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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry

"How can some settle down to real work when bright and shiny maps, flooded in warm sunshine are everywhere calling?" (Eugene Register.) This appears to be a chronic case of year-round spring fever.

The campaign will now take on some signs of life locally as the tariff has been injected. This is a political subject that stirs the heart, and makes the blood flow faster, as all can discuss it at great length and learnedly, unhampered by the slightest knowledge of the tariff.

A brindle steer of F. Bybee's capered and cavorted yesterday like the Chinese pheasant season had opened unexpectedly.

Joe Kirkwood, nationally famous golfer will be here Thurs. to get a few pointers from David Wood, C. Strong, Ted Miles, et al.

WHAT REALLY MATTERS (Pentonite East Oregonian) A shower of wedding presents was held Friday at the dinner in honor of the marriage of two young couples who are employed there.

A month from today is election day. Pleasant weather is hoped for, as it will be about the last chance for a long auto trip.

Quite a few of the younger husbands have gone hunting for deer, which scientists hold, is a sign that the honeymoon has faded.

HALESY, Ore., Oct. 5.—(The Editor)—Some of our celebrated criminal lawyers, perhaps are not themselves great criminals, but many of them are.—(Update paper.) A backfield slap in the dark.

The more fashionable Galshewskis are moving the part of their firm into centerfield.

A Smith-Republican came out of his hole late yesterday and saw his shadow.

Portlanders who have been excited here, and forced to eat their breakfast without the Oregonian, will rush back to the metropolis Thursday, with haste and dispatch.

It looks like none of the candidates had the moral gumption to come out emphatically for credit at the gas stations.

The dying agonies of swine is heard in the rural areas, as fall top-killing gets underway.

The Jim Grieve deer at Prospect who to date have not been shot for a man, eat cigarettes. The cigarettes are the deer of worms, and do not irritate their throats.

One of the high school girls was seen taking her ice cream straight yesterday.

Moore Murhead, the rising aviator, was noted on the ground Mon.

Christmas cards are on tap, and many have ordered their 1929 auto licenses.

While eating a flannel cake in the tooth and jaw circumference, this morning, Lady Ford-Coupe of the local imitation British set, absentmindedly took a bite out of her spare powder-puff.

FANCY WRITING (Iola, Kam, Register) Mrs. Tom Richardson was the guest of Mrs. Herit the first of the week and had an attack of stomach trouble and had to call the Dr. at midnight.

Charley Harrison is driving a closed-in truck to keep the dust off over the groceries.

A man said the other day, "If you want to be sure of your bills just get a mortgage on the family car. Say they will sure work to get the money."

Mrs. Dortha Gillett accompanied Mrs. Parker to the ingathering of friends of the M-E church a Tuesday eve.

Mrs. J. R. Davis is preparing to go to Fort Dodge in a short time, so is a number of others. We are preparing to foot our own bills, like the darkey Billy Sunday singer told a boy, it sure takes a lot of grit.

DEFEAT THE STATE INCOME TAX

EVEN those who theoretically favor a state income tax should vote against the measure to be presented to the voters at the November election.

For, with the recent decision of the Federal Court invalidating the collection of all taxes on bank stocks in national banks, this measure, if passed, would defeat the very purpose of those who designed it—which was to reduce the tax on property and to distribute the tax burden more equitably, particularly among various divisions of money capital.

This income tax bill exempts all banks. Now, with the bank capital stock tax enjoined, its passage would result in doing precisely what the designers wished to avoid—reducing the burden on capital and increasing it on real estate.

There is another good reason for defeating this measure. The state tax committee is making an exhaustive survey of the tax situation in this state with particular reference to the necessity of a state income tax.

This survey has not yet been completed. What could be more foolish than to pass a state income tax now—conceded even by many of its friends to be imperfectly drawn—before the necessity of such a tax is determined, and before the results of this comprehensive survey are known?

The tax committee may determine that a state income tax, in its opinion, is necessary, and its personnel is such that its findings will carry tremendous weight. If this should be the outcome then a sound and workable income tax measure would undoubtedly be drawn up and presented at the earliest opportunity.

If, on the other hand, the committee should find that an income tax is not necessary, this should settle the matter for a period of years.

The people of this state have already defeated a state income tax six times. A tax commission report, supporting this opposition, should render the anti-income tax verdict final.

Regardless of what this decision may be, however, the opponents and proponents of the state income tax should unite in voting down Number 304, on the November ballot.

A TRAVESTY ON JUSTICE

WILLIAM HICKMAN must die. With his last card played, the slayer of Marian Parker must pay the penalty for his crime—nearly a year after it was committed.

There was never a doubt of this depraved boy's guilt. His sanity was established in a few weeks. And yet it has taken ten months to bring him to justice.

We are opposed to capital punishment. But as long as it is the law it should not only be enforced, but enforced promptly. For its only real justification is the argument that it deters crime.

How can the hanging of Hickman deter crime, when its entire lesson lies in the fact that, even if a murderer is apprehended and has been convicted of the most atrocious crime in the history of this country, a clever lawyer can delay punishment for at least a year?

While there is life there is hope. With a year's breathing spell, there is always the possibility of developing a legal loophole, or of escape.

Quick justice is what the criminal fears. And, in spite of all our criticisms of the law's delay, the Hickman case demonstrates that, as long as the criminal has money, quick justice is impossible.

Certainly this travesty in Los Angeles should contribute something to the cause of reforming our present antiquated and indefensible criminal procedure.

Reformers claim birth control is easy enough; the hard part, apparently, is to control them 15 years after.

If a Dixie Colonel looks worried, he may be a mill-man trying to favor a protective tariff without being a Republican.

A Brooklyn hold-up girl sobbed to attract her victims; but to sob as a preliminary to a hold-up isn't new to husbands.

The English won't let policemen play football, but how can they get better practice in jumping on a man when he is down?

Isn't Nature grand to prompt the high school star to enter the very college that needs a backfield man like him?

Conservatism always triumphs in the end. There are more contented peoples than sore ones.

City people just seem less narrow minded because they don't know much about you.

The buffalo and passenger pigeon went—and now the coon. Colleges have again broken all enrollment records.

MUTT AND JEFF—Jeff Knows Who Started This "Whispering" Campaign



Personal Health Service By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Special 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, outside of our city, no reply can be made to requests for copies of our publications. Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this newspaper.

BETTER LIVING FOR DIABETICS

Some wayfarers along this rollicking road to health may recall an article published here last year about a contribution to one of the medical journals by a Dr. Duffie. It was about diabetes and the instruction of the patient to control his own diet. The cleanings I noted here appealed to a good many diabetic persons; the e. diabetes appealed to me and I appealed to Dr. Duffie. I had to write him some, for I felt that he was the man to unscramble the mess of modern treatment of diabetes, diet, insulin and all, and make it understandable to and available for common folks. Of course I knew, and Dr. Duffie knew, there were already some books written supposedly for diabetics, but I felt sure Dr. Duffie could tell it much better than anyone else had been able to do, and I kept at him to put his own, practical teachings on this subject into a little handbook for the benefit of patients and their doctors as well.

I am happy to say that Dr. Duffie has done it. The little book has been issued, and through my part in the making of it was significant, I am proud of "A Book for U's Diabetics," by Dr. Don H. Duffie. I could tell some very interesting things about Dr. Duffie's book, if he would only let me. But here I am restricted to the barest facts. It is published by E. E. Miles, South Lancaster, Mass., and costs \$1.50. Dr. Duffie is an early nose as just an ordinary country doctor, but the foreword of his book is written by the distinguished head of the diabetes clinic of the University of Michigan, Dr. L. H. Newburgh, who says Dr. Duffie has the ability to give all the information needed by the patient, in simple language free from difficult technicalities.

That's just what I admired so much in this country doctor, and that's why I persuaded him to get out this book.

In the first place, he practically abolishes computations, yet shows the patient how to control the diet with whatever accuracy the conditions may require. This in itself is a stroke of genius and I believe many a diabetic patient will call Dr. Duffie blessed for doing away with higher mathematics, even percentages.

Benedict sugar tests, while not expensive, nevertheless may amount up to dollars in the course of a year. Dr. Duffie tells the patient how to make this classic test at one-tenth of the usual cost. The book even gives you directions for making your own food scale, out of an old windowshade roller, a pie tin, a piece of wood ruler and some hay wire, if you want to save about \$14.

Not only should diabetic patients study this little book, but I believe it will be of the greatest practical value to physicians as well.

Here is the clearest and best definition of diabetes I have ever seen—it is taken from Dr. Duffie's book: "A diabetic is one who is starving for sugar while his blood is full of it."

It might be said that the diabetic's blood sugar is high, and "and" on the delivery wagon instead of being delivered."

"A Book for U's Diabetics" shows the diabetic patient how to get an adequate ration of the "protective" foods, the essential vitamins, to make up for deprivation of milk, which contains too much sugar.

In persuading Dr. Duffie to publish this book, I feel I have rendered a good health service to diabetics.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS MACHINIST'S BOILERS. I work in an oil station and whenever my coversalls are saturated with grease I have constant "grease boils." Is there any preventive against this?—M. K.

Answer—The pimples, boils and festers on the hands and arms or body of machinists whose skin or clothing is much in contact with oil or cutting mixture, have been ascribed by investigators of this trouble to ordinary pus germs carried from person to person via the circulating oil or cutting mixture, and in some plants this trouble-

some infection has been considerably reduced by strict exclusion from work of men who have such pimples, boils or festering abrasions—this for the purpose of preventing or lessening contamination of the oil. Besides this, the mineral oil probably makes the skin irritable by drying it out excessively, for it seems to dissolve out the normal skin soft, smooth and clean. It may be that the sebum itself has some natural germicidal action, as does normal saliva, for instance, or the normal mucus of the nasal cavity. It would be well, therefore, to wear some oilproof apron or overall to protect your body, and the care of the hands and arms requires careful washing just before and after work, preferably with a vegetable fibre cleanser such as Insto powder, rinsing and drying and then an application of a little lanolin ointment or mixture—equal parts—to restore softness to the skin. Of course any pimples, boils or festering sores must be dealt with as one must deal with ordinary boils or ordinary infected wounds, to prevent spread of the infection and the culture of more boils. If you do not understand how to do this, send a stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for instructions for treating your boils. (Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)

Keep the aliens out. If immigration had remained unrestricted, nobody would have invented an automatic dish washer.

The prize for something goes to the traveling salesman, who stole the village speed sign, "Warning! This place is inhabited!" and hung it above his bed at the hotel.

Another thing you pay for without knowing it is the damage done by the smart hick who tries to get his money's worth by dropping cigarette butts on the hotel rug.

Correct this sentence: "When my husband brings home unexpected company," said she, "I never make apology for my dinner."

Home may lose popularity, but there never will be a substitute as a satisfactory place to eat corn on the cob.

The old-fashioned sweetheart was superior to the sweetheart in another way. You could fill her with a lemonade.

Americanism: Siding with the scamp who is shrewd enough to cuss the people you don't like.

If a Dixie colonel looks worried, he may be a mill man trying to favor a protective tariff without being a Republican.

The man who found a nicer way

Rippling Rhymes (By Walt Mason.)

CHAIRS. In infancy we have high chairs, with safety shelves before, so we can't tumble un-awares and land upon the floor. While we pursue our earthly ways chairs have their part and place; they're up against us all our days, a comfort to the race. While toiling in the sunshine's glare, one shades in the heat, we think about the easy chair that waits for us at home. When we have doffed the hat and shoon, and sunk therein to rest, the chair's indeed a precious boon, a thing that's truly blest. Our sorrel whickers grow apace, and in the barber's chair, we find a sweet abiding place, while he saws off the hair. The barber's chair is built to give true bliss to weary days, and in it one would like to live the balance of his days. There he may stretch his aching limbs in positions that relax, the while the courteous barber trims his sideboards with an ax. Again he's in the dentist's chair to have his molars drawn; his bosom heaving with despair, he calls on Pete and John. Old memories have made him fear the dentist's handsome chair, but there is nothing frightful here, no cause for his despair. The modern dentist has such skill I like to seek his booth, and have him take a spade and fill the cavern in my tooth. And thus from chair to chair man goes throughout his pilgrimage; in chairs he nurses cares and woes, and bellows forth his rage. In chairs he takes his well-earned ease, and finds repose complete, in chairs he rubs rheumatic knees and dopes his gouty feet. To the electric chair he wends, if violent, unwise; there, waving farewell to his friends, he ends it all and tries.

of saying "second-hand" cars could sell Florida a convincing substitute for the word "hurricane."

The final test of manhood is to wait until friend who has finished her remarks and then close the door gently instead of slamming it.

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SAMPLE PRESIDENTIAL BALLOT. I intend to vote for _____ for President at the November election. I am registered as a _____ (Name party) Signed (Name) _____ Address _____ (Fill out and mail to Straw-Ballot-Contest-Editor, Mail-Tribune, Medford, Oregon.)

Fiske, Augustus Thomas, Raymond Hitchcock and Willie Culler at 11 p. m., over WABC and the Columbia chain of 21 stations. (Times given are eastern standard.)

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One.) and we'll let you have it." The speaker was one of four young men, masked, carrying automatics, and interrupting the business deal of Solomon B. Stein and Joseph Goldmont, in Stein's diamond emporium, New York City.

Two hundred thousand dollars in diamonds were glittering on soft velvet. More diamonds were in the big safe. Mr. Stein opened it, when the handlets beat his head with the butt of a pistol.

Four hundred thousand dollars was the reward of the four young men with handkerchiefs over their faces.

In these days of crime efficiency, wise diamond dealers lock their doors.

Alas, poor horse. The automobile crowds him. In England, Henry Alexander wondered that he could drive his Ford car on the bridge path of Ben Nevis, highest mountain in Great Britain.

The trip was over ruts 12 inches deep and stones 12 inches in diameter and it took nine hours for the 445 foot climb.

The car would never make it and would probably fall over the edge, said the British, so they sent up a pack horse with lunch strapped to its back.

Britishers dislike to miss their lunch. The car reached the top. As for the poor horse, the London Sphere reports its fate thus.

"A horse carrying provisions for the party slipped over the edge of a steep incline and fell to its death in the gien, hundreds of feet below."

The old cry, "Get a horse," is heard no more. Thirteen thousand tried to hear Aimee Semple McPherson's first sermon in London. Only 10,000 could crowd into Albert hall. And, according to reporters, "only a few dozen were converted."

Only a few dozen? How much would those few dozen have suffered during their first ten billion years in hell fire had not Miss Aimee snatched them from the burning?

To realize the importance of even one permanent, guaranteed conversion of the Aimee McPherson kind, you need a head for figures. Suppose a demon stuck his pitchfork into your back, only once in ten minutes, what would that amount to in ten billion years? Not less than \$25,000,000,000,000 separate stabs, not counting years. To convert even one sinner is worth Miss Aimee's while.

A poll of "Who's who" crowd shows that Hoover is elected. Men and women of Who's who-don are for the Republican candidate.

Governor Smith's friends will find comfort in the fact that "Who's who," interesting as it is, does not elect the president. That is done largely by those that are not "who."

Registration all over the nation sets a new record and the voting by women will be heavy. In Philadelphia the percentage of women registering has risen from 32 to 40 per cent.

No one will know until election if you own a dog

if you own a dog. That you think a lot of, invest in a penny postal and we will send you free a delicious, cooked, ready-to-eat dinner that will make him happy. It's a full can of Ken-L-Tion. CHAMPION BROS., INC. 2279 West Pico, Los Angeles.

Political Announcements

SHERIFF I am the regular Republican nominee for sheriff of Jackson county. If elected, I will cooperate with all officials in the enforcement of all laws. CHARLES D. STACY, Paid Adv. Route 4 Medford.

San Francisco and South

PICKWICK STAGES. Schedules daily. In swift, smooth-riding motor coaches is the delightful way to travel in San Francisco, Los Angeles and all California cities. Pickwick, with a schedule daily to the south-gives Medford its finest, most convenient transportation service. And you to the Pickwick way at a big saving in fare.

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Low rates straight through to the East over two scenic highways. Go Pickwick all the way. PICKWICK STAGES. Hotel Jackson, 8th and Central Phone 309.

By BUD FISHER



SO THAT'S THE WAY IT IS!

THEY'RE SAYING THAT AT A RECENT BANQUET THAT YOU WERE COCK-EYED AND DOVE INTO THE FOUNTAIN AND SWAM WITH THE GOLD FISH. IT'S ALSO BEING WHISPERED AROUND THAT YOU—

STOP! IT'S ALL A PACK OF LIES!

WHERE YOU GOING?

I'M GONNA GET THE BOZO WHO STARTED THIS "WHISPERING" CAMPAIGN AGAINST ME! MUTT.