MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

An autumnal rain thrummed gently on tin roofs, the plain shingled and the fancy shingled roofs, and the latter leaked as profusely as the former. It washed the dust of summer from the window screens, and beat large fat maple leaves to earth. The welcome precipitation proved anew, that the Pacific ocean can ooze through a pinhole, if the pinhole is in the sole of a shoe. Red galoshes and yellow slickers blossomed again, and ladies who have not been down town since the Depression started, paddled hither and yon through the biz. dist., all optimistically pessimistic. The farmers were reported as "rejoicing" over the rain although, as usual, there was no eye witness to the rejoicing. Weather prognosticators gloomily forecast the rain would last until after the presidential election. The fishing and the hunting were vastly benefited. The rain cheered the rank and file, and Democrats. They could have felt no better with 30 days and $250 fine under their belts.

Sir Hubert Wilkins, the explorer, is coming in a leaky submarine, with samples of mud from the bottom of the Arctic ocean, and many will not be able to sleep soundly until he is safely docked.

TRAGEDY GETS GRIM
(Eugene Register Guard)

LOST or Stolen—Blue Persian cat, grown. We can't get along without him. Reward for information leading to return. Ph. 2357W.

What became of the Bow and Arrow club, that started to function and flourish last spring? ?

Hanging is too good for the miserable upstate scribe, who listed the bride as a "Chi Omega girl," when she belongs to the Delta Delta Delta.

"A distinct community service is being rendered by the band, whose final concert will be rendered Thursday evening"—(Weed, Calif., Jottings) The blunt bawl-out.

The evenings are getting long. In the rural areas the neighbors have arrived for the birthday surprise party, after the motif has gone to bed.

Drifting to the No. 2 paragraph, another world item that makes the hair stick out on the back of the neck, is the information that the papal conclave and Mussolini, will have a parley.

The Eugenie hats continue to be all the rage, and most of the peevishness.

"Found—$1 bill near fire hall. Tel. 867"—(Want ad Del Norte Triplicate) That's nice, but what of it?

HO! FOR THE HANGING!
(Philadelphia Ledger)

When we do write about women we get into trouble, which means that we have been pretty continually in trouble all of our adult years. Because we do not accept the American credo concerning women, they say we're insulting to womanhood. The American credo is that women are difficult to understand and that they are better than men. We say women are not difficult to understand and that, taking the sexes as they come and go, they're no better than men.

A sister event to the fall style opening would be a fall oratorical closing.

The upstate Communist confusingly mixed up in the Aurora bank robbery, and now detained in the "big house" at Salem, is reported as receiving the best wishes of members of the Portland police department, in his efforts to get back to the north end of Portland and make what would probably be, to say the least, an incendiary speech. It seems that all he did was drive the getaway auto for the two bandits, who flourished the guns and grabbed the cash. The solicitude of the metropolitan police is unusual if not amazing, and a number of fine points of the law seem to be involved. It might even take a writ of tecum duches non laches before the gent is again in general circulation. A lot of time, wind, ink, paper, and lawyers can be saved by a plain and simple process, whereby the abused one could be his own judge and jury. Say to him: Stay in the penitentiary or return to Russia. He belongs in both places—at the same time.

Editorial Correspondence

VANCOUVER, B. C., Sept. 7. Labor Day must be Canada's Fourth of July. Everything shut up tighter than a drum Not even the big newspapers working. Nothing open but restaurants, cigar stores and Cinemas. Even the government liquor stores are closed. But if you want a drink you can get one. For about 25 per cent of the liquor here is dispensed in speakeasies, which are open day, night and holidays.

Why speakeasies and bootleggers, where good liquor is legalized and beer saloons are open until 11 p. m., except Sundays and holidays? The answer appears to be because drinking people like to drink after 11 p. m. and also like to have wines and liquors with their meals. You can drink beer in the beer saloons, but you can't eat meals there, although there is no law against bringing in a bag of salted peanuts or a sandwich. And at 11 p. m. you must get out. People full of beer seldom like to call it a night an hour before midnight. So they troop to the nearest speakeasy. And those who want a gay meal and a bit of jazz also troop there.

Which only goes to show that no satisfactory solution of the liquor problem has been reached in Canada or anywhere else. Probably it can't be reached. Yet from all we can learn an overwhelming majority of the people of Vancouver and British Columbia prefer the present system to prohibition which they tried—and there is no more danger of this province voting dry than of Congressman Hawley coming out for free trade and light wines and beer. The system isn't perfect, but it has worked better to date than any other system, and even the radical Prohis admit it is here to stay.

Hard times—and times up here are just as hard or harder than they are in the U. S. A.—have increased the wet sentiment. For thanks to government manufacturers and control of liquor, which supplies 75 per cent of all liquor consumed, taxes are low and the local government is rich. British Columbia according to official reports, is paying off its war debt, interest and principal, building hospitals, improving old age pensions and constructing highways, from its liquor revenue fund. Dr. Clarence True Wilson would of course call this wicked. But a government official with whom we talked, counters with the assertion that it isn't as wicked to give this revenue to the government, and thus reduce taxes, as to hand it over to the racketeers and bootleggers, as we do in the states, and increase them. There is no alliance between liquor and organized crime up here, as there is below the line. But of course fundamental social and industrial conditions up here are very different,—there is reason to doubt for example, that the Canadian system, so generally successful in a city like Vancouver, would be equally successful in a city like Chicago or New York.

However we talked with a very intelligent Canadian newspaper man today who is convinced that hard times are going to bring at least light wines and beer to the United States and perhaps the end of Prohibition.

He has recently returned from a trip to Washington, D. C., and New York and maintains that even President Hoover favors radical modification.

To quote:

"Hard times and the overwhelming passion for a return of good times in the states, has given the wets their long delayed and golden opportunity. The popular demand for prosperity, is today stronger than the former fear of the return of the saloon. I talked with many important politicians in Washington who told me the hour for Prohibition repeal had at last struck. Here would be a sure fire short cut to prosperity, drastic reduction of all taxes, stimulation of agriculture, greater consumption of all grains, the creation of a new and tremendously profitable industry, that would end the depression overnight. I don't mean any return of the saloon but the legalizing of liquor sales under strict regulations and government control. A system essentially the same as what we have here. I received the distinct impression, that leaders in both your large political parties, agree that while good times continued prohibition modification or repeal were simply impossible; but that now with this nation-wide depression, both are not only possible, but highly probable."

This seemed to us an interesting view of the situation, and is given for what it is worth. We doubt very much that President Hoover is for prohibition, and so told our informant, but admitted that one who had just visited Washington should know more about the real situation than a country editor in Oregon. There is no doubt that in the United States today the desire for a return of prosperity is stronger than anything else. Such an appeal might get the votes where the promise of a legal drink never would.

This is probably the most "American" of all Canadian cities, and yet to one just arrived from the other side, it has a decidedly foreign flavor. Next to this hotel for example the Canadian National is erecting a new $5,000,000 hotel,—white granite and marble, which they say it will take a year or more to complete. The outer structure however, except for the high tower has been finished. At the main corner is a large sign reading as follows:

"We regret this noise, but it is necessary for progress. Please be patient."

It is signed by the contractors. Imagine such a sign apologizing for the trip-hammer barrage in any large city in the United States!

All is quiet over there today. But tomorrow no doubt, after his labor day holiday, some cockney steel riveter, will climb up the tower, and with a final apology to all concerned, start on his final 12-month shift!

R. W. R.

SUNDOWN STORIES

LOFTY COWS
By Mary Graham Bonner.

In a way this place up in the air reminded John and Peggy of the air hotels. It was very large, but there was an enormous wall around it. It looked something like a gigantic dirigible, but when the time was turned forward everything looked different.

Of course, as the pilot explained, it was the same idea as the planes which were able to stay up so long in the children's time, but people had greatly improved upon these endurance planes. They were able to build them so large that they were like small towns, and they were built so that they could stay up in the air for ages and ages.

Now and again some of them were brought back to the earth to be rebuilt, but they were so prepared for them in this far-distant time that they could send up planes to repair them and repaint them and refurnish them.

They would send radio messages down to the earth and say:

"We need fresh paint on our house or hangar." And a plane would go up from the earth, carrying with it paints and painters.

But as John and Peggy said, this place seemed quite different from any other they had seen.

As soon as they began to walk around, they knew the reason. It was a farm, and it was up in the air.

How the magic could turn the time ahead! Now they were standing before creatures they had never expected to see up in the air.

There were cows—many cows—but they looked the same as always. They turned their heads and looked at John and Peggy, and one of them said, with a smile that only a cow can have:

"Aren't we lofty?"

"Moo, moo," said the others, "we're lofty cows!"

Tomorrow—"The Air Farm."

Talks To Parents

DOMESTIC FRICTION
By Alice Judson Peale

Perhaps the most common symptom of childishness in adults is the expectation that the love of another human being will be enough to give them happiness.

One often meets men and women who have never married because they have not been able to find the ideal—the one with whom life would be bliss.

All things considered, it is probably just as well that they have not, for the children of such romantics are generally in for a bad time.

There is hardly one person in a hundred who after he had been married for more than a year honestly thinks his mate is perfection.

But there are goodly numbers who have found that the imperfect reality of marriage is still something to build on and infinitely worth while.

It is in homes where this is so that the child gets a fair break.

Where, however, the disappointment of romantic hopes results in nagging, bitterness, quarrels, or joyless resignation, the child finds that he has been precipitated into an entirely too difficult and ugly world.

The repercussions of domestic friction deprive him of tranquility. They cause him to be anxious and worried.

Many behavior troubles in children are nothing but the reflection of the troubles of their parents.

Indeed, children are lucky if the battle goes on over their heads and they are not drawn into the conflict as a kind of buffer state, subject now to violence and now to diplomatic overtures.

Every father and mother owes it to their children to learn to live pleasantly and harmoniously together, to accept each other's limitations without chronic complaint and recurrent upheavals.

They need to reconcile themselves to the realities of their situation, and where they fail one another, to fill in the gaps with friendships and hobbies.

MOON of DELIGHT

by Margaret Bell Houston

SYNOPSIS: In love with Senorita Flores, guest of his grandmother, Nelly Belaise, Kirk Stanard does not know that she has left her job and name—Juanita Basara—at Divitt's gambling house. Adrian Fouché, another admirer, joins the party at Biloxi, bringing his mother, whom Nelly startles with news that the senorita is engaged to a Spanish nobleman. The marquesa confirms this report for Madame Fouché, who, incidentally, speaks of Nelly's carelessness with jewels in her New Orleans home. This is the kind of information Divitt had hired the marquesa to get as she chaperones his cigarette girl, who is unaware of his theft plans. Kirk waits vainly for Juanita to meet him in the garden, bitter upon seeing her laughing and singing with Adrian.

Chapter 22

A BREAKFAST DATE

WOULD Juanita meet him for breakfast in the morning? She had promised; Kirk could only depend on that, for he would not remind her. She had sat late, singing to Adrian. Perhaps she would be sleepy in the morning.

He gathered some of the *bulbul* flowers before he went in, taking the back stair. He would give the flowers to Rhoda to put in Juanita's room. They would perhaps say something about tomorrow. And perhaps the mocking bird would be at his post.

Juanita's door was ajar. Rhoda was no doubt making the room ready for the night. Kirk tapped. The door opened farther at his touch. Rhoda was not there.

That guest room had been familiar to Kirk all his life—the old bed with its rose-hung canopy, the crystal ornaments of the dresser, the window opening upon the sea. He had stayed in this room once when he was ill, so that the nurse might occupy the connecting room that was now the marquesa's. Fellows from college had come home with him and bunked there. . . Now he saw it with strange eyes. Juanita had so filled it with her presence that no former association remained.

Things had become ominously silent downstairs. Kirk stepped inside, poured some water into one of the vases, set the flowers on the table beside the bed. Already their perfume was beginning to permeate the room.

Kirk went quickly out the open door to his own room. But it was a long time before the voices downstairs ceased, before there came steps on the stair and good nights called along the hall.

Juanita lay watching the world grow pale with dawn. The sea wind was blowing into her room, moist and gentle, bringing a smell of rain. Yet the sky held stars; the day would be clear. Perhaps it was the flowers she smelt.

Juanita looked at the flowers, a crimson blur in the half-dark. Kirk had left them there, she knew. Kirk had sent her the message that they were in bloom, and she had known that he was in the garden waiting to finish with her that interrupted moment on Caprice. She had stayed in the house, singing, talking to Adrian, scarcely conscious that it was he, so afraid was she of Kirk, of his voice, his touch, his kindness—of the things he said. Alone with him in the garden, what might she not have said, in turn? There, on Caprice—She had felt his unspoken profanity, when the marquesa had come running with her cry of "Look!" . . . She herself would never forget to thank the marquesa for that rescue.

Now she was not afraid. It was not love she felt for Kirk. What it was she did not know. How could a heart that had been drained of faith furnish a soil for love? It was not love—and it was not night! So she need not fear. She would meet Kirk in the garden, as she had promised. He must not suspect that she was afraid. . . .

Fear. If she might only know a day, a night that had no moment when terror, black and cold, did not crawl against her heart. Last night it had stayed long, not only terror of what lay behind, but an indefinable dread of something ahead. She had risen from the bed, sat by the window looking at the sea. The Thing had stood beside her, watching too. She had started into the marquesa's room, but the marquesa snored so peacefully that Juanita had crept into bed again, going at last to sleep.

The night was almost gone. She would not be afraid of the past or anything to come. Juanita slipped from bed. The mocking bird sang suddenly.

"A little late, Señor," she said, closing the marquesa's door as she ran the water in the bath between the rooms.

The mocking bird flew away, leaving the honeysuckle shaking. Juanita put on a sleeveless dress of pink cotton homespun, winding her hair about her head. There was no time to daily. If the marquesa was going to wake and come in Juanita preferred her to do it after she was gone.

Kirk was waiting under the oak trees by the south wall. A table for two had been set there. The world was very dim and still, and full of faint night-fragrances.

"This is good of you," Kirk said. "All your beauty sleep—"

"Beauty sleep?" smiled Juanita. "Do you know what we say in Spanish? 'It is a sin to sleep when the moon is shining.' I'm beginning to believe it's a sin to sleep in the dawn."

Down a little path Rhoda was coming bearing a bowl of strawberries.

"Rhoda may pour your chocolate, but you're to pour my coffee," Kirk said to Juanita.

"Spoiled, aren't you?"

"Well—desirous of being, at any rate. You didn't come last night," he added. "I suppose you were too happy with Adrian."

She was watching Rhoda dish the strawberries. She could be very silent, reflected Kirk. In another woman the trait would have exasperated him. It exasperated him with her sometimes. Rhoda went back along the little path and Kirk added, "To think I am leaving you here all day with him—with Adrian."

"Is he dangerous?"

"How should I know?" Kirk spoke testily. He had not slept well, and Juanita looked so disturbingly pretty and remote. He had been overjoyed just now to see her coming from the house. Now other things worried him. "It depends on your susceptibility whether he's dangerous or not. At any rate," Kirk finished, "I'm leaving you here with him."

"Why don't you take him?"

"How? He's plotted this for days. He's even planned a moon for tonight—on the ride home."

"He has plotted nothing with me," said Juanita.

"He didn't think it necessary. Here you are, and here he is. And here's the garden. Did you ever in your country hear of the dog in the manger? Well, here he is. I can't use the garden myself, or see you all day—so I don't want any one else to."

"You are hard on yourself," Juanita said gently.

Rhoda was coming down the walk with covered dishes on a tray—a puff of omelet, strips of bacon, hot biscuits, feather-light, and a pot of wild plum jam. Kirk held out his cup to Juanita. These New Orleanians! They took their coffee seriously and continuously. Kirk watched the lift of her rounded arm as she tilted the urn. Rhoda went back down the path.

"Oh well," said Kirk, "you've poured my coffee anyway. I'll remember that all day." Then softly, "I love you, Juanita, with your hair like that. I love you in that little pink dress. I love you any way at all," he added crossly, so that Juanita laughed.

"Promise me one thing, Juanita . . ."

After a moment her eyes met his.

"Don't be afraid," he added. "I won't ask you not to fall in love. Nothing not to do. Only—if any one tells you he loves you today—laugh at him too. Will you promise that?"

"Oh, certainly!" said Juanita, laughing already.

"And if he asks you to marry him, tell him you couldn't think of it."

She had sobered a little at that. "Just for today," said Kirk.

"That would be easy."

"All right, then. I shan't nag you any more. I'd just like—I'm going in town to work, and I'd merely like to do it. . . . Look at that canary, will you? He's waiting for me to throw some crumbs." Kirk broke a biscuit into bits, threw it out on the grass.

A myriad flutter of wings from the branches about them. Juanita threw a bit of bacon which started a small war. She and Kirk were silent, watching the birds.

Juanita scarcely saw the birds. The black Thing that had stood beside her in the night was mysteriously there again, turning the message of the dawn into a hideous thing, seeming to say: Whatever has lain dark and secret shall be unveiled in the light.

(Copyright, Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Nelly is dazed Monday. She reads of jewel robberies and asks Juanita to come to her room.

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 the Mail Tribune.

EVERY DOCTOR SHOULD WRITE AND LECTURE

A physician who has a rather large number of diabetes patients gives two lectures a week to his patients. He invites all his patients to attend these lectures free of charge. He does not invite others than his own patients to attend, nor does he announce the lectures to the public in any way or even permit any announcement of "news" about them to be published. The patients find the lectures very practical and helpful. The doctor simply tells them the things every good physician must and should tell his diabetes patient. By doing it in this way the doctor is able to teach his patients much more effectively than he can when he tries to give the lessons individually or to one patient at a time. The lectures include much good advice about preparing food, taking insulin, how to manage insulin reactions, and the various special matters of hygiene which are of so much importance in the diabetic patient's way of living.

Every doctor, I suspect, would like to write medical or health stuff for the public. Every doctor should, or at least he should for his own patrons. There can be no possible objection to this on the score of ethics or professional propriety. On the contrary, the "code" of principles of medical ethics specifically states that it is the duty of the physician to instruct the public about matters of health.

Even my own rather unconventional professional conduct in this column, while it sometimes makes the medical brethren whose foibles I attack mad right down to the ground, never brings upon my head any official censure and never for an instant impairs my standing in the medical profession or my fellowship in the medical society. You see, my motive is absolutely unquestionable, and so even the medical brethren whose toes I tread on know better than to attempt to have me officially reproved or censured in any way.

If I can get away with this sort of thing and still keep my medical standing, why, any honest to goodness practitioner can write his own educational articles, pamphlets, booklets, lessons and deliver his own instructions, lectures, talks to his own patrons, and it is nobody's business.

Every doctor, I believe, has ambition, often not frankly acknowledged, to write for the public on medical and health subjects. Obey that impulse, brethren. Be the head man of your own "clinic," "institute," "health club," "school of life" or whatever you please to call it. Canvass your own clientele and group them into suitable classes. Set a time for each class to meet, and teach them what they need to know. It's nobody's business, I say, and an ideal way for a real doctor to serve his patients and at the same time elevate the status of regular medicine.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Dry Up.

My 3½ year old son wets the bed more than my 2 year old. Can you tell me how to stop this? (Mrs. A.)

Answer—Yes, send a stamped envelope bearing your address and mention that your son wets the bed. No advice sent impersonally or in response to a clipping.

In the Backwoods

I asked my physician about the diathermy method for my infected tonsils and he discredited it as being experimental . . . (A. A.)

Answer—Give him 10 years or so—he'll learn. I do not know of a physician in your community who employs diathermy for the extirpation of tonsils, but the better physicians and specialists everywhere are now using the method for suitable cases. It is quite as efficient as is surgical tonsillectomy in any case.

Swimming Pool Perils

About 20 of us like to use swimming pools because they are easier to reach than the ocean. Can you get ear and nose troubles from pools? (W. B. E.)

Answer—Yes. It seems there is considerable risk of sinus, nasal or ear infection no matter what methods of disinfection or prevention of pollution are employed.

Subscription In Early

Any time you have a book published with all this good reading and common sense you put in your daily column, let me know and I'll be delighted to subscribe at any cost. (F. B. T.)

Answer—Now if we can get 99 other subscribers at $50 per book, maybe we'll take you up.

Gasoline for Foot Itch

My husband had foot itch or "athlete's foot." I read your article about using gasoline. He got some out of the flivver that very day and his foot stopped itching the first application. I think your column is great and read it every day. (Mrs. V. A.)

Answer—Thank you. Gasoline (not ethyl gas) is an excellent remedy for foot itch. Soak the foot in gasoline for just one minute every day till the trouble is cured.

described property, situated in the County of Jackson, State of Oregon, to-wit:

Beginning at the Northwest corner of Section Seven (7), Township Thirty-six (36) South, Range One (1) East of the Willamette Meridian and running thence North 89 degrees 55 minutes East One Thousand Fifty-four and six-tenths (1054.6) feet; thence South 0 degrees 4 minutes West Twelve Hundred Forty-eight and seventy-two hundredths (1248.72) feet; thence North 89 degrees 18 minutes West One Thousand Fifty-one (1051) feet; thence North 0 degrees 8 minutes West on the W. M. Twelve Hundred Thirty-four and thirty-five hundredths (1234.35) feet to the place of beginning, containing Thirty (30) acres, more or less.

Also, Lot One (1) in Section Thirty-one (31), Township Thirty-five (35) South of Range One (1) East of the Willamette Meridian.

Also Lots numbered One (1), Two (2), Three (3) and Four (4) in Section Six (6), Township Thirty-six (36) South of Range One (1) East of the W. M.

Also, that portion of Donation Land Claim No. 40, lying in said Section Six (6), Township Thirty-six (36) South of Range One (1) East W. M. described as follows:

Commencing at the Southwest corner of said Section Six, and running thence North Twenty-five and ninety-five hundredths chains; thence East along the south line of Donation Claims 42 and 43, Thirty-three and seventy hundredths chains, thence South twenty-five and seventy-five hundredths chains to line between Sections 6 and 7; thence West thirty-three and seventy hundredths chains to the place of beginning, containing in all two hundred forty-nine and fifty-five hundredths acres.

Dated this 31st day of August, 1931.
RALPH G. JENNINGS,
Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon.
By OLGA E. ANDERSON, Deputy.

Notice of Seizure.
(No. 1181-C.)

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Jackson.
The State of Oregon, Plaintiff,
vs.
One 1928 Buick Coupe, Motor No. 2199451; Serial No. 2096145; 1931 California License No. 9X3274, (Alphonso Kirkland), Defendant.

State of Oregon, County of Jackson, ss.

To Alphonso Kirkland, address care County Jail, Medford, Oregon; and to Sterling Finance Corporation, 700 Petroleum Securities Bldg., 714 W. 10th Street, Los Angeles, California; and to whomever it may concern:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You, and each of you, are hereby notified and will take notice that the following described personal property, to-wit: 1928 Buick Coupe, California License No. 9X3274 for the year 1931, Motor No. 2199451, Serial No. 2096145, was seized by the sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon, on the 8th day of August, 1931, at about the hour of 5:30 o'clock p. m. of said day, in the County of Jackson, State of Oregon, in the City of Medford, in said county; that said 1928 Buick Coupe ever since has been, and now is, in the possession and custody of said sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon, and is being proceeded against in the above entitled Court for the forfeiture of the same for a violation of Chapter 29 of the General Laws of Oregon for 1923, the same being an act relating to the forfeiture and sale of boats, vehicles and other conveyances used in the unlawful transportation or possession of intoxicating liquor within the State of Oregon; and that all persons having or claiming any interest in said 1928 Buick Coupe are hereby required to appear before the above entitled Court in the County Court House of Jackson County, Oregon, at Medford, Oregon by Wednesday, the 30th day of September, 1931, which said day has heretofore been duly set by the above entitled Court as an answer day herein, and to defend against said proceedings, and that upon their failure so to do, a judgment of forfeiture of said 1928 Buick Coupe will be entered.

This Notice is issued and given to you, and each of you, pursuant to an order duly made by Hon. H. D. Norton, presiding Judge of the above entitled Court, on the 4th day of September, 1931.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court affixed at Medford, Jackson County, Oregon, this 4th day of September, 1931.

DELILIA STEVENS MEYER,
County Clerk.
(Seal of the)
(Circuit Court.)

Notice for Publication.
Department of the Interior.
General Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon
August 15th, 1931.

Notice is hereby given that George F. Layton, of Eagle Point, Oregon, who, on May 2nd, 1927, made Adjoining Farm Homestead entry, Serial No. 016751, for NE¼ NW¼ (Section 15, Township 35 S., Range 1 W., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Chauncey Florey, U. S. Commissioner, at Medford, Oregon, on the 30th day of September, 1931.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Charles Pruitt and James H. Pruitt, both of Medford, Oregon; Theodore Rein and Mizzie Rein, both of Eagle Point, Oregon.

HAMILL A. CANADAY,
Register

Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an execution on foreclosure duly issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, in and for the County of Jackson, to me directed and dated on the 31st day of August, 1931, in a certain suit therein, wherein Maud H. Hunstock, as an individual and Maud H. Hunstock, as trustee under the last will and testament of Robert H. Hunstock, deceased, as Plaintiff, recovered decree against Eva Mozelle Vawter the defendant for the sum of Ten Thousand and no-100 ($10,000.00) dollars with interest at 7% per annum from November 1st, 1929, also the sum of $1177.79 with interest at 7% from November 20, 1929, together with costs and disbursements, and the further sum of Five Hundred and no-100 ($500.00) dollars as attorney's fees, which decree was enrolled and docketed in the Clerk's office of said Court in said County on the 31st day of August, 1931.

Notice is hereby given, that pursuant to the terms of the said execution I will on the 3rd day of October, 1931, at 10:00 o'clock a. m. at the front door of the Courthouse in the City of Medford, in Jackson County, Oregon, offer for sale and will sell at public auction for cash to the highest bidder, to satisfy said judgment, together with the costs of this sale, subject to redemption as provided by law, all the right, title and interest that the said defendant, Eva Mozelle Vawter had on the 1st day of May, 1927, or now has in and to the following

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 9, 1921.
(It was Friday.)

Roy Gardner, escaped convict from McNeill's Island prison, seen by women residents of island Posses fail to find trace of spectacular bandit.

Julius L. Meier of Portland is named permanent chairman of the scheme for holding a world's fair in Portland in 1925, to be known as the Atlantic-Pacific Highways and Electrical exposition. Proposed to tax the state at large for $3,000,000 and to raise $3,000,000 in the metropolis to finance the project.

Unemployed of Boston auctioned off on historic commons by lady agitators.

Local bootlegger is nabbed in Portland, while after his commodity.

Ben Sheldon and C. W. McDonald of this city have their pictures printed in the Portland papers.

Attorney Evans Reames returns from Portland by auto, and reports "the Pacific highway is wonderful, 25 miles per hour being easily negotiated."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
September 9, 1911.
(It was Saturday.)

Medford housewives pick hundreds of gallons of blackberries, at ten cents per gallon, from the M. R. Buck patch on the Applegate.

Star theater opening delayed by non-arrival of the opera chairs.

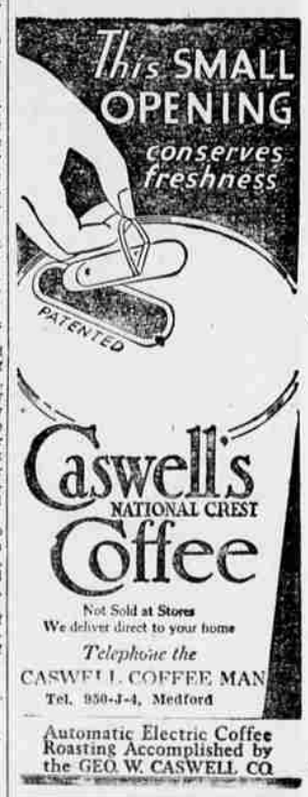
Medford and Ashland commercial clubs to cooperate and maintain a colonist agent in Portland.

Small boy on North Central avenue burns hands and face when lighted match is held too near mosquito netting over front door.

Good roads meeting scheduled for Central Point.

Ashland seeks Southern Oregon Experiment station.

Campaign for good roads to open September 13.



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