

COPCO PUBLICITY LAUDS SOUTHERN OREGON DISTRICT

Another fine example of the community advertising which is being carried on by the California Oregon Power company has just appeared in a recent issue of the Oregon Notes. This advertisement which carries the caption "110,000 Local Turkeys Help Fill the Nation's Basket," tells an interesting story of the 1929 turkey crop in the following words:

"One hundred and ten thousand turkeys are being shipped from southern Oregon to eastern and western markets this year. There will be 110,000 turkeys with the center of attraction from this favored region. The average gobble weighs approximately fourteen pounds, making a total of over a million and a half pounds which southern Oregon is producing this year. One million people with their turkey tables under ideal conditions can eat just eight."

Progressive flock raisers are using electricity to hatch and brood their flocks—they find that electrically raised turkeys do not wander away as do those hatched by a roaming hen—they find that they can raise a greater number of more sturdy birds this modern way."

Another advertisement recently published by Copco in the interest of the territory was entitled "Beers for the World," and told of the widespread distribution of local beers which brought returns of over five and one half million dollars into southern Oregon this year.

Several good community advertisements "boosting" the advantages of southern Oregon as a place to live have just appeared in the annual edition of leading Portland papers, resulting in some fine publicity for the Rogue River valley.

This type of advertising which is published by the California Oregon Power company in outside magazines and periodicals is of a most constructive character and combining with the Velt Annual is attracting much favorable attention to the many advantages of southern Oregon.

THEORIZES ON CANCER CAUSE

LONDON—(U.P.)—Cancer, one of England's most dread and prevalent diseases, is now definitely believed by Professor Arthur Edwin Boycott to be caused by products of burnt coal. He expressed this belief at a meeting of the Royal Society of Arts held in London.

While a student at Oxford Dr. Boycott studied the causes and effects of cancer and since joining the faculty of the University of London has continued to make experiments.

"As a matter of practical hygiene," declared the professor, "we should avoid irritation in all forms and the cause against the products of burnt coal is so strong that it is evident that the smoke nuisance ought to be stopped without further delay."

"The suspicion directed toward burnt coal products has been strengthened by the discovery that the repeated application of tar to animals causes cancer."

TALENT PAGEANT WILL BE GIVEN IN MEDFORD

PHOENIX, Ore., Jan. 2.—(Sp.)—The Phoenix Pageant given at the Presbyterian church entitled "Making the Isles of Fath" will be given at the First Methodist Church in Medford Sunday night, January 5th. The play met with great favor in Phoenix when given and it is hoped that the same result will be true in Medford.



Don't let SORE THROAT get the best of you...

FIVE minutes after you rub on Mustersole your throat should begin to feel less sore! Continue the treatment once every hour for five hours and you'll be astonished at the relief. Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 30 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. Keep Mustersole handy—jars and tubes. To Mothers—Mustersole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Mustersole.



QUESTION of HONOR by Ruth Cross

SYNOPSIS: Resigned to her fate, Anne Wilmot, who has been married to a man whose name is Leon Morse, New York society leader, becomes the guest of Leon Morse, railroad magnate, at his Sierra Nevada lodge. On a boat voyage to the mountains Anne meets a man whose indifference toward her and the manner the stranger's peculiar partner, she, an eccentric character, that she will head his ambition to leave the younger man alone. At the lodge Anne has discovered the reason for the stranger's actions and an explanation comes to her as she blocks his attempt to obtain a right of way for his railroad.

Chapter 2 A STUDENT OF MEN

DOOR opened and Mrs. Wilmot, alone in the great living room, glanced up.

"Anne?" Mrs. Wilmot cried, and the quivering, nasal tone carried the horror she felt at the sight her niece presented.

Anne, tired, blousy, with wind-blown hair, a sun-burned unpowdered nose, was hardly recognizable as she leaned against the door frame. Her high boots were spattered with mud and her skirt and sweater disheveled.

She straightened with a jerk at her aunt's exclamation and started wearily towards the stairs.



"Anne, where have you been?" the older woman asked.

Anne let herself back limply against the balustrade. "I've merely been taking a walk, Auntie," she replied in her best offhand tone.

"A walk—!" her aunt echoed. "For heaven's sake, take yourself out of sight!"

But it was too late. Morse and Douglas came out of the study. Morse already had caught sight of Anne, and he came up quickly, frowning with intense disapproval as he took in her sorry plight. Douglas lingered a little behind him, smiling.

"I thought I—asked you not to go into the mountains alone," Morse began, controlling his anger with effort.

Anne nodded. "I believe you did," she confirmed, in her most inconsequential manner.

"There are still a few wild animals," Morse went on, "and, as I was just telling your aunt, the whole country is overrun with the irrigation company's workmen and our own."

Anne was watching him steadily, curiously. Twin devils of perversity and reckless mirth looked out of her eyes.

"Oh," she murmured with the merest suggestion of an upward tilt to her head, "I'm not afraid of the animals or the men either. Besides—I dare say I'm the only one around here who hasn't learned to take orders yet!"

With a light laugh, she turned and went up the stairs, leaving a trail of muddy footprints behind her.

Mrs. Wilmot gasped—almost audibly. A hushed silence ensued. Douglas, still taking in the scene from the sidelines, watched his employer's angry crimson face, and smiled as he walked away.

It was no part of Robert Douglas' plan to see his employer married to a clever woman.

Twenty minutes later, a vastly different Anne emerged from the saffron and ivory bathroom which connected with both her bedroom and boudoir.

She stood a moment while Delphine adjusted the ash to a clinging, deeply befringed negligee and added a pat here, a flushing touch there to an exquisite coiffure, then stepped into the bedroom.

Her aunt sat grimly erect on the edge of a fragile gold and ivory chair knitting. Anne passed her and hung herself wearily full length on a chaise longue—also ivory and gold—piled high with luxurious pillows.

SYNOPSIS: Anne Wilmot is persuaded to accept an invitation to the Sierra lodge of Leon Morse, whom her aunt is urging as a suitor because of his wealth. There, on a walk alone, she meets a stranger who is indifferent to her beauty and whose eccentric partner warns her to "leave him alone." She is captured by the stranger's actions and returns to the lodge. Anne answers Morse with spirit when he chides her for going out alone and her aunt scolds her. Anne's aunt is pleased because she will no longer support her if she loses Morse through rashness. Robert Douglas, Morse's attorney, does not fit his plans to have Morse married to a clever woman.

Chapter 4 TIME FOR DIVIDENDS

ANNE pulled herself up slowly to a sitting position; got rather painfully to her feet—she was just beginning to be conscious of muscles and tendons that she hadn't ever known she had before—and crossed over to one of the French windows which opened out towards the mountains.

As she rested one hand against the window frame, the flowing sleeve of the negligee fell back, revealing a flawlessly modeled arm, the flesh more subtly brilliant in coloring and texture than any marble.

She knew that she was a very beautiful woman; knew moreover



Clinging to a raft, Glenn braved the perils of the stream.

exactly what that beauty was worth. The fact lent a certain sureness and consciousness of power to her bearing. And yet she had the good sense and perception, rarely met with in women of her type, to realize that the beauty was the direct gift of God and to take no credit to herself therefor. She was merely the custodian.

It was some moments before Anne spoke, and then she did not look back at her aunt. "You haven't given me much of a chance at that—at making my own living—have you? My training has been so—highly specialized."

The older woman made no answer. She took up her knitting again. Anne stood staring absent-mindedly out of the window. She was recalling her childhood, barren of the affection she craved. Perhaps her aunt hadn't known how to express her affection; perhaps, and that seemed more probable, love had taken the form of an overpowering ambition.

Long before she was out of her teens, Anne had known by some sort of divination that she was expected to repay her expensive upbringing and education by making a spectacular marriage. She had been just an investment, trained as rigidly as any athlete for the sordid business of "landing" a rich husband. Her present sippant, half-cynical mode of speech and thought were not a true reflection of her best and deepest self; rather a defense set up between that self and her enforced manner of life.

Spending and flirting, flirting with every man who crossed her path—those were the two amusements that had whittled away the period of waiting for the "right husband."

She turned with one of her swift moods of penitence. "But never mind, Auntie, I know I'm a selfish pig, but don't you worry. I'm going to marry Leon Morse! If I have to propose to him myself, and everything will be all right."

"But I don't see any railroad," Anne objected, laughing, as she lowered the field glasses. "I don't see anything but the irrigation company's excavations and offices and workmen, and I don't hear anything but the irrigation company's fiendish noises!"

She handed the glasses hastily to Mr. Douglas, and clapped her hands to her ears as another unearthly blast rent the air.

Robert Douglas smiled. He was always smiling. Anne had an idea that he was secretly laughing at them all, although he covered the

land they visited the H. M. Williamson family and also Miss Vivian Miller, formerly of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Prescott of Klamath Falls visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shaw last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Lewis had as their dinner guests Sunday Mr. and Mrs. William Coppel and daughter Wilma of Murphy and Margaret Hamilton of Rich.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Vial and Mr. and Mrs. Estey Way and son Junior of Phoenix were dinner guests at the G. O. Sanden home Christmas.

E. S. Forbes and wife of Eugene were guests of his brother, Dr. D. A. Forbes and family Thursday and Friday of last week.

Miss Hilda Jones of Medford was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Cameron Christmas day.



PLAN NOW

YOUR INVESTMENTS FOR 1930—and Remember

Jackson County Building & Loan Association

Preferred Stock

—A HOME INVESTMENT THAT PAYS

7 PERCENT

Capable home management and the fact that your money is secured by first mortgages on carefully chosen Jackson County property assures the ABSOLUTE SAFETY.

Combined with this SAFETY, PROFIT and AVAILABILITY—in fact, all the requisites of a GOOD INVESTMENT may be found in the stock.

Our Home Loans solve the problem of financing your new home. Let us tell you all about it NOW!

JACKSON COUNTY BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION

Over 20 years in Medford—Not One of Our Stockholders Has Lost a Penny

ber of years, moving to Medford in 1908.

Miss Myrtle Pitts, who is employed at the Egan home in east Medford, was home for Christmas with her mother, Mrs. Carrie Pitts.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Robinson entertained the following guests at dinner Christmas day at Hotel Medford: Emil Britt, Miss Mollie Britt and Miss Elizabeth Reuter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Sholey of Central Point called on Miss Lottie McCully Monday evening. They report their daughter, Mrs. Jack Hudson, as much improved from her recent operation.

A party was given New Year's eve at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Davies on Forest creek, in honor of their son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davies, who were recently married.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Butcher had as their guests for dinner New Year's day Mrs. Ethel Olson and children.

next regular meeting January 17. The Phoenix Health Club have the second Tuesday in January scheduled as their first meeting day.

THE CLIFT SAN FRANCISCO GEARY AT TAYLOR ST.

Choose The Clift for its downtown convenience, its quiet friendliness, 540 rooms with bath; single, from \$3; double, from \$5. Garage adjacent

WE DEVELOP Films Free WEST SIDE PHARMACY YOUR RXCALL STORE Open Sundays and Evenings All the Time

INSURANCE First Insurance Agency A. L. HILL, Manager Phone 105 30 N. Central Medford, Oregon

Phone 9 for FURNITURE REPAIR UPHOLSTERING, REFINISH FRANK HOWARD 219 West Main Street

Pantorium EYE WORKS SEE AND HOLLY EYES. A COMPLETE CLEANING & DYEING SERVICE

Is isn't always base treachery that causes title defects to develop. Men make honest mistakes, but it does not help the purchaser if the mistake which caused loss to him is an honest one. The sensible thing to do in any case is to secure every purchase of real estate with a title insurance policy.

Jackson County Abstract Co. 121 E. Sixth St. Phone

Women's Hose \$1.00 Pair Silk from top to toe with French Heel