

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily, Sunday, Weekly... Published by the MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE CO. 28-37-39 N. Fir St. Phone 74

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry... The threat that Albee Temple McPherson would again flourish on the front page has apparently been averted.

The Anti-Saloon league official who proclaimed "very little beer is manufactured in the home" emitted a more salient mouthful than he knew.

Yesterday it was 36 in the shade, and 109 on all world's Ts.

One of these days an auto stage and a Nebraska tourist with a seven-on-cum-bumbug trailer are going to try and pass on the highway.

Klamath is a nomenpa in so far as air transportation is concerned. Prominent as it is in the national world, it is absolutely nil in the newest mode of transportation.

Lady Ford-Gump of the local initiation British set is wearing a ditty looking neck fur, in her left hand.

Religion prompted the assassination of President Garfield at Mexico. Many citizens are enamored in the name of religion; none in the name of Christianity.

H. Harrison Phynale has a new set of duds, with an odd pair of pants. The stripe therein is invisible, like the stripe that rambles down the spinal column of a skunk.

Another Friday, and no hanging in Salem.

The small boy, packed in the front seat to comply with the city ordinance, started to death before Mama was released from the beam-12-pavior.

Henry Leaf has withdrawn from the marathon to see who could stay longest in the shade of the Bulwark-depository.

DEFECTIVE SLEEPING GEAR ACCIDENT CAUSE - (Headline, Portland Telegram) - The steeple is never defective.

The authorities found an abandoned coat last night. It contained two platinum mines.

The first whinny of the community and house Wednesday. It's a mean one.

Jay Gore towed Wed. He got his whiskers shaved off, and then by himself the nomination for head-of of the agrarian revolt against Hoover.

ATTENTION, MR. REMUS. A taxi driver in Greenville ran smack into day last week and wound up in court. His punishment will serve as a model for hard-boiled judges.

Sentence imposed by Recorder Wyatt Alken was as follows: Disorderly conduct, \$25 or 20 days, speeding, \$25 or 20 days, driving an automobile while under the influence of intoxicants \$100 or 20 days, operating an automobile without the owners consent, \$25 or 20 days, carrying a pistol, \$100 or 20 days, discharging firearms in the city, \$100 or 20 days, driving on the left-hand side of a street, \$10 or 20 days, injury to private property, \$15 or 20 days, reckless driving, \$25 or 20 days, pointing a pistol at a person, \$50 or 20 days, refusing to stop for an officer, \$25 or 20 days. (Mountain Inn Tribune)

Helen Will Arrives. NEW YORK - Birds of a feather. The girl who can make a man's head whiz faster than any other one of her sex is returning in triumph aboard a speed ship. Miss Helen Will arrives this evening on the Mauretania. The three seems likely to smash her own record for the trip from Cherbourg.

Carr House Burns. LAKEPORT, Calif. - The R. F. Carr house and barn, valued at \$1000, two small summer houses, and the 8th Keithly barn were burned by a brush fire. The flames swept 400 acres.

Gets An Early Start. SANTA CRUZ - A 13-year-old boy was committed to the juvenile detention home on charges of passing worthless checks for a total of \$24. Officials refused to reveal the boy's name.

THE FLUENT TALKER VS. THE SILENT WORKER

HOOPER isn't a show-off. He can't slap backs, kiss babies, or turn cart-wheels on the back platform of his special train. That baby incident in Nevada yesterday may or may not have been true. Special correspondents often rely too much on their imaginations. But it may well have been true. It fits in with the Hoover character.

That is why the Tammany boys down on Fourteenth Street openly boast that when their "go-getter" Al gets started he is going to make a monkey out of the serious-minded Republican candidate, as he did of young Teddy Roosevelt, Ogden Reid, and others who attempted to keep him out of the state house at Albany a few years ago.

Imagine Al looking embarrassed and holding that baby gingerly in his arms, while the cameras clicked! Al would not only have sneaked the youngster on both cheeks, but said something witty about it being the next President, and the proud mother would have returned to her home not only a Smith supporter but a Smith worker.

Mebba so. At least that is the political tradition in this great Democracy, and ten years ago no one would have dared dispute it.

But political wisemen are not so sure today. For President Coolidge gave the "hurray-boys" theory an awful jolt. As a glad-hand artist and extemporaneous politer, he was from the first a total loss. "Silent Cal," "Cautious Cal," "Sour-faced Cal,"—these were all familiar titles bestowed with justification upon the Republican President, and yet he rolled up the largest majority and enjoyed the greatest continuous popular support of any President since the late lamented Theodore Roosevelt.

So unless there has been a radical change in the public temper—the old-time Kiekapoo-Indian-bally-hoo method of garnering the votes is somewhat frayed at the edges. In fact, there has been some evidence that the people have become tired of that sort of thing,—there is every reason to believe this hot-air super-salesmanship hokum has aroused more suspicion, than enthusiasm, in the public mind.

Al Smith started as a Boverly actor. He remains fundamentally an actor still. All the magnetic as well as the superficial qualities of the successful campaigner are his to a superlative degree. He is the political salesman par excellence. If Tammany had not grabbed him no doubt some big automobile man—probably Mr. Raskob,—would. As a salesman of political sporting models he has no equal.

Will he sweep everything before him, as he waves one of Raskob's "home-drinks" in one hand, and government cash for the poor farmer in the other? He may. The only thing certain about this election is its uncertainty. At the present moment, almost anything may happen.

But there is Silent Cal warning his book on the Brule in Wisconsin. Perhaps if the question were put to him, the White House spokesman might become articulate.

"The American people aren't easy to fool. When it comes to choosing a President they are inclined to take their time and look pretty critically beneath the surface. Deeds count more than words. That's been my experience."

At any rate, just how much of a circus performer a successful presidential candidate has to be, should be demonstrated by the result in November.

QUILL POINTS

Our theory is that most of the Crusaders so willing to journey far from home were married men.

Americanism: Hurrying to get somewhere; wishing the women folk would hurry so you could start back.

Note to the theological belt: Rail splitters get to the White House—not hair splitters.

Artificial flies help the fisherman, but what he really needs is a costume that will make the fish think he is a small boy.

G. O. P. orators can function over the radio better than Democrats. Gestures aren't necessary unless you're denouncing.

The stork first got credit for babies because she built her nest on the chimneys of the poor.

Strange how a whole nation changed from strong drink to ginger ale almost overnight.

The glaciers in the Alps aren't really shrinking. It's just that everything in Mussolini's neighborhood seems that way.

A village is a place where everybody belongs to the church except the local millionaire, and the church belongs to him.

Another way to reduce is to use a shorter sweater so you must jump higher to get flies on the ceiling.

MUTT AND JEFF—It Looks Like Tunney to Mutt After That



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.

LOVE IN A HEALTH COLUMN

What place has an opinion on "unrequited love" in a so-called health column, may I ask? I quote an anonymous reader in a feminine hand.

Another reader who signs her name and gives her address writes: "Dear Doctor I wonder if you realize how much you help us poor ignorant laymen. We not only are helped physically but I am stimulated mentally."

"If you were a man 25 years old, would you marry a woman 184 years older? I am very uncomfortable, not to say dismayed, to find myself growing attached to a man who is younger than I. I have heard it said that a husband should be at least five years older than his wife. Is it true that a woman ages faster than a man, or is that just a hangover from ancient times when a woman was a chattel of her husband? I do not care for the sentimental side of this—I want the physician's view."

"I am a fairly sound specimen of healthy woman, not a bad looker in looks and with a modicum of brains, I hope. I can keep house, cook, read Emerson, Mencken, the Bible and Darwin. I love babies and would like to raise a house full along with my husband."

"What shall I say to the neighbors when they bring up the alderman-husband boy?" "Maybe my question will look foolish, but you know anything can set a woman's coat that bears in any way an selection of a mate: when she enters, sense departs."

"Very truly yours," "Hygiene of the Prudie: I'll tell you, Prudie, and I'll tell you true, we like you young. And most gratefully plump both preferences are based on the solid ground of utility, maintenance and so on—we need not go back beyond Adam to explain that. When they see you as a wife, they're more amenable to your management than they are as a girl. And when they're nice and plump it is easier to keep on supplied with sufficient food, shelter, food and raincoat."

A difference of two years or less in the ages of husband and wife is practically insignificant matter, one way or the other, if both partners be sound in mind and body. The 27-year-old woman in this instance may as well be 25, and the 25-year-old man, correspondingly.

The American Social Hygiene association, 275 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., issues an excellent little pamphlet entitled "Love in the Making," which is a talk to older boys, by Howell W. Edson. For the young man who is just stepping out into the world, it gives some excellent advice. I think it is free to those who write for it.

The anonymous correspondent who asks what place unrequited love has in a health column, fails to consider that a health column should be concerned about anything and everything that is recognized as a factor of health or ill health. That the pathological emotion is too commonly left by the unwise consideration of the subject, does not signify that it should be accepted as an adequate cause for the rash or tragic acts of demoted persons. The physiology and pathology of the amatory emotion is absolutely a health subject. Indeed, a considerable part of the private correspondence I have with readers has to do with this subject. If other experts that health or medical attempt to advise about this "greatest human emotion," that does not alter the fact that it is a physiological problem I am referring, not to "advise to the lovers," but to the secret troubles people have and their need for some advice in whom they may safely confide.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Guaranteed. I noticed in your column that nervousness doesn't come from 20 Vitae dances. Our 16-year-old boy we carried him to a guy some 100 miles and 14 or 15 months. He said he can cure him if we will bring him long enough. He doesn't eat at all. —Mrs. F. W. K.

Answer:—It reminds me of Old Doctor Kidd's bun-bunad experiment. After the attack had the victim signed up to pay \$15 a week or month for treatment, it was pretty soft to give the amputation a written guarantee that Dr. Kidd would treat him until cured. Once that arrangement was concluded, of course a cure couldn't happen, not if Dr. Kidd knew anything about his business. If the boy has chosen it is rather dangerous to let the guy rope into do his tricks with him. He should have proper medical care.

Red Veins. Please tell me what causes a blood complexion and little red veins over the cheeks and sides of the nose. Is there any cure for this?—M. H.

Answer:—The detailed venies may be obliterated by skillful treatment with electrolysis with electrolysis of the vessels with electrolysis. Of course you must go to a physician and surgeon for that. I do not know the cause.

A High Jump. I am an aviator and parachute jumper. My parents claim parachute jumping and stunt flying are awakening to the heart and a shock to the nervous system. I am in good health, and have never felt any ill effects following these duties. What do you think?—W. C. B.

Answer:—It is hard on father's heart and mother's nervous system, but so far as I can learn, no shock to your own if only the chute comes up all right. When she falls to open, they say there is quite a shock and the heart stops beating for a long time.

Sweating Hands. Our daughter, aged 18, is annoyed by perspiration of the hands. There is no odor, but we should be grateful for any relief for this condition.—C. E. M. D.

Answer:—The daily or thrice-daily application, to the palms only, of a 1 or 2 per cent formaldehyde solution is effective. This should be in a collapsible tube, and a portion the size of a pea is ample for one application. (Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)

Most young married couples get split up so soon these days that their "hain't nothin' to fight for but the custody of the cocktail shaker. Everbuddy don't understand the lovers' troubles, but everbuddy knows enough about probability not to be afraid of any party's attitude toward it. (Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One) Gradually science draws closer to the cancer mystery. The healing of a wound is like a cancer growth, except that it stops when the healing work is done. The experiments with chickens are important, because, as explained to this writer at the Rockefeller Institute, the production of cancerous growth within the body of a chicken is so difficult as to be almost impossible. In only one case had it been possible to create cancer in a hen. There were scores of rats and mice,

Rippling Rhymes

By Walt Mason. RYNNING THE RINK The fact's been published long enough that bootleg booze is dead, so all men should be wise; there is no liquor anywhere that's not a pitfall and a snare, no gins or puns or games, good chemists' bottles, bottles, bottles, and having analyzed it, best the patient when they think that men will pawn their Sunday hats that they may buy from poisoned vats so fierce and foul a drink. The learned physicians still repeat their warnings, with rigorous heat, that bootleg booze is vile; it is a deadly thing, accursed, and still the man who has a lined hoarse warings with a smile. No doubt he reads the daily news and burns how people died of booze in places far away; but that's like reading fairy tales, and he'll go forth with jugs and pails to buy some booze today. A thousand other men may die, but he's exempt, he'll sniff his eye while he can raise the price; while he has still a watch to pawn, so he can buy a demijohn, no soft drinks will suffice, his bootleg merchant is a gink who wouldn't sell him poisoned drink, he is a man of worth; he ships his liquors from the braves of Bonnie Scotland, where they raise the finest drinks on earth. The thirsty man is always sure, while nursing down the seventh cure, that he is safe from harm; a thousand other men may die, but he's forever guarded by a talisman, a charm. And so the warnings of the wise seem vain and futile in his eyes; he takes his forty drops, until the undertakers come to drag him from some dismal stum, assisted by the cops.

each with cancers artificially produced, bigger than the animals' bodies. The chicken may yield the growth prevention substances.

In Europe the thermometer has risen to 140. Had it risen to 210 everybody would have died, the blood literally boiling in their veins. Temperatures at the sun's surface equals many thousands of degrees, and deep inside the sun, under frightful pressure, it is hot beyond our imaginations.

We should be grateful that our heat and cold are so well balanced, grateful especially for our wonderful bodies that keep the blood at about 98 degrees, on the equator at 129 above, or in the Arctic at 69 below.

The international conference of Communists at Moscow has an important item on its agenda. Communism must get ready for a great war surely coming between the imperialism of Britain and America.

A few generations back, the idea might have been sound. But great nations and big business have learned that war does not pay, and what does not pay does not interest them. If Communism waits for its chance until British and American imperialism fights, it will wait some time.

\$1,000,000 LIQUOR CARGO IS SEIZED

NEW YORK, July 20.—(AP)—A cargo of alleged pre-war 12° whiskey, estimated to be worth \$1,000,000 at retail, was seized today by customs agents on the Red Cross liner Nerissa. The 200-ton vessel was in harbor, under a shilled herring, which had been brought in large barrels from Halifax, N. S. The Nerissa docked in Brooklyn yesterday.

Lady Put Liquor in Gasoline. SANTA CRUZ.—Miss Charles Towson of Oakland, formerly prominent in Fresno, was sentenced to 60 days in jail and fined \$200 for reckless driving. A felony charge of driving an automobile while intoxicated was dismissed.

What Governor Smith Says About Saloon and What He Has Done

In the message which Governor Smith sent to the democratic national convention at Houston, outlining his utterances on the liquor question and declaring his purpose of being a candidate on a platform of his own so far as that issue was concerned, he used the following language:

"I am satisfied that without returning to the old evils that grew from the saloon, which years ago I held, and still hold, was and ought always to be a defunct institution in this country, by the application of the democratic principles of local self-government and state's rights, we can secure real temperance, respect for law and eradication of the existing evils."

"He is entitled to the vote of every citizen who would reestablish the open sale of liquor in the land and get back the saloon with all its infamies."

The charge is made that the Monitor ignored the governor's denunciation of the saloon, and his assurance that it "was and ought always to be a defunct institution in this country." That this charge is baseless will be clear to anyone who will study with even reasonable care the legislative record of Alfred E. Smith as a member of the New York assembly and later as its speaker. This record was published in the Christian Science Monitor on June 24, 1924. It occupied more than a column of space and enumerated no less than 24 instances of his vote being cast in favor of the saloons on legislation pending for their regulation. When local option was up, Assemblyman Smith invariably voted against it.

When efforts were made to amend the notorious Tamney law, and to regulate the so-called hotels operating under its sanction, the vote of Assemblyman Smith was in opposition. When the effort was made to check the delivery of liquor in dry territory, Speaker Smith

accomplished its defeat. When the anti-vice scheme was proposed in the local option territory, Governor Smith supported it. Assemblyman Smith supported it. His vote was cast in favor of removing all provisions protecting churches and schools from the establishment of saloons in their immediate neighborhood, and as speaker he engineered the passage of a bill permitting the establishment of saloons within 200 feet of a private school.

This is but a hasty enumeration of the more notable instances of Alfred E. Smith's political service to the liquor interests. Naturally, the existence of this record makes his expression of abhorrence of the saloon difficult to accept as being in entire good faith. If years ago he thought the saloon ought to be a defunct institution, why did he so persistently and persistently by the exercise of his power as a member and speaker of the assembly, strive to breathe into its nostrils the breath of life? A political utterance by a hopeful candidate cannot undo the record of a lifetime of political subservience to the liquor interests.—Christian Science Monitor.

SWEDEN MAY ASK INVESTIGATION OF NOBILE DISASTER

STOCKHOLM, July 20.—(AP)—Swedish officials today were considering what steps could be taken toward a formal inquiry into General Umberto Nobile's fatal expedition to the north pole. The newspapers were suggesting a juridical investigation.

The newspaper Dagbladet printed a report saying that General Nobile is "in fact, the Italian government's prisoner, as he is forbidden to leave the base ship Citta di Milano before he has given the world a clear account of the Italian catastrophe and later events."

Swedish files in Spitzbergen have been ordered to clear up the mystery of Dr. Finn Malmgren's fate. His Italian companions buried him alive in the ice, but the admiralty announced it had received no confirmation of the Swedish scientist's death. The search was ordered on the slim chance that he might be alive.

An expert on international law said that it offered no hindrance to a formal inquiry into the Nobile expedition, but that differences of a political nature might be encountered. He suggested that Sweden might propose a Norwegian trial of some sort, since the Spitzbergen archipelago is under the jurisdiction of Norway.

It was thought by others, however, that such an investigation would be hard to arrange, as the jurisdiction of any country could be only vaguely defined. It was pointed out that Dr. Malmgren had been left to perish in a sort of "no man's land," and thus no country would have a clearly defined right to command a juridical inquiry.

General Nobile sent a message to Stockholm saying that he had no misunderstanding with Dr. Malmgren. He asserted that relations of the whole party were at all times frank and cordial.

It Was Loaded, As Usual. SAN FRANCISCO.—Eddie J. Grace, secretary of the Pacific Association of the Amateur Athletic union, was seriously wounded by accidental discharge of a pistol he was cleaning.

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