

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
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MEMBER OF THE OREGON STATE ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS

Ye Smudge Pot

The pair of desperadoes sought for a triple murder are still lurking in the wilds of the Sitkivou. This preventive Dame Rumer from reporting they were seen in three widely separated and different states, and near the Arctic Circle, yesterday afternoon.

DOWNRIGHT HERETIC SHOWS UP. (Corvallis Gazette-Times)
W. M. DeMarce, who is here with his family from South Dakota, visiting his brother, was a caller at this office Saturday. He says he wouldn't live anywhere else than in South Dakota and that the chances there are just as good as elsewhere.

Weather conditions are propitious for it, but as yet no Oregon apple has come out flatfooted with the observation "the frost is on the pumpkin."

A luxury purchasable on the installment plan, averts the payments, are so "convenient" the purchaser "will not know he is paying them."

Whooping cough is on the increase upstate. Whooping is also on the increase without the cough.

"WHAT CONSTITUTES A YEAR?" (Caption "Photoplay")—Just 365 days piled on top of each other, one by one.

Settlement has been made for the demise of an Applegate steer, while impersonating a deer, before the hunting season.

A Seattle, Wash., bridegroom, with the foolhardy temerity to frustrate a bed of loving friends bent on making him and the little woman victims of a mite lynching, in the form of a charivari (shivaree), reckoned without his tormentors. They caught him in Tacoma, while attending to his duties with a truck, and compressed him into a barrel. With his neck protruding from a hole, and bent double, he was delivered to his bride a few days from completing his back hurt, but otherwise alleged he had sustained no permanent injuries. Transporting a groom a considerable distance in a barrel that did not fit, seems to be carrying social awkwardness a bit too far, and quite often comes under the jurisdiction of the humane society.

"Joe's disappointment was heart-breaking. As he lay sick and beaten on the mat after the terrifying lariat spin, he seemed to represent the cruel picture of a man who had tried with almost superhuman courage and failed." — (Klamath Falls News)
"Wherein a defunct gladiator causes a sports writer to be racked with soba, and do some fancy writing."

HOMEGROWN KNOCKIES.
Knock! Knock!
Who's there?
Bob.
Do no Ebel, see no Ebel!

Knock! Knock!
Who's there?
Frank.
Frank who?
Farrell to arms!

Knock! Knock!
Who's there?
Dock.
Dock who?
Climb over the Lagoon as soon as possible.

Knock! Knock!
Who's there?
Frank.
Frank who?
De Souza up slides.

PHOENIX SCHOOLS OPEN FALL TERM ON MONDAY
All public schools in Phoenix will start the fall term next Monday, it was announced today. Although Monday is Labor Day, all pupils are expected to report for registration and study.

AUTO LOANS AND REFINANCING
W. E. Thomas, 45 S. Central.

Editorial Correspondence

STONINGTON, Conn., Aug. 31.—This is the last of August and there is a touch of fall in the air. A rain laden sun-easter over the week-end, cleared the muggy atmosphere, the sun is shining brightly in a clear, blue sky. Yesterday ended a two weeks vacation for a couple of young ladies, and the melancholy task of bidding them farewell was enacted at the little Stonington station last night,—a brave show of merriment and good cheer was attempted, but it wasn't very convincing, and the trek back to a cold Sunday supper was decidedly funeral. The young people left behind, have a week or two left, before they have to pack up and return to school, but the fact that summer is over can't be denied, and today it hangs heavily over the entire community,—for when all is said and done summer for youth, is the gayest and happiest time of the year.

Your correspondent has a strong suspicion these colonial furniture auction sales are a well organized racket. The older girls don't think so, and we wouldn't dare suggest such a thing out loud, if we were not reasonably sure, we WOULD be two thousand miles nearer the Pacific ocean, when the copy of the M. T. containing this statement, finally reaches the Stonington P. O. We have enough to bear as it is without taking on the New England association of auctioneers, and their loyal and satisfied clients. Moreover we have no evidence to sustain such an indictment. It's just a hunch. And while any member of the deadlier sex has a perfect right to play a hunch, backed up by table stakes, no mere man better try it, if he values what is left of his epidermis and his amour propre.

Oh, yes, we know some of them are held in grange halls, and the glib, wise-cracking auctioneer, has a fine line of talk about the articles coming from the old family homestead in Vermont, heirlooms of priceless value, which must be turned into cash to keep the wolf from the door,—and of course look at the bargains the older girls get, a painted tin tray going for \$5 when it would cost \$15 on Madison Avenue in New York—yes we know all that—nevertheless we stick to our thesis, this auctioneering business is a racket, and only proves for the stentch time, that old P. T. Barnum of Bridgeport, Connecticut was right. For every real bargain that is secured we maintain there are a hundred large sized gypp—back of it all is the insatiable feminine gambling instinct and if men are allowed to play slot machines in their clubs, why shouldn't the ladies be allowed to attend auction sales in the grange halls of New England. Why not? The only answer to that is they will anyway, until in the course of time, both rackets play out.

And the older gals do enjoy it so much,—it would be a shame to have a cold-blooded appraisal of the value of the articles and spoil their sport.

There was Mrs. B over at Mystic on Saturday for example. The auctioneer was offering a couple of colonial salts and peppers, which came from the old Wolcott mansion in Massachusetts. Just as they reached \$7.50 the boys at the other end of the platform were unrolling a colorful and very antique hook rug, for the edification of certain prospective customers. "Seven fifty, seven fifty, do I hear eight?" shouted the auctioneer. Mrs. B looked up from her knitting and murmured "eight."

"Sold for eight—the lady in the rear—sold for eight."
One of the boys promptly transported the salts and peppers to Mrs. B who again looked up from her knitting, looked at the purchase, cast a frightened glance in the direction of the platform and cried "Oh—I thought I was bidding on the hooked rug!"

"Too late! A sale's a sale. And what a joke on Mrs. B,—material for a nice little story on mama for ten or fifteen years at least."

Then there was Mrs. C—who with her kindly and economic royalistic aunt had looked over the articles before the auction started. Mrs. C just adored a certain bowl—small, cheap and oh, very, very antique. The bowl finally came up and Mrs. C who had become separated from aunt bid \$2 as a start. Some one else bid \$2.50. "Three dollars!" chirped Mrs. C. The same someone else made it \$3.50. "Three-fifty, three-fifty, three-fifty, going for three-fifty,—do I hear \$4?" Mrs. C hesitated,—should she or shouldn't she—it was certainly worth more than that,—yet she thought she would be able to get it for less,—but her fighting spirit had been aroused,—she had started something why not finish it, "4!" she cried.

"Four dollars—sold for four dollars, to Mrs. C."
When Mrs. C and aunt met later, aunt remarked she tried to get that bowl for her darling niece, but she simply refused to pay more than \$3.50 for it.

Tableaux!
Aunt, dear old soul, had been bidding against niece, and forced her to pay \$4 for something she could have gotten for not more than \$2.50, if aunt had just kept out of it.

If this sounds a trifle phoney you have never attended one of these New England auction sales. Even stranger things might be related, but enough perhaps so you can see the point. Racket or no racket it is SUCH FUN! And they serve luncheon very cheap, and one can knit and talky talk, and if you don't like what you have purchased in the heat of the conflict, well you can put it up at the next auction and not lose more than 20 or 25 percent!

What is a loss of 20 or 25 percent when George, the old hypocrite, at the country club yesterday came in \$3 down and put another \$3 in the slot machine without cashing in a cent. "A-ah right, A-a-ah right", but girls will be girls and boys will be boys, but this colonial auction business IS a racket! R. W. R.

COST OF WEEDS IN AMERICA PLACED AT THREE BILLION

DAVIS, Cal.—(UP)—Weeds cost the United States an annual loss of \$3,000,000,000, according to Dr. W. W. Robbins, botany professor at the agricultural college of the University of California, who is planning a nation-wide campaign against them. Dr. Robbins estimates that California is the greatest state sufferer from weeds, where the annual loss is placed at \$60,000,000. "The damage from weeds is so much greater than people realize," he says, "that concerted action to control various weed pests is hard to obtain. The preparation of many products of the soil for human consumption involves the elimination of weeds or their effects. Weeds also cause damage in many other ways. They compete seriously with crops for plant food moisture and light; they increase the cost of preparing many crops for consumption; they impair the quality and reduce the value of many products of the soil; they harbor insects and fungus pests destructive or injurious

FREIGHT SERVICE BETTERED NORTH

Effective at once, the Southern Pacific is establishing overnight service from Medford to Portland for less than carload shipments of freight for several years the Southern Pacific has had overnight service from Portland to Hogue river valley points and the added service northbound should be of material benefit to valley shippers, in that it will establish dependable early delivery for their products in Portland. This service will also apply on Pacific Motor Transport shipments from Rogue River valley points to Portland. Shipments moving via Pacific Motor Transport will be picked up at Medford and delivered to consignees in Portland. Phone 342. We'll haul away your waste City Sanitary Service. FOR PERSONAL LOANS OF ALL KINDS: W. E. Thomas, 45 S. Central

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, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

DIABETES AND ALCOHOL

Some time ago my husband wrote to you about his diabetes. He was very grateful for your reply. He has great respect for your views. From now on, though, he will not think so much of my views. Seldom know it to fall. Would you please tell me what effect drinking has on any one with diabetes. My husband lives up to the doctor's orders and is very faithful in everything relating to diet and insulin treatment, but thinks whiskey is good for him, although he doesn't take any beer on account of the sugar in it. I fear he is drinking too much. One or two drinks may be all right, but he takes much more than that. I am sure he will follow your advice. (Mrs. D. W.)

Formerly, in the "starvation" or fasting treatment, from one to two ounces of whiskey, brandy, rum or gin were sometimes prescribed to furnish some calories (about 200 calories) in the burning of the alcohol and two ounces of one of the liquors named, but the practice was discarded when it was found that alcohol produces a return of sugar in the urine when taken in quantities exceeding the patient's caloric tolerance.

For good reasons, physicians skilled in the management of diabetes seldom prescribe or permit the patient to take alcohol. It is likely to bring on protracted alcoholic neuritis. Patients with such a chronic disease are likely to contract a dangerous habit. If a diabetes patient who happens to have taken a drink or two suffers either insulin shock or diabetic coma bystanders are likely to mistake his condition for intoxication—which might mean fatal neglect. Finally, in everyday practice it seems that patients get along best without alcohol.

Now, Madam, before your husband dismisses me as his long distance health advisor, let me offer a suggestion which can do no harm and may do much good. Numerous investigators have found that an adequate ration of vitamin B promotes carbohydrate metabolism. Vitamin B may be fairly called "poor man's insulin." That is to say, a liberal daily intake of vitamin B has an effect comparable with that of a few units of insulin. Patients who re-

ceive sufficient vitamin B require less insulin to keep their sugar free. Of course most if not all natural sources of vitamin B contain more or less starch or sugar, and anything of the sort the diabetes patient takes must be carefully computed in the diet, and so the attending physician should advise how best to get vitamin B or approve the form in which the patient purposes to take it.

Vitamin B is rather beneficial to the heart muscle and to the muscle of the alimentary tract, and an adequate daily intake tends to maintain good circulation and vigorous digestion. Pure wheat germ is the richest known source of vitamin B, containing about 13 units to the gram or 354 to the ounce. But wheat germ contains about 40 per cent carbohydrate.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Stop That Stouthing
My older sister, who is an actress, and now my dressmaker, tells me I'll never get anywhere because I am so stouchy. I guess I have a bad habit of slumping down. I don't know why, for I have always had excellent health. (Miss E. O. B.)

Answer.—Do the Last Brady Symphony night and morning. Send 10 cents coin and stamped envelope bearing your address for complete words and music. Trouble is your education was sadly neglected. Your physical education.

Low Temperature
What is cause of temperature constantly below normal?—I never find it above 97.4, more often around 97. (M. C. B.)

Answer.—Inaccurate thermometer, most likely. Hypothyroidism commonly accounts for subnormal temperature. Advise you to give thermometer to physician or nurse or throw it in ash can.

Iron Rust
The municipal water here is very rusty. Water department has flushed out hydrant repeatedly, without correcting trouble. Is it harmful to drink such water? It tastes all right. How about using it for flushing or spraying out stumps? (M. E. E.)

Answer.—It is harmless for drinking, so far as the iron rust is concerned. Better use distilled water, rain water or spring water for irrigating stumps. (Copyright, 1936, John F. Dille Co.)

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D. 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Paris portrait painter, likes corn on cob for breakfast. . . . Rattling the skeleton: Rudy Vallee was saxophonist in Peter Arno's orchestra that played for Gilda Gray's shimmy. . . . Johnny Horgan, hotel man, has a scout to find those thunderous plaid shirts and vivid ties. . . . Grace Moore is now the wealthiest opera singer. Chuckle from Punch: A pretty miss on a golfing green, misses her putt by an eyelash, stamps her cainty foot and, turning to her walrus-mustached caddy, exclaims: "Wouldn't you call that exasperating?" He replied: "That's a word I don't use, myself, Miss." I read this to two visitors without getting a flicker of a grin, but it's the only thing I can find to print that will get me the blazes away from this typewriter. I'm sick of the thing! (Copyright, 1936, McNaught Syndicate.)

Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
September 3, 1926
(It was Thursday)
Shortage of labor for harvest work in valley.

New school building at Oak Grove to be opened Monday for classes. Nebraska W. C. T. U. protests American consular in England serving wine to canal swimmer.

New York congressman (Rep.) declares in speech, "prosperity is more important than prohibition," and condemns "both wet and dry fanatics." Mid-west hit by storm, and crops and homes ruined.

Paul B. McKee resigns as general manager of Copco. Work starts on opening Sixth street from Oakdale to Main, and houses are being moved from right of way.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hubbard and son, Chester, return from an auto trip to Crater Lake. Johnny Kilbane of Cleveland, O., defeats George Chaney to retain feather title.

Last Thursday night there was what was intended to have been an ice cream social, but as the ice cream could not be obtained owing to the fact that Frank Lewis, the ice cream man, had had such a demand for it that day that he had run out of it, so that lemonade and cake were substituted. I have been unable to learn who the leaders in the move were, as those that I interviewed on the subject said that they did not know, for they were invited, but suspicion points to two young ladies who live near the Antelope bridge. — (Eagle Point Eaglelet).

Allies capture 18 miles of German trenches; Rumanian invasion of Hungary continues. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

DOES ASTHMA OR HAY FEVER
Make your life miserable and take the joy out of living? Would you like to breathe free and easily, sleep well at night, go about your work without choking and wheezing? Get a \$1.00 bottle of Hoover's Improved Preparation. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money (\$1.00) refunded. If your drug-gist cannot supply you, or for free trial, write Geo. D. Hoover, Mfg. Co., Inc., Des Moines, Iowa. Sold by health's Drug Store.

Dentist's Target Clinging To Life

SALEM, Sept. 3.—(AP)—Virling K. Skelton, ship steward and burglar suspect shot by Dr. F. C. Jones Monday night in an alleged attempt to enter Jones' dental office, hung tenaciously to life today and hospital attendants stated there was a chance for his recovery. Harold Skelton, Tacoma, cousin of the wounded man, was due in Salem today. The Tacoma man said he had not heard from Skelton for more than five years.

Oldest Native Son Dies in Portland

PORTLAND, Sept. 3.—(AP)—Portland's oldest native son, who took pride in the fact he never was farther from this city than "Seattle Walla Walla and Ashland," died at his home here. He was Lewis P. Love, 85, son of the late Captain Lewis Love, Columbia river boat

builder. Love retired 15 years ago after devoting the major part of his life to the operation of a flour mill east of Vancouver, Wash. The widow and ten children survive.

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