

RECITAL GIVEN BY MRS. DOYLE

MRS. O. O. WINGFIELD, TENNANT, Calif., Dec. 29. (Special)—Mrs. H. T. Doyle gave a public musical recital Saturday evening at the church, which was enjoyed by a very appreciative audience.

I—"America" sung by audience, lead by double mixed quartette, with Patty Pennell, 19 years old at the piano.

II—Marie Murphy, 3 months of instruction, played four little pieces, and played a piece sung by her little sister, Adair.

III—Nan McLeod, six months' instruction, played 4 more advanced pieces.

IV—Alec Anderson, 2 1/2 months instruction, played two pieces and 2 duets with her sister, Bertha, who played the teachers part.

V—Kate Hamilton played several pieces, the words of which were sung by her little sister, Dean, Maude Ann Wilson and Betty Doyle.

VI—Leone McLaughlin played two piano pieces and a song which was sung by Virginia Friend and Kate Hamilton.

VII—The double mixed quartette sang "To a Wild Rose," and "The Orchestra."

VIII—Bertha Anderson, Virginia Friend and Gertrude Parker each played two piano solos.

IX—Patty Pennell gave a musical reading, and then played two piano solos and a duet with Mrs. Doyle.

X—Harmony Hawkins gave a musical reading.

XI—Mr. Frank Herzog sang two baritone solos.

XII—The audience sang Christmas Carol.

XIII—The program closed with a folk dance, "I'm Working on the Railroad," sung and danced by seven little "niggers."

Tennant people enjoyed the community Christmas tree and program Tuesday night at the church. Mr. Rowland Dowd and his Sunday school class of high school girls assisted by the school teachers had charge of the program as follows:

I—Hark the Herald Angels Sing, by audience.

II—Trimming the Christmas Tree, nine first graders.

III—"Chime and Carol"—upper grades.

IV—Recitation, "A Letter to Santa Claus," Katherine Marie Willbanks.

V—Christmas motion song—2nd and 3rd graders.

VI—Recitation, "Signs of Christmas"—Marguerite Erickson.

VII—Action song—"Little Town of Bethlehem," 5 little girls led by Mrs. F. M. McLaughlin, words sung by Mrs. R. Dewdney and Mrs. R. Carter, Mrs. H. Doyle at the piano.

VIII—"Folk Dance"—Children of first 3 grades.

IX—Selection by the double mixed quartette.

X—Piano solo—Patty Pennell.

XI—"Christmas dinner at Bob Cratchett's," 8 students of the upper grades.

XII—"Adeste Fideles" (in Latin), by the Latin class, followed by the song in English.

XIII—Recitation—"Bobbie Carter."

XIV—Reading—"A'sop to Santa Claus," Harmony Hawkins.

XV—Selection by high school Glee club.

XVI—"Silent Night, Holy Night," acted by a group of little girls, Hazel McDonald singing the words, Mrs. McDonald at piano.

XVII—Recitation—"The Broken Doll"—Nan McLeod.

XVIII—Dialogues During the Christmas Stocking—"Steve and Joe."

XIX—"Merry, Merry Christmas," by Phyllis Pennell and Hubert Goolsby. After which Santa Claus appeared promptly and distributed candy, nuts, apples and oranges.

Mr. Jack Hall passed away Sunday evening at his home on B. St., after an illness of only a few days, but developed pneumonia which proved fatal.

At the time of his death Mr. Hall was 30 years old, was a logging railroad engineer and had been with the Long-Bell Company 10 years.

Mr. Hall leaves his wife, Cleona Hall, father, Mr. J. J. Hall of Myrtle Creek, Oregon, his mother who lives in Tonah, Nevada, and one sister in Minnesota. The funeral was held Friday, Dec. 26th at Roseburg, Oregon.

at the Methodist church, conducted by the Elks lodge, of which Mr. Hall was a member, the interment at Myrtle Creek, Oregon, his old home.

Miss Margaret Cronise and Miss Carolyn Regar, two high school teachers, left Friday evening for their respective homes at Santa Barbara and Turlock, Calif.

Tex Hall, his mother, Mrs. J. P. Hall and his son, Dudley left Sunday morning by auto to spend the holidays at San Francisco and other California points.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hawkins and daughter, Harmony left Tuesday evening by auto to spend Christmas with Mr. Hawkins' parents at Dallas, Oregon.

Miss Lila McDonald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. McDonald arrived home Wednesday morning to visit her home folks during the Christmas holidays. Miss Lila is a nurse at Lane's Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.

H. J. Rottman left Tuesday evening to spend Christmas with his family at Oakland, Calif.

J. A. Pummer left the same evening for Galt, Calif., where his family reside.

Frank Herzog left Tuesday evening for Yreka, Calif., and Mr. P. J. Howard for Agate, Oregon, each to enjoy Christmas with their home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Kingsley left Wednesday morning to spend Christmas with Mrs. Kingsley's parents at Trail, Oregon.

Among those who were business visitors at Klamath Falls, Ore., Wednesday, were O. O. Wingfield, Henry Ascher, Charles Stokes, Wm. Walwyn, and Ralph Yake. Mr. Wingfield and Mr. Yake returned the same evening. Mr. Walwyn and Mr. Yake will remain over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay Parker, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Willbanks and daughter, Katherine Marie spent Christmas day with relatives and friends at Klamath Falls, Ore.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Murphy of Yreka, Calif., Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Foster and children of Klamath Falls, Oregon, ate Christmas dinner with Mr. Murphy's and Mrs. Foster's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Murphy.

Mr. W. P. Counts left Thursday morning for Grants Pass, Oregon on business.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McLeod and children and Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Van Dyke left Friday to spend the week end at Klamath Falls, Ore.

Murder At Bridge

by ANNE AUSTIN author of "THE BLACK PIGEON," "THE AVENGING PARROT" and "MURDER BACKSTAIRS" CHAPTER XXX

It was exactly 12 o'clock when Lydia Carr, accompanied by Detective Collins of the homicide squad carrying a small suitcase, arrived at the district attorney's office.

"I kept my eye on her every minute of the time to see that there wasn't no shenanigans," Collins informed Dundee and Sanderson importantly, callous of the fact that the maid could hear him. "But I let her bring along everything she said she needed to lay the body out. Was that right?"

"Right!" agreed the district attorney, as Dundee opened the suitcase upon Sanderson's desk.

The royal blue velvet dress lay neatly folded, on top. Dundee shook out its folds. It looked remarkably fresh and new, in spite of the years it had hung in Nita Selim's various closets, preserved for only God knows what tender memories. Perhaps the beautiful little dancer had intended all those years that it should be her shroud.

"Oh, its lovely!" Penny Crain, who was looking on, cried out involuntarily. "It looks like a French model."

"It's a copy of a French model. You can see by the label on the back of the neck," Lydia answered, her one good eye softening for Penny.

"So it is!" Dundee agreed, and took out his penknife to snip the threads which fastened the white satin, gold-lettered label to the frock.

"Pierre Model. Copied by Simonson's—New York City," he read aloud, and slipped the little square of satin into the envelope containing the murdered woman's will, for temporary safekeeping.

"Well, Penny, I'm glad you like the dress, for I'm going to ask you to do the mannikin stunt in it as soon as Carraway arrives with his camera."

Penny turned very pale, but she said nothing in protest, and Dundee continued to unpack the suitcase. His masculine hands looked clumsy as he handled the costume slip and miniature "dancing set"—brasieres and "step-ins"—all matching, of the finest flesh-colored chiffon and fine lace. His fingers flinched from contact with

the switch of long, silky black curls.

"She bought them all after we came to Hamilton," Lydia offered in her harsh, flat voice, pointing to the undergarments. "Then black moire pumps and them French stockings are brand new, too. . . . Hundred-gauge silk them stockings are, and never on her feet—"

"Ready for me?" Carraway appeared in the doorway, carrying his biggest camera and tripod.

"Yes, Carraway. . . . Just the dress, Penny. . . . I want full-length front, back and side views of Miss Crain wearing this dress, of course. Better take the pictures in Miss Crain's office," Dundee directed. "You stay here, Lydia. I want to talk with you while that job is being done."

"Yes, sir," Lydia answered, and accepted without thanks the chair he offered.

"I suppose you have read the Hamilton Morning News today, Lydia," Dundee began, when the door had closed upon Penny and Carraway.

"I have."

"May I have that paper, chief?" "Thanks! Now Lydia, I want you to read again the paragraphs that are headed New York, May 25, and tell us if the facts are correct."

Lydia accepted the paper and her single eye scanned the following lines obediently:

New York, May 25. Mrs. Juanita Leigh Selim, who was murdered Saturday afternoon in Hamilton, . . . was known along Broadway as Nita Leigh, chorus girl and specialty dancer. Her last known address in New York was No. . . . West 54th street, where she had a three-room apartment. According to the superintendent, E. J. Black, Mrs. Leigh, as he knew her, lived there alone except for her maid, Lydia Carr, and entertained few visitors.

Irving Wein, publicity director for Altamont Pictures, when interviewed by a reporter in his rooms at the Cadillac hotel late today, said that Nita Leigh had been used for "bits" and as a double

would she have asked him to rig up a bell from her bedroom to mine if it was him she was afraid of?"

"A bell?" Dundee echoed.

"Yes, sir. It has a contraption under the rug, right beside her bed, so's she could step on it and it would ring in my room, which was underneath Nita's room."

Sprague bought the wire and stuff, bored a hole through her bedroom floor and fixed it all himself."

"Did anyone know Nita had taken this precaution to protect herself?" Dundee asked.

"Miss Lois did, because one day not long ago she stepped on it accidentally, when she was in Nita's room. The bell buzzed in my room and I came up to answer it, and Nita explained it to Miss Lois."

So that was why no attempt had been made to murder Nita while she slept! Dundee told himself triumphantly. For, of course it was more than probably that Lois Dunlap had innocently spread the news of Nita's nervousness and her ingenious method of summon help instantly.

There came a knock at the door.

"Come in! . . . All finished, Carraway? . . . Fine! I'd like to see the prints as soon as possible, and now I'd like for you to go over to the morgue with Lydia, and wait there until she has the body dressed in these clothes, and the hair done according to the instructions Mrs. Selim left. . . . I'll leave the point to you, but I want a full-length picture as well as a head portrait."

As Lydia's work roughened, knucky hands were returning the funeral clothes to the suitcase, another question occurred to Dundee.

"Lydia, did you know, before I questioned you at the Miles house yesterday, that Sprague had left in the bedroom upstairs?"

Her scared cheeks flushed livid, but the maid answered with defiant honesty: "Yes, I did! He spoke to me through my basement window just before you came running down to talk to me. He'd sneaked back, but he could tell from seeing your car outside that you was there, and he asked me to go up and get the bag and set it outside the kitchen door. I said I wouldn't do it; it was too risky."

"Then you were pretending to be asleep when I entered your room?"

"Yes, I was! But I had been

asleep before Mr. Sprague called me. While you was hammering at me about Nita burning my face I heard Mr. Sprague open the kitchen door. He had a key that Nita had given him. He didn't hardly make any noise at all, but I heard it, because I was listening for it. . . . You'd left the door to the basement stairs open, and my door, too, so I heard him."

"Did you hear him come down?"

"Yes, I did! There's a board on the back stairs that squeaks, and I heard it plain, while you was still at me, hammer and tongs," Lydia answered. "He was in the house not more'n two minutes, all told, and when I figured he was safely out, I went upstairs with you to show you the presents I'd given Nita after she burnt me, to prove I'd forgive her."

"Why didn't you tell me, Lydia? Why did you protect Sprague? I know you don't like him," Dundee puzzled.

"I wasn't thinking about him," Lydia told him flatly. "I was thinking about Nita. I didn't want any scandal on her."

"Are you prepared to swear Sprague had time to do nothing but go up to the bedroom and get his bag?"

"I am!"

When Lydia and Carraway had left together, Dundee rose and addressed the district attorney:

"I'm going out to the Selim house now, to look for that secret hiding place where Roger Crain kept his securities, and which Judge Marshall evidently displayed to Nita, as one of the charms

of the house when she 'rented' it." "Why not simply telephone Judge Marshall and ask him where it is?" Sanderson asked reasonably.

"Do you think he'd tell?" Dundee retorted. "The old boy's no fool. Even if he didn't kill Nita himself and hid the gun there, my question would throw him into a panic of fear lest one of his best friends had done just that. . . . No, I'll find it myself, if it's all right with you!"

(To Be Continued)

FRANKFURT, Germany—One of the strangest fairs in the world is to be held here soon. It is an insect fair at which collectors from all parts of the world gather to display their rare butterflies, moths, beetles, grasshoppers, flies, crickets and other insects. Huge sums of money are exchanged in sales of these insects between various collectors.

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fight coughs to the limit from the start. Because of this expensive combination, Cremulson costs a little more than lesser helps. The price is \$1.25, but your druggist guarantees it. He returns your money if you ask for it. A three-day cough is a danger signal. There you must use Cremulson to be sure. But it is wise to trust any cough to lesser help when the utmost is at your command? You never know where a cough may lead. Treat it with the best you know.

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