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Gene Tunney on Russia

GENE TUNNEY'S debut into the literary field, in this week's Collier's, is a formidable assault on the prerogatives and privileges of the professions. Tunney's initial bow as an author has nothing to do with his former vocation of boxing, but deals solely with his impressions of Russia and the Soviet system.

Tunney confesses that he went to Russia in hopes of finding a panacea for the world's ills. He was fed up with the American political and economic scene. His indictment of corruption in American politics and business is biting and terse.

But disillusion awaited him in Russia, and he frankly admits it.

HOWEVER, the most pungent of his observations on the Russian scene has to do with religion and the ruthless Soviet attitude toward it. He goes on a visit to a smelter where the Russian authorities are melting up old metal to make ammunition for the Red Army.

"To a great extent they had been cast from metal donated by peasants, copper, bronze, gold, silver. They had been gorgeous works of art, decorated with bas-reliefs of the saints, the apostles, of Christ, of His parables."

TO TUNNEY, this seemed shocking and unnecessary. He ventured a remark along this line to the smelter boss. "How many tons have you in this hill?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied the smelter boss, "but thus far we've smelted 600,000 tons of them for their bronze, gold, silver, copper and so on. The theory is plain enough: the bells were made for the churches out of metal donated by the peasants. Now we've taken the bells from the churches and returned the metal to industry—to the workers."

A more detailed explanation came from the president of the workers' council. "You must realize," he said, "that the workers of this country are the rulers of the Soviet Republic. All that these bells symbolize is done and gone. The workers willed it that way. These things are of no use to us. We have abolished what these bells stood for—superstition."

TUNNEY goes on with his account of the conversation. "The Soviet spokesman was still talking when I noticed what were bundles of icons, candelabra, holy vessels and altar pieces, all in machine-pressed blocks ready for the furnace. On top of this mound I saw what seemed to me to be a man asleep. The figure was clumsily covered with canvas or something of the sort and so sure was I that it was one of the workers taking a siesta out of hours that I asked the president of the workers' council about it.

"For the first time he grinned. He winked at another Russian and, catlike, leaped up the hill of confiscated altar pieces. A shout from him made us step back. He raised his right foot and rolled the prostrate figure over with a thrust of his heel. It teetered on the edge and then came rolling down, crashing in a moment at our feet.

"It was a great bronze figure of Christ, a magnificent sculpture. It was more than life size and apparently had been wrested from his huge cross."

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. Only one letter can be answered. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of the Mail Tribune.

THE BREATHING MACHINE IN THE BACKWARD BURG

According to pictures of the tragic fire in Pittsburgh, as published in the newspapers, that city has not yet seen its light. In the pictures a brave fire man was shown going thru the motions of resuscitating victims of the fire with a pump, or lungmotor, or some such air pump apparatus. If these new pictures were actually pictures of occurrences at the fire, and not just posed pictures made to gratify the vanity of the firemen, it would seem that the victims of the fire were not given a fair chance.

Certainly the application of such a breathing machine or pump is antiquated and unjustifiable in this day of enlightenment. If the educational spirit of the burg is so anemic that the firemen of the town are to be permitted to pull off such stunts in time of real disaster, then there must be something radically wrong with Pittsburgh.

Quite frequently one reads about attempts to resuscitate victims of drowning or asphyxiation with a "pump," but one likes to assume that this is just a bit of diversion on the part of the reporter who gets the story secondhand or by long distance communication, and that in fact no such atrocity has been perpetrated. Whatever the pictures and the stories may say about it, there can be no question that pressure-respiratory artificial respiration, by the Schafer method, is always safer and more effective than can be the use of any breathing machine. And in any community that is out of the dark ages there should be available for such emergencies inhalators to provide oxygen and carbon dioxide, and not a victim to inhale while the pressure-respiratory artificial respiration is being applied. An inhalator is not a pump, not a machine, requires no engineer, not even a fireman. It is merely a couple of tanks or cylinders of compressed oxygen and carbon dioxide, and a few tubes and a bag from which the victim may inhale the 21 per cent mixture of oxygen and carbonic acid gas (carbon dioxide). It adds much to the value of the pressure-respiratory artificial respiration, but it is of no use without such manual artificial respiration.

Carbon dioxide, you see, is what makes us breathe. Oxygen does not make us breathe. Give a person a few whiffs of pure oxygen and he ceases breathing altogether for from two to eight minutes. Give him a few whiffs of diluted carbon dioxide, anything up to 7 or 8 per cent in air or oxygen, and he will breathe deeply and rapidly.

So for heaven's sake, Pittsburgh, cut out the comical fireman save My Child act and give your smoke asphyxiated victims a chance. Any Boy Scout can show the dumb eggs in the health department, police department or the fire department how to resuscitate.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Have been taking 10 grains of calcium lactate three times a day for periodic sick headaches, and I am glad to resuscitate.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1. Partially	2. Long vituperative speech
3. Soft mineral	4. Feminine name
4. Carbonate	5. Fifty-two
5. Open court	6. Compels
6. Part of a bride	7. Drug-yielding plant
7. Room in a barn	8. Surrender
8. Distribute the cards	9. Lacerate
9. Or raised for slaughter	10. Acreotites
10. Those not self-supporting	11. Forceful ruler
11. Scotch	12. Holds back
12. Horse trained to run a certain distance	13. Prepare for publication
13. Australian palm cocktail	14. Horsemanship
14. Atmospheric language	15. Game
15. Two: prefix	16. Part of the Bible: abbr.
16. Pasten	17. Promontory
17. The brown seed of the Pacific's storms at once	18. Great Lake
18. He is taking the ocean now as a possession of Spain, for Balboa has come from Spain	19. Grit
19. It's a nice thing that he realizes something of what he has discovered	20. Makes mistakes
20. Columbus didn't half know all he had found	21. Symbol for antimony
21. Now many Indians were coming toward Balboa and they were carrying with them jewels and presents. It was a brilliant sight	22. Lifts or pushes from behind
22. Monday—Riches.	23. French seaport
23. Ultimately they believe that they can eliminate all taxation by the earnings of undertaking.	24. V-shaped piece
24. British Cotton Mills Will Open	25. Confagration
25. LONDON, Sept. 26.—(AP)—Directors of four Lancashire cotton mills two of which have been idle for four years, announced today they would resume operations immediately employing 1500 workers.	26. Philippine tree
26. Italy Improves New Increase in Tariff	27. Guido's highest note
27. ROME, Sept. 26.—(AP)—To balance the budget and to eliminate as soon as possible a deficit of 655,000,000 lire (\$28,000,000) the government today imposed a new fifteen per cent "super-duty" on all merchandise, with certain exceptions, not covered by existing trade treaties.	28. Hard-shelled fruit
28. Golf Tournament Planned For Fair	29. Affirmative
29. SALEM, Sept. 26.—(AP)—The Salem Golf club is sponsoring an amateur professional golf match over its 18-hole course here next Monday as an additional state fair feature. Professionals from every club in the state have been asked to compete, bringing with them one of their best amateurs. Several prizes and cups will be awarded the winners.	30. Exchange
30. Coast Salvation Army Leader at Death Door	
31. SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 26.—(AP)—Only a fighting chance today was given Adam Gifford, 63-year-old commissioner of the Salvation Army, to recover from a heart attack which yesterday sent him to a local hospital. Gifford, who has charge of the western territory of the army, is one of its oldest officers in point of service.	

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 26, 1921.
 (It was Tuesday.)
 J. F. Hale conducts negotiations to gain possession of the Adkins building at Main and Central and the Stewart building at Main and Bartlett streets.

Jackson county exhibits wins first prize at the State fair.
 New York Giants win the National league pennant.
 Home offices of the California Oregon Power company to be moved here.

Patty Arbuckle, held for manslaughter, freed on \$5000 bail and returns to Hollywood.
 Twenty Years Ago Today
 September 26, 1911.
 (It was Wednesday.)
 Autos needed to entertain Portland businessmen's excursion. Ladies are requested to bring bouquets.

Another of the gang who hurled rocks and insulting language at Shorty Garnett on the Jacksonville highway is arrested.
 M. O. Sridage of Roseburg is named pastor of Medford Methodist church.

James Rolph, Jr., is elected mayor of San Francisco.
 Earl Quidis starts move to get millita company organized here.
 Dan Rader, local youth picked for place on U. of O. basketball team.

Her brothers warned her that if she married him they would renounce her, and never see her again. I think she loved him. I only know she married him, gave up her people and went with him to Vera Cruz. She took only me and old Pedro. Pedro had been with her since her marriage to my father.

"Pedro and I watched her die. She had been frail always. Great eyes and heavy hair, and such a little body, like a child's-like Nelly's. . . . Not strong enough to fight and no one to turn to.

"That was why I fought for her. Often in the night I heard her crying, and when I would go to comfort her she would say, 'What have I brought you to, Juanita? (That was her name for me) 'What will you do when I am gone?' she would say. And I would answer, 'Pedro will take care of me, Mamiita.'

"Pedro had taken care of us both before. Once when Mamiita was stricken with the fever Pedro nursed her. And when the bandits came he stood guard at our door, and though he was shot, he kept them at bay, and they went away. He came near dying of his wound.

"But she answered, 'I have robbed you of your people. You will have nowhere to go. They hate us now.'

"Hatred is a deadly thing with us, Kirk. I know. I felt it for de Banos.
 "His mistresses came openly to the house. I remember a banquet he gave to one of them. . . . I remember the notes of their organ as the night went by.

"I remember the dress of gold tissue that she wore. . . .
 "I remember my mother.
 "Pedro said to me, 'Some day I shall kill him.'

"I said, 'Hush, Pedro. But I had said the thing to myself many times.
 "She found peace at last. I said to de Banos, 'You have killed her.'
 "He hated me for that. He kept me prisoner in his great house. He feared I would say abroad what I had said to him. But others knew already.

"He knew that I hated him, but he did not know that Pedro hated him too. Old Pedro, part Indian, who would have died for me, and who said again, 'I will kill him.'
 "No, Pedro, I said, and know that I myself would do the thing.
 "Pedro slipped decent food to me in my prison where Estrella, who had been de Banos' mistress and who was still his housekeeper, watched me night and day. Pedro was too clever, even for her. He slipped the key to me also, bidding me be careful when I used it.
 "Estrella had taken my clothes. But once I had come home from a dance and slept in this tower room, not to disturb my mother. The dress I had worn hung there still—the cloak, the slippers were there.

"It was dark. Far below I heard de Banos and Estrella's laughter. Estrella was certainly nowhere near my door. . . . I heard the clink

of glasses and more laughter. Once of door banged. Then came silence that lasted a long time.
 "I wrapped my cloak about me and went down the stair. The door of de Banos' room stood open. De Banos lay on the rug, face down. The lights were burning.
 "I thought, 'He is drunk. Tomorrow he will be violent. But I shall be gone.'
 "Then I saw something shining—just below his shoulder. I went closer—the house was so still. De Banos was so still. . . . It was the hilt of a dagger—a little jeweled dagger—shining.
 "I knew that I had done it. Nothing could have told me that I had not done it. Too often I had done it in my dreams. Too often I had feared that I would do it before I thought. Too often I had prayed God not to let me do it.
 "I ran down the stair, knowing that any minute Estrella might come and catch me—Estrella who loved him and who knew my hate. I ran fast. The streets were empty. I met no one. I reached the docks. There was a boat there. I hid. . . .
 "Juanita paused. Kirk's arm drew her closer. But he did not stop her. She must tell him all. She would be easier then.
 "At sea—when I was calmer—I knew. It was not I, but Pedro. . . . Pedro whose hate was even greater than mine. For my sake he had done this. . . . I was able to think. He they would not kill, even if they found me. Women do not suffer death for murder in Mexico. But Pedro—a peon—
 "I was gone. They would think, since I had fled, that I had done it. . . .
 "I reached New Orleans, and here—here—
 "I know," said Kirk. "I have talked with Divitt," he added. "While I waited to see you. He is here."
 "Then you know, I gave him the first name I thought of that night. Basara—My mother's name. It is also mine. . . . One night my uncle came to Divitt's—my mother's eldest brother, the one who most bitterly opposed her marriage. I thought he had come to find me. You had brought him, and I thought you, too—
 "I remember that night," said Kirk. "I knew you were in trouble."
 "You said you—hardly looked at me."
 "I knew you were in trouble," he repeated. "But now—now it's all over."
 "The hunt, you mean. Yes. It is worse than capture. . . . If only Pedro has said nothing. . . . Her eyes widened. "You know? . . . He is safe?"
 "Pedro is safe. I have a paper here, an old paper," Kirk took it from his pocket. "It was not Pedro who killed de Banos."
 "Not Pedro? . . . Could it have been Estrella? Do you ever hear of a dancer named Lolita Gueyes?"
 "She nodded quickly. "It was to her he gave the banquet—while my mother lived."
 "Lolita came that night," said Kirk. "She found him with Estrella. It is all here in this paper that Gueyes' mother gave me. . . .
 "Conchita. . . . Juanita whispered, spreading the paper out. "It must have been this that Divitt saw. And he told me—"
 "Kirk broke in. "Conchita said that Molly tried to tell you, that she pointed to where the paper was hidden—where the white shawl was. After you had gone Conchita found the paper."
 "Molly—Molly," said Juanita softly. "Molly would have told me. . . . The guard had been gone a long time. He came back now with the warden. They opened the cell door. The warden spoke to Kirk.
 "We've heard," he said. "It was like you said, sir. But we had to wait for our answer."
 "Sunshine. Wet streets drying in the early light. The old market abloom with cabbages and tomatoes and strange, bright fruits. . . . The moist, river-sweet air.
 "Here and there about the old place the brown-skinned marchandes were busy with their trays of cakes and pralines.
 "The car went over the cobble toward upper St. Charles.
 "Tired?" asked Kirk.
 "A little."
 "Not too tired to fly away, were you?"
 "She smiled, not looking up—rested, strangely rested, now.
 "Fold your wings," said Kirk.
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MOON of DELIGHT

by Margaret Bell Houston

Chapter 37
 JUANITA'S STORY

THE guard, who had paced up and down before Juanita's cell, was passing now. As he went by he glanced in at Juanita, seated on her bed with Kirk beside her.

For a moment she was silent; then, the guard out of hearing, she spoke again.
 "I told you of my mother. . . . how she died a year ago. She was killed. Not outright, but little by little, day by day. She had married Jose de Banos eight years after my father died. His wealth has made him known, his great plantations. . . .
 "When he was courting my mother he was so glib, so kind. . . . My mother was of the Basaras in Mexico City. De Banos they hated as an enemy. It was an old quarrel, and my mother begged them to forget and lay it by.

"Her brothers warned her that if she married him they would renounce her, and never see her again. I think she loved him. I only know she married him, gave up her people and went with him to Vera Cruz. She took only me and old Pedro. Pedro had been with her since her marriage to my father.

"Pedro and I watched her die. She had been frail always. Great eyes and heavy hair, and such a little body, like a child's-like Nelly's. . . . Not strong enough to fight and no one to turn to.

"That was why I fought for her. Often in the night I heard her crying, and when I would go to comfort her she would say, 'What have I brought you to, Juanita? (That was her name for me) 'What will you do when I am gone?' she would say. And I would answer, 'Pedro will take care of me, Mamiita.'

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"I remember the dress of gold tissue that she wore. . . .
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Communications

Authors and the Youths Companion. To the Editor:
 Mr. Rubi's advice to budding authors is all right as far as it goes, as far as the stamps. He neglected to add that those letters need stamps, both inside and out; postage both ways. Even then editors sometimes fire them back without looking for your stamps, some need more stamps to return than to go, and some are sunk without a trace.

It looks as if the discovery of a promising new author rejoices an editor no less than does the receipt of a slip of paper reading "Pay to the order of" hearten a would-be author.

And speaking of authors, the item of eight lines in Tuesday's paper, announcing the death at Norway, Maine, at the age of 86, of Charles Asbury Stephens, for 40 years on the staff of the Youths Companion (both Y and C upper case, please) to thousands of readers, six decades, breaks one more link with the past.

The old Youths Companion was absolutely impersonal. The editors' names never appeared from one year's end to the next. The Perry Mason Co. published it at Boston, Mass., every Thursday, and to this day Thursday stands out as a Youths Companion day, although it has ceased.

Many excellent writers filled the columns with the cream of the literature and entertainment of its day. But of all those names, the name of C. A. Stephens and the tales of the old farm, will be retained after the others are forgotten.

The patriarchal old squire, the grandnother, Theodora, Quoghogger, the comforts and joys of the isolated New England farmhouse, deep snows, sleighs, lilycups, bee-trees, apples, and other objects which are more or less vivid, come to mind. The prank of the boy who tied the 87 kinds of vegetables to the apple tree on which the energetic old squire had performed experiments in grafting, and his consternation on the occasion when the learned agricultural society were his guests for the day. They, not quite sure if the squire was kidding them and the old squire, with a sense of humor, maintaining his composure and never chiding his grandsons for the trick, and the latter properly contrite.

The incident describing the casual visitor whose only concern was the discovery of promising specimens of wild apples, and the way the grandnother described him, left no doubt that it was the naturalist Thoreau, as he searched the Maine countryside for the "winter apples" of his writings, which will always have charm for nature lovers.

Whether the fertility of the author's brain or the fertility of the farm produced these tales, is not pertinent to inquire at this late date. They were real to youth of all ages, in that not so sophisticated day.

C. A. Stephens personified the Youths Companion, and shall always be of precious memory.
 J. Q. STEWART.
 Medford, Sept. 24.

Church Is Grateful.
 To the Editor:
 We, the co-workers and members of Medford and vicinity of the Spiritual Science church, wish to express our gratitude to those who have so willingly donated to our church. It is our purpose to help wherever needed by cooperating with those that have the great load on their shoulders of helping provide for those that are unfortunate and in need of assistance.

The great purpose of Spiritual Science is to demonstrate that life's manifestations are continuous and teach man the harmonical philosophy and help him to spiritualize his human character.

Following are some of the business men of our city who have helped by their donations that our work may carry on: Orion McDonald, Medford Furniture and Hardware, Davis Transfer company, Lampo's Hardware, and many others who have withheld their names.

Again we wish to thank one and all. Also we wish to have one and all remember that we are here ever ready to serve. Bring your burdens to us that we may help to lighten the load.

REV. ORLEN R. KING,
 116 North Riverside

North Powder—W. H. Puckett Co. received \$71,850 contract for construction of Thiel Valley dam on Baker project, eight miles from here.

Ford Model A. AA Generators. \$5.00
 Expert Armature Rewinding
 Prince Auto Electric Shop
 1523 No. Riverside

Rebuilt Batteries \$3.00
 Batteries Charged 50c
 SERVICE ELECTRIC CO.
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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.
 It should be a matter of statewide rejoicing that the Portland drum corps in attendance at the national convention of the American Legion at Detroit, journeyed all the way to Windsor, Canada, two miles distant, to get beer, and not a man was drowned in the sea of liquor, en route.

As yet, no national leader has come forth, to urge the abolishment of Santa Claus, because his white-knives cost too much.

Lipstick, rouge, and powder are all that good taste requires for street wear.—(Fashion hint) Along with a Eugene hat.

Several of the Older Girls report that their happiness over losing three pounds, has caused them to gain five pounds.

M. Gandhi of India, who wears nothing but an extra large G-string, is hailed as a sort of "second Messiah" who will, if anybody can, "install religion in politics." Religion and politics have become chummy several times in Oregon, and religion was sadly maltreated. If we have a wet spring, and all the candidates will wear loin cloths only, it is not such a bad idea.

The autumn leaves are almost red enough to take the place of a piece of lettuce as the foundation of the salad.

Hon. Wilber Squire addressed the Chipmunk Association yesterday afternoon, and out contributions for the starving grasshoppers were urged.

It is now the foul intention of the administration, (take the word of the National Republican for it), "to split the Democratic party." This is a laudable movement but the administration is far too slow, to beat the Democratic party to it. They just love doing their own splitting, and furthermore they will do a much better job than the administration. One of the main characteristics of the Democratic party, and normal state is to "split." Less than a year ago in this state, with victory starting them in the face, what did Democracy do? They split—and got their electricity free. The party of Jackson, Jefferson and Wilson is ripe for another fracture.

POACHED EGGS
 (Atlanta, Ga., Journal)
 "Crispi" the very word is like a knell. At some data which I am unable to determine, the whole British race decided that the egg, unless boiled, must be perched on toast. It is pertinent to recall that the inventor of Philip and May's in which the victim of lunatic asylum was approached by one of its inmates with an inquiry as to whether he had about him a piece of toast, and to the visitor's counter-inquiry why he required toast, the inmate replied, "I was a poached egg and wanted to sit down. It is pertinent, I say, to recall this because only in the brain of a madman could have originated the idea that toast, the characteristic merit of which is to be crisp, should have imposed on it an egg to make it soddan.

Monday when Mrs. Obrist was helping Mr. Schmidt saw wood he cut a finger so badly that it was necessary to amputate it.—(Knox Butte News). We thought so, too!

LINES ON THE PANIC
 The worry cow, would have lived till now.
 If she'd only saved her breath;
 But she feared the hay, wouldn't last all day.
 So choked herself to death.
 (Poetry)

Ultimately they believe that they can eliminate all taxation by the earnings of undertaking.—(Old Hill News) A grave issue, gravely discussed.

British Cotton Mills Will Open
 LONDON, Sept. 26.—(AP)—Directors of four Lancashire cotton mills two of which have been idle for four years, announced today they would resume operations immediately employing 1500 workers.

Liverpool reports record sales of cotton and Birmingham and other industrial centers report business improvement.

Oregon City—Bids asked for replotting city reservoir residence.

SUNDOWN STORIES

By Mary Graham Bonner.
 They went down the other side of the mountain now and gazed upon the ocean.
 "Oh," said John, "what a marvelous thing it must be to discover a whole ocean!"
 "Maybe you'll discover one some day," said Peggy.
 "I don't believe there are any more oceans to be discovered," John sighed.
 "Well, you'll discover something just as important," Peggy said.

"There's nothing much bigger than an ocean," John added, but now they were watching Balboa and his men. Owing to the Little Black Clock's magic they could understand all languages and now they heard Balboa calling this ocean the Southern ocean.

"But it's the Pacific, isn't it?" John asked. "You just said Pacific."
 "Later on it will be called Pacific, but now its name is Southern," the Clock replied. "They will call it Pacific because they will find it so peaceful an ocean after stormy ones through which they have sailed."