

MERRILL SCENE OF FARM SHOW

MERRILL, Ore., March 17. (Special)—One of the most successful farm machinery demonstrations ever held in Southern Oregon occurred here Tuesday when the Oliver Farm Equipment Day was finished.

The Sanford & Company general store sponsored the event and farmers from all over Klamath Basin assembled to hear the lectures on the operation of the different machines.

About 1,400 Present
A line of machinery for farm work such as never before has been shown in the county was exhibited and demonstrated. That there has been a marked advancement of farm machinery was plainly to be seen. Sanford Jones, of Sanford & Co., and Ed. Reed, Charles Harrison and George Hall, of the Mitchell Lewis & Staver Co. of Portland, state distributors of the Oliver Farm Equipment Co., acted as hosts for the occasion and served sandwiches and coffee to the crowd of about 400 who attended.

Old Days Recalled
The event harked back to the days when farming was the most interesting industry before the tragic days when industry almost depleted the ranches of the population. Here at Merrill people from all over this section assembled, all thoroughly interested in farm operation and they listened intently to learn more about the farm machinery on display.

Merrill is now recognized as the distribution center for farm machinery for this section and the representatives of the Oliver people took this into consideration when placing their demonstration program at Merrill.

Sanford & Company's general store here has the Oliver distribution contract for all of Klamath and Lake counties. It is the policy of the company to put special men in charge of agricultural implement section of its business and render personal service to every rancher.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

In pursuance of a decree of foreclosure and order of sale, made and entered in the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Douglas County, on January 6, 1931, in the suit of The Roseburg National Bank, plaintiff, vs. E. K. McLendon, Helen McLendon, Dr. R. P. Landis, Nu-Life Mills Inc., a corporation, E. W. Haas, L. C. Haas and William Berdine, defendants, for the recovery of the sum of \$6,689.35, with interest thereon at eight per cent per annum from said date until paid, the further sum of \$460.00 as attorney's fees, and plaintiff's costs and disbursements, taxed at \$21.20, on which judgment \$3500.00 has been realized by sale of Douglas County real property, and of an execution upon said decree duly issued out of said court on the 10th day of March, 1931, I will expose for sale and sell at public auction, as the law directs, at the court house door of Klamath County, Oregon, in the city of Klamath Falls, Oregon, on Saturday, the 18th day of April, 1931, at ten o'clock a. m., the real property situated in the county of Klamath and state of Oregon, and described in said decree and order of sale as follows, to-wit:

All the following described portion of Lot one (1), Block twenty-five (25) in the town of Linkville (now city of Klamath Falls), Oregon, to-wit: Beginning at the southeasterly corner of said lot; thence southwesterly along the southerly line thereof 29 feet to the southwesterly corner of said lot; thence northwesterly along the line between Lots one (1) and two (2) of said block and at right angles to Main street 100 feet; thence northeasterly and parallel with Main street 29 feet to the westerly line of Payne alley, thence southeasterly along the westerly line of Payne alley 100 feet to the place of beginning, being 100 feet in depth on Payne alley by 29 feet frontage on Main street. Said sale will be made for cash in hand, and will be subject to confirmation by said court.

Dated at Klamath Falls, Oregon, March 18, 1931.
L. L. LOW,
Sheriff of Klamath County, Oregon.
By ANNE TRUE, Deputy.
M18-26-A18,15

Stomach Ulcers, Gas Pains Healed

No Diet. Absolutely Guaranteed Or No Pay

Currier's Tablets are guaranteed to quickly stop ulcers and gas pains, then banishing the cause of these distressing conditions or no pay! You can prove the healing worth of Currier's Tablets without risking a cent.

Currier's Tablets are compounded in accordance with the latest medical knowledge and practice in the treatment of stomach ulcers, indigestion and gas pains.

Write today for full free information.

Currier's Tablets, Inc., Dept. 22, 100 North Vine St., Los Angeles, Calif.—Adv.

MAID MARRIAGE

by LAURA LOU BROOKMAN 'Author of HEART HUNGRY, etc.'

CHAPTER XIII

It was plain from Wallace's manner that what he had to say was important.

"It's about my family," he said. "I'd rather tell you myself than have you hear it from anyone else."

Gypsy waited. Her heart was beating rapidly. There was nothing that she could think of to say. "Last night," went on Wallace. "I told you I'd lived with my aunt ever since I was a kid. Aunt Ellen was my father's sister. She never married. I was 12 when my mother died. Pneumonia. She was sick less than a week with it. Father was away on a business trip and he didn't get home in time. When he did—I guess it was rather terrible. They'd never been separated before for more than a day in all the time they were married. Well, two weeks later Father shot himself."

Gypsy's shocked "Oh-h!" was involuntary. The exclamation went out before she could stifle it.

Wallace was watching her. "Most people," he said, "seem to think it's sort of a disgrace. That's why I wanted to tell you myself. Somehow I can't think of it that way. To me it's grown to be beautiful."

Gypsy nodded slowly. He could barely hear her words. "It must have been awfully fond of her," she said. "He must have loved her."

"He left a note. I think Aunt Ellen has it yet. All it said was that he couldn't live without her and he didn't want her to be anywhere alone. Of course I didn't understand it at the time. Tough for a kid to lose both parents but Aunt Ellen did everything anyone could to make up for a father and mother both."

Gypsy put out one hand and laid it on Wallace's arm. "I'm glad you told me," she said. "Jim Wallace looked out the window after that and the girl had no way of knowing what he might be thinking. He turned his head again when she spoke."

"Your Aunt Ellen—," Gypsy began. "Do you think she'll like me?" An uncomfortable premonition was stirring at the girl's heart.

"Of course she will," Wallace assured her with bland masculine serenity. "Why shouldn't she?"

Gypsy smiled. "Lots of reasons," she said. "She'll be glad to see you," the young man insisted. "She's been telling me for the last six months that I ought to get married. That I should settle down."

It was on the tip of Gypsy's tongue to ask if his aunt wanted him to marry or if she wanted him to marry a particular girl. That would make a difference. Then she remembered it would hurt Jim as much to talk about his former fiancée as it was hurting her now whenever she thought of Alan Crosby. Poor Jim—it must be a trying morning for him too.

Perhaps Aunt Ellen would be glad to see her. Anyhow she would try to think so.

Wallace held up his wrist and looked at his watch. "Twelve o'clock," he announced. "Are you ready for lunch?"

Gypsy said she would rather wait. For half an hour Wallace devoted himself to his newspaper and the girl stared at the printed pages before her. Not once in that half hour did she turn the page. Then a colored boy in stiff starched white uniform came through the car sining out, "Luncheon now being served in the dining car!" Wallace glanced over the top of the newspaper and Gypsy nodded to signify that she was ready.

A solicitous head waiter ushered them to a table in the center of the car and offered the menu. Only about half of the places at the other tables were occupied.

Across the car at the right Gypsy noted the woman with the beautiful pink wrap. She was eating her luncheon alone. Gypsy glanced at the young man facing her and felt a thrill of possession. He was her husband—and a husband to be proud of!

Whatever madness she had committed, however much she might later regret the morbid events, Jim Wallace looked strong and dependable, and a young man to be relied upon.

She began to notice attractive features of his appearance that had not impressed her before. Not of course, that he was handsome. Jim Wallace was almost the exact opposite of the type of man Gypsy admired most. His face was ruddy, but it suggested days in the open with the wind whipping against his cheeks. It was the ruddiness that goes with bright blue eyes and with flaming hair. Twice that morning Jim had surprised her with a quick, flashing smile that was like sunlight on steel. The smile had completely transformed him. Most of the time, however, he was sober-faced, and the eyes held a look which Gypsy could not understand.

She noticed for the first time that Wallace's chin might have been modeled from the figure of an athlete in a Grecian frieze. Strange. Splendid. Firm. She looked at the well-tailored, careless look of his clothes. Gypsy heaved a tiny sigh. Her husband!

Now Wallace was frowning over the menu. "What would you like?" he asked. "Any suggestions?"

"I'm not very hungry," Gypsy admitted. "Do you good to eat. I didn't have much breakfast myself. How would you like to start with oysters?"

She might have informed him that her own breakfast had been exactly one cup of black coffee, but she did not. "I'd rather have fruit," was what she answered. "Is there grapefruit?"

Yes, there was grapefruit. Wallace ordered blue points for himself. After that they had chops and a salad of vegetables and Gypsy

chose ice cream for dessert and her husband ate a large wedge-shaped portion of apple pie.

They were having the dessert when Gypsy smiled across at him. "Here," she said, cutting into halves the tiny square of cake that was served with her ice cream. "You must eat half. It's the wedding cake."

Wallace flushed. "Not much of a party, I guess, is it?" he said. "We'll have to make up for it when we get home. Have a dinner party with one of those fancy cakes two feet high."

Gypsy shook her head. "I'd rather not," she said. "I like this way better." She held the plate for him to take his half of the bit of cake with its hard, dry icing. It was not very good cake, but each of them ate it. They had coffee and then went back to the other car.

It was a long afternoon. There were a dozen things about the new life in Forest City that Gypsy would have liked to ask about, but she was hesitant. She wanted to know about the house. All he had told her was that his grandfather had built it and three generations of Wallace had lived there. She wondered about his friends. They would come to call on her, she supposed. Gypsy had heard that people in small cities were neighborly, always "dropping in" in friendly fashion. It was a little frightening.

She gazed out the window for long periods at a time, staring at the countryside. Often they passed through towns without stopping. Did the little towns feel sighted, Gypsy wondered?

Wallace had met a man in the club car who knew one of his clients. He came back to Gypsy, mentioning the fact. She told him she did not mind being alone, and soon he was gone again.

Now it was 4 o'clock. Two and a half more hours and they would be in Forest City.

"Another hour and Alan will be leaving the office," Gypsy thought to herself. "What is he going to do tonight? Why does he make a difference to me? He said he was going to paint Mrs. Langley's picture. There's where he'll be, of course. When will he find out I'm gone? If he should telephone Mrs. O'Hare's they'd tell him—, if he'd telephone tonight—but he won't. He'll find out, though. Some day he's sure to know about it!"

She thought about writing a letter to Jean Foster at the office and while she was thinking about it had the grace to blush. It was because she was groping for some way to reach Alan that she had considered writing to Jean. Had she forgotten that she was married?

Gypsy turned away from the car window. It was the flying telephone poles, the flying houses and towns that had inspired such thoughts. The landscape seemed to jeer back at her: "You're running away—but you can't! You're running away but your thoughts won't let you!"

It only there was something she could do. Gypsy looked down at the purse in her lap, mechanically opened it and drew out the red-enameled vanity case. She snapped the lid back and inspected herself in the mirror. The reflection was not flattering. Gypsy patted powder on her nose and chin. Then she reddened her mouth with lipstick, smoothing it with her little finger to make it even. She was trying to get her hair into order when the magazine in her lap fell to the floor.

"Let me get it for you!" The young man in gray who had been walking through the car smiled as he returned the magazine.

"Thank you," Gypsy's tone was cool and dignified.

The young man hesitated, apparently thought better of it and went on, disappearing through the car door.

Gypsy laid aside the magazine. She found half buried beneath a coating of snow in a lonely clearing in a forest preserve last night, suddenly shifted to the state of Virginia today. The woman had been missing since March 2. Apparently she had been slain with a heavy automobile wrench.

While police were questioning Frank J. Murray, Chicago representative of an eastern engineering firm, who had been an admirer of the woman for 17 years, his brother D. J. Murray arrived at the station with a special delivery letter from Sheriff Thomas B. Fleanor of Jonesville, Va., saying that Murray's car was found there.

In a subsequent long distance phone conversation, Fleanor told Chicago police that two men abandoned the car there either the morning of March 3 or 4. They were attempting to steal another automobile when Fleanor discovered them. They fled when he tried to arrest them.

After talking with the Virginia sheriff, police announced that Murray and Arthur Dorion, to whom Miss Newby was reported to have been engaged, would be held only to appear at the coroner's inquest this afternoon.

Murray did not report the woman's disappearance until nearly a week after it occurred because he did not want his wife to learn of his affair with her. He identified the body.

It was fully clothed. Her hat was found nearby, stained apparently by blood. A half bottle of liquor was also found.

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Justice of the Peace W. B. Barnes yesterday continued the case of the State vs. Vincent L. Swinney, charged with kidnapping until March 21.

The complaint charges that Swinney kidnapped his children, Peggy M. and Gail G. Swinney, by keeping them longer than the time allotted to him under terms of a divorce which also grants the care and custody of the children to their grandmother, Ella Giasler, Lakeview, who is the complaining witness in the case.

"This way out!" came the conductor's voice. "This way out!" They stepped down to the platform. "Over this way," he said. "We'll get ahead of the rush."

Gypsy took a quick glance around her, but before the conductor's picture took organized form she had been whisked into a cab. She heard Jim give the address and they started down the street.

A moment later his voice started her. "Do you think," Jim Wallace was saying in a cool, restrained tones, "it was necessary to make a spectacle of yourself flitting with Frank Gibson?"

(To Be Continued)

TODAY IN KLAMATH'S THEATRES

AT THE NEW VOX

Very few people realize with what rapidity and accuracy the prisoners in all State penitentiaries flash important news to their fellow convicts. They have a method which enables them immediately to communicate information over the entire prison in the space of a few moments.

This system consists of "tapping" with a metallic object against the wall of the cell of the framework of cots. Practical employment of the method is seen to particular advantage in Columbia Pictures' epic of prison life, "The Criminal Code," now at the New Vox theatre.

In this picture a new and despicable Warden comes into power. Everyone in the prison knows of his presence within fifteen minutes of his arrival, even those in the enclosed basement dungeons. "The Criminal Code" is a complete with romance and thrills. It is a poignant love story—the seeming hopeless love of a youthful convict for the warden's daughter. Two riots, a jail break, and many other startling scenes are featured. Walter Huston is starred. He is supported by a brilliant cast which includes Constance Cummings, Phillips Holmes, Boris Karloff, Arthur Hoyt, Mary Moran and many others.

Howard Hawks has done a notable job with the direction of "The Criminal Code." His is one of the great directorial triumphs of the year—the picture is a great romance, appealing and eminently worthwhile.

Gibson was as tall as Jim and slim. His features were regular. He had dark hair and gray eyes and above his lip there was a closely-clipped black mustache. There was a slight similarity about his face to some movie actor, Gypsy told herself, but she could not remember which one.

The young man remained with them until the brakeman appeared, calling out "Forest City!" Most of the time Gibson talked to Gypsy. Occasionally Wallace put in a word. As the train slowed before pulling into the station Gibson said goodbye, and left to get his baggage.

Gypsy was tugging at her hat. Jim had his coat on and the porter was brushing it. Suddenly the train stopped.

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for grade A pure raw milk from tested Jersey and Guernsey cows, produced and bottled in a plant that has conformed to requirements

Call 187W2 We Deliver (Joe Keller)

This is one Dry Cleaning organization that is making no effort to hold up prices when everything else is down.

Men's Suits Cleaned and Pressed \$1

All Ladies' Work at Low City Prices

We cannot afford to give you anything but the BEST in dry cleaning regardless of price.

Quality Guaranteed
New Method Cleaners
Ph. 782. 1453 Esplanade

WEALTH

is "a large aggregate of property,"

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Unless you inherit wealth, however, you cannot accumulate "a large aggregate of property" without beginning in a small way by saving and investment. The California Oregon Power Company provides, in its preferred shares, a medium for the investment of your savings and the gradual accumulation of wealth.

For information write to
Investment Department
Medford, Oregon.

THE CALIFORNIA OREGON POWER COMPANY
(New Partners Always in Progress)

Slain Woman Half Buried in Snowbank

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Instruction School Planned by W.C.T.U.

A school of instruction for the public will be held at a date to be announced later it was stated yesterday following a meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union which was held at the home of Mrs. George Grizzle, with Mrs. Frances Boyd, president, presiding.

The public meeting will be an all-day convention when a state speaker for the W. C. T. U. will give an address and other temperance information will be given out.

It was also announced that blotters and other literature bearing messages advocating temperance will be distributed to school children and the public by the local W. C. T. U. soon.

A phosphorescent material is included in a new fly paper to make it luminous in the dark, attracting more insects.

LANDSCAPE YOUR GROUNDS NOW

While Prices Are Low

ONE DOZEN 2 to 3 FOOT FRUIT TREES \$6.00 PER DOZEN

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SIBERIAN ELMS Small and Large Siberian Elm, 2 to 3 Foot \$3.00 PER DOZEN

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Alert to the needs of the troubled motorist—Here is a service you will want to know about and use.

TOWING

Instant attention for the car at any time . . . a phone call brings us running—modern equipment—expert mechanics . . . The number is phone 790.

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NEW BUICK

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... you shift silently and expertly with Buick Syncro-Mesh

Everyone who drives a new Buick Eight is an expert gear-shifter—for, with Buick's Syncro-Mesh, you can shift instantly without the slightest clash, effort or hesitation.

With Buick Syncro-Mesh transmission you shift smoothly through all gears without pausing as instant in neutral. The result is not only more pleasant, more confident driving, but faster getaway in traffic.

Furthermore, Syncro-Mesh enables you to shift instantaneously from high to second gear, thus giving you complete control of the car on slippery roads, or when descending steep hills.

Come . . . take the wheel of the new Buick Valve-in-Head Straight Eight . . . a luxurious car so easy to drive, so powerful, safe and dependable that it outsells the 13 other eights in its price range combined!

Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing motor car values.

Owing to their popularity, the present models of 1931 Buick Straight Eights will be continued throughout the coming summer and fall.

THE EIGHT AS BUICK BUILDS IT

BUICK GARAGE

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM . . . A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE