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WELCOME TO THE SHRINERS!

THE people of Medford and Jackson County extend a cordial welcome to the visiting Shriners of California and Oregon, who gather here tomorrow for the largest Ceremonial ever held in this section of the Pacific Coast.

Not only the members of Hillah Temple,—which has the distinction of being the smallest but one of the most enterprising Temples in the United States,—but the people of Southern Oregon as a whole are particularly pleased to welcome Potentate Arthur Gluckman of Ben Alí Temple of Sacramento and his Nobles, for we all like to have the representative citizens of California know more about Oregon, and are anxious to promote closer contacts and a better understanding between these two states.

We are confident the visiting Shriners will have a good time, for they always do. The local committees have arranged interesting outdoor programs, all details have been attended to, and the Weather Man realizes that if he doesn't "hold" the present normal Southern Oregon weather he is going to be fired and given a ride on a rail.

EVEN if the unexpected should happen, and the weather should be "unusual," there is no fraternal organization better qualified than the Shrine to overcome such an untoward happening. For they have the happy faculty of generating sunshine, and underneath the "panoply of circumstance" their most serious purpose lies in providing health and happiness to boys and girls, who, through no fault of their own, are denied "youth's normal and joyous heritage."

So to the advance guard who are here, and the main armies who arrive tomorrow, the Mail-Tribune extends a hearty and enthusiastic greeting. May the two days' Ceremonial be an occasion to be long and happily remembered.

A GOOD INVESTMENT FOR JACKSON COUNTY

THE people of Sams Valley are to be congratulated upon securing a shorter and more direct route to Medford. This new "cut-off" will not only benefit Sams Valley, but this city as well.

With this important rural district placed two and one-half miles nearer, with 16 needless curves eliminated, the cost of construction will not so much represent an expenditure as a dividend paying investment.

There was a time when cow paths determined the routes of highways. "Them days are gone forever." Economically, direct lines of communication are now more important than ever before.

In constructing the Sams Valley road, the County Court has initiated a road policy which should, and undoubtedly will, be extended to every important producing center in Jackson County.

The Baltimore Sun has launched a boom for "Mr. Gann for President." Mrs. Gann probably has no objection, for, after the election, she would quickly settle the little matter of precedence.

Will Senator Brookhart be a little more explicit and explain in what particular President Hoover has failed to fulfill his pre-election promises regarding farm relief? Just when and where did he give his approval to the Equalization fee or the Debenture plan?

In the old days moonshiners used a "45" to fix a "revenoer." Now it takes a "thousand" or two.

A fanatic is a person who thinks you are on the other side if you aren't as crazy as he—or she—is.

Add to sentence corrections: "The woman choked her motor in heavy traffic and her husband said, 'I am so sorry, Precious.'"

Medford's airport should be built not for one year or two but for all time. Far better a solid foundation, on which to build later, than a completed structure, which later must be remodelled or torn down.

At the opening of the big league baseball season we advised the powers that be to keep the New York teams from running away with 1929 championships. At the moment the Yankees are in third place. Our influence over the climate has been established and now we shine in sports. Great is the power of the press!

The old man's son is willing to begin at the bottom. That's where the firm's letterse are signed.

Happy thought: You can take a spade mashie and knock garden weeds to Kingdom Come!

The new Chinese government promises justice for aliens, but there is no reason to believe the aliens will stand for it.

Ye Smudge Pot

Judging from the number of citizens who used to come to work at ten o'clock, but now get down at eight, housecleaning has started.

Ton kidneys have been committed in Klarnath country in two corners, the editor overlooking one killing in his first figures. Self-defense was the popular plea, instead of going crazy.

An orator is a man who can take a 300-word idea and blow it up to hold six thousand more.—(Toronto, Can., Globe.) If he is not feeling very well.

HONEY FOR SALE BY THE PRODUCERS—(Sign on Pacific Highway.) The busy bee turns counter-jumper.

Many of the autoists flitting about at night with one headlight, have heeded the demands of this car, and now have two headlights—one a glaring blaze, and the other a gleaming white. Several are finding their way around with four spotlights.

The news from Washington, D. C., reveals an unexpected but highly meritorious display of gunplay by our scout leader. He assisted St. Herlin of Alabama, during a debate, but was not very tough. St. Herlin will write to the Grand Than of the Realm at Portland, about it.

Brad Heath has informed his folks that either he, or the family radio, will have to be discarded. Brad out-squeaked the radio Wed. night, and subsided when it did. The young man should be congratulated on taking a firm stand early.

Bunice (Sally) Gadd, a charming chronic socializer, was confined to her home last evening, by six green onions for supper.

A LITERARY GANGSTER (Weston, Ore., Leader) In writing to the Leader Nard says: "The hero of this book is the harvest. And any of my friends who circulate the rumor that any of its people are such-and-such persons will be sharing cold blood—even though I have to do it myself. This will take months of time, as I am the most damnable shot in the eleven western states."

There seems to be a decline in the smearing of the civic applesauce.

Two Salem natives accepted a drink from a stranger, and that was the last thing they remembered, until they awoke in dawn. The genial stranger has been operating in the metropolis, but has evidently wandered south. It seems that an upstate resident would drink bedbug exterminator, if proffered with a smile, by a well-dressed stranger. In the first place, they can't say "no," and, in the second place, they have a life-long rule never to pass up a drink.

Long-nosed carpet tacks have started to bloom on well-travelled country highways. The most noxious growth is an innocent looking stick, sabotaged by 17 nails. The puncture devices were accidentally mixed in the road surface by the builder, and are working their way up to the sunshine.

Miss Cecelia Meadow-Lark, a feathered beauty, garnered a twilight recital last evening, and was accompanied on the fence post by Sid BlueJay, a dapper artiste.

The highway commission will open bids next week for the construction of new right of way for auto freight lines.

Drug stores are selling a concoction that will do the dirty work of the sun, and make the human neck thin, at one and the same time.

NEXT SUNDAY Each week now worse that cross-road puzzle.

Thicker the cars that nose and nuzzle. And crash and crash, and creep and crawl, and crawl, and scuttle, stop and stall.

And hoot and honk, and wall and wall, and herd and huddle, cheek by jowl. Ring round the rosy, and hell to pay.

Especially on the Sabbath day, When folks who ought to be in church, Fall in the far-flung line, And flock to roadhouses to dine, Or nibble in some grassy nook. Cold delicatessen they have took. (Chicago Daily News.)

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 100 PER CENT MOTHER IS COMING BUT NOT BACK

Reader gave me a good scolding because I alluded here to a scheme of mail order charlatans who follow up the first letter to the prospect with another in which the price of the treatment is reduced "several hundred per cent" as an inducement. This my mathematical friend assures me is impossible, as there can't be more than 100 per cent of anything. In theory, no doubt that is correct. But not in practice. Positively not. Once I had a patient, oh, yes, I did, and naturally I was very anxious to get from my patient the only kind of advertising a physician can enjoy, so I gave the patient a wonderful new medicine and had the satisfaction of receiving several repeat orders for the medicine. Allowing nothing for the advertising—you know we ethical doctors never pay for it—I figured up and found I had paid 68 cents for each batch of medicine for which the patient, maybe would pay me 50 cents. If my net loss on this transaction was not more than 100 per cent, I'll undertake to eat some of that very medicine.

Some omniscient writer settles the evolution debate by remarking that he has never heard of a dog being turned into a goat, or something to that effect. If he will stick around a few hundred thousand years maybe he will see quite a startling change. Under the microscope scientists now have such an advantage in observation, for microscopic organisms pass through their life cycle and multiply thousands of times to one generation of a dog or goat. Thus the student who bases his conceptions on observation rather than the promptings of his own inner consciousness may actually watch the transmutation of one species of ameba or monocyte into another, or of one type of germ, into a disease producing germ, into another type that is perfectly harmless to man, or vice versa. These actual transmutations are brought about by changes in the environment.

When you think of evolution there's no need to make a monkey of yourself. Man is evolving, I hope, as rapidly as the infusoria or the microbes in the experiment, comparatively. Anyway, I am sure woman is. I have been watching her now for only a generation or two, and see the promptings of her own inner consciousness, getting bigger, stronger, better and more beautiful—all observers must agree to that. Never before has she been quite so fit as she is today for her part in the perpetuation of the species. Not only more fit for motherhood, but more capable of nursing her baby is the average woman of today. There has been a remarkable improvement among women in that respect in our generation, and I call that evolution, development of a superior and more desirable womanhood, hence a better race.

As recently as 30 years ago young women of the best caste in many instances blantly declined to nurse their own infants on one ground or another, that a decent, intelligent woman would hardly dare to confess now. That's evolution.

Thirty years ago one infant out of every six born alive failed to survive a year. Today only one in every 10 or 11 infants succumbs in the first year. This great gain is largely due to the disposition and capacity of mothers to nurse their babies. Other things being equal, the baby nursed at the mother's breast has three times as good a chance to live as has the unfortunate infant that must be hand raised.

The 100 per cent mother is on the way, thanks to education and evolution.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
 What's a Little Anemia?
 Kindly explain the difference between anemia and pernicious anemia, and tell how one knows which one has.—E. W.

Answer.—Nearly all of us indoor dwellers have more or less anemia, but what of it? One can't tell which type of anemia, if any, one has. That is for the doctor to consider. I do not think you will gain anything by assuming that you are anemic and trying this or that al-

leged blood building remedy for the successful treatment of anemia depends entirely upon the determination of the cause in each instance and the proper remedy for that. There are innumerable causes, and no one is capable of diagnosing the nature and cause of his anemia—it is purely a medical problem. As a rule anemia is a minor, insignificant feature of illness or ill health. One should not be misled by the importunities of the quacks and nostrum vendors who harangue the lady about the importance of keeping up the strength of the blood. That is all unbecome. Never mind the strength or the "purity" of your blood—behave yourself and obey the simple rules of hygiene and the blood will be as strong and pure as an honest health expert could wish.

There You Are.
 I would like to discard corsets as you advise, but how to get rid of the hypogastric prominence acquired since the birth of my children?—Mrs. D. A. F.

Answer.—Any such prominence attained through maternity is only made worse by corset or other artificial support. The way to avoid it is obvious. Celebrate the advent of the bimbo by throwing the corset in the ash can. This is no mere theory, you will find; it is sound health advice based on the actual experience of many women who have gained their freedom in just this way. The first few days without the support are the hardest. After that your own muscles will take up the burden. Farring invalids under medical care, any woman who is not absolutely senile may discard all corsets of similar harness and both look and feel more slender without them, if she has the—or determination to be self-supporting. If you have long depended on artificial support, you should wean yourself by easy stages—thus, leave off the support and go about your regular activities not longer than half an hour daily the first week, one hour daily the second week, then two hours daily, then half the day, then most of the day, and after some six weeks you'll have the corset and harness people foaming at the mouth.

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Abe Martin
 Mrs. Lafa Bad "I meet with the Colonial Bridge club this afternoon to teach inbaltin". Lester Hanger, long regarded as one of the best dry officers money could buy, died by mistake today.

VEEDOL ANSWERS LUBRICATION NEED

Characterizing the spring and summer merchandising campaign of the Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation as one of the most extensive ever prepared by an oil company for this section of the country, A. R. Thornton, local Veedol representative, has returned from Portland, where he attended a sales and advertising meeting of the organization.

The meeting, which was called by Cy Pringer, department manager of the company, was attended by all the sales executives of this region and present prophesied another record-breaking sales year for the company in this territory. It is recalled that 1928 established a new high sales mark and present indications are that business will show a material increase this season.

P. L. Wagar, advertising manager of the oil concern, told gathered representatives of the extensive plans which the company has made for the spring and summer in the northwest. This campaign will include newspaper advertising, radio, and poster boards.

"The most extensive newspaper campaign ever planned by the company is being used this season in order to acquaint the public with the many superior features of Veedol oils and greases," said A. R. Thornton. "It is a significant fact that many of the most outstanding aviators have chosen Veedol motor oil for use in their planes. Veedol has been proved in the air to be the best oil on earth and tens of thousands of motorists are turning to Veedol as the real answer to their lubrication needs."

The Mail Tribune has been chosen again this year to cover this trading area and their first ad appears today.

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.

Round Up, by Ring Lardner. Reviewed by Bill Conroy.
 For its April feature, the Literary Guild offers its readers a collection of short stories by that distinguished wit, Ring W. Lardner. Round Up brings the finest tales written by Mr. Lardner during the past three years.

A number of the chapters in Mr. Lardner's latest edition will be familiar to the readers of Cosmopolitan and Collier's Weekly, having previously appeared in these periodicals as feature stories.

The theme of the majority of the stories is life on baseball clubs, whether they be in Potsdam, Indiana or in New York. Lardner is at his best when writing of the diamond as those who remember his comic strip, "Rube O'Keefe," which ran in leading newspapers throughout the country, several years ago, already know. The story which appealed to me most in this class was "Alibi Ike," the chronicle of a man who could not admit anything without reservations. Comparing very favorably with this story is "My Toomy," which incidentally is the longest one of the volume.

Ring, excel when telling of home life in America, knowing from personal experience the help and guidance of your usual bridge partner. These typical American gatherings allow Lardner to bring into play his dazzling wit to its fullest extent. One of the best stories of bridge playing is "Contract" in which the main character, Shelton, offers his opinion of amateur Sidney Lenz's not in the usual manner but to their faces. This feat alone should place him in the hall of fame.

Lardner shows that he is not always the jester in his stories. "Old Folks" Christmas is a "There Are Smiles," these features show real power, the first of which particularly touches the heartstrings. It is the story of modern parents whose children have outgrown them. The latter is the experience of a traffic cop with a boy who in himself makes the story unusual.

Collections of short stories have never been particularly popular with the American public, but the selection of Mr. Lardner's volume by the Literary Guild is a step in the right direction. Certainly Round Up will be looked upon as an exceptionally fine piece of light fiction.

Abeason Grimes, Confederate Mail Runner, Edited by M. M. Qualifer. Reviewed by Wm. Dougherty.
 This is a journal of the Civil war sufficiently out of the ordinary to be remarkable. The author had a varied career. He first was a member of one of the irregular Confederate bands that sprang up at the beginning of the war. When these had run their course and passed out, he enlisted in a regular battalion. Later, he became a small courier extraordinary between the Missouri troops and their relatives in the homes from which the men had been driven in support of their cause.

The book was written in 1910-1911 from a diary of the author. Hence, it presents no comprehensive record of the activities of the conflict, but is merely a cross-section from Major Grimes' viewpoint. This is perhaps, the one main objection; it is a characteristic reminiscence. The pages are cluttered up with the names of what seems to be practically every one with whom the writer came in contact. This is paradoxical for the historian and the collector, but it rather impairs the unity of the narrative for the lay reader. On the other hand, for the student of human nature the main strength of the volume also lies in this point, for it is valuable for its picture of conditions and personal reactions. But for the seeker of the entertaining rather than the student, the interest arises from Grimes' exploits.

The theme begins tamely with the writer shooting into waving mulian fields at night mistaking them for the enemy. Sooh, however, the story gains momentum and we are held as in a London story of action. We are not put into prison until we escape. Death sentences mean nothing to us. We run the impassable lines constantly, and transport thousands of letters to expectant friends thru the very midst of the enemy. But, alas, even these thrills are pale, and toward the last of the war, the author's heroic spirit is finally broken.

After combining this spirit of adventure with the sincere and brief style, which is a refreshing contrast to the works of the ordi-

nary quill-drivers, we have a volume pleasing in the main, with a singular attraction for a diversified number of walks.

All Aboard, by Victor Milnes.
 "All Aboard is one of these queer sort of stories which portrays the characters of the most unusual. The scene is laid on the Tennessee river and the narrative is hinged about the river boats and all its queer crews. There is still a fierce war spirit dominating the south, and many spirited arguments arise from this source.

One of the main characters of the story is "Tip" January, who is known the length of the river for his roughness and his ability in combat. We find this man working as first mate on a boat that has operated for many years with an all-around tough crew and now the captain is religious and makes the boat into a veritable Sunday school. January quits his job on the boat for this reason, but before he arrives at the place where he is to leave the boat they have a wreck and when he is about to drown he prays and says that if God would give him a sign he would follow his teachings. He is rescued and thereafter he is one of the church's most ardent supporters.

There is also a love plot woven into the story when a couple want to get married and they cannot get the consent of her father. They elope and are married with the lovers on one boat and the minister and witnesses on the other, when both boats are going at full speed. The father finally relents so this, at least, is a happy ending.

This book can hold the interest of the most critical reader, as there is thrilling adventure woven throughout the plot with the most courageous heroes representing a dying race of old river men, clinging desperately to the fast disappearing river trade.

The Burning Ring, by Kay Burekin. Reviewed by Don Moore.
 A tale of fantasy and enchantment—the dream-life of a man—this is the theme of this queer brain child of the author. It is the story of a man, colorless and lacking in emotional feeling, who experiences the emotions which the average individual has through the dreams which a Burning Ring brings. The ring makes it possible for him to go back to the past and live with the people of long ago. He makes three trips. The first is in the time of the Roman conquest, the second in the reign of Charles II, and the third in the Elizabethan age.

In the first, hero-worship, apparently missing from his mental makeup, comes to him with all the force and intensity of the small boy for the athletic hero. His hero is a proud, cruel Roman, Marcus Valerius, whom he rescues from the clutches of the cunning Celts, who have taken him captive. In accompanying the Roman on his escape back to the sea, this worship is created in the soul of the adventurer.

In the second, he experiences a friendship deep and sincere, also a thing new to him. The friend is Charles himself. A sort of brotherly love develops between the two, instead of the half-fearful blind devotion accorded the Roman. Warm, sacrificing friendship, such as he had never felt before, is brought to our hero, Mr. Carling.

And in the third, love passionate and everlasting. Ah, he falls at last for a woman. A confirmed bachelor going in head over heels for a young tom-boy who hunted and hawled in the woods, Elizabeth, reigned the land—indeed, that is a change in a man!

While not especially educational or beneficial, the narrative is entertaining in its imaginative charm. Perhaps the practical and worldly mind will not care for it, but the lover of fanciful yarns will enjoy this novel. Burekin excels in preteritorial realism. His portrayals vividly the life of early times.

Adds Life to Your Years—Years to Your Life.
 Mrs. J. R. Stevenson, Emporia, Kans., says: "Nearly every day someone asks me what I took that helped me so wonderfully when I was ailing and miserable. I tell them gladly that Foley's Kidney and Bladder Pills cured me. I had been suffering from kidney and bladder weakness, try Foley's Pills diuretic. Satisfaction guaranteed. Price, 50c. Sold by Jarmain & Woods, Drug Store, cor. Main and Central."

MUTT AND JEFF—Mutt Plays a Deaf Mute in the Talkies

THIS IS CERTAINLY A SURPRISE BECAUSE THE DIRECTOR OF THE TALKIES SAID MUTT HAS A SOPRANO VOICE! M-M; STRANGE; I'LL GO IN!

TODAY—A MUTT THE FAMOUS COMIC STRIP CHARACTER IN A TALKING FILM. EXTRA FEATURE!

DAILY NEWS REEL—TALKING FILM. A MUTT IS HAILED TO COURT BY WIFE.

YOUR HONOR, MUTT HASN'T PAID ME ANY ALIMONY FOR SEVEN YEARS!

NINETY DAYS! AND ONE WORD OUT OF YOU, YOU BIG BUM, AND I'LL MAKE IT NINETY YEARS!

SO THAT'S THE WAY IT IS!

M-M; TEG. HEE!

PITTSBURGH, PA. LOCAL BARBER TELLS HOW HE DISCOVERED NEW WAY TO PLUCK EYEBROWS.

MUTT'S IN THE TALKIES LIKE AL'S IN THE WHITE HOUSE

DAILY NEWS REEL WITH SOUND.

(Chicago Daily News.)

By BUD FISHER

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