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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry
There don't seem much hope for the Democrats, unless they can think up a pathetic whine, that will set the women voters to weeping, as did that classic whimper: "He kept us out of war." And, does anybody remember how the girls fell for it, and how the Portland Journal sobbed it?
Uncle, 85, came up this morning and reported that he was as tired as if he was only 19.
"Graduate nurse would like steady employment in private home. No objection to country. Phone 186-R." (Cook Bay Times wanted). Glad you're patriotic.
A load of wood was delivered late yesterday, and only two-thirds of it was distributed along the route the wood wagon followed.
The excitement caused by the horse races at the county fair is about over.
Flora Necks vs. Charles Necks, suit for divorce, decree and stipulation. (Continued from proceedings Woodlawn, Cal., itemizer.) But they evidently did not.
The mornings and evenings will soon be sufficiently chilly to mark the apple cider.
So far, during the current hunting season, but four hunters have been fatally mistaken for deer. This is the most hellish form of carelessness, and like the drunken auto driver, results in the making of excuses after the damage has been done. The average man resembles the average deer about as much as Bar croc resembles the Mississippi river, when both are normal. There is no way of determining accurately how many twigs, noises and bushes have been shot.
Lady Ford-Coupe of the local imitation British set, has severed diplom. relations with her military acquaintance, who served with the crown's forces in India, and put him back in general circulation.
Several plan on going up to Salem next week to take in the state fair, and being similarly handled.
BOLTERS
Some are born great, some achieve greatness, while others attain distinct by announcing their intentions of bolting their party's nominees. Since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary there has been no pre-election period in which so much notoriety has been effected by so little effort as this one when the Hon. Jonas Swengins makes the first page of the newspapers, described as a prominent citizen of Seven Colors, Neb., and also as announcing his allegiance to the head of the ticket of the party.
The Honorable Swengins has pursued the even second tenor of his way these many years with no greater achievement to his credit than that of being an ex-candidate for school director when, to and behold, his bold stand against his former party associates elevates him to a plane above that of his earlier peers.
Fear for Ship.
NORFOLK, Va., Sept. 19.—(AP)—Apprehension for safety of the steamer Eleanor Bolling, which left New York Sunday with 600,000 pounds of foodstuffs and supplies for the Byrd Antarctic expedition, was expressed today by members of the explorer's party here.
The steamer was 24 hours overdue and efforts to get in touch with her by radio have been fruitless.
Oregon Slayer Sane.
MEXICO CITY, Sept. 19.—(AP)—Announcement was made today that a committee of alienists appointed by the Mexican courts to examine Jose De Leon Toral, assassin of President-elect Obregon, have completed their report stating that Toral is not mentally deranged and has possession of his faculties.

Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 19.—Union Square furnishes a fairly accurate cross section of San Francisco. Here fine ladies exercise their Bekinese dogs, and guests from the St. Francis read their papers and enjoy a sun bath. And here, also, gather the horny handed members of the Deutscher Verein, long-haired communists and radical labor agitators. There are all kinds and conditions of men and women here every day, and it has been our custom for the past three weeks, to circulate among them and eavesdrop on the park bench conversations. And yet during all this time we have heard but two political arguments, the first shortly after our arrival and the second today. From which we believe it is fair to conclude that while newspaper men and professional politicians are taking an active interest in the presidential campaign, the rank and file in San Francisco at least, are not. Perhaps they will later. But we should say, nine out of ten people in San Francisco, at the present time, aren't thinking or talking about politics at all.

Four old pioneers of the Union Square club staged a mild argument today, after one of them had finished reading Hoover's New Jersey speech from a morning paper he had fished from the nearby refuse can. He denied that the country had been prosperous during the last two Republican administrations and maintained there were three million men out of work in the United States. His companion agreed with him, while the man on the other side disagreed. "Look at this man, Rankin," said the latter. "The says the poor man never the bill, but he has made fifty millions in these few times. What does he want? Look at the building right here. Any man that wants a job can get it. The trouble is there's too many loafers." The fourth man said: "What difference does it make. Big business controls both Hoover and Smith, and if we get prosperity, the laboring man pays for it, and they are both for the tariff, which means the poor man never the bill, I would be for Smith if he wasn't for letting in all this dirty European labor. They come over here and work for nothing, and the American is out of a job or has his wages cut. These political

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.

REVIVAL OF THE GOOD OLD RHEUMATISM

Arthritis in medical term meaning joint inflammation is not simply a joint disease but a general disease with general manifestations, according to Dr. Robert O. Osgood of Boston. In an abstract of study of arthritis by Dr. Osgood, published in the Bulletin of the Buffalo Academy of Medicine, chronic (long enduring) arthritis is divided into two types, namely, the atrophic type, usually in persons under middle age, and the proliferative type, usually in persons past middle age. So far as choice between the two types is concerned, I don't know whether I'd rather be a young guy or an old duffer. In the young guy's kind of rheumatism, according to Dr. Osgood, there is slight limitation of motion early in the illness. Swelling may be present. X-ray pictures show little change in the joint surfaces. The cartilages of the joint are usually normal. Later in the illness there is some atrophy or shrinkage of the bone ends, loss of substance. In the old duffer's rheumatism, the proliferative type, there is a swelling of the affected joint or joints with protrusion of the synovial or lining membrane. The joint cartilages sometimes disappear entirely or in part. The thickened portions of synovial membrane sometimes ossify. You keep your tonsils or bad teeth and take your choice. Or maybe you keep your tonsils and teeth and still escape the rheumatism. Dr. Osgood mentions some pertinent statistics bearing on this question. He concedes that focal infection (as from diseased tonsils, neglected root abscesses and the like) the underlying cause in a great number of cases of typical atrophic arthritis as he calls it. But he says that it is radical to assume that removal of such foci will effect a cure. He observes that Penfield found such foci in 75 per cent of cases of arthritis which he studied; in those cases where Penfield removed the foci 14 per cent recovered. In a series of 19 which Penfield did not remove the foci 14 per cent recovered. This suggests to Dr. Osgood that the problem of chronic arthritis is not entirely one of focal infection or surgical intervention. It does not signify so much to my mind, for I remember that Dr. Penfield is a proponent of the metabolic theory of arthritis. And he may be right, at that. Dr. Osgood goes on to define his own attitude thus: "It is needless to sacrifice tonsils and teeth on suspicion only, but it is preferable to build up the rundown condition these patients usually have. To further emphasize this tendency was advised in a series of 70 children. The operations were not done, but after six months of healthful, hygienic living, it was found necessary to remove the tonsils from only four of these children." Just what this healthful, hygienic living embraces, Dr. Osgood does not explain in this article. Whatever regimen he may prescribe for children, I fancy I would say amen to it. But when Dr. Osgood drags in 240 old soldiers to fortify his position, I'm for calling out the guard and herding those old soldiers back to the barracks. I quote from the abstract in the bulletin: "Considering the etiology, worry, fatigue and exposure are important factors. In a series of 460 cases of arthritis in soldiers, all of whom had arthritis with (probably misprint for within) two years after enlistment, 60 per cent reported arthritis following exposure and lowered general resistance without any relation to focal infection." Old soldiers always have been fond of ascribing their rheumatism to exposure in the line of duty and this theory seldom fails to impress the pension board—but I'm surprised at Dr. Osgood.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
The Automatic Valve.
We were taught in physiology that the skin of a person was filled with pores, each pore having a tiny valve that opens or closes so the skin may imbibite or throw off dust or waste matter or dirt or bad particles, as the case may be. We were taught that the weather or temperature controls the action of these valves. How is it that you are the only one in the secret if this is all a mistake?—Mrs. A. M. L.
Answer.—"Physiology" in school is generally a bad joke on the pupils and their parents, anyway. I cannot explain what or why you were taught such moonshine. There is no "secret" about this. Anyone who has a knowledge of anatomy or physiology will assure you that the automatic valve or trapdoor notion is ridiculous. Anyone who any physiologist or anatomist or other authority who will take issue with me about it? Wherever there is a hair in the skin, there is an opening of a sebaceous (oil) gland, and usually the opening of a sweat gland. On the palms and soles the common opening of sebaceous and sweat gland may be seen with a magnifying glass, along ridges. Nothing is ever absorbed through these openings. Nor do these openings ever open or close, from heat or cold or other external influences. The openings vary in size in different individuals and in different areas of skin of the same individual. But nobody's "pores" ever open or close in any circumstances. If old-time doctors used the expression "open pores" or "closed pores" they did so innocently or figuratively. Just as people now say the "blood turns to water," when they mean merely that the blood has a diminished red corpuscle content or a diminished hemoglobin content. Blood never turns to water. I insist on this point about the "pores" for your welfare, not just for my pleasure, for I'm pretty tired of it myself. My object is, if possible, to save you from being bamboozled by all sorts of things that 2.—PERS HEALTH.—
Tone the Skin and Skin the Client.
Beauty specialists (the word specialist is double underscored) when giving a facial tone the skin with a piece of ice or an astringent, which tightens the skin, therefore closing the pores. I am often amused by your views, some of which I think are ridiculous.—Miss E. K.
Answer.—You'd be surprised how much amusement some of the beauty specialists get from the credibility of their customers. One successful young woman conducting a beauty shop assures me that the majority of her clients are just plain dumb and no line of bunk is too absurd for them. I should say so. This childlike fancy that an "astringent" will close the pores or otherwise improve complexion is a good example. (Copyright, John P. Dille Co.)

QUILL POINTS

Sanity is the even balance that enables you to believe or doubt without getting mad because the other fellow believes or doubts.
Prominent man's mail: Nine begging letters; seven invitations to make speeches; ten letters from cranks who know just what is the matter with the world.
A hick town is a place where nobody ever saw a rich policeman.
An intelligent man is one who can take his Moncken or let it alone.
The candidate who gets the rural vote is the one who promises to make city people believe.
If the old days the ruling class was killed in law instead of theology.
Yet very fat people would have too much sense to keep shoveling coal under an idle steam boiler.
"Own your own home" was a good slogan. Now what about "Own your own car."
The choice is simple: You can live in peace and security, or you can refuse to agree with the majority.
Honk, and watch a pedestrian jump. Or, better yet, slip upon a politician and say, "Equalization fee."
None of the crank letters received by public men are written by people who take a bath every day.
Autumn is that delightful season when the leaves and the flagpole sitters come down for the winter.
Speaking of the romantic sex, you never hear of a poor man alienating the affections of a rich old guy's petted sweetie.
Correct this sentence: "The strange woman looked at him several times," said the gossip, "and he didn't adjust his tie."

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason.)

THE OLD HORSE
In days when horses were the goods, for driving through the lanes and woods, and up the grassy braes, a man would keep his faithful horse until it slept beneath the gorse, all done with traveled ways. Old Dobbin after years would be a member of the family, a comrade and a friend; when he was young we all took pride in Dobbin's mile-devouring stride, and style, which had no end. When he was growing weak and old, borne down by ailments manifold, perhaps the boys would say, "Oh, dad set rid of that old nag, and get a colt of which to brag a chestnut or a bay. Old Dobbin's been a good old steed, but now he's badly gone to seed, and run down at the heel; we drive him down the village street, and jeers are flung by all we meet, and bitter shame we feel." But dad on this was adamant, and he would cry, "My sainted aunt! Such language is a crime; is this your gratitude to one that furnished you such loads of fun, when he was in his prime? Old Dobbin's hauled you many miles, and pulled the trick with equine smiles, and glories in the task; and now that he is old and gray you'd have me trade the beast away—is this fair play, I ask? While I can buy a bale of hay or peck of oats, that horse shall stay, his stall shall be his own; when he is dead and laid to rest, perhaps I'll ope the treasure chest and buy a bay or roan." Do people such affection feel for auto made of tin or steel, of leather brass and pine? When some old car is growing old, does Father say, "No goms or coils could buy that car, or mine?" Ah, no, he says, "This blamed old bus is out of date, not worth a cuss, I'll have to trade it in; I can't afford to drive a wain that looks as the old Tubal Cain had fashioned it of tin."

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One.)
The "pineapples" make the way of the voter hard, unless he votes with the gang.
Hundreds of thousands are homeless in Porto Rico, crops are ruined. Many in extreme misery and actually angry.
Uncle Sam should prove that his friendship and protection are real and worth having. There should be no waiting for the Red Cross to make some little gesture. This is a rich country, with money, ships and provisions, and no time should be lost.
The United States Constitution is 141 years old now, and that fact was appropriately celebrated Monday on the streets of the United States sub-treasury in Wall Street. The constitution has provided 141 years of prosperity, and Wall Street is prosperity's main office.
It was a cheerful Wall Street birthday for those wise enough not to sell short. General Motors went to the highest price ever.
Big Steel sold above 160. "Call money" let at 6 1/2, only half a point inside the usury line.
C. W. Hoyt, an able man, brilliant in his profession, is killed by a fall from his horse. The horse shied, causing a sudden fall, and Mr. Hoyt's neck was broken.
Many friends will sympathize with the family of Mr. Hoyt, whose death should be a warning to all men that ride, especially after 50.
Had Mr. Hoyt worn a hat of extra hard felt especially made for riding, and providing an air cushion to protect head and neck in case of a fall, he would doubtless be alive now.

Communications

To the Editor:
Warsaw, The old capital of Poland. What memories it calls up of battles and sieges and pillages. For 500 years the streets of this old city have echoed to the marching feet of a hundred conquering armies. Swedes, Russians, Austrians, French and Prussians have

A Machine Does It

In the 200 years that pears have been grown in the United States, growers have determined when they were due to be picked by pressing the pear with the thumb. Until recently that has been the process during the 30 years that pears have been grown at Medford.
But picking time is determined now by use of a machine. Some years ago Medford Boxes went at top prices in the markets. A big slump in price came, and it was caused by the fact that the fruit was picked at the wrong time. The machine, which is now in universal use in the Medford pear orchards, shows when to pick and, along with other factors, determines the time to market. The thumb process has gone entirely out of use.
The machine has proven not only the time to pick, but has shown the length of time during which the various varieties of pears may be picked. When harvested out of this particular season, which in the case of Bosses, is only about two weeks, the pear may not only never ripen, but decays at the core and becomes unfit for use.
Before this new process of determining picking time was originated, there were thousands of beautiful pears were condemned and destroyed after they had been shipped to eastern markets.
When the big slump came in the price of Boss pears, the matter was brought to the attention of the experiment station at Oregon State college, and in a long series of experiments the trouble was discovered to be due to unseasonable picking. The discovery led to the invention of a machine in which a plunger is driven into the pear and the pressure required to do so is registered on a device which, in effect, is a pair of scales.
In the case of a Boss pear, if the pressure is between 24 and 28 pounds, it is time for the pears on that tree to be picked. If the pressure is 22 pounds or less, the pears are over-ripe and picking time is past. If it is more than 28 pounds, it is too early to pick.
Almost humanlike, a buzzer worked by an electric contact, announces whether the fruit is fit for picking. In the case of the Anjou pear, the pressure test is 20 to 25 pounds and in the case of the Comice is 16 to 20.
Along with the press machine, after a long series of experiments at the Corvallis station in conjunction with the Medford experiment station, the drying temperatures for cold storage for the different varieties of pears and the length of time in which the fruit stand storage has been fixed. The season of storage for Bosses ends January 1, the Comice February 1, the Anjou March 1 at the Winter Nellis May 1.
The reliability of the netests and other discoveries by two experiment stations are so highly regarded that shippers and packers are requiring the tests to be applied before accepting pears for packing and shipment. One of the county agents by whom the question of picking time is determined made 575 tests in a 100 month this season against 7400 for the entire season last year.
The new pear testing machine has been adopted by the department of agriculture at Washington and its use is becoming general in pear-growing districts. Growers at Medford estimate that the device has a value of hundreds of thousands of dollars a year in the Medford district alone where pear production is probably on higher standards in proportion than in any other district in America, if not in the world. B. E. Irvine in Oregon Journal.

ROTARIAN BOLGER MAIN TALKER AT LION'S CLUB MEET

"Why Service Clubs" was the subject of a brief and stimulating talk given by Rotarian W. A. Bolger before the Lions club this noon. The speaker answered the satirical thrusts of Sinclair Lewis, author of "Babbitt," and Henry L. Menck (both of whom have taken "turns and encores" at these civil organizations) by offering some constructive reasons for their existence.
His talk was vitalized by a plea in the interest of rehabilitation work now taking place in Florida. Medford's quota, he said, has been set at \$750, almost one-third of which has already been contributed by the local Rotary club.
Carl Swigert and C. T. Baker were other speakers of the day. Mr. Swigert touched on the membership drive which will begin on Monday for the Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. Baker called the attention of the club to the honor Medford has received in the recent election of Seeley Hall as one of the five directors on the national aeronautics board formed at the association convention in Los Angeles last week.
Dr. L. D. Inskoop, as chairman of the program committee, presented Mrs. E. A. Woods and her two sons, Marcus and Harvey, of Ashland, who entertained the club with two well received musical numbers. The trio played "The Little Chat," followed by "Shubert's Serenade," the boys playing the clarinet and violin and Mrs. Woods accompanying on the piano.
Guests for the day were: W. A. Bolger, Mr. Gillenwaters and Tom Richardson of Klamath Falls, Mrs. E. A. Woods and Marcus and Harvey Woods of Ashland, Mr. Fish of Portland, C. T. Baker, Carl Swigert and E. F. Shores of Medford, Lion Stevens and Lion Kelly of Coquille and Lion Senator Miller of Grants Pass.
MARSHFIELD, Ore., Sept. 19.—(AP)—Letting of a contract for carrying mail between Marshfield and Roseburg on a start stage route to the Southern Pacific Motor Transport company of Salem, was announced today by Postmaster Duncan Douglas. Stages make one trip each way per day. The contract is effective October 1, 1928, to July 1, 1929.
Classified advertising gets results.
By BUD FISHER

MUTT AND JEFF—Jeff Appears in a Chatty Cinema Production

