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, 25-27-29 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. RUHL, Editor.
S. SUMPTER SMITH, Manager.

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Entered as second-class matter at Medford, Oregon, under act of March 8, 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, 2669, more than double the circulation of any other paper published or circulated in Jackson County.

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The President left the world series game yesterday in the third inning, unable to tolerate the nonsense any longer.

An Arkansas town has passed an ordinance prohibiting the cracking of peanuts in a theater. This is a step towards a law to curb snorers who wake everybody up but themselves.

Upstate heresy is revealed as follows, by editorial comment in the Portland Telegram:

A pastor newly arrived at a Portland church this week said to us: "I am not going to have anything to do with controversy. I'm not going to discuss fundamentalism or modernism in my pulpit. I'm going to preach Christ and His power to save."

Mr. Schepp, the cocoanut king, is still in hot pursuit of suggestions to get rid of his millions. The report that Mr. Schepp was a meal ticket to a finicky 4d is erroneous.

It is now alleged by the alumnus, that the chief trouble with "the mighty University of Oregon eleven", is the debonair occupants of two swivel chairs.

A mule belonging to Howard Hill died in the harness last week from heart failure, caused by Mr. Hill speaking kindly to deceased.

Miss B. Franklin is over a cold, and once more smiling sweetly at customers, while scolding her Paw.

BALM AND EMBALM
(Klamath Falls News)

John told me that he loved me, always had, but hadn't known how to tell me. He also asked me to wait for him, and I promised I would. We figured it up, and it amounted to five years waiting for him to get into the undertaking business for himself.

Every now and then a Galshevikl, as bowlegged as a wishboone, stops in the bus. dist. to straighten the seams in her socks. The futility of it all!

What has become of the old-fashioned Copco slave who rattled his capitalistic shackles out on the street on sunny days, with a neatly sharpened pencil back of his right ear?

Contemplate, if you have the heart, the horror now facing the guardians of wild life in Oregon. Sawmills are scaring the game out of the timber, and contaminating the best fishing streams.

"An Indian never forgets," and insurance agents have a fair memory.

NICE LADY; NAUGHTY BOY
(Petaluma, Cal., Argus)

NOTICE — The party who bought from a 17-year-old blonde boy a nice lady's gold watch and gold braid chain for a few dollars any time after the 15th of September please return same and receive cash reward.

The cuss-word puzzle has cussed its way back.

AN EMPTY HOUSE

There's sweet for bitter
And bitter for sweet—
An empty house
On a full street—

An empty house
Garnished and swept:
Some have laughed in it—
Others have wept.

(North American Review)

We wonder if Brother Arthur Perry of the Medford Mail Tribune got this one. A San Francisco dispatch of recent date contained the intelligence that Miss Carrie Clay, while crossing Market street, was "struck on the safety zone by a Ford coupe," in consequence of which she landed in the hospital, interesting to the fact that the contact was rather "painful," to say the least.—(Western Sentinel.) We did not, thank you!

Baker Priest Sees Pope.

ROME, Oct. 13.—(A. P.)—Pope Pius yesterday received in private audience the Right Rev. Joseph F. McGrath, bishop of Baker, Ore.

HERE AND THERE

THANKS to the local fruit crop, the Medford banks now have on deposit over $800,000 more than they had four months ago. When the returns are all in this total should exceed a million. Here is more ground for congratulation and increased confidence. Money is a good thing to have—particularly in the bank. The problem for the average citizen, of course, is to keep some of it there.

* * * *

SPEAKING of money, one may have too much of it. Old Mr. Schepp, the cocoanut king, has too much. With only a few more years to live, he asked the people of the world to give him suggestions as to how to get rid of some of it, and benefit the human race in the process. He received plenty of suggestions, five and six thousand every day. These suggestions solved the problem of getting rid of his millions, but not the problem of human betterment. The applicants showed considerable interest in filling their own pocketbooks, but no interest at all in raising the level of happiness and contentment. Selfishness and avarice are sometimes declared to be the exclusive possession of the prosperous. Old Mr. Schepp has demonstrated this is not true.

* * * *

THE world series this year has been more interesting than usual. The Senators appear to have title advantage, but every game has been a struggle and no team has had a monopoly either of fighting spirit or skillful execution. There has been considerable talk about lucky breaks. But when the struggle is over, calm analysis will probably show that luck has little more to do with success in baseball than success in other departments of human activity. What is called luck is usually superior energy, constantly reinforced by brains.

* * * *

THE world series has been hard on newspapers, however, particularly the poor slaves who have to fill the editorial column. Public interest is concerned with little else than baseball, and 75 per cent of the day's news has been confined to it. Moreover, the rest of the world appears to sense this fact and no one seems to be doing anything of importance in the outside world, except perhaps the criminals who are busy all the time. We now conclude our convincing evidence of this condition, and call it a day.

QUILL POINTS

Love is the quality that enables happiness to survive dishwater.

The knocking eliminated by the new red gas is in the motor, not in competitors.

Perhaps prohibition isn't effective; but 4 per cent beer wouldn't be, either.

It isn't a genuine boom if anybody buys real estate with the intention of keeping it.

And yet people were naughty in the old days when a corset ad was considered daring.

Municipal pride is what makes a man see red when another town claims to be the center of culture.

Concerning Britain's communist M. P., it is well to note that he got his money before he got his theories.

The automobile isn't perfect yet. The windshield is easy to see through, but yet too difficult to go through.

But the women who know enough to be ideal servants are looking for husbands, not jobs.

One shudders to think what it will take to constitute disorderly conduct 90 years from now.

Correct this sentence: "He is a failure," said the man, "but he never blames anybody except himself."

Correct this sentence: "Why I can't even talk about marrying you," said she; "I've known you only six months."

The making of a good child requires only two things: 1—A sensible male parent; 2—A sensible female parent.

Rippling Rhymes
by Walt Mason

NO WORK

"I can't get work," said Sherlock Shirk, his mien inviting pity; "in vain I trot from lot to lot, throughout the heartless city. I wish to toil that I may boil some cabbage for my nieces, I make my pleas on bended knees, but they are shot to pieces. There are no jobs," so Sherlock sobs, "for one who's strong and willing; on weary feet I pace the street, and fail to make a killing." Yet other men earn franc and yen, to work they're blithely skating; if fate should rob them of one job, they find another waiting. There's Jimpson Jawn, who mows my lawn, and prunes the gaudy hedges, who's making good at hewing wood with saw and ax and wedges; he does his tasks and never asks a question that would grieve me, and all I fear is that some year he'll pack his traps and leave me. For there are scores of moneyed bores who'd have him in their service; and they'd engage to raise his wage—their efforts keep me nervous. They come and fawn on Jimpson Jawn, and beg him to consider; the dread is mine that he'll resign, and seek the highest bidder. I do not think that any gink who works with fiery ardor need join the mob that has no job and nothing in the larder. Employers long for workers strong and quick and blithe and willing; such men don't walk around the block where busted ones are drilling.

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.

Asthmatic Wheezes.

A young business woman went to a country inn for her vacation. Several dogs had the run of the house. Within 48 hours the young woman was so ill with asthma that it was necessary to take her home to her physician. In the city she quickly recovered. Her physician saw no reason why she should not return to the country for her vacation. She went back to the inn. Everybody welcomed her, including the dogs. Within a few days the asthma recurred. Again she was carried home, this time to remain in bed a month. After that she was able to visit another resort in the country, where she regained her usual good health. There were no dogs in the second country place. No one thought of that at the time, however.

Months afterward this business woman built herself a country home near the ocean, and there she thrived, though she occasionally got off a few wheezes. Her sister happened to be present on one such occasion and sister wondered whether a dog could have anything to do with it, for she had noticed that the wheezing usually occurred when a neighbor's dog had visited the cottage.

This theory of sister's set everybody thinking, and then it was recalled that every remembered asthmatic seizure had occurred soon after association with a dog. This was considered as of academic interest only, until one day the family stopped at a roadhouse for dinner. There the luckless woman had a moderate attack of the old asthma. One of the party remarked that if she did not know better she would assume there was a dog on the premises. There was apparently no dog—until a party arose from a nearby table and left the room followed by their dog which had been lying quietly under the table.

The plot thickens and the story ends here.

Not a few cases of spasmodic or bronchial asthma are caused by emanations (dander) from dogs, cats, fowls, parrots, canaries, mice, horses and other animals whose emanations (danger, skin, hair, fur feathers) are foreign to man. Certain individuals seem to become "sensitized" to the particular protein of some such emanation so that they have a characteristic reaction whenever they inhale the emanation in question. This action does not always amount to an asthmatic seizure; sometimes it expresses itself in an attack of hives with little or no disturbance of breathing. Hay fever is an identical reaction in character, though the exciting cause is of vegetable rather than animal origin, a pollen to which the victim is sensitized.

A medical man who had suffered more or less from asthma since childhood, found relief only after it had dawned on him that his footsteps had been dogged during the worst of his attacks at home or in far away health resorts by that as some folks call him, faithful friend of man, that dumb, very dumb indeed as compared withthe intelligent feline, unreasoning animal that licks any hand that feeds him and bites a finger from the hand of his tender hearted mistress when she tries to rescue him from a perilous situation into which he has rushed like the dunderhead he is.

All that wheezes is not asthma. Many cases purporting to be asthma are in reality not of this character at all, but merely disturbances of breathing associated with very different diseases which it seems of no use to the layman even to mention in a discussion of asthma.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Seven Buckets of Blood

Kindly inform me whether (4) four quarts of blood is an exceptional amount to lose at a tonsil operation? (L. S.)

Answer.—I doubt whether any patient has ever lost four quarts of blood in a tonsil operation, unless it were Frank the elephant, and even Frank might well question the propriety of giving so much of his blood to the glory of surgery.

Old Lady Hygea

I believe you have recommended Hygeia as a good health magazine. In a recent number I find a reply to a query about bathing and menstruation, and it states that "swimming in cold water during the menstrual period has sometimes caused serious trouble." Is that what you call good health advice? (C. McH.)

Answer.—No, maybe they have an old lady to handle the mail in the Hygeia office. I call that applesauce. In the first place it is questionable whether any individual has ever tried the experiment of swimming in cold water during the menstrual period, and in the next place I challenge Old Lady Hygeia to cite the evidence on which she bases this quaint superstition. Thousands of better educated women go in swimming in cold water in the course of menstruation nowadays with no ill consequences of course. But a woman who would swim in cold water or in warm water during a menstrual period must be crazy. It would be a wonderful endurance record, though. Hygeia is still the best of health magazines and should be in every well regulated home, but in this I fancy the old fady is striving to assume a neutral position between the ancient and modern schools of thought in relation to this matter. By giving a little impulse to the funny notion that way, Hygeia helps along another quaint fancy she still cherishes, namely that "exposure" has something to do with certain respiratory diseases. Give the old lady time; remember we old folks can't savvy bobbed hair and other newfangled ideals all in a day.

Keep Hands Soft and White

Please publish the hand lotion formula you gave two or three years ago. We found it exceedingly good. (Miss Y. E.)

Answer.—Boil, constantly stirring, 80 grains of tragachanth shavings or chips in a pint of rain water or distilled water until a clear thin jelly is obtained. Add water to make up for evaporation, and add half an ounce of glycerin and three teaspoonfuls of boric acid. Apply a little to the hands after washing and before the skin is quite dry. The lotion is often grateful after shaving.

Poems That Live

On the Grasshopper and Cricket.

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury—he has never done
With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

—John Keats

COMMUNICATIONS

Bank Deposits Increase.

To the Editor:

Taking the bank statements of the four banks of Medford, as of June 30, and of September 28th, as published in your paper, you will note that the gaining deposits of the banks of the City of Medford is eight hundred twelve thousand one hundred seventy-nine dollars ($812,179.00.) This undoubtedly comes to a large extent, from the fruit business of this valley.

The gains according to the banks have been as follows: Jackson County bank three hundred twenty three thousand four hundred sixty dollars ($323,460.00); First National bank, three hundred five thousand one hundred sixty-eight dollars ($305,168); Medford National bank, one hundred thirty thousand four hundred eight ($130,408); Farmers & Fruit Growers fifty-three thousand one hundred forty three $53,143). Total eight hundred twelve thousand one hundred seventy nine dollars ($812,179.)

I thing this is a handsome showing and there is undoubtedly more coming.

GUY W. CONNER.

Medford, October 12.

Abe Martin

I can't figure out any good in th' "Twenty-five Years Ago Today" columns that run in th' newspapers 'cept t' remind a lot o' people that they're not what they used t' be. Who remembers th' ole time gentleman with th' spotted white shirt an' plug hat that wuz rubbed th' wrong way?

(Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Who's Who

Oscar Wells

The newly elected president of the American Banker's Association is Oscar Wells, president of the First National Bank of Birmingham, Alabama. During the past year he was vice-president of that organization.

OSCAR WELLS

He has had considerable banking experience, having been connected with banks in Platte City, Edgerton and Carthage, Missouri, Fort Worth, Houston and Dallas, Texas, before coming to Birmingham in 1915.

From 1920-1925, Wells was a member of the Cuban liquidating commission under appointment of the federal reserve bank of which he is the Sixth district member of the advisory council and the Cuban president.

Wells was born in 1875, in Platte County, Missouri.

Death Threat Received.

PHOENIX, Ariz.—A letter containing a threat of death, as a result of the hanging of George Dixon Sujynamie, Walapai Indian, was received by United States Marshal George Mauk. The letter came from Los Angeles.

Cook with gas. tf*

"DIAMOND DYES"

COLOR THINGS NEW

Just Dip to Tint or Boil to Dye

Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can tint soft, delicate shades or dye rich, permanent colors in lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings—everything!

Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

THE DATE TREE

October 13, 1873—52 years ago—Cecil Rhodes matriculated at Oxford University. While an undergraduate at Oxford, he met Matthew Arnold who unknowingly inspired him to colonize South Africa, which he successfully accomplished by establishing Rhodesia. After organizing and monopolizing the diamond fields at Kimberly, Rhodes returned to Oxford to complete his unfinished education. In his will he founded the Rhodes' Scholarship which provides for the education at Oxford of 175 selected students of all nationalities.

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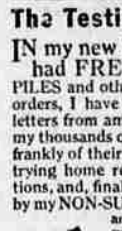
YEARS

PILES

The Testimony of Others

IN my new book which may be had FREE upon request, on PILES and other Rectal and Colon disorders, I have reproduced nearly 100 letters from among those received from my thousands of patients. These tell you frankly of their years of suffering of their trying home remedies and even operations, and, finally, of their complete cure by my NON-SURGICAL method. These are from men and women of every station, many of whom you may know. You will learn by reading this Book why I can give a WRITTEN GUARANTEE to cure your Piles or return your fee.



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"Albers stands for Better Breakfasts"

flapjack flavor

Flapjack and flavor! No other pancake flour can hope to give you Flapjack's flavor because no other flour is blended the Flapjack way. To begin with, we use no cornmeal or other heavy ingredient. The leavening is top-quality. Even the salt used is as fine-textured as the flour itself.

That's why Flapjacks, properly made, are always light and tender, never soggy or hard-to-digest. Flapjack heads straight for your hot cake appetite in a big-flavor way!