

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUTE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.

In due course of time, with usual appropriate ghostliness, the escaped convicts, these, will be officially hanged for their misdeeds. The governor has so announced, first giving divine thanks for their capture, and a chance to catch up with his own sleep. With grim finality, it is further announced: "Murray need not expect executive clemency." Perhaps you recall the application of same in the case of the Portland youth who cold-bloodedly shot a hoodlum, crammed the pellets in a gunnysack and cast it into the Calapooia river. There seems to be a distinctive discrimination toward the two murderers. In the anger of the moment cannibalistic glee is manifested at the prospect of strangling three lost souls to death. Society collects its debt with a rope, generally bunglesomely.

The alibi exhibited by one Philip Carson, betrayer of Murray, in the collection of his individual debt, is enlightening. If disappointing to no one but himself, Mr. Carson bent his captors to the playhouse to file his claim for the reward of \$1000. His mercenary exuberance was soothed by the information he "might" receive, his per capita share of \$50. A peculiar type, this Carson, lacking the courage to be of the underworld, and too lazy to mix in the upper strata.

K-BURR-BURR!! (Klamath Falls News)

Show in the Crater lake country means an unattractive approach of winter and the tourists of the resort were kept in the lodge and their homes with the cold wind.

REDUCED PRICES ON PANTS SHOT TO PIECES—(Sign on the side of a building). No way to treat pants.

Another Illinois husband has forgiven his wife and the hired man for putting rat poison in his noonday lunch.

The ice cream dipper will soon be in the chili con carne.

Lady Ford-Coupe of the local British went horseback riding yesterday. Her mount was doggone irritating.

It now is revealed that A. E. Krim, leader of the Riffs, is civilized, and maybe that is what ails him.

Anyone driving over the Siskiyou is impressed by the lack of gas signs and tramp grounds.

PROGRESS MARCHES ON (Salem Statesman)

Since Tuesday morning this little city is back to normal again. No more soldiers and ammunition wagons are patrolling the streets. Women again bring their eggs to the grocery store.

Mr. Walt Mandy is the bounciest father of a proud baby. Mr. Mundy complains of the lack of room with C. Wig Ashpole strutting for the same reason.

Hon. Injured Innocence, Most Noble Nice Nellie, is now ready to do the thinking for the Intelligent Voters in the 1926 primary.

There are still no justifiable grounds for calling beanery coffee, either "nectar" or "ambrosia."

The well known Oregon legislative mania for inspecting something is now centered in auto lights.

Packing apples to schoolrooms by juvenile sheiks will start September 8.

WHEN MEDICINE FAILED

For years and years Philetus Jones complained of misery in his loins. He took a lot of mixtures, pills and powders made for human ills. The doctors that old person drank would fill a thousand-barrel tank, but nothing that the fellow tried ever caused his suffering to subside. He used a hundred sort of things, he bled himself in sulphur springs, he used a box of charged with juice, but none of them were any use. Of course, you readers figure he one day ran across a remedy that lumbered up his ancient frame, that made him paper just the same as when he was an agile youth. But you're mistaken. Here's the truth. When he had everything had tried he went to bed and there he died. (San Francisco Bulletin).

THE PENITENTIARY, PITY AND PUNISHMENT.

WITH the capture of the three escaped convicts, without bloodshed, the people of Oregon may now return to normalcy and congratulate themselves upon their good fortune. Some good may be gleaned from this tragedy. Thanks to Murray, Willos and Kelly, the state penitentiary will hereafter be less a pleasure resort and a more secure abiding place for murderers and outlaws.

Needless to say the roof will be repaired and a more careful check made of the inmates when they go to dinner.

Tom Murray says he prefers death to doing more time. His preference, of course, will be satisfied. A double and probably a triple hanging is faced by our law-abiding commonwealth.

The prospect is not alluring. To shoot down a man like Oregon Jones in the heat of battle is one thing. To hang three defenseless boys, however dark their crimes, is, of course, another.

But this is the only effective method Society has thus far devised for reducing crime and preventing disintegration of modern civilization. The contention that capital punishment does not deter crime, finds a pretty effective answer in England, where capital punishment has been promptly enforced for centuries.

Hanging is a revolting business. But the killing of defenseless and law-abiding citizens is more revolting.

It is natural and proper no doubt to feel a deep pity for young men like Murray, Willos and Kelly, who have come to such a tragic end. But that end is, after all, of their own choosing.

All that Society can do under the circumstances, is to make punishment prompt and as free from needless suffering as possible. Toward this end abandonment of hanging as the method of extermination and the substitution of electrocution or the lethal chamber, would no doubt be a step in the right direction.

QUILL POINTS

In Florida two is company and three a group of boosters.

East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet their obligations.

When they speak of turning land at a profit, they don't mean turning it with a plow.

And so women can drive motor cars as well as men. Boy, file this in the faint-praise cabinet.

It is better to stop, look and listen. The car behind won't knock you as far as the locomotive will.

Let us hope that Ford's rumored new model won't sound so irritated and quarrelsome when it backs.

A hat covers the bald spot and balloon pants hide the bow legs, but a paunch must take life as it comes.

A casual study of the situation arouses the fear that about all the world is safe for is the time being.

Once in a while you can buy the suit you really want, if the clerk happens not to be a good salesman.

The honeymoon is still going strong if she won't eat an onion unless he does.

When all the profit is taken out of war, of course the general and the buck will get the same pay.

The easiest way to remember a man's name and face after a lapse of years, is to have him owe you five dollars.

Still, the three-letter words you learned by working puzzles don't help much unless you are a headline writer.

The hard part would be to scrap all the merchant fleet without uselessly scrapping some nice political jobs.

If he becomes great, his college did it; if he fails, it is because a college can't make a winner of a dumb-bell.

Correct this sentence: "She married wonderfully well," said the gossip; "not a rich man, but such a splendid character."

Rippling Rhymes by Walt Mason

CHANGING THE SUBJECT. R UN DOWN by a truck or lorry, Jinks was flat upon his back, and I said, "I'm mighty sorry," when I visited his shack. "It is beastly," I continued, "that you have a broken wing, that your legs, so nobly sinewed, must be carried in a sling. It is sad to see you suffer, and when you are out of pain you should prosecute the duffer who was driving that old wain. All your anguish should be paid for, there's a remedy, I wist; that is what the law is made for, that is why the courts exist."

"I am busted up at present, but," said Jinks, in accents low, "let us talk of something pleasant, let's forget all grief and woe. All my friends come to me springing sympathy till they are hoarse, for the dicky birds are singing and there's sunshine out of doors. I can hear the motors chugging down the street the livelong day; happy people are pursuing pleasure in a seemly way. Life to them is most amusing, I can hear their laugh and wheeze; when we talk of wounds we're losing all such cheery sounds as these. I can hear the children playing, whooping on the village green; as I listen I am straying back again to sweet sixteen; once again I'm busy making mud pies with my childhood friends; if we talk of sores and aching, all the sweet illusion dies." What's the use, I ask, of trying to condole with men like this? They'll discover when they're dying some excuse for perfect bliss.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE STORY WASH DAY



See this busy little 2-8-13-17 13-14-15 wash day which is 2-3-4-5-6-7, of course, so she must work very hard! She was so little she could not reach the tub 13-19 she 1-6-11 into the house and fetched 8-9 old box to stand on. When she climbed 3-9-14-18 the box she could reach the scrub board nicely. "5-10 you think you will finish your washing today?" called her mother from in-17-18-19-20-21. "Oh 7-12-16 indeed I will be through in 10-11-12 hour!" replied the little maid.

Answer To Last Puzzle 6-7 (on), 1-2-3-4 (cart), 8-9 (am), 4-6 (to), 2-5-9 (arm), 7-10 (no). Copyright, 1925, by The International Syndicate

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 newspaper.

Physiology of the Sweat Bath.

If I ever find a publisher who wants to get rich slowly I'm gonna get out a series of books telling the unvarnished truth and omitting the usual hokum of the health books. I shall begin with an elementary or fundamental work on the functions of the human body and I suppose I shall entitle this introductory volume Brady's Cynical Physiology. In fact the entire series I have in mind would be strictly cynical. I hope to keep my books out of the hands of old women of either sex.

Altho I have repeatedly asserted that no poison or waste matter of consequence is eliminated thru the skin, that is, in the sweat, no one competent to debate the proposition has ventured to challenge the assertion. Mind, I say nothing of consequence, which means practically no poison or waste matter. It is well known to physiologists that certain substances often found in the urine are also found in the sweat, though in comparatively insignificant quantities. In no circumstance in health or in sickness, is anything of a poisonous character, or any important amount of waste matter excreted through the skin, in the sweat or otherwise. When some half baked health experts or health department employees or "authorities" subsidized by bath tub manufacturers or other proprietary interests write up essays in which the unsophisticated layman is urged to bathe often and so assist the skin in doing its work, these inept writers are prone to fall in with popular error being more concerned about getting out stuff which will please their employers than they are about the real physiology or hygiene of the question. The skin is practically not an excretory organ—practically, I say—and anybody who bathes with the idea that he helps the skin "do its work" stupidly betrays his ignorance of physiology.

If there is one popular error which is almost unassailable it is the notion that some kind of "poison" or "waste matter" may be eliminated through the agency of a Turkish bath or some other form of sweat bath, whether the heat be applied in the form of electric lamps (electric cabinet "bakes"), or dry hot air bath or steam bath or hot pack or hot mud or what not. People who competently accept the meaningless diagnosis of "rheumatism," or still worse "neuritis," or still worse "myositis," as an explanation of their trouble, are especially fond of the illusion that such baths "eliminate" some vague "poison."

These various kinds of sweat baths are still employed by physicians in the treatment of certain cases of Bright's disease, and no doubt some good doctors who have not kept "up on physiology" harbor a vague fancy that such baths induce the elimination of nitrogenous substances—just what substance or why it should be eliminated is part of the mystery. It is difficult to obtain any definite opinion about that; the doctors who still cherish this notion are diffident about putting their views into words, just as are the old fogies who still talk about "colds."

This is what the sweat bath does: It induces an increased blood flow, an increased metabolism (oxidation process in the tissues) and the consequent combustion of more tissue substance or fuel, which naturally brings about the formation of more acid combustion products, chiefly carbon dioxide. These acid combustion products, carbonic acid, etc., escape from the body mainly thru the lungs and in less quantity thru the urine and in the least quantity thru the sweat. When these acid combustion products have been eliminated from the blood the blood will be left more alkaline. And this is the beneficial effect of the sweat bath—it helps the body to oppose acids and maintain a relative alkalosis, chiefly because of the elimination of carbon dioxide.

Now, then, well folks—I am always addressing well folks and my suggestions or teachings are not intended for sick folks—people who wish to keep well should grasp this physiological principle firmly and remember that, after all, the best way to oppose acidosis and blow off the excess of carbon dioxide is, you know gosh, I blush to harp on this so much, a reasonable amount of exercise regularly, and that, for the average fellow means two miles of oxygen on the hoof three times a day, or its equivalent in any other form.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Mrs. Benjamin Todd. Not to repeat all the "been told" will cold water massage help to reduce the bust?—H. E. M.

Answer—A thorough cold water massage of the kitchen, pantry and laundry floors every morning will help some.

Correspondence Course Doctor.

Every morning we have for breakfast sliced peaches, apple sauce, berries or other fruit in season, which I eat with cream or milk. A friend tells me her doctor claims that all fruits but bananas eaten with cream or milk will in time undermine one's health. Is this true?—Mrs. C.

Answer—No, it is just some fableology invented by the mail order school of practitioners. Individual taste is the only criterion of the combination of milk or cream with fruit.

Ladies May Ride.

I am a great lover of outdoor sports. Do you consider horseback riding harmful for a young woman?—Miss Z. H. W.

Answer—No, as a rule a young woman should not interrupt her ordinary activities merely because she is a woman. This includes such healthful exercises as swimming, dancing, gymnasium classes, hiking, tennis, basketball or helping mother walk the dogs. The old-fashioned way, advised by the late Lydia, et al, made a disease of a function and probably accounted for a much of the functional "delicacy" sexed in the past.

Concrete Floor.

Please tell me if a concrete floor in a grocery store would tend to bring on rheumatism. I know that modern hotels, department stores, etc., have tile or marble floors, but I have been told that a regular concrete floor is worse, particularly when the floor is built on the ground so that it holds dampness.—J. T. F.

Answer—There is no difference between cement, tile, marble, wood or brick floors, so far as any disturbance of health is concerned. Is Uncle Ben interested in the linoleum business?

Primer for Diabetic Patients.

Some time ago you recommended a Primer for Diabetics and my doctor now tells me I have diabetes, and I have spent the better part of three days searching thru my clip-pings.—H. H. J.

Answer—Your filing system must be something like mine. The little book I recommended is "A Primer for Diabetic Patients" by Wilder-Flanders, published by W. B. Saunders Co., Philadelphia, Pa. It costs \$1.

Mrs. Ryan Favors Action.

Mrs. Ryan Favors Action. Mrs. William Jennings Bryan announced today she would give immediate consideration to the Philadelphia Record's proposal for a national memorial to Mr. Bryan.

Cook with gas.

Abe Martin



Nobody ever woke up great in a park. Th' trouble with rulin' children with love is that they've allus got th' car.

Timely Views on World Topics

"Universal Language Will Never Be Established Permanently," Says Professor. Henry Ford's prediction that English is destined to inherit the earth as the universal language of mankind meets with little support from many scholars. Neither English nor Esperanto, and no other tongue, it is held, can express the varying thoughts of many races.

John Erskine, author and professor of English at Columbia University, in discussing the prediction, says: "The people who are born to other languages might well challenge us to prove that English is the best of languages, if we are to have but one. Mr. Ford believes that English is essential to world progress, which of course leads one to wonder just what Mr. Ford means by world progress. In the field of linguistics I thought it was money rather than English that talked, and in the realm of the spirit perhaps greater progress is made in other languages."

"Mr. Ford seems as if he could have some idea that if he could eliminate foreign languages from our speech this fact would effect some pressure on the French and Germans and the Chinese to speak English. If we could establish a universal language tomorrow there is no reason to believe that we should not have a whole host of different languages in another century or so. These different languages would be produced by the same forces that have produced different languages today—that is the different psychology that men seem born to in different parts of the world and the pressure of different environments."

"That is why Esperanto is destined never to become a universal language. No one language can fill the needs of all peoples. Peoples use different languages because sounds mean different things to them."

His Views Are Supported by Economic Professor

A survey of industrial and commercial conditions throughout the world indicates that English is coming to be the language of trade, but that is a different thing from saying that it will be the universal language of mankind. In the opinion of William E. Wild, former professor of economics at Christian college, Allahabad, India, now in the United States.

"Will English become the universal language in another hundred years?" he was asked.

"Probably English will dominate world trade. It does today. But no one would predict that, in one century or more the interior of China and Africa will be speaking English," he answered. "English is becoming the dominant language of trade because English speaking people have developed industrially and commercially, not because English is a better or more forceful language than any other. Arabia, for example, is a far more flexible language than English, but the Arabs have not an industrial development that forces their language to include scientific terms."

In the colleges of the Orient scientific subjects are taught in English—not because English expresses the idea better but because the textbooks have been written in English. Mechanics an engineering, being comparatively new, are in the languages of their discoverers. In India, China, Syria and Turkey the teaching of science is in English, but it is not so in Japan. The Japanese, actuated by a strong nationalist spirit, have translated English scientific works into their own language, which is quite as efficient."

"Does the fact that young engineers of foreign lands use English terms necessarily mean that the workmen under them will adopt the language of the industry?" he was asked.

"Not at all," answered Professor Wild. "The engineer or industrial chief will translate his science into the native tongue wherever possible, and when it is not possible will invent a native version of the new words. A few English words will become universal. In India they refer to any car as the 'motor car' and the Ford is the 'Ford motor car.'"

"In the ports of the world, too, we find that even the uneducated natives soon become bilingual and English soon will dominate these tongues. French dominated Europe because the Mediterranean was the first center of commerce. Today the Mediterranean is useful chiefly as a route to more distant lands and the English language follows the English flag."

Cook with gas.

Children's Picture Cross Word Puzzle



Running Across. Word 1. The last name of the man in the picture and in the nursery rhyme: "Jack — could cut no fat"

Word 4. A common, odorless vegetable.

Word 5. A kitchen utensil used for sifting materials.

Running Down. Word 1. What natives of Scotland are called.

Word 2. To lift up.

Word 3. Stretched tight; Rigid.

YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED



Who's Who

Col. Charles Sweeney. The son of an American millionaire is commanding the new Lafayette Escadrille, organized in France for service against the Moors.

He is Col. Chas. Sweeney. This soldier of fortune has worn half a dozen uniforms in the last 16 years. He joined the foreign legion when the World War broke out and was twice wounded before America entered the war. He came back to the U. S.

When Poland recruited an army to resist the Reds some time ago Sweeney joined.

Among Col. Sweeney's decorations are the Legion of Honor, the Croix de Guerre with two palms and two stars, and at the time of his departure for Europe to join Poland he had been recommended for both the American D. S. O. and D. S. C. Just before that the French government made him an officer of the Legion of Honor.

Poems That Live

The Old Oaken Bucket How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood. When fond recollections present them to view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood, And every loved spot which my infancy knew.

The wide-spread pond and the mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rook where the curraunt fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it, And 'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

That moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure, For often at noon, when returned from the field I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure.

The purest and sweetest that nature can yield, How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing, And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell.

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing, And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it, As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!

Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

And now, far removed from the loved habitation, The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation, And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well.—Samuel Woodworth.

Cook with gas.