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 76

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, year.....$7.00
Daily, month.....75
By Carrier, in Advance—Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on Rishways.
Daily, month.....$ .75
Daily, one year.....7.50
All terms, cash in advance.

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

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The Portland experts, who for years have cluttered up the front pages of metropolitan dailies with facts and figures about street cars, pavements, kilowatts, and assisted nobly a year ago in saving Oregon rivers, "for our children's children," are now mixed up in some sort of a deal over a public market, that the back country knows nothing about, and never will. Their present discomfiture is "blamed on the Oregonian." This does not speak volumes for the expertness of the experts in concocting alibis.

Miss Nellie Sankey had her tonsils removed at the office of a local physician Saturday morning.—(Springfield News.) The ethics of the medical profession frown on advertising.

The alumni and adherents of OSC. are feeling their oats prematurely, as far as football prospects are concerned, against "Old Oregon." They have been reading sport pages chronicling the information that Snoozus, ex-Portland high flash, will get the quarterback job, that Whoozus, the ex-Portland high Rock of Gibraltar, is sure of one tackle berth, and etc., etc., etc., not to mention the absence of the elephantine tackles, who never lived up to their publicity. By the time OSC. gets around to Old Oregon, the campus politicians will be slapped back to their regular duties and proper places, and the ex-Portland high stars will have successfully demonstrated their inability to do anything, and all the social obligations will be paid.

It is known how many men have been slain to date by careful hunters for deer, but it will never be known how many men have been mistaken for deer—and missed.

The politicians have discovered the Kapee engines are making too much noise around Salem, and the Grangers have discovered that the politicians are making too much noise around their halls.

The enraptured Oregon editors, enraptured over the autumn weather, are writing at great length (leg length) about it, per custom. The California scribes say just as much, but are quicker about it. They allege that the Elysian Fields, Inc., when they want an extra fancy Indian summer day, borrow same from California in October.

The Iota Rho Iota fraternity has an appealing name—like Mary—and significant.

While running up north to see a football game, the tax-ridden plutocrat lost a Russian leather billfold containing unpaid tax receipts and 17 registered gilt-edge stocks.

"Middle-aged lady would tend to small boy on week-end"—(Want ad) Where he needs it.

Heretofore the average human heart has bled at pictures of starving Chinese, for no people miss their meals with such utter helplessness and hopelessness. The photos always depict utter woe, graphically. However, the famine views have nothing on that colored baseball team, that is whiskered.

An unidentified man, while leading a horse out of the blazing stable, was kicked in the excitement.—(Appleton Jottings.) Gee whiz! that hurt!

The administration is going to issue a brochure on beer. A brochure is about the same as an agenda.

THE EDITOR'S NUPTIALS

"Eunice (Nu-Nu) Wallace and Chester K. (Chet) Shore were married without much noise today in Great Bend, Kas., where they bothered 'Daze' and 'Lefty' Holmes for the use of their front room. 'It is the first time since Christmas that the room was mussed up,' said Lefty to the officiating minister.

"The bride was fixed up in a fair looking traveling suit which her father will pay for in advertising space. The groom wore last year's suit, which he bought in the same manner. His shoes squeaked when he entered the room. Only a few immediate friends were present, as no printed invitations were sent.

"The wedding came at the climax of a series of prepared newspaper articles originating in Wichita.

"The groom's sister didn't show up for the wedding, as she ran onto a traveling man acquaintance on the street and plumb forgot the affair. 'I have another brother who is single,' was her only comment at the hamburger stand reception immediately following the ceremony."

(Augusta, Kan., Gazette.)

Mr. Coolidge "Doesn't Choose"

FOR the second time former President Coolidge "doesn't choose to run."

That first announcement was news. But this second announcement ISN'T.

President Coolidge has served his time in the White House. He would have nothing to gain and everything to lose by tackling the job again—particularly under existing circumstances. Moreover, for a Republican ex-President to oppose a Republican President and his own successor, would split the party wide open, and be particularly repugnant to a man of Mr. Coolidge's traditions and temperament.

* * * * *

TRUE, former President Roosevelt established the precedent. But there was only one Roosevelt, and his experience was not calculated to encourage others to follow it.

Furthermore, why should Mr. Coolidge, ABOVE ALL THINGS, oppose President Hoover? They may not be personal cronies, but they are politically kin. They represent the same wing of the Republican party—the strictly regular and conservative division. Although Mr. Coolidge has the prestige and had all the luck—the fact remains that President Hoover is a more capable man and more progressive,—and under identical conditions would undoubtedly prove a better President.

* * * * *

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE had the good fortune to hold office during the greatest period of prosperity in the country's history. President Hoover has had the misfortune to hold office during the greatest period of depression.

The one could never have helped but be a popular President; the other could never have helped but be unpopular. The rank and file don't delve deeply into political matters. Office holders, from the city hall to the White House, are judged by results. Nothing succeeds like success, and ONLY success succeeds.

President Coolidge's attitude toward the Republican party and the next election is the only attitude any sane person could have expected, from him. As we see it, there is nothing whatever in his announcement to get excited about.

How About a Third Party?

WILL this action help President Hoover politically? We think not. His nomination is certain, and has been certain many months. As long as the President wishes to run again, no one can stop him. Some political experts predict his nomination will result in the formation of a third party. In the opinion of the present writer a third party—perhaps several of them—will be formed anyway.

Unless general business conditions improve materially—and presidential years are notoriously unsettling—and if Governor Roosevelt receives the Democratic nomination which seems likely, neither of the two major parties will satisfy the deep-seated passion for a radical change which the continued depression has produced, among the masses of the people.

Governor Roosevelt will be too patrician and pallid; President Hoover too unpopular and conservative.

We wouldn't be surprised to see Alfalfa Bill Murray rise to lead the embattled hosts. Of course a miracle may happen and the entire situation change economically—and therefore politically—overnight.

But barring such a "bolt from the blue," we predict Uncle Sam will be in for a real "battle royal" instead of a normal presidential campaign next year.

When Will the Depression End?

IT IS interesting to see how this depression, like every other, is running true to form.

Ever since the country was founded there have been depressions and each depression to those suffering from it has been different than any preceding one. During every one there have been many convinced that the good old days had gone forever, that while the depression would not always last, the prosperity of the olden days would never return.

* * * * *

ONLY yesterday a well known local citizen informed the writer that it would be five or ten years before the depression ended, and that anything approaching the golden days of 1928 would never return.

Aforesaid citizen thought he was stating something very new and original, but he was merely repeating in almost precisely the same words the predictions of self-appointed prophets during depressions, for three-quarters of a century.

Cast your eye over this for example:

"The period of readjustment will be long. It will take at least ten years.

"Business will come back to fair, slow operations in three years. Conditions abroad will continue to affect our business conditions here. It is conservative to estimate that ten years must elapse before we can see genuinely prosperous business in this country.

"The prospect is for slow and irregular business for ten years. Prices will advance a little from present levels and fall once more. Recovery will be slow.

"The farmers will buy little from the proceeds of the harvest; and with price declines in process throughout the world there would seem to be little prospect of any extensive business revival in the near future."

That was the sapient prediction of Professor Wm. Foster, after interviewing eight of the leading financial statisticians of New York city on NOVEMBER 4, 1921,—during the post-war depression.

A few days ago in this news comment column in this paper, Frank Jenkins quoted a similar prediction from the U. S. Commissioner of Labor in 1886.

* * * * *

IT WAS ever thus. Each depression is the worst, each leaves Old Man World impaired and tottering—never as good as he was before.

But the truth is depressions may come and go, but Old Man World goes on forever. Depressions are merely recuperative periods in the steady march of economic and social progress. It has been true of every depression in the past; it will be true of the depression of 1931.

Precious few people, however, think so at the present writing. As Senator Borah wisely remarked the other day when asked when the present depression will end:

"About 60 days before anyone realizes it has ended," said he.

BEND—Plans being made by local chamber of commerce and Lake county Chamber of Commerce to celebrate completion of new grade through Picture Rock pass on Fremont highway.

They aren't always wrong in Washington. When they cut down the size of the bills they said the new paper money wouldn't bulge a fellow's pocket, and it doesn't.—Fort Myers News-Press.

Today

By Arthur Brisbane

California Votes Yes.
Edison Losing Strength.
No More Russian Matches
Gen. Butler Retires.

Copyright King Feature Synd., Inc.

No depression can destroy the courage of Southern California, where Los Angeles and twelve surrounding cities have voted by an overwhelming majority to spend two hundred and twenty million dollars on an acqueduct two hundred and seventy-five miles long to bring water from the Colorado river.

The flood waters of the Colorado, impounded behind the dam, will first generate a million electric horsepower, then supply water for irrigation and other uses in Southern California.

The vote for a $220,000,000 bond issue proves the confidence of Californians in their future and the early arrival of the 7,000,000 population, for which the new acqueduct will have sufficient water capacity.

California's vote will give employment to 10,000 men for six years.

The $5,000,000,000 bond issue, advocated by W. R. Hearst, for permanent national development, and immediate employment, if put to a national vote, would be carried as enthusiastically as Southern California has carried the proposition to spend $220,000,000 on a water supply.

Sad news comes of Thomas A. Edison, losing strength slowly, almost hopelessly. He has been compelled to abandon his daily automobile ride and, according to his doctor, "seems to have lost interest in life, with failing strength."

The thoughts of this nation are with the noble old man whose entire life has been devoted to public service, to work that confers glory upon his country and blessings upon the world. He is the greatest American since Lincoln as Lincoln was the greatest since Washington.

Washington gave us freedom, Lincoln preserved the Union, Edison gave light to his own country and to the world, with employment, prosperity and wealth beyond computation.

The electric industry based on his discovery, employs in the United States now 800,000 human beings, with a payroll exceeding one thousand million dollars a year.

And Edison, noble genius, with the world's interests fading from his mind and heart, his spirit turned toward a world of light unending, has added to his worldly possessions little, except a name that will live for thousands of years.

A recent amendment to the army appropriations act compels the army to purchase "only articles of the growth, production or manufacture of the United States." Hereafter matches made in Russia will not be bought for American soldiers, although American made matches cost more.

With all friendliness for foreign countries, it is plain that Uncle Sam should spend his money in his own family.

"You may haul down my flag, sir," said General Smedley D. Butler to Lieutenant Whitaker, his aide. And that ended General Butler's active connection with the United States marine corps.

On the retired list, he can now use in accordance with his best judgment powers of expression that are unusual.

He retires with a salute of 13 guns, and with public thanks and admiration.

A man is entitled to them when he has proved himself, in numerous ways, one of the best fighters for his country that this nation has produced.

German territory along the Rhine called the Palatinate, reaching from Frankfurt to the French Alsatian border, is proud that President Hoover is included among 5,000,000 descendants of men and women that came to America from that little stretch of river front. Given opportunity the human race multiplies rapidly.

The 5,000,000 descendants of men from the Palatinate are five times as numerous as all the inhabitants of that country.

Americans discussing prohibition will be interested to learn that the "Hubers," spelled "Hoover" in America, still live, as President Hoover's ancestors did, on the sale of wine from their vineyards on the hills above the Rhine.

Many Americans think that wine, with light beer added, would hurt the United States less than our present brands of bootleg whiskey, "bathtub" gin, and assorted moonshine.

SAM

BY FREEMAN LINCOLN

SYNOPSIS: The unexpected proposal to Sam Sherrill that she marry Peak Abbott, wealthy young owner of the newspaper for which she works, leaves Sam perplexed. Abbott wants her to marry him although she does not love him. She is tempted to do this, because she badly needs money. Fourth Alderson, her stepfather, a social snob but a poor business man, has lost the family fortune. Sam controls the remains of the family finances, while Fourth sells books. Freddy Munson, also on the Express, wants Sam to live by herself without responsibilities. Angry because Sam may marry Abbott Freddy announces his intention of leaving town. Sam is worried because she has seen her half-brother Nelson, dancing at a restaurant with Martha Givens, the maid of all work at the stable where the family now lives. Sam is at a party with Peak, when she is unexpectedly called to the telephone.

Chapter 4
CRUSHED ORCHIDS

SHE found the booth and closed the door behind her. The voice from the other end of the wire came to her clearly. "Is that you, Sam? This is Freddy."

"Oh." She was relieved. "Hello, Freddy. Happy new year."

"Look here," he said urgently. "I've got to see you tonight—right away—it's important!"

"But, Freddy—"

"Please don't argue. I tell you it's important! I'm in the Broad Street Station and there's a train leaving in two minutes. The club is near the station, isn't it?"

"Yes. It's across the street, but—"

"I'll keep you only five minutes. Where will you meet me?"

Sam saw it was useless to argue. "I'll be at the station."

"Good."

He hung up the receiver.

Ten minutes later she retrieved her evening wrap, and went out the main door. There was a faint mist of fog that dimmed the brightness of the lights along the drive.

She crossed the deserted pike and descended a short, steep little hill to the station. The dimly-lit platform was empty, and Sam waited in the shadows.

The train arrived five minutes later, and Freddy, the only passenger to alight, walked directly to where she stood. She noticed, in the pause before the noise of the departing train had died away, that his face seemed strained and pale.

"Hello," he said abruptly at last. "Where's your hat?"

Sam smiled. "I don't often wear hats to parties. What's your news?"

Freddy said: "I'm quitting my job, tomorrow. I'm going west."

"Oh."

He scowled. "Is that all you have to say?"

"I imagine so, except that it's probably a good thing."

"That I'm going away? Why?"

Her voice was troubled. "I—I don't know."

"Don't you?" said Freddy grimly. "Well, I do."

Sam had no premonition of what was going to happen. She had never thought that Freddy might want to kiss her, or of what she would do if he tried. She had never thought of Freddy in that way at all, yet, suddenly, his arms were about her and his lips were upon her.

Sam did not struggle. She had no desire to struggle. She was conscious only that she was returning his caress; that she was happy and at peace.

Finally, as though from a great distance, she heard Freddy saying hoarsely: "That's why! That's why it's a good thing I'm going away. Do you understand?"

Clinging to him, Sam unaccountably began to cry.

Freddy pushed her roughly away. "Quit crying!" he ordered savagely: "Quit it. I hate scenes. What are you crying about?"

Sam could not answer intelligently. She said: "My flowers are ruined."

"Your flowers!" Freddy raised his arms to heaven. "Who gives a darn about your flowers?"

Sam vainly tried to find her handkerchief. "They were also flowers, Freddy."

He came close to her. "Do you know what's happened?" he demanded. "You've made me love you, do you understand?"

She nodded.

"And what's more," said Freddy "you love me, too."

"Do I?" She looked up at him "I—I didn't know."

"Didn't you?" He took her in his arms and kissed her again. "Well you know now, don't you?"

She put her head on his shoulder and sighed. "I'm afraid so."

"You'd better be afraid!" He laughed grimly and, pushing her away, began to pace up and down the platform with quick, nervous steps. "It's a terrible mess. I'm not going to marry you. I'm going to throw up my job and leave."

Suddenly, Freddy's arms were about her.

"Of course, Freddy."

He turned. "What do you mean?"

"What I say." Sam was quite calm. "You and I could never be married. It would be horrible."

"Oh, is that so!" He pointed a stern forefinger. "Just let me tell you something, young lady, and this is it. You and I are going to be married. We're not only going to be married, but we're going to do it right away—tonight!"

"Don't be silly, Freddy," said Sam.

"You'll see how silly I am! Where can I find a minister?" He looked about him wildly, as though expecting to find a cleric lurking on the right of way. "There must be a minister around here somewhere."

"Please be sensible," Sam pleaded. "Talk to me. Tell me what would happen if you married me. Where would your freedom be?"

"That doesn't matter."

"Oh, yes it does. It matters so much that you'd hate me in a month. And where would I be?"

"You'd be married to me."

"Yes, and we'd be poor forever. So would Sonny and Fourth." She shook her head wearily. "No, Freddy, I'm afraid it's no go."

He took out his watch. "I'll give you thirty seconds," he said slowly, "to make up your mind whether you'll marry me tonight or whether you won't."

She sighed. "It's already made up."

He stared. "Do you really mean that? Do you mean that you haven't the nerve to face realities?"

"I mean just to the contrary. I mean that I have the nerve to see that you and I would make a hopeless mess of things."

"O.K." He returned the watch to his pocket. "Good night."

"Where are you going?"

His laugh was bitter. "I'd hate to tell you where I'm going."

"There's no train back to town tonight," she reminded him gently. "I'll get a car and drive you in."

"Oh, no you won't!"

He turned away.

(Copyright, Freeman Lincoln)

How will the interview end, on Monday? Sam spends a strange New Year's day.

Pity the farmer with potatoes 50 cents a barrel and many other troubles. Especially pity Farmer William Schroeder, dragged into court by the beautiful dancer, Irene Castle, who accuses Farmer Schroeder of letting his pigs walk around in mud and giving them food that to her seemed disagreeable.

The farmer won his case, proving that pigs enjoy food that Irene Castle would not enjoy, also that a pig can live happily without a manicure. But it cost him money to prove it.

On the other hand, Irene Castle is sound in her statement that pigs prefer cleanliness, thrive and avoid hog cholera and other disastrous epidemics when they are kept really clean and fed on grain, alfalfa and other clean material instead of swill.

A stock exchange seat sold yesterday for $156,000, a drop of nearly half a million from the highest price. He who sold it will regret it, though prices may go lower, for a ban on short selling is coming, and probably federal action will make the ban real. That would discourage brokers unable to realize that honest buying is better than dishonest selling, with the broker lending his customer's stock to gamblers on the short side, and directly injuring his customer's interest.

STOUT HEARTED THIEF STEALS NINE SKUNKS

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 1.—(AP)—A stout-hearted thief who climbed R. N. Bowman's back fence during the night and stole nine imported skunks was sought by a none too eager sheriff's robbery squad today.

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.

McCARRISON RECOMMENDS VITAMIN A.

Col. Robert McCarrison is recognized as one of the foremost authorities on nutrition. He is director of nutritional research in the Indian Fund Research association. In his laboratories at Coonoor in the Blue Mountains of southern India he maintains a stock of albino rats of which he uses about a thousand a year. The rats are fed on a diet similar to that of certain tribes in northern India, among which tribes are many of the finest physical specimens of mankind. The diet consists of whole wheat flour unleavened bread lightly spread with fresh butter, legumes, raw carrots, raw cabbage, fresh raw milk, a small ration of raw meat and bones once a week. The rats so fed have no infantile mortality and no deaths of adults from natural causes.

Over a thousand rats so fed have been subjected to careful necropsies, if you know what I mean. If you don't know, it will never bother you. No evidence of disease has been found in them with the sole exception of occasional cyst of the liver containing tapeworm larvae.

Experiments on a large scale have been made, feeding some of these rats on diets similar to those commonly used by some other Indian peoples—such as cereals and vegetable fats with little or no milk, butter and fresh vegetables. Among these rats, although they were kept under the same hygienic conditions as the others, all kinds of diseases occurred, in the lungs, in the nose and sinuses, in the ears, in the gastro-intestinal tract; in the reproductive organs; in the skin; in the nervous system; in the heart.

Of all the diets used in these rat feeding experiments, McCarrison found this one, similar to the diet of a majority of people in England was the worst: White bread, margarine, tea, sugar, jam, preserved meat, and a scanty allowance of overcooked vegetables. In America perhaps our staple diet is a mite better than that, yet not much better, for a large portion of the population, particularly industrial and clerical slaves in our towns and cities.

McCarrison has carried out similar experiments with guinea-pigs, rabbits, pigeons and monkeys, and all showed similar results. Guinea-pigs showed duodenal ulcer. Rabbits developed goiter. Pigeons developed beri-beri (multiple neuritis). Monkeys developed ulcerative colitis. Some of us are like guinea-pigs. Some of us are like monkeys. You economizes or limits your choice of foods and takes your choice of diseases.

While this great nutrition authority believes that many of the ailments to which man is subject are due to improper feeding, he takes pains to caution that his experiments on animals must not be too rigidly applied to human nutrition.

All the surgical conditions the animals developed on faulty diets are probably due to lack of sufficient Vitamin A. Foods containing considerable Vitamin A—such as raw fresh milk, butter, raw carrots, fresh greens or green vegetables and cod liver oil, protected the animals against such diseases. McCarrison particularly recommends Vitamin A foods to prevent adenoids, middle ear inflammation, gastric or duodenal ulcer, goiter and urinary calculi. He believes goiter is due to some deficiency in the diet, but not to iodin deficiency.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Inhale Thru Mouth.

In your instructions for Belly Breathing you say to inhale thru the mouth. Can one take in more air thru the mouth than thru the nostrils?—S. W. A.

Answer—I don't know, but one can take it in more quickly thru the mouth. That's why athletes in a hard running race, or swimmers or others engaging in violent effort or an endurance test always inhale through the mouth. The nose is all very well for quiet breathing when you are in no hurry.

The Clinic Racket.

Do you know anything about the varicose clinic in ——? I sent for their radio booklet . . . —Mrs. A. B.

Answer—Yes, I know enough about it now. You have just told me. If a doctor or a group of doctors is fairly good at anything, pleased patrons will see to it that he or they are kept busy. If he is not so good he goes into a huddle, divests himself of PERSONAL responsibility by assuming some such name as "clinic," "institute," "association," and proceeds to canvass the sucker population for business. The radio appeal brings 'em in, not only from the hick towns, but from the big burg as well. If you seek obliteration of your varicose veins, you had better entrust the treatment to some reputable physician who has the moral courage to practice under his own name.

Diathermy for Nasal Trouble.

I am a chemist in a face powder factory. I had my tonsils removed surgically about five years ago, but the operation left several tags of tonsil tissue. These Dr. —— has removed with diathermy. Also he has treated my nasal trouble with electro-coagulation, as I was not breathing properly through my nose. This has given me great relief. I have not seen that you recommend diathermy for nasal conditions.—F. E. H.

Answer—Thank you. Physicians with skill in the technic are employing diathermy (electro-coagulation) not only for reducing thickened turbinates, but for the treatment of sinusitis and other nasal conditions. It may be regarded as more conservative than the older surgical measures.

Child Stops Stammering.

The son of a friend of mine began to stammer after a long siege of scarlet fever. The parents tried various treatments unsuccessfully. Then the doctor gave the boy a few full-dosage ultra-violet ray treatments for general health effect, and the boy stopped stammering.—T. M.

Answer—Thank you. When the child regained fair general health he stopped stammering.

(Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

SUNDOWN STORIES

Ocean Sailing

(By Mary Graham Bonner)

"We have had so many thrilling adventures," the Little Black Clock began, "that I thought we might just have a little sail on the Pacific ocean this time. I've not turned the time back any more than a few hours.

"Ah," he added, "here comes our plane."

"Are we going on the ocean in a plane?" Peggy asked. "Is it that kind of a plane?"

"Oh, no," the Little Black Clock answered. "This plane will only take us to the Golden Gate at San Francisco."

"Is it really a golden gate?" Peggy asked, as they climbed into the plane.

"Not really," shouted the Little Black Clock, as they flew along, "but when the sun is very big and golden and when it is rising or when it is setting, there is such a beautiful glow upon the ocean and upon the rocks at either side of the entrance to the San Francisco harbor that it has been called the Golden Gate."

Now they had arrived at San Francisco. The sun did shine upon the great rocks at either side of the coast line of the ocean which led toward the harbor, and John and Peggy were not in the least surprised that the entrance to the harbor at San Francisco had been given such a splendid name as the Golden Gate.

A very fine yacht drew up at one of the piers and the Clock told the children it was for their sailing trip.

So they left the harbor with its many boats and passed by the rocks, and thence out of the bay into the ocean and the Little Black Clock said they would play an inland guessing game while they sailed along.

Tomorrow — "Inland Guessing Game."

Coats relined and remodeled at the Fashion Shop, 424 Medford Bldg. Tel 1181.

Coal, best Utah, $13.00 ton with free kindling. Med. Fuel Co. Tel 831.

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

October 1, 1921
(It was Saturday)

New York Yankees clinch American league pennant by winning first game of double-header with Athletics, 5 to 3.

Crater Lake season closes with record attendance.

Mrs. C. E. Gates wins blue ribbon at state fair for raising heaviest squash.

Thomas Proctor, in whose bed Abraham Lincoln died, revealed as a pauper in New York City.

Treasury department rules that wives who work must pay income tax on salaries.

Operations at the Trigonia oil well delayed by non-arrival of a bull rope.

Two new bungalows started on South Holly street.

Tax conservation and reduction held need of Oregon.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

October 1, 1911
(It was Sunday)

Forger, who passed check on Warner, Wortman & Gore for $81.70 to be arrested as he leaves the state prison gates at the end of a two year term.

Honore Palmer of Chicago, rejoices that the good roads bonds carried, and telegraphs "The valley will soon be navigable in winter."

Col. Pedro Gonzales of the Mexican army, faces a firing squad smoking a cigarette, and flips the stub into the face of the major in charge of the execution.

The federal court meets here and adjourns for lack of cases.

Four inches of snow falls at Crater Lake.

Validity of good roads bonds to be questioned.

TWIN FALLS, Idaho, Oct. 1.—(AP)—George Crockett, 53, one of the largest cattle owners in southern Idaho, a resident of Rock Creek section since 1880, was instantly killed Wednesday when a shotgun was accidently discharged sending a bullet through his skull.