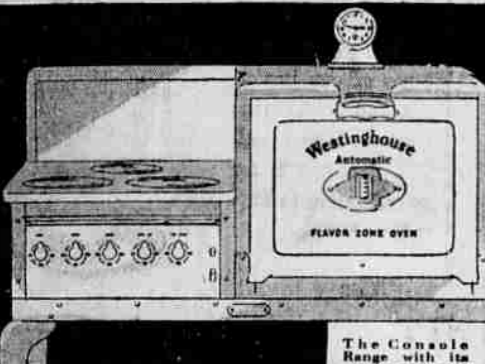


# NEVER BEFORE..

In this full-automatic electric range, Westinghouse has perfected the scientific "Flavor Zone" cooking method... the method that gives you complete freedom from the kitchen and at the same time cooks to a savory melting tenderness. Never before has it been possible to enjoy the every-day convenience of automatic cooking and the delicious goodness of cooking that rivals the traditional flavor of old Dutch Oven days... at so low a price. And low cost is only one of the many economies of buying this most modern of electric ranges. The saving in food, in time, in effort, make it still more worthwhile.

Such a Range at such a Low Price

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MFG. COMPANY  
Offices in all Principal Cities  
Representatives Everywhere



The Console Range with its ample oven and three surface units, is low in price, yet it can cook for a family of five or six.

**Westinghouse**

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in your home. Phone 12 and we will call on you.

**People's Electric Store**

212 West Main

Phone 12

## HAPPINESS...

It is the desire of everyone to be happy. We realize there are many things that occur to mar this happiness, yet we endeavor at all times, whether we know it or not, to be happy. The automobile, while a most useful necessity, is a wonderful means of bringing to us happiness, contentment and health. It is also a means of bringing pleasure to us. The only thing that mars this pleasure, this happiness, is the possibility of an accident. This item of chance is completely taken care of by proper insurance.

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**Women's Hose \$1.00 Pair**

Silk from top to toe with pointed Heel



## RADIOPHONE WILL BE BIG COMFORT, OPINES CRANDALL

Harry Crandall, veteran of the coast airways, believes the Boeing radiophone, providing communication between pilots and the ground, shortly to be installed in Medford and eight cities between Los Angeles and Seattle by Pacific Air Transport, will be a great benefit to commercial air transport operations.



Crandall, who is familiar with the Boeing radio ship now in operation on the western division, gives this description of how it feels to talk to some one 150 miles away and several thousand feet "down." "Hello Harry?" It is the voice of the Boeing superintendent in my ear phones. "We have 1100 foot ceiling over the airport. Visibility five miles, barometer slightly below normal, but steady, no change in 30 minutes. Where are you?"

"Thirty miles out and making 115 miles per hour, ground speed. How's the weather half way between here and there?"

"Same as here," he answers. "Fog begins at Summit and ceiling rises as mountain drop away. What is the altitude at the top of the cloud layer?"

"Eighty-eight hundred," I tell him. "That gives 1500 feet thickness. Will arrive about 9:13. Where is the southbound?"

"P. A. T. southbound 20 minutes away. You are still a little south of the course. Five degrees more to the left ought to bring you right over us, etc., etc."

Pacific Air Transport has just announced it will establish radiophone stations, which will permit pilots to talk from an altitude of 12,000 feet to ground stations 150 to 200 miles distant, at Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Medford, Redding, Oakland, Fresno, Bakersfield and the new united airport at Burbank.

## LAKE CREEK

LAKE CREEK, Ore., Nov. 6.—(Sp.)—Mrs. G. W. Frey was taken very sick Monday. Dr. Stearns was called. It is hoped she will soon recover.

L. M. Welch took some turkeys to Medford Monday to ship. W. S. Chapman and Mr. Wyatt were in Medford on business Monday. A. H. Simpson returned home with them.

Mrs. J. R. Brown and baby daughter have gone to Lakeview, where Mr. Brown is employed. Jim Grieve and Frank Simpson are going to play at the dance at Lake Creek hall Saturday night. Also some other good musicians.

T. L. Farrow was a business visitor in Medford Tuesday. Starjorie Nichols came home with her grandfather, Frank Farrow to spend the week-end with her grandparents.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Y. Marshall have moved to the Bush home on the old Tyrell ranch. They are about straightened around, and had several callers Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Watts and family of Grants Pass visited Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Sunday. Mrs. Reed Charley entertained several little girls Sunday in honor of her daughter, Gwen's seventh birthday. The Halloween spirit was carried out.

Berman Meyer, Jr., is improving after being on the sick list quite a while.

Ashland—Installation of new lights in public library completed.

It's like this Barbara," he said presently. "I've suspected for some time that with Lowther there must be another woman. Since the night of the ball I've had him watched—for your sake, my dear," he added hastily. "I knew you were too fine to resort to such a subterfuge yourself. It appears there is another girl in the case. A cabaret dancer at the Golden Dollar, name, Rita Gilmore. They seem to be very good friends and I'm told she constantly together."

He paused. In the pause Barbara reminded him coldly: "We, too, have been very good friends."

He smiled with a sort of damnable indulgence. "I know, my dear. But I'm afraid their friendship has not been of the same nature as ours."

He waited deliberately, the better to drive his point home. "Do you—do you everything—now let me see started," Barbara cried.

It was a matter of 10 minutes but a tremendous effect on Barbara's nerves.

Some moments later she had slipped into her cloak and was down in the front hall where she had the night porter call her a taxi. To the driver she gave the name of the apartment house where, Henderson had said, this Rita Gilmore lived.

By the flicker of her eyelids and the sharp quivering breath she drew, he knew that he had hit her. Motionless she stood, her fingers clenched about the marble of the mantelshelf. When presently she spoke, she articulated with difficulty.

"Are you certain of that?" "I'm afraid so—absolutely. The other night the detective climbed the fire escape, from where, on the third floor, he had an excellent view of your husband in this girl's apartment."

Another silence. He wished she would speak. He had expected tears, hysterics, but not this uncanny calmness. It annoyed him. Himself he had pictured in the role of sympathetic comforter.

Barbara seemed like a woman turned to stone. "Don't look like that. You—you frighten me," she said quickly. "I fancied you must suspect something of this. Honestly, I did."

"But I didn't suspect it. Never, never!" Her voice was husky with emotion. "I would have trusted Ray—in that way—all along the line. Even now I can scarcely believe it. You are positive of what you have told me?"

## THE LUXURY HUSBAND

Barbara's eyes leading Ray to the door of her apartment. He is on the point of yielding to her idea to remain with her just a few hours, when she suddenly remembers Rita, waiting for him in the city to help on the score of his revue. Ray tears himself from Barbara's arms and leaves.

### Chapter 22 AN ACCUSATION

BARBARA turned from Henderson quickly and walked over to the couch. A strained silence fell between them. Henderson wanted to lash out at her, tell her exactly what was in his mind. But that would mean breaking with her definitely. He knew he dared not risk that.

Should his friendship with the lovely Mrs. Lowther be terminated publicly, he would have a swarm of irate creditors down upon him, like a flock of crows anxious for small pickings. Besides, he had still a strong card up his sleeve. He followed her over to where she stood.



Barbara turned away from Henderson—repulsed his fervent love-making.

"Believe me, my dear," he said, with simulated sympathy, "I think I understand how you feel. I, too, know the agony of loving some one who doesn't return it."

Immediately her pride was in revolt.

"I think Ray does love me, Hendy, but he hates living on my money and he swears he won't come back until he can do so certain of his financial independence."

"And meanwhile he expects you to meekly await his pleasure?"

She drew herself up with a quiet dignity. "That surely is my affair."

"And his, I should say, to remain faithful."

Silence—an ominous silence, while a hot color flamed to Barbara's cheeks and her eyes narrowed dangerously.

"Just what do you mean?"

He seemed to regret his hastily spoken insinuation.

"My dear—I hadn't intended to hurt that out, knowing how it would hurt you."

Calm she was still—only her eyes dangerous.

"Please explain that immediately. I have implicit trust in Ray."

Henderson fingered a cigaret, frowning.

"Yes, I was afraid you had. But men, my dear Barbara, are weak, wayward creatures at the best..."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, tell me what you know—if you do know anything," she cried suddenly.

Still he appeared reluctant.

"It's like this Barbara," he said presently. "I've suspected for some time that with Lowther there must be another woman. Since the night of the ball I've had him watched—for your sake, my dear," he added hastily. "I knew you were too fine to resort to such a subterfuge yourself. It appears there is another girl in the case. A cabaret dancer at the Golden Dollar, name, Rita Gilmore. They seem to be very good friends and I'm told she constantly together."

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## MISS ROBERTS OF RED CROSS TELLS VALUE OF SERVICE

With the approach of the Annual Red Cross Roll Call, public interest is directed toward the work of the organization.

Everyone knows in a general way what the Red Cross is doing, but the value of the service is not fully realized.

Miss Lillian Roberts who is in charge of the home service work of Jackson county chapters said recently: "The Red Cross considers service to disabled ex-service men and their families one of its primary obligations, and in many communities this service is also rendered to civilians. Hundreds of thousands of dollars is spent in service and relief each year, yet we can tell the public very little about it because it involves the private personal problems of men and women which we regard always as confidential. However, to give an idea of the sort of work that is done quietly every day by the Red Cross, I shall tell of an actual case which occurred elsewhere, but is typical of many taken care of in this community."

"The transient family drifts into town and generally appears at the Red Cross for help. The Blanks consisted of father, mother and five children. The father was a veteran, partially disabled, who was able to do reasonable work but who had not worked for more than a month at any one time. The family was hungry and homeless—but they had a car."

"The easiest thing for the Red Cross to do would have been to give them enough food and gas to continue their wanderings, but that would have shifted the responsibility, and not improved their condition. Investigation was begun and it was found that relatives lived in a distant state who were willing to keep the family to become self-supporting. So the Red Cross returned the Blanks to their home community where Mr. Blank, convinced that his publicly supported wanderings were over settled down to a steady job."

Service like this not only benefits unfortunate families and brings them to happy, normal ways of living, but saves the country from the expense of maintaining them as public charges. Everyone who helps support the Red Cross by enrolling as a member, has a share in this necessary work.

## PHOENIX

PHOENIX, Ore., Nov. 6.—(Sp.)—Captain Jack Lancaster of Alameda, California, and his wife, are visiting for a few days with his sister, Mrs. Gammill.

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Miss Ethel Haaler, of Medford, spent Thursday night with Miss Susan Berkeley.

Frank Denzer, who has been working at Beaver Marsh, which is near Bend, at a logging camp, returned to his home here the latter part of last week.

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Avard Whitman, principal of the schools here, was a guest at a birthday dinner given in honor of Mr. Larson at his home at Prospect. Mr. Larson was a teacher in the high school here two years ago.

Mr. Barkley, owner of the Phoenix Confectionery here, left Saturday for Bridgeport, Wash. He expects to be gone about 10 days.

Mr. and Mrs. George Drake attended the stock show at Portland last week and returned to their home here Saturday.

Mrs. Wilbur Jones and Wilbur, Jr., of Klamath Falls, spent Sunday, calling on friends and relatives here. They spent a portion of the day calling at the home of Mrs. Albert Solles.

Is Your Stomach a "Gasser"?

Excessive gas in stomach and bowels doesn't necessarily mean that your food is at fault or that you have chronic dyspepsia. In most cases it results from gastric neurosthenia—a purely nervous condition, which disturbs the functional activity of the stomach.

Taking medicine to digest food is a waste of time. The food actually is a remedy to correct the nervous trouble and prevent the formation of abnormal gas.

Go to your druggist and ask for a package of Basalmin's Gas Tablets, which are prepared especially for this ailment. See how quickly they will relieve your gas and all its distressing symptoms, among which are: flatulence, heartburn and a peculiar raw, burning feeling in the stomach. Genuine Basalmin's Gas Tablets can be obtained at any good drug store. Price \$1.

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See the Dodge Truck that fits your need—complete with body. Test it. Then, safely invest your truck dollars in it—in profits.

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124' wheelbase (6-cyl.)	775	150' wheelbase (6-cyl.)	1515
133' wheelbase (4-cyl.)	745	165' wheelbase (6-cyl.)	1585
133' wheelbase (6-cyl.)	845	135' wheelbase (6-cyl.)	1745
140' wheelbase (6-cyl.)	1065	165' wheelbase (6-cyl.)	1775
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TABLE ROCK CUTS COST FOR SCHOOL

Montana Editor Dies

ANACONDA, Mont., Nov. 6.—(AP) J. H. Durston, editor of the Butte Daily Post and dean of Montana newspapermen, died at a hospital here Tuesday. He was 81 years old.

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