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Children's Pleasure Column

Edited by Mary Ann

This department is for our younger readers. We want you to write freely, telling of your experiences, adventures and of interesting happenings in your neighborhood. Tell of your favorite books or authors, favorite flowers, etc. Original poems and stories will also be appreciated. Write with pen and ink on one side only of the paper. Do not use pencil. Help one another to make this page both interesting and instructive. Address your letters to Mary Ann, care Mail Tribune, Medford.



Dear Mary Ann:
I am enclosing a little poem I made when going to and from school.

"I That I Would Love to Do."
Oh, How I would love to take a hike,
Not in an auto, or on a bike,
I would take my tea,
And some honey for a little bee.

I would take my little dog, Reim,
For we should go upon a mountain green,
And then over a small hill,
Where stands and old mill.

I would pick flowers of many kinds,
With them, I would make a list that rhyme,
Such as daisies, cat ears and buttercups,
Bird pills, red bells and Johnny jump ups.

Over by the lake, so well, I know,
In my canoe, I would row,
Under a tree our things will spread,
And each bird filled with crumbs of bread.

When the sun is sinking near the sky,
We then will go by-by,
For we should go home again,
Before it should happen to rain.

This day I think I have well spent,
Without any such as rent,
Do you know what I would love to do,
Next time I will invite you.

Norma Reile, Trail, Ore, age 12.

The Salt Robbery
A big burly looking mastiff and as burly a master strode in at the "Lost" hotel, demanding a room and services immediately.

He also asked for wine at his meals. Now wine wasn't generally served at the hotel but one of the old gentlemen or managers had some so it was brought on more out of mere fright than hospitality, the never before had such a large, rude looking fellow been known to pass thru the gates of the hotel.

Well, when supper was served the stranger gave his name as Lander. His dog went to sleep under the kitchen table.

The cook, whose name was Tom Burr, and his young helper, John Gilbert, didn't notice him there until when, as the cook was out-side for a minute, a loud voice came from the doorway called sharply:

"Bump, here Bump." John glanced up and exclaimed "Wh—" but already the big dog had lumbered from his sleeping place, upsetting several milk pails on his way. Lander stood in the doorway.

In a minute both the man and dog had disappeared and the room was left to a returning cook and an excited boy who was preparing to clean up the mess made by the dog. The cook, of course, was never in a good humor, was angry and blamed the mischief on the dog. Lander, however, was a lot of explaining and quarreling. Tim Burr decided to demand damages.

Tim had not seen Lander yet so didn't in the least fear him. He started on the stairs but got only half way when there was a terrible clamor above. Before he had time to look down, the large dog, leaping down knocked him over, and had a little sack of something in his mouth.

John came to the rescue just as Lander fell head-long down beside Tim Burr, knocking them both senseless. Water was soon at hand and the cook and Lander were taken to bed.

Later John and some of the boarders went up to Lander's room. The floor was covered with just such sacks as the dog had had in his mouth. These sacks were filled with salt and a trunk standing open in the middle of the room suggested hasty packing.

John was very excited and didn't hardly know what to think but his thoughts were soon interrupted anyway for a sharp ring of the door bell brought him hurrying in that direction.

Thinking it might rest him to read the paper he sat down. The headlines which attracted his eyes read, "Big Salt Robbery." The mystery solved! Why, the robber was at that minute in his power. He started to call but checked himself and read farther down the page. Yes, there was a reward of one hundred dollars.

He hurried to the telephone and soon the police force was there. They took Lander and gave John the money. John having that much money in his possession at one time, left the next week, resolving never again to be a cook's helper even though through that position he won his reward and freedom.

Edith Sage, Central Point.

LITTLE VOICES

You have to hurry back again when you have been away
To know how much you missed the words the Little
Voices say:

You have to hear the clang of cars and autos all night long
To really quite appreciate this gentler evening song.

It's when your spirits' tired out, your heart one mass of scars,
You need the twilight's tenderness, the healing of the stars.

The little, little voices, the wind across the hill,
The sleepy twittering of birds, the owl, the whippoorwill,
The tree-toads and the Katie-dids, the rippled pools that show

White moon-beams dancing in their hearts, and dark
boughs bending low.

Thank God for the Little Voices that bind us to the farm!
Thank God for little feathered beasts that lean against
His arm!

Thank God that though our weary feet may journey far
far away,
We hurry back to hear the words the Little Voices say!

Home Decoration

By Jane Suedlicor.

This department on Home Decoration is for the benefit of all women who have household problems to solve. Queries pertaining to problems of this kind may be addressed to Miss Suedlicor, care of Women's Department of the Mail Tribune.

"Machines do not inlay and carve with any feeling. All a machine asks is that you require of it nothing which should be done by man. Nothing into which something of the human soul must enter to give it value. The vilest thing I ever saw was a mechanically operated violin."—Edwin Avery Park.

Query.—When should one use glass curtains and when may they be omitted?—Mrs. S. H. L.
Answer.—Glass curtains are necessary for a formal room, or where close neighbors make a semi-privacy desirable. If your outlook is not especially pleasing a thin material may be hung straight with or without side drapes. This will act as a veil and illusion. Often I advise the buying of good heavy drapes hanging them with rings so that they may be drawn, and then afterwards putting up glass curtains. This freshens the room and provides a desirable change at small cost.

Query.—How far back can one trace the origin of embroidery?—Mrs. C.

Answer.—In the Bible we read about "richly wrought fabrics which were used as curtains for the tabernacle, and the temple, and for the ceremonial garments of the priests." Moreover they shall make the tabernacle with ten curtains of fine twisted linen, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, with cherubim of cunning work shall thou make them! Exodus, 26th chapter. During the medieval period, artistic weaving and needle work was done in the monasteries. The best work now found in the English churches was done from the 12th to the 14th century. Monks in the abbey of Saint Florent of Samur made tapestry hangings as early as the year 985.

Query.—Should oil portraits ever be hung in a living room?—Mrs. H. D.
Answer.—A work of art always remains a piece of art forever, so if your portrait has been well done treasure it and display it as you would an old tapestry or oriental rug.

In the Month of July, 1928

On a thousand hills wheat shocks stand, rusty gold in the sun and among them tall sweating horses and bare-armed men; and in a thousand kitchens wend a bake and boil and fry, and through the heat haze billows the smoke of threshing, and whir of belts and throbs of engines, and shouts of workers. It makes me tired just to write it.

In July the birds are still, their throats grown dusty, or too busy with feeding their young; from morning till night they sit at it, and have scant time for melody. But if the birds are hushed, the insects have tuned up. Honey bees and bumblebees, and katydids and crickets, and tree toads and maybugs and others I cannot name, all busy with their instruments, and what a jazz band they make! I like them under the sweltering sun, but better at night, when the fireflies make of my meadow a sparkling pavilion for their ministry.

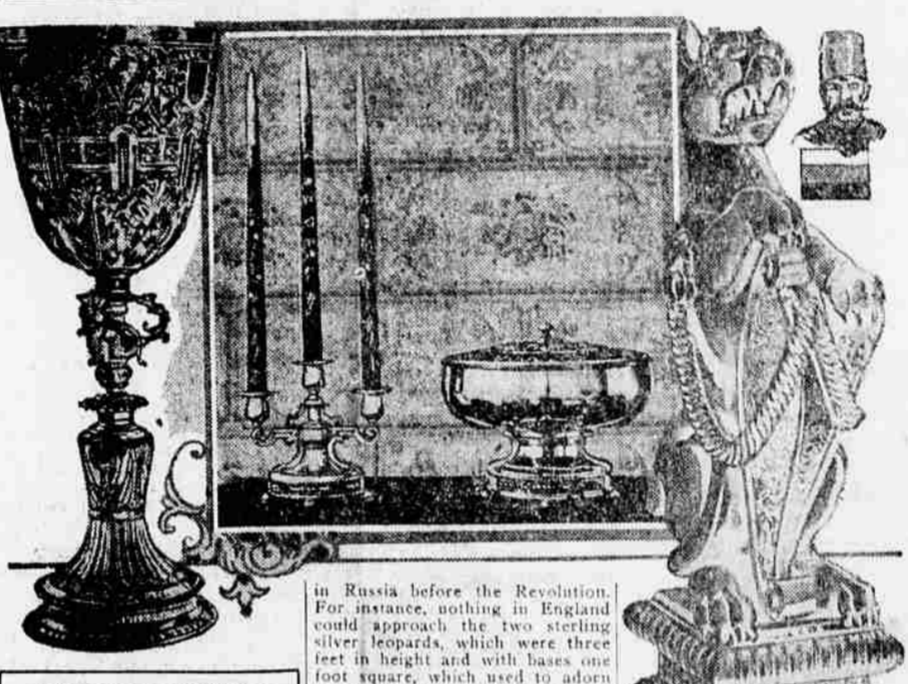
With the bird songs have gone the flowers. Only daisies and black-eyed Susans, and the graceful Queen Anne's lace remain. July has no time for adornment, she is a farmer, sweating at her task of growing things. Wheat and oats and rye are ripe, and blackberries and raspberries, and early apples and peaches, and late cherries, and gardens are gleaming. The farmer's crew will attend this for July feeds her tillers. Grain time, sweat-stash time, fliest chicken time, hayting time, harvest time.

Heat month, toil month, farmer month, corn month. There we've got it. July is the corn month. Although she wears the pasture, she drives the cattle panting to the shade, she is the saviour of corn. Corn requires sparse heat and July has it, and to spare, and under her fierce sun the blades crackle, and leap like children, delicious with the joy of life.

Did I say everybody works in July? Well, I don't. In July I like to be flat on my back in the deep woods and watch the birds and squirrels, and I do. Interest may accumulate and the mortgage grow, but let it. If I live

ROYAL STERLING

By Nina Chavchavadze
(PRINCESS PAUL CHAVCHAVADZE)



This series is an intimate discussion of that first possession of the household, sterling silver, by one who has an intimate knowledge of the arts and graces of the old courts of Europe. Princess Paul Chavchavadze, niece of the former Czar, now makes her home in America. In this article, the first of the series, she discusses the royal sterling of her native Russia.

RUSSIA
My own Russia, always a land of mystery to the western countries, adds another unexplained secret in the disappearance of the marvellous collection of sterling which belonged to the Czar. So far as we know, it has gone completely, perhaps to pay the expenses of changing governments in that troubled land.

And what a loss! For incredible as it may seem, the Czar's collection of English sterling surpassed the enormous collection in Windsor Castle, England. A reason for this was that throughout royal history in Europe, sterling silver was always a favorite gift from one monarch to another. Apparently the Great Bear of Russia, in those romantic and exciting days inspired the giving of tokens of good will, for we know that Elizabeth, James I, and Charles II of England all sent many gifts of sterling to the Czar. In 1594, Queen Elizabeth gave two tankard flagons to the Czar Ivan IV, (known as "The Terrible"), the last we knew, were in the Kremlin.

Richer than England
As in these days, decorative pieces for the houses and palaces were frequently wrought from silver of sterling fineness. The most sumptuous examples of old English sterling were to be found

in Russia before the Revolution. For instance, nothing in England could approach the two sterling silver leopards, which were three feet in height and with bases one foot square, which used to adorn one of the palaces of the Czar. I have seen a formal, yet gay, assembly of lords and ladies of the four Russian courts surrounding an enormous silver wine cistern which was nearly four and a half feet wide and three feet high.

In the winter palace at St. Petersburg there was another great English wine cistern wrought from sterling silver which, so the story goes, took twenty years to make. This may have been another of the gifts sent to the Russian court. It held sixty gallons!

Riches of the Court
Other items in the palaces of the Czar which contributed to the splendor and beauty of all court entertainments, were wonderful chandeliers of great weight, all of sterling silver and with nearly a four feet spread. There were many beautiful examples of sterling, which were used at important court banquets, service plates, tankards, bowls, salt-cellars, etc. There was one beautiful sculptural piece, a massive centerpiece of solid silver, displaying the figures of a couple, of the size and an intricate design of flowers, leaves, and bunches of grapes. Still another centerpiece, which was reserved for the most important and exclusive of functions, was the sterling representation of Bacchus and Eros, said to be valued at 500,000 gold rubles.

There was a great deal of French sterling in the Winter Palace. In fact one of the principal services was known as the service of Paris and, besides the knives, forks, and spoons, contained candelabra, clocks, plates, and plates, all in the same design as is the custom in America today where the silver service is all of the same pattern. Catherine the Great added much to the royal Russian collection. In fact one of the principal services was known as the service of Paris and, besides the knives, forks, and spoons, contained candelabra, clocks, plates, and plates, all in the same design as is the custom in America today where the silver service is all of the same pattern.

Color in Decoration
Color is one of the least expensive and most effective means of decoration. By its aid it is possible to make a room appear larger or smaller, higher or lower, warmer or cooler, and bright or dull, as desired.

STYLE GUIDE
When choosing materials for children's dresses select figured, plaid, or plain materials which are guaranteed not to fade. Small prints and plaids look fresh longer than the plain materials which readily show spots and wrinkles.

HOME EDUCATION

"The Child's First School Is the Family."—Froebel
Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City. These articles are appearing each Sunday in the Mail Tribune.

FOOLISH MOTHERS
Helen Gregg Green

Aunt Emmy Lou and I dropped in at Nana's as she was finishing a conversation with Teddy's teacher. "I don't know, I think his disposition might have been better," Aunt Emmy Lou fairly bit off the words. "It really couldn't be any worse than it is. And I do know he would have had more character and self-discipline and a lot more respect for his mother."

"Oh, Aunt Emmy Lou!"—the usually equable Nana began to be impressed—"surely it isn't as bad as that?"

"Didn't you just tell the teacher before Teddy that you couldn't do a thing with him?" Aunt Emmy Lou asked critically.

"Why, why?" Nana hesitated, at last realizing how foolish she had been. "I believe I did. Oh, why haven't I been firm? I guess you're right. What was cute in a baby is disgraceful in an eight-year-old. I shall have to make myself over. And I'm sure Teddy's father will help me. I can see now that he has often felt baffled at Teddy's behavior. I know what I'll do. I'll have Jim take a vacation, and we'll begin right away."

"You're eight years too late," Aunt Emmy Lou remarked, still faintly reproachful, "but among you—you can secure his teacher's aid—you can work wonders."

Aunt Emmy Lou and I started to rise. "I've been only an onlooker, Nana," I said encouragingly, "but I heartily approve."

"Imagine my saying, 'I can't do a thing with him,'" Nana replied, smiling.

Woman's Department Jackson County Fair

By Jane Suedlicor, Gen. Supt.
There are several new classes of entry in this year's premium book and we hope they will meet with hearty cooperation on the part of exhibitors.

Class 89, for children under 12, Floral Division.
At the Portland Rose show there was a large and very interesting exhibit in the children's department and we hope that this year the children of Jackson County will take an active part in this division of the fair. It is too late for planting now, but a few plants may be set aside to be cared for from now until fair time by those who wish to enter the flowers. There are two entries for children under 12 and two for those who are from 12 to 18. All children entering flowers in this class will be questioned as to their share in the work necessary to produce the flowers brought for exhibition.

In the cooked food lists for each day there are classifications for girls under sixteen and those entering such foods as are listed will be able thru our system of selling all foods, to earn several dollars.

Class 139 calls attention to the poster exhibit. We have never had more than one of our Jackson County fairs. This year we are featuring the three poster subjects, which should be dear to the hearts of most of our boys and girls, and we are anxious for better work than ever before and a large and interesting display.

Class 132 is an entirely new classification and owing to the fact that a great many people have been interested in painting and reding pieces of furniture, we are asking you to exhibit what you have done and so encourage others to renew some of their own pieces.

Class 125 may interest many who have been doing psychometric tests. It is none too early to begin planning for the fair. Our proved this year and we are all planning on the best fair Jackson County ever had. Co-operation is essential.

REFRESHING SUMMER DRINKS

Grape Juice Gingers
1 pint grape juice, Juice of 4 lemons, 1 quart ginger ale, sugar to taste.
Dissolve the sugar in grape juice (most people like about two tablespoons for this amount) and add lemon. Chill thoroughly. Just before serving add chilled ginger ale.

Grape Pineapple Punch
1 1/2 cups water, 1/4 cup sugar, 1 pint tea, 1 pint grated pineapple, 1 quart grape juice, Juice of 6 lemons, Juice of 6 oranges, 2 quarts chilled water.
Dissolve the sugar in one and one-half cups of water. Add the tea and fruit juices and let stand for one hour. Add the chilled water and serve with chopped ice. This will serve twenty-five people.