

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily, Sunday, Weekly... MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 28-27-28 N. Fir St. Phone 74

BEWARE OF THE MATRIMONIAL AD

MOST tragedies point a moral, and this recent tragedy in Spokane is no exception. A Boston woman with a little money, she had saved after years of hard work, came to Spokane in answer to a matrimonial ad from a man who claimed to be unmarried except for \$100,000 he had in the bank.

A few weeks after her arrival, her dead body was found, horribly mutilated, and her pitiful savings were found buried in the garden of the home of a married man and father of five children, now charged with her murder.

There are probably no available statistics, but there is good reason to believe that at least 99 out of 100 matrimonial ads lead to tragedies ranging from acute unhappiness to violent crime.

It is hard to believe there are many people foolish enough to place any faith in a man or woman who relies upon such a medium to gain a wife or husband. But facts point otherwise.

Little sympathy, perhaps, need be wasted over the male victims. But there should be laws to protect women from the incorrigible romanticism and credulity of their sex.

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.

THREE KINDS OF ITCH

Like salve, rheumatism and smoking tobacco, too, itch comes in three forms, namely, pocket or trial size, household size and hospital size. You save your money and tries your luck. Whichever type or kind you happen to have, it is easily the worst of all known types while you have it, and especially in reference to the degree of itching you suffer. In order to complicate the situation though at the outset let us here define the three varieties indigenous in America:

1. Ground-itch, too itchy, dew itchy, hookworm dermatitis, the form of itchy produced by the invasion of the skin of the feet by the larvae of hookworms, prevalent in the polluted soil of many of the more primitive southern regions and sometimes encountered in the northern states. The penetration of the soft skin between the toes by the larvae, and the bacteria they carry with them, produces an inflammation of the skin (eczema) with vesicles, papules and pustules, considerable swelling, and violent itching. This lasts six or eight weeks. This type of itchy represents the first stage of hookworm disease in the majority of cases, though the larvae may be taken into the body in polluted food or drink or from unclean fingers in some cases. The moral is, never go barefoot in hookworm country.

2. The second type of itchy is apparently on the increase, or at least I receive many more complaints about it now than in former years. This is a kind of ringworm of the skin of the feet, particularly the soft skin between the toes, and the parasite is readily transferred from one person to another in or about swimming pools, the gymnasium floor, the bathhouse mats or wherever people walk about barefoot. The triophyton or parasite is carried in particles of skin from one foot to the next foot that treads the spot. In this ringworm infestation of the skin, little blisters or papules, and constant itching, especially between the toes. Again, the moral is, wear your boots when you patronize a swimming pool or gymnasium or oriental bath joint.

3. Being at the moment without any kind of itchy, I can say without prejudice that you now know the worse and the worse. But the third and last kind is bad, I do admit, though that is all I admit. This third variety is a weed-like variety, I am not at all sure, exists, but I testify to my best knowledge or belief. It is, like the other two kinds, mainly a "between toes" affair. It is invariably associated with excessive sweating and maceration of the skin. Sometimes there is a crop of little blisters. It is usually accompanied by more or less cracking of the skin and some peeling. There is no noticeable swelling and little if any pustule or papule formation. But, oh, how it can itch when one is unable to get at it! The cause of this variety of itchy, however, is a more satisfactory, at least to my mind. Always go barefoot when you get the chancery. For the excessive sweating of the feet is generally if not invariably due to footwear.

That dispenses of the subject of too itchy, except for the trifling question of a remedy. I am going to be unscientific for kind, you must concede, and give one remedy for all three forms of too itchy. The remedy is known as Whitfield's ointment—not a proprietary preparation, but an ointment any druggist will make up on order. It consists of six (6) parts of salicylic acid, twelve (12) parts of benzoic acid, in enough petrolatum (petroleum jelly, vaseline) to make ten parts. Grease the surface with this once a day for several days. The best time to apply this ointment is at night, and do not cover the feet for an hour afterward.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. She Trained Three Years. A trained nurse gave this recipe to a friend for fat reduction: Two oz. Epsom salts, 2 oz. cream of tartar, 2 oz. boracic acid. To be put in a glass.

Answer: This is some of the mischief the little tin doctors are too likely to learn in the third year of the course. I firmly believe it would be better for public welfare if nurses were turned out at the completion of a thorough two-year course of instruction and set to work. But that wouldn't appeal to the shrewd gentlemen who determine the policies of hospitals. For the three-year scheme gives most hospitals one year of expert nursing at merely nominal cost.

New Notion of Rheumatism. I am a sufferer from rheumatism. One druggist doctor told me I had too much lime in my bones and joints. Kindly advise what to do.—Mrs. S. H. B.

Answer.—Perhaps he was wittless as well as druggish. In some types of arthritis (joint inflammation) it may be that there is too much lime in the joints. But this is an insignificant feature, so far as the causation, diagnosis or treatment of the trouble may be concerned. Whatever you mean by rheumatism, it conveys no meaning to me. In any event, I advise you to avoid all brands of alleged healers who hand out silly fables about lime, uric acid and the like.

The Boy Is a Wow. How can one tell whether a child overacts if he is not made sick at the time? Grandmother, I eat, but he can eat no more. His father is a great trefaman, too. Neither chews his food much. Grandson is a heavy, solid boy, slow. Is this the effect or the cause of large eating? I, grandmother, think the boy's food should be limited; his mother is inclined to agree, but his father has the out-fashioned idea of letting children eat whatever they like and as much of it as they like.—Grandmother.

Answer.—Data insufficient. Give boy's age, weight, height, a specimen day's schedule as to play, sleep, and a specimen day's menu, including any "brown food" knicker. On the incomplete evidence in hand I should incline to agree with pop.

(Copyright, John P. Dillie, Co.)

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason.)

TRUE TO LIFE.

No book is true to life, some think, unless it reflects on the brink of trouble and despair, unless it penetrates to the slums and pictures criminals and bums, and outcasts living there. Produce a book that's hard to read because it makes your bones bleed, and harrows up your nerves, and some will say, "That book is great, and may be the author celebrates the triumph he deserves." "It's true to life," some people say, about a book that's bleak and gray and sordid and obscene, and they believe that wise remarks excuse fiction coarse and dark, malevolent and mean. It may be true to vermic life, to lust and violence and strife, to life that gapes offense; but there are brands of life on earth which radiate a seemingly mirth and cheerful innocence. Produce a book that treats of weights who spend at home the longest nights, the days in usefulness, the hours in a good natured folk who speak the harmless quip and joke, and shrug the vulgar broil. You write a book about the gent who leads a life of calm content because he's good and fair— he pays up all his bills on time and sells away the useful dime against the day of care. Such books are true to life, I wot, but they will fall to hit the spot, since useful life is tame; the book that's truly true to life must deal in crime and grime and strife and wade knee deep in shame. Some critics fear the kindly tale in which the virtues white prevail as being arrant trash; they want to study "life" and so down to the sordid slums they go, where bloodshed is a walk.

N. Y. FISH MARKET FOR AL SMITH AS A NOTED ALUMNUS

NEW YORK, Sept. 27.—(AP)—The fish handlers of Fulton market, where Governor Alfred E. Smith worked as a youth, announced their policy today by strutting a banner across South street, emblazoning the preference of the United Seafood Workers union for Smith and Robinson.

Several hundred fish handlers paused from their labors, while of two 44-foot poles erected for the purpose. They all cheered, as the banner fluttered in the breeze. Among those who watched the banner raising was Tom Mulvihill, the governor's first cousin. He paused a few moments from trundling his hand truck to talk about his kinsman. The two have marked resemblances in appearance.

Mulvihill implied that the governor did not take readily to the fish business and much preferred his later job as process server. "That gave him more time and opportunity to keep up his many social contacts," he said. "It was always in demand at social gatherings, and was always the life of the party."

Though the governor's employment at the market was not lengthy, it has remained clearly in his mind and he often mentions it in his speeches. He especially likes to tell an anecdote of a man who asked him what degree he had. "I told him," the governor said, "that my degree was F. F. M.—Fulton Fish market."

Political Talks on Air Tonight

NEW YORK, Sept. 27.—(AP)—These political speakers and programs will be on the air tonight:

Republican: Senator Alice Mervitt from WI CH at 7 p. m. eastern standard time. Nicholas Longworth, speaker of the house of representatives, at 8 p. m. from Washington over WEAF and network to Pacific coast. Democratic: Governor Alfred E. Smith at 8 p. m. at 10 p. m. eastern standard time over WEAF and network to Pacific coast.

Mail Tribune ads are read by 29,000 people every day.

RELIEF FROM CURSE OF CONSTIPATION

A Battle Creek physician says, "Constipation is responsible for more misery than any other cause." But immediate relief has been found. A tablet called Rexall O-dorlics has been discovered. This tablet attracts water from the system into the large, dry, evacuating bowel called the colon. The water loosens the dry food waste and causes a gentle, thorough, natural movement without forming a habit or over-increasing the dose. Stop suffering from constipation. Chew a Rexall O-dorlic at night. Next day bright. Get 24 for 25c today at the nearest Rexall Drug Store.

Rosa Blackmore Willett

ARTISTE—Teacher of Piano-forte. Diplomee of Leipzig Conservatorium, Germany.

For Appointments Residence Telephone 403-R-4 Studio: 146 South Ivy

ONYX POINTX HOSIERY

For Women \$1.95 The Hosiery

WE DEVELOP FILMS FREE

West Side Pharmacy "The Rexall Store"

When the APPLE CROP is PIE!

Follow your choicest fruit... to the Hotel Californian! You'll enjoy this popular headquarters for orchardists.

HOTEL CALIFORNIAN

Taylor & O'Farrell San Francisco

By BUD FISHER

PLENTY OF SPORTS

PEOPLE who are tired of politics and like baseball will get some relief this week and next. The present neck-and-neck struggles for the big league titles comprise the most thrilling sporting event of recent years, and the results properly command the leading position on the front page.

A week from today the world series will start, and the Mail-Tribune, as usual, will broadcast the games play by play over KMED and the loud speaker. Also Medford will stage a crucial game of its own this Sunday when the local Merchants will battle with Bend for the state title.

After the world series will come the football season, which will continue until, and several weeks after, the presidential election.

So those who wish excitement other than that furnished by the free-for-all political conflict, should be able to get it, between now and Christmas, and not begrudge enjoyment to those who regard the quadrennial presidential election as the greatest indoor and outdoor sport in the world.

FARMING THE FARMER

YESTERDAY Governor Smith admitted he hadn't seen a farm since he left New York City on his million dollar special.

"I have only seen the cities," said Al. "I have been too busy working to see any farms. As to the farm houses and their condition, they were too far away from the track for me to notice their appearance."

Governor Smith has passed through the richest agricultural belt in this country, but hasn't seen a farm! Can anyone imagine a person genuinely interested in the farm problem not taking sufficient time on a trip like this even to look at one?

As a matter of fact, Al is only interested in the farm problem as a source of gaining votes. City-born, city-bred and city-trained, he knows nothing about farms and, except as political fodder, cares nothing for them.

A year ago Al gave his honest opinion of the farm problem when he was not interested in securing the farm vote. "The farmer can only solve his own problem," said he; "there is no patent cure-all for agricultural ills."

That may be true. But if Al thinks so, he keeps it to himself. Now Al maintain all the farmers need to do to solve their own problem is to place in the White House a man who admits that in a tour of the farm belt he couldn't see one.

QUILL POINTS

1860 method: Split rails. 1928 method: Split parties.

Calles, pronounced "Kay-us," has decided to retire before he is pronounced "dead."

You'll notice, however, there has been no check-down sale of fighting material since the Kellogg treaty was signed.

You can tell when a man really loves a girl. He yearns to improve her mind.

"Bull" means "cop," but it doesn't always mean that when a Chicagoan is shooting the bull.

The Byrd expedition seems to be equipped with every remainder of home except bill collectors.

Americanism: A hungry man eating peanut butter because his wife ate at the bridge party and doesn't care for anything.

Correct this sentence: "He disappeared day before yesterday," said the official, "but we know it is unnecessary to employ an auditor."

MUTT AND JEFF—Jeff's Talking Sense for Once in His Life



Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

There was an atom of rain last evening, proving there are 1748 yellow slickers in our midst.

Local politicians have started to equal, in a manner that would shame the clams.

A. B. Williams, who hit the world in the face with a 27 verse poem, is working on another one, which will measure 32 verses from nose to tip of tail.

Gordon Northcott, accused of mass murders, landed at the local airport yesterday afternoon, and returned at once to his cell in the British Columbia jail.—(The May 11 Press.)

Some of the sting has been taken out of the cutting down of a beautiful tree, by placing a kerosene can under the stump thereof.

Mrs. Sadie Savethand, Mrs. Mary Smithline, and Miss Elsie Gump formed a merry trio group slightly to the left of the center of the Main Stem yesterday afternoon. It was an innocuous gathering.

Statistics show that the leading devastations of the year have been flood and wind, and the toll has been mighty. Digie in a seething whirlpool of intolerance—but there is no connection between it and the rampages of Nature.

An Oregon athlete was seen going down a side street with a cane yesterday, causing your correspondent to refrain from noting that the University football team has started hard ball coaching.

A S. V. Carpenter was down to sea the 11-12 come in Wed.

The surplus of lawyers in this state has knocked some comment thereon out of the Corvallis Gazette-Times. A lawyer is useless until you need him, and then you want two.

Hon. Bill Gove, the conservative banker, has an overcoat with a conservative red stripe in it, which the well-known financier did not see when he bought it.

In the bid to regulate fox, and vote at the general election, hunters are forgetting about the deer, duck, pheasant, quail, grey squirrel and bear seasons.

H. Van Hovenberg is splitting the wind between his own spans Valley, in a pretentious looking jumpsuit, pointed a battleship dog.

A file of hunters in eastern Oregon, outside a farmer on a white horse, for a deer, and kill that both. It looks like one of the three hunters, or all three together could have secured up a drop of companionship.

FOR GOODNESS SAKE (New York World) The convention of Pennsylvania sheriffs, broken up by dry riders, moved on to Port Dover, Ohio, where the meetings will continue without fear of interruption by prohibition agents, at Conneaut Lake, when District Attorney Culbertson and county detectives staged a raid which the sheriffs at first thought was a job, although the district attorney said drunken sheriffs were fighting before he got there.

People have recovered sufficiently from the nerve-racking excitement of the county fair horse race, to stand up under a football game Saturday, it is figured.

Corn is being shocked, and some of the corn will rotlate in the course of time.

BILL NYE MISSING, POLICE ON SEARCH

SEATTLE, Sept. 27.—(AP)—Aid of Seattle police was enlisted today in the search for Bill Nye, 17, who disappeared August 29 while driving here from Eugene, Ore., with his mother.

Ten miles north of Eugene, Mrs. Elizabeth Nye, the mother, reported to police, she stopped the car to enter a bank to cash a check. When she came out to the car again, her son had disappeared.