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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

This is the last full day of life for William Edward Hickman, aged 27, who in the morning will climb 13 steps and drop 13 feet, and in the afternoon will be a man of 18, he was a bright young man, with a genius for oratory, a large lump of egotism, and a desire to be a shiek. He decided he was too smart, and too good-looking to toil for an honest living, and from stealing gasoline proceeded by leaps and bounds to major crimes, climaxing a criminal career with a fiendish murder and a devilish deed. He was a rat, and a bat, and called himself "The Fox." Thousands of men have walked to the gallows, some bravely, some cringing, and most of them have carried with them a tinge of regret from somebody. Hickman walks alone to his doom. But even for him "somebody cares."

High Phelps, who was struck by an automobile one day last week, has returned to school. (Oregon City Enterprise.) An unusual incentive for education.

SYMPATHY
While we never approved of the marriage, we believe the former maharaja of Indora has suffered enough and the new baby won't look like its papa. (Ohio State Journal.)

And here's hoping it will have more sense than its mother. (Houston Post-Dispatch.)

Contrary to the belief of many, the solar system will continue to function in its hitherto efficient manner on November 21, no matter who is elected, and strange though it may seem, residents of Guatemala and Abyssinia never heard of the candidates, this country, or the issues involved.

The Ku Klux Klan, whose outlawry was contemned, while its Wizaris, Dragons, Titans, Klougles and so forth, extracted \$100,000, or through an epidemic of gonorrea, collapsed of its own cohesiveness, and is now officially defunct and bankrupt. The Klan capitalized hate, and made pure, pious and patriotic with a 316 night-gown.

Backward panaceas are rampant in the henriettes, and the backward, if any, is not noticeable. They are delectable with city sausage.

Governor Patterson urges more economy. When an official can think of nothing else to say, he urges more economy. In military circles it is "press up, you!" This was the only order he ever issued.

Il. Flewether's new bread is selling like hotcakes. It is the long loaf, and a merry one.

John Mann celebrates his 18th birthday today, and will cut a cake. If you put your piece of cake under your pillow, the first dress you buy will be yours.

GIVE HIM CREDIT
(Topka, Kan., Journal)
Harold Lawson, saxophone player, could earn a much better living by playing in an orchestra, his wife, Mona, tells the district court in a petition for divorce, but instead of availing himself of his talents he persists in working in restaurants. His salary as a restaurant employee is not sufficient to Mrs. Lawson's needs, her petition asserts, and she is compelled to work. Therefore, she seeks divorce and the return of her maiden name, Mona Gagnon.

The house was built, and the plaster dried, before its mistress could buy a pair of shoes that were smart, chic, stylish, and hurt enough.

Anonymous Rescued
MEMORINEE, Mich., Oct. 15.—(P) Fears for the safety of Thomas Mitchell, 27, and his wife, who were reported missing, following their escape from Sturgeon Bay for a flight across Green Bay to Menominee, in a Stinson monoplane, were dispelled today when a lighthouse keeper on Green Island about seven miles from here, brought the pilot and his wife to Menominee at noon.

Twenty dollar investment in lime applied to Clatsop county soil gives 43 percent profit experiment station.

IS THE ELECTION ALL OVER?

As far as straw ballots are concerned the election is over. If Mr. Hoover is not elected, straw ballots as a means of determining political sentiment in advance of an election will be forever discredited in this land of "the free and home of the brave."

For not only does the Literary Digest poll and the Hearst poll, but every extensive national poll taken, point to such an overwhelming victory that in the 18 days remaining nothing can happen to materially change the result, as far as this medium of prophecy is concerned.

So the suspense for those who place any faith in the reliability of straw votes is over. Messrs. Hoover and Smith can continue to make speeches, the opposing campaign committees can continue to issue their broadsides of provocative propaganda, but the play, as it is played out. Secretary Hoover is, from this standpoint, the next President of the United States.

This week's Literary Digest poll is the most overwhelming indication of a Hoover landslide published since the campaign opened. For the first time the vote of every state is tabulated, and not only does the Republican candidate hold his popular majority of nearly two to one, but he leads in every state in the Union but four, and they are in the Solid South. The Digest, which is published by an ardent Smith supporter, lists only two of these 44 states as doubtful.

If this situation is sustained by the result November 6th, Hoover will win by the greatest electoral plurality in the history of this country, 488 to 43.

In our opinion such an outcome is a practical impossibility. We will be surprised if he carries more than two states in the Solid South, and we will be equally surprised if he carries New York state.

And of course it is probable that before this poll closes, Smith will overcome Hoover's lead in these Southern states and in New York state in which he is now behind.

Granting this, however,—even conceding him New York state and every commonwealth in the Solid South—Smith would still be almost as decisively beaten as was Davis four years ago. The final vote in the electoral college would be: Hoover 362, Smith 169.

The most popular refutation of these figures by the Smith supporters is to point to the victory of Wilson over Hughes in 1916, when the latter was a six-to-one favorite on Wall Street, and was beaten by 23 electoral votes.

Superficially there may be consolation in this precedent. But an analysis of that surprising upset does not sustain the Smith optimism. For the women elected President Wilson, that year, on the appealing slogan of "He kept us out of war." It was the first election in which the woman vote was a determining factor, and Wall Street, surveying the usual male situation, failed to reckon with it.

But this year the women are voting just the other way. And it is because Wall Street learned its lesson, and realizes how this vote is going, that the odds favoring Hoover were recently boosted from two and one-half to one to four to one.

In another column of this paper the Digest figures are given in full,—so that those who are not running may read.

NO MUD SLINGING BY THOMAS SUPPORTERS

We have been requested by one of the leading supporters of Harry Norton, candidate for Circuit Judge from Grants Pass, to publish the following complimentary editorial concerning him from the Klamath Falls Herald:

Harry Norton, of Grants Pass, is running for circuit judge in his district and the Herald wants to briefly call attention to the fact that men of the Norton type are hard to find when it comes to filling offices. We have known Harry Norton since 1910 and if ever there was an outstanding, honorable gentleman, an able lawyer and a fine American citizen he is one. In legislative halls he wielded an influence that was always for the right. His very presence in the state house was a bulwark for good legislation. As a practicing lawyer and a banker he is beloved by his own community in a manner that is most refreshing to witness. If all of the courts of this nation were in the hands of men of the Norton type the rights of the people would be safe and litigants would always get a square deal.

As a firm supporter of Judge C. M. Thomas, the Mail-Tribune sees no reason to quarrel with the somewhat fulsome estimate of Harry Norton's loyal Klamath friend.

We have never questioned Mr. Norton's high standing as a citizen or his legal qualifications. We have never considered Judge Thomas' position so desperate that we felt it necessary to impugn the motives or character of his opponent.

We only wish as much might be said for Mr. Norton's most eloquent supporters in this county.

What's the use? If you speak temperately, people suspect you of having very violent private opinions.

Free men are those who won't vote as you tell them unless you squirt them full of prejudice.

Be good, and—yes—don't be so darned mouthy about it.

MUTT AND JEFF—No Brains! No Brains! Thass All.



Personal Health Service
By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to discuss diseases or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be legible and written in ink. Only one letter can be answered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this newspaper.

THE BIG NOISE IN THE STREET

Noise is now recognized as a serious health problem. Before we go any farther let us endeavor to define what we are talking about.

It is the playing of a score of children on the street under your windows noise! Certainly not, if they are your children or even if you wish they were. It is noise only when they belong to some neighbor whom you don't envy.

Is the frightful commotion of a ringer warning up on a cold morning, and very early in the morning, noise? Not to the man who owns the ringer.

Noise is obviously a relative quantity and a definition would have to carry as many qualifications as there are persons concerned. Even jazz is music to some ears. But probably the great majority of sane folk would agree that any kind of unusual punishment that might be proposed for the ever ready auto signal tooter; the one who toots to say hello and toots to reverse the salutation; toots to attention of another motorist and toots to hold the attention of all the world from its proper business.

Schopenhauer, the world's worst pessimist, or best if you like, cited hammering, the barking of dogs and the crying of children as horrible sounds, but handed the quack wood loving cup to the fellow who drives a wagon load of gravel or dung through the streets soiling his whip constantly over the horses. If our Arthur had listened to the honking of automobile horns at all hours of the day and night, he would probably do murder instead of just moaning to it.

The crack of a whip is your only genuine assassin of thought, Schopenhauer declared. He meant that noise interrupts one's current of thought, he is a trivial business of thinking, out some great world problem or approaching some great discovery. Of course, where there is nothing to interrupt, noise will not be so particularly painful. Occasionally it happens that some slight but constant noise continues to bother and distract me for a time before I become distinctly conscious of it. All I feel is a steady increase in the labor of thinking—just as though I were trying to walk with a weight on my foot. At last I find out what it is! And then, zowie! Well old Arthur has all my sympathy there.

The mayor of an Ohio town where there is a steel mill recently ordered that all completely muffled not later than 9:30 at night, so that steel workers who must start work early in the day may get needed sleep.

Health Commissioner Fronczak of Buffalo recently announced that his department proposed to put an end to the practice of cooking home-burns through the streets as a means of celebrating weddings. This praiseworthy effort of the health authorities met with indignant protests by the moron population—for where there is nothing to interrupt, noise is not so painful.

In England the People's League of Health recently brought before the government a bill which the ministry of health, the need for control of preventable noise in the streets. One timely and significant move in that direction would be the scrapping of all street car lines and the substitution of motor bus transportation.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Mixed Victuals

What do you think of the combination of fried meat and sweet milk at the same meal?—D. S. W. Answer.—I'd want to be awfully hungry before sitting down to such a repast. However, if one fancied fried meat with sweet milk, it is perfectly wholesome to mix 'em. In my opinion—and I challenge correction if any physiological authority is against me—there is but one rule that governs the question of food combinations or mixing victuals. If the combination appeals to your taste, it is quite all right, no matter what Wellborn Pagan, the self-punching "food specialist," may say about it in his mail order "course."

Save Your Shoes—Winter Is Coming
What would you recommend for growing toenails, besides throwing shoes in the lake?—Gladys E. Answer.—Take good care of your shoes, Gladys. It's going to be a

Rippling Rhymes
(BY WALT MASON.)
BIGGER AND BETTER

Six times I've sought a restful town, and found just what I sought: "Now here I'll straightaway settle down, and end my days," methought; "I hate the city's noise and smell, its laughter and its moan; I want a quiet place to dwell where I can be alone. A place where traffic does not roar forever through the street; a village that has learned to snore in its slumbers calm and sweet." Six times I found me such a spot, and bought myself a home, and then I was exceedingly glad, contentment filled my dome, I've found six towns too dead to skin, and thought they'd never grow, and bought my vine and tree therein, my spirit all aglow.

And always, when I bought my shack, and settled down to rest, promoters came, with lots of jack and tireless pep and zest. They came, with all their brazen charms, with all their pleasant wiles, and subdivided all the farus within a dozen miles. They always shook the town awake and made its people hump; a bigger, better town they'd make of Podunk-by-the-Dump. Six times I've bought a house and lot in some quiet place; 'twould be a pleasant, restful spot in which to close my race. The value of my place would rise, commanding prices strong, but I had lost the Paradise for which I'd yearned so long. "What luck he has," some men would say, "it always is a boom; wherever he elects to stay there's sure to be a boom." "What luck I have," I'd sadly sigh, "it's always out of plumb; wherever I elect to buy, big growth is sure to come; there is no place on sea or shore where I can dwell in quietude, and there escape the city's roar, the uniformed police."

What, Stones From Water?
It has been stated that the drinking of a tumbler of water immediately upon retiring is conducive to the formation of gallstones. What is your opinion of this?—A Reader. Answer.—It is stated is probably some rich relation of Ben Told's. The drinking of water, at any time, is rather conducive to the prevention of gallstones. You didn't sign your letter, Artless, so I answer the question only because of the distinction of meeting Ben's cousin, and because I hate to see water libeled.

Tattoo
Can you advise me if tattoo marks can be taken off, and how? Mine is a very small one, but everybody advises me it is a disgrace to have one? Is this true?—D. M. Answer.—Any intentional mutilation of the human body is shameful, son. Perhaps a surgeon can remove the mutilated skin and fill the defect with a skin graft.

Now they are searching and padlocking homes. The only further step to be treated is the stomach pump.

Why work so hard to get publicity? The same energy would produce work good enough to get by without it.

Even though you get in the public eye, you may be just a little squirt. Look at the grapefruit.

If the dead know everything, Shakespeare must have an unfavorable opinion of the generation that began its literary development by expurgating him.

Correct this sentence: "I know John has a tooth-ache," said the wife, "but he's too proud to let me hear him groan or complain."

Oh, wanderers from other states, we welcome you within our gates. Where Opportunity awaits, in Oregon. We welcome both the great and small. For we have room enough for all in Oregon. —Miss Marguerite Mosher

Joseph—Stock shipments unusually heavy at local yard. Re-entire cars loaded in one day.

Joseph—Work started on re-planting of fish screen at foot of Wallowa Lake.

Send—R. A. Booth donates 20 acres on Lakeview-Klamath highway for state park.

Wants Mrs. Grieve to Clear It Up
To the Editor: As voters I think we are entitled to have Mrs. Grieve publish the report under controversy. It is to date she has beat around the bush and said nothing. Let us have it and clear matters up. T. A. WATERMAN, Medford, October 18.

Announces Vote
Editor Mail Tribune: If you please, I would like to say that my vote will be cast for Newton C. Channey, for he has proven himself to be a capable and faithful district attorney.

When moonshiners, bootleggers, hoopers and their friends are against a man, it should be the duty of law-abiding citizens to support the man they are against. Ralph C. Jennings gets my vote for sheriff. I have had the pleasure of meeting him and found him courteous and obliging. When a man who knows his job is in office it is poor business to put him out simply because he is a Democrat. R. A. EASTON, Ashland, Ore.

Hopkins' Choice
Medford, Ore., Oct. 18. To the Editor: By announcement of yesterday's issue of your paper I see that Porter J. Neff is scheduled to tell the people over the radio tonight with Judge C. M. Thomas should be re-elected. After six years of service as judge, it would seem the people ought to be pretty familiar with Judge Thomas' virtues, without re-counting them so much by radio and in the press. And out of all the lawyers in this district, most of

Mothers who have made the poorest job of training their brats are the ones who tell the first-grade teacher how to do it.

Of course nobody doubts a candidate's promise, but you'll note the price of farm land has not increased greatly.

Having seen many elections, I am the regular Republican nominee for sheriff of Jackson County. If elected, I will co-operate with all officials in the enforcement of all laws. CHARLES D. STACY, Paid Adv. Route 4, Medford.

Political Announcements

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Quill Points

The only creatures that make a noise like a whispering campaign are geese and snakes.

Speaking of peace treaties, how many laws would be effective if the violator had only his conscience to fear?

Among the yellow peoples are the orientals and the man who wishes to say it, but doesn't wish to be quoted.

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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.)

we can't seem to get excited about some stranger's effort to get a job. Quantity production reduces overhead. Physician's bill for one baby, \$49; for triplets, \$19 each.

It must amuse polar bears when they come across a torn flap clinging to a sharp point of ice.

It doesn't help a party much when a prominent member proclaims his loyalty in a tone of martyrdom.

There's one good thing. Some experimenter in developing homemade hooch may yet produce the perfect varnish remover.

Thank goodness. Another season gone by without anybody trying to introduce watermelon served with mayonnaise.

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VOTE FOR
Alfred E. Smith
President
Joe T. Robinson
Vice-President
H. D. Norton
Circuit Judge
J. Frank Wortman
AND
Lloyd A. Williamson
Representatives
George A. Coddington
District Attorney
Ralph G. Jennings
Sheriff
R. L. Cornwell
School Superintendent
C. W. Ashpole
County Commissioner
Chas. T. Sweeney
M. D.—Coroner

Published by Democratic County Central Committee of Jackson County, Offices 119 North Central, Phone 876, Medford. —Paid Adv.

By BUD FISHER

