

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 15

Subscription Rates
Daily, with Sunday, year.....\$7.50
Daily, without Sunday, month.....75
Daily, without Sunday, year.....8.50

Official paper of the City of Medford, Oregon, since Oct. of March 9, 1879.
Official paper of Jackson County.

Member of the Associated Press
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.
The Hoover administration is now causing a surplus of heat that will be needed next winter.

Pictures are being published of a Pittsburgh, Pa., woman, who lived on 17 1/2 per day since March 1. She looks it.

A-1 OREGON CANDIDATE
Central a chap as Curley is the public is going to be a bit skeptical that anyone who cannot lead a weekly newspaper out of the business trough can guide as a senator, the destinies of the nation.

M. Gandhi of India, sailing for England with nothing on but a shawl and a loin cloth, says: "I see nothing on the horizon to warrant hope." M. Gandhi is gloomy, but no more so than valley dependents fully equipped with the conventional pants, etc., etc.

James Gillice was buggy riding around the streets Tuesday. (Hopper, Ore. News) Whelan Progress does some prancing in the twilight.

One of these times the police are going to find a 3-gallon jar full of beer mash.
The excessively young are ready to start packing raw-checked apples to school-bags next Tuesday.

The Portland baseball team, whose defeatness on the diamond for a number of years, was a marvel of inefficiency and civic patience on the part of the metropolis, is at the top of the heap, in the Coast league. Gloria Swanson is considering a fourth matrimonial venture.

WHIMMOG OF LIFE
Amos Fry is filling the mud holes around his cow lot with wheat, claiming it is cheaper than hauling sand.

Grandpa Collins, who is quite near-sighted, shot twice at an airplane Wednesday thinking it was a chicken hawk.

Jim Fry is laid up with a lame neck, the result of having a ringer thrown over it at the horseshoe game Sunday afternoon. Jim was stooping over to pick up a shoe when it happened.

The baseball game was called off at the end of the second inning Friday afternoon when the ball was lost in a badger hole. The score was 18 to 15 in our favor. Our boys are still playing mighty good ball, and are planning to get a new ball as a catcher's mask next week. Bill Hayes, who catches without a mask, had an ear knocked down a week ago.

Henry Spivens, who has been taking treatments, went to Hutchinson for an adjustment Thursday. By some mistake he was adjusted and set an hour ahead. Mrs. Spivens discovered it when Henry started work for dinner at 11 o'clock. He will go back for a readjustment Monday. (Larned, Can. Tiller and Toller)

Bull Durham is coming back. It was a popular tobacco in the days when men rolled their own, and wore nickel socks.

The Democrats with characteristic stupidity, are advancing Newton T. Baker of Ohio, as a presidential possibility in 1932. The Republican party, try as it will, can never find a candidate weak enough to be defeated by Newton.

U. S. Wants No Dole

The misery of unemployment is to become the object of much demagoguery this fall and winter. Intensification of the welfare work of existing agencies is the only sound method of unemployment relief yet discovered.

Where co-ordination of established welfare agencies and public poor departments seems to be lacking, creation of a central community unemployment committee is advisable to handle details of registration of the jobless and to supervise efforts to provide work for them. Local charity is less mechanized and less unsympathetic than national or state welfare efforts and therefore more desirable.

There is a growing opposition to any form of dole for the unemployed. There will doubtless be an insistent demand for this type of aid from the next Congress. In New Hampshire any form of dole issued by the federal government will reflect upon the FARMER, FOR THE AGRICULTURAL WORKER IS LEFT OFF THE LIST OF THOSE WHO BENEFIT WHERE GOVERNMENT DOLES ARE GRANTED.

The New Hampshire farmer is in no position to stand heavier tax burdens to provide either partial unemployment relief to wage earners, or to contribute to government subsidizations of economic and social movements designed to further raise the standard of living of the American people and thereby create a greater domestic market.

Nor is the New Hampshire farmer in a position to successfully compete with labor as long as industry maintains wage scales not subject to direct fluctuations, as is the farmers income, when commodity prices, as on milk, tumble precariously.

If standards of living are to be still further advanced in order to increase the size of the domestic market, the farmer must expect his burden to go on up proportionately, unless more effective devices for taxing intangible wealth are discovered in the meantime.—James M. Langley, Chairman, Unemployment Commission New Hampshire.

Tammany Turns Reformer

THE Tammany Tiger has assumed a new and strange role. The same Tammany which has endeavored to block at every step the Seabury inquiry—ordered by the Legislature after a succession of scandals had aroused a public demand for investigation of social corruption in New York City—is now asking that the "housecleaning" be extended to the whole of New York state.

The same Tammany which has steadfastly contended that the blossom of official honesty reaches perfection only in New York City—"the cleanest and best conducted city in the world," according to Mayor Walker—is now discovering that upstate cities are veritable sinks of iniquity, which must be investigated and purified. But to the pure all things are pure. How could the innocent and gentle kitten which the new Tammany purports to be, see so much that is evil—and so far from home?

THIS is the same inoffensive little beastie whose master termed the legislative investigation a crucifixion of Tammany and in the next breath admitted he had made a secret telephone call to ask a judge on vacation to hear a plea for a stay of sentence for a witness in the Seabury inquiry who had been adjudged in contempt of court for refusing to tell with whom he had split fees said to aggregate \$2,000,000 while acting as an advocate before the municipal bureau of standards.

This is the same purring pussy which has bared its claws at Governor Roosevelt for daring to accede to the public demand for a special session of the Legislature to give the Seabury investigation the power necessary to compel such recalcitrant Tammany witnesses to testify. This is the meek little Tiger which demands that the jungles of corruption in other cities be thoroughly explored.

UNDOUBTEDLY there are things in other New York cities which could well be exposed to the cleansing light of day. But enough has already been uncovered in New York City by the splendid work of Mr. Seabury and his aides to show that other housecleaning jobs can wait until the mass of government which has accumulated in the Tammany attic has been removed.

If Tammany had been in any degree friendly to the investigation which is so evidently necessary in New York City, there would be less reason to feel that this new reformist zeal is merely an effort to drag a red herring across the trail of the Tiger. And if the Tiger had really lost its stripes and become a lily-white kitten, it might expect more success in this effort. As matters stand, there is every indication that the Seabury inquiry will continue steadfastly and calmly to help the people of New York City obtain decent municipal government.—Christian Science Monitor.

VALLEY VIEW

VALLEY VIEW, Ore., Sept. 5.—(Special)—Mrs. Milton Nickols was a guest at a party in Ashland Thursday at the home of Mrs. L. A. Roberts, given in honor of Mrs. Rosanna Myers who is a guest of her mother, Mrs. Roberts.

Charles Austin, Medford milk inspector, visited this community Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. Clemenson of Hotel Jackson were dinner guests Wednesday at the C. W. Glasgow home.
W. W. Allen, Chevrolet dealer of Medford called in Valley View Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jewel Lowe who have been in Chicago for the last six months are visiting at the D. M. Lowe home.
Edward Nickols spent a few days last week with his brother, Milton Nickols, who has recently rented a ranch on Butte Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Feldman were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Glasgow Thursday.
Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Allen and daughters, Marie and Bernice and Thelma Daub of Yuba City, Calif., were week-end visitors at the L. H. Gallatin home.
Miss Florence Parsons of Klamath Falls visited Sunday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Parsons and family.

Mr. Shaeffer and Mr. Brewster of the Hodgson Brewster Feed Co.

were callers at the L. O. Penland ranch Wednesday evening.
Earl Boatwick is hauling tomatoes to Klamath Falls.
Mrs. G. W. Nickols was a guest at the home of her son, George, in Ashland Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bibby of Klamath Falls were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Galle and family.
Rev. and Mrs. S. W. Hall and Prof. and Mrs. E. C. Richards of Salem called at the J. R. McCracken home Monday.

Keith Lennox spent Sunday visiting Milton Nickols at Butte Creek.
Albert Marske, Jr., of Dunsmuir spent Tuesday night with his friend, Frank Stratton.
Mr. and Mrs. Kid are the new caretakers at the Rey Ranch, formerly the John Farmer place.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weagant attended Bellview Grange Tuesday.
Miss Frances Gallatin is leaving Friday to take up her duties as Smith Huges home economics teacher at Glens Ferry, Idaho.

Sugar Mill Uses Fibre Fuel.
NEW ORLEANS, La.—(AP)—L. E. Gouner has perfected a continuous and automatic sruip and sugar plant which will grind out 50 tons of sugar a day. The mill uses the cane fibre to fuel and will function as long as sugar cane is fed into the machine.
Hillsboro—Bids received by county commissioners of Washington county for construction of portion of county road No. 1174, known as the Minter Bridge road.

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 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.

NEGLECT A BOIL AND YOU GET A FISTULA.
Nature will cure any boil or abscess but she doesn't care how much the victim suffers from the slow but sure cure she effects. It is all the same to nature if the curing kills the patient. That holds true whether it is a case of a simple boil or a broken leg or croup or what not. It doesn't matter much what you've got—nature will cure it, all right, if you live long enough.



A boil near the rectum soon becomes a large abscess, and the abscess, if not promptly opened and drained, presently becomes a fistula. Not a few cases of boils or abscesses in this region terminate in natural "breaking" and complete healing after a few days' drainage. But you never can tell and you never should put your trust in nature's surgery.

A few whiffs of laughing gas or of ether and the doctor can accomplish in a second or two, painlessly, what nature takes days to accomplish and regardless of the suffering of the victim.

Fistula is a kind of tunneling of the region by a boil or abscess that falls to "break" or is opened on the skin surface. At first the tunneling is along one tract; if long neglected it may have several branch tunnels. The whole fistula is like a boil. Sometimes there is a small opening on the skin surface, sometimes there is an opening into the rectum. But these openings are small, and do not permit free drainage. They may become sealed up for a while, now and then, but they rarely really heal spontaneously. Nothing is more futile than using salves or other local remedies in the hope of curing fistula.

There can be no argument at all for any other treatment than surgery for fistula. In some cases the surgery is very simple indeed. But surgical treatment is absolutely essential.

There is a common notion that fistula is often tuberculosis. It may occur more frequently in persons whose health is handicapped with tuberculosis, and in rare cases the fistula itself may be a tuberculous condition. But no matter. It is curable by surgery, just the same. When there is a boil or, as doctors call it, lechio-rectal abscess, it is risky to wait till tomorrow for surgical opening and drainage, for by tomorrow it may be a fistula.

Generally the best results are obtained by ambulant treatment of such abscess or fistula. That is, the healing proceeds more satisfactorily if the patient keeps up and about throughout the period of treatment.

The general medical profession ought to be ashamed of the record of the treatment of all venereal diseases. Too often your glib practitioner is willing to make a guess at the nature of the trouble without bothering to make an examination—if the patient seems a gullible sort.

There is a real need in almost every community for a doctor who

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

This puzzle should suit you to a T. More than half of the words in it start with that letter!

ACROSS: 1. Little ones, 2. Account, 3. Carry, 4. Regiment in the Turkish code, 5. Linger, 6. Kind of cheese, 7. Stripes, 8. Drunkard, 9. Gift mound, 10. Portable, 11. Epic poem, 12. Blind, 13. Note of the, 14. European finch, 15. Unit of weight, 16. Tilt, 17. Dilapidated, 18. Fraud covering, 19. Street urchin, 20. Summit, 21. Device for lifting, 22. Children's game, 23. At any time, 24. Surnam, 25. Alternative, 26. Garden plot, 27. Titter, 28. Chief Norse god, 29. Telling tales, 30. Type squares, 31. Short jacket, 32. Roofing material, 33. Deep hole, 34. Mountain in Massachusetts, 35. Good-by, 36. One who applies a glossy covering, 37. Foul, 38. Old-time photographs, 39. Dress up; colloq., 40. Also, 41. Saller, 42. Color quality, 43. Condo, 44. Small pie, 45. Large tube, 46. Pronoun, 47. Actor, 48. "Auld Lang Syne", 49. Epoch, 50. Toward, 51. Sheltered side, 52. Three in Holland

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle
MADAMERAARISE
OPAMERAXATIONS
UPASFINERSWAN
SERCOLTRETAKA
ENAAARSMITEES
DAPPEREVAIDE
LAMEGREGTAPA
AGEIMPAIRSIRI
DENDOORNFEED
SEERSOTTERS
SHRAPTESHOWIS
CUPOLAPENADO
AMIDLABANOVER
NEOASTERIRENE
TRESSERE TARTS

Grid for the crossword puzzle with numbers 1 through 52.

MOON of DELIGHT

by Margaret Bell Houston

SYNOPSIS: As Sororita Flores, Juanita Becerra, the cigarette girl, is accepted socially by Nellie Biddle, her grandson, Kirk, and their friends, Juanita's new friends wear Juanita does not know her as part of his shady past, nor does she like and the marriage with Mrs. Biddle at Biltmore, Kirk senses that his woman makes Juanita like the girl, ready to fly away.

Chapter 10
ADRIAN OR KIRK?
OFTEN Kirk had that sense with Juanita, the sense of something with wings. . . . Why did she evade him so often, as she had a moment ago on the beach when he had come closer than he ever had come to her?

Had some man been in her life? Were they sending her about America to forget? For all the marquis's babbling, she had given no hint of address in Juanita's scheme of things. Yet sadness seemed the essence of Juanita, except at such moments as when she played the guitar, for instance.

Perhaps it was grief for some one else. Juanita's mother had died the year before. Her father had died when she was a child. Whatever was in her past, Kirk felt that it stood between them more than any prospect of the future. He would not find the winning of Juanita an easy matter if he took her back to New Orleans. People were mad about her. They liked the marquis, too, for that matter.

No easy race. There was Bobby Cranshaw with his millions, and there was Rod Stevens. Nelly had had them both to dinner, and twice they had driven out on their own invitation. There was Adrian, too. Adrian had been in love continually. With Juanita he seemed prepared to be serious. They would see Adrian tomorrow. He was giving Juanita a dinner on Tarpon Point. And Cranshaw and Stevens were making all sorts of plans for Easter week when Juanita should return to New Orleans.

Juanita seemed to enjoy them all. Kirk could not distinguish a difference in her manner with any of them, unless it was with Adrian. Adrian she seemed to avoid, not openly, but in a way that Kirk could divine. For himself, he was certain that she liked him, aware that she turned to him in any annoyance, such as when Adrian had arrived unexpectedly. That night Kirk recalled, was another time when he had seen her alone. They had gone out into the garden in the moonlight, and he had shown her the bulbous bush. Its red flowers were not open yet, but he had plucked one of the buds for her while they sat on the garden bench, and the sound of music and dancing came from the verandah. It was a night on which Stevens and Cranshaw had come too.

But Juanita did not turn to him for refuge from the past. She let it drop like a veil whenever he came close. . . . Her eyes were full of the sea as she turned to him, making a movement to go back. Their hour had gone fast.

The marquis was waiting on the steps. Kirk went ahead to meet her. She stood, bending toward him as he ascended, talking rapidly. Juanita saw Kirk take out his wallet. The marquis affected to protest. Presently she was radiant, running back into the house. Juanita looked away as Kirk approached. She felt chagrined. Kirk was smiling.

"She gives us half an hour more," he said. They walked toward the island's other end where the sun was beginning to go down in a welter of red gold. "I'm going back to New Orleans tomorrow," said Kirk. "I'm leaving at six o'clock—before you're awake."

"I'm not certain I can't be awake," Juanita answered. "There's been mocking-bird lately outside my window. I call him my alarm clock."

"Set him for five o'clock," begged Kirk. "Have breakfast with me tomorrow in the garden. Does the marquis sleep hard enough?"

"That's her sleepiest time. But why should she care?"

"She shouldn't. But she does look after you with a vengeance."

"She's not looking after me now," Juanita answered. Kirk's hand tightened on hers. "What a chance!" he said. It was tranquil here at the island's

Talks To Parents

A NEW SCHOOL REPORT
By Alice Judson Peale.
The parents of a six-year-old boy who had sent him to a progressive school were chagrined to read in his annual report at the end of the year a lengthy discussion of his social difficulties. He had, it appeared, a tendency to use abusive language, to assault his playmates, often without provocation, and on one occasion had even flourished a pocket knife with blood-thirsty threats. It seemed to these parents that the problem of their boy's behavior while at school was the school's affair, and no concern of theirs. Schools existed to teach children what they ought to know and it was their business to make their charges behave.

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 5, 1921
(It Was Monday)
Trigonola oil well now within 800 feet of oil sand.
Chevrolets drop in price.

Labor Day is observed here with general suspension of business, and rush of people to the hills for the final summer outing.
Babe Ruth hits his 61st homer of the year.

Inclusion of Diamond Lake in Crater Lake national park, burning issue of the day.
Wallace Reid in "The Love Special" at the Page all this week.

President Harding pledges "eternal friendship America to France," at observance of La Fayette's birthday. Senator Borah desires to know "if our sister republic intends to pay the interest on war loans."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
September 5, 1911
(It Was Tuesday)
Prof. O'Leary discovers a cooling moth cure, he says.
Ashland Baptists dedicate new church and raise \$3000 to pay debt balance.

Gold Hill citizens balked by slicker form a "Muttonhead club."
Three local lads and lassies land in jail as aftermath of "joynride" to Grants Pass, that took all night.

Prospects for a new bridge over Bear Creek brighten.
New auto placed on Medford-Jacksonville jitney line.

1143 students enrolled in local schools, setting new record.

SUNDOWN STORIES

NEW PUDDLES
By Mary Graham Bonner.
"They're going to arrive now," said the Little Black Clock.
John and Peggy hadn't the least idea whether he meant some airplanes were going to arrive or some animals or some butterflies or some other friends of his, but they followed along as he led them to a road.

"Are we going to see some planes?" John asked.
"No," said the Little Black Clock.
"Someone animals?" asked Peggy.

"No," said the Little Black Clock. "They won't mind the rain, will they?" John inquired, for it had just started to rain, and now it was raining hard.

"That's what they'll love," said the Little Black Clock.
"I know the members of the mukook family don't mind the rain," said Peggy.

"We're not going to a zoo," said the Clock. "And none of the animals are coming here."

"That's so," said Peggy. "You told us were were not going to see any animals."

"They're here now!" shouted the Little Black Clock.
Neither of the children had seen anyone or anything new appearing on the scene. In fact, the country road was quite deserted.

"Where?" the children asked.
"Down?" said all about you!" exclaimed the Little Black Clock.
And then they saw! They were new puddles appearing on either side of the road, and the rastrods were playing house!

How they did play and how they scampered and how they raced. The children watched them and heard them shout.
"Here! Let's play here! All right!" "We'll play over there!" said some.
But Peggy was fascinated with the way they played house. It was truly remarkable.

PUFFY

Moonie Point—Moonie Point mill will put on night shift.