HONORS Y. M. C. A. LEADER UPON DEPARTURE

ASHLAND, Ore., Aug. 29.—(Special)—Secretary W. P. Walter of the Y. M. C. A. and Mrs. Walter, who are leaving soon for Portland, where Mr. Walter will take a position with the Y. M. C. A. in that city, were honor guests on Monday evening at the Methodist church, at a dinner, which was served in the dining room of the church for the members of the board of directors of their wives.

At the close of the meal, several spoke in praise of the work of Secretary Walter and of the fine influence he has exerted over the youth of the city. In reply, Mr. Walter said that much of the success of the work was due to the fine backing of Ashland people and business men, and he urged that the same support be given to the work and plans of the new secretary, Mat Thompson, who will arrive in Ashland soon to continue the work.

The reception and dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Walter was held in connection with the regular meeting of the board of directors, Mr. Wire M. Wright, president of the board, presided and voiced his appreciation of the work of Mr. Walter. V. O. N. Smith spoke of the work for boys in the community as carried on by the retiring secretary. On behalf of the ministerial association, Reverend C. D. Gaffney called attention to the fine co-operation that Mr. Walter has shown in the work of the churches and of the correlation of the work in the two fields. George A. Hiseon paid a tribute to the work of the secretary in connection with the work of the school system.

During the business session, which followed the talks given about the dinner table, Mr. Walter gave a detailed account of the boys' camp, which was held at Lake of the Woods. The finances of the Y were discussed and plans made to close up all accounts before the departure of Mr. Walter.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bachell and two daughters of Dror, Idaho, who have been visiting in Ashland for some time at the homes of Mrs. Sarah Stratton and Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Wiley, left on Wednesday morning for their home.

Miss Nedra Bartlett, a former Ashland girl, who has spent the past 10 weeks at Namanu, a girls' camp at Bull Run, Oregon, spent Monday and Tuesday in Ashland as the guest of Miss Ellen Gale on Sherman street.

Mrs. Amy Adams and her young daughter were recently in Ashland to visit with Mrs. Adams' sister, Miss Leona Marsters. They returned north on Monday and were accompanied by Mrs. Marsters, mother of Miss Marsters and by Helen Margaret Metcalf, Miss Marsters' niece, who has been staying with her aunt and attending school in Ashland.

The family that bought O. J. Parrell's place has moved to their new home.

Fred Bates is getting along very nicely with his broken leg. Ed Dolo has bought a fine home in Touge River.

They are taking the logs out fast from the Bates place now.

# Death Treasure

By R. A. J. WALLING

**SYNOPSIS:** Amusement and surprise were stamped on Tom Grenofen's face when he first saw Veronica's picture, whom Tom's mother has named Cousin John's mysterious black bag are not comparable to the shock Tom receives the following day. For the morning paper carries an astonishing headline: "During absence of a Cousin" and a description that leaves no doubt as to his quest's identity. More disconcerting to the news that the cousin's whereabouts included a woman—the very morning of Veronica's surprise absence from the home of a friend, whom she was visiting.

But not before I had overheard two sentences—a question and an answer:

"Most remarkable," said Laxton; "and you've no idea where he went?"

"I can't be sure, because I was a bit foxed," said the cub, "but I'm pretty certain he went off along the cliff path towards Hollam Bay."

## Chapter 17 THE CUB TALKS

TUESDAY was a nasty day. Beginning with the shock of discovering the identity of Cousin John, it included the fussy business of the coroner's inquest on Pell, and it ended with two very disturbing incidents.

I had been on very good terms with Mr. Fotherbury. He liked my drawings and I liked his grand seigniorial style: it amused me, and he was such a strange figure in the part. He interested my eye and tickled my humor.

When the long inquest was over

Perhaps it was not surprising that by the second day I had acquired a certain distaste for Cousin John. I detest furtiveness of all sorts. People learned—through Laxton, I suppose—that we had a relative staying with us, and remarked that they hadn't seen him. I lied glibly about the unfortunate influenza that had kept him in bed.

Laxton never saw me but he asked after my cousin's health. This lasted three days.

I saw Veronica only once during those three days. She said that as I had a visitor staying at Woodcot, I must necessarily be much preoccupied, and said it with a certain undertone. I did not seek out Veronica again.

But I saw far too much of Professor Laxton. He haunted Woodcot on any and every pretext. On Wednesday he was there twice.



A conversation overheard—the "cub" has tapped Veronica's secret!

and the jury had given the police a clear field to run in anybody they chose, Mr. Fotherbury took me aside into his study. I thought he was a shade more formal than usual.

"Mr. Grenofen, do you know my son?" he asked, looking at me coldly.

"Yes—and no," I replied, feeling some embarrassment. "The truth is, Mr. Fotherbury, I hadn't met your son till last night, and then we had a—well, a rather unfortunate introduction."

"I've heard about it. I am told the cause of it was a quarrel between you over Miss Seabroke."

"Perhaps it might be so expressed," I said.

"He is a fool to quarrel with anybody over Miss Seabroke. I do not approve of any advances by him to Miss Seabroke. I'll be quite candid with you, Mr. Grenofen. I've not a word to say against the young lady. I am aware that she has no part in the scheme—whose author I need not mention—for making her the heiress of Newplace. So that you will not misunderstand me when I say that I deeply regret and resent the violence you used towards my son last night."

The more serious words convey no real idea of the air with which the old gentleman made this pronouncement—it was nothing less. I told him he could hardly expect me to describe the details of the encounter or to admit I acted wrongly from my point of view; but I was quite willing to say how sorry I was that his own feelings had been injured.

He answered with ineffable dignity.

"I put it all aside, Mr. Grenofen. But I am sure you will remember in future that Mr. Fred Fotherbury is my son."

We talked of other things, the tragedy of Pell, the notoriety it gave Newplace. Several times Mr. Fotherbury seemed on the point of a personal question to me, but I never came to anything more than, "I was going to ask—but never mind."

The second incident—or rather observation—occurred as I approached the gatehouse on my way out of Newplace. Three men walked slowly in front of me down the avenue, in close converse.

Marling, the cub and Professor Laxton turned off by the church and went into Marling's house before I reached them and without seeing me.

On Thursday he left us alone till supper time, and then suddenly appeared with an invitation for me to take an excursion with him on Friday to London.

I politely declined his suggestion without giving any specific reason. He seemed greatly disappointed.

I found it hard to divine what Professor Laxton was, but perfectly simple to divine he was not a professor of archeology. Some day I would discover his real profession. The scene in the cloisters on that Sunday night and the subsequent hobnobbing of Professor Laxton and Marling, when put together, gave me an uncomfortable feeling that I had been fooled to the top of my bent.

In the same three days I saw a good deal, also, of Cousin John, in the quietude of the guest-room at Woodcot, he underwent a rapid change. He lost some of his ferocity. He civilized his appetite. He softened his voice.

When he had discarded the tramp's outfit in which he arrived and put on some of my clothes, Cousin John was a relative I need not have been ashamed to display to the whole village. But he firmly refused to be displayed to anybody except my mother and me.

He would not leave his room. He asked for books and read a good deal. He asked me to buy him a pipe. He smoked my tobacco. He was glad to talk to either of us, and would talk intelligently about everything but himself. On his own identity, on his past, on his intentions for the future, he was as dumb as a turnip.

The only spark of light I struck out of him by accident came when he let slip the fact that he knew Blackwater and the district very well. Having seen that I checked this over, he tried hard to confuse my impression by displays of willful ignorance.

He asked for the newspaper each morning and studied it thoroughly. If he read the speculations which it printed about himself, he made no allusion to them.

It seemed on the third day as though Cousin John had been living with us a century and was likely to be there for a millennium.

But the total duration of his visit was only three days and a bit. It had begun sensationally; it ended in a burst of excitement far more intense.

(Copyright, 1929, Wm. Morrow Co.)

Cousin John's mysterious black bag brings Tom Grenofen further concern. Read tomorrow's chapter.

# If gravy

is to be judged on flavor you wouldn't make gallons at a time

You can "season to taste" a pint of gravy much more accurately. For a similar reason Hills Bros. roast only a few pounds of coffee at a time, instead of in bulk, by their patented, continuous process—Controlled Roasting. The flavor is actually controlled always. No other coffee can taste like Hills Bros. Coffee because none is roasted the same way.

**HILLS BROS COFFEE**

Trade Mark

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## FOOTS CREEK SUNDAY SCHOOL HAS PICNIC

FOOTS CREEK, Ore., Aug. 29.—(Special)—The Foots Creek Sunday school had a very nice time Sunday at the Grants Pass park. All enjoyed the basket dinner and had plenty of good ice cream, those who didn't come missed a good time and also a good dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Harrison are moving from the Riveria to the old Carl ranch.

The family that bought O. J. Parrell's place has moved to their new home.

Fred Bates is getting along very nicely with his broken leg. Ed Dolo has bought a fine home in Touge River.

They are taking the logs out fast from the Bates place now.

## Lemon ice for cool dessert

Easily made by this special recipe



BOIL for three minutes 2 cups of sugar, 4 cups of water and rind of one lemon. Remove the rind. Add ½ cup of lemon juice, cool and freeze.

This is all there is to it, and you have a delicious and cooling dessert.

Food scientists teach us the value of sweet desserts. They show us that such desserts satisfy the appetite and enable us to quit eating with an enjoyable feeling. For dessert remember the value of cakes, cookies, candies containing chocolate and cocoanut. Remember stewed apples and apricots. Candied, spiced and preserved fruits. Prepared dates and figs. Canned fruit salad and grapefruit, and gelatine desserts.

The dessert should top a meal containing milk, fruits and vegetables. Variety—tastefully prepared—is the key-note of healthful diets. Meat and cereals are important in daily nourishment.

An endless variety of enjoyable desserts may be purchased today, or they may be made in the kitchen. A bit of sweet makes the meal complete. The Sugar Institute.



America's Biggest Seller!

# Blue Ribbon Malt Extract



ENDERS WHOLESALE GROCERY CO. Medford and Ashland, Oregon

## ROGUE RIVER

(By Mrs. Myrtle Whipple.)

ROGUE RIVER, Ore., Aug. 29.—(Special)—Raymond Stevens and George Piman left Monday morning for a week's vacation to Hackberry mountain.

Fred O'Kelly, accompanied by his son Cloyd, left Monday morning for a week's trip to Portland. They have gone to visit Mrs. O'Kelly who is confined in a hospital there.

Dr. and Mrs. Carey were Medford visitors Tuesday.

Hurwell O'Kelly left Friday for Portland, where he has accepted a position with the Best Foods company, as salesman for their products.

Sam Mathes left Monday night for a three weeks' vacation to Puget Sound and nearby north.

Mrs. Sarah Wakeman and son Walter spent the week end in Rogue River. They visited friends and relatives. Both are well known as the family resided here for years until recently, when they moved to Klamath Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Smith and children, Velma, Ralph, Arthur and Dorothy, left Tuesday morning for Longview, Wash., where they will visit with Mrs. Smith's parents.

John Smithpeter is clerking in



# New and Improved..

THIS is an announcement to all users of Agmel. It is also addressed to all prospective users who are interested in this great health food—this valuable tonic in high blood pressure, kidney deficiencies, indigestion, glycosuria.

You have probably seen Agmel in the new glass bottle which has replaced the familiar tin container. It is the same Agmel—known so long and favorably in this community. However, it has been improved in both taste and appearance and its efficiency has been considerably increased. It is the finest concentrated sap of the maguey plant that has ever been produced.

As before, Agmel is imported from Mexico. But an improved vacuum process is now employed in the concentration of the raw sap. The latest type of vacuum reducing equipment has been installed in the center of the maguey growing region of Mexico and the raw fresh sap is concentrated every day as soon as it is gathered from the plants. This new method makes the relation between fresh aguamiel and Agmel closer than ever before. In fact, Agmel is aguamiel or maguey sap with the surplus water removed.

The new glass bottle holds a sufficient quantity of Agmel for a whole month's use. Get Agmel at your druggist's. Most druggists sell it.

# Agmel

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION — SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

Fred O'Kelly's store during the latter's absence.

Paye Lemoine, who is employed in Medford, spent Sunday with her parents and sister, Mrs. John Anne.

Bill Williams received his new school bus from C. A. Winstrout last week. Mr. Williams will bring the children from Pleasant Creek to school.

Dr. Stover and wife of San Francisco and two sisters of St. Louis visited three days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Albert McVain.

Earl Strahan has been on the sick list the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Briscoe left for their home at Spokane Tuesday morning, after an extended visit with Mrs. Briscoe's sister, Mrs. Una McVain.

Reed Carter and Oscar Shepard attended a meeting of the marketing committee at Medford Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Moore returned Sunday from Crater Lake, where they have been visiting their son Eugene and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Pitt Penny are located in their new home when they have just completed. Mr. Penny has lived for some time out on the old road to Rock Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Deuser returned Tuesday from a trip to California. They covered the route to Red Bluff, Cal., and returned over the railroad known as the Natron cut-off.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Culy and daughter of Medford and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Culy of San Diego called on Mr. and Mrs. James Wiley Friday afternoon.

Friday evening, August 29, Live Oak Grange will have a special meeting in their hall.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Casey, who have been visiting in Portland for some time, have returned to their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Wiley of McCloud, Cal., spent Sunday visiting at the Wiley and Carter homes.

Mrs. J. W. Lewis of Medford visited Sunday with Mr. Lewis and son Melvin.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Sharp, Mrs. Sharpe, Mrs. Beulah Kughen and small daughter Patricia were Sunday visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Wiley of McCloud, Cal., spent Sunday visiting at the Wiley and Carter homes.

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## MUCH MINING ACTIVITY IN FOOTS CREEK AREA

FOOTS CREEK, Ore., Aug. 29.—(Special)—Ed Prefountain is putting up a three-stamp quartz

mill at his mine. He hopes to be running in a few weeks.

Grant Mathew has found some very rich ore in his quartz mine and expects to put up a mill also. He has a crew of men at work on the property now.

W. H. Shannon of Spencer, N. C. has a quaint hobby. It is wildcats from Borneo.

You don't have to cream Snowdrift



It's a lot easier to make a cake on the spur of the moment than it used to be before you had Snowdrift.

For Snowdrift is all creamed ready to blend, and it stays that way. You don't have to set it out of the ice box to soften—it takes up the sugar just the way it is. Just put Snowdrift and sugar in the bowl together—twirl your spoon around a few times, and you're ready to stir in the other ingredients.

Creamy Snowdrift is unusually easy to measure too. And it's now packed in an attractive new

# NEW

blue and white can that is as easy to spoon out of as your own mixing bowl.

Cake—and indeed whatever you bake is more delicious with Snowdrift.

It's nice for frying too, because it's so slow to smoke or scorch, and because food fried in Snowdrift is always wholesome.

Your grocer has Snowdrift now in two new large sizes, three pound and six pound.

For Glasses That Are RIGHT See Dr. D. A. Chambers OPTOMETRIST 404 Medford Bldg.

# Snowdrift