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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

If the experts, economists, heavy thinkers, and commissions who have labored so mightily, with the minimum of results, to cure the Depression will throw themselves into reverse and endeavor to prolong the Depression, in the opinion of many it will be all out and over by October 16, or at least be showing signs of crumbling, on the theory that efficiency might backfire.

BB shot will soon be rattling off country roofs, pedigreed roosters, fancy cats, and all other wild and tame life of the rural areas, as the Chinese pheasant season draws nigh. Citizens ambling about the heather, with a feather in their headgear, are apt to be peppered by a galoot with a shotgun, by mistake for a Hungarian partridge. Already "No Hunting" signs are getting riddled.

The roguish moon looked down on us last night in all its silvery innocence.—(Exchange.) There's still a thrill left in life.

Dr. Shaw, professor of philosophy at New York university, declares that "men who whistle are usually morons." The cause of all the whining, and it is no longer better to whistle than whine.

Tehrucana, Tex., Sept. 30.—(UP)—Two students who turned bandits so they could continue their studies to become ministers, were under sentence today to spend five years each in prison.—"As the fool soweth."

It has long been the contention of the undersigned, that the fair sex were poor runners and unfitted for windy discussions of the depression, in the open, or at the bridge tables or wherever they congregate. After listening all day to male sages and seers and savants predicting all the variegated forms of economic disaster, ranging from complete ruin to ghastly famine, it is no more than right, when the breadwinner (if he has won any bread, after the bridge losses are paid) comes home to hear something other than what he has been hearing all day. Such, however, is not for him. The little woman goes after the panic, the gold standard, the federal farm board, the Republicans, and the taxes. She knows less (don't throw that brick) about it all, if such a thing could be possible, than the curbstone economist. They, figuratively, scratch out Mr. Hoover's eyes, just before they tuck Junior into the bay. Many matrons confidently expect to be among the missing, ere spring comes, and refuse to have their minds changed on the subject. A well known citizen (name on file) argues, that the way to stop the ladies from their wailing, on the sad state of affairs, is to laugh at them—gently, of course—and not emit any guffaws in the doing. This is impractical and dangerous, as the minor contusions of several noses testify. The president and Mr. Calvin Coolidge urge the womanhood of America "to be brave, as they were during the war." This does not mean they should start knitting socks, sweaters, etc, etc, etc, or the men will disinter the 1918 modes practically unused. And, it looks very much like the Eugenie hat, heralded as a harbinger of prosperity, instead increased the feminine calamity oratory. These are indeed the melancholy days of, which the poet sang so glibly. The womenfolks should cheer up.

THE MAIL MAN

No words of mine can quite avail
To praise the man who totes the mail,
Who trudges up and down the street
To make our daily lives complete.
He wears out endless pairs of shoes
To bring us little scraps of news
Of Uncle Will and Cousin Ruth
And little Absalom's new tooth;
He wades thru mud and climbs up hills
To cheer us with the monthly bills,
And even when the weather's bad
Lays at our doors the latest ad.
Daily he views the selfsame scenes
And lugs the selfsame magazines;
He has, in spite of comic bards,
No time to read the postal cards,
And I suspect that if he had,
They would not make his life more glad.
His heart's as big as all outdoors,
And housewives give him little chores
Like wrenching tops from mason jars
And cranking unresponsive cars.
In his own quiet, homely way,
He represents the U. S. A.

(Spokesman-Review, Spokane)

ALBANY—Farmers and Merchants Transport Co. operating trucks from Portland to this place and Newport, opened local office on North Broadalbin street.

The Demagogues Get Busy

FEDERAL taxes must be boosted. There is a growing demand that the increase be concentrated largely in the upper brackets.

This is good sense. The tax burden should be distributed most heavily upon those citizens best able to pay. At and below the level of mere subsistence, there should be no federal tax.

But as usual the loose-tongued and long-haired demagogues in Congress are clamoring for placing the entire increase upon the "idle rich class."—whatever that is.

The entire burden should NOT be placed upon the idle rich class, the rich class, the poor class, or any other ONE class. It should be distributed fairly among all classes,—apportioned accurately upon the relative ability to pay.

• • • • •

ANY other proposal is not only undemocratic and unfair, it is poor business. Instead of helping the working man, it will injure him, for it will force capital into non-taxable securities, shatter public confidence and discourage initiative—thus extending and aggravating the effects of the depression, further lowering wages instead of raising them.

In this as in practically all other federal policies the acid test of whether it's right or wrong goes straight back to that simple formula of T. R.'s, "the square deal."

Anything more than that for any citizen of this country is wrong; anything less than that is also wrong. As the discussion regarding increased federal taxes continues, we believe this fact will be more and more apparent to the rank and file of the American people.

England's View of Royalty

THE POSSIBILITIES of an American marriage for the Prince of Wales are not as remote as they might seem, contends Arthur Weigall, an Englishman writing in the October number of Vanity Fair magazine.

As to whether there is any technical objection to a marriage which would make an American girl Queen of England, Mr. Weigall says: "I came to the conclusion that there could be no objection whatsoever—from an English official point of view."

He declares that the Government of England is a much more democratic institution than that of the United States, with the King simply the hereditary head-man of his people, belonging to no faction.

"The monarchy is retained because it provides just this detached leadership. Governments come and go, but the King remains, closely related to every other Briton by nature, by ideals, by habits, and by blood.

"Any feeling that royalty is something essentially separate from the People is un-English. The man of true British ideals does not regard the royal blood as having any mystic quality."

Will Liquor Be Issue?

WAY DOWN on inside pages at the bottom of the column in today's newspapers — out of sight and hearing — is the faint squeak of Citizen Curran, head of one of the funny organizations struggling against prohibition in which Mr. Curran says that prohibition will be an issue in the next campaign. Of all the funny, fool statements that have come out of politics in the last six months this is the funniest and foolest. The great issues in this campaign are going to be social and economic.

They are going to concern the distribution of wealth from the large aggregation congested in the east to a more equitable distribution throughout the country. Prohibition will have a less important place in the two platforms in the campaign of 1932 than pensions and inland waterways.—William Allen White.

SUNDOWN STORIES

ISLAND GUESSING GAME

By Mary Graham Bonner.

"It will be a nice, easy game," the Little Black Clock explained, "and just suitable for a nice, easy, restful sail on the Pacific ocean.

"The Pacific is living up to the meaning of its name — peaceful —today.

"Now I'll ask the questions and I'll give you one fine hint at the start.

"All the islands I'll mention will be in one certain ocean, so if you get the name of the ocean right in the first place you won't make any mistakes after that."

John and Peggy laughed. They had never played a game in just this way before.

They hoped the Little Black Clock wouldn't make the first question too hard. If that was easy the rest would be all right.

"Where are the Hawaiian Islands?" the Little Black Clock asked.

"In the Pacific ocean," said John and Peggy at the very same moment.

"Correct!" shouted the Little Black Clock, and now the children knew they would give the right answers to the rest of the questions, and this was the way the rest of the game went—John and Peggy answering all the questions at the same time.

"Where are the Philippine Islands?"

"Pacific ocean."

"Where are the islands of Samoa and Fiji?"

"Pacific ocean."

"Where is the island of New Zealand?"

"Pacific ocean."

"Where is the island of New Guinea?"

"Pacific ocean."

"Fine!" said the Little Black Clock. "You both win."

Tomorrow—"Weather Prophet."

Another swell idea would be to plow under every third economist who has a cure for what's the matter with us.—Macon Telegraph.

Talks To Parents

UNCONSCIOUS RIVALRIES

By Alice Judson Peale.

Below the surface of even the most harmonious and affectionate family life there is a steady interplay of rivalry.

Sometimes it is wholly unconscious breaking through only occasionally in inexplicable angers, meannesses and emotional upsets.

Sometimes it is half-realized but rationalized on the basis of deserved grudges and harsh judgments.

No matter how dearly any pair of brothers may love each other, there is always between them a fundamental struggle for the favored love and recognition of the parents.

A mother and daughter often unconsciously compete for the love of husband and father. Father and son may stand in the same relation to the wife and mother.

Where the parents are mature, this unconscious rivalry in the parent-child relation exists only in the child, but where a parent has not solved the problems of his own adolescence, he often unconsciously competes with his child.

A mother who felt that her own girlhood was lacking in fun and popularity, in attentions from the opposite sex, may unconsciously resent it if her daughter has these things.

Her resentment is likely to mask itself as strictness and emphasis on chaperonage.

The girl is forbidden to go to late parties, presumably on grounds of health or propriety, but really because the mother is envious.

Any one can supply numerous similar examples from casual observation.

Since some rivalry is inevitable in every family circle, the best we can do as parents is to examine our own feelings critically so as to be able to check their expression in relation to our children.

Rivalries between brothers and sisters may be used constructively.

Without making the children unduly conscious of them, without in any way appealing to competition, we can use them as a basis for emulation and achievement.

VALE — Malheur Telephone Co. moved to newly completed $40,000 office and exchange building.

BEAVERTON — Charles Berthold, local hay, grain and feed dealer, installed $700 grain cleaner.

Today

By Arthur Brisbane

A 21 Billion City.
How Strange Is Gold.
From Chinatown To China.
Lovely Forgiveness.

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If real estate values impress you, take off your hat to old Father Knickerbocker of New York city. New York's real estate for taxation is tentatively assessed over NINETEEN BILLIONS, TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-SIX MILLION DOLLARS, an increase of more than one billion one hundred million. That doesn't include personal property or franchise assessments, which would bring the total value up to twenty-one billions.

No wonder New York state and New York city have good credit in the money market. One single building, the Empire State, erected by former Governor Smith and associates, is assessed at forty-two millions.

Strange is gold, "yellow and cold, scorned by the young and loved by the old, almost within the grave's mould."

First, foreign nations, including Switzerland and Belgium, take away three hundred millions of our gold. Today you read that Japan is sending us $35,000,000 gold. Japan intends to cling to the gold standard, and sends us the gold to protect "yen exchange against our dollar."

If you don't understand that, you have plenty of company, in your lack of understanding.

The English pound went up in value yesterday. Why?

There is talk of an increase in Federal Reserve re-discount rates. Why is that necessary?

The Federal Reserve is not doing the work it was supposed to do, making currency plentiful in times of depression.

The Federal Reserve can re-discount only what is called "commercial paper." In a depression, when currency is most needed, with flexible credit, the "commercial paper" disappears and there is nothing for the Federal Reserve to discount.

How much more time will be needed to make the Federal Reserve more flexible, that it may issue currency, against other values as good as commercial paper?

There is comfort in the words, "A dollar's worth of gold to back every dollar," but it is possible to have your money too valuable. Ask the business men of Niagara Falls. Canadian dollars are worth only 70 cents in American money, and Canadian customers are not buying on the American side.

What applies to tourists from Canada applies to importers of all countries that must use their feeble money to buy our powerful dollars when they purchase goods here.

It is said that the administration in Washington will not even discuss bi-metalism or putting silver back to its old respectable price. The government believes that gold is the best basis for our country's monetary system, that Britain and other European countries have abandoned the gold standard only temporarily.

However, silver has been good money for five thousand years. We have plenty of it, and it is generally admitted that the nation, as a whole and as individuals, needs "more currency."

Uncle Sam's revenue in a year is off one thousand million dollars. Governments, like individuals, suddenly lose their credit when they really want money. They can get all they want when they don't need it.

Borrowing may not be so easy, and opinion on bi-metalism may possibly be revised "temporarily."

Fifty years ago in New York there lived a small boy, son of Tom Lee, Chinese, and a Christian woman. He was a Baptist, nominally, and educated at New York University. Today that boy, under the name of Frank W. Lee, is foreign minister of China.

His career recalls on older, more interesting Mongolian, Attila, king of the Huns. Attila got his ideas of Christian civilization, such as it was, fifteen hundred years ago, in the city of Rome, went back to his native Mongolia, returned to terrify and override Europe, until he died suddenly on the night of his marriage to a young girl named Ildico. He is supposed to have been poisoned by her.

Canon Rogers, chaplain to King George, says the nations should adopt a doctrine of forgiveness and Uncle Sam should lead in "constructive sympathy" in dealings with other nations.

Uncle Sam was "constructively sympathetic" to the tune of ten billions of dollars, and was called "Uncle Shylock" for his pains. Forgiveness has been in the Lord's Prayer for a long time but not in active use.

France never forgave Germany for taking away Alsace and Lorraine, which had previously been taken from Germany. French and German mothers will not forgive the killing of their sons.

Forgiveness has little to do with world affairs, but intelligence should teach men that war doesn't pay and persuade them to abandon it.

A suit brought against Otto H. Kahn, well known New York banker, is thrown out of court for lack of proof, a slander action included in the case being declared fraudulent by the court.

Leaving aside the merits of the case, Mr. Kahn is to be congratulated upon preferring a fight in open court to a private compromise that might avoid unpleasant publicity.

Workers in Lancashire, in serious rioting, brandish clubs, shouting: "Remember 1914 to 1918." They mean that the country for which they fought then ought to feed them now.

The rioting interests Gandhi's followers in India. Lack of unemployment in Lancashire is due to the boycott that Gandhi has placed on British goods.

The farm problem now appears to be how to make one stalk grow where two grew before.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

SAM

BY FREEMAN LINCOLN

SYNOPSIS: Two men love Sam Sherrill—Peak Abbott, owner of the Express, and Freddy Munson, reporter on the same newspaper. She wants to marry Abbott because she needs money, but she loves Freddy. Peak asks her to marry him on a business basis. Sam manages the financial affairs of her half-brother, Nelson, and her stepfather, Fourth Aldersea. Fourth is fanatical about social prestige, which adds to Sam's alarm when she finds her half-brother dancing at a restaurant with Martha Givens, the maid of all work at the stable where the three live since Fourth lost the family fortune. Freddy calls Sam from a dance to ask her to marry him that night. She tells him that he would lose his freedom and she would continue to be poor and refuses him. "I'd hate to tell you where I'm going," he says, turning away from her.

Chapter 5

SUDDEN LIGHT

"AREN'T you even going to say good night properly?" Sam asked.

"No." Freddy did not turn as he strode from her down the platform. "I most certainly am not!"

Fifteen minutes later Sam rejoined Peak Abbott at their table in the Cricket Club. Peak said with surprise: "Why, Sam, where are your flowers?"

"My flowers? Oh, I took them off." Sam glanced at her shoulder where the spray of orchids had been, and then up at Peak, her eyes wide and dark. "They got crushed—somehow."

"Well," Nelson demanded, turning white, "what are you going to do?"

On New Year's afternoon Fourth Aldersea gloomily took himself off to pay his respects to Eugenie Frye. Fourth was not happy in his pilgrimage, for he felt that his self-respect suffered with every visit to his most profitable customer.

It was not that the rich widow was, herself, to blame. Eugenie Frye bought books in greater quantity than all the rest of Fourth's customers put together.

He realized, however, that salesmanship played no part in the matter. It was obvious that Eugenie's interest lay not at all in books, but rather in the man who sold them.

On New Year's afternoon Fourth was particularly perturbed. He told Eugenie frankly of his fall from wealth to poverty, and he dealt convincingly with the many humiliations that poverty entailed.

Eugenie, a stout, middle-aged lady in an expensive, unbecoming dress, clucked in sympathy. "It's a shame. An outright shame!"

Fourth drew a long breath. "It is all of that. Consider, for instance, my present position. The mortgage interest in my house falls due on the fifteenth of this month. If I can't meet it, and I see no way to meet it, my daughter, my son, and myself will be without a place to live."

The widow got to her feet. "I'm going to lend you the money, and you can pay it back when you like. Now please don't say no, Mr. Aldersea."

Fourth seemed to shrink. His eyes fell. "What can I say?" he asked in a low tone. "I may as well admit that if you hadn't been kind enough to offer, I should have asked."

She was pleased. "Of course you'd have asked! It will make me happy to feel that I may have been some good to you and your family. How I would like to meet your family."

Fourth's gaze remained on the carpet. "You must come out some afternoon to tea."

"May I? You don't know how I want to see you home. Do you actually mean it?"

"Of course I mean it. You must come out some afternoon this week. I'll arrange it."

They were silent for a time. Then Eugenie said, almost shyly: "Life is a funny thing, isn't it."

Fourth shrugged. "I suppose it is."

"It's really awfully funny when you stop to think of it. Take us, for instance. You have a nice family and lots of nice friends, but you're unhappy because you haven't enough money. With me it's the other way round."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I have plenty of money, and I'm terribly unhappy."

"Unhappy?" Fourth stared at her incredulously.

"Yes." She nodded. "I'm that way because I haven't any family, and I haven't any friends—not the kind of friends you have, Mr. Aldersea. That's what I mean by its being so funny about you and me. Each of us has something the other wants and hasn't got." She shook her head. "It seems sort of wicked."

Fourth's eyes widened as he looked at her. "Yes," he admitted heavily, "I suppose it does."

Fourth sat in his roadster a long time before Eugenie's door, fighting a rising tide of self loathing.

Eugenie had said that each of them had something the other needed—that it seemed wicked it was so. What had she meant? He shivered and stepped heavily on the starter.

To Sam, New Year's Day seemed unreal. She realized vaguely that she should be terribly unhappy because of what had happened on the platform of the railroad station the night before. Somehow she was not. Her reasoning tried to tell her that she and Freddy, in admitting their love, had reached the end and not the beginning of things. It reminded her that she and Freddy had parted definitely; that he was going away and never coming back.

Sam admitted to herself the truth of all those things, but in spite of them she was utterly happy.

The mere fact of love, she felt was enough to make anyone happy. It came like sudden light in the midst of darkness. Sam basked in it, and was grateful.

She was conscious of a new tolerance toward those about her. As a consequence, her remarks to Sonny concerning Martha Givens were very different than they might have been twenty-four hours before.

Fourth had gone away after dinner to pay his call upon Eugenie Frye, leaving Sam and Sonny in the living room. Suddenly she spoke.

"I saw you the other night, Nelson," she said gently. "You didn't see me, but I saw you."

"Uh?" He looked up at her unwillingly. "What?"

"I say I saw you the other night—at that Chinese restaurant on Market street. You didn't see me. You were dancing."

Nelson slowly laid down his book. As Sam watched, the color in his face became a dull brick red, and then a dead white. He got up from the davenport.

Sam nodded. "Yes, you were dancing with Martha. She dances very well, doesn't she?"

Nelson stared at her for a long moment, almost unbelievingly. Then he shrugged, in an effort at indifference. "Well," he demanded slowly, "what about it. What are you going to do?"

(Copyright, Freeman Lincoln)

Sam makes her attitude clear to Nelson, tomorrow, and is herself amazed by Fourth.

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.

A GARDEN IS A PLACE TO GROW HEALTH.

An Indian girl came under the care of Dr. E. R. Hardin, health officer of Robeson county, North Carolina. She had a silk dress and pellagra, and on questioning her the doctor learned that she had an excellent diet. She denied that there was anything deficient about her food. But Dr. Hardin knew his business. By patient cross-questioning he finally found out that the girl's regular diet was of a character that is too popular among the poorer folk in the south. She lived on white bread, molasses and meat. She knew she ought to have other foods, such as fresh vegetables and milk, but she wanted to save money for a silk dress. Pellagra is due to a deficiency of Vitamin F. The late Dr. Goldberger of the United States health service, whose studies of pellagra and its cause and cure constitute one of the great achievements of American medicine, called the pellagrin's diet the "three M's"—meat, meal and molasses. One might get some Vitamin B out of fresh meat, possibly even a little Vitamin C, but all the meat, meal and molasses in the country will scarcely furnish enough vitamin to keep a small rabbit in a healthy condition, and as for Vitamin F, there's positively none in such food. Often the meat is mainly salt or preserved, even canned, meat, and that is even worse than fresh meat, so far as furnishing vitamins is concerned.

There must be a reasonable proportion of fresh vegetables and greens, fresh milk and fresh eggs, butter, and fresh fruit in the diet to prevent pellagra.

In Robesop county, North Carolina, an investment company has a project which will contribute much toward the prevention of pellagra. The company operates twelve thousand acres of farm land there and in Scotland county, with three hundred tenant families. This year each of the tenant families is required to have a first class garden; one-fourth acre of garden for a one-horse family; one-half acre if the family operates two horses. Any tenant who fails to cultivate his garden in first class order is required in his contract to vacate the premises. Next year the company expects to compel every tenant family to keep pigs and poultry.

One landowner down there said he could not persuade a certain tenant family to cultivate a garden or to keep a cow. They considered that too much trouble and preferred to go to the village each week and buy white flour, meat and molasses, on which they believed they could subsist well enough. All the family soon showed the ravages of pellagra.

Town and village dwellers who have the ground and the means and the ambition to have a garden of their own are doubly blessed with health, for in the first place there is no exercise or recreation more healthful for man, woman or child than gardening, and in the next place there is no kind of food more beneficial, corrective or protective than the greens, relishes and vegetables one raises in the little kitchen garden, or the more pretentious garden on the vacant lot or out on the roadside.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Disinfecting a Well

I have heard that carbolic acid purifies water. I would like to know how much to put in a well 25 feet deep. The water has been tested and found to be pure, but it has an iron taste . . .

Answer—I know of no convenient way to remove iron or iron taste from well water. To disinfect a well of average capacity, say 3000 gallons, this method is most practical; first dissolve half a pound of fresh chlorinated lime in a gallon of water. After this has settled, add one ounce of the clear chlorinated lime solution to the water in the well each evening for perhaps a week, or until a taste of chlorin becomes noticeable in the water next morning. Such disinfection of well water is not permanent in effect if the source of pollution remains unchecked. Repeat the disinfection process in two or three weeks.

Chiggers

The Mrs., baby and I enjoy taking the Model T out where the blackberries grow. We frequently encounter a pest called "chigger." This last week I picked two quarts of berries and I estimate four quarts of chiggers. (J. J. M.)

Answer—Pulex penetrans, sand flea chigoe and chigger are all the same parasite, almost invisible to the naked eye. The female (as usual) penetrates the skin and burrows beneath the epidermis, depositing her eggs in the burrow, after the fashion of the well known but often unrecognized itch mite. The irritation often produces wheals and papules resembling hives. Anointing the surface with kerosene (coal oil) or carbolized petrolatum relieves the distress. If you can see the little brown insect with the aid of a lens, dig it out with a heated needle and dress the little wound by a smear of iodin and some aseptic cover.

Running Sore of Leg

One of your correspondents reported that the iodin ration had apparently brought about healing of a running sore of the leg, which had been there 25 years. My grandfather often prescribed iodides internally for just such chronic leg ulcers. Hans Eppinger has recently reported cases in which such chronic leg sores are due to local myxedema or hypothyroidism. Your iodin ration may have been less of a coincidence than you think. (J. F., M. D.)

Answer—Thank you, Doctor. Anyway there can be no harm in taking a suitable iodin ration, in such a case.

(Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Communications

Local Women Are Insulted

To the editor:

May I please, through the columns of your paper, express my opinion of an incident which occurred upon the streets of Medford? I feel that many others will agree with me.

We see many placards stating, "This is a Great Country." Of course it is, we all agree to that. The best in the west. And I think it should be (and is for the most part) made up of persons who tend to build up the character of Medford, though there are a few who try to tear it down.

This morning a postal employee came out the rear door of the postoffice, stopped on the sidewalk a moment to talk loud and boisterously with an acquaintance. As he came opposite a car wherein sat two women and a girl his action (toward the man he had been talking to) were quite shameful. A few steps farther he stopped and called loudly, "Hey, Bill," at the same time thumbing his nose which latter action was repeated three times before reaching the large mail box in front of the post office, from which he took the letters, then returned to the rear door of the office.

In my opinion, such actions are a disgrace and detriment to our beautiful little city, as well as exceedingly embarrassing to passersby, and a poor example to set before children.

A READER.
(name on file)

September 30, 1931.

"A Pony from Brazil," says Puff, "would suit me to a 'T,'
So let's go to an auction sale and see what we can see.
We'll buy one cheap and ride it back to good old Pleasant View,
And there we'll play like Indians on the warpath, just we two."

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 2, 1921

(The Day Was Sunday)

The Mail Tribune will broadcast returns of the world series games between the New York Giants and the Yankees.

Thrift schemes of government scored by Bankers' association, as blocking return of prosperity.

Jobless New Yorker commits suicide for fear he will be sent to North Dakota farm to work.

Discovered that though Jackson county won the sweepstakes at the state fair no booster literature. The county court and chamber of commerce were caught "asleep for once."

The Ku Klux Klan of Texas, to be probed by federal investigators, following a series of tar and feathering expeditions.

Roy Gardner, escaped train robber, who sent President Harding a letter seeking clemency, receives letter from president, through San Francisco paper, acknowledging receipt of plea.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Brown, Eagle Point, return from visit to Illinois.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

October 2, 1911

(It Was Monday)

Mayor Canon issues proclamation setting forth and proclaiming Medford day at the county fair.

New York Giants win National league pennant, when Christy Matthewson hurls a 2 to 0 game against Brooklyn.

County fair opens amid general showers.

Turkey seeks intervention of European powers in war with Italy.

Freight train jumps the track at Glendale, and Portland Oregonians are delayed.

"Chick" Bowlin, Medford boxing pride, to do battle at the Nat.

Robert Fowler, aviator, to start another trans-continental flight, and "confidently expects to conquer the high Sierras on the second try."

WE DEVELOP FILMS FREE
West Side Pharmacy