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Ye Smudge Pot

This town will never amount to anything, until it produces a lawyer, who can journey to the metropolis, and be called "a barrister." All other sections of the state glory in one such. The nearest this burg ever came to the Farthest North of legal acclaim, was the time Porter J. Neff, was designated as "a bright luminary of the Southern Oregon bar." And, this high compliment was deflated by calling him Peter J. Neff.

A lucky party was given at the home of Ed L. Jacobs—(Monitor (Ark.) Era).—The editor is getting along gas well as could be expected.

It is rumored that coming social events will see the inauguration of a decorative innovation, and use autumn leaves for a change.

The New York mayoralty contest is getting as rough in spots, as a school election at home.

SOLOMONIC GUESSING. Albany Democrat. Shupe claimed he was a blacksmith but Judge Oliver said his hands looked more like a barbers'. He gave his home as Corvallis and finally he admitted that he is an automotive salesman.

The Shenandoah seems to have been wrecked twice. Once by the elements, and once by the sturdy natives of Ohio in the vicinity of the crash.

THE LETTER "E." (Charleston Gazette.) The letter "E" is the most unfortunate character in the English alphabet, because it is always out of cash, forever in debt, never out of danger, and in hell all the time. "E" is never in war, and always in peace. It is the beginning of existence, the commencement of ease and the end of trouble. We have no heaven. It is the center of honesty, makes love perfect, and without it there would be no editors, devils, or news.

IT IS NOT SO. You are, say, a typical American. You have a car of some kind and call yourself a good driver. You are as good as anybody and not disposed to take anybody's impudence. A free man in a free country! Now observe freedom as it functions on the highway. The car ahead is going about as fast as you wish to go, but you don't enjoy being behind. You speed up to pass it and then slow down again to give it your dust.

Again you are going as fast as you wish to go and a car behind toots for passway. You speed up—not for any particular reason, but just to thwart the other fellow.

You are on the main highway and a car darts in from a side road. A collision is narrowly averted. "Fool," you mutter.

You are on a side road and dart into the main highway, narrowly missing a speeding car. "Fool," you mutter.

No policeman being in sight, you make a left turn where left turns are forbidden. You feel adventurous. Five minutes later another adventurer attempts the same thing and grazes your innocent fender. "Why, the infernal idiot!" you cry.

You attempt to pass a car even though another is coming full speed. You think you can make it. You do. The car you are passing slows down, the one coming head-on slides on locked wheels. Thus two cautious drivers save a fool from his folly. Your heart skips four beats, but you glow with pride in your achievement.

You resent the fact of traffic officers; you loathe impatiently in a traffic jam; you keep a little more than half of the road and curse the car that grazes you; you break the speed limit if there isn't a speed cop in sight; you frown about women drivers; you drive with loose brakes; parking regulations irritate you; a summons seems an invasion of your rights as a free citizen.—(Baltimore Sun.)

FOR SALE—My ice business, including the wholesale and retail business. Other business calls my attention. This business will stand investigation.—(SF. Bulletin)—Fair warning.

THE NEW YORK ROUGH AND TUMBLE.

THE NEW YORK Tribune deplores the undignified squabble between the "chief executive of our great commonwealth" and one of America's leading newspaper publishers.

What must the rest of the country and the world think of this great city, when the governor of the state, and the most powerful figure in metropolitan journalism call each other liars, black legs and cut-throats, and roll about in the gutter, like a couple of dirty-faced newsboys.

Well, the rest of the country probably thinks it is typically Knickerbockerian,—which it is. Politically, New York is tough, and with brief intervals, always has been.

Al Smith was educated on the sidewalks of New York and is proud of it. William Randolph Hearst spent a few years at Harvard, but really mangled the southwest of Forty-second street and Broadway.

Al Smith, it is true, rose above his early environment, while Hearst fell far below, but in the heat of physical combat, it is only natural they should revert to a primitive and common,—very common,—plane.

Instead of deploring the situation we should think the eminently respectable New York Tribune (and Herald) would welcome it. For with Hearst and Tammany engaged in a rough and tumble, there would seem some chance of defeating both, and providing New York with a disinterested business-like administration for a change.

The Tribune probably realizes, however, that the chance is slim. The late Mayor Mitchell gave New York one of the most efficient administrations in its history, but he was turned out in favor of the politicians.

The melancholy fact is a majority of the people of New York City do not want what is known in the rest of the country, as good government. They want a government that will appeal to their prejudices and pocket books. So in spite of this unsavory "family quarrel" odds against a victory for Waterman are being quoted at two to one.

However there is always a chance. And the more bitter and undignified the Hearst-Smith fracas becomes, the better the chance. So more power to their elbows and larynxes,—let the "bad" little fight go on.

QUILL POINTS

About the only thing reformers never denounce is the collection plate.

One way to be happily married is to realize how little you deserve.

One objection to movie kisses is that they look too much like vulcanizing.

The queerest thing about wrecks is that both ears invariably get run into.

National prestige: A fiction that requires licking some weak people at intervals.

The final test of will-power and moral courage is refusal to sign a petition.

In the good old modest days, one could learn to swim in spite of a funny shape.

One reason why success goes to the head is because Nature doesn't like a vacuum.

If changing it would affect your bread and butter, it probably isn't a genuine conviction.

It is yet too early to tell whether the bugaboo next time will be a third party or a third term.

Man works hard to establish a credit and then frequently finds it too good for his good.

Dad may be careless about his nails and hair, but otherwise he doesn't suffer for want of trimming.

A good vocabulary is what you need when the price of the car drops enough to wipe out your first installment.

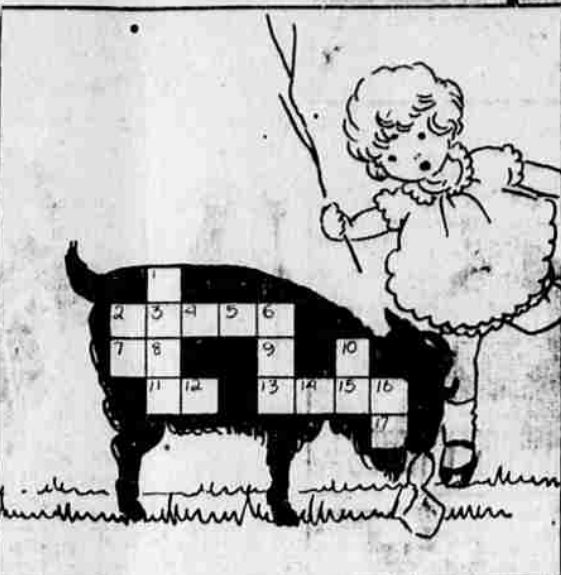


GARDENER'S LUCK.

A HUNDRED gardeners I've known, and they were always sad; they uttered grievous sigh and moan, when other folk were glad. They see how cruel nature is, how bitter her decree, and so they often cry, "Gee whiz," and sometimes "Holly cheer!" Is there a flower of splendid hue that scents the passing breeze? Be sure its death is shortly due from some unorthodox disease. The gardeners, they nobly strive by methods safe and sane to keep such lovely things alive, but all their toil is vain. The worthless weeds will grow apace, and bloom, and not half try; but all the lilies on the place will shrivel up and die. The gardeners, they see these things, they see the bright things fall, struck down by noxious bugs with wings, or other bugs that crawl. They see the pestilence and blight at work forever more, decay is always in their sight, and so they're sad and sore. It is a ghastly thing to plant a rosebush by the gate, and guard it, like a loving aunt, from an untimely fate; to see it growing, strong and bold, a solace to the eye, and then develop greenish mold, and wilt away and die. The gardeners, they have to fight for everything they grow, they have to scrap with bugs and blight, and every sort of foe. They are, not men of quips and jests, they speak in joyless terms, for they are always chasing pests, including slugs and worms. I say "Good morrow" as they pass, with hoes and pruning knives, and they reply, "All flesh is grass, and nothing good survives."

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE STORY.

NANCY



Her name [10-15 Nancy and she has a curly [1-3-8-11] on each side of her head. Ma says she is like all other 2-3-4-5-6 but we don't think 10-17. Nancy is so clever. She will 2-7 to the trash bin and nibble tin cans 11-12 matter how much good food you feed her. One day brother Bill 6-9-13 on Nancy's back. We warned him she would 13-14-15-16 him off 7-8 try to shake him off but Bill tried anyhow and now he has a sore back.

Answer To Last Puzzle: 1-2 (Ma), 1-4-8-10-14 (Mummy), 13-14 (my), 16-20 (is) 3-7 (so), 10-11-12 (man), 6-7-8 (Tom), 18-19-20 (yes), 9-12 (out), 2-5 (at), 13-15-18 (may), 3-4-5 (sat), 16-17 (in).

Personal Health Service By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Signs 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, 17 1/2 of this newspaper.

Health Authorities Rediscover Pores.

A pore is a minute opening for transpiration (breathing through) or for absorption (sucking up, drinking or taking in.) Whoever refers to "keeping open" the pores of the skin or to "clogging" of the pores of the skin betrays a singular want of knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the skin. When a person purporting to be a doctor or an authority on health or hygiene refers to the "pores" as though such appurtenances really existed he should be dubbed the Walter Traprock of hygiene.

Tuesday, July 23, I talked about the hypothetical pores and quoted some ridiculous stuff from a plumbers' propagandist pamphlet written by one S. Dana Hubbard, M. D., acting director, bureau of public health education, department of health, New York City (as duly set forth in the booklet). The pamphlet was entitled "The Need of Frequent Bathing" and it was reprinted from Domestic Engineering. The particular assertion which I ridiculed was this: "To perform its required physiological function the skin must be clean." That is not true, as any one with common sense should know. The skin will function perfectly even though it be as dirty as a skin can be. This romantic author also assures the unthinking reader that "if sweat mixed with dirt and skin oil is dried and not removed from the skin, these pores are plugged and these necessary glands cease to function." That is too ridiculous to consider seriously. But then, perhaps the imaginative author is in the habit of giving play to his imagination in his commercial writing. People who write up trade copy are prone to say about what the manufacturers employing them want said.

But enough for the New York City health department employe's discovery of the "pores"—If Hubbard is the director of the bureau there, the New York state department of health has now rediscovered the "pores" and sent out a radio talk telling the world all about the discovery. One B. R. Rickards, who staggers through the world under the ponderous title of director of the division of public health education of the state department of health, pulled off the radio talk August 13, and Mr. Rickards, I wot, might serve as understudy for the Walter Traprock of hygiene, should Walter ever forget to close his pores and take cold or something. Mr. Rickards plays it two ways, however, and there's no telling what he knows or doesn't know; we can only know what he tells the world over the radio:

"Coal dust on the face of the coal heaver or a little garden earth on the chubby hands of the child—"

Get that chubby—this is no ordinary dirty kid, you see—"

—on the chubby hands of the child at play are examples of dirt which while it may offend our esthetic sense is really harmless. Harmless, folks, a little regular dirt. But with a minute, Mr. Rickards will now do a neat fey."

The pores of the skin rapidly become clogged from dried perspiration—"

Called sweat in the Bible and Shakespeare. —dried perspiration, dead skin, and dust. A bath opens the pores and stimulates the skin to healthy action."

Poems That Live

WHEN THE SLEEPY MAN COMES. When the Sleepy Man comes with the dust on his eyes, (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!) He shuts up the earth and he opens the skies. (So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!) He smiles through his fingers and shuts up the sun: (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!) The stars that he loves he lets out one by one. (So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!) He comes from the castles of Drowsy-boy Town: (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!) At the touch of his hand the tired eyelids fall down. (So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!) He comes with a murmur of dreams in his wings: (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!) And whispers of mermaids and wonderful things. (So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!) Then the top is a burden, the bugle a bane: (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!) When one would be faring down Draw-a-way Lane. (So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!) When one would be wending in Lullaby Wherry. (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!) To Sleepy Man's Castle by Comforting Ferry. (So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!) —Charles G. D. Roberts.

Who's Who

FRANK D. WATERMAN The three-cornered New York City mayoralty fight which is turning New York topsy-turvy brings into the limelight a man who never before has been mixed up in politics. He is Frank D. Waterman, the fountain pen magnate and the G. O. P. candidate for mayor. Six months ago, when his name was first suggested to leading Republicans, they knew so little about him they were uncertain as to whether he was a Democrat or a Republican, or even if he had his voting residence in New York. Waterman is the son of a wagon maker. He was born in Alton, Ill., 57 years ago. He got his education in the Illinois public schools, and as a young man was turned loose selling fountain pens his uncle had invented. Today he is the head of the L. E. Waterman Co., fountain pen manufacturer. He has steered clear of politics. During the war he served as chairman of the war savings committee of Manhattan. His work won the thanks of the treasury department. It was in 1923 that the Merchants' Association of New York conceived the idea of a campaign to get more subway lines. The idea was broached to Waterman. He consented to become the head of a committee. Through his work and that of a skilled publicity man this committee grew to 1,000 members. The result was the eventual validation by the board of estimate of two new subway lines. His chief opponents in the mayoralty fight are Mayor John F. Hylan, incumbent, and State Senator James J. Walker, the Tammany choice.

Mexico and Canada Resume. VICTORIA — Cecil H. Branstetter, consul for the Mexican government at Victoria and Vancouver, B. C., announced that Mexico and Canada had resumed diplomatic relations.

Curling Hair. Is there anything that will bring the natural curl after you have had your hair marcelled? (Miss B. E.) Answer.—The injury of the hair by burning or great heat may prove only temporary. If not repeated, and when the hair grows out it will be as curly as it was originally. There is no known means of curling or putting a wave in the hair which is not injurious to the hair.

Castor Oil. Please tell me whether castor oil is beneficial to the intestines or harmful. (H. A.) Answer.—Harmful, but in certain cases of diarrhea one full dose of castor oil may sweep out the offending matter which is doing more harm than the castor oil does. The popular fancy that castor oil is "soothing" or "healing" and therefore always safe to administer, is a serious error, for often it prompts the giving of the cathartic in such illness as appendicitis when it may work grave havoc.

Bimbo Sweets Feeding. Why does my nine months old baby perspire about the head and neck when he is taking food, even though he is naked? He prefers taking his soup or strained vegetables alone and his milk at another meal. Should he take the milk with the other foods or in a separate feeding? (S. E. R.) Answer.—If he prefers the milk at a separate feeding it is all right to give it separately. I am unable to surmise why the baby sweats when taking food.

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ESSEX COACH excellent condition The Busy Corner Motor Co.

Abe Martin



Next it's a tennis cup I can't think of nothin' I'd rather have than a buggy whip. "Nothin' makes me as mad as t' have a feller borrow a chew o' ter-backer o' me an' then light in an' talk about east coast an' west coast an' acreage," says Abe Bud.

Children's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle



Running 2-cross. Word 1. Where they went to buy the pig in the nursery rhyme illustrated above. Word 4. A country in northern Europe. Word 5. Repaired; Patched together.

Running Down. Word 2. By one's self. Word 3. To rub out. YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED.



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