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SUNDOWN STORIES

MONKEY FLOWERS.
By Mary Graham Bonner.

"We're going to see some monkey flowers now," said the Little Black Clock, "and then we must go for an airplane ride"

Well, John and Peggy did not know anything about monkey flowers, but they certainly would be interested in seeing them, and an airplane ride was always fun.

They stopped by a swampy piece of ground near a stream. There they saw some stems about two feet high with leaves ragged at the edges like tiny saws. And upon these stems were violet colored flowers with wide open little faces.

"Years ago they received the name of monkey flowers," said the Clock, "because people thought their faces looked like tiny monkeys, and their Latin name means monkey flower.

The swamp was filled with insects buzzing about the monkey flowers and other foliage and the insects were carrying pollen so that more flowers could grow.

Peggy and John watched how quickly and cleverly they did their work.

"If we went traveling at great speed all the time," the Little Black Clock said, "we would miss so much that is going on.

"But we've been seeing some of the flowers that grow in wild places and hearing their stories, and now I think we should take a quick, quick trip for a change.

"Just at the other side of this swamp we'll find the pilot. He'll be waiting for us."

And there he was, waiting for them. The Little Black Clock and John and Peggy climbed inside. It was as though thousands of insects were buzzing now—and they were off—up in the air.

Tomorrow—"In the Air."

Talks To Parents

THREATS
By Alice Judson Peale.

On a recent hot and sultry evening I listened for some time to a continuous wailing which came from a nearby tenement.

It was the cry of a child too wretchedly uncomfortable to go to sleep. Suddenly I was electrified by a woman's voice screaming shrilly, "You stop that or I'll come in and kill you!"

The effect was instantaneous. There was not even a subsiding whimper, just silence.

A shocking incident, but, I reflected, different only in degree from what happens in thousands of homes where mothers are far less tired and harassed than this one must have been.

Everywhere still one hears children brought to time with the threat of a whipping, or exile in a dark cellar or of a policeman who will take them to jail.

One three-year-old learned to trot along docilely by mother's side after she threatened to leave him in the street unless he did. Threats are so often immediately effective, they require so little thought or self discipline, that it is no wonder that parents continue to use them even when they know better.

Yet there is no doubt that the obedience achieved by threats is not worth the price.

They cultivate submissiveness beneath which nearly always lies resentment and the desire to get even at the first opportunity. With the average child it is only a question of time before there is revolt against this sort of regime.

Meanwhile untold harm is done in the relation of parent and child to each other. The confidence and cooperation which might have been established have been lost through a method which assumes that the child can only be made to do right because he is afraid to do otherwise.

A four-year-old cow owned by J. H. Hooks produced 1411 pounds of milk in a month, to lead all cows in Georgia.

SPOKANE — Freddie Steele, 140, Tacoma, outpointed Don Fraser, 142, Spokane (6); Jimmy Britt, Bellingham, decisioned Ace Conlon, Spokane (6).

THE STRANGE CASE OF AL CAPONE

YEARS ago we saw a vaudeville skit called "Truth." The humor of the play hinged on the fact that every time the hero told a "little white lie" a portion of his wearing apparel fell off. The curtain went down on aforesaid hero attired in the early-90 equivalent of "shorts," fighting desperately—as he told a final "whopper"—to keep them on.

We have often thought how amusing things would be, if this principle could be applied to real life. (And what an opportunity for Earle Carroll, casting a pulchritudinous heroine instead of a hero, for the stellar role, in his next "Review.")

• • •

BUT our immediate concern is with Signor Al Capone. A few weeks ago Signor Al told the U. S. district court in Chicago, that he HAD conspired to evade the prohibition law, and federal income tax.

Yesterday, through his staff of high priced attorneys, he told the same court that he had NOT.

On which occasion would this modest and self-effacing gentleman, have lost his diamond-studded shirt, his rayon underwear, and in an effort to preserve the niceties of life have called upon his bodyguard to form a quick-step huddle about him?

We will give you one guess. And of course one guess is ENOUGH.

• • •

WHY THIS SUDDEN CHANGE OF FRONT? That's not hard to guess either. When Al entered his guilty plea, he thought he had an understanding with the court. His sentence was to be light, and after paying his fine, and perhaps enjoying a few months security in an overstaffed cell, he would be allowed to trip along the primrose path again, with a safe conduct slip from Uncle Sam.

But something went awry. Perhaps the ante was raised, or the beer racket profits have declined, and Al, always a good business man and ready gambler, decided that he had better invest that money in other channels,—just what other channels, one guess, also, is sufficient!

Isn't it a farce! The methods we have adopted to secure justice in this vale of tears.

Everyone—including Al himself—knows he has evaded his income tax, and made his millions by selling beer. Everyone knows that when he admitted it a few weeks ago, he was telling the truth; and when he denies it now, he isn't.

But have these self-evident facts anything to do with the case? Nothing whatever.

The question ISN'T what is true, or what isn't; what is just, or what isn't; but merely whether in a contest of wits and legal maneuvering, Al Capone, with his millions, his high priced attorneys and his resourceful gunmen can or can NOT, get the best of one U. S. district attorney and two or three underpaid assistants.

• • •

THERE is no doubt how Al feels about the outcome. And if by some strange accident he should be convicted what then?—

A ten-to-one shot that, with ONE APPEAL AFTER ANOTHER, the resourceful Al will stay out of jail, and continue his racket, in the future, just as he has in the past, until some rival gunman gets him, or his money runs out.

BAD, BAD!

POOR BENIGHTED KERBY!

WE ARE all so accustomed to pressing a button, and getting light; pressing another button and getting power; that it comes almost as a shock to discover that only a few miles away, a thriving little community on Sunday next, will stage a celebration to commemorate such an unimportant fact.

Nevertheless that is what Kerby and Josephine County are going to do.

The people of Kerby, it seems, have not been pressing buttons, but striking matches and lighting wicks; they haven't been turning switches but have been utilizing horse power, by wielding them on old Dobbin, or calling in someone rich enough to sport a gasoline engine.

Even more amazing, instead of following the call from "On High," grabbing their shot guns and pitchforks, to repel the threatened invasion of the minions of the Power Trust; they are actually hiring a silver cornet band to welcome them, and inviting leather lunged orators, to dilate upon the happiness that is theirs.

Poor benighted Kerby. We wonder how long it will be before they will cease to regard the advent of electric light and power, as something to rejoice over, and realize, if they only the right way, they can have cheap light and power at no cost to the taxpayers.

We wonder, we wonder!

The Canadian city that requires bathing suits to come below the knee must believe in a sketchy kind of bath.

Dryness alone can't make a good President, unless he has that other desert character called sand.

Maturity is that blessed state in which you can feel respectable without trying to seem tough.

Americanism: A resentful conviction that you aren't getting a square deal if you haven't a soft snap.

Communications

Mrs. King Agrees.

To the Editor:

I was very much interested in reading your stirring editorial this evening and assure you that I heartily agree with your sentiments in this matter discussed. May I ask you, in the interests of the health work in this county, to use the efforts of the Mail Tribune to urge a speedy meeting of the grand jury, and end this controversy, as you say, by punishing the guilty and exonerating the innocent?

LYDA P. KING.

July 30 1931.

Let's Get Et Fellers!

To the Editor:

No use talkin' we got t' hev thet solders home. Eugene's plaid possum long 'nuf, Roseberg's stil hanging' on an' Klamath Falls ez tryin t' infect her proboscus in t' the aromy. Seems they keep henpeckin' roun an' doin' git nowhere. Wel, fellers, whet thet investigation feller cites hear agin grab im an' tak' im a fishin' bein' shore t' fetch along Chief McCredie an' a bunch o' the best fish story tellin' fellers we got (twant be no trubble t' git experts hear cause we got lots uv 'em.) Ef th' feller starts kickin' sho im Chief McCredie an' tel im a fish story. Ever onct in a while fil im full uv our million $ water and' be shore t' tell im 'bout our brand o' sunshine. Tel im we got th' kind thet jest wiggles under th' skin uv a ailin' do-boy an' chases out th' bugs er what ever et is thaet's hurtin' im. An don' forget t' tak' im fer a ride, bein' shore t' let im com' bak.

Wel, fellers, ef yew air cereful 'bout th' fish stories an' do what I say th' won't be no crawfishin' 'bout where th' home iz gonta be put an' mor in thet I betcha th' investigatin feller will be huntin a war t' git a leg shot off so'es he kin live in thet home his self.

What mak's P. Wilson Wait optin ez mouth so wide when ez's wigglin ez stick a'fore th' playin fellers in th' park, he shurely warn't ketchin' bugs cause they warn't enny there.

I bin tryin' t' invent a new wiggle fer his stick but I caint do et.

W. E. B.

(Name on file)

by Harold Bell Wright
EXIT

SYNOPSIS: Pierre Donovan hopes to find Bruce hunting a lost gold vein at Mother Mountain. Jimmie Harrigan, a chance desert companion, has seen a man answering his description with Colorado Bill and gives Pierre directions for his long trek next morning. Unknown to Pierre, his estranged father, Roy Donovan, has promoted Bruce's mining venture. Though hoping to bring Bruce back to his deserted wife, Ann, Pierre trembles as the journey looms. While he loves Ann, secretly, Pierre denies the charge of intimacy that Bruce had left in a farewell letter. And now that officers are seeking Bruce in connection with a murder that has already involved Ann's father, Pierre is afraid that the scandalous charge may be drawn out unless Bruce first comes home to her.

Chapter 23

TRAILING A MOUNTAIN

HARRIGAN'S last word to Pierre that morning when the boy set out alone from Dripping Spring was: "Keep yer eyes on Mother Mountain. Head straight fer the little hollow between her breasts and ye'll never go amiss. And remember to stick close to the trail if ye should have to come back alone. Ye'll be in no danger of strayin' into Skeleton Sink ay yo do as I'm tellin' ye."

And the Irishman's heart had gone out to the boy when Pierre tried to hide his fears with a bit of burlesque acting. That the boy could force himself to undertake the adventure in spite of his terror won the old prospector's admiration.

Scarcely was Pierre beyond shouting distance from his friend when loneliness so oppressed him that he almost turned back. But with grim determination he fixed his eyes on Mother Mountain and forced himself on. He dared not halt for an instant. An hour passed. Then he ventured to stop and look around.

Far away to the southwest he could see a column of dust—Jimmie Harrigan and his burros! He watched until even that sign of another human being vanished. With a cry he turned and drove himself on.

The sun climbed up the empty sky. The heat grew more intense; the silence and the desolation more appalling.

He went on.

As he walked with his eyes on Mother Mountain, memories of his childhood crowded his mind. The cruelties of those early years before his father disappeared; experiences from that period when he and his mother were together on the stage; and then his beautiful companionship with her in Orchard Hill.

Vividly, Pierre recalled that first meeting with his mother's old friend when, in his childish way, he had decided that the old actor should be his Father Tony. Never had Father Tony failed him.

On the crest of a low ridge he paused to search the desert ahead with anxious eyes. Bruce and his companion were not in sight. There was nothing moving in that vast expanse.

He went on.

He lived again those months of his mother's illness, and thought of her dreams for him that had governed all his life. He recalled his mother's talks about the theater. He remembered her words when she spoke to him about her approaching death, and how after her exit she would stand in the wings to watch him act his part. He called her name aloud.

He wondered, was she watching him now from the wings? If he should make his exit somewhere in the desert would she be there to receive him? He recited bits from favorite plays. He imagined himself in a theater before an immense audience, and spoke as if he were playing a part in a great play. He remembered that Ann had said she would sit in a box and throw him a kiss.

With increasing anxiety, he watched for the men that Harrigan had been so confident he would meet.

He went on.

The sun hung high overhead in an empty white hot sky.

He crouched in the shade of a rock and ate a little food and drank sparingly from his canteen.

He went on.

As he pushed on deeper and deeper into the interminable desert to find Bruce, scenes from their boyhood together passed before him: Their fight when, beside himself with rage because Bruce had spoken lightly of his mother, he had nearly killed the older boy with a stone. Their rivalry for Ann; Bruce a bank clerk; the wedding; Ann as Bruce's wife. Incidents from that period when he made his hon with Bruce and Ann.

Again he lived that hour when his love for Ann had made him surrender his school money to Bruce. Once more he endured the agony of the realization that he could not now fulfill all that his mother and Father Tony and he had planned for his future. And again he felt the madness of that moment when he and Ann, looking into each other's eyes, had seen their love, and in that same instant had ruthlessly denied it. And Bruce had gone away and left Ann because of him. And now his love for Ann was driving him on to find her husband and take him back to her.

Surely here in this desert so terrible in its vast desolation—so empty of all life—surely here there was no reason why he should not speak aloud his love. He shouted, "Ann, Ann, Ann! I love you, Ann! I love you—love you—love you!"

Every endearment that he had felt but never dared to put into words even in his secret thoughts he cried aloud now to the silent desert. And then, as if she walked beside him, he reassured her with promises that she should not be shamed in Orchard Hill through his love because he would bring her husband back; her father's innocence should be established, and everything would be as it was.

From the crest of every ridge and from every bit of high land he strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the men he hoped with every mile to meet.

The sun moved slowly down the empty sky; the shadows lengthened.

He went on, and on, and on.

He seemed to have been walking for ages. Mother Mountain was as far away as when he first set out upon his endless journey. He looked back but could not tell the way he had come beyond a hundred yards of hardly marked trail.

The shadows deepened; dusk crept over the desert; night came.

Beside a tiny campfire he crouched staring into the darkness which shut him in, listening, listening in the awful silence—feeling in every taut nerve the menace of that lonely land.

The night was an eternity.

Pierre Donovan had no illusions about himself, nor was he given to that self-deception which so commonly marks small natures. His belief that he was born to be an actor was founded upon his mother's convictions and Antonio Latour's judgment. He modestly felt that he had, as he would have expressed it, something. But he was too intelligent and too well schooled by Old Tony not to know that the goal of his ambitious dreams was years away. He felt that for him to attain that goal was within the realm of the possible—that was all. In the meantime he was a soda jerk.

He was aware that the good people of Orchard Hill laughed at him; that they refused to take him seriously; that his ambition to be a great actor was the standing joke of the countryside; that he was held to be an irresponsible, impractical, worthless disciple of old Tony Latour's—all of which disturbed him not in the least. He had not pretended to Jimmie Harrigan that the desert did not frighten him. He made no attempt to deny his fears to himself. But there was a something within him which drove him on, in spite of his fear. Perhaps Old Tony was right when he said that Pierre Donovan was a great soul.

In the first gray light of the morning he went on.

With the coming of the sun his spirit lifted. Mother Mountain had moved nearer during the night. He sang bits of comic songs. He felt confident that he would find Blackwater Tanks and Bruce.

He went on.

Again doubts and fears beset him. What if Bruce and his companion were not at Blackwater Tanks? What if they had perished of thirst and he should find their dead bodies? Dripping Spring seemed, now, an eternity away. He looked back but could not even be sure of the direction. As the man of the desert had said, there would be no Mother Mountain to guide him on his way back. The Skeleton Peaks, too, were nearer and on his right lay the terrible Skeleton Sink. What if the wind should obliterate his trail? He carefully estimated the amount of water in his canteen and went on.

At last the long slope of Mother Mountain lay before him and he knew he must be near the Tanks.

(Copyright, 1930, by D. Appleton and Co.)

Gold glistens! But to Bruce tomorrow the gleam of water is far more important.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to disease, diagnosis or treatment will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

X-RAY TREATMENT OF ENLARGED GLANDS

An omniscient one asserted in an editorial published last August, that Dr. William Brady "fanatically insists on the idea that the only proper method of removing tonsils is electrical coagulation." In making this assertion the omniscient one was probably inspired at least in part by annoyance at me for it happens that my method is so blamed popular that his just doesn't seem to get anywhere unless some paper is very hard up and must economize stringently.

Besides being jealous the omniscient one was inaccurate—I suspect purposely so—for the truth is that I have repeatedly commended other methods of removing tonsils, notably the X-ray treatment which I described and commended in this column April 16, 1930, and radium (radon seed implantation) treatment which I described and recommended in this column April 19, 1930. So it is obvious that my "fanaticism," as viewed by the medical journal editor lies in the fact that I beat him to it.

Today I cite for the benefit of lay readers or medical, the results observed by two German physicians, Schonfeld and Baumback, who have treated 150 children, aged from 3 to 13 years, with enlarged tonsils, by means of X-ray. These physicians were able to follow up 106 of the children treated, and so to observe the effects carefully.

In 41 cases the enlarged tonsils returned to their normal size. In 19 cases the tonsils became much smaller than they had been, and in 46 cases the tonsils remained unchanged in size.

Examinations made from 2 to 3 years after completion of the X-ray treatments showed that in 43 of the 106 children examined the tonsils were still smaller than they had been before treatment. In all cases where the size of the tonsils had decreased following the X-ray treatments, mouth breathing during sleep had been cured, and in the great majority of them the attacks of pharyngitis (sore throat) which had been frequent before the X-ray treatments had ceased entirely. In no case was there any injury to the throat lining or any disturbance of the function of glands by the X-ray treatments.

I commend this method of treatment particularly for children whose chief trouble is mouth breathing. I am not prepared, however, to tell readers just which physicians employ this method of treatment. For that information ask your family physician.

In X-ray treatment, then, we have an alternative method for children where the now well established diathermy of "electric coagulation" (as my friend the omniscient one somewhat crudely calls it) is not available or not suitable. Most physicians using diathermy find the method unsuitable for children under twelve years of age, tho a few employ it sucessfully for children as young as six years.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

No Seeh Animal.

That fellow was all wet when he tried to browbeat you about white skins in winter and dark ones in summer. Attached is concrete proof. (L. T. C.)

Answer—The concrete proof is a newspaper clipping of a picture of a weasel. The legend with the picture asserts that the weasel turns white in winter to match the snow, but in regions where no snow falls the weasel does not change. Personally, I don't believe there is any such animal, for I've never seen one, white or colored.

Bright Girl Develops a Tic

Our 16 year old daughter has developed the bad habit of wrinkling her forehead in talking. She is a 12 in high school. We made her stop one subject this semester as we were afraid she had too much on her, as she is so young for a senior . . (Mrs. G. T.)

Answer—That sounds a bad reason for making her drop any study. What she needs is more physical activity, physical training, physical education, gymnasium classes, swimming, outdoor sports. The best way to correct habit spasm or tic is by careful physical training under a competent instructor. A boy or girl will not study too much or carry too many subjects if an adequate part of the education schedule is devoted to physical education.

When Is a Bath Tepid?

Please recommend the best bath thermometer and tell me what temperature is tepid. (L. S.)

Answer—I do not recommend using bath thermometers. A bath that feels agreeable and not at all cool or hilly may be called tepid.

Eggplant and Gooseberries

Every season as soon as I start eating rhubarb pie or pieplant and strawberries I have a burning, itching sensation on face and hands. Several local doctors suggest that I take some sort of effervescence to counteract the acid. What do you suggest? (Mrs. G. O'T.)

Answer—Well, unless I suggest something different you'll think I'm just a local doctor, so I advise you to switch to eggplant and gooseberries.

Some Doctors Are Dumb, At That

Please give me more information about this treatment. (P. K. M., M. D.)

Answer—How, Doctor, by telepathy? You have everything on your prescription blank but your address.

(Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Corvallis—Construction progressing on Federal building.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE IS HEREWITH GIVEN that the SOUTHERN OREGON ELECTRIC, Inc., has heretofore made an assignment to THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF MEDFORD, Oregon, for the benefit of creditors, and all creditors of said Southern Oregon Electric, Inc., are hereby notified to present their claims to the undersigned at its place of business in the City of Medford, Oregon, on or before August 25th, 1931.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF MEDFORD, Oregon,
Trustee for benefit of Creditors.

FLIGHT O'

(Medford and Jackson History From the The Mail Tribune 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO
July 31, 1921.

(It was Monday)

People from every union register at the which is gaining much

Ashland will chlorinate ing water.

Special invitation ladies to attend boxing hall.

Ashland police captures robber.

Portland hotel room Arctic explorer.

Forest fire patrol by tinued for next year.

TWENTY YEARS AGO
July 31, 1911.

(It was Tuesday)

Six husky youths cause runaway and when they pedal down on a sextuple and north.

Citizen who says locomotives of the 2 out of business is put

Four fires in Crater forest reserve are extinguished.

California law that felony for an autoist pedestrian be fine constitutional.

The relative humidity est of the year.

July is second court fines, with a total

Scottish trout to Rogue river.

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(IN PERSON)
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FRIDAY NIGHT, JULY 31
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DANCE

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Saturday Is the Last Day

Only 6 lightweight Two-piece Summer Suits Left

Sizes 36, 37, 38, 39 and 42.
Regular $20 and $25 values
$12.50

One lot of $25, $30 and $35 Suits. Sizes 34 to 42
$19.50

All other Suits, regular $35 to $45 values
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