

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily, Sunday, Weekly
Published by the
MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
35-37-39 N. Fir St. Phone 75

ROBERT W. RUIH, Editor
S. SUMPTON SMITH, Manager
An Independent Newspaper

Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By Mail—In Advance:
Daily, with Sunday, year, \$7.50
Daily, without Sunday, year, \$6.50
Daily, without Sunday, month, .55
Weekly Mail Tribune, one year, \$2.00
Sunday, one year, \$2.00
By Carrier, in Advance—Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on Highways:
Daily, with Sunday, month, \$1.75
Daily, without Sunday, month, .65
Daily, without Sunday, one year, \$6.50
Daily, with Sunday, one year, \$7.50
All terms, cash in advance.

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Only paper in city or county receiving news by telegraph.

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Sworn daily average circulation for six months ending April 1, 1928, 4532.

Official paper of the City of Medford, Official paper of Jackson County.

Advertising Representative:
M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY
Office in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

YE SMUDGE POT
By Arthur Perry

People living by the side of the road the poet sang about so sweetly, report that between the woodpeckers and the tourist, a garden has no chance.

Yesterday your court, talked with a robbed farmer, who related in detail how he was skinned by man and nature, and then he laughed about a fool hen of his, who tried to hatch out a door-knob all last spring.

WHAT HAPPENED?
(Oregon City Enterprise)
Mrs. Eason plays for a quartet of which Mr. Eason is a member. A few years ago Mr. Eason was a popular singer here.

The community at last has produced a gal, described by loving friends of both sexes, as "patrician." Heretofore, she has only been known as statuesque and picturesque, with her skirt hitched up a bit too high in the back.

FOR SALE—Third-hand Ford, in 21 shape. (Only run to death.)

A man drunk enough to be driving an auto, was caught foot last evening.

The church appeals for you attendance this Sunday morning, and you should go. (Haker Herald.)

Double-jointed, advice: The gas tanks were full, and the peeps stily.

CAUTIOUS CONCLUSION
(Chico, Cal., Enterprise)
MERCURY—The body of Joe Swo was found hanging from a big tree here yesterday. He had been dead for several hours. Sheriff W. T. White, who with M. M. Morse, deputy and H. H. Houston, deputy coroner, investigated, believes he committed suicide.

The forthcoming campaign promises to be a dinger, with the professional later busy with the collection plate. Already funds are being garnered to combat Satan, Rome, Vice, and Rum. The professional here is always wholly religious. Religion enables this specimen of humanity, to keep from loathing himself, in a more thorough manner than did Judas Iscariot.

The weather is slapping around for the staging of the dramatic gesture known as a thunderstorm.

The full report of the presidential campaign fund probe at hand, indicates that our jr. seed-sender will turn out to be as snaky a pestifer, in the course of time, as our fair-saying sc. colon. Aided by a pair of Dixie democrats, jr. managed to aggravate Mr. Hoover while that distinguished gentleman was on the stand, by faintly intimating he was in cahoots with manufacturers of chinaware. The primary evil in this state is most sufficient that the constituents of the jr. seed-sender are fairly fond of Hoover. He should desert his development in the political interests of H. Maria Davies, vice president, and father of an understanding pipe.

CLEAR AS MUD
(Coos Bay Times)
NOTICE—"True Story" writer in town would like lives of varied, important events of two struggling elements. Phone 576-J or write Box H D, care of Times.

Tell Plymouth, 2, has mastered the art of sucking fluids, such as milk and water, through a straw, and feels as proud about it, as if he had cut his little finger.

The departure of everybody with the price, on long journeys towards the rising sun has not created the civic vacuum expected.

A shoemaker's son is going bare-footed.

Bishop Shot by Pastor
CHARLESTON, S. C., June 5.—(AP)—The condition of the Right Rev. William A. Guerry, Protestant Episcopal bishop of the South Carolina diocese, who was shot yesterday by the Rev. J. H. Woodward, was reported this morning as "unchanged and still very serious."

Meredith Is Better
DES MOINES, Ia., June 5.—(AP)—E. T. Meredith's condition showed some improvement today. He spent a fairly good day yesterday. Dr. A. C. Papp, his physician, reported.

Mr. Meredith, former secretary of agriculture, is suffering from high blood pressure. His condition is critical.

UP IN THE AIR AGAIN

MAN'S conquest of the air is whirling along at such a dizzying pace that it is difficult for the human mind to keep up with its sensational progress.
One amazing flight is no sooner completed than another takes its place, the thrill at breakfast is replaced by another thrill at dinner, until the average person finds his supply of adjectives exhausted, and any orderly appraisal of the situation, as a whole, impossible.

Probably Colonel Lindbergh is partially responsible for this condition. For his unprecedented solo flight coming first, placed all subsequent achievements under the heading of anticlimaxes. Nothing in the way of ocean air flights has, and probably nothing ever will, so capture the imagination and so arouse world enthusiasm, as the unique and spectacular achievement of the "Lone Eagle" in his "Spirit of St. Louis."

In this headlong dash, tragedies are jumbled with gallant triumphs, and isn't it astounding how quickly both are forgotten?

A few years ago this disappearance of the Italia and its crew in the barren wastes of the Arctic Circle would have held the world's interest and keenest sympathies for weeks; but with a "Girl Lindbergh" preparing for an Atlantic hop and the Southern Cross soaring over the Pacific, the incident is all but forgotten.

We will hear a great deal more about the courage of the four men on the Southern Cross, and courageous they were, in the highest degree, but this was not the distinguishing characteristic of their flight. Courage is common to all long-distance aviators. But, like Lindbergh, these four airmen, tempered their courage with skill, and the greatest care in preparation.

It was not luck that brought them safely through the longest ocean flight in the history of aviation, any more than it was luck that brought Lindbergh safely to the Paris air-drome. It was the most resourceful sort of flying, under the most adverse conditions, and the most painstaking attention to every detail, before the hop off, that was responsible for their triumph.

Perhaps the most outstanding achievement of this Pacific flight, however, was the unprecedented success of the radio contact. Can anyone picture anything more dramatic and supremely thrilling than this continuous story of the flight, flashed out through the ether at half-hour intervals, as the Southern Cross roared over the turbulent and storm-driven Pacific? Talk about human interest! Read over the report printed in the Mail Tribune yesterday:

"I'm drawing a caricature of Smith, his eyes bulging out as engine No. 3 starts to miss."

Yes, we are living in a marvelous age! Too marvelous, perhaps, for a proper appreciation. Probably only those who come after us, capable of securing the necessary historical perspective, will fully sense the wonders of this amazing era of airplane development.

QUILL POINTS

The two most important muscles that function without direction by the brain are the heart and the tongue.

Obesity doesn't shorten life. The oldest woman in Turkey is named Mafat.

It isn't stupidity that makes the magazines accept such awful stuff. It is because nothing better is offered.

Tune up an airplane motor and it delivers more power, but tuning up won't enable a flivver motor to lift a plane. And it's that way in a college.

Usually you can tell just by looking at a man that he likes to tell how much his cigarettes cost.

Carol says no man would give up a throne for a woman. Well, the Prodigal Son didn't give up his rights for hushes. He didn't know about the hushes.

Perhaps people would be less cynical if the handshaker who represents a worthy cause looked less prosperous.

Farmers didn't feel so down-trodden in the old days. They couldn't ride so far to hear so many speeches.

Americanism: Feeling abused if you can't go where the crowd is; joining the crowd and beefing about the jam.

You can say one thing for bootleg liquor. By the time a victim gets enough to be stewed, he's too far gone to cry.

Prosperity brings new troubles, and doubtless the mosquito has a hard time deciding where to begin.

Critics who say Cohen is the first to shine in a ball game forget the three-ball game.

THE NEBBS—Beg Your Pardon



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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this newspaper.

INOCULATION AGAINST CRU

Newspaper item: "Doctors trace 42 ailments to constipation. They (let us call it) 42 calibre Curcul through these raw spring months."

Another item: "Over 10,000 motorists testified that this device increases gasoline mileage 25 to 50 per cent. With a dilapidated motor, the right lubrication, a lubricated driver ought to make the bus pay him a dividend, which he should invest in shock absorbers."

Still another item: "Authorities state that 37 diseases are spread by the hands. Use only (let us call it) Pure Permatone Soap. It's a cake in a tidying poupon. It pays for veritable information like this."

One more seems good enough to quote: "Thirteen thousand doctors (yes, sir, redistributed no less than 13,911 cartons) report that (let's say) Rolled Oats cereals cloud the intellect 21.38 per cent less than other brands."

What value has so called "inoculation" or "vaccination" against so called "common colds"? This question is as difficult to answer categorically as is the choice of soap, cigarettes, liver regulators or shock absorbers.

Busy practicing physicians, who are generally the best judges in such matters, scarcely qualify as experts about this, for how are they to know whether the treatment has prevented frequent "colds" in any considerable number of patients taken at random from a scattered practice? A doctor may administer one of the bactericidal or bacterial "vaccines" to a score, a hundred or several hundred of his patients or clients. For a season thereafter he fancies not quite so many of these visit him with "fresh colds." He forms his opinion on this basis.

Physicians in institutions, or young doctors employed in industrial plants or large business houses, are in a position to observe the effect of this prophylactic treatment on a group of individuals, and these seem to be luckward about the value of this treatment. Some brand it worthless after a trial of the method for a season or two; others believe it has proved its worth.

Likewise, opinion among persons who have received the bacterial "vaccine" treatment for the prevention of recurring eruptions is multiplied, some declaring that it has absolutely prevented the usual attacks for the season, others uncertain about it, and still others condemning it.

What is the bactericidal or bacterial vaccine that doctors administer in the attempt to immunize patients against the common respiratory infections or whichever of these infections doctor and patient may tacitly agree to call "colds"? It is a shotgun mixture of half a dozen or more strains of bacteria such as are most frequently found in the nose and throat discharges of individuals suffering from such infections. Of course the germs are all killed by heat, and the patient receives only the substance of their dead bodies, a dose of hypodermic injection of the bacteria containing measured numbers of the killed bacteria. You see, it is a modified version of the old homeopathic principle or theory—similia similibus curantur, like cures like, or a hair of the dog that bites you. There is some question, however, whether we have the hair of the right dog. At our next meet we'll put the hair under the microscope.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Hey, Fat! Soap Out of It.
Avoledly biased as I am in favor of plumpness and plenty of it, nevertheless and for all of that, here's a hint to a man's patience. Desist from asking for the Brady Symphony I'm going to leave you flat one of these dark days. Lintens, meakases, The Brady Symphony positively will not reduce weight. On the contrary, it often increases the player's weight. So, for heaven's sake, don't ask for the Brady Symphony if you yearn to reduce. If you want to reduce, just tell me your weight and height, and if you hold the title of Mrs. give your age, and then, if I think you should have instructions for reducing I'll give them to you. Correspondents who do not sport the title of Mrs. should

not fail to use a front name or title that indicates gender.
Baby-Fats Diet.
Our 15-month-old son persists in thrusting sand, gravel or dirt into his mouth and eating it, at every opportunity. He seems to be a healthy baby, and I think we give him the proper food for a child of his age—cereals, carrots, potatoes, lots of milk, and bread. (Can you tell us how to manage this craving for gritty substances?)
—Mrs. B. W. K.

Answer—Painful cures of brain, oatmeal, riced wheat, bran, rice, fish mossa on him. Many babies hanker after a good mess of sand or gravel or ashes when they can get any, and in a year or two they tire of it, with no ill consequences. Older folk cultivate a taste for brisoid or breakfast food.
Can't Happen.
Your articles have helped me greatly. Will you tell me how to hasten the departure of old man Gout. I am 72, have good health, eat sparingly, don't drink, height 68 1/2 inches, weight 135 pounds. The present attack has lasted three weeks, and is the sixth attack since 1921. Two doctors have pronounced it gout. It attacks the big toe joint.
—S. R. C.

Answer—I don't believe gout can happen. The discovery of deposits of "uric acid" (mono-sodium urate) in the tissues, formerly considered evidence of gout, scarcely satisfies. This might occur as a consequence of any recurring inflammation. Whatever the nature of the arthritis in your case, the best suggestion I can offer is dithyrenic treatments. I don't know which physicians in your neighborhood are equipped to give such treatments, but you can inquire and find out.
(Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)

SALEM, Ore., June 5.—(AP)—Another petition for rehearing by the heirs of the late John Brigham, who sought to keep his Portland estate from going into the hands of Mercedes Wadsworth of The Dalles, his daughter by a common law marriage, was denied orally by the supreme court today.

Brigham left his estate to certain relatives. The will was contested by Mrs. Wadsworth, who claimed to be his legitimate daughter by a common law marriage and who was not mentioned in the will.

In the lower court for Multnomah county Judge George Tazewell called in a jury to act in an advisory capacity and to determine whether she was the legitimate offspring of Brigham, who it was claimed, had lived with her mother in a common law union for more than a year prior to her birth. The jury held that she was the legitimate daughter of the union. Tazewell, however, disregarded the findings of the jury and held against her.

She appealed to the supreme court and her contentions were upheld in an opinion by Justice McBride. The defendants filed a vigorous petition for a rehearing, which was granted. The court heard the case en banc. Justice McBride again wrote the prevailing opinion, upholding her under an act of the 1925 legislature. Justice Colow wrote a dissenting opinion.

Another petition for rehearing was denied today.

In an opinion by Justice Rossman the supreme court today modified a decree of Judge Kendall of the lower court for Coos county in the case of Walter Brakebush vs. John Aasen and others, defendants, and Harry L. Kelley, as receiver for Aasen, appellant, in an action to recover wages. The judgment of the lower court in allowing the plaintiff \$2140, the agreed value of the labor of thirteen workmen, was affirmed.

The lower court decree was modified, however, to eliminate \$600 of attorneys' fees and \$311 costs. A petition for rehearing was denied in an opinion by Justice Colow in the case of John Metzger, administrator for the estate of David Weaver, appellant, vs. Aaron C. Guynap and others.

Mrs. Logan Lagan brought her two daughters, Vivienne and Nellie, of Grants Pass here yesterday for their music lessons.

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason)

HOPE ETERNAL

Spring's with us once again, and now the husbandmen go forth a-sowing to start things growing. All through the winter day and night they did their raising: their craft of farming has grown alarming. Back in the olden times farmers could make some dimes; but now they're busted and sore disgusted. Prices forever rise on all the farmer buys; a jinx dwelling on all he's selling. Congress is asked in vain some justice to maintain; the state-runners fail him, the sheriffs fail him. Thus the poor farmer shrieks through the long winter weeks; the hopes he cherished have shrunk and perished. Still brooding o'er his plight he sits up all the night; his lot is beastly, his words unpriestly. Spring's with us once again, and now the husbandmen go forth a-sowing to start things growing. All through the winter day and night they did their raising: their craft of farming has grown alarming. Back in the olden times farmers could make some dimes; but now they're busted and sore disgusted. 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