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Editorial Correspondence

Arrived at the old home town. Everyone feels the same about the old home town—there is no place in the world quite like it. It's the same with old friends, no doubt. For towns like people have personalities and when they've entered your mind in the impressionable years—the years from one to 25—they never get out, and subsequently impressions of other people and places never get in, in quite the same way. So while the old home town may not seem so much to the world at large, nor old friends either, to you they seem of the greatest importance—and to YOU they ARE of the greatest importance, because—well, no doubt, because they are a part of your flesh and blood. However, this old home town has done rather well since we left it 25 years ago. It has grown from a place of 40,000 to 80,000, and while it is reported to be flat on its back today, it doesn't look it. We enjoyed coming up State street this morning and then on up Main street, as we used to do so frequently in the holiday seasons over a quarter of a century ago. What a change! A 6-story office building where Porter's one-story drug store used to be. A de luxe clothing store where the little stone Winnelago bank stored the old timers' mortgages, in place of Atchley's photograph gallery and office building, a magnificent theatre where we used to eat doughnuts and fudge at Durno's cafe, an imposing city club where the Beauty girls lived and a pee-wee golf course, rather the worse for ice and snow, melting off the corner of the old Sandford estate—magnificent in the old days with an iron fence, iron looker hitting posts at the foot of the mansion and an iron deer in the yard. The Robertson's fine residence, 4 stories in real city style, has given way to a super-service station, and the Knights of Columbus have their home in Beach Mauser's lot, where we used to play pom-pom pull away and so the world goes on. Not interesting to anyone else. But interesting to everyone when it concerns his own home town.

Fifteen Years Ago This Week

Monday. The Medford Ice and Storage has 10 barrels of Hop Gold beer in pint bottles which it will deliver any place in the city for \$10.—Adv. Fresh roasted peanuts at De-Voe's.—Adv. Madam Davenport, the clairvoyant, is astounding local citizens. O. A. C. alumni and students hold dance and reunion. Charley's well will go down 2000 feet in effort to secure artesian water for Talent district. Tuesday. Crown Distillers company of San Francisco advertise that they, "the largest institution in the world selling liquors by mail," is prepared to render efficient service when Oregon goes dry January 1. Snow covers the orange groves of California. Jackson county tax levy for year fixed at 24 mills. Medford saloons sell out its stock and close its doors two days in advance of state prohibition law. Wednesday. The valley charms a poultryman from Decatur, Illinois. State teachers in convention adopt resolution favoring opening of Ashland Normal school. Cement brick factory opens here. Former resident of Medford, now living in Portland, attacks his wife with a butcher knife, inflicting a serious wound. Temperature drops to 12.5 degrees above and city has coldest night of year. Two above at Prospect and six above at Talent. Thursday. Ed Blinn makes the initial announcement of his well-known war on the beef trust. Plastering in the new federal building halted by cold weather. Watch meetings will be held in the churches of the city to usher in the New Year. Merry-making will prevail in the hotels and cafes. Tomorrow the city will be dry as a bone. The day laws will be strictly enforced, to thwart the bootlegger nuisance, which has inflicted Kansas for 40 years. After January 1 the Medford Book store will close on Sundays. The electricity will be turned into the Bullis line to Jacksonville tomorrow, the street car will make a test run. Friday. Portland saloons sell out completely on final day of the saloon and liquor in Oregon. Seven states go dry. Advertisements state it will be possible to secure "San Diego" beer by mail. Coyotes reported thick in the Trail district. Full grown deer amble down Main street of Jacksonville in mid-afternoon and its fawn is caught by Mr. Applebaker, the blacksmith. Fifteen per cent of the fall plowing is now completed, says Frank E. Bybee of Jacksonville. Saturday. Many people will journey to northern California, as the road over the Siskiyou is open—so are the saloons at Hill and Hornbrook. All the saloons of the city closed and are now dark and dreary. A few will open as lunch counters. Cold weather continues in the valley. Will H. Gore fears it will curtail his wheat. City greets the New Year with wild acclaim and joy. Many fashionable women wear make-up regarding the closing of the saloons forever, and the end of John Barclay in Oregon. Everybody with a taste for liquor has a cupboard full and a few have laid in a supply of good liquor sufficient to last a lifetime. Mail Tribune editorial says the "dry law will at least keep the booze away from the back porch. Table Rock farmers sign up sugar beet acreage.

Automobiles Take Toll of 100,000 Child Lives



RAY LYMAN WILBUR, Secretary of the Interior

Shocking Estimate Based Upon Accident Statistics, Says Secretary Wilbur. Washington, D. C.—If history repeats itself, approximately 100,000 children will be killed or maimed by automobiles within the next twelve months in the United States. This shocking estimate, according to Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior and Chairman of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection, is based upon the accident statistics of past years. "When I was a boy," said Secretary Wilbur, "the only thing we feared out in the open country was a rattlesnake. But the rattlesnake is a domestic pet compared with the automobile. Rattlesnakes kill a few thousand persons a year in this country, but automobiles kill 100,000 children alone, because our safety precautions are not as modern as our mode of travel. "Worst of all, the automobile is only one of the many new modern dangers to which our children are exposed. "Members of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection which will meet in Washington November 19-22 at the call of President Hoover, have been working for the past year upon the problems of childhood. "All they have discovered—that is, every bit of scientific knowledge relative to children now in existence in the field of medical service, public health, education and training—will later be at the service of what the President has rightly called the "deeply concerned parents" of this country. "More than 1,000 experts from every field will gather at the Red Cross and D. A. R. buildings in Washington for the Conference. Secretary Wilbur, as chairman, will make the closing address. The Secretary has served both the American Medical Association and Stanford University as president.

soldier, polo player and pig-sticker who put on native clothes and lived among the people of India. He absorbed their mysticism at the feet of a guru (teacher) and became a Yogi. He smoked opium (and loathed it) in order to escape a Turkish prison, and he has watched natch girls dance. "The letters of Henry Adams" also are excellent as a travel record of an earlier day. The travel part is incidental, however. The chief merit is in Adams' comment on his times and his self-revelation as a rather cynical member of a distinguished family, studying hopefully in Germany and finally wandering futilely in the South seas. Characters of more recent acquaintance are revived in "Tate and Roosevelt: The Intimate Letters of Archie Butt" and in Mark Sullivan's "Pro-War America." "The first is unconsciously funny, the latter is even more humorous in spots, although it is finished off in a little too much haste. Polar exploration can hardly be overlooked this season. Besides Admiral Byrd's "Little America" and "Andrew's Story," the detailed records of two widely different flights to icy wastes, there is another graphic volume on the bitter hardships of the Antarctic's land route, "The Worst Journey in the World," by Apsley Cherry-Garrard. Novelists' Pan. In novels I liked most of all Somerset Maugham's "Cakes and Ale," and that stands for the story as well as the writing. In a brutal and brilliant manner Maugham strips a Victorian reputation from a recognizable old man of English letters and thrusts sharply at lesser authors. Rose Macaulay's "Staying With Relations" is delightfully amusing, and Rosamond Lehmann's "A New Music" is a worthy successor to her "Dusty Answer." If Mrs. McCormick hasn't found any other kind, she can get a seat on the stock exchange rather cheap now.—Key West Citizen. No wonder the week shall inherit the earth. The fix it's getting in now, you couldn't wish it on anybody else.—Stamford Advocate. It is pointed out that nowadays there are many gadgets that make work lighter. But few that can make a lighter work.—Passing Show. A scientist states that there are billions of millions of moons. Not once in a blue one are we allowed to forget it by the song publishers.—London Opinion. A college professor says it takes five generations of careful breeding to make a champion hen. But of course any number of perfect humans can be made by passing a law.—San Diego Union.

Smudge Smoke

Many local citizens during the Yule season, returned to where they first saw the sunlight. Residents of the hill areas are cheering on even those days, which is said to be quite tasty, but greasy. Christmas day was not spoiled by any inclemency of the weather such as snow. H. Pletcher and I. Coleman have fled from short sojourns in California, and once more have their well-known noses to the economic grandstand. Coal, gold and platinum are discovered hourly back of Jville. Several of the townspeople have been laid down by colds the past 11 days. S. Claus called late Wed. and according to reports did not miss anybody. New suits and autos have made their appearance. Hank Bates out a kid's hair Wed. who with the experience of youth tried to outtalk him. He failed, but put up a good struggle. A New Year will be available next Thursday, and will be welcomed with huzzahs and a good grace, as there is nothing else to do. The fire dept. turned on the hydrants one day last week, and the speedway was as slick as the sidewalk in front of a bank on a frosty morn. The boys are playing marbles strenuously, and make more noise jawing each other than a bevy of lawyers. W. McDonald of Eugene spent Christmas here. He has a bulldog now. The postoffice has returned to normal languidness after the holiday rush. Ruth Chatterton will be at the Crate today. Next to Greta Garbo, the sad and stung Scandinavian, she is the best of the movie girls. The Swede, however, is the best. The farmers have started to ruffle up the terrain with their plows. Stores have started to count their beans and measure their calves, as it is pre-inventory time. There will be several social events during the gay holiday season, when the social lions have to wear shirt-fronts that pop open unexpectedly. Next to the government and Hoover, nothing is cussed, more than the Main Stem Christmas trees. Whooping cough and mumps are retarding the young, while the Older Heads have colds in the head, which they could cure in 3/4 a day, by getting some of Doc Thayer's flu pills, but they prefer to wear and starve the cold out. Verne Canon, the crossing watchman and stalwart Democrat, was caught running Fri. like a Republican panic was after him. The J. Korf Hall boy visited the writer Tues. and informs us that he goes to work at 8 a. m. and quits at 2:40 a. m. the next day, which is longer hours than those enjoyed by a hired man. This don't leave him much time for sleep and skykaring. An economic survey of the valley is contemplated. It will undoubtedly show the poor getting poorer, and the rich richer. A letter has been received from W. A. Folger in the Straits of Magellan. Then, too, you can judge a man by the golf score he keeps.—Stamford Advocate. A servant has written a novel. It is said to have plenty of new situations.—The Passing Show. The business world seems to have plenty of backbone if it was not nipped at the upper end.—Vancouver Sun. An apple caused the first downfall of man, but peaches have handled the business since that time.—Chickasha Express. A prominent dentist says the American mouth is becoming larger. We knew it was unwise to add that last flyer to the club sandwich.—Birmingham News. Maybe the dispute could be settled by agreement to allow France and Italy to build railways as big as they can pay for without borrowing any money.—St. Joseph News-Press. A Forum contributor expresses the opinion that railroad crossings, instead of being beautified, should have a ghastly appearance. A lot of automobile drivers seem to be intent on carrying out that idea.—Springfield Union.

St. Elmo's Fire in Frisco Bay

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 26.—When St. Elmo's fire flashed from the spars and mastsheads of ships in San Francisco Bay recently, sailors took it as an omen of bad tidings. "St. Elmo's fire, or Corpus Candens, as it is sometimes called, is a common but of Nature's fire, works in the tropics. It is 'new' only when it appears as far north as San Francisco," says a bulletin from the Washington, D. C. headquarters of the National Geographic society. "Extremely dry weather and accumulations of atmospheric electricity at different levels are the conditions needed for a night display of this most eerie of Nature's strange lights. Masts and spars of ships, and sometimes steeples tops and mountain peaks, act as 'brushes' somewhat like the brushes on an electric motor. They carry electricity of a different level and power than that of the air about them, and at the point of discharge emit a purplish glowing spark, and a crackling or frazzling noise—similar to that of a faulty motor. "Sometimes before a storm ships are aglow with carnival-like displays of these sputtering fireballs. The name St. Elmo is an Italian corruption of St. Erasmus, patron saint of Mediterranean sailors. In Europe St. Elmo's fire is considered a visible sign of his guardianship, rather than a portent of evil. "Northern and Southern Lights. "Most beautiful of Nature's pyrotechnics are the Auroras; the Aurora Borealis in the northern hemisphere and the Aurora Australis in the southern hemisphere equivalent. Each is better known under its common name: Northern Lights or Southern Lights. "Scientists are still at odds concerning the origin of the coronas, rays, arcs, criss-crosses and other discharges of red, green, yellow and blue lights that brighten the skies in the neighborhood of Hudson bay and along the Norway coast. Mother Earth's Fourth of July comes twice a year, in mid-March and mid-September. "It has been observed, however, that the earth is these times directly opposite the sun's spot zones. Accordingly it is advanced

that the Auroras are the result of electric disturbances set up by sun spots. Very bright displays of Northern Lights are almost always accompanied by a magnetic storm, disrupting telegraph, cable and radio currents. Observers of Aurora displays report that some of them have a crackling sound, like a crackling of silk. Underwater Fireworks. "Phosphorescence in the sea, Neptune's fire, water, has nothing to do with the substance that goes into the manufacture of matches, despite a remarkable resemblance and an obvious derivation of name. "For, although sea water contains salts of phosphorus, called phosphates, it has no free, uncombined, quantities of the element. Luminescence, the name preferred by recent investigators, is a more appropriate term. The light is largely the result of the oxidizing, or burning, of minute particles of dead animal and vegetable matter, the oxygen being derived from small amounts dissolved in sea water. "In addition, there is a phosphorescence, or luminescence, of living organisms. Several varieties of protophyta, tiny single-cell plants that float on the surface of the water, diffuse the dull glow called 'milky sea' in the Far East, or 'white water' of the Gulf of Aden. Certain forms of bacteria are also luminescent, and are often visible on sand and on fish cast up by the sea. This glow is not due to decay, for when decay sets in the luminescence ceases. "Some forms of sea fire are highly incandescent, giving off an intense, almost white, light. It is difficult to believe that one would not have one's fingers burned by touching it. Others are golden yellow, blue and even red, and green, giving weird, uncanny effects on dark nights. "Lightning Without Thunder. "One of the strange forms of Nature's fireworks familiar to everyone is heat lightning. Heat lightning is not lightning at all, except in a reflected sense. This soundless spectacle usually follows a flash of real lightning so far away that the sound cannot be heard nor the actual flash seen. The light is projected, like a movie, on a high strata of clouds.

Press Comment

AT IT AGAIN. Is there to be no limit to the covetous grasp of California upon the rightful properties of Oregon? Like the bolshie hegemon who sees size of her finest table napkins stuffed into the pocket of a dinner guest, Oregon tried to be graciously unconscious when California grabbed Crater Lake and gave it wide publicity as a scenic attraction of the golden state. We mustered up a passable grin of good-natured amusement when Multnomah falls was whisked away from us. We have abated with more or less stoic composure the illicit adoption of our notable spots and historic characters, but at last we reach the point where we must, perforce, protest. There is such a thing as going too far. We borrow a famous phrase of defiance to thunder, "How long, O California, wilt thou abuse our patients?" We may understand and forgive our southern neighbor's natural longing to move to its bare, arid hills, the green-bowered grandeur of a waterfall or the vast reservoir of blue that fills the void of the great volcano that was Mount Mazama. It is only a common human weakness to want what one has not, but why in the world does California have to go to the lengths to borrow, beg, or steal scenic news, when California is so well supplied, herself? For here is the latest felony, involving not only the purloining of a sensational triangle murder, but the abduction of the entire city where it occurred. In the illustrated section of a paper which has a wide circulation, appear pictures of the principal actors in a recent triangle tragedy with a caption beneath referring to the man as a "rich Portland, Cal., manufacturer." This is much too much. A state which has boasted a Hickman and a Northcutt; which enjoys such serial mysteries as that of the lady

who dived into the ocean at Long Beach and came up in the middle of a desert, can well afford to be more generous. To import sensational stories into California to carry coals to Newcastle. It is to indulge in wasteful and ridiculous excess.—Portland Telegram. Norris, The Bolter. Robert H. Lucas makes a totally effective reply to Senator Norris' plaintive charge that Lucas shattered a party regularly by working against it in the Nebraska Senator's renomination in the Republican primaries and therefore should be dismissed from his job as executive secretary of the National Republican party. But Mr. Lucas could have been just as effective at much less trouble by saying: "Tut, tut, Senator." Mr. Lucas was evidently influenced by the cumulative evidence that nature omitted to put a grain of real humor into the makeup of the grand, gloomy and peculiar Nebraska statesman. All the rest of the country would have understood the "Tut, tut." But Mr. Lucas apparently had hope of making some kind of an impression on Senator Norris by reciting the Nebraska's long, bitter and inveterate opposition to the Republican party, even to the extent of bolting to Alfred E. Smith in the 1928 election. This was another mistake on the part of Mr. Lucas. For nothing makes an impression on Senator Norris except the conviction of his own virtue and the belief that he is the Republican party. He can oppose its policies, obstruct its pledged program, berate its chosen leaders, openly support the presidential candidate of the Democrats. But that is all right. For Senator Norris has no doubt he is the only boy in the whole regiment who is keeping step. When Senator Norris declared for Alfred E. Smith for President in that, in the Nebraska's opinion, made the New York Governor the rightful Republican candidate. The 21,582,120 Republicans who voted for Mr. Hoover were the bolters. Mr. Lucas' presentation of the case is quite lost on the Senator we are sure. Yes, Mr. Lucas might just as well have said, "Tut, tut" and let it go at that.—(San Francisco Chronicle).

Too Simple (Baltimore Sun). There is a simple directness about Senator Borah's proposal of a two per cent increase in federal income tax, making it a total of three per cent above the tax collected this year, which is appealing. His idea is that since the federal government promises to end the year with a substantial deficit, they not go out and get the money to meet it by boosting the income tax. One economic hitch in this plan is it is nothing but a series of hitches as a political proposition—is that by seeking the income tax paying group at a time when it is not exactly glowing with financial health the result might be smaller income tax collections in

渡普航慈

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Grateful Patients Recommended Chan & Kong Herbs

To Whom It May Concern: For years I suffered with stomach trouble and bleeding piles and was terribly constipated. I had severe pains in my stomach from gas, and a vomiting sensation. I had no appetite. The pain stretched across my back to my kidneys. About a month ago a friend of mine in Sacramento recommended me to Chan & Kong, the Chinese Herb Specialists. After taking their herbs for three weeks I am entirely well. I sincerely thank the Herbalists of Chan & Kong for restoring my health and I recommend them to all others who seek to regain their health. ED. RAIBLE.

Highly Recommended by Mother and Son

P. G. & E. Construction Camp, Salt Springs, California. Sacramento, April 4, 1930. To Whom It May Concern: I have suffered for years with a weak stomach, had no appetite and was generally run down. I had a bad cough all night and I could not sleep. Some one suggested that I go to Chan & Kong. I immediately started taking their herbal treatments and within a month I am happy to say I am completely well. My son also suffered from a very bad pain. He could not eat and could scarcely walk at times. He took Chan & Kong herb treatments for only three weeks and is now entirely cured. I am very glad to recommend Chan & Kong to all others who are ill. Yours very truly, (Signed) JERONIMA ORNEALS.

Eye Trouble for Forty Years

Oakland, Calif., Sept 14, 1929. To Whom It May Concern: My eyes have been troubled with ingrowing hairs for the past 40 years, and a scum covering one eye during the past 4 years. I have tried various treatments, all of which gave me but only temporary relief. My doctor in San Francisco said that I had cataract growing on one eye. A year ago the scum, which covered one of my eyes bothered me so that finally I decided to try Chan & Kong who told me that it could be cured in two weeks and that my condition was caused by my liver being out of order. After having taken their treatments for twenty-one days, my eye was cleared of the scum and I can now see normally again. I am highly pleased with the Chan & Kong treatments and their action on my case. Respectfully yours, F. FARRER.

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By RICHARD MASSOCK NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—December is inventory time in the book-scanning business. Production stands still until after Christmas, permitting reviewers to look over book volumes to see which ones they can safely send to their friends with reasonable assurance that the gift will not only be read, but enjoyed. Here, then, is my list. It is short because it includes only books that I am confident would be appreciated, even if they fell into strange hands. There are doubtless others of as much merit among the unmentioned titles. Adventure in Biography. First, I don't see how anybody can go wrong with "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," by Major Francis Younghusband. The situation in India makes it almost topical, but it fits into the categories of adventure and autobiography. Yeats-Brown is a British officer,