

Eyes Finest Effort of Nature

At the head of all human senses stands the glorious sense of sight. The eye is the last and finest effort of nature in the evolution of the sense organs. Vision largely usurps the work of reporting the outer world to the mind. Through artificial lighting devices and man's own abuse, the eyes are the most over-worked of the sense organs. Years of scientific research and experiments have perfected instruments for testing the eye.

Science has turned with full knowledge from a study of the eye to the perfection of the lens with which to aid the eye.

The marvelous corrective and protective features developed in soft light lenses are among this country's achievements in optical science. Harsh light, unfiltered, unshaded glaring light, has caused more eye trouble in the last few years than all other sources of sight impairment. These super-lenses have the uncanny quality of permitting transit to rays that help you to see while preventing passage of the searing rays of glare that torture heads and nerves.

This remarkable lens completely purges light of the glare that scourges sight. The eye that is distorted by brutally brilliant light is much less responsive to corrective adjustment.

The work of the expert Optometrist bears fruit far faster when the eye muscles are not under strain. Proper lenses relax the eye by their own qualities of light filtration; they build up vision through the qualities they gain when ground to the focal prescription of your Optometrist.

Rights Reserved.

Out Out—Sign—Mail Today

The Eyesight Service Bureau of Medford Mail Tribune, Medford, Oregon. Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, copy of the new Booklet describing Sight Conservation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

(Paid adv.)

Insurance

First Insurance Agency

A. L. HILL, Manager
Phone 105 30 N. Central Medford, Oregon

PHONE 474

CITY CLEANING & DYEING CO

Murder at High Tide

SYNOPSIS: A dozen enormous face investigators after the hated Don Parados is whiskered. Clues become even more baffling when Anatole Flique, a detective from Paris, tells a story of three French criminals one of whom was identified as the purchaser of a jade phoenix. Parados' tale of such a nature such a phoenix. It has disappeared. Alan Hunt, a young antique dealer "stalled" on Parados' island during the murder quiz, finds himself locked out of the house after midnight. He crawls a window to a room where Parados' art collection is kept, hears a noise in the dark and senses an intruder. He moves to unplug the telephone, catches his leg in a chair and falls headlong as the villainous one flees.

Chapter 16 THE BROKEN GODESS

THE impact with which I came down was pretty severe, and some ten seconds elapsed before I was able to climb on to my feet. A door which had softly opened as I stepped out, closed again, and as I threw myself upon it a key turned in the lock on the other side. I tried the handle. The door held.

Furious at myself, I switched on the light. The Brent collection was intact, apparently. My eyes then fell upon the door to the library, and I hurried toward it. The door was unlocked, and I pushed into the



Miss Jahries listened intently at the head of the stairs.

room beyond, hoping that the door between the library and the hall would be also. The darkness was heavy, and I found myself holding my breath and shivering.

To my dismay, the door was locked. Samuels would have the key in his pocket. All chance of getting a glimpse of the intruder was gone now. I switched on the light, and the shadows vanished into themselves. Feeling better, I glanced across the room at the sheeted figure on the couch. Parados was dead in the flesh only; the evil he had done still lived.

Putting out the light, I returned to the billiard room wondering what I should do. It occurred to me then that some door or other lower window of the house might have been inadvertently left open. I would try all of them, Miss Jahries' window excepted. If all were fastened, I would rouse Miss Jahries.

It so happened that the first door I tried was open, and I found myself, much to my relief, in the kitchen. I passed into the hall, where a ceiling lamp burned. I looked into the dining room, the drawing room and the sun room as a matter of course, but there was no one about. It occurred to me that it might be wise to rouse Flique and tell him of my experience, but I decided morning would do as well.

As I reached the head of the stair beneath the door nearest me, I concluded that the occupant of this room was the person who had locked me in the billiard room. I decided to go to bed and find out who occupied the room in the morning. But as I entered my room at the head of the corridor, a door latch clicked. I edged one eye around the frame of the door. To my astonishment, Miss Jahries thrust her head out of the door of the room I had been speculating about, turned it right and left, and completely emerged from the room. A light switched clicked, a door closed, Miss Jahries listened intently for

a moment, then ran swiftly down the stair.

"That's not her room," I muttered in perplexity. "I wonder whose it is. And I wonder what she was doing in it at this hour of the morning."

Footsteps on the stair became audible a moment later—Miss Jahries' had been noiseless—and as I glanced around the door Celia and Annersley ascended into view. At the top of the stair they embraced tenderly.

"Good night, Claude." "Good night, dear." She ran swiftly along the hall and turned into the east wing. Annersley stood staring in the direction in which she had gone; then he pushed into the room Miss Jahries had left five minutes before!

I had been waiting to see what room he would enter, but I had not seriously considered the possibility that it would be the one Miss Jahries had left, and I shut my own door more bewildered than ever.

Miss Jahries and Annersley were allies, I had supposed. To find Miss Jahries enacting the appearance of something else took all the starch out of my theories. Had Miss Jahries been seeking for something that Annersley did not want her to find, I wondered?

"And now Miss Jahries," I muttered, "I wonder who'll be the next?"

That had been Samuels' phrase, and I went to bed with it echoing in my brain. I awoke around seven. It took me a minute or so to orientate myself, but I sprang out of bed and dressed. Going downstairs, I found Flique in the sun room smoking one of his small cigars and laboriously reading an American newspaper. "Bon jour, mon ami," and he beamed at me. "You are early."

"Not so early as you are," I reminded him. "True, but I am Anatole Flique," and his tone implied that therein lay a difference. "That was a tragic affair last night, M. l'Antiquaire."

I nodded soberly. "Do you think Samuels will be able to solve it?" Flique twirled his mustache. "An excellent fellow, that Samuels, but he has not the inward eye."

Flique shrugged. "How did you rest?" "Well, how about yourself?" "As a little child. It is always so. But I was up with the lark, for I desired to observe the—what is it?—eucalyptus trees."

I know what he meant. "One of them slashed Grainger across the cheek." "Only it did not."

"He was lying, then?" "It is a house of lies, M. l'Antiquaire. But you, also, have something to tell. I see it in your eye."

He listened attentively as I told him, now and then nodding in his animated way. "Yes, yes, you did well. It is clear that you are a man of intelligence. An extraordinary woman, that Mademoiselle Jahries. But come, I have something to show you."

Flique led me down the hall to the library door, which he unlocked, and across the room to the sheeted figure on the couch. My curiosity was at fever heat. With a dramatic gesture he flung the sheet back. "Folia!" he exclaimed.

On the breast of the body of Parados, lay the jade phoenix—broken in two.

(Copyright, 1929, William Morrow and Company)

More mystery about! Tomorrow Flique hits upon some new clues.

NIGHT CLUB RAID PUTS BIG PUNCH IN CROOK TALKIE

"Framed," the all-talking metropolitan gangster story in a central police headquarters-night club locale, and with an ingenious, thrilling story featuring Evelyn Brent, proves to be the best of the stories of that type—and some of them good ones, too—that has yet appeared in Medford. In the opinion of this reviewer and apparently the majority of the audiences at the Fox Rialto theatre yesterday, where this entertaining attraction opened a three-days' engagement.

The more than usually natural dialogue and clever acting of the principals, splendid costuming, plot and larger nets make this portrayal of the romance, intrigue and hat-tricks of gangland a film of rapt interest.

To say nothing about the work of Miss Brent and her excellent support, it is worth the price of admission alone to witness the police raid on the big night club and to see and hear the cops with their axes destroy the luxurious furnishings and equipment.

Medford theatre goers who prior to the coming of "Framed," were inclined to think they had been fed up on night club stories will especially enjoy this demolition scene.

While Miss Brent, who has probably played in more crook melodramas than any other player on the screen, is featured in "Framed," and rightly so, her acting as the revengeful daughter of a slain gangster, has less than the usual amount of simulated hard-boiledness than displayed in her previous crook pictures; also there is plenty of it retained, and it is a relief to see her again as a beautiful and charmingly gowned young woman. However, so excellent are the actors in her support she does not so completely dominate the play as usually.

Two of the best impersonations are those of Ralph Harold, veteran actor of the legitimate stage but new to the screen, as the cruel, remorseless proprietor of the night club and gang leader, and of William Holden, as the police inspector whose son the gang tries to frame. Regis Toomey, as that son and who plays opposite Miss Brent, again scores with his restrained and likeable acting.

Other outstanding characterizations are those of Robert O'Conner as Sergeant Schulte, the smiling, cynical and hard-boiled detective from headquarters, and of Maurice Black, as "Bing Murdoch," who furnishes the comedy relief, as the professional "killer" who regards his murderous calling with much seriousness.

Several short sound and talking subjects round out the bill.

R. A. K.

THOMPSON CREEK

THOMPSON CREEK, Ore., May 19.—(Special) Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Richards spent the week end fishing on Rogue river, returning home Monday. They left immediately for Prospect where Mr. Richards is employed at a lookout station.

Miss Bertson Elmore, Miss Evelyn Nelson and Leo Hoffman, high school students of Medford, spent the week end at their home on Thompson creek.

Joe Le Clair, student at the Ashland Normal, spent the week end at the home of his uncle, Bernard Hogan.

Miss Olive Hogan who has been teaching at Reedsport has returned to her home on Thompson creek. Miss Hogan has been hired to teach the Thompson Creek school the coming year.

Thompson Creek Sunday school had a large attendance at Sunday school Mother's Day.

Thompson Creek Irrigation association held its regular directors meeting Monday, May 12 to discuss problems of the Miller lake project.

HOWARD DISTRICT

HOWARD DISTRICT, Ore., May 19.—(Spl.)—Mrs. Walter Dooley arrived from Redding, Cal., Saturday to visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Woods. She will return to Redding, taking her son Donald Thayer, who has been staying with his grandparents during the school year.

Wilbur Smith left Monday night for Sandusky, Ohio, where he has a position.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Grim and son from Phillips, Neb., and Mrs. Grim from Central Point, friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Woods, visited at the home of the latter on Wednesday.

CENTRAL POINT

CENTRAL POINT, Ore., May 19.—(Spl.)—Miss Lauramae Amick, who is employed by the California state highway commission at Fresno, is visiting her father, D. F. Amick, principal of the grade school. Miss Amick formerly acted as deputy county clerk and recorder at Medford, and is well known in Jackson county.

The Missionary circle of the Christian church will meet at the home of Mrs. H. C. Young on the Old Stage road, Friday afternoon, May 23rd.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. McAllister of Eugene have been visiting friends here and at Ashland for a few days. The many friends of Johnny Eddy are glad to hear he is im-

proving, following an emergency operation for appendicitis last Tuesday night at the Sacred Heart hospital.

W. B. Maulding, who has been clerking for Theias & Co., resigned on Saturday and he and his wife and son left for Diamond Lake, where he will be in charge of the store belonging to the Diamond Lake Improvement company.

Mrs. Belle Davis recently moved to her home here from Ashland, where she has resided with her son for some time. Her daughter, Mrs. Mabel Pogue of Portland, is visiting her at present.

Leah Parker, who has been teaching at Bonanza, is home for her summer vacation.

W. J. Freeman of the Freeman Implement company made a business trip to Talent last week.

Mrs. S. J. Richardson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. McCall of Berkeley, arrived in Central Point last week. They will remain here some time visiting their daughter.

Mrs. Dick Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Cosmenger left on Sunday for Portland, where they will attend the convention of the Oregon Old Fellows and Rebekahs. They are the delegates chosen from the local lodges.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McIlmsey, who recently moved to a farm near Grants Pass, were visiting here Thursday. They are well pleased with their new home.

The pupils of the eighth grade completed their state tests last Thursday.

C. A. Boles of the Woodlawn orchard is reported as quite ill at his home.

Mrs. Frank Adams was taken to the Sacred Heart hospital last Friday. Her friends hope she will soon recover.

The baccalaureate service will be held at the Federated church, Sunday evening, May 25, at 8 p. m. Rev. C. E. Porter of Medford will give the address of the evening.

Carl Garman, proprietor of Bon Air service station has accepted a traveling position with the Columbia Hreving company of Tacoma.

The sophomore class of our high school enjoyed a swimming party at the Jackson Hot Springs on Wednesday afternoon. The freshmen had their picnic Thursday afternoon.

JUNIORS BANQUET SENIORS OF C. P.

CENTRAL POINT, Ore., May 19.—(Special)—Juniors of our high school gave a banquet to the seniors at the Lithia Hotel in Ashland Friday evening. Roy Wine-land, president of the junior class, presided as toast master.

"To Our Guests" was given by Ray Wine-land. "Farewell to Seniors" given by Merle Hedgepeth. "To the Juniors" given by May Eicher. "Farewell to Teachers," given by Audrey Garman. "To the Juniors and Seniors," given by Mrs. Schepman. "What We Did Do," given by Marion Caster. "What We Will Do," given by Charles Taylor.

Miss Mildred Gregory sang two solos, "Hanging on the Garden Gate," and "In My Hope Chest of Dreams," accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Williamson.

Amy Johnson and Ruth Webster sang two duets, "Toy Maker's Dream," and "When the Sun Goes Down," accompanied at the piano by Elizabeth Scott.

The program ended by the assembled singing the C. P. H. Song.

State Picnic Tuesday

SALEM, Ore., May 19.—(Sp)—A thousand visitors are expected here Tuesday for the all-state and Canadian picnic to be held at the state fair grounds. Chief Justice Coshaw of the Supreme Court will speak.

WARNING Buy GENUINE BAYER Aspirin

Know what you are taking to relieve that pain, cold, headache or sore throat. Aspirin should not only be effective, it must also be safe.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin is reliable, always the same—brings prompt relief safely—does not depress the heart.

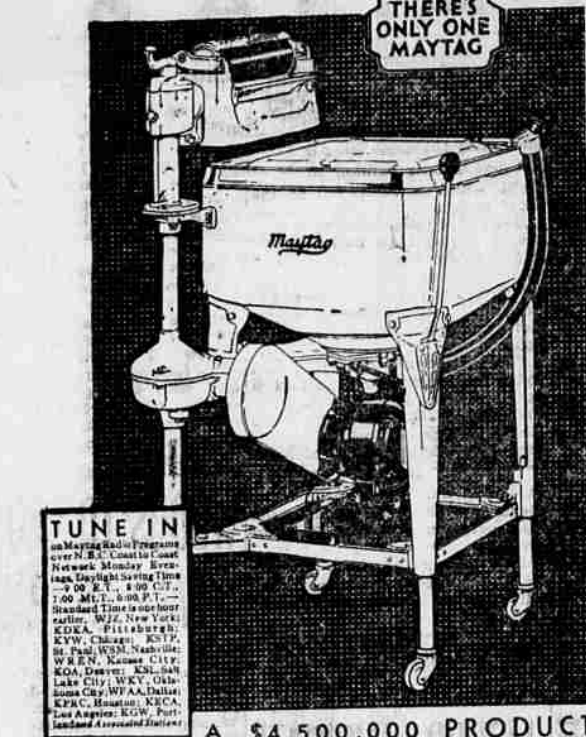
Do not take chances—get the genuine product identified by the name BAYER on the package and the word GENUINE printed in red.

Women's Hose \$1.00 pair

Silk from top to toe with French Heel

The Toggery

Have you seen the NEW MAYTAG



MAYTAG has always given outstanding value... always led in originating washer improvements, but the NEW Maytag surpasses all previous Maytag achievements.

The NEW Maytag has a new one-piece, cast-aluminum tub... a new roller water remover, with enclosed, positive-action, automatic drain... a new, quiet, lifetime, oil-packed drive... a new, handy auto-type shift lever for starting and stopping the water action, conveniently operated from any side of the tub. These and many other new scientific features of the NEW Maytag are the result of craftsmanship, resources and facilities such as only Maytag enjoys.

PHONE for a NEW Maytag. If it doesn't sell itself, don't keep it. Divided payments you'll never miss.

THE MAYTAG COMPANY
Newton, Iowa
Founded 1893

Maytag Pacific Company
222 1/2 Sixth Street
Portland, Oregon

The Maytag Shop
19 North Bartlett St.
Medford, Oregon
Phone 1266

The Maytag Aluminum Washer

IF IT DOESN'T SELL ITSELF, DON'T KEEP IT

CENTRAL POINT BIBLE CLASS ENJOYS PARTY

CENTRAL POINT, Ore., May 19.—(Special)—Berean Bible class of the Federated church held their party at the home of Mrs. A. H. Webster last Wednesday afternoon. The president, Mrs. H. P. Jewett, was in charge.

Rev. Johnson conducted the devotional exercises. Each guest was requested to repeat a nursery rhyme as a memory test. Dainty refreshments were served. Those

Enlarge Paper Mill

SALEM, Ore., May 19.—(Sp)—The Oregon Pulp and Paper company of Salem has announced plans for a \$50,000 addition to its paper mill here.

CENTRAL PT. FRIENDS AT PANKEY FUNERAL

CENTRAL POINT, Ore., May 19.—(Special)—Many Central Point friends attended the funeral of J. M. Johnson, who died at the Medford G. A. R. post their funeral rite at the Central Home after the talk by J. M. Johnson. The W. R. C. of Central Point charge at the graves (the Jacksonville cemetery). Interment was made.



"I telephoned we would be there at six"

A COURTESY CALL

MANY disappointments—and sometimes embarrassment—result from "just dropping in" on folks.

A telephone call is so quick and reassuring that most people think of it not only as a courtesy due others, but a real convenience to themselves—and it costs little.

Anyone, anywhere, any time from your own telephone, or from public telephones conveniently located everywhere.

Home Telephone & Telegraph Co.
of Southern Oregon