

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
 "Evening in Southern Oregon
 Reach the Mail Tribune"

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Editorial Correspondence

EN ROUTE VANCOUVER TO MEDFORD:—The dollar day excursion is over. A voyage of 1600 miles for \$16,—if that isn't getting your money's worth, we don't know our arithmetic. In our opinion the dear old S. P. in its bargain day stunt has started something which may solve the railroad problem, i. e. mass production. Instead of asking for a rate increase, the railroads should face the facts and fill their trains and utilize their rights of way by making these low rates permanent. Back this up by an advertising campaign showing the many advantages of railroad travel over motor travel,—cheaper, more comfortable, travel while you sleep, free chauffeur, safer,—the final result being to make the great American public once more "RAILROAD MINDED." It can be done; why don't the railroads do it!

Speaking of railroads—those in favor of government ownership might profitably study the Canadian situation.

Canada owns the Canadian National but had the good sense to abandon government operation. The road is run by Sir John Thornton (if we recall the name correctly), and he is paid \$140,000 a year. A very able man everyone says, but even so the Canadian National is operating at a loss—a terrific loss, running into the hundreds of millions—and the taxpayers are beginning to grumble. Beginning tomorrow (and this is written Sunday) the Canadian National will abandon its boat service to Seattle and Victoria, and send the huge liners purchased to the Atlantic.

Since the war, when the Dominion took over the Canadian National to keep it from bankruptcy, the road has cost the taxpayers over \$500,000,000. It has cost money, and prevented its competitor, the C. P. R., from making any.

There is now a definite move on foot to consolidate the two systems, out to duplication, and thus give better service at less cost, and allow a profit to the railroads.

The main obstacle is political. From what we can learn the C. P. R. is about as popular among the rank and file in Canada as the S. P. was a quarter of a century ago in California.

However, the present situation can't be allowed to continue. A consolidation under strict government control seems to be the only way out. The only other alternative, government ownership and operation, can scarcely have a chance in Canada with

but failure of government ownership before them.

A visit to Canada confirms our conviction that this much advertised depression is essentially a state of mind. We don't deny there are fundamental economic causes, but we do deny the situation would be as serious as it is, if the people of this country as a whole adopted a different attitude toward it.

British Columbia, for example, in its unemployment problem, and its economic distress, is in far worse shape than the Pacific northwest. Yet the mental attitude up there is far better, there is far more optimism, more determination to plug along, not wall about things, and conduct business as usual.

We have no doubt that if the people here on the coast would talk less about hard times, and do more to correct them,—stop looking at the hole in the doughnut and tend to business,—there would be a tremendous improvement all along the line. In other words, it is our firm belief that things will get better the moment a majority of the people adopt a better—a more courageous and a saner—point of view. The mental attitude isn't everything, but it is, we believe, the most important single factor in the present situation.

Cold and cloudy in Portland, and we received the first word that the veterans' hospital goes to Roseburg. As we wrote in our first letter from Eugene, with everyone there admitting Roseburg had won (though that was a week before the official announcement) there was no question of the outcome.

Well, if Medford couldn't get it, we are glad Roseburg did. She originated the idea, worked harder than any other district for it, and therefore deserved it. The unfortunate feature is that there was ever any controversy over it. Unfortunate for the state and particularly unfortunate for Congressman Hawley.

For now there is no doubt whatever that poor old Willis will lose more votes outside of Douglas than he will gain within—that is unfair to Mr. Hawley, but it is human nature. More than that, there is no doubt whatever that, while Roseburg and Douglas County will benefit greatly by this government institution, the benefits will not come up to present popular expectations. They never do. As a result there will be a reaction even in Roseburg, which will not be politically beneficial to Oregon's veteran congressman.

This, we repeat, is quite unfair. Congressman Hawley stood by his guns, kept his word to the letter; he and he alone is responsible for Roseburg's triumph. He deserves all the credit but politically he won't get it. The moment the hospital fight becomes a state-wide battle, and the original plan to award it to Roseburg failed,—Congressman Hawley suffered the most serious political setback in his recent career. R. W. R.

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 bill can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of the Mail Tribune.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN SATISFACTION?

Goat's milk is pure white in color, says a bulletin from a goat milk dairy farm. If the milk is properly handled there will be no unpleasant odor or taste. This may be verified if the doctor will trouble himself to drive out to the goat farm and drink the fluid to his satisfaction.

Hub. Then what are all the poor little babies to do for their nourishment? Trouble you say? Pray don't mention it. Where's your farm?

Many families might readily keep a milk doe and be assured a perfect, pure raw milk supply daily. It costs six or eight times as much to feed a cow as it does to feed a goat. Good quality milk does may be bought for \$25. Goat's milk sells in various communities for from 25 cents a quart to 75 cents a quart. Some families living in the suburbs or in villages find that a goat can maintain itself on pasture or forage at no cost or only trifling cost, a good part of the year. If there are babies or young children in the family, a milk goat is a great blessing from the viewpoint of economy as well as that of health.

Goats are practically immune to tuberculosis. That's one large factor in favor of goat's milk for infants and children. It is difficult to distinguish goat's milk from cow's milk by taste alone. Goat's milk perhaps tastes a trifle "smoother." A goat gives anywhere from two to five quarts of milk a day, more or less than that.

Goat's milk is alkaline like human milk. Cow's milk is acid. In modifying the feeding of an infant it is unwise to use lime water or other diluent to neutralize acidity if you use goat's milk.

Not only infants, but convalescents and invalids with poor appetite and poor digestion find in goat's milk an ideal food.

The fat of goat's milk does not separate from the milk unless heat is introduced. But a goat does eat weeds and waste from the garden, bushes and foliage that cows will not eat and even sheep pass by.

Goat's milk is sold in the markets under the name of mutton and lamb, and is delicious under any name.

Undulant fever (Malta fever, contagious abortion) is prevalent among

goats in the southwest and the infection may be conveyed through the milk for a long time. One should have some assurance of guaranty that the goat purchased is free from this disease.

If anybody wishes to treat me to a baker of goat's milk, for heaven's sake send it to me direct—if it gets to the office of publication I'll never get even a smell of it. A guy sent me a bunch of bananas that way once, and all I got out of it was a fine story of the grand raid on the barrel by the editors, composers, copy readers and everybody but myself.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Nice Cool Shower.
 Please advise if a daily morning shower is beneficial or good for the body?—E. M. C.

Answer—If you enjoy it and feel refreshed and invigorated after the bath, it is good for you. If you don't like cold water on your nice warm skin in the morning, try an air bath instead.

Please tell me if coffee and tea are harmful to drink, and which is the more harmful? Should children drink coffee or tea?—M. M. B.

Answer—Coffee and tea in moderation are rather healthful for normal adults; invalids should be guided by the advice of their own physicians. I believe children under 16 should not take tea or coffee, and the less cocoa the better. I am unable to say whether roasted coffee is more harmful when taken in excess or by a child.

Is there any important difference, in nutritive value, between baker's bread and home-made bread?—Mrs. W. K.

Answer—No. One brand of baker's bread is superior to another value because it provides vitamin B, unlike the general run of baker's bread.

Silly Tilly Wood Reduce.
 Let me know through your column if Epsom salt baths are reducing... I am 30 pounds overweight... (Thank You.)

Answer—Don't be silly. Tell me your age, height and weight, and in close stamped envelope bearing your address, and I'll tell you how to manage the reduction business, provided I think you should reduce.

Roaster Makers Please Notice.
 I am a woman aged 40, and every time I drink coffee it gives me indigestion. I was advised to drink only fresh roasted coffee. I tried it, and it helped me. I would like to get a small roaster and roast my own coffee. Can you tell me where I can get one?—S. G.

Answer—Any hardware or household outfit store should have roasters. Why not use an ordinary kitchen roasting pan? I do not understand why fresh roasted coffee should be preferable to coffee roasted last week. (Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Notice for Publication.
 Department of the Interior,
 General Land Office at
 Roseburg, Oregon.

Notice is hereby given that George F. Layton, of Eagle Point, Oregon, who on May 20, 1927, made Application for Homestead entry, Serial No. 101761, for NW 1/4 Section 1, 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 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, (Alphonse Kirkland), Defendant.

State of Oregon, County of Jackson, ss.
 To Alphonse 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 whomsoever 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, State of Oregon, on the 23rd day of August, 1931, at about the hour of 3:30 o'clock A. M. of said County of Jackson, State of Oregon, in the vicinity of Medford, in said county; that said 1928 Buick Coupe ever since has been and now is, in the possession and control 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 for 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 notified to appear before the above entitled Court in the County Court House of Jackson County, Oregon, at Medford, Oregon, by Monday, the 21st day of October, 1931, which said day has heretofore been duly set by the above entitled Court as an answer

MOON of DELIGHT by Margaret Bell Houston

SYNOPSIS: The marquis tells Nelly Belles that her guest, Sefiorita Flores, is engaged to a nobleman. But this false story fails to prevent the scholar's falling in love with Nelly's grandson, Kirk, to whom she feels bound to confess her identity as Juanita Basora, cigarette girl in Dielt's gambling house. As Adrian Fouché's party the heirs of Dielt's mystery girl, the victim of Eric Ledbetter, in his false boast of a successful conquest of her, Eric, whose insidious remarks in Dielt's courtyard Juanita recalls, is not present, but she is hurt when Kirk seems to believe the gossip about the Moon. Hearing of Juanita's engagement, Kirk tells her he'll not give her up. That night the marquis tells her despite a pledge given Dielt, tells her that Dielt doesn't want her to marry.

THE MOON'S INFLUENCE? BOBBY CRANSHAW'S dinner was a glittering success, perhaps the most lavish thing in the way of favors and exclusivity in the way of guests that Mrs. Cranshaw, addicted to lavishness and exclusiveness, had attempted that year.

She had intended that the party should repair to the ball room upstairs for an after-dinner dance, but Bobby had become involved in promises with La Petite Theatre du Vieux Carré. Perhaps it was just as well.

The Easter season was so crowded with dances that the musicians never did themselves justice, and she herself was due at another affair before the evening was over.

Mrs. Cranshaw looked in on Bobby's dinner as she went out, a sumptuous figure in white velvet and ermine cloak, Mr. Cranshaw just behind her. They came in ("Don't rise, my dears!"), speaking to the marquis particularly, and to Juanita; making little general greetings.

"Pretty girl, the Sefiorita Flores," said Mrs. Cranshaw as they rode away. Mr. Cranshaw nodded. "But the marquis," he added, "is a frump." "Marquesas can't be frumps," said the lady.

The papers had heralded the Cranshaw dinner, and Molly had apparently read them, for a new dress awaited Juanita's return. There was no new dress for the marquis, however, and no time for her to select one.

Kirk had delayed bringing them into town until almost the last minute. Juanita had not wavered in her refusal to marry him on Thursday, and he felt more content with her in Biloxi. The Tizon was in New Orleans, she reminded herself, and the marquis had announced her intention of returning to it with Juanita.

"No," said Nelly. "You are to go to our house when you return. Pompey and Sadie (Sadie was Pompey's wife) "have everything ready for you." The marquis had expected to go there for the night, but later—

"Later," said Nelly, "you are to come back here. How do you expect me to stay without you?" "You'll be going back yourself, old dear," Kirk said. "You're nearly well."

Nelly had known nothing of Kirk's plans for an immediate marriage, nor of Juanita's later refusal to marry him at all.

Nelly would have opined that Kirk, the host, had even less right to insist on marriage than he had to propose it.

But even Nelly could see that the marquis was determined to end her visit with them in either place.

Juanita wondered. Was it because the marquis had made such a comedy of herself the night of Adrian's dinner, or had Divitt ordered her return?

The marquis, Juanita knew, kept in not infrequent touch with Divitt.

On the evening of her return from Caprice she had telephoned him asking for her loggnettes, making casual reference to their outing in the yacht, to the presence of Madame Fouché and Adrian. . . . Juanita could hear her without listening. They could all hear her, singularly enough, the loggnettes had never come.

Again, the sea wind had blown into Juanita's room one night a bit of paper and she had picked it up and read it, supposing it a note for herself.

The words had made no sense. Apparently it was something in code and unfinished. But it was the marquis's writing, and the marquis being out, Juanita had carried it back to the place from which it probably had blown, the marquis's desk.

Next day the marquis had put the paper into an envelope and addressed it to Divitt.

The incident had troubled Juanita somewhat. Inevitably she had suspected that the letter was about herself.

Divitt was keeping a watch on her movements through the marquis, and anybody could see what was going on between herself and Kirk.

Divitt did not intend that she should marry and leave and perhaps betray him. How easily she could have married Kirk and escaped both Divitt and the marquis! Yet Kirk himself had barred that way. "What do you expect of a girl in that place? . . . They all have fantastic tales! . . . Always unwilling. . . ."

When his kind eyes had looked at her those nights in the parlor, sustaining her, he had been taking it for granted that she was a mere woman of the streets. . . . A fantastic tale indeed! . . .

He would listen kindly, if she told it to him, imploring him to believe. His eyes would be as kind as they had been in Divitt's.

He might even affect to believe her. . . . "What was she before she went there?" he had asked. That other thing she had had to tell him.—How could she tell him now? How could she tell him anything?

The marquis consented to spend the rest of the week at the Stanard home, but Monday she must return to the Tizon. Juanita was glad of this firm decision, regretful only of the delay.

Kirk's impromptu, silent and spoken, were becoming more than she could bear.

"You love this other man, Juanita," he had said, and Juanita had not denied, permitting the marquis's action to shatter her.

But Kirk on their last evening in Biloxi had demanded a more definite confirmation of his words. They had been sitting together on the veranda, a little apart from Nelly and the marquis, Adrian and his mother having returned home.

"Is that it, Juanita?" Kirk had asked. "You love him best, after all." "The past has its hold on us."

"What sort of hold?" Kirk asked. "Is it love?"

But she had said, "Don't ask me any more."

After a time he told her, "You aren't going on to California, as the marquis says. You are going back to Spain."

And she had answered, truthfully enough, "I don't know where I'm going."

It had been useless for him to say, as he had said next day in one of their brief instances alone, "You are not happy, Juanita. Even if you won't marry me, let me do something—anything—to help you."

They had just ridden in from Biloxi. The marquis was scuttling up the stairs, following Pompey and their bags.

In the dim hall Kirk had caught Juanita's hand, holding her back. She had smiled up at him, leaving her hand in his, knowing an instant's poignant happiness.

"I am happy," she had said with brave, soft eyes; had turned from him, following the marquis to their rooms.

And there on the bed had lain the new dress—black tulle with a line of red roses down the back, black slippers and a little spangled fan.

Juanita wore the dress that evening, coming down the stairs to find Kirk waiting, tall in his evening clothes, his eyes troubled, yet lighting at sight of her.

The marquis had on the red satin dress with the beaded red cape she had worn at the Comus ball. She seemed cross and rather abstracted, yet alert whenever Kirk spoke to Juanita, however casually, as they rode to the Cranshaws'.

Perhaps, if the place cards were here, he would sit next to Juanita, reflected Kirk, and surely they would dance after dinner.

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 16, 1921.
 (It was Friday.)

Indiana congressman warns nation "to look out for era of Klan devilment," but it is not thought organization will gain any ground in Oregon, say the Portland papers.

Mrs. Herbert Hanna of Jacksonville is elected president of the Southern Oregon Pioneers association, in annual meet at Ashland.

C. E. (Pop) Gates telling how he got his first dollar, says he begged his father for it, and had a blue Christmas, after spending the dollar.

Apple picking to start next week.
 Chan Egan, playing in national meet at St. Louis, shows great form first day.

Rev. J. Randolph Sannett completes financing of new \$25,000 Methodist church for this city.

Hunt for Roy Gardner, super-bandit, temporarily abandoned by McNeill's Island prison forces.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
 September 16, 1911.
 (It was Saturday.)

Miss Mildred Neil resumes her duties in the assessor's office.

Game warden instructed to arrest hunters without licenses.

Power plant at Prospect about finished.

Travelers told to use Ross lane during construction of Pacific highway to Central Point.

Rich ore discovered in Applegate mine.

Toggerly Bill will give a banquet to his sales force when they move into the new quarters in the Bernberg building.

Alfonso, King of Spain, on verge of abdication.

FUNNEL WORK TAKES COOS BAY TIMBERS

MARSHFIELD, Ore., Sept. 16.—(AP) The Smith Wood Products company of Coquille today confirmed an order for nearly one million feet of lumber to be used in tunnel work on the Western Pacific railroad in California. A night shift probably will be put to work at the mill.

COFFEE WITH IDEAL FLAVOR PRODUCED BY IMPROVED ROASTING

Patented Process Insures Perfect Roast for Every Pound of Hills Bros. Coffee

Roasting, as much as blend, is responsible for the fine flavor of coffee. In fact, ordinary bulk-roasting methods often fail to give the blend "a little at a time." That's because bulk methods don't always insure an even roast. Hills Bros. invented and patented a process that overcomes this undesirable feature. It is called Controlled Roasting, for control is the principle of the process.

As the accuracy of the hour-glass depends upon an even, continuous flow . . . a little at a time . . . so a perfect roast is procured for Hills Bros. Coffee by this patented process that roasts evenly, continuously "a little at a time." The speed of the coffee through the roasters is controlled. The temperature is controlled. These two things insure unvarying flavor—for the blend is never under-roasted nor over-roasted.

Remember that Hills Bros. Coffee can't go stale. 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. But Hills Bros. Coffee is always fresh. Order some today. Ask for it by name, and look for the Arab trade-mark on the can.

Hills Bros. Coffee, Inc., San Francisco, California.

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Picaresque ardor along the Rogue has been revived, after the summer's insomnia, and ere the snow has started to fly, nothing will matter much but the fish. It is timely, this renewal of oratory, petitions, and conferences on the eternal fish issue. It may stop the belly-aching over anything that looks like spending money, and the taxes.

Los Angeles is confronted "with the problem of girls who walk from the middle west to the movie capital." The road that leads away from home, leads back home, and if the girls walked it once, they can walk it twice.

It is beginning to dawn on a number of communities who last November voted hysterically "for-electricity-without-coal-to-the-people," that the pick and shovel is mightier than the lungs and larynx of small-bore politicians, and that a corporation pay-check is more cashable than the "Joseph policies." A raw wind sweeping across the tules last week inspired Klamath Falls labor circles to renege, and remark, it would be nice if the operations they helped chase into California return. It is no longer to save "the water for our children's children," nor cite to pester investing capital.

Almese Semple McPherson is married and happy, and full of enraptured accounts of her groom, a baritone. He seems to have all the virtues of a resident of this state getting ready to run for office next spring.

A pair of the Older Girls who believe everything a Democrat tells them, have completed plans for starving to death the coming winter.

A Siberian griffin, a fancy dog with an awe-stricken look, has made its appearance in our midst, and, like the Siberian bloodhound that formerly resided in the Gold Hill district, wishes he had remained in Siberia.

Archaeologists digging around in the vicinity of Cairo, Egypt, have unearthed a lamp-post of "rare antiquity." None of the beams along the Main Stem are missing, so nobody has fooled the archaeologists, or deprived the sparrows of their winter apartments in the cross-arms. The Main Stem lights have started to weaken and crumble, and by spring weeks and months will be gone. The too much sun in the cement. They were designed and built in the boom days, and sure look it. Furthermore, they emit a much glow as a candle flame, and are not in a way the result to the eyes. They are the only piece of construction extant, that will bend before a 4d feeder, and all have been nicked at least once, by this popular weapon. They have no aesthetic value, and are a long black smudge on the civic culture. It is time for the Humdingers, Inc. to whet up their ringing powers in a drive for the abolishment of the Main Stem lamps.

The editor of this column has given his readers a two weeks' respite, while he was loafing on the job the leaders of the Republican party have floated another billion-dollar loan and taken other liberties with the taxpayers' money.—(Salinas, Kan., Cassette.) When the care are away, etc.

F. Debus, the barrier, is committing a nose-width mistake, which he attributes to a sore lip. A lawyer with any gumption at all, ought to be able to think up a better alibi.

This is one of the days when your car, if he could find an arm-length poem would print it, "by request of faithful reader."

NEW REDUCING METHOD
 (By Call-bulletin)
 During his sixteen months in prison he worked on the roads in Kansas and worked hard.

You see him on the left as he entered the prison, in need of exercise, before his sixteen months at hard labor. You see him at the right as he came out.

It is hoped that his ideas of life and obedience to law had improved as much as his physical condition when he finished his term.

More distinctly conspicuous was one horse-drawn in the village.

SUNDOWN STORIES

BONFIRE'S HISTORY
 By Mary Graham Bonner.
 "I've turned the time back," whispered the Little Black Clock, as he and John and Peggy sat before the big bonfire.

The children did not quite know why he should have to turn the time back for a bonfire.

Peggy had always said that she thought the smell of a bonfire of late fall leaves the loveliest smell there was—except perhaps the pine wood—or maybe a field of clover—or maybe a patch of sweet ferns—or maybe a rose garden.

And whenever she began to say anything like this the Clock and John always laughed, although the Clock would say:

"Well, that's just the way I feel, too, even though I am laughing at you!"

As they sat now before the bonfire people kept arriving and each person who came along brought more sticks for the fire.

The people looked old-fashioned, but they were so interested in making the bonfire a splendid one that one of them particularly noticed John or Peggy or the Clock.

"Did they start this bonfire?" John asked.

"They did," the Clock answered, "and everyone in the neighborhood has had a part in it. I told you that I had turned the time back. Well, these people do not call this a bonfire. They call it a bon-fire, and they mean by that that everyone in the neighborhood wants to have a share in making it a warm, friendly, beautiful fire."

"Oh," sighed Peggy, who enjoyed hearing this story very much indeed, "maybe that's why bonfires have always been so lovely. They have had such a lovely history!"

Talks To Parents