

# LYNCH LAW INVOKED BY TEXAS MOB

## Bank Bandit Who Shot Officer in Attempted Jail Break Hanged to Phone Cable By Angry Citizens—Naked Body Dangles in Wind As Townsfolk Gaze in Silence.

EASTLAND, Tex., Nov. 20.—(AP) Inpatient at the law's delay and enraged by the latest violent crime of Marshall Ratliff, condemned "Santa Claus" bank robber, a mob of approximately 1,000 persons last night hanged the condemned man from a telephone cable 200 yards from the jail from which he was dragged.

For several hours the man's naked body dangled from the end of a grass rope in a bitter wind, while a crowd which included many women and children stood gazing toward in comparative silence under a justice of the peace ordered the body cut down.

Two years ago Ratliff, dressed

as a Santa Claus, participated in a bank holdup in which two officers and one of his companions were killed. Monday, after feigning paralysis and winning the sympathy of his keepers, he attempted a jail break, shooting and seriously wounding Deputy Tom Jones, veteran peace officer. Last night 200 men overpowered his jailer, entered Ratliff's cell, dragged him naked to a well-lighted business street and lynched him.

Sanity Questioned. Ratliff was held in the Eastland jail pending a sanity hearing, asked for by his aged mother, who asserted her son had lost his mind while awaiting his execution in the death cell at Huntsville state prison.

Discovery by the townspeople of Eastland, who still remembered the death of Chief of Police G. E. Hedford and Officer George Carmichael in the battle with the bandits at the nearby town of Cisco two years before, that Ratliff was pretending and biding his time for a break, brought their anger to a climax.

All yesterday afternoon they gathered in little groups about the town and muttered about Jones' shooting, which physicians said probably would prove fatal. Last night a crowd in front of the jail swelled to nearly a thousand at 8:30 o'clock.

Mob Appears. At about 9 o'clock, some 200 men slipped into a side door of the jail and asked for the man. Jailer Gilborn refused to give him up. Then they overpowered Gilborn, took his keys, and got Ratliff.

The bandit had been stripped of his clothes when he was brought downstairs. He was dragged in the direction of the public square, but the crowd would not wait to go those few blocks. At 200 yards from the jail a strong telephone cable was pointed out, a rope flung across it. A noose was put around Ratliff's neck, a dozen men on the other end of the rope bent their weight, and Ratliff was jerked from the ground.

The rope, grabbed somewhere on the spur of the moment, broke. Messengers were sent for another, and again the mob set to its task. Then someone remembered that men about to die are usually given a chance to say a last word. For another moment he was lowered to the ground, but, displeased at his mummbling, the crowd yelled "String him up."

Inquest Today. An inquest was ordered for today. Ratliff's death leaves but one of the four Cisco bank robbers alive. Robert Hill was sentenced to 99 years imprisonment and later executed from the state prison farm. Henry Helms was electrocuted last summer, and L. E. Davis was fatally wounded in the bank robbery battle.

Late last night District Judge George L. Davenport indicated that a grand jury would be called to investigate the mob action.

Jones, at the hospital, was told of Ratliff's death. "That's fine," he said. "I'm glad of it."

Physicians late last night held out some hope for the wounded deputy's recovery, although his condition was still said to be grave.

# RAIN AND SNOW ARE PREDICTED BY OLD TIMERS

## Weather Man, Non-Committal On Prospects—Smudge Pot's Bunion Is Best Weather Indicator, Says Veteran Journalist.

A little folk lore and remembrances of the past, in comparison with the prolonged autumn or fall season of fair weather, are causing some of the old residents of this city and the county to assert their belief that there will be much rain and snow during the coming winter. They especially stress their prognostication of much snow, of which but a trifle has been seen in Medford and the valley in recent years.

In this connection the following news dispatch, sent out Sunday from Grants Pass is of interest. Unseasonal weather, with the temperature standing at 17 degrees above for three consecutive mornings, said to be an early November record, has served to revive the winter of 1882 in the minds of old residents. It was in that winter, according to early residents, that snow fell to a depth of two feet. The snow started falling the day following Christmas and continued for several days. With recent years, records show, the snowfall, even on the mountainsides, has been light.

The only reply to the futuristic vision of the old timers, made by W. J. Hutchinson, meteorologist in charge of the Medford weather station, who seems to have become impregnated with our horticultural leanings since coming here from Boise, Idaho, several months ago, is "Applesauce. Wait until you see the birds and wild animals on snow shoes or skis, and then make a guess. The weather bureau only forecasts a day ahead."

As for the writer, he cares not, what either the old timers or "Old Hitch" say, he pins his weather faith on the Smudge Pot's bunion, remembering that just a day before that famous winter storm of 1919 set in here, which resulted in deep snow and a much below zero temperature, that bunion was almost driving its owner crazy. He will watch that foot appendage. The readers can take their choice.

Duff. — New grocery store will open for business in this town soon.

# The Secret of Mohawk Pond

By Natalie Sumner Lincoln

SYNOPSIS: Peggy Prescott comes to Yew Lodge in Coquille county to consult with the conditions under which her uncle Herbert Prescott will let her to her. She must live at the lodge on her own for a month. Her only visitor is a woman, who is greeted by a silent woman who says who looks upon her then disappears into a room. Her next visitor is a man, who is greeted by a silent woman who says who looks upon her then disappears into a room. Her next visitor is a man, who is greeted by a silent woman who says who looks upon her then disappears into a room.

## Chapter 1 BARRED GATES

BEFORE leaving for Milton Peggy rummaged in the drawers of her uncle's flat-top desk and found a small, leather-bound memorandum book.

On the first blank sheet she drew some lines, printing at the head of each column the words, "Date, Departure, Return," and at the top "Log of Yew Lodge, M. Prescott, Owner."

She entered the date, May 17, 1929, then glanced at her wrist watch.

Julia was brushing out the car



Jim tightened his hold as the car sped through the gate toward the lodge.

when Peggy appeared, water pelted or in hand. While Julia filled the radiator, Peggy looked at her crankcase gauge and her tires, then climbed in behind the wheel, and backing the car around, headed down the lane.

She had gone 500 yards or more along the winding lane, when she put on her brakes sharply as a closed gate loomed up before her.

Considerably surprised, she climbed out and opened it. The gate had not been closed the night before. Once again she started and had covered a like distance when a second gate stopped her. It took a moment to unfasten the rusty latch and, neglecting to shut the gate, she climbed back into her car and sped on toward Milton.

At the general store, Peggy secured such supplies as they had, but it left Julia's list woefully incomplete. She found the clerk most obliging, however, and while filling her gasoline tank he gave her the names of shops in Litchfield where she might telephone her orders and have supplies sent by parcel post via the post office at Cornwal Bridge.

"It looks as though I'd have to become a vegetarian," she commented. "Obadiah Evans might let you have chickens and ducks, provided he don't turn cranky," the clerk suggested. "He lives in the farmhouse next to the lane where you turn off the Milton road."

A chicken dinner loomed large in Peggy's mind, but there was a sign of Obadiah Evans at the well kept and recently painted farmhouse somewhat back from the Milton road, just beyond Mohawk Lane.

To her great annoyance the first gate in the lane, the one with the rusty catch, was once more closed, and this time so securely fastened with heavy wire that she failed to unfasten it. She went back to her car to search for her tool kit and a pair of pliers. She was about to get in the front seat when, through a gap in the trees to her left, she caught sight of a man in the pasture beyond. Peggy pressed the button of her motor horn. The man approached with maddening slowness.

"Please hurry," she called, and he quickened his footsteps. "I can't get the gate open." Instead of going toward it, the man came up to her car. "This lane is privately owned," he stated brusquely. "It is owned by me," she responded, and her steadfast re-

gard with an equally steady look. "I am Miss Prescott."

"Oh!" The emotion escaped unobtrusively and again the man and the girl eyed each other.

The angry sparkle in her eyes and her heightened color added to the charming picture that she made. Standing fully six feet, two inches, in farm clothes hanging loosely on his thin frame, the man's tanned cheeks reddened also.

"Mr. Obadiah Evans?" she inquired, and her soft voice grew more cordial.

He shook his head. "Pop," he called over his shoulder, and for the first time Peggy became aware that another man was approaching her car.

"This is Miss Prescott, Pop." Obadiah Evans advanced, with rapid strides.

"I am pleased to see you," he said, extending a huge hand. "Your uncle and I were real friendly. When did you get here?"

"Last night." Smiling, she pointed through the windshield. "These gates were hospitably open then." Obadiah considered her for a moment before addressing his silent companion.

"The gates were open, huh? How about it, Jim?"

But Jim apparently did not hear for, half-way to the closed gate, he

# WESTERN OREGON AIR MAIL ROUTE MAY LAND HERE

Details of the proposed western Oregon air-mail route, which the postoffice department is being asked to sanction, were made known in Portland Saturday by James G. Clark, associated with C. C. Coleman in the venture. Clark and Coleman both are Portland fliers and members of the army air reserve at Pearson field.

According to Clark, the line would run from Portland to either Medford or Crescent City, touching Salem, Corvallis, Eugene, Roseburg and Grants Pass. It would be strictly a local service, he said, serving more or less as a feeder for the mail transport lines already operating out of Portland.

At least one round trip daily would be made over the route, he announced.

Information from Coleman, who is at Washington, D. C., indicates that the contract will be granted, Clark reported.

Coleman, although a wartime flier, has not been actively engaged in air activities for several years. Clark, who also flew during the war, is connected with the MacKenzie-Morrow Aviation company, Swan Island airport.—Portland Journal.

# CRAZED DOG BITES PHOENIX MASTERS

EDEN PRECINCT, Ore., Nov. 20.—(Special)—Considerable excitement prevailed in the Parriek home here when a small house dog suffered a sudden attack of fits and dashed into the fire twice before being captured by members of the family.

Both Mr. Parriek and son were bitten by the animal. They were rushed to Medford, where their wounds were dressed.

Examination of the dog's head after it had been dispatched, showed the cause of the frenzy to have been inflammation of the brain.



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# INTEREST CONTINUES IN PHOENIX BIBLE SCHOOL

PHOENIX, Ore., Nov. 20.—(Special)—The attendance and interest in the week-day Bible school is still high. The first seven grades of the grammar school are benefited by this school. Miss Powell of Ashland has charge of the instruction at the Presbyterian church.

The seventh grade is instructed by E. Iverson of Medford.

Hood River.—First National bank installed fire equipment.

# You May Figure in the Next Accident

Please do not think this is a prediction—yet, in times of peace, we must prepare for (1). It is the unknown from which we must protect ourselves. It is what might happen that inspired insurance companies. Isn't it a fact that the thing you prepare for and expect seldom happens? Can you not remember instances where the barn burned just the day after the insurance expired? What might happen is what you should carry insurance against. You may be a careful driver. You may have piloted your car for years and never had an accident. In fact, we may go even farther—you, yourself, may never be the direct cause of an accident—but, how about the other fellow? Do you feel the same confidence in his driving that you do in your own? No? Why not? You're right. Just for that reason you should be protected, if for no other.

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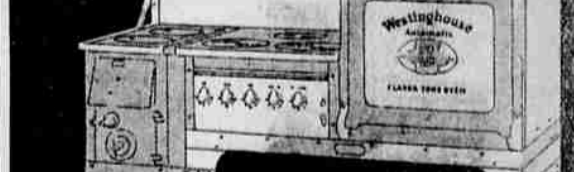
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# ANNOUNCEMENT

R. O. STEPHENSON, sole owner of the Lumber Yard known in the past as the PRICKET LUMBER COMPANY, wishes to announce a change in the firm name. From now on the concern will be known as the Economy Lumber Co.

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