

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily, Sunday, Weekly
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
Phone 18
25-27-29 N. W. St.

ROBERT W. SMITH, Editor
H. HUMPHREY SMITH, Manager
An Independent Newspaper
Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By Mail—In Advance:
Daily, with Sunday, year.....\$7.50
Daily, with Sunday, month.....75
Daily, without Sunday, year.....6.50
Daily, without Sunday, month.....65
Weekly Mail Tribune, one year.....2.00
Sunday, one year.....2.00
By Carrier, In Advance—In Medford, Astoria, Astoria, Central Point, Toledo, Talent, Gold Hill and Clifton:
Daily, with Sunday, year.....\$7.50
Daily, with Sunday, month.....75
Daily, without Sunday, year.....6.50
Daily, without Sunday, month.....65
Weekly Mail Tribune, one year.....2.00
Sunday, one year.....2.00
All terms, cash in advance.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
Respecting Post Office Service
The Associated Press is authorized to use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or otherwise credited in this paper, and also to the local news publishers herein as also reserved.

Advertising Representatives
M. C. MOOREHEAD & COMPANY
Office: 140 New York Building, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

There was a woman in town Saturday, wearing an old-fashioned black skirt with a pocket in the folds, which she could not find.

The latest movie idol with sideburns is Rudy Valle, who states as follows: "It does seem a bit funny because I haven't someone else to enjoy my success." It is supposed from the tenor of these words, that Rudy is a baritone and spends the long winter evenings playing checkers with his Grandpa.

The slogan nominated and elected by the Portland boosters at the table assembled was "Portland, We Do." It most certainly is a battle-cry to make all good Oregonians go forth on a crusade. It makes the slogan of the town of Heppner, as reported in the esteemed Pendleton East Oregonian, seem coarse and crude, even if it is vivacious, as follows: "Who's Will" is the slogan used in the Heppner Rodeo and from all appearances she is, speaking generally.

RAIN WOULD WET GROUND
(Hillside Currier Reporter.) Beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Mr. Shearer, the navy lobbyist, was a man of astuteness and craft and talked the mighty executives of shipbuilding concerns out of thousands of dollars with ease and dispatch. The executives were big league executives and freely admitted it. Every executive had a glass-topped desk, and did no work after Thursday noon. They did all the fancy thinking for the corporations they represented, yet Mr. Shearer sold them everything but the Mississippi river, and exclusive rights to the moon.

Cleo Brenner has returned from the metropolis. He saw the Portland ball team play four games in a row. He did not have to. In the early days a Sparta youth put a chipmunk inside his shirt, and never said a word while the chipmunk gnawed on his vitals.

All the Sabbath deer hunters returned home under their own steam.

The Florida hurricane of last week had a playful streak in its nature. It is alleged to have blown the pants off a colored gentleman of Sarasota, who was out in it.

Al Chalm and Charles Starnes were in the city the last of the week. They are fixing a drag saw preparatory to a wood cutting contest—(The Dalles Chronicle.) At last, a contest that involves work.

The Eugene Register reports some delicate information by one of its able correspondents as follows: "Mr. Alford suffered a broken leg, and Mrs. Alford a fractured limb."

F. Bybee, the Jville seaf and poet, wears a pair of kid gloves while driving his rubber-egg, blue sedan, and drags a cow around the branding lot by the tail, barehanded, after his initials have been burned on his flank.

DENTS AND GENTS
The majority of men are gentlemen. The majority of those who are not try to make it appear they are gentlemen when in public. The most active and graceful of men are clumsy at times. Some are clumsy at all times. But, anyway, in a crowd men unintentionally will jostle one another. Being a fool, however, and desiring to show a becoming consideration for others, each man assumes responsibility for the inadvertence and both dismiss it with a smile and the wave of a hand.

But when men are riding in automobiles—ah that's different! Let there be a collision, no matter how inconsequential, and they growl at each other like a couple of pot hunters. Why, in the blankety-blank-blank don't you keep your eyes open and watch where you're going? yell both of them in unison. Then they get out, and while writing down names and numbers each tells the other what a dumbbell he is and promises to have his license taken from him. Fraternal pins count for nothing. If they come together, it's in a half-Nelson or stranglehold rather than a lodge grip. The more serious the damage, the greater the flow of profanity. Even if there is no damage at all, the verbal exchanges are anything but complimentary.

Of course, the other fellow is in the wrong, but—

If a man is a gentleman while a fool, why can't he try to be a gentleman in an automobile—(Birmingham, Ala. Herald.)

GALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

HOSTILITIES between Russia and China have been suspended temporarily because the seasonal rains have set in. The Chinese, it seems, do not like to fight in wet weather and the Russians are not fond of outdoor bathing, either. Here would seem to be an excellent chance for California incorporated to step in. Why not invite the opposing armies to carry on their fighting in the sun-kissed state? There is lots of room, particularly in the northern part of the state, and, as everyone knows, it almost never rains in California. When moisture is needed for the crops, the Weather Man is careful to see that it falls at night, so that Old Sol can blaze in his glory during the day.

"FREE daylight fighting, on a sun-kissed terrain, with the temperature ranging between 55 and 75 Farenheit," could form the basis of an attractive invitation, which we don't believe the Chinese and Russian war-lords could successfully resist.

Moreover, armies are great consumers of merchandise and foodstuffs, and generally operate upon a cash basis. There would be some danger of course from stray bullets—the marksmanship of the Chinese rifleman is said to be particularly poor,—but in the sparsely settled districts of northern California, human beings could keep out of range, and one should not forget that for every dead cow the farmer would have his bill for damages.

Then to think of the spectacle of a sporting angle, and its drawing power from a tourist standpoint. "Come to sun-kissed California this winter and see the Russo-Chinese war!"

We can't believe California incorporated will overlook such a golden opportunity.

P. S. Since writing the above we are informed a similar suggestion has been advanced by Judge or Life,—the office Kill-Joy doesn't know which. "Well, great minds," etc., etc. But we have no objection to the credit going wherever it belongs. All we ask is that when the war starts California incorporated does the right thing, and names the writer official war correspondent for Southern Oregon, with perhaps a special paid-up life insurance policy, or a dozen bullet-proof vests.

ALL OREGON SHOULD WORK TOGETHER

THE OREGON STATE MOTOR ASSOCIATION has released some interesting statistics on the tourist travel to Oregon the current season.

This report shows the total tourist travel in 1929—during June, July and August,—was 549,168, as compared with 498,838 the year before, a gain of about 11 per cent.

Some idea of the importance of the Redwood Highway in tourist revenue may be gleaned from the fact that the travel over this road nearly doubled the past year, from 1182 in 1928, to 2293 in 1929 (all figures are in number of cars).

The Roosevelt Highway comes next, with a 59 per cent gain, from 819 to 1209; and The Dalles-California Highway third, from 909 to 1111, or 22 per cent.

The Pacific Highway ranks fourth in percentage of gain, from 3855 to 4152 or 8 per cent, while the Columbia River Highway remained almost stationary, from 2643 to 2667,—an increase of less than 1 per cent.

IT is interesting to note that, in spite of the tremendous boom in coast travel, the Pacific Highway still leads in total tourist travel, with a 4152 total, nearly twice that of its nearest competitor, the Redwood Highway, with 2293. On the other hand, the total tourist travel outside of the Pacific Highway is over 7000.

These figures again emphasize the folly of any district in Southern Oregon opposing any legitimate effort to better hook-up these main arteries of tourist travel, or trying to increase the travel on one highway to the detriment of any other.

The entire state SHOULD CO-OPERATE in improving the entire system and increasing the tourist ATTRACTIONS and therefore the tourist travel for them all.

ADVERTISING AIDS ALL

NEWSPAPER advertising and the automobile have combined to bring city shops to the very door of the farm house and the suburban home. Each day the newspapers bring a complete quotation of what can be bought, where it can be purchased and the prices at which it can be purchased. The sale is actually made through the advertising columns of the newspaper. A visit to the store next day by automobile completes the exchange for merchandise.

How much more convenient is this contrivance of modern commercial and industrial genius to the inefficient method of our rural forebears who knew only their personal needs. With them there was no alternative for the slow, tedious and disappointing expedient of going to town by wagon or cart and trusting to diligence and a stout pair of shoes to seek out the shop which sold that which they were in need of and which sold it at an acceptable price.

Personal Health Service
By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Special letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, and 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 at large. No reply can be given not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this newspaper.

COFFEE, TEA AND COCOA ARE HEALTH BEVERAGES WHEN PROPERLY USED

A reader asks whether it is all right for a person to take three cups of coffee, tea or cocoa with each of the three meals, or whether one should limit the use of these beverages to breakfast and take milk or water with the other two meals.

A rugged adult doing a manual labor, especially outdoors, work in cold weather, may take three or more cups of coffee, tea or cocoa with each meal and also at bedtime with impunity. A sedentary adult or one who does only light work had better make a more moderate use of such stimulants.

Right here let me emphasize that tea, coffee and cocoa are really stimulants, and that no alcoholic beverage or liquor is a stimulant in the true sense of the word. So-called alcoholic "stimulants" are in reality narcotics and depressants from first to last. Coffee, tea and cocoa act as true stimulants to the heart, the nervous system and the kidneys.

Of the three, coffee is most stimulating to the cerebrum—coffee is notorious for keeping folks awake if they indulge in it late at night; cocoa is most stimulating to the kidneys—cocoa is almost as notorious for increasing the quantity of kidney excretion and causing or aggravating such troubles as bed wetting in children. Tea occupies a position midway between coffee and cocoa, being a moderate stimulant of the brain, the heart and the kidneys.

A cup of coffee properly brewed—which I believe means cooked in a pot but not boiled—by the way, when you can sniff the pleasant aroma of coffee on the air you may know the coffee is being ruined, for that aroma should be left in the pot and any cook who resorts this may serve something else instead of the tannin infusion for his breakfast—a cup of good coffee contains a fair medicinal dose of caffeine, from one to two grains, which, when administered medicinally, increases the rate and force of the heart beat, also the blood pressure, increases the depth and rapidity of thought, and increases the excretion of the kidney.

The remarkable thing about the stimulation produced by caffeine, or by theine (the analogous principle in tea) or by theobromine (the principle in chocolate or cocoa) is that there seems to be no appreciable after depression or let down, such as we have to count on when giving ordinary stimulants. For this reason, these beverages are a wonderful boon to man. With them you may refresh the weary spirit and if necessary whip up the tired body with comparative safety. I do not mean that there is no harm in abusing these God given health beverages. I am speaking of proper uses.

In my judgment neither tea, nor coffee, nor cocoa nor chocolate is a wholesome beverage for a child under 16 years of age. I consider the practice of serving cocoa to young school children a serious mistake in any circumstances and I believe no competent medical or health authority upholds the practice, however popular it may be with Lady Bountiful in communities where the school children are provided with a free lunch or a cheap one. Children require no stimulation, and are likely to be harmed by it.

On the other hand, the propaganda conducted by certain interests to scare folks off their coffee is absurd, and has the support of no medical or health authorities—it seems to appeal rather to freak dealers and their wisecracking customers.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Contaminated Wearing Apparel
Where wearing apparel has been contaminated by contagions of malignant disease, will dry cleaning (bonzing) render them safe to wear, or will sunlight airing accomplish the same purpose? (D. B. E.)

Answer—Laundering is best for all washable clothing. Ironing sterilizes anything. Dry cleaning is sufficient for garments that can not be laundered. Airing and sunning for a day is sufficient disinfection for furs, shoes, hats.

Footproof Cough Medicine

My husband and I thank you sincerely for your cold cure. Your directions are to take a tablespoonful every two hours. On account of his work he can't do that, but he takes a tablespoonful each night and morning, and it gives him wonderful relief and a good night's sleep. He has had the cold for several years. (J. E.)

Answer—Any way, the footproof cough medicine can do no harm, but your testimonial only goes to show the actual weight of evidence of that nature, for I should not suggest the footproof cough medicine for a cough that has been present for years, and I haven't an inkling of what ails your husband. Only I assure you the medicine can do no harm if he believes it relieves him. Now that the printers are rested from their long summer vacations let's take a chance publishing the recipe for the footproof cough medicine.

Steep a teaspoonful of whole flax-seeds in a pint of water, add an ounce of glycerin, an ounce of citrate of soda, the juice of a lemon and a drop or two of peppermint. Dose, for child, a teaspoonful, for adult a tablespoonful, every two hours. Six ingredients, counting the water.

Quill Points

Sign on the gate of child heaven: "No landlords."

Psychology is the scientific method of discovering truths previously revealed by common horse sense.

A green North Carolina co-ed thought a fire alarm box the place to mail a letter. We've read co-ed letters like that.

Ambition is foolish. By the time the boy of 1890 got big enough to have his name on a mug at the barber shop, custom changed and tricked him.

A mere layman can't tell whether detectives are baffled by the job or chosen for the job because they were born that way.

No wonder amateur golfers make the dirt fly. In this land of opportunity so many of them used a spade only yesterday.

You can tell when a man has acquired a full million. He no longer delights in the word "conference."

The British are doing their best to please claimants of the walling wall. They can't provide another wall, but they have at least increased the walling.

Americanism: Striving to get rich enough to live as the titled English do; living forlornly in a great house and secretly longing for cottage and cabbage.

No wonder modern kids are independent. By the time they are high enough to cling to mother's skirts they are old enough to drive the car.

The trouble about an explanation is that it's a waste of energy if it isn't necessary and a waste of energy if it is necessary.

"Dictated not read," is another way of saying: "I can't tell whether the spelling is right or wrong, so I dodge responsibility for it."

College professors have discovered that the dumb look wise and the wise dumb, so the government isn't as unsafe as you thought it was.

Correct this sentence: "I am learning to speak correctly," said the movie star, "but I'm not trying to mimic the English."

MAIL TRIBUNE
DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Rodent
4. Deponent
8. Small fishes
12. Girdle's highest note
13. Petal extremities
14. Actual
15. Talks imperfectly
17. Depend
18. Proposed international language
19. Before: prefix (ten, 411)
20. Small mound
21. Hinged writing
22. Son of Seth
23. Short for Edward
24. A hinge of steel
25. Waddle
26. Enslaves
27. Eating implement
28. Evert's Scot.
29. Small mound
30. Top cards
31. Cooking utensil
32. Eyer

Down of Saturday's Puzzle
1. Water vapor
2. Waterless ending
3. Author of "Alice in Wonderland"
4. Girl's name
5. Hebrew letter
6. Army officer: abbr.
7. Shortly
8. Purposes
9. Scheme
10. The Icelandic literature
11. English college town
12. Clumsy boats
13. Fly aloft
14. Toward the sheltered side
15. Appeared Graciously
16. Fine
17. Make dear-kind of palm
18. Resolve into grammatical elements
19. As for as
20. As thus
21. Grad-shelled fruit
22. Place of rest
23. Article of mathematics
24. Make dear-kind of palm
25. Resolve into grammatical elements
26. As for as
27. As thus
28. Grad-shelled fruit
29. Place of rest
30. Article of mathematics

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35
36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One)

husband should not show cowardice, took the dagger from him plunged it into her bosom and handed it back, saying: "Non dolet, paete." ("It does not hurt"), and died with her husband.

There are millions of such women, fortunately for men, who get what courage they have from their mothers. And Josephine Callaghan of Texas was one of them.

Walker's department store published yesterday, in the Los Angeles Examiner, one advertisement filling 16 pages. That interests publishers and merchants.

R. M. Walker is a business man who realizes that it does not pay to whisper if you can afford to shout.

His proud announcement, "established in Los Angeles for twenty-four years," reminds you that Los Angeles has built one of the world's great cities, while the children of one generation have grown to manhood.

Twenty-four years in Los Angeles is equivalent to 100 years in New York or 1000 years in Rome.

Britain and Russia re-establish diplomatic and business relations, not waiting for any settlement of terms.

Britain wants to get back to business. Other things can come later.

This country shivers, shakes, murmurs "Propaganda" if you suggest that Russia should be allowed to choose her own kind of government, without Wall Street assistance.

You don't want ghost stories told to your children.

But grown men should not be affected by propaganda: they know that fairies are not real, or communist fairy stories about gov-

ernment by the proletariat, the feet directing the head.

The proletariat has as much to say in Russia as it has in Italy, and no more. That should suit high finance.

London has erected statues to Haig, the British general, and to Foch, commander in chief of the allied armies.

The really important memorials will be monuments to Clemenceau and Lloyd George, in London and Paris.

If those two men had died before 1914 there might not exist today any British government or any French government either, except by permission of the Hohenzoferns.

When their fright passes, men forget those that saved them.

Britishers that clung to Lloyd George's knees in the war, belittle and lie about him now.

Father Beressey, vicar of St. Emilion church, in the department of the Gironde, represents his constituents in the French chamber of deputies and is "an eloquent champion of the French wine industry and of real temperance."

Those that know the light wine grown at St. Emilion know that it can be combined with temperance. But of course our ice water is more temperate, though less cheerful.

LEGION JUNIOR STAR TO LET LEAGUE TEST

TAMPA, Fla.—(AP) Two three-base-hits and a couple of flashy plays on batted balls during the American Legion Junior state championship series, earned Robert Guerra, 16-year-old third sacker a tryout with the Tampa club of the Southeastern league.

Guerra parked a couple of hits under the left field signboards, a rare feat even for the regulars of the Southeastern league. And he scooped up a couple of sizzling drives to get his man at first.

Guerra signed on the dotted line but will continue his winter schooling.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.)

September 30, 1919. Mayor E. P. Smith of Omaha, Neb., near death, as the result of being beaten when he tried to keep mob from lynching negro.

Mercury hits 37 above, lowest temperature of fall season.

Annunzio declares war on Jugo-Slavia and threatens to invade country with his insurgent troops.

Washington.—President Wilson reported improved by night's rest.

Acting Mayor E. C. Gaddis issues proclamation calling labor to Medford to save apple crop.

Tom Marshall, famous trap-shooter, arrives from Chicago to look overogue river and his fruit orchard.

Schools are closed for week so children can assist in picking apple crop.

Crater Lake club formed at Young & Wall building, with W. M. Colvig, president.

Three thousand three hundred seven people have registered at Crater Lake this season.

President Taft closely guarded on visit to Seattle fair.

Charles A. Malboeuf, S. P. district freight agent, predicts good prices for Medford pears.

A. C. Burgess and Jonas Wold buy Medford Pharmacy.

SUNDOWN STORIES

Alf Toys. (By Mary Graham Bonner) Peggy and John met the little black clock the next evening. Hardly had they seen him than, with the aid of his marvelous magic, they were whisked up to a hotel which was staying up in the air for four weeks.

The little black clock had turned the time ahead two hundred years.

This evening the little black clock had said that Peggy would be most interested in the trip. But when they got to the toy room, which was famous all over the air for its size and variety of toys, John was really as much interested as Peggy.

They had dolls, of course. The dolls were dressed in the loveliest of colors. There was a rainbow doll, and there was a doll like a star, and there were dolls dressed in the most perfect of sunset and sunrise colorings.

Peggy just couldn't stop exclaiming about them.

There was the sky blue doll and the fluffy white cloud doll. They were the most lovely dolls she had ever seen.

The dolls' houses looked like houses you can sometimes almost see in the sky when you're down on the earth.

There were crystal lights shining, too, in some of the dolls' houses.

John was looking at all the toy airplanes there. They were far ahead of the ones he had ever seen. There were some trains of cars, too, and he was glad to see those. They had a fine signal system.

The little black clock just let them spend all the time they wanted in the great toy room. They didn't bother with anything else.

But when he came back for them he promised that he would let them visit the toy room again some day or other.

Just now their time for this trip was up.

Monday—"Starting Again." Pendleton—New Columbia Gorge depot, at Railroad and Main streets, opened to public.

For Glasses That Are RIGHT See Dr. D. A. Chambers OPTOMETRIST 404 Medford Bldg.

By BUD FISHER

MUTT AND JEFF
MUTT: I'LL TAKE BACK ALL THE NASTY THINGS I'VE SAID ABOUT YOUR BROTHER, IMA. THIS SWELL DINNER HE'S GIVING AT THE RITZMORE AT EIGHT BELLS TONIGHT. OR MAS, BETTY AND EUNICE AND ME AND YOU, WILL SET HIM BACK SIXTY BUCKS WITHOUT THE TIP. HE'S A REAL SPORT, KID!
JEFF: SURE; I KEPT TELLING YOU THAT YOU HAD HIM ALL WRONG!
MUTT: THIS IS THE DUMP WHERE THEY SOAK YOU FOUR BITS FOR A CUP OF COFFEE!
WAITER: I'M IMA MUTT. HERE'S A FROGSKIN FOR YOU!
MUTT: THANK YOU, SIR. I FANCY YOU WANT ME TO RESERVE A TABLE FOR YOU, SIR?
JEFF: I'LL BE IN HERE AT EIGHT BELLS WITH THREE SKIRTS AND MY BROTHER AND JEFF, AND I WANT YOU TO TELL ME ALL THE TABLES ARE ENGAGED! SAVVY?