

DELAY OF DAY IN RESENTENCING SLAYER KINGSLEY

Re-sentencing of James E. Kingsley to hang for the murder of Sam P. Prescott, Ashland policeman, last January, scheduled for 10 o'clock this morning was postponed by Circuit Judge H. D. Norton until the same hour tomorrow to comply with the provisions of the Oregon law, requiring that 48 hours elapse between the filing of the supreme court mandate and sentencing.

NOVEL FEATURES MARK NEW MAJESTIC RADIOS

The secrecy which has been so carefully maintained for many weeks as to the new Majestic radio, and about which rumors have flown thick and fast in radio circles, was torn away this week as over twelve thousand dealers simultaneously presented a complete line of eight new models containing features nothing short of sensational.

LUMBER BILL UNPAID IS ALLEGED IN SUIT

The suit of the Medford Lumber company against S. H. Hawk, for the collection of \$707.21 alleged to be due on a house built by Joe Ogden, was started this morning before a jury in circuit court, and the trial is expected to take the better part of the day.

REDRESS SOUGHT FOR AUTO CRASH DAMAGES

Suit was filed in the circuit court this morning by Margaret Galligar of Rogue River against Gary Johnson and his wife, Estelle Johnson, for \$225, alleged damages to a Chevrolet auto, as a result of an auto accident on the Pacific highway near Rogue River July 26 last, at eight o'clock in the evening.

MOON OF DELIGHT by Margaret Bell Houston

SYNOPSIS: Juanita surprises the marquis in the act of robbing chests and drawers of Kirk Stanard's home and knows then that her chaperone is to blame for robberies among their friends. Without a farewell to their host or Nelly Belaise, his grandmother, Juanita, whom Kirk knows and loves as Senorita Flores, returns with the marquis to Divitt's gambling house.

Chapter 33 A NOTE FOR MOLLY

ALL that she could lose was lost. Juanita reflected. The burden that remained—faintness and foreboding, the black night, terror, love and heart-ache—the river would devour it all. Brown, sluggish waters that never told their secret...

"I know somep'n else," and as Juanita looked at him, "Meester Stanard come to de Tjion—many time. He telephone, too. One day when he come I am in de lobby, wipin' de tiles. He ask where you are and dey tell him you and de marquesa have go away. He say 'Where?' Dey tell him dey not know, but mebbey you will come back in lit' while. Dey say dey will tell you he call—when you come. He say, 'Let me know instead dat she is here.' He turn 'round, and look at me and say in low voice, 'Do you know where she is?' Now why he ask me dat?"

"No. De marquesa here too. I not even tell dat. But I am sorry I shek my head. He look so worry and he come so mooch. . . . He love you, Juanita? Yes. . . . And as Juanita turned her face away to hide the tears, "I know he love you. An' you love him. You cry his name when de fever burn you. You say too you will go police station and give yo' self up. You say mooch things, Juanita—but most you cry his name. An' so I know you love him. Dat is mebbe why I am sorry I shek my head. I wish mebbe he would find you, and tek you 'way."

"He must never find me here." "Why? Eef you are here he cannot find you someheres else. . . . "He would not understand, Gabreau. I know what he believes of women in places like this. I know what he would believe of me." Gabreau nodded. "I know. Like Fifi. But me, I know when I see you. I not know sooch womens like you was in de worl'. I have only know like Fifi. But I know you when I see you."

"Dear Gabreau!" she said, and laid her hand on his. "But there are other reasons, too. I must never see him again, and since I have gone out of his life, I'd rather go without his knowing—this." It had grown dark in the room. Gabreau, with her hand on his, did not stir. His eyes were closed, yet light seemed all about him, a strange and holy flame enfolding him. Her hand left his, yet still he seemed to feel it there. Always he would feel it there. . . . He wondered if she still wept. She wept so silently, not like Conchita's weeping. Presently her voice came. "I'm going down tonight, Gabreau. I'll have to dress." "You—go down?" "Yes. Molly's note. I'm better now. And I want to see Molly."

GIRL'S DISCONTENT WITH EAGLE POINT LIFE TOLD COURT

During the course of a hearing this morning for the petitioned appointment of a guardian for Dorothy Lamb, 15, of the Eagle Point district, County Judge Alex Sparrow culmed a storm between Attorneys George M. Roberts and Gus Newbury, by vigorously pounding his table and declaring: "You fellows stop your howling or I'll conduct this case without lawyers." The warning came as a climax of heated questioning between Attorney Newbury and W. R. Lamb, father of the girl, when Attorney Roberts arose to assert, "I won't see anybody abused," and the court admonished, "You sit down, too!"

Rain falling in the court. Rain all day, all night. Breaking clouds. A filter of sunlight. More rain. Somewhat the parlor went on. Still Juanita, veiled and blind, moved about in the changed crowd. The little note from Molly—Molly's last message to her—had begged that she return. Molly had wanted to say more but all she had had time to convey was her wish about the shawl. Conchita knew already what Molly wanted with the shawl, having heard her say. But apparently Molly desired that Juanita should know too. Together they had folded it about her as she lay asleep, Molly looking all seraph at the last.

Juanita knew now that she would stay until the end, since Molly had wished it. But the end was not far. There was a new chief of police. Places like Divitt's were being closed daily under his regime. This would not happen to Divitt's unless it happened soon. The parlors would die of themselves, now that Molly was gone. Divitt's heart was not in them. He had come in but once in the five days since Molly died. If they revived it would be in the form of Divitt's Dive. Divitt would not need her—Juanita—then.

He had said nothing about her going again with the marquesa. Now that he knew she was aware of the rôle in which he had cast her, he had said no more. Release would come to her in some way before long. Divitt, if she knew him well, would pay her for her services in the parlors. She would go far away, even as Kirk thought already that she had gone. Rain falling all day, all night. A filter of star light. More rain. The marquesa sat in her room, listening to its drone on the balcony, its drip from the eaves. Divitt would not let her go down into the parlors. Divitt would not let her go out into the town. She and Juanita were supposed to have left New Orleans. "For your own protection," Divitt had said. "What with you and Juanita taking French leave of the Stanards—"

The Tjion had explained that Juanita had been taken ill that night, and that the marquesa had brought her home. Later the marquesa had written a note to Kirk, had written also to Mrs. Belaise under Divitt's direction. Juanita, wrote the marquesa, after being suddenly very ill, was able to travel. She—the marquesa—was taking her to a higher altitude. Where this higher altitude might be the Tjion was not instructed to say, nevertheless they were gone to it and the marquesa must not appear on the streets. The marquesa would not ordinarily have submitted to this cloistering. She would have withdrawn to freer air, if not indeed to higher altitudes. There were reasons however, for her lingering and lingering peaceably.

Society and Clubs Edited by Eva Nealon

Mr. and Mrs. Travis Much Feted Here This Week Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Travis, formerly of this city, now of Los Angeles, are spending their vacation in Medford this week and are the incentive for much entertaining.

A no-host dinner party was given in their honor Sunday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Orr and several other events are planned for the week. Those present for the Sunday event were: Messrs. and Mesdames T. G. Travis, Johnny Reed, G. L. Knight, W. E. Brayton, J. C. Thompson, A. B. Cunningham, O. O. Alenderfer, A. E. Edwards, O. L. Harding, A. B. Holt, C. T. Baker, A. P. Johnson, Everett Brayton, C. L. Sirange, W. F. Quisenberry, Larry Schade, and Mr. Harry McMahon of this city, and Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Brassfield of Portland and Mr. and Mrs. Orr.

In addition to the social events of the evening, the Travis' are enjoying many hours on the Rogue Valley golf course while here.

St. Ann's Altar Society Plans Card Party Opening the fall season, for which they have planned many activities, members of St. Ann's Altar society will be hostesses tomorrow afternoon at a card party in the Parish hall. Playing will begin at 2:15 with both bridge and five hundred included in the afternoon's program.

Lutheran Ladies' Aid Dinner Is Tomorrow The Ladies' Aid society of the English Lutheran church will serve a dinner tomorrow evening between the hours of 5 and 8, in the dining hall of the church. A large crowd is anticipated for the event, the first of the fall season sponsored by the society.

Pythian Card Party Is Tomorrow Evening The Pythian Sisters will entertain with a card party Wednesday evening at the K. P. hall. Playing will begin at 8 o'clock and the public is invited.

Wednesday Is Social Night for Eastern Stars Members of Reames chapter, O. E. S., will meet for social night Wednesday at the lodge hall. The program for the evening will be in charge of Mrs. Cordelia Barnes.

Mistletoe Club Meets Wednesday The Mistletoe club will meet tomorrow for an afternoon session with Nora Jones, 512 Pennsylvania street. Important business will be discussed.

Sheridan-McKinley dryer started operations on drying 1931 crop. Hood River—Apple Growers association started season.

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Mid-Victorian Hats Bringing Boom For Ostrich Feathers

LONDON (AP)—Revival of the funny little bowler hats of mid-Victorian days, has given new life to one of the world's waning industries, ostrich farming. Feather merchants of London and the continent, faced with the booming demand for ostrich plumes for use on the new hats, have issued urgent calls to the world's sources of supply for more feathers. Already three ships have been chartered to bring thousands of feathers from Port Elizabeth, South Africa, to London. A large number of incubators for ostrich eggs have been rushed over to Africa. Hattie Reames White, teacher of piano, High school credits given Studio, 220 Laurel. Phone 449-M.

BERLIN SLOT MACHINES SELL UMBRELLAS TOO

BERLIN (AP)—Pulling an umbrella from a slot machine to forestall a sudden shower is to be the next experience of this slot-conscious country. The contraption was shown at the Leipzig fair. For 12 cents it gives up an oil paper shelter which will suffice for one person through one shower. All of Germany's slot machines are taking the place of many former serving hands. Besides machines for postage stamps, cigarettes and candy, there are outfits that deliver beer or liquor, and an apparatus that gives up for seven cents a "hot dog" with mustard and potato salad.