

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY BY THE MEDFORD PRINTING CO.

The Medford Sunday Morning Sun is furnished subscribers desiring the seven-day daily newspaper.

Office: Mail Tribune Building, 21-27-29 North Fir street. Phone 75.

A consolidation of the Democratic Times, the Medford Mail, the Medford Tribune, the Southern Oregonian, the Ashland Tribune.

ROBERT W. BUEHL, Editor. S. SUMPTER SMITH, Manager.

By Mail—In Advance: Daily, with Sunday Sun, year, \$7.50; Daily, without Sunday Sun, year, \$6.50; Daily, without Sunday Sun, month, \$1.00; Weekly Mail Tribune, one year, \$2.00; Sunday Sun, one year, \$2.00.

BY CARRIER—In Medford, Ashland, Jackson, Central Point, Florida, Talent and on Highways: Daily, with Sunday Sun, month, \$1.75; Daily, without Sunday Sun, month, \$1.50; Daily, without Sunday Sun, one year, \$18.50; Daily, with Sunday Sun, one year, \$20.00. All terms by carrier, cash in advance.

Entered as second-class matter at Medford, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.

Official paper of the City of Medford. Official paper of Jackson County.

The only paper between Albany, Ore., and Chico, California, a distance of over 400 miles, having leased wire Associated Press service.

Sworn daily average circulation for six months ending April 1st, 1924, 2609, more than double the circulation of any other paper published or circulated in Jackson County.

MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS: The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited to this paper, and also to the local news published herein. All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.



Ye Smudge Pot

Amundsen is not a politician, so when he failed to reach the North Pole, he did not come home by way of the equator.

Kelso, Wash., is doing a fairly good job of imitating Herrin, Ill. Through our heroically terrified metropolitan press prints the details of the town fire, and editorially sermonizes on the evil thereof. It refrains with glib diffidence from mentioning the defrauding organization furnishing the momentum for the rumpus.

BUSTS RIGHT OUT

SPRINGFIELD, Ore., June 19.—Charles Rivett, of Lincoln, Nebraska, gave a spontaneous talk at the meeting of the Springfield Lions club this noon.

Farmers are getting ready to harvest their ruined wheat crop, and go into bankruptcy and California next winter.

The contents of the home were all saved by the neighbors, many of whom were drenched by the fire hose while in the act of carrying out heavy articles of furniture.—(Montague Messenger.) The inevitable happens again.

The campaign against the white pine blight now being conducted in Jackson county, has nothing at all to do with the old fashioned method of handling a boy who insisted on making a playground out of Main street.

THE MUFFLED KNOCK

Martin worked conscientiously in preparing for the banquet and had made a record trip from Seattle to reach Coos Bay in time for the banquet. K. Brock, chairman of the committee, expressed exceeding regret over the error.

N. Franklin bossed his daughter Mon. In about 16 years the daughter will do the bossing.

There was a military shindig last eve, and no silk clad shank was punctured by a spur. The night before the Battle of Waterloo, there was a dance in Brussels, Belgium. "Beauty and chivalry were gathered there," the poem asserts, when along came the Duke of Wellington!

Another Prohibition enforcement officer, who diligently enforced Prohibition—for the other fellow,—is en route to a federal lock-up.

The Humdingers, Inc., will hold a special meeting next week to determine whether the Avenida Du Generale Nord crossing, under the smile of Old Sol, is a hub, or a morose, or both. This batch of paving failed to jell properly.

Ads are now equipped with buzz saw attachments, but they don't need them.

AND, THEY NEVER HUNG YOU!

Some years ago, the Spectator incurred a deal of censure by pointing out that it wasn't the city's business to provide for a lot of tramp motorists free accommodations in auto camps, which were generally nuisances. The howl that greeted this statement was so vociferous and official, that the Spectator felt quite confident that the free auto camps were a greater nuisance than they had been painted.

Dear Aunt Lucy: I am a girl, weighing 145 pounds, in spite of all I can do, and considered goodlooking. I have been running with a 2nd row, Charlie Strain, my home guard chick, objects to such carrying on. I told him there were 22 weeks in a year, and he ought to donate a couple to America. Did I do right?

Worried Local Flapper. Aunt: "Still water runs deep." America can take care of herself. Charles is right. Your figures on the number of weeks is correct, but remember, it will be 50 of them until the next encampment. It is darkest before dawn. Be yourself.

MORE GOOD NEWS FOR SOUTHERN OREGON.

THE report that the Grants Pass railroad will be taken over by Ralph D. Schneeloch of Portland, believed to be a representative of the Fleischacker interests, and completed to the coast, is added evidence that Southern Oregon is on the eve of unprecedented commercial development.

According to reports from San Francisco, the Fleischacker move is in the interest of the Hill lines, in the present railroad war between them and the Southern Pacific. In this connection it is well to remember that the Pacific and Eastern was purchased by the Hill lines, and Hill officials are still interested in that property, at least as individuals.

So many railroads in this part of the state have been built by lead pencils, that any new announcements of railroad construction are taken with a grain of salt. As the Grants Pass Courier says, the people of that community "will reserve their fireworks until the train runs to Crescent City," which is wise; but nevertheless, with the recent announcement by the Hill officials in Portland, the Weyerhaeuser interests in the Klamath Falls, and President Sproules counter-move of a new line from Klamath Falls to Cornell, California, there must be some fire, where there is so much smoke.

As Klamath Falls will be the chief beneficiary of new railroad development to that city, so would Grants Pass be the chief beneficiary of the completion of its railroad to the coast, but Medford as the most thriving city between them, would benefit materially from both.

The development of Klamath means the development of one of Medford's most important markets, and the construction of the Grants Pass railroad to the coast, would mean a water rate for this city as well as Grants Pass.

Medford rejoices in the apparent good fortune of her neighboring cities, not only from feelings of natural friendship, but because whatever benefits one district of Southern Oregon benefits all.

QUILL POINTS

Ancient saying: "When!"
Archaeologists come to him who waits.
1890: Barefoot boy with cheek of tan. 1925: Shod boy with cheek.
There are 2876 kinds of worms, including the husband who enjoys martyrdom.
But, sir, an apple sprout made you what you are; why experiment with new methods.
Height of pessimism: Shuddering at the thought that some other nation may seize the North Pole.
A hick town is a place where everybody knows that Smith's heat prostration came out of a bottle.
It isn't travel that humbles people. It is coming home and discovering that they weren't missed.
It might be worse. Suppose man couldn't live without laboring constantly to get something to fill his head.
The trouble is not so much that a dollar is worth less, but that there are so many more things to spend it for.
Correct this sentence: "I mustn't blow out here," said the tire; "there's no shade for the boss to work in."

IDAHO FOOTBALL STAR FARMED OUT BY SEALS

SAN FRANCISCO, June 23.—Vernon (Skippy) Stevens, former University of Idaho football star, now on the roll of the San Francisco Pacific Coast league baseball team has been farmed out. The Seals expect to use him next year. Because of an intact regular lineup Stevens got little chance to play and Manager Ellison feels he should have a season of regular playing to develop him.

G. A. R. Veterans Meet Annual Encampment

OREGON CITY, June 23.—Blue-coated, gray-haired veterans, their wives, sons and daughters were guests of the city today from every part of the state of Oregon. The first of the three days 4th annual encampment of the G. A. R. opened this morning. Formal business will be taken up at a meeting in the city hall this evening. A band concert at 7 o'clock and the campfire and patriotic program at 8 o'clock will conclude the program of the first day. Wednesday a parade will be a feature of the morning's program.



Rippling Rhymes

HERE'S someone knocking at the door, bent on kindly things; he's heard that I am sick and sore, and myrrh and frankincense he brings, and wholesome doughnuts from his store, and custard pies and chicken's wings. To bring me victuals in a tub he toiled along the dusty street; what though it be forbidden grub? The neighbor's thoughtfulness is sweet; the doc stands by me with a club and tells me what I must not eat. My bus stands idle in the lane, it will no longer deign to cheer, and I regard it with a pain, and wonder what I ought to do; for much I hate the stress and strain of tinkering with bolt and screw. The passing motorists survey my bus from which no clugs ascend, and some of them will stop and say, "Is there assistance we can lend? Let us inspect your huffy dray, and you sit down and watch us, friend." Sometimes a wind removes my hat, and blows it seven versts or three, which makes me weep for I am fat and spavined in my off hind knee; and kindly men, perceiving that, soon bring my kelly back to me. Whenever I am steeped in grief, whenever I have woes to burn, my friends bring solace and relief, and see my winning smiles return; and of all dunces I'd be chief if lessons fine I failed to learn. My faith in mankind is restored by some new kindness, every day; my neighbors always can afford to lay their own concerns away, to come and cheer me when I'm bored, in spite of me to romp and play.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE STORY



Uncle 7-14 has just come home from a trip out to Yellowstone Park, you out west. He 6-13-20-28-32 have had a wonderful time! You 6-7-8, they have grizzly 1-2-3-4-5 there that are so tame they will come right up to your 21-22-23-24-25 door and ask for food. There is 26-27 big 19-27-31 there like we have at the Bronx. Uncle Ed told 28-29 that one day he was lying on the parlor 15-16-17-18 reading a paper when he had 16-24-30-33 been there a minute and one 10-11 the curtains moved slightly and there was a big grizzly looking in at him. To 1-8 sure he was a bit surprised at that but when he found out that it was a mother bear and that she 12-13-14 two little bears up to the window, too, he was astonished indeed! The father bear came, 5-9-15-23, only he didn't look in the window. Uncle's pussy-cat fluffed up and said "11-18" at the bears. But Uncle Ed had a 5-10-17-25 spot in his heart for the bears and fed them all.

Personal Health Service

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.
Blind letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to disease diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received, only a few can be answered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this newspaper.



Deceiving the Doctor.
Once I had a patient for a year or so. Needly to say this story has a sad ending. But for a year or so my patient and I got along very well together. I was fairly honest with him—which I now realize was a mistake—and he was fairly dishonest, which is always a mistake. My patient had been a heavy drinker and he came under my observation with his arteries, kidneys, liver and things pretty badly damaged. But I jollied him along and appealed to his sense of duty toward his family and all that sort of thing, and after a time he quit drinking. So he promised me, and so he constantly reassured me whenever we met. All the while he was drinking, but perhaps as a mere symptom of his alcoholism he felt bound to assure me that he had no further craving for drink. His arteries, kidneys, liver and things remained in status quo. But we felt we were lucky to remain alive. One day my patient developed pneumonia. He was desperately ill with it. It was in February and the air was fine, so we gave him the air, the open air treatment, to the horror of the neighbors. Ordinarily an alcoholic patient puts up a poor fight, usually a losing fight, against pneumonia. But my patient was not entirely outa luck. He came through. Not entirely through, but he coughed along smilingly for several days past the more or less w. k. "crisis," and I was on the point of "bronnouncing" the patient out of danger when—just as all the neighbors had predicted—he up and had a chill and went into a high fever and delirium and everything, and after a day or two we found that he had developed emphysema—which is an accumulation of pus in the neural cavity. Well, it looked bad for us all. My crazy open air treatment seemed destined to eternal damnation in that neighborhood. But I was young and with all the nonchalance and sang froid of youth, I announced to the assembled family, neighbors and sightseers—most of whom were regular old Irish biddies who were trying to persuade the distracted family to can me and call in some good Jewish doctor—and I must admit most of the Jewish doctors are good—that we were gonna operate at once. Then I argued the pros and cons with the assemblage on the one hand, while with the other I dragged the patient off to the hospital, and with both hands I operated on him; the operation was a complete success, as such things go. The patient's mind cleared up and he sailed along the uneventful course of convalescence for just four days. Then quite suddenly he informed the nurses he would have a drink. Certainly. She brought

Abe Martin
We used to speak of a teller having brains enough to do a thing, but today it's his intestines. Just certain people can use big words without appearing ridiculous.

Who's Who
James J. Storrow.
The recent election of James J. Storrow as president of the Boy Scouts of America, marks the first change in the presidency of that body since its foundation. Colin H. Livingstone, who has just retired after fifteen years of service, was one of the founders of the movement.

Children's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle
Running Across.
Word 1. A mark at which to shoot.
Word 2. A prominent city in Illinois.
Word 3. A western state.
Word 5. Upon.
Word 6. An impersonal pronoun.

YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED
P A R K
O L A M
H A M
S R A B B I T
S A L C
B E M E H
L A R K

COMMUNICATIONS

Two Great Americans.
To the Editor:
The great Americans have recently passed from our midst: General Nelson A. Miles and Senator Robert M. La Follette, the one—a pioneer soldier—the other, a pioneer in the world of statesmanship. Their abilities diverged along individual lines, but they shared, in common, a trait which was dominant in the character of each—courage.

They were not only physically courageous, but possessed, to a remarkable degree, that rare quality—an unassailable moral courage.
They were outstanding personalities in the march of events—Torchbearers who blazed the way and appreciably quickened the slow process of human advancement. Each possessed a discerning sympathy and an inexhaustible patience towards those of lesser vision, who must have more haltingly along the paths of progress. These two men have rendered enduring service. They grasped the Torch of Enlightenment—held it high—and bravely forward. Let us be grateful and carry on to the best of our abilities.

"Call here no high artificer to raise these words monument—such lives as these
Make Death a dull misnomer and its pomp
An empty venture. . . . Such as
Are the hidden streams that underground
Sweeten the pastures for the grazing kine,
Or, as spring airts that bring through prison bars
The breath of Freedom; or as a Light that burns
Immutably across the shaken seas
Forevermore by nameless hands renewed
Where else were darkness and a glutted shore."
From "The Torchbearers" By Edith Wharton.
—Ariel Burton Pomeroy, Central Point, June 22.

No. 781-C.
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Jackson.
In the Matter of the Seizure of one 1924 Oldsmobile Automobile, Motor No. B-11834, 1924, Oregon License No. 141-381.
State of Oregon, County of Jackson, ss. To W. S. Pate, Address, Medford, Oregon, and to J. Pospisil, Klamath Falls, Oregon, 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: One Oldsmobile automobile license No. 141-381 for the year 1924. Motor No. B-11834, Serial No. 141-381, was seized by the sheriff of Jackson county, Oregon, on the 23rd day of Dec. 1924, at about the hour of 10 o'clock of said day, in the county of Jackson, state of Oregon, in the vicinity of Jacksonville in said county; that said one Oldsmobile automobile 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 interstate transportation or possession of intoxicating liquor within the State of Oregon; and that all persons having or claiming any interest in said Oldsmobile automobile, are hereby required to appear before the above entitled court in the county court house of Jackson county, Oregon, at Jacksonville, Oregon, by Thursday, the 25th day of June, 1925, 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 Oldsmobile automobile will be entered.

THOMPSON'S PAINTS
A cottage that is painted without and within gladdens the eye of the beholder and doubles the joy of those who make it their home. Paint up and be comfortable as well as happy. At this shop you will find artists' supplies of standard excellence, priced right.

Women are Right

Stopping kitchen musing on hot mornings
Quick Quaker cooks in 3 to 5 minutes
The right summer breakfast . . . no hot kitchens
HEATING your kitchen on summer mornings is a folly. Cook now the vigor food men like and children need without fuss or bother.
Oats and milk . . . that's the right hot day starter.
Quick Quaker makes it easy.
Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes. Doesn't heat the kitchen. Keeps the family well protected against hot weather drain . . . and you against its bothers.
All that rich flavor of Quaker is there. Quick Quaker cooks faster. That's the only difference.



Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes