

UNIVERSITY DADS TO BE GUESTS ON CAMPUS NOV. 2ND

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Oct. 21.—(Special)—Opportunity to study college life first hand will be given all fathers of University of Oregon students on November 2, set aside for the annual "Dad's Day," when the university plays host to Oregon dads.

This is the third time the university has sponsored such a day, which has become extremely popular with students and parents alike, who have found in it an excellent chance to work out common problems.

Starting off with a business meeting Saturday morning, at which time many important problems will be brought up and officers for the coming year elected, the program will be varied so as to show every phase of college life. In the afternoon the dads will attend the Oregon-University of California at Los Angeles football game at Hayward field, at which time they will have a special section, and will probably have their own yell leader.

At the reception and banquet to be held in the evening at McArthur Court, faculty members, students and fathers will have an informal get-together. President Arnold Bennett Hall will address the banquet assemblage. Special services in the Eugene churches will be held on Sunday, and the university vesper service will be dedicated to the Oregon dads.

PLAN MOVIE SHOW FOR JACKSONVILLE

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Oct. 21.—(Special)—Anton Frank of Oakland, Calif., is busy with plans for a moving picture show to be started in our city in the near future.

He has rented the large room recently occupied by the Jacksonville Cash Store before Mr. Norris moved into his present location. Materials has been purchased and the work started.

Mr. Frank recently started a moving picture show at Butte Falls which he is running quite successfully four evenings each week.

MRS. ROHRER HOSTESS TO LOST CREEK CLUB

BROWNSBORO, Ore., Oct. 21.—(Special)—The Lost Creek Community club met with Mrs. Louis Rohrer, in Brownsboro, Wednesday, Oct. 16th. There was a good attendance and a very pleasant day spent in conversation and sewing.

Those present were Mrs. C. H. Moore, Mrs. Frank Farlow, Mrs. C. W. White, Mrs. L. J. Grissom, Mrs. L. Tom, Mrs. William Nussbaum and children, Mrs. Short and children and with her a friend Miss Miller, who was at one time a missionary in India, Mrs. William Hoelt and daughter Mrs. Ted Hoelt and daughter, Mrs. George Brown, Mrs. Earl Tucker, Mrs. Ed Tucker and Mrs. H. W. Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hansen and Mrs. Walter Marshall were shopping in Medford last Wednesday.

Mrs. H. W. Wright and Mrs. Tucker attended the P. T. A. convention at Grants Pass on Thursday, Oct. 17th.

Mrs. Ed Tucker spent last Thursday with her friend, Mrs. Martin at Grants Pass.

Wooden hulls are regarded as better for polar expedition vessels than those of steel.

WORTHLESS FARM NOW PAYS



A VIEW OF THE 1250 acre farm of Herbert Hoover. Operations are on the same high engineering plane as all his other businesses. It is irrigated and highly cultivated for big crops of quality. The land was worthless nine years ago when he bought it. Many varieties such as potatoes, cotton, peaches, grapes, onions, figs, etc. are produced. Mr. Hoover twice a year checks operations with his manager, a university farm expert.

Lottery Prizes Lure Tolls From Italians Under Sanction of Public; Many Play A System of Hunches

By Andrew Harding, Associated Press Staff Writer. ROME.—(AP)—Public lotteries, run by municipalities and the state, with huge sums as prizes, have taken so tremendous a hold upon the public that the headquarters of the lottery at Rome have been transferred from the Via dell'Unita to the Firenze palace.

Public lotteries are part of the Italian life, and being to the state such comfortable amounts that there is little thought of ever giving them up. Besides, they are hallowed by centuries of sanction.

Every week there is a new drawing of lucky numbers in Rome, Turin, Naples, Milan, Bologna, Florence, and every town and hamlet. Henceforth this drawing will be made, so far as Rome is concerned, in the historic Firenze palace, where Mussolini holds some of his most important governmental meetings.

The drawing is done by a child of tender years, usually an orphan, in order that no charge of "crookedness" may be made. The youngster plunges his hand into an equivalent of a jury wheel and draws out five numbers, each of which is less than one hundred.

Betting is done in various ways, but always through tickets purchased from men on principal street corners. The better may wager his money on an "ambo," that is, on two of the five numbers, on a "terno," or three, a "quaterna," or four, and a "cinquina," or all five.

If the two numbers he has bet upon are among the five lucky ones, the better receives 50 lire for every one bet. If he wins on

three he receives 2,000 lire—\$1,200—for every lire. If he wins on four and five he gets from 60,000 lire up for each one bet. But the large winners do not receive all they win. All above a certain figure goes to the government.

The better may also play lotteries of other cities through the headquarters at Rome. He may bet too on what is called a "quote," the circle of the principal lotteries of Italy.

The Italian uses "hunches" in selecting his numbers. He believes they should be associated with something he has done or seen. A regular dictionary has been compiled giving a number for each important word. Thus, if a man stork himself with a pin on the morning of betting, he would think of point, which would be one number, dagger, another number, blood a third, assassin, a fourth and death, a fifth. The dictionary would tell him which numbers to play.

The exit of the pope from the Vatican for the first time in 59 years suggested a string of four numbers which actually won at Padua. The first was 25, the date of the exit; the second, 29 the year, and the third 1, meaning the pope as the sole head of the church; the fourth nine which corresponds to the word palace, referring to the Vatican.

The Italian lottery has gone through many changes of fortune. A char named Pacifico, who was treasurer of Pope Gregory in the eighteenth century, ruined the papal finances and started a lottery at Montecitorio in 1743. The lottery continued there until 1870, when the government transferred it to the ministry of finance.

"What do you want, young fellow?" a Mr. Jones, of Jones & Biggs, insurance agents, would growl out as he sat over his after-luncheon cigar, wondering why he had eaten grilled lobster when it invariably disgusted with him.

"Could I interest you in a bond?" Ray would begin.

"No, you couldn't. Get out of here!" Ray would retreat instinctively. Personally he desired nothing better than to get out; in fact, he was more anxious to do so than Mr. Jones was to have him go. But the humiliating sense that this would mean yet another failure, drove him to say:

"As an excellent opportunity, sir. As safe . . ."

"Bah! They're all safe—according to their agents. If you haven't anything more original than that to say, young fellow, don't say it." Ray would swallow twice while he miserably searched his brain for another surly salesman crack in which he had been instructed.

"It's easy money, an absolute certainty. An apartment house in Brooklyn gives eight per cent interest."

"I tell you if it were a first-class prison, all modern improvements, you wouldn't get my money! Now get out . . ."

By this time Ray would have begun to be irritated.

"I assure you that personally I don't want to touch your money," drawing himself up to his full height. "I would never have called on you in the first place if I hadn't found your name on my list . . ."

"Don't think you can high-tail me, young man!" Mr. Jones would shout back. "It's been tried before and I tell you plain that it doesn't work." And with that he would press the bell and say to the office boy, "Get rid of this young fellow and do it quick."

By the end of the day Ray would be so weary, footsore and depressed that, an offer as not, he would merely put his head around the door and say, "You don't want to buy any bonds, today? No? Thank you, good afternoon."

In the middle of the third month they gave him a desk job in the office.

He described himself as a sort of elaborate office boy. At first he

THE LUXURY HUSBAND

Chapter 19 IN BUSINESS

THE first few weeks proved that Ray had predicted rightly when he had told Barbara that he would be useless in business. He was. And it was not because he did not try either. He tried with what he himself expressed as a dog-gone determination, but he could not put it across.

The specialty of Henry Vandaveur Landon's office was selling bonds, and, although Mr. Landon's enterprising office manager exerted himself to the utmost to turn Ray into a first-class bond salesman, instructing him in all the intricate details of the business, his failure was a foregone conclusion.

Ray repaid his tuition by not selling a single bond during the two months they tried him out at it.

It simply was not in him. Every time he approached a prospective client he became weak at the knees and immediately developed an inferiority complex.

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was given a book to keep in his spare time, which was considerable, but, after the first monthly audit, it disappeared mysteriously and he never saw it again.

He was, of course, ever conscious of the fact that he would have been fired long ago had he not been a member of the august and important family of Landons.

This knowledge did not improve Ray's temper. He knew that he would never make any headway in business and, all the time, his dream of eventually making a name for himself in the musical world was receding.

Besides he chafed continually at having to accept so much from Barbara. Then, too, she was continually urging him to interrupt his work to accompany her on house parties.

"Betty Hanson 'phoned me today," she would greet him. "She wants us to join a crowd down at their place on Long Island for a few days."

"You know I can't go. I've got to be at the office."

"Oh, come on, Ray. I'll fix it with Uncle Henry. It won't make any difference to him."

"You're right there," he would retort without trying to conceal his rancor. "It wouldn't make any difference to him if I took a permanent vacation!"

"Don't be mean, Ray. You've been so bad tempered lately. I don't know what's come over you. I hate going to these parties constantly without you. People will think that there is some monkey business up."

"Then I'm afraid you'll have to confine your parties to week ends," he would retort. "I know I'm less use to your uncle than his youngest office boy, but so long as I accept his \$25 week, I'm going to sit right here in his office."

Besides, you have a better time without me. I'm awfully dumb on that sort of a party. You know I don't go down well with your crowd."

He was right in that; but this was mainly because he could not bring himself to like them. Neither did he enjoy their kind of parties. Directly you arrived some one would put a cocktail into your hand.

Afterwards a game would be suggested, hide and seek finding most favored. This enabled the guests to pair off and secrete themselves in some dark corner where peeping might be indulged in. Ray, without being a prude, detested that sort of thing. For one reason, he invariably found himself with some woman in whom he had not the slightest interest and the realization of what she expected of him both annoyed and revolted him.

It was on such nights that he longed intensely to be back in a jazz band; to have his saxes and his clarinet on the rack before him and to be losing himself completely in the music.

Barbara seemed to think that playing and composing jazz was not worth while but, he often asked himself, were these parties any more worth while? . . . It did not seem to him that they were—that they could be.

He felt that he would not have minded had he been paired off with Barbara but, it seemed that on such occasions, to prefer your own wife brought down on your head the dreaded name of "liker."

Not that Ray would have minded, but Barbara apparently did. So, under some pretext or other, he gradually gave up accompanying her and, by degrees, dropped out of her set.

Naturally this state of affairs excited comment and it was commonly rumored that the Lowthers were drifting apart, even before Ralph Henderson decided to re-visit America.

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Barbara decides a light flirtation might change Ray's declining spirit. Continue reading the story tomorrow.

IN NEW YORK THEATERS

By DEMING SEYMOUR

NEW YORK—A musical romance of the mellow nineties, awash with the rustle of long silk skirts and rich with the flavor of the Spanish-American war days, brings to Broadway in "Sweet Adeline" a colorful backward glimpse at the New York of 30 years ago.

It is Arthur Hammerstein who thus flings a kiss to the days that are gone, and under his auspices Helen Morgan is Addie Schmidt who sings her way from a Holocene beargarden to the roof of old Madison Square Garden.

Miss Morgan, a maid whose mother is that of melancholy, brings a succession of heartbreaks before she is transformed to "Sweet Adeline" Belmont, toast of New York, and wins the man she loves.

The plot gives Miss Morgan opportunity to sing often, in that sorrowful mood which most becomes her, a series of lilting Jerome Kern melodies which range from folk songs to torch songs.

She sees the man she loves go away to war with her sister's kiss upon his lips. She loses her father's esteem when her interest for Broadway's blades her heart still aches with thwarted love, and only after the last morose melody has been crooned does she find her place in the arms of the man of her dreams.

Among her co-players are Irene Franklin and Charles Butterworth, who give the piece its plentiful doses of humor. Miss Franklin as a burlesque queen is an absurd comic, and Butterworth, the solemnest of the funny men, weaves his lugubrious way through the proceedings with never a smile at his own arid jests.

The songs which Miss Morgan makes memorable are "Here Am I," "The Sun About to Rise" and "Twas Not So Long Ago."

A Landed Mariner Commodore Trumpan, a retired sea dog, fitted his home like a sailing vessel and surrounded himself with a crew. Far from the ocean he and his strange household presided over the sea.

This is the story of "The Commodore Marries," by Kat Parsons, Walter Huston has the commodore's role, and creates another portrait of the sort which has earned him rank with the foremost of contemporary actors.

It is the first Arthur Hopkins production of the new season.

Murder in Baluchistan As the curtain rises on "Soldiers and Women" one British officer says: "It's queer how the hills hold heat like ovens," and another responds: "Everything is queer in Baluchistan."

But if this leads to the presumption that here is merely another version of the tropic passions theme, subsequent developments dispel the notion, for "Soldiers and Women" turns out to be a mystery drama involving no less a loverly a loneliness than the colonel's wife.

Violet Hemling is the murderess who kills the wrung officer in her effort to do away with a lieutenant she hates. She seems to have covered her trail and to have lunged blame for the deed upon the man she meant to kill—until Gen. Sir Charles Conant (A. E. Ansón) arrived in the last act.

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He threads together a skein of circumstantial evidence linking her with the crime, and forces her finally to confess it. The quirk is this: His theory of the crime, so damningly logical that it sends her to suicide, is at variance in every essential point with the actual circumstances of the murder.

JACKSONVILLE FOLK AT C. S. LECTURE, MEDFORD

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Oct. 12.—(Special)—A number from Jacksonville people heard the Christian Science lecture at the Radio theater in Medford Friday evening. Among those attending were Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Kris Keegan, Mrs. Coulter, Mrs. Ethel Olson and daughter Violet, Mrs. Susanne Holmes Carter, Mrs. Rasmussen and children, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Moore and Mrs. John Norris.

WRITER VISITS SISTER MRS. CANTRALL, RUCH

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Oct. 12.—(Special)—Mrs. Agnes Hines of Cottage Grove, well known in this vicinity, visited at the home of her sister, Mrs. Miles Cantrall at Hutch, over Monday leaving Tuesday for San Francisco where she will attend the convention of the League of Western Writers. She is now working on "Blossom Time in Oregon."

JACKSONVILLE GRANGE MEETING ON THURSDAY

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Oct. 12.—(Special)—The Jacksonville Grange met in their local hall on Monday evening and completed several tables for the use of the Granges. Plans were also made for a large banquet which they will have next Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

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Second Down Eight Weeks To Go

Photographs for XMAS Should be planned NOW

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Hotel Pacific Hotel. Rates: 127 ROOMS - \$1.50, 113 - 4.00, 125 - 4.50, 107 - 5.00, 64 - 5.50, 41 - 6.00, Twin Bedrooms 6.75. ROOMS EN SUITE: Living room, bedroom and bath, from \$12.00. Close to Shops and Theatres. Already famous for its "homelike" hospitality. Every commodity or service at your elbow, and all around you a sincere desire to see that you have a thoroughly comfortable, thoroughly enjoyable stay in our hotel. Dining rooms with quiet, clublike atmosphere. Continuous service in the Coffee Shop from 6 a. m. to 11 p. m. 4200 Outside rooms, each with tub and shower bath, galvanized water, servitor, radio, circulating filtered ice water and the "sleepies" beds on the Pacific Coast. PRIVATE GARAGE IN HOTEL BUILDING. L. W. HUCKINS, President. WEST W. CLARK, Manager.

In Quietness. Our new funeral parlors are located in a quiet residential district because we feel that in such surroundings a funeral director can render a much more appropriate service than in the noise and dirt of a business district. Those who make use of our new funeral parlors will find them admirably equipped for service. CONGER FUNERAL PARLORS. Maximum in service, modestly priced. W. MAIN AT NEWTOWN ST. Phone 207.

Restless Children. Children will fret, often for no apparent reason. But there's always one sure way to comfort a restless, fretful child. Castoria! Harmless as the recipe on the wrapper; mild and bland as it tastes. But its gentle action soothes a youngster more surely than some powerful medicine that is meant for the stronger systems of adults. That's the beauty of this special children's remedy! It may be given the finest infant—as often as there is any need. In cases of colic, diarrhea, or similar disturbance, it is invaluable. But it has everyday uses all mothers should understand. A coated tongue calls for a few drops to ward off constipation; so does any suggestion of bad breath. Whenever children don't eat well, don't rest well, or have any little upset—this pure vegetable preparation is usually all that's needed to set everything to rights. Genuine Castoria has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper. Doctors prescribe it.

JACKSONVILLE. JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Oct. 21.—(Special)—Word has been received that Fosma Kenney has reached her destination at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Lizak McDonald, at Flint, Michigan. Miss