

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily, Sunday, Weekly
Published by the
MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
22-24 1/2 N. 7th St. Phone 74

ROBERT W. RUIEL, Editor
B. SULLIVAN, Business Manager
An Independent Newspaper

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

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES
By Mail—In Advance:
Daily, with Sunday, year.....\$7.00
Daily, without Sunday, year..... 6.50
Daily, without Sunday, month..... .55
Weekly Mail Tribune, one year..... 2.00
Sunday, one year..... 2.00

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

Advertising Representatives
M. C. MOYSESSON & COMPANY
Office: 1000-1002 Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.



Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

The blindfold test for celebrated cigarette smokers, has spread to inconsequential automobile drivers.

This is Friday the 13th. Some have all their bad luck concentrated into this day and date, and other say it spread out over all the other.

What was mistaken for a dog fight, was only a lady starting a gear-shift car.

Al Smith is touted by his admirers as smart. As yet Mr. Smith has not hired the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan to cause him.

Civilization flowered in Kentucky this morning. Seven men were executed, in a killing bee that sets a record for legal inhumanity.

THEY WOULD ANYWAY
(Eugene Register)
W. E. Ogden, the local barber invites everybody to stop before his shop with the parking full of a bed of gorgeous ginkgos over a foot and a half high lined with sweet almonds, and at the end a fine walnut tree of two years' growth.

Not to be outstripped by their sisters, the girls of Corvallis have started running around without any socks.

Lynnan Bigot of the wooded areas, came to town yesterday to get his wind. Mr. Bigot is being vigorously chased by the Police, and has caught him lurking behind the cedar stump near his farmhouse, frequently.

"Lost—Male fountain pen," records the esteemed Eugene Guard in his want ads.

HOOT MON, BILL AITKEN!
(Phoenix, Ariz. News)
Friends of Elsie Parkman were surprised to learn of her marriage to F. H. Thornton at Florence, Arizona. Mr. Thornton left immediately on a business trip to Scotland, his native home. Mrs. Thornton is now at home with her parents.

For the first time since Grover Cleveland, the democratic party gives promise of making a better showing than the Portland ball team.

A feminine person was noted last evening in the throng of a coasting car. Her accompanist tackled one, and clomped through the same in the manner of playing a mouth-organ. She nibbled daintily on one end, and surrendered.

Now is the time for valley Eskimos to get their summer tans. The paving of Ivy street has been completed. This is one of the best speedways in town, despite its shortness.

Ice cream dealers are grinning like the woodman will be later. Alca Womack has located another platinum mine. A check is missing from the Nash Hotel.

FOR POETS
Observe how poetry has grown— It used to be too light-hearted. When ragged poets would intone. Odes to some lady's eyebrow. Today they earn a higher wage And have a broader scope: They scribble on the printed page Of gasoline, And vaseline. And soap.

Observe how painting, too, has come To standing and position: Art is no longer on the bum. But has a glorious mission. Instead of ordinary landscapes Or landscapes full of trees. The painter works on breakfast foods, Refrigerators, Perculators, Chesses.

(Spokane Spokesman-Review.)
Klamath Falls—Ritchfield Oil company building distributing station here.

Klamath Falls—Short-Township bridge market road, 19 miles, opened.

Forest Grove capitalists raise \$10,000 for Prim-Port spruce plant.

McMinnville—National Bank opens \$50,000 remodeled banking house.

Cost county plans \$400,000 dam.

SLAPPING THE WRONG MAN

MR. HERBERT HOOVER is undoubtedly the best qualified man for the Presidency, to be nominated by either major party, for a generation.

He possesses, to a maximum degree, all those qualities which are peculiarly needed in this high office at the present time, and he has been nominated under political circumstances which may properly be termed ideal.

For, if elected, Mr. Hoover will be forced to pay political debts to no one. Unlike his opponent, Governor Smith, he will be under no political obligations to Tammany Hall or any other partisan organization. He will be entirely free from Wall Street entanglements, for he was nominated over Wall Street opposition. He will even be free from allegiance to the Old Guard oligarchy, for it was popular demand, not inside manipulation, that resulted in his selection.

Such a situation is rare in American public life, and such an opportunity unusual. The major problems before this country today are economic problems. In Herbert Hoover the country has an economic expert whose unusual talents are not only recognized in this country but throughout the world.

As an administrator Hoover has few equals. But the Secretary of Commerce is more than an administrator and efficiency expert; he is a genuine statesman, a man with both a world-view and a literally amazing, detailed, world knowledge. Whether we like it or not, foreign affairs are to be increasingly important in this country the next four years, and no man in public life is as well equipped to intelligently direct them as Mr. Hoover.

Sincere to a degree, high-minded in the finest sense of the term, genuinely consecrated to the cause of disinterested public service, the American people, regardless of partisanship, have in Mr. Hoover the greatest political opportunity, in a quarter of a century, to repudiate political hokum, encourage efficient administration of public affairs, and elevate the entire moral atmosphere of American public life.

And yet, in spite of this extraordinary situation, one finds good Republicans—men supposedly of intelligence and discrimination—who intend to desert Hoover, and for the extreme joy of slapping Prohibition in the face, vote for Al Smith. Tammany Hall, a wet crusader in a brown derby hat, on a bone-dry platform!

It would be amusing if it were not from the standpoint of clean politics and good government in this country—so tragic!

QUILL POINTS

Some husbands have no desire to be petted. They are dead.

The way of the transgressor isn't hard if the jury is soft.

There isn't much wrong in a land where the masses howl for nothing except another good pitcher to strengthen the staff.

Mr. Coolidge caught six one-pound front and ordered them cooked for breakfast. Very small one-pounders or very large appetites.

Yes, kids kissed in the old days. But when they had finished they said "Good night" instead of "Hot dog."

Old-time politicians frequently carried water on both shoulders. But it's a new stone to carry water on one and hoosh on the other.

In the old days, fame was perpetuated in bronze. Now it takes a lot of brass to call attention to it next day.

A presidential candidate probably doesn't feel flattered when he is given a running mate to take the sting out.

Pity the girl who has brains. Man's vanity impels him to fall in love with an inferior.

The cheaper resort places have disadvantages, but their names aren't woven into the towels.

Well, if the rich have no babies and the poor do, it's easy to figure out who will inherit the earth.

Beauty isn't everything. A beautiful fly attracts a trout, but the big job is to hook and land him.

So far, very few graduates have succeeded in trading a \$4000 education for a \$10,000 job.

You can tell how many grievances there are in the country. Just count the planks in a political platform.

Correct this sentence: "No woman's figure," said the philosopher, "affects her opinion of bathing suits."

MUTT AND JEFF—Kid Sneez Is a Dumb Egg. Hence, He Should Be a Good Mauler



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. Only one or two lines should be answered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address: Dr. William Brady, in care of this newspaper.

WHEN GRANDMA DOES THE SHIMMY

A disease—no, it isn't really a disease at all, just a variation from the regular or ordinary—somehow acquired a frightful name though I can't imagine why—shaking palsy. This is the popular name, and being too easy for the average layman, the name is rejected by the doctor in favor of paralysis agitans—which sounds even more ominous, I should say. Some of us doctors are really very dreadful, and we set around these dreadful names by referring to the condition as Parkinson's affection.



Long before the shimmy arrived, I remember, grandma used to do it constantly, and to all her "peeps" a feller had to go some to beat her to the cookie crock and away again. If grandma's case was a fair example of Parkinson's affliction, and I know now that it was, then all I have to say is that it was darn lucky for us boys she didn't have a stroke, for in that case the cookies would have moldered away in the crock, as did Mrs. Darcy's. Mrs. Darcy was a pioneer in conservation; she saved her cookies by putting caraway seeds in them. There are two types of moldering: I have never been able to understand (1) the kind lady who offers a kid a cookie with caraway seeds concealed in it, and (2) the old fogey doctor who tells the amateur mother sugar and candy are bad for young children.

This Parkinsonian affection is by no means confined to elderly subjects. Every little while it occurs in a young person. It makes a typical debut, when the subject has it all over and not just in limited segments. The picture is one that is often simulated on the stage and screen, though rarely faithfully, but rather with those funny modifications that dramatists demand. Have you ever noticed the striking difference between a hunched hero on the stage and one in the hospital? He isn't comical in the hospital.

Parkinson's affection presents a peculiar fine pill-rolling tremor of the hand, a sad, immobile countenance, perhaps startlingly set off with bright snapping eyes, and a characteristic gait with steps growing shorter and faster till the subject seems about to fall—but seldom does fall—and probably some limitation of the use of the hands and arms as in combing the hair or washing the face. Along with this goes a superficial emotional susceptibility—though this, I suspect, depends more upon the amount of sympathy the subject receives from friends or the pity he feels for himself. Viewed as a mere affection, and that is all it is, Parkinson's is a very mild affliction indeed.

"Dear Dr. Brady: Three years ago I wrote you about the unsteadiness of my hands, which shook so I found it impossible sometimes to write a word. Through my son, Dr. W. H. M., you suggested—never mind that part—I am willing to give you any suggestion to any reader of my selection—which I look for several months. My hands ceased to tremble me. My body seemed renewed in strength. I felt very well, almost young again. (Mrs. M. was 50 years of age at the time.) A year and a half ago I resumed the treatment with the same satisfactory results. Last winter I stopped off at Helena, Montana, and the attitude affected me so much that I was ill for several weeks and lost considerable strength and my trembling returned. So I began taking the same medicine again for two months, and once more I feel quite well, take care of my home, and am happy to be doing so. My friends say I am a miracle. It is the treatment, I am sure, and I am all right except for some trembling. My son is in Honolulu now. I am past 83 years. Yours very thankfully, Mrs. M. B. M."

Now, more, I will give no details, but with the reader but only to the attending physician.

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason.)
WISE AS SERPENTS
We're living now in perilous times, wherein no man is safe; the daily list of grievous crimes makes every reader chafe. The honest voter goes down to meet friends at his lodge, and on the way he is stricken down with bricks he cannot dodge. When he remains his wits he speaks some bitter caustic words about the cops, the sleuths, and all official birds. Why don't they rout the robber rings, and can them, every one? Why don't they do a thousand things that they have left undone? Thus spoke my neighbor Hiram Hick, a most indignant soul; for some one slugged him with a brick and bore away his roll. "I hate to cause you pain," I said, "I hate to make you moan, while you still have a pointed head and damaged collar bone. But you've doom and dole for many years, I wist, on carrying a great big roll you always did insist. When you would buy a box of pills that cost a dime or so, you would produce a roll of bills and wave it to and fro. You'd patronize the hot dog stand and spend a nickel there, and brandish, in your good right hand, a roll beyond compare. You've shown but little sense and tact, while you were thus afflicted; you've always advertised the fact that you were amply heeled. To all the haunts of crime and sin such facts soon percolate, and men of violence begin in am-lush dark to wait. So you invited all you got, by brandishing your wealth; and now you're lying on a cot, deprived of strength and health; and now you roast our good old laws in most ascetic tone, when you, methinks, have ample cause to roast yourself alone." When Hiram left his couch of pain he bore no roll abroad; he realized it wasn't sane to advertise his wad.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Shocking.
Young lady has fair-trimmed coat and dress. Every time she wears these she gets sparks of electricity and distinct shocks from them. She is getting nervous about it. At first I thought it was imagination until I saw the sparks and heard the crackles.—G. H.

Answer.—Perhaps her skin is dry. It is insignificant. Friction generates the static. When the air is clear and dry some persons can scrape their feet over the carpet or rug and get a spark from any surface they approach with a finger.

Chalk It Down.
I am 15 years of age and am having stomach trouble. To ease heartburn I take a teaspoonful of soda daily. Is this injurious? Doctor says there are signs of ulcer here. I am far too young for that.—W. E. A.

Answer.—I would suggest that you use calcium carbonate instead of sodium bicarbonate. The common name for this is prepared chalk. A moderate dose is ten grains, and this is usually sufficient to neutralize excessive acidity for several hours.

Bookworms.
Opening a case of old books I encountered several bugs resembling water bugs. Can these be "book worms"? They are old school books.—R. E. M.

Answer.—I have never encountered a book worm, but I supposed they were tiny things scarcely visible to the near-sighted book lover.

Swatting.
Please tell me what to do for swatting feet, and how to check perspiration under the arms.—G. S.

Answer.—It is just sweating in both places. Send a stamped envelope, bearing your address, and carefully avoid including any clipping with your request.

Doctored Doctor.
Recently you blamed embryo fiction writers and editors for the idea of ptomaine poisoning. Can you explain why it is still claimed by doctors that ptomaine does occur and why it should have been accepted by the doctors as a fact if it was only an idea of laymen?—Elizabeth N. L.

Answer.—Ptomaine poisoning has always been a theory merely, and it has never been demonstrated as a fact. It made a very plausible explanation for certain cases of indigestion and other infectious diseases, before the nature and cause of these was determined.

225 Auto Flirters
Are Arrested By
Police in Chicago

CHICAGO, July 13.—(AP)—Flirting with the ladies in the Woodlawn police district nowadays is flirting with the police themselves. They nabbed 17 young men last night, locked them in cells, and announced that the crusade had only just started.

"I have received many complaints from mothers who said their daughters were being annoyed by these automobile flirts," said Capt. O'Connell, of the Woodlawn station. "Therefore I decided to start a new war on these pests."

Last year police in the same district arrested 225 on flirting charges in a week's time.

In a few days Herbert Hoover, who never ran for office before, will be talking to President Calvin Coolidge, who has run for office about twenty times—without being beaten.

Mr. Hoover ought to get excellent advice from Mr. Coolidge on "how to win."

Chicago's federal reserve raised the discount rate to discourage little fellows that gamble on margin. Call money went to 7 1/2 per cent. The little men decided that the big men meant business and Wall Street had an unpleasant day, what with a national campaign and so on.

But this is another day. You can never tell what will happen. To discourage a 1928 stock speculator seems to be the trick to keep a squirrel on the ground.

Daily Meteorological Report

Medford and vicinity 9:45 a.m. to-night and Saturday. Not much change in temperature. Oregon: Cloudy on coast and fair in interior tonight and Saturday. Change in temperature of 10-15 midday.

LOCAL DATA

Table with columns: Temperature (degrees), Highest (last 24 hrs.), Lowest (last 24 hrs.), Rel. humidity (per cent), Precipitation (inches), State of weather, Lowest temperature since September 1, 1927, 15.43 inches, Sunset today, 7:46 p.m., Sunrise Saturday, 4:48 a.m., Sunset Saturday, 7:46 p.m., Observations Taken at 5 A. M., 12th Meridian Time.

CITY

Table with columns: City, High Temp., Low Temp., Weather. Includes Baker City, Bismark, Dolbe, Denver, Den Moines, Fresno, Helena, Los Angeles, Marshfield, Phoenix, Portland, Red Bluff, Roseburg, Salt Lake, San Francisco, Santa Fe, Seattle, Spokane, Walla Walla, Winnipeg.

L. W. DICK, Meteorologist.

WOMAN DECLARES CURSE OF GOD IS ON ZION PROPERTY

WAKEGAN, Ill., July 12.—(AP)—Mrs. John Edgar Sr. of Zion, Ill., staunch follower of the late Dr. John Alexander Dowie, founder of Zion City, believes "the curse of God almighty is upon the land Volusia has sold to Bartlett."

William Glens Volusia is overseer of Zion. Bartlett is the real estate dealer who recently purchased a section of land belonging to Zion.

William Lunsen was killed while at work on the Bartlett subdivision yesterday.

Mrs. Edgar said Lunsen was the third man to be killed there since the land was sold. These deaths, she said, show the existence of a curse on the property.

Several other followers of Dr. Dowie have maintained that all the original Zion City site is "holy land" and that it should not be sold to outsiders. Mr. Volusia sold the city plots, he has been done in recent years.

QUEEN MARY PURNELL SEEKS AN INJUNCTION AGAINST HER RIVAL

RENTON HARBOR, Mich., July 12.—(AP)—As an aftermath to the latest outbreak of hostilities between factions seeking control of the House of Deeds colony, Queen Mary Purnell, widow of "King" Benjamin Purnell, today sought an injunction against H. T. DeWhirst, rival for control leadership to restrain him from selling colony literature. She named seven of his wives as co-defendants.

Paul Perrotti, one of Mary's followers, who participated in a cherry orchard fight on the colony farm Tuesday night, filed suit for \$5000 damages against DeWhirst, a group of his followers and Frank Wyland, colony deputy sheriff.

DeWhirst—State builds 80-foot fire lookout tower near here.

FARMERS' UNION WINS DECISION IN RATE HEARING

PORTLAND, Ore., July 12.—(AP)—The Farmers' Union won a fight for the introduction of a bill into the records of the interstate commerce commission grain rate hearing here today from 14. F. Richards, president of the union.

The let-off, read by A. S. Roberts, Wasco county grain grower and state legislator, protested that Oregon farmers were penalized by high rates on short hauls. Canadian growers can ship their grain farther at lower freight charges and eat, therefore, bread that wheat at lidewater cheaper than ours. Oregon farmers, the communication said.

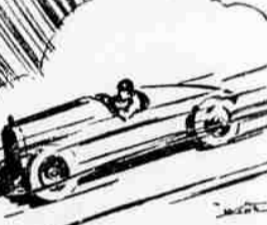
Roberts told the commission that Oregon growers of grain were kept poor by present conditions attending upon the growing and shipping of their products.

Richards was unable to appear before the commissioners. Bills read representatives protested against the reading of the letter, declaring that Richards should have appeared personally at the hearing.

Salem building since January reaches \$977,228.

Vernonia dedicates new American Legion airport.

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A. L. HILL, Manager Phone 105 30 N. Central Medford, Oregon

By BUD FISHER

BYU DEBRIS.

DEAR MISS DEBRIS: MONTHS HAVE ALMOST ENTIRELY DISAPPEARED FROM BATHING RESORTS IN THE LAST FIVE YEARS. CAN YOU ACCOUNT FOR THEM STAYING AWAY FROM BEACH RESORTS? VERY SINCERELY, SAM

