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Ye Smudge Pot

In an editorial in the Oregonian... The conclusion is reached by the reader, along towards the finish, that Al Smith is a scoundrel.

Arithmetic is picking lanky out of their teeth and gnawing their hair to do it in public.

There should be some way to make a throat cake, and keep its weight below that of a coupling pin.

A SCRIBE IS SHOCKED (White Cloud Register)... "Smoking" pipes seem to have last week. He had on one of those invertebrate looking vests.

Freezing weather is badly needed to put the absolute candy in the reader.

The German edition on the Pilsener beer are too far from the street for the reckless desire to get a good crack at them.

Handwashing has been revised for the duration of the campaign.

The testimony of citizens from here, before the U.S. at Portland, would lead a resident of Mass to suppose that the horse and buggy is still predominant in these parts.

The situation is nearing a crisis, as female politicians are making faces at each other, punctuated with an aerial turning of the nose.

Mrs. Olive Palmer has been repainting her dining room, and does not like it. (Dearborn News, Eugene Guard) Ginnico ale helps.

The streets are cluttered with insoluble wafers, but Smith has not crossed. Opportunity by the tail, and started throwing some of old time.

What the general public can understand about the successful outside of the latest Atlantic type, is why some women did not go along with him.

Charred wooden figures from Seattle, are the latest local rage, but many will cling to the ash, as that belongs to somebody else when the ashes call.

After a summer spent in auto parking as he was in the Rockies, Slim Hardback has a cold, that he won't be able to cure until spring galling opens.

"MAN'S PLEASURES" soon after coming into the world he clearly shakes a little tin ball with his father in R. A little later on he pulls a piece of string which makes a small wooden figure kick up its legs and wriggle its arms.

A bit later he takes a small rattling tin ball in his hand and twirling it around the lot, something several weeks of rehearsal on the way. Then, night falling, he puts a stiff piece of white linen against his chest, peeps up his neck with an other piece of stiff white linen, stands face to face with a girl and rhythmically shakes his hips and feet with her while several men blow horns and beat upon tightly stretched membranes, drawing other men at a table with several hours passing around small pieces of cardboard with red and black spots on them.

Occasionally he will go out to a cow-pasture and hit a little white ball with several different kinds of sticks, striking different cries when the little ball falls into a hole in the ground. Coming into old R. and preparing to leave the world, he sits at a table with another old man and moves small round pieces of wood across a board marked with little squares. (Mercury.)

A CHALLENGE RECEIVED

In another column of this paper we are challenged "to deny the logic" of Governor Smith's tariff program. Far be it from us to do so. We admit the logic of it. In fact, Governor Smith's arguments form what logicians term a perfect syllogism.

In his acceptance speech Governor Smith said his tariff views were represented by the Underwood tariff bill. On April 14, 1913, Senator Underwood described his tariff bill as follows:

The Democratic party stands for a tariff for revenue only, with emphasis upon the word "only." We adopt the competitive theory. We say no revenue can be produced at a custom house unless there is some competition between the products of foreign countries and domestic products.

Applying the rules of logic there is only one conclusion: Governor Smith believes in a tariff for revenue only, a tariff that allows a foreign farmer or manufacturer, for example, to successfully compete in American markets with the American farmer and manufacturer.

Logically, there is no other conclusion. But politically, there apparently is. For, aroused by the alarm of Mr. Ruskob, who declared he is a high protectionist, and while he deserted the Republican party did not abandon Republican tariff principles, Mr. Smith in Tennessee declared that he did not believe in a tariff that would in any way disorganize or disrupt—or even alarm—American business.

Still following the rules of logic, Governor Smith maintains a return to the principles of the Underwood tariff will in no way disrupt or alarm American business.

And this is precisely where Secretary Hoover, as he clearly explained in his Boston address, differs with him. Mr. Hoover not only says the Underwood tariff program would disrupt American business, but he maintains that a higher tariff than that provided by the Fordney tariff measure must be passed to increase prosperity, particularly to better the conditions of the farmer.

It was this reference to tariff protection for the farmer that Governor Smith ridiculed when he said:

I cannot for the life of me understand... how Mr. Hoover has any (farm) relief plan. He said in his speech of acceptance that the tariff was the foundation of farm relief. Every student of the subject and every farm leader takes a directly opposite view.

And yet, as we pointed out in this column a few weeks ago, the farmers of California, at a meeting in San Francisco, went on record unanimously for higher tariffs on farm products and condemned the Underwood tariff bill which placed 40 products of the farm on the free list.

So there the issue is joined. We do not deny the logic of Governor Smith's tariff program. From the standpoint of his party it is perfectly logical, for the Democrats never have, and do not now, really believe in the principles of a protective tariff that really protects.

But we do deny that this program is what a majority of the people of this country, including the farmers, want adopted, and we also deny it is a program that would either increase the prosperity of this country, better the conditions of agriculture, or do other than seriously impair the general conditions of well-being that the country now enjoys.

You seldom see the grand laborer any more, but there is the man who taps the drug store show-case with a coin because he is in a hurry to buy a stamp.

The cotton mills are going South, and it is only a matter of time until the olive oil people will move to save the freight on cotton seed.

Americanism: Wanting somebody else to run the government because you haven't time; kicking because it is run by men who have time to spare.

The struggle to make ends meet keeps a flapper's hands busy when she sits down.

You can tell the stranger in Chicago. He doesn't duck when a tire blows out.

"Nature foresaw all things." Not windshields, or she would have made cars lie flat.

Happy is the man who doesn't want anything. He needn't put up with anybody's lip.

Four million idle men? Rats! They seem that way, but just tell one of them you are thirsty.

If smoking doesn't affect the brain, how do you account for the chap who bolsters forth in the smoker?

Still, there isn't much wrong with a people whose sins are forgotten with the assistance of aspirin.

The more we see of round shoulders and convex tummies, the more we think of war.

MUTT AND JEFF—A Couple of Nifty Campaign Songs

Comic strip featuring characters singing campaign songs. One character says: "MUTT, MUTT ME! I'VE WRITTEN TWO SONGS THAT I'M GONNA SING AT DEMOCRATIC RALLIES THIS FALL AND I'VE DEDICATED THEM TO HERBERT SWOPE! WANT TO HEAR MY 'FASCINATE' SONG?"

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.)

WHAT NO HEADACHE TODAY? Demigets and substitution exercises have been substituting lately, according to the papers, that the demand for headache remedies has fallen off alarmingly in recent years. Without making a specific assertion the merchants seem to mourn the passing of a very important line of trade.

The very suggestion that headache is some out of fashion or obsolete stimulant-constitutive and the phenomenon has already been explained by instantaneous aspects. One of the first of these to leap into print ascribed the passing of headache to the holding of hair. Taking that as a variety of the kind of comment this seems plain to the druggists business, one feels to further interest in the diagnosis of the situation, though it would be only fair now to propound the opinion that the increasing prevalence of food and so-called stimulants is the cause of shaking the neck.

The bulletin of the North Carolina state board of health, for August deals with the tumor in this wise: "We have no opinion on the subject because we do not know whether the facts known would prove that there is any less suffering from headaches today than 25 years ago, but if the fact point that says, we venture to suggest that modern methods of living, as a result of head-aches."

Then the North Carolina health authorities mention some of the items to which they would ascribe the launching of head-aches, such as better cooked foods, more temperate habits of eating, more outdoor exercise owing to the automobile, more attention to health habits, more baths, and less dependence on pills and lotions for constipation and similar habits.

Now, as to my opinion. I shall make a real analysis of the matter and submit a common sense diagnosis, and this diagnosis I offer as a stinger in the end—well, here it is. Take it or leave it.

Twenty years ago many of the most confirmed sufferers from simple headache were short haired women, though that is a fair exception because then most of the female sex in jail, court, house or other institutions ran to short hair, and naturally they had cause for many headaches.

Not so much a failure of the headache prep, though I think the North Carolina health authorities are right about that, but an increasing knowledge of the perils of these popular headache nostrums, especially for the declining market. I prefer to think.

One may recall that some of the country druggists complained bitterly of the loss of trade when the Dr. Collier's weekly announced the "Great American Fraud" and published analyses of some of the more advertised nostrums. At the same time the druggists enjoyed and applauded a sudden boom in sales of alcohol, glycerin, cocaine, niter and other kind of matters and herbs. The economical Yankee consumer was using the recipe to make his own "snake."

Our chief federal law, that prohibits on the American people formerly called "Pure Food and Drug Act," permits the unrestricted sale of diverse dangerous poisons in these popular headache nostrums, and many a fatality from the use of these government-sanctioned nostrums is a sad reminder. "Tiger" brand drugs did require that some slight mention be made on the food if the dips contain acetaminophen or certain entirely poisonous pain killers, but Doctor Dory with the head-ache seldom bothers to study the fine print.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Knock Knock Is there a chance to cure knock knees by an operation or by just walking straight? I am 12 years old—G. W. P.

Answer:—No operation or appliance will straighten knock knees or bow legs if a person over five years of age. You should consult a good orthopedic specialist about the chance of correcting the trouble. Your family doctor will recommend a good one for you.

Permanent Injury Will a permanent wave harm the hair or the scalp. I have very pretty hair and I don't want to take any chances—N. J. M.

Answer:—Any form of heat injures the hair. Pretty Soft In one of Duran's books he tells of going into a newspaper office and seeing a hard-faced young man writing the Boston Herald column. If I were that young man, I would be very sorry to see that column written by some port-tittle flapper or skinny old maid. I shall lose faith in print—Miss R. H. E.

Answer:—This column is absolutely and positively written by a soft-faced old man who just can't bear to have flappers or old maids around the place. I like 'em sweet and I like 'em hot—but that's all.

The Squandered Year I noticed in your article about nurse training you referred to Inglewood concerning training schools in the state board of nurse examiners at the board's address is 42 Illinois street, Newark. We have been pleased to note that you recognized Miss Dakin's "Simplified Nursing" as a book for the home nurse. Miss Dakin is a nurse of whom we are very proud—E. J. H., R. N., I. S.

Answer:—Thank you. In many respects the nurse examining board has offices of the capital. I consider Florence Dakin's "Simplified Nursing," published by Lippincott, Philadelphia, as the finest book the amateur or home nurse can study. I like to think that Miss Dakin perhaps received her training in a two-year course. Anyway, she knows her emergencies. The book, by the way, contains a description of the pictures of the right way to substitute the dropped or hydrolyzed, and Miss Dakin keeps the subject's arms out from under the head, unlike the erratic Red Cross life savers.

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Communications

The Astland Meeting The writer attended the Republican political meeting held in Ashland's city hall Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Gates, of Medford, was the chief speaker. When he said the meeting was unexcited for, he covered the whole ground. He selected Judge Thomas as a neighbor, as a friend, as a citizen, as an official.

That which forcibly struck me about the meeting was the timidity of the speakers and the dignified aloofness of the audience.

I did not know anything more about the official life of Judge Thomas and District Attorney Chaney than I got at that meeting they would not get up now.

For reliable information which I have obtained concerning Judge Thomas as a man and a judge, I give my vote, and the same applies to District Attorney Chaney. Voters should not be influenced by a bespectacled grand jury who would try to put across a report to a judge in an unconvincing way.

R. A. EASTON.

Tom Revisited Mr. Editor: The speeches being broadcast by our Republican Central committee remind me of some men whom I have heard pray. Everyone who hears them knows that they don't believe half of what they are saying.

T. A. WATERMAN.

Al Smith on the Tariff Et Cetera To the Editor: Why not give your readers the exact meaning of Governor Smith's "shocking" tariff analysis? I can't say I ever articulated a protective tariff for the farmer. He said a protective tariff would not give immediate relief and that other remedies must be had to stem the tide of suffering and bankruptcy now so universal. In his latest speech he has described the idea of breaking down the tariff walls indiscriminately and I challenge you to deny his logic upon both occasions. Give us your leastest wire quotations and see if your mangled report doesn't look something like thirty cents after contact with a steam roller. Isn't it a fact, too, that there has been much agricultural failure since the advent of Harding administration that from closing of civil war to the beginning of said administration? And during this time of agricultural peril Mr. Hoover has never protested nor even suggested a remedy? Ah, with his prestige in the cabinet during the looting of public domains and his making of government loans for Hoover was, and still is, essential as a claim and why?

Ah, that Hoover's fortune was analyzed in serving little business interests, who content farming ailments can be cured only by the landlord and tenant system, which means to an honest-to-god American just what the under-taker means to a corpse.

Ah, "That the 'Red' Dan" Volstead enforcement machinery of nation, state and county is practically in the hands of the Republican party, making nothing impossible unless it be reconstruction of the dead, yet why have we ten speakers and twelve as many bootleggers and procuresses today as in the old saloon days?

Under Republican rule the mortgage indebtedness of Oregon farmers has increased 200 percent, and county taxes have increased 400 percent in last 15 years, so

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason.) THE INDIGNANT MAN A chronic state of indignation is what is wrong with Richard Roe; he never feels the blithe elation that optimistic people know. What ever he reads the daily papers he finds a tale that wrings his heart, some politician cutting corners that may upset our apple-cart. The way the grafters get our money disturbs his soul by day and night; he is no timid-hearted bunny—he'll fight the grafters, left and right. He reads the silly column in the morning, disbelieving that some people's kale and he declares, with lead bespoken, that all those men should be in jail. There's always something to excite him, some dark abuse is here or there, some subtle blunderings afflict him, and so he raves and rants his hair. So Richard's mind is seamed and lacerated, his hair is gray, his eyes are dim, he crawls along like any lag-gard, for wrath's exhausted all his vim. We older lads are feeling nifty because we do not fame or fuss; and he's an old old man at fifty, indignation's made him thus. It's good to spend some time resenting such evils as our eyes behold; it's what to doal some time lamenting the virtues we admired of old. It's fine to do some small reforming, to make this earth a better globe; but there's no sense in always storming, and putting shoes on one's robe. It's better far to sing and twitter, and let some age-old evils slide than to be lashed and stung and bitten, with harpoons fixed at every hole; a grievance lives, we cannot steer it aside with any rignarole; and indignation warps the spirit and seizes the current of the soul.

Why fear a painless Democrat? Down in Tammany New York, a Democrat is never eligible for registration or vote for more than four years after death—down in Republican Philadelphia Edith Root disclosed in court that a Republican was shingle for both after twenty-eight years residence in the halls of immortal glory—which shall it be?

L. M. SWEET, Medford, Ore., Oct. 19, 1928.

Quill Points Hush money: The money used to buy a fur coat. Office holders might be worse. They might be like the young intellectual who sears them.

They say poverty encourages crime, but maybe it just seems that way because poverty encourages convictions.

If ever there is a Cause whose backers are without exception virtuous, fair and sane, all men will support it.

If people hesitate to accept your beliefs, maybe they are afraid because you would make them the kind of fellow you are.

Of course women can stand more suffering. Think what mere corn silk cigarettes did to young male athletes.

Mrs. Wilbrandt says her department can make prohibition effective if Hoover is elected, but doesn't say in just what way. Consider how she threatened her.

It may be all right to live today on what you will earn next week. But it's going too far when you live on what the grocer will earn next week.

Praise always seems a little defensive if it merely echoes your good opinion of yourself.

Americanism: Worrying because you can't hire anybody with sense enough to do the work you could do yourself if you weren't so prosperous.

Mr. Coolidge doesn't like to hear anybody swear, but he must get fed up after so many years in public office.

Good times are those in which people accumulate the debts they must pay in bad times.

There's no shortage of servants. Everybody important enough to justify having a servant has one.

A middleclass home is one in which the rug showing the most wear is between the garage and the dining room.

Some people have sense and others argue with a man who don't see the corruption in his own party.

Manufacturers spend more to sell an article than to make it. But it's always harder to catch fish than to die bait.

When prominent men cut one another's throats, the public takes the broadly tolerant view that both are right.

A novelist prompts his heroine to kiss the bank that lured her boy. You frequently see an American wife give her husband a little pecking kiss on the nose.

Correct this sentence: "Well, yes," said the voter; "they use trickery to get into power, but they won't stoop to dishonor after they're elected."

(Copyright, 1928.)

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.)

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PARDON ISSUED FOR SHUMAKE

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 19.—Governor Eli Jackson Ford issued a pardon for Dr. E. S. Shumaker, superintendent of the Indiana Anti-Saloon League, who is being taken to the state penitentiary to begin serving a 60-day sentence for contempt of the Indiana supreme court.

The pardon was issued before Dr. Shumaker had reached the state farm at Pottsville, where he is being held. It is believed that the governor believed the pardon "excessive."

Dr. Shumaker, however, will have to pay the \$250 fine imposed by the supreme court in addition to the 60-day sentence.

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.

By BUD FISHER

Extinct Song? GREAT, EH? AS AN ENCORE I'LL SING MY NIFTY 'EXTINCT' SONG!

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One) had joined the Catholic church, he prayed for those that brought about his conviction and sent him to the gallows. That is kind of him, but unless religion is no mistake it is he that needs prayer.

The worst of it—Hickman is dead next to the crime itself—the fact that it encourages the young morons to feel that murder is after all "not so dangerous" as you have plenty of time.

For the first time in 70 years Italy has executed a criminal. The Italian method is to put a man to rest in solitary confinement, seeing no one, talking to no one, containers of food pushed into the cell by a man that the phone does not see.

Nichino Della Magliore, convicted of killing two Fascists, should be grateful that he was shot.

Death, which some Christian Scientists call "The Valley of Illusion" is not a thing to fear. So many imprisonments are horrible.

In Little Rock, Ark. they don't believe in evolution.

And in Little Rock, Clark Smith, "President of the American Association for Advancement of Theology" is foolish enough to say that he doesn't believe in God, but he was found with a placard reading, "Evolution is true. The Bible is a lie. God is a ghost."

Smith, atheist, is in jail. Arkansas doesn't like atheists any more than it likes Darwin.

This is one of the interesting cases in which both are wrong. Arkansas is wrong, according to intelligent science, in denying the existence of evolution. Atheism is childishly wrong in denying the truth known to all men that "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament shows forth His handiwork."

As this was written into The Day Afternoon, so does the death of the brave young British hero, MacDonald, crossing the ocean a tiny Mohl plane.

Hope had not been abandoned, however, since his ship carried fuel enough to last a few long hours.

No matter what happens, a young man's courage is not vain. Every good example is so, and to the assets of the human race.

The death of young D'Amico, of Tour D'Armenie is one of the greatest assets of France, although he has been dead for centuries.

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