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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The cat that used to sleep summer afternoons on the window ledge of the oldest bank in Jackson county, is now the tail of a Siberian fox, and busy protecting Nellie's neck from wintry blasts.

HUSBAND KNIVES MAN WITH WIFE—(Hollie Oakland Tribune.) Marvellous and unusual.

A Grants Pass hunter shot a horse for a Chinese pheasant, but did not burn up the barn for a brush-pile.

Hon. A. Ruric Todd, who made Kelso, Wash., a Horton, Ill., lectured in Eugene last week. It is a terrific early to determine whether Eugene has been delaminated.

AND NO BARZEL HAD (Honolulu Advertiser)

If the person who took the two pairs of trousers from the Ford coupe on Claghorn drive Wednesday will return same he will save owner embarrassment.

DISCORD VS. HARMONY (Albany Democrat)

Mulford was taken to an Albany hospital with a fractured leg and an internal quartette.

The largest city in the United States to go completely crazy over the Ku Klux Klan, and make no effort to cure itself, is suffering anew from the world's fair delusion, the same being heralded to the population this time as the Pacific American International Exposition, 1936. Death, taxes, and a world's fair in Portland are inescapable. The constant attempt to foist it upon Oregon after repudiation at the polls, is a commendable bit of civic stobornness.

MOVIE COMEDY

Five policemen and an obese lady thief. Hurtle across Los Angeles and drown in larger beer upon a pretzel reef. And all the babies of a peaceful town Rebel against a sentimental song. And strangle their mothers with agility.

Before I realize that anything is a blessed irresponsibility! Buster Keaton and the lovely Turpin; Charlie Chaplin and a custard pie. Large enough to put a healthy purple in.

The joyous humor of a bloody cry. I hurry home and kill my wife for fun. Before I think what else I might have done. (New Republic.)

HE SHOULD HAVE ONE (Peardleton East Oregonian)

Dear Annie Laurie: Is it proper to go swimming with a young man without a chaperone? JUNE ROSE.

In conversation with one of the Older Girls on the 13th inst., mention was made of "rolls of fat" under the chin, and elsewhere. They are no such a thing! They are "hummocks of fat"! It is interesting to learn that something besides ice in the Arctic regions has "hummocks." The O. G. then flounced out of the room in high dudgeon, and up at 11 a.m. today was still flouncing.

The 1st turkeys of the season are in the meathouses. The birds swallowed just as much gravel for grasshoppers as they ever did.

The carp in the mornings, curls the nippers' contemplation of a board before sawing it.

HARD HIT (Salem Statesman)

A hammer is up again after a sleep of pneumonia. Mrs. A. Hammer has returned home from an extended visit with relatives. She suffered a slight attack of grip while away.

California plays Oregon next Saturday. The sad news will start as follows: "Defeated, but unconquered, outweighed but not outplayed, 'Old Oregon' bowed to the 'Golden Bear' this afternoon. The victors are aware they were in a football game. Campus politicians are delighted with the showing."

Cook with gas.

HERE AND THERE

YEA verily, the thought is often the offspring of the wish. The Democratic press of Oregon think Senator Stanfield will win the Republican primary, thanks to a numerous and undistinguished opposition. Naturally. No political strategist can blame the Democrats for such a wish.

The people of Great Britain have been considerably worried over the impending disaster predicted by Messrs. Doyle and Lodge, after communion with the spirit world. This is generally taken to mean a social revolution. But are the good people of England certain this social revolution has not already occurred? Shades of Squire Growler and all the little Growlers! Will the viewers with alarm please note that the latest thing in London is for the Squire to have his suit made from the same bolt of cloth that adorns the ample proportions of his frau? If that isn't a social revolution then, prithee, what is?

Speaking of revolutions, there has been a widespread one in the pigskin world—or calfskin, if accuracy compels. There was a time not so very long ago, when to be scored upon by minor teams was a disgrace for the Big Three. Now there is no Big Three, and the former giants of football are content if they are not beaten once or twice before the big game. This may be hard on some of the gray-haired graduates, but it is an excellent thing for one of our greatest sports.

The United States supreme court holds that a minimum wage law that ruins an established business is unconstitutional, and a store keeper at Nogales, Arizona, is therefore allowed to pay four women clerks less than \$16 a week. This appears to be a sensible decision. A minimum wage law is desirable, perhaps, if the minimum is reasonable. Nothing less than \$2.65 per day for the most unskilled labor isn't.

Crime costs the people of Chicago \$600,000,000 a year, and a plan is on foot to cure criminals by music. The music would have to be pretty bad, however, to persuade the 30,000 crooks to depart from such a profitable field.

QUILL POINTS

Class room work would be thrilling, also, if there was a cheering section.

No wife is fair. She will forget ten birthdays and feel hurt if her husband forgets one.

Ah, well, grade crossings eliminate many who might rock boats later on.

Still, if a law satisfied everybody, there wouldn't be any need of the law.

The spirit of cooperation is much more apparent now, especially in courtship.

A village is a place where Central tells you there's no use ringing Mrs. Jones, because she's out.

In the old wet days nobody realized how much oratory depended on a few drinks in the listener.

Americanism: Reading the casualty list in the hope of finding somebody one knows.

A gentle spirit is one that believes in Heaven for itself without believing in hell for the other fellow.

A hick town is a place where the traffic cop nods and smiles as you pass by.

About the only "necessity" the poor can't afford as well as the rich is an acquittal.

There is too much birth control and not enough control of them after they are born.

Another good reducing exercise consists in gripping the table hard, opening the mouth wide and saying "spinach."



THE DEFIANCE

THE President, he donned his tile, one bright September day; quoth he, "Methinks I'll walk a mile along the board highway. My priceless legs are growing numb, from sitting in a chair; so, warden, for an hour to come I'll journey here and there." Then said the warden of the gate, "The hat you wear is straw; and such a lid is out of date, by the unwritten law. My liege, you can't afford to wear a bonnet that's a frost; go, get a kelly new and fair, regardless of the cost. Straw hats excite the souls of men when they're behind the times, and they're denounced, with tongue and pen, as ranking with high crimes." "I think of comfort more than style," said the intrepid Cal; "and I shall wear my old straw tile, it is my honored pal. I'll wear this hat, with beaming face, wherever I may be; the tyrants of the marketplace can take no falls from me. Our fathers fought in vain, methinks, if one's afraid to wear an ancient hat because some ginks may kick and paw the air. All statutes written in the books I'll certainly obey, but there's no law that says, gazooks, 'Throw summer hats away.' And when the wintry blizzards skid, and summer's far behind, I still shall wear this old straw lid, if I am so inclined." Intrepid and undaunted soul, you walk where heroes are! wonder that you always poll the biggest vote, by far! Long may your fearless deeds be lured by minstrels, passing well; yours is the spirit that inspired such men as William Tell.

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.

The Three Degrees of Feeble Mindedness.

The number of weak wits in our population is so tremendously large that it becomes necessary to classify them, and to this end the experts have fixed by an arbitrary measurement three degrees of feeble mindedness, to-wit, so to speak, idioy, imbecility and morosity. We must remember that these are merely artificial distinctions made for convenience in dealing with the condition of feeble mindedness, and that a high grade moron or a low grade idiot is simply an individual whose mental development has been arrested from some cause early in life.

In the dark ages insane people were cruelly maltreated by the general population which itself was of rather low intelligence. Feeble minded persons were ridiculed and abused and employed as clowns or court jesters by the general moronic population. The morons in our population today still find a much amusement in ridiculing or exploiting the imbeciles and idiots, and it is plain truth and no exaggeration to say that our public and civic officers are administered in many cases by morons, which probably accounts for the exploitation of feeble mindedness in many public spectacles such as the "dip of death," "Bacco who eats 'em alive," and the numerous depraved "dare-devil" exhibitions which our moronic public authorities encourage.

According to the classification of feeble mindedness, an idiot is a person so defective in mind from a certain age if not from birth as to be unable to guard himself against common physical dangers. An idiot has to be taken care of in every way—fed, dressed, undressed and washed. An idiot lacks even the rudimentary instincts which belong to the animals. An idiot's speech is generally unintelligible, merely grunts or at most a few monosyllables. The mental age of idiots does not extend beyond two years, as measured by the Binet-Simon scale for intelligence. That is, the mind never develops beyond what is normal for a two-year-old infant.

An imbecile is a person in whose mind there exists from early childhood a defect which makes the individual incapable of managing himself or his affairs or of being taught to do so. The mental age of imbeciles by the Binet-Simon scale, is from three to seven years. Imbeciles know enough to avoid ordinary physical dangers, they wash, dress and feed themselves, they may be taught their own names and perhaps a few other simple words, and they may be taught to do many simple things like scrubbing or rough cleaning under supervision, but they must be guarded at all times against situations in which the use of judgment is required, and therefore an imbecile is a menace to himself and to his associates if permitted to be at large in the community.

A moron (this term is derived from a Greek word meaning a fool) is a person whose mental age or intelligence never develops beyond that of a normal child of from eight to 12 years. Laymen sometimes use the term moron in a way that betrays their misconception of its significance; it has no moral meaning; the majority of morons are morally all right and some are veritable saints. A moron is no more insane than an imbecile or an idiot is. Morons may appear normal, even beautiful—many handsome sheiks and beautiful dolls are morons—and be able to talk fluently—many morons do well in politics—but are prone to be somewhat silly in their endless chatter—listen to 'em at the movies delivering illustrated lectures to their unfortunate companions and the adjacent involuntary audience—and like the mental children they are, morons are easily led astray and they figure in the great majority of the scandals and crimes of high life and low life.

Another time we'll consider how come all these weak wits.

Short Weight Chart. I am 17 years old, 5 feet tall, and weigh 124 pounds, with clothing. According to the high school weight chart I should weigh between 107 and 164 pounds. My domestic science teacher gives me low marks because I do not reduce. (Miss D. R.)

Answer.—The high school chart is wrong. A girl of your age and height should weigh 115 pounds without clothing; the clothing averages six pounds. So your weight is all right, and it is wrong for a teacher to urge a girl to reduce in any case. That is a serious matter, to be left to the judgment of a physician. Your school is badly administered. Similar abuses creep in wherever the paternalistic or socialistic fad is carried to extremes.

Soup and H. R. P.

Please tell me whether chicken soup is harmful to one with high blood pressure and he has heard somewhere that soup is harmful, that chicken soup is even more harmful than chicken itself, though he hates to give it up. Can you print in your valuable column a list of eatables for a high blood pressure patient? (Miss B. R.)

Answer.—The stimulating, appetizing action of any meat soup or broth, as well as the pleasant flavor is contributable to the non-nutritive extractives and these not only stimulate digestion and circulation but slightly increase blood pressure. But as a general rule the increase is so slight and so brief in duration that



Abe Martin



Maybe Jack Dempsey is waitin' till his nose sets before he fights again. My idee o' pure undaunted nerve is a loofer drinkin' industrial alcohol.

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Who's Who

PATTY FIELD.

The second woman consul to be appointed by the United States government is Miss Patty Field. She has been assigned to Amsterdam. Miss Field is an attractive young woman of 24 with, her examinations show, an exceptionally brilliant mind. She was one of the 20 who passed the diplomatic examinations at which 120 presented themselves for the tests. The first woman consul was, Miss Lucille Atcherson, a Columbus resident, who passed her examinations in 1922, and served in the state department at Washington until recently. She is now a third secretary at the legation in Bern, Switzerland. Miss Field is from Denver. She was educated at Radcliffe and has also studied in France.



MISS PATTY FIELD

THE DATE TREE



October 19, 1781—144 years ago—Cornwallis surrendered to Washington at Yorktown, Va. The American Revolution, having ended with the Battle of Yorktown, General Washington placed his American troops on one side of the road and his French allies on the other, preparatory to receiving the British surrender. Lord Cornwallis, too chagrined to appear in person, delegated General O'Hara this unpleasant duty. Marching his men through the victor's lines, with colors cased and drums beating a British march, O'Hara advanced before Washington, removed his hat and made formal surrender. His soldiers were then marched to a nearby field, disarmed, and their weapons thrown in a heap.

Easy Lessons in AUCTION BRIDGE

New Series by WYNNE FERGUSON Author of 'Ferguson on Auction Bridge'

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ARTICLE No. 8

In what way does the expert differ from any other auction player? Has he more imagination, more courage, more resourcefulness, more originality? What particular quality makes him stand out among his fellows? If there is anything that we don't understand we usually subject it to a close examination and analysis so let's do the same with the expert. Let us place him under the microscope and let its lens magnify his tactics. Let us observe and analyze his bidding and play.

The following hand is illustrative of the writer's contention that in the language of sport, the expert "has everything."

Hand No. 1  
: Y :  
: A B :  
: Z :  
Hearts—A, 10, 9, 7  
Clubs—Q  
Diamonds—A, K, 10, 5  
Spades—K, Q, 8, 7

No score, rubber game. The expert, Z, dealt and bid one diamond, a perfect example of the fourth card suit bid in preference to the no-trump. The singleton club is a danger spot in no-trump because a good player with a set up club suit and the lead would pass the no-trump. In this particular hand, A had a six card club suit and his partner the ace of spades so that a no-trump bid by North would have failed to make the contract by one trick. Z, however, possessed the first requisite of the expert, good judgment, so bid one diamond. A passed and Y bid two diamonds to give his partner another chance to bid. B passed and Z now had to do a little thinking. Y's bid of two diamonds indicated a willingness on his part to have Z bid another suit. This suit could be either clubs, hearts or spades. The

expert figured that his partner would not bid two diamonds merely to obtain a club bid from him because it is just as difficult to go game at clubs as in diamonds. There would be nothing to gain by such tactics so Y must be prepared for a heart or spade bid. Z, therefore, bid two spades. A passed and Y bid three diamonds. B passed and Z was now certain that Y was hoping for a heart bid so bid three hearts with the greatest assurance in the world. All passed. Y's hand was as follows:

Hearts—K, 8, 6, 4  
Clubs—J, 7  
Diamonds—Q, J, 9, 7, 2  
Spades—6, 4

At hearts Z made four odd, losing only one heart, one club and one spade trick. At diamonds, the result would have been the same so the expert's imagination and clear analysis of his partner's bidding gave him a game not otherwise possible. How many players would have bid this hand like the expert? The foregoing hand was not selected as unusual but only as representative of the margin of superiority that the expert has over the average player. To excel at auction, as in any other game, the expert must "have everything." He must be able to do the right thing at the right time and it is this quality that is most strongly evident in the hand given. It may seem easy and the expert's play and bidding the natural thing to do but how many players could honestly say that in actual play they would have done the same? If they can, they are in the class of the expert. If not, they still have something to which to look forward. We cannot all be experts but we can all improve our game by analyzing the expert's methods and profiting thereby. Put the expert "Under the lens" at every opportunity and you cannot help but benefit. Another example will be given in a later article.

Answer to Problem No. 5  
Hearts—3  
Clubs—A, 6, 5, 4  
Diamonds—Q, 10  
Spades—9, 7, 2

Hearts—Q, 8, 7, 6  
Clubs—K  
Diamonds—none  
Spades—10, 8, 6, 4, 3

Hearts—none  
Clubs—10, 9, 8, 2  
Diamonds—J, 9, 8, 7  
Spades—K, J

Hearts—K, J, 9, 5  
Clubs—Q, J, 7, 3  
Diamonds—none  
Spades—A, Q

There are no trumps and Z is in the lead. How can YZ win nine of the ten tricks against any defense? The correct lead by Z is the seven of clubs. Y should win the trick with the ace and B should play the eight. Y should now lead the deuce of spades. Z should win the trick with the queen and lead the ace. Z should now lead three rounds of clubs. A's best discards are first a spade and then hearts. B's best play is to force Y in the lead on the fourth round of clubs. He can do this by playing his high clubs and keeping the deuce for the fourth club trick. If B allows himself to take this club trick he must lead diamonds up to Y's hand. A will be forced to discard to his disadvantage and YZ will easily win the balance of the tricks. Work out this ending. In this connection note that unless the seven of clubs is led at trick one, B can keep Z in the lead at trick seven and therefore force him to give A a heart and two spade tricks. B's best play, therefore, is to force Y in the lead at the seventh trick. Y should now play the queen of diamonds. Z should discard a heart but what can A discard? If he discards a spade, Y should lead a spade and thus force A to lead up to Z's king jack of hearts. If A discards a heart, Y should lead the trey of hearts and Z will make both heart tricks. It is evident, therefore, that the lead of the seven of clubs at trick one enables YZ to make all but one trick against any defense. Note this problem carefully and play out all of the variations.

Poems That Live

Bugle Song.  
The splendor falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story;  
The long light shakes across the lakes  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,  
dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,  
dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river;  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow for ever and for ever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying,  
dying, dying. —Tennyson.

Cook with gas.

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