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**REGISTERED**

**Ye Smudge Pot**  
By Arthur Perry

The gent who is suffering from the delusion that he is opposing Cong. Hawley, in the primaries, will reach the height of his windiness shortly after 1:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Opposing Mr. Hawley, who knows all about the tariff, which has nothing at all to do with any issue now rampant, is a neat way to commit political suicide. When the votes are counted, Mr. Hawley will issue a statement that he has won a moral victory, and start getting ready to attend the next session of the legislature, and make more speeches in 40 days, than Mr. Hawley has in 16 years. The career of Mr. Hawley should be a model to aspiring politicians. He does the minimum of blabbing, answers all letters, sends out the pumpkin seeds every June, and never gets in the papers by pestering the President. He is an inimitable habit with Oregon voters.

**A CONVINCING EPISTLE**

To the Editor:  
You seem to take a good deal of delight in telling other people how to live, and perhaps that is your business; but it seems to me that you exceed your duty, when you arrogate the right to reform all those who may happen to enjoy an occasional drink of Scotch.  
Last Christmas I was presented with a fine bottle of Scotch whiskey which I have kept untouched until now as I sit at my typewriter to indite this letter to you. It bears the label "Sandy MacDonald"; a good, fine, well-bottled liquor which I am assured was bought before the war.

"I have just now tasted of this bottle of liquor. I will confide in you; and I cannot see where and how I am invading the rights of any person on earth. I find it excellent. It warms my stomach; it inspires my thought. I cannot feel, Mr. Editor, that I have wronged the community or added to the lawlessness of general society in doing so. It makes me tired to be classed as a criminal for any such reason.

"Just to show my independence of any such track as you are writing, I have just taken another drink of the aforesaid most judicious Sandy MacDonald and I will say to you that it is just as smooth a drink as a man ever put into his system. The second drink, I have now followed by a third.

"Now, Mr. Editor, I am no bum, and you can't make me one. I hum, I like a little drink now and then and have just taken a third or maybe it was the fourth and I am more than ever convinced that any man who doesn't do a big idiot. You say that this evasion of law is producing a stable of affairs in our Great and Glorious country. You are wrong. This country is just as good as it ever was.

"I want to say to you that this Scotch is all right. A lot of it would do us harm. My grandfather was brought up on rum. They had it in the house all the time. They drank it freely and even the minutes drink it when he came to our house. It was a matter of course when a grandson is better than his grandfather. I can drink this kind of Scotch all day and not be no worse citizen than I was before. I could drink this whole wagon and begin dumber on a eyelash.

"I want to say to you that there are 24 in the bar confederate American citizen in the U. S. There are no umbs. I say to you Editor, when I started out to write this letter, I had no \$3,243 3/4 notion to take meig of your time. But I just had to express myself to you.  
These typewriter keys are buzzing around in my own way more. But when I want of you to remind you once again and again that you new dead wrong in conspensing avert bany who mau tak a drink of not an EnE&woty ill. But we argnt no bun BS.  
"I will sat inlowsing what I wisz you a twozch Chaitrywax and &hazy New fraze.  
"Respectfully Yoyidz."  
(Newcastle, Pa., Times.)

**Policeman in Bad Again**  
PORTLAND, Ore., May 14.—(AP) Leo Giddings, former policeman, was arrested today charged with accepting money from a woman of ill repute. He was dismissed from the police force last winter following an altercation with another officer. A short time ago he was arrested and fined \$50 on a charge of assault and battery preferred by his wife.

**A GOOD TIME TO JOIN THE NATIONAL GUARD**

NO ONE seems to understand why Medford should lag behind every other community of its size in the state in National Guard enlistments.

For several years the local company has been below its peace-time strength, and now, with the summer training-camp time approaching, there are over a dozen vacancies reported.

We have written several editorials urging support of the National Guard, and now the officers of the company have requested another one.

Well here it is, but frankly we admit we can think of nothing new to say. The advantages of the National Guard service are too well known to render any extended comment necessary. Not only is the training good for body, mind and character, but there is a free summer camp thrown in at the seashore, and regular pay throughout the year.

Until the dream of a warless world is realized, such organizations are not only necessary, but those young men who become members will be in a position for rapid advancement, in case of hostilities at any future time. The National Guard, moreover, is becoming more and more a preparatory school for West Point.

We should think Medford would be like Klamath, Eugene, Salem and other cities of the state, with a waiting list for entrance into the Guard instead of an S. O. S. sign out for volunteers.

But it isn't. Just why we can't understand. Perhaps too many of our young men have viewed the Guard as a bore or a grind. Let them investigate a bit and they will find their mistake.

Of course every boy is not fitted for military service or training. But there are enough boys in Medford who are, to bring this city up to at least a decent average in the state.

**WHY DOCTORS LIVE LONGER**

ACCORDING to insurance company statistics, doctors live longer than any other class of people.

As the advertising writer might say, "There's a reason." Many people have no doubt observed how quickly the average doctor, for example, cures his own cold. It may take him a week to cure a patient—if he effects a cure then—but when he contracts the "sniffles" they are generally conquered in 24 hours.

This is due to the fact that he knows the cold symptoms, and beats the cold germs to the punch. Given the same "jump" he would no doubt be equally successful with any patient, but usually the cold has become well entrenched before he is called in.

The same thing is true with other diseases. The doctors heed the first warning; they don't wait until they are sick, and as a result they usually conquer the ailment in the shortest possible time.

There's another reason. The doctor knows himself. He knows through long experience how he reacts to certain medicines and treatments. He knows just what he should do and what he should take.

Only in rare instances does he have a similar knowledge of his patient. As a result there must be a certain period of experiment for no two individuals are alike. What is food for one is poison for another. Consequently the physician, in treating himself, has an important advantage in the factor of time.

Of course we can't all be doctors. But the time is coming, no doubt, when a working knowledge of the fundamental rules of hygiene and health will be a compulsory part of a college education.

Health is the normal condition, toward which all the forces of Nature are working. Ignorance is the greatest ally of disease. Nothing will assist the medical profession more than a more general knowledge among the rank and file, of health, its rules and regulations, so that the advantages now enjoyed by the doctor in self-treatment, will, to a certain extent, be enjoyed by the people at large.

**QUILL POINTS**

Instruction for laymen: "Log-rolling" is a professional term used by great writers and means: "You call me a great man and I'll call you a great man."

Democratic freedom from campaign fund scandals may be a result of righteousness, but a drunk sailor couldn't be prodigal if he had only two bits.

English politicians failed to control rubber because of a fresh sap supply. As a rule, however, that's what enables politicians to control.

Correct this sentence: "I don't know what his income is," said the bride-to-be. "I love him so much I've never thought of that."

**THE NEBBS—Mama Went Buy Buy**



**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 in a stamped, self-addressed envelope if enclosed. I do not know the names, nor any way to prevent wrong. It is best to have the seal and its semi-fluid or gelatinous contents examined before the seal becomes inflamed. This is usually done under local anesthetic and diagnosis of the condition without all the fuss.

**AUTOINTOXICATION IS A MORBID STATE OF MIND**

Several years ago Sir William Arbuthnot Lane reported 28 cases of constipation or intestinal stasis which he had treated by cutting out the large bowel or colon, with only nine fatalities, and over 5,000 cases that showed a marked improvement in health with the death of a patient. Sir Arbuthnot has fixed upon the human colon or large bowel as the Pandora's box of pathology, according to the "Inter-view" the brilliant British doctor manages to have published at appropriate intervals in American Sunday papers.

It seems that Sir Arbuthnot conducts a column abroad. Among the bills he has traced to the colon are now listed nearly everything from sinusitis to cancer inclusive. Have you "catarrh," nervousness, "thin" tired feeling, a poor memory, no money in the bank or faulty digestion? It is all from the dreadful state of your colon! Your diet isn't right! Come alive, and Sir Arbuthnot's publishers your life shillings for his special diet list!

Anyone who has ever happened to examine a human colon in situ can readily comprehend that removing the structure, in whole or in part, must be a tedious and tedious job. A person is quite firmly attached to his colon, much more intimately than he is to his liver or kidneys. I believe readers of pink Sunday papers will marvel at the surgical feat such papers perform now and again, namely, the removal of a man's kidneys to send them to the laundry for a thorough cleaning. I have never thought much of this miracle—the only wonder I can see in it is that the kidneys come back unharmed at the edge. But I do envy and admire the genius and the skill of the men who can separate a patient from his colon or any portion of it and send the patient home still tickling and perfectly oriented as to whether he is coming or going. Lane did this 19 times out of 23 trials before he ever perpetrated a diet list on the public. Not a bad score for a medical man, but a whale of a long funeral considered purely as a penalty of refined diet.

As I have often tried to indicate, the practice of surgery is largely an art apart from medical science. A man may become a brilliant operator, achieve conspicuous success and fame as a surgeon, yet have little or no medical knowledge aside from the technique of his work. This fact, the laity never considers. To the layman the great surgeon knows it all and so the surgeon's slightest pronouncement or idea impresses the layman more than any opinion or advice offered by an "ordinary" doctor. Thus a noted surgeon can get away with murder, metaphorsically speaking. Thus the notion that Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane that numerous diseases and especially cancers, are caused by what this eminent terrible of English magazine medicine calls slow poisoning from constipation and stagnation of food residue in the colon. The man, deplorable part of it is that Lane has no scientific ground for his frightful assumption; and he needs none, for it is quite enough for the British laity or at least that portion of it that subscribes for elephrag magazines, to know that an eminent "authority" as Sir Arbuthnot conceives such a morbid fancy, even though it be conceived out of thin air.

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS**  
Irony of Life.  
I am 27 years old, six inches tall, and weigh only 113 pounds. When I consulted a physician he advised me to try iron, but I became suspicious when he offered to sell it to me. What do you think of yeast iron for me? It is highly recommended.  
R. G.

Answer—I should say yeast iron is worthless. If you consulted a reputable physician and he prescribed iron, you should take his advice, even though he charges for it. If there was a particular form of iron he wished to administer, of course somebody has to pay for it. As a rule, iron is of no particular value in increasing weight, but perhaps your light weight is only one feature of your ill health.

**WINS**

What can I do to prevent warts growing in my scalp? I have had six, and after they get quite large

they usually fester and break and discharge a long time. — Mrs. J. J.

Answer—A wart is a cyst of a sebaceous or oil gland in the skin, usually about the scalp or head. I do not know the cause, nor any way to prevent warts. It is best to have the wart and its semi-fluid or gelatinous contents examined before the wart becomes inflamed. This is usually done under local anesthetic and diagnosis of the condition without all the fuss.

**CHEWING GUM**

Kindly tell me what a person gets out of chewing gum. Also what do you think of a girl painting her knees? — H. S.

Answer—A person gets nothing out of chewing gum. Restless, nervous, brooding, dull or nabby pambly folk derive a kind of relief from sucking thumbs, biting nails, monkeying with cigarettes, chewing gum, whistling, drumming with the fingers and the like. Mainly, I think, it is a manifestation of the universal need of adequate daily exercise—work, play. A lot of people try to get along without this daily exercise—and they generally resort to some such substitution. I can't see any reason why a girl should paint her knees if she has to paint her map.

**MILK FOR ADULTS**

I am 62 and in fair health, but of a nervous disposition. I thrive on all kinds of milk dishes and they agree with me, but I am told milk is not a suitable food for adults.

Answer—I think milk is a suitable food for adults, and especially at your age.  
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**Communications**

Opposed to New Pacific Highway.  
To the Editor:  
I think the business men of Medford are on the wrong tack when they attempt to lead the highway traffic. Those that want to trade in business on Main street and they routed the traffic past my door I would promptly seek a location on a side street—there would be no chance to do business on Main street for cars. Riverside avenue is ideal for the through traffic. Those that want to trade will stop and get what they want and the others will go on their way. But the highway should have a straight shot from Central Point along the S. P. track to Medford and lead off to Riverside below the mill site. There is one thing Medford can do—put up two big signs, one at Gold Hill and another toward Ashland, and tell the tourist "all roads lead to Medford." They have diverting signs starting on the foothill road from Gold Hill and all along the foothill road to Jacksonsville. To Medford 3 or 4 miles, whatever the mileage be. The tourist that wants to ramble around the valley will have more confidence in the side

**Rippling Rhymes**  
(By Walt Mason)

**BEATING THE PONES**  
The young man betting on the horses will shortly know just what remorse is. At first he bets for mere diversion, and to the "bookie" makes exultant smashes, with which he feels would be the hacker of some bag man or gray or sorrel he thinks entitled to the laurel. He has the plunk and he will bet it, and if he loses he'll forget it. He is a man, he's not a rabbit; no danger, he'll get the habit, just as the youth who quiffs a beaker looks with contempt on drinkers weaker, who cannot quit their daily beeping while self-respect and virtue loathe; he only drinks because he wishes to slip some tin from out of his pocket, and he can't get it out without a struggle of endeavor. And then, some morning of disaster, he finds the gin's become his master, and all the hopes of soul and body are for another blimbling today.

And on the youth who goes a-betting, he tells his friends it's idle fretting; he hears the pastor's words with laughter; a little sport is all he's after. And soon his mind is all on wagers, on bets and lays, and other stagers; his luck, no matter how good, will make a killing soon or later. He borrows money here and yonder, he pawns his clothes for coin to squander, he tramples all his morals under, his reputation goes to thunder. The slave to betting seldom quits it; while there's a chance to bet he hits it; the time he needs for husbandry he'll pass on some old away-backed pony; the quarter that would buy him bedding, goes where the baneful plugs are trending. And in the end the town or county will plant him and regret its bounty.

**Mademoiselle Simone de la Chaume, French, is woman golf champion of England. The British saw Mile de la Chaume beaten yesterday by the American girl, Glenna Collett.**

**Once more you wonder why European blood transplanted to America beats Europe, male and female.**

**However, we haven't produced anybody to beat that French lady marvel, Lenglen.**

**Prince Carol Departs**  
DOVER, ENGL., May 14.—(AP)—Prince Carol, unwanted in England, sailed at 2:45 p. m. for the continent. He was accompanied by Madame Lupescu and three secretaries, two of them men.

**Skins That Attract People**

They must be soft and colorful—free from bumpy skin—not dry or scaly—must not show. Just try this new wonderful French Process Face Powder called MELLO-GLO. Stays on longer—very fine—will be prized at its superior quality. Nothing like it. Get MELLO-GLO. Health's Drug Store.

**County Clerk Meyer Asks Second Term**

Medford is ahead of her business now; what you want is more payrolls. And the Farm Bureau should adjust itself to handle, pack and ship all the produce grown in the valley at actual expense without profit, to help the growers that are trying hard to help themselves but are up against a hard game.  
C. E. VILLIN.

**At Horrific Bert Anderson.**

To the Editor:  
In your paper of May 14th I read with amazement and supreme revulsion a political advertisement, signed by certain jurors and doctors who took part in the Omar Murphy trial in 1925.

For 40 years I have been reading political advertisements and without question this is the most heinous thing of the kind I have ever seen cooked up and stirred by human beings. I wish to say I would have had my right hand cut off before I would have allowed it to write or sign such a thing.

Omar Murphy has suffered the tortures of the damned and is now in an insane asylum. All he and his children and relatives and friends ask is to be allowed to forget—to let the dead and terrible past bury its dead; and here come this ghastly bundle, dragging forth this compassionate hand of time had thrust into the dark closet of oblivion.

Why should the closed pages of the family's past be re-opened for the purpose of reviving political "advantage"? How could any part in this tragedy add laurels to one's fame?  
BERT ANDERSON,  
Medford, May 16.

Rainier—Cannery opens for salmon packing.

**EVERY HOME NEEDS FLY-TOX**

Cleanliness is impossible where there are flies or similar disease carrying household insects. They ruin everything they touch. Infect milk, meat, sweets. Transmit 30 different diseases. Fly-Tox kills flies. It is safe, stainless, sure. Instant on Fly-Tox. Fly-Tox is the scientific insecticide developed at Mellon Institute of Industrial Research by Rex Fellowship. Simple instructions on each bottle (attached) for killing ALL household insects. Fly-Tox fragrance is a symbol of cleanliness.

DELILIA STEVENS MEYER.  
—Paid Ad.

**Brisbane's Today**  
(Continued from Page One)

offspring of a temperate male parent are pre-eminently girls." Experiments on animals prove it, German scientists accept it.

Mothers that want boys will kindly remember that German scientists do not use bootleg whiskey in their experiments. Merely smelling alcohol edified male men to produce an overwhelming majority of male offspring. The alcohol entered Father Mouse's blood through his nose.

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**International Correspondence Schools**

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Box 957 Medford, Ore.

**JOHNS-MANVILLE ROOFING and SHINGLES AT TROWBRIDGE LUMBER YARD**