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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry

For stirring up the social fust that he finally won, Vice-President Curtis should be made to take a seat at the dinner table, alongside that foreign diplomat with the pointed chin-whiskers.

A kettle this morning called the lace curtains black. Best Wise-Crack of the Week. There are people far back in the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky who are so ignorant they live a hundred years.—(Kay Features.)

Two well-known residents whose names are in the hands of the police, have launched a new vogue in our midst, which should be stamped out before it gets a firm foothold. They have gone and imported a couple of white bulldogs, which represent an outlay of more spondulicks than the up-payment on a spanking new 4d. People who have seen these monstrosities are filled with a strong desire to drag them through an uncut lawn by the hindlegs, after an unprecedented smudge, and the same fate should be meted out to their proprietors.

THIS SCRIBE SOME DAY WILL MOW THAT LAWN (New Era Monitor)

"Mrs. Dora Rudy, a widow, who lives on Union street, without man, child or chick in the place, has one of the prettiest kept yards and lawns in town and she does all the work herself. It is a real delight to pass her home these lovely spring days and view the beautiful surroundings. The large lawn is as level as a floor and the grassy sward is as smooth as a Brussels carpet."

It is about time a 7-passenger sedan was parked in front of the Yawter Boys' bank for the summer to get a good look at the Saturday night crowds.

"He amassed a fortune by his industry, and since a young man had worked an average of 16 hours a day. He was prevailed upon to take his first vacation last summer, by his physician. He was 39 years old, and is mourned by a wide circle of friends. (Funchal announcement later.—(Exchange)—A short sermon.

HIGHWAY CURVES TOO SHARP FOR STAGES AND FREIGHT TRUCKS.—(Headline Portland Telegram)—This condition is sure disgusting, but if the stages and freight trucks find the curves too sharp, they can build their own right-of-way, like the railroads did.

An unknown has scored a moral victory over one of our professional social lions. This is just what the pro needed, as his chest was poked out farther than a robin's, and he was acting like a 2nd lot in a pair of new puttees.

IT'S SURE NEEDED (Oregon Emerald) Dr. Robert Seashore, associate professor in psychology, and his brother, Sig Seashore, junior in the same department, have begun work on a machine which will record the elapsed time necessary for an individual's nervous system to react to an outside stimuli.

MONEY FOUND IN BANK.—(Cal. Journal)—Who would have thought it!

DANCE WEARY. She leaves the luncheon dishes set, Dreams in the parlor room, She does not dare again forget To clean it up in the room. She sweeps some dirt beneath the chair, Leaves other on the floor, Pins back a straggling lock of hair, Goes answering the door, Were it a prince with yellow hair She'd smile entrancingly, Show him to the parlor chair, And wash one cup for tea.

Parla mechanics use magnets to clean automobile gear cases of metal particles.

WHY SHOULD AIMEE WEEP?

WHY should Aimee McPherson weep over her mother's predicament? Hasn't she always said this is a wicked world and the woman always pays. Well, in this breach of promise suit, she has a practical demonstration of her doctrine. That's something. In fact, it's a great deal. For, outside of Angelus Temple, the truth of Aimee's preachments has often been questioned.

The Reverend H. H. Clark, Aimee denounces as something less than a man and the newspapers are scored for allowing such a contemptible scoundrel space in their columns.

"Even if it were true,—which it isn't," cries the outraged daughter, "can anyone imagine a human being so low and cowardly as to tell tales on a lady, and try to make money out of it?"

How about Adam? Everyone who has heard Mrs. McPherson has heard her description of Creation according to the first book of Genesis. Aimee prides herself upon being a Fundamentalist and taking that portion of the Old Testament literally. And everyone knows that when Adam was chided for eating of the forbidden fruit, he blamed it all upon Eve, "the woman tempted me."

Referring to that memorable incident, Aimee has always said, "Just like a man!" and never has her congregation failed to give her laughter and applause.

Assuredly. The Rev. Doctor Clark is "just like a man," with a few more modern embellishments, doing merely what the First Man did when this wicked world started.

It is perhaps natural for Aimee to complain, for, while the woman always pays, she is seldom called upon to pay \$50,000, but she should find consolation in the fact that in this incident one of the corners of Her Four Square gospel has been justified.

Yet Aimee sounds inconsolable.

There is another crumb of comfort. Mrs. McPherson has always been a militant feminist and an enthusiastic advocate of the single moral standard. Well, here we have them both vindicated. For centuries men have enjoyed a monopoly of this "heart breaking" business, and cluttered up the courts and newspapers with their heart balm suits. Now Mrs. McPherson has given a practical demonstration of the fact that woman can enter this sphere as readily as the sphere of business, law, medicine, sports or what-not. No longer one standard for the man and another for the woman. Their standards are identical, their romantic roles interchangeable,—in New York, "Papa" Browning,—in Seattle "Mama" Kennedy!

In the war of the sexes, as George Bernard Shaw has remarked, the women are gaining ground.

How Valley Towns Were Named Told By Judge William M. Colvig, Pioneer, at Luncheon Meeting of Copco Club

Members of the Copco Forum, employees' club or the local power company, who attended the regular weekly luncheon Thursday noon, were privileged to hear one of the most interesting, enjoyable and at the same time instructive talks given before this group for some time. Judge William M. Colvig, well known and beloved pioneer citizen of Medford and southern Oregon, was the guest of honor and speaker. Judge Colvig told how towns and different places of Oregon came to have the names they bear today. He mentioned the fact that some of the legends regarding names were in error, due to people not fully informed keeping them alive by word of mouth and in some cases by too much imagination. The stories related at the Copco luncheon were authentic, since the teller has spent 78 years of his life in Oregon and personally knew how many of the names had been derived.

Some of the more interesting tales include Josephine county, named after a 16-year-old girl, Josephine Pollard, who was the first white woman to settle in that region; Kerby, which was officially named Napoleon to go with "Josephine," but which did not "take"; Medford, named after Medford, Massachusetts, and decided from two possible names by a coin flipped by a railroad man; Grants Pass, not named because General Grant stopped there, but named by one Ed Dimrick, who made a short cut for the stages and was a loyal supporter of the Union at the time a Pacific coast confederacy was proposed; Tolo, which was meant to be Yolo, after the county in California by that name, but changed to the present name by an error in the postoffice department at Washington; Phoenix, variously called Camp Stuart after Captain Stuart of the regular U. S. army, who died there, and also at one time known as "Gasburner" after the Widow Gass and her two charming daughters; Bear creek, originally known as Stuart creek after the same Captain Stuart, who was mortally wounded at the mouth of the creek where it empties into Rogue river, by a poisoned Indian arrow; Rogue river, not a corruption of River Rouge of the early French trappers from the Red country, but named River of Rogues by a Catholic father in 1828 because of the thieving characteristics of the Indians who lived along its banks; Ashland, similarly to Medford, being named by a relative of Judge Colvig after Ashland, Worcester county, Ohio; and Eagle Point, named from the habit of many eagles nesting and roosting in a dead fir tree on the point of the hill near the town. Judge Colvig also related many interesting sidelights as he told the stories of name origin and closed his absorbing talk with the observation that while the past was interesting it should not be dwelt on too much, as the future holds great things in store for Medford and southern Oregon, and thoughts and actions should be of the present and future, not hampered by influences of what has gone before.

MUTT AND JEFF—Mutt Lives Up to His Agreements



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.

Anyone who has ever tried his hand at amateur gardening or rose culture or any such difficult art will give a respectful attention to that gloomy scientist who predicts that the next age of man is going to be one of subjection to the insects.

The yellow peril may be only a bogey required for the successful propagation of business in the east. This dark brown threat, however, seems to be real. I never quite suspected what an enormous horde of cockroaches is overrunning the world until I blithely hinted here that I know of something that is very bad for 'em.

Like the plague of locusts and the swift and ruthless campaigns of Kansas grasshoppers, these cockroach invasions happen now here, now there according to the reports in the mail. No sooner do we get a startling if not alarming local demonstration under control than another outbreak occurs at a distant point and urgent appeals begin to clog the mails from that sector.

Some people in a position like mine resort to the most amusing expedients in order to persuade the largest possible number of readers to write letters—it looks so impressive to get a lot of letters—indicates readers read your stuff, you know. I should publish the details of my secret method of making cockroaches wish they had never been born, only I am afraid to chance it. I'm intimidated by certain close calls that have happened in the past. So I just hate to play the same this way, but due regard for safety first compels me to reserve this information for readers who write in for it and inclose a stamped addressed envelope to bring the answer by a private letter.

One reader, a physician, told me that prolonged freezing doesn't bother a cockroach much. He found a box or can somewhere that contained a large number of frozen roaches. They had probably been in that state weeks, he thawed them out and was surprised to see them bustling around as lively as ever. Then my colleague did a cruel thing. He put them all in the fire and burned them up. After all, what harm does a cockroach do? He is one of the wisest insects known to man, and a scientifically minded student may learn a lot from this abominable beast. We have no satisfactory evidence or reason to think that cockroaches or hemocheats act as carriers of disease or infection. They steal food, yes, but not enough to worry us any. It really does seem a little cruel to kill them, in view of their harmlessness to man.

However, if you are set on such wholesale murder, as you may fairly decide if they plague you, by annoy you at all, make a thorough job of it and be done with it. Don't fool around feeding an occasional incautious bug slow or certain poison or trying to coax him to take it. Write me for the dread secret, and watch the roaches desert your habitation. They will, as one roach, for I tell you they're infinitely wiser than rats and as soon as they discover you are using that treatment they know they are up against bad medicine and they clear off in short order, not even stopping to gather up their dead.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Hurray for Teachers. My physician calls it and says it is practically invariable. You called us teachers a credible lot, but I'd prefer not to believe that.—I. H.

Answer.—Of course I would not say that all teachers are credible, but certainly some of 'em are. I imagine your physician merely meant to tell you he knows of no cure for the trifling trouble you mention. That does not mean the trouble will never get better; it seldom fails to clear up, in fact. Send a stamped envelope bearing your address, mention your trouble, and I'll mail you some advice.

Lemon Juice. Kindly tell me what benefit if any can be derived from drinking the juice of a lemon first thing in the morning? Do you recommend it?—G. P.

Answer.—Either lemon or orange or grapefruit or lime or tangerine

Review of Current Literature

By Book Lovers of Medford

A Guidepost to the Best in Late Books As Selected by County Librarian Miss Fay Woolsey for Reaction of Local Readers.

The Singing Gold, by Dorothy Cottrell. Reviewed by Grace Voss. "The Singing Gold" should be read only by those who have the leisure to follow Joan's delightful and charming version of her childhood adventures and fancies—her later school days, and her love affairs.

There is hardly a page in the whole book that does not contain at least one good chuckle for the reader, for Joan sees life through humorous eyes. From the time when, as "Captain Duckaway" she leads the "dare-devil handful of men" through countless whimsical adventures; when, at an early age she sorrowfully decided she would never, never make a good wife because she could not keep house, and that, as she confided to friend Billy, the blacksmith, "Divorce is so dreadful for the—children."

Later, her schooling having ended in a secret marriage, in her anxiety and dread of breaking the news to her father, she thought of her Grandmother Jerinton-Whattmore's tent: "Let those whom I love deceive me with successful tact, or if they must un deceive me, let them double the quantity," receiving some comfort from another tent: "If you are going to do something that will annoy people, tell them about it afterwards; then they will only be annoyed that you have done it, and won't have all the exasperation of trying to stop you."

Clippins, Joan's adoring husband, bought a small South Sea island from an old sea captain, on which they attempted "to live on the resources of the land."

To Joan's father, that pioneer of the Australian plans, the Singing Gold meant the larks—living golden sparks of music, which seemed the very spirit of the north country.

To Jerry, who had loved Joan since her childhood, this Singing Gold came to symbolize the happiness of life.

To read "The Singing Gold" hurriedly would be impossible if one is to enjoy completely this novel by Dorothy Cottrell.

The New Map of South America, by Herbert Adams Gibbons. Reviewed by Mrs. J. A. Gammill. Unlike Mexico, South America has inspired many writers, and information is abundant and well indexed. Dr. Gibbons, who is so well known for the facts of his readers' faith in his statements, has given us in this up-to-date (August, 1928) picture, a book delightfully free from the distraction of footnotes. Figures and statistics are held in check, and it is extremely easy to read.

But why "New Map" when boundary lines have changed little in that part of the world? For one thing, it is the fourth of a series of books, similarly named, on Europe, Africa, Asia, and now on South America. But the chief reason is to help the reader visualize the physical characteristics of the continent. This book first definitely locates South America for us with such graphic statements as "The equator strikes South America at the mouth of the Amazon" and "At the southern extremity arises Mount Darwin, a thousand miles nearer the South Pole than Cape Town."

Then, from Argentina around to Brazil we are introduced to each country in turn; given a description of its physical character, enough of its physical background, an account of its people, its products, and its growth, and always its relations to its neighbors. So clear are these descriptions, by the time we have circled the equator it has emerged from the haze of the little known to a clear and interesting picture.

The last two chapters deal with the Monroe Doctrine and Pan-Americanism, and it is not always flattering to "see ourselves as others see us." But this whole western land, South America as well as North, "is a great country," and it is time for us to pause a bit and listen to the "voices" of our southern sisters. For they are growing very rapidly and it will be well worth our while to make their acquaintance and cultivate their friendship.

"Adventures in Arabia"—By W. B. Seabrook. Reviewed by Victor W. Millnes. The main purpose of this book is to disclose the native customs and habits. Nothing seems to be reserved from the reader and some of the habits which are considered commonplace in Arabia are not a short of shocking to an Ameri-

seems too pleasant to continue. Then the war intervened and their beloved mounts are swept into the debacle, and the casualties of battle sever the friendships forever. Yet out of the war, passed over briefly in the book as a too well remembered nightmare, came the poet. Mr. Sassoon is also the author of three very fine volumes of poems. They are: "Collected War Poems, 1913; 'Sirens' Poems, 1926; and 'The Heart's Desire, 1928.' Indeed, his latest book might just as well have been entitled "A Poet in the Hunting Field," for, in reading it, one is sure that he is the poet as well as the hunter described therein, differing from the usual young poet in being an ardent fox-hunter, and from the customary hunting man in being a poet.

Give freely



When your Children Cry for It

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