

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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YE SMUDGE POT (By Arthur Perry)

In response to many written and spoken words, "that you will return to your work, after a well earned vacation, with renewed enthusiasm..."

The Bill Smith baby is named John Lewis... (Morrow County News.) How come!

The business of chasing the villain down the cork neck, with a cheese-knife, for the benefit of the small taxpayer, is now at its height...

The newly created state police who, thank goodness, did not appear, as first threatened, in red pants, report considerable difficulty in locating "autos with no new license plates..."

SUCH BRAZENNESS! (Santa Ana, Cal., Register) Ignoring the resolution presented by fourteen Santa Ana ministers...

"We'll check your oil, clean your windshield, fill your radiator and air your tires, but we'll be damned if we'll cash your checks..."

"Miss Graye White has been around home the last ten days..." (Paisley Items.) There's no telling what a woman will do.

THE HEFTY THINKERS Lion Karl Gordon answered several questions from the question box. Members of the club seemed to get more solid satisfaction out of why a pig grunts than some of the answers to more technical questions...

"Don't you suppose I know it," was the reply. "That's what I want. Sure, REAL HEAT, THE MORE SUNSHINE THE BETTER. I want to have some SUMMER, I am dead sick of WINTER the year round..."

SO there you are mates. Everything is relative, what is one man's food is another man's poison. The endless search for the perfect climate, leads coasters inland, and inlanders to the coast at one and the same time.

Which should be some consolation for those, who by the force of circumstances, must stay at home.

Brisbane's Today (Continued from Page One) Germany thanks President Hoover for his sweet suggestion. Low prices and long credit, but will need it...

DRABTIC PRECAUTIONS (Dahlgren, Ga., Nugget) The best morning, when Carl Vandiver and C. Gilliland went to dress their pants and pocket change were missing...

NO TIME TO PLAY WITH MATCHES!

AS THE big blaze in Medford last night demonstrated—this is no time to play with matches. Had there been a gale blowing a large section of the southwest residential district might well have been wiped out. But Medford's luck still held, always reinforced by an exceptionally efficient fire department.

With everything dry as tinder, with the point of combustion far below normal, it is, we repeat, no time to play with matches. We refer particularly to the friction match,—the slight splinter of wood, which when its head is scratched on a strip of sand paper, a pair of "cords," or no doubt the latest in beach pajamas, will burst into flame.

BUT there are other matches, not made of wood, but made of words and thoughts, which also should not be played with at the present time. For because of this world-wide depression, with its consequent unrest and distrust, the point of combustion in the minds of the people, is also far below normal.

It is no time to play with matches. Look at staid and sedate Portland, for example. There have been differences of opinion up there before between those who produce milk and those who distribute it, but heretofore it has been taken out in talk.

Thanks to this low point of mental and emotional combustion, however, talk has not sufficed this time. There is a real war on,—dynamite explosions, fists flying, trucks hi-jacked, dairies blown up, thousands of gallons of milk destroyed.

IT'S no time to play with matches! And it IS time, to clamp down on those who can't resist the temptation. It IS time for all right thinking citizens to get together, turn the civic hope on the hot heads, keep a sharp eye on the congenial firebugs, and do everything that can be done to avoid a destructive conflagration.

For what in normal times might be merely a grass fire, may well turn into a holocaust, with the public temper in its present state of inflammation.

It's no time to play with matches!

GOVERNOR MEIER IMPROVING ALL THE TIME

GOVERNOR Meier is improving all the time. His decision not to call a special session of the legislature, shows that he has learned to subordinate his personal opinions to the public weal, when there is a conflict between the two.

For a man of his impetuous and impatient type this is quite a victory. There is no doubt that the Governor WANTED a special session, and believed that to get his tax reduction engine hitting on high, such a session was essential. There is also no doubt that he strongly favored the Indiana plan of local tax control, when it was first presented to him.

But the more he learned about both the less he cared for them. Instead of allowing any pride of opinion to interfere, he promptly discarded what was originally his pet scheme, and without any compunction threw the mismatched pair overboard.

GOOD work Julius! The most necessary trait in high public office at this time, is fair-mindedness, a disposition to live and let live, a readiness to learn.

We predict that if Governor Meier, with his natural force and tremendous energy, continues regardless of future temptations, to exhibit similar restraint, and reasonableness, his administration will prove to be a very constructive and successful one.

We all want WHAT IS BEST FOR THE STATE OF OREGON. Our differences are in methods, not in aims.

With leadership that is aggressive and dynamic, but at the same time, tolerant and always open-minded, we see no reason why the ship of state cannot be steered through the present tempestuous seas, safely into the promised port,—not the port of our dreams perhaps, but the port of constructive progress and better things.

WE SELDOM APPRECIATE OUR BLESSINGS

HERE is an odd thing. While residents of Medford are going to the shores of the Pacific to get cool, residents along the coast are coming to Medford to get warm.

The present writer has just returned from a week-end in Crescent City, where it was so cold, ear muffs would have come in handy. It was also damp and foggy,—no sunshine for 48 hours.

A certain Crescent City resident was encountered who was all set for a motor trip to Medford, stopping at the Oregon caves, returning via Redding and Eureka.

"It will be hot," he was told. "Don't you suppose I know it," was the reply. "That's what I want. Sure, REAL HEAT, THE MORE SUNSHINE THE BETTER. I want to have some SUMMER, I am dead sick of WINTER the year round..."

SO there you are mates. Everything is relative, what is one man's food is another man's poison. The endless search for the perfect climate, leads coasters inland, and inlanders to the coast at one and the same time.

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EXIT by Harold Bell Wright

Deliberately, as if he sought by his manner to steady the younger man, Donovan lowered his pack to the ground, put the canteen carefully down, and moving leisurely to a seat near Bruce, began to roll a cigarette.

Pierre held his place—he could not move. Bruce, with a little more assurance, asked, "Didn't you say there was a way we could go from here to Gold Center?"

Donovan answered calmly. "We haven't enough water to last one of us half way to Gold Center."

"Well, we're going to Gold Center just the same," returned Bruce with sullen, unreasoning stubbornness.

Donovan, watching his companion, asked calmly: "And what are we going to do when we get to Gold Center?"

"We're going to get another outfit with a supply of provisions and go prospecting again. There must be some place in this desert where a man can live."

"So that's it," said Donovan. "I thought when you told me to call you Fred Burnes that there was something wrong."

"What are you going under the name of Colorado Bill for?" flashed Bruce angrily.



"Come on," called Donovan. "Get a move on."

"Oh, is that so?" retorted Bruce sullenly. Donovan put the canteen carefully down close to his hand as he made up the packs of food which they must carry.

"Come on," called Donovan presently. "Get a move on, will you? Here's your share of the grub. We've got to get out of here."

He swung the small bundle of provisions over his shoulder and picked up the canteen. Bruce did not move.

Pierre was making his way up a long sandy wash toward the hollow between Mother Mountain's breasts when suddenly he heard, or fancied that he heard, a human voice. He stopped and listened. His heart beat so loudly that he could hear nothing else. He restrained an impulse to shout and went on.

The sound of voices came again—louder. He was sure now. He was about to rush forward but checked himself. The voices were angry. It might not be Bruce and the man called Colorado Bill. It would be better to make sure before revealing his presence.

His feet on the sandy floor of the wash made no sound as he moved cautiously toward the point from which the voices came. As he drew nearer he heard more and more distinctly. Then he was quite near—only a low dyke or wall of rock scarcely higher than his head hid the speakers. He could hear clearly now. Every word. One voice he knew—it was Bruce. The other voice was strange. He was about to make his presence known when the stranger spoke again and something made him hesitate.

Donovan was looking at his companion curiously. "Well," he said at last, "you're not thinking of staying here, are you?"

"I'm not going back to Red Butte."

The agony of fear that was revealed in the man's haggard and twitching features told Donovan more than the words, that his companion was facing a desperate issue.

Behind the dyke of rock, Pierre heard in Bruce's voice all that Donovan saw in the bank clerk's face.

Honor among thieves? Not when that bank door opened on a fatal quarrel, disclosed Munday.

The child who has a dresser of his own, with brush and comb and nail file hanging on top of it, is helped to learn to take the responsibility for his personal neatness and cleanliness far more quickly than one for whom the operations of washing and combing bring only vague, unseemly results.

If a small dresser seems an extravagance, it is possible to make an entirely satisfactory one out of a grocery box. Fitted with shelves over which a small mirror may be hung. This home-made dressing table can be made attractive with gay paint and bright chintz curtains.

Even one narrow little shelf, provided a mirror is hung above it at the correct height, will adequately serve.

For the child, learning to keep even the few things on his dresser in order is a good beginning of training in neatness. The little girl will probably take more interest in her dresser, if it has been made to look pretty, and if she has one or two amusing knickknacks like mother's to keep on it.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to disease, diagnosis of 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 small number of letters received only a few can be answered. No reply can be given to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

WHY PILE REMEDIES ARE USUALLY WORTHLESS

For every testimonial published to the effect that a given remedy has cured piles there are probably a hundred guinea pigs who have faithfully tried the remedy with little or no benefit.

People are silly and proud about the question, "How long was I 10 years ago. At the present rate of progress the treatment of hemorrhoids will be fairly satisfactory to the sufferers in another 10 or 20 years."

You really can't expect a pile remedy to do much good if the patient has not piles at all. By tabulating a large number of cases I found several years ago that the diagnosis of the patient that the trouble was a chronic sufferer of hemorrhoids for relief, is correct in four cases and wrong in six cases out of every 10. This alone makes it pretty tough for the pile cure business.

Then again, piles of hemorrhoids are a chronic condition, not an acute or temporary one, and so it is not correct to say piles are "curable" if the pain, bleeding or inflammation which causes the immediate trouble subsides for a time.

A pile or hemorrhoid is a varicose or dilated vein. An "attack" of piles usually means acute inflammation of the pile, perhaps subsiding after a few hours, perhaps persisting for several days and terminating in clotting of the blood in the inflamed vein. This clotting causes for incision and drainage as a measure of quick relief, otherwise the vein may suffer atrociously for many days besides the peril of grave consequences from septic infection.

In the six cases of so called "piles" in which the vein is not wrong about what ails them, various other troubles, some minor, a few very grave, are found when a proper examination is made.

Whatever the notions of the ignorant and low minded may be about such situations, sensible folk should leave their disgusting prudery at home and speak quite plainly and in their own language when they consult the physician. If a doctor is worth a hoot in any way the patient should never feel any embarrassment about the matter of language or ideas to be used in consulting the doctor.

It is a common conviction that forbids the use of medical terms or any very polite terms relating to such things, why should any intelligent person feel embarrassed by his own awkwardness when he has a complaint to make to his doctor?

In nine cases out of 10 the patient's diagnosis of "itching piles" is wrong. The doctor's guess is little better than a layman's about such troubles. The doctor who undertakes to prescribe treatment for an alleged case

SUNDOWN STORIES

THE LONG DAY By Mary Graham Benner. The Little Black Clock had planned a most unusual adventure for this evening, and he had used the magic in his works to turn the time forward.

He had hardly been able to wait for the time to come for this adventure, but he had waited, of course, the clock pointed to 7 o'clock as they did all the time. When the other clocks in the house struck the different hours, it never bothered the clock.

He had never been a clock to strike the hours in any place, and in the second place the other clocks did not have the magic that had been given to him.

"Hello, John!" "Hello, Little Black Clock," said John. "Hello, Peggy," the clock added. "Hello," said Peggy. They usually didn't bother about beginnings such as this, but started right off on a trip. The children wondered why the Little Black Clock didn't say anything for a few minutes. But he was busy making use of a great deal of his magic.

"Oh, we can have such a long day if we wish." "Let's take this turn along the magic path! Ah! Here we are, and I've turned the time forward fifty billion years."

"What a thing to be able to do!" shouted John. "Tomorrow—Fifty Billion Years." Congratulations, Hakkon WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—(AP)—President Hoover is today congratulating King Hakkon of Norway on his 52nd birthday.

"The American people join with me," the president said, "in extending cordial felicitations on this your majesty's birthday."

At Geary and Taylor the San Francisco visitor finds San Francisco's finest hotel. Here, those who appreciate an environment of quiet elegance and service to be found—each year a new group of travelers returning to enjoy its comfortable atmosphere. Fortune-teller Cliff, physically one of the best yet old with his years, is located in the very heart of San Francisco. Here the Clift is the better place to stay. The Clift has the better location, the Clift has the Clift atmosphere. Fortune-teller Cliff, physically one of the best yet old with his years, is located in the very heart of San Francisco. Here the Clift is the better place to stay. The Clift has the better location, the Clift has the Clift atmosphere.

FLIGHT 'O'

(Medford and Jackson County History From the Mail Tribune of 10 Years Ago)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY August 3, 1921 (It Was Wednesday) Charge made that Medford officials attend to the Klux Klan. Klux Klan guests. Oregon metropolis has large membership in the suburbs.

Waterfall waiting marks blow-up in water. Filed against Chief of Engineers. W. G. T. U. adopts a measure for discharge of Hemetrest. All concerned development. Great excitement.

Visitor at Crater Lake arrested for rolling stones. Endangering people at water's edge. Council agrees that Crater mountain water is main cause.

Chamber of Commerce of state auto camps to adopt prices for customers, and patrons exceed the space. Enrico Caruso, world famous dies in New York hospital in operation.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY August 3, 1911 (It Was Thursday) Gov. roads boosters into sonville, and walk the hills. Delegation asks county special bond election to build best highway system in Oregon.

In congress, Oscar De la Riba, Alabama call William Bryan "a liar," when called. Oregon minister declares Francisco is the wickedest face of the earth, so other earthquake, more than the last one.

Picture of Battling Nelson, lightweight champion, caught fish in Rogue river, causing publicity in the mid-west. Oris Crawford and family spend vacation at Coalinga.

Mayor Canon instructs to arrest all autoists who make a stop on the wrong side of the road.

Don Raymond Hit Fox Crater Ruth Chatterton, deputy-vernacularity in a dramatic training role in her latest picture, "The Magnificent Seven," showing at the Fox Crater Tuesday night. In a strategy for a character of very dramatic changes rapidly tragic drama. Miss Chatterton superb.

Completing the program Fox Crater this evening. Raymond, silver voiced tenor now thrilling the Medford goers. Mr. Raymond is one of the greatest finds of the season, and comes to Medford from his national engagement at the Portland mount theatre.

His Sunday appearance at Fox Craterian were greeted with enthusiastic audiences. Do not will appear three times at Fox Craterian for the remainder of the week.

NEW! FREE Travel data, road conditions, sort information, where to go—all the guide service need for any trip in the West. Yours for the asking at Service, Inc. stations which play the covered wagon picture above.

Wm. Aiken 548 Pennsylvania You are invited to present your mail to Tribune and receive two

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NOW PLAYING "The Magnificent Seven"