

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot: The city can point with pride to the fact that a band of gypsies went through last week and no citizen shy his pocketbook.

If a dollar is thrown hard on the counter, it will dance merrily, as if you, merchants report instead, but not always, they are laid gingerly on the edge, and snatched away before they can grab them.

Miss Marianna Urbanowicz has become Mrs. Wladislaw Guruszko. (Huntington Jettings). For worse or for better.

It would take a Sherlock Holmes to figure out the inside of the Aurora bank robbery, with the shenanigans between the Portland police and the stool-pigeon, etc., etc.

A GENT BACKS UP: (Castro, Ill. Citizen). Notice—I made a mistake. Effective August 16, 1931, I will be responsible for purchases made by my wife and son as heretofore. Annil Dowling.

The Home Brewers Association has filed a protest, because their craftsmanship is not mentioned in the Home Products campaign.

The reverberating thud and metallic clink of \$15 shown by youths on the verge of their first nose-width mustache, are keeping the sidewalks hot. The footwear weighs as much as the wearer, and makes a noise like a combination of a tap dancer.

Some of the corn is out of the shock and still shocking. Roy Stamp and his faithful dog, Fido or something, were doing the village streets Wednesday. (Heppner News). By way of mention.

Everything has been mentioned as a cure for the Depression, except removal of the tonsils. The first overseas reported stolen by sneak thieves has been found where the owner hid it, last spring.

SPENDING SUMMER: The bee seeks out the hollyhock; The airy, fairy hummingbird is stinging at the four o'clock All undeterred. One is the lily and the rose. And oh, how fast the summer goes!

The darning dragonfly is fleet. Of winging above the shrunken pool; The cricket sounds its sharp but sweet. Staccato in the twilight cool; Toward autumn and slant of snows. Alas, how fast the summer goes! (New York Sun)

THE COURT ON AUTOS: It is not the ferocity of automobiles that is to be feared, but the ferocity of those who drive them. Unless human agency intervenes, they are usually harmless. While by reason of the rate of pay allotted to judges in this state, few, if any, of them have ever owned one of these machines; yet some have occasionally ridden, thereby acquiring a some knowledge; and we have, therefore, found out that there are times when these machines not only lack ferocity but assume such an indispensible to get that it taxes the limits of human ingenuity to make them move at all. They are not to be classed with bad dogs, vicious bulls, evil-disposed mules and the like. (From Georgia Court Decisions)

THE LOAFERS' LAMENT: Oh, it's time to go to college. And to study like the deuce; Oh, it's time to get some knowledge. But, darn it, what's the use? Plumbers own the high priced cars and put on lots of swank; Brickmasons have their private bars and money in the bank. Fish vendors run for president and promise wine for beer; Professors board to pay the rent. Of houses small and dear. Oh, I'd like to go ahead with school, Its football and its track, But I think I'll shoot a game of pool And maybe win some jack. (Exchange)

Main construction of new Great Northern railroad station here being pushed.

Editorial Correspondence

VICTORIA, B. C., Sept. 11.—All Victoria is mourning because the king of Siam didn't catch a tyee salmon, entitling him to wear a copper button along with all his other medals. His majesty returned this afternoon after spending nearly a week on the Campbell river, and only caught six cohoes. However, after seeing the King, we think it just as well he didn't hook a 30-pound tyee for had he done so we fear Siam would either be minus a King or his majesty would have had the humiliation of not only losing the fish but also his bait and tackle. For with King Prajadhipok on one end of the line and King Salmon on the other, there could be no question of the final outcome.

We must read up on Siam. Aside from producing twins and white elephants, we know nothing about that country. Perhaps little kings are as much deuced in that country as little feet in China. If so, the Siamese have a prize package for fifty ten and can't weigh over 98 pounds. He looks rather like a plucked pouter-nian. But, according to report, he rules over 14,000,000 people, and is as rich as J. P. Morgan. He must be a good sport, too, for he offered his boatman \$5 per pound for any tyee he might catch.

Perhaps the boatman figured landing a tyee and a King at once was worth more than \$5 per pound. The British take their royalty seriously. And that of course is the way royalty should be taken—if at all. We happened to be gravitating around Prince Svast! as usual, when there was a great flurry and running about of flunkies, we almost stepped on the King trying to get away. As it was we bumped into an officer of the Royal Mounted Police, in scarlet coat, dark green flaring riding breeches, patent leather riding boots and a Stetson a yard wide with a strap around the nape of the neck. He was very polite, no doubt taking us for another member of the royal party. So we stood our ground for the simple and sufficient reason that with everyone crowding around we couldn't get away. The Prince, who we remarked before, looks rather like Warner Oland, and must weigh close to 200 pounds, greeted the "Kink" and Queen rather casually we thought. At least he didn't get down on his knees or do any Oriental salaaming. He laughed and embraced them and exchanged a few words in rather a parental fashion. As the Queen is his daughter and the King his nephew, that was no doubt natural. All the Japanese bell boys lined up stiffly, eyes right, and the hotel manager, with Miss Forsham Johnson, daughter of the Lieutenant Governor, did the immediate honors, leading the royal procession to the vice regal suite on the second floor.

Tonight there is a dinner at the Lieutenant Governor's and tomorrow a luncheon and reception at Mr. and Mrs. Butchart's—owners of the famous gardens. A Canadian newspaper man very kindly offered us a ticket to the latter, but as usual we are without the proper regalia, and besides it is drizzling now and looks like a downpour tomorrow. Then again we have had about enough of royalty. If we attended with a borrowed morning coat and white spots, we would probably get arrested for less majesty before we got out. We have been lucky so far—better let it go at that.

Unlike Vancouver, there are no beer parlors in Victoria. You can buy anything you want at the government stores, but you must drink it somewhere else. If you long for a beer hall, however, there are several outside of town and Squimlalt across the way, is an open town. From what we can learn there are fewer speakeasies and bootleggers here than in Vancouver, and there is certainly less evidence of drinking. Labor Day night in Vancouver, as perhaps we remarked before, was almost as wet as a big football night in San Francisco. But we have yet to see the slightest evidence of inebriation over here. Even at the race track no drinks are served except in the club house. One always hears about U. S. tourists coming up here and getting nicely plastered. Perhaps that is true during the height of the tourist season but it certainly isn't true now. We can vouch for one American visitor having had (BELIEVE IT OR NOT) only one glass of beer since he arrived. That may sound fishy but it's really human nature. When you CAN'T get it you WANT it; when you CAN, you don't.

Note this: There are no BEACH PAJAMAS IN VICTORIA! And if there are any flappers we haven't seen them. There are smart looking women and pretty girls, but they apparently get their color from the atmosphere rather than the drug store. And, speaking of drug stores, the local ones specialize in drugs instead of quick lunches and curies. The best looking things here in the human line are the boys—sooty around 19 and 22—we met a group of them on Government street this morning, in Oxford shorts, Etou caps, bright cheeks and curly towheads—they were following around some of the Siamese royal party on a shopping tour. Each one a fine model for a high priced portrait painter.

"Canada for the Canadians" is the motto up here. You run into it everywhere. Take the movies, for example. They are making a strenuous effort to persuade the people to patronize British movies rather than the Hollywood brand. Editorials are being written about it. But to date we should say progress is slow. In the last 24 hours we attended two movies which gave us some interesting evidence. First a British movie, "On Approval," an excellently done amoral comedy, really perfect of its kind. Second, that rowdy film, "The Front Page," to our mind the best and most typically American film of the year. A small but select audience at the former, a crowd roaring at the latter, every seat filled. We have an idea Hollywood will win out in Canada in spite of all the propaganda. Why? Because while Canada loves the home country, it is temperamentally American—and the Hollywood film has the snap and go and creative originality of the New World. British movies are more artistic—more civilized—but somehow they lack the punch.

In other directions, however, this Canada for Canadians is making progress. Canada's new protective tariff is evidence of it. Take peas, for example. We have taken pains to visit a dozen or more fruit shops here and in Vancouver. You can't find a Medford pea—or a U. S. pea—in any of them. The peas come from Canada—Okanagon—poor looking things selling for 50 cents a dozen up. A year ago Oregon peas were being sold all over British Columbia, but now with a tariff of a dollar a box they are not even handled and poor money stays at home. Most of the citrus fruits, also grapes and grape fruit, come from California, but for the first time in Canadian history Australian oranges are being sold here. Today a ship at the dock is unloading oranges from Australia, 3000 boxes of them.

In the coming campaign our Democratic friends no doubt are going to make this Canadian situation an argument against the Hawley-Smoot bill and Republican tariff policies in general. Well, there is a basis for argument no doubt. But as we see it the harm has been done. Lowering our tariff now isn't going to make Canada lower hers. The fruit growers up here and elsewhere in the United Kingdom have had a taste of the benefits of protection and will insist upon its continuance. In other directions than fruit and land products, the Canadian tariff has not and will not build up Canadian manufacturing. The Yankee manufacturers are too foxy for that. They have already moved their plants across the line, from automobiles, through cameras to shaving soap and sliced bacon. Thus they escape the tariff and no Canadian manufacturer can successfully compete with them. So this tariff doesn't help Canada so much as it injures the United States. She still buys American products, the money goes to the states while Uncle Sam loses the invested capital and payrolls. Not so good for the U. S. A. but how are you going to help it? R. W. R.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.

Signify letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to 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.

A CRICK IN THE BACK WITHOUT LITIGATION: "Railroad spine" was quite popular in the days before Henry. The term implied that the patient had been fortunate enough to be on a train when the train was jolted or even derailed or wrecked, and had come out of it with a lame back that practically incapacitated him—until after a satisfactory judgment was rendered. Of course there is no way to decide in some such cases where an array of medical experts on the one hand testify that an actual trouble and an opposition crowd testify there is no trouble.

I had been practicing several years before I ever heard of strain or dislocation or partial dislocation of the sacro-iliac joint. Of course I was vaguely aware that our osteopathic brethren pretended to diagnose what they called "stipped innominate"—which is another way of saying dislocated sacro-iliac. But I didn't take the osteopaths very seriously then. One day I had a hurry call. The patient I found sitting in a carefully rigid attitude on the edge of a chair. She dared not move, lest she suffer another stab of pain in her back. She had been perfectly well until she leaned over to lift a heavy pan of dough from the floor to a table, and as she attempted to heave it up "something gave way" in her back, and she was rendered instantly helpless. Friends had to carry her to her chair. On examination I found the muscles over the sacro-iliac joint in marked spasm. I applied a wide girdle of several layers of strong adhesive plaster as firmly as possible around the pelvis, to support the joint. As soon as this was applied the patient found she could stand up and walk about without discomfort. We kept such support applied for several weeks, and there was no more trouble.

The sacro-iliac joint is not really a joint at all. It is merely the junction between the sacrum or base of the spine and the wing of the hip bone. It is normally quite immovable. Even in the most marked cases of sacro-iliac strain or sprain or relaxation or subluxation or partial dislocation, as it is variously termed, X-ray pictures give previous little evidence of any actual displacement of the bones that join in the synchondrosals. The X-ray technicians profess to see some evidence of mobility in certain cases, but I've never felt convinced. Still, sacro-iliac strain or sprain is common enough and there can be no question of the accuracy of the diagnosis in such typical cases as the one I described. Then, too, the treatment, by one form of support or other for the joint, pretty thoroughly corroborates the diagnosis if the diagnosis is correct, for proper support invariably gives great relief. There is a tremendous amount of commercial hokey marketed in the

Answers to questions: "I should be very glad, too, if you can send me your pamphlets or treatises on the effects of tobacco and alcohol on the system." "Answer—I am unwilling to send anything impersonally. If you or your dependent has the tobacco or alcohol habit, write me and I'll give my best advice in a private letter, provided you inclose stamped envelope bearing your address." "Extraction of Teeth: Please tell me the best way to have teeth extracted—the whole upper set. I am so nervous when I have a tooth pulled by blocking the nerve..." "Answer—If even one tooth is sound by all means save it. Where many teeth are hopelessly decayed or infected it is better to have them extracted a few at a time at intervals of three or four weeks. Gas and oxygen may be used for each extraction." "Constipation Goes Bad: What is the cause for brick red sediment that clouds the urine? Also the same matter discolors the armpits? Something wrong somewhere—kidneys? Liver? Metabolism? (R. J. M.)" "Answer—Nothing very wrong. You need to drink more water or what-aver fresh fruit juice beverage you prefer. The red stain from sweat is usually due to the growth of a harmless germ. The aluminum chloride solution so effective for excessive or odorous sweating in the armpits will probably correct the trouble—half an ounce of aluminum chloride dissolved in three ounces of distilled water. Mop the skin of armpits with this once a day for a week." "Our family is having an argument about the work of the saliva in the digestion of food. Please settle it so we can have peace. (H. D. W.)" "Answer—A digestive ferment called ptyalin or salivary diastase is present in the saliva. This converts starch into maltose or a form of soluble sugar. The salivary digestion is carried on chiefly in the upper end of the stomach, where the food mass when swallowed may remain an hour or more before it mixes with the acid gastric juice—the acid stops the salivary digestion."

SUNDOWN STORIES

By Mary Graham Bonner: John and Peggy took a good look at the air farm. The Little Black Clock had been able, because of his magic, to turn the time far forward into the future when they had farms in the air. Just as in the old days planes could stay up for a long time now they could build a house and a farm on top of a giant dirigible which could stay up in the air all the time. Many people like to take trips and stay up in the air for a very long time and others like to stay there almost all the time. In fact, it was almost as much of an excitement in those days for people to visit the earth, as it was in the days when John's and Peggy's parents were young to see planes flying overhead. The one who owned the farm explained how they had not only made deliveries of milk in the milk plane, but how they took eggs and chickens and other farm produce to the air hotels. There were plans for all of these provisions and John and Peggy could not get over the tremendous difference between those days when wagons and then automobiles had carried food in from the country. But now the one who owned the farm asked them if they would like to go wading. He took them to a pond, not far from where the cows waded in their stream, and they went in wading. The water, the air farmer explained all came from clouds, and they had special pipes which they could run into rain clouds whenever they wanted any water. It was a beautiful ending to their thrilling trip to the air farm. Then they took their plane and went back to the earth. Tomorrow—"The Bonfire"

At times the Llama trots with Puffy at other times he walks; He goes through all his paces, and there's only once he balks. That comes when Puffy asks him why it takes a double "L." To start his bloomin' name with when but one would do as well. Willamette-Clackamas county will receive bids September 14 for construction of bridge over Tualatin river, one-half mile south of here. Ashland—10-stamp mill at Barron mine south of city, to start operations shortly.

When COMPANY COMES: By Alice Judson Peale: Every mother knows that the best child in the world is likely to act up when company comes. A pretty considerate chap, takes the occasion when father is entertaining a friend in the library to turn on the radio full blast with the most strident variety of jazz. Four-year-old Dora, who ordinarily is the very pattern of decorum, and chatters shrilly when mother has a few friends in to tea. Even the baby who is usually as good as gold naps and whines and fusses until the guests are gone. What makes the children behave like this? The answer is easy. They want what everybody wants—attention and the center of the stage. The fact that they go about it so crudely and inconsiderately is not so much their fault as it is a lack of clever management on the parents' part. Jimmy would not have found it necessary to turn on the radio in order to assert himself had father given him the courtesy of an introduction to his friend and allowed him to enter the conversation for a few brief moments before running out to play. Dora would have behaved like a model child had she been permitted to pass the cookie plate. The baby would likely have been given a few favorite toys to play with off in a quiet corner. Course no child can be expected to behave perfectly in the midst of grown-up sociability which necessarily excludes him for too long a time, and it is unreasonable to expect it of him.

Bigger Perhaps, But Not Better: To the Editor: I am inclosing one of Andy Mellon's checks for \$5.00 (as my own are so good). Am acutely disappointed that you did not emulate our governor and stage a real alteration and remodeling sale after installing your new press. Of course you claim you will be making the paper better, and bigger than ever. Of that I am also dubious, for a better paper than the Mail Tribune is not humanly possible to put out and so size, why yes, when the population of this enchanted region has increased. Your Mail Tribune is about twice as big now as the Oregonian was in the late 80's when the population of Portland was between 30,000 and 35,000, three times that of Medford today. However, it must be a "grand and glorious feeling" to be a publisher with nothing to do but gather in the shekels, set type and watch the wheels go around, grinding out perfect newspapers by the million. No work to do, no printers to go on strike, no worry, (no smokes to pay for as you keep a Smudgepot), just set the aforesaid press, full of vitamins X, P, G, besides other bugs, and for a diversion get in a limousine, enjoy the soul-lifting scenery and drink in the ozone of the great out-of-doors while leisurely driving over King's highway, Millcreek Drive via Imperial gardens and Pumpkin Center, returning over Tri-Clagos boulevard and Lover's Lane,

perhaps imagining you are a Roman emperor in a 20th century chariot. What a life, compared to the time when the writer smelted printers ink, set type by hand, no electric motors. It made the strongest man in the shop puff and sweat turning the crank when a small edition was run off, and in order to get a stimulant for nerves and muscles he used to take a big chug of Climax or Horsehoose tobacco. The editor-in-chief used to put on a sort of satisfied and contented mien, fill his pipe and have a big smoke while watching, with evident satisfaction, the entrance of his brain chug into a cold and cynical world. Yours with love but no kisses, ANDREW OLSON. P. S.—I have a remedy for unemployment, depression and most of the social ills that beset us, but will not publish it until times get worse. Talent, Ore., Sept. 12, 1931. Tillamook.—Ross' Fruit Palace quarters improved.

MOON of DELIGHT by Margaret Bell Houston

SYNOPSIS: F. A. marquis, hoping to prevent a love affair between Juanita and Kirk, arranged for Adrian Fouché, Kirk's grandmother, Nelly Solares, and Adrian's mother that the girl is engaged to a Spaniard. Juanita, though posing as Señora Flores, is unaware of this deception and of the marquis's plans to rob their new friends. She falls in love with Kirk, who tells her his history, Nelly, who is engaged. At Adrian's home a dinner, the guests talk of mysterious veiled gipsies girl in Divitt's New Orleans. They do not know who she is that girl, forced by Divitt to her present deceptive role. Happily, Ledbetter, who once had kissed her, suddenly and saved her, is not present.

Chapter 26: WHAT DOES KIRK KNOW? JUANITA'S eyes were on the marquis and the crowd gathered around her in the gay atmosphere of Steve's place. Moon of Delight... Divitt's—she could not put the thoughts aside. But someone was breaking into them. It was Emmy Jean, who had come to Adrian's party with young Berry. She was leaning toward Juanita, her earrings swinging each side her small pale face. She had light, limpid eyes that shone a clear green like aquamarines. Juanita found herself wondering what the world must look like through such clear eyes. "Isn't Phyllis Carver awful," said Emmy Jean, crinkling her lashes, "bringing up the Moon before Nalda Preston and Dick? Nalda is jealous as the devil of the Moon, and Dick Preston is jealous of Eric Ledbetter. Dick's been drinking himself crazy ever since Nalda got back. He'd already had too much when he came here tonight. "Everybody knows how Eric feels about Nalda. And Nalda... Well, no woman could resist Eric. The way he spends money, you know. And then he's been everywhere, and speaks all sorts of languages, and had a harem in Turkey, and throws such gay parties. "You see," settling down to her job of enlightening Juanita—"You see, Eric left one day and Nalda the next. Nalda's been in New York, and nobody knows where Eric is. But now that Dick knows Eric's away, nothing will convince him they weren't together. I think Eric was with the Moor... You must see her when you go back. It's interesting to see women like that... Phyllis is awful to Nalda. Because Dick was engaged to her— to Phyllis—before Nalda broke it up. Phyllis would ram that big poker into Nalda if she dared. I think myself—" "Dance with you, Berry? Sure. "Souse me, Juanita. Kirk came back, said to Juanita, "Dance once with Adrian so that you can dance with me. I've something to tell you." She obeyed almost automatically. "I'll dance with you now," she said to Adrian on his return. Bobby Cranshaw cut in on Adrian and Kirk cut in on Bobby. Kirk danced with Juanita to the door, opened it. A voice called, "Look out, Lochinvar! You'll both get wet!" It was Dick Preston, dancing with the marquis. The marquis did not even look at them. Kirk said her dress alone. In her vivid orange dress, swinging arms above her head, catching at her skirts, she looked like some brightly painted automaton. Kirk guided Juanita to the verandah rail. He drew her against him. "Now breathe a little," he said. "Was the party threatening to get too wild?" She did not answer, but her eyes moved to him with a half-frightened, half-questing look. "You aren't used to wild parties, are you, Juanita? . . . I wonder why that makes me want to fight somebody for you. This one's not going to be anything. I know what they've got in there—in the way of bottles, I mean." "Let's take a car and ride away somewhere," Juanita begged. "Why, of course," Kirk said with a glance at the sky. They took Dick Preston's coupé. "Dick won't care," said Kirk. There was a riding crop in the car, and a green cape. "Phyllis! He came with Phyllis," said Kirk musingly, as they turned into the road. "Wonder who brought Nalda. Trigger, I reckon. . . . You believe in people having dates with folks beside their husbands? It makes me nervous to think about it. You won't treat me that way, will you, Juanita?" Huskily murmured banter, as they took the road between the angry black sea and the still, black woods. Kirk laid his hand over Juanita's, smiling into her face.

"Will you, Juanita?" Big drops suddenly pelted the glass about them. Through the dark they could see the black waves splashing. Kirk stopped the car, drew Juanita against his side. "Quit watching the lightning," he said. "You ought to be afraid." "I love storms," she whispered, as the thunder crashed above the boom of the sea. All at once to Kirk she seemed a part of it. He realized that he had indeed a small bit of the storm in the car with him, crushed against the fancy—was she—she smiled at the fancy—a thing bred in the storm, driven by it, sheltered here for a moment, presently to fly on. "Paloma," he said softly, "La paloma." She laid her other hand over his. "Why do you call me that? Do you know what it means?" "Do you doubt my Spanish?" he enquired. "Paloma means dove. For me it means anything beautiful with wings. Doves and angels and you."

"With wings?" "You have wings, Juanita. Maybe not dove's or angel's, but I know you are plotting right now to use them." She shook her head, still in the circle of his arm. She looked down at his hand between both of hers. The rain was coming hard now. Juanita's voice was low. "Do you believe—the things they said about that girl?" "What girl?" he asked. "The one in Divitt's Parlors." Kirk laughed, tightening his arm. "Do I believe? What difference does it make?" "Do you?" "Why, I never thought about it." Then suddenly, "Was that what was the matter with you—what they said about the Moon?" "The men did not deny—that they knew her—intimately." "That was horrid of them." She lifted her face, not looking at him. "You mean that, even though it was true, they should have denied. You believe it was true."

"But if it is, what does one expect of a girl in that place?" Kirk said, not at all desirous of discussing other women with Juanita. "She may be there unwillingly," Juanita said. "She may at that," he agreed, but she felt the smile that his words came through. "You denied," she said hotly. "And now—now you are as bad as the rest."

"I denied because she has hardly looked at me, or I at her," Kirk, forced into seriousness, replied. "You aren't yourself, Juanita. If she lives there with that gang, is taking Ledbetter to her room anything to start a war over? Unwillingly—maybe—at the start. All of them have fantastic tales about how they began. . . . But why should she stay, if she's unwilling? The place has doors. I won't say I haven't thought about her—" "You've thought about her?" "Not as you suppose," quickly. "She has no attraction for me. But I've wondered rather curiously whether it's Divitt's clever advertising of her or her own gifts as a seductress that all Divitt's Parlors—" "And you didn't like her?" Juanita's voice was grave. "Not at all." Now he knew the reason for her questioning. Bless her heart! "I never liked anything but you. I never loved anything but you."

"That's it—smile. But it's true." "You never had a sweetheart?" "Plenty." "Then you've been in love." "Probably." "But you said—" "I said I had never loved any one but you. It's true." "I'd rather you were in love with me." "I am. If you love a girl you're in love with her. But if you're merely in love with her you don't always love her." She was smiling still. Kirk held her close and kissed her until he knew she had forgotten all the jealous doubt. At last he said, "Tell me what you had to tell me—in the library." She answered in a low voice. "Not now. I can never tell you now."

"All right. You don't need to. I know it already." "What do you know?" "Everything. The marquis told Madame Fouché." (Copyright, Dodd, Mead & Co.) That's not the marquis's only slip—if she's talked too much, her lips tomorrow reveal another.

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 14, 1921. (It was Wednesday) Dr. R. M. Brumfield, Roseburg dentist, awaiting trial for murder, falls in try to break jail. Jacksonville high school students walk out of schoolroom, when injunction to prevent Prof. Stutta from teaching is filed. County seat polls over school row. Chase for Roy Gardner, superbandit and convict escape continues without results; Patty Arbuckle's arrest arouses nation. Heavy frost hits valley, but does no damage. "Mr. Zero" will auction off unemployed women in New York City. Five hundred cars pass shipped from the valley to date. Arthur Hubbs says he earned his first dollar billing wood, and was so excited he was late to dinner, and received a warm reception from his mother. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY: September 14, 1911. (It was Thursday) New Medford Hotel near completion, and will be opened for inspection of public next Sunday. Porter J. Neff makes trade for lot at Sixth and Grape streets. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Meeker leave for Portland to attend the Methodist conference. Trail Lumber company to move plant to this city. The Rev. Stewart, an evangelist holding forth on Griffen Creek, has horse stolen. This is the second horse to be stolen in that area in less than a year. J. R. Wilson had a horse stolen last winter from his barn. Greensburg, Ind., contributes 85 people to present population of Medford. Ashland.—Bids will be received in October for construction of new county courthouse, to be fire-resistant construction, and cost \$280,000.

SIMILARITY BETWEEN ROASTING COFFEE AND COOKING FOODS

"A Little at a Time" Is the Secret for Securing the Finest Flavor: Foods generally taste better when cooked in small quantities. For then the cook can mix her ingredients properly, also control the heat. When coffee is roasted in small quantities, the same thing is true. But when coffee is roasted in bulk—as most coffees are—exact control is lost. Under-roasting and over-roasting very easily occur. This method being so unsatisfactory, caused Hills Bros. to look for some improvement—some way to roast their rare blend to uniform perfection. They experimented for years, and eventually invented and patented Controlled Roasting. As the accuracy of the hour-glass depends upon an even, continuous flow . . . a little at a time . . . so the fine, uniform flavor of Hills Bros. Coffee is produced by Controlled Roasting—the patented process that roasts evenly, continuously . . . a little at a time. Marvelous unvarying flavor results in every pound. For no berry is underdone nor overdone. Hills Bros. Coffee is always fresh. It is packed in vacuum cans. Air, which destroys the flavor of coffee is removed and kept out of these cans. Ordinary, "air-tight" cans won't keep coffee fresh. Order Hills Bros. Coffee today. Ask for it by name, and look for the Arab trade mark on the can. Hills Bros. Coffee, Inc., San Francisco, California. ©1931

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