

ENDEAVOR RALLY FRIDAY NIGHT AT PHOENIX CHURCH

PHOENIX, Ore., Oct. 3.—(Special)—Young people in the community and especially those belonging to the senior Christian Endeavor society, are eagerly waiting and planning for the Crater Lake Union Christian Endeavor rally to be held at the Presbyterian church here Friday night, October 4th.

The rally is for the purpose of boosting the annual fall convention which will be held at the Medford Christian church, October 25-27. A pre-convention rally is an annual event of this union, but this is the first time that Phoenix has had the pleasure of acting as host. Representatives from societies at Klamath Falls, Ashland, Medford, Central Point, Rogue River and Grants Pass will attend the rally.

The evening's program will begin at 6:30 with a covered dish supper at which time toasts will be given, with Rev. Woodbridge O. Johnson of Phoenix as toastmaster, and the Rev. W. O. Johnson, Medford as guest speaker. Following the banquet, a program boosting the convention will be held in the main auditorium of the church. At this time talks and stunts to advertise the coming convention will be given by the different societies present.

To take care of the planning and furthering of the rally the following committees have been appointed from the local society:

Committee to set up tables and get banquet room in readiness, Joe Hartley, Ray Maust, Edward Smith, Rev. Johnson and J. O. Coffin.

Winnifred Inman was appointed as chairman of the decorating committee and is responsible for the decoration of the main auditorium. Rebecca Rose was appointed as chairman of the supper committee, to see to the final arrangements of the covered dish supper.

The reception committee appointed is composed of Mildred Coats and Rev. W. O. Johnson.

SAMS VALLEY GRANGE WILL STAGE SHOW AT EAGLE PT. SATURDAY

EAGLE POINT, Ore., Oct. 3.—(Special)—A play will be given at the Eagle Point grange hall on Saturday night, by the Sams Valley Grange Dramatic Corps, entitled, "Mamma's Little Wild Rose."

This is a southern drama which will "carry you back to old Virginia." A delightful southern love story full of romance, heart throbs and laughs, which has drawn such large crowds in other parts of the valley.

A three act play with fine scenery, and 12 splendid actors in the cast who will make you forget your surroundings while they take you to the sunny southland for two hours and hold you spell bound with the Cinderella romance of "Mamma's Little Wild Rose," a romance that you can fairly get the fragrance of the jasmine and the magnolia. A small admission will be charged which will go to the two granges.

Doors open at 8 o'clock, curtain at 8:30.

SHOW PRIZE PICTURE OF APPLGATE HOME

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Oct. 3.—(Special)—A very beautiful picture is on display at Shangle's studio in Medford of the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Benton Poole of Applegate, a movie scene which took third prize in the recent Pacific International photographer's convention at San Francisco. This will be of interest to their many friends here.

JACKSONVILLE Q. OF C IMPROVING CIRCLES

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Oct. 3.—(Special)—The Chamber of Commerce is re-roofing the U. S. Hotel building which has needed repair work for some time. They have spent a lot of time and money on this building to make a hall and banquet room for community gatherings, which is a great improvement to our town.

FREE BOOKLET Describing Causes and Effects of PILES and other RECTAL and COLON AILMENTS. WRITE OR CALL FOR BOOKLET TODAY. De Chas. J. Dean Rectal and Colon Clinic. DEAN Bldg. OPPOS. COURT HOUSE FIFTH & MAIN, PORTLAND, OREGON. TELEPHONE AT WATER 2661. AFFILIATED OFFICES: SEATTLE, SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES.

THE LUXURY HUSBAND

SYNOPSIS: Barbara Landon and Ray Lowther, once engaged to marry, have unexpectedly found a ship, on which the beautiful and wealthy Barbara is making a Mediterranean cruise and Ray is playing in the orchestra. Barbara demands an explanation of his disappearance three years before just after she had accepted his proposal at a college club dance. Ray reluctantly discloses that he did when he learned his father had committed suicide to avoid arrest for embezzlement and that the family fortune was lost. Barbara has been flirting outrageously with a fortune-hunting goldsman, Ralph Henderson, but still loves Ray and cannot understand why his changed fortune should have shattered their romance.

Chapter 1 BARBARA PROPOSES BARBARA could not understand this man beside her, or his statement that, when he discovered himself penniless and his name disgraced, he disappeared, because he knew it would make no difference to her. After a brief silence Ray spoke again: "I knew you loved me and were too generous to let my altered fortune make any difference. You would have insisted upon marrying me in spite of everything. I couldn't risk your doing that!" "Why?"



Barbara stared into the sea—if only she could make Ray understand. "Call it pride, if you like," he laughed. "My pride." "Your pride? And what about mine?" Barbara retorted. "That may pride should suffer didn't seem to occur to you." "No," he admitted bluntly. "I fancied that you'd soon get over it and be equally happy with some other fellow. You were not 13." "I see. Yet, Ray, I should have been given a choice in the matter." "I suppose so. I was afraid that you might persuade me in spite of myself. You see I loved you so desperately that I don't believe I could have resisted you—then." "And now you imagine you're safe?" Her tone that held the accumulated bitterness of three years challenged him. She hoped that she was hurting him. Suddenly he turned towards her, his eyes blazing and, catching hold of her wrists, he held them so tightly that his fingernails seemed to be digging into her very flesh. "Stop that, Barbara. Don't you think you've hurt me enough already tonight? You talk about yourself. It doesn't seem to occur to you that I may have suffered and suffered damnably. It's hardly pleasant to lose the girl you love, the father you adore, and a fortune in one fell swoop, is it? Don't you think that I've been through enough that you must go on scratching at me now?" Barbara wanted to throw her arms around his neck and kiss him! For she knew now that he was not indifferent and, suddenly, the whole world seemed changed for her.

All the same, she wanted him to admit more, much more. "Do you know I thought you'd repented your declaration and had tried to get out of it in the easiest way possible." His voice shook. "It was a rotten thing to do. Forgive me, Barbara, and please believe that I'll do anything in my power to make it up to you again." At that she caught her breath and seemed to be hovering herself to speak. "If that's a bluff I'll call it. Prove what you've said by marrying me at the next port!" Ray stared down in amazement. "What are you trying to do, Barbara? Make a fool of me?" She came close to him—so close that the top of her head was touching his chin.

UMPUQUA BAPTIST ASSN. OFFICERS ARE NAMED COQUILLE, Ore., Oct. 3.—(Special)—Officers of the Umpqua Baptist association were elected at the 12th meeting of the two-day session of the organization here yesterday with 40 delegates in attendance. Officers elected are: Rev. Frank Matthews, Roseburg, president and moderator; Rev. D. E. Baker, Junction City, vice-president; Rev. L. R. Randle, Cottage Grove, secretary-treasurer; Mrs. E. Harring-

"I am asking you to marry me, Ray." He continued to stare at her, then abruptly he put his hands on her shoulders, drawing her round so that the moon was shining directly down into her face. Her hazel eyes met his unflinchingly. "But, my dear," Ray said, "don't you see that if it was impossible then it's doubly so now?" She shook her head and he persisted. "But it is. What am I? A composer of jazz whose music no publisher will take a chance on?" "What does that matter? I love you, Ray. I did everything to forget you in a mad search for pleasure. I fooled myself that I was getting forgetfulness out of it, but I wasn't. Everybody seemed so empty, and after the parties I used often to cry myself to sleep." She turned away from him. Ray was looking down at her, worshiping with humility in his eyes and misery stamped all over his face. "Barbara, I'm sorry. But, dear, it wouldn't work out. I've hardly enough to keep myself, let alone a wife."

Chapter 2 A SLEEPLESS NIGHT RAY was in bad humor when he got back to his cabin that night. He strode in without a word to his cabin mate, Len Hickson, a fat, merry fellow who combined the dual role of banjoist and entertainer. "Sort of chatty tonight, aren't you?" Len observed jocularly. "Had a row with your best girl? Who is it? Not the cute thing in red who made such a flying dash towards you this evening? She's some Rita baby. Hear she has money, too. Boy, you're lucky."



Len Hickson's bantering was stopped abruptly by Ray's menacing words. "And picking up his banjo, he commenced singing. "Yes, sir, that's my baby. No, sir, don't mean maybe. Yes, sir, that's my baby now!" "Oh, for heaven's sake, don't you get enough yelling to do all day?" growled Ray. But Len merely grinned and went on singing. "Oh, I loved her in the morning, I loved her at night, I loved her in the evening when the stars were shining bright. I loved her in the springtime and I loved her in the fall. But tonight on the top deck I loved her best of all!" But this, to Ray, was the last straw. It was the very tune to which he and Barbara had specially liked to frolic in the old days. He stood over the little fellow menacingly. "If you don't shut up, I'll brain you," he said in a voice that carried conviction. With that he turned off the lights and threw himself down onto his bunk. But, of course, he did not sleep. He had no hope of sleeping with that scene with Barbara still vivid in his mind. He wished that he had never taken this particular job, wished Barbara had never been aboard, wished . . . But what was the use of wishing? Of course, it was out of the question, his marrying her! Barbara Landon and a penniless saxophonist—a situation good enough for the comic strip. Besides, it was not as though he were necessary to her.

In no time she would be married to some rich fellow who would look after her, perhaps the Englishman. He was a dumb-bell, that Englishman, not good enough for Barbara. Then he tried, seriously, to think who was good enough for Barbara, without succeeding. She was so sweet or had been in the old days. Now he could not see that she was changed, although she had told him that she was, and even if she were, what of it? Had he not changed too? He had been a queer fellow when Barbara had first met him: shy in a crowd, preferring to spend long hours at the piano or with a saxophone than going to places with the rest of the gang. But Barbara, during the short time they had been together, had

ton, Marshfield, representative on board. The Rev. C. E. Travin, Eugene, presided as moderator. PHOENIX PLANT LAYS OFF BETWEEN CROPS PHOENIX, Ore., Oct. 3.—(Special)—The workers of the Independent Packing company are having a few days lay-off between the packing of pears and apples. During the busy season they found it necessary to run two graders to take care of the fruit as it came in, but last Thursday one grader was shut down and they will probably finish the season with only one grader.

changed all that, and his life since had completed what she had begun. When he had recovered from the first shock of his father's suicide he had gone directly to the Canadian woods, where he had worked for a season as a lumberjack. He had liked the rough open-air life, but gradually, as his spirits revived, he came to yearn for the life to which he had been accustomed.

This longing was intensified by the fact that out there in the wilds there was no place in his life for his music. At college, the boys had considered him a genius because of the spontaneous manner with which he could improvise jazz. Jazz was in Ray's blood, he adored it, almost putting it on a pedestal and worshipping it, and from boyhood he had dreamed secretly and continuously of the day—then he would put his own compositions before an appreciative public.

A year later he went to Chicago, where, in order to provide himself with the essentials of life, he washed dishes at night in a cafeteria and devoted his spare moments in the day time to composing. One afternoon, when playing his saxophone, Bill Foster, a pianist who roomed opposite in the lodging house, had put his head around the

door and asked Ray if he would care to join a jazz band which he, Bill, was organizing. Ray had enthusiastically accepted. Since his first engagement he had wandered to many cities. Finally, a few weeks previously, he signed up for this tour. He accepted his job of professional saxophone player philosophically, even with a touch of humor, and never for a moment did he allow himself to regard it in a derogatory light. Of course, during the past years of vagabondage, there had been girls in his life. But not one had usurped the place that had been Barbara's. At first his desire for her had been strong. But the intense longing had lessened until he had found himself loving her in a remote way, as one loves an unattainable dream rather than an actual living woman. That she should come into his life again had seemed inconceivable. And now not only had he met her again, but she had actually asked him, even begged him, to marry her!

How could such a marriage achieve any possible happiness? How could he ever marry her and maintain his pride, his self-respect? No, it was out of the question. He was glad he had given her definitely to understand that it was—glad. But, lying there sleeplessly in the uncomfortable, narrow bunk, he found himself going over the entire conversation, and certain words she had used came back with a distinct sense of unpleasantness. "If you won't have me then I shall take care that no other man shall want me." Of course she could not have intended that seriously, still—there had been a queerly determined glint in her eyes and he remembered uncomfortably that in the old days Barbara had not been given to vain boasting. Great heavens, if for a moment he seriously thought—thought that she actually needed him. . . . But at that, the perspiration starting from his forehead, he sat up straight in his bunk and, with a vague idea that the pillow was unnecessarily hard, he thumped it fiercely while he cursed himself for a conceited fool! (Copyright, Dial Press)

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FALL PLEADS FOR DISMISSAL CASE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 2.—(AP)—Justice William Hitz in the District of Columbia supreme court has taken under advisement the plea of Albert B. Fall that the bribery indictment against him should be dismissed on the ground that the case had been closed by Fall's acquittal for conspiracy in connection with the Elk Hills, California, oil leases. Justice Hitz, after hearing argument on the motion of the former interior secretary, noted that the case was set for trial on its merits Monday, and said he would dispose of the motion on or before that day.

JACKSONVILLE WOMEN HOLD MEETING TODAY

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Oct. 3.—(Special)—The Women's association of the community will meet at the parlors of the Presbyterian church this afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Fewel of Phoenix have rented the house owned by George Little, near the schoolhouse, and have moved in this week. Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Panter, who have rented the house belonging to Mrs. Abbie VanWinkle on North Oregon street, have moved in this week. Mr. Panter is employed picking fruit in the nearby orchards. Mr. and Mrs. Hanson have sold their ranch, formerly owned by Hollis Parks, on Little Applegate, and have rented the ranch belonging to Mattie Wilson of Jacksonville, and are moving there this week.

AUTHORIZE OREGON TO ENTER INTERVENTION

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—(AP)—The Oregon public service commission and the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad company were today authorized by the Interstate Commerce commission to intervene in the application of the Western Pacific railroad to construct a line in Plumas, Lassen and Modoc counties, California.

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