

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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ROBERT W. HULL, Editor. S. SUMPTER SMITH, Manager.

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The only paper between Albany, Ore., and Chico, California, distance of over 400 miles, having leased wire Associated Press service.

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The young man shot in the watermelon patch, knows the gun was loaded.

Another crime has been hared, and is seen on our streets.

The chairman, Milton A. Miller, in referred to by W. F. Woodward, member of the legislature, as one who never has had any connection with educational matters of the state and for that reason knows little of text-book requirements.

People who live in glass houses should return stray gasoline scrip books before their business instincts get the best of them.

The verdict in the Scott case is rare justice.

POPULAR, BUT ORNERY

Two popular young men of town took French leave of Mrs. Lane's car Friday afternoon to drive around the square and in turning the first corner ran into an electric light pole and damaged the car up considerable and it cost them four dollars to have the car repaired.

Now is as good a time as any to hope that all the hunters return from the deer hunt, under their own steam, and as humans instead of venison.

Before a social lion can penetrate the local British set, he must be able to pronounce pants, pawnee, and call everything, "jolly."

The community is facing a spell of auto racing, where it belongs instead of on North Central avenue.

OH SAY NOT SO!

(Yreka, Calif., Journal) The Weed Golf club now has a membership of 64 members and is going nicely. The members, both men and women, are playing every night.

ARE YOU STILL WARM?

(American Legion Weekly) This is the season when we endure some days that make us want to take off our flesh and sit in our bones. Unlike little Ralph Ellerton of Berkeley, we have to wear something next to our skins when we are in public. If that seems heavy, think back to the time when statesmen wore silk hats and frock coats and women long skirts and steel corsets in August. Trying to keep cool is frequently the best way to feel hot and the best way to keep cool is to keep your mind occupied with other things than the heat. For the young and the well, keeping the pores open with exercise and then a dip at the end of the day in anything from a swimming hole to a tub remains the unbeaten prescription.

THIS RUDE WORLD

(Boston Transcript) After Jessie had been at the boarding school a few weeks she began signing her letters home "Jessica." Brother Tom thought he would give her a little dig about it, so he wrote: "Dear Jessica: Dad and Monica have gone to visit Aunt Lizzie. Uncle Sammie is talking of buying a new machine, but he doesn't know whether to get a Ford or a Chevy. The old cow has a calf. I was going to call it Nellie, but I changed it to Jimmie because it was a bull calf. Your affectionate brother, Tommie."

PULLS CIGAR LIGHTER, AUTOMOBILE WRECKED

HOOD RIVER, Ore., Aug. 8 (A. P.)—C. C. Ranstead, Portland traveling salesman, is suffering from broken ribs and other less serious injuries resulting from a plunge of his car over a 200-foot embankment. Ranstead lost control of his machine when he drew a patent cigar lighter from his pocket to light a cigar.

Only few days left special electric range offer; get your's now! #118

WILL MISSOURI EXPLAIN.

THE GOOD people of Missouri, of course, have great respect for the Constitution of the United States. If called upon, there can be no doubt they would defend its principles with their lives.

The good people of Missouri also have great respect for the memory of Abraham Lincoln, and can point with pride to the thousands of Missouri citizens, who died for the cause to which the Great Emancipator consecrated his life.

Yet unless our memory fails the following extract is a part of that Constitution:

"No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

And in a recent biography of Abraham Lincoln one finds the following extract from a letter:

"I have said my supreme purpose is the preservation of the Union. But by that I have not meant, and do not mean, that I will ever relinquish my determination to rid this country of slavery and to give to the citizen whose skin happens to be black, the same fundamental rights and privileges, as the citizen whose skin happens to be white."

And yet yesterday in Excelsior Springs, Missouri, a citizen "whose skin happens to be black," charged with "attempted assault," was taken from a jail by a mob of 500 "leading citizens," marched through the streets, paraded before the guests of a fashionable hotel, taken to a field outside the city, and while trains halted so the passengers could see the glorifying spectacle, was hung to a tree until he was dead.

More than that the efficient county prosecutor in Excelsior Springs announced today that no investigation of the impromptu celebration will be made for he feels that "justice has been done,"—somewhat crude,—not just what he, as public prosecutor, might have wished, but justice nevertheless.

And the good people of Missouri who believe so thoroughly in the Constitution of their country, and who hang out their flags and deliver such eloquent eulogies on Lincoln's birthday, appear perfectly satisfied with the situation,—perfectly.

Missouri takes pride in being the Show-Me state. Would it be asking too much if officials of Missouri, pledged to enforce the laws would show the rest of the country and a portion of the civilized world just how they reconcile their respect for the Constitution and their reverence for the memory of Abraham Lincoln, with their violation of the letter of one and their desecration of the spirit of the other?

QUILL POINTS

There's nothing new under the sun, except definitions of heresy.

In a little while now all of the green things will be gone except Freshmen.

The race isn't hopeless; no man ever is as hard-boiled as he feels at sixteen.

If only a week of dieting would make you as lean as you feel inside.

It's fair enough; once the prophets fixed the law and now the law fixes the profits.

And you never saw one of the "lower animals" killing another for being unorthodox.

America might buy a little tropical country for Mr. Doheny. We'll need rubber in case of war.

Why should archaeologists dig up Armageddon while the people are still digging for the last one?

You'll notice that the man who scorns "hard thinking" follows the herd in the matter of wearing a coat.

None is perfect; when a man outgrows fairies and Santa Claus, he still believes in statistics.

Don't blame a man for being dignified. The less a doctor knows, the more Latin he must use.

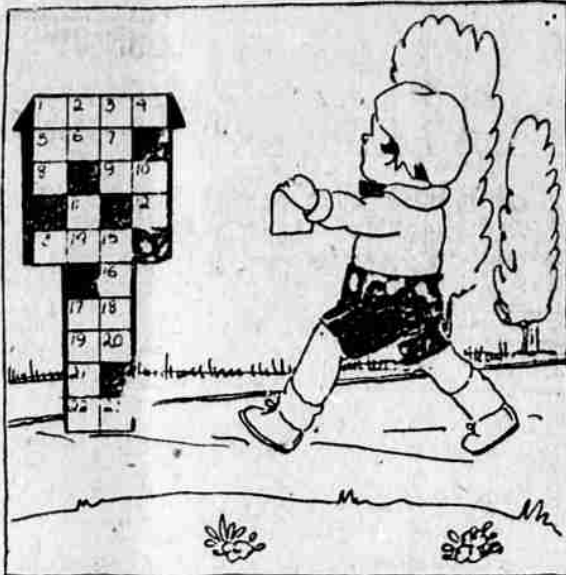


THE FAT MAN.

GIBBON, famous as the writer of a history of Rome, found his garments growing tighter as he sat and mused at home. Once he had a shapely figure, most appealing to the eyes, but he kept on getting bigger, for he wouldn't exercise. Learned physicians were consulted, and they always frowned and said, "Sir, you should be catapulted from your hammock, chair and bed; you should walk and keep on walking from the dawn till evening, but we always find you balking, holding that our rede is wrong. You should do but little eating, drink cold water from a pail, but your works you're always treating to roast beef and wine and ale. Now the garments that enfold you would enshroud three common men, and it takes two chairs to hold you, and we warn you once again." "Thus you spiel with open throttle," said the great and famous man; "give me something in a bottle, give me bitterns in a can. Why not banish my diseases with some medicated cream? Are physicians merely cheeses? Is their dope an empty dream? 'Walk,' you say, instead of giving compound essences of squills; 'walk' if you would keep on living,—what's the matter with your pills? I would keep on living, truly, in the old accustomed way, but I'd value life unduly if I walked nine miles a day. Better far a handsome casket and a tomb on yonder hill, than a can of mashes in a basket and cold water from the pail." So this gifted man departed for the silent, serene sea, for he was too chicken-hearted to get out and climb a tree.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE STORY

A LETTER



"Will you 1-2-3-4 this letter for me?" asked sister 3-4-9. "Yes, I will be glad 10-12 put it in the mail 13-14-15 for you. The mail-1-5-8 will collect it in 2-6 hours or so 11-14 doubt!" replied Billy. "He comes 9-10 ten, 5-6-7 I think that 19-20 collection time!" said Billy's 17-18. "17-19-21-22 you 22-23 not get hurt!" she added. At 15-16-18-20 time Billy always mails his letters to Santa Claus in this same mail box.

Answer To Last Puzzle 10-11-12-13-14-15-16 (trolley), 6-10 (it), 5-9-16 (say), 1-2-3-4-5 (rides) 3-8-14-18 (doll), 1-7-12-17 (room). Copyright, 1925, by The International Syndicate

Personal Health Service

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to discuss 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, Jr. care of this newspaper.

Near Practice

For several years readers have been sending in the reports of laboratory and other examinations given them by a corporation which practices choice branches of medicine by and with the consent of the regular profession or at least without audible objection on the part of the reputable physicians. These readers have presumably paid over good money for the impressive bundle of reports and pamphlets or circulars returned to them by the very successful corporation. It seems to me they have been packaged. In plain words, bamboozled, stung, done good and proper, taken in, and they don't seem to realize it. They have squandered upon a beautiful mess of documentary hokum the price of a fairly good medical or health examination. They submit the laboratory and other reports to me in the hope that I can examine such reports and deduce therefrom what, if anything, ails the individual who is left holding the bag, or what he ought to do about it. If I were a corporation without personal responsibility or even an "old line" life insurance company I might, at that, offer the sucker some hocus-pocus in the shape of diet lists or advice about how many cigars or holes of golf one in his condition ought to try to get along with. There are lots of little jokes in that direction which a conscienceless corporation can play, but which a doctor hesitates to indulge in today. And after ten years or longer in the newspaper field not every doctor remains poor but honest. How poor I am almost any of my quackery patients could tell you, and my honesty I can vouch for myself. So all these beautifully arranged reports and protocols are Sanskrit to me and must go into the cruet or back to the credulous one, according to the general state of the weather and the patent medicine industry.

Clabbered Milk

Is there any danger in eating soured thick milk? I eat it daily and it seems to agree well with my stomach.—Mrs. B. M. I. Answer—No, it is perfectly wholesome if you like it.

H. B. P.

Are the symptoms of high blood pressure alike in all cases? Would the same diet be suitable for every case?—Mrs. B. M. I. Answer—No.

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Abe Martin



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Poems That Live

To One in Paradise. Thou wast all that to me, love, For which my soul did pine; A green isle in the sea, love, A fountain and a shrine All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers, And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last! Ah, starry hope that didst arise But to be overcast! A voice from out of the future cries, "On, on!"—but o'er the past (Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies Mute, motionless, aghast.

For, alas! alas! with me The light of life is o'er! No more—no more—no more— (Such language holds the solemn sea To the sands upon the shore) Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree, Or the stricken eagle soar.

And all my days are trances, And all my nightly dreams Are where thy dark eye glances, And where thy footstep gleams In what ethereal dances, By what eternal streams.

—Edgar Allan Poe.

COMMUNICATIONS

Sees Extermination of Steelhead. To the Editor: I recall in the years gone by the closing of Rogue river to commercial fishing by a measure initiated and passed by the people and the plethora of steelhead fishing that resulted from that measure during the brief period of its existence.

Rogue river as a sporting stream will soon be only a memory. It never was large enough to stand the drain of commercial fishing and the rapacious greed of the seine at the mouth of the river is rapidly and surely exterminating the steelhead. I am old enough to have seen the passing of the buffalo, the elk and the buck, but vainly hoped never to see the passing of the steelhead.

Every time I buy a fishing license I feel like a rank sucker. I know I'm spending some money for the propagation of more fish for McElroy and the other fish hogs to fight about at the mouth of the river.

If the local sporting organization desires to do something constructive for Rogue river fishing they might initiate a constitutional amendment (something that a self-seeking legislature can't meddle with) closing the river to commercial fishing.

I make this prophecy that a closed river would sustain even the rank outsiders, the remittance men, who now clutter its banks from early morn till dusky eve with all the assiduity of Longfellow's village smithy.

E. E. KELLY, Medford, Aug. 8.

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Children's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle



Running Across. Word 1. It's in the picture and the nursery rhyme illustrated above.

Word 4. One who races. Word 5. Poetical name of a piece of land completely surrounded by water.

Running Down. Word 1. Clean. Not mixed with other substances.

Word 2. What the ancient inhabitants of Peru were called. See your encyclopedia.

Word 3. A tribe of Indians who live in great numbers in Manitoba, and the northwest territories and agencies.

YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED.

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