

SOCIETY

Bengtson-Benge Betrothal Announced in Heppner

Announcements have been received in this city of the engagement of Miss Loula Benge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Benge of Heppner, Ore., to Hilding Bengtson of Medford. Date for the wedding has not been told.

Miss Benge has been a member of the local junior high school teaching staff for the past two years and is a popular member of the local younger set. She is a graduate of the University of Oregon, where she was affiliated with Alpha Omicron Pi.

Mr. Bengtson is the son of Mrs. Bengtson of Denver, Colo., and is associated with the Jackson County Building & Loan association of this city.

Miss Liggett Leaves For School in Chicago

Miss Viva Grace Liggett, daughter of Mrs. Linna Looker who resides on North Holly street, will leave this evening by train for Los Angeles, where she will visit relatives before leaving for Chicago to attend school.

Miss Liggett will make her home with her cousin, Miss Ruth Liggett in Chicago.

Younger Misses at Girl Scout Camp

The Misses Margaret Mary and Janet Mann and Mollie Brown are among members of the very young set spending the summer at Willapa Pine camp. They were motored to the Girl Scout headquarters by Mrs. J. C. Mann.

Glover-Adkins Wedding Saturday

At a ceremony performed at the Christian church parsonage in Phoenix Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, Miss Ella Glover of Phoenix and Chester Adkins were married by the Rev. M. Brownrigg. They were attended by Miss Venita Gibbons, Mrs. Marvin Hagedale and Noel Kellogg, all of Medford.

The bride's mother, who also resides in Phoenix, entertained a number of their friends and relatives at a dinner Sunday. The couple left Sunday evening for Prospect, where Mr. Adkins is employed.

Mrs. Sleeter Hostess At Lovely Luncheon

An immense bouquet of blue delphiniums formed the centerpiece for the table yesterday afternoon at the bridge luncheon given by Mrs. R. W. Sleeter at her home on Siskiyou Heights. The bouquet was enhanced with candles and place cards in harmonizing shades of deep blue.

Following luncheon there were four tables of bridge in play. The luncheon was one of a series planned by Mrs. Sleeter for the summer.

W. W. G. Girls Will Entertain Thursday

The W. W. G. girls of the First Baptist church are giving a splendid program next Thursday at 8 o'clock in the church recreational hall. An ice cream social will be featured the same evening.

and the public is invited. No admission charges will be made.

Groups Meeting On Wednesday

Several events have been scheduled for tomorrow evening in church and lodge circles. The St. Ann's Altar society will give a home cooked dinner in the Parish hall, serving from 5:30 to 8 o'clock. The affair is in charge of Mrs. Weston and her committee.

The English Lutheran Ladies and their friends will meet on the lawn of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Fichtner's lovely home on South Holly for a 6 o'clock dinner.

Social night and the last session of the year has been planned for Wednesday by members of Reames chapter, O. E. S. Mrs. Fred Strang is chairman of the program for the evening.

Mrs. Sly Is Guest Of Parents Here

Mrs. J. A. Sly and son, Francis, of Vancouver, Wash., are guests in this city of Mrs. Sly's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Fabric, and will remain in Medford for the major part of the summer season.

Mrs. Caulfield Honored At Bridge Party Monday

Mrs. Emerson Merrick entertained at bridge last evening complimenting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Raymond Caulfield, who is her guest from Oregon City. There were three tables of cards in play.

Enjoy Motor Trip Over Week-End

Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Hutchison and daughter Fern, and Mrs. Wm. Vawter, Sr., spent Sunday motoring to Klamath Falls and Crater Lake and report a beautiful drive.

Mrs. Howard Vacationing At Diamond Lake

Mrs. W. W. Howard is spending several days this week at Diamond lake, enjoying the various events offered at the popular resort.

Mr. and Mrs. English Home From the South

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. English have returned to their home in Medford after spending the winter and spring in southern California.

Spending Summer At Brookings

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Gould and daughter Dorothy, and son, Emerson, are spending the summer at their cottage at Brookings.

Guests of Colvig at Colvig

Mr. and Mrs. Colvig Chausse and children of San Francisco were guests yesterday of Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Colvig of this city.

Garden Club to Meet Wednesday

The Garden club will have an important call meeting at the library Wednesday afternoon at 1:30. It was announced today, and all members are asked to attend.

Auto Pool Place For Grandmother Change Clothing

BLACKWOOD, N. J., June 22.—(AP)—Police Chief Quirk while out to stop changing of bathing suits in automobiles caught a grandmother. He was snatching around Blackwood lake when he saw a figure wriggling into a suit on the back seat of a touring car. It was Mrs. Frances Buckett, 80, of Waverly.

BREIER SECURES STORE BARGAINS

"Time and again I have been asked for an expression as to how I find business conditions back east, and what I find is the outlook for a return to prosperity," Mr. Breier remarked, following his return from his last buying trip east for the western chain of stores bearing his name.

"This is a question everyone is apt to ask in these uncertain times in the hopes of hearing something definite. However, on this score, wisest men than I have gone wrong in their predictions as to the trend of things. So, please put down what I have to say, simply as the observations of a conservative man."

"Conditions in the east and over the whole world, for that matter, are not indicating a quick revival of higher prices and renewed confidence. In fact, conditions are such, that it seems to take the wisdom of a King Solomon to know just where you are."

"Desirable and popular merchandise is no longer so plentiful, for more and more the mills refuse to manufacture goods unless they have orders for them, and buy like I have made on my last trip more than likely can never be duplicated, because surplus of all kinds of merchandise is more and more being wiped out. I feel that this is a most opportune buying trip, which was primarily for the purpose of outfitting the C. J. Breier stores for their Second Annual Super Sale, which opens Thursday, June 25th."

Radio Program KMED (Mail Tribune-Virgin Station)

- Tuesday
- 5 to 6—Lewis Super Station; Western Auto Supply; News and markets by Mail Tribune.
- 6 to 7—Philisbury Flour; Where To Go; Office Boy; Littrell Par.
- 7 to 8—Happiness Train; Jackson Co. Bldg. and Loan.
- 8 to 9—KMED presentation.
- Wednesday
- 7:55 to 8—Breakfast broadcast of news by Mail Tribune.
- 8 to 9—Treasure Box; F. E. Sampson Co.; Gold Seal.
- 9 to 10—Friendship Circle; Mann's Dept. Store; Pet Milk.
- 10—Weather forecast.
- 10 to 11—KMED presentation; Ward and Co.
- 11 to 12—Saidara Dairy; Burelson's Ladies Wear.
- P. M.—
- 12 to 1—Pruitt Radio Shop; Offutt Garage; Pierce Auto; Freight; Fisher Flour; News flashes by Mail Tribune.
- 1 to 2—Fisher Flour; Medford and H. Co.; Scientific Laboratories.
- 2 to 3:30—KMED presentation; World Bookman.
- P. M.—
- 4:30 to 5—KMED presentation.
- 5 to 6—Prosperographs by Medford Chamber of Commerce; Uncle Jerry; News and markets by Mail Tribune.
- 6 to 7—Mutual Mill; Where To Go; Insurance Bureau.
- 7 to 8—Happiness Train; Jackson Co. Bldg. and Loan.
- 8 to 9—KMED presentation.

LAD SPENDS RESTLESS NIGHT WARMING SNAKE

OKMULGEE, Okla.—(UP)—A night's sleep with a snake caused a seven-year-old boy near here no injury other than fright. Awakened early in the morning by the frightened cries of her son, pleading that there was something in bed with him, Mrs. Weaver arose and went to the boy's bed. She took the boy up and quieted him, thinking that he had had a bad dream.

Then she laid him back in bed, where he slept until breakfast. In removing the cover, while making the bed, Mrs. Weaver was startled when a large copperhead snake dropped to the floor. It was believed the snake had crawled into the house in search of warmth.

Mad Pursuit

BY JESSIE DOUGLAS FOX

SYNOPSIS: Despite his recent marriage to his step-sister, Damon, Jon Thayer wants Nora Lake, widow of his brother Nicholas, to go away with him. Now he knows she had no part in her father's attempt to pose as the partner of Nicholas' picture, although Damon plans to prosecute him for the fraud. Nora tells the friendly Dr. More that she may close with Jon, and meets his protests by reminding him that he himself is in love with her cousin, Frances, whose husband, after a long desertion, has planned to return. Terminating the heated scene that follows, he kisses her roughly and says she'll not forget him. With Nora's anger cooled, Fran returns from the sanatorium where she had gone for her health.

Chapter 33

FRAN AND FERGUS

ALICE crowded between Fran and Nora as they went up the stairs, her curly hair against Fran's skirt, while Dickie lagged behind as far as possible. In the children's bedroom Fran stuffed Dickie's fat body into his flannel pajamas and Alice leaned above her, giving her mother little light kisses on her hair and cheek and neck.

Fran lighted the night light, opened the window, tucked Dickie up again and brought the last drink of water, standing a moment to look down at his long black lashes lying on his satin smooth cheeks.

But at last they were alone in Aunt Em's room—Nora at the foot of the bed, Fran in the low rocking chair, looking about the shabby pleasant old room as though she could not bear to tear her eyes away.

Fran's face was thinner, with a pleasant tan and a good color, and her eyes were clear.

"Tell me about everything!" Fran cried. "Your father? He's not come back?"

"Not a word from him. Yes, one telegram. 'All Quiet on the Western Front,'" Nora said.

But Fran did not mention Jon's name and Nora said nothing.

"But you, Fran, are you . . . well?"

"I'm better. Much better. And if I'm careful . . . did Fergus tell you we're going to Arizona?"

Nora's eyes widened. She waited tensely. Fran's low husky voice was going on quietly.

"David's going out to his uncle's ranch and we'll stay there for a while anyway. He's crazy to do it and the doctor thinks it's the best thing—David's been very good and I'll have the children. Oh, Nora, I have missed them so! It seems just to have them with me . . ."

"But Fergus?" Nora whispered. The name hung between them. It was as though it echoed through the room and sent back each time a louder whisper until the whole room seemed to ring silently with it.

Fran gave Nora a startled glance and looked down at her hands. She began to turn the loose gold band on her wedding finger.

"I was alone so much at the sanatorium. Things are different when you are far off from them. The mountains and the pines and the sky make all your own troubles seem so small. All you want for yourself . . . It made me think," Fran paused, and went on steadily, "that there is some plan larger than we know."

"But," Nora said, "you and Fergus . . ."

"He's five years younger than I. In the beginning before you came, he and I—he was a great friend to me," Fran said simply, "and I thought at that time—I was lonely, Nora, and he seemed so young and splendid and full of hope—that I, that he . . ." she could not go on. After a while she continued, "I had the children and that meant that all his future would be narrowed and I know, too, I wasn't strong enough. But I thought even then that some time I might let everything else go, that Fergus was worth it. But Nora," she looked up and smiled, "you came and everything was different. From the time Fergus first saw you . . . both of you so young and so different, well, I knew then that that was not to be my way."

They were silent as though they were listening for something.

"Fran, Fran, I didn't know," Nora went over and knelt down, putting her arms about Fran's thin waist, hiding her face against her bosom for a moment. "Didn't you hate me? Oh, Fran, you should have hated me!"

"I did at first," Fran said honestly. "Sometimes I thought, even then, that in the end he and I . . . but David has come back. He wants to make up to me for all those hard years. Not that I regret them. You have something when

you've been desperately poor, fighting with your back to the wall, a kind of fearlessness, a strength you win in, no other way. And David is changed too, Nora."

"Fran, you precious thing, you would think that way! If I didn't want things so terribly, if I were only brave like you!"

"But you are, Nora. You are! You'll be happy some day."

"Happy?" Nora asked. "It wasn't in my stars."

They heard Aunt Em calling at the foot of the stairs, softly, so that she would not wake the children. "Fran, Nora, we want you down here with us."

Nora knew that every moment of Fran's time was precious to her mother; though Aunt Em's fortitude bore her up; yet she guarded these last hours jealously.

Nothing lasted, Nora thought. You must hold very tight to the moment, for it would rush away and you would be left wondering why you had not known, until too late, that you had been happy.

In the dining room David and the children, Fergus and Hallie and Aunt Em were all talking gaily. Nothing, Nora knew, could ever divide them. There was more than the tie of blood, there was the deep knowledge of each other, the sacrificial love, the struggle that made them secure and strong against the world.

And as she watched them Nora wondered if this, after all, was what she had always longed for: this solidarity of the family, this was stronger than separation; this kinship that would always bind them to each other. Fran, Hallie, Aunt Em. The magic circle that held them close. This was security, this emotional need that had driven her on always. Fran might be gone a thousand miles away but Aunt Em and Hallie would never lose her.

Nora tried to set the table but she was so absent-minded that Aunt Em, laughing, told her to sit down. But she could not look at Fergus, and it seemed to her whenever she lifted her eyes that his were upon her.

She knew she would never forget that last dinner together, though what they said, why they laughed, she could not remember. When they had finished, David Lindsay began to talk of Arizona and his uncle's ranch.

Now and then Nora stole a look at Fergus' face, and her heart leaped with violence. He was suddenly quite strange to her, this man whom she thought she knew so well. She knew his awareness of all that went on around him, his sudden illuminating smile, his sweetness grounded in strength; but tonight his face was cold and strange and she knew he must be suffering because Fran was going away. She saw Fran's face, the dark eyes brooding, as she sat with Dickie pressed close against her heart. Why hadn't Fran gone away with Fergus? Was Fran too timid or too brave? Or was Fran facing a reality she herself had not yet found?

It was Aunt Em's unfaltering spirit that bore them up through those last days, while the preparations for Fran's going were moving steadily forward. The children were wild with excitement. Nora heard Aunt Em refusing any help from Fran with the words, "We'll be rich in March, dear." The last evening Nora came home from the office to find the family in a state of unexpressed excitement; the very air tingled with it. Hallie's cheeks were stained with dark color and Aunt Em had lost the strained expression she had worn all these days.

They said good-by next morning on the gritty platform. Fergus had Dickie in his arms. Alice was clinging to Nora's hand. Fran frankly wiped away the tears as she kissed her mother—good-by; but her mother's voice did not falter.

Fran said rapidly, "Don't be afraid to take any happiness that comes your way, Nora. You're young, you have everything before you."

"Oh, Fran, I shall miss you so," Nora cried, heavy with the sorrow of parting.

They watched them climb the steps, calling last futile words. "Be sure to write!"

"We'll be out to visit you before long!"

"Don't work too hard, Hallie! Smiles, tears in their eyes, the train sliding by, Alice's beautiful smile face pressed close to the window. They were gone.

(Copyright 1930 Jessie Douglas Fox)

The river? Why does the discouraged Julian go there tomorrow? Tremblingly, Nora trails him.



"Of course, it's Schilling's"

The finest flowers are not found in a weedy garden.

The finest things grow where only fine things are tolerated. Likewise, the finest things are made by those who make only fine things. Cheap things are like weeds. They are contagious. There is only one place in America where only fine coffee is produced. That place is the fragrant Schilling roasting room. No 2nd or 3rd grade coffees either enter or leave Coffee Schilling that place. There are no cheap blends, no dual standards of quality. There are many excellent coffees—but which one is apt to be uniformly good, day after day, week after week?

Schilling coffee

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Portland—L. H. Hoffman awarded general construction contract on will expend \$100,000 in special Waverly baby home, on low bid road work to give employment to \$54,497. Men without jobs.

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There's one certain way of avoiding risk. Ask for Kotex. Genuine Kotex. It's immaculately clean—made by wonderful, patented machines from start to finish, in surroundings of hospital cleanliness. Kotex is splendidly comfortable. It may be worn with perfect safety on either side. Soft, filmy layers make adjustment easy. Treated to deodorize. Readily disposable.

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins



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I DON'T mind admitting it in the least," says Mary Boland. "I'm over forty years old!

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