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MEMBER OF THE OREGON STATE ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

A Kentuckian is reported as the father of 34 children. The family will be through here next spring. In a 4d, and out of the mud, clothing, gasoline, beans and both kind tires flat. The Stork has been busy all year chasing transient indigents back and forth across the continent.

Here it is September and school again. On September 1, many threw away the straw that they did not buy this summer.

The Democracy of Ashland is reported as very feverish. The Republican, who shed his Republicanism at the state line, and found the agitation excellent shortly after he landed, has his eye on the postmaster of the new postoffice.

Snow is reported in the higher levels of the Cascades that fringe the Willamette valley. This means that there are long snows of Salem creek, never before in the mountains, will stroll forth and keep the sheriffs of three counties busy before they find him fished behind a log. Portland insurance agents do not start falling into crevasses on Mt. Hood's south flank until the week before Thanksgiving.

H. Flewler, the demon baker, etc., etc. flares up to argue that in his business chronic tardiness is a virtue. This makes Mr. Flewler a sort of delayed buck through the center of John D. Rockefeller's claim that the secret of success "is to always be on time."

The foes of moving Old Oregon over to the cow college have issued a graph on the situation. Several who have received the graph can make nothing out of it, as they don't know which team has the ball as it seems to depict the reambulations of a star half-back on a Saturday afternoon in late October.

It looks like there would be considerable quoting of the Scriptures between now and Nov. 8. Proverbs, Chap. 2: Verse 20, sizes up the situation correctly, viz: "When he speaks a fair, believe him not; for there are seven abominations in his heart."

In the course of an argument with Ed White, the dirtiest and extrombosed, on taxation, the causes and cures, your cor, was severely tromboned, and in the future will debate subjects on which more inaccurate information is possessed.

The mayor of New York city has resigned. The evidence shows that the mayor received \$234,000 from a friend. With that much money, and that kind of a friend, who wants to be mayor—even of Medford.

4 Nipponese were apprehended over-sewing Jamtza Kado sweep off the Copco sidewalk yesterday. They reported that Jamtza was a good sweeper but a little weak around the lamp post.

It is noted that a farmer by the name of Penekorwa, with a farm in Chicago, was wounded in the Iowa farmers' strike.

A wedding was delayed recently because the bridegroom fainted. We understand, however, that the poor fellow was mercifully revived. (Boston Transcript). Escape plot foiled.

The government meteorologist reports that the dead and dying summer has been "hotter and drier than normal." If this keeps up, you will freeze to death next winter and not know it.

A wolf was carried in a cage through a city's streets. Whence he escaped and hurried home to Woodland's dark retreats.

"My friends," said he, "I come from lands uncharted and unknown. For I was lost in the wilderness. A waste of brick and stone.

"Huge biped beasts were prowling there, Savage and giant-sized. Oh, it is good to be once more Where things are civilized!" (Poetry).

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

Editorial Correspondence

CHICAGO, Ill., August 31.—Pretty hard to get through Chicago without seeing the Cubs perform. Met an old friend for lunch and there was nothing to it but an afternoon at Wrigley Park.

Well the friend was right. He said we would see something worth wasting an afternoon. We did. A more extraordinary ball game we have never seen, and never expect to see again.

No doubt the dyed-in-the-wool baseball fans in Jackson county have already read about the game, so we need not go into details here. The astonishing thing to the writer was that the Cubs did precisely what the baseball bug who took us, SAID THEY WOULD DO.

We had listened to the radio reports from time to time in Rockford,—no one could go up and down Main street without running through a gauntlet of loud speakers. And nearly every time the Cubs would be staging a ninth or 10th inning rally.

It began to be wierd,—the way the Chicago team would nose out a victory with a Garrison finish. Every game was of the story-book-movie-hero type—too good to be true.

Well the New York Giants were the opponents and for seven innings they had all the best of it,—in hitting, fielding, everything. We remarked to our host that the Cubs might be as wonderful a team as he said, but they certainly were performing like a lot of school boys out there on the field.

"Just you wait," said the friend. We waited. The score at the last half of the ninth when the Cubs came to bat was—let's see (this is being written about half an hour after the battle and our reportorial head is still ringing with the din and dizzy from dodging straw hats and seat cushions) it was five to four against them. There were two out, two men on bases, and Kiki Cuyler came to bat. The din was simply terrific,—and there for the "tenth time" was the old story book situation. Cuyler had knocked a single and a three-bagger already,—there were two out—by all the laws of chance he couldn't put over a hit at that crucial moment.

But he did. Rapped out a sharp single between first and second and the score was tied. The next man went out however and the game went to 10 innings.

"Now the Cubs will go out and win the ball game—you see," said the friend. "Yeah!" The Giants in their half of the 10th proceeded to knock the ball all over the lot scoring four runs, and half the people in the grand stands (there were about 20,000 there celebrating the depression) started filing out.

We wanted to file too, for it had been raining off and on, the grand stand roof where we sat leaked, and our \$1.87 Panama hat was being ruined.

Maurice (Red) Scheel, will be in school, and will turn out for football, barring parental objections.

Most of the squad were "second stringers" last year, and as a whole will be heavy but inexperienced. All, however, are fairly well grounded in the Burgher system of play.

The squad will be strengthened by the addition of two former California high school players—one a center, and the other an end.

The first game of the year will probably be played the first Saturday in October. Marshfield high will be the first regular opponent of the season, playing here. Most of the games will be played here this year.

Eureka, Calif., will be the lone out-of-state team played. One game will be played with each of the southern Oregon conference squads—Klamath Falls and Grants Pass here—and Ashland at Ashland. Eugene and Corvallis will also play here. The Burghermasters will journey to Salem to play Salem high. It will be the first appearance of a Medford football team on a Salem field.

Fender and body repairing. Prices right. Brill sheet Metal Works.

The Rockefeller accede to Argentina's request for help in keeping out of the Argentine the yellow fever that is raging in the Santa Cruz district of Bolivia.

Once the request might have been for help against the jaguar, destroying herds. Now it is for help against the tiny mosquito, bearing yellow fever germs. End mosquitoes and you end yellow fever. Civilized men's real wars hereafter will be against enemies, almost, or quite, invisible.

John D. Rockefeller's energies, thru his scientific organizations are directed toward permanent extermination of yellow fever. That plague is endemic, an all year round menace, only in a few places. If it were wiped out in those places, it would never appear again, outside of scientific books. The Rockefeller's main object is to destroy a disease utterly, making the world safe against it for the millions of years ahead.

Today

By Arthur Brisbane
It Might Be Worse.
A New Flying Speed.
The Rockefeller Method.
To Discourage Whiskey.

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Yesterday was not a cheerful Labor Day, but there is comfort in comparison. One poet remarked that a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things. Tennyson borrowed it from Dante, Dante from some one else and there is truth in it.

You can also find comfort in remembering conditions worse than today's and labor should turn the pages backward, and realize that conditions might be worse than they are.

In Mediaeval France, it was necessary to pass a law forbidding peasants to eat the bodies of those that died of the plague.

Peasants were forbidden to kill the game that ate their crops. The nobles wanted to enjoy the killing.

Workers were forced to sit up all night, beating a pond to quiet croaking frogs that disturbed the noble's sleep, and they were not paid for the work.

In England, under Henry the Second, if a worker, idle and starving wandered to another parish, in search of work, without permission, he was branded on the cheek with a red hot iron, to remind him of his duty, to wait around until wanted. Labor unions are an improvement on that.

A president of the United States on a public occasion complained that you could no longer hire a first class worker in this country for less than one hundred dollars a year.

Not so long ago, in this glorious republic of opportunity, there was just one workman, a carpenter in New England, able to earn as much as a dollar a day, all year round. Even now, few, if any, working for one dollar a day, although many, to the nation's disgrace, working on part time, get as little as six dollars a week, and even less.

It is poor comfort to say "Rejoice, for things have been worse." But you may add "They have been worse, and will soon be better, bringing another chance, and perhaps fewer mistakes than in the most recent good times."

While waiting for better times, the wise man makes the best of these times. Not all are hopelessly discouraged. On Saturday, from New York City alone, two million beings went away on pleasure bent. Necessarily they took money with them.

Opportunity, intelligence, resources unlimited, more money than any other nation possesses are still with us, if only we know how to use and distribute them.

Major James H. Doolittle sets a new air record for America, over two hundred and ninety-six miles an hour. He flew over a mile, at three hundred and nine miles.

British and Italians have flown faster, but three hundred miles would be fast enough. It would take passengers across the ocean, or this continent in eight hours and around the world in less than eighty-four hours.

Speeds exceeding five hundred miles, perhaps as great as one thousand miles, will be attained in the high-up stratosphere, free of storms, fog, wind, almost free of air resistance. And the curious thing is that men will need and use the super-speeds.

Nothing can be as fast as man's desires. Even children use the telephone.

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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

LOOK OUT! NOT IN!
And there are millions of wisecracks, intellectual similes just like him, and they are all more or less concerned about the specific effects of this and that food or combination of foods and fearfully and wonderfully misinformed about "acidosis," "toxemia" and all that familiar humbug.

One can love, admire and even respect a man who is ignorant and knows his own ignorance. But one can't stomach the wisecracker, the intellectual snob, the fool who fatuously imagines his folly is wisdom.

The minister informs me that his "breakfast" of infant pap worked admirably so far as he knows. Well, it is obvious the poor man doesn't know farther than his back teeth.

Characteristically, the domineer gives no clue as to what, if anything, ails him,—the carrying out of my prescription were compulsory he'd give him a job mowing the lawn or trimming the hedge and make him eat a man's breakfast regularly. Probably all his trouble is from looking in when he should be looking out.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
Thirty Dollars' Worth of Advice.
We used the ointment for athlete's foot and it cured the trouble. Then we used your prescription for itching scalp and dandruff with fine results. Since April my husband has been using boric acid for catarrhal (?) conditions in his nose and throat, which he has had for years. Many sprays and other remedies have failed to relieve it or stop the crusting. Now the boric acid is doing more good than any other treatment he has used. —Mrs. J. P.

Answer—An outlay for postage and packing of a few cents. Pop should spend the difference for more insurance.

The Diet of Worms.
If in eating green vegetables (not cooked) or relishes or salad one should happen to eat a small worm, should the worm possibly live inside a person? —R. A.

Answer—Not after it entered the stomach. There it would quickly succumb and be digested. Gall-Bladder Not Needed.
Having suffered with what appeared to be indigestion for several months, I went to — and was examined by their doctors. They say I have cholecystitis and that I must have the gall-bladder removed. Can one retain one's former health after removal of the gall-bladder, or does it cause permanent damage? —J. H. L.

Answer—The gall-bladder has no essential function in the present race. Like the appendix, it will never be missed. (Copyright John P. Dille Co.)

More than two hundred and fifty thousand million dollars are burned up in the big war, no good accomplished. Twenty million lives sacrificed. With their comparatively insignificant fortunes, some hundreds of millions at most, the Rockefellers, father and son, fight a continuous war against man's real enemies, yellow fever, cancer, hookworm, sleeping sickness, infantile paralysis, etc., and save, instead of destroying lives.

Makers of whiskey in Scotland have closed down their distilleries because warehouses are full, packed to the limit. "In one little burgh, Rothes, there are stored at least two million gallons."

Sales and consumption of whiskey have dropped, because of heavy taxation. Distillers say it costs seventy-five cents to produce a gallon of whiskey, allowing interest while aging, and the government tax is eighteen dollars a gallon, about twenty-five times the cost of manufacture.

With prohibition abandoned, this country will soon be planning taxation on alcohol beverages. It should tax whiskey, gin and other alcoholic poisons so heavily as to discourage or prevent their use, while taxing moderately the light beers and wines that do not promote drunkenness.

If all alcoholic drinks, strong and light, are heavily taxed bootlegging will continue, finding its profit, as the old moonshiners did in the heavy taxation which it avoids.

A thoughtful man, of philosophic mood, is the present pope, Pius Eleventh. Greeting a group of five-hundred physiologists, gathered in Rome, the pope recalled the years of scientific study that preceded his election to the papacy, saying to the scientists, "science and well-being are the same thing."

Recently on the eve of Apostle's Day, kneeling among the graves of his predecessors, below the altar of Saint Peter's, and contemplating the tomb that he has chosen for himself, the pope remarked "I also will find sweet repose in this place, some day."

For how long will that "sweet repose" in the tomb, last? What comes after it? Many would like answers to those questions.

Sams Valley
SAMS VALLEY, Sept. 6.—(Sp.)—Miss Dorothy Straus returned Monday from Portland with her sister, Mrs. Loren Andrews, with whom she had visited the past ten days. Mrs. Andrews will visit a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Straus, before assuming her duties in the Coquille school.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County)
History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 94 and 10 Year Ago.)
TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
September 6, 1922.
(It was Wednesday)
Oregon evangelist, who turned bank robber sentenced to life in San Quentin.

Tourists have started to wend their way southward. One man at the city auto camp has been on the go for five years, and gives many interesting accounts of his travels. Some of the tourists were unfortunate in the northwest.

County jail prisoner who hit county jailer over head with window weight in effort to escape, wanted in California for stealing five Fords. This is national pickle week, and two local groceries serve pickles to all comers.

While digging in his back yard, G. M. Mordoff finds the remnants of a pre-historic jaw. Ashland urged to contribute its share towards the building of the Dead Indian road.

Fire equipment equipped with new siren. Chief Lawton begs people not to race the fire engine to fires in their autos, as it is confusing to the firemen. Councilmen Antle and Keene favor a \$500 fine, "for all convicted of this trick."

RECORDS FROM THE PAST
September 6, 1912.
(It was Friday)
Record September rain falls over valley, damaging some hay and fruit, but making early plowing possible. Heavy downpour in the Siskiyou and the upper Rogue country. Wind in valley shakes off Boac and Comice pears.

Straw vote in city shows drift for Woodrow Wilson. Two young men from Portland walking to New York, reach city. Power company and council squabble all afternoon over franchise terms.

East Siders want work rushed on Bear Creek bridge. Pear shipments to date total 150 cars. Republican party about to give up the struggle, according to dispatch from New York. S. S. Smith files vigorous denial.

Jenkins' Comment
(Continued from Page One)
lactic acid in the diet. But if you crave a boy, substitute bicarbonate of soda.

IF YOU ARE REALLY WISE, you will do neither, and will make no effort whatever to influence the sex of your unborn child. Nature has been doing a marvelously good job, for millions of years, of so regulating the number of boy and girl babies that are born as to keep a sound balance between the number of men and women in the world.

Even if we should find a way to interfere with nature in this important matter, it is highly probable that we wouldn't do half as good a job as she has been doing.

HUCKLEBERRY CROP IS DISAPPOINTMENT

According to reports from the east end of the county, the huckleberry crop this season is light. It was expected that with the favorable weather conditions there would be a bumper crop. The huckleberry mountain patch, a favorite with Klamath and Jackson county people, has a light crop, and the berries are scarce. The pickers number about the same as in other years, but the picking is poor. The huckleberries are quoted at 60 cents per gallon, and no supply. One picker reported it took him half a day to pick a gallon. The wild blackberries are also a slim crop.

HAPPY FEET for school days—Happy Mothers, too, because those Sturdy School Shoes cost only \$1.49 to \$3.95 at THE BAND BOX & SHOE BOX.

Three tier body fit, \$5.25. Quality and measure guaranteed. Mod. Fuel Economy. Phone 6311. We haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

When You Are in Klamath Falls
Stop At The WILLARD HOTEL
Cheerful Service
Modern Surroundings
Central Location
All Dining Room
We Invite Your Patronage
Rates \$1.50 Up
WILLARD HOTEL
2nd and Main, Klamath Falls
ALBERT AUSTIN, Mgr.

GRID CANDIDATES OF MEDFORD HIGH WILL MAKE BOW

The first football call of the year for Medford high school will be issued by Coach Darwin K. Burgher for tomorrow night when suits will be issued and plans made for start of the gridiron year. The squad will not get down to hard drill for a week or ten days, but training rules will be effective after tomorrow night.

A number of players will not report until later, as they are employed, and will not start school until the first session is over. These include Ginski and Knips, backfield players. Clyde Fichtner, pile big fullback, Tommy White, end. Graves, Ham-mack, Rae, Shaw, Minear and Laidley will start with the opening call.

MURDER, SUICIDE IN LOVE TRIANGLE

MADRAS, Ore., Sept. 6.—(AP)—This Jefferson county community inured to gunplay in the days when the west was young, still bore in shocked grief today a tragedy that Sunday resulted in the violent death of a woman and two men, and left three small children orphaned.

Murder and suicide was the inscription written on the record books. Roy Hummell, 27, shot and killed Everett Hannawell, 38, then murdered the wife, Edna Hannawell, 33, finally taking his own life.

The Hannawell children, left orphans by the tragedy, are Everett, Jr., 9; Ross, 7; and Billy, 3 years old. Residents of the town say Hummell for several months had sought to install himself in the woman's affections.

New Fall apparel arriving daily. Authentic styles—moderately priced at ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN'S Sixth and Holly streets.

Desirable houses always in first class condition for rent, lease or sale. Call 105.