

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily, Sunday, Weekly
Published by
MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
55-57-59 N. Fir St.
Phone 10

Subscription Rates
Daily, with Sunday, per month \$1.50
Daily, with Sunday, per quarter \$4.50
Daily, with Sunday, per year \$15.00

Official paper of the City of Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 8, 1919.

Official paper of Jackson County, Oregon, under Act of March 8, 1919.

Advertising Representatives
M. C. MICHENER, INC.
Office in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

A careful child shows that only one automobile owned in Jackson county failed to drive by the incident blaze last night.

Pear growers are being tested for trips to Europe.

Forty, '25, top bad condition, old tires, stolen Aug. 23. Return and avoid trouble.—(Want ad. That's right.

There are fever indigent cats, and more Siberian muskrat necks this fall than under the last Democratic administration.

The Salem Statesman declares that what Oregon needs is brains, rather than money. Money, it argues, will follow brains, like the Constitution follows the flag.

Those who own overcoats are wondering where they hid same last spring.

Will the brazen hussy who has been running around with her called husband, come and get him and keep him. She has his blessing and sympathy.—(Notice Tiger, Wyo., News.) Looks something like a domestic rift.

Orders have been issued from local social authorities that bankers shall be called waffles this season. A young husband just starting his term, sometimes forgets instructions and reveals that he had flapjacks for breakfast, when they were, but he is not supposed to say so. There is nothing so fattening as waffles.

Portland had a runaway Monday. Ah there, Frisco!

A movement is on foot to study "tearful poetry." In these parts, the made factors requesting that their names be withheld from publication. As soon as everybody gets a working knowledge of "tearful poetry," the sky-scrapers and tin mills will hush.

There was a great outpouring of the masses last night to see the Stars Boys at the G. Hunt shrine of the silent stars. They are real clever, and yanked raucous gut-faves out of the customers, some of the patrons, were fairly with their laughs. They never said a thing that could not have been retold in the parlor, or the kitchen, or in the breakfast nook. It was a great relief from the going-on of a male beauty with alderhorns, who makes the girls sigh, or the Norwegian actress who always makes Bill Gates cry when her lover goes to sea in a fishing boat.

ADVICE
Don't litter up the public streets. It's un-American!

Don't shoot at coppers on their beats. It's un-American!

Don't rob your mother of all the fun. It's un-American!

Don't sell your soul for Sin and Jazz. It's un-American!

Don't buy your booze from rogues and cheats. It's un-American!

Don't question what your boss says. It's un-American!

Don't ask them for a raise in pay. It's un-American!

Don't feed the hound, hellish lies of dirty Reds and German spies. Don't sneer at "Whoopee!" "Hee hee!" "It's un-American!"

Don't fool with modern fads in thought. It's un-American!

Don't sell the stocks that should be bought. It's un-American!

If boundless fortune you would make. Don't give a sucker an even break. Whatever happens, don't get caught. It's un-American!

Thankless Jobs. More human energy in proportion to returns obtained were poured in household than in any other phase of modern life.

Editorial Correspondence

PEBBLE BEACH, Cal., Sept. 5.—(Special)—No one enjoys a national golf tournament as much as a dub golfer. The average golfer gets a sufficient number of good shots to realize that good shots are possible for any human being with two arms and legs. But the dub? Every good shot has something of the miraculous about it. A sensation of good shots simply transports him to the realm of magic and mystical romance. So following a master like Bobby Jones in the morning, suddenly come to life—the impossible has happened. Our fairy tales of youth have come true. As the present writer qualifies not only as a dub, but a sub-dub—some idea of the editorial reactions to the opening of the national amateur will be imagined. It was not only a day of supreme thrill, it was a new and unforgettable spiritual experience. Ahem!

But at the half century mark there is a limit to one's capacity for emotional stimulation. So after following the unbelievable Bobby for a few holes, we returned to the first tee, to recuperate and get a bird's eye view of the field he so completely outdistances. Here was more joy for the dub class, but entirely of a different brand. For let it be chronicled here, those hundred and fifty boys starting out in the 1929 national were 2121—YACB. If there is any dub who knows to the name that was not pulled on that first tee, on Monday, we don't know what it is. Shees, hooks, smother, lost balls, balls nestling in unplayable lies—in fact this man Aftwater we saw play Van Elm in Pasadena last winter—and he played good golf—gave up the shoot entirely after he had garnered nearly 50 strokes on the first nine. So the dub got a great kick here. Three handicap men are human after all, and under sufficient strain, can drop to the dub class in the wink of a gnarl's eyelash. So the dub isn't such a deformity. Nine out of ten golfers are dubs under their skin. The only difference is in the thickness of the skin.

Another thing odd greatly to the enjoyment of a spectacle like this, namely, a real personal interest in some players. For the Medford contingent this element was supplied by Chan Chan—the grand old man, the papa of them all, the trouble shooting Ponce De Leon, who won the national title five years before this Dunlap boy, who broke the course record with a 69, was born.

Chan didn't start until 2:15 in the afternoon, playing with Fred Wright, state champion of Massachusetts, and one of the seeded players. The Medford contingent was on hand, the Bob Hammonds, papa and son; P. C. Kenty, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Carpenter, Mrs. Egan, Taylor Getchell and George Parsons, who by the way, are staying at the Light House and camp near Monterey. Also by the way, the Hammonds couldn't find room even in an auto camp, so they are jitting back and forth from Waterville, where the California apples come from. T. Slater Johnson was due but didn't appear. As usual the Western Union and Postal are looking for him.

And what a thrill Chan gave us on that first hole. We had seen at least 28 men play No. 1, including Bobby Jones, Don Elm, Oumel, Cyril Tolley, Don Whiting, etc., etc. And Chan, on his first two shots beat them all. Only an average drive but his brassie shot dropped on the green, eight feet from the pin. Here appeared to be a certain par, and a possible birdie.—The Medford portion of the gallery almost dancing to the green. But then something happened. Chan let, perfectly frank as usual, admitted that he was as nervous as a cat in a dog pound. His putt, too strong, bisected the cup and rolled on, farther from the hole than when it started. The second putt missed by two inches. In short, Chan three-putted that first hole—and took a 3.—his partner doing the same, after losing a stroke in a trap.

Not so good! But because of that personal interest about mentioned—thrilling. Then came the second hole—a long par 5. Here Chan made what we consider the best shot of his first 18. A drive down the center, but far too high, dropping like a plummet on the turf, without an inch of roll. Consequently not a good lie. Before him a closely sand trapped green, a deep ditch about 50 yards in front of it, certain trouble unless his brassie was literally not only a long but a perfect one. Here as

always Chan scorned safety first and played championship golf. His brassie sent a streamer which carried the ditch, rolled straight for the pin, settling on the green not more than 12 feet from the flag, studying the terrain carefully Chan gave his ball a sharp tap and down it went, three for a par 5, an eagle on No. 2.

That was the high point of the first round. From then on Chan gave the Medford gallery several rapturous fits by getting into practically every trap he had made on the course. As one member of the gallery remarked, he ought to know how to get out of them, he made them. On the fourth hole his head bally and ending with a six. But characteristically he came back on the fifth with a birdie two, and so it went. At times it looked like an 80 or worse, but Chan ended with a 75, five over par, while his seeded opponent chalked up an 82.

The next day was better, the "Medford patriarch" getting the three birdie on number 1 that he missed on his first round. Poor old Wright, a good golfer, but everything broke wrong for him. Chan had the honor on every hole but the 18th, and the announcer proclaimed "Chan 77 and 75—152." While the huge gallery on the home hole cheered. For the Medford veteran who the California sport writers praise in regarding as a cross between Rip Van Winkle and Methuselah, had qualified. He not only qualified, he ranked No. 19, beating out such famous stars as Cyril Tolley, British champion; Francis Oumel, Van Elm, Jesse Sweitzer and others. SOME GOLFER!

And one hole on that second round must be chronicled—the 16th. Chan was two over par, a good score for the second day with a stiff wind from the ocean, which put even the redoubtable Bobby Jones three over par at the same hole. A sigh of dismay swept through the loyal Medford band, when Chan pulled a terrible hook, which sent into the trees that line a deep ditch on the extreme right of the fairway. The suspense was terrible as the boy with the red flag hurried after it, everyone convinced he would come back waving the flag, the signal of a ball lost or out of bounds, and another drive would have been ordered. But strange to relate, he merely sat down and waited. NICE BOY!

And what did we find? That ball had hit a horseshoe—yes, a real iron horseshoe, for they still ride horseback along Pebble Beach. And instead of going into the ditch where it was headed, it bounded back under a pine tree—in the deep rough but neither lost nor out of bounds. And here is where the Chan spirit comes in again. With a 1 over par Chan was safely qualified, or all reports were had alighting for the field. And to play safe to the fairway, then pitch for the green made a one over par practically certain. But Chan refused safety first. He scooped that tree like a pine beetle scout, examined the ground like a Sherlock Holmes, and while the gallery held its breath, stammered a mumble into the underbrush. There was a rattat-tat as the ball hit the needles, soared high in the sky and landed down on the green a hundred yards away. And down that putt fell like a hot brick. No one had beat that brand of golf—of course there was the horseshoe and a real horseshoe. Chan picked it up and put it in his bag. There is a memento for his declining years, if they ever do decline. May it exert its mystic power tomorrow!

There is a lot of color in this tournament. There is the pretty girl in our gallery who wears her ticket on her left calf beneath the silken stocking. Ah, there's a reason. The checkers are all men—and show us a man who could miss it.

And this Britisher, Emma Story from the Royal Wellington. Most men undress to play golf. Justice dresses up. A silk coat which he never sheds, white flannel trousers (long and full) kid gloves, spurs, shoes, tan and white, and hair perfectly brushed—not a hair misplaced, after 18 holes in the wind. And how he whangs that ball. He had a bad time on the second, and barely got under the qualifying wire with an 83, which added to his 78 gave him a 159.

And Cyril Tolley, who looks just as he must have looked when he was ten years old, only larger and his hair streaked with gray near the ears. A fine big boy. Robbie Jones is like that too—I fine big boy. On the 18th hole today Cyril sent a high one into a tree near the green and there it perched. There it is still, and later the left-hand clamshell came back with a pair of field glasses and gravely examined it. A birdie in a tree! For it would have been a birdie had it gone through. As it was, Cyril had to replay the shot and take a six.

Some golf. Too much, no doubt. But this is the first time a national amateur has ever been held on the coast. It may be the last time for fifty years. Why not make the most of it? R. W. R.

Personal Health Service

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Signet 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 CARE OF THE INSANE

From England comes this interesting communication: I addressed at William Brady, M. D. Dear Sir: About March last, when I was held in North mental prison. I addressed a letter to you, which I believe was stopped by authority. The incident, as nearly as I remember it, was as follows: I think the day chief came round—the ward with salts (weekly dose). I said to him "Salts are injurious to the blood; do you know that?" He replied "Oh no, they're not." I read to him from a cutting from your column under a caption bearing your name these words: "It is a notorious fact that salts are injurious to the blood." He said "That newspaper doesn't know anything about it—like you." These are the exact words to the best of my memory.

I wrote those words in a letter addressed to you, and asked you to forward the letter to your paper for their information. As far as I remember I handed the letter to (last, sup't.) as was my custom for censorship. If you are interested and care to go further into the question of the treatment of so-called mental cases by the law I shall be glad to answer any questions I can. I am presenting the case of the "patients" to the public as I see it, and am advocating, as the next reform, removal of censorship on patients' letters, or rather that governments should advise hospital authorities to pass out all letters un-read and without seals unbroken.

Though the doctors use force on me I do not advocate the use of force upon their legal or any other. We must trust God and teach the doctors. Except for the prison laws and the hospital laws and the regulations generally, I was treated with gentleness, forbearance and consideration. I trust that you will give publicity to my appeal for the public to investigate and to give better consideration to the so-called "patients." I am most grateful to you for your interest in the case against using legal force to secure the ill-souled or contented of the doctors. We should trust the doctors, but they should be educated, and advised continually, and also watched. (Signed) Copy sent to the Superintendent of the N. mental prison. I don't know whether the institution is for insane criminals or just for the treatment of the insane. The letter is sane enough in every respect. In fact, it is an effective bit of pleading, at least in making me feel for the first time that perhaps the letters from insane patients ought to be passed out unopened. Still, if we ought to trust the doctors, we should not hesitate to place such censorship in their hands. The difficulty about this is the impossibility of personal censorship in a large institution—the doctor must delegate this duty to employes, assistants, and these are not always to be trusted as a doctor is trusted.

Any one who has read that by Jones is like that too—I fine big boy. On the 18th hole today Cyril sent a high one into a tree near the green and there it perched. There it is still, and later the left-hand clamshell came back with a pair of field glasses and gravely examined it. A birdie in a tree! For it would have been a birdie had it gone through. As it was, Cyril had to replay the shot and take a six.

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Quill Points

Still, if modern youngsters were just like the kids of 1890, they still would seem rotten to plus old crabs. Some people get an education late in life and some have no children to bring them home work. It is overcoming temptation that makes character. There's no virtue

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

ACROSS
1. Speechless
4. Christian animal
11. Despaired
14. Votes
16. And French
17. Tender affection
18. Verbal
19. Babylonian deity
20. He wrong
21. Old form of address
22. Creates disturbance
23. Kitchen utensil
24. Nostril
25. Oriental ship captain
26. Thimblehead
27. Believed
28. Gift
29. Part of a fruit
30. Mince
31. Ransoms
32. Small particles
33. By means of
34. Unal
35. Hammer
36. Abounds
37. Support for a bedspring
38. Deceased
39. Side view
40. Gallo's highest side
41. Height abbr.
42. Mela
43. Puffed apart
44. Exits
45. Gires
46. Section
47. Pry into
48. Others' affairs
49. Billow
50. Down
51. Hebrew measure
52. Keeps
53. Metric measure
54. Seams
55. Kind of jacket
56. Happy
57. Addition to a
58. Negative
59. Everlasting

GET TRAPS TOY
AARUPPEEOWE
PRESENTATIONS
APEPATNOT
LADYPATNEED
INSREVEURDAY
NOSERENERSE
EDDASLEGER
SEATPESPALS
DESERTERS
AMETAGEREA
CORNETMISERS
TOASTMESNES

Grid for crossword puzzle with numbers 1-59.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
It Is a Very Tough Hic.
Given you newspaper doctors do not agree. You claim nothing can penetrate the unbroken skin. But Dr. — claims that drugs can get into the skin by poking with the grease and then being picked up by the blood. He points out that mercury had been given in this way for many years. He further claims that any substance that dissolves grease, such as massage, ether or benzol, can be taken into the body thru the skin. . . .

Time ends all sorrows, and the old-timer seldom thinks of a prezel unless his glance rests on a fender like that.

Do you know of any hospital in the United States that treats lupus so as to guarantee curing the disease?—Miss V. O. A. Answer—Doctors treat lupus in every hospital, if the condition is so severe as to require hospitalization. No honest physician, particularly hospital or institution can guarantee to cure anything. On the face of it any guarantee of that sort stamps the guarantor as a humbug. Sunbaths, ultraviolet ray (not "violet ray") radium, tuberculin and X-rays are used in various cases with satisfactory results. In most cases proper treatment brings about arrest of the disease.

Storn Water Has Odor. Because of the scarcity of water in our country we rely much on an outside cistern with a pump in the kitchen. But this water has an unpleasant odor. Is there any way to deodorize it? It looks black. It is rain water. The cistern holds a hundred barrels. It seems a shame not to be able to use it.—C. B. L. Answer—Copper sulphate is perhaps the best thing to deodorize the water. Dissolve two ounces of copper sulphate in a gallon of the water, and mix it in thoroughly with all the water in the cistern. (Copyright John F. Dillon Co.)

Everything comes out of the ficker how—real estate, investment and business, dry goods, grocery and drug stores, face powder and sunglasses. Brokers' loans really take the place of old time mortgages on real property and are actually not so appalling.

Mr. Finnie E. Pierson, dead at 92, had recently enrolled for several courses of study at Columbia University. She had been a student all her life and died studying. To certain human beings, or the ruminant type, that will seem humorous. But if, as is alleged, a human being is an immortal soul, should not that human feed the very last? We all eat at 92, it we reach that age.

Wall Street began another business week "recording sensational advances in market leaders." What is called the dull summer season is over, Labor Day holiday is out of the way, a pleasant time is expected by all.

The Federal Reserve MAY think up something to dampen speculative ardor. Wall Street wonders what.

Just ONE spoonful Adierika reduces gas and that bloated feeling. Now, thanks to Adierika, I eat everything and enjoy life.—Mrs. M. Gum.

Just ONE spoonful Adierika reduces gas and that bloated feeling. Now, thanks to Adierika, I eat everything and enjoy life.—Mrs. M. Gum.

Home is just as nice as a resort in some respects, but at home you look old in a rattling habit without a horse.

How do I know? THASS EASY! HE FELL INTO VESUVIUS!

HELLO, AMERICA? AUGUSTUS MUTT SPEAKING! CAMERAMAN JEFF HAS RESIGNED!

KID, I'LL GO CLOSER. THEN YOU CAN GET A VERY NIFTY PICTURE!

I RESIGN!

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE, MUTT, HAVE SOME KIND OF A HEART!

How do I know? THASS EASY! HE FELL INTO VESUVIUS!

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) Sept. 5, 1919

President Wilson tells people of St. Louis those who oppose Peace Treaty and League of Nations are base traitors.

Hood River orchardists launch campaign against Japanese labor.

Washington—Secretary of Commerce W. C. Redfield resigns.

More rain falls, deer hunting improves.

Postmaster Mims has trees removed from concrete in front of post office.

Alex Sparrow sends down rush order for a cook at Crater Lake.

Local Bartlett's sell in New York from \$3.85 to \$4.50 per box.

London—Airplane trip from London to Rio Janeiro established at cost of \$200 per passenger.

Twenty Years Ago Today (From files of the Mail Tribune.) Sept. 5, 1909

Clyde Fitch, noted playwright, dies in New York.

Medford schools open with large attendance.

Ad—A cut glass dish will be given away free to a popular young lady who dances on tomorrow night at the Wigwam.

O. A. C. establishes Medford school for puffers.

Copenhagen—"Bully for Peary," exclaims Dr. Cook when he was told Commander Peary had also discovered the North Pole.

Greater Medford club asks Andrew Carnegie to give Medford a Carnegie Library.

W. J. Hotchkiss of San Francisco promises to build a cannery in Medford when conditions justify it.

Mussolini has a new baby, his fifth a girl.

Chicago has a tabloid newspaper, its first.

My little girl in Italy have a happier life than the little paper will have, probably, in Chicago.

The Prince of Wales flew from London to Calicut to see the Schneider race planes, that will compete tomorrow. He was especially pleased with the tiny Italian Flat, flying sea boat, said to be the fastest moving thing in the world, and said he would like "to take a flip in her."

The prince was told what speed had been achieved by the British racing planes. No one else, except pilots and mechanics, knows. This nation ought to have a plane in that race, but has none. Such airplanes are expensive. We probably cannot afford them. Britain and Italy will show us how, and then this country, that invented the airplane, will copy foreign models. Better a copy than nothing.

Speake reports more fires in the north woods, a situation the worst since 1919.

Alplanes are used to watch for fires, but are not yet used to fight them.

With the aid of chemists and experimenting they might be so used. The DuPont company, maintaining an army of able chemists, or one of the Standard Oil companies, similarly equipped, might try it.

The Congress of Psychology at Yale is told that "science is more Christian than the churches."

Religion formerly guided men into new lands, new sources of wealth, healed lepers, cured the blind, even raised the dead. That happens rarely now, whereas, sciences with their serum vaccines and prophylaxis, does cure and prevent disease. Perhaps that was in the professor's mind.

But, if there is no power above science, "nothing in religion" nothing above man, his feeble mind, his feeble experiments, then the world is a joke, and nothing is worth while.

Married Woman Eats Only Baby Food

For 3 years I ate only baby food, everything else formed gas. Now, thanks to Adierika, I eat everything and enjoy life.—Mrs. M. Gum.

MUTT AND JEFF—How Do You Want Jeff, Rare, Medium or Well Done?

Cartoon by Bud Fisher featuring Mutt and Jeff. Mutt is a camera operator and Jeff is a cameraman. Mutt says "I RESIGN!" and Jeff says "HELLO, AMERICA? AUGUSTUS MUTT SPEAKING! CAMERAMAN JEFF HAS RESIGNED!"