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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Parry

A five day week is now the goal of Oregon barbers. By using the other two days for sharpening their razors, they can make a humane move out of it.

There is a great civic ad about young persons under 15 years of age running loose after 9 o'clock at night. The fly in the ointment is boys of this age "storming" the boxing shows.

The Indiana man who was shot for a Jackrabbit, don't feel as bad about it as the Utah citizen who was shot for a skunk.

Despite the avalanche of praiseful "applauds" dispensed in his behalf by the Portland sporting editors, the late football coach at the Uofo, will not be late any more. The problem now confronts the university of picking a successor, who will meet the approval of the legislature, the wheat growers of Umatilla county, the Willamette Valley Dental society, and the class of '46.

Man must eat. One of the chief candidates presented by the metropolitan press, is notorious for his hum officiating. A poor referee ought to make a stonewalling coach. The state at large, suspects that "Mighty Oregon" should find a gridding mentor who at least has enough sense to cause his squad to put up a respectable struggle for a touchdown once they had the ball within the 10-yard line.

NOW RELINQUISH IT
(La Plata, Mo., Press)
The funniest error that has thus far crept into the typographical of the Home Press was found in the very nice card of thanks issued by Elliott & Finchbaugh to the firefighters whom we caused to "distinguish" the fire.

"DODGE SEDAN IN GOOD CONDITION"—(Ad This Paper). You better be.

A trial in Arkansas reveals that there are mothers in that state who can not count the number of their own children. Have you made your 1930 contribution for the alleged benighted heathen?

Ned Vilas, the bouncing father of a proud pair of twins will return to earth late Saturday afternoon. The weather balloon sent up yesterday morning reports seeing him in the upper realms. The balloon did not get close enough to exchange greetings of the season.

The June bride was in tears this morning. It seems Wilbur set the coffee pot down on one of her waffles, thinking it was an asbestos pad.—(Detroit News.) Husbandry gets its edge dulled with something besides borrowing.

MEXICO CITY (P)—So that impoverished, expectant mothers may have proper nourishment, the National Association for Infant Protection has planned free "maternal restaurants" throughout the capital. The society is headed by Mrs. Carmen G. de Portes, wife of President Portes Gil.

DAYTON.—The eight-room, two-story farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Wright was destroyed by fire.

A GREAT CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR MEDFORD

THE announcement that Medford has been chosen by the Standard Oil Company as a main sales agency in Oregon is not only of importance in itself, but even more important as outstanding recognition of this city, as the strategic commercial center of this section of the Pacific Coast.

Heretofore sales activities of the Standard Oil have been administered principally from Portland. Hereafter Medford will not only be the administrative center for Southern Oregon, but for Northern California, including the vast territory from the Pacific Ocean to Nevada.

The Standard Oil Company does not take a step like this without the most exhaustive and careful investigation, and for some time the Mail-Tribune has known that officials of the company were making a local survey, with this end in view. Needless to say the investigation was satisfactory, and if any doubt existed regarding Medford's importance in the future development of this coast, that doubt has now been removed for all time.

FOR years Medford has done everything possible to secure new industries and new payrolls, but here is what amounts virtually to a new industry and a new payroll given to it without strings as a Christmas present. That is the way the Standard Oil does things. They ask no favors and expect none. All they ask is the chance to do business where business promises to be most favorable.

They found by experience that San Francisco, Sacramento, Portland, and Reno, Nevada, were too far away to serve as main distributing stations for the vast area bounded by Eugene on the north, Chico on the south, the Nevada line on the east, and the Pacific Ocean on the west.

So they surveyed this entire territory to find the best place for a new distributing center. And Medford proved to be their unanimous choice.

INCIDENTALLY it is appropriate that this news should break at this time, with Christmas at hand, and a New Year about to dawn. For certainly few gifts to the city could be more appreciated, and no better augury for a happy and prosperous New Year could be imagined, than is contained in this decision.

For it means that Medford has ARRIVED. Nothing now, can prevent this city from being one of the most, if not THE most important commercial center, between Portland and San Francisco, an area nearly as great in extent as that included between New York City and Chicago.

So it is an occasion for congratulations on all sides. What Standard Oil has done, other big industries will do, and as this region develops, so will Medford develop, to that bright destiny which its natural resources, and its strategic position, so amply justify.

AS CALIFORNIA SEES US

IT is interesting in reading over our "Do You Remember" column to compare Medford today with what it was 20 years ago.

The contrast might be expressed by saying that 20 years ago Medford was standing on its head; today it is standing on its feet.

The boom was in full sway, two decades ago. A population of 7,500 was claimed, 25,000 was predicted by 1920, and 50,000 by 1930.

Well, 1930 is here. There is no 50,000 or 25,000. The most a present-day booster would claim would be 15,000, while a conservative estimate would be between ten and twelve.

But how much better to have your feet on the ground, rather than in the air,—and hot air at that. "Those were the 'good old days.'" Aye, verily. Liquid fruit was being picked at the Nash bar, the P. and E. was building to Chicago, street car franchises were being granted every few days, the new water supply was nearly hooked up.

Land was selling at \$2000 an acre, and Guthrie and Tronson put Medford on the map of the world by winning the sweepstakes at the Spokane apple show and selling their prize Spitz to Jim Hill and the crowned heads of Europe.

The good old days! A great delirium while it lasted. But the next morning—what a head-ache!

HOW the scene has changed,—not only in general but in particular, not only in atmosphere, but in facts,—and especially in the attitude toward those facts.

We doubt if it is an exaggeration to maintain that, whereas Medford's importance and future were overestimated then, they are underestimated today. At least this is our immediate reaction from this Standard Oil announcement.

Moreover, we talked to a California sportsman the other day. He recently purchased a tract on Rogue River, and said: "I have been over most of this country, and a good slice of the world, and do you know I regard Rogue River as absolutely unique in what it is and what it offers. There is no trout and recreational stream left in this country that can compare with it. The more I see that place of mine the crazier I am about it."

A third member of the party answered:

"Yes, but it takes someone from California to appreciate it. The people in Oregon don't. For 20 years a few sportsmen have been trying to protect Rogue River from destruction, as a great recreational asset, and are no nearer to success today than they were when they started. The people here simply don't appreciate what they have, and apparently won't wake up until they find that Southern Oregon is owned by California."

Somewhat exaggerated. And yet we believe there is essential truth in it.

If we had to choose between the spirit of 1909 and the spirit of 1929, we would choose the latter. It is more conservative, but it is substantial, and while some values may not be cashed in as quickly as they might be, a slow but sure speed is better than a reckless one that leads to a smashup and explosion.

Better than either one would be a rational combination of the two. Perhaps that is something that will be achieved in the coming year.

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.

BATTILING WITH THE ODOR OF OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The superintendent of schools writes from a town in a nearby state:

A few years' experience in buying janitor supplies for schools has convinced me that there is a wide field for graft and that the opportunity has not been wasted. In the matter of disinfectants and deodorants, for example, I have aromatic blocks, pine oil disinfectants and, finally, the salesman who would have you pay \$2 to \$4 a gallon for a formaldehyde solution whose water content he does not profess to know. I have paid exorbitant prices for cleaners with catchy trade names only to learn that I might have bought the same thing at a reasonable price under its common commercial name. Can you tell me what may be used as a clean, cheap, effective deodorant in school toilets. What is your opinion of the use of sprays in school rooms as a preventative of disease?

If disinfectants, deodorants or cleansers must be purchased for use in the schools, why should not the chemistry and physics department of the schools advise what should be used? Are our public schools so poorly manned that the head of the chemistry department can't give expert advice about such a thing? Is the teaching of physics in the school system so obtuse and unpractical that the head of the physics department is unable to tell the purchasing agent what materials are best for cleansers? What earthly use is it to require a boy or girl to take a course in physics and a course in chemistry, as every school should require, and carefully avoid teaching the pupil anything about the physics and chemistry in his or her daily life? The great weakness in these science courses in our public schools is that the science teachers are too darned interested in mathematics. A reasonable amount of mathematics may be good for a pupil, but when the mathematics department gets thru with him it is regrettable that the physics or chemistry departments should feel in duty bound to rub some more mathematics into the luckless pupil. Undoubtedly this obsession of pedagogues turns many a promising youth away from science, to the world's loss.

The graft superintendent has the temerity to imply is there, all right. Maybe the grafters who make a fat thing out of it would call it legitimate graft. Like the famous Tammany politician who boasted of his grafting exploits, but always insisted it was legitimate graft.

Hokum, bunkum and graft. The bokum is the very idea that disinfectants are necessary in the schools; the bunkum is that when a disinfectant is to be used it must be a proprietary article, not a plain chemical compound or mixture.

There is no more need for disinfectants or deodorants in school than there is in the home.

Ordinary cleanliness and ordinary cleaning with ordinary cleansers will meet every possible requirement in school as it does in the home.

Heaven pity the children so unfortunate as to attend a school where a spray is used or the air impregnated, with some mysterious odor or a stink-pot from the alleged health department is touched off now and then to "prevent disease."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Oh, If We Could Only Grow
In reply to an extraordinarily heavy demand for remedies, treatments, exercises or incantations whereby to increase one's height, let me say that if such a remedy ever does appear I'll try it first on the conductor of this column. If I gain an inch or two on it I'll tell the world. Meanwhile let us try to be content with the assurance that a lot of the world's great men have been kinda short and a lot of the greatest goofs in the country are quite tall. A tall guy who isn't affected is all right, but nothing makes me so mad as a big cheese who fairly imposes his stature on anybody who happens to come up to his shoulder.

Coffee Grounds in Sink.
Our drain pipes were constantly giving trouble from obstruction by accumulations of greasy matter. Finally a plumber suggested that we throw our coffee grounds in the sink instead of putting them in the garbage pail. They have gone down the sink drain ever since, and our sink drains give us no more trouble.—Mrs. C. A. S.

Every Stovepipe Should Have a Stovepipe.
I fixed our gas stove so it burns a pale blue flame 1 1/2 inches high and no yellow at all. I maintain that as the gas is all burnt up no stovepipe connection with flue or chimney is necessary. Am I right or wrong?—C. S.

Wrong, brother. For health and safety every fuel burner should be equipped with a stovepipe or chimney to carry products of combustion out of the house. Natural ventilation thru cracks or crevices about windows and doors may be sufficient in many kitchens where gas or oil stoves are used for cooking, but even there a stovepipe connection with flue is always preferable. Despite perfect regulation of the flame, there are many accidental chances of dangerous pollution of the air with carbon monoxide gas. Would you be willing to accept the air of a room if you were assured that it had all been breathed by a number of people in the room? Well, one small gas flame produces as much carbon dioxide as several people do. Gas stove dealers who assure you that no pipe is necessary with this or that kind of gas stove are either ignorant or dishonest. Any health authority will tell you that a stovepipe is always advisable; in some cities, indeed, the use of a pipeless gas stove is prohibited by law.

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MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Red light
2. Green light
3. Device for heating
4. Looking class
5. Young lady who went through the looking glass
6. Milling machine
7. Plant having sweet juice
8. Woman household god
9. Care for the sick
10. Epoch
11. Above
12. Discern
13. Deposited
14. Obtained
15. Silver coins
16. Small cushion
17. Salt
18. Nail rope
19. A lure for the worse
20. Incline
21. Grain
22. Young cow
23. Hoop propeller
24. Pertaining to sea movements
25. Soak flax
26. Mescaline name
27. Anchoys
28. Biblical word of unknown meaning
29. Beginning sea movements
30. Former senator from Missouri
31. One who gazes intently
32. 2,000 pounds
33. Kilo
34. Head
35. Out of date
36. Lilylike plant
37. Knight's title
38. Shriek cry
39. Bondanna
40. Uncanny
41. Walk heavily
42. Boys
43. Staid
44. Spring flower
45. Large tub
46. Split pulse of the East Indies
47. Congressman
48. The blackthorn
49. Perceive through the ear
50. Agitated by labor
51. Free
52. Separated into grammatical elements
53. Fine driving
54. Flexible slender wire
55. Former ruler
56. Smooth
57. Wife's highest
58. Poor Gwyn's mother

Grid for the crossword puzzle with numbers 1-58 indicating starting positions for words.

chime guns, in place of old fashioned, inefficient pistols. One of these gun "choppers," was found in his suddenly abandoned residence.

Chicago police believe that Burke directed the massacre of the seven Moran gangsters, mowed down as they stood side by side, faces to the wall.

An expert will take bullets from the bodies of the Moran men and see if they came from Burke's gun. Six hundred years ago Burke might have been a great condottiere, renting himself out to rival armies, with great artists making statues of him, another Colcott.

How many times do you breathe in one minute? Guess offhand. Many that know about the revolutions of an airplane propeller, or a steamship screw, take little interest in their own machinery.

The breathing question is suggested by the case of Miss Margaret McIntyre, Plainfield, N. J., school teacher, who breathes only five times a minute, 12 seconds to a breath. Scientists call her a "physiological miracle." You probably breathe 15 to 18 times a minute, the average for adults.

Moreover, Miss McIntyre has one advantage. She breathes very deeply. Experiments show that she takes in three pints of air at a breath. The average adult takes in only one pint. We all inhale too little oxygen. That is why we need exercise, making us breathe more rapidly and deeply.

The rule that public officials may not increase their own pay does not apply to New York. By practically unanimous consent the aldermen give the five borough presidents \$20,000 each, instead of \$15,000, and the mayor \$40,000 instead of \$25,000.

Now the aldermen ask higher officials to raise them from \$5000 to \$7500, and that probably will be done.

At \$40,000 a year New York pays Mayor Walker \$15,000 more per year than Lincoln was paid in the White House.

However, New York spends five hundred million dollars a year and more; \$40,000 is not much for man-

aging that spending, if it is well managed. The public should get the right men, then pay them well.

An important combination of steel companies makes the new merger the third largest steel company in America. It comes next to Bethlehem Steel. The colossus is United States Steel, making 40 per cent of all the steel made in America.

U. S. Steel has recently reached out to the Pacific coast, absorbing a great steel concern there. The late Judge Gary, discussing different steel stocks, said, "Remember always that our company can sell steel at a profit for less than it costs others to make it. That would not be good for other companies in a price war."

Judge Gary, who understood public opinion, and welcomed competition, in reason, always avoided war of any kind. He knew there was plenty of money for all, if they knew how to get it. He knew how. His successors know, also.

That crank who addressed night club patrons as "brethren and sisters" must have been watching the gold-diggers absorb liquid.

With the magazines clamoring for copy, those who intend to be ex-presidents should plan a large family.

Mussolini operates on the theory that he won't need the services of the dove if he can keep the stork busy enough.

Brief description of the typical American at a dance. Merry at one end and solemn at the other.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
Dec. 20, 1919

Steamer Chanslor sinks near Marshfield, 147 lives lost. Frances Jackson, elder son of C. S. Jackson of Portland Journal, reported among missing.

San Francisco—Hotels advised by internal revenue department, pre-war liquor may be served freely on New Year's Eve.

Victor Berger, socialist, re-elected in Wisconsin.

No services Sunday at Episcopal church; broken pipes make warming of church impossible.

Chinook wind clears up snow on Medford streets.

Sent on New York stock exchange sells for \$100,000.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
Dec. 20, 1909

Residents of Butte Falls ask county court for shorter highway from the Peppert place to Prospect, cutting off seven miles to Crater Lake.

Art Geary will bring the University of Oregon glee club to Medford during the holidays. Art is manager and Vernon Vawter is the chief "stunster."

Born yesterday to Attorney and Mrs. O. C. Boggs, a son.

Residence of Enan Pierce on Foots Creek destroyed by fire.

C. E. True has leg broken working on excavation for new hotel at Central avenue and Eighth.

Harry Thaw refused freedom by U. S. supreme court.

THE GIANT
By Mary Graham Bonner

"I've only turned the time back a little way," the Little Black Clock told John and Peggy.

"but we have to go quite a distance to use that sleigh once more that took us on our visit to Santa Claus."

"It went so quickly, and the ride was such a jolly one! I suppose I'm a bit old-fashioned, but I do like a good old sleigh."

"The Little Black Clock grinned. "We like it, too," the children told him.

So, once more, they got into the sleigh, but this time they went off into the woods, and there, in the center, was a large cave, with a man sitting just inside.

He was a tall man. He looked something like a giant, though he didn't act like one.

"Hello, Little Black Clock," the man said. "So you've brought me some visitors. Well, I'll give them some weak tea or some warm milk or something."

"Hello, children," he said, a tired note in his voice.

"Hello," they answered. "You see, I'm a giant."

"We thought so, but weren't quite sure," John said.

"That's just the trouble. In the old days no one would have mistaken a member of the family, but times have changed. Alas, times have changed!"

"Now my great, great, great grandfather would have suggested roasting boys or fried girls for a meal. All I offer is weak tea or warm milk."

"Boys and girls aren't afraid of giants any more. It has made us shrink. We were never so very terrible, but they thought so, and we let them eat."

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MUTT AND JEFF—The Monarch Sounds His "A"



By BUD FISHER