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Ye Smudge Pot

Western Africa natives slit the tongue of saxophone players. The idea is not copyrighted, and might work on local natives, who fightably inquire: "IS IT HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?"

"I ENJOY THE HEAT." He does nothing of the kind. A striking peculiarity of the heat in the Rogue River, is that it is amazingly devastating upstate.

PORTLAND SQUATED ON THE MUGGY banks of the Willamette, with fiery blasts coming from the narrow streets, and a mercury registration of 93 degrees, is always sympathetic, thru the press, when the same mercury shows 192 degrees here. The headlines squeal, in consequence.

SUMMER ARRIVES HERE. SOUTHERN ALBA STIFLED. SALEM REPORTED WARM. 100 MARK TOUCHED.

The coolest temperatures on earth are cooked-up in July and August in the highways and by-ways of the metropolis, yet they leave the impression that the hymn, that devotes a line "to icy shores," meant Portland, instead of Greenland.

The Anti-Saloon League of Oregon with characteristic impudence, announces in effect, that unless the Republican party of the nation, does as they think best, Hoover is ruined. The U. O. P. day plant is not apt enough, and neither is the candidate, in the eyes of the self-appointed political dictators. They have dire doubts about the outcome in November, unless their vision is followed.

What do the eminent dyes, endorsed by the organization as delegates to the Kansas City debacle, let it be struggling, through the growth, think of the latest stand, for representative patchwork?

For many years this col. has been valiantly battling the formation of a civic main quartet. While this engaged, we were sneaked up on, and established in the back, with a mouth-organ band.

Lady Ford-Coupe of the local imitation British set, reports she is squeaking like a blowed equine.

One of our social terrorists was caught on the Sabbath vainly endeavoring to master the intricacies of the delicious but abominable roasting ears. The injection of a couple of ominous looking surgical instruments, in the north and south pole of the roasting ear, which he highly ornamented, belated not a whit. There seems no way to attack a roasting ear, except ravenously, and, there is no use trying to do a neat job of it.

C. Wik Asplow has a cold. He picked a fine time for same.

Tonus Swen is back from the frozen North, where he viewed totem poles, that have defied the claws and teeth of ants for years, but not the pocket-knife of "E. M. C. Peoria."

The new order of the Prohibition Enforcement bureau, calling for the fingerprints of bootleggers, and dry agents to wear blue caps, with large and resplendent silver shields, is a dandy, pleasing alike, "the sweet singers of the plains," and "the forces of Pharaoh." It is apparently an equitable division of the law, but only seems so. The highly visible blue-caps should be put on the bootleggers, and fingerprints taken of the dry agents.

ENTHUSIASTS: No telling where the world would be without enthusiasts, for enthusiasts are people who keep continually reminding us of things that ought to be done. They stir our consciences, they make us attend meetings, they force us to serve on committees and captain teams.

Do the poor sailors stand in need of heavy underwears, the FBI jailers of Scripture, the prisoners of wholesome reading? Are humble dwellings a cesspool of vice and sin? Are dreadful conditions at our very doorstep? Do we eat too much meat and chew it too little? Does paper litter the streets and what about the flowers, gardens? Is our liberty being taken from us? Are we menaced by Bolshevika? Are the corporations strangling us? In short, is nothing as it should be and everything as it ought not to be? Then come the enthusiasts to drag us from our homes and our easy chairs and arm us for the battle—Baltimore Sun.

DON'T MENTION IT!

THE best protection against heat is not to think about it. Also not to talk about it. It is fairly warm today, but conversation regarding the same merely makes it warmer. A particularly obnoxious pest, at the present time, is the busy-body who inquires of everyone he meets if this "hot enough for you?"

Of course it is. Why allude to something that everyone knows? If, instead of thinking and talking about the temperature, more people would look about them, they would observe that those who are the busiest and talk the least, are the most comfortable.

Up to two days ago this had been the most perfect summer in the Rogue River valley in modern history. For over two months Medford has been an ideal summer resort,—ideal is the word!

Of course that was too good to last forever. Some simmering is unavoidable in this part of the world. Now we are simmering alright, alright. But it probably won't last long. It never does,—particularly a night like last night. And with cool nights, the days don't matter much.

So, in addition to following the hot weather advice of old Doctor Brady and the State Board of Health, turn off the switch on this hot weather buzzing. It does no good, and does do harm. Think about other things,—Medford's new water system, for example, or the electric refrigerator!

YES INDEED!

BETTER not think about the presidential election,—there is too much alcohol in it, as well as too much gun-powder. However, if you must think about it,—which seems to be our predicament,—think about it from the viewpoint of a more or less detached observer.

From such an angle one may even arouse a breeze of humor, now and then. Just think what a time the elephant and donkey are having, for example. At the present rate of exchange, the elephant is going to sport long "pointed hairy ears" before the first of September, and the donkey will have a nose like a tapir.

In every day's press report, two or three prominent Democrats announce their support of Hoover; and while there are not so many Republicans coming out for Al Smith,—at least in print,—everyone knows there are many of them.

From the standpoint of "voting the ticket straight,"—that antiquated old wheeze this newspaper has fought so many years,—this is going to be a frightfully crooked election.

QUILL POINTS

Religion can make a campaign bitter, but not the religion of the leader who taught men to love their enemies.

A conviction is like a prejudice, except that you can hold it without calling hard names.

A hypocrite is a man who pretends to be just as perfect as you are and yet doesn't live as you do.

The typewriter is worth while, if only to translate that funny penwork the business man calls a signature.

Americanism: Males laboring to provide spending money for females who do their part by spending it.

If mother ever smokes, she will insist that the family cigarette butts are good enough for her.

And some people are chronic invalids because that's the only way to attract constant attention.

There isn't room in one small world for the Golden Rule and the rule of gold.

Resort: A place where you pay \$85 a week for room and board you wouldn't endure at home.

Marry if you wish, son; but many planes fail to rise because of a heavy load.

Ah, well; think how many more wars might be in progress except for the work of the league.

Correct this sentence: "And yet," said the plump lady, "I hardly eat enough to keep a bird alive."

It is estimated that 3 per cent of those who think stocks will keep on going up forever will have a turkey on Thanksgiving.

Some essentiaes are so useless, however, that the most liberal use of French in the advertising can't put them over.

Americanism: Bringing home souvenirs; wondering what to do with them; throwing them away.

MUTT AND JEFF—The Heat's Responsible for This



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. 45—Pure Air

Only in recent years physiologists have determined the difference between "fresh" air and "foul" or vitiated air. Formerly we assumed that the air in an occupied room became "foul" or vitiated from the exhaustion of the oxygen and the accumulation of carbon dioxide (C. D. O. 2).



acid gas) in the air breathed by persons or animals. Then, too, we harbored vague fancies about "organic impurities" or "waste matter" given off or excreted from the lungs of persons or animals in the room. Scientific studies, with precise measurements, have shown that none of these familiar ideas applies in practical experience. The direct, or unobscured, effects of "bad" or "foul" or vitiated air upon occupants of the poorly ventilated or unventilated enclosure are ordinarily due to (1) warmth, (2) stagnation and (3) accumulation of moisture in the air. Hill's famous experiment on volunteer students, confined in an air tight chamber proved that the mere starting up of an electric fan and the stirring of the "foul" air in the hermetically sealed room quickly relieved the stupor, headache, fatigue and qualms of nausea, quite as though the students had received a supply of reviving "fresh" air. Think what a little electric fan might have done for the victims of the black hole of Calcutta!

To provide "fresh air" for the occupants of any room, then, the essentials are (1) to keep the temperature of the air from rising above the comfort point, which varies in different circumstances but averages 62 to 67 degrees Fahrenheit; and (2) to keep the air in the room in motion. These two factors, but particularly the latter, will ordinarily take care of the other requirement, the evaporation of moisture from the skin and the lungs of occupants. When the entire mass of air moves we call it a breeze or if it moves fast enough, wind. Just where the line is to be drawn is well, anyway, why draw a line? What have you gained when you split a hair? If the air moves only here and there, in spots, in little local currents, we call it a draft, and if we are old fogies we are rather afraid of it, though heaven knows we'd nearly all be dead now if it were not for the drafts that find their way into and through our winter burrows, and a good big share of our general vivandise and goodliness. In other seasons may be fairly ascribed to our skill and success in keeping the air from moving in the corner where we are sulking at the moment.

It is still true that an atmosphere containing sufficient carbon dioxide will not support life and one who happens to breathe it will soon faint or suffer asphyxiation, but no such accumulation of carbon dioxide in the air is ever encountered from pollution of the air by the breathing of persons or animals, in an ordinary room or other enclosure. Once in a while a workman descending into a tank in a factory or other place may be "gassed" with carbon dioxide. But even the most vitiated air of a crowded, unventilated room, contains but a negligible proportion of this gas. In pure fresh air is less than four parts in ten thousand, although the exhaled breath contains 100 parts of carbon dioxide in 10,000.

Analysis of the air in various places show these interesting variations: Smoky atmosphere in narrow streets or courts, 80 parts in 10,000; moving picture theaters, 40 to 70 parts; workshops, 20 to 30 parts; breweries, as high as 500 parts.—This due to the production of carbon dioxide in fermentation, of course, anything burning produces carbon dioxide. This harmless carbon dioxide is not to be confused with the poisonous carbon monoxide gas.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS: Dry Cough: My daughter insists that dry food is advisable to prevent constipation. She eats only dry toast, takes no liquid with her

hamburgers, and drinks about three, sometimes four, glasses of water a day. I have never been troubled that way and I think her idea is wrong. (Mrs. E. B. G.)

Answer:—It is wrong. Plenty of water is an aid to peristalsis. That means that a sedentary person should drink at least three to a gallon of water a day, depending on activity, weather, age, etc. If your daughter will write and tell me she has, not constipation but the constipation habit, and send along a stamped envelope bearing her address, I will mail her some instructions to help her correct the habit.

Afraid of Snails: I am afraid to try semisaults, on account of a slight curvature of the spine. Is there any other exercise I could do? (K. G.)

Answer:—Semisaults are not exercise. Just mechanical maneuver. Curvature of the spine is no bar to turning semisaults. I should say. The rolls would tend to iron out the curvature.

Mag. Carb. I have been eating magnesium carbonate, before my baby was born, but then didn't crave it any more. Lately I seem to crave it again. Is there harm in eating it. I can't take milk of magnesia, but must have the cake form. (Mrs. M. P.)

Answer:—Not any great harm. I suggest calcium carbonate instead—prepared chalk. The calcium is rather desirable.

Orange Juice Is an excessive amount of orange juice harmful? I take it every morning for breakfast, and mother thinks there is too much acid in the juice to take it so often. (J. G.)

Answer:—It is healthful enough. The citric acid in orange, lemon, grapefruit or limes, is oxidized into carbonic acid, which combines with potassium, sodium etc. in the blood to form alkaline carbonates, and thus such food tends to oppose acids or acid accumulations in the system.

How About Extra-Greens? I note you consider infra-red especially valuable. Do you hold the same view of ultra-violet? (E. C. G.)

Answer, No. I consider infra-red no more and no less valuable than radiant heat, such as you get from the gas stove or an open fire. Ultra-violet light is a valuable remedial agent.

New York City's down an 'out-ers, who used to make the most of the brief seasons of 'snow shovelin', are now down 'arty vell the year around shovelin' up after trans-Atlantic fliers. Chicago must be a dandy fly market.

Brisbane's Today (Continued from Page One) 8 per cent call money and other danger signals, and nothing much has happened yet. Some lams lost their little financial lives in a preliminary slump. Stock prices keep creeping ahead, through the form of uncertainty. Perhaps things are not as bad as the big men think them. Nothing is more easily scared than a very rich man.

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason.)

TOO MUCH LEARNING

The prospects are not sunny for that approaching fight 'tween Heeneey and Gene Tunney—no sport observers write. The people, synthetic, don't seem to care a hoot, although for things athletic they generally root. Since Gene's accused of learning his former prestige ease; the midnight oil he's burning has cost him many friends. Men don't admire the bruiser who cultivates his mind, who quotes some highbrow snoozer exalted and refined. He surely is mistaken who gives his fancy wings, he'd better bring the bacon in triumph from the ring. Men have acquired the notion Gene isn't on his toes, since Shakespeare is the portion that lulls him to repose. He is a trifling fellow, unfit to wear the gloves, who monkeys with Othello and Hamlet's hates and loves. He's sure to be swelled-headed who's fond of fancy poems, admitting he is wedded to ancient highbrow tomes. A pug should be a fighter if he'd remain on deck, acknowledging no writer, save one who writes a check, John L. and Bob Fitzsimmons and all the old time clan would laugh at culture's trimmin's, and every uplift plan; the mighty Peter Jackson and Jeff and Jake Kilrain would never lay their stacks on a pug with humped horns. Now all such stuff is silly, but people talk that way; and so the air is chilly about the coming fray. The fighter who is scowling, who has a bulldog jaw, who's sometimes heard a growling "I seen" and "I have saw,"—he is the sort of bruiser the people most admire; the highbrow is a loser, he lacks the Berserk fire.

General Motors Truck company offers \$5000 in prizes for the best letters on delivery service—fancy writing not considered. Any truck is better than none, and better; than horses. Trucks, properly representing and serving a business, represent an important problem.

Colonel Friedman, head of Altman & Company in New York, was puzzled when he had to replace with automobile delivery wagons his stable of high stepping, beautiful horses and equipages. He told this writer: "My difficult problem is not efficiency, but beauty, escape from the commonplace. Colonel Friedman solved his problem, but not easily. Other merchants are still wrestling with it.

Ellen Terry died Saturday, aged 80, honored and loved by her country, was not a great actress, comparable with Bernhardt or Duse. More than a great actress, she was an inspiration to the stage, to other women and men.

All that she did was well done. She represented admirably self-respecting womanhood on the stage and in private life.

Kansas recalled our wife and first baby from Illinois, where we had been having them boarded and lodged free with her folks, that was a rare scheme. Went to farming again, stuck to it, like grim death to a sick ogger. Needless to say I've been through some hard sledding. Still I am alive and fairly happy. No one is offering me work; I've been living and loafing in Oregon some time over five years, in becoming acclimated and beginning to realize the fact, that having food and raiment we should therewith be content. That is why my wife, nearing her 87th birth anniversary often quotes to me. Previous to coming to Oregon we lived eight years in Idaho, my son-in-law, E. H. Noshier, and wife, and their united daughter and husband, Grover Millman, were all located in homes here. We, my wife, a son and daughter, have established our home near the others. Would be happier if employment was more plentiful and regular. But we've never missed a meal by ill health or food shortage. Friends we've found a plenty. Big money?—Whole souled. Men I most like as a rule, my acquaintance with ladies limited to a few. They are real, kind, handsome, gracious, and kind. Naturally I love all the ladies, for my wife and mother were ladies and compelled my love, respect and debts. Childhood days now pass before me, forms and scenes of long ago.

To friend Leiden, as yet I would judge you are an outlander, un-settled as to whether or not to establish a home here. Now from a five years' residence in Illinois, my experience is an imbosker in the cherry orchards of Gresham, Dufur and pear orchards in vicinity of Medford have proven that non residents drift into these

fruit centers in such number, they create a surplus of labor, cause many home owners and tax payers to remain idle. That otherwise would be a work, I know, whereof I write, I have met in orchards, whole families from Arkansas and carloads of youngsters from the Middle West touring the country and expecting to work their way to a great extent. You see that is hurting local home owners. As to the merchants, what I've met they are of a general disposition. I've always met such courteous treatment. It's true they have given me no charity goods, but have been pleasant and friendly. We pay as we go. If stung in a house we would cut them.

I have wandered over quite a large scope of the west and in the south. I've met in my travels people from all walks in life and I've this to say for Medford. It's a lovely city, peopled by progressive citizens, city substantially built, business of all kinds in a prosperous condition, churches of most orthodox religions, well represented and having good buildings, schools, churches, and a good library in center of population; theaters, in fact, public places of various kinds for the instruction and amusement of young folks and old. I believe it ranks high in morals, health must be good here, the breeze seldom seen on the streets, but many health old people daily parading streets of Medford. So why should it not be a good place to live. This is truly a great country, wonderful scenery, hunting and fishing, good roads to get to your playgrounds, other advantages. I've not time or space to mention.

Aaron Schollars, Medford, July 22.

Communications

SAYS MEDFORD HOSPITABLE To the Editor:

In answer to a communication in a recent issue of the Mail Tribune by one Harry Ledes, content from Kansas, in which there was an implied threat of unfavorable publicity I've been sore at times at conditions here. But believe me, I've met so many fine friendly people, it has healed the soreness and I owe most of all to members of the Medford Mail Tribune family, may their shadows never grow less. I prize and read the paper regularly and like its make-up and the editorials. Even the Smudge Pot, and kind.

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Is Hoover a Friend of the Farmer?

No living man has done so much, practically, for the American farmer, to help his prices and enlarge his markets, as Herbert Hoover has done.

He was not a member of the board that fixed the price of wheat. President Wilson's own signature, which Hoover specifically vetoed the price, was made by the farmers themselves, and it was fixed by a board of farmers. At the meeting of the board, Hoover was not present, and did not influence them in any way. Members of the board have said so under oath. More than that, when the war closed, it closed quickly and left millions, indeed hundreds of millions of pounds of American produce—hog, pork and beef, chiefly—without a market. The allied governments had been buying products of America. When the war closed the allied governments went into the open market and ignored America. December 31, 1918, the allies cancelled all their orders for American pork. Ten days before Hoover had received from the chief of the food administration, meat division, in Washington, a telegram which declared that the food administration must have orders for Europe for four hundred million pounds of pork in January, and the same amount for February, or disaster would follow. America was producing a surplus of four hundred million pounds of pork a month, under a price agreement with the allies. When the price agreement was shattered by the allies, the American market was threatened. Farmers were getting \$17.50 a hundred for their hogs. Pork is a perishable product. If the packers bought hogs without a foreign market they would go bankrupt. If the packers did not buy hogs they would be turned back upon the farms and eating their heads off on a collapsed market the hogs would ruin the American farmer.

Hoover in Paris, representing the American government, tried in vain to sell this four hundred million pounds a month surplus to the allies. They refused to buy. Then Hoover went to the Germans, who wanted to buy but could not. Then he went to the liberated people when the allies refused to buy. They refused to let Hoover sell the meat to the Germans; continuing after the war the embargo against the Germans. More than that, the allies kept the embargo against the neutrals, who would sell to the Germans. There was a situation which never before faced any defender of the American farmer.

When Hoover received the word from America that our surplus was four hundred million pounds a month and knew the allies had clamped down the embargo on our market, he was like a man

knowing in a telegraph office, knowing that two trains were coming together, head on, on one track.

But he kept his nerve. He could have turned his back on the American farmer. In that period he wrote to Wilson: "There is no right in the law of God or man that we should longer continue to starve neutrals now that we have a surplus of food." But he did more than write. He took the cause of the American farmer to the supreme war council and in three months the German blockade was raised and the American farmers' pork, beef and grain was pouring into Europe. He was food administrator for the United States, he was also director of relief in Europe, and the moment the embargo was lifted he shipped great cargoes of pork, grain and beef into Europe. As food administrator, he took cash from the grain division and bought pork for European distribution. The Quakers, Hoover's friends, distributed millions of dollars worth of food to the poor and needy of Germany, and he sold \$250,000,000 worth of American food to the Germans. He raised \$2,000,000 by buy food for the children of Austria, and as director general of relief, \$12,000,000 worth of food was allocated for the Austrian food relief out of the treasuries of the allies; all to hold the market for the American farmers' products, a market which would have smashed and sent hogs down from \$12 to \$4 if Hoover had not stood in the breach and held the market. But for Hoover, pork and beef prices would have come tumbling down and the American farmer would have been ruined. He held the fort.

This is Hoover's record on farm relief. A man who will act, practically, quickly, and successfully, for the American farmer in a grave crisis like this can be depended on to see the farmer through this crisis.

Hoover was farm born and farm reared. Why should the farmers turn from one of their own people, an orphan, raised in the middle west, working his way through a western college as a waiter and a day laborer? Why should they turn from him to a man who never spent a day on a farm, who held a political job since he was 19, in Tammany Hall?

The American farmer is no fool. He knows Tammany has voted against every workable agricultural measure in congress for 20 years. It has always voted for free immigration.

If the American farmer goes to the Tammany Tiger for a ride to prosperity, he will come back inside the Tiger.—Win. Allyn White in Emporia (Kansas) Gazette.

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