

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Learning Modesty: By Alice Judson Peate. All children naturally are lacking in modesty.

Coats and 100 in the Shade: Why is it required in summer time that a gentleman wear his coat everywhere except on the golf links or tennis court or in the swimming pool?

Flowers, Edibles Pay Well on Small Farm: EASTON, Cal.—(AP)—Harvey Dewees finds that this one-acre farm is more satisfactory than a larger one and the returns are gratifying.

Refrigeration to Aid Australian Selling: CANBERRA.—(AP)—Great interest is being displayed throughout Australia in reports that the new "snap freezing" process of refrigeration is ideally suited to Australian meat and other foodstuffs.

Scottish Laird Puts Estate Up for Sale: EDINBURGH.—(AP)—Glence, the famous seat of Lord Strathcona, is for sale, he owner joining the long line of British who have decided to dispose of their real estate holdings.

Professor of Law to Get Real Taste: EUGENE, Ore., Aug. 1.—(AP)—Alice Miller's automobile was damaged in an accident near here last May, and she has decided to "law" against the owner and driver of the other machine involved.

Soiled Mexicans Go to Bath Under Order: MEXICO CITY, Aug. 1.—(AP)—Police got orders today to gather in persons from the streets who look as though they need it, and take them to public bath houses to be washed.

Third Valuable Well Found, Dalles Region: THE DALLES, Ore., Aug. 1.—(AP)—Water struck in the 235-foot well on the Dalles airport across the Columbia in Klickitat county, today rose to within 130 feet of the surface.

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HOME

ONE of the delightful features of modern American life is that one can always find something to worry about. Law enforcement, crime waves, the divorce rate, the younger generation, the rise of billion-dollar corporations—the possibilities are almost limitless.

Chief among these items during the last decade or more has been the steady growth of the apartment house. A few generations ago the family that did not live in a single home, either owned or rented, was the exception.

Now, however, the scales are swinging the other way. In some cities the majority of families live in apartments; and no town is so small that it does not have a fair-sized quota of apartment-dwellers.

All of this has proved an excellent subject for the worriers. The American home, we are told, is breaking up, patriotism is decaying and the old-time virtues generated by family life are disappearing.

There is no denying that there is something especially satisfying about living in your home. A yard and a flower garden, no matter how small, give a sense of order and importance to one's life.

BUT there is a good deal of hazy thinking about the general subject of home. For home is a state of mind as much as it is anything. It is an atmosphere—a blending of assorted moods and associations and aspirations—and it can be found quite as well in a three-room apartment as in a private house.

It doesn't take much, really, to make a home; and what it takes is just as available to the man who can't afford anything but a third-floor flat as to the rich man who can build a country mansion. Love, forbearance, fact, unselfishness—these are the chief ingredients.

Put together in the right manner they produce contentment, without which no home is anything but a sham. They provide a haven; a place where rest and happiness and inspiration can be found. Sometimes a pair of rooms fitted up for "light house-keeping" constitute as beautiful and enduring a home as any man could wish; and sometimes the costliest residence imaginable is no more deserving of being called a home than a railroad station.—R. S.

WHY is it required in summer time that a gentleman wear his coat everywhere except on the golf links or tennis court or in the swimming pool? Dignity demands it, some say. Also, it has always been the mark of a gentleman to wear a coat, no matter how ridiculous he looks mopping his face and brow or fanning himself violently with straw hat or newspaper.

Sports costumes have emancipated women so far as summer apparel is concerned. Short sleeves, no collars, light and airy materials, loose-fitting, straight-line costumes, all help the female of the species, be she flapper or dignified matron, to look cool and comfortable in the eyes of sweltering man.

Why do not the men declare a little independence in this matter? Returning suspenders are to be worn beneath the shirt, so that dignity need not be sacrificed when the coat is removed. As an office uniform the coatless outfit should make for greater comfort, increased efficiency and smoother tempers. Why not discard the coat except when formality or comfort demand its use?

Although man never tires of bantering the opposite sex for being the slave of fickle fashion, there are good reasons for suspecting that men folk would cast aside the coat for the sake of comfort if it were not unfashionable. Husbands elide their wives for being too conventional, yet melt under a heavy coat merely because it is unconventional to remove it in the presence of others.

FOR there to have been any slip-up in the court order condemning James E. Kingsley, slayer of Officer Prescott of Ashland, to hang, would have been a notorious miscarriage of justice. If the Oregon supreme court had altered the decision on technical grounds the courts would have been thrown into greater disrepute.

There has been and can be no question of Kingsley's guilt. He shot the youthful officer down in cold blood. He shot him without warning. He killed him in one of the most fiendish murders in recent history of the state.

There was a witness to the killing. Kingsley admitted his guilt. There was no question, not even a suggestion of a doubt that Kingsley murdered the popular young officer with full premeditation and utmost viciousness. He was quickly convicted in the lower court and sentenced to hang.

Then came quibbles to the supreme court. Technicalities, some of them ridiculous, were brought before the court as reason for the higher court's intervention in behalf of Kingsley. With all the facts before the courts, with an unquestioned case, there was still the effort to subvert justice through legal quirks. Fortunately, the supreme court sustained the conviction.

If Kingsley shouldn't hang for the murder of Prescott, nobody should ever hang.—Portland Journal.

The pitcher has it soft. Imagine being able to get off for the afternoon by weakening a little.

When a nation accepts a suggestion in principle that means it is willing to argue about it.

One trouble seems to be that too many people are above the law and not above lawlessness.

It's all right to think before you speak if you don't mind Central cutting you off.

The law might work even with its teeth out, if it didn't have its hand out.

It might be worse. Suppose some scientist should discover a vitamin in moonshine.

The proof of a political theory, also, is in the eating.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D. Ripped 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 readable. Only one letter can be answered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to the Mail Tribune.

GOOD SIGN FOR A SINUS: EXPLORERS KEEP OUT

The other day I warned readers about the sinus drainage craze that has apparently succeeded the nose-sucking, tooth-pulling, and "eye-water" craze. Today I wish to warn particularly those who have some chronic focal infection, such as arthritis, against the all-around-specialist (eye-ear-nose-throat) who are recommending their losing of a job to speak by taking it out of the paranasal sinuses, now that things are so quiet in the tonsil clinic.

Dr. Carl M. Anderson made a careful study of a group of 400 cases of sinusitis, 200 of which were in patients who presented possible symptoms of focal infection, and 200 in patients without any such indication. He concluded that in the 400 cases the sinuses were not a factor in focal infection.

The 200 patients who had sinusitis and also signs of other focal infection (such as infected tonsils, infected teeth, prostate gland infection, etc.) included only 26 who presented complications which may have been caused by focal infection, and in all or nearly all cases the sinuses were not the source of the trouble.

The nose has a definite function to perform. These all-around specialists and their eagerness to cut out things seldom give the function of the nose even a thought—that some of the things wouldn't bring in any big fees. If this seems a harsh thing for me to say, remember I'm amenable to discipline about the medical society if I overdraw the evil I'm discussing. I object to all-around specialists (eye-ear-nose-throat practitioners) on the ground that there is no good excuse for grouping such fields of practice, except the greed for fat fees. A nose and throat specialist is not so far off his limitations if he delves more or less in the field of otitis media, otitis externa, otitis interna, otitis media with effusion, otitis media with granulation, otitis media with polyps, otitis media with cholesteatoma, otitis media with ossification, otitis media with calcification, otitis media with sclerosis, otitis media with atrophy, otitis media with emphysema, otitis media with hydrops, otitis media with serous effusion, otitis media with mucous discharge, otitis media with purulent discharge, otitis media with bloody discharge, otitis media with fetid discharge, otitis media with offensive discharge, otitis media with offensive odor, otitis media with offensive taste, otitis media with offensive smell, otitis media with offensive sight, otitis media with offensive touch, otitis media with offensive sound, otitis media with offensive taste, otitis media with offensive smell, otitis media with offensive sight, otitis media with offensive touch, otitis media with offensive sound.

IN THE AIR: This flying hero in a plane, John and Peggy thought, was certainly a change from visiting wild flower families, listening to little insects buzzing or watching them do their messenger work of carrying pollen from one flower to another. The Little Black Clock had simply told them he was taking them for an airplane ride, and they had found the pilot with the plane.

Now have a look at Bunny—here's a close-up, so to say: He'd rather win from Puffy than to be a king today. "I'll never hear the last of it," he murmured. "I love him, but for once that I win he'll wish for once that he was in my shoes!"

BUSY BEES FACE HUNGRY WINTER: PORTLAND, Aug. 1.—(AP)—From all appearances it's going to be a hard winter for the bee family. Market surveys indicate the 1931 output of honey will be comparatively light, and from some quarters comes word that bees will have barely enough honey stored to meet their own requirements.

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EXIT

by Harold Bell Wright. SYNOPSIS: The hope of finding Bruce forces Pierre over the desert to Mother Mountain where his friend Harrigan, had told him there are two gold prospects. Pierre's secret but honorable love for Bruce's wife, Ana, is the kind that would protect her from the shame of the possible disclosure that her husband had left home charging that Ana and Pierre were in love. Pierre counts on returning home before his expected arrest for a murder that already has landed Ana's father in jail. Ana escapes the reason for her flight from the Old Village. Of lesser concern is the loss of Pierre's money, which he does not know the cause of. Pierre does not know that his own father is the mine promoter.

Chapter 29 THE LAST CANTEN. AS JIMMIE HARRIGAN had explained to Pierre, the Blackwater Tanks were small natural hollows or basins in the rocks at the foot of Mother Mountain where, for uncertain periods of time following the infrequent desert rains, water might be found.

There were no signs of living springs or underground moisture anywhere in the vicinity—no trees or bushes or grass other than the usual sparse desert vegetation. The country round about, including the long sloping rise of Mother Mountain, was cut by gulches, scarred with dikes and ledges—a jumble of various colored rocks spotted here and there with patches of thin gravelly soil.

It was midday when the man, called Colorado Bill, and Bruce Carey, returned from their morning's work of prospecting to their camp at the foot of a high overhanging cliff near the Tanks. It was frightfully hot. Not a breath of air stirred over the vast expanse of desert and the two men showed the effects of their long hours of tramping over the burning slopes of the mountain.

In the thin strip of shade afforded by the cliff they dropped their picks and in turn drank long and deep from a large cloth-covered canteen which hung from a small scrubby bush in a crevice in the wall. Then removing their hats and throwing aside the smaller empty canteens which they carried, they seated themselves wearily upon convenient rocks.

"Dad," said Bruce, "I've been thinking." "You'd better not," returned Colorado. "You're liable to overheat yourself." Disregarding the pleasantry, Bruce continued: "If that old boy who left his bones and a bag of gold in Skeleton Sink really made his rich strike in this neighborhood why didn't he mark out his claim with monuments of piled up rocks and a location notice as prospectors always do?"

"Prospectors don't always stake out their claims when they make a rich strike in some wild country like this," Colorado answered. "Sometimes a man will hide his find and bootfoot it to the settlement to tip off a few of his close friends before he makes his discovery known generally."

"Then this bunch of insiders will stake out their claims together and help protect each other's interests when the big rush comes. In this case, it is generally believed that the fellow who made the strike didn't have time enough to do his locatin' on account of the water in the Tanks givin' out. He simply had to leave and leave in a hurry."

"As we'll have to do in the next day or two, I suppose," said Bruce moodily. "I figure we can stay to-morrow," returned Colorado. "If we hadn't turned the burros adrift we couldn't have held out this long. About day after tomorrow mornin' we'll cache our outfit here and hit the trail for Dripping Spring. At the Spring we'll find our burros and make it back to Red Butte, where we can lay up until it rains. Then, with another load of supplies, we'll come back here and be good for two or three months. While we are here, though, we'll sure hang on as long as we can, because you never can tell—we might find that rich lode the very last minute."

"Yeah, we might," drawled Bruce hopelessly. "Might" retorted the other: "we will! There's not a doubt in the world about that rich vein of gold being somewhere in this vicinity. All we've got to do is to keep on coverin' the ground systematically, like we're doing, and we're sure to find it."

"Oh, shut up!" growled Bruce. "I've listened to your pipe dreams until I'm sick." Colorado Bill rose slowly to his feet. For a long minute he stood looking thoughtfully down at his companion, who sat hunched in a dejected posture, holding his head

in his hands. Then, moving with thoughtful deliberation, the older man went to the canteen and drank again. Standing with the canteen in his hands he again studied Bruce with speculative interest. "Have a drink?" he said suddenly.

Bruce did not even raise his head. "No." Hanging the canteen on the bush Colorado walked slowly back to stand over his disheartened companion.

"Look here, son," he said at last, "there's something the matter with you. What is it?" Bruce stirred uneasily, but did not look up.

"I couldn't help it because that Painted Mountain prospect of mine pinched out, could it?" said the older man. "You ought to be damned glad that I found out it was no good before we sank all your money in it."

"This Mother Mountain lode is certain to pay big when we find it. I tell you, I've seen those samples that were found with that old prospector's bones—white quartz with big chinks and gobs of gold all through it. Boy, just think what it will mean when we strike it!" Bruce leaped to his feet. "Will you shut up?" he shouted. "You have raved about the millions we're going to have until I'm damned near crazy! When we strike it all rich—when we strike it rich! All your life you have been going to strike it rich! The first thing I can remember as a kid was you just about to make a fortune! Every theatrical company you ever had anything to do with started out to be the biggest box office success that was ever known. But did you, Roy Donovan, ever get within sight even of big money? No. We stuck with each show just long enough to get the wrinkles out of our bellies and you were off after another sure-fire winner."

"For months you've been nagging me to raise money enough to develop a mine that you knew positively was a bonanza, and when I land in Red Butte with the necessary cash you inform me that your bonanza has pinched out, and then you drag me out here on this lost Mother Mountain lode proposition."

"We have about as much chance of finding this lost gold mine—if there ever was such a mine—as I had of finding a diamond mine in my dooryard back home. 'I'd give all the gold you'll ever get out of this damned desert if I was back in Orchard Hill right now with Ana and my job in the bank. I've made seventeen kinds of a fool out of myself following your billion dollar leads—that's what I've done.' With the last word, he turned his back on his companion and strode angrily away.

Donovan (to call the man by his right name) went to their supply of provisions and began selecting cans of food for their midday meal. Suddenly Bruce returned, half running, stumbling, staggering, his face haggard, his eyes wild with terror.

With an inarticulate cry he sank down in a cowering heap on the rock where he had been sitting a few minutes before. Donovan sprang to his side. "Bruce," he cried sharply, "what in hell is the matter with you?" Bruce pointed a shaking hand in the direction from which he had come. "The water!" he cried hoarsely, "it's—it's gone!" "Gone?" "Yes, there's hardly a spoonful left in the last big basin!" "Hell!" said Donovan. "I thought it would surely last through to-morrow."

"But what will we do?" "Do? Why, we'll head for Dripping Spring right now. I'll make up a couple of packs of grub to last us back to Red Butte."

As he spoke he went back to their stores. The older man's coolness served to steady his less experienced companion and while Donovan was busy with the provisions Bruce went to the canteen.

He had unscrewed the cap and was raising the canteen to his lips when Donovan saw him. With a yell, Donovan leaped forward and fiercely tore the canteen from Bruce's grasp. "What in God's name do you think you're doing?" demanded Donovan. "Are you stark mad?" "I was only having a drink," returned Bruce angrily. "Only having a drink? You poor, crazy fool!" (Copyright, 1930, by D. Ashton and Co.)

"Never meant to kill... How important those overhead words are to Pierre tomorrow!"

Koeppel, W. D. \$142.51, 8 1/2 of NE 1/4 of Sec. 12, Twp. 36 S. R. 4 W. John F. Hanesy to C. Hugh Gilmore, et ux. W. D. \$100.00, 2 acres in D. L. C. 45 Twp. 39 S. R. 1 E. City of Medford to Art Johnston, et ux. C. D. Part of Lots 10 and 11 Block 3 Fruitdale Add. to Medford. Bert E. Newman to Earl S. Tully, et al. W. D. \$100.00, Lot 5 in Block 1 Fruitdale Add. to Medford. Samuel T. Henderson, et ux. to Earl E. Simmons, et ux. W. D. \$100.00, In D. L. C. 49 Twp. 38 S. R. 1 W. W. M. Fisher to W. D. \$100.00, 8 1/2 of NE 1/4 of Sec. 12, Twp. 36 S. R. 4 W. John F. Hanesy to C. Hugh Gilmore, et ux. W. D. \$100.00, 2 acres in D. L. C. 45 Twp. 39 S. R. 1 E. City of Medford to Art Johnston, et ux. C. D. Part of Lots 10 and 11 Block 3 Fruitdale Add. to Medford. Bert E. Newman to Earl S. Tully, et al. W. D. \$100.00, Lot 5 in Block 1 Fruitdale Add. to Medford. Samuel T. Henderson, et ux. to Earl E. Simmons, et ux. W. D. \$100.00, In D. L. C. 49 Twp. 38 S. R. 1 W. W. M. Baker, Ore., Aug. 1.—(AP)—Wesley Wallingford, young man of the Rock Creek community near Haines, was drowned in Rock Creek lake today while fishing. He was in a party of two other youths and two girls. The circumstances of the drowning were not available here.

Ye Poet's Court

I would not pluck them sweet, The flowers that bloom in my way.

Where I walk with weary feet, Trailing on from day to day, But I will leave here soon to go, As she had left for home, That they might be the ones to need.

For you may walk the path, "Tho' rugged be the way, And to find a hidden flower, May require your own day. For I find no more, I find no more, While along life's way, That flowers have been left behind."

Of keeping us near, —Margaret Nonlieu.

CANADIAN STEAMER HITS AT TOWN

SEATTLE, Wash., Aug. 1.—Coast guard headquarters here advised today that the Canadian steamer Prince David was sighted near Point Wilson, near Port Townsend, three fathoms of water. The vessel was in no immediate danger, awaiting word from Vancouver to discharge passengers.

SHORTS SQUEEZED BY CORNER IN CORN

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—(AP)—Corn for July delivery advanced today with the price of a bushel, the peak figure since shorts were forced to pay a premium of 10 cents for a bushel of corn. The advance was a result of a shortage of shorts, which was caused by a jump in the price of corn in three days.

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FLOYD V. BEL

Eagle Point. You are invited to present upon at the Mail Tribune receive two

FREED TICKET

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MAIL TRIBUNE

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