

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
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Editorial Correspondence

SEATTLE, Sept. 6.—Does the sun ever shine in Seattle? Are the skies ever clear enough to see Mt. Ranier?

This is our first visit in six or seven years, but the weather is precisely as it always has been as far as we are concerned,—raining great guns with the visibility about three below zero.

As we figure it, this is the tenth visit since 1905 and we have yet to see Seattle except in gum shoes and a raincoat. Friends here insist this is the first real rain in two or three months but it doesn't look like the last. Dark grey clouds hang a few feet above the high buildings and cars dash through pools of water.

Perhaps it is raining in Medford—hope so. The weather changed abruptly when the Cascade, five minutes ahead of schedule, turned onto the railroad bridge crossing the Willamette in Portland. All the way from Eugene it had been stifling, with all the male passengers coatless and the women getting as close to the electric fan as possible. But a fresh north wind swept through the windows when the train crossed the bridge, and the mercury must have dropped ten degrees in as many minutes. After an hour's wait, it started to rain, and the windows of the cars were splattered with rain drops all the way to Seattle.

After a night's ride in the Lark last winter we predicted that eventually the Pullmans would be solid compartment cars and the open sleeper would be entirely abandoned. A new stunt on the Cascade suggests progress in this direction. Half of our Pullman was taken up by "section compartments." Instead of compartments with doors taking up the entire car except for the narrow aisle on one side, the center aisle is retained and what were upper and lower in a section are made into section compartments. Instead of a door there are full length curtains, but each section has its own wash room, etc. The cost of such a section compartment is considerably less than the present compartment. Looks to us like the beginning of the end for the old fashioned Pullman car.

It is always interesting on a train trip to observe one's fellow passengers and speculate as to who and what they are. Usually they appear to be "just plain folks" with nothing to distinguish them from millions of

others. But now and then something unusual comes along. This was true on the Cascade dined yesterday when the steward ushered in a party of four to the table opposite. Not being very well posted on Oriental types we couldn't tell whether they were Japanese or Chinese, but finally decided on the latter. The father looked like Warner Oland, smartly dressed in English houndspan with a large jade ring on his fat little finger. The mother was extremely smart looking, modishly gowned, while the two boys, obviously sons, in their late teens, were unusually well dressed, and had an unmistakable "air" about them. That they were people of some importance, was simply inescapable,—they all had that subtle and elusive air of boredom, which somehow can't be faked, although many people on the outer fringe attempt it. We decided the man was a Chinese merchant prince on a tour of the world with his family,—the boys probably going to school at Eton,—and let it go at that.

In the station at Portland, there was a welcoming party headed by beetle brewed Mayor Baker, Mrs. Baker holding a bouquet of Portland roses, and that mirror of fashion and mold of form, James A. Carmody, of the S. P., attending to the traffic details. The "Chinese" family, now with a third son, were officially welcomed, posed for their photographs and were speeded off in rather seedy looking limousines. It seems our people of importance were neither Chinese nor Japanese, but Siamese, none other than Prince and Princess Svasti of Siam, parents of the queen of Siam, and their three sons, Nondiyavat, Arpuna and Arvela.

They have been with the "Kink" and Queen at Providence, N. Y., where the former had a cataract removed, and are now touring the country. They will be here in a few days and we won't be. No doubt the sun will then be shining.

From the window of a taxi and a hotel room, we would say that Seattle has changed more in the past few years than any other city on the coast,—and for the better. Our memory was only of the Butler hotel and the Smith building. No doubt both are here but we haven't seen them. This Olympic hotel is unusually attractive and comfortable, and a new Seattle appears to be grouped about it. The shops look smart and snappy, and the electric signs decidedly ornamental. The Billie Burke company—part of it—came up on the train, and Ethel Barrymore is to be here the 14th. Incidentally this hotel is crowded and there are no evidences superficially at least, of hard times.

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MOON of DELIGHT by Margaret Bell Houston

RYNOPSIS: Kirk Steward gazes over Seaford's flower gardens when he becomes sentimental, not knowing that she is in reality Juanita Flores, cigarette girl in Juanita's resort. The marquis, her chaperone, reveals in gambling at the Isle of Caprice, near Bilboa, where they are visiting Kirk's grandmother, Nelly Belasco. But Juanita is going to rob their new friends. The marquis and her son, Adrian, an admirer whom Juanita seems to avoid, come to visit Nelly before Juanita, the marquis and Kirk return from the island. Kirk manifests glowing interest in the girl with whom Nelly is telling Theoneste that she is a flower girl and therefore for neither reason nor Kirk.

Chapter 21 THE BULBUL BUSH

NELLY BELASCO'S abrupt announcement caused Madame Fouché to suspend her fanning. "Engage" . . . Señorita Flores engaged? . . . When have she tell you?"

"The marquis told me—last night. Juanita's fiancé is a nobleman in Spain. They are much in love."

"Well! I am gon' have trebble breaking this to Adrian. . . You have tell Kirk?"

"No, I've hardly seen Kirk. He got in late yesterday, and he and Juanita were singing all evening. "He ought to know."

"Juanita will tell him at the proper time," Nelly answered. "The marquis said Juanita was not to know she had told me, so if you say anything to Adrian—"

"Adrian is discreet," Madame replied. "But she should have tell everybody at de first. My Adrian say to me, 'Morgan, for de first time I mit a girl who I can give my heart to.' It is a sin, what Señorita Flores have do."

"That's absurd," snapped Nelly. "She may not love the man at all. Who knows but she may have come to America to forget."

"Aha!" Madame opened her fan abruptly. "You think she will fall in love and break her troth! You do not know betrothals in Spain. But I shall tell no one but Adrian. He will be keafel. Kirk mebbe cannot love so hard as my Adrian, but—"

"Why should you disparage Kirk's powers of affection?" asked Nelly stiffly. "Do not be hurt, Nelly. I mean—Kirk's eyes are so blue, and his hair so light brown."

"Kirk's father was a New Englander of English descent. He can't help being a blond," said Nelly.

"Eg-zactly. Adrian's hair is black and his eyes flash. Such men love much. Kirk, he joke and smile, even with Señorita Flores. My Adrian—"

"Your Adrian can certainly love more frequently," said Nelly, trying to remember that it was her son's parlor. "In any case, why tell a thing that concerns Juanita first of all, and that she apparently doesn't want told? The worst that can happen to any man in love with her is that he may propose and be refused. Adrian will be better off if you will let him take the knocks that come his way."

They both turned, hearing Adrian go down the steps. Voices came from the pier. "They've come," said Nelly. "Now, poor Theoneste, you shall have dinner."

The bulbul bush had blossomed. Kirk sat beside it in the dark garden, thinking perhaps Juanita would come to him there. He recalled how, on Adrian's last visit she had come to him, how they had walked under the magnolias.

But she was not avoiding Adrian tonight. Kirk could see her through the windows, laughing with Adrian, guitar on her knee. Her voice came to him, mingling with the perfume of the bulbul bush, with the glow of the moon, just shouldering its way above the trees.

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.

SOME OF THE OLD ESTABLISHED METHODS ARE NOT SO GOOD.

To my innocent mind it is a puzzle why automobile manufacturers strive to make their cars as characteristic in the public eye as the public eye can be. The trademark, and then after the public has become familiar with the distinguishing feature of the particular car, the manufacturer suddenly changes the appearance of the car so that one can scarcely recognize the make. The only answer I can find for this conundrum is that perhaps the manufacturers are smart enough to know that old things are not so good when they begin to be obsolete.

I am truly sorry that I feel in duty bound to bring to the attention of the public in this way the ambulant treatment of hernia. I mean I am sorry about the great bowli which Monsieur Fouché had bought after a romp in the market when Adrian was born. Madame could see that the marquis had been touched by the inscription on the bowl which was that of an enthusiastic father. The marquis had also admired Madame Fouché's pearls. Many women were jealous of Madame's pearls, but not the marquis.

Madame felt that so sympathetic a lady would appreciate her maternal solicitude for Adrian. Madame would draw the marquis on the subject of Juanita's prospective husband. Nelly might have misunderstood the marquis's statements, or might have exaggerated them to get Adrian out of the way. Madame adroitly opened the conversation from another angle.

"Nelly is very careless," said Madame in French, when the marquis had finished telephoning, and they were sipping their coffee together. "Careless!" repeated the marquis. "In every way," asserted Madame. "Not only does she leave her jewelry, which she affects to love, lying all about, but—"

"Surely you are wrong, Madame. I have not seen—"

"You have not visited her in town," asserted Madame. "In town," murmured the marquis. "I thought you meant here."

"I do not know," Madame had not designed to tarry so long on the subject of Nelly's carelessness with pearls. "In New Orleans she keeps her valuables in a simple drawer with a simple lock. The servants know where they are, I myself have seen them there."

"They are probably very close to her hand," surmised the marquis. "Oh, yes!" with a shrug. "In her bedroom. She says no burglar would ever look there."

"Then it is not carelessness," smiled the loyal marquis. Madame slipped her coffee. "To me it is taking chances," she persisted. "And Nelly is careless in the things she says. For instance, she told me that Señorita Flores—"

Flight o' Time

(Medford and Jackson County History From the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY September 8, 1921 (It was Thursday) Forest patrol planes prohibited from flying low over business and residential districts of city, as there have been several narrow escapes.

Rain is badly needed to improve the hunting and fishing. Landowners of the Medford irrigation district to hold mass meeting.

War declared by mysterious order on "vice spots of Jackson county, to improve moral tone of Medford." George Laidley hauls truck load of ore from Blue Moose mine, which brings \$1000 net in San Francisco.

Pen organization formed for a "revival of the Medford spirit." Name to be selected later.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY September 8, 1911 (It was Friday) A joyride to Grants Pass by two local couples ends with a double wedding.

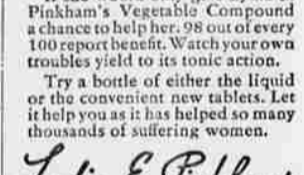
Editorial topic: "Portland's Ignorance." There was a large crowd of men at the depot today to greet the chorus of "Miss Nobody From Starland."

Dr. R. W. Stearns narrowly escapes death, when auto in which he is riding is hit by No. 15 at the Jackson street crossing. Dr. Stearns was thrown clear, but his auto was demolished.

Work of setting stakes for Pacific highway starts. Willamette valley farmers threaten injunction. John Jacob Astor, multi-millionaire, sends Madeline Force, a school girl, despite "objections of a nation."

Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., is found guilty of the murder of his wife, ending another national sensation. Gresham-Carr-McRobert Co., the Ford dealers, completed extensive alterations at expense of \$2000, to add complete service department for all makes of cars.

So Nervous She Could Scream



These Hysterical Womenfolk

CRYING... sobbing... laughing. Nerves strung to the breaking point. What a state to be in! Constant headache, bearing down pains, dizzy spells are robbing her of health and beauty.

If she would only give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a chance to help her, 98 out of every 100 report benefit. Watch your own troubles yield to its tonic action.

Try a bottle of either the liquid or the convenient new tablets. Let it help you as it has helped so many thousands of suffering women.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

TWO MAJESTIC B-Eliminators \$5.00 Each Service Electric Co. 111 South Holly Phone 1279

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

12,000 Oregonians, with grim and determined tartness, have failed to pay their state income tax. This is 6000 less than the attendance at the Jack Dempsey appearance in Portland, and 4000 more than passed the ticket window at the same event in Eugene.

"Business," says Mr. Schwab, "is full of poetry"—(Oakland, California, Tribune). And still they don't know what ails it.

Schoolmams should understand, once and for all, that they are not the fathers of the children they teach. They have no right to bruise and batter a boy. This is the fact of his job—(Hopedale Journal). Why teachers hide their desks, as well they may.

The "penny-pinching" throughout the nation continues unabated. Also, the dollars are getting caught in the washing machine wringer.

It was refreshing to once more see clouds in the sky—where they belong.

"The homeless woman is often beautiful . . ." This sounds like Henry Ford, but it is Calvin Coolidge who is piping up. To subscribe to this beautiful theory will be quite a strain on the imagination of the orchard run of human beings, who hold that a homely woman (and to state), is homely . . . (The fact of it). The more diplomatic males, with an eye for the wholeness of their hides, get around such problems of social propriety by alleging, "no woman is homely if she does not think so." This is the gibet lie of them all.

FUTURE EVENTS . . . SHADOWS (Heppner, Ore., News) Dwight Miner was transacting business in town Wednesday from the ranch near lone. He says there is a good deal of interest around the egg city about the coming performance.

Something to worry about, is the presence in the state penitentiary of one of Portland's leading Communists, who, when he gets through serving 10 years for bank robbery, will be returned, at federal expense, to Russia, the thoughts of which is more anguishing than the clanking of steel doors.

Ford Vandecar was a Baker business visitor on Thursday.—(Baker Democrat-Herald). Whittle out your own record.

The old friend, "Titanic struggle," is now raging between the trucks and the railroads. In due course of time, the railroads will be running way freight up the county roads.

There is considerable isolated yapping throughout the state about the "kept press." The "kept press" is the favorite subject of a Portland politician named Orange. He has been of fried chicken. In 1922, during the Ku Klux Klan, it was "the Roman press." When nothing mattered but the alleged enforcement of Prohibition, a candidate was always besieged by the "whiskey press." Of late, it has been the "Wall Street press." The only "kept press," is that portion of the press that has "kept crazy."

THE MAYOR SPEAKS UP (Mitchell, Ida., Times) We don't just know why horses, chickens, pigs, cows and men sometimes care to wander from their own feed yard, but they do. They don't seem to realize that it makes folks who never cursed before. We don't know how a horse knows that there's something planted just where the pants lie hood. We don't know why folks come to the mayor about "hicken troubles; it's lots closer to the owner of the chickens many, many times than it is to the mayor, but most people refrain from mentioning the matter to the chicken.

SUNDOWN STORIES



FAR-UP TRIP By Mary Graham Bonner. It was always like a new experience for John and Peggy to go on a "far-up" trip. Somehow it seemed more remarkable to them than if they took a far-off trip.

"I'm sure the time has been turned ahead for us," John told Peggy, as their own (a miller plane came for them.

The pilot told them that they were to take a trip alone with him to a sky farm, and that the time had been turned forward for this adventure.

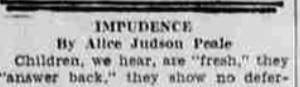
"What in the world, or in the air, is a sky farm?" Peggy asked. "You'll see in just a few moments," the pilot answered.

"We've been to air hotels when the time has been turned forward," John remarked. "We remember them; and we're in an air circus."

"This is something different," said the pilot of the plane. "This is a regular farm."

They were traveling along very rapidly now through the air, and they passed by huge landing places and enormous dirigibles with landing places attached where people stayed in hotels or houses or went to school.

Talks To Parents



IMPUDENCE By Alice Judson Peale. Children, we hear, are "fresh," "answer back," they show no deference for the opinions of their elders, they speak perky to visitors.

All this means, but one thing—the parents of such children have failed to earn that kind of respect which is the natural accompaniment of love and confidence.

It is perhaps a little discouraging to suggest the ways in which this can happen, but it should be helpful.

Every child, sooner or later, ceases to respect the person who has not been honest with him, fair, consistent, or who has too frequently shown poor judgment.

While children are little it is possible for parents to bluff their way. They have a great advantage, of course, for they represent to their children the sum total of everything that is wonderful, important and powerful.

Children really hate to find fault with their parents, for they need very much to love them, and to accept whatever they do or think or say in order to get along in the otherwise alarming confusion of a kaleidoscopic world.

The odds are all in favor of the parent's keeping his child's respect. When he loses it it is his own fault. But what can he do when once he has lost it, even in part—for the picture is seldom clear-cut?

Communications

Favors Tax for Relief. The Editor: The writer agrees with your recommendation or suggestion that the community chest of the war period should have been continued, but even this measure does not go far enough during this period of stress and want. What we need is a specific tax to meet the emergency.

Now, do not for a moment consider that any increase of taxation is implied in this recommendation. Cut out some of the fats and trills. If the county health department expended nearly \$1000 per

month in 1930, why not divert at least a portion of this in behalf of municipal relief agencies. A very small tax would effect this. The county chest, if far removed, by virtue of its general activities, to investigate the merits of municipal relief measures. Let the towns respectively attend to these matters.

Voluntary donations are all right as far as they go, but a small tax paid by everyone would go far to equalize matters, and this project could be accomplished without adding to the sum total of the levy. We do this in behalf of educational measures, and if the traditional three R's, as applying to "Reading" and "Rithmetic" are to be de-emphasized by all the rules of analogy, the three "B's" as represented by Bread, Butter and Bacon, demand urgent attention.

Under prevailing circumstances, voluntary donations are not going to fill the bill and it is unfair to expect this. All should contribute a share and this can only be done by a tax. With the fall here and

winter months approaching, we can't save our consciences by subscribing to half a dozen Red Cross seals during the Christmas season.

Of course, some will raise the cry that the proposition suggested would be unconstitutional. However, let us try the plan, unless a better one is suggested, and not only suggested, but adopted in simple season to meet emergencies.

HILL DAY, Ashland, Oregon. To the Editor: Praises Medford Churches In my travels through the north-west I have heard your city given many compliments in regard to her progressive methods. At this time I should like to say that the people of Medford and its vicinity should be complimented upon the progressive spirit of their churches.

Whereas in some cities the churches close for the summer, your churches combine in sponsoring union services and keep on doing their good work during the summer.

Summons for publication. Suit against Title—No. 497-E. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon in and for the County of Jackson.

Portland Properties, Inc., an Oregon Corporation, Plaintiff.

M. M. Bowers, John Doe Bowers, husband of M. M. Bowers; E. O. Potter, Receiver of Stewart Fruit Company, a California Corporation; also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the Complaint herein. Defendants.

To M. M. Bowers, John Doe Bowers, the unknown heirs of M. M. Bowers; also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint, of the above named defendants:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you, and each of you, are hereby notified to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the 15th day of September, 1931, and on the date of the first publication of this summons, and said period of four weeks being the time prescribed for publication of this summons, and if you fail to so appear and answer said complaint, or want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in its complaint, to-wit:

That a decree be entered adjudicating any and all right, title, estate, lien or claim, which you, or any of you, have or claim to have in and to, or upon the real property situated in the County of Jackson, State of Oregon, described as follows: Government Lots Five (5) and Six (6) and the East one-half (1/2) of the Northeast quarter (NE1/4) and the East one-half (1/2) of the Southeast quarter (SE1/4) of Section Twelve (12) in Township Thirty-eight (38) South, of Range Two (2) West of the Willamette Meridian; and Government Lots Two (2) and Three (3) and the West one-half (1/2) of the Southwest quarter (SW1/4) of Section Seven (7) in Township Thirty-eight (38) South of Range One (1) West of the Willamette Meridian; and except therefrom, containing 44.3 acres, more or less, to-wit: Beginning at the Northwest corner of Government Lot 7 in Section 7, Township 38 South of Range 1 West of the Willamette Meridian; thence South on the West line of said Lot 464.9 feet; thence West 380.3 feet; thence North 303.1 feet to the center line of the County Road; thence South 62 deg. East 240.9 feet, along said center line of said County Road, and thence South along said center line of said County Road to the point of beginning; all being in Jackson County, Oregon, and declaring

any and all such claims to be null and void, and declaring that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple of said premises and of the whole thereof, free and clear of any and all right, title, estate, lien or interest in said real estate of the said defendants, and that each and all of the defendants herein, and each and all of their heirs, agents and employees, and each and all persons claiming or to claim by, through or under them, or any of them, and all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in said real estate be forever enjoined, restrained and barred from asserting, attempting to establish or claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in or to said property, or any portion thereof, and that plaintiff's title to said real property be forever quieted and set at rest, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem just and equitable in the premises.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable Alex Sparrow, County Judge of Jackson County, Oregon, made and entered in said Court and cause on the 17th day of August, 1931, prescribing that said summons be served by publication thereof once each week for four consecutive weeks in the Medford Mail Tribune, a daily newspaper of general circulation, published in Jackson County, Oregon.

August 18th, 1931, is the date of the first publication of this summons, and September 15th, 1931, is the date of the last publication of this summons.

T. W. MILES, Attorney for Plaintiff, Residence and Post Office Address: Medford, Oregon.

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