

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
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The Circus Has Gone

AMERICANS are a frugal, industrious people who for the past ten years have been on such a wild and extended spree that it is taking them almost two years to get rid of the "hangover." Now they are back to earth. They are going to live wisely, spend wisely, buy quality and get their money's worth. They are headed for pre-war sanity of living. At least so believes a New York advertising firm, Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, which has sent to its patrons the following hot-shot, which while written in terms of expensive New York living standards can be translated for Oregon use:

ON a gusty afternoon in October, leaves swirl about erratically; but if you watch them for a while, you will observe that they all drift in one general direction.

We have been studying the drift of business trends. There is plenty of swirl and confusion, but they are all headed one way. Whenever you can get inside of a man's mind and find out what he is thinking, it is almost always something like this: "The circus has come and gone. It was a lot of fun. We looked at the camel and said, 'There ain't no such animal.' We went up against the shell game and got stuck. We ate too many peanuts and drank too much pink lemonade. The ticket seller short-changed us. A pickpocket got our watch. We fed the elephants. We didn't pass up a single side-show. We stayed for the concert. We spent all our money like a rube and enjoyed doing it. When we got home, we were pretty near dead. We never want to see another circus. Let's get back to work."

THE circus lasted for about ten years. And it came right after four years of emotionalism, excitement and fear of the war. People of thirty-five and under have lived their entire adult years in abnormal times. Now the circus has gone and they don't know just what to do about it. But the leaves are all drifting one way.

Most of the men who couldn't get any kick out of golf unless there was a dollar on each hole, a five-dollar Nassau, two bits for nearest-pin and one-putts, three individual matches, and cards matched with half the members of the club, are now playing for ten to twenty-five cents a hole, straight—or not playing at all.

A popular stake in contract is now a tenth of a cent, and no apologies. Stores say that a great many women discuss whether or not a dress will be in style next season. Pretty stenographers have been discovered wearing service-weight stockings. A Broadway blonde tried to break into Paris, presumably because the pickings in New York were unsatisfactory. Revenues are talking about a three-dollar top. Five-cent cigars are being enjoyed. Restaurants are trying the experiment of telling you to eat all you want for sixty cents. It is possible to attend a social gathering at the home of a neighbor, whose income you happen to know is not excessive, without an uncomfortable feeling that the price of next month's groceries is being dissipated. Drifting leaves.

YOU can say of course that these are just temporary lapses due to the depression, and that pretty soon things will be all right and we'll go to the circus again. But shall we? Isn't it possible that we are simply returning to normal times?

Before the war, we were a reasonably frugal people. A woman in moderate circumstances didn't spend five hundred to a thousand dollars a year on personal caprices. Maybe she wanted to, but she didn't have the money. She and her husband didn't blow in fifty dollars at a night club. They didn't spend more than they could afford on vacations—at least not much more. But we lived well. We owned good homes, ate good food, wore excellent clothes, kept a maid who did the cooking, housework and washing for a lot less than ninety dollars per month, took in an occasional show, gave our children sound educations, entertained, saved a little money and enjoyed ourselves.

WE HAD to work hard for our pay and to hold our jobs. There was no easy money. Incompetents were out of work most of the time, as they always have been and always will be.

We incline strongly to the belief that as people gradually get in contact again with cash money, they will have acquired a new respect for it. A nickel will once more be currency, and two bits will be an important asset. People will appreciate values and look for them.

The American scale of living does not mean living at the circus. It does not mean being a sucker. It does not mean falling for every high-pressure salesman who tries to sell you something you don't need or want, for twice what it's worth.

FROM now on, people are going to get their money's worth. They are going to spend wisely. That means that they are going to buy quality, not trash. Even now, one occasionally sees on the street a well-dressed woman wearing shoes of substantial leather with honest soles, instead of dancing slippers. It is almost impossible, any more, to find celluloid or even wooden toes while you are waiting to drive.

Some manufacturers are assuming that because times are hard it is necessary to cheapen the product. Speaking very generally, we believe that assumption to be wrong. It is the easy buyer who is deceived by cheap veneer. A wise buyer looks beneath the surface and demands honest worth.

Just drifting leaves. The wind may turn and upset all our beliefs. But right now, we are glad that the purpose of advertising is to aid people to buy wisely, not to seduce them into wasting their money.

AND as we pick up the dropped nickels and dimes from the deserted circus grounds, so recently brave with tents and flying banners and now boasting only trampled weeds, we have to admit that the advertising boys are right. The circus has gone and we have to get down to business.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.

Wanted 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 reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

PROLONGED MEDICAL CARE FOLLOWING GOUTER OPERATION.

Fifteen years ago I said in this column: "Too many surgeons are doing too many gouther operations, and too many patients are apparently anxious to submit to this fad. Of course there are exceptional cases of very severe exophthalmic gouther in which operation must be considered as a life-saving measure." If the surgeons are not so insistent on the necessity of early operation today it is because the more conservative physicians have taught them better treatment.

In my cases, whether the exophthalmic gouther patient is subjected to any surgical treatment or not, from six months to two years of careful medical treatment is usually necessary to restore the patient to health. The actual purpose of the operation in such cases is to decrease the amount of the thyroid secretion constantly poured into the bloodstream. That lessens the burden on the patient's organs, diminishes the strain on the nervous system and the circulation, cuts off a part of the excessive stimulation which is driving these organs at such a furious pace. The operation doesn't cure. Nature makes the cure, operation or no operation, and nature is just as likely to make a killing as a cure, unless the intelligence of a good physician controls nature's ways.

Unless the patient's condition is indeed desperate it is surely better to see what at least six months of good medical treatment (and medical doesn't necessarily imply medicinal) will accomplish before considering surgical intervention. At least that's what I'd want if I had exophthalmic gouther.

An important feature of successful medical treatment is rest. I mean scientific rest. Something like the rest which is so important in the successful medical treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis or duodenal ulcer or mitral insufficiency. You may think you know what I mean by scientific rest, but if you do you're much wiser than the average intelligent layman. This is a highly technical matter, and the doctor's resourcefulness and ability to achieve scientific physiological rest in a case

MOON OF DELIGHT

by Margaret Bell Houston

SYNOPSIS: It is no surprise to Umberto to find jewels in the chest which the doctor, Divitt, had hidden him take from the boat Dolores in New Orleans harbor. For what, it is not that had they raised detection by customs men? What terrifies him is the discovery that the jewels in the doctor's chest belong to the still love of a lovely girl. Seeing tragedy he is about to close the chest and give it to the unsuspecting Gabreau, his much-deprecated confederate. But the girl rescues and is Umberto's floating tabernacle with a stormy sea. He summons Gabreau and his mother, and from their room near his in the gambling establishment must run by them Divitt and his wife, Isabel. Their Spanish and French prose follow.

CHAPTER 2 OUTSIDE THE LAW

"SPEAK English," said the girl, as the others in the room started in surprise. There was in her voice only a trace of an accent, no more than a slight mis-coloring of the vowels, a soft neglect of the s's. "Also I speak Spanish, but not— Again the slight lift of the shoulder. She scarcely knew how to characterize Conchita's jargon. "I speak Castilian," she explained. "So you understood us all along," remarked Divitt, aware that he had said nothing to compromise himself.



She flew to the door. "It's no use," remarked Divitt.

He touched the chest with his foot. "What were you doing in this?" "Hiding," she said simply, and added, "Who are you?" "Chief of the customs office," replied Divitt coolly. At which her cloak of tenuity fell. Her eyes moved over the group as if seeking a friend, rested an instant on Gabreau.

"You have nothing to fear," Divitt assured her, "if you will give direct answers to my questions. What is your name and why did you leave the Argentine as a stowaway?" Her eyes fell. They had read in Gabreau's a warning.

"My name is Juanita Basara," she replied. "I had a ticket but it was lost with my purse and all my money." "You have people in New Orleans?" asked Divitt.

"No, I did not know where the boat was—" She stopped. Divitt supplied: "You did not know for what port the Dolores was bound."

"Yes, for Vera Cruz. I have friends in Vera Cruz." "But you failed to get off there," he changed my mind. I had made friends with one of the sailors, Benito Garcia. He said if I would come to New Orleans he would take me to his sister. He brought me food and water on the boat—after I lost my purse. He went ashore when the Dolores docked."

Gabreau spoke. "Benito Garcia was drunk in Tony's place this evening." "That was why he did not return!" the girl exclaimed. "And I had paid him with my emerald ring." Her dark glance returned to Divitt. "I was waiting for him when this man—" indicating Umberto—"entered where the chests were stored. I thought he was a thief, perhaps a murderer. He did not walk like an honest man. I was afraid and hid in the chest. I think I fainted there. It was very horrible, especially riding from the boat."

"I don't know you in da chest," explained Umberto aggressively. "You got no business there, anyhow." Divitt's glance commanded Umberto to silence.

SUNDOWN STORIES Talks To Parents

TOO MUCH DISAPPROVAL. By Alice Judson Peale. It is always a great deal easier to tell a child that he has done wrong than to suggest how he may do right.

The wrong things he does provoke our comment because they annoy, while we forget to notice the things he does right, even when to him they have meant effort and self-discipline.

Many children are subjected to far more disapproval than they can happily assimilate. Criticisms across the breakfast table, irritated, impatient comments, chequer their waking hours. Punishment, deserved or undeserved, is always imminent.

Indeed, the constant disapproval to which they are subjected is itself a punishment of the severest kind, for it is in effect a withdrawal of love and a withdrawal of that self-esteem which it is so necessary for every child to feel.

Too much disapproval prevents him from adapting himself happily to routine requirements and from developing his own special capacities.

If Johnny's first effort to build a boat is greeted only by the observation that he has wasted a good piece of wood and left the back porch in disorder, Johnny is not apt to find very much pleasure in further efforts at boatbuilding.

If Helen's first attempt at interior decoration is met with the observation that the colors she chose for her bedroom curtains are too gaudy and that she ruined the sewing machine in the process of making them, Helen's enthusiasm in this direction is bound to be wet-blanketed.

Next time you are about to make some disapproving comment, ask yourself whether you are making it in order to help your child, or merely to relieve your own feelings. You may be surprised to discover how many criticisms can well be left unspoken.

The Baptist young people entertained with a farewell party for Frank and Norman Dalkey, who are moving beyond Klamath Falls, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Judy.

Dr. E. P. Geary of Portland has been visiting his old home on Griffin creek. Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Stearns were recent visitors of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Brown.

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WIVES OF UNEMPLOYED JAIL MATES FOR FEES

SYDNEY. (AP) — Prison relief money for wives and children of prisoners is keeping many Australian husbands in cells. The law of non-support allows wives to send husbands to jail when the men are in arrears on maintenance payments. Meanwhile the state furnishes relief money to the dependents.

GRIFFIN CREEK

GRIFFIN CREEK, Ore., Aug. 15. (Sp.)—Mr. and Mrs. Olin Knox of Yamhill were dinner guests Thursday of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Brown and family. Mr. Knox is Mrs. Brown's brother.

Ace of Spades Cafe

Main Street—Gold Hill
Open Tonight
8 p. m.
Come in after the Dance and see this unique cafe. Under management of "Bud" Snyder, former star with New York Hippodrome Theatre
Don't Fail to Stop at the "Ace of Spades"

FLIGHT O' TIME

(Medford and Jackson Co. History from the Mail Tribune of 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
August 15, 1921.
(It was Monday.)

State speed cops have received instructions to make auto trucks on the right side of the road, instead of the middle of the road, as is the custom.

Ben Sheldon is delegated as Secretary of the Interior. A. Crater lake in his auto, a distinguished man arrived or so.

The P. & E. depot at Eagle completely destroyed by fire, a loss of \$3000. Several barbed wire and a barrel of wire were destroyed.

Government starts survey of national assets of the county.

Sam B. Sandifer, special police officer, starts series of raids in city and county. Moves posed as "live ones" and money liberally with local shiners.

Twenty years ago today
August 15, 1911.
(It was Wednesday.)

Jack London returns from lake, and impressed by its beauty he will write a book call this section "The Valley of Moon." (He did.)

Pear picking is well underway. Wild geese fly over the city, early fall is predicted.

Judge Colvig starts war on grass, as fire menace.

Seattle architects declare block is safe, and will not fall and report cracks in walls consequence.

Eleven boys held for stolen bicycle, are lectured and released.

MIKADO

The Yellow Pencils with the Red Band

A. L. WILKINS
940 So. Riverside

FREE TICKET

TO A TALKING PICTURE PROGRAM AT THE