

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
 "Evening in Southern Oregon
 Reads the Mail Tribune"

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A Firebug Goes to Prison

A YOUNG criminal of Southern Oregon, who set three forest fires which threatened all of Jackson County, escaped with light punishment when he received but one year in the state penitentiary. It is not often that the firebug is caught at his crime, yet the plight of this one emboldens us to hope that other rascals of incendiary purpose will presently join him in his punishment if the lesson does not suffice to stay them.

A year in prison is a twelve-month, and every day has been likened to a year whose hours are days. But it takes centuries to grow a forest, and the forest is the shelter, safeguard and property of the people. The criminal advanced the plea, in extenuation of his crime, that he had set the fires to obtain employment fighting them. One has heard before this same excuse, which really is no excuse whatever. You are entitled to believe that he set fire to the forest with stupid malice in his heart—for the joy of destruction, as much as for anything else. What a sorry jest it is, indeed, that the wanton creature who cannot grow a tree, and whose worth to society is negligible, should be the agent of a calamitous destruction.

It is evil enough when forest fires are brought about through carelessness—the neglected campfire, the discarded match—but at least we may understand that no criminal motive was at work, and we may even sympathize with the culprit. But there can be no sympathy for the incendiary, who destroys the forest and jeopardizes better lives than his own. Prison is the place for him.—Oregonian.

Anonymous Letters

THE general public ought to know by this time that this paper does not publish anonymous letters. We have over half a dozen of them today criticizing the actions of some of the crowd here attending the Legion convention. If the writers knew half as much about some of the people attending the convention as they claim to know, they were derelict in their duty in not telling the police and filing a specific complaint. If they know half as much as their letters would indicate and they are as indignant as they claim to be, they have a chance to become public heroes by signing their names to what they write thereby letting the world know that they are highly moral, righteous and teetotalers. Unless some of these brickbat throwers do sign their names to the stuff they send in, they should know that this paper has always refused to print unsigned communications. Those who send them are moral cowards without the courage of their convictions and are moreover usually guessing at what they assert are facts. If there is to be an criticism of the convention, we will make it ourselves rather than depend on unsigned and unverified anonymous letters.

Now, what was the matter with the convention? Our anonymous correspondents say it was wet, but we feel sure that they must be mistaken for all of them are, apparently, prohibitionists and therefore they know that the 18th amendment abolished the rum evil from our land forever. They have said so time and again and so does all of their official literature. That, we should think, would effectively dispose of the idea that there was any drinking going on. How could there be when it is prohibited and nobody can get it.—Corvallis-Gazette Times.

Public Opinion

THE myth has grown up in the past few decades that newspapers make and control public opinion. While there is some truth in this fable because of the papers' news-spreading functions, it is far from the whole truth. Dr. Kimball Young, professor of social psychology at the University of Wisconsin, who has made a special study of the subject, says that while the radio, the talkies, the magazines and the newspapers do provide a basis, public opinion is really formed over the back fence, the bridge table, the sample case, in drug stores and on street corners. Not until people get together and discuss their personal wants and views face to face is public opinion actually developed. Not even in the days of Horace Greeley did the newspapers make up the minds of the masses.

Newspapers merely furnish the facts and the people form their opinions from them. And readers are quick to resent and discard any attempt on the part of editors to provide them with ready-made views. It is the papers' job to give and explain the news; they know how futile it is to try to whip their subscribers into line on any issue by distorting the facts.—Emporia (Kansas) Gazette.

Signs of Better Times

(By the Associated Press)

The Studebaker corporation on August 10 had 31,028 stockholders, the largest number in the company's history. In August last year the number of stockholders was 29,348.

Although wholesale commodity prices in the United States have been reduced by an average of 1 1/4 per cent a month during the last two years reduction now is proceeding at a rate slightly less than

one-half of one per cent a month, says the national foreign trade council in its annual report. The report says there are "strongly marked indications that the trend of American trade may presently return to stable prices" and that rising values will resume.

Crude oil prices at Tulsa continued to climb Saturday with three large purchasers meeting the 70 cent a barrel top offer posted Friday by the Texas company.

Eschew Barbecue in London Jubilee

LONDON (AP)—An attempt to introduce barbecue to London was a flat failure.

Those arranging the Southgate jubilee celebrations in September had planned to roast an ox whole after the fashion of the American outdoor festivals. But much criticism resulted and representations were made even to Prime Minister MacDonald.

One criticism was that the ceremony of roasting would be an insult to Hindu delegates who at that time would be visiting England for the round table conference.

FRED TOOZE NAMED SANITARY OFFICER

SALEM, Aug. 21.—(AP)—J. D. Mielke, chief of foods and dairy products, department of agriculture, announced today Fred J. Tooze has been appointed sanitary inspector for the state and will inspect food manufacturing, food serving, and food selling establishments. Tooze was transferred from the warehouse work of the division of administration.

MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY SCORES POLO TRIUMPH

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.—Mrs. John Hay Whitney has learned the fine points of polo from her husband. Both of them played on a team that won a match. She was the only woman on the field.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.

Signs of personal health and hygiene, not to disease, diagnosis or treatment will be covered by Dr. Brady in a standard 48-page booklet. Letters about it will be 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.

GORGING PLUS NAGGING EQUALS HEMORRHOIDS

The varicose or enlarged, swollen veins which we call piles or hemorrhoids drain directly into the portal vein which carries the blood from the digestive tract to the liver. A anything which tends to congest or enlarge the portal vein system produces more or less back pressure which tends to congest the hemorrhoidal veins. For instance over-eating. Who overeats? Rarely a child, unless the child's natural play activity is unnaturally restricted. Sometimes a youth who tries to get along with some substitute for play activity—such as being a fan instead of a player of the game, or resorting to the sedative effects of tobacco or alcohol or even dope when the natural craving is for the wholesome stimulus and outlet of active play. Often a mature adult who has developed a very good way to life. Only by voluntary muscular activity can any individual metabolize of oxidize any excess of nutriment consumed over and above the basal metabolic requirement of, say, 1,600 calories per diem.

Plenty of simple, trusting souls believe, and many of our most respected American business interests thrive by keeping them believing, that one can overeat and then take a pill or a little salt or something to obviate the bad consequences of the sin. That's a very good way to develop, among other troubles, piles.

Now you must beware of carrying to extremes the suggestion I'm giving you here; it simply does not follow that if overeating and indulging in so-called digestive aids and physic predisposes to piles or causes piles, under-eating, fasting or senseless restrictions of diet will prevent or cure piles. Moderation in all things.

In medical circles there is a debate of the question whether constipation causes piles or piles causes constipation. It is not so baffling as the famous chicken and egg debate. At least not to my way of thinking. I am convinced it does. Yeah, whichever way you take it. Still, I believe the constipation comes first in 999 out of a thousand cases.

Certainly the habit of taking laxatives regularly, whether pills, tablets, salts, so-called mineral waters, or what have you, brings piles to millions of victims. I have done my damndest to persuade readers that this habit is merely a psychological one.

In practically all cases, and the victims has only to get some enlightenment and courage to break his habit. If you have the habit, say so, inclose a stamped envelope bearing your address, and I'll try my damndest to show you how to snap out of it, for life. But don't send a clipping in lieu of your own little complaint, for if you do I'll treat your discourteous communication very coldly indeed. Folks who write to me for a favor must write to me. I never bother to read marked clippings of my own stuff. Any I doubt I can help anybody as lazy as that.

Indulgence in spicy foods and an excess of such condiments as pepper, mustard and hot sauces is a common factor of hemorrhoids. Alcoholic beverages, whether home brew, bootleg or prescription stuff, notoriously produce portal congestion and secondary hemorrhoids.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
 Enjoyed His Operation.

I am one of those ignorant laymen with a horror of an operation; not because of the cutting but just a dread of the smothering sensation when taking the anesthetic. But recently I had to have one in a hurry for a common emergency and I want to testify that my experience was quite the contrary—the last I remembered was the doctor passing behind me as I lay on my side, and then I woke up in bed and it was all over. They administered the anesthetic per rectum. —W. J.

Answer—There are various anesthetics and various ways of administering them, and none involves any smothering sensation, in modern practice. Probably most of the unreasonable dread of surgery in the uninitiated or unformed is due to such fancies as you had before you learned better.

It Cost Her a Penny a Pound.

Three months ago I went on your diet for hyperacidity, as given in your "Guide to Right Eating," and I have gained nine pounds in weight and feel so much better. Should I continue this diet indefinitely? If I should go back to ordinary diet, what articles should I add first?—Miss A. E. F.

Answer—No. Beef, mutton, cottage cheese, baked beans. Appraising your gain in poundage, it cost you 1.9 cents a pound. That isn't counting the postage stamp. The "Guide to Right Eating" will be sent on request, as long as the present edition lasts, for 10 cents in coin and a stamped envelope bearing your address. When the next edition is published it will be revised and enlarged—and so will the price.

(Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

MOON of DELIGHT

by Margaret Bell Houston

SYNOPSIS: Because Joan Dickett knows she was a stowaway on the ship where Umberto, his beautiful wife, and his little daughter, were killed, she is determined to find out what happened to them. She is determined to find out what happened to them. She is determined to find out what happened to them.

Chapter 8
 A KISS IN TIME

THE man beside Adrian Fouché caught Juanita's hand, babbling softly in the strange tongue. He turned to the newcomer.

"I was just saying, Señor," he observed, "that she is beautiful as an houri and fragrant as the jasmine flower, and in spite of loyalty to the noblest sheik in New Orleans, I could love her to distraction. This is the prologue to the raising of the curtain on the most glorious spectacle this side the Bosphorus."

Señor Basara smiled, his glance leaving Juanita an instant and traveling about the room. Juanita lowered her face, closing her eyes. Ledbetter began again his soft jargon. Adrian spoke now in a fierce aside.

"I didn't bring you here to hold her hand and make love. I brought you to make a date for me. You said you could pull off her veil in a way that looked accidental. Now do it."

Illness shot through Juanita. Ledbetter had released her hand and she drew from him, her eyes encountering Kirk Starnard's. Starnard had been dividing his interest between her by-play and Mrs. Bevis's game. He was looking at Juanita now, smiling friendly. The exchange of glances lasted only an instant, yet a swift courage had entered Juanita when she looked again at Ledbetter. She had felt that she would fall if she tried to move. She knew now that she could not fall before those friendly, smiling eyes. She could move now—she could get away. But there was Divitt watching her.

Quickly her hand moved over her tray. She selected a rose and, bending over Ledbetter, thrust it through his buttonhole, then lightly, swiftly, left a kiss upon his astonished cheek—a kiss through the mesh and spangles of her veil, yet nevertheless, a kiss.

She was gone. Molly was smiling at her where she stood in front of the cashier's cage.

"Honey, that was great. Eric Ledbetter got a million, and this is his first look-in. I thought for a minute you were going to frost him. What's the matter?"

"I'm ill. I can't stay."

Molly saw the dilated eyes, the hands that trembled at the edge of the tray. She set the tray on a table.

"Go to your room. I'll send Conchita to you."

Juanita slipped out a side door into the court. Juanita stood a dazed instant leaning against the cool stucco of the house, then she stumbled up the dark stair and into her room, locking the door, taking off her veil so that she could breathe. For a deadly instant her heart had stopped. Now it was beating in

great beats that seemed to push against each other. Conchita came to the door and she bade her go away.

"A H' orange flower water," pleaded Conchita. "He will cure anything."

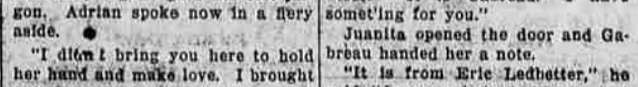
Juanita drank the water. "Lay on the bed," ordered Conchita. "He cannot cure you while you run up and down."

Juanita turned on her. "Yamos!" she cried, and Conchita waddled out.

Up and down, twisting her hands. How safe she had felt—when here to this very city, this very house! And she had thought him at the other end of the world. Apparently he was a friend of Adrian Fouché and of the man who had spoken to her in the strange tongue—Turkish, of course. A trap—and whose? Who had suspected and brought him here? No matter. He had come, would come again. The man Ledbetter would have pulled off her veil in another instant. Yet they must have thought she could not understand when they spoke in English.

... How tangled it was! But it was a net, and here she must stay, crowded into a corner, while they drew it tight.

Again that sudden stopping of the heart. Some one was knocking at



Juanita left a kiss on Ledbetter's astonished cheek.

her door. She stood rigid. Then a voice. "It is Gabreau. I have something for you."

Juanita opened the door and Gabreau handed her a note.

"It is from Eric Ledbetter," he said, "de man what you kiss." And as Juanita did not take it, "You want it? Then what for you kiss him?"

"To get away." Gabreau's voice compelled an explanation.

"You not kiss him because you love him?"

"Buen Dios, no!"

"Read what he say. If he is not apologize I will kill him anyhow." Juanita closed the door, lit the candle in the recess behind the bed. It was as she had supposed. The note was written in indecipherable characters. She went back to Gabreau.

"He has apologized," she said. "Nothing would be bettered by Gabreau's killing somebody."

"It is because Divitt make him do it. Divitt say somebody make you understand dat he gon' pool off yo' veil, so you go 'way. Divitt say it hurt Turk ladies' modesties when somebody pool off dey veil. Ledbetter say be beg of you pardona. He will never do dat if you will come back. So he tek out his pen and write. Adrian Fouché say so too. But they laugh and I not know what he write."

Odd that Gabreau had not suspected he would write in Turkish.

"Is he there yet?"

"For why should he go? He think you come back and kiss him some mo'. De udder man have gone. De man what they call 'señor'. He have gone to ketch his boat."

Juanita breathed again. When Gabreau said hastily, "You will not do it? You will not kiss no man?" she answered quickly, "No Gabreau!" scarcely knowing what she said. ... So it was accident that he had come here, one of those twists of the shuttle that seemed to give significance to the whole design. And he had not even suspected, since he had gone away.

(Copyright Dada, Mead & Co.)

Divitt's game is under the roulette table—a strange game, too, perplexed Juanita decides tomorrow.

Flight o' Time
 (Medford and Jackson County History From the Mail Tribune of 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
 August 22, 1921.
 (It was Monday)

Portland I. W. W.'s threatened the county sheriff with death favoritism to Dr. Brumfield because the murder of a laborer.

More arrests in moonshine headed by Sam Sandifer, agent.

Babe Ruth's 48th home run New York Yankees into first in American league, great excitement.

Albert B. Fall, secretary interior, visits Crater Lake, charmed by its beauty.

Epidemic of petty thieving in city.

Medford irrigation district work so water will be available year.

City council issues statement for that idea talk of amendment of city water supply.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
 August 22, 1901.
 (It was Tuesday)

Councilman Miller introduced a bill prohibiting firecrackers the city limits. To inaugurate "safe and sane Portland," and is still in force and effect.

Repairs made to Main street ment.

Horse killed, boy shot in accident hunters on upper Rogus road.

San Bernardino, Calif., boy elopes with girl, 13.

Aviator Atwood—completes flight from St. Louis to New York, world aved.

Aged man, living on Apple is beaten and robbed of life by thugs.

"Eagle Point is getting a map. A moving picture, to be opened in this little town."—(Eagle Point Earle)

SUNDOWN STORIES

THE GOLDFINCH FAMILY
 By Mary Graham Bonner

The golden finch, 1924-John Peggy about themselves. They seemed to like telling of themselves, one of the did most of talking with others and that was called "we are".

"We are called 'we are' because we are so much canaries. Our song is similar to song of a canary."

Then the stopped and looked Mid-August, and then he took the Little Black Clock, and he looked at John and Peggy.

"The truth is," said the bird, "was doing the talking. 'We haven't quite such fine voices as canaries."

"The canary never brags when he is singing. Sometimes try too much, and out goes in discord."

"But you have lovely voices." August said, and as they all a little John and Peggy with her.

"The name we are usually is Goldfinch," the bird said. "It is our regular family name, sometimes we are called the birds."

"You noticed how we love thistles on Mid-August's? We gather the seed down of thistles and use it for lining nests."

"We are very friendly and sociable and we will stay during the winter time if you put sunflower seeds—you can't them in the autumn. Oh, so sociable that I haven't told all I want to tell you. May I you some more?"

And the Little Black Clock, "by all means!"

Monday—Mid-August's party.

THE END

Ye Poet's Corner

Writing Poems.

Do you write poems for money? Someone asked me today. "Why, no, I don't," I answered. "I get none anyway."

I write them more for pleasure and for my friends to read. She looked at me disgusted. "She knows that I'm in need. 'You fool, as poor as you are,' I heard her croaky say. "To spend your time and talent without one cent of pay." Then I thought of many things. That money can't buy anyway. And said, "I'd rather have people's hearts."

Than their money any day.—Margaret Nealon Wilson.

Eighty-five per cent of the world's supply of rad top grass seed is produced in 13 counties of southern Illinois.

PUFFY

They find their fur... Except they have a trifle hard to steer. "Oh, it will be okay," said the steering wheel will rub a where it's supposed to be.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Large sea-going vessel
 2. Attendant
 3. Weep
 12. Soft inner portion of a stem
 13. So be it
 14. Hasten
 15. On the ocean
 16. Card game
 18. Ode
 20. Units
 21. Turkish money of account
 24. Pearly
 25. Separate into grammatical elements
 27. Throat who catches dexterously
 30. Silkworm
 31. Equine animals
 33. Shelter
 34. Strive
 35. English river
 36. Surface
 39. Pots on cargo
 40. Beasts
 42. Stories

DOWN

1. Health resort
 2. Belonging to him
 3. Inhabitant of the earth
 4. Aspects
 5. Step
 6. Local deity of Thebes
 7. Non-Jewish person
 8. Within comb. form
 9. Crooked
 10. Thrown after a bride
 11. Large marine gastropods
 17. Large marine gastropods
 19. Wrinkle
 21. Cooped
 22. Hindu woman's garment
 23. Want of the common form of life
 25. Sound of stiff tub
 27. 10th letter
 28. French masculine name
 29. Puts
 32. Asserting
 35. Ages
 37. Stamp
 40. Low gaiter
 41. Ancient Teutonic deity of the earth
 43. Poker term
 44. Miles
 45. Chinese pagoda
 48. A king of Japan
 49. Twisting
 50. Utter

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Talks To Parents

HOME.

By Alice Judson Peale

The difference between home and any other place in the world is that within its walls, as nowhere else, daily living may be the expression of the love, the harmony and the oneness of interest that hold a few people together in bonds of unique interdependence.

A home centers primarily about the people in it. And the success of a home is not measured by its fine furnishings, its modern equipment, nor even by the perfection of its housekeeping.

These things count only in so far as they directly affect the happiness of the people who live in it.

To be sure, no child has a good home if the house he lives in is overcrowded, lacking in sunlight, unclean and disorderly.

But neither has he a good home if he lives in a house which, no matter how perfect from a physical point of view, is run for the sake of interior decoration or housekeeping rather than for the sake of homemaking. Such a home becomes to the child a boarding house or a museum.

A man in his thirties felt heir to the New England farm house

BOTH LEGS SEVERED IN FALL 'NEATH CAR

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—(AP) George Edwards, 12-year-old son of Clifton Edwards, movie and theatrical comedian, suffered the loss of both of his legs yesterday when he fell beneath the wheels of a freight train in suburban Bellwood. His father is in Hollywood, Cal.

Cripple Confesses Slaying Corporal

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 21.—(AP)—Harry Harper, 38, crippled seaman, confessed to police here today he had beaten Felix Williams, former marine corps corporal and then tied him to a bed in Williams' apartment.

The confession was made before

MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY SCORES POLO TRIUMPH

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.—Mrs. John Hay Whitney has learned the fine points of polo from her husband. Both of them played on a team that won a match. She was the only woman on the field.