

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.

Science has found a way to keep water out of gasoline, but the little potatoes still gravitate to the top of the sack.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am so very unhappy. I love my husband very much. — (Grants Pass Courier.)—No wonder.

The fishing pole is mightier than the hoe.

Candidates are appearing in the field, and the vital problem before the intelligent voter, is to keep them in the field.

Due mention is always made of the auto that turns turtle, but nothing is ever said about the auto that turns mile.

Several of our young men are going to "Old Oregon," where they will be painted green, and dunked in the historic mill race, for leaning on a phone pole in front of a member of the senior class.

The time has come to sympathize with the members of the gentler sex, who can't bob their hair, because their noses are too long.

THE SHORT SKIRT AGAIN. DeKalb (Ark.) Ledger.

A jolly bunch of our young people went on a kodaking expedition Sunday that resulted in many exposures and a very enjoyable time.—(From E. F.)

Another bank cashier has disappeared with a handsome girl and sum.

Portland barbers are charging 65 cents for a haircut, and no rebate for the barber warning his fingers, on cold mornings, down the customer's neck.

The weather is still too nice for organized community fighting over the theory of evolution. It should be done collectively, by imported orators.

So many autoists long to bend a fender on the leg of the guard at the crossing.

A list of tennis players was made public today.

Now is the time to sing: Yes, we have no watermelons, today!

FOR SALE! (Corvallis Gazette-Times.)

One haywire sawmill, nice location, ten miles haul from the shipping station. Half mile of plank road, rest of it mud. Six acres, all enclosed, but otherwise good. Timber strictly yellow fir, very few knots, awfully sound, between the rotten spots. Fire box boiler, flues leak some, injector patched with chewing gum. Darn good wheel and carriage track. Nine feet left of the old smoke stack. Belta a little ragged, runs at the lace. Head saw is cracked in a couple of places. The engine knocks and its house on the base. Fly wheel's broken, slightly, in just one place.

IN MEMORIAM. Shep, a good dog, is dead. What then? How many dogs have died, and many? How many worlds, how many suns? For so the indifferent pagan runs. But I who miss him, may not I remember him, and wonder why? As men have wondered since men were.

Why men and dogs of character. Brave, gentle men, brave dogs and kind. With covards and curs oblivion find; Come to one end with knives, one room. And mix with muckers in the tomb; Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; Love that was loyal one with lust; Strength that was selfless one with greed; The briar rose and the stinking weed. Bah!—the old riddle that my past; Shep, a good dog, is dead. What then? Shep, a good dog, — (New York World.)

ETERNAL FITNESS AGAIN. (Salem Capital Journal.)

A BLOW TO FEDERAL AIR DEVELOPMENT.

THE SHENANDOAH disaster, coming immediately after the apparent tragedy of the PN-9, can't fail but prove a devastating blow to aerial development of the navy.

According to the aviation expert accompanying the giant dirigible on its cross country flight, the wreck was not due to any defect in the ship. This may be true. But congress will be loath to spend more money for dirigibles, until it is explained how a ship without defects, could meet with such a disaster.

If meteorological readings had been available the tragedy could have been avoided it is claimed. The question immediately arises why such readings were not available. With the radio the absence of such readings would seem to be inexcusable.

There is still hope that the PN-9 will be found, and its crew rescued. But here too, before the country will be inclined to finance more non-stop ocean flights, the people will want to know why an airplane which gave a warning of its plight two hours before it was forced down, was not rescued by one of the ships in its vicinity, dispatched there for just such an emergency.

In other words, air development by the government will be halted temporarily at least, and stock taken of the situation before further expenditures will receive popular approval.

That air development will eventually go on, is certain. Man's progress in the conquest of nature, has been built upon tragedies, and always will be. Only through disaster apparently has the human animal been able to attain adequate knowledge.

But with one airplane lost in the Pacific and the "pride of the air service" a ghastly wreck in Ohio, it will be difficult to convince the public that there is not something radically wrong in our present methods of aerial transportation.

Development undoubtedly will stop, temporarily, and give way to a period of serious stock taking.

PEAR PICKERS IN ORCHARDS NEEDED, 700 CARS SHIPPED

Whereas a week ago there was a surplus of pear pickers here, there is now a shortage of such pickers, reports Chris Gottlieb, local secretary of the U. S. local branch of the U. S. Employment bureau, who was besieged by orchardists for 40 or more pickers this forenoon and was unable to supply the needed labor.

This shortage is explained by Mr. Gottlieb as caused by the fact that what is known as the experienced non-resident, or tourist pickers, who were here for weeks, had become restless and moved north to work in picking hops in the Willamette valley; and the fact that there is not enough resident labor to fill the demand in the valley for pear pickers.

The move of the tourist pickers northward was first in evidence here last Monday and the movement has increased daily since. Men pear pickers are paid forty cents per hour and women pickers five cents per hour less.

This picking shortage comes in the middle of harvesting the D'Anjou pear crop, which with an adequate number of pickers would be off the trees by the end of this week. After the D'Anjou comes the picking of the Bosc, which is expected to last all next week. Then after a short time the picking of the Winter-Nellis crop starts in.

In fact the F. Corning Kenley orchard, which has a crop of from 14 to 15 car loads, began picking Bosc today.

There is a peculiar feature in connection with the Corning pear crop this year, in that that variety of pear ripened much earlier than usual, in consequence of which the man orchards of this variety began picking this week.

Thirty-six car loads of pears and one of apples were shipped to eastern markets yesterday by local packing houses, bringing the total for the season to over 700 cars.

NE WYORK—Augustus Thomas, dean of playwrights, is to play the leading role in his own play.

VETERAN MAILMAN TAKES RURAL ROUTE, CRAMPTON RESIGNS

Several changes in the local post-office staff have just been announced, the latest of which is the transferring of the veteran city carrier, Homer H. Harvey, at his own request, to rural route, No. 2, to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Arthur H. Wising last March because of disability, and which has been temporarily filled by Don A. Myers. The change takes place September 8.

Mr. Harvey is one of the two original city carriers who entered the local postal service September 15, 1902, the other one being Roland Beach, now assistant postmaster. The vacancy caused by the Harvey transfer has been filled by the promotion of Frank W. Hebbard, who has been serving as the senior city sub-carrier.

Then, too, it has been announced that David J. Crampton, who had held the contract for the mail messenger service between the postoffice and depot, since July 1st, last, had resigned that contract and with his wife and children departed for Detroit, Mich., a week ago to locate in that city.

The postoffice is now advertising for bids for this contract, which must be in the hands of Postmaster Wm. J. Warner by September 19, and in the meantime William W. Hall, who formerly held the mail messenger contract is filling that position until the new contract is let.

Record Breaking Melon At Public Market

"What's all the rumpus about?" is the question written on the bulletin board at the public market in regard to the large morning crowds there on market days. Immediately following this, the question is answered by the words: "Peaches and watermelons."

The largest watermelon ever on display there was exhibited at the market this morning. It weighed approximately 50 pounds, and was grown by W. B. Harris of Willow Springs, who states that he has several others, which he is confident will weigh more.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE STORY

MAMMY DEAR



When 1-2 and Pa were little Ma said they had a darky 1-4-8-10-14 to take care of them. "13-14, how we loved dear Mammy!" said Ma. "Many 16-20 the time Mammy has been 3-7 much like a good angel to me I can always look back with pleasant memories of her and my childhood!" "Do you remember her old 10-11-12?" asked Pa. "His name was Uncle 6-7-8!" "18-19-20, indeed I do!" cried Ma. "Wasn't it 9-12 Christmas morning he would stand 2-5 the door and say 'Christmas giff'?" "That's the way he reminded us!" explained Pa. "I 13-15-18 say it was a clever little idea, too!" "When Mammy 3-4-5 outside 16-17 the garden she smoked a corn cob pipe!" said Ma. "I wish we had old Mammy with us yet—dear old Mammy and Uncle Tom, too!"

Answer To Last Puzzle 67 (me), 24-6-8-9 (lumps), 9-10 (so), 4-5 (as), 1-3-5-7 (eases), 2-3 (la). Copyright, 1925, by The International Syndicate

Personal Health Service By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Stated before pertaining to nutrition 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. Due to the large number of letters received, only a few can be answered here. He really can be reached in person by calling on "Instructor" at 233 North Fir Street, Medford, Ore.

Not So Much Minister.

The minister first wrote about the idea of March, inquiring how quickly one could reduce weight. For example, he said, in slightly over two and one-half weeks I have taken off 19 pounds, making my present weight 155 pounds. My height is 68 1/2 inches. This reduction was achieved through definite reduction of diet to under 2000 calories per diem, with increased exercise, chiefly walking. I am interested in getting up exercises, and this has given me lots of fun and exercise. My ambition is to weigh 150 pounds when I go to summer school June 26. I see, the minister continues, that a medical student is to attempt a special test, whereby he'll eat only when hungry. I feel that we men of sedentary habits can do with a lot less than others; and yet when I get to walking around on manual work I do get most horribly famished.

There's not a thing wrong with me physically, according to life insurance examiners. I shall be grateful for anything you suggest.

I can't remember just now what I suggested, but no doubt I gave the minister an earful. Somehow his letter gave me the impression that he had good sense about health questions—which I find but rarely in ministers. Anyhow, July 1, I heard from the minister again.

I've been and gone and done it. That is, as you may or may not recall, I've reached the point of my ambition in weight. Last spring—with a bit of sagging on from you—I set something like 150 pounds as my goal before vacation time. July 1 finds me 148 1/2 pounds in weight.

And to show that it has been done without any great internal disturbance, this is the report of a urinalysis made by the Prudential Longevity service (we need not print the report here—it was all normal).

I must say I feel better. Food has no mastery of me. I know what I want when I want it. No breakfast half the time, except grapefruit juice or coffee; dinner not too hearty, keeping daily calories to about 1500; supper light. I have got used to being hungry a fair portion of the time. I enjoy my food, and have my appetite, and all that, but I am boss around this tummy of mine.

My mother is a bit old fashioned. She weeps (figuratively) over my reducing. She threatens dire things. A cousin died of pernicious anemia, which therefore awaits the chap who diets, (by the way, if there are many distant aunts of anemia, you might say something of value about that.)

I can eat a nickel's worth of candy once a week without tears. I can even accept an invitation once in a while to a soda. I do not know that I have stabilized my weight at 150, but I shall try.

Now be a good fellow and give me a bit of cheer, perhaps with some good advice for a poor hungry soul.

I have the impression that I received a letter from this same sky pilot quite a while ago about his weight or something, but never mind that. He is entitled to congratulation for his rare self control—a rare power indeed among members of our noble sex, fellows. Though common enough among women. I have had scores and scores of letters from women telling of their success in reducing by the same methods followed by the minister, but girl control has never threatened to become popular with the men. Everything considered, I shouldn't be surprised to learn that a show down has

proved ours to be the weaker sex after all. Being hungry a good proportion of the time is a good deal more akin to happiness—which is good health, isn't it?—than being surfeited with food most of the time. Being hungry like that is something like getting tired from honest work—a sensation which a lot of misguided folk never know.

Whenever some old wreck who has bent or fractured all the laws of hygiene and twisted all the ways of health to suit his own abnormal notions complains about his insomnia or his weariness and discouragement, I wish we had courts of hygiene where we could arraign such offenders and have them sentenced to reasonable hours of honest work.

Though I seldom attempt to elbow a minister out of his pulpit nor raise an unseemly protest when I see my worst dead beat patients lavishly hiring the front seats of his show, I thought I discerned a good sermon in the minister's two letters, and so I have gladly deferred to him today.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Some Folks Deserve It.

I am a teacher and a regular "old maid" at that, yet I have found your column . . . and I want to thank you for changing coryza to crr. I believe some folks thought I was swearing at them when I used the former term. (L. M. A.) Answer—Well, that's about the only way to deal with some folks who have it.

Water Softener Which is the better plan for us, to install a water softener to treat our well water, or a cistern to catch water from the roof? Our well water has 675 grains of hardness to the million and too much iron for laundry use. (K. C. H.) Answer—For laundry use, the rain water would be ideal if your cistern will catch enough. For drinking and cooking, the chemical softener would be advisable.

Hammer Toes. Please tell me if hammer toes caused by tight shoes can be straightened and how. I am 16, and have seven hammer toes. (Miss M. S.) Answer—Sometimes hammer toes can be straightened by carefully adjusted surgical dressings alone. As a rule it is necessary to divide the shortened or contracted tendon and keep a suitable splint on the foot until the toe heals in a corrected position. This may be done bloodlessly and under local anesthesia.

Mouthful of Medical Words. What is metrol regeneration, in plainer English? (Mrs. S. L.) Answer—Metrol regeneration, means a backward leakage of blood through the mitral valve (heart valve between the left auricle and left ventricle, which should be closed when the ventricle is emptying blood out into the great artery.) This is the usual lesion in valvular disease or heart leakage. It is sometimes called mitral insufficiency.

Radio A. Battery. Is it all right to have a wet A battery for the radio in our living room? (E. H. G.) Answer—So far as health or hygiene is concerned it is all right. Should the battery develop amodal regeneration it is tough on rugs and such dewdags.

Camphor for Sore Eyes. It is surprising how quickly eye inflammation is relieved by camphor, hydrastis, witchhazel, etc., as mixed in Lavoptin eye wash. One small bottle helps any case, sore, weak or strained eyes. Aluminum eye cup free. Loan B. Haskins. Also sold in Central Point by Mary A. McE. drugist. Adv.



Rippling Rhymes by Walt Mason

GETTING EVEN.

GEORGE GINGER scoured my cellar door, and put my cow in pound; I said, "I'll even up the score before a year rolls round. I always pay my debts in full, the good ones and the bad; and vengeance I will surely pull upon that erring lad." With endless patience I will wait until a chance I find to visit wrath upon the skate who smote me from behind. And so I watched that Ginger jay, while weeks and months rolled by; I knew that on some fateful day my chance I would esp. At last this George was stricken down by sickness fell and dire, and from his fetlocks to his crown his tendons seemed afire. His little savings soon were gone, and want was at the door, his halibut was put in pawn, and all the clothes he wore. "This is the chance," I softly said, "for which I've waited long; I'll visit him, and though in bed, he'll pay for every wrong." I called upon him then and there, a basket in my hand, and it was filled with viands fair, with victuals fresh and canned. There were nine brands of standard soups, and pies like mother made, and eggs just gathered in my coops, and juts of lemonade. And there were doughnuts crisp and brown, and prunes and tripe and kraut, for I had combed the blessed town for things to please this scout. And his emotion was absurd, he blubbered fit to kill, when I gave him, without a word, a large ten dollar bill. "I put you old roan cow in hook," he muttered, through his tears; "Be still," I said, "you mustn't talk of old roan cows or steers."

Abe Martin



Clasier Fluky Sargent, an' about \$100, have been mis-laid since last night, an' Consable Noyt Flom has telegraphed a description of him t' th' Miami police. "I don't care nothin' about th' upstairs, you beat it down t' th' front gate an' close th' car windows," yelled Mrs. The Lar. "I day, when it commenced t' pour.

Poems That Live

Age and Youth. Crabb'd Age and Youth Cannot live together; Youth is full of pleasure, Age is full of care; Youth is like summer brave, Age like winter bare; Youth like summer brave, Age like winter bare; Youth is full of sport, Age's breath is short; Youth is nimble, Age is lame, Youth is hot and bold, Age is weak and cold; Youth is wild, and Age is tame, Age, I do adore thee, Youth, I do adore thee, O my Love, my Love is young! Age, I do defy thee— O sweet shepherd, life thee, For methinks thou stay'st too long. William Shakespeare.

WANDER

WANDER A D T O L E D O C R I T H O R S E S

Children's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle



Running Across. Word 1. "Goosey, goosey, where shall I wander." Word 2. One who voluntarily gives his life for the sake of a principle. Word 3. The country of the Nile. Word 4. Hale, rugged. Running Down. Word 2. An old saying or proverb. Word 3. The country of the Nile.

YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED.



WANDER A D T O L E D O C R I T H O R S E S

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