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Ye Smudge Pot

The president forgot to include in his Thanksgiving proclamation, any thankfulness for the blessing of the local Mussolini, who is saving the nation, and the farmer, with his soft-nosed lead pencil.

There are still no signs of rain. Mr. C. W. Apple's corn is in a troubled mood, and heching, but its agony is not backed up by the presence of any clouds on high. It is not much use to look for rain unless the sky is mused up with a conglomeration of clouds.

This dud-burned typewriter is ailing again, in an axe murder is not far distant.

The hoboes are asking for a four-day working week of two hours daily. They ought to run for office.—(Hepper News, in Pendleton East Oregonian.)

If the sunshine keeps up, somebody on the Applegate will see a robin pecking at a late strawberry.

The University of Oregon football team is now deadlocked with Stanford, the University of California, Washington State college, and the University of Southern California, for first place in the football conference.

Always buy stocks at the bottom, which is just 40 points below the price you did buy them.

Opinions of a law may differ, but there can be only one opinion of a man who swears to uphold the law and doesn't.

HON. (?) A. B. FALL ENCOUNTERS A VIVID, TUCKERISH MOMENT On one occasion Mr. Fall was doing some solitary drinking in the wine-room of the Coney Island when Clements walked in, saw that his victim was alone, pulled out his gun, shoved it into the face of his enemy, and—didn't squeeze the trigger! Had he only done so, think what a difference it would have made in American history!

FOOTBALL AND BOSE PEARS

THAT was a great victory won by O. S. C. over Detroit last Saturday. But it is scarcely accurate to claim that this victory introduced the people of the motor-car metropolis to Oregon for the first time.

For, thanks to Medford's Bose pear campaign, the people of Detroit have not only been hearing about Medford's wonderful Bose pears, over the radio and in newspaper advertisements, but they have been eating them and paying a good price for them.

The Aggie triumph merely confirms and strengthens an impression previously implanted, that there is something besides Indians, bunch-grass and buffalo in that widespread area of the Pacific Coast, north of California and south of the Columbia river.

THE situation suggests a very desirable program. The college at Corvallis has aided Medford pear growers in numerous practical directions. What more fitting than that, as the Bose pear campaign extends, the college should send its football team to clinch the argument.

It might not be a bad idea to present the Aggies with a few boxes of Rogue River Boses, and suggest they eat a few before the whistle blows just to demonstrate that pears contain those valuable vitamins which produce completed forward-passes and touch-downs, so dear to the heart of American football fans.

THE O. S. C. WARRIORS have delivered the goods in New York City and Detroit, now why not send them next year to Cleveland, Ohio, New York or wherever the Bose opportunities appear promising?

The opportunity to display their wares seems to be all an O. S. C. football team needs, anywhere east of the Mississippi. The result in Detroit demonstrates that the same opportunity is all the Medford Winter Pear Committee needs.

Why not combine the opportunities and reap a common harvest? It looks to us like a clear proposition of Old Man Opportunity again knocking on the door, and the only task resting on Medford and Corvallis being the simple task of opening it.

DOES PUBLICITY PAY?

TO realize what an outstanding success the Bose campaign has been, it is only necessary to recall what the situation was a year ago, before the co-operative advertising campaign was inaugurated.

An attempt was then made to sell a few cars of Bose in Detroit. Only one or two cars were taken at low prices and the brokers maintained they lost money on those.

This year to date 16 cars have been sold, all at prices far in excess of last year's sales, and some of them at prices higher than at the established markets in New York and Chicago. Four more cars will be sold.

This complete transformation in the situation, and this sensational success, was due to one thing and one thing only.—COOPERATION.—co-operation in advertising, co-operation in properly conditioning the fruit for immediate consumption.

Only in this direction, was there any change in the Detroit situation this year over last. In fact, as far as market conditions in general are concerned, the conditions this year were not as good as last, for the sale of a specialty fruit like the Bose pear.

AND yet 16 cars have been sold at excellent prices, where last year only two were sold, at a loss. More than that, an important section in the East, which had never taken Bose pears before has now been established as a permanent and profitable market, which undoubtedly will take more Bose pears in the future.

The results should certainly be very gratifying to the members of the Winter Pear Committee, and entitle them to the enthusiastic support of the pear growers, in their determination to conduct a similar campaign next year on a larger and more extensive scale.

Why shouldn't the Carnegie Foundation examine the status of football players? It always investigates heroes.

Stocks were not the only things to go down. In scattered villages a lot of noses got down to a normal level.

Always buy stocks at the bottom, which is just 40 points below the price you did buy them.

Opinions of a law may differ, but there can be only one opinion of a man who swears to uphold the law and doesn't.

MUTT AND JEFF—Marketing in the Twilight



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 to receive a letter should be brief and written to him. 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 UNMASKING OF AN ALLEGED "COLD"

Here's one for your favorite old doctor or health officer to comb out of his beard. I am indebted to Dr. T. Wood Clarke of Ulica for the report. Dr. Clarke included it in a remarkable paper on "Allergic Disease as a Childhood" which he presented to the New York State Medical Society meeting this summer.



The patient, now an academy pupil (as I should say, though Dr. Clarke dignifies him as student) has been under the doctor's observation since he was three months old. At the age of two he began to have "colds" and attacks of acute bronchitis every few weeks. His mother—

Now, mothers please pay close attention to this. It may mean a lot to your own children. Anyway, it will be a wholesome influence in your home life.

The boy's mother blamed the attacks on the boy's getting overheated. "Oh, fellows, don't let mother overlook this one. It may make life a good deal more comfortable at your house."

Yep, mother was quite certain the attacks came because the young 'un got overheated—you know how foolish and reckless young 'uns are about that—and she just dreaded his visits to his grandma's home in the country, because he always roused her up by playing so hard out there and got overheated, and after that of course he was sure to take cold and have another spell of that bronchitis. Dear me, it did seem though—

I'm touching up mother's language a bit—Dr. Clarke didn't make her talk this way. Inevitably the boy's tonsils were removed—didn't he live and have his "colds" in the very height of the tonsil removal craze? Then for a period the poor kid had to take cold morning baths—'I suppose maybe dad had a kind of vicarious Spartan theory that the child was "soft" and so the whole hide of the dog that bit him ought to "harden" him. Dr. Clarke didn't say so; I suppose that may account for the morning cold bath tetter. Of course those painful endeavors were of no avail.

When the child was eight years old Dr. Clarke tried some skip tests on him (these tests were just being developed at that time, which probably accounts for the delay in their application). Items used in the tests included 13 poisons and six bacteria, all with negative results. Then came hair and feathers, and cat hair gave a strong reaction. Mother said it couldn't possibly be cats, as they had none and the boy never saw a cat. But here the boy spoke for himself. And I beg to call to the attention of all parents that sometimes a child should be heard as well as seen. "Oh, mother, you know there are lots of wild cats in grandma's barn, and whenever I go there I have lots of fun catting them." That let the cat out of the bag, the doctor warned the boy to keep off cats, as far off as he could keep, when visiting grandma's place. The attacks of bronchitis ceased, and for the last eight years the boy has been remarkably free from "colds" (question marks are mine, not Dr. Clarke's), though he camps, plays football and gets overheated in every way known to healthy youth.

If we could know all the facts in every instance of alleged "taking cold" we would find that the circumstantial evidence is always just as unreliable as it proved in this case.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Historically Speaking. It may or may not interest you to know that the editor of the American Medical Journal says that the administration of mercury byunction (rubbing mercury ointment on the skin) is a recognized and effective method.—C. C.

Answer.—With minor editorial corrections I should say the injection treatment WAS formerly supposed to be effective. Rarely does a modern physician resort to such a crude means of administering mercury; the reason why it is rarely used nowadays is that intelligent physicians know it is impossible to estimate how much or how

little of the mercury the patient inhales.

Is a murmuring horse serious? What is the cause of it? Can it be cleared up?—R. S.

Answer.—As often as not it is only fooling. If a murmuring horse has the trouble your heart gives you (there's nothing to worry about). That's all I can tell you without personal data. Seems to me a silly business for you to worry over such a question, unless he is afflicted with some queer condition objection to consulting a physician.

Cedrine Dyspepsia. Mother, 72, afflicted with cardiac asthma for years. Relative asks question of house plants: we have only two blossoming plants, geranium and amaryllis (lily). Otherwise we have English ivy, ivy geranium, begonia, foliage plants, grape fruit tree, etc. I have always regarded growing plants as a benefit rather than otherwise. We have never had primroses. Do you think we ought to discard our plants?—P. T. E.

Answer.—If the trouble is cardiac asthma of course no plant has anything to do with it. So-called cardiac asthma (unfortunate misuse of the word) is simply difficult breathing or shortness of breath due to impairment of the heart. Careful examination in not a few such cases, where the shortness of breath is constant, will disclose an accumulation of water (serum) in one side of the chest (pleural cavity) and the aspiration of drawing off this fluid, a simple procedure, will give the patient great relief.

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Brisbane's Today

He was a man of frightful energy, mental and physical. It was said "Ses enemies eraignent, et sa plume, et son epee" ("His enemies fear his pen and his sword.") He fought for his ideas with his pen, fought many a duel, with sword and pistol, and was never worsted in a duel, or a political fight.

He carried power and courage into old age. He was 73 when the war began, 77 in 1918. The French, barring the narrow minded that hated him, call him "Pere la Victoire" (Father Victory). He was in actual truth, the savior of France. And he would value that title above any other. He would rather have saved France than all the rest of the world, plus a thousand other worlds, if France were not included.

His courage cannot be exaggerated, nor his severity, his grim, ruthless determination in time of danger to his country. A young man, he had seen the humiliation of France after the war of 1870, when an imitation Napoleon, controlled by a bigoted woman, plunged the French into disaster. He was determined that it should not happen again and, thanks to HIM, it did not happen.

He managed the big war for France, supplying the moral force that brought victory. Clemenceau stood behind the young and middle-aged fighting at Verdun.

AND HE STOOD BESIDE THEM. When there was hesitation or pacifist defeatism, he had men shot. And where there was the greatest danger he stood with the common soldiers, to learn how they were treated, what unnecessary risks they ran, if any.

An officer told him: "You must retire. To stand where you are is to commit suicide."

The old man replied: "I may be too old to commit suicide for love, in the usual way. But I am not too old to commit suicide for the love of France."

Well may the French thank God, as millions of them do, that they had such a man.

He never feared bullet, shell, sword, nor the face of any man.

And dead, he asks nothing. Glory

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS: 1. Small squirrel 2. Discreet 10. To the inside of 14. Italian coin 15. Ecological state 16. Midday 17. Insects 18. Socials 19. Large woody plant 20. Honey 21. Pigeons 22. Friends of hope 23. Play 24. Sea story 25. Pin 26. Object of worship 27. Greek letter 28. The eyebrows 29. Free-for-all fight 30. Ladders 40. River mud 41. Collier 42. Crag 43. Arouse 44. European bank 45. Small mound 46. Thoroughfare 47. River fish 48. Before 49. Airy emblem 50. Farn 51. McLeod 52. Rhythmic expansion of the heart 53. Metal

Complex crossword puzzle grid with words filled in. Includes words like SELENE, PURLED, TRACED, PIECE, OMIT, GAD, EARL, PIN, MERES, SEE, STERES, RELETS, EA, VI, GREET, DETEST, RIG, SCORN, DEE, THCE, GRE, MIEN, SCROW, ARABLE, FEUDAL, MALLEE, SPARS, STEED.

- 23. Pale brown 24. Gears of aquatic herbs 25. Irish explosive 26. One 27. That which terminates 28. Leave 29. Other 30. Links at 31. Evidently 32. Rhythmical expansion of the heart 33. Metal

13x13 crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1-13 in the top row and 1-13 in the first column.

Quill Points

Smile for today. As sensitive as a woman who snores.

One explanation of everything is that cranks make noisy protest and others never think to express their approval.

Wall Street gambling isn't like crap shooting at all. In the latter game the bone is in the player's hand.

One of the last to see Clemenceau alive was Monsignor de la Valette Montbrun, bishop in partibus, who called as an old friend and prayed for Clemenceau as he lay unconscious, never again to open his eyes.

Like Herbert Spencer, he could not believe in future life. "We must accept that," said he, "as we find it."

Death he believed to be a dreamless sleep to be welcomed, as we welcome natural sleep at the end of each day.

Many for his sake and his father's sake will hope that he was mistaken, that he underestimated the goodness and justice of the power that creates men and puts in their souls a longing for immortality.

How it can be done, where it can be done, whether it can be done, no man knows, but the Clemenceaus, father and son, both dead at 88, should see and know each other

again and not, through eternity, until the world dissolves, rest, lonely, in their Vendee graves.

That a human father and mother could create such a man as Clemenceau, and that a man, nearing 90, could do the work that he did, far surpasses in wonder any miracle necessary to continue life after death. Life is plentiful and easy. Courage and power are rare.

Daughter's idea of a room that reflects her personality properly is one lined with mirrors.

Americanism: Wishing you could tell those fellows in Washington

how to manage things, wishing you knew how to manage your kid.

Why the divorce evil? Well, a big peasant doesn't take any sass from a little prince after a reputation is established.

No hunter ever found a dead elephant? Well, no fisherman ever found a dead worm.

Senator Blah drinks and so shall I," says John Doe. What about Senator Blah lies and so shall I?

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) Nov. 26, 1919

U. S. relations with Mexico reported near break when Inter-country delays release of U. S. Consul W. O. Jenkins.

Washington, D. C., reports desertions from U. S. army total 809 per month.

Countess Primo Mogri, known as Mrs. Tom Thumb, dies in Middleboro, Mass., aged 77.

General Felipe Angeles, Mexican revolutionist leader, executed by President Carranza firing squad at Chihuahua City.

R. W. Palmer purchases residence of Dr. E. G. Riddell on North Oakdale.

Mayor Gates and Delroy Getchell buy carload of eastern anthracite coal for \$22 per ton.

Twenty Years Ago Today (From files of the Mail Tribune.) Nov. 22, 1909

Affidavits published showing Medford teachers net \$1000 per acre on apples—no mention made of pears.

Pittsburg—30 lives lost when Royal Hotel burns down.

Medford with one automobile for every 30 inhabitants leads the world in autos per capita.

With Rogue river 20 feet above the gauge at Gold Ray, all high water records since 1861, broken.

A million new pear and apple trees to be planted in Rogue River valley.

Rogue river apples also win first prize at Alaska-Yukon exhibition in Seattle.

SUNDOWN STORIES

The Duck's Bill. By Mary Graham Bonner.

The Little Black Clock had brought John and Peggy to a farm. It looked like a very old-fashioned kind of a farm, and the Little Black Clock said that it was, and that he had put the time back quite a distance.

"Of course not the way I turned it back when we saw the water clock, but I've put it back for tonight's trip, too."

Near the farm was a little brook and wading in the brook were some ducks.

They were having a meal and were enjoying themselves so much. Between sips they quacked-queaked their pleasure at what they were finding.

It was fun to watch them. They ducked their heads down in the water, they shook themselves, they waddled up on the banks and they seemed to keep very busy without doing very much of anything.

The leader duck is saying something. The Little Black Clock said, "Let's listen."

The leader duck had just had his dessert. At least Peggy decided it was his dessert, for, as she said, he had been eating dessert and had certainly reached dessert time by now.

"That was just the right size for my beak or my bill," said the leader duck, or as he called himself, Leader, Drake.

"And," he added, "I've decided something. Friends of the brook, hearken to what I say."

"Tomorrow—'The Safing'."

How to manage things, wishing you knew how to manage your kid.

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