

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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ROBERT W. RUIHL, Editor, S. SUMPTON SMITH, Manager.

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BY CARRIER—In Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent and on Highways: Daily, with Sunday Sun, month \$1.75; Daily, without Sunday Sun, month \$1.00; Daily, with Sunday Sun, one year \$17.50; Daily, without Sunday Sun, one year \$10.00. All terms by carrier, cash in advance.

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Ye Smudge Pot

Refugees from the state playhouse for criminals have sallied forth from the brush, and presumably are now in the metropolis—the stamping ground of the oratorical police—that has been in not pursuit since they scooped over the prison walls a week ago tomorrow evening, at the dinner hour, and before the radio concert started. In a desperate effort to catch themselves, the fugitives issue a statement signed by their irrefutable fingerprints. It has its dime novel flourishes, but for all that, convincingly confirms the public conviction of amazing inefficiency and a few other things, behind the grim, gray walls where politics and coddling combined to make a record-breaking mess.

Miss Dorothy Ellingson, the dance-crazed Frisco whiffet, who slew her mother last January, is being re-tried, this time on the inside pages of the newspapers.

Will somebody please explain the lack of KIGY signs this tourist season on the rear axles of wandering motor vehicles and the sidewalks of sister cities?

AN INDISCREET GAWKER. (Sacramento (Cal.) Bee) The prevailing styles of women's dress brought grief to John Sweeney of Redding. He was arrested on charges of disturbing the peace and sentenced to twenty days in jail after two women complained that he had looked too attentively at their ankles.

Compliments are now being paid to the weather, but they lack the wholehearted vehemence of the recent profane vituperation cast upon it. The output of plain and fancy cussing, during the heated period, on the part of local citizens, brought excellent results.

Hobias Deuel is erecting a place to crawl into when it rains, on a leading residential speedway.

A hunters' clinic and testing station will be opened next week. Before a careful hunter will be allowed in the timber, he must be able to distinguish a human from a deer blindfolded, and with one hand tied behind him, and sign a pledge he is not addicted to slaying moving twigs. He also must be able to tell the gurgle of his own pipe from the noise made by a wild creature going down hill, as compared with a mammal stomping on a sidewalk.

The lower left hand corner of an eternal triangle at Portland, is in the hospital from the eternal getting caught.

For Sale—One horse buggy in good condition, newly painted. Inquire Western Sentinel.—(Western Sentinel, Etna Mills, Cal.)—(O) Keep it for a museum.

Little Theodore Sparrow, late Monday afternoon misjudged a dive for a butterfly and crashed with a heavy impact against a brick wall. He took a chance too soon after being wounded by a tenderhearted lad with an air gun.

Countess Chevrolet (the cat), made her denouement the first of the week with Lady Ford-Coupe's bean. He is an uncouth person from the Grants Pass wing of the British set, who said he was tickered out, when he was fagged.

JAZZ SWEEPS ONWARD. (Greenleaf (Ore.) News) No news items have gone in from here for two weeks for the reason that nothing has happened, not even accidents nor the unexpected, so far as we know. People already know about the weather changes and that so-and-so ate Sunday dinner with so-and-so.

There will be no more chatter about the promissory fish commissioner from Southern Oregon, as the Republican party of this section has decided to let doggies be doggone.

The need of a grocery store that an auto can drive into without backing out, becomes more apparent every 24 hours.

Jones wears a suit of checkered roan. That makes folk stop and wonder; it is so loud in hue and tone. It really looks like thunder.—(S. F. Bulletin.)

THE CODDLING MADNESS,—AND OTHERS.

AFTER flaying incompetent prison management for a dozen paragraphs, the Oregon Journal in yesterday's issue, proceeds to close an otherwise excellent editorial with the following astounding statement:

It may be added that the coddling madnesses has had little voice under the present regime in the Oregon penitentiary. From a newspaper standpoint it would be interesting to know who wrote those last four lines. Certainly not the man who wrote the rest of the editorial, for if the last paragraph is true then the other paragraphs have no point, and no editorial writer in his right mind, is going to waste time building up straw men and then announce they ARE straw.

Without knowing anything about it—our guess is, the first part of the editorial was written by the chief editorial writer and the last paragraph was written by the political commissariat, who probably has no use for Governor Pierce, but considers it poor policy to join the rival press and openly attack him.

At any rate this is the charitable view to take. For with only half of the evidence in, the present administration stands convicted not only of the coddling madness, but of utter lack of common sense administration, and the rudiments of prison discipline.

Four desperate men, three of them engaged in a prison break before, were returned without punishment, without special regulations being imposed and were allowed to bunk together,—at least in pairs!

The plot to make a break was tipped off, and yet the guard in the turnkey's office during the dinner hour, was not allowed to carry a gun.

Between baseball games, radio concerts and poker games, these four desperadoes were able to secrete knives in their cells, bore holes in the prison roof, and break away from the dinner march without detection.

Whether any one individual was more to blame than others is not certain. From what has been established thus far, it seems probable that no one person can fairly be made the goat, but that the trouble lay with the entire spirit of prison administration,—a spirit of laxity, of amiable optimism, of impractical, rather sentimental aimlessness,—not so much a bad policy as the absence of any definite policy whatever.

In comparison with other prison scandals, Oregon has this to be thankful for,—there is no evidence of graft or corruption, as has been the case in so many other states, where similar conditions have existed.

There is no reason to question the honesty and good intentions of the "present regime," but there is every reason to question its competency.

QUILL POINTS

All work and no play makes jack seem too darned important.

If only people had a little flyver sense to replace horse sense.

The dollar doesn't really buy less now. It just buys less at a time.

You can't always tell. A bald spot covers many an adventurous heart.

Almost any opinion may become a principle if somebody tries to gag it.

Futility: Trying to win today's buyers with last year's advertising.

Swell-head is what a popular favorite gets just before joining the discard.

Free people are those who get their zeal from a leader, instead of their orders.

Traveling by bus is better if you'd rather have dust in your eye than a cinder.

Another way to keep from growing old is to start an argument about religion.

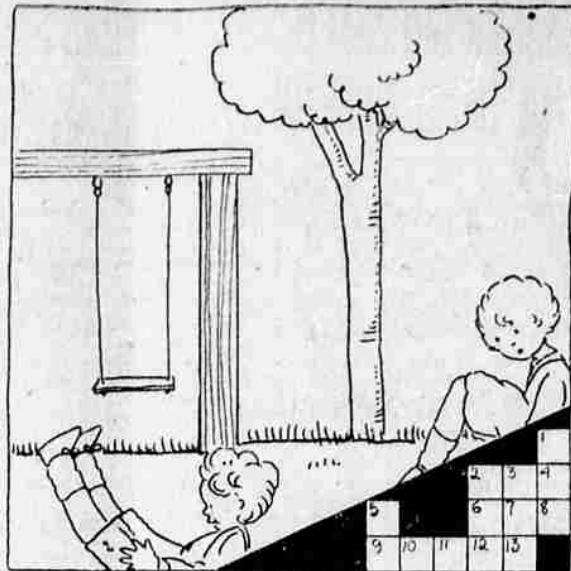
If he is proud of the fact that his sire was a captain, it is because he is a corporal.



USELESS RULES.

WHEN one has reached a green old age he likes to tell the stirring tale, with aspect of a kindly sage, of rules that kept him sound and hale. "I go to bed," he says, "at nine, and always rise at half past three; I drink a pint of current wine, and then I climb a red elm tree." Before the breakfast horn is blown I walk eight miles in shine or rain, such exercise is sure to tone the heart, the muscles and the brain. With twelve fresh eggs I break my fast—I always eat them shells and all, and such a simple, clean repast keeps does and druggists from my hall. I've humbly listened to the rede of many wise old bearded dears; I'm glad to hear their words, indeed, for I would live a thousand years. But when their counsel I pursue, within a week I'm feeling sure that if I do the things they do I cannot flourish or endure. A man may climb a red elm tree, and drink a pint of current wine, and eat such eggs as he may see, and die before he's twenty-nine. A man may go to bed at eight, and rise while yet his neighbors snore, and drink his cistern water straight, and die before he's forty-four. But every fine old gent who lives far past the known allotted span, lays down his rules and thinks he gives sage counsel to his fellowman. Some horses live for forty years, and no one knows the reason why; they have no rules of which one hears,—but in the end they always die.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE STORY THE PLAY-GROUND



There 5-9 a fine slippery 9-10-11-12-13 in the playground at the park and there 3-7-13 swings, too. I met a Scottish 2-6-12 named Artigal when I was playing in the park. We called him 6-7-8, too short. If I were to take my dolly to a ride on my 2-3-4, do you think she would be 1-4-8 to fall off? Artie said she might. Answer To Last Puzzle: 7-12 (is), 12-13-14-15 (swim), 25-10-15 (hole), 53 (11's), 245-6 (wood), 6-11 (dot), 1-3-9-15 (swam), -10-12 (to), 8-11-17 (pin).

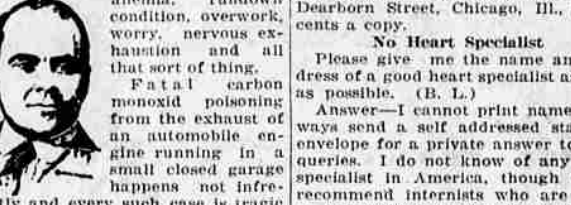
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Personal Health Service By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to disease diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received, only a few can be answered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 17 care of this newspaper.

Maybe This Makes You Tired.

All fools' day, remember? I told here about chronic carbon monoxide gas poisoning and in my sarcastic way suggested that this condition, which seems to be in the increase nowadays, is commonly assumed to be anemia, rundown condition, overwork, worry, nervous exhaustion and all that sort of thing.



Fatal carbon monoxide poisoning from the exhaust of an automobile engine running in a small closed garage happens not infrequently and every such case is tragic evidence of the truth of my conviction that there is something radically wrong with the present system of popular education. If further testimony is needed, set down the everlasting shame of an occasional drowning fatality which is not prevented because the bystander doesn't know how to resuscitate—these trifles are not taught in our schools.

Probably it seems a little far fetched, especially to the highbrow, intellect to attempt to hold faulty education responsible for such things, but if so it is because the highbrow's conception of education is a shallow one; he harbors a smug little notion that it is really possible to have a sound mind in an unsound body, and on that theory he openly opposes or at best assumes a passive attitude toward all efforts to bring popular education up to date. That's what makes me tired. But maybe your tired feeling is caused by some other poison, and I would commend to your consideration chronic or occult carbon monoxide gas poisoning. I'll go to the extreme of offering you some symptoms of occult chronic CO-poisoning to try on, but in the same breath I must warn you that you can't fool a doctor with these symptoms, for he has a test or two which will quickly detect counterfeits.

Persons much exposed to the air of city streets, tunnels or other places where automobile traffic is heavy are liable to suffer chronic CO-poisoning. When we consider that it requires no more than one part of carbon monoxide gas in 200 parts of air to produce acute, perhaps fatal CO-poisoning, the chance of slight chronic poisoning in the congested traffic does not seem so remote.

Of course there are many other sources of carbon monoxide gas poisoning. Illuminating gas contains a large amount of carbon monoxide. Any fuel burning with dampers closed may produce enough carbon monoxide to cause poisoning. Any form of heating appliance or stove, except electric heat, must have proper connection with the flue to carry off the products of combustion which are unhealthful or dangerous to breathe, and this is regardless of the question of odors—for the most fatal product of combustion, carbon monoxide, is both colorless and odorless.

Headache, languor, general debility, digestive disturbances, lowered nutrition, pallor, abnormal irritability or peevishness, neurasthenia (to give peevish a charitable name), and fear of impending lawsuit, fire, flood, divorce or communication from the internal revenue collector—these, howbeit feel across the shoulders, we can let it out at the waist. A peculiar characteristic of the apparent "anemia" of occult chronic carbon monoxide poisoning is the blood count generally shows a full complement of red corpuscles, often well above the normal red cell count.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Cancer

After the mare has been taken in the time to lock the stable door. I am just recovering from an operation for cancer of the breast. I want to read all I can get on the subject of cancer. Can you recommend anything in that line? (Mrs. M. L.) Answer—Yes. Read "New Growths and Cancer," by Dr. Simon E. Wolbach, published by Harvard University Press, Boston, Mass., at \$1. The handbook on "Cancer," in the Na-

Abe Martin



How are we to know when a fellow has learned to play the saxophone? The honeymoon is all out an' over when your wife asks you if you want coffee when she knows you do.

Timely Views on World Topics

"Italy's Grave Problem of Mediterranean," Declares Italian Senator.

Asserting that Great Britain could make Italy "a prisoner" by "hermetically closing" the Mediterranean at Gibraltar and Suez, Count Antonio Clippio, Italian senator and supporter of the Mussolini government, contended before the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Mass., recently that "Italy is today the gravest problem of the Mediterranean."

"More than 41,000,000 Italians could be starved in a few weeks if those who hold the gateways of the Mediterranean were suddenly to decide on hostilities and close those gates to the imports of grain, coal, fuel oils and iron—of all the raw materials, in short, essential to the life of a modern civilized nation," he said.

ROSEBURG MOONSHINER CAUGHT, FINED \$1000

ROSEBURG, Ore., Aug. 18.—J. E. Parker, a dairy man of the Loon lake district, was last night fined \$1000 in the justice court here when he admitted possession and operation of a large still on his property in that section. Brought here by two state prohibition officers, the man did not deny selling quantities of liquor and said he had not been running the plant long. A still of about 20 gallons' capacity, together with some of his manufactured mash was seized. He was given a few days in which to raise his fine.

Advertisement for George W. Childs Cigar, featuring a large '5¢' and the text 'never bought a better smoke'.

Children's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle



Running Across. Word 1. "Rub-a-dub, dub; Three men in a..." Word 5. Used in playing tennis. Word 7. The juice extracted from apples. Word 9. Poetic form of before. Word 10. To be mistaken. Running Down. Word 2. Beneath. Word 3. The insect that produces honey. Word 4. Frozen water. Word 6. Attempt. Word 8. Wrath; anger.

YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED.



A PRETTY THROAT IS MOST DESIRABLE

Old-time Recipe of Butter Milk and Cream, Best, Preserves Whiteness, Youthfulness and Beauty.

One of the woes of the middle aged woman nowadays is that her throat looks lined and old when she puts on a waist with a comfortable and fashionably open neck. The old-time recipe and still the best to keep youthful looks and ensure a clear, creamy complexion is common, everyday buttermilk and cream. The simply wonderful complexion of the English is solely owing to its constant use and while the preparation of this mixture at home is messy and troublesome, every woman will be glad to know that she can now obtain the ready-to-use product called "Howard's" Buttermilk Cream at any good drug store.

OPEN ALL NIGHT

Phipps Auto Park Service Highway at Jackson St

Advertisement for Travel by Motor Stage, featuring the text 'Travel by Motor Stage SAFELY, SWIFTLY AND COMFORTABLY Two Through Stages Daily'.