MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon reads the Mail Tribune"

Daily and Sunday

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 25-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 75

ROBERT W. RUHL, Editor
E. L. KNAPP, Manager

An Independent Newspaper

Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 8, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By Mail—In Advance:
Daily, with Sunday, year.....$7.50
Daily, with Sunday, month.....75
Daily, without Sunday, month.....65
Daily, without Sunday, year.....6.50
Sunday, one year.....2.00

By Carrier, in Advance—Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on Highways.
Daily, with Sunday, month.....$ .75
Daily, without Sunday, month.....65
Daily, without Sunday, one year.....7.00
Daily, with Sunday, one year.....8.00
All terms, cash in advance.

Official paper of the City of Medford.
Official paper of Jackson County.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
Receiving Full Leased Wire Service
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or otherwise credited in this paper, and also to the local news published herein.
All rights for publication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Advertising Representatives:
M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY
Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Owing to the depression, people who formerly went 40-ways-for-Sunday, are only going 34.8 ways.

School opens next week and any number of young ladies who have evaded washing the supper dishes all summer, in the future will be unable to do so, owing to school work and dance weariness.

On the shelves of a rural store there remains a bunch of shirts from which the purchaser can easily pan a peck of pins—mostly from the tail.

The elongated and cadaverous appearing secretary of the treasury, Andrew Mellon, is now apparently in the midst of one of his favorite frets, viz: making it easy for "the future generations." It has always been his idea, that the current run of humans should pungle up, painfully and at great length, in order that the 1950 edition of the race would not be bothered by taxes of the present, tho reaping the major portion of the benefits. The fact that Mr. Mellen is blessed with $300,000,000, and many grandchildren, has nothing at all to do with his concern over the "future generations." The "future generations" ought to be able to take care of themselves. Last November the "intelligent voters" of Oregon, intelligently saved Oregon rivers for "our children's children." Thereby they so decreased the employment to such an extent, in many instances it is not definitely known where the vitamins for the children of today are coming from, let alone those of tomorrow. The future has always been able to take care of itself, and Mr. Mellon's worrying over it is futile—or nearly so.

WHEN DOES HE SLEEP?
(Winnemucca, Nev., News)
Col. Henry L. Hogan, journalist, poet, author, lawyer, rancher, member of the city council and civic worker, left Tuesday for Baker to attend to mining interests.

The homely virtues, and the good-looking vices.

A maid suffering from the quaint delusion that she is sophisticated, puffed a pill in public late yesterday. The cigarette made her almost as dizzy as before she smoked it.

Doc Harrison had two births and two deaths last week.—(Mouton, Cal., Jottings.) Just breaking even on marvelous events.

Every county in the state is now "practicing economy." Practicing is right.

It will not be long until the apple cider gets the blame for the unconscious driving of a bum batch of corn juice.

A number of mothers have thanked your corr. for launching a campaign against kids packing deadly weapons, and "hope it will be a success." There is no doubt about it, when one considers the thorough manner in which we stopped autoists from knocking locomotives off crossings.

PRIZE DEFINITION OF ALL TIME: Conservative democrats are those who hope to win this time if the boys don't cut loose and act like democrats.—(Akron, O., Beacon.)

As near as could be figured out, the incident occurred about three shivarees ago.

The Gresham Outlook wonders, via the Oregonian, why people flock to the arenas to see a pugilist, and nobody much stampedes to the county fair to see the pigs and pumpkins. It is for the same reason that more people are interested in the football coach, than the zoology professor.

Gee, honey, when I sit and stare in one place for a long time it's not 'cause I'm mad, but it's because I'm thinking, dreaming how much fun we could have in our "own" car.—(From a letter in SF. Call-Bulletin.) Auto intoxication.

It is not perjury to tell a Galshevik she looks charming in a Eugenie hat, when she does not. The type that look like a bevelled-edged pancake are the cutest.

Works in Foundry 60 Years.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn.—Patrick H. Hannon, 74, has just begun his 60th year of continuous service with a brass foundry here. He is strong and active.

Fine Work, Boys!

WE ONLY hope the first issue of the Mail Tribune from the new Duplex tubular press, yesterday pleased our subscribers as much as it did the owners. Judging by the number of compliments received from all directions, last night and today, this hope has been fully realized.

Thanks to the loyal and enthusiastic co-operation of every department of the newspaper, but particularly from the mechanical department, under the personal direction of Ernest R. Gilstrap,—responsible for the installation and satisfactory functioning of the new equipment—the new and better Mail Tribune came off the press on the dot, and every detail of the program, mapped out over two months ago, was carried out per schedule.

• • • • •

THIS took a lot of hard work—work night and day without regard for remuneration. It also required the highest type of executive ability, for a new press and new mechanical plant had to be installed, without missing an issue, or delaying by an hour, the getting out of the regular daily paper, on the discarded equipment.

Only those familiar with the publishing business realize the difficulty of such a task. But it was splendidly accomplished—not only accomplished but put through without a hitch, or a squeak, in the difficult transition process from an old-fashioned "country daily" plant to one of the most modern and up-to-date newspaper plants on the Pacific Coast.

• • • • •

NATURALLY the owners of the Mail Tribune are proud of this achievement, and also NATURALLY claim some credit for it. But it could never have been done—as it WAS done—without the hearty cooperation and loyal devotion of the entire force, from the printer's devil to the chief executive, and we take this opportunity to extend to them all, our sincere gratitude and appreciation.

A Prejudice Against Change

HABIT is a stern task maker. Whether the habit is good or bad, changing it invariably places a strain on the human system.

During the past quarter century, the readers of the Mail Tribune have formed a habit of reading a certain definite type of newspaper,—certain heads, certain features, certain styles of typographical makeup.

In producing a new and better newspaper, certain changes have been necessary, and these changes, interfering with established habits, have naturally aroused protests from certain quarters. These protests caused no surprise,—human nature dislikes change—in fact, the only surprise was that considering the many radical departures—so few were received.

The reply to these protests made privately, we now make publicly,—"JUST GIVE US TIME." Don't jump to conclusions, give the new habit a chance and see how the thing works out.

• • • • •

EVERY change has been made with the single purpose of making the Mail Tribune a bigger and better newspaper. For each there has been "a reason,"—not the reason of an individual, but a reason based upon the composite experience of the newspaper profession.

We are convinced that when time adjusts the "change complex," certain departures, perhaps resented now, will later on, not only NOT be resented, but will be generally accepted as betterments.

Evidence of this is furnished by our experience with the new body-type face. When the change was first made several subscribers told us frankly they didn't like it. Within the past few weeks, several of THESE SAME subscribers have taken the trouble to inform us they DO like it—like it BETTER than the old.

We have no doubt that if we returned to the old type face tomorrow, we would receive more protests than were received when the original change was made.

• • • • •

THAT is human nature—the force of established habit. Meanwhile if experience demonstrates that any changes made have NOT been for the better,—may be successful in other communities but for some reason aren't successful here,—they will be promptly dropped.

We are merely trying to produce a better newspaper, and a better newspaper in any community is the newspaper that pleases and satisfies the most people.

Instead of resenting suggestions and criticisms, therefore, regarding any department of this paper, we heartily welcome them. The more reactions we can get, favorable or unfavorable, the better we like it.

• • • • •

AS BEFORE stated, our ambition is to make the Mail Tribune as far superior to the average small city daily, as we believe Medford is superior to the average small city "town." This isn't blarney, but a matter of sincere conviction. We like Medford, believe in Medford, and want to get out a newspaper that is in EVERY WAY WORTHY OF MEDFORD.

We hope we are getting out such a newspaper now. But if future experience demonstrates we are not, then we are going to hop to it, and see that we ARE.

So once more to those who don't like this change or that, we merely ask:

Don't jump to conclusions—give the new idea a chance and —JUST GIVE US TIME.

Joan Crawford Will Play at Craterian

"This Modern Age," with Joan Crawford in the starring role and a cast which includes Pauline Frederick and Neil Hamilton, will be the feature attraction at the Fox Craterian, starting Thursday.

The picture enables Miss Crawford to return to the "whoopee" type of role which made her famous and which she temporarily deserted for the straight parts of "Paid," "Dance, Fools, Dance" and "Laughing Sinners."

The plot concerns an American girl who lives in Paris with a mother, who is so ultra-modern that she even has a secret love affair with a wealthy man about town. It is this affair that brings disaster to the daughter, whose fiance refuses to marry a girl with so disreputable a mother. The means by which the complications are solved make for an extremely lively and up-to-date story.

Mystery Thriller On Rialto Program

The Paramount mystery thriller, "Murder by the Clock," playing today and tomorrow at the Fox Rialto theatre. This film is adapted from the novel of the same name written by Rufus King and features William Boyd, Lillyan Tashman, Regis Toomey and Irving Pichel.

CANTON AND HONGKONG LINKED BY TELEPHONE

HONGKONG, Sept. 2. — (AP) — A telephone system linking Canton and Hongkong, the first of its kind in China, was formally opened today. The governors of the two cities exchanged greetings and telephotographs. The cable connecting the two systems is 116 miles long and permits 30 simultaneous conversations.

$1000.000 Kodak prizes. Details at Pressley Studio.

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

PHOTOGRAPHER'S HYPO AGAIN DOES GOOD.

Really I'm getting diffident about telling folks what a fine remedy sodium hyposulphite (thiosulphate) is for lead poisoning, arsenic poisoning, carbon monoxide poisoning, ivy poisoning and everything. I am rather encouraged to find, on consulting the records, that I have not yet recommended this familiar remedy for broken legs or for that tired feeling—tho I'm not so certain about that last mentioned indication, for in truth that is one of the symptoms or after-effects of carbon monoxide poisoning for which I do recommend that the victim take 10 to 20 grains of sodium hyposulphite in water three times a day for three weeks.

Sodium hyposulphite is the chemical commonly used in photographers' fixing liquid.

Well, sir—must we rejoin the ladies just yet?—Dr. William L. Gould of Albany finds that none other than our trusty old panacea, sodium hyposulphite, is an excellent remedy for none other than our musty old affliction, ringworm of the feet, better known among the bourgeois as "athlete's foot." Dr. Gould reports that in the fall of 1929 fully 50 per cent of the physical training classes in an Albany high school were excluded from the gymnasium because of this ringworm of the feet. Such remedies as iodine and mercurochrome failed to check the trouble. Early in November foot baths containing 10 to 15 per cent solutions of sodium hyposulphite were installed between locker rooms and shower rooms. Each pupil on leaving the shower was requested to immerse his feet in the bath on his way to the locker. In so doing, considerable solution was spattered over the floor, so that from the time pupils left the showers till they arrived at dressing rooms their feet were in contact with the thiosulphate solution. The foot bath was changed after each class. The solution is colorless and nearly odorless. Four weeks after this hyposulphite foot bath plan was adopted the ringworm infection had entirely disappeared from the high school.

Dr. Gould remarks that such a foot bath is unhandy at times, and where it is not feasible he suggests a 20 per cent powder of sodium hyposulphite in boric acid, to be applied freely to the feet, footwear and the floors, particularly to the socks or stocking feet, between the toes, and inside the shoes. A light dusting is all that is necessary. This powder may be regularly used on the feet night and morning for prevention and comfort.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
Family Doctors Please Listen

You talk a great deal about the family doctor. In my opinion he doesn't know what it is all about. Ask him about this newfangled diathermy method of treating tonsils and nine out of 10 he frowns at it and declares the butchery method is the only good method. Had I listened to my family doctor I would have spent a very unpleasant week having my tonsils out. As it was I didn't have to miss either the movies or the bridge parties. Thanks to your daily column I tried the diathermy method and I'm well satisfied with the results.—Mrs. E. H. G.

Answer—At that, I'm not more than five years ahead of the general run of family doctors. Five years ago I would have condemned the diathermy method out of hand—in fact I am afraid I did do so a time or two right here in this column. Today I'd have no other method for my own precious throat. However, there are still quite a few cases, especially in young children, in which diathermy is not suitable, and surgical tonsillectomy is the best method. For adults, especially those who have any physical handicap or impairment which renders them poor surgical risks, the diathermy method is undebatably the method of choice — provided you can have a doctor who is really skilled in the difficult technic. Not every doctor who attempts to give this treatment is qualified. Too many undertake it without having had any actual clinical instruction by a master. I warn readers to beware of the doctor who gets his instruction from the manufacturer of instruments or his salesman. Much of the unwarranted adverse criticism of diathermy extirpation of the tonsils is due to bungling by doctors who have gone into such highly technical work without proper preparation. The family doctor I talk about is not the family doctor Mrs. G. has in mind. My kind of family doctor is the kind I'd be content to have if I were ill. And whatever the cozy-corner magazines have to say about his "passing," I know that there are plenty of good family doctors on the job today, and they are giving the half-baked brass specialists of the day a hard run for the practice. What's more, I prophesy that the brass specialist racket is about worked out—the laity begins to see through it—and 10 years hence reputable physicians will not venture to pose as "specialists" until they shall have had a reasonable amount of experience in general private practice.

(Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

SUNDOWN STORIES

RIDING ABOVE.
By Mary Graham Bonner.

The sand was flying everywhere, and how high the sand could leap. It was wonderful to see it, but now the sand was coming into their plane and John and Peggy felt they were going to be covered with sand and that the pilot would not be able to see through the storm.

But in a few minutes the pilot had guided his plane higher than he had been flying, and they were free of the sand.

They looked out of the windows of the plane and saw it whirling and swirling below them.

And they flew and they flew and they flew, and wherever they flew the sand storm raged beneath them. And yet they could look at it without being in it.

"In the very olden times," said the Little Black Clock, "we could not have escaped a sand storm like this! We would have been caught in it, but now we can ride above it."

They could see camels lying down as the sand flew all about them, but the camels did not look like large animals from where they were, but like tiny little insects!

Sometimes they were completely lost from view, and the children knew that the sand was covering them—if only for a few moments.

"Don't they mind it?" Peggy shouted.

"No," said the Little Black Clock, "they can close their eyes so that the sand is kept out. But it certainly used to be hard for people caught in such a storm."

It was certainly a marvelous sight. As they looked out of the windows of their plane it seemed as though mountains of sand were being built before their very eyes, and what queer shapes and objects were made as the blowing sand piled up in some places.

Tomorrow—"The Rabbit's Story."

PHOENIX CLUB MEETING POSTPONED FOR MONTH

PHOENIX, Ore., Sept. 2.—(Spl.)—Regular meeting of the Thimble club of the Oak Circle, scheduled at the home of Mrs. L. O. Caster for Friday, has been postponed until the first Friday afternoon in October, as several of the members are working and will be unable to attend, and other members will be away.

Talks To Parents

YOUR FEARS
By Alice Judson Peale.

Not long ago I received a letter from a mother who had discovered that her 9-year-old son had stolen a water-pistol from a playmate.

She had whipped him soundly, marched him over to the other boy's house to make restitution and humble apology, and then forbidden him to play with other children for two weeks.

"I told him," she wrote, "that this was to make him remember he was a thief, and that thieves are not fit to associate with decent people."

She went on to explain at some length how fearful she was of her growing boy's morals, and to ask unhappily whether she had done right.

This mother, in spite of the harsh punishment she had inflicted, obviously had not been motivated, as many parents are, by rage and resentment, but by fear. Fear had made her brutal and unwise.

A grown-up who steals may be a thief, but a child who steals is emphatically not a thief. He is merely someone who needs help in learning to be honest.

He has made a mistake, he has done a wrong for which he should, if possible, make restitution. But he is not a criminal.

The most well-meaning parents frequently inflict lasting harm upon their children simply because they are terrified by such words as stealing, lying, immorality.

These words have been associated with the most painful and humiliating happenings in their own childhood, with crushing punishment and devastating disapproval.

When similar situations crop up with their children, they release upon them in the form of punishment the pent up fears and the repressed resentments connected with their own past experiences.

Communications

New Issue Praised.

To the Editor:

Please accept my congratulations on the initial issue of your paper on the new press. With the new equipment which you have installed the Mail Tribune takes its place with the best newspapers of the coast, not only for covering the news, in which it has always been rated high, but also from a typographical standpoint. It shows high grade workmanship in every respect.

Your subscribers and advertisers may point with pride to a newspaper which would be a credit to a town of 100,000 population.

Respectfully,
W. E. ROWLEY.

(A newspaperman of 35 years' experience.)

MOON of DELIGHT

by Margaret Bell Houston

SYNOPSIS: When Juanita Basara removes her veil and returns the necklace to Mrs. Belaise, Kirk Stannard, the latter's grandson, does not recognize her as the girl in Jason and Molly Divitt's gambling house. Introducing herself as Senorita Flores, she says she had found the necklace, but refuses a reward. In reality, Divitt had stolen it and used it to admit Juanita into the Belaise home and social approval. She does not know that the Marquesa Cabrera, her chaperone, has orders to cast a robber's eye on the jewels and silver. After Juanita consents to wear his mother's ring Kirk takes them to the Comus ball, where she meets, among others, Adrian Fouché. It was his friend, Eric Ledbetter, who had insulted her with kisses in the courtyard.

Chapter 17

AFTER THE BALL

MOLLY was up waiting for them, wanting to hear all about the ball. Molly had dressed Juanita as usual, but the marquesa had not required too much assistance. "I bet she's scratched for herself before now," thought Molly. "And Divitt can't expect me to get her into that circus rag. He says she's a lady. Nobody's a lady in a dress that red."

Divitt had failed to mislead his wife with regard to the marquesa's office. "Didnt he get her because he thought I hadn't pumped Juanita?" Molly asked herself.

Dimly she felt she ought to warn Juanita against the marquesa, warn her not to confide in her merely because they spoke the same language. But for Divitt's sake Molly could not do this.

Molly had missed Juanita tonight. Divitt had put a girl in her place, one Fifi, with a pretty little face as hard as an alley cat's. Fifi took the tray about with a rakish step. "She jazzes it," said Molly bitterly.

Divitt had told Molly about Ledbetter's behavior to Juanita. Gabreau had also been told and instructed not to admit Ledbetter hereafter. Gabreau had kept a hopeful watch at the gate, but Ledbetter had not appeared. "Poor Juanita!" thought Molly. "If he had snatched off her veil in the parlors she could never have gone to the Comus ball."

Molly had felt no apprehension regarding the marquesa's presence at the ball. The marquesa might appraise the jewels worn by the ladies, but the theater held no family gold or silver for her to place. "Old red buzzard," thought Molly.

The marquesa was aware of Molly's antagonism. "Funny about these wives," she told herself. "They may not know what it is, but if you've been in their husband's past, they've got their fur up."

The suite had a parlor, a bath, and one large high-ceiled bedroom with two great four-poster beds, canopied and having curtains that could be drawn for privacy. The marquesa sat on her bed, undressing.

She had danced a hole in her stocking. No matter. Spike was paying for it. . . . She had done a lot for Spike tonight. They were invited to the Belaise place in Biloxi. Adrian Fouché and his mother were coming to call. (*Sancta Maria*, that woman's pearls!) And Bobby — Bobby What's-his-name—He was coming around too, and wanted to give Juanita a party after Easter. *Cranshaw!* That was the name. She had scratched it on her fan, had asked about the Cranshaws afterward—casually, as was her way. Western people—new money, and loads of it. Oil.

The marquesa went over to her trunk and, taking out a bottle of liniment, began to rub her feet.

Molly wrinkled her nose at the smell of the liniment. Every detail of the ball interested Molly, the names of the men with whom Juanita had danced, the costumes they wore, the favors, the queen, the ladies' gowns, the supper. . . .

"That was good about your not knowing who Adrian Fouché was. You couldn't have danced with him if you had. Of course he didn't know you. . . . How could he? And Eric Ledbetter wasn't there. But you may run into him, honey—and if you do don't you care. He didn't see you, that night."

"Perhaps not. But I spoke to him in English."

"You did?" whispered Molly aghast. "What did you say?"

"I don't know. I just remember hearing my voice—and striking him."

Molly was silent a moment, then she patted Juanita's hand. "It's all right. He was drunk. He won't remember. Anyhow, if you meet him—face him Don't run."

The marquesa found the cigar she had selected at supper, and began to smoke.

"Hell's bells!" yelled Molly. "Can't you find some asafetida?"

The marquesa got into bed and drew the curtains.

"Get into bed," Molly said to Juanita, and opened the window, letting in the drowsy dawn-rattle of Royal street. Juanita smiled up at her sleepily from a tumble of dark hair.

"Poor kid!" thought Molly, putting out the light, closing the door softly. "She's not much younger than me, but she seems like a kid—*my* kid. . . . Lord, I'm gettin' soft."

The door of Divitt's office was locked and she went home by way of the Tijon patio and through the little gate.

Gabreau in his short bed heard Molly as she came through the gate. There were few sounds these nights that Gabreau did not hear. Many the draught of sedative had Conchita given Gabreau.

"You got slip or you be seeck. How dis place gon' ex-eest—eef Gabreau seeck?"

"But he *kees* her, *Maman!* He jerk 'way de veil and he kees her mouth. It mo' worse dan when she kees him light—thoo de veil."

Conchita knew how keenly Gabreau had watched at the gate, hoping that Ledbetter would come. Gabreau would forbid his entrance as he had been instructed, and Gabreau would do more. He would follow Ledbetter into the dark street, and on some pretext—perhaps with the hint of a message from Juanita—would lure him into an alley and have it out with him.

But even Conchita believed that delay would soften Gabreau's desire for vengeance. Even Conchita did not guess that Juanita's entrance into the world under the wing of the marquesa—for what purpose he surmised all too accurately—conjured up such visions of her meetings with Ledbetter as tossed him like driftwood.

"He will see her close. He will mebbe not know her. He mebbe will. Anyhows, he will love her. He will spik soft. He will give her mooch flowers and presents. She will listen. . . . Oh *Madre de Dios!* . . . Oh *Purgatorio!* . . ."

Tonight Conchita, to soothe him, had lighted the candles before the picture on the improvised altar. Her aging eyes had not seen in the chromo the likeness that had drawn Gabreau to buy it. She divined that love had been in a measure to thank for the labor he had spent in building the little stand; had felt that Juanita was the inspiration—but Gabreau was becoming more pious. Gabreau, indeed, was becoming kinder. At first he had said often, "I am the blood of Napoleon." With this he had justified whatever thing he might do. He did not say this any more—not since he had set the picture on the stand behind the candles. . . . He had relinquished some thought that went with that. *Ay*, thought Conchita, if only he would relinquish the tossing agony that remained.

Tonight she had lighted the candles, and had fallen asleep. Gabreau had lain still till he heard Molly come through the gate. Then he went to a window, watching Molly cross the court and close her door. . . . Juanita was home now, he knew—asleep in the great bed, in the room to which he had taken the flowers. The fat woman with the big earrings was sleeping beside her. . . .

Gabreau went back to bed. When Conchita woke at seven to go to the kitchen, she found him sprawled asleep.

Gabreau awoke in a darkened room. It was his office to wait table for Molly and Divitt and to be on call for any errand. But it was no thought of these duties that sent him from his tumbled bed and into his clothes. This was the day for which he had waited a week. Tonight he would not be in the parlors. Umberto would need him. Umberto had given him instructions as to where and how they should meet. Once before Umberto had given such instructions and Gabreau had misunderstood and waited in the wrong place. He would mis-understand again.

Having dressed, Gabreau opened the secret drawer where he and Conchita kept their savings. He took out some silver pieces, thrust them into his pocket, went downstairs. He had an errand of his own.

(Copyright, Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Broken locks . . . a sharp blade. . . . They figure in Gabreau's errand tomorrow. But dark eyes restrain him.

GERMAN AVIATOR REACHES CHICAGO

CHICAGO, Sept. 2.—(AP)—The first scientific flight from Germany to Chicago over the great northern circle route ended successfully last night when Captain Wolfgang Von Gronau, German trans-Atlantic flier, brought his whale-shaped twin-motored flying boa, the Groenland Wal, down on the surface of Lake Michigan, opposite the Loop. The trip was started from the island of List Sylt on the North Sea coast of Germany, August 9.

The long journey, part of which was over the lonely ice wastes of Greenland, was sponsored by German scientific and commercial organizations to determine the feasibility of a commercal air line over the northern circle route, but Captain Von Gronau was not very optimistic. He said that such a lane was possible, but that it would take a lot of money.

Canyon City—School house interior repainted and improved prior to the opening of school.

Flight o' Time

(Medford and Jackson County History From the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
September 2, 1921
(The Day Was Friday)

Horace Bromley decorates the display window of Marsh's Grocery, with products "from the four corners of the globe," and is highly complimented.

Miss Joy Folger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Folger, is wedded to A. G. Garriguef at Philadelphia.

Carl Y. Tengwald resigns as manager of Crater Lake lodge.

Roseburg and Douglas county citizens demand death penalty for Dr. R. M. Brumfield, dentist, who slew laborer in insurance hoax.

"The grand dragon of the Realm of Oregon, Ku Klux Klan, and imperial representative of the emperor west of the Rockies," announces gains in membership in Portland and the Willamette valley, and that one of the aims of the body "is reduction of taxes."

Troops ordered to West Virginia coal mine strike belt, and scores are killed and wounded during clash.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
September 2, 1911
(It Was Saturday)

Rogue River Electric company reports that electric fans are increasing in valley homes, as a hot weather necessity.

Nation reads with keenness the trial of Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., a member of Virginia family, charged with the brutal murder of his sweetheart.

Commissioner George Davis leaves to inspect California roads.

Governor Oswald West publicly praises 16 convicts who dug well at state fair grounds.

Talent proposes to close all places of business on Sunday.

Citizens aroused when old oak in city park is cut down by city.

Caswell's NATIONAL CREST Coffee

Not Sold at Stores
We deliver direct to your home
Telephone the
CASWELL COFFEE MAN
Tel. 950-J-4, Medford

Automatic Electric Coffee Roasting Accomplished by the GEO. W. CASWELL CO.

Rebuilt Batteries $3.00
Batteries Charged 50c
Service Electric Co
Phone 1279 111 S. Holly St.

W. W. ALLEN
10 Keene Way Drive

You are invited to present this copon at the Mail Tribune and receive two

FREE TICKETS

TO A TALKING PICTURE PROGRAM AT THE

CRATERIAN

As a Guest Subscriber of the

MAIL TRIBUNE

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

NOW PLAYING
"Young As You Feel"

WE DEVELOP FILMS FREE
West Side Pharmacy

6-vlt. 13-plate Battery, 2-year guarantee . . . $8
Battery Recharging 50c
Severin Battery Service
1322 No. Riverside