

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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THE VALUE OF TROUT FISHING TO SOUTHERN OREGON

THE State Chamber of Commerce declares its chief purpose is to secure new settlers in Oregon, particularly those with some money to invest. This is also the purpose of the Medford Chamber of Commerce, and all other chambers of commerce in the state.

THE value of Rogue River in this regard is brought into sharp relief by the recent visit of Ned Sparks, well-known movie comedian of Hollywood.

Having heard of the wonderful trout fishing on Rogue River, and the natural beauty of the country, Mr. Sparks arrived last Friday to try his luck at fishing, and if he found reports of the country to be true, he planned to buy a place on Rogue River, as a permanent summer home and fishing lodge.

HE HAD no luck at fishing, in fact he failed to get a strike. Talking with other sportsmen, he found his experience had been shared by them. Seeking the cause he was told that steelhead fishing would improve materially in August, but that the permanent life of the sport depended upon the passage of the initiative measure closing Rogue River to commercial fishing.

Mr. Sparks left on the Shasta, last night for Hollywood, without a fish and without purchasing any river property. Before boarding the train, he remarked as follows to a representative of the Mail-Tribune:

"Oregon is the greatest state in the Union, and the Rogue Valley is the brightest jewel in its radiant diadem. Don't laugh, I say that without a smile and without a wink. I mean it. You may say the state is backward and undeveloped compared with California. That is the very reason I like it and want it for a site for my new summer home. I am an ardent fisherman. I have fished and hunted everywhere on this coast from San Diego to the northern tip of Alaska. I have a hunting lodge in Canada. But for real fishing and hunting and the unspoiled glories of outdoor life, from the standpoint of comfort and accessibility, you have everything pushed off the map. That is, you have it if you appreciate what you have and insist upon preserving it. I am told that if your closing of Rogue River is successful, good trout fishing will be enjoyed for many years to come. I believe that is true, for I know what has been done in Alaska. I am also told the measure is sure to pass. Maybe so. But I don't care to take a chance. Politics is uncertain. But I tell you what I will do, and you may quote me if you like. I have subscribed for your paper so that I can keep in touch with developments in Southern Oregon. The day that bill passes, I will send a wire closing a \$50,000 deal on Rogue River. I will probably put in \$10,000 more every summer in improvements. If it doesn't pass, well, then I will put my money somewhere else."

It is not scenery that attracts Mr. Sparks, or well-to-do sportsmen like him, to Southern Oregon. There is plenty of scenery in California. It is not good hunting, although hunting is a factor. It is essentially trout fishing, and the development of this great recreational asset, in Southern Oregon, depends entirely upon the development and preservation of this sport.

When the Rogue River ceases to be a good trout fishing stream,—goes the way of streams, similarly accessible, in California and Alaska,—then not only Medford and the Rogue River Valley, but the entire state, loses one of its greatest assets,—and, incidentally, one of the state's greatest charms.

Not only should this measure receive unanimous support in Southern Oregon but it should be similarly supported throughout the state. True, the major benefit would accrue to Southern Oregon but, as we have preached persistently for many years, anything that develops and benefits one section of the state, benefits ALL.

FAREWELL TO THE CONVENTION SYSTEM FOREVER

ONE result of the nomination of Phil Metschan is certain,—all hope for any reform of the direct primary might as well be abandoned. As for repeal, one might as well attempt to repeal the law of gravity.

Political theories, like business theories, rise or fall, not on promises, but on RESULTS. For many years opponents of the direct primary have scoffed at the quality of nominees produced, and longed for an opportunity to show how much better a party convention would work.

Well, last Saturday they had their opportunity. And Mr. Metschan was the result!

AS we pointed out yesterday, there was no machine control of the convention. No heavy-jawed boss in a hotel room determined the result. The outcome was the natural product of perfectly free and untrammelled forces, but the outcome not only failed to arouse enthusiasm among the people, but even among the delegates. The only alibi for the latter was that, under the circumstances, it was THE BEST THEY COULD DO.

We know very little about Mr. Metschan. It is probably true he measures up reasonably well with the average product of the direct primary.

But that isn't the point. The point is that Mr. Metschan, as

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle. 1. Location. 2. Stake for roasting meat. 3. Fasten. 4. Variety of can lids. 5. Sea eagle. 6. Fish eggs. 7. Metal. 8. Legni claim. 9. Feminine name. 10. One who sells from house to house. 11. Persin poet. 12. Greek letter. 13. Lenny. 14. Gilded. 15. Wordless. 16. At no time. 17. Immense. 18. Loads of water. 19. Crude laundry. 20. Cuisine. 21. Vegetable. 22. Young boy. 23. His recourse. 24. Pronoun. 25. Lenny's sobriquet. 26. Word for word. 27. LATE EPITHELES. 28. FRIED LITHOTYPE. 29. CHANGE RAINIER. 30. TO ERASE MATTER. 31. PARADE TEASER. 32. HOP FETICH TOLA. 33. ANENT OTTO UNFIX. 34. MERE GNONH ATE. 35. GALER REFRESH. 36. OS PIER STRIP OE. 37. POP ANA EGESTS. 38. ALAS ARILS RAIN. 39. LITHANODE DUNNE. 40. DEEM WAD EAST. 41. Look after. 42. Venders. 43. Minister. 44. Effless. 45. Numerical. 46. Belonging to the first ages. 47. Island near West Point. 48. Close to. 49. Idlers. 50. Above. 51. Conspiring. 52. Cover with something soft. 53. Distorting machines. 54. Shoulder ornaments. 55. Auarabbits. 56. On the ocean. 57. Long hair. 58. Son of a New York state. 59. Scandinavian invader. 60. Lengthy. 61. Capital of Italy. 62. Assert. 63. In favor of. 64. Tennis appearance.

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the former head of the state Republican committee, typifies in the public mind what is popularly known as the "Republican machine."

The first political convention in modern history, instead of producing something new and different, produced another example of the "same old thing." And at the ONE time when the rank and file have no use for the "same old thing."

NOT for many years has the Republican party needed more acutely a candidate who was "different"—a real leader, a man of outstanding qualities of ability and character.

As we pointed out before the convention, such a man was Tom Kay. But it was for that very reason,—because he refused to play the old discredited political game—that his supporters in the convention were unable to put him over.

Mr. Metschan may win. We don't know. In fact, we don't much care. We are far more interested in the Rogue River initiative measure, noted above, and the cabinet form of government, than who happens to get the most votes in this gubernatorial scramble.

But this much is certain. Whoever wins, the movement for a return of the political convention system is gone forever. In this direction at least Opportunity will never knock again.

Americanism: Thinking ourselves keen business men because we make money when everybody is on a spending spree.

A great financier is one who can "explain" a decline of stocks and use enough big words to conceal his ignorance.

You see, if the fathers hadn't won freedom, Americans would be slaves like—well, you think of some slaves.

Hoover gets the blame, but it isn't the engineer's fault if the conductors can't decide which way to go.

Now that he has achieved a boy, we shall see whether Lindbergh is really immune to swifthead.

Times like these have advantages. Shoppers don't sniff and ask to see something a little more expensive.

Frank Kent says able men lose office by expressing their honest convictions. Not if they are the popular convictions, Kent.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.

TWO CASES OF CHRONIC RUNNING EAR AND MASTOIDITIS

A woman 32 years old had had a running ear since an attack of scarlet fever in childhood. In the last few years she had had earaches at times when the discharge was suppressed. The discharge had a foul odor and was very profuse. She kept the ear plugged with cotton to protect her clothing and bed clothing from being soiled by the discharge. It is always had to wear a plug of cotton in a running ear. The mischievous and dangerous germs are encouraged by such conditions, whereas free ventilation of the ear always discourages the harmful germs. I cannot impress this fact too firmly upon readers who have running ear; or upon readers who have children with such trouble. How often we see a misguided victim of some chronic ear trouble wearing a plug of cotton, even when there is no external discharge, but merely with a vague idea that it protects the ear against "taking cold." Our old fogey health authorities are to blame for that. Besides the offensive ear discharge, which restricted the woman's social life, and the earaches, she had been troubled with buzzing noise in the affected ear for 15 years.

Examination of the ear showed a large polyp occluding the canal. The doctor removed this with snare. Then he was able to see that the drum membrane and part of the bones of the middle ear were missing—had been destroyed by the years of suppuration. After this the ear remained dry for several weeks, then discharged profusely again for a time, and the patient complained of a new symptom, dizziness. Now the doctor advised operation, but the patient preferred to continue palliative treatment a while, as she felt sure she had improved after removal of the polyp and the medicinal applications the doctor made. So eventually she was cured, that is the ear discharge ceased and she had no further trouble.

Another woman aged 44 had acute tonsillitis in March, and developed carache after two days of sore throat, and an ear discharge the third day. When her doctor included the ear drum to encourage proper drainage. This is a standard practice, the speaking as a mere general practitioner, not an ear specialist. I am skeptical about its value. Two days later the patient was sick and no mistake. Fever, profuse mucous-purulent discharge from ear, intense stuffiness of nose, turbinate in nose found extremely boggy. After several days of this, with irregular fever, X-ray pictures indicated involvement of the mastoid cells, and operation was done. No pus found on opening into the mastoid spaces behind the ear. So the surgeon went on, expanding the dura (brain covering) and finding it normal, and poking about here and there in hope of getting at the obscure area of infection—commendable enough as a general rule, the I confess I don't savvy the practice in mastoid surgery—and one thing and another. After a prolonged convalescence the patient made a good recovery.

I was going to add a description of a third case in which similar surgical intervention proved similarly unwarranted and the patient presently died. But let us draw the curtain.

I think it is good conservative teaching for us to advise patients with chronic running ear to submit to mastoid operation only after proper medical methods have failed.

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best remedies. Whitfield's ointment one of most satisfactory forms to apply it: Salicylic acid.....15 grains Benzole acid.....25 grains Soft petrolatum.....2 drams Coconut oil.....to make 1 ounce Apply at night to affected patches of skin, for a week, then rest for a week, and resume if necessary. Whitfield subsequently suggested a similar formula for use in the daytime: Benzole acid.....1 1/2 drams Salicylic acid.....1 ounce Acetone.....1 ounce Diluted alcohol.....to make 4 ounces

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Business hasn't really gone to the dogs until people begin to go to church. Those scientists who say there is no such thing as any never have tasted New York beer. The Farm Board's plan is all right, except that you can't pay one kid a dime to keep quiet without inviting a horde of noisy brats. Don't blame your boy for being ornery. A boy never gets that way if he's proud of his dad. But the makers of reducing machines are still living on the fat of the land.

When an intellectual says you can train your daughters right and needn't worry about temptations, he hasn't any daughters. Praise the bridge that carries you over, said the ancients. Especially if it's the kind that carries you over until you pay. Americanism: Hiring fourth-rate men to make the laws work; establishing great schools to train men to keep them from working. You can tell when money is scarce. People stop buying so many necessities. There is no sex equality in a fight. There are some things a gentleman can't say. A man may be down but he isn't out until he discovers he can sponge on those who feel sorry for him.

It's the poor woman's own fault. No wife develops bossy habits if an awful growl greets her first effort. Foreign travel is exasperating. If you stay in your hotel you don't see enough, and if you go outside you smell too much.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) July 29, 1920

Marion. — Nominee Harding to conduct campaign from his front porch. City's refusal to pay paving debts until Main street repaved gets action. Mrs. Sam L. Leonard safely recovers from serious operation. Local fishermen investigate fishing conditions. Pendleton. — Slayers of Sheriff T. Taylor captured and lynching is feared. Slayers found asleep by posse. Nell Hart, half breed, admits murder. Trigonite oil well breaks "petman timber" and drilling halts at 630 feet. Now in lime shale. Medford fire department needs new and modern equipment.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) July 29, 1910

Use of convicts for Crater Lake road building proposed. First car of Bartlett's for year shipped. Montreal.—Dr. Crippen, murderer, located on Atlantic liner. First use of wireless in capture of criminal. City water system turned into homes and there will be abundance thereof for all time. P. & E. wins right of way and will later enter city on east side. Reginald H. Parsons elected as head of Northwest Fruit Exchange.

SUNDOWN STORIES

GEOLOGY'S COSTUME (By Mary Graham Bonner) "You must meet a friend of mine," the Little Black Clock said, as the children saw a strange looking gentleman coming toward them. "My name," the gentleman began as he came toward them, "is Geology, but please call me by my initial G. for short. It's friendlier somehow. I've always felt my name was a little stiff, a little hard." "All right, G. We'll call you that," the children shouted. "Good!" shouted G. in a hearty, big voice, and the Little Black Clock looked much pleased. Geology was really wonderful looking. It looked as though it were made of rock and stone, and its appearance was something like pictures the children had seen of knights clad in armor. His shoes looked as though they were made of coal, and from his hat waved some plumes which looked as though they had been made of wheat. His buttons were made of gold and he had trimmings on his suit made of tiny jewels. "I like to wear the costume most becoming and most suitable just as everyone does. I'm sure Peggy will agree with me," Geology said. Peggy grinned. "So," he continued, "I wear the costume made out of my earth treasures." "Then your shoes are made of coal?" John asked. "Yes, indeed. You will notice that the top part of my suit is not so firm as the lower part, although I wear a fine mantle, made from our splendid mantle rock, over my shoulders. It might be too heavy for some people, but not for Geology, nor for G. I understand and appreciate the good old earth—that's why I was given my name. I stand for the earth—and the earth stands for me." "I must tell you that I have a wonderful sleeping place, too." "Have you?" John asked. "What's it like?" Peggy inquired. "I'll tell you," Geology answered cheerfully. "Tomorrow—'Bed Rock.'"



Quill Points

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Ye Smudge Pot

(By Arthur Perry)

The first martyr of the campaign is now languishing in the Salem city jail, serving 12 1/2 days, in lieu of inability to secure up \$25, assessed against him for exercising his larynx upon a public thoroughfare of the capital, contrary to a city ordinance. The modern "booy upon the burning deck," is the Hon. H. H. Stallard, of Portland, who alleges he is running independent, for the United States senate. The victim dramatically yells "for all supporters of the Joseph policies to come to my rescue." Up to noon, no Joseph supporters had formed a mob to storm the jail and "rescue" Mr. Stallard from a predicament he created himself, and from what appears like a half-baked publicity stunt. The silver lining, is the chance that if the Stallard notion is a success, other candidates may build themselves a cross to be buried and buried in being cast into the homebox—let all good citizens hope, for the duration of the campaign. In the meantime, the sympathy of Oregon is extended to Mr. Stallard—also his jailmates.

Your corr. got smart last night and ingeniously started an argument with six (6) women, in spite of the fact that heretofore the writer has been unable to win an argument with one (1) woman, let alone six of them all at once. Outside of being able to crawl under a snake, wearing Henry Mackey's plug hat, no ill-effects were sustained.

Elmer Gadd passed through yesterday, en route to no place in particular, with his family. Mr. Gadd has been chased across the continent in a 40, by the last three Republican administrations, and defies the present one to catch him.

J. Golden Pheasant and Jim Rooster had a fight a week ago, and both were out for the first time today. The cause of the dispute was a fried a la Maryland, Sunday evening.

"\$10,000 BILL INSPIRING RIGHT"—(Hilline Yreka Journal.) That's hearsay evidence.

The first barber was Techem Meascha, who opened a shop in 256 A.D., and the razor he used is still in circulation locally.

It now appears that the Older Girls this year will not sport fall hats, until fall.

THE GAY LIFE

(Emporia, Kan., Gazette.) Carl Ballweg is the hero of the hour. He shot 13 holes of miniature golf below par Thursday evening while a "four-inch" man buzzed in his ear. After the game he rushed to a doctor who removed the insect.

If the management of the Portland ball team stays mad at the sporting editor of the Oregonian until Friday, readers next morning will not be informed that "the second baseman, though 56 years old, has a lot of baseball left in his system."

One of the most active of the new 40s, has a hind-fender at half-mast.

OBITUARY.—He died alone. Old residents recall that 20 years ago he fell heir to a \$750,000 estate. He was a "good guy"—to everybody but himself.—Fountain Inn Tribune.

THE SMIRCH

(Smecca Times-Union) I noticed you printed George W. Herath as being fined \$1,000 and 45 days in jail for selling intoxicating liquors at my place of business, 131 Washington avenue. The \$1,000 fine was true but the 45 days was not. It is hard enough to keep one's character clean in my business without being misquoted in the newspapers. So please instruct your editor to check articles more carefully. Very truly yours, George W. Herath.

Twilight autoists are using exceptional judgment. They force owners of vehicles to massacre them in the rumble seat.

The first pup of the "dog-days" has been noted.

MUTT AND JEFF—This Drowning Man Refuses to Clutch at Soda Water Straws

Comic strip panels. Panel 1: Officer Mut, you are appointed censor of bathing costumes; one-piece suits are illegal! Panel 2: Chief, all I ask is to be face to face with the foe! Panel 3: Lady, that one-piece suit is against the law. You'll have to take it off! Panel 4: You worm, how dare you insult a lady without an introduction? Panel 5: It will be just my luck to be rescued by a boat that ain't a rum runner!

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