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ROBERT W. RUIH, Editor... B. SUMPTNER SMITH, Manager

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Ye Smudge Pot... By Arthur Perry

Al, the "Happy Warrior," rolling over the prairie in a luxurious special train, halted yesterday and last night to vocally flay bigotry...

Gaza Kigarku, 5, who has conducted a vigorous campaign all summer against a band of predatory rookeries operating in the alley back of the laundry, has gone into winter quarters and, besides, a bad boy walked off with his tomahawk.

"Do Fish Feel Pain?" inquires the fish editor of the Oregonian. No. They don't have to read the fish editorial in the state's leading morning daily.

"Many hunters are bent on going into the hills" (Cooey they think). And, that is not the 1/2 of it.

SAME SHOULD COOL OFF (Vermont, Wash., Record) Notice—As the party that had a \$10 bill picked out of his hip pocket on Saturday forenoon, previous to banking, same knows who did it, will please leave name on back steps of Juvets & More store, 8 1/2 block, Monday evening, September 16, otherwise said party will take action and make it hot for same.

One of our prosperous, but won't admit it farmers, has a new span of false teeth.

Religious organizations have as much right to hold their meetings on the street corner for 15 minutes evenings, as knots of citizens have to discuss politics, curse the taxes, tell brain stories, gossip, and loaf all day, in the same general locality.

An autist who wandered onto East Jackson, reported that he was slowed down to a snail's pace by mountainous bumps, and churned by the angry pavement.

Outside of two female politicians being mad at each other, the campaign has not got underway, locally.

TIE WEST Out West, they say, a man's man; the legend still persists that he is handy with a gun, and careless with his fists. The fact is, though, you may not hear a stronger word than "tough!"

In western towns 'tis many years since it was last the rage for men to earn their daily bread by holding up the stage. Yet story writers still ascribe such wild and woolly bush.

AL SMITH, THE UNHAPPY WARRIOR

WHERE on earth does the Democratic party stand anyway? Only four or five weeks ago Mr. Raskob said he was in favor of the McNary-Haugen bill. This so alarmed the New York World, chief journalistic supporter of Governor Smith, that the editor asked Governor Smith if he supported the McNary-Haugen bill also.

But now we have Governor Smith in Nebraska, declaring certain people have misrepresented his attitude toward the McNary-Haugen bill that he is in favor of its aims, but is not committed to its program in detail.

Will some Smith supporter, so fond of claiming Al says what he means and means what he says, kindly explain what the Democratic nominee means THIS time?

Aren't they! The entire opposition to this measure is based upon its details—"its mechanics and its method." Everyone wants to help the farmer; the only difference of opinion is concerned with just how that help should be given.

Mr. Hoover gave every detail of his program, in his Iowa speech. Mr. Smith gave no details, because he says the details are of no importance.

"Vote for me and your problems will be solved," Governor Smith tells the Nebraska farmers. How? "Don't fuss about the details. Just vote for me and I will tell you how after I am elected."

If a finer dish of hokum, honey and bologna has been served in this Krazy-Kat campaign, than Governor Smith served to the farmers of Nebraska on Tuesday, we have failed to observe it.

On prohibition, as usual, Mr. Smith appears to better advantage. For he knows something about the liquor issue,—his heart is really in this issue,—while on two separate occasions he has admitted he has no personal knowledge of the intricacies of the farm problem.

Nebraska is, of course, a dry state. Governor Smith, unlike his campaign manager, Mr. Raskob, who officially opened the campaign with the declaration that he wished to place "intoxicating liquor in the home," denies that prohibition is the "chief issue."

We think Governor Smith should be commended for his frankness. And this unequivocal statement by their leader should be respectfully referred to those vociferous Smith Republicans who have repeatedly maintained prohibition to be the ONLY ISSUE in this campaign; the only—but entirely a sufficient reason,—for deserting a man like Hoover for a man like Smith.

From the start of the campaign, the Mail-Tribune has maintained prohibition was not a real issue, or a vital one, for the simple reason that a President has no power to change it. Now we are somewhat pleased to see that Governor Smith gives his official endorsement to this opinion. This should settle it.

Al's statement was loudly cheered in Nebraska. One also wonders if it was cheered by the Tammany boys gathered before the wigwam down on Fourteenth street?

Well, if they didn't cheer, it is a safe wager they elinked the ice in their glasses and smiled.

"That-a-boy, Al! You gather up the Hicks in Nebraska and we will get the boys on Broadway!"

"Hot dog! If you know human nature, and how to play on it, both ends against the middle, ain't politics a great game!"

AMERICANISM: Plastering the house with a second mortgage so the boy can spend money enough to make a show at college.

Anything can happen in a year when Big Business views the possibility of Democratic success without shuddering.

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.

RAMBLING AROUND THE RHEUMATISM PUZZLE In a discussion of paper on chronic arthritis presented before the Buffalo Academy of Medicine by Dr. Robert O. Osgood of Boston, some interesting views were aired.

Have Some More Coffee. Once or twice you have referred to the right and wrong way of making coffee. I am desirous of knowing the correct way. It is a great consolation to me to know that a man of your position agrees that moderate coffee drinking is not injurious to the health.

I note with pleasure that you approve of coffee, for adults. This is the more refreshing in view of the fact that so many doctors seem to frown on it. Do you approve of the use of a percolator in making coffee?—Mrs. P. J. L.

Answer—Yes, sir and madam, I do assure the civilized world that the moderate use of properly made coffee is beneficial and not harmful to the health of adults—though either tea or coffee, and to a minor degree cocoa, is injurious to children. It is not real physicians that "frown on" coffee, but the hypothetical ones conjured up by writers of anti-coffee ads and "druggists' doctor" bait.

In the discussion Dr. W. W. Bennett remarked that for years arthritis has been treated by various means, but by special drugs for this, and the other thing, but the same treatment of the undisciplined, nourished, lowered resistance patient has been more or less overlooked.

Dr. Dolan's Rochester agreed with Dr. Osgood that drugs are of use only for the general building up of the patient.

Dr. Roland Meisenbach deplored the confusion that exists here as well as in England in the classification of chronic arthritis, calling it, for this, and the other thing, but the same treatment of the undisciplined, nourished, lowered resistance patient has been more or less overlooked.

Dr. Byron T. Bowen said that laboratory studies of carbohydrate tolerance in patients with chronic arthritis had indicated that we are not justified in restricting the nourishment of these patients. To my mind this suggests the unwisdom of "dieting" or following any cut and dried regimen not advised by one's own physician.

Dr. Baldwin Mann referred to the part played in some cases of chronic arthritis by the intestinal bacteriologic flora. Dr. John D. Bonnar mentioned the "carnivorous" and "herbivorous" types of individuals. It seems that carnivorous animals are subject to "rheumatism" and the herbivorous animals are not.

Dr. Francis E. Pronczak, Buffalo's noted health commissioner, declared Dr. Osgood's paper the most revolutionary he had heard in 30 years. In view of the great number of recoveries from chronic arthritis without removal of the tonsils, the health commissioner wondered whether we are justified in seeing that school children with bad teeth and bad tonsils get good food, plenty of fresh air and exercise and build up in that way?

But Dr. Osgood made it clear that we should not neglect to remove severely infected tonsils when we see they are unfavorably affecting the disease. In closing his address, Dr. Osgood made this very human remark:

"Take a poor woman who has been obliged to sit in her chair all day awaiting the return of a hard-working daughter; if we can enable the patient to walk out and pick a flower in the garden, that is as fine surgery as we can do, and gratitude comes back very sincerely."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Come On In. I am 14 years old. I was operated on for appendicitis seven weeks ago. Would it be safe for me to go swimming now? I have been doing everything else.—Miss W. M. A.

Answer.—In the absence of instructions by your doctor, it is not only safe, but I think, advisable to resume all your accustomed physical activities or athletic activities.

"I only believe half I see, an' nothin' I hear in a locker room," says Lufe. Bud. Lots o' people avoid walk more'n a mile if all their pictures in a blindfold test.

Communications "Golden Special" Memories To the Editor: In the 1918 campaign a rather notable party of women left New York on a special train to make a tour of the United States on a special train to make a tour of the United States speaking in behalf of Charles E. Hughes, Republican candidate for president.

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason.) BEING HAPPY

I'd be as happy as I can, while in this human caravan, for happy people make a bit with everyone, we must admit. We can be happy if we strive to keep all pleasant thoughts alive and let dark ones wilt and droop and find their finish in the soup. We can't be happy if our god is represented by a wad; then every time we lose a cent we'll wring our whistles and lament, and wear our such cloth suits and weep, and lose some hours of precious sleep.

We can't be happy if we brood in public or in solitude upon our divers pains and aches, he they the honest goods or fakes. To sit beside our cottage doors and think about our boils and sores, or liniments in jugs and jars is sure to blind us to the stars and all the lovely things of earth, the things of beauty and of worth. The gorgeous flowers we fail to see when we are poulticing a knee; the joyous birds we do not hear when rubbing salve upon an ear; we miss the wonders all about while we are talking of the scout. We can't be happy if we keep account of all our troubles deep; if of our grievances we snoop, no tranquil happiness we feel. There are nine blessings, I maintain, for every grief that causes pain; these blessings fine we overlook, and write our sorrows in a book and keep them there we can't forget their history of blood and sweat and tears. We can't be happy if we hate, vindictively, some other fellow; we have to love our neighbor; if we'd be happy days and nights; we mustn't let me ourselves and judge, we must forget the ancient grudge, we must provide the kindly smile, if we'd have happiness on file.

train was modestly equipped and of a moderate cost. When it reached Oregon the Portland Journal, George Putnam of the Medford Mail Tribune, and other partisan newspapers, informed us in blazing headlines that this was an invasion of our vitals and of democratic people by members of New York's plutocratic 400, and their campaign train was dubbed "The Golden Special." At Portland it took about all the police force to prevent these women from being mobbed by the partisan riff-raff armed with de-cayed vegetables and over-ripe eggs. When this train arrived at Medford it was met by a big crowd. From the rear platform of the train several of the ladies made speeches. All around the edges of the crowd arose yells and cat calls, and all of that un-American bunch of hecklers are voting for wet Al today. But let's get down to date.

Within the last week a special train has been speeding west to Omaha bearing Tammany's wet candidate, Al Smith, his fat-necked Tammany body guard and forty special press correspondents. Let us see what James O'Donnell Bennett, On Governor Smith's Campaign Special, September 16, has to say about this train.

"Lumberly-born, Al Smith's campaign train, with its luxurious sleeping quarters, baths and valets and library, its conference car and its writing rooms, is in dazzling contrast to the meager equipment with which James M. Cox of Dayton, O., went forth to battle for the presidency in 1920.

"But Al Smith is traveling like a potentate. Large steel filing cases, with clerks in charge, contain scores of documents and references on public topics to which he proposes to refer in his speeches. Secretaries come at his beckoning.

"Forty newspaper correspondents, many of them the chosen scribes of the Washington press gallery, accompany him to record his every move from the battling of an eyelash to the making of a speech. Night cameramen from the big picture services are with him.

"Servants and porters and maids and couriers and train managers and telegraph managers are all over this most luxurious of all the deluxe caravans that ever went out vote getting. This year the Democratic national committee must be dripping with dollars."

Do we hear any of the wet well-wishers of the state of Oregon blaspheming about this palatial train and the wet Tammany crowd it carries. We do not.

HERT ANDERSON.

In a Single Day

Development of the fruit industry in the Medford district is a near romance. Never-ending battles against pests, pear blight and other drawbacks have been fought, and in spite of the disadvantages, progress has been marvelous.

In a single day this packing season 122 carloads of pears were started eastward. On another 118 cars left on their long journey to market. The highest number of cars in any previous year was 78, in 1927. Before that the biggest day's shipment was 52 cars, in 1925. The 122 carloads shipped in a single day this season contained 53,440 boxes, or 8,700,000 pears.

The freight charge to eastern markets averages about \$425 per car. On the 122-car shipment the freight was \$51,840.

The total carloads shipped from Medford up to last Saturday was 2820; a gain of 1343 cars over the same period in 1927, the largest shipment up to that time. The estimated shipment for this season is 3800 cars. The estimate for next year is 4500 to 5000. The value of this year's crop is \$4,750,000.

The increase is due to irrigation, scientific care of orchards, control of pear blight, and smudging to control frosts. Pear blight is one of the problems that seems to have been successfully worked out here in the district of the Southern Oregon experiment station, where experiments have been carried on by F. C. Reimer, a famous expert in orcharding, in connection with similar investigations at the State College experiment station at Corvallis, have been an important factor in combating pear blight. In one Medford district in one of the most successful fruit-producing centers in the world.—(B. F. Irvine in Oregon Journal Editorial.)

Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 20.—The tickets for the "big game" between Stanford and California are already sold out. That shows something of the football interest in this state. Reservations at the leading San Francisco hotels for the night of the 'big game are going like hotcakes. The cash receipts for the game will be around half a million dollars. If students were large enough, a million dollars' worth of tickets could be sold. Sport writers claim the championship will be seen Stanford and Southern California. Mebbe so. But we have an idea California will give them both a run for their money this year.

We learned today about a pine orchard in California, said to be the only one of its kind on the coast. It is near Placerville, beyond Sacramento. Here several forestry experts are crossing wild pines and treating pine seeds with x-ray, in an effort to produce a giant pine of superior quality that will mature in 20 years instead of 50. It is claimed experiments heretofore have been with wild pines only, producing wild pines. These present experiments at Placerville, if successful, will produce a pine tree as different from the present pine as the orchard pear today is different from the wild pear. Thus man, with his brain, refuses to imitate Nature, but improves upon it.

While writing in Union Square today, a young man dropped down beside us and asked if we were an author. He seemed disappointed that he had noticed us for several days, looking at the people and writing, and he thought we surely must be an author.

He then volunteered the information he was the youngest poet in the country today, had written for newspapers and the Ladies' Home Journal, being well known as "Young Powell."

Somehow we didn't take to the young man; there was something phoney about him. After we had read his latest poem, inspired by a robbery trial in Portland, Oregon, we took to him even less. It was the worst bit of moronistic daggery we have read in many a moon. He went down another peg when he said he was Al Smith, and all the regular guys were for Al too.

"Smith will be beaten," he added, "because I am for him, and if I was for Hoover he would be beaten. That's the way it is. I am poet and haven't had anything to eat for two days."

At that moment the noon siren on the Ferry building blew, and the young poet announced: "That means dinner for you, but it only means 12 o'clock for me." I waited patiently for the

"ouch," but it never came. Young Powell arose and said he was going down to the Golden Gate theater and get a job. Before he departed he said he had been in Medford and wrestled for Sallor Jack Wood a number of times. He was gone, "Too bad! Too bad!"

The heat here today, 97 in the shade, killed a man at the Fleisler backer pool. The newspapers admitted it and also noticed the heat. More extraordinarily, they said nothing about this being "unusual," which has been laughed out of fashion. In fact, the weather man said heat in September must be expected. But the worm has not entirely turned, as this quotation will prove:

"What was the cause of the heat?" asked the reporter. "It was caused by high pressure in the state of Oregon and low pressure in Idaho and Utah," was the weatherman's reply.

This lets California out. The sun-kissed state can't be blamed for heat that is manufactured by the provincial commonwealths of Idaho, Utah and Ore-ore-son!

And this ends today's sermon and our present sojourn. We are off for the Shasta. R. W. B.

Radio Program KMED Mail Tribune-Virgin Station

Friday, Sept. 21. 8 to 9—Daily Board, C. S. Butterfield, reactor, sponsor, spring program. Saturday, Sept. 22. 9:30 to 10—White King Soap company. 10 to 11—People's Electric Store. 11 to 12—Beebe & Kindle Service Station. 12 to 12:30—Ely's Book & Music Store, Ashland, Ore. 12:30 to 1:30—Witham Super Service. 6:15 to 6:30—News and Markets.

The Noted Dead MADISON, Wis., Sept. 21.—(P)—Benjamin Warner Snow, 68, University of Wisconsin professor and widely known physician, is dead. Thomas Realty Co., Rm. 12 Palm Bldg., cor. Main and Front, upstairs. Furniture, chattel loans, contracts discounted.

MUTT AND JEFF—They Withdraw from Politics

MUTT, YOU'RE A HOOVER MAN AND I'M FOR SMITH. HENCE, MY VOTE WILL CANCEL YOURS AND VICE VERSA! SO INSTEAD OF CHEWING THE RAG ABOUT OUR FAVORITES LET'S SWEAR OFF SAYING EVEN ONE WORD ABOUT THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES UNTIL AFTER ELECTION DAY!

JEFF, NOW YOU'RE TALKING SENSE. I'M WITH YOU ON THAT. SHAKE! NO POLITICS FROM NOW ON.

IT STATES HERE THAT AL SAYS HE'S GONNA HAVE THE MASTER BEDROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE PAINTED GREEN NEXT SPRING.

OUCH!

THREE CHEERS FOR HERBERT!

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