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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

The disheartening information is forthcoming that fleas are plentiful in this vicinity, many confining themselves to the backs of dogs, but invading social circles this year. A certain amount of fleas are supposed to be good for a dog, but when they take to roaming over the necks and shoulders of humans, living off the country, so to speak, it is a different proposition and about time to appoint a special commissioner to investigate, and adopt resolutions condemning the impudent fleas. This is vital. A prospective settler asks first about the coolness of the nights, and then desires to know if the fleas are hungry.

War horses of the Republican party are gathering today amid waving flags and blaring bands, to nominate a presidential nominee. The keynote speakers are bursting with bank. Among the opening songs, and one that will illustrate the deep religious nature of the stuporous gathering of statesmen, will be the hymn, "Sweet Are the Promises," as fitting as it is appropriate. When the blatherskites known as the democratic party assemble, they will warble "East Side, West Side." They are all sinners.

A war on Sunday dancing looms in this state. It is supposed that the reform is backed by a group who have played golf every Sunday for years.

NOT KNOCKING HUBBY
(Clinton, O., Itemizer)
Mrs. Alice McCrorey and son, Harvey, went to Dayton last Sunday, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dunbar, who were slightly injured in an automobile accident last week. Mrs. Dunbar before her accident was Miss Olivia McCrorey.

Rain put a crimp in Sabbath gadding on an extensive scale, and caught farmers with their hay down, as usual.

Best wishes are extended to the two girls bound to fly across the Atlantic ocean, along with the hope they both will be remembered longer than Alice Older, who on the same perilous journey was forced down near the Bahamas.

"Professors and editors, and such" (Brisbane's "Today"), "And such" is a sarcastic touch.

Telf Pymale is strutting like a 2nd foot, owing to the acquisition of a flaming red coat with gold buttons.

The dust has settled. It was beginning to get in the hair, the house, the jello, and the home-brew creek.

Local supply of cannon-fodder will mobilize and entrain for Camp Clatsop tomorrow.

The good-looking young lady who has been spending a large portion of her spare time on a billboard in the interests of a cigarette, has another beau.

Ben Hur Lounpman, who does the fancy fishing on the editorial page of the esteemed Oregonian, flourishes Saturday Benjamin had a piece about flowers, so good it gave three valley readers the hay fever, and Sunday he ground out an article of literary merit and beauty, in which the allegation was set forth that sea-gulls cause Good work, Ben!

It is sincerely hoped that the next electric sign that is installed by our merchants, displays unique originality and has some red lights.

The Oregon delegation to KC. got some of their own medicine Saturday. They were taken from their comfortable Pullman, by hoisting Nebraskaans of Alliance, and whisked by auto 14 miles over the prairie, to a burg comparing to Ashland.

A DIRECTED VERDICT FOR THE HEAD DENIED

WASHINGTON, June 11.—(AP)—The motion of defense attorneys for a directed verdict of not guilty on the trial of Robert W. Stewart, charged with a misdemeanor for refusing to answer questions put by a senate committee, was denied today by Justice Suddens in the District of Columbia supreme court.

UNUSUAL BUT VERY USEFUL

WHAT is so rare as a rain in June! Then if ever days of perfect sunshine are expected, and if there is any precipitation, it is only a passing shower.

But yesterday we had a genuine downpour, from early in the morning to late in the afternoon, and today it looks as though there might be more.

"Very unusual," as they say in California. But perhaps not quite so unusual as many people suspect. For May was the driest month, for that period of the year, in the history of the local Weather Bureau, and undoubtedly the truth is that we merely received the normal May rain the month following, which, everything considered, is a very slight error on the part of the Weather Man.

And this is a better arrangement. For previously the rain always came immediately after the first alfalfa crop had been cut, which was hard on the hay and on the disposition of the hay ranchers.

Yesterday's rain materially helped the hay crop we are informed, will be of invaluable assistance to those who irrigate, and certainly takes a heavy burden from the shoulders of the family sprinklers. Lawns which were dried out in spots, are today soaked down to the water table, and when the sun comes out tomorrow or next day, what a gorgeous sight the city of Medford and the surrounding valley will be!

It will be nice for the roses, too, but not so nice for the Portland Rose show. Too bad. But with the sun soon on the job, even that should end in a burst of glory.

THE COUNTRY IS SAFE!

THERE is no more need to worry about the Republican National Convention. With S. S. Smith and J. H. Cooley of Medford seated as alternate delegates in the Oregon delegation, we can be assured the world will be made unsafe for the Democratic party.

Naturally the Mail Tribune's hat-band is fitting rather snug this afternoon, as it ratifies its manager is to be seated among the distinguished delegates to the convention, with a Portland rose in his buttonhole and an enameled badge, with red ribbons and gold fringe, as large as Catherine Smith's wedding cake, on the other side.

We also join in the civic pride aroused by the seating of J. H. Cooley. When one comes to think of it, Mr. Cooley is excellently fitted for such a position, having many characteristics in common with Andrew Mellon of Pennsylvania, who, as we have frequently mentioned, will dictate the choice of this epoch-making gathering.

Hoover may or may not be nominated—although with Borah coming out for the Secretary of Commerce today, it looks more inevitable than ever,—but this much is certain,—before the convention adjourns, the members of the Oregon delegation, and the delegations surrounding it, will know there is such a place on the map as Medford, Oregon, and that it is "the biggest and liveliest little city in the world."

A GOOD BEGINNING

THE management of the Southern Oregon Gas Company certainly deserve a word of commendation for their recently announced policy of reducing rates to cooking consumers.

Such a policy is as refreshing as it is unusual. Usually a change in management means higher rates to the consumer rather than lower.

But not only is such a policy good for Medford; it will eventually prove beneficial to the gas company. For the cornerstone of any public utility success is increased volume and increased good will. This reduction will secure the first and contribute materially to the second.

QUILL POINTS

Distribution of birth-control literature wouldn't help much anyway. Flies can't read.

When a woman changes her mind three times, perhaps her intuition is just getting the range.

The doctrine of original sin is all right, but it's getting very difficult to think up one that's original.

There are things to forget and evade, and he is a rare convention key-noter who makes the keynote so natural.

The brown derby as a campaign emblem reminds us that the winner of a derby race must jump the wet places.

Fable: Once there was a savings account that could tell the difference when a man stopped smoking to save money.

Chinese are polite; and though they persist in occupying part of China, they seem very apologetic about it.

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.

LITTLE CHINKS OF COLD LOGIC

He developed subacromial bursitis, try to spell the name of our street, putting a lot of fizz in it, and then he advised me to change the name of the street or move. But he had something worth while to say when he cooled off, and this is it:
In Africa, when I had the misfortune to serve with a much maligned French regiment of great renown, then the negroes knew that the intense heat of day and the shivering cold by night had nothing at all to do with fevers and the like. The blacks knew that bites of insects spread plagues which beset the whites. The French and the English were prone to blame the trouble on the changeable climate. I agreed with the negroes.

In the far north I have protected hands and feet from freezing and come unscathed through many weary months of winter, sleeping in the snow, wet through in the spring breaks when night temperatures slipped low enough to believe me. Have had clothing frozen from head to foot, frozen so that it was torture to bend legs. The advice of the Indians and old timers in the far north is to forget pneumonia which you think you'll get, breathe carefully to avoid searing the lungs and keep feet and hands, nose and ears from freezing, and you'll pull through all right. In fact, in that country of bitter cold, of exposure and death from freezing, the only disease I ran across the smallest—and I don't believe your vertebrae ever contemplated that that was caught in drafts, did they?
In the more prosaic existence which I now enjoy I have hunted on the turbulent stream known as the Missouri river. Boats have been capsized, I have battled ice-filled currents to sandbars and there drifted my freezing clothing by a driftwood fire. I have stripped to the hide in zero weather and turned as on a spit, before the fire to keep both sides of the old anatomy at least fairly warm while sodden clothing dried on sticks. The only thing I ever felt after such exposure was a certain exhilaration, a tingling of the skin from head to foot, a prickling as if my body had caught fire. My companions in similar pitches have wailed about pneumonia but I never heard of one of them contracting it after sudden cold immersion in this sort.

Last of all, I interviewed a man who was in a Turkish bath when the building caught fire. Time was midwinter. Wrapped in a bath towel and nothing more, barefoot, bareheaded, sweating like the devil, he dashed into subzero weather and cooled off considerably before he was able to push through the crowd and enter a steam-heated building. Sweat had frozen on his hair, face, neck, legs. He wailed and moaned. He talked of pneumonia, cold and grip. I kept track of this bird and he has so far survived without even a sneeze.
Another incident. I was suffering from some kind of a nose and throat infection which had run two days. Ears buzzed, head ached, bones ached. I had the sniffles. Friends called it a cold, really I felt hot. The outdoors called to me on a cloudy, overcast day when the ice had just slipped from the lakes. There was a cold north wind. Frost was still on the ground. Ice still clung to the banks of creeks, slough, bayous and lakes.

Three of us sought live bait for fishing that would come later. We had a seine. We found that the best places to seek the elusive minnows were four and five feet deep. Two deep for his waders, of the "cold" sufferer, waded into the water up to my armpits. Cold, brother, it was cold at first. I tugged the end of the 15-foot seine. I toiled and half swam, toiled again, then landed the net. This performance was repeated several times in two hours. After the first immersion the water seemed less cold. My companions complained because the wet seine turned their hands blue, or cold was it.
Three hours after I left the last slough I arrived home, except into the barement and changed my clothes. My disease ran on for another day then cleared up. The wet clothing, the cold water, the bitter exposure, the hard labor under trying conditions, did not affect the respiratory infection from which I was suffering. I have a reason to believe I had a couple degrees of fever when I went on the expedition. I know I had some when I got home.
So there you are. I believe as you believe. I haven't been able to test out that skin theory of Sours yet and may never do so, but I do know from a thousand and one experiences that respiratory diseases do not come from exposure.

There are such things as trench feet, frostbite, forest fires falling on outdoors adventures, but I can't find any proof of the cold draft bug. And I was hunting for such proof in several different climates before I ever knew of Dr. William Brady.

Cordially and respectfully,
JACK DE WITTE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Calories Fully Revealed.
Please send me a calorie list or tell me where I might get one.—Mrs. E. S.
Answer—Send 10 cents in coin to superintendent of documents, government printing office, Washington, D. C., for a copy of Bulletin 28, agriculture department. This is the original table of analyses of American food material from which nearly all "calorie lists" are taken.

Rhiz-Carlton hotel, three young pacifemen sauntering across the street, each carrying a repeating rifle or shotgun. They commandeer a taxicab, and with the driver none too well pleased, start on their journey.

A New York crowd looks and wonders mildly, whom they intend to shoot and where. Such is our civilization, in 1928, with bootleg and bandit accessories.

Golf balls will be painted bright colors to correspond with golf sticks and blazers. Orange and yellow are popular. This will interest some more than any convention.

On your radio you will hear the convention speakers before they are heard by those sitting one hundred feet from them. Electricity carries the voice 10,000 miles faster than it can travel through the air 100 feet.

NEW YORK, June 11.—(AP)—A sensational decline of 67 1/2 share in the common stock of the flanelcity corporation, on the New York curb market, coupled with an increase in call money rate from 5 1/2 to 6 per cent, started a general selling movement on the New York stock exchange today which carried prices of many stocks down 25 to 50 a share.

Banically common sold as high as \$223 a share in April. It broke to \$123 on the curb market.
On the stock exchange, Baldwin Locomotive, United States Cast Iron Pipe, Case Threshing and Russia Insurance each sold 5 1/2 a share or more lower, while Weight Aeroplane, Cashman's Bakery, Curtiss Aeroplane and Pittsburg and West Virginia sold down 26 to 28.

General Motors, General Electric, Anaconda Copper and other recent industrial favorites sold down 22 to 24 a share.
So great was the late rush of selling that the ticker was 21 minutes late in recording the final quotation.

Lester Lark, of the Weekly Slipper, won't tell Binkley price for 't best writeup of a burnt buildin', bein' th' only contestant that didn't say anything about th' flames "belchin' forth" an' "th' structure bein' gutted." An optimist is a fellow that digs dandelions out of his lawn.

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Rippling Rhymes
(By Walt Mason)

LAW ABIDING

Some bandits, in our little town, were shot and slain and stricken down like mad dogs, by the cops; they'd not surrender on demand, so went to fertilize the land and help out future crops. There'd been a carnival of crime on deck for quite a little time, and citizens were sore; some honest voters, going home, were roundly slugged upon the dome, and robbed of all their store. Things grew so bad that prudent thinkers were scared to walk the streets at night, lest they be robbed or slain; so when the cops began to slay, I heard approving people say, "Their course is save and sane. When criminals go forth with rats to rob good people of their hats, their guns and pistols, it does not punish them if they are pinched by harness bull, and placed 'twixt prison walls. It doesn't make their feet grow cold, for they will shortly be paroled, or pardoned and set free; some mild official, court or board will see they're presently restored to reckless liberty. Then they'll get their gats from pawn, and shoot some voter on his lawn, and steal his fountain pen; but if they're shot and planted right, when coppers meet them in the night, they will not rob again." The finest people in the town were laying this raw logic down, without a blush of shame; they'd lost all notion that the law would ever make the halter draw, or stop the slayer's game. And you will hear men talking wherever you peep your bus, under a summer moon; and it's a dismal state of things, you must agree with me, that brings the law to common scorn.

Albert Anderson, James Seabrooke, Dorothy Nicewood, Ruth Collins, Lois Loesch and Archie West went to Ashland Friday and received their diplomas, having successfully passed the eighth grade state examinations.

Although the school term in this district was badly broken into by the infantile paralysis scare last fall, all the pupils successfully made their required grades, which speaks well for the two teachers in charge of the school, Miss Purcell and Miss Sweeney.

Owing to the fact that Miss Sweeney has decided to take more training in college work, she will not be here for the next school year, which is regretted very much by the school board and patrons of the district.

Many from here attended the graduation exercises of the Central Point schools. Alvin Hamilton of this district was one of those receiving high school diplomas.

Mrs. Hattie Cameron and children, who have been in Medford for several months, are now living in the house recently built on their property here.

A mill has been installed at the Dunlap & Hamilton dairy ranch for grinding feed, which it is claimed will grind alfalfa containing needle grass into meal with the objectionable stickers of the needle grass entirely eliminated.

Notices are posted calling attention to the annual school meeting June 18, at which a director for the three-year term and a clerk will be elected. Also the school board is looking for bids on the delivery of 40 tons of wood.

Those from here who attended the Decoration Day exercises at Central Point were very much impressed with the appropriate program, but were also greatly surprised to see that only one lone Civil War veteran was in attendance.

What is believed to have been the work of dogs driving a band of sheep through a narrow passage way along the river caused the loss by drowning of 40 sheep belonging to the Dunlap and Hamilton herd.

The first hatching of mosquitos in this section must have been a successful one from all appearances, as on the meadows and alfalfa fields are infested with millions of them.

EXECUTOR'S SALE LUTU G. HERRON ESTATE
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as executor of the estate of Lulu G. Herron, deceased, by authority of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Multnomah, will on and after the 15th day of June, 1928, proceed to sell at private sale the following described real property belonging to said estate, to-wit:

Government lot number three (3), the Southeast quarter (SE 1/4) of the Northwest quarter (NW 1/4) and the North half (N 1/2) of the Southwest quarter (SW 1/4) of Section ten (10) in Township forty (40) South of Range three (3) East of the Willamette Meridian, Oregon, containing one hundred sixty-four and fifty-seven hundredths acres, situated in Jackson County and State of Oregon.

Said property will be sold for cash in hand on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

William Melville Herren, Executor of the estate of Lulu G. Herron, deceased. Address, 321 Pacific Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

O. A. NEAL, Attorney for Executor.

Date of first publication, May 14th, 1928.

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Well Groomed Women Know

A face powder like this new wonderful French process powder called MELLO-GLO—stays on longer—keeps that ugly shine away—gives the skin a soft, peachy look—prevents large pores. You will be amazed at the beautifying qualities and purity of MELLO-GLO. You will be glad you tried it.

Health's Drug Store.

SCHOOL MEETING AT TABLE ROCK MONDAY, JUNE 18

TABLE ROCK, June 11.—(Special)—Mrs. Otis Davis is enjoying a visit from her brother, Morris Chase, and family of Bend.

Elmer Hull and family were recent weekend visitors at Crescent City, Cal.

Misses Ee and Jessie Seabrooks, accompanied by Mrs. Burger of Central Point, started for Los Angeles by motor last Monday after a visit to a week with relatives and their friends. They will return, bringing home with them Miss Alice Seabrooke, who is graduating this term at the Bible Institute in Los Angeles.

Attorney Porter D. Neff of Medford and Howard Mayfield of Central Point were business visitors here the first of last week.

The Watson-Neaton hay buying crew is working in the Beagle section.

L. D. Schafer is slowly recovering from his recent illness.

The Sams Valley Grange recently placed a large order for hay and stock salt to be distributed among its members.

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and all seem to have been appetites.

The harvesting of the first crop of alfalfa is in full swing here and, with the continued good weather, will be completed in a few days. The first cutting of alfalfa contains much more foul matter than usual, owing to the excess amount of rain which prevented farmers getting their fields properly cultivated.

There are a few fields of good grain in the district but the crop as a whole will be very insignificant principally because of the price of the product compared with the cost of production, which has driven many farmers out of the game.

Buckaroos Beat Walls Walla PENDINGTON, Ore., June 11.—(AP)—Heavy stick work on the part of the Buckaroos and a flock of glaring upstarts by the home club, enabled Pendington to take an easy Blue Mountain league game from Walla Walla yesterday, 12 to 6, on the Bears' lot.

Talk on Wheat.
PENDINGTON, Ore., June 11.—(AP)—One hundred grain men of Clatsilla county met here Saturday to hear E. N. Bates, grain investigator for the department of agriculture, speak on the grain industry. Bulking operations and other work relative to the industry were taken up by Mr. Bates.

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By BUD FISHER

MUTT AND JEFF—The Campaign Managers Caution a Lady on the Golf Course

JEFF, THIS GAME OF GOLF WILL SOOTH OUR WORN-OUT NERVES. BEING THE CAMPAIGN MANAGERS FOR HOOVER AND LOWDEN HAS EXHAUSTED US PHYSICALLY!

LOWDEN HAS PROMISED ME AN AMBASSADORSHIP IF I LAID THE NOMINATION FOR HIM!

I CONCEDE ONE STATE—OHIO—TO YOU AND HERB, BUT MY JUDGMENT TELLS ME I CAN SWING THOSE DELEGATES OVER TO MY MAN NEXT WEEK!

FORE!

GEE, THE PILL JUST MISSED THAT OLD LADY! I MIGHT HAVE KILLED HER!

WHERE DOES SHE THINK SHE IS, ANYWAY?

MADAM, DON'T YOU REALIZE IT'S DANGEROUS FOR YOU TO SIT THERE?

OH, IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT, SIR!

I'M SITTING ON AN OLD RAINCOAT!