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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

The parking problem could be solved instantaneously, by the realization that no more space is needed to get into a gas slot than is needed to get into a garage.

"SOBRIE EXPERIMENT" (Press Dispatch)

I think the government of the United States, when it sends out an 18-year-old boy to buy and drink whiskey, is in a very bad business. I think it is a crime. Here is a nice boy sent out to buy whiskey and drink it in a "huck alley" with "bums." This court does not intend to countenance any such procedure.

Forester Grant Witt is kept on the jump these days. He has seven flies under him, and has not had time to wash his face for a week. (Latham News.) One would suspect as much.

Gordon Woodpecker and corps of assistants have completed their study of the storage of nuts. The report condemns the practice of whitening the nuts on concrete lamp posts, and it adds to the general wear and tear, causing the beak to wear out before its time.

The Portland ball team is slowly oozing into the death, now reposing in the arms of a "huck alley" frequented Oregonian better write another editorial favoring the formation of a northwest league, as a smaller outburst started the team on its late unappetizing winning streak. Where is the metropolitan fan who, enthused by the above mentioned victories, wrote his favorite manager that the winner of the world's title to the baseball supremacy of the universe, until they had defeated the Portland team?

TOUCHDOWNS! TOUCHDOWNS!

He swept her to his heart, he bore her to the ancient mermaid seat—she was in his arms on his knees, clasped fast against his heart.

Prone to shooting continues among the young members of the laborers of the undertakers. When a juvenile becomes peeved at one, or both, of his parents, or the girl next door smiles at another child, the outraged one promptly plunks them, mortally, with his trusty .45. If none of the above targets are in range, he gets on the front page by shooting himself. A lot of 14 summers committed suicide this week, leaving a farewell note, that he "was tired of life." 14 years is about the right age to be tired of life. The frequency of kid killings is listed in the press as deplorable, alarming, cause for reflection and study, and terrific indictment of civilization. It is time to name a commission. Parents are urged to speak to their offspring about it. They should be urged to abolish the family arsenal. The peaceful home does not need a rifle, two shotguns, and a pistol.

"Hay Timms had the new school teacher out riding in his coupe Sunday. None of the boys not ahead of hay, and he is a fine young man." (Salmon River Correspondence.) When romance begins to squirm.

Farmers are putting up "No Hunting" signs on their snuffing acres. The hunter who can't hit a "No Hunting" sign, can't hit a pheasant, or a farmer.

LINDBERGH STEPS ASIDE (Baltimore Sun)

To the Editor:
Sir—What a delish I took in watching my little brood together the other day in trader out to Ethelbert avenue to see little "Azie" Foreman come down from his long poleman.

It was to me an inspiring sight when little "Azie" slid down the pole. He had shown the indomitable spirit and courage of a real Christian warrior, like the founders of old, and I was proud to be there to applaud him. It is from such boys great missionaries are made. Think of it, here this good little boy had sat way up in the air for over ten days, uncomplaining and alone, and he had the grit to remain up there day and night for ten long days, including Sunday, when he had to miss his Sunday school.

Let us rejoice that among the lots of our Baltimore we have grand boys like little "Azie" Foreman.

AN AMERICAN MOTHER.

EVERYBODY LOVES A GOOD SPORT

WHOEVER said "All the world loves a lover" was mistaken. The feminine world may, but the masculine world is pretty well divided between those who are lovers and those who frankly detest them.

But everyone DOES love a good sport,—regardless of age, sex or financial standing. Now that the Pebble Beach golf tournament is over it is easy to see why Bobby Jones is one of the popular young men of the country. He IS such a good sport.

He is neither exultant in victory, nor east-down in defeat. He naturally wants to win and fights hard to win, but when things break badly, as they did in that first round at Pebble Beach, he accepts it as all in the day's work and goes along very much as before.

"Well, who would care about winning ONE title after having won as many as Bobby Jones?" a member of the gallery remarked.

ANY one would. Only to Bobby Jones was the winning of the 1929 title supremely important. The other contestants, when they teed off the first day, "had everything to win and nothing to lose." Bobby HAD to win, or everything was lost.

Yet no one would have suspected that defeat meant anything of great moment to Bobby as he shook his successful opponent's hand and walked to the club house.

En route a little girl stopped him and holding up a score card and asked him to sign it.

"Certainly," said Bobby, kneeling down beside her.

That night several prominent golfers who had met defeat departed for their homes. Bobby stayed, acted as judge, took part in the final ceremonies—did everything he could to make the tournament a success.

Did Bobby enjoy that sort of thing? Probably not. But he's a good sport. Self-controlled, considerate of others, a hard scrapper and a fair one,—everyone likes him not because he is such a fine golfer but because he is such a fine gentleman.

In short, qualifying as a good sport means essentially a triumph of character.

Americanism: Going to school to acquire the ability to learn; never thereafter reading anything except periodicals that agree with you.

The sociologists who enumerate the effects or results of the short skirt should include the rumble seat.

Inmates of Sing Sing now have fewer movie shows, but we aren't told whether the change is punishment or prison reform.

The congressional committee studying forest needs should suggest a development of the snapdragon to police the tourist's cigarette butts.

If massage reduces hips, that explains boys. They get spanked more than girls.

The man who mortgaged his grocery business to trim Wall Street and retire at least succeeded in getting out of business.

Maybe the fruit and vegetable men are merging because that is the only way to decide who should handle the cantaloupe.

It's easy to insure your old age against want if you will save one dollar a day for twenty years and then marry a rich widow.

The Snook trial proves that justice can triumph, despite slick lawyers and stupid methods of jurisprudence, if the guilty will confess.

Correct this sentence: "She smokes," said the gossip, "and she will take a few drinks; but she won't pet."

BELLVIEW SCHOOL TO OPEN IN CLUBHOUSE
LADY HITCH HIKERS VISIT CRATER LAKE

BELLVIEW, Ore., Sept. 14.—(Special)—Upper Valley Community club met last Friday at the home of Mrs. L. D. Meentz and decided to let the school board use the clubhouse for school purposes until the new building is completed. School will open in the temporary quarters on Monday, September 16. The first meeting of the Upper Valley Community club will be held on September 18 at the home of the president, Mrs. Wade Walls. The committee is composed of the officers of the club, who will have charge of the program and refreshments for the afternoon. A large attendance is expected.

Classified advertising gets results.

MUTT AND JEFF—Nobody's Safe in Holland Now



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 held 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 LEUKONYCHIA EPIDEMIC

For several years it has been evident to one who is in a position to know that there are a good many sporadic cases of leukonychia scattered throughout the United States and Canada. The newspapers do not print reports of these cases, but you may not care to believe anything you don't read in the papers. How often do you find headlines about leprosy in the papers? Yet the health authorities know of leprosy in every state in the union and probably every province in the dominion, and it is entirely probable that for every known leper in the community there are several at large whose cases have not been diagnosed. "This is nothing at all to worry about. I should as lief have a leper as a neighbor as any other invalid. Leprosy is even less likely to be spread than tuberculosis is, and no such people expect to be afraid of a tuberculous individual who is intelligent and conscientious, or who is intelligently cared for, is NOT a menace to anybody's health."

But this leukonychia is another matter. I have received so many discreet inquiries about it, and the correspondents as a rule are careful to conceal the identity of the stricken, who are generally of "party"—that I confess I have felt some uneasiness about the situation. Not I repeat, that leukonychia is at all communicable. I am quite certain it is not even slightly contagious. But I am disturbed about the apparently increasing prevalence of the malady. Correspondents seem to show no such anxiety. They take the affliction more or less philosophically, usually less, and desire to be informed merely about the etiology, prognosis and therapy of leukonychia striata.

No, you're right. They don't ordinarily employ such resonant terms. I interpolate the high-Galutin words just to air my erudition. White spots and leukonychia striata, white spots or streaks in the nails. Instead of asking what is the etiology of this pathological entity they ask what causes the spots; instead of inquiring about the prognosis they want to know if there is any cure for 'em, and no honest layman ever uses the word therapy except humorously. I simply add in the preceding query, if so, what is it?

For nearly as many years as it takes to collect a doctor bill from a deceased Scotchman I have been holding in this column what causes these spots or streaks in the nails and what maybe done for 'em. I doubt I divined that knowledge from my own inner consciousness. Probably I picked it up from some real doctor's writings. But as I have remarked before, does anybody ever hatch an idea from his own inner consciousness? Isn't every valuable thought or idea or discovery that emanates from the human mind merely the growth of seed planted there, by intention or chance, by some other mind? And following this line of reasoning, I picked it up from you, come upon an old story which starts off just like that: "In the beginning God..."

Now comes a skin specialist making a noise like a clinic and publishes in a medical journal that psoriasis striata are caused by injury to the matrix of the nail by toxic streptococcus, as by the use of the orange-wood stick to push back the skin fold beyond the nail. Lay off the manicuring and in three months the white marks grow out. Of course such injury is not the sole cause of white streaks or spots in the nails, but it is the common cause.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Very Close Veins

To readers who seek the chemical obliteration of various veins I offer this caution: Beware of institutions or doctors that offer such treatment or invite you to come and get it. Only reputable physicians are competent to administer such treatment, and of course reputable physicians do not canvass the public for business.

Quill Points

"Exposing the skin to sunlight develops a cheerful disposition." So that's why they are contented cows. The old timers lacked a few modern advantages, but when they kissed a girl the only flavor they got was the air.

The ultimate in pleasure: As much as a kid enjoys dragging a stick across the pickets of a newly painted fence.

The list of yellow peoples includes the Orientals and those who pay blackmail to racketeers.

Prayer is much like education. The more you need it, the less you can understand how great your need is.

The wise man doesn't judge others by their locks. He is aware of looking insignificant himself.

There are two kinds of police officers: Square ones, and those who say: "Well, get your evidence and I'll arrest them."

Americanism: Passing another law not with the expectation of enforcing it, but just as an expression of our principles.

Raskob says the way to get rich

MAIL TRIBUNE
DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down words. Includes solutions for yesterday's puzzle.

10x10 crossword puzzle grid with some numbers filled in.

JACKSONVILLE

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Sept. 14.—(Special)—N. C. Smythe has painted his residence.

Mrs. R. H. Cadwallader and children of Medford and Mrs. Emma Hull and son, Don, of Eugene visited relatives here Thursday.

Mrs. Edwin Taylor of Big Apple is a business visitor Saturday.

Mrs. Chris Kenney attended the funeral of John Mills at the Catholic church Tuesday morning.

A. O. Kitchen of Chenoix, Ore., spent the week visiting N. C. Smythe.

Mrs. and Mrs. J. L. Barker, visiting at the T. C. Norris home, spent the week end at the Walter Ricks home near Medford.

Mrs. Cora White and daughter, La Vera, have moved to Medford. Alva Laess has a room at the Alec Norris home, where he will board this school year.

T. C. Norris is driving the school bus from the Appleton district, and Henry Mathias brings in the

It isn't true "contempt of court" to call the judge a fool and a crook if you say it after the trial when your opinion can't interfere with justice.

If he's a lawyer for poor crooks, he's a mere shyster; if he's a lawyer for rich crooks, he's the sinister tool of corruption.

Correct this sentence: "The wife wanted to attend a dance," said he, "and I wanted to see a movie, so we went to the theatre."

Generally late tonight and Sunday, but clouds or fog along the coast. Cooler in the interior of the west portion Sunday. Moderate south to west winds on the coast.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
Sept. 14, 1919
President Wilson and Teddy Roosevelt spoke in city.

The Model Clothing Co. robbed of six suits and two overcoats. Phoenix team wins stock judging contest at farm bureau picnic.

Salem — Population of Oregon pen is lowest in 40 years, with 144 inmates. Man and woman hold up and rob W. G. White near Jacksonville of \$27.50 and his auto. Sheriff Terrell reports many clues.

Forest fire destroys sawmill on Woodville (Rogue River). Loss \$10,000. Report P. & E. railroad will "head for Klamath Falls."

Ed: "The new fountain at the corner of Main and Central, consisting of a plain block of granite, should be surmounted by a statue of Mike Hanley."

The Farmers and Fruitgrowers bank organized, and will open for business Nov. 1.

Mr. and Mrs. John Knight have rented rooms in the Harry Helms house. Mr. Knight has a class of violin music students at Medford. Five children from the Sterling district.

Kenneth Merrifield left early on Monday for Prospect, where he will work for Copen.

Mrs. Martha Littell, of Des Moines, Iowa, is visiting her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Littell, Sr.

John Cole will leave soon for Albany to attend college, having been awarded a scholarship.

Mildred Stevenson, who underwent an operation at Grants Pass has returned to our city much improved.

Mrs. Elmer Adams returned to her home from the Sacred Heart hospital Sunday afternoon and is recovering nicely from the operation.

Mrs. D. A. Forbes returned Monday from a week's visit at Cottage Grove. She made the trip with her father, L. D. Lavton, of Medford.

EDEN PRECINCT GIRL CONTINUES VERY ILL

EDEN PRECINCT, Ore., Sept. 14.—(Special)—Miss Leona Pugh who is still a very sick girl with typhoid fever, was thought to be slightly better Wednesday morning. Both her mother and a skilled nurse are constantly at her bedside.

Mrs. L. A. Reams of Phoenix, who is recuperating at the Home in Astland, is improving and has been allowed some solid food the past few days. Mrs. Reams has been suffering from an ailment of the stomach.

The star of "underworld" is seen in this picture as a hard-boiled gang boss. A ruthless gunman he kills with one blow of his fist, hence the name Thunderbolt. Scenes are laid in Harlem, New York's negro district, and colored jazz bands in low dives, whoopee girls and the like add color to this production, which was directed by Joseph von Sternberg.

Cowboy Ballads for Screen. Old cowboy songs are a hobby of Ken Maynard, who comes to the Halito theatre tomorrow in "The Wagon Master."

As a boy on a Texas ranch, Maynard learned to sing the old times to the accompaniment of a fiddle and guitar. Ken Maynard grouped his freighters around him and had them roar out the choruses for the camp fire scenes. This picture is the first western to be made with songs and dialogue. Maynard knows many of the old western songs by heart. Some of them run to scores of stanzas.

Here is a sample of "The Lone Star Trail": "I am a lonesome cowboy And I'm off from the Texas Trail. My trade is cinch, saddles And pullin' bridle reins; But I can twist a lasso With the greatest skill and care. And rope and ride a broncho Most anywhere I please."

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