

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
 "Everyone in Southern Oregon reads the Mail Tribune"
 Daily and Sunday
 Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. Phone 75
 25-21-23 N. E. St.
 ROBERT W. BULL, Editor
 E. L. KNAPP, Manager
 An Independent Newspaper
 Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.
 SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 By Mail—In Advance
 Daily, with Sunday, month, \$7.50
 Daily, without Sunday, month, \$5.00
 Daily, with Sunday, 3 months, \$20.00
 Daily, without Sunday, 3 months, \$15.00
 Daily, with Sunday, 6 months, \$35.00
 Daily, without Sunday, 6 months, \$25.00
 Daily, with Sunday, 1 year, \$65.00
 Daily, without Sunday, 1 year, \$45.00
 By Carrier, in Advance—Medford, Astoria, Cannon Beach, Clifton, Gold Beach, Hammond, Medford, Nestor, Olney, Olney Junction, Pacific City, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Beach and Hillsboro
 Daily, with Sunday, month, \$7.75
 Daily, without Sunday, month, \$5.25
 Daily, with Sunday, 3 months, \$20.50
 Daily, without Sunday, 3 months, \$15.50
 Daily, with Sunday, 6 months, \$35.50
 Daily, without Sunday, 6 months, \$25.50
 Daily, with Sunday, 1 year, \$65.50
 Daily, without Sunday, 1 year, \$45.50
 All terms, cash in advance.
 Official paper of the City of Medford, Official paper of Jackson County.
 MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
 Receiving Full Licensed Wire Service
 The Associated Press is authorized to use for publication in this paper, and also in the leading newspapers of the United States, all news and information furnished to it by the publication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.
 MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS
 MEMBER OF ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE
 M. C. MOOREHEAD & COMPANY
 Office in New York, Chicago, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Fort Worth.

Editorial Correspondence

VICTORIA, B. C., Sept. 10—Dear old Victoria! What place in the world is more appropriately named? Victoria—pure, unadulterated early Victorian—a little bit of "Old English" tucked away on an island 6000 miles from home!

Since our last visit Seattle and Vancouver have changed tremendously — both bustling commercial centers with miniature New York sky lines—but Victoria JUST THE SAME. The Empress hotel and the parliament buildings still hold their imposing places at the head of the procession, with Government street meandering up the hill, with its more or less dingy buildings, precisely as of yore. There are a few more "ritzy" chinaware and antique shops than there were 15 years ago, but Wilson's, Campbell's and Rogers' candy shop—just the same.

"Charm," that is Victoria's middle name. And it is an old fashioned charm, a charm of peace and contentment, not of old lace and lavender—that's too literary and American—but of cob-webbed port and candle light and old silver and Chippendale. As a result Victoria is to our mind the best place on the coast to spend a vacation—certainly a summer vacation, perhaps a winter one. For a vacation should represent absolute, and Victoria is ALL CHANGE—absolutely different.

We are at last convinced that this Prince Svastri is "following us around." He took the table opposite on the Cascade diner; then one of his luggage trucks nearly ran us down on the C. P. H. wharf, and yesterday the old boy bobbed up in the lobby of this hotel. We tried to escape by taking a bus out to the horse races at Colwood, and then in the crowd after the big race, who should jostle us on the elbow but the Prince again. The same—the Prince and his son, Prince Arjuna.

Wethink we know why. It's the subtle affinity between important newspaper men. Prince Svastri is an editor, too—the Bangkok Bugle, or something of that sort. We almost asked him why he was pursuing the Medford editor, but didn't quite have the nerve. For his Highness was accompanied by his court chamberlain, "Phra Narava," and we feared Phra might knock us over the head with the pronged elephant cane he carried. But Arjuna is different; he's just a kid—a sophomore at Yale—so when he dropped back we asked him how he liked the races —(a very original thought)—and Arjuna said, "Very nice" and smiled. It was an odd smile—no mirth in it—we have an idea the Prince thought the races rotten, which was our opinion also. We learned also that papa is a newspaper editor and remembers that distinguished Oregon newspaper editor of Oregon City, E. E. Brodie, who was once U. S. Ambassador to Siam, but was promoted to Finland—or was it Lapland? Anyway, the Prince is a very intelligent and like-

able young man, but we fear if we said any more there might be international complications, for we remarked nothing about quoting his Highness. We soon got the impression that, while the young man may think a great deal of his papa, he doesn't think so much of the newspaper business and is going to take up "diplomacy" himself.

Yes, the races weren't so good. There was no atmosphere, and races NEED ATMOSPHERE.

In the first place, the Colwood track is eight miles out in the woods, among the fir trees and rocks, the buildings are all weather beaten and down at the heel, the club house might be properly described as just a "bar in a barn." The paddock was a mess of sawdust and unpainted fence rails. Finally it was too obviously just a betting stunt. What crowd there was, was packed around the betting stalls, and all the announcer did ten minutes preceding each race was to bully the spectators into betting—"only three minutes left to place your bets, only two minutes; hurry, hurry, or you'll be locked out—have your change ready," etc.—and as if this was not enough they had a bull-necked man weighing about 300 stamping up and down in front of the mutual stands trying to herd the people into the betting lines as if they were pigs—in fact, the ballyhoo artist did nothing but swing his arms and use the "Hot, Hot, Hot" of the professional hog caller.

The races weren't so bad, but the crowd yelled for their tickets rather than the horses, and the jockeys wore dirty uniforms and looked rather a tougher lot than the average. Also there was no pageantry, no roaring crowd, no attractive people. All in all, rather a mess.

P. S. to the Astoria Jockey Club—(Of course we might have enjoyed the races more had we cashed in a ticket).

But quite a commentary there at Colwood on hard times! There are 40,000 unemployed in B. C. alone, men and women without enough to eat or wear, and yet in the big race yesterday and in that comparatively small crowd, thousands of dollars changed hands, and the "house" as usual made the only profit. It's the same all over the world apparently. Plenty of people willing to throw money away if they can get a kick out of it.

The Victoria golfers played up the California golf tournament last night, listing Chan Egan of Medford among the winners. No report on Chan in the "Colonist" this a. m., so called at the newspaper office for the latest and was sorry to learn the "grand old man" (Portland papers please copy) had succumbed to someone yet editor never heard of. Too bad. Hoped Chan would pull a "Outmet."

No news of the U. S. fliers due in Seattle. Talked with a pilot of one of the Seattle flying boats here this morning—a veteran of the world war. He said the ship was not fitted for such an arduous trip, deficient in gas capacity, unequipped with radio. In his opinion Moyle and Allen never should have been allowed to make the attempt. Imagine that's right. But if they SHOULD still make it—all will be forgotten, and some other "kids" will be tempted. Nothing succeeds like success, and nothing fails like failure.

R. W. R.

Having observed the ambulant treatment in the hands of good general practitioners, I am happy to say that, in my judgment, it will prove as great a boon to hernia sufferers as the chemical obliteration treatment for varicose veins proved for such sufferers. I fear, however, that the rank and file of the medical profession will be even slower to acknowledge and adopt this hernia treatment than the doctors were to accept the diathermy extirpation of the tonsils. I repeat, if I had a hernia I should

be glad to try it.

Having observed the ambulant treatment in the hands of good general practitioners, I am happy to say that, in my judgment, it will prove as great a boon to hernia sufferers as the chemical obliteration treatment for varicose veins proved for such sufferers. I fear, however, that the rank and file of the medical profession will be even slower to acknowledge and adopt this hernia treatment than the doctors were to accept the diathermy extirpation of the tonsils. I repeat, if I had a hernia I should

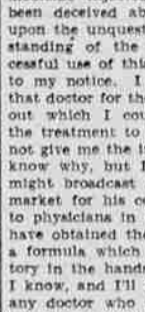
Personal Health Service

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 of the Mail Tribune.

REPORTING PROGRESS IN THE NEW TREATMENT OF HERNIA

A few weeks ago I confessed here that I did not know the precise formula for the medicine injected in the ambulant treatment of hernia, and I warned readers not to submit to a new such treatment with a secret formula. I apologized for introducing the method at all when I was not aware of the exact composition of the medicine injected. You see, I had been deceived about that. I relied upon the unquestionable professional standing of the doctor whose success with this method first came to my notice. I finally appealed to that doctor for the information, without which I could not recommend the treatment to the public. He did not give me the information. I don't know why, but I think he feared I might broadcast it and so spoil the market for his course of instruction to physicians in the method. But I have obtained the formula, or rather a formula which is proving satisfactory in the hands of good physicians. I know, and I'll give the formula to any doctor who asks me for it and incloses stamped envelope bearing his address, but I'll not give it to any lay reader. The formula is very simple—any doctor can prepare it himself or have his pharmacist prepare it for him. Nothing secret or proprietary in it.



Any competent practitioner can give his patients the advantage of the ambulant treatment for hernia, at least in suitable cases. Not that one does not require instruction in the technique—on the contrary, such personal instruction by a physician skilled in the method is highly essential—but any physician skilled in the method will gladly teach his colleagues on the terms customary for clinical instruction.

The injection of the medicine is only half of the treatment. The skillful and painstaking fitting and adjustment of the truss—which must be worn constantly throughout the course of injections—is the other half of the treatment. If this latter part is attempted or bungled by the doctor, the attempt to cure the hernia is likely to fail.

No general or local anesthetic is required. The patient is not detained from his regular occupation. There is no more risk of infection or other injury than is concerned with any hypodermic injection. Should treatment fail to cure the hernia—it does in about the same proportion of cases as in the radical operative treatment—no harm has been done and there is no greater difficulty added in case a second attempt is made or in case the radical operation is resorted to.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
 Tennis at Forty.
 Does playing tennis hurt me? I am 40 and began playing only this summer. I am in perfect health. A doctor for who did not examine me said a man of 40 should not play such a game as it is a strain on the heart.
 Answer—Well, I'd play as long as I felt well and enjoyed the game. Private.
 C. W.—It is impossible to answer your question here. If you will repeat the question and inclose stamped envelope bearing your address, I'll be glad to answer it privately.
 Intoxication.
 Is a child conceived while the father is intoxicated liable to be defective?—V. H. J.
 Answer—An impressive list of instances was reported a few years ago, in which children conceived while one or both parents were intoxicated were epileptic.
 Water.
 Is it necessary to drink water, even though much liquid nourishment such as milk is taken? My son thinks that so long as he drinks a large quantity of milk every day he does not need to drink water.—E. G. McC.
 Answer—True. Milk is about eight-tenths water.
 Grinding Teeth at Night.
 Son aged 8 and daughter aged 15; both grit or grind their teeth in sleep. Have been told...—M. V.
 Answer—Yes, Ben. I'd always think so, but in a careful study of this symptom (grinding or grinding the teeth in sleep) Drs. Keller, Crisp and Leathers, of Nashville found that among 167 cases of round worm infestation in white and colored children, less than a third presented such a symptom. In 143 children without worms, virtually the same proportion presented the symptom. So it doesn't mean anything. (Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Jem Smith, Twice Champion, Passes
 LONDON, Sept. 21.—(AP)—Jem Smith, one of the greatest of the old-time bare-knuckle prize fighters, and twice the champion of England, died today, aged 68.
 His greatest battle was in 1887 when he fought the American, Jake Kilrain, for \$100,000 and the championship of the world. They went 106 rounds on an island in the river Seine in France, but darkness came and they agreed to call it a draw.

FRENCH LUMBER BAN HURTING SHIP LINES
 SEATTLE, Sept. 12.—(AP) Steamship companies here today were beginning to feel the effects of a lumber import prohibition placed in effect by the French government, and shipping men were preparing to protest the order.
 A consignment of 1,600,000 feet of northwest lumber booked for a ship of one of the regular lines for France was cancelled this week.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
 1. Tetching
 2. Tacheland
 3. Portion
 4. Artinical
 5. Lunge
 6. Immitator
 7. Toward the
 8. Lunge
 9. Tree
 10. Free earthenware
 11. Drive back
 12. Tall coarse grasses
 13. Ibsen character
 14. Fragrant ointment of the ancients
 15. Northernmost point of the Isle of Man
 16. Air comb
 17. Hawaiian food
 18. Conveyed
 19. Legally
 20. Warning
 21. Equine animal
 22. Mountain in California
 23. God of war
 24. Citrus fruit
 25. Long narrow inlet
 26. Rob
 27. Wastrel
 28. Remained upon
 29. Angel
 30. Medical aid
 31. Medical aid
 32. "No" in the Nineties
 33. Selma
 34. Writing instrument
 35. Acronymic word
 36. Acronymic word
 37. Down
 38. Without employment
 39. Likened
 40. Tree
 41. Epic poem
 42. Placid
 43. How
 44. Blatant
 45. Amiga
 46. Journalist and diplomat
 47. Decades
 48. Mistake
 49. Secondhand
 50. Surface
 51. Town in Ohio
 52. Alternative
 53. First man
 54. Marching
 55. Profession
 56. Unity
 57. Prominent
 58. Ancient
 59. Product of nature
 60. Distillation
 61. Tibetan
 62. Tibetan
 63. Tibetan
 64. Tibetan
 65. Tibetan
 66. Tibetan
 67. Tibetan
 68. Tibetan
 69. Tibetan
 70. Tibetan
 71. Tibetan
 72. Tibetan
 73. Tibetan
 74. Tibetan
 75. Tibetan
 76. Tibetan
 77. Tibetan
 78. Tibetan
 79. Tibetan
 80. Tibetan
 81. Tibetan
 82. Tibetan
 83. Tibetan
 84. Tibetan
 85. Tibetan
 86. Tibetan
 87. Tibetan
 88. Tibetan
 89. Tibetan
 90. Tibetan
 91. Tibetan
 92. Tibetan
 93. Tibetan
 94. Tibetan
 95. Tibetan
 96. Tibetan
 97. Tibetan
 98. Tibetan
 99. Tibetan
 100. Tibetan

MOON of DELIGHT by Margaret Bell Houston

Chapter 25
 MOON OF DELIGHT
 STEVE'S place was on the road to New Orleans, at the end of a long pier. The supper which was to have been on the verandah was laid in one great room because of the threatening clouds. It was a room of many windows and deep low window seats.

Almost filling one end was the chimney-place where tonight a log fire blazed, lighting the room even without the lanterns that swung from the beams.

The long table was ranged with bowls of crackers and condiments. Gumbo simmered in the tripod on the fire, and Steve in the corner was chopping up a salad of cabbage and red peppers. Outside the wind whirled and dashed salt spray against the windows. Inside it was glowing-warm, and filled with the smell of the gumbo and the peppers, and a surreptitious steamy smell of oysters and hot bread.

Most of the crowd were there when Adrian and his group arrived—Bettina Byrnes and Rod Stevens; a pale girl in gold hoop earrings and chamois jumper—Emmy Jean, they called her; Bobby Cranshaw and Doreen Larkin, a tall athletic girl in a blue sweater. Emmy Jean had come with a boy named Jerry whom Juanita remembered from the Comus ball. Jerry had been a goblin that night, and for Juanita, a goblin he would always be.

Phyllis Carver, a vivid blonde, stood near the fire in a green riding suit, beside her a man with dark unhappy eyes, while on a window seat alone Juanita saw the girl she had seen twice before—once beside Eric Ledbetter at Divitt's, and again at the Comus ball. All in black tonight, Juanita knew that beneath her tight fitting dress was a red, wind-blown bob. She sat smoking, sleepy-eyed, looking out on the gray sea.

"Naida, you know Juanita," Bettina Byrnes took it for granted they had met. Naida's smile was sweet and sleepy.

"I do now," she said, giving Juanita her little hand which crumpled up afterwards like a fern, and she went on gazing at the sea, wrapped in the midst of her own smoke. A lean chap with glasses whom every one called Trigger, drifted over to Naida, being presented to Juanita on the way.

Laurie Byrnes, twin to Bettina, came later, a rakish lad in tow. Fitzgerald his name was. Everybody received him with joy. He had been a sultan that night at Comus, and Juanita had danced with him. Fitz for Juanita was a sultan still. Rod Stevens was a pirate. And Bobby Cranshaw was a tom-cat with a bell. It was too bad. But this was the masquerade, not Comus.

Fitz turned on the radio, eliciting thereby such static that a flock of banishes might have been passing over the house. "Radio's no good tonight," said Steve. "It's got to rain."

Steve, fat and round, waited on his guests himself, assisted by a black boy in a white coat, who stopped now and then to look after the pot of drip coffee on the coals, and who brought them river shrimp, and crab gumbo from the tripod, while Steve took from the great bricked-in ovens at the chimney sides long pans of pompano and oysters baked in the shells.

Fitz had left the radio on, static being, he said, so much more spontaneous than ordinary programs. The guests were whooping themselves to be heard above it.

"Turn it off," said the girl with the sleepy eyes to Steve, watching as he obeyed. She smoked nervously, jabbing out one cigarette to light another. Wine had appeared from somewhere and she began to drink, manifesting a gradual feverish sparkle.

"Who is she?" Juanita asked Kirk, who sat on her right.

"Naida Preston," he answered. "That's her husband, next to the marquess."

Next to the marquess sat the dark man with the unhappy eyes.

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 12, 1921.
 (It was Monday)
 First week of schools show all schools overcrowded.
 Aged prospector on Sardine creek commits suicide. He had sought a pot of gold in South Africa, Australia, Alaska and Oregon.
 William Budge, Eric Wold, Bert Anderson and Gordon Verbea are named members of irrigation committee.
 The minimum temperature this morning was 34 degrees, the coldest of the season.
 Mr. and Mrs. John Tomlin return from a motor trip to Diamond Lake, and report the mornings very snappy.
 Sell's Floto circus coming to town.
 TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
 September 12, 1911.
 (It was Tuesday)
 After a 60-year drought, Maine votes wet.
 Hall storm damages Willamette valley crops.
 Mose Barkdull will attempt to drive his auto over the mountains for a duck hunt in Klamath county.
 Woodville war over water system at high pitch.
 Medford's "King of the Greeks" thought located in New York.
 Postal sub-station to be opened in Merrivold Shoppes.
 Ed Andrews attends Ashland good roads meeting and puts in a boost for the district fair.
 Work to start soon on installation of new Main street lights.
 Gold Hill enjoys a building boom.
 He placed ahead without careful weighing of all advantages and disadvantages involved.
 Often the best solution seems to be an enrichment of his present curriculum through special projects and free reading along the lines of his particular interests.

WE DEVELOP FREE FILMS
 West Side Pharmacy
 5-volt 13-plate battery. \$5
 1-yr. guarantee
 Battery Recharging 50c
 Severin Battery Service
 1222 No. Riverside

Ford Generators \$3.50
 Expert Armature Rewinding
 Prince Auto Electric Shop
 1222 N. Riverside

TWO MAJESTIC B-Eliminators \$5.00 Each
 Service Electric Co.
 111 South Holly Phone 1279

GABBY STREET
 ACE of the Cards
 The story of "has-been" who climbed to the peaks of baseball fame—an epic of the diamond—told by ALAN GOULD
 Associated Press Sports Editor
 A series of 12 illustrated features
 Starting Monday September 14
 IN THE MAIL TRIBUNE

Ye Smudge Pot

The state is now threatened with a special session of the legislature. This would be nothing short of a major calamity, and unnecessarily aggravate the present distress. The only justification whatsoever for the assembling of the august and pinheaded body, would be for the enactment of a measure abolishing themselves. If in a same moment they did, the step would be unconstitutional, as self preservation is the first law of nature. The last session all but ruined the state, by its brilliant infliction of the law reducing the delinquent tax penalty from 12 to 8 per cent. Maybe, at a special session, idiotic action to complete the job could be thought up.

"NORMAL FROG GETS NOWHERE AT RAPID PACE"—(Hildne Ealem Statesman) Or, in other words, Normal Probe Runs Too Long In Same Place.

Press reports indicate there is considerable diffidence on the part of the vulgar rich, to pungle up for relief for the hungry, the reluctant is worse among those who have an attack of neuritis every time they are yanked loose from a dime. It is apparently up to the victims of the breakdown of the economic system, to make a noise like a starving Armenian. If they receive any aid from their own countrymen.

SUCH CAUTIONS (Nat. Eye Post)
 Once in a crisis when the people were clamoring for work from on high, James H. Hillman and Henry Clay Frick got together and solemnly issued a signed statement which read: "The U. S. A. is a great and growing country." But then, fearing that they had disclosed too much, they added: "This is confidential and not for publication unless names are omitted."

The favorite democratic wite-crack for 18 months, has been the allegation that while driving down the highways they saw a hitch-hiker with this sign on his back: "Don't pick me up. I voted for Hoover." Your corr. has been up and down the highways as often as any democrat in Jackson county. Our eyesight is good, and the same goes for the powers of observation. Never yet have we beheld said signs. It seems to be the leading craze of these parts, visible only while leaning up against the Bill Gore bank.

The idle gossip are all busy.
 Unless the parking facilities at the high school are improved without delay, several plan to cease the pursuit of knowledge.
 Funksin plan are available. The cooking school for not instruct the manufacturers of this delicacy to boil the tinonium scrape before mixing.

A Utah rancher, C. H. Anderson, has been declared the "gentle champion" of the west. He was awarded a gold medal, and the photographer who took the picture of him smiling, received \$50. There seems to have been a bum distribution of the rewards. The dispatch did not state what the Utah rancher was smiling about at the time he radiated his championship good cheer. Nevertheless, the epoch opens up a new field of enterprise. It would be a good idea to hold a contest to determine the Sowl and Growsl champion of the West. There are more scowlers than smilers, and the Judges would have their work cut out for them to make a choice. In order to make a just selection, the scowling contestants would have to show their art in all the departments. Medals should be distributed for the following:
 Best standing combination scowl and leer at mention of taxes.
 Best drooping of corners of mouth, before letting the volume of vituperation against President Hoover. The champion at this, should also be able to contract his eyes to narrow and hateful slits.
 Offhand scowling without getting snooty.
 Best scowl of righteousness, without betraying hypocrisy.
 Longest sustained scowl with nothing to scowl at or about.

Show Salesmen to Fly.
 PRAGUE—(AP)—A flying school for show salesmen and officials is planned by a manufacturer and exporter, so that planes may be used to save time.
 "Well," he said to Peggy, "doesn't

SUNDOWN STORIES
 AIR DELIVERIES
 By Mary Graham Bonner
 Peggy and John were thrilled riding along with the milk plane which was carrying the milk to all the hotels and air schools and other air places.
 They did not think they had ever enjoyed any of the trips when the Black Clock had returned the time ahead more than this.
 They loved having the Little Black Clock with them at all times, for he explained everything to them, but it was rather jolly when he let them go off by themselves.
 The plane flew along very rapidly and every once in a while it stopped.
 The man in charge of the deliveries pulled a lever and a certain number of bottles and tubes were lifted up from the plane and landed upon an air platform. After making that delivery they flew on to make the next.
 How different this was from the old days of milk trains and great cans of milk waiting outside on wooden stands in front of farm-houses!
 Just traveling in a milk plane seemed a strange enough experience, and after they had finished all their deliveries and were back at the air farm once more, John noticed something that made him laugh.
 Painted upon the wings of the plane were two pictures—one on each side, and each picture was that of a cow.
 "Well," he said to Peggy, "doesn't

PUFFY
 That seem funny! They have milk planes, and yet they paint pictures of two old-fashioned cows on the wings of a plane!
 The man in charge of the deliveries explained:
 "We want to let everyone in the air know that our plans is the milk plane so that they'll give us the right of way!"
 How John and Peggy gave a thorough look at the farm.
 Monday—"Air Wading."
 It seems that all of Panama is crowded round our pal; The Hiers took their whistles as they pass through the Canal. In answer to the shouts of "Long Live Puffy" Bun observes: "He may live long, but all this noise I'll bet will ruin his nerves."
 Dr. Mattie E. Russell, S. T. and magnetic treatments, formerly of Granite Pass, now situated at 5 East Third St., Medford. Hours 9 to 5.
 Hattie Reames White, teacher of piano. High school credits given. Studio, 220 Laurel. Phone 449-M.