

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily, Sunday, Weekly
Published by
MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
25-27-29 N. E. St. Phone 75

ROBERT W. BUNN, Editor
R. 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, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on highway:
Daily, with Sunday, month......75
Daily, without Sunday, month......65
Daily, without Sunday, one year.....6.50
Daily, with Sunday, one year.....7.00
All terms, cash in advance.

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MEMBER OF THE UNITED PRESS
Official paper of the City of Medford.
Official paper of Jackson County.

A. B. C. average circulation for six months ending October 1, 1929, 17,774.
Daily average circulation for six months to October 1st, 1929, 4,011.
Present press run, 4,325.

MEMBER OF ADVERTISING BUREAU OF CIRCULATION
Advertising Representatives
M. C. MURPHY & COMPANY
Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

Chairman Legge of the Farm Board, must feel cheap to learn from heavy thinking local sources, that he will make a fizzle of the farm relief measure before he starts. Chairman Legge is one of those usual gamblers who devote their days to achievement, instead of standing on the shady side of the bank, cussing the taxes and cooking up fool notions to get something for nothing. Mr. Legge was worth \$100,000 a year to the tightest corporation in the world, so he will probably be able to think up something helpful for agriculture, if given a chance, and his opponents in the valley don't get him fired.

Clouds, which are essential to the success of any rain, are appearing in the sky, their usual location. All the overworked editorial writers are pounding away on editorializing beginning: The gray rain is threatening gently on the tin roofs and the parched earth, causing wide rejoicing among the horny handed tillers of the soil.

Our fellow townsman, Carl Stewart, motored to Portland Monday and reported to the hotel reporter of the Oregonian that he counted 11 one-eyed autos on the way. If that is all the one-eyed autos he could count, he is also one-eyed.

"Olat Larsen ran across the bay Sunday afternoon to see Mr. Cox" (Portland Tribune). A supernatural feat receives but casual mention.

AND JUSTICE UNFOLDING
(Portland Telegram)
Jack Clifford pleaded guilty to a charge of attempting to lure an 18-year-old girl into an unspeakable South End dive in Municipal Judge Tomlinson's court.

Marye Hette (nee Mary Hette) walked 4 miles and ate no food Tuesday, and not a pair of scales in town would tell the truth, all recording an unexpected and substantial gain.

Several of the Younger Set, who have elected Kris Kringle to being them a pearl necklace for Christmas, are threatening to wash the supper dishes for Mama. "The Old Man" is being huffed as Dear Old Dad.

WANTED—Burr saw to fit on rear of Ford. Also, drag saw. Write M. F. Miller, star route, Bend, Oregon, care Martin Daley. (Wanted, Bend Bulletin). Something for the Disarmament conference to note and ponder.

CURE FOR BALKY GALS
(From "Arms in France")
Angered by Mathilda's refusal to marry him, William, then duke of Normandy, waylaid her as she left church, knocked her down, rolled her in the mud and threw stones at her, with the result that the duly impressed young lady went home with aching bones and throbbing bruises and announced to her father that her husband was to be William or nobody.

John Maffney, of the Applegate, towed yesterday. John won distinction several years ago, by running after the Jacksonville street car on its last trip.

"WHEN WINTER COMES"
If you found an extra overcoat in your car the other day, return it to Lorene Roberts at the Recreation Billiard parlor. It belongs to a young apprentice barber who is working his way through school. Forty years ago Senator Allen was doing the same thing. The barber put this overcoat in a car thinking it was his boss' car, when the car disappeared his coat went with it, and it is all he can afford this winter. If you have any milk of human kindness in you, return this coat; and if you don't may it get around your neck and choke you the first cold-day you wear it.

GIVE THE FARM BOARD A FAIR CHANCE

LIKE most middlemen, Charles W. Lonsdale, prominent mid-Western grain dealer, does not believe in co-operative marketing, as far as his own business is concerned.

He has therefore refused to assume direction of the Farmers' National Grain Corporation, which was recently organized under the Federal Farm Relief Board.

"Obviously," says Mr. Lonsdale, "it would be unfair to both the farm board and to myself, for me to engage in its services when my best judgment, gained through 40 years in the grain trade, is that the plan, as far as it applies to grain, is fundamentally unworkable."

"Obviously," is right. Under the circumstances, Mr. Lonsdale could do nothing less than retire, and his action is an entirely creditable one to himself.

NEVERTHELESS we regard it as rather premature to conclude that all co-operative marketing is a failure, because Mr. Lonsdale opposes it. Or because other grain brokers may oppose it. There are other business men with equal experience and with as high capabilities, from President Hoover down, who believe that proper co-operative methods will prove more profitable to the grain grower than the old competitive methods.

Just as "obviously" such men are as entitled to an opportunity to try out a system they believe in as Mr. Lonsdale is entitled to withdraw from a system in which he doesn't believe.

And it seems only fair play to give President Hoover, and those who believe as he does, a chance to demonstrate the truth or falsity of their claims. Certainly if co-operative marketing is as impractical and iniquitous as Mr. Lonsdale maintains, the fact will be demonstrated soon enough.

No one can deny the old competitive methods have not brought prosperity or contentment to either the grain growers or the farmers. Perhaps a co-operative system will do no better. It may be true up system can bring relief. But why not try out the new system first—give the President and the Farm Relief Board a fair chance—instead of trying to tie their hands before they start?

IN this, as in all other departments of human activity, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. It is true that some co-operatives have failed. It is also true many have succeeded. The only way to determine the value or worthlessness of any particular system is to try it out. Then why not let good sports and let President Hoover and the Farm Board have their trial?

This appeals to us as not only good sportsmanship, but good sense. For, whether we believe or don't believe in co-operative methods, the Farm Board has been formed, and the system is to be tried. The co-operative movement not only in agriculture, but in all industry, is too strong and too well established, for any individual or group of individuals, to expect that they can destroy it merely by talking against it.

If they are right experience is going to sustain them, no matter how much pro-co-operative propaganda is put out; and if they are wrong their cause is hopeless, regardless of how they may try to sweep back the economic tide with a broom.

Why then stir up a lot of bickering and bitterness which, by the very nature of things, can do no permanent good, one way or the other?

MOREOVER, there is no compulsion about this co-operative business. Those who don't want co-operation, or don't want assistance, financial or otherwise, from the Farm Relief Board, are not going to get it. Only those who do want it—who believe in it—are going to be accommodated.

Certainly such people should be allowed to do as they wish, and a government which has legally adopted a certain plan, should be allowed to test that plan out as it desires without having their motives impugned, as in some mysterious sense—un-American.

There is plenty of room in this country for both co-operative and competitive marketing methods. No matter how either system may grow, the time will probably never come when either one will be entirely abandoned.

The co-operative movement in the California citrus industry has often been cited as a striking demonstration of the success of such a system. And yet during the past year, there were 22,593 carloads of citrus fruit (seven times the total tonnage in this district) shipped out by growers not affiliated in any way with the California Fruit Growers' Exchange. The co-operative goes its way, the independents go theirs.

NO, the entire co-operative movement, in every department of economic life, must stand or fall on its own feet. No friendly propaganda is going to support it if it can't; no hostile propaganda is going to destroy it, if it CAN.

We hold no brief for co-operative marketing, nor do we claim any special knowledge concerning it. But we do regard it as an important question, and we do believe that, regardless of what one may think of it, it is entitled to what in so many quarters it is not receiving—a square deal.

Yes, there must be some immigration from southern Europe. Financing grand opera is no fun unless there's an audience.

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.

NEVER MIND ABOUT SHOES AND STOCKINGS—HAVE YOU GIVEN YOUR KIDS A T-A?

On the train the other day I met a young bimbo—oh, no, no, I'm not that kind of a man at all—and she was exceedingly soothing to the eye. She was right up to date, too, bare legs, dimples in her knees, and everything. She smiled in my direction along the aisle. Pretty soon she gave me the "Come hither" look, and I went further. Now I need not assure you I was a perfect gentleman throughout the journey. You see, the bimbo was charmed by her ma. Her ma I believe, did wear, well, didn't really notice, but she seemed to make a pleasing background for the bimbo.

I asked her ma whether she wasn't afraid the young lady might take cold, going bare legged like that, these cool autumn days. The good woman opened her eyes widely and stammered a bit. "Why, it's this way with us," she said. "Babies come lush in our town, but we have to have 'em. This one set us back two hundred berries, though I understand very good ones can be had in your town from \$50 up, cash on delivery." At this point in the encounter I noticed on the floor by the mother's chair a copy of the best family newspaper in this section. So I began to suspect that the bimbo's ma was perhaps a trifle ahead of me.

"Um," remarked, "you have daylight saving time in your city, don't you?" But she went right on with her story. "Yes, and we considered we were lucky to get away from the hospital with enough change for carfare and cigarettes—my carfare and my husband's cigarettes. And the baby is now eight months old, and we just feel we can't afford shoes and stockings for her."

"I'm glad to hear that," I said some twenty minutes later. "I wish a lot more folks couldn't afford either. If more people could not afford shoes and stockings for the young 'uns for at least six months in the year we'd probably have more babies—I mean here more of 'em after we get 'em. Then, too, this barelegged fad is great for preventing rickets and bowlegs and all that, and helps thrifty people to save on the cod liver oil bill. If I had my way everybody would have to show a leg."

The nice mama lady seemed to grow uneasy. "Was there something?" I inquired, in my best Esplanade manner. She began folding a large square of cloth into a triangle. "I was just going to say that we have managed to get along without any shoes and stockings for her, but she has had her T-A anyhow, and that's more than a good many parents do for their children."

"T-A," I tried to think what she meant. Could it be that this fine, healthy, laughing bimbo was given some dern nostrum or other? The mother didn't look like a dumb-bell.

"You know," she explained, as she gathered up things preparatory to leaving the train. "Toxin-antitoxin. She'll never have diphtheria now. Thank you. We gave it to her on your advice, you know, Dr. Brady."

Well, anyway, that was one happy baby. I suppose her ma reasoned such a sarcastic countenance could belong to none other than yours truly.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Two Fingers Enough, Thank You
In this office when I hear people talking about "catching cold" because an electric fan is in use or some fresh air fiend has a window open; or having rheumatism in March because the person had gone swimming the previous October; or girls getting the measles because they don't wear clothes enough; or some body being so nervous she is likely to have St. Vitus' dance; I thank heaven for Dr. Brady and all your fine teachings. A long life to you, Dr. Brady, and may you continue your splendid writings for many years to come, only learn the touch system—it's quicker than the seek-and-ye-shall-find. (Nancy E.)

Answer—That and playing the piano are two great things I wish I could learn before I die. That is.

learn yet still be happy. As it is, I can get along with the two-finger system as fast as I can dictate, and I need the exercise. But by Jimmy, I'd give one of those fingers if I could sit down at the Steinway and think a nocturne or pound out a bit of Wagner now and then. I can't make my own music in my own mood, your letter brings me as much satisfaction. It is just like hearing a voice at the other end of the wire saying: "Yes, go on; I'm listening."

Father's Varicose Veins
Permit me to thank you for the knowledge of the new treatment of varicose veins. My father, nearly 70 years old, has suffered for 10 years. Recently he had two injections in the left leg (the worse one) and as a result he can now wear a shoe and walk around again. Years ago an operation to remove the vein was suggested, but due to his age and poor condition father did not consent. This new method is wonderful, we think. (L. F.)

Ans.—And yet there are not a few old fogey physicians (many of them young in years, though) around the country who discourage patients who seek the new treatment, by telling them it is likely to endanger life or something. Such physicians are grievously. The chemical obliteration of varicose is far safer and far more satisfactory to the patient than the old and comparatively crude surgical removal of the vein. The more progressive and competent physicians everywhere are using chemical obliteration treatment with success. Any doctor who is competent to do the simplest office surgery is competent to give patients the boon of chemical obliteration of varicose veins. The reason why many doctors have not yet adopted the method is simply that they're too lazy or too indifferent to bestir themselves to learn the simple technique. That's what comes of popularity. Some doctors never cease to be earnest students, no matter how large their practice. Others quit studying the moment they attain popularity.

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Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One)

Now that selling whiskey, or beer, has been made a crime, everything concerning it should be turned over to the department of justice.

The President urges Congress to make Washington, D., a bone dry example to the entire nation. A good idea, but can it be done?

Should it be shown that all the forces of the government centralized in Washington are unable to make that one small city dry, it will be realized, perhaps, that it is not possible to make the nation dry.

Russia, naturally, annoyed at United States interference in China. The Russians say Uncle Sam is trying to snatch away their victory and encourage China.

The United States is cleverly put in the position of leading the other nations in what Russia considers meddling interference.

You never that Japan and Germany, Russia's nearest neighbors, hold aloof, refusing any share in telling Russia about her duties in China, beautiful peace, etc.

Having a close-up of Russia at hand, Japanese and Germans know that a conflict with Russia would not be pleasant.

Many were the titles of P. J. King of Chicago, known to his world as "Paddy" King. He was called "labor leader, racketeer, convict."

Yesterday, "put on the spot," he was only a dead man, riddled with gangster bullets, his time having come.

Chicago believes that Mr. King tried to kill somebody on Sunday morning, or that his representatives tried to do the killing, and failed.

The person that escaped is supposed to have disposed of Mr. King in that world, where action speaks

MAIL TRIBUNE
DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Tibetan priests
2. Adult
3. Cultured garden plot
4. Positive electrode
5. Hewing tool
6. Before
7. Children slain by King Herod
8. Character in "Peer Gynt"
9. New comb form
10. Explained by notes
11. Go ashore
12. Parcel of ground
13. Turned out
14. Rooms
15. Sneeze, exclamation
16. Split pulse of the East Indies
17. Begot
18. Hindu form of address to a European gentleman
19. Sent to the wrong place
20. Seline
21. Reach across
22. Kind of macaroni
23. No. Scot.

DOWN

1. Been prostrate
2. English queen
3. Monument made of a single block of stone
4. Commotion
5. Straight line cutting a curve
6. American educationist
7. Praise
8. Wise counselor
9. Flag
10. Gaelic
11. Great "caper" move
12. Mother of Xerxes
13. Paining
14. Feminine suffix
15. By way of
16. Field mark
17. Inhabitant of a European city
18. Complete collection
19. Enters in a catalog
20. Command
21. Greatly marries
22. Kind of rubber
23. Distant
24. Pronoun
25. Barron
26. Anglo-Saxon
27. Depressed

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leader than words, it is unwise to start anything unless you finish.

A man who understands coal and oil has a patent for burning coal underground in the mine. Gas extracted from the coal would be piped to the surface and sold.

That is an improvement on blasting and digging coal, hauling it to the surface, loading it on cars, carting it to cities. Changed into gas, coal travels, transported by its own power of expansion.

Standard Oil of New Jersey is making gasoline from coal. Our coal supplies are vast, and the coal industry has been in a bad way. Human ingenuity may bring it back again.

SUNDOWN STORIES

THANKSGIVING HISTORY
By Mary Graham Bonner.

"Oh, what a dreadful little boat, and how bitterly cold it is," said John to the Little Black Clock.

"I've turned the time back to 1620," explained the Little Black Clock, "and this is the Mayflower you're on."

"The one on which the Pilgrims crossed?" John's sister Peggy asked.

"Yes, they're on this boat. They are too busy exploring the coast to notice us. I turned the time back to the 21st of November, when they first came to the coast—and now I'll move it slowly forward a little so you can see them as they decide to choose to land on the New England coast instead of the New Jersey coast, as they had first planned."

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And so John and Peggy saw the Mayflower as it actually landed on the Plymouth coast—they saw the small band of Pilgrims get off the boat, they saw the cold, wild, rough coast of New England, and they were thrilled beyond all words at seeing these settlers arriving to make their homes in a new, new land.

As the Little Black Clock took them back home from their trip on the Mayflower, he told them a little of Thanksgiving history.

"It was in 1789 that George Washington named Thursday, the 26th of November, as a day in which to give thanks for the blessings of the year."

"It was Abraham Lincoln who picked out the last Thursday in November as a day of general thanksgiving."

"But we've seen so much history and heard so much history this evening that we'll be quite weary if we don't get back and have a rest soon," John said as they turned toward home.

"Don't forget! I'll meet you tomorrow evening! I'm making plans in my head now," said the Little Black Clock.

Tomorrow—"Strange Keys."
Oregon Weather.

Fair east; unsettled with rains; fog; portion tonight and Thursday. Warmer Thursday. Increasing southerly winds on the coast.

Holocaust of Crater Lake

The last of October two pages of poetic verse on Crater Lake, entitled "Holocaust" and signed "Thomas R. Stetson, Hotel Medford," were received by Will C. Steele, United States commissioner and "father" of Crater Lake National park.

Mr. Stetson recently came here from New York, with a view to purchasing a fruit ranch, and locating in the valley, but after the recent stock market panic got well under way, he remarked rather jokingly that he would have to give up the ranch purchase.

Seek the gate in Crater mountains. Seek it, seek it, year by year—Gold is hidden in Crater mountain. In abundance for His judgment: He will open Crater mountain. When the world is born again: The rubbish must be burned away. To build a sterner temple. To the justice of His wisdom—And a fairer breed of men.

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Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

(From files of the Mail Tribune.)

Dec. 4, 1919
U. S. government decides to deport Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman to Russia.

Don Rader, Medford baseball star, sold to Beaumont, of Texas league.

Weather report shows November rainfall of 1.87 inches was far below monthly average of 3.75 inches.

Harvard football team, champions in east accept invitation to play Oregon, champions of the coast, at Pasadena, New Year's day.

500 China pheasants liberated in valley.

Mexican grids reported settled when U. S. Consul Jenkins is released from jail and allowed to return to United States.

Dr. J. M. Keene resumes practice of dentistry, taking offices with Dr. F. S. Barber in Adkins building.

W. E. Johnson, former manager of Nash hotel, buys Joe Rader's place for \$50,000.

A. D. Coulter of Seattle purchases Gilman and Andrews tracts near Villa ranch for \$55,000.

Oregon swept by blizzards, mercury in Portland drops to 21 above.

N. Y. — Andrew Carnegie was arrested and fined today for speeding on 5th Ave.

Dr. F. C. Page lets contract for new Page building at Main street and Riverside.

Adolph Knauser, famous violinist delights audience at Opera House, and is so delighted with Medford he buys 10 acre tract from Oregon Orchard Syndicate and decides to return to Medford to live.

chase idea and probably go back to New York and hustle for a living. He is, however, still living in Medford and hopes to remain. The poetic effort follows:

HOLCAUST
Are these driftin' sandhills haunted?
Hell brook through, up Crater mountain.

There's a lake in Crater mountain
To cool the molten crown;
Where the devils, darkness wearied,
Dug for sunlight through the strata—
Their earthquakes was the blastin'
That tore the mountain down.
It was higher than Mount Shaster
Once.

The top of Crater mountain,
You can see Mount Shaster shinin'
In his ermine cape of snow;
The timid timber's creepin' back,
It pertified out yonder,
When dragons drag the limestone
Where.

Their bones is lyin' now.
Blew the top off Crater mountain
An' begun their depredations;
Cannonadin' burstin' lava
Which the glaciers couldn't quench;
Burned the redwoods, scared the
valleys.

"Til God saw it, rose in anger,
Washed the excess out with water,
Plugged the highroad down to hell.
It all happened mighty sudden,
And some devils got excluded,
When the satyrs in the 'deadrops'
sit.

A whistlin' in the sun;
You can hear them mock the
wallin'.

Of the demons in the valleys,
That's a playin' echos-tenis
Where the wanton rivers run,
They enmuzzled the rumbled
cliffs.

With rippin' from the rainbows
That ring the watered sun;
As the rockin' thunders die
Where the marchin', climbin' army
of the inflated cedars
Storms the bastions of the rim-
rock.

Battle-clouded in the sky,
And there's nights the sheep will
huddle.