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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Approximately 50,000 voters of this state have been unable to let go of their fishing poles, guns, and golf sticks long enough to register for the fall election.

The straw hat is vanishing from the horizon, as did the noble red man and the buffalo. They will be sought for when they cannot be found next spring.

Gen. Noble, who escaped from the Italia disaster with his hide intact, "is in seclusion." So are many brave men, who went with him, and after him.

The papers tell about a Baltimore girl who lost her frock at a dance, but don't tell how she noticed the difference—Alva, Okla., Review-Courier. A breath of cool air may have hit her.

The news that a "communist party" exists in Oregon is startling, but it is not as startling as the information that nobody in Jackson county belongs. There are several who will join any fool notion once.

Miss Pola, Negri of the films, fell off a horse when the critic snorted and slid at a pinner such propelled down the Paris avenue by a gentle breeze. The tumble was epochal, as nothing like it has happened since King George of England went to France to review the troops, and his mount reared up when the band started to play, and deposited His Highness upon the royal hip-pockets, in the mud of Plandres, practically raising the imperial pants. When Pola fell there was anguish. If she was lucky she might pull through. Her condition was precarious, her princely husband was fretted beyond words, and the screen world sobbed. Now it develops that all the fuss was unnecessary. Pola only had the wind knocked out of her, temporarily.

The attention of the Salvation Army, the Red Cross, and the Near East Relief committee is called to the headquarters where running losses these rainy evenings.

CONCERNING BOLTERS Now listen, Mr. Voter, if you're now a party floater

And inclined to hold your ticket for candidates of your own, it will probably amuse you that as fellowmen appraise you

Diametrically opposite opinions will be shown.

There are those who will denounce you and indignantly pronounce you

An ingrate of the deepest, darkest hue that they can name; They will hail you with derision, point with scorn at your decision

And attempt to heap upon you gross indignity and shame.

There're the cents you leave behind you, but as soon as others find you

Have belted to the candidates and party they espouse, You will find that you're a hero and your feelings once at zero

Will rise as you discover what a welcome you can raise.

And so, dear Mr. Voter, if you're now a party floater

Be prepared for contradictions in the terms to you applied: You're an ingrate and a hero all at once—if one can be so.

For citizens to talk, while sitting on the one and 'other side, (Baltimore Sun.)

Medford Girl Now

in Tent Comedies

Frank's Comedians return to the big tent tonight, and present for the last time, the riot comedy, "Don't Tell My Wife," the play that delighted its audience on Tuesday night. Starting Friday and continuing Saturday and Sunday, Frank's Comedians will present another of their feature comedies, "Not Tonight, Dearie." In the cast will be seen a mighty clever Medford miss, who will surprise and delight her many friends. The tent is now well heated with gas heat, and the elements have been taken care of, according to Mr. Frank.

Let me write your fire insurance, Carl Y. Tengwald, Hotel Holland, Phone 923.

Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Sept. 12.—We have been asked by a subscriber why we don't blue-pencil Mr. Brisbane's "Today." His opinion to the League of Nations and the World Court, his complex regarding airplanes, and his usual talk, are all condemned as mischievous and mendacious "chicanery."

We don't agree entirely with Brisbane on any of these issues, but we do not intend to edit his column. To edit Brisbane would be to misrepresent him. Brisbane in our opinion, should be allowed to write for Brisbane, the better should be taken with the sweet. For just as no character can be understood if only its light side is seen, so no writer can be understood, if only his best—or what one considers his best—opinions are published.

Brisbane is Brisbane—a man of prejudices and weaknesses like you. The entire political situation is too mixed up, for any maximum of the post-bellum period to apply. It shows how Maine will go this fall—that's about all.

As the campaign progresses, however, the feeling constantly increases that Smith is beaten—that while he may make a great showing, he can't by any reasonable possibility, win. We have visited a number of newspaper offices the last two weeks, one of them the Sacramento Bee, being bitterly opposed to Hoover, and the sentiment in all of them has been singularly the same. Smith is going to get a pile of votes, but of course Hoover will win.

If this sentiment in California—and in the Smith section of California—is characteristic of the country at large, it is in itself going to be a decided factor in Hoover's favor. For whether we like it or not, there are thousands of voters, who either don't want to throw their votes away, or child-like, want to be on the winning side.

The Retail Druggists appear to be having a good time. Well, we don't know of any group of business men that should be better equipped to have it.

QUILL POINTS

The religion that seems out of place in politics is the other fellows.

The reason the story ends queerly is because the editor chopped off four paragraphs to make it fit around the advertising.

The senator who calls liquor a burning issue evidently has not discovered what ginger ale will do for it.

It's fair enough. They are using scrapped automobiles to make farm machinery, and the product of the farm machinery goes back into automobiles.

If only we could farm out other employees and make somebody else pay their salaries until they are ready for the big league.

The greatest aid to democracy and casual conversation is the universal need of a match.

The English visitor who says we have no liberal party should be around some time when the precinct boys are being paid off.

Ford gave Rockefeller a Biver for his birthday, which means that Henry's presents at his next natal celebration will include a bright new dime.

They may cure criminals by operating on their heads; but if the operation is performed in time, a flat piece of wood serves as well as a knife.

Still, spanking wouldn't help much in this soft-handed age.

Americanism: Making a down payment on a new radio while stalling the collector on the sewing machine.

Don't fear a second-hand car. There's nothing wrong with it except the fact that the neighbors got a new one.

So the women spend 80 per cent of the money men earn. That means 20 cents in each dollar never hear the word: "Gimme."

Our bologna picture for today: A great statesman looking cordial and delighted while greeting a pompous delegation from Podunk Center.

MUTT AND JEFF — Self Preservation Is the First Law of Nature

I'M IN SOFT AT LAST. I'M WRITING A COLUMN UNDER THE PEN NAME OF SAM SASH AND IT'S A CINCH. ALL I DO IS CLIP THE BEST STUFF OF RING LARDNER, IRVING COBB, GEORGE ADE AND MORTIMER MUGG AND MAKE UP MY COLUMN. NOBODY KNOWS WHO SAM SASH IS.

THAT COLUMNIST SAM SASH HAS MORE NERVE THAN A CAKE EATER. EVERY DAY HE SWIPES SOME OF MY STUFF AND USES IT AS HIS OWN. I'M GONNA CURE THAT BOZO.

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND OUT FOR A WEEK WHO THIS GUY SAM SASH IS BUT NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW. THERE'S JEFF. MAYBE HE KNOWS THE SAP.

JEFF, I'M LOOKING FOR SAM SASH. HE STEALS SOME OF MY BEST STUFF EVERY DAY AND I'M TIRED OF IT. DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW HIM? I WANT TO BEAT HIM UP!

ER-MM, THAT'S HIM STANDING BY THAT TREE.

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR A WORD OUT OF YOU! I'M MORTIMER MUGG THE HUMORIST AND YOU'RE POISON TO ME, THASS ALL!

OH, WELL!

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 limited number can be answered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this newspaper.

WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR FIRST INDIGESTION

Frankly, now, I believe there is no such thing as "indigestion," so if you think I am wrong about that, don't read any further today.

At that, quite a few of us pass through this vale of tears with a twinge of indigestion. When a fellow goes for years without either begins to feel a little "off" and ashamed of himself or else he takes some such attitude as I take and boldly declares there is no such trouble as "acute indigestion."

My first indigestion came, I'm bound to confess, at a happy moment. I mean it couldn't have arrived at a more welcome time in my life. You see, it seized me just about 18 hours before—or was it after—I received my commission as a medical officer and orders to report to some unlovely camp for "training." Oh, boy, that was a wonderful bellyache. And a humdrum while it lasted. But a grand and glorious bellyache, too! It admitted me to the hospital and entitled me to immediate operation, which was delightful enough in itself, but moreover the temporary incapacity made me unavailable for the drill sergeant.

Even if they had declined to operate on me pronto, my first indigestion would have been a happy experience, I think. The view was exquisite while it lasted, as I tried valiantly to inform the universe for six or eight hours, when the ungrateful old appendix sloughed off the bellyache ceased and I was happy enough to turn up my toes for good and all right then, if the occasion required it. Acute appendicitis promptly subjected to surgery is my notion of a pleasant vacation; the same malady without intervention would make a comfortable method of exit, I wot.

Sok P. Goshenblytzer (let's call him so) graphically describes his or her first indigestion thus: "Seven years ago I suffered indigestion for the first time in my life, after eating a steak. The following morning my hand swelled badly. The doctor called it aneurisic edema. In the next four years I spent over \$5,000 going to various specialists, and they all called it the same. My cheeks, chin, lips, eyes, tongue, hands and feet swelled from time to time. All doctors say emphatically there is no known cure. Three years ago I gave up physicians and quit eating red meats and became generally careful about my diet, but the swellings appear just the same at frequent intervals. As a rule, as I have noticed, the swellings appear after indigestion. The swellings rarely start in the daytime; I wake in the morning swollen."

In less frightful language the correspondent is subject to giant hives. In any attack of hives (urticaria) there is likely to be distress referred to the digestive tract; sometimes, at least, this is attributable to hives in the gut, stomach or intestine. There is one remedy that has apparently helped some sufferers from aneurisic edema or giant hives, and that is hypodermic or intramuscular injections of adrenin given by the physician, and a prolonged course of adrenal gland medication by mouth, of course under control of your physician.

Once more I say there is no such thing as acute indigestion, but when you get your first attack I advise you to lose no time in summoning the doctor to try and find out what ails you.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Red Hands. I am continually embarrassed by red hands and red face. Is this a sign of high blood pressure?—Miss K. J.

Answer.—No. Celery Seed Tea. I am a woman of 60 and have been very nervous so that I can't relax. Dr. don't do me any good. A friend advised me to drink celery seed tea before going to bed. I am very fond of celery and like the tea. Is it good for me? I cannot sleep well without it.—Mrs. M. D. D.

Answer.—The celery seed tea is harmless and if it seems to soothe

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason.)

EASY MONEY BOYS

It's sad to see a young man tired of everything his eyes behold, with nothing fit to be admired, while all his blessings leave him cold. It is the fate of many lads who have grown up in riddled ease, who touch their fathers' for the seeds, who seem to think cold grows on trees. They motor all around the town or push their airplanes to and fro; they never had to buckle down to gain the luxuries they know. They never had a ply a hoe throughout the long hot summer day, or take three tired folk and throw upon a wagon loads of hay. They never had to strive and strain behind a sawbuck and a saw, or carry brick or harvest grain or feed a thrasher's hungry maw. They never had to do without the traps for which they yearned and pined, for father is a good old scout, so they avoid the heaviest grind. They never had to earn a plunk by digging holes or driving brads; and so the luxuries seem junk for which they blow the unearned seeds. And so before they're fairly grown they're red and laded as you see; they're sick of everything they own, and tired of everything they see. The man who in his younger years gets down to tacks while Croesus plays, who labors like a brace of steers, finds zest in life throughout his days. And every luxury he buys recalls the time when he was broke and couldn't purchase costly pipes, or buy himself a five-cent stovepipe. He buys himself a stovepipe hat and thinks about the bygone hour when such a gorgeous lid as that seemed far beyond his earning power. And so, contrasting bygone times with present yam and circumstance, he gets much comfort from his dimes, and life's a merry song and dance.

Your Own Kids

I am told the progeny of a nervous, slightly built, first born woman and an athletic, healthy, six-foot man, both near the same age, are bound to be victims of tuberculosis. Is this statement well founded or not? Please cite some instances in which this is not the case.—M. D. M.

Answer.—A child will be tuberculous only if case either parent or other intimate associate has tuberculosis when or soon after the child is born.

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Abe Martin

EVERYBODY'S GOT A CAR BUT US WATER MELLOWS

"Four Sons" of Miss L. A. R. Wylie's story, "Grandma Bernie Learns Her Letters," holds the screen at Hunt's Craterian.

It tells of a mother's abiding faith in her four sons and in the world. Their home, happy at first is clouded with the coming of the war. The old mother is torn between her sons in the German army and her one son in the American army. With the exception of one scene on the battlefield in which brother fights brother, the war itself is not projected into the story, except as an off-screen background.

Included in the cast are Margaret Mann, playing the mother; James Hall, Charles Morton, George Meeker and Francis X. Dushman, Jr., son of the celebrated screen star, playing the sons; Earle Foxe and June Collyer. All give remarkable performances. In addition there are two splendid acts of "Talkies" on the program.

NEW MARK FOR FAIR

(Continued from Page One.)

And many gentlemen await an opportunity to kill "Scarface." Nevertheless, Capone "paid his respects" to Lombardo in his coffin and sent a large heart of red immortelles to the funeral.

Accompanying Capone, as he visited the corpse of his friend, were half a dozen men, each with his right hand in his coat pocket, and as everybody knew, a gun in the right hand. That takes you back to ancient Rome when Patriarchs went out similarly protected.

William J. Bowen, president of the Ericklayers' International Union of America, denounces Communism, announcing that his union has in bank \$2,865,000 and has paid \$10,500,000 in benefits in the last ten years.

Organized capital, intelligently managed, could have in organized labor a protecting force as effi-

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One.)

music in the grandstand during the races and will later give a number of concerts in other places on the grounds.

EATS MINCE PIE AND SLEEPS FINE—NO GAS

"I eat anything I want now—including mince pie. Thanks to Adlerika, stomach gas is gone and I sleep fine."—Charles Carter.

Just ONE spoonful Adlerika relieves gas and that bloated feeling so that you can eat and sleep well. Acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel and removes old waste matter you never thought was there. No matter what you have tried for your stomach and bowels, Adlerika will surprise you. Health's Drug Store.

monte band and the Junior Drum corps will perform at 7:30 p. m. and are expected to prove drawing cards as these organizations have been practicing diligently for some time.

THE MARKETS

Livestock PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 12.—(AP) Cattle and calves—receipts 25. Steady.

Wool—receipts 166. (all direct), steady. Sheep and lambs—No receipts, steady.

Produce PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 12.—(AP) Butter—Cuba firsts 1 1/2c lower other grades steady.

Eggs, standard eggs 1c higher. Milk, poultry, potatoes, onions, wool, nuts, hay, cascara bark and hops steady.

Why suffer with Rheumatism?

You know it cannot be rubbed away

ARE you one of those unfortunate ones who suffer with pains in your muscles and joints, commonly called rheumatism, making you miserable, less efficient, interfering with your working hours, ruining your sleep?

You may have tried many things without relief. Why not try S.S.S.?

For more than 100 years S.S.S. has been giving relief in thousands of cases, as testified to in unolicited letters of gratitude.

"I suffered with rheumatism for a good many years. At times my joints would swell so, I couldn't walk. I tried almost everything. Went to Hot Springs, then finally decided to try S.S.S. I took a course. In a short time the rheumatic pains entirely left me. I am now in perfect health, and want to add that I have tried all kinds of medicines but I think S.S.S. is the best."—Earl C. Campbell, 115 West Main Street, Johnson City, Tenn.

S.S.S. is extracted from the fresh roots of medicinal plants and herbs and gives to Nature what she needs in building you up so that your system throws off the cause.

All drug stores sell S.S.S. in two sizes. Get the larger size. It is more economical.

SSS. Builds Sturdy Health

J.C. PENNEY CO. A NATION-WIDE INSTITUTION. WELCOME To the management and personnel of Montgomery Ward Company. We extend our heartiest congratulations upon the completion of your splendid new store in Medford. In selecting Medford as a location for one of your stores you have chosen well for this truly is "A Great Country."

REICHSTEIN AND DEUEL WOOD ALL KINDS OF DRY WOOD OAK-LAUREL-FIR Summer COAL Prices GREEN PINE SLABS MEDFORD FUEL CO. 1118 North Central Tel. 631

By BUD FISHER

Cartoon strip featuring characters like MORTIMER MUGG and JEFF. Includes dialogue such as "I DON'T WANT TO HEAR A WORD OUT OF YOU! I'M MORTIMER MUGG THE HUMORIST AND YOU'RE POISON TO ME, THASS ALL!"