

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

It is the ambition of John D. Rockefeller to die poor. If John D. Rockefeller were a man, he would buy a small well known car of a popular make, and get the gas from competitors.

A man by the name of Tucker is going to run for governor. That's what they all do.

Some of our farmers are planting hairy vetch, and some are staying with awarded barley.

THE MUFFLED NOSE

There is a dearth of women in Boardman at present and a bunch of bachelors who are enjoying a few weeks from matrimonial shackles. Jack Gordon, Ralph Davis, Leo Root, Nat Macomber, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Mosser, and J. C. DeBinger are reveling in the joys of bachelorhood. So far all have walked the straight and narrow and have refrained from slipping out, although this is permissible in Boardman especially if a man has strong fraternal obligations.

Some of Roberts has had his tubular published from eugenic. They were impetuous, irrelevant, and non-constructive.

All citizens who can't keep from calling Central avenue a street, will soon tomorrow night and take action to remove the name of the newly named street to include that traffic artery in their itinerary.

Spurgeon has one person for every 1000 population in his feedlotting, said Dr. Levin, and the country as a whole is evidently crazier than Oregon. (Spurgeon Dispatch.) Facts vs. appears mostly.

Miss Ford-Crump, of the local Brit-Isles, had a date Sat. with a chap with his 1916 Panhard but turned down like the Prince of Wales. He is delightfully English, and from Greater Park, where he is in trade. The peachy fellow at the soda pub. refused to cash his check for \$2. He left his fathings on the piano. "The candidate here—no growing," said Lane, consulting her escort. "When he squares up for the last one he slipped me, I'll take another chance," replied the owner of the wattering trousers.

THE SIZE OF IT

I am surprised that gladiator Darrow was accepted as an attorney in the evolution case in Tennessee. It would have been true American form had all the lawyers in the case, all the jurymen and spectators, been anti-evolutionists, and the verdict a declaration that all scientists are dirty little atheists. This should have been done in order to preserve the tradition of innocent prayer at mother's knee, and we all love that.

Where do all the phonograph needles on the main-traveled highway come from? A bull-headed tack is good for a puncture; a phonograph needle for 2 of the same.

The Galshviks are giving the cat less sock.

There will be a band concert and children exercises at the park again this week.

All this knocking of the flapper makes me sick. Some silly little whippersnapper has tried to make a kick. And stirred up a hornet's nest. For what?

Some girl who has a lot of pop—And wears her dresses short—Can't dance the latest step—And calls herself a sport—What's wrong with that? And where's the room for talk? Our grandma danced the minuet, And then "sat out" to talk. She wore her dresses very low And wore her skirts quite long. She kissed the boys—but oh! oh! Oh! no! that wasn't wrong. There's wrong must be in gettin' caught At kissin', smokin', drinkin' gin—Or anything that they think ought To be called a wicked sin.

And so they talk and talk and talk, Of the kick, rouse and point; We wish that they would take a walk And learn some self-restraint. It's just some silly whippersnapper Who's started all this stuff—He's got a grudge against a flapper Who laughed and called his bluff. (New York World.)

DESECRATING THE FLAG.

WAVING an American flag above his head, a man in Toledo, Ohio, led a mob of 200 yesterday against the spruce mill in that place and forcibly drove 35 Japanese workmen from the town.

It was in the name of Americanism and super-patriotism that this action was carried out. "Down with the yellow alien and up with the stars and stripes," cried the gallant leader, as he jumped from the platform and led the attack on the mill.

The depressing nature of this occurrence is that a majority of the people of Toledo apparently, are no inconsistent in waving the American flag with one hand, and inciting mob violence with the other.

According to press reports, the mob leader is regarded as a hero, and while a certain illegality is admitted, it is justified by the plea that "no red blooded American, can be blamed for asserting his sacred rights to repel the invasion of the foreign hordes." Court action is threatened, and arrests are reported, but according to report, there will be no convictions, the best people of Toledo are behind the demonstration to a man.

No doubt, Japanese, are not popular, an exclusion law is in force, so what is a little lawlessness now and then for the glory of the Nordic race!

But the trouble with this line of reasoning is that it works both ways. It has a double edge. If mob violence against the Japanese is proper when supported by public opinion, then mob violence, of course, against any minority is right, when receiving similar support.

Unfortunately the mob spirit is not discriminating. The time may come when some of these "best people" of Toledo will be in a minority and their cause will be no more popular than the cause of these 35 defenseless Japanese workmen.

They will appeal to the courts, to the protection of the law perhaps, and will have no one but themselves to blame if they receive the same answer the attorney for the mill company received.

The "good citizen" who justifies mob violence in support of what he considers a good cause, is sewing the dragon's teeth for the very destruction he seeks to avert, and is attacking the most cherished principles of the country he pretends to defend.

QUILL POINTS

The smaller the town, the greater nose elevation a million dollars affords.

Today's figures place the makers of traffic laws three ahead of Henry's output of Illinois.

A free country is one in which men have the liberty to kick about the lack of it.

Among those who bring undesirable into America are smugglers and the stork.

Hint to husbands: Never ask what she is putting about; just say, "Honey, I'm so sorry."

Girls should make good North Pole explorers—riding up and walking back.

They say Mussolini talks to himself, but doubtless he's just addressing the cabinet.

If his mouth is grim and his face flushed the lady he is teaching to swim is his wife.

Those who know the southern negro, know that "soldiering" is one of the things he does best.

What we can't understand is how a Florida real estate operator finds time for monkey business.

The man who knows it all doesn't know one thing. He doesn't know how many people yearn to kill him.

Are we approaching the time when there will be but two classes, those who have ancestors, and those who will be ancestors.

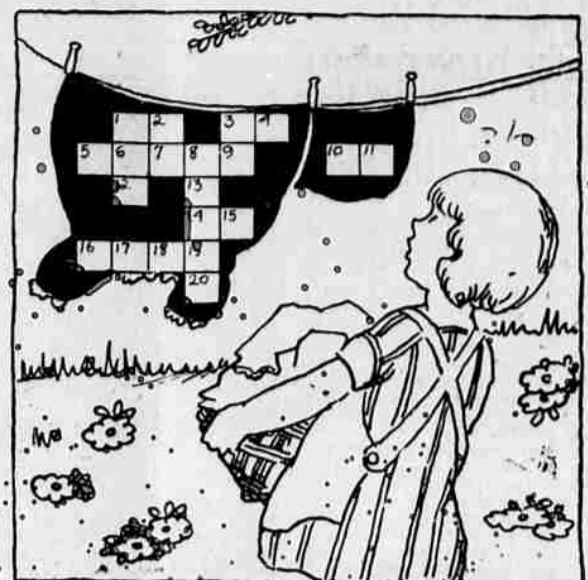
Correct this sentence: "Here," said the chivalrous man, waiting in line, "you may have my place."



Rippling Rhymes

IF I'M descended from an ape, I am not much depressed by that; I shed no tears, I pin no crepe upon my coat sleeve or my hat. If some gorilla was the sire of my proud race, I do not care; I'm nobly toiling at my lyre to settle for the bill of fare. I herd my hens and plow and sow, and do not care a tinker's oath what chanced a million years ago to either apes or men, or both. I do my work in proper shape, I milk the cow and spray the tree, and if my grand sire was an ape, it surely cuts no grass with me. I worry over many things connected with the present day; my flivver has two broken springs, I've found some mildew in my hay. The hair is falling from my dome, which makes me mope and repine; my aunt is coming to my home, to visit for six weeks or nine. The white I sit in falls apart, and lets me down and makes me swear; the cost of living fills my heart with indignation and despair. When I have concrete griefs like these, why should I fill the air with wails because my forebears sat in trees, or swung from branches by their tails? I strive to do, the bogie, debt, when buying things I pay the dough, and let the four-eyed savants sweat o'er problems of the long ago. It may be they are talking bunk, it may be what they say is true, but there's no prehistoric monk can stop me when I've work to do.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE STORY WASH DAY



"As this 3-9 Monday, I 1-2 going to get my wash out on the line before 16-17-18-19!" said Alice. "It is so warm in the afternoon. There 1-6-12 three petticoats and one colored voile 5-6-7-8-9 to wash and, oh dear 2-7, I do not know if I should use yellow soap 3-4 my tub or 14-15. It is rather 8-13-14-19-20 to hang colored things out 10-11 I must hang the dress under the tree."

Personal Health Service By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Signs and symptoms of personal health and hygiene, not to change diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady in a six-month, self-administered course in common letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received, only a few can be answered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this newspaper.

One Disease Worse Than the Remedy.

A school teacher pleads for better instruction of the public about vaccination and smallpox. She says: "You have no idea (or perhaps you have) how little people know about this; even I, with just a tiny bit of knowledge, cannot answer many questions which I am asked about vaccination. It is a disgrace to the community that we have so many cases of smallpox. One mother said, 'I'll bet Geraldine be vaccinated, but I won't be, for I do not believe in it.' I always think if I am to have smallpox I will have it anyway. What one is destined to have one will get no matter what is done about it. Another woman, a Christian Scientist, said at the grocery store near the school, 'I'll not be vaccinated, I say it is just a craft, and I am not afraid of smallpox either—I was in a house where they had it yesterday.' And these people spread the rumor that some of our local doctors advise against vaccination, although they do not specify which doctors advise. Apparently our local physicians are too busy to give the public the necessary instruction about these things. Will you do it?"

Well, I'll do the best I can, as a believer in vaccination and an opponent of anything like compulsory vaccination.

Whether vaccination nowadays endangers the individual's health or life is a minor detail, in my opinion. Granting it does now and then impair the individual's health or even prove fatal, I like to have the sense of security which I get from being well vaccinated, and I prefer to keep my children and all others, who depend upon me for protection or safety, well vaccinated. By "well vaccinated" I mean vaccinated once in childhood and at intervals throughout life whenever there is a probability of exposure to smallpox. My notion is that one is pretty safe for at least three years after a successful vaccination, and seldom does successive vaccination "take" even within a period of six to 10 years after the primary vaccination. But in time of epidemic it is at least harmless to try it. If the successive attempt is not successful, that is fairly good evidence that one is still immune.

Vaccination, as I view the question, is strictly a personal matter, and I should leave it wholly to the will of the layman to decide whether he wishes to avail himself of the protection—or subject himself to the risk, if he considers it a risk—of vaccination. If I had my way the state would furnish the vaccine virus and assure its purity so far as it may be possible in the present state of knowledge of vaccine virus, but there the state's duty or concern would end. Of course the state ought to have some control of public education—but as things are so present the control of public education is largely in the hands of various predatory interests, and the state, while these exploiting interests are the state, so far as education is concerned, I would offer every individual the knowledge that vaccination is a highly effective protection against smallpox, that the disease in this instance is much worse than the remedy, and let it go at that. I believe in the survival of the fittest, but not in the monkey staff.

If I am well vaccinated, and all my loved ones similarly protected, and all who think my health advice is good are similarly protected, we should worry about people who prefer to take their chance without vaccination.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Typhoid Carried On Lettuce. Some time ago I read of an instance where a few dozen cases of typhoid were thought to have been caused by eating lettuce. Is there any way of cleaning lettuce that will make it safe to eat? Would adding a few drops of iodine to the water in which the lettuce is washed help any—or would it spoil the lettuce?—(Housewife)

Answer—I know of no such instance, though lettuce watered or washed with typhoid polluted water might carry the infection. The use of iodine would probably spoil the lettuce. Anyhow, I should rely upon thorough washing of the lettuce with pure water to remove any possible pollution of that kind.

Calcium Lactate for Hay Fever. Please give the exact dose of calcium lactate and how often one should take it, for hay fever. Several friends afflicted have assured me that it helped them wonderfully last season.—(Mrs. D. H. J.)

Answer—Take 30 grains twice a day, best within an hour after eating, and with a glassful of water. Continue it throughout the first half of your hay fever season, and better start in taking it a week or so ahead of the season.

The main drawback about taking calcium lactate or calcium chloride (either may be taken) is the tendency to upset the stomach, than which some hay fever victims prefer to remain as they are. However, many take it without any trouble.

Prickly Heat. I have bathed face, neck and arms repeatedly with salaratus in water, but can get no relief from heat prickles.—(E. S.)

Answer—Prickly heat or heat rash is a congestion and mild inflammation of the surface of the skin, due to persons wearing excessive clothing or exposed to extreme heat. Bathe with starch water or bran water, dry gently, and powder freely with cornstarch powder or berated talcum.

Who's Who.

The new United States minister to Albania, Charles C. Hart, steps from the ranks of the newspaper reporter to the diplomatic ranks.

For 15 years up to his recent appointment, Hart had been "making good" on assignments in Washington in the ranks of the newspaper reporter.

Hart did not jump from copy boy to managing editor by "accident" the town on the "biggest story of the year." Neither did he write a story which made the whole world laugh and cry. But he did win his way from reporter to minister.

Charles C. Hart, of the Medford Tribune, was a star in Washington, the ambition of every American reporter.

From the Indiana farm was the birthplace of Hart. He had only a public school education. When 18 he was lured to San Francisco by the colorful tales of life in that metropolis. There he first won fame as a competent and industrious reporter on the old Call.

From there Hart led the life of the itinerant newspaper man, eager for new sights and new people. In Indianapolis, Spokane, Minneapolis, Portland and a number of other cities in the western half of the United States knew him as reporter and writer.

Washington called. He was sent there and quickly won the confidence of those with whom he came in contact. A Republican, the party made up of his writing and organizing ability. He was secretary and manager of the National Republican League, which campaigned for Charles Evans Hughes for presidency. Although the campaign was unsuccessful, Hart proved to party leaders that he was no mere chronicler of the deeds of others.

Measles and matrimony—one attack usually confers lasting immunity.

Abel Martin



"There's lots o' worse handicaps than bein' poor, or ugly, or maimed, or hasn't an offensive personality is the worst o' th' lot. That seems t' be somethin' about bein' a dutiful wife that ruins 'em for ever'thing else."

COMMUNICATIONS

Good Work On Crater Highway. To the Editor: For a considerable time before the war, and something like a year after the war, the writer had charge of some sixty miles of county and state roads in the state of Washington. One stretch of this work took in thirty miles of what is known as Ocean Beach highway. In comparison to the maintenance work on our own world's wonder in macadam construction, the Crater Lake highway, the piece of Washington road referred to was a discouraging proposition.

Here in Jackson county we have what is truly one of the nation's wonders in macadam roads. We have that, and we are revealing new things every day in the art of road construction and road maintenance.

During those years up in Washington, there were a faithful few of us who were so tied up in making something out of the roads under our care that we did little but live and dream good roads.

One of the dreams we had then was to see a piece of macadam road, while under heavy travel, dragged persistently during the dry season. And here along the Crater Lake highway you see the work being carried out exactly as we thought of it being done then. But this is what I am wondering right now. Do you men doing the work realize what you are accomplishing?

There are stretches up in this section twenty miles from Medford that are still so smooth that a small boy would delight in playing marbles on them. These stretches are as level and fine surfaced as cement. And what is the answer, the secret? Isn't it that simple persistence and belief in the work in hand accomplishes anything desired?

One more dream we had in those days a short time back. It was to see a trail stretch of macadam kept sprinkled, either by a pipe line along the road and a night crew, including a dog crew, or by having a tank sprinker precede the drag machine, then check up on the cost and find out whether it paid or not. And to sum up, it has not yet been demonstrated that a system of macadam roads can not be maintained in perfect travel condition at a cost within reach of reason.

The secret of the destruction of macadam roads lies in the fact that the fine binding material blows away in the wind in the form of dust. It may be that through thorough persistent dragging we would learn that the pressure exerted by the heavier machine has something to do with making the surface particles congeal and remain in place. It might be found that this work could be brought to a perfected process without the help of added moisture. Undreamed of secrets are yet to be revealed in the construction of our highways.

JOHN FARADAY, Trail, Oregon.

Hartman Co. Gets Lease. To the Editor: More than two years ago the Hartman Syndicate, Inc., applied to the general land office, U. S., for a lease under the law for 2500 acres of oil shale lands, near the head of Anglake creek, in this county. In the month of January, last, the application was favorably passed upon by the secretary of the interior, subject to the department requirements as to bond, etc., these requirements have been met, and the completed lease, signed by the secretary of the interior, is now in the hands of the company and will be at once placed on the records in the county recorder's office at Jacksonville.

We have been informed that this is the first completed lease to be delivered to any party, parties or company in the United States under the federal law providing for the leasing of oil shale lands. If this be true, it gives to Jackson county something of a distinction in the line. Many applications have been made, but not yet completed because of technical requirements not yet fulfilled.

C. B. WATSON, Ashland, July 10.

The American Indian became a victim of tuberculosis and civilization at the same time.

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Children's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle



Running Across. Word 1. Another name for the summit or crest in the picture. Word 3. The hairy coat of an animal. Word 5. Present indicative plural of verb "to be." Word 6. A point of the compass. Abbreviated. Word 7. The one who is working this puzzle. Word 8. Part of the foot. Word 9. A military conflict between nations. Word 10. Opposite of rich.

Running Down. Word 1. Cleanly uncontaminated. Word 2. Poetic synonym for before. Word 3. Renewal. Word 4. To laugh at or make fun of. Word 6. To fly aloft, as a bird. Word 8. A number.

SATURDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED

U R S E
N O B L E
A B E
S T E E P
I R O
R H Y M E



Poems That Live

The Skylark. Bird of the wilderness, Blithe and carefree, Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!

Emblem of happiness, Best is thy dwelling place— O to abide in the desert with thee! Wild is thy lay and loud, Far in the downy cloud, Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.

Where, on thy dewy wing, Where art thou journeying? Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen, O'er moor and mountain green, O'er the red streamer and heralds of the day,

Over the cloudlet dim, Over the rainbow's rim! Musical cherub soars, singing away! Then when the gloaming comes, Low in the heather blooms, Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be.

Emblem of happiness, Best is thy dwelling place— O to abide in the desert with thee! —James Hogg.

What is more abnoxious than a hard boiled bad egg?

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