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**Ye Smudge Pot**  
 By Arthur Perry.

The deep rumble of a 4d was heard in the southeast last evening, accompanied by heavenly backfire.

Dear Chaperon: I want to thank all that have been kind enough to remember me so well while I was so sick.—(Kansas City Star.) The eternal fitness again.

This thing of alleging an abused car to be in A1 shape, when it is in Z26 shape, ought to be stopped.

The lead nickel, G. Washington Maddox dropped in the collection box June 19th, has returned, but there is no word of a pants button relinquished in May.

The Duke of Gu-Co called on Lady Ford-Campre Thursday, infernally. He is a social lion of the local British set, foting a cane smartly, and using the word ghastry excessively. The Duke fell off a hayrack Tuesday and barked his shins.

The President will not review the parade of super-patriots and political piouss, in their shirttails, on August 8th in the Nation's capital. This, however, will not restrain ex-nuns, ex-preachers, and oratorical loafers from roaming through the land, lecturing, hectoring, and pulling down the shades of his office windows and peering at the procession.

Mrs. C. O. Duke Sandy's newest bride was "on" the society page of the Oregonian, Sunday, the picture being very good.—(Oregon City Enterprise). Such is Fame!

Evolution as a campaign issue in Oregon, as it probably will be, along with law enforcement and tax reduction, holds its lure, toward the opportunity to hate in a Christian manner. The neighbor who in the last religious outbreak was an "alien," will be an "atheist" in the impending camp meeting.

The hell-for-efficiency Espsee has apparently forgot to tear up the Main Stem crossing this year. The section crew deliberations have all been elsewhere.

Careful hunters, are getting ready to massacre careless citizens with deer characteristics.

**GEE WHIZZ!**  
 (Klamath Falls News)  
 Cramer snatched out a homer and three Weeds trotted home ahead of him. The morals of the Pelicans fell like a barometer in a tornado.

**THE FARMER'S WIFE**  
 A farmer's wife has no excuse for not being cultured and polite. All she has to do is to cook the meals and wash the dishes and sweep the floors and scrub the steps and wash the clothes and iron the linen and mend the socks and patch the pants and milk the cows and churn the butter and feed the chickens and bathe the children and tend the garden and water the flowers and can the fruit and cut the children's hair and set the dog on the tramps and chase the cat out of the milkhouse and polish the silverware and blacken the stove and clean out the attic and dicker with the rag man and repaper the pantry shelves and shoe the chickens off the back porch and wipe up the mud father and the boys track in and bake the bread and make the cakes and shake the rugs and beat the carpets and dust the furniture and drive the pigs out of the flower garden and answer the telephone and sift the ants out of the sugar and air the feather beds and warm the water for father to soak his feet and watch out for bed bugs and get rid of the little red ants and make stalls for the hired man's sore thumb and get the men flocks out of bed in the morning and gather the eggs and set the hens and order the groceries and keep the neighbor's baby while she goes to town and get the children off to school and get rid of insurance men and fight off book agents and spray the fruit trees and gather the berries and trim the lamps and swat the flies and split the kindling and start the fires and empty the ash can and slop the pigs and peel the peaches and rake the lawn and make the beds and string the beans and comb the children's hair and sort the apples and keep track of the menfolks' collar buttons and carry in the stove wood and pick the geese and make the pies and answer the door-bell and write a letter to Mother. Then in the afternoon she can go to the missionary meeting and work her head off for the heathens.  
 (Exchange.)

**TUBERCULOSIS CURE.**

MANY REMEDIES for the "white plague" have appeared in succession, and raised the hopes of millions only to blight them. Intelligent people have learned to be wary of new "cures" and trust to the healing powers of sunlight, fresh air, nourishing food and adequate rest. Meanwhile the search for medical cure goes on incessantly.

It may be that the treatment announced recently by Dr. A. W. Freeman, professor of public health at Johns Hopkins University, is the eagerly sought secret. Dr. Freeman told a conference of health commissioners of a discovery made in Denmark, under government auspices, which shows remarkable promise but is "not yet ready for the public" because some of the difficulties of the treatment are not yet satisfactorily worked out.

This new remedy is no serum or other animal product. It is a straight drug combination, said to consist of "a double salt of sodium and gold and hypsulphuric acid." It differs in its action from all other tubercular remedies, in making its fight directly against the tubercle bacilli, seeking them out and destroying them as quinine destroys malaria germs. Thus it may prove to be a genuine "specific."

Cures are reported in advanced cases, with the healing of "lesions" or wounds left by the ravages of the bacilli. The main difficulty is that the very slaughter of these bacilli, by millions, pours into the blood stream such a volume of "tuberculin," the poisonous product of the bacilli, that it induces a high fever and a severe shock.

When that is overcome, Prof. Freeman hopes, the remedy will be available for the public. It would be hard to imagine any greater boon for suffering humanity.

**QUILL POINTS**

How does the boss know the difference when he is taking a vacation?

It might be worse. The monkey trial hasn't yet inspired a popular song.

You never find true religion and bad manners in the same individual.

The exercise that reduces the waist line most quickly consists in placing both hands on the table and pushing back.

Great President: One who is President during a period when your nest is being feathered.

Three of the planets have come unusually close to the earth, which does little credit to their judgment.

Violence seldom is necessary. Scopes couldn't have got more publicity out of a bang-up murder.

Modernist: One searching for truth. Fundamentalist: One convinced that he has found it.

Solitude is especially enjoyable when you are pensive and when you are eating corn on the cob.

Women are braver. You never see a man slipping his shoes off in a theatre or restaurant.

The earth is patient and long-suffering and only at rare intervals makes an effort to shake us off.

Correct this sentence: "I sat by a fan all day," said the husband; "go and rest while I do the dishes."



**Rippling Rhymes**  
 by Walt Mason

**TRICKS OF TRADE.**

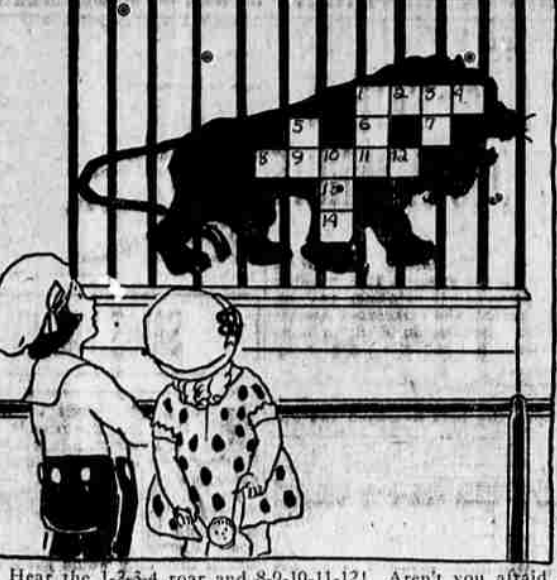
THEY resort to grievous tricks, salesmen of these later days, who would sell to harmless kids any sort of junk that pays; anything to make a sale, anything to get the kale, anything to rope the jays. I was sitting yestern on in my shining new sedan, which is painted bottle green, with some stripes of black and tan; and a stranger sauntered up, smiling like a playful pup, quite a large majestic man. "Now, by jiminy," he cried, "that's a splendid bus you own; you can drive that boat with pride any place where cars are known; there is nothing better built, it will make all rivals wilt, it is in a class alone." Flatterers may come and say I'm Apollo in disguise, that I have a queenly way, that I have two starry eyes; but I laugh such tosh to scorn—it is long since I was born, and to soft soap I am wise. Flatterers may praise my lyre, and predict, with mighty din, that I'll set the world afire—but I merely shed a grin; for my limitations glare all around me everywhere, and they always hedge me in. But the flatterer who looks at my wagon, painted green, and exclaims, "Gee whizz! Gad-zooks! It's the finest I have seen," he has found the weakest link in my armor plate of zing, and he gets my wad, I ween. So this smiling, cordial man, knew his trade exceeding well, when he eyed my new sedan, when he praised it for a spell; and I bought from him a plow and an oil well and a cow—everything he had to sell.

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 We tighten wheels so they stay tightened.

**MERRIMAN'S BLACKSMITH SHOP**  
 20 S. Riverside, on Pacific Highway

**CROSS-WORD PUZZLE STORY**  
 IN THE PARK



Hear the 1-2-3-4 roar and 8-9-10-11-12! Aren't you afraid of him? He growls so deep and 1-6-11 that it sounds like a snore 5-9 the roaring of the ocean waves.  
 I am glad he cannot jump out of his cage right 3-7 to us! I wonder what he would look like if his mane were all cut 10-13-14!

**Answer To Last Puzzle**  
 7-9-14 (Dan), 1-3-8-12 (keep), 2-3-4-5-6-7 (seeded), 11-12 (up), 15-16-17 (off), 12-17 (if), 13-14 (in), 9-10 (an).  
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**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 of this association.

**In the Great Open Spaces.**  
 The ultraviolet rays of sunlight, the electric arc lamp or the mercury vapor quartz lamp seem to be essential for normal mineral metabolism in the body, that is, for the normal utilization of the important mineral substances in food, such as calcium (lime) and phosphorus. Whatever the mysterious factor in ultraviolet (invisible) light may be, the research workers have determined by animal experimentation and careful tests in human nutrition that the factor may be carried by certain food substances, or substances which may be used as food, notably cod liver oil. The physiologists have even found that other oils, such as olive oil, or lard, may be made to carry the factor by exposing thin films of the oils to ultraviolet rays. In this the unidentified factor which is called a vitamin? It remains for the physiological chemist of the future to settle that question.

The physical superiority of troops from the west over those recruited from the eastern states was impressed on all observers in the course of our preparation for the world war. It had always been assumed that men in the west averaged higher in stature and in physical development or strength than men in the east. The movements of troops from cantonments to ports of embarkation gave frequent opportunity for comparison of picked bodies of men and convinced the most skeptical that men are men in the great open spaces. They grow bigger and better men out where the tall corn grows and on to the Rockies. My own deduction is that this difference is a matter of ultraviolet light—the great open spaces afford more of it than the smoky cities of the east. I should not advise any short young easterner to go west in the hope of growing up as they do in the great open spaces, but I think infants who are destined to remain short ought to insist upon their parents moving out where the ultraviolet factor is free and unscrubbed by cloud or smoke.

Treatment of such foods as meat and cereals with ultraviolet light has been found to impart to these foods the factor necessary to prevent rickets, and it is now well known that meat and cereals are ordinarily incapable of preventing rickets. Rickets is a disease of nutrition. It affects every part of the body, not merely the bones. In rickets there is a faulty calcium (lime) metabolism—for some reason the calcium in food or water is not utilized by the body as fully as it should be utilized, so that there is a lack of the necessary amount of calcium (or lime) in the bones and other tissues. Or it may be that there is an excessive elimination or waste of calcium from the body. This is another question which must be left to the physiological chemist to answer finally. Anyway, we know that rickets is a disturbance of nutrition, mainly a faulty calcium metabolism. It is for the express purpose of preventing any slight manifestation of this very common disease that physicians now recommend the addition of a few drops of plain cod liver oil to the food of the artificially fed infant, beginning with say five drops twice a day for a baby two

months old and gradually increasing the daily dose until the baby takes, say, a teaspoonful of cod liver oil daily from the time he is 5 months old. If the codfish should become extinct, don't worry, but substitute sunlight for the cod liver oil. If the smoke in your town screens out most of the ultraviolet light, find a doctor or hospital where the baby can be given the ultraviolet treatment—but for goodness sake don't mix this up with that worthless toy known as "violet ray machine."

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.**  
**Aluminum Ware.**  
 Is there any objection to the use of aluminum ware for cooking any kind of fruit or vegetables? (H. H. C.)  
 Answer—Only theoretical objections. There is no sound hygienic objection.

**Summer Salts Might Do As Well.**  
 I want to reduce. Of course the best and safest way to do this is to take epson salts baths. But I do not know the amount. (H. E. B.)  
 Answer—The amount doesn't matter so long as you use not less than four tons of salts in 2000 gallons of water for each bath. That'll reduce you, all right.

**Hernia.**  
 I am a young woman in my twenties and I have a hernia. I contemplate being married and wonder whether it is really necessary to be operated on before I marry. Do you advise an operation? Is it a minor or major operation? (S. J.)  
 Answer—Yes, any one under 50 years of age should be operated on for hernia. The operation is in the minor key, but the benefits derived from it are major. The question of marriage has no bearing.

**Raw Oatmeal.**  
 I am fond of eating raw oatmeal, and I am a nursing mother. Is this injurious to baby or me? (S. L.)  
 Answer—No, rather beneficial for you both.

**The Modern Cave.**  
 Would it be harmful to health or dangerous to life to sleep in a 12 by 15 cellar where there are many gas pipes and a gas meter, with two small cellar windows open? (A. J.)  
 Answer—It would be safe enough if there is no leakage of gas.

**The Mother Business.**  
 Kindly give the address in Washington where I might obtain literature for an expectant mother and the proper care of the baby. (Mrs. J. A.)  
 Answer—Send five and 10 cents respectively to Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., for "Prenatal Care" and "Infant Care."

**Abe Martin**



Lots o' folks git credit fer havin' opinions an' convictions when they've only fallen int' th' habit o' disagreein' with Bryan. Ther may be tricks in all trades, but in th' professions, oh, boy!

**COMMUNICATIONS**

**Education Worship Opposed.**  
 To the Editor:  
 In the great controversy now raging over evolution, people seem to forget that the Scriptures give two instances of the wrong order of animals speaking with man's voice—the first took place in the Garden of Eden, when the serpent beguiled Eve. He spoke with man's voice to do evil and only evil. God condemned him for crawling on his belly while time lasts. But he left his progeny to continue the evil he began. When Christ was on earth he said to these people, "Ye are of your father, the Devil." Hence we know where Clarence Darrow and all his crowd of evolutionists originated. Is it not time for all who believe in a God, or even in common decency and common sense to awake out of sleep? Are not our universities and colleges becoming only cages of every foul and unclean bird? Haven't we worshipped so called education long enough. Just count how many unspeakable crimes have been committed in the last several years in universities, colleges and even high schools.

The second instance is Balaam's ass speaking with man's voice, forbidding the madness of the prophet. Now the Intelligentsia may rail at William Jennings Bryan and, as they do, call him an ass—but, if so, he may be descended from the ass who spoke with man's voice, that all goodness, righteousness, truth and honor might not perish from the earth. We can all decide for ourselves which animal we wish our descent traced from.  
 MRS. W. M. CARLE.  
 Rogue River, July 23.

**On Petty Thievery.**  
 To the Editor:  
 One day last week our little three year old left his coaster wagon in the yard of one of his little playmates. On the next day the little ones found it had disappeared during the night.

Some child evidently had taken it, for even the best coaster will not go far alone.  
 We have offered a reward for its return, but no trace has as yet been found of it.  
 Petty thievery is increasing all over our country at an alarming rate, and it is the parents' duty to impress upon the minds of their boys and girls the sin of taking things which do not belong to them.  
 A child who is allowed to keep and enjoy a stolen toy can scarcely be blamed if in manhood he takes a car which he finds parked in a driveway.  
 Our boy will learn early that he must keep his toys under lock and will lose his childish faith in his kind. We are hoping the parents of the little boy or girl who has a wagon which does not belong to them will read this and see that they return it to  
 MRS. J. M. DODGE,  
 621 Park Ave., Medford, Ore.

**Dyntorium**  
 DYERS  
 HATTERS  
 CLEANERS  
 PLEATERS  
 Phone 244  
 23 N. Fir St.

**4 HOLDUP MEN FALL INTO POLICE TRAP**  
 VENICE, Ill., July 24.—(A. P.)—Fifteen policemen, deputy sheriffs and railroad watchmen in wait near the Chicago and Alton depot here in anticipation of an attempted holdup, captured four robbers today, wounding one of them, after the robbers had taken a package containing no money, from Hunter Riley, cashier of the Venice State bank.  
 Cook with gas.

**THOMPSON'S PAINT STORE**  
 WALL PAPER  
 ARTIST SUPPLIES  
 PICTURE FRAMING  
 Follow Pictor Paint's Advice  
 116 N. CENTRAL AVENUE  
 PHONE 364

**Children's Pictorial**  
 Cross Word Puzzle



**Running Across.**  
 Word 1. In the picture.  
 Word 4. A western state.  
 Word 5. A written message.  
**Running Down.**  
 Word 2. A small bag used to carry money.  
 Word 3. A loop with a running knot.

**YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED.**



—trust me to keep you cool!

**TREE TEA**  
 ORANGE PEKOE  
 Iced

**LEE WATKINS**  
 has opened his store at the old stand, 397 S. Front, with a full line of  
**FEEDS AND SEEDS**  
 Call and see me. Bring your eggs. Will pay market prices. Phone 146. I don't deliver.

**A BUY**  
 30x3 1/2 Oversize  
 Pennsylvania Cord  
 \$12.95  
 Phipps Auto Park Service  
 Highway at Jackson St.

**DRINK**  
**Maid O'Sko**  
 IT'S DELICIOUS  
 Never before could you buy so much fruit in a small bottle.

SKO is made from Real Oranges and there are no synthetic flavors added.  
 Close your eyes and you can easily imagine you are "drinking" the fruit itself.  
 All our products are guaranteed to be pure and wholesome, which is your protection.  
**Jackson County Creamery**