

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

No sooner has the excitement occasioned by the horse races at the county fair subsided, than up bobs the Hon. Harvey G. Stark-weather, a Portland democrat, battling a technically novel, so that his name will be placed upon the election ballot, to humor a hallucination that he is opposing Willis Hawley, an outstanding Oregon political habit, for congress.

Twenty-eight wives bade a fond farewell to Chang Tsung-chang to-day on the eve of his start for the battle front, northeast of Peking.

The local wing of the Republican party continues to shed members it has put up with for 40 years.

A 15-year-old boy rode down the Main Street Friday with a loaded rifle on the handle bars. He waved dexterously in and out of the auto traffic, and had the weapon bent accidentally discharged, the bullet would have been fatal.

Heavy thunder late yesterday foiled three id owners, and a bystander.

UNNECESSARY HARRY (Time Mag.) Harry Meajah Daugherty, President Harding's attorney-general, the man who, as boss of the Ohio Gang, was second only to Albert B. Eastman in bringing disrepute to the Harding administration, stepped off a boat from Europe last week.

Once upon a time there was a cyclone in the Middle West, that did not cause Eugene, Albany, and Portland papers to have editorial raptures over the rain.

PRÉSIDENT SAYS FARM RELIEF SOUND—(Hillside SF, Examiner) Sound and statistics, and neither nourishing.

A party of deer hunters have returned from the hills, without shooting themselves, or a deer.

"Brains flourish without regard to political faith. The Republican genius who thought that 'Alcohol' is matched by a Democratic genius, who labored and brought forth, Hoover for Hoover."—(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

TAKE YOUR MEDDY Children have been given medicine by their parents. This is an established fact that should be borne in mind by anyone attempting the operation. It may serve to discourage despair.

First, select a medicine that has been colored a cheerful green or red and sweetened. Pour the dose into a spoon, and dip the child calmly and casually with a "Here, dear; here's the nice medicine that is going to make you well." If the child is human, it will give one look and turn its face to the wall. If it yields gracefully, a psychiatrist should be called.

Next, try a demonstration. Take a taste of the medicine yourself, being careful not to take too much; or better, simulate taking a taste. Suppress the impulse to make a wry face and exclaim enthusiastically "See, it isn't bad." This may not be truthful, but the end justifies the means. This measure, too, unfortunately, is likely to fail.

Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 14.—Of the score of movies in San Francisco now, only two are of any particular interest. One is "The Patriot," starring Emil Jannings and Louis Stone, and the other is "Simba," the photographic record of the adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson in the wilds of Africa.

"The Patriot" is, to our mind, a demonstration of the real value of the Vitaphone as a supplement to the movie art. There is no conversation—no dialogue—but there is a nearly continuous record of interpretative music, and one word uttered by Jannings as the mad Emperor of Russia nears his doom—"Fahnen! Fahnen!"

The dramatic effectiveness of the film is greatly increased by its restrained and intelligent use of the Vitaphone feature, and would undoubtedly be regarded as the finest example of this type of picture ever shown here now in an attempt to reproduce the legitimate drama by a full score of speaking parts.

The reason, as we see it, is that the movie has developed a medium of dramatic expression all its own, in which sound must be merely interpretation and suggestion, or impinging upon the legitimate drama, and inevitably making the whole artificial. "The Patriot," in other words, represents the permanent feature of the sound movie—the portion that will be retained. "The Terror" the transient talky feature which, after a brief period during which its novelty will hold public interest, will be generally abandoned.

"Simba" is, of course, merely a photographic record of the Johnsons' pilgrimage of four years in the wilds of South Africa, among the lions, elephants, rhinos, hippos and lions of that uncharted region.

There is a brief "talky" prologue of the "windmill" days; a marine in sweaters and dungarees, before the mast, in a whiffling adventure of sea storms, Oriental battles and other thrilling episodes that form a thunderous background for an entrancing love story.

Laid in New England, on the high seas, and in the Orient, the story has an ever-shifting locale that keeps pace with the lightning-like action of the play. Its drama is masterly.

Novarro plays a sailor, one of three seafaring brothers, and a love quest hurds him into a maelstrom of adventure. As the young sailor, battling human passions and the elements, Novarro has a role in which he proves a powerful delineator of human emotions.

Interior appointments of the car carry out additional features of an aristocratic style creation. Finishing of the instrument panel is harmonized with the upholstery and coach work in most unique manner.

Radio Program KMED

- Sept. 17, Monday
8 to 9—Porter Lumber Co.
9 to 10—Morse Motor Oil Co.
10 to 11—Columbia Bakery
11 to 12—Colonial Bakery
12 to 1—Independent Electric Store
1 to 2—Monarch Seed & Feed
2 to 3—Medford Mail Tribune
3 to 4 p. m.—Snider's Daily
4 to 5 p. m.—Calif. Oregon Power Co.

Ramon Novarro at Rialto Theatre

Ramon Novarro, hero of "Bon-Hur" and many a role, furnishes a surprise in "Across to Singapore," at the Rialto theatre. As a sailor

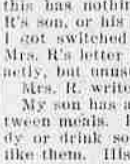
Personal Health Service

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.

AMAZING HABIT OF MRS. RIG'S SON

People who write funny letters frequently begin by commenting on the funny letters a conductor of a health column gets. Some of these letters are funny, really. Some of them are not so funny. I in a very hard jotted down some of the letters, after many years of some of the letters that came to me make me cry, and that's the truth. What most readily gets my goat is—oh, well, let's say no more about it. Enough to know that there is a lot of unhappiness and suffering in the world due solely to ignorance—health ignorance, ignorance of human physiology and hygiene, the kind of ignorance so carefully cultivated by our sorry system of popular education. But this has nothing to do with Mrs. Rig's son, or his mother's complaint. I got switched off by noting that Mrs. Rig's letter is, not funny exactly, but unusual.



Mrs. R. writes: My son has a habit of eating between meals. He does not eat candy or drink sodas as he does not like them. His favorite dishes are the vegetables, meats or fruits. It is very seldom that he stops doing this. Can you recommend some means of preventing this, if harmful?

The first thing the editorator asks when a lady tries to get by with her son that way is, naturally how old the young man might be. He is 14 or 15. I can imagine a son of any such age riding his mother's virtuous like that. That is, if they're the kind mother used to try to board him real time. Running my experienced eye over Mrs. Rig's complaint in quest of a clue I get a picture of a husky lad of 14 with blushing cheeks, a complexion that is the envy of all girls in spite of all the sugars and starches he consumes, and a huge capacity for pounding his ear whenever the opportunity invites a snooze. The lad I have in mind has an inactive pituitary gland—hypotaurism—and a prenatally high tolerance for carbohydrate food. He is already a fat boy. He is going to be fatter.

Then, besides the florid youth, in my mental picture, there is his shadow. A scrawny, awkward, carelessly slouching, scrapping, discouragingly rough and uncouth lad who is shy several pounds of meat, but there absolutely when the dinner hour comes he is the envy of all girls in spite of all the sugars and starches he consumes, and a huge capacity for pounding his ear whenever the opportunity invites a snooze. The lad I have in mind has an inactive pituitary gland—hypotaurism—and a prenatally high tolerance for carbohydrate food. He is already a fat boy. He is going to be fatter.

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For the hypotauric boy there may be some benefit to be derived from ductless gland medication. This is a question to be considered by his personal physician only. For his shadow there is only one effective remedy—keep the lad well stocked with a good variety of wholesome knick-knacks, including of course a fair share of sweets. Of course any boy or girl who is underweight ought to have the benefit of proper medical examination, a health report, and such special advice about hygiene as the doctor may deem applicable. In most instances undernutrition is due to faulty hygiene, not to insufficient or improper food.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Cross Eye I am a girl 13 1/2 years old and my right eye has been crossed since I was 4 years old. I have been to eye doctors and wear glasses constantly. My eyes are not very cross. A man told me to put a disc of black paper over the glass over my crossed eye and it will straighten my eyes. Miss F. C.

Answer—In your place, daughter, I should take my eyes to a physician who is a specialist in diseases of the eyes. I should follow his advice about wearing glasses, using the eyes, eye exercise, or anything else he might deem suitable.

Baby Shoes Our baby is 13 months old, normal weight, and she stands and walks some with support. Friends say we should put shoes on her now, to support her ankles and prevent spreading of her feet. She has been barefooted all the time up to now. Mrs. P. S. H.

Answer—If she were my baby she'd go barefoot until it gets too darn cold, and then she'd get a pair of nice warm wool socks or moccasins or anything but shoes. It is a sad day for the baby when she begins wearing shoes. Shoes should be considered only an evil that is avoidable with difficulty. A regular bimbo gets a great kick out of the gratuitous sympathy of all the kind old ladies who fear the poor kid is suffering with cold feet. So bid your friends like an auditorium, and let the bimbo enjoy life while he is young.

Kindly suggest some exercise to reduce the abdomen and strengthen the muscles. I am an office worker 42 years of age and during the last year or two have developed a pronounced "corporation." (C. McR.)

Answer—Had your vacation yet? If it is still coming, try a hiking trip, carrying your own camping kit. Of course you must begin training for it by hiking from three to seven miles every morning. Swimming is a fine exercise to shrink corporations. Here is one you can do at home. Lie on back, and slowly raise legs to vertical, then flex thighs on belly, then up to vertical again, then slowly to rest. Repeat this six or eight times night and morning, and gradually increase till you can do it 40 times without setting sore about it. Of course you tame the appetite some, in all languages, but particularly in carbohydrate consumption. If you can possibly afford it, walk to and from work.

Mr. Hoover ain't goin' t' kiss no babies, an' accordin' t' t' newspaper pictures, those he picks up he holds like Roman candles. Judgin' by their names t' meltin' pot has turned out come dandy Chicago gunner.

BRISBANE'S TODAY (Continued from Page One.) never again see the twenty Turkish, Korean, Russian, Chinese and Japanese wives and concubines to whom he gaily waved farewell the other day.

He promised to come back victorious, but at present he is fleeing from China's nationalist forces. If the twenty ever see his face again it may be on top of a sharp pole.

Nationalist troops of China are victorious everywhere. If Chinese statesmen can arrange a government to give order, protection and prosperity to 400,000,000, China will be a nation.

Chichibu, heir apparent to the throne of Japan, will marry Setsuko Matsudaira, daughter of Japan's ambassador to the United States. Bride and groom have exchanged presents, according to Japanese customs, centuries old.

The bride receives a fan, a kimono, a case of wine and a fish freshly caught. She sends to the prince a freshly caught fish, an ancient sword and wine made of rice.

They take marriage and old customs seriously in Japan, and that is part of the people's strength. In Japan, if you raise your arm as though threatening to strike a child, the child laughs, knowing

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason.)

CHANGING VOTES Methinks that every man in sight knows how he'll vote election day; and I might argue day and night, and not persuade a single jay. Long since I used to strive to gain some converts for the proper cause, and I would argue till the strain was felled upon my lungs and jaws. I'd back a man against a tree and tell him why he ought to vote for Silas Jinks or Hen McGee—I'd talk until I barked my throat. I'd lecture in the Blue Front store on vital issues great and small; I'd lecture till my tongue was sore and hope to change some votes that fall. I'd stand around the public square, in evening dust and morning dews, and hand to gaffers loafing there such arguments as great men use. And orators would come to town to supplement the work I did, and they would lay cold logic down with tongues that never learned to skid. I toured the boulevard and slum, implored and argued, talked and wheezed; and when election day was come the folks all voted as they pleased. The men I thought secure for Jinks, who seemed all lined up for McGee—they all supported other ginks, and put extinguishers on me. One gains some wisdom as he wends down the pathway to the grave, and now I do not lecture friends, or tell them how they should behave. I see the spidery blithely go to round up votes here and there; they make a fine and dazzling show—but does their work get anywhere? Is there much use in giving vent to arguments that skin the throat? Are you acquainted with a gent who does not know just how he'll vote?

Mount Montezuma, Chile, S. A. August 18, 1928. Several of my friends in Medford have asked me to write something for the Tribune in regard to Chile and the work of the Smithsonian Institution, of Washington, D. C. You will find attached a brief description of the nature of my work here; the country, and living conditions. I have graduated from the Medford high school and was later employed by the First National bank there. Believe me, since leaving Medford over a year ago I have learned to appreciate the wonderful Rogue River valley. I would like to say that the Medford Mail Tribune is the source of many pleasant evenings in this "No Man's Land" of Chile. Very truly yours, M. K. BAUGHMAN.

America owes the Smithsonian Institution to an Englishman. His name was James Smithson. He was a chemist and mineralogist of repute. But he earned a permanent place in the memory of man by a clause in his will, made in 1826, leaving his fortune to the United States government to found "an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

The astronomical observatory is one of the nine bureaus of the institution. Its principal work is research on the physical properties of the sun and the relation of its heat to climatic conditions and temperature changes on the earth. Many years ago, in order to carry on this work, it was deemed necessary to make daily observations of the sun's radiation. This required a location with the lowest rainfall and clearest sky. After a careful search through weather records, it was discovered that Calama, in the northern part of Chile, had a practically zero rainfall and a high percentage of cloudless days. Calama lies in the Atacama desert and is at an elevation of 7,500 feet. The observatory was located 15 miles to the south of Mount Montezuma, 10,000 feet above sea level. This station has made daily observations continuously for the past ten years. Each day the result is cabled to the institution at Washington. The day's result we call the "solar constant," and it varies from 1,920 to 1,960 calories per square centimeter per minute. A definite correlation has been found to exist between this variation and certain temperature changes on the earth. A change in the solar constant is usually followed in several days by a change of temperature on the earth. Long range weather forecasting is the end to which the institution is working, and in order to secure more data a second station was located on Table Mountain, California. At about the same time, the National Geographical Society provided funds for the selection and maintaining of a third station, which is now operating in southwest Africa. Each station has a staff of three people: The director, the assistant, and the director's wife, who cooks and keeps house.

We are real cave-men (although we are not from Grants Pass). In the very top of the mountain there is a cave, 40 feet deep, in which the instruments are kept and where the observing is done. A cave is necessary in order to have a constant temperature. This part of Chile is one vast expanse of desert and barren mountains. No plant or animal life of any kind is to be found. Mount Montezuma is one of the highest peaks on the west side of the Atacama desert. Eighty miles to the east, directly across the desert, towers the main range of the Andes mountains. Many of the peaks that we can see are over 10,000 feet high. One of these, San Pedro, is an active volcano and we can see eruptions nearly every day. It is 21,000 feet above the sea and snow-capped most of the time. Earthquakes are very common occurrences. We experience one every two or three months strong enough to do great damage. Terrible winds and dust storms give us trouble also. A telephone and a trusty Dodge auto are our only links with civilization.

That feature of civilization we lack. The French experimental air attack on Paris is intended to supply FACTS not to protect battleship builders but to show that even with her great air fleet France could not protect Paris from attack. French pilots, assuming the role of a flying enemy, "theoretically" bombed the great French city in spite of French pursuit planes, sound detectors, flash lights and anti-aircraft guns. That should make this country think, if anything COULD make this country think. But at present we are so prosperous, so busy counting our money, that we haven't time for anything else.

Death Toll of the Automobile ROSEBURG, Ore., Sept. 17.—(P)—When their automobile plunged 25 feet from an overhead crossing on the Pacific highway at Comstock yesterday, Mr. and Mrs. N. I. Hanson, of Ferndale, Cal., were killed.

MADRAS, Ore., Sept. 17.—(P)—Blow-out of a fire caused an automobile accident six miles south of here yesterday in which Amy Lou Jackson, 10, daughter of Oregon Jackson, section foreman at Gateway, Ore., was killed.

TACOMA, Wash., Sept. 17.—(P)—Mrs. Lydia Weach, Tacoma, was instantly killed Sunday evening when the car in which she and her husband, Conrad Weach, were being towed on the mountain highway, was thrown into an eight-foot ditch, upside down. Mr. Weach escaped with minor injuries.

Casualties of the Air Service

FLINT, Mich., Sept. 17.—(P)—Two passengers were killed and the pilot seriously injured when an airplane went into a head spin while attempting a landing here Sunday and fell from an altitude of about 200 feet. The dead, Donald Gary, 18, and Harold George Braham, 24, both of Flint. William Warwick, 24, of Flint, the pilot, was taken to a hospital suffering from severe internal injuries. Warwick, it was learned, was granted a pilot's license only recently.

KEITH BAUGHMAN WRITES OF WORK AND LIFE IN CHILE

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zation. We go in to town twice a week for food supplies and water. As there is no water to be had on the mountain here, we haul it 15 miles from Calama in a 50-gallon tank built into the body of the car. Fresh vegetables and other necessary foods are usually hard to get and very expensive. For instance, butter is \$1.50 a pound; eggs \$1.25 a dozen, and canned milk is 40 cents a can. Gasoline for the car is 50 cents a gallon. We have no electric lights, no hot and cold water, no radio—not even a bathtub. It's a rather primitive way of living, indeed, but we feel that the cause justifies it—we even the experience gained is valuable. We make the best of everything, however, and find that we really enjoy being exiles.

Gold Rush Drama at State Theatre

The roaring gold rush camp of Halfway, full of miners, gamblers, thieves, dance hall girls and all the other types to be found in a place of this sort, is the locale of much of the action in "The Heart of the Yukon," the feature at the State theatre tonight.

Three weeks after Jim Hardy discovers gold on the creek, the town of Halfway comes into being. Into this frontier settlement comes little Anita Wayne, searching for her father whom she has never seen. Alone and friendless in this rough and ready community where the finer instincts are almost wholly unknown, she continues her search. The events that follow are nerve-tugging in their dramatic intensity, and the climax, a fight between two men on the brink of a deep crevasse.

The role of Jim Hardy is portrayed by John Flowers, while that of Anita Wayne is played by Anne Cornwall. The cast includes Frank Campeau, Edward Hearn and Russell Simpson.

Daily Meteorological Report

Monday, Sept. 17, 1928. Forecasts. Medford and vicinity: Partly cloudy tonight and Tuesday. Not much change in temperature. Oregon: Unsettled tonight and Tuesday; probably showers on the coast. Cooler in east portion Tuesday. Rising humidity.

LOCAL DATA table with columns: City, High Temp., Low Temp., Wind, Clouds, Precip.

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L. W. DICK, Meteorologist.

MUTT AND JEFF—Mutt's Gonna Work for the Gabby Screen Productions



By BUD FISHER

