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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Texas, whose Democrats for six months past have been in a nervous sweat over the other fellow's religion, prohibition enforcement, Tammany, and "the moral welfare of the land," have finished training for a second spasm of righteousness. So far this week Texas has lynched a negro, and horsewhipped a woman.

BEST WISECRACK OF THE WEEK: Adolphe Sax, inventor of the saxophone, during his lifetime, was knocked down a flight of stairs, swallowed a pin, was burned twice, drank poison, and was nearly asphyxiated, and blown up. His grievances were great, but he managed to even the score.—(Des Moines Nonpareil.)

The weather, which has been both balmy and horrid, is now getting ready to be torrid.

"Perhaps it is because Americans have a good natural ear for music that they do not sing. They can not endure the squawks uttered by their own mouths."—(Lit. Digest.) This is most noticeable at a noon luncheon of the Humdingers, Inc.

Mr. H. Flewher, the baker, called this morning and ill-manneredly read over the writer's shoulder. The writer intends to call at the bakery this afternoon and stick his finger in the angel cake dough.

TIGHT SHOE CASUALTIES
(Coos Bay Times.)

LOST — Saturday evening, ladies' black shoes. Had new rubber heels. Party needs them badly. 741 No. First St.

(Salmon Bar News.)

Miss Ivy Barlow is suffering from a sore toe at present. She was unfortunate in that she blistered it and the blister bursted.

On a straightaway course, with the wind astern, the best lickety-split effort of a California auto, all but defunct, is 27 miles per hr. The same dissolute vehicle, however, is able to cross Main and Riverside at 57— and does; let the fenders fall where they will.

"Preserve, conserve and serve with Hoover," is liable to be a campaign slogan for the Republican party. It is a dandy, and the mental giant who produced this inspiring rallying cry, should be rewarded with a diplomatic post in a far land, before he thinks of another one.

SOUNDS REASONABLE
(Chico Enterprise.)

Now that Amelia Earhart has successfully hopped, Mabel Boll is reported eager to do likewise. Mabel has a small son in a private school. She would better hop to him than across the Atlantic. Small boys need mother love and care more than the world needs trans-oceanic hops by mothers masquerading as misses.

The valley is going to the dogs—principally police dogs.

There will be a meeting next Tuesday evening for the foundation of a Chameleon society. The membership will be restricted to Republicans who have gone Democratic, and Democrats who have gone Republican. Many have dyed their political hair lately, and the society should start out with a rousing list. An auxiliary will be formed for those who are too finicky in their political faith to swallow either Al Smith or Herb Hoover. The writing of the ritual is under way. It will be very impressive, and after it is inflected there will not be a dry tonsil in the house.

Dempsey a Great Actor

NEW YORK—David Belasco believes actors are made, not born. Therefore he is confident Jack Dempsey will be a big success, having mental fitness and reasonable adaptability for a fight role.

Doug Fairbanks Is Fat

NEW YORK—Hollywood-bound with Mary, Doug Fairbanks thinks he is getting fat. He's put on about five pounds but friends say it is becoming.

Sheep Owners Attention!

We are in position to pay you more than anybody for wool-mohair. See us before you sell.
MEDFORD BARGAIN HOUSE.
Phone 1062. 37 N. Grape St.

A PROMISING YOUNG DEMOCRAT

WE have an idea this boy governor of Texas, Dan Moody by name, will bear watching. He seems to have those qualities of courage, independence and intelligence which often take a man high, and far, in American public life.

Take his attitude toward the recent Houston lynching, for example. Without a moment's hesitation, when he first received the news, he ordered out the Texas rangers, five of the lynching gang are now held in jail without bail, and three others have little chance of a getaway.

"The men suspected of this atrocious crime," says the Governor, "will be given a fair trial, but if found guilty they can expect no clemency from me. Lawlessness in this state must stop. For white men to take the law into their own hands, against the negro, merely adds fuel to the flames and increases the dangers which our racial situation presents. All right-minded citizens should rally around the standard of true Americanism and declare an unrelenting war upon the discredited tradition, that the only way to secure justice and order in the South for the White is to deny it to the Black."

Those who know anything about public sentiment in the South, and how deep-rooted racial prejudices are there, will realize how much courage and disregard for the immediate political consequences, a statement like that required.

Governor Moody is also leader of the Democratic forces of Texas against Governor Smith at the Houston convention. Here again he is championing an unpopular cause, as far as the prevailing sentiment in the Democratic party, throughout the country, is concerned. And one might add it is, under the circumstances, a hopeless cause. Nevertheless it shows the mettle of the youngster from another angle.

Of course it is foolish to judge character, merely from what one gleans from a few press dispatches. Governor Moody may be far from the type we imagine him to be, and his career may be a short and purely provincial one.

But from this distance he does "look good," and it will be interesting to observe how he develops, and just where, in the national game of politics, he finally lands.

FARMING THE FARMER AGAIN

SCHEMES for farming the farmer—and others for that matter—are constantly appearing. The latest to show up in Oregon, warns E. L. Potter, head of the animal husbandry department of the state college, is one being exploited in parts of Eastern Oregon at present by a swine company. It is the old scheme, attempted with more or less success by promoters in other states of selling high priced "gilts" to farmers and giving a contract to buy back the female progeny.

"On its face the agreement seems fair enough, but a little study shows that the company cannot afford to buy back the 'gilts' any longer than it can resell these 'gilts' to other farmers," points out Professor Potter. "In other words, the business must grow in geometrical ratio, and for each 'gilt' sold this year from four to six must be sold next year, and so on until the blow-up comes."

Some 500 "gilts" were sold in Kansas about three years ago on this plan in spite of the dangers being exposed by the college authorities. After the expansion had reached its limit the manager of the company wrote a letter telling his customers that "it is impossible for us to move the 'gilts' that we had planned." The duly signed contracts with numerous ambiguous statements were of no use to the purchasers of "gilts" at prices far above even pure-bred figures, according to Professor Potter.

Three years ago such a company attempted to start operations in Oregon but were warned by the college that it could not endorse the plan and would have to oppose it. Only recently did the scheme actually gain a foothold in this state.

"Exchanging cash for promises is always dangerous, but especially so when these promises, in their very nature, must eventually be impossible to fulfill," Professor Potter warns.

QUILL POINTS

Epitaph: He was a stubborn man and had the right of way.

Doubtless woman's fear of a mouse explains why large women usually are dominated by little shrimp husbands.

"Science will eliminate the terrors of childbirth." It must hurry, however, or there won't be any to eliminate.

As to those terrestial movements in Greece, perhaps the bones of Pericles heard Chicago refer to herself as the Athens of America.

A sea resort is a place where you go to wear new clothes—a mountain resort is a place you go to wear out your old ones.

Correct this sentence: "I am guilty," The criminal moaned, "and I'll never be able to find a lawyer merciful enough to defend me."

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
40—When Do We Dine?

Most of us start to die when we are 40. This is not half bad, you understand, for there's no question that some folks gets a much earlier start than that, so that they are half dead when they reach 40; and on the pleasant other hand we are finding a slowly but steadily increasing number of people who do not get ready to start to die until they past 40. There is one fatuous idea that a men or woman must discard, however, and that is the idea that this is a question of how one feels. Too many people about to die feel fine and dandy—or they say they do.

The three big questions we strive to answer in our sojourn on this planet are, first, when do we eat; second, when do we marry, and finally, when do we die? People generally face the first two questions boldly and discuss them frankly, but the last they prefer to evade. Due to this difference we have developed a lot of tricks, fads, schemes or reforms relating to the eating and the marrying, but we still finish off our dying in the same old fashion and wearing the same old expression of shock or surprise as our great great grandfathers affected for this occasion. This affectation of surprise might be well enough for those who meet with violent accidents but it is poor acting for those who succumb to natural death, because natural death never happens suddenly, out of a clear sky, without warning. What, not even apoplexy, heart failure and such dread strokes? Oh, do stop your fooling. The fellow who is going to pass out with apoplexy or "heart failure" some time next week or next month or next year is well along with his dying now, only he likes to jolly himself and "keep away" from doctors. If he were honest with himself he would have his annual or semi-annual overhauling and in this examination the doctor would determine how nearly dead the man is right now. I do not say the doctor would invariably discover evidences of serious disease of the blood vessels or of the heart, but merely that the probabilities are that the candidate for apoplexy or heart failure could not pass a fair health examination or test at all, no matter how fine he "feels."

Cancers, diabetes, Bright's disease, cardiovascular disease in general, are the main reasons why every sensible man or woman should make it a rule to obtain a rating every year after 40, assuming one reaches this age with a passing mark.

Certainly there is a lot the doctors don't know about this modern art of health appraising as yet. I have fairly indicated what we don't know about it, in these last few chapters. On the other hand, believe me when I say that the doctors, the ordinary doctors, the kind you prefer when you want good medical advice for yourself or your family, and not any health examination specialists, are daily demonstrating that they do know a good deal about this new kind of medical service, and all blah-blah aside, the ordinary practitioner is the best qualified appraiser of health available today.

In designating 40 as the age when one starts to die and hence should have regular annual or semi-annual reports on one's health status, I would impute no insidious distinction to that age. It is simply a convenient milepost beyond which one can surely run a better race knowing how nearly dead one is than thinking how much alive one feels.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
The Benighted School Men

A reader sends a clipping telling about the decision of the school board to reopen a school that has been closed for a time on account of an epidemic of measles. It seems the local school authorities had closed the school, but the state authorities disapprove of this method of fighting an epidemic.

Answer.—The state authorities are to be congratulated on the courage of their action. Closing a school or a school room is a medieval gesture and it betrays a sad state of affairs in the local administration. Closing a school or a school room does not deter children from going about with what the mossback health authorities complacently call "common cold"—and this may be the first stage and the most contagious period of measles. These ridiculous actions are inevitable when the school system and public health are mere footballs of politics.

Cataract

Does cataract grow over the eyeball like a white skin? What causes cataract? Is it sometimes from injury of the eye? Is there any cure for cataract? (A. W. K.)

Answer.—No, cataract is a clouding of the lens and is not apparent on the surface. Cataract is sometimes the result of an injury, but more often a gradual development without known cause. Workers whose eyes are exposed to intense light with or without great heat, are often victims of cataract. The only cure for cataract is removal of the clouded or opaque lense. It is wrong to worry about such a thing; you should be fair to yourself and your family—consult a good eye doctor at once. Beware of the horde of near eye doctors who foist themselves on the gullible public. Your family physician will recommend a good eye doctor for you.

Bran Mash

In the spring of 1927 I noticed you advised persons with the constipation habit to quit taking pills and pay more attention to their diet. As a confirmed pill taker I decided to heed your advice, and I just want to say that I quit and began eating a bowl of bran for breakfast. As a result I am free of the pill habit and at 45 years of age never felt better in my life. (O. M. V.)

Answer.—I advised persons with the constipation habit to stop taking pills, but I did not advise them to pay particular attention to diet. I think it is better, generally, to pay no attention to one's diet, but rather to eat whatever the cook dishes out and never turn down good victuals on the ground that they are not good for health. I have no advice for readers who tell me they are troubled with constipation. I am glad to offer some instructions for correcting the constipation habit, if a reader tells me he has such a habit.

(Copyright by John F. Dille Co.)

Abe Martin

Ther's plenty o' peace in any home where th' family keeps scattered an' its members don't make th' mistake o' tryin' t' git t'gether. Miss Tawney Apple covered her back with powdered rosin an' went t' a dance last night.

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Communications

Is It an Advertisement?

To the Editor:

Did you ever stop to consider just what impression we leave on tourists who have stopped to angle in Rogue river, who have heard about the "Rogue" in other states?

If so, I request you to take time to visit the dam at Savage Rapids. Thousands of salmon and steelheads are trying to get over the dam and no way available. In the first place, the fish ladder is not built correctly or in the correct position. Fish follow the current—and the fish ladder is nowhere near it. The result is four out of every five never go over the dam. Otherwise, if a correct ladder was built you would catch four fish to every one you catch now!

To see the fish unable to get by the dam, bruising themselves against the concrete piers, jammed so thick together as to not permit swimming room, threshing about in an angry mass to get above the dam—is that an advertisement to the tourist to visit our "sportsman's paradise"? Would you consider it such?

I have heard remarks that such cruel treatment of fish should be stopped or people should be allowed to obtain them anyway they please. If anyone dared to fish below the dam and catch a fish he would probably be fined $50. Is it better that a man should be fined for catching the fish and eating it—or shall we turn the fish loose and let him beat himself against the concrete until he dies of sores and bruises?

If you read this article, write and tell me what you think of the situation. Write of Box 597, Gold Hill, Oregon.

LOCAL MERCHANTS GIVE PRIZES FOR BIG SHRINE PICNIC

Wednesday afternoon and evening June 27th at the Elks picnic grounds Hillah Temple will put on the biggest Shrine picnic ever undertaken. The same committees that made such a wonderful success of the Shrine dance with Weidoeft's orchestra this spring are in charge.

Over half a thousand dollars' worth of prizes are stored with the committee waiting to be won by the lucky ones.

The following is a list of the donaters from Medford: Mann's, West Side Pharmacy, Lawrence the Jeweler, Men's Shop, Jarmin & Woods, Exchange Tire Co., Gates Auto, Medford Fuel, and a number of others.

From Grants Pass the following merchants have donated prizes: Golden Rule Co., Peerless Clothing Co., Cowden Battery Shop, Harry Couch, Ole's Tire Shop, Jos. P. Doyle, Grants Pass Courier, Stanton Rowell, J. E. Schmidt, Clemens Drug, Maxwell Chevrolet Co., Trumbly's Radio Shop.

Tires, radios, kodaks, dresses—the list of prizes reads like the inventory of a department store and never before has a picnic been planned on such a large scale.

The big event of the day is a ball game between the Blue lodge Masons and the Shrine Patrol. The latter have secured the services of a pitcher and catcher that insures the patrol of almost a sure victory. The $250 prize for this event is the goal of both teams.

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason)

THE FIGHTERS

It's hard for one upon the bleachers to estimate these fighting creatures. One day a fighter seems a winner, an expert, not a beginner, and we predict he'll draw the money by punching holes through Mr. Tunney. He is no minor, he's a major; but if we're wise we make no wager. Perhaps the next time we behold him, some dub upon the floor has rolled him. We all assumed that Fighter Sharkey was cheesy, punk and easy-marky; he made at times so bad a showing that to the dump we saw him going; his reputation was diminished, he seemed a has been, done and finished. And then, behold, he met Delaney, upon an evening bleak and rainy, and he was like John L. in action, a man of speed and force and traction. And we who lately criticised him, called him a piker and advised him to sell hot dogs to earn his money, are saying now he'd conquer Tunney. No doubt he is a fine old stager, but let us all decline to wager. Phil Scott came sailing o'er the ocean and he possessed the silly notion that he was equal to the blighters who pile up fortunes here as fighters. He met a scrapper shortly after; the sports all greeted him with laughter; he flopped around, his own feet tripped him, a second-rater calmly whipped him. His awkward showing should have shamed him; "A false alarm," we promptly named him, and roared him down with jeers and joshes. "He cannot fight for musty squashes." But later on he met a foeman, an able and efficient Roman, and Philip polished him so neatly, we said, "He has come back, completely." We view him now with smiles so sunny, and say that he would beat Gene Tunney. So we indulge in roasting, petting, but if we're wise we balk at betting.

Infanticide Charge

According to the prosecuting attorney, Mrs. Madge Wayman Harbur, 24, held at Kirksville, Mo., on a first degree murder charge, confesses she threw her 10-day-old baby, Betty Lou, into a creek. She denies, however, that she mutilated the baby before throwing the body into the creek. "I loved my baby, but I didn't know what to do with her, so I threw her away," she is alleged to have explained.

O. S. C. Freshman Dies

LA GRANDE, Ore., June 22.—(AP)—Morgan Erace of Enterprise, died yesterday of injuries received June 9 when the car in which he was riding plunged into Wallowa lake. Brace had just returned from Corvallis where he completed his freshman year at Oregon State college when the accident occurred. Other occupants of the car who were injured are recovering.

No Duel for Him

BUDAPEST—Would Count Stephen Bethlen, prime minister of Hungary, fight a duel? He accused opposition deputies of regretting they got no graft. Two of them sent seconds to him. He apologized.

ASTORIA—The $400,000 Astoria hotel is sold to United States National bank of Portland.

Summons for Publication.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Jackson County.

City of Medford, a municipal corporation, Plaintiff,

vs.

Wilbor Carothers, Mrs. Wilbor Carothers, wife of Wilbor Carothers; the unknown heirs of Wilbor Carothers; C. A. Junker, Mrs. C. A. Junker, wife of C. A. Junker; the unknown heirs of C. A. Junker; A. E. Junker, Mrs. A. E. Junker, wife of A. E. Junker; the unknown heirs of A. E. Junker; C. A. Junker and A. E. Junker, partners as Junker Brothers; Jackson County, Oregon, a body politic; Mary C. Foster; May C. Foster, John Doe, husband of May C. Foster; the unknown heirs of May C. Foster; Margretta Foster, John Doe, husband of Margretta Foster, the unknown heirs of Margretta Foster; D. J. Lawrentz and Gladys Lawrentz, his wife; Martha MacDonald and Frank MacDonald, her husband; Herman Lawrentz; Mrs. Herman Lawrentz, wife of Herman Lawrentz; Mary Brender; Mary Brender; John Doe Bender, husband of Mary Bender; Elizabeth Lawrentz; Laura Markham; Leslie Markham, husband of Laura Markham; Dora Howard; R. L. Howard, husband of Dora Howard; Elizabeth Lawrentz as administratrix of the estate of Mabel Brobeck, deceased; Walter Brobeck; Lester Lawrentz; Mary Lawrentz, wife of Lester Lawrentz; Eula Brobeck; Irene Brobeck; Raymond Brobeck; Lorena Lawrentz; John Doe, husband of Lorena Lawrentz; the unknown heirs of William Lawrentz; Maggie Lawrentz; John Doe, husband of Maggie Lawrentz; the unknown heirs of Maggie Lawrentz; Tildie Lawrentz; John Doe, husband of Tildie Lawrentz; the unknown heirs of Tildie Lawrentz; Laura Lawrentz; John Doe, husband of Laura Lawrentz; the unknown heirs of Laura Lawrentz; Hannah Lawrentz; John Doe, husband of Hannah Lawrentz; the unknown heirs of Hannah Lawrentz; Albert Lawrentz; Mrs. Albert Lawrentz, wife of Albert Lawrentz; the unknown heirs of Albert Lawrentz; Oscar Lawrentz; Mrs. Oscar Lawrentz, wife of Oscar Lawrentz; the unknown heirs of Oscar Lawrentz; the unknown heirs of Herman Lawrentz; also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein, Defendants.

To Wilbor Carothers, Mrs. Wilbor Carothers, wife of Wilbor Carothers; the unknown heirs of Wilbor Carothers; C. A. Junker; Mrs. C. A. Junker, wife of C. A. Junker; the unknown heirs of C. A. Junker; A. E. Junker, Mrs. A. E. Junker, wife of A. E. Junker; the unknown heirs of A. E. Junker; C. A. Junker and A. E. Junker, partners as Junker Brothers; Mary C. Foster; May C. Foster; John Doe, husband of May C. Foster; the unknown heirs of May C. Foster; Margretta Foster; John Doe, husband of Margretta Foster; the unknown heirs of Margretta Foster; Martha MacDonald and Frank MacDonald, her husband; Herman Lawrentz; Mrs. Herman Lawrentz, wife of Herman Lawrentz; Mary Brender; John Doe Bender, husband of Mary Bender; Walter Brobeck; Eula Brobeck; Eula Brobeck; Irene Brobeck; Raymond Brobeck; Lorena Lawrentz; John Doe, husband of Lorena Lawrentz; the unknown heirs of William Lawrentz; Maggie Lawrentz; John Doe, husband of Maggie Lawrentz; the unknown heirs of Maggie Lawrentz; Tildie Lawrentz; John Doe, husband of Tildie Lawrentz; the unknown heirs of Tildie Lawrentz; Laura Lawrentz; John Doe, husband of Laura Lawrentz; the unknown heirs of Laura Lawrentz; Hannah Lawrentz; John Doe, husband of Hannah Lawrentz; the unknown heirs of Hannah Lawrentz; Albert Lawrentz; Mrs. Albert Lawrentz, wife of Albert Lawrentz; the unknown heirs of Albert Lawrentz; Oscar Lawrentz; Mrs. Oscar Lawrentz, wife of Oscar Lawrentz; the unknown heirs of Oscar Lawrentz; the unknown heirs of Herman Lawrentz; also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein, Defendants:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the Complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the last day of four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, said period of four weeks being the time prescribed for publication hereof, and if you fail so to appear and answer said complaint, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in its Complaint, to-wit: That a decree be entered adjudicating any and all right, title, estate, lien or claim which you or any of you have or claim to have in, to or upon the real property situated in the City of Medford, Jackson County, State of Oregon, described as follows, to-wit:

Lots five (5), six (6), eleven (11) and twelve (12), all in block thirty-nine (39) of the Original Town (now city) of Medford, Oregon, according to the duly recorded plat thereof, and declaring any and all such claims to be null and void, and decreeing that said plaintiff is the owner in fee simple of said premises and of the whole thereof, free and clear of any and all right, title, estate, lien or interest of said defendants in said real estate, and that each and all of the defendants herein and each and all persons claiming, or to claim by, through or under them or or any of them, be forever enjoined, restrained and barred from asserting, attempting to establish or claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in or to said property or any portion thereof, and that plaintiff's title to said premises be forever quieted and set at rest; and such further and other relief as may be just and equitable in the premises.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable C. M. Thomas, presiding judge of the above entitled court, made and entered in said Court and cause on the 24th day of May, 1928, prescribing that this summons be served by publication thereof once each week for four consecutive weeks in the Medford Mail Tribune, a daily newspaper published in Jackson County, Oregon, May 25th, 1928, is the date of the first publication of this summons.

JOHN H. CARKIN.
HARRY C. SKYRMAN,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.
Post Office Address:
Medford, Oregon.

Notice.

Bids for contract to build a one-room school at Trail are hereby called for. Blueprints and specifications at office of County School Superintendent, Medford, and at the residence of Mrs. Lou L. Dawson, clerk of Trail School Dist. No. 45.

Bids in writing and accompanied by certified check for $50 will be received up to 8 o'clock p. m., June 23, 1928. Board meeting to be held at eight o'clock on same day at schoolhouse. Board reserving right to reject any or all bids.

Dated June 7, 1928.

LOU L. DAWSON,
Clerk of Trail School District.
C. R. FRY,
Chm. of Board of Trail School District.

MUTT AND JEFF—The Little Fellow's Shoes Are Hard to Fill

By BUD FISHER