

TEACHERS NEED BETTER SALARY AND STANDARDS

University Professor Says Public Too Willing Accept Low Professional Standards — Instructors Must Raise Efficiency.

EUGENE, Ore., Dec. 26.—(AP)—Higher standards for teachers, graduation in certification, larger salaries, reorganization of teaching loads and greater recognition of the professional status of teachers are some of the means suggested by Prof. F. L. Stetson of the University of Oregon which would enable public schools to render the service of which they are capable.

Professor Stetson is chairman of a committee which has worked out a report on the professional standards to be presented and discussed at the convention of Oregon State Teachers Association in Portland, December 26, 27 and 28.

Charging that the public has been willing to accept low professional standards, Professor Stetson said that for this reason the progress toward greater efficiency must come from the professionals themselves.

One of the critical problems in education, Professor Stetson said, is developing a real professional membership of men and women of fine character and high intelligence with adequate general and technical training who are master teachers comparable to experts in other fields.

Probably the most important of these factors is the standard of training, the professor said and should be raised so that an inadequately trained person would not be allowed in the school room and state requirements should be established which would free the graduates of Oregon schools from competition with an influx of mediocre teachers from other states.

A remedy for the general situation is suggested in better supervision by department heads and principals, Professor Stetson declared.

PLAN FRUIT CENSUS IN HOOD RIVER DIST.

HOOD RIVER, Ore., (AP)—A complete census of the fruit industry of the Hood River district including a detail record of the number of trees, variety and age, will be undertaken by County Agent A. L. Marble. The project has the support of the growers' organizations, traffic associations and chamber of commerce.

In announcing the census, Marble stated that every important fruit district in Washington and Oregon except the Hood River section has taken a census. He predicted that records of the number and age of trees would be valuable as a guide for future planning.

MANY CO-EDS OUT FOR COLLEGE DEBATE TEAM

CORVALLIS, Ore., (AP)—With the largest women's debate squad on the Pacific coast, Coach Paul N. Knoll at the Oregon State college is training 25 co-eds to pit their wits against teams from eight out of state institutions and a half dozen Oregon colleges.

Most of the girls will argue the most question of whether diversion of women from home to business and industrial occupations is detrimental to society. Most of the debates held here will be broadcast over the college radio.

Out of state universities on the schedule are Washington, California, Idaho, Whitman, Mills, Washington State, Puget Sound and College of Pacific.

ARCHBISHOP OF TURIN, CARDINAL GAMBA, DIES

ROME, Dec. 26.—(AP)—Cardinal Gamba, archbishop of Turin, died today. His death reduced the College of Cardinals to 62, of whom 29 are Italians and 33 foreigners.

The archbishop was an old friend of the royal family and was called in by both them and the pope during completion of arrangements for Crown Prince Humbert's wedding January 8.

PORTLAND-SALEM ROAD TO BLOOM WITH ROSES

PORTLAND, Ore., (AP)—A highway of roses between Portland and Salem, Ore., is being sponsored by the Mystic Order of the Rose, Dr. S. S. Sullinger, Portland, has asked each land holder along the Pacific highway to plant rose bushes along the road at unoccupied spots in an effort to make the highway one continuous line of blooming roses.

The Secret of Mohawk Pond

By Natalie Sumner Lincoln

SYNOPSIS: Mired emotions role Peggy Prescott as she concentrates on solving the complex case of a murder charge no longer threatening to blight her, but is troubled by suspicion that her future husband, Lieut. Comm. Jamieson Prescott—who has been just Jim to her—may have slain the man who raised his sister. She finds the bullet she fired buried in the wall of the living room and a door which she presumes to be a secret passage appears down the passageway torch light in hand.

Chapter 23
THE POND'S SECRET

As Peggy disappeared down the passageway, the man who had watched furtively from the gallery, slipped down the staircase and across the room. A jerk of the dangling cord of the bridge lamp and the room was darkened.

The faint patter of the padded feet never reached Peggy and all unconscious, that she was not alone, she pursued her way along the secret passage.

Around a curve was a circular staircase, a narrow affair, just wide enough to permit a person to pass between the brick walls.

With care Peggy picked her winding way, fearing a fall, for some of the steps had tipped forward at a dangerous angle. When she came to the bottom, she had lost all sense of direction.

Eighteen feet further on the passage curved again; a third curve just beyond brought her to a door and there she hesitated.

Observing not only that the key was in the lock, but that it was slightly ajar, she stepped through the doorway into a room of moderate size.

By standing on her tiptoes Peggy could almost touch the ceiling.

She had no idea how far underground she was, whether under the foundations of Yew Lodge or nearer Mohawk Pond. She thought for an instant that she caught the sound of water lapping against the shore and then concluded the noise was imaginary.

The walls of the chamber, unlike the bricked-in passageway she had just traversed, were of great stones, except at one end; there, the doors of a small vault were set in steel which completely filled the space between the ceiling and the uneven, rocky floor.

Awed, Peggy looked around. Had her uncle, in excavating for the foundations of Yew Lodge, chanced upon a natural cavern and converted it to his own use, or had he had the place specially constructed? That it housed the missing securities and perhaps other valuable property, she never doubted, after glimpsing the vault.

She stepped toward it, her heart beating high with anticipation, and tried the lever-looking device on the door, twisting it this way and that. Neither effort budged the lever.

Pausing to recover her breath, Peggy tucked the electric torch under her armpit, and holding it thus strove with both hands to twist the lever either to right or left.

There was no dial on the door that she could see; evidently no combination lock barred her entrance—there must be some trick in loosening the steel bar; ah, she had it—the wards of the lock clicked as they spun back in their sockets, but that click was drowned in the louder noise made by the metal of her torch striking against the rocks as it slipped from under her arm.

The torch rolled this way and that down the uneven surface, its light throwing a zigzag course upon the rocks and indentations; finally it came to rest against an obstruction, catch side down, and the light promptly went out.

In consternation Peggy released the lever-lock and started for the torch. She was almost at the spot when she caught sight of a man's face, less than five feet away, its ghastly, distorted countenance fairly discolored even in the darkness. The girl shrank back against the rock; its touch was not more icy than her hand. No escape there, and she had no weapon, not even the torch, with which to strike the man advancing closer and closer. Had he seen her?

With knees shaking Peggy sank down on the ground and crawled to her left. Her torch had rolled in that direction; she also recalled having seen a broken box and its discarded rose lying near a crevice across from the entrance to the secret chamber. Her first sight of the vault had distracted her attention from all else in the room.

Peggy leaned to the right. The man, his face but an outlined shadow falling into the darkness, was a step closer; his eyes, set deep in his ashy-white face, peered in her direction and then swung toward the vault, in indecision.

Scarcely daring to breathe, she crept further to the left. If she could locate the torch, she could find the entrance and once in the passage way could close and lock the door, thereby insuring her escape.

She must be near the torch by now. Ah, she had it! Her finger pressed the button, but the fall had broken the light globe. Sickened for a minute, Peggy sat motionless; then, as the shuffling feet came nearer, it occurred to her to trip the man with the coil of rope, and she reached forward to grasp it.

Her fingers closed on smooth, clammy skin that wriggled under her touch. Peggy's own skin crawled, and horrified, she shrank back. What she had taken for a rope was a snake, coiled in a figure eight.

Scarcely daring to breathe, the girl squatted on the rocky ground. If she screamed the man would be upon her. If she sat still, the snake. The shuffling steps drew nearer. Half fainting, Peggy clutched the useless torch, her arm upraised to ward off the expected blow; instead a foot struck her side; a man lunged downward as the coiled snake struck—sinking its fangs deep in human flesh.

Still outside Yew Lodge, Julia, with courage born of desperation, picked up a small porch chair and with all her strength heaved it through one of the living-room windows.

Unfastening the inside catch, she pushed up the broken window and with the agility of a monkey clambered over the sill and into the house. Its stillness and darkness combined caused her fresh fears, half conquered, however, in her frantic anxiety to locate Peggy Prescott.

She had been at least 20 minutes striving to gain admittance; surely had her young mistress been able, she would have unlocked one of the doors to let her in? Therefore, it must be that Peggy had met with an accident or have been taken suddenly and seriously ill.

Julia fumbled clumsily with the electric light switch, turning it off and then on before realizing that she had it lighted.

In the first brilliant flash she saw Aquila Chase coming through the opened window and his unexpected arrival in that manner was a contributory cause to her agitated switching off of the light. When it next came on, Julia was staggered to see him on her right; then her hair rose upright at beholding Aquila Chase apparently shaking hands with himself!

"Mistah Quier! Mistah Quier!" Julia stumbled from behind the large wing chair which had effectually screened her presence. "What's Miss Peggy at? What's she done gone? What's done happened to her?"

Under the barrage of question Chase faced Julia in petrified silence for several minutes.

"Be quiet," he ordered, as Julia, receiving no reply, raised her voice and he came a step nearer.

His growing alarm communicated itself to the already terrified girl and she yelled at the top of her lungs, swinging toward the staff case.

"Miss Peggy, Miss Peggy, or Miss Peggy!" Julia dodged Chase extended hand.

To shake her, to reduce her forcibly to silence seemed the only course to bring back her reasoning powers. Splashing around like a toy, Julia evaded his efforts to guide her, all the while screaming Peggy's name.

Heavy pounding on the front door reached Julia, even above the din she herself was creating, and she flew to open it, admitting Sheriff Beach.

"What's going on here?" he demanded. "Sounds like bedlam he broke loose."

"What's Miss Peggy? Ain't y' done got her wif yo'?"

Beach shook his head, staring first at Chase and then around the living room. From where he stood the open section in the paneled wall was visible, and his stare grew intensified as Peggy Prescott reeled through the opening and sank to the floor.

Julia was by her side like a shot, lifting her to a sitting position. Peggy's ashen lips moved, but the men were forced to bend their heads to catch what she said.

"Snake down there," she panted, struggling for breath, and pointed to the opening of the secret passage.

"Man, too." She made a supreme effort and her voice carried to Obadiah Evans as, all unnoticed, he approached the little group. "My gun—loaded—in table drawer—take it—kill snake—in secret room—be low." Her head sank forward and she lost consciousness.

(Copyright, D. Appleton and Co.)

Of the horrors of the secret chamber from which Peggy escaped, more is told in tomorrow's installment.

LIQUOR DEAL PROVOKES MURDER IN CALIFORNIA

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 26.—(AP)—Edward Amos, San Francisco, is dead and Marcel Dillon, San Pedro, today is in the Long Beach, Cal., jail charged with murder as the result last night of a quarrel in Long Beach over what police believe was a disagreement over a liquor deal.

Dillon was arrested in Los Angeles several hours after the shooting and was lodged in the county jail on a charge of carrying concealed weapons.

HUSBAND AND WIFE TO GIVE LIVES TO CHURCH

GRANADA, Spain, Dec. 26.—(AP)—Conde Aldama, former deputy, will be ordained a priest here tomorrow and his wife will take the veil in a convent at Seville, where two daughters have been nuns for several years. The new priest will say his first mass at the convent assisted by three sons, who are Jesuit priests.

Alabama expects 1,235,000 bales of cotton this year.

BEAUTIFUL MUSIC; CHARMING LOVERS IN RIO RITA FILM

"Rio Rita," a famed romantic sound film musical comedy, and reputed nationally as the finest of the screen musical production to date, and certainly the best ever seen in Medford, more than 40,000 delighted large audiences yesterday at the Craterian theater, where it will be played in afternoon and night daily until Sunday. It is one of those attractions that many persons will want to witness twice.

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It combines beautiful melodies, solos, duets, choruses and the like, interspersed with real humor, dancing, spiciness, snappy and clever dances and drills, gorgeous technical sequences and lavish sets, in which life, laughter and youth are exploited. Whether you love light opera and musical comedy of any kind, or not, you will be well entertained by "Rio Rita."

The leads are played by John Boles, who won so much fame in "The Desert Song," and the beautiful, exotic and rejuvenated Bebe Daniels—who had heretofore played light comedy film parts for years—as a hoarse golden voice, although not perfect in his highest notes, proves a surprising revelation. Boles' fine tenor voice and romantic appeal to the feminine contingent, by many is regarded as more pronounced in this attraction than in the screen operetta "The Desert Song." They make a charming pair of singing lovers, and the part of the fiery-haired Mexican girl seems to fit Bebe Daniels almost like a glove.

Ranking next to these two are entertainers is a pair of comedians who are really funny and whose sayings and antics keep the audience convulsed with laughter. They are the well-remembered Robert Woolsey, as Lovitt, the lawyer, and Bert Wheeler, as Chick, his much-married client. At times their hilarious fire comedy work, with its wisecracks and witticisms progressed so fast that much of it was missed through the audience being unable to hear because of explosive laughter. Their drinking scene was especially mirth-provoking.

Included in the large cast, in lesser parts, there are Don Alvarez, Helen Kallen and Dorothy Lee. There is a very large chorus of handsome, lithic, well-dressed young women, beautifully and daintily costumed, who can dance and sing.

Among the song hits are "Rio Rita," the theme song, "If You're in Love You'll Wait," "The River Song," "You're Always in My Arms," "Following the Sun" and "Are You There?"

There is not much to the plot, the locale of which is the Mexican-Texas border, which gives a wide latitude in introducing spiciness and daring in dialogue, picturesque costuming and action, but there is nothing really offensive, even to the fastidious, and much of the risqueness is merely laugh-producing.

—E. A. K.

TOLO LADIES GIVEN HOME DEMONSTRATION

TOLDO, Ore., Dec. 26.—(Sp.)—Mrs. Mable Mack, county demonstration agent, visited, Monday afternoon with the ladies of Tolo. The evening was spent making Christmas gifts and table decorations. A number took advantage of the last minute Christmas suggestions. There was quite a number present, but not as many as we would like to see to take advantage of all the good work Mrs. Mack can give and it is hoped we may soon be able to have Mrs. Mack with us again and have a larger number present to learn the new ideas.

The ladies of the Tolo Community club will meet on January 9. It is hoped all the ladies of the community will try and be present. All new ladies are invited.

People who expect too much of love and second hand automobiles are always being disappointed.

DEATH ENDS RECORD ATTEMPT

Squadron Leader A. G. Jones-Williams and Flight Lieutenant N. H. Jenkins of the Royal Air Force were dashed to death against a South African mountain in their recent attempt to set a new non-stop flight record.

CENTRAL POINT GARAGE LEASED BY TED MORAVA

TALENT PROFESSOR TO ATTEND STATE MEET

CENTRAL POINT, Ore., Dec. 26.—(Sp.)—What was formerly known and operated as the Independent Garage has been leased to Ted Morava, who has bought all new equipment and renamed the place Ted's Garage. He is not new to the business, having formerly carried on the same line of work.

TALENT, Ore., Dec. 26.—(Sp.)—Professor Miller and family left December 22 for Eugene, Ore., where they will spend Christmas with Mrs. Miller's parents after which they will go to Portland. Professor Miller is a delegate to the State Teachers' Institute from southern Oregon.

WIRE IN EYE 10 YEARS

LEWISTON, Idaho.—(U. P.)—An operation under the right eye of Frank Horak disclosed a bit of wire that had been embedded there for 10 years. Horak lost the sight of his right eye when struck by a wire whip 10 years ago. He thought the injury had developed a tumor, and recently the spot started paining him. The operation and discovery followed.

TO JUNK DESTROYERS

VALLEJO, Cal., Dec. 26.—(AP)—The navy department plans to send 28 de-commissioned destroyers from San Diego to Mare Island navy yard for sale as junk. The vessels will be stripped of equipment before sale.

MANY CHRISTMAS DATES

ISTANBUL, Dec. 26.—(AP)—There are four Christmas celebrations in this great center of Islam with a heterogeneous population—December 25 and January 1, for Orthodox Greeks; January 6 for Armenians and January 7 for Russian emigrants.

DOCTORS TO HELP CRUSADE AGAINST NOISE IN HAVANA

HAVANA.—(AP)—Havana has an official noise clinic. Its staff is composed of medics with ears especially attuned to strident sounds. They will study the effects of loud discords upon public health.

The commission is to aid the anti-noise campaign of Mayor Mariano Gomez, who last September started a crusade which he hoped would destroy the city's reputation as the world's noisiest community. It is safe to say, however, that the mayor cut out a big job for himself, for the city is basically noisy. Sidewalk selling of talking machines and radio loud speakers, the ever present hurdy-hurdy and screeching taxi horns, all had become part of the very life of the Cuban metropolis.

Thus far the anti-noise crusade has not effected any startling change. It has brought added misery to the city through fines imposed on many who have been found guilty of violating anti-noise rules. But noise continues.

Many Habaneros do not want a silent city. They rather enjoy the cacophony which to them means activity. Furthermore they feel that the noise is an added attraction to the American tourist.

"Who would deprive the Americans of his pleasure in comparing New York and Havana noises?" they routinely ask.



Associated Press Photo.

GRADE TALENT STREETS TO FILL WATER HOLES

TALENT, Ore., Dec. 26.—(Sp.)—Henry Sheets, graded the streets along each side of the highway in the main part of town Saturday afternoon, greatly improving the appearance as well as the convenience of having the holes filled where water stood.

Swift Acts Swiftly

MAIDSTONE, Eng.—(U. P.)—Swift justice was dealt by Justice Swift who sentenced George Watson to three months hard labor and 18 lashes with the "cat" for robbing a girl, the comment of the court being: "You treated this girl with ferocious cruelty, and you must be made to suffer something like the pain which you inflicted on her."

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