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Official paper of the City of Medford.
Official paper of Jackson County.
A. B. C. average circulation for six months ending October 31, 1929, 4174.
Daily average circulation for six months to October 1st, 1929, 4611.
Present press run, 4825.
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Smudge Smoke

The current year will terminate late Tuesday night, and a new one will get under way at once. Fog prevailed Friday and Saturday. Many would like to see it fought as vigorously as frost and fat as it always wears up its welcome, as well as the general public. Many who will not take Dock Thayer's flu pills are enjoying colds. The present day Humdinger, Inc., is not much, when compared with the Humdingers of the 1910 or boom era, when Humdingers were Humdingers, and not duetists. Once such wrote a two column letter to this paper, and at the finish burst into poetry, as follows: "I love Medford, with my own and a thousand hearts. And ever will defend her with all my vital parts." The annual heira of local citizens to pleasant spots beyond the horizon now is in full swing, and only a few of the best of us are left. The high spots are now adorned with a mantle of snow. The most unstanding of the lot is the well-known Mt. Pitt. Young Stevens was caught admiring a cubistic sketching Friday. There will be a slight decrease in the efficiency of the community for ten days, as H. Flewer, the flying baker, has accorded the sister state of California a short visit. He was accompanied by H. Strang. Cows are very busy eating up the hay of their proprietors. In spite of all that could be done there was not an auto crash of any consequence during the glad Yale season. This is startling. The next thing on the program will be inventories for the wide-awake merchants. Mr. McDonough, et al, sang at the Kiwanis meet Mon. We know of nobody who can finish last in quarter numbers, with more skill and polish than he. The postoffice came out of the Christmas mail rush with flying colors, and only as tired as postal regulations will permit. All the postoffice doors were unlocked at the finish, and did not delay things a bit. The identity of the postal worker who insisted on keeping two of the three doors locked is not known, but he probably sleeps with all the windows down. The United Colonels of the Valley were represented at the Army-Stanford game by Col. Gord Voorheis. Santa Claus left a few new autos parked at the curb. It is noted. Civic workers will meet and mingle Jan 8. Homegrown orators will make five-minute speeches, but visiting orators can talk until they drop from sheer exhaustion. There is no better hospitality than this, produced in the South now or here' de wah'. Reports say that several of the fall crop of babies, are showing alarm clock tendencies.

Want Airport For Every 600 Sq. Mi. by 1931

WASHINGTON—Hopes that before the end of 1930 an airport will be established in every 600 square miles of territory in the United States are held by officials of the aeronautics division of the department of commerce. Such a project will be aided by literature distributed in various strategic communities by the government, it was said. Speakers of the aeronautics division will stress the importance of airports, using as their theme that the "future of aviation is on the ground." Following an extensive survey by the government, it was declared that the saturation point for airports will not be reached until an adequate landing field is provided for every 200 square miles. During the last 18 months, \$300,000,000 has been expended in this country for airports by more than 1000 communities, the report of the government survey shows. It is conservatively predicted that upwards of \$500,000,000 will be spent in the next year and a half in airport development.

QUILL POINTS

Parking space: The place another car broke out of just as you pass by. Of course some youngsters go to the devil in college. A college doesn't overcome natural talent. When the game is all killed off, there still will be the fun of imagining another hunter is a deer. They say bald men make the most loyal husbands. It is also true that nobody tries to steal a blind horse. As a salve for speculators, reduction of the income tax is too much like saying it with flowers at the funeral. Men aren't as vain as they seem. A self-satisfied man would not think of wrapping his roll of ones in a ten. Maybe the next war will be the result of making some nation mad by reminding it of its pledge not to fight. "Morality changes with time." For example, a perfectly good check is bad if it gets to the bank before you do. The strange part of it is that the prisons where the riots occur aren't the ones where every cell has a receiving set. No wonder the famous guys write bum stuff for publication. Who could do his best if he didn't dread a rejection slip? Statesmen should keep a nation prepared. If a man likes to monkey with poisons, it's his job to provide the antidotes. Americanism: Feeling vastly superior to the aliens; thinking those goofs at Washington vastly inferior to foreign statesmen. All evils tend to cure themselves. For instance, when the game hogs kill all of the birds, there won't be any more game hogs. Woman has a right to do anything man does. For that matter, she has a right to make mud pies, but it would look rather silly. It must humble a great man to discover that his admirers are simple enough to think flattery will pay for a \$3 photograph. As we go to press the record shows that Charles E. Hughes is the 84th great man to be the first to say "faith, hope and parity." What's the use? If you carry too much, the holdup man takes it; and if you don't carry enough, he shoots you for wasting his time. Well, if the railroads spend a billion for improvement in 1930, perhaps that little pipe at the tooth-washing basin will squirt water a little more generously. Correct this sentence: "Bill has recovered from the gripe so many times," said the wife, "that he no longer thinks he is going to die when he gets it."

First Father Heroes

A mother with her first baby is usually a quivering spectacle. A lot has been said to eulogize her, but what of fathers who personally contemplate the eternal miracle of birth for the first time? For the most part they are a neglected species, and really they are something to sob over. The look which comes into a man's face upon hearing the cry of his first child rates the attention of an artist's brush or pen. It is a look in which is mingled the expression of a sweet girl graduate or a bride on her wedding morn. There is something about the aura of the "first father" that is extremely moving, and it pulls at the softer emotions. He is some what dewy of eye, damp of brow and shaky of limb. Usually he is inclined to be loquacious. With the slightest encouragement, he becomes quite confidential. That Helpless Feeling It must be the feeling of his own helplessness in the face of life's most colossal experience that floors him. Since the age of the caveman, man has regarded himself as a conqueror, and possibly, like Chanticleer, has imagined that the sun rose at his crow. To be suddenly face to face with a myotic force against which he has no power to prevail is a shaking experience. He is quite unbalanced. Have a care how you smile at him, for he is the most serious man alive! To hear a first father tell it, his is the only child that has ever been born. His self-esteem increases by the minute. A charming conceit settles upon him and in his exuberance he gives away boxes of cigars and things. A standardized reaction is to dash right off and open a bank account for the baby and make other and more elaborate plans for the future. Sometimes he has been known to bare his friends. Physicians are inclined to view first fathers as a bit of a nuisance, with whom they would dispense if they could. Whenever it is possible they shoot them off the premises with a gruff dismissal, for they are very upsetting to the task at hand. Subjects of Stories Almost everyone has heard the joke about the physician who boasted that in twenty years of experience he had not lost a single father. Caught in a garrulous mood, doctors tell countless anecdotes about the cowardice of first fathers they have known. Among the most priceless of these is the tale of the father who paced the corridor all night long in a lonely vigil, sans the accustomed support

Memory Tests

You sit down and ask her to tell you the news of the day. She says the Smiths have a son born yesterday morning and the Joneses are going to Europe in January; that Cousin Susie is in bed with influenza and the garage man said the valves ought to be ground; that the ham came by parcel post and she saw Hetty Taylor on the street. That "divorce" was the topic at the discussion group and she could not match that door knob anywhere; that she had a letter from Mary saying little Nellie had won a prize at school; that she almost ran over a man on the way from town and the proofs have not yet come from the photographers. That Willie Brown is engaged to a girl from out of town, but it is a dead secret and must not be mentioned, and somebody has kicked a hole in the front door screen; that little Johnny went over to George's to lunch today and the Stevens' cook is in the hospital. That she is going in to tea at the Cosmopolitan club tomorrow and the grocery had very little variety in fresh green vegetables; that somebody left a subscription card for the orphanage at the door, and the laundress is sick and that stray dog was hit by an automobile; that she is having the light blue silk dyed a dark green and the button on her new coat is in the wrong place. That she bought a new mop for the kitchen and little Mary has lost one of her rubbers; that she had a long talk over the telephone with Sallie and is going to have her hair washed on Thursday; that she darned your dress socks, and put them in the water right-hand drawer, and old Mrs. Tompkins has had a second stroke and she can not find the paper cutter anywhere. And if, on some future occasion, you should make a statement revealing your slightest ignorance of any single one of the foregoing facts, she exclaims, there now, what is the use of telling you things as you never listen to a word she says.—Baltimore Sun.

Fifteen Years Ago This Week

(From the files of The Mail Tribune) Monday Medford woman arrested in Grants Pass for parading in male attire, contrary to a city ordinance. "She attracted much attention, due to the grace with which it clung to her form as she progressed." She paid \$5.00 fine and costs. Roger Bennett left Tuesday to spend the rest of the week in Grants Pass on business. Local Japanese, unsolicited, subscribe \$129 to the Belgian relief fund. R. Maru did the collecting, and the forwarding. E. C. Jerome of Yreka, Cal., is spending the holidays in the city visiting friends and relatives. According to reports, from Portland, Bud Anderson, "Pride of Medford," will seek a return bout with Frank Barriean, who defeated him twice. Tuesday Adv. "Smoke Gov. Johnson cigars, and help build up a Medford payroll." The Nash Cafeteria will be open to watch the old year out, and will serve light lunches. Elks also hold a watch party and dance. George Gates, son of C. E. Gates, undergoes an operation for appendicitis, and is doing nicely. Valley enters third epoch of development. First was the discovery of gold, and the second, the coming of the railroad. Five hundred couple attend the charity ball at the Nat given by the Greater Medford Club and Associated Charities. "Many striking gowns were worn by the women." Wednesday Mail Tribune issues New Year edition of four sections, portraying in word and paragraphs the glories and grandeur of this region. F. S. Carpenter offers \$10 for the first sack of sugar, produced from sugar beets raised in this section. Sugar beet campaign laws, W. H. Gore announces. Sid Brown is spending the week in Josephine county attending to mining business. Phoenix Civic club to give publicity reception to Miss Marian Towne, representative-elect to the legislature. Judge W. N. Colvig, tax agent of the Southern Pacific with headquarters in Portland, is visiting friends and relatives for a few days. H. B. Cady retires as special officer of the Medford police force. Thursday Sugar beet campaign signs up 1000 acres in first week of campaign. W. H. Gore addresses farmers of the Table Rock district. Ben Hur Lampman, editor of the Gold Hill News, has a poem entitled, "Beauty is Everywhere," published by the New York Sun. Earl S. Trumb, has returned from a business trip to San Francisco, Calif. George and Ned Vilks have returned to their collegiate duties after spending the holidays at home. Editorial demands, "rejuvenation

The Stamp Racket

The postoffice department, it appears, has received seventy-two requests in the last few days for the issuance of special stamps to commemorate that or that, and has had to give warning that its policy "has been to restrict special stamps to commemorate anniversaries of important historical or industrial events of national interest." Well, this ought not to surprise anybody. The seeker after special stamps is not really new in the land. He is the same person who has recently been bombarding the schools with requests for permission to have the pupils recite a pledge of some sort supposed to be good for their moral nature. And he is the same person who a few years ago was bombarding presidents, governors and mayors with requests for proclamations to set some week aside for apples, birds or noble thoughts. And he will be with us for a good long time to come, for when you begin to pry into his schemes you usually find that he has a few tickets to sell. When he gets it through his head that the postoffice department really means business he will be stumped for a while, but not for long. The news editors who take the trouble to read his mimeographed inclosures, marked "Immediate Release," will find that he has some new way of furthering his racket, and until it weans out it will be a pretty good way.—New York World.

Press Comment

RENEWAL OF THE TARIFF FIGHT Some senators complain that the part of President Hoover's message which deals with the tariff fight in their chamber is too indefinite. Certainly it does not tell them what industries need higher duties, what new rates would be fair to consumers, and what old rates might be left as they are. Mr. Hoover, of course, cannot prescribe specific rates. He restates in his annual message the sound principles which he laid down for limited tariff revision in his message to the special session of congress, and he renews his recommendation that the flexible system of the present tariff system be retained and strengthened. This is all that reasonably might have been expected of him. To apply the simple and clear principles that should rule in tariff making is not particularly difficult. No rates should be increased in any case unless the necessity for an increase is demonstrated to the satisfaction of the official advisers of the lawmakers and of the independent men in congress. Consumers are entitled to the benefit of any doubt. The long, confused fight over the tariff reflects no credit on any element in the senate. Plain business sense would have settled the controversy weeks ago. It might

AUSTRALIA STRONG FOR HORSE JUMPING

SYDNEY, Australia (AP)—Horse jumping is a popular feature of Australian agricultural shows and the breaking of a record is an event. This happened at the show at Albany, the principal city on the border between New South Wales and Victoria, when Perry Brothers' "Hawk," ridden by W. Barton, broke the Australian high jump record by clearing 7 feet and 11 inches. The Albany show ground has been the scene of previous records by "Thumbs Up" and "Sundown," and held the title until a new record of 7 feet 10 1/2 inches was registered at Tenjerfield in northern New South Wales by Mrs. A. G. Laidlaw's "Lookout" in 1926. By exceeding this height, Perry Brothers gained a special thousand dollar prize offered by the Albany Agricultural society for the owner of any horse breaking the record.

SEBASTOPOLE—That the bottom of the Black Sea is gradually sinking is the conclusion of a soviet scientific expedition which recently finished a study of that body of water and also of the Azov sea.

Dear Lois (extract from Normas letter) Made a resolution this New Year that I'm bound to keep. Decided that shopping around for dresses is tiring and expensive. Hereafter I'm going to Mamma's COATS - DRESSES - SPORTSWEAR 14 NORTH CENTRAL



RUTH CROSS Writes A THRILLING ROMANCE Of The West

The mystic spell of the western mountains has called to the author of "The Golden Cocoon" and "The Unknown Goddess," and Ruth Cross has written a story of love and adventure in the Sierras.

Rocky slopes and rugged peaks become the scene of dramatic struggle, with the colorful characters of the hills clashing in a contest for progress against the barriers of nature and the suspicious, intrigues and emotions of men. Suddenly the combatants find themselves battling for a human prize.

A QUESTION OF HONOR By Ruth Cross

Ruth Cross develops the vivid story of Anne Wilnot, who comes to Leon Morse's mountain lodge resigned to marrying the railroad builder—because he is wealthy. When she meets Scott Glenn, the young engineer who dares defy Morse, however, she turns against the forces of family, caste and destiny.

This Unusual, Striking Story Starts MONDAY, December 30

MAIL TRIBUNE



After Every Rainy, Slushy Day We Will Make Your Clothes Look Like New

Spattered mud from a passing car... rain beating down on your best suit... they'll quickly ruin your appearance! Why not keep your clothes always fresh and smartly pressed? Regardless of what it is... a hat to be blocked... a spot to be removed... or a suit to be pressed... we'll do your cleaning job right! Send your clothes today to—

City Cleaning and Dyeing Works

Your Tuxedo should be cleaned and pressed for the New Year's Eve Celebration

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