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STANFIELD MISSES AN OPPORTUNITY.

SENATOR STANFIELD has missed a great opportunity. A few days ago he was the victim of an iniquitous "frame-up" in Baker, Oregon.

Dining in a cafe with two ladies, his usual sober and courteous self, the junior senator was pounced upon by the village constable, charged with being drunk and disorderly and hustled ignominiously off to the Baker hoosegow, where he was forced to put up \$50 bail to gain his liberty.

Naturally, the distinguished statesman was outraged. So were his supporters, particularly his campaign manager.

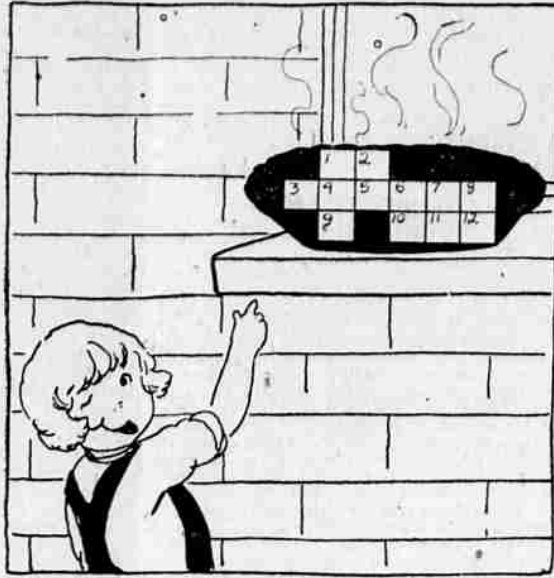
The details of this foul political plot were promptly unfolded. Governor Pierce and Os West were alternately named as the arch-conspirators. Civil action was threatened. Altitudinous damages suggested. There would be a fight in Baker to the death.

But there was no fight. The junior senator was not even present at the hearing. Neither were his attorneys. The \$50 bail was forfeited and apparently, as far as Senator Stanfield is concerned, the incident is closed.

Very foolish! A great opportunity lost R. N. The people of Oregon don't like frame-ups. They detest blackmailers and political badger-baiters. In a fight against this sort of thing, the junior senator would have had the entire state with him, regardless of party and aroused a moral support which would have made him invincible at the next election.

Too bad. Senator Stanfield would seem to need a more astute political adviser.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE STORY UMMY!



"Um-mm! What a delicious smell! I bet it is that 1-4-9! The cook placed it on the 3-4-5-6-7-8 sill to cool and what 6-10 you suppose? Tommy stole the pie and ate it up, too! His 1-2 spanked Tommy right 7-11 his back for stealing the pie! Tommy cried and so did 8-12 all for we all love Tommy dearly—but stealing is such 2-5 awfully bad thing for any 10-11-12 to do.

Answer To Last Puzzle  
 9-10 (on), 8-11 (so), 2-6-10-12-14 (hangs), 1-5-9 (too), 3-7 (Ed), 1-2-3 (the), 12-13 (go), 4-6-7-8 (toads).

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Abe Martin



September came in smiling! Just like the customer that found one fit him just like the 'one in the window. I don't know whether Gen. Andrews wears a polka dot shirt or not, but he talks like he used to be ahead of a circus.

Timely Views on World Topics

"France Must Reduce Army," Ohio Senator Insists

Now that the funding of foreign debts is practically completed, the next task which faces this country, in the opinion of Senator Simpson D. Fess of Ohio, is the limitation of land armaments.

In discussing France and her problems Fess recently said:

"The people of France do not suffer as heavy taxation as do the people of the United States. The first condition of the Dawes plan on behalf of the demand of France for reparations from Germany must submit to as heavy taxation as that borne by the allies. That is not an unreasonable demand of a creditor upon a debtor country."

It has also been found that France has loaned money to other countries, including Poland, Czechoslovakia and other Balkan countries. She also persists in maintaining an army larger than before the war and five times as large as our own army to defend and protect a little more than one-third as many people. The American commission will have a case that cannot be ignored nor long delayed."

Senator Fess said that "progress made toward a security pact in Europe seems to have paved the way for a reduction in the French army."

"It now appears for the first time since the close of the conflict that a plan is reached which is acceptable," he asserted. "That point reached, France can no longer insist on her large army. That opens the way for our president to proceed to call the nations into conference to limit land armaments."

Plane Crashes.

SAN DIEGO—A land plane crashed into the sea and sank while being launched from the airplane carrier Langley off Point Loma. The crew of four men were picked up by lifeboats.

The Stork.

GREAT BARRINGTON, Mass.—A son has been born to Mrs. Terry McGovern, formerly Mildred Harris and Mrs. Charles Chaplin.

Cook with gas.

Children's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle



Running Across  
 Word 1 "Come, lets to —"  
 said Sleepy-head  
 Word 2 To put out forcibly.  
 Word 3 An utensil used for straining.  
 Word 4 The snake by whose bite Cleopatra was poisoned.

Running Down  
 Word 2 What the wife of an emperor is called.  
 Word 3 Another name for an animal.  
 Word 4 What little Sleepy-head in the picture liked to do.

YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED



QUILL POINTS

There are two sides to every question: Yours and the idiotic one.

If only we could "settle" our debts by acknowledging them.

Probably the best society reporter is the one that knows the most barbers.

Doubtless one qualification for an appointive office hereafter will be docility.

Edsel gets money and ability from his dad, but nobody yet knows what he thinks of history.

"Enclosed please find check," as a joy-maker, must now give place to "Park here all day."

Shouldn't an old boy wear half mourning when he discovers that the sweetie he married is dead from the ears up.

If alienated affections really were worth a fortune, they couldn't have been alienated.

A "loyal" Moroccan tribe is one that thinks France won't punish it as badly as Krim will.

Some highways are so rough the speeders can't stage more than two wrecks a week.

There's nothing like a few domestic problems to keep a nation's "destiny" from becoming a nuisance.

There isn't any kind of "moral obligation" you can work on a banker when the rate's due.

If memory serves us well, however, these modern youngsters didn't invent petting.

It would make even more interesting gossip if the government would tell us how much tax each one dodges.

Why shouldn't the world have been created in seven days? There were no experts there to complicate matters.

Blah! The movies show us what happens to the villain's jaw, but never what happens to the hero's knee's.

Correct this sentence: "He has been sick for two days," said the man's wife, "but he doesn't moan and yearn for petting."

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, in care of this newspaper.

How We Manage to Keep Cool

Man is an internal combustion engine that, like a gasoline engine, functions best when at an optimum temperature. You know how well your automobile engine works after it has warmed up to that optimum, and you know what happens if it gets overheated.

In man heat is produced entirely by oxidation of fuel—food or tissue-substance—and practically not assumed up to the time Washington crossed the Delaware, that the heat of the body was produced by friction of the circulating blood and by the movements of the heart and blood vessels.

The oxidation or combustion of this fuel takes place in all the tissues or organs of the body as they function, the oxygen being transported from the air in the lungs to the cells of all the tissues and organs for this purpose. The optimum temperature of the body is maintained at approximately 98.5 degrees Fahrenheit in man by a complex but efficient automatic control of heat production and heat loss or dissipation. In man the body temperature is practically independent of or influenced by the surrounding air temperature; not so in certain lower animals, the reptiles, amphibians and fishes, having a body temperature which is low when the surrounding air or water is cold and higher when the environment is warmer. Many of the lower animals lack means of dissipating or losing excessive heat, which man is endowed with; chase a snake around for a while in hot weather and watch him pant; or play hard with your dog and watch him pant; not because he is out of breath but because considerable heat can be dissipated through the evaporation of a greater amount of water from the lungs.

People who take seriously the absurd assertions of some reputed health authorities to the effect that the loss of heat through the lungs or the breathing passages is an important part of the heat regulating ma-



chinery of the body should note the physiological truth and bid the imaginative exponents of the "catching cold" delusion to guess again.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS  
 Good Advice About Reducing  
 Could you give me some good advice about reducing. I am 22 years old, 5 feet 4 inches tall and weigh 135 pounds. I want to get down to 120 before Thanksgiving vacation.—Miss U. A. E.

Answer—Yes, Don't.  
 The Poor Goof  
 What can I do for my fat husband? He is 39 years old, 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 190 pounds. He was a skinny, or at least not puffy when I contracted to look after his nourishment and darn his socks.—Mrs. E. H. W.

Answer—Treat him kindly but keep something handy to rap his knuckles with when he reaches for a third lump of sugar for his coffee. Also make the man walk to and from his daily play which he probably refers to humorously as "work." Husbands who get their six miles of O. O. H. or its equivalent daily get their socks well darned, and vice versa.

V. S. and Unhappy  
 If you are sincere and have confidence in me, sign your letter and enclose with it a stamped envelope bearing your address, and I will give you the best advice I can. Anonymous communications are not sent in good faith.

"Crown Prince" Facetious.  
 SANTA BARBARA, Cal.—Replying to an inquiry as to his candidacy for the democratic nomination for president in 1928, William Gibbs McAdoo said:  
 "It is very dry in the middle west and Kansas in particular is suffering from the drought and heat."

Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.

Chinamen are getting the worst of it again. The government classifies them with bootleggers of foreign extraction, who get caught.

Salesmen—Earn from \$80 to \$120,000 a week.—(Ad Kansas City Star.) A week will be enough.

A FINE DISTINCTION  
 (LONG BEACH, CAL., TELEGRAM)  
 SCHOOL TEACHER or lady to board, and room in my home for winter months. Phone 323-395.

Another self-appointed regulator of mankind is trying to get bail for his oldest boy.

Reaching up, I drew down to my cheek one of the hands gripping my shoulders.—(True Story Mag.) Try this some pleasant evening.

There seems to be nothing particularly the matter with the Lung division of the Air Service.

The nice weather the county fair board prayed for, is being delivered.

PIE

Consider, in its quiddity, the pie. Has anybody ever contributed to the general sum of human happiness anything of greater moment than a first-class deep-dish, blueberry pie? It still survives in certain luxurious spaces, where cooks are cooks, and where a proper pride in culinary achievement still lingers. But these are not for the motorist whose plight we mourn. His dish is deep only in the waters of disillusionment. There are no luscious juices for him. And the lanky paste into which he bites is confined and even crusts that only fail to match the upper and the nether millstones because that on the bottom is not so much like one as it is like one of the cheaper grades of linoleum. There are some schools of criticism which would have it that what puts the gilded roof on the horror is the bill. We question that. The bitterest drug in the cup, we maintain, is the bland assertion that what you are getting with that awful bonus is "home cooking."

What, anyway, has become of home cooking? Woman's place, we know, is, of course, no longer in the home; but, after all, she occasionally nourishes herself there, and somehow three meals a day are wrangled in most households. No, it can't be the defection of woman. Besides, few women that we have ever known would go out and in cold blood try to wreck the tradition of blueberry pie. The secret has simply removed itself, we supposed, lapsing naturally, quietly, and perhaps with no malice at all. It has just faded out, like the tall bicycle, the hoopskirt, side-whiskers and other once seemingly permanent possessions.—(New York Herald.)

One of our political egotists who has been beaten for everything else, is being traced by friends to run against Cong. Hawley in the spring.

A tramp lecturer will be along in October. He is a "militant speaker," and will endeavor to get the community battling each other over the theory of evolution.

PENGUIN

Alone he stands with pensive, wistful eyes  
 Beside his lake, fast-fenced in iron bars;  
 He, who along Magellan's roaring rips and tides  
 Once watched antarctic stars.

Foam-mad greens surges fade to stagnant pool.  
 Guards toss dead fish, to hunter swiftly hold.  
 He gasps for breath, who loved gales-thundering battlements  
 Of heavy-breasted fold.

Frost given crags Penguin shall see no more;  
 But fences, bursemaids, children, stale-crusts flying  
 To him who battled Ocean's furious ecstasy.

His coming herds among  
 Day on day Penguin stards, down-brooping, still.

With sun-gleazed eyes gazing on trim-stipped greens,  
 He broods of barren beach, ponders this pleasant plight,  
 Vague-wondering what it means.  
 (Contemporary Verse.)



NO PROMISES.

HIS FEET were wet with morning dew as he came down the hill; he asked me for a plunk or two, his famished craw to fill; he talked so ably that he drew a large five-dollar bill. "This money will relieve my woes," as down the road I track; I hand you thanks and goods like those enough to fill a sack; as for the coin, I don't suppose I'll ever pay it back. I know," he said, "the common skate who works this sort of game, and borrows jack, will set a date when he'll repay the same; all sorts of vows and pledges great unblushingly he'll frame. Although I am an also ran, with nothing in my pack, I am a strictly honest man, my word I do not crack; as for this coin I hold and scan, I'll never pay it back." "Ods-bodkins," I made reply, "you're a refreshing sight; a bum who will not tell a lie is solace to the sight, and I'll give you a custard pie to show you my delight. For I am tired of making loans to pilgrims out of luck, who swear by Christ's tor, his bones, they'll pay back every buck, what time, in loud and solemn tones, the thirteenth hour is struck. They swear by all the gods they know, in language bold and free, that they'll return the borrowed dough next week at half past three; and then they teeter to and fro, and think no more of me. They're fatal to my faith in man, they leave it lying flat; they fol low up a vicious plan, there's no denying that, but you may ride in my sedan and wear my Sunday hat. You come and set me in my booth and touch me for a Y, and have the gall to tell the truth—that bill no more I'll see; come to my arms, oh gallant youth, you're a relief to me!"

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

UNITED STATES SENATOR  
 JAMES J. CROSSLEY  
 Of Portland, Oregon, hereby announces that he is a candidate for the Republican nomination for U. S. Senator at the May, 1926, Primaries.

Experience and Qualifications:  
 Raised on an Iowa farm. Graduated from Iowa University—academic and law departments—and post graduate at Yale. Served four years as County Superintendent of Schools, served five sessions in State Senate. Served six and a half years as U. S. Attorney under Roosevelt and Taft. National guard and Mexican border service and twenty-nine months in World war from Oregon. Over seas with front line divisions in Champagne and Oberrhein an dwith Rainbow (42d) division in Argonne.

Will work zealously for development of Oregon and support of measures for real benefit of farmers as suggested by their organizations. Favor World Court and Reform Senate Rules. Adv.

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Poems That Live

My Heart's in the Highlands,  
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;  
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
 The birthplace of valour, the country of worth;  
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;  
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;  
 Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;  
 Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

—Robert Burns.

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