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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

The military flower of the valley
hies away today, for two weeks of
2nd boots, and the horrors and
hazards of bushes, rifle barrels

They won't do it—but the republican party should insert a plank in their platform instructing Senator James E. Watson, the Klan puppet of Indiana, to keep his mouth shut. He is the best blatter out of turn, in the land.

A citizen bravely but indelicately
vented his way across the Main
Stem this morning safely with an
armload of carrots freshly washed.

Hobias Deuel has painted one of
his go-carts a brutal red. It is the
reddest red available, — redder
than a kimono, or a murderer's
hand.

GET DOWN FROM THERE!
(Columbia Inn Tribune)
LOST—Ladder, between 6th
and Spring Streets, with J. E.
Lynch on it. Reward if left
at Lynch shop, 1121 6th street.

From the number of high-toned,
high-priced American police dogs in
this city, the German war debt
ought to be pretty well whittled
down.

Lady Ford-Coupe of the local
imitation British set, has mastered
the science of holding the ashes
off a cigarette with the index finger,
instead of kicking them off
with the little finger, as gamblers
do across from the bottom of the
deck. In this method, the nose
of the cigarette points downward,
and held between the thumb and
the second finger. By gently tapping
with the index, or forefinger,
the residue is eradicated.

13 townsmen went aloft yesterday
in the visiting man-made bird,
and returned as they departed.
Back on vice versa, they skinned
out for home to face their women-folks.

There has been inexcusable negligence
in Humdinger, Inc., circles.
In the distribution of civic praline,
everything from the nose, to the
nutritiousness of the hind-leg of a
rabbit, has 37 pounds of hot-air
in it. But the silence of the "civic"
wasteful broods over the steady
increase in grape acreage, some of
which comes close to being smilling
vineyards. Let the touting committee
get busy!

Farmers are turning over their
boys, after the sun-soaking, car
washing rain of the 10th inst.

Pedestrians have taken to
proceeding down the highway in mass
formation. One of these days a
California car will develop a
sprained steering knuckle, after
the victims are all in the hospital
or the morgue.

FANCY WHITIN', WE CALLS IT
(Hola, Kan., Register)

Russell Henderson and J. W.
Eaker are among the ones that
had a tumbrel last week, both are
improving.
The Boy Scouts are a fine lot
of boys, and we hope they will drill
and get perfect in their march and
return to gather Sunday. Uncle
Sam may call them.

Mrs. Will Wagner had company
from Gas City and Chanute, West-
nesday.
A cotton wood tree was struck
with lightning a Thursday eve
during the storm, and say it sure
made a sound for miles.

John McDonald, the phone John,
was a round showing his tomatoes
a Thursday. They were large as a
bun egg if the egg was not very
large, never the less they were
nice.

A large cotton wood tree in front
of Mr. Reeves house was struck by
lightning a Thursday eve.

Annie Haines has been entertain-
ing company the past three
weeks. Mrs. Cycles and son from
KC. has been among her guests
and is care taker of the home and
care for her aunt who is an invalid. John Purple got two women
to help at the home a dollar a day.
Clay Atteberrie and father are
doing all OK.

Miss Rosemond Donaldson, field
demonstration of citrus product,
Procter and Gamble, were callers
in La Harpe a Friday and were a
very busy bunch of girls and were
very pleasant.

Places wanted at the Mail Trib-
une office. Must be clean.

IT'S OVER BEFORE IT STARTS

SO, it's all over but the shouting! For several months the Mail-Tribune has been predicting the nomination of Hoover; in fact, we suggested the convention be called off, as a needless strain on the pocketbook and vocal chords, and Hoover (also Smith for that matter) be awarded the prize by acclamation. But no one followed this shrewd and sapient advice. In fact, most of the political experts hereabouts opined that whoever the G. O. P. nominee would be, he would NOT be the Secretary of Commerce. For Herbert had started too soon, and aroused too much opposition. He hadn't, as usual, "played the game." It would be a dark horse.

Well, unless the political sun starts to turn from west to east tomorrow, and water to run uphill, Mr. Herbert Hoover will be the Republican nominee, and probably the next President of the United States.

It's all over but the selecting of a Vice-President and sweeping up the campaign buttons.

We admit we expected more of a fight. We thought the anti-Hoover forces would at least stage their auto caravan of protest, and go through the motions of a revolt.

Of course there will still be some oratory. Windy Watson of Indiana will spray his larynx and view with alarm, ex-Governor Lowden will deplore and regret; but there will be no fire or real conviction in it. For Andrew Mellon of Pennsylvania has spoken, the performance is over,—almost before it started,—and the play, as a play, is played out!

Now unless all signs fail one can witness that inspiring spectacle, the stampeede,—not for President Coolidge as so many, including Commodore Smudge Pot, supposed,—but for the Hoover bandwagon.

Watch them run! In three weeks, at the latest, there will be more "original Hoover men" in the Republican ranks than fleas in a dog pound. And do not be so sure ex-Governor Lowden—who, by the way, is a gentleman and a scholar;—and Jim Watson (who isn't) will not be there.

Not that they will love Hoover any more, but they will love a Democratic victory less. And most of them—particularly the Watson type,—would rather commit hari-kari than not be on the favored list when the federal patronage is handed out.

All of which is highly amusing, and entirely characteristic of the Opera-Bouffe-Sham-Battle we put on every four years.

QUILL POINTS

You needn't go far to be a success. Consider the bunt.

Process of developing a people: Sending a missionary; sending pants; building a filling station.

Old Dad frequently saw the sun rise when he was a youngster, but he didn't tell it good night.

Still, the advocate of personal liberty and individuality functions much like a member of the herd when he decides to buy a straw hat.

Nobody cares how much power the power people develop if they will resist the temptation to connect it with political machines.

It takes a lot of idealism to make stockholders clamor for the resignation of a crooked manager who is making them a fat profit.

Americanism: Inventing more and more electrical machinery for the kitchen; depending more and more on the hand-operated can opener.

The worm turns, and when everybody has a plane the farmer will drop his luncheon and refuse on Main street.

Nothing changes. Egyptian tomb paintings show doctors at work. The hieroglyphics denoting a physician is the bird that says "Quack!"

Religious intolerance isn't what it used to be. Once it said: "Boodkins! Listen at the knave's cry!" Now it merely says: "I reckon I'll vote fo' a danged Republican."

Well, if Washington couldn't tell a lie, he doubtless maintained a bitter silence when his neighbors began to talk about trout.

If a Londoner laughed for seventeen hours, he holds the record. But yes-men often do it for seven hours when the boss is in a story-telling mood.

Correct this sentence: "I'm going in here said the husband, and tell those women to go on home so my wife can fix supper."

MUTT AND JEFF—Ouch! And How!

I JUST MET A NOTED POLITICAL LEADER WHO IS GONNA ADDRESS A MEETING OF WOMEN VOTERS TONIGHT, AND I FINALLY PERSUADED HER TO LET ME SPEAK A FEW WORDS TO THE FAIR SEX! MUTT WILL BE GREEN WITH ENVY WHEN HE SEES HOW I'VE SLIPPED ONE OVER ON HIM!

SISTERS, YOU ARE, NO DOUBT, SURPRISED TO SEE A MAN ON THE STAGE TONIGHT!

THERE'S MUTT WAY UP IN THE BALCONY! I'LL BET HE'S CRAZY WITH JEALOUSY!

BUT HE ASKED MY PERMISSION TO SPEAK A FEW WORDS TO YOU ABOUT THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT! IMAGINE THIS INSECT TRYING TO TELL YOU INTELLECTUAL WOMEN WHO SHOULD BE NOMINATED!

THINGS HAVE COME TO A PRETTY PASS WHEN A FEEBLE-MINDED RUNT LIKE THIS THINKS THE WOMEN VOTERS OF THIS CITY NEED HIS ADVICE! FURTHERMORE—

HERE GOES NOTHING!



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.

AN OUTLINE OF HYGIENE. No. 37—What Hardens the Arteries.

Having described in a previous chapter the picture the physician has in mind when he uses of hears such terms as chronic myocarditis, arterio-sclerosis, hypertension, high blood pressure, chronic nephritis (Bright's disease) and aneurysm, we may now attempt to tell what hardens the arteries.



Weakness of the heart, raises the blood pressure, damages the kidneys and renders fragile the terminal arteries in the brain. So far as our present knowledge goes, these conditions are all part of a general disease, cardio-vascular disease, and they are all due to the same causes. But first, let us briefly mention some things which commonly send the blood pressure of a healthy person up above the normal, but the reader perchance has been told he has "high blood pressure." These things are emotion, cold, cold bath, a big meal of any kind of food, violent exertion, a smoke, and especially any of these if you take it "lying down;" mere physical inactivity or laziness cannot be included in the list, tho' it certainly predisposes.

We admitted the other day that we do not know enough about cardiovascular disease to lay down definite rules for those who would avoid it, but I shall endeavor to give the consensus of medical opinion as to the causes. Obviously these causes are not named in the order of their importance or frequency.

Alcoholism, tobaccoism, chronic lead poisoning, syphilis, the toxemia of acute infections, especially diphtheria, typhoid and acute infectious arthritis, habitual over-exertion as in feats of strength and endurance, habitual overeating. The last mentioned refers to no particular kind of food. Most overeating is in the carbohydrate class—starches and sugars. There is no reason at all to imagine that too much meat is more harmful than too much bread or too much potato or too much candy. The old-time doctors included "gout" in the list of causes of heart artery disease. Today gout just doesn't happen. With the passing of "gout" the prejudice against "red" meat or dark meat, or against all meat, naturally petered out. The noted Arctic explorer, Stefansson, has lately lived for many months on an exclusive meat diet, proving that our ancient prejudices against this food were unfounded. Of course, the question of overeating relates to the individual's age, physical activity and stature.

I fear that in explaining what overeating means I have given this cause too much prominence, and heaven knows our proper virtues are blamed for enough nowadays by the 57 varieties of dietetic "experts." One word in the list of causes of cardio-vascular disease requires definition. The toxemia of acute infections means the poison produced by the germ of the disease, in the blood. This has no connection with the hackneyed "auto-intoxication." Whatever purpose the conception of auto-intoxication may serve in theory, it is healthful to remember that auto-intoxication is merely theoretical and has never been shown to occur except possibly in grave illness, and even in such illness it is not at all amenable to measures which glib folk commonly employ in the fatuous belief that there are preventing or removing such poisoning.

Most of us are destined to succumb to some form of cardio-vascular disease. The average duration of the disease is 15 to 18 years, so that one has plenty of time for confirming the diagnosis or investigating various kinds of treatment. Naturally enough, few persons who haven't developed the disease are interested in the cause or prevention of it.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Foolish Maidens.

Several times you have implied that a young woman is foolish to give three years of her time to the study of nursing when a two-

year course makes perfectly competent nurses. What is gained by talking about two-year courses when only two states recognize training schools that graduate nurses in two years? A two-year nurse could only make practical nurses' wages.—J. A.

Answer—The "recognition" trick is just a scheme whereby a little elite group, to control all education, and with a fine little scheme for swilling the profits of education, I care not a tiny bit about that, I know that two-year courses turn out the best nurses in the country. The pupil who serves the hospital an additional year simply gives the skilled service of a trained nurse to the institution for a year at something less than a chamber maid's salary. That's the secret of the three-year course of training for nurses. These highbrow hospitals know their salary. Graduates of two-year courses receive and are certainly worth as much as graduates of three-year courses. Even if only two states "recognize" training schools that do not rob the nurse of a year of her productive time, I should advise the young woman contemplating the study of nursing to comb those two states carefully for a school before she offers herself to any grating three-year institution at any price.

Albumen. At times I have too much albumen in the urine. Please give a list of foods I should avoid. Does milk or milk products contain albumen?—E. M. B.

Answer—My friend, I assure you that you are indulging in morbid tinkering that can have only unhappy consequences. Albumen is normally present in the urine, tho' only in minute traces that would not be discovered by ordinary tests. Albumen may be present in considerable quantity accidentally and without pathological significance. In any case, the character of the food has nothing whatever to do with the question. Certainly milk contains albumen, but that is no reason why anyone with albuminuria should not include milk in his diet. I advise you to leave such matters to the judgment of your physician. You are headed toward trouble when you attempt to be your own doctor.

Funny Face. I enjoy your jolly talks and have many a good laugh over them. Your picture which I saw in a gloom chaser. I like a cold shower every morning, and get a glorious reaction. Is it beneficial? Who should take it and who should not?—Miss L. R. McK.

Answer—Yes, I have some ladies at home who do, too. Anyone who enjoys a cold morning bath is benefited by it. The pleasant reaction is rather a measure of youthfulness. (Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason) INFERIOR EARS

The candidate beseeches that I will come along and listen to his speeches, with all the village throng; but speeches only bore me. I'd rather read, by jings, than see a man before me discussing vital things. And so I say, "My hearing is strictly on the bum; my ears are punk; their hearing has long been out of plumb." There comes to town a singer of nation wide renown, and he's no doubt the bringer of gladness to the town; and I am there invited to hear his glad refrain, until my soul is delighted by those majestic strains. But I would rather wind up my trusty graphophone, and stay at home and grind up such records as I own. There's naught to me more cheering than evenings in my shack; and so I say, "My hearing is badly out of whack." The matter thus is ended, I'm cheerfully excused, and no one is offended, and no one's heart is bruised. My friends are greatly worried, I miss so much that's fine; they think I should be hurried where doctors stand in line; if I would place reliance upon these doctors' skill, I'd learn that modern science can do—and foot the bill. My kindly friends assure me, with voice and also pen, that scientists could cure me, and make me hear again. And when I heard confessing that deafness is a boon, a luxury, a blessing, they thing I am a loon. My neighbors, they are going to shows which are a bore; a rainy wind is blowing, and they are sad and sore. I see them disappearing down the sloppy street, and bless my crippled hearing, for life at home is sweet.

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One)

They say Kipling's blood-and-thunder composition would not please the Lord, forgetting some fighting advice that Jehovah gives to his chosen people in the Old Testament.

One Kipling verse read:

The earth is full of anger, the seas are dark with wrath. The nations in their harness go 'Up against our path. Ere yet we loose the legions, Ere yet we draw the blade, Jehovah of the Thunders, Lord God of Battles, aid.

One clergyman says: "That's not fit to be sung by the congregation of a Christian church."

Yet, if we started, that congregation and its clergyman would be all for fighting, anxious to hear of enemies slain. The main difficulty would be convincing the post-war crop of young men that they should go to war in a trench of mud, while others sang hymns and prayed for them.

Senator Watson, who believes that he would about fill the bill, complains that "Hoover and Governor Smith have nothing to say for themselves." Possibly they are leaving the "saying" to the voters and to their friends.

Calvin Coolidge has convinced the public that a man may be wisely economical in speech, as in other things.

Our French friends are coming slowly but surely out of their war troubles. Gold is accumulating in the French treasury by hundreds of millions. And for the first five months of this year, the treasury's tax receipts have exceeded estimates by a billion francs. This is good news for France and the rest of the world. Each nation is the customer of other nations. And prosperous customers make good business.

The Weather

Lowest temperature this morning, 44. Precipitation for 24 hours, ending 5 a. m., none. Yesterday's weather here: Highest temperature, 72. Lowest temperature yesterday, 52. Mean temperature yesterday, 62. Precipitation: Total rainfall since 1st of month, 7.9 inch. Humidity yesterday, 5 a. m.,

Flying "Ain't What It Used to Be"

Flying "ain't what it used to be." We took our first flight eight or nine years ago with Floyd Hart, in a plane that had water on the knees and the blind staggerers. It was a windy day, and we missed the roof of St. Mary's Academy by about six feet. Over the hills, and we were convinced the old DeHavilland (or whatever it was) was determined to kill a few rattlesnakes by dropping on them.

Coming back, with the air whizzing through the old boat's wheelers and a hard pavement looming a few thousand feet below, we had a vivid reminder of a dream in which "your hero" was walking a single two-by-four, a few miles in the air, above Niagara Falls, all enjoyment of the magnificent view afforded being eclipsed by the consciousness that pray as one might, the law of gravity was still working.

Well, finally we landed, and we were never so glad to get out of anything in our life as that aerial clothes basket. However, we thanked our gallant host for the buggy ride, and as soon as our teeth stopped chattering, wrote an account of that trip, in which we admitted we were properly terrified, but would like to try again and see if we couldn't do better.

Later we were complimented by a local aviator, who said that was the only near-truthful account of a first airplane trip he had ever seen. It was the accepted custom then,—as it is now,—to maintain that air flying is perfectly delightful, and the initiate only regrets he could not go up in the air all the time. Flying, in fact, has produced almost as many liars as politics.

But that was eight or nine years ago. Yesterday we took our second flight with 11 other Medford citizens, which with the pilot, Captain Frank Hawks, made the lucky number of 12. What a difference!

Not only does such a crowd give one a surprising sense of security, but enclosed in a wicker cage, reclining in a wicker easy chair, without a jar or even a slight swoon, the flight over the valley was indeed delightful.

We admit we did not entirely forget that the law of gravity never takes a vacation, but the nonchalant manner in which Mayor Alexander in front of us, twirled his watch chain and blinked his eyes, removed the apprehensions we had expected entirely. We could have played cut-throat bridge in that cabin as well as not if the memory had not been so enticing, while one could walk down the aisle, as readily as in Dr. P. Pullman,—although one didn't.

Yes, flying ain't what it used to be,—fortunately as far as we are concerned. When we fly to Honolulu, we shall insist upon a plane like that tri-motored Ford and a pilot like Hawks. He took things as easily as if he were running a gasoline truck on an open highway—easier, in fact, for most of the time he had his head turned toward a hill Allen sitting in the other pilot's seat, who carried on a rapid conversation, and at one time took his grip on the hand rail to look at the roof of the Chevrolet agency, and see if everyone below was working.

Needless to say "Horse" Bromley didn't even know he was up in the air, so busy was he grinding his movie camera through his open window. But then "Horse" hasn't known he was up in the air for a long time!

Other members of the "Lucky 12" were: Scott Davis, Jackson County bank; O. O. Alexander, mayor; J. J. Skinner, Copco; Seely Hill, airport manager; George Gates, Gates Auto company; E. M. Mitchell, local manager of the Texaco company, and E. L. Scott of the Daily News.

R. W. R.

Advertisement for Anti-Knock Red Crown Gasoline, featuring an owl logo and text: "HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED NOW! NEGLECT IS THE GREAT ENEMY!"

Advertisement for Dr. Jud Rickert, Optometrist, 222 E. Main. Text: "We pay a terrible PENALTY oft-times from eye neglect. 'Tis better to be safe than sorry. OUR SLOGAN Good glasses if you need them, otherwise GOOD ADVICE."

Advertisement for Travel by Air, Large 3-Motored Air Ships, OF THE WEST COAST AIR TRANSPORT CO. Text: "Leave Medford for Portland and Seattle at 11:15 A. M. every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. To San Francisco at 11:00 A. M. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays." Includes prices for fare and hotel.

Advertisement for Hotel Hayward, Sixth and Spring Streets. Text: "Better if You Stop at Hotel Hayward. SIXTH and SPRING STREETS. 'Get the Hayward Habit' New Million Dollar Annex 850 Comfortable Rooms. \$2.00 per day up without bath. \$2.50 per day up with bath. PERSONAL SERVICE. Popular Priced Coffee Shop and Grill. We Check Your Car at the Door. H. C. FRYMAN, Proprietor. HARRY C. WAGNER, RUSSELL H. WAGNER, Managers." Includes a drawing of the hotel building.