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LADIES GOLF ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot (By Arthur Perry)

A Portland drummer was in town day before yesterday, who stoutly insisted that he had met up with a Willamette valley resident who was fairly cheerful, not in a high state of hysteria over the fact that he nor possessed wife's idolatry for Julius.

The defunct and discredited soul-mate of "Maw" Kennedy, announced that as soon as he is disentangled from the law, he will return to evangelistic work. There will be great rejoicing in Heaven over the week-end.

The Eugene Register-Guard, editorially, intimates that the Hon. Ben Keeney of this city and county, is the champion letter writer of the state. We have noted Mr. Keeney's epistles in the Lane county papers since the fall of 1907, and he is no mean letter writer, but he lacks variety in his epistles. He never, as far as we can ascertain, ever jabs anything with a soft-pointed lead pencil, but the faxes. Now in these parts there are a horde of letter writers who fear no subject. They will write laughably upon any topic, whether they know anything about it or not. The less they know about the matter in hand, the more fluently they discuss it. If it was not for them, the paper mills would only be running three days per week. The Jackson county literati is under no restrictions, and while they have a fondness for articles on the taxes, and the evils and cures thereof, they also have some ideas about the opening of a Police corridor, the Hereafter, conditions in the Antarctic, and the producing of aspirin from Canadian thistles. Mr. Keeney is invited to come down here and take a post-graduate course in pre-medical and epistolary concocting of notes to the paper. Arrangements should be made to have Mr. Keeney cross fountain pens with the home guard orchard run of authors.

Henry Hungry has left for Minnesota, which he hopes to make by easy breakdowns.

Since the selection of Detroit as its 1931 convention city, the American Legion's membership has jumped to over a million. (Detroit News)

The proximity of Detroit to Canada has nothing at all to do with the outbreak of parliament.

Who can recall when civilization was in excellent shape, but for the fact that it insisted on hanging convicted murderers Friday morning?

SAME HERE! (Siskiyu News)

Very often a reader asks us, "How do you think up what you write about?" Well, truth is, we would like to know.

Clara Bow, the "hoyden of the movies," who successfully eliminated herself by her own capers, from public favor, and the "heavy dough," will return September 1 from the cow-ranch where she has been sojourning. The return will not be a "wow," unless she is garbed in a calico Mother Hubbard, and is furiously shy.

A preponderance of the autos have wheels with soprano squeaks these days.

HURRAH! (Jewish Republican)

Mr. Charles Baird was a breakfast guest of Mrs. Callie Pierce Thursday morning. Mr. Baird is vice-president of the Fidelity National Bank and Trust company of Kansas City, and his connection to Jewell is through his marriage to Miss Georgia Robertson.

"WORLD SHUT-DOWN" PROPOSED—(Oakland Tribune) How about a world shut-up first?

After listening to an air-riveting machine for a week, respect for the hole drilling ability of a woodpecker begins to ebb.

ACCUSER OF MOONEY CARRIED NO REGRETS

DAKER, Ore., July 25.—(AP)—Relatives of Frank C. Oxman, prominent cattleman and witness in the murder trial of Thomas J. Mooney, revealed today that as he lay at the point of death at his home here, he remarked to the gathered family, "I am so happy I have nothing to regret."

Relatives believe he referred to his testimony at Mooney's trial in connection with the 1916 San Francisco preparedness day parade bombing. Mooney was convicted of a murder charge. Oxman died Wednesday.

THE CELLOPHANE AGE

THIS is the iron age, the advertising age, the age of super-power and concrete, but the product or invention that has wrought the greatest revolution in business within the current business cycle is a transparent, dust- and moisture-proof substance known as cellophane. It is only spruce pulp squeezed through a narrow slit, solidified into sheets and treated chemically, but it has performed miracles in business and distribution.

France discovered it more than 15 years ago and then waited for the genius of American business to improve upon it and develop it to the point where distribution methods were revolutionized. To the French it might have seemed a trifle. To the American imagination it loomed large.

Cellophane is preserving meat by the packer instead of by the butcher, it is being woven into hats, protecting growing fruit and packing the ripe product for market, producing artificial grass, ribbons and gimeracks for Christmas trees, preserving fish for remote inland markets, making dirigibles gas proof, aiding in the casting of false teeth, insulating electric circuits and wrapping everything from candy to shirts.

This sudden universal adoption of such a product as cellophane is convincing proof of the progressiveness of American industry. It was not rejected because business had got along without it for several centuries. Instead it was awake to the possibilities and took advantage of them. There lies the secret of the supremacy of the United States in industry and commerce.

IT PAYS TO WAIT

EMERGENCIES compel quick decisions, which may prove no more than partial solutions, with much of hardship and injustice. In such crises necessity drives a hard bargain, and even for the sake of some great good may work much evil. Such decisions, moreover, are rarely stable, since they must at least pay the penalty of haste and make concessions to the very conditions which they have ignored or else be constantly attacked by rebellion and discontent.

For this reason, so many forward steps in history, now so obvious and inevitable, were made only after long waiting and much work. They were wrought out by the alchemy of time. They waited upon the slow flux of public opinion to prove their worth and gather power. An idea may be born in a moment, but time and patience must attend it to dispel disagreement and wipe out prejudice, to set up a principle and win for it a general consent.

Wise governors among men learn the habit of patience. They are willing to wait until other men of good intention come to see with their vision and until doubts and differences are proved to be trifles and the substantial agreement of sincere men is revealed. The truth can afford to wait for its followers, for in the cause of truth there can be no forced harmony nor any allegiance save that which is given freely.—R. S.

APOLOGIES

A NOTED golfer in a radio address the other night apologized for his voice, his delivery and his unfamiliarity with public speaking. He needed not have done it, but he followed a popular formula.

Some people always are apologizing. For themselves. For their children. For their houses. For the meals they've cooked. For the way they look. For work they do. For everything.

You didn't notice anything was wrong. You thought they looked all right. You thought their children were nice, normal little creatures. You enjoyed the meal you'd just eaten. You were having a good time and you felt grateful.

Then they began apologizing—in a fretful, pleading sort of way. And they appted all your ease, all your ideas about them. The apologizing gets on your nerves and you lose some of your admiration for them.

Why do they do it? Perhaps they long too deeply for perfection. They want everything, all the time, to be going along perfectly. They have an ideal in their hearts, and it is in an impossible one. They are great souls, struggling wearily through a commonplace life—and they want you to know their ideals tower into the heavens above their small, inescapable abilities. So they plead with you to admire what they might have been instead of what you are. And they apologize.

But it doesn't work. It can't work because it doesn't explain. It merely bores. And the worst of it is, even estimable people do it and don't realize what they are doing to themselves.—R. S.

Correct this Sentence: "I may feel important at times," said the congressman, "but I realize I'm not big enough to sit in the White House."

Americanism: "De-bunking" the heroes who built our civilization, visualizing as super-men the lowered thugs who are trying to destroy it.

Of course war can be ended by treaties. Whenever laws become effective without the support of public opinion.

Yet a champion isn't the best in the world, but merely the best of those who have nothing more important to do.

You'll notice that when a deficit makes the public watchful, Big Business isn't intitled to an income tax refund.

There are two kinds of men; Those who merely touch their hats when they greet a woman, and those who have hair.

A million years of slow development, and still the greatest nation solves its problems by building more prisons.

Old-timers were queer. They thought the Fool Killer a person instead of a vehicle.

And if all of the diners at our summer hotel were placed end to end, they would reach.

Some farmers know their business and others put too much mustard on the hot dogs.

Judging by the way divorce-seekers behave at Reno, they aren't going to be missed a great deal.

An amateur is one who doesn't play when the weather makes it too much like work.

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 replies will be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD EMETIC DOWN

Suppose your baby should creep in where you keep your poisons some day when you're busy in the consulting room, and reach up and knock a vial of corrosive sublimate (bichloride of mercury) tablets off the bottom shelf. Break open the vial, and eat some of the pretty blue stained "candies." Ho-hum, just then, by a lucky chance, you enter the dispensary and find the baby with her lips and mouth all stained blue with the poison tablets all over the floor. What are you going to do in such an emergency—run around in little circles waving your hands, or give the baby an emetic?

That happened to our baby. We gave her the only emetic I know which is reasonably prompt in effect. This emetic we gave our baby is branded a "poison" by a good many second rate druggists when people ask for it. But it is nevertheless the only quick, sure emetic I know of for just such emergencies, and I should advise every one to keep it in the household medicine kit. The emetic is copper sulphate, otherwise known as blue vitriol or blue stone. I suppose it would be somewhat prompt in effect if you took enough. But not in the quantity sufficient to produce vomiting. For this purpose one or two grains of copper sulphate is enough, and it is best given dissolved in a spoonful or two of water.

When you give a dose of copper sulphate as an emetic, let me tell you it is wise to be all set for the rebound for as I say, this is a very good emetic, indeed, it works straight down long. Sometimes it seems to me the dose scarcely gets all the way down before you receive a complete inventory of the patient's last meal.

For the pocket emergency kit (meaning the pocket in the corner of the flyover) copper sulphate may be carried in convenient one-grain tablets. If your druggist is a cantankerous, unaccommodating sort, you'll have to carry a small sardine vial containing one or two grains of copper sulphate, dissolved in one or two spoonfuls of water, all ready to shoot!

Of course, we never know how much of the fatal mercury the baby actually swallowed, if any, but from the evidence on her lips and some of the copper sulphate that she could carry in convenient one-grain tablets. If your druggist is a cantankerous, unaccommodating sort, you'll have to carry a small sardine vial containing one or two grains of copper sulphate, dissolved in one or two spoonfuls of water, all ready to shoot!

The old household emetic is ipecac syrup of ipecac, of which you must give an infant a teaspoonful and an older child a tablespoonful, and even then it is uncertain, slow and unreliable in a serious poisoning emergency.

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SUNDOWN STORIES

INDIAN SUMMER. By Mary Graham Lohmer.

The Little Black Cuck had turned the time far back to a cool autumn day, and the children found themselves around a camp fire, the leaves crackling as they fell from the trees as the story of the old trees creaked, and sometimes a shiver of delight passed over the children as they whispered about some story they had liked.

All old Indians were being about the bright colors of the trees and of the great chiefs.

Suddenly he said: "Soon the days will come when the old wise man will smoke his pipe and his smoke will cover the hills and the valleys and leave a warm mist everywhere."

"Oh, when the mighty, cold warriors told him of the stories of their battles with the wind and the ice and the snow all the while because the older and so interested was the old wise man that he did not even bother to smoke his pipe."

"But then along came the lovely mist with their soft voices and sunny ways, and their stories were of flowers and sunshine."

"He could not listen to the cold warriors now. He wanted to hear the soft breezes, and he left so soon for the stories that he began smoking again."

"And every year the mighty, cold warriors want to start their season, and he listens to them, but then the summer warriors have more to tell him about the birds and the flowers, and he listens and has one last long smoke, and the earth people are warmed."

Communications

Would Keep Historic Name To The Editor: Yesterday's Mail Tribune tells me that the county court has been called upon to give the "Old Military road" an official name.

While many names have been suggested, we feel that the historic name should be retained. To us descendants of the pioneers the original name seems almost sacred.

The "Old Military road" is the second oldest road into the Rogue River valley. The first road was built into and through this valley in 1840. The Rogue River valley was at that time an unexplored, wilderness inhabited by tribes of warlike Indians. The 15 men who blazed the trail through the valley were pioneers of the Willamette valley. This road was called the "Old Military road" or "Old South road."

Fort Lane was built by order of the government in 1853-54 and the "Old Military road" was then built to bring men and supplies by a short route from the Willamette valley. It's part and the history name.

Let us keep the historic name, and let it be the name of the road to Jacksonville, July 23, 1931.

Monday—The Busy Afternoon

EXIT by Harold Bell Wright

Chapter 23

THE TELLETA CHARM. BANKER DAYTON interrupted the sheriff's questioning of Ann. "Perhaps I can tell you better about Bruce, Sheriff Bolton. We—the First National Bank—sent Bruce, who is a clerk in the bank, to Camden to deliver some important papers to the president of the Farmers' National there. Our cashier, Mr. Campbell, made the arrangement. It was necessary that the papers be there before the bank opened tomorrow morning."

Mr. Wilson, the bank teller, spoke: "I met some friends who came on the 7:40 train this evening, and I saw Bruce board it as it was pulling out."

The sheriff turned to his deputy: "Scott, get me the president of the Farmers' National—Fuller is his name. The phone's in the hall."

Mr. Dayton rose quickly. "Let me talk to him, Sheriff. If you question him about Bruce it might look strange, you know."

"All right," the sheriff agreed, and Dayton stepped to the telephone. The others heard him place his call, then:

"Is Mr. Fuller in?... Hello, Henry! This is Ed Dayton speaking. I wanted to make sure you received those papers...."

"Good, Bruce got them to you about nine o'clock, you say?"

"Yes, we expect him home on the first train tomorrow...."

"Oh, so our cashier phoned you just before Bruce's train left. Campbell phoned at 7:15, you say?..."

"Thanks, Henry. Good night." As Mr. Dayton came back the sheriff said: "Well, that puts Bruce Carey in the clear all right. I'll talk with him in the morning, though. Now, Martin, tell us how you spent the evening."

The old bookkeeper moved uneasily. The nervous tension of the entire company was increased as if they sensed an approaching crisis.

Martin asked tremulously, "Shall I start when I left the house with Bruce?"

"Yes. What time was that?"

"A little after seven o'clock. Bruce was going to take the train to Camden at 7:40, and as I had to go back to work on the books, we walked as far as the bank together. Then Bruce said 'Good-by' and went on down the street. I went into the bank and—"

"Just a minute. Did you go by the front door, or by the side door?"

"Oh, the side door. We always use that door after banking hours."

"Do you carry a key with you all the time?"

"I have for 40 years."

Mr. Dayton added: "All the employees have keys to that door."

"And who has the combination of the safe, Mr. Dayton?"

The president answered reluctantly: "Mr. Campbell, Mr. Wilson here, and Martin."

"Mr. Wilson, who locked the safe at the close of the day's work this afternoon?"

"I did. Martin and I were together when I locked up. We were the last to leave."

"Are you sure that the missing \$25,000 was in the safe at that time?"

"It was my business to know that the money was there. You see, we are only a small bank and such an item could not have been overlooked."

"After you locked up, you and Martin left the bank together?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are positive there wasn't anybody left in the building?"

"I think there was no one; I can't be absolutely sure of it. The side door opens into a little hall, which, as you enter from the street, is connected by an arch with the main room on the left. On the right, are the doors to the cashier's office and the president's office. When Martin and I left, I did not look into either of those rooms."

"Martin, tell us what you did after Bruce left you in front of the side entrance to the bank. First you unlocked the door and entered, I suppose?"

and Mrs. Hugh Hayes have been attending one of the packing schools in Medford.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Lauce, who are spending the summer at Prospect, spent the week-end in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Drake have as guests Mrs. C. F. Beck and son Floyd of Grants Pass.

Mrs. Munier, mother of Mrs. Joe Bluff and Aurele Munier, has been quite ill and was a patient at the Sacred Heart hospital for several days. Mrs. Munier's home is in Canada and she arrived in this city several weeks ago to spend the summer with her children.

Mrs. Della Shaver, Mrs. Arthur Braden, Mrs. Minnie Stuckel, Woodrow Shaver and C. J. Shorb were among Medford visitors from this city Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Reed were Medford visitors Thursday.

Amarillo, Texas, picture theatre offer to admit any farmer and family for a bushel of wheat on Saturdays during the summer.

GOLD HILL. GOLD HILL, Ore., July 25.—(Sp.) Among out-of-town people to attend the funeral of Ogden Snyder were Mr. and Mrs. Chester Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Kbars, Mrs. W. W. Truax, Mrs. Maude Stuckel and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Edings of Medford.

Mrs. Rena Davis entertained the Past Noble Grand club of the Amity-Red Rebekah lodge at her home Thursday.

Mrs. Bert Woadley, accompanied by her children, Clarence, Leona and Lucille, left last week for their new home in Foss, Ore.

Miss Minnie Stuckel had as her week-end guests Mrs. W. G. Davis and small daughters Marilyn, Miss Suzanne Koke and Maxwell Marvin of Phoenix, Ore.

Mrs. E. J. Henking is in Portland visiting her sister Mrs. M. J. Henking. Asil Walker, Mrs. Marvin Emory

FLIGHT OF

(Medford and Jackson History From The Mail Tribune of 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY. July 25, 1921. (It was Monday.) Eastern Star held picnic land.

Portland A.S. club visited Medford. Tax revision insisted upon by Drew Mellon, secretary of the treasury.

Lobby of Blaine theater represented the inside of a theater for the coming of the Blaine. "The City of Silent Men" dramatic critic of this paper, this "will be a champion epidemic of war pictures."

"Economic unity" is discussed noon forum of the C. of C. C. O. Alenderfer and A. Cunningham and wives return three weeks trip to southern fairs.

Louis W. Hill, chairman of lines, spends few hours in Medford.

FRANKIE FRASER OF CHICAGO valley, and Jimmie Corrigan, in auto races on West Main will be hailed into police. Frazier smashed his auto against a phone pole.

Sawmill planned for city secured.

Dear season will open and many have engaged to trip into the timber.

But Nelson, fighter, trails says a woodpile is the best. Special election sought for highway bonds.

Ross Lane will be made. Portland auto junker's valley is "thrilled and chagrined."

Classified advertising

IN VACATION TIME. Don't forget to keep touch with the old town when you leave your summer vacation. your Mail Tribune form to the new address. Main 75 and the manager will be promptly attended to.

FIRST 25 COUPONS DANCE FREE AT GOLD HILL TONIGHT. Rhythm by the B.

TRUCKMEN FRUIT HAUL. we will write you INSURANCE and get your P. S. C. PERMIT at very reasonable CHAUNCEY FLOREY Insurance 123 East Main St.

I. H. KAPLO. 702 West Fourth

You are invited to present upon at the Mail Tribune receive two

FREE TICKET TO A TALKING PICTURE PROGRAM AT THE

As a Guest Subscriber

MAIL TRIBUNE

WATCH THIS SPACE. If you a subscriber of the Mail Tribune your name may appear here. Only subscribers names will be published and, during the course of this offer, all subscribers will be given an opportunity to receive FREE shows as GUESTS THIS PAPER.

NOW PLAYING "June Moon"