SENIOR STUDENTS TO GET SCHEDULE SLIPS TOMORROW

Schedule slips will be given out at the Senior high school tomorrow morning between the hours of eight and nine o'clock from the different rooms, by members of the faculty. An assembly will be held at nine o'clock, to explain the course of study, and make announcements concerning the new schedule, B. H. Conkle announced this morning.

Following the assembly, students will report to the classes, where they will recive assignments, and obtain a list of books necessary. The entire schedule will be run off in the morning, and no classes will be held in the afternoon.

The afternoon will be devoted to re-registration, registering new pupils, and arranging schedules that conflict.

Schedules will be given students in alphabetical order, as follows:

A-B—Room 2.
C—Room 3.
D-E—Room 4.
F-G—Room 5.
H-I—Room 16.
J-K-L—Room 17.
M-N—Room 18.
O-P-Q—Room 19.
R—Room 20.
S—Room 21.
T-U-V—Room 22.
W-X-Y-Z—Room 23.

REPORT ASHLAND WOMAN MISSING

Velma Bages, 23, was reported missing from her home in Ashland yesterday and local police were asked to join in the search for the lost woman. Word from there this morning said that no trace had yet been found of her.

Only meager description of the woman was given the police. She is of medium size and about five feet tall and has black hair.

Norman Noble, Portland was arrested on the streets yesterday for drunkenness. He is being held in the city jail.

ASHLAND COACH TO START GRIND

Jack Bliss, coach at the Ashland high school, spent a short time in Ashland last week en route to Eugene, where he planned to spend a couple of days and return to Ashland to get everything in readiness for the first football field work.

First practice will be called just as soon as the high school field is gotten in condition, probably about September 9 or 10, Bliss said, says the Ashland Tidings.

Just how much material out of the 1928 squad remains in school has not yet been determined. New settlers in the Ashland vicinity are expected to furnish some material for gridiron work.

The first game on the schedule is with Marshfield, October 12, but extra games will probably be run in before that time.

NEW ZEALAND SLIDES UNCOVER GOLD FIELD

AUCKLAND, New Zealand — (AP) —The terrible landslides in the Matakitaki valley in the South Island of New Zealand, caused by earthquakes and leaving death and destruction in their wake, have one redeeming feature in that they appear to have unearthed valuable gold deposits.

Large nuggets have been found, and John Spencer, geologist of the Matakitaki Dredging company, says that a thorough search of a split that has appeared in the ridge of the valley may reveal untold wealth.

With the magnetary danger of being engulfed in vast masses of tottering earth and trees, only the most venturesome have sought the golden prizes. Precautions have been taken to keep back foolhardy and unauthorized persons from risking their lives for the lure of gold.

MRS. GARLOCK OF IOWA VISITS VACATION LAND

Mrs. Ida M. Garlock of Fonda, Iowa, is enjoying the scenic beauties of southern Oregon under the expert guidance of her nephew, Lee Garlock, local representative of the Oregon State Motor association. Mrs. Garlock, on an extended tour of the west has spent the past two weeks as guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Garlock on Beall Lane, with numerous auto trips to nearby points of interest. After seeing Crater Lake Sunday, Mrs. Garlock declared this section of Oregon is a real vacation land.

A trip to Crescent City will be made this week after which Mrs. Garlock will leave about Friday for northern points, accompanied as far as Portland by Lee.

Salem. — Contract awarded for construction of North Salem fire station.

Farewell Radio

William Lee Greenleaf.

William Lee Greenleaf, noted Shakespearean actor, will give his farewell radio program over station KMED tomorrow night during Copco hour from 9 to 10. For this occasion the Copco people have selected "Hamlet" because of its educational value to every school student who will study Shakespeare during the coming term. This is one of Mr. Greenleaf's best monologues and a large audience is expected to tune in on this attractive Copco program. The following press note from the Los Angeles Times shows what the metropolitan critics think of the ability of Greenleaf as an artist:

"An appreciation by Henry Christeen Warnack, dramatic critic, Los Angeles Times.

"William Le eGreenleaf comes nearer constituting an entire theatrical company than any one individual I ever heard rain down lines from the stage. He can so visualize the different parts of a play as to fill the mind's eye with the complete action. He electrifies an audience both with this quality of envisioning and with the timber of exceptional speaking voice of many shades and a wide range of power. Mr. Greenleaf not only entertains — he inspires. No one can hear his Rip Van Winkle, his Hamlet or his Merchant of Venice and not approach those masterpieces with a new born reverence and understanding. I commend him as the best one-man company interpreting the immoral creations of the drama today."

S. F. RUM RUNNER IN AUTO CRASH NEAR LAFAYETTE

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 2.—(AP) Oregon police today are searching for Walter Morris, alleged rum runner of San Francisco, believed to be the owner of a wrecked automobile and 82 gallons of alcohol found yesterday near Lafayette, Ore., after he machine crashed into another driven by S. W. Loenig, Portland.

George W. Manning, Yamhill county sheriff, said Loenig after Morris is said to have given him a $500 check in payment for damages, borrowed another automobile and brought Mrs. Loenig, who was slightly injured, and Morris to Portland.

Loenig told Sheriff Manning that Morris, when he reached Portland, telephoned a friend at San Francisco, asking that $600 be wired him. On the strength that the "friend" would wire the money, Morris, according to Loenig wrote a check for the $500 and then disappeared.

Automobiles driven by Loenig and Morris were wrecked and a large part of the alcohol cargo was confiscated by Sheriff Manning.

Dolores Costello Now At Hunt's Craterian

Dolores Costello is more lovely than ever in her latest talking picture, "Madonna of Avenue A," which opened a three days' engagement at Hunt's Craterian Sunday. Her voice registers with such perfection that one's own ears are deceived. And she has been supplied with a highly dramatic and often very exciting story of a young girl who has been kept at a boarding school by her mother and never allowed to visit her in New York. When the girl is expelled from school for having been found on board a rum-runner (she had innocently accepted a chance acquaintance's invitation to board it) she goes to her mother to find her a hostess in a notorious East side night club and gambling den.

Miss Costello gives a strikingly dramatic and colorful performance as the daughter, while Louise Dresser gives a fascinating and powerful characterization as the mother. Gram Withers is a lovable and outstanding leading man, who wins the liking of audiences at sight. He's a good actor, too. Others in the all-around excellent cast are Douglas Gerrard, Otto Hoffman and Lee Moran.

Death Treasure

by R. A. J. WALLING

SYNOPSIS: Veronica, partner entangled in the mystery of Cousin John's block boat! Tom Grenofen's strange mother tells his boss he must leave the sanctuary at Woodcot and forces a pledge from Tom —that the highly valuable contents of the box, now in the safe, will be delivered secretly to Veronica. Cousin John suddenly sneaks from the window as he spies a figure hidden in the hedge under cover of the evening dusk. Just then the front door-bell shrills, startling and half leap from their chairs as something is hurled through the window. It is a small stone wrapped in paper, on the paper a message to Cousin John: "Look out. Get away at once. Old place. Veronica."

Chapter 19

ESCAPE

COUSIN John and I stood on the landing, after reading Veronica's warning message, listening intently as the maid answered the ominous ringing of the door-bell.

The door was opened and Laxton's voice came to us.

"Good evening. Is Mr. Grenofen at home?"

"Now!" said Cousin John. "Down the back stairs."

And he moved away as if he had lived at Woodcot all his life.

We stole down into the kitchen, and into the garden. Within 20 seconds we paused at the hedge that fenced us off from Marley Wood. There was no sound of pursuit or alarm. Cousin John knew the shortest way to the road along the waterside. In less than five minutes we were half a mile from the house.

We had walked a very few yards along the road when he said, "Cave!" and pulled me in among the sand hillocks. Then I heard a sound of running footsteps.

A little figure came into view. I recognized it even before Cousin John.

"Veronica," I said.

And we both leaped up.

"Who's that?" cried Veronica. "I thought it was—and Tom, too? How'd you get here? Anyhow, get out quick. The filthy cub spotted me, and he's on the way. Stopped to collect one of Laxton's men."

"They're here now, little Veronica," said Cousin John.

All three of us went in among the hillocks and dropped. We heard men's voices and rapid steps.

" . . . about a mile on. I saw where he'd been lying. The little devil must have warned him . . ."

"That's me," said Veronica. "And what can we do next? Do a bit of thinking?"

I had been doing some. A wild notion sprang into life with a momentary glimpse through the trees of the flat water and a single boat on it.

"Cousin John talks French, I believe," said I.

Veronica laughed a little.

"I should say—what?"

"I meant to follow that question with another," said I. "Is there a punt or skiff anywhere on this side?"

Veronica caught my wrist.

"It begins to dawn. Speak on."

"If there is a punt on this side of the creek and Cousin John speaks French well enough to get on with out a passport—"

"Yes, yes! Out with it!"

"If these conditions are satisfied, well, Veronica, there's Royle and Somerfield—and there's Fittiper—and France across the channel"

Veronica flung my wrist away.

"I'm horribly disappointed in you," she said. "Not a soul in Blackwater must see Cousin John tonight—oh!" Cousin John shook his head. "But one good brain wave deserves another, and I've got a better one. How's the tide? Dropping? Good. So we'll fix the punt! Bill Barker's. He won't miss her. Let's get her down before the cub's had time to come back. All hands to the punt, quick, my hearties!"

Thus Veronica in a state of high excitement. She had started to walk towards Sandypoint.

"Little Veronica," said Cousin John detaining her, "I can't have you involving Mr. Grenofen in any monkey tricks."

"Don't be a goof!" she answered. "He loves 'em, don't you, Mr. Grenofen? Come on, you landlubbers."

Perforce we followed her along the road. She stopped at the gate of Sandypoint.

"Get down on the beach and lie low," she said. "I'm going to tell mother something. Bill Barker keeps his paddles in the shed. I'll bring 'em down. If there's nobody about you can hike the boat down."

Veronica ran in at the Sandypoint gate, and we found the punt drawn up 20 feet beyond high water mark, covered in ship-shape fashion by a laced tarpaulin.

The boat was small and light. We carried it and had launched it noiselessly before Veronica appeared with a paddle over each shoulder.

"Little Veronica!" said Cousin John under his breath. "Where there's a girl there's a way!"

"That's that," said Veronica, arriving. "With mother for dummy it's a safe grand slam. Now you two, take a paddle apiece. I'll set in the stern-sheets and keep watch. I'm in command of this ship. Dick—Cousin John, I mean, —orders are to be obeyed. And don't splash."

In two minutes we were out in the stream. I never felt more naked. All the dark shore seemed to have eyes. And then:

"Somebody watching!" said Veronica. "Pull on quietly; don't stop."

I could see nobody on the bank, but her sharp eyes were right, for in a moment came a hail.

"Boat ahoy! What boat is that?"

The words echoed back from the slope behind. We pulled steadily on.

"Now, Dick—you shout at him: 'Full up. Want the ferry?'"

Cousin John's voice boomed out the words.

"No, never mind," came the reply.

The tide set down at between three and four knots, and was carrying us out too far. But Veronica navigated us as to the manner born:

"Port a bit! Easy, you Tom . . ."

And when the order came to "Easy, all," we looked round and saw Fittiper. I shipped my paddle and hung on to her side.

"Get on board, Dick," said Veronica, "and pass down the boat-hook. It's under the cowling."

Cousin John climbed into Fittiper, and Veronica scrambled past me to the bow of the punt and got hold of the mooring rope. Cousin John passed down the boat hook.

"Now, Tom, fish up that mooring buoy. The current's pulled it under . . ."

Veronica almost stood on her head to tie the rope of the punt to a spare ring on the buoy.

"All aboard!" said she. "Up you go, Tom."

Veronica had got us going by sheer force of her high spirits. She would listen to no protests.

"Little Veronica," said Cousin John, "I'm afraid for you."

"Afraid my grandmother!" said Veronica. "Lend a hand, pull up the buoy."

When we had the white barrel inboard, Veronica's fingers attacked the wet rope unsuccessfully. I untied it for her, the buoy fell back into the water; we had "lipped" moorings.

(Copyright, 1929, Wm. Rogers Co.)

A daring adventure—a dangerous race with a threatening gunboat—in tomorrow's chapter.

Surrounded by police—three fugitives hide behind a hillock.

LEGION DANCE AT ORIENTAL GARDEN

One of the biggest and best American Legion dances of the season is anticipated when the annual Labor Day ball takes place at the Oriental Gardens this evening. This is the first event of a series of special holiday dances to be staged during the fall and winter and the committee in charge is making every effort to insure its success. Music by Dom Frevret and his five wire dance band of seven pieces will be a feature of the evening and during the intermission there will be specialties featuring Venus Hoppner radio artist in popular song hits.

One of the largest dance crowds of the entire year is expected to attend this popular holiday party, including many picnic parties from the Labor Day celebration at the Elks picnic grounds. The Legion dance will start at 9 p. m. and popular prices will prevail. A large attendance from Ashland and other outside communities is looked for.

Grande Ronde — Grande Ronde hospital building will be enlarged at cost of $25,000.

Judge William M. Colvig on 85th Birthday Finds Future Greatest Interest Despite Varied Career

Chronologically 85 years old today, Judge William M. Colvig, unlike many of his years, is not living in the past. Nor is he as interested in the present, as he is in the future. His mind, keenly travels the pace of the airplane and the radio, and when forced, through the request of an interested friend, to turn backward over the highlights of his own colorful and varied career, the judge gives the appearance of being just a little annoyed at being drawn away from the vital picture he is now gazing upon.

Judge Colvig was born in Richmond, Missouri, in 1845, leaving with his parents and family in an ox wagon for Oregon in 1851. Through that summer on the plains, his mother taught him to read, as they sat in the front of the wagon.

Judge W. M. Colvig.

When they reached The Dalles, Oregon, the father took the wagon and surviving second team of oxen over the Cascade Mountains alone, while the mother and five children went down the Columbia river in a Chinook canoe. At the head of the Cascade rapids they were met by a friend of Judge Colvig's father, a Mr. Carter, formerly of Virginia, who took them to his home in Portland to await the arrival of Mr. Colvig senior.

Portland then was a town with a population of 800 people. Mr. Carter was considered the wealthiest man in town. For six weeks Mr. Colvig sat on the front porch of the Carter home looking at the Willamette river—wondering and hoping for the safe arrival of her husband. One day she discovered him come along the banks of the river, his team of oxen all but exhausted from the long trip.

In the spring of 1852, they located on a donation claim on the south Umpqua river, upon which was an Indian village. Slight scrimmages with the red men added a bit of color to these early days.

In 1863 the local man enlisted in the army—Company C, the First Oregon cavalry. He served three years to a day. Wanting to see something of the world, he followed his discharge from the army by taking a tramp steamer at San Francisco. He went down the Isthmus, through Nicaragua and Costa Rica. At Grey Town, he took another tramp steamer and went up to New York city, stopping in Santiago. On the boat he had his nest egg of $480 stolen from him and arrived in New York City with $1.75 in his pocket.

Disposing of his watch and other personal effects he came out to Wheeling, West Virginia, and worked from June, 1866, to March 1867 in the oil fields of that state and Ohio. After this he harvested in Illinois, and worked on a hemp plantation in Missouri under General Joe Shelby, the old rebel general in the Civil War.

After a year or two he went back to Illinois and took up the study of law under Judge Rodecker, in the city of Pekin. Needing some money he procured a second grade certificate and taught school for six months. At the end of that time he received a first grade certificate and taught for 12 months more in Tazewell county, Illinois.

He next became advertising agent for the Lakeside Publishing company of Chicago, and traveled extensively, writing up the histories of Minnesota and Iowa. In order to gather data for this work he had to spend time in every county seat of both states.

In 1875 he returned home, and became acquainted with Addie Birdseye, who later became his wife. Her father owned a large ranch on the Rogue River. When spring came, he went to San Francisco, where he worked thru the winter with another publishing company, writing up the histories of Santa Clara and other surrounding counties of California. Not able to forget the girl "back home" he returned here and took up land and settled down to farming.

After two or three years of waiting to hear her utter the magic word, they were married in 1879, and went on their honeymoon to Prospect — a three-day trip in a horse wagon. Upon their return, Judge Colvig took over his father-in-law's big ranch and ran it for several years.

During that time, however, he was county superintendent of schools, filling that position along with other work and activities. In 1886 he was elected prosecuting attorney for the first judicial district, comprising Jackson, Josephine, Klamath and Lake counties. For 12 years he was a member of the Oregon text book commission and was appointed major in the Oregon state militia.

RED TAPE BINDS AUSTRIA DESPITE REFORM EFFORTS

VIENNA,—(AP)—Defeat in war changed the whole political and geographical structure of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy, but red tape, an inheritance from the imperial regime, has survived. Austria is, indeed, often called the most bureaucratic country of Europe.

Although the little state with its 6,000,000 inhabitants is admittedly the poorest country of Europe, the number of its civil servants, as compared with before the war, has almost doubled. This paradoxical situation was referred to the council of the League of Nations. Austria promised to apply the axe and thousands of government officials have been "fired."

Yet the "Neues Wiener Journal" says that in the federal chancellor's department alone there are 100 ministerial counsellors, as against half that number when Austria held sway over the large dual empire before the war. The treasury is similarly over stalfed. All the other department employ more "high salaried" officials than the old monarchy had on its payroll for the administration of a country ten times the size of the present republic of Austria, the paper says.

The Journal further states that each of these counsellors has an army of minor officials and typists under his jurisdiction. This is contrasted with the sad plight of professors and school teachers who, in consequence of low wages, desert their calling. It follows that the country is in the grip of a real "famine" of teaching staffs.

The Magic Flame at the Rialto

Ronald Colman in a dual role as circus performer and prince!

Vilma Banky in tights and tulle and then in superb evening gowns!

Ronald Colman more handsome, more spirited, more virile than ever!

Vilma Banky, the glorious, as the reigning queen of beauty and bewitchment!

Look forward to the thrill of your lifetime when you see Colman and Banky in their ravishing new romance, "The Magic Flame," which opens at the Rialto today.

Never before has the power and stirring human appeal of this "Romeo and Juliet of the Screen" reached as telling an expression as in "The Magic Flame."

Action, love, adventure, drama, lavish atmosphere—a very kaleidoscope of sentiment and glamor and downright rousing entertainment await you in "The Magic Flame."

THREE FIRES SUNDAY MINOR IMPORTANCE

Three fires, none of serious consequence, were reported Sunday. A pile of smouldering sawdust in a woodshed at Arcadia court blazed up and threatened the building for a while but was soon extinguished.

The other two alarms were for grass fires, one on South Fir and another in the rear of the American laundry on South Central avenue.

August was a dull month for fires in Medford, Chief Elliott reports. Only $100 damage was done by the fires and very few calls were received.

Grande Ronde—Farmers' Cooperative creamery will establish a creamery plant here in the near future.

HEADACHE? Look to Your Eyes First
Dr. D. A. Chambers
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
404 Medford Bldg.

Films In at 10 A. M.
Ready at 5 P. M.
PROMPT MAIL-ORDER SERVICE
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DYE WORKS
6TH AND HOLLY STS. PHONE 244
A COMPLETE CLEANING AND DYEING SERVICE

SMALL FOREST FIRE FISH LAKE QUENCHED

A small forest fire was reported in the Fish Lake district Sunday which burned over about an acre during the afternoon. The blaze started near an old barn and burned in the heavy timber.

Men from the road crew were called to the scene and soon had the fire under control with the aid of the pumper. The cause of the fire is unknown, forest service officials report.

Corvallis. — Alpha Sigma Phi fraternity house at 957 Jefferson street being completely remodeled at cost of $25,000.

The Pick o' the Big Silent Pictures
MATINEE 15¢
RIALTO
EVENINGS 25¢
Continuous 12:30 to 11 Today
STARTS TODAY
A Romance of Rare Beauty
COME LIVE WITH THEM THEIR MOST EXQUISITE MOMENTS.
The Screen'd Greatest Lovers
RONALD COLMAN
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"The Magic Flame"

From the land of Tan-Bark and the Big Tent —to the gorgeous splendor of lavish luxury—wherever the plot leads, there you will find exciting, heart-throbbing, satisfying romance.
ROTHERMEL'S MUSIC
Always
Good Added Comedy
Latest News Events

September Savings

TOAST!
CRISP—CRUNCHY—HOT
On this *White Cross Toaster*. Complete with cord and plug. 2.98

Cook Better with a Double Heller
Pure Aluminum. Neat panel design. Capacity 2 quarts. 78c

Big Bargain

Beautiful Green Glass Mixing Bowl Set of 5 pieces. A sensational buy at 89c

During September we offer you a big assortment of timely merchandise. Every item will impress you with its quality and low price. Every member of your family can benefit. See our STORE NEWS for more savings.

Fine Aluminum Percolator. Colonial design. 2 qt.
Triple Coated White Enamel 14 quart Round Dishpan.
79c EACH
Convex Kettle of famous white and white enameled ware. 6 quart.
Set of 3—Lipped Sauce Pans. 2, 2½ and 3 quart sizes. White enameled.

ALUMINUM LEVEL

Will not warp, split nor rust. Edges ground and milled accurately. 28 inch length. 3.80

EXTRA! only 1.29
Beautifully Finished
Folding CARD TABLE
Extra Strong
For Card Parties, Luncheons—an outstanding Associate Value. *Special, only* 1.29

Extra Quality
WHITE ENAMELWARE
Triple coated on heavy steel base. No better value anywhere.
SAUCE PAN—4 quart. LIPPED PRESERVING KETTLE 8 quart.—Each 69c

TIME TO DIG SPUDS—Hartford Six Tine Potato Fork with extra long handle. 1.78
HOOK 'EM OUT—Five Tine Potato Hook 1.65

Genuine Universal Lunch Kit. Complete with pint vacuum bottle 1.39

Extension Hack Saw Frame with one blade. A big value 23c

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