

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily, Sunday, Weekly
Published by the
MEDFORD PRINTING CO
18-27-28 N. 7th St. Phone 15

ROBERT W. KIRK, Editor
A. BURNETT BAYNE, Business Manager
Entered as second class matter at Medford Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches received by it or otherwise credited to this paper.

Advertising Representatives
M. C. MCGUIRE & COMPANY
Office in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

Neither the demagogue nor the old school can tan a lady's arm so a vaccination or a wart won't show.

One of the players on the Portland ball team says he feels like "going to work on the mountain" and, in date, the Southern Pacific railroad shows no inclination to have a train wreck.

Justice Taft has gone to Canada. How soft you really people (Indianapolis Star). We know what the Latin means either, but it looks nice.

Gooseberry wine is on a par with gooseberry pie.

The spring chicken outfit is about ready to get out in the middle of the road and leap into the trying pan.

NOTABLE IS RIGHT

Very good credit is due to the volunteer fire fighters, who responded so promptly and worked so hard to save further damage. It was a notable fact that they were not in uniform.

Several have hit out for the hills, to be a commissary for mosquitoes.

The banks are displaying the new and smaller currency liberally. The one \$1000 bill shows no more wear and tear than the new ones.

Gas stoves are not as thick as alleged. Six sites have been mentioned for a court house.

Wanted—A wife with plenty of long hair that goes down her back. Must be bright and willing to work. My first wife moved away and raised the devil all the time. Want a tame one for my second wife.—(Oregonian paper). And, if she wears high topped shoes and uses a hairpin for a button-hook, so much the better.

One of the fidgety Older Girls reports she is a "sophisticate," whatever that means.

It's about time there was another flight across the Atlantic attempted, or Senator Herlin's boy got drunk.

The professional women are conceiving a picnic. A committee has been named to keep the red ants out of the picnic cake, and males from sitting down in the gutter.

One of our linotypes has been working all week on a lawyer's brief, and only 256 pages are left.

There were two Sundays, and two Saturday night dances in the current week.

Winston Sparrow skidded into the Del Getchell bank window as the velvet dusk was falling last night, and never again will roost on a front bumper.

Japan won't last long. One of their poets had a poem published in the Literary Digest last week.

ONE SHOULD WORRY!

I very much prefer long hair but cannot understand why the brethren are so set against bobbed hair and they never say one word against the hair being plaited. Plaited hair is as much condemned as having the head shorn. (There is a difference between bobbed and shorn hair). Then being adorned with jewelry is also condemned, but the dear brethren seem to forget all about this most expensive jewelry fashion and jump on to the one foolish fashion that a poor girl can afford. I am not endorsing any of it. I think the girls, as well as the rest of us, should avoid the appearance of even and do our best not to offend even the least of the saints and all should certainly avoid all forms of worldliness, yet why do the preachers tear their shirts off their backs over bobbed hair and yet they never chide about having the long hair braided or plaited and never a word about the expensive fashion of wearing jewelry?—(Southern Advocate).

Ford Production
DETROIT, July 6.—(P)—The Ford Motor company produced 1,065,630 cars and trucks during the first six months of the current year, the company announcement said today. Domestic production for June totaled 177,419 units.

Mohler—State highway commission put asphalt on tracks here and culling operations will start soon.

THE BREACH OF PROMISE FARCE

EVERYONE agrees there are too many laws. Then why not eliminate some of them? And in the process of elimination why not start with the laws that justify these unsavory heart balm suits?

Much to the entertainment of idle hands and vulgar minds, Frank S. Hardinge, a venerable and wealthy oil heater manufacturer, is being sued for \$250,000 by sprightly Anne Livingston, grass widow, from Tulsa, Oklahoma. There is standing room only in the Chicago court room. According to one feature writer, the trial is better than a vaudeville show. Old Man Hardinge is a servan, and the sprightly grass widow "as full of pepper as a Mexican tortilla."

No doubt, but regardless of the outcome how can the ends of justice or moral betterment be served? This case, like every other brought under the statute, is a plain case of worded black mail.

NO girl with a heart that can be broken ever seeks redress in the courts. No self-respecting person, male or female, ever brings action for cardiac damages, for where one party is opposed to carrying out an engagement for marriage the other party is lucky to escape.

While in the middle ages when women were property, there may have been theoretically some basis for breach of promise suits, there is none today. As a practical matter, the law helps no one who deserves it, and serves solely as an encouragement to the unprincipled and unscrupulous—graffers, shysters, black-mailers and their ilk.

Far better for everyone, and for Society in general, if every heart balm law in existence were erased from the statute books. Where the desire for marriage is not mutual its justification automatically disappears.

BEAUTIFY RURAL SCHOOL GROUNDS

ARE rural school children less susceptible to the beauties of Nature than city school children? Do they appreciate unkempt grounds, outbuildings of rough sheathing boards, decrepit fences, Haring heat of late spring and early fall suns, or the chilling blasts of winter against an unprotected and rudely constructed school house?

Anyone touring the country must arrive at the conclusion that rural school pupils are insensible to surroundings—or that their parents consider that environment does not influence their children's characters, or desires to learn the rudiments of education taught in rural schools.

This is the view taken by many of the country's students of progress and of human character, with the result that a movement to revolutionize conditions surrounding the public schools of rural districts has been inaugurated.

ALREADY committees are at work in various portions of the country to bring about changed conditions for the rural school children. It is recognized that rural school districts cannot be supplied with the magnificent architectural structures erected in metropolitan cities. However, rural school authorities are being shown that a tendency to such modern construction and facilities as is possible in rural districts produces salient results not only in the characters of pupils attending them, but in their education.

Still further, these rural school authorities are being taught that ground improvement and beautification at rural schools has the result of keeping the pupils interested in their surroundings, their own rural pleasures and pursuits and thus dissipates their desires to break away from home ties and enter the cities.

THIS movement toward betterment of rural school conditions, while yet in its formative stage, already has become nationwide. It had its inception in a small rural district of South Dakota, where a local chapter of the Laak Walton League took up the beautification of its neighboring rural school grounds as one of the league's many conservation activities. The league's 3000 chapters throughout the United States were informed of the plan with the result that already, in a great many communities, the first steps toward ground beautification have been taken. Better construction, of course, is a matter of time and financial condition of the various districts. However, it is pointed out that ground beautification is a matter of no cost whatever. Hence, tree and flower bed planting, clearing up of debris and brushwood, building or repairing of fences and outbuildings, are works in which the school pupils—and their parents—are rapidly becoming interested. Indeed, a spirit of rivalry already has been produced among chapters of the league to show which locality can produce the most artistic as well as useful results in beautification of the rural school grounds.

We'd really like to live long enough to see if any of these books on child psychology really produce any future presidents.

Perhaps the birth of freedom is another instance where birth control is advisable.

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'S THE MATTER WITH THE LOCAL DOCTORS?

The local doctor is so superficial and careless, even hasty or abrupt in his examination of the patient, that he does not inspire quite that degree of confidence and trust the patient would impose in him. The local doctor, however, never looks so good as the doctor far away. Even in the profession distance lends a certain enchantment; when a doctor from far away comes to town with a new idea we give him a more respectful hearing than we do if he is a local man. And if a local man has a new idea he will do well to go away off somewhere and present it to a medical society far from his own community.

People residing in Wisconsin like to travel down to Knoxville to consult a specialist or have an operation, and Knoxville folk are in the habit of running up to Wisnburg when they want a thorough examination or the best surgical care.

Perhaps the local doctor suffers more from this queer distorting effect of close vision when he happens to live in a small town. Yet, when it comes to sheer professional ability the small town doctor, the country doctor, measured up very well when compared with the average of professional ability in the cities.

The local doctor is quite likely to be rather rough and ready without many airs, and not much in his bookish manner, here in Wisnburg. But some of his patients ought to see him when he is reading a paper or taking part in a symposium at Knoxville.

Untreated victims of tuberculosis always have, and probably some of them still do, travel aimlessly in quest of the mythical "curative climate." The home climate is like the local doctor, isn't it?

The local doctor is generally a lot better than some folks realize.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

AGGRAVATING AGNES.
Yes, Old Dear, but here's the question. Why do I have this thing you call eri in the winter and not in the summer? If, as you say, I have something wrong with my nose, is it not the cold winter weather which makes me know I have it? If it's there, I don't know it until winter comes. You have said so many times that winter weather has nothing to do with the eri, tra-la. I rely on you completely on your advice that I must have the answer—Agnes.

P. S.—I have just read your explanation that it is the paucity of ultra-violet rays in winter sunlight. So that's that. Thanks. Now I'll go to the doctor and let him have a look see. More anon.

Answer—Your epistle, my dear Agnes, reminds me of the one from St. Paul to the aristians. A St. Paul Dane ordered an artesian pump and when the pump came he could find no handle with it, so he told the factory folk just what he thought of their methods. Just before he mailed the letter he found the handle and he added a postscript mollifying the comments in the letter. I hope the doctor doesn't find very much wrong with your nose or throat, and that you will treat yourself to lots of ultra-violet new that the open season is here.

Success in evading the ultra-violet in the winter time is only part of the explanation for winter time vulnerability. Perhaps shortage of Vitamin A in the usual winter time diet is a factor, too.

Clubfoot.
My baby was born with a deformed right foot. The foot turns inwardly below the ankle. What can be done for this and at what age? She is now two weeks old.

Answer—If it is clubfoot, it should be treated immediately. A series of manipulations by the doctor and plaster casts to retain the foot in corrected position, is the usual treatment. The earlier this is attended to the better the final result is likely to be. Club foot is merely an arrest of the normal development of the foot and leg before birth. God only knows why it happens; no man knows.

Water and Sleep.
I am 25 years of age and am

tired of the cause of my losing weight and have too much sleep. I drink about 2 quarts of water a day and get at least eight hours of sleep each night.—Miss H. F.

Answer—This M. Todd is probably Ben's brother, Mike. Neither Ben nor Mike is quite responsible. Your water drinking and sleep are all right. Why not have your doctor make a health examination and see if he can discover why you are losing weight? (Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Quill Points

Some people are normal and some spend money for books when they haven't a single good tire on the premises.

If only the manager, when things go wrong, could warm up another umpire.

As a last resort, we can go back to the old-fashioned scheme of teaching youth to be decent just for the sake of decency.

There is some use for modern liquor in case of snake bite; you can pour some on the snake and enjoy watching him suffer.

The only thing sure about a summer resort is that most of the disagreeable, snobbish people will change the same one you do.

And yet the happiest inmates are the ones that forget to put on the butter knife unless there is company.

If the habit of wearing clothes made minked hairless, this no-stocking fact is going to be a big thing for the safety razor people.

Maybe the reformers could stop stock exchange gambling by making stock certificates round and calling them chips.

It works both ways. The sap disappears when a district gets dry, and a district gets dry when the sap disappears.

Americanism: Howling about the cost of battleships in time of peace; howling when war comes because those fools at Washington weren't prepared.

How to perpetuate peace between England and the United States: Permit no man to orate or write for print unless he can prove he isn't a fool.

MAIL TRIBUNE
DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle
LIARS ROB SPUNK
INGOT EVE ARNEE
SELVEDGE PLEDGE
TREE EARLY FERN
STA FALTER EROS
HALL PEARS
OO MISTRESS EAR
FRIAR SIR THANE
FEN TREASURE DD
ASSET RAMP
FACT ASSOIL ASE
ROTE DEAVE ERIN
STORES TALENTED
STIEG PET LIEGE
TANSY ODE ADDED

Table with 10 columns and 10 rows for crossword puzzle grid.

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One.)
After you have read that book and waded feebly through the 400 pages, chiefly of abstruse mathematical formula, you will be glad to return to the happy level of average knowledge.

The gigantic telephone company puts through 100 telephone calls EVERY SECOND over New York City's 1,750,000 telephones.

Men read that and pass on, taking for granted the greatest scientific miracle and industrial achievement.

If the calls average only two miles, from telephone to telephone, the statement means that human thought and words are carried without effort 17,500,000 miles in a month.

It means that all the transportation facilities could not carry to and fro the millions that, without moving, met and talk on the telephone.

The public owes a debt to inventive genius and industrial efficiency that work such wonders.

Secretary Mellon says the treasury department NEVER planned a seven-foot barbed wire fence along Canada's border to keep out rum. The secretary is too practical for that nonsense.

China tried the fence plan 2200 years ago, starting 300 B. C. the great wall 1500 miles long.

It couldn't keep out Genghis Khan, or other energetic Tartars. And no seven-foot wire fence could hold back the American brand of bootleggers, rum runners and hi-jackers. Today they would cut through it, fly over it, or tunnel under it.

Last Tuesday Milan witnessed a ceremony that seems to take you 1000 years into the past.

Prince and Princess Paterno Castello of Piacenza, married for 25 years, decided to enter the religious life.

On Tuesday he became a priest under the name of Father Ignatius and she a nun named Sister Maria of Jesus.

As she knelt at the altar ralling the mother superior removed her white veil of novitiate and her husband saw her face for a moment and for the last time as he covered the face with a black veil.

Father Ignatius then chanted a Te Deum, played a crown of roses on the head of Sister Maria of Jesus and they parted.

King George may pass next winter in South Africa to escape cold and fog. His subjects there will be glad to see him and his black Bantu tribes will be especially delighted.

What white civilization mistakes for "loyalty" is a survival of the savage desire to bow down to something—a wooden idol with a pink nose, or a royal personage with a golden crown.

When will the foggy British islands become merely a European main office for the British empire? Whither will the empire's heart be transferred? Will it go to Canada, Australia or the wondrously fine lands and climate of Africa? Probably to Canada, Room, work, and the right northern climate for all Britsers now living.

PARALYSIS FATAL FOR AUTHOR OF EXCLUSION

SANTA ROSA, Calif., July 6.—(P)—Thomas J. Geary, former congressman from California, and author of the Chinese exclusion act, died here early today. He was 75 years old.

Mr. Geary, who became a national figure through his vigorous campaign for the exclusion of the Chinese, was stricken with paralysis two weeks ago. He suffered a second stroke seven days later, and then it appeared that the end was imminent.

Baker—New hotel under construction will be ready for occupancy by August 1.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
From the files of Mail Tribune
July 6, 1919.
R-34. British dirigible arrives safely at Mincola, Long Island.

Toledo—Tex Rickard denies Dempsey-Willard match was a fake and is backed up by the boxing commission.

New York—Liberty bonds sell at \$92.00.
Pickets placed at Medford Home Telephone Co. during strike, but no violence reported.

New York—19,000 U. S. soldiers arrive from Europe on 5 transports.

President Wilson's war program condemned by house of representatives.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
From the files of Mail Tribune
July 9, 1909.
City council petitioned to purchase block at corner of Jackson and B. streets as site for a new county court house, same to be purchased for \$4500.

Editorial: "Medford should be the county seat of Jackson county."

As a result of the local July 4 celebration the city garnered only \$45 from drunks and disorderly.

President Taft expects to veto new tariff bill just passed by congress.

Communications

Impressions of Alexander Legge
To the Editor:
With reference to the appointment of Alexander Legge as president of the federal farm board, the press seems universally to assume the attitude that he was appointed because he is an outstanding business man. It is true that he must be all of that in order to hold the position which he does as head of the International Harvester company. But his business all his life has been intimately associated with that of the farmer, and if any business man in this country has a thorough knowledge of the farmer's point of view, it is Alexander Legge. His closest acquaintance in farming is, of course, with the grain farmer of the middle west, where he was born; but he is familiar with the farmer's problems of production and credit wherever the International Harvester company does business, which means from the Argentine to Russia.

He himself, was a green farmer boy when, in 1891, he commenced work for the McCormick Harvester company at Omaha, and he looks a good deal like a typical mid-western farmer yet. He is well above six feet tall, broad shouldered, raw boned and red headed. He has a voice like a fog horn and his language is quite as forceful and picturesque as that of "Hell An' Maria" Dawes. He is a man of action; but of cool judgment and is not likely to be led astray to follow any will-o'-the-wisp in his quest for means of farm relief.

I met him first in 1917, though several years before that I had some business dealings with him in a professional way, which I had forgotten, but which he remembered. Perhaps it was because he was one of those who paid the bills that he remembered, while I merely received payment for services rendered. I, in common with thousands of others, had gone to Washington to find out what I could do to help win the war and he was then vice-chairman of the war industries board in charge, more particularly, of the raw materials division. I was sent to see him by one of Mr. Hoover's staff and his laconic instructions to me were: "Go back to California and do what you can to increase the production of Chrome. We need the ships that are bringing chrome to this country to carry troops and supplies to France."

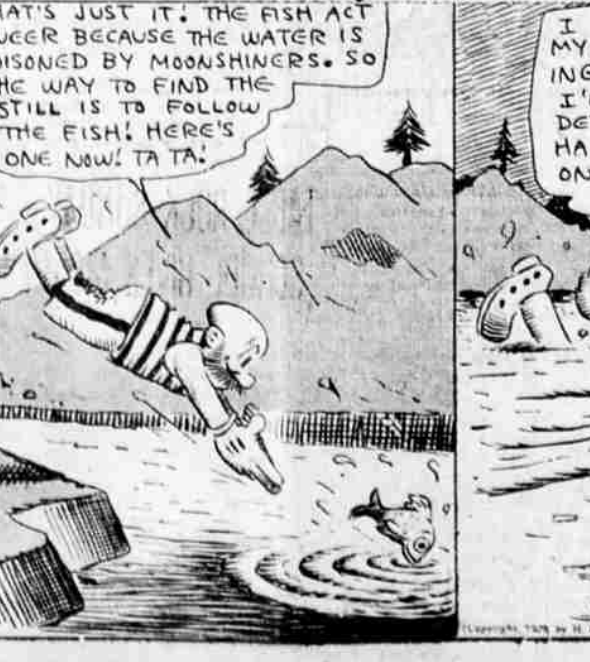
This I proceeded to do, not only in California, but in several other regions, till the armistice was signed. After that other rulers arose "with names not Daniel" and the poor chrome mine was left to hold the bag—but that is another story.

ALBERT BURCH,
Medford, July 6, 1929.

Acate Beach—Orange Aid, collection, changed ownership and improved.

Beaverton—\$25,000 bond issue approved to provide funds for enlargement of high school.

MUTT AND JEFF—A Sardine Leaves No Footprints



By BUD FISHER