

ILL Health and Disease

Attributed to Spinal Misalignment

Most of Us—Concede a "cause" for all things, but few evince sufficient interest to ascertain the "reason"—notwithstanding the beneficial results.

Some light has possibly been thrown upon the importance of the spine in the human system. Nevertheless many fail to appreciate the probable effect of even a slight spinal displacement.

To Illustrate—From the upper part of the spine emerges one of the smaller nerve cables. The bones between which it passes are not infrequently displaced. This brings pressure to bear upon the nerve fibres radiating to the neighborhood of eyes and ears. The result is often headache, eye trouble, deafness, epilepsy, insomnia, and kindred lack of ease.

A Little Lower Down—the spinal column emerge other nerve cables—the nerve fibres leading to the vicinity of the throat and shoulders.

Yet few realize that undue pressure upon these cables may be the cause of neuralgia, gout, nervous prostration, grippe, drowsiness, catarrh, etc.

Writer's Cramp—By the uninitiated it will probably be considered a joke to suggest the writer's cramp may be caused by a misaligned spine. Moreover, pinched nerve cables may also be responsible for heart disease, pneumonia, tuberculosis and other lung troubles.

Constipation—Gall Stones, Skin Eruptions, Stomach, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Typhoid Fever, Appendicitis, piles and Sciatica are truly a motley collection of diseases, yet these and many others may be induced by a spinal displacement—or to use the technical word—subluxation.

Although—Mention has been made of many diseases, neither Chiropractic nor the Chiropractor attempt to "treat or cure disease." No account is taken of the disease, which is merely an "effect." Sole attention is given to adjusting the spine. When this has been accomplished, Nature steps in and by sending the full volume of life and energy through unobstructed nerve fibres places "at ease" that part of the body which previously may have been "not at ease."

There are "remedies" galore for all these troubles, but to eradicate the cause is surely the better method.

IS IT WISE TO TEMPORARILY DEADEN THE PAINFUL "PINCHED" NERVE FIBRES WITH A DRUG?

A Cause—lies behind most troubles, and a spinal analysis will usually reveal it.

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Murder at High Tide

SYNOPSIS: It is the day after Miss Parados was shot to death in the library of his island mansion. A dozen suspicious detectives have been uncovered. Detectives discover that Lum We, Parados' Chinese cook stole his master's token of lock, a jade phoenix. He admits, breaking it in revenge for Parados' cruelty toward him, but denies the murder. Lum We is locked up. Captain Annersley, victim of Parados in financial matters is suspected on several counts but police cannot corner him. The odd job man, Grainger, is believed to know the "junk store," but he refuses to talk. Ross the district attorney, arrives and "pinaps" Grainger. The gardener declares Parados was murdered by a member of his household, but he refuses to say more.

Chapter 23 A FIRE IS LIGHTED

AS Grainger shut the door behind him, Ross got up.

"We haven't made a great deal of headway," he said to Samuels. "You'd better give Grainger your attention. Don't bully him, or he won't tell you anything."

"I'm not sure Lum We isn't our man," Samuels replied doggedly. "Johns and I drifted outside. A fine fellow, Grainger," Professor Johns observed. "I shouldn't like to think he had anything to do with the murder of his master."

"He hadn't," I retorted with conviction.

Ross and the coroner left shortly and the newspaper reporters went with them. The inquest was to be the next afternoon. Parados' body was taken up to the bedroom he had occupied.

Miss Jahries prepared lunch, which Manning presently announced. The meal was a wretched affair, and we were glad to escape from the table.

I commended Caroline again and we spent the rest of the afternoon on the slope.

It was nearly 7 o'clock, and quite dark when we returned to the house. After Caroline left me I wandered around, looking for Filque. No one seemed to be around. Johns' head, bent over a desk, was visible against one window of his tower. The tide was high and the Gut was making an ominous row as it had the night before.

Shouldering, I went around to the north side of the house. To my relief, I found Filque on the little terrace.

"You come with a weariness," he chuckled. "Has the little made-moiselle walked you too far?"

"No," I said caudally. "I could walk all day with Caroline."

"Ah, it is 'Caroline' already," and Filque wagged a finger at me. "That is good! But you come with a weariness. Why is this?"

"That Gut gets on my nerves!" I exclaimed. "Haven't you hit upon anything yet?"

"Monsieur is impatient. It will be first the little mysteries—and then the big mystery."

"Precisément," Filque murmured. "As you say, that is settled."

His casual air irritated me. "Aren't you interested?" I demanded.

"Monsieur," he said reprovingly. "I have a problem. But what is this?" he continued, recovering his amiability.

Samuels was hurrying toward us, carrying what appeared to be a wadded boot. He presented the sole of the boot to Filque's inquiring eyes and illuminated it with an electric torch.

"Look at that," he said tersely. "A little patch of solidified crude oil adhered to the instep, and embedded in it were fibres of a bluish material."

"Monsieur has the sharp eye," Filque murmured admiringly. "And this enormous boot, it is whose?"

"Grainger's!" Samuels exclaimed. "I found it in the garage. Jahries said that the stain was not on the library carpet early yesterday afternoon. It was there last night. These fibres were pulled out of the carpet. I've just talked to Jahries again. She said Grainger was wearing his waders last night before dinner. Grainger told us he was not in the library between yesterday noon and when Parados was found. He lied again! I've got him this time!" and Samuels shook the boot exultantly.

"I compliment monsieur," Filque said with a bow. "But there is this Lum We—"

"Lum We hated Parados," Samuels interrupted. "You know that. He and Grainger made that double alibi up between them. Lum We stole and broke the phoenix, and Grainger killed Parados. Lum We and Grainger are the birds we want. I'll soon shake Grainger's motive out of him."

"Ah, his motive, my friend—"

At that instant a shot rang out in the house behind us. For a moment we stood rigid. Then Filque leaped over the grass and in a couple of jackrabbit leaps arrived at the kitchen door. Samuels and I were behind him.

We heard a scream in the hall and we found Manning with her

arms wound around Miss Jahries, who was staring into the library with the horrified expression of one who has stumbled onto a tomb.

Grainger lay on his face on the hearth with a hole in his back.

The fire, which he had just lighted, began to crackle.

Grainger had died with a look of astonishment shattering the dignity of his expression. The match with which he had kindled the fire had burdened down to his thumb and finger, which still held it.

The order of burned powder was distinctly noticeable.

"I'm wrong again, Filque," Samuels said.

It was as touching a confession of human fallibility as I ever heard. Mrs. Parados pushed in from the hall, Kirk, and Gridley, a county deacon. Ross had left behind, pressed in through the patio window, which was wide open, and a low cry brought my eyes to the west window. Caroline stood there, the window open at her back.

"Which of you found him?" Samuels demanded of Miss Jahries and Manning.

"I did," Miss Jahries lips were bloodless. "I was in the kitchen preparing dinner. I heard the shot and rushed out."

Manning began to sob hysterically.

"Shut up!" Samuels commanded. "Did you see any one in the hall or in this room, Miss Jahries?"

"No one," the housekeeper answered stonily. "No one but Grainger."

Samuels turned to Kirk and Gridley. "Have a look at those windows. He must have used one of 'em. And see if Lum We still is locked up. 'Johns, Annersley, Hendricks, the Ferris girl," he muttered, checking the missing. "Any one seen any of them?"

"Johns is in the fort tower," I told him. "At least, he was a few minutes ago."

"How many minutes ago?"

"Just before you showed us that boot."

"Celia and Annersley left by themselves some time ago," Mrs. Parados announced.

Samuels nodded and was reaching for the house telephone, a handkerchief in his hand, when Filque stopped him.

"You will first observe the position of the telephone!"

It lay on its side at the end of the writing table nearest the fireplace, the receiver off the hook.

"Somebody knocked it over," Samuels said irritably.

"I don't know. It isn't important. I want to know if Johns really is in his tower. That might be important."

With his handkerchief over his hand, Samuels held the receiver to his ear and pressed one of the buttons.

"Is that you, Johns? . . . This is Samuels. Come over to the library right away."

"Not important, the position of that telephone, you think?" Filque murmured. "Monsieur, it is the vital clew, the living tissue!"

"What are you driving at, Filque?"

The little man wagged a plump finger in Samuels' face.

"O'est différent, this murder. We hear the shot, we smell the powder. I find this on the floor," Filque held up an empty cartridge case, a forty-five.

"Where was this?" Samuels asked as he took the shell.

Filque pointed to the head of the bearskin rug across which the body lay.

"This is interesting," he continued, "but the important facts, the living tissue, are these: That the telephone is upset so, that Grainger is shot in the back as he lights the fire, and that both doors of the patio window are wide open—when M. Parados was shot they were closed, you will remember."

"All right," Samuels said abruptly. "Why not tell us what significance these facts have?"

Filque's smile was positively beatific.

"That I shall do, but not yet. At the finish we shall put the heads together—and then perhaps we shall have the big mystery."

Samuels shrugged, and turned again to Mrs. Parados.

"Have you any idea where Annersley and the Ferris girl went," he asked.

"I haven't," Mrs. Parados said. There was a deadness in her voice. I had the feeling that Mrs. Parados had not counted on this.

"Where were you when the shot was fired?"

"In my room dressing for dinner."

"Alone?" Samuels pursued.

Mrs. Parados lifted her eyes to his.

"Alone," she said coldly. "If you had been on your job this would not have happened."

(Copyright, 1929, William Morrow and Company)

A second murder mystery! It brings a startling revelation tomorrow.

DIPLOMAS PRESENTED PHOENIX GRADUATING CLASS OF HIGH SCHOOL

PHOENIX, Ore., May 27.—(Spl.) Commencement exercises for the graduating class of the high school were held in the gymnasium Friday night.

The largest graduating class in some years was presented diplomas by the chairman of the board, H. W. Frame.

Those graduating were Myrna Pettus, Ortance Mayfield, Agnes Colver, Ercel Young, Leah Deitrich, Joe Hartley, Eldred Colver, Harold Colver, Harold Fish, Bob Steadman, Ralph Swingle, Guy Corliss. Joe Hartley as valedictorian, gave a very interesting paper on "Education." Eldred Colver, salutatorian, gave equally as interesting a paper on "Don't Make Excuses, Make Good."

The commencement address was brought by Rev. W. H. Eaton of the Baptist church of Medford, who used as his theme "Standardization of Ideals."

Special music was furnished by the girls' choir. The boys' trio, Joe Hartley, Harold Fish and Robert Steadman, gave a selection.

The balfour award was presented to Joe Hartley. Each year this award is presented to one member of the senior class, who in the opinion of the faculty has been the best all round student in loyalty, scholarship and character.

EAGLE POINT HIGH GRADUATION HELD

EAGLE POINT, Ore., May 27.—(Special.) Class day exercises of Eagle Point high school were held Wednesday night. The program consisted of a skit, "Gypsy Camp." Mary Hannaford told their futures.

The second part of the program pictured them in 1940. The prophecy was humorous, each one becoming something opposite to his or her expectations at present.

The will was written by Sybil Parados, the history by Truth Piele and the prophecy by Kirk Piele. Ice cream was served to the students by the P. T. A.

Each of the teachers was given a token by the students.

Thursday evening, May 22nd the annual commencement exercises, class of 1930 were held in the Presbyterian church.

Professor Strange of Ashland Normal school was the speaker for the evening.

The class roll includes Enid Caster, Isobel Brown, Truth Piele, Kirk Piele, Mary Hannaford and Elsie Wilhite.

Salutatorian, Elsie Wilhite; valedictorian, Mary Hannaford.

Mr. Mittelsaech, chairman of the board of directors, presented the diplomas.

Grade graduates of Eagle Point picnic

EAGLE POINT, Ore., May 27.—(Special.) The seventh and eighth grades went on a picnic at Jackson Hot Springs Wednesday in five cars, driven by Mrs. Throckmorton, Mrs. S. Haley, Sybil Caster, Lyle Van Scoy and C. Haan.

The graduates were Vesta Matthews, Victoria Dabaack, Hazel Helms, Lucile Hurst, Dale Cox and Hazel Smith, and their success is our pride.

Miss Aitken, teacher of the intermediate grades took her pupils near Happy Camp.

John Robertson took all the children in his truck and all enjoyed a happy time with ice cream donated by the Parent Teachers association. The primary room held their picnic at the H. W. Ward ranch near Eagle Point Tuesday. Mrs. Clements, Mrs. Adamson, Mrs. Carlton, Mrs. Harbison and Mrs. Taylor took them in their cars and the children report lots of fun.

COLEMAN CREEK CLUB SHOWN VALUE OF MILK

PHOENIX, Ore., May 27.—(Spl.)—The Coleman Creek club held a very successful meeting Friday at the home of Mrs. E. E. Littlefield. Eighteen ladies were present. Mrs. Mack, home demonstration agent, was present and showed the use of dairy products. The ladies considered the meeting and demonstration very helpful.

Monday afternoon they entertained the Civic club of Ashland at the home of Mrs. Albert Sollis.

THURSDAY CLUB OF PHOENIX AT BRIDGE

PHOENIX, Ore., May 27.—(Spl.)—Thursday club met at the home of Mrs. George Coats for an almsday meeting. Mrs. George Coats and Mrs. Alvin Coats were hostesses.

Following luncheon bridge was enjoyed.

The place for the next meeting was not decided upon and will be announced later by the president.

Check Mailed SALEM, Ore., May 27.—(Sp.)

Checks covering the third dividend on savings department claims against the Ashby State bank, insolvent, of Portland, were mailed today to 1922 claimants by A. A. Schramm, state superintendent of banks. The dividend is 10 per cent and the total amount distributed \$24,694.94.

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FIRE INSURANCE SETTLEMENT MADE WITHIN TEN DAYS

Cole Holmes of the R. A. Holmes Insurance Agency gives the following reasons why no individual or firm can afford to be without fire insurance:

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"In most cases, the draft for payment of loss by fire is in the hands of the insured party within 10 days after the amount is determined, and the adjustment of loss begins within 30 hours after the fire." Mr. Holmes said today. In explaining the methods of settlement.

Fire insurance rates are lower now than they have ever been, and practically everyone realizes the importance of carrying adequate insurance on property of every nature.

Improvements in water supplies, fire fighting equipment, improvements in the inspection of premises by local and state officials, improvements in electrical equipment and the handling and distributing of gas and volatile fluids are some of the reasons for the increasing low rates on fire insurance, according to Mr. Holmes, who is one of the vice-presidents of the Oregon Insurance Agents' union.

The above improvements have been brought about entirely by ex-

perimental work and tests conducted by the underwriters' laboratories maintained by the National Board of Fire Underwriters in Chicago.

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SAMS VALLEY SCHOOL GRADUATION MAY 29

SAMS VALLEY, Ore., May 27.—(Special.) Commencement exercises for the Sams Valley graduates will be held Thursday evening May 29th at the auditorium. Mr. Neff of the Ashland Normal will give the address of the evening.

The six graduates are Juanita West, Arthur Straus, James McDonough, Don Seemiller, Glenn Holst and Steven Wilson.

The senior class play "Hurry, Hurry, Hurry" will be given tonight at Table Rock.

PHOENIX GRADE CLASS HAS MUSICAL MEMORY

PHOENIX, Ore., May 27.—(Spl.)—For several years past Phoenix grade schools have entered the

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SPANISH AVIATOR DOWN IN JUNGLE ARE REPORTED

MADRID, May 27.—(Sp.)—Missing Spanish aviators, Juan and Nunez, lost for several days in the wilds of Africa, have been found. They are safe and with tribesmen in the interior of Rio de Oro.

General Burgette and were forced down during a storm from Cape Juby to Spain.

Trans-Radio corporation reported them near Villa Cisneros on the coast of Africa. Trans-Radio and Fabra News agency both reported this information that natives had combined search for them.

Reuters' correspondent sent dispatch to London confirming finding of the fliers.

Fire Insurance the Bulwark of Trade

The volume of trade in the United States is estimated at more than 80 billion dollars annually. Probably 90 per cent of this is transacted on credit.

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