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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

In the excitement and "hustle and bustle" of life and events, a great blessing has come to pass unnoticed and unthought. Young men, fresh from college, with the accent on the fresh, no longer flout neat manners.

The eastern prom of the land rejoices at the passing of the Ku Klux Klan from Washington, D. C., and credit the achievement to President Hoover, who brought the same to pass without the use of a brass band or skyrockets. The Klan established itself in the national capital, where it could secure solace. The first step of the chief executive was to gently ooze from her high office the leading female agent—Mabel Willebrandt. The Imperial Wizard did not like this. The Imperial Wizard, who may recall, was the high dignitary who, when all dressed, wore a pair of cow horns with electric lights in the end. It also became noticeable that nothing insured appointment to a fat office like being opposed by the Klan. Certain unenviable tricks of the shirt-tailed hust were promptly squelched, and when a Klansman looked twice at a politician, the politician refused to fawn and quiver. After a long series of rebuffs, the Klan backed up its nightgowns and hit for Atlanta, Ga. Two southern states and one western state are listed as "Klan strongholds." No western state will stand it.

Owner leaving town must sell my Ford, Model A business man's coupe for \$385 cash. P. M. Curry, Senator hotel—(Salem Capital-Journal.) Making sure.

THE USUAL STATE
(Press Dispatch)

Mrs. Myrtle Foreman, of Middletown, N. Y., in her complaint, alleges that her husband, Wayne R. Foreman, of Stroudsburg, Pa., married her last year while she was unconscious from a heart attack.

The new spandrels is an elusive and elusive as the old style filthy lucre. New Scotch stories are also in circulation.

Weather so hot that the salt cellar sweat and the contents refuse to come out, is predicted for next week. It will put the starch in the corn, the sugar in the plums, and inflate the pigskins.

Lady Ford-Coupe of the local imitation British set, forgot to stand around last night with her mouth open, under the impression it made her look sophisticated. She up and called a traveling bag a valise, and told a proud Maw her boy was a fiddler, instead of a violinist.

A BACK-HANDED SLAP
(Chance, Kan., Tribune)

Dear Sir:—I am 11 years old and just graduated from the sixth grade and I want a job and my papa said maybe you would let me write the serial stories for your paper. Yours very truly,

DONALD FLINT.

A move is afoot to keep the courthouse fight toned down to a dull day with the gangs of Chicago.

Jack and Jill
Came from Jylle,
To get a drink of water.

JENKINS, Ky., July 10.—Associated Press.—Jedidiah Hughes, 23-year-old bridegroom, was drowned last night when friends threw him into a lake after serenading him and his bride.—Social inhumanity scores another touchdown on a long end run.

JOURNALISTIC HOPE

Somebody was drunk last week when the information went into this sheet that the local power company had paid only \$25 for Ray Brown's cow that its live wire electrocuted. It might have been up. Art Miller, manager of the company, who gave us the information, or the typewriter operator, most likely the latter. Anyway, the amount paid was \$125. Ray getting his check promptly a few days after the editor was killed. We hope to live to see the issue when something right and correct gets into this sheet.—(Smith County Pioneer.) Plus the faith that moves mountains.

HUDAPREST—(P)—Eugene Harthy, brother of the regent of Austria, wrote from Uganda, Africa, that he had shot the largest elephant killed thereabouts in 108 years. The tusks weighed 450 pounds.

BETTER LEAVE THE SUGAR TARIFF ALONE

SOME idea of the troubles incident to a new tariff bill may be gleaned from the present situation regarding the increase in raw sugar duties.

We have received a book issued by the "American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages" entitled "What Price Sugar?", on the cover of which is a cartoon from the New York World captioned "The Holdup in the Kitchen."

A portly gentleman, sporting a silk hat, is leaning through the kitchen window, pointing a murderous looking pistol at the breast of a defenseless housewife with one hand, while in the other is a demand for \$20,000,000 a year. On the frock coat of this opulent brigand is printed "High Tariff Sugar Baron."

Opening the book one finds 100 pages largely devoted to editorials opposing the increase in the sugar tariff, many predicting dire consequences to the Republican party if this provision in the House bill should be allowed to stand.

In the same mail that brought this book came a statement, from Representative Timberlake of Colorado, upholding this increase as a necessary protection for the "poor sugar-beet farmers of the United States, who, without such protection, will be ruined by the pitiless competition of alien pauper and colored labor in Central Europe, Cuba and the Philippines."

To further complicate the situation, many of the editorials in the above volume, while opposing the sugar increase on one hand, support the Hon. Timberlake's contention on the other, by extending that the new tariff bill gives no adequate protection to the down-trodden American farmer.

Yet, when it comes to the down-trodden sugar-beet farmer, they oppose that protection which they demand the Republican administration should give.

In other words, here is a pretty mess. And if politically there is any graceful way out of it, we don't know what it is.

THE American people don't want to pay any more for sugar than they are paying; on the other hand, the beet sugar farmers are as much entitled to proper tariff protection as the wheat farmers or any other agriculturists. They are even more entitled to it than 99 per cent of the manufacturing industries that are getting it.

What, then, is the answer? The only answer we can see is the one already given by President Hoover,—determine the exact point where legitimate protection ends and privilege begins, and, regardless of outcries from the self-interested, pare every tariff schedule down to the former point.

We have a decided hunch that such a program would demonstrate that the old duty of 2.2 cents per pound on sugar was enough, and that it would be not only good policy but good business not to increase it.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM

WE observed recently in the "Ten Year Ago" column that Dr. Clarence True Wilson inveighed against woman's dress of that period and maintained it was "luring man to sin."

Now a Newark, New Jersey, moralist proclaims that if the present tendency in feminine styles is not checked the time is not far distant when "the modish flapper will, like Eve, wear nothing at all, and the moral destruction of modern civilization will be complete."

MERBBS so. But we are not so sure of it. In fact, we very much doubt if the feminine lure, so feared by Dr. Wilson, increases as the draperies decrease. We lay no claim to expert knowledge, but we have an idea there is considerable truth in the statement that women, as a whole, can only exercise their maximum attraction when SOMETHING is left to the imagination.

We do not wish to be misunderstood. Far from favoring the present tendency of feminine styles, we don't like them. We believe in the matter of exposure they have gone far enough. But our opposition is based not on moral but esthetic grounds.

As far as the relation of dress to morals is concerned, we maintain there is none. Morals may influence dress, but not dress morals.

Nor is this pious outcry against feminine styles a new one. The same outcry has been uttered in every age since the Garden of Eden.

CERTAINLY no one will deny that morals today are far better than they were in England under King George III.

Yet when perfume was first introduced as the popular mode at that time (and for a very good reason) the good King George became as much agitated as Reverend Wilson today and the following measure was introduced in Parliament:

"All women of whatever rank, profession or degree, who shall impose upon or betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by the scenic, painted, cosmetics, washes, artificial teeth, false stays, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes and bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft, and the marriage upon conviction shall be null and void."

No, brethren, as far as styles and morals are concerned, there is nothing new under the sun. The former are simply forever changing; and the latter gradually progressing as all

such things progress, by going a little further forward in one generation than in the previous generation they went back.

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. To reply can be made to queries not containing instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this newspaper.

THE SPRAY IS SO FINE YOU CAN'T SEE IT.

Having listened to a good many other doctors sounding off to the lady, I feel that probably no one takes less pleasure than I do in telling unpleasant things or starting folks worrying about health or sickness. But it remained for the radio censor to remind me how little I appreciate the amenities about that. The censor had no objection with my using a confined myself to the standard old stuff about open face coughing and unweaned sneezes. But when I ventured to remind listeners that the same menace accompanies uncovered conversation, except that the range of conversational spray is not so great as that of cough or sneeze spray, then the censor forbade alarming people that way. It would be a very unpleasant thing for people to think that there is any danger involved in mere conversation with a person who has a respiratory infection, the censor decided. So that was that. Women and children first, men.

If this spray were indigo colored it would command more respect, not only by the lady but by the health authorities of sanitarians. As it is, not all of the droplets of secretion or moisture are large enough to be visible to the naked eye, much less large enough to hurt when they hit you in or near the eye. Many of the droplets are microscopic in size, yet quite large enough to afford comfortable traveling accommodations for numerous germs. A droplet of moisture too small to be seen by the unaided eye is as roomy for a colony of pneumococci or streptococci or diphtheria bacilli as an aquarium is for the goldfish. The point I want to emphasize is that since the spray is

both visible and invisibly fine, you can only guess whether you've been caught in it, until a sufficient time shall elapse to show whether you've been infected.

By dwelling on this rather unpleasant idea of conversational spray I may be apprising some readers of a danger they scarcely recognized before, but at the same time I am indicating how to keep well and that, I take it, is what I'm here for.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Kidneys Two.

Please write an article on kidneys, what they are, where located, how they function, and for what purposes, what causes trouble with them, methods of cure, etc., and oblige.—J. W.

Answer.—My goodness, friend, that is impossible. It is just barely possible to say here that most of us have kidneys two. When it comes to describing the situation, function and diseases of the kidneys I'd have to use asterisks mostly, and that is not satisfactory in this form of literature.

Tuberculosis Never Carried.
I send my clothes to a laundress whose husband has tuberculosis. He is about the house where the clothes are washed. Is there any danger?—Mrs. W. L.

Answer.—None! Tuberculosis is never carried by clothing, objects, books or furniture, so far as we know. Direct personal contact, frequent or prolonged, is ordinarily necessary for infection with tuberculosis.

Tartar on Teeth.
Please recommend a solution or anything that will dissolve the tartar which forms on teeth.—E. J. C.

Answer.—I know of no safe remedy. Better have your dentist scale the deposit from the teeth and then perhaps he can suggest a suitable dentifrice or other means of preventing or diminishing the deposit of tartar.
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Communications

W. E. Phipps Is Reminiscent.
To the Editor:

In yesterday's Mail Tribune, I note this item in the column reproducing happenings ten years ago:

"W. E. Phipps publicly opposes Medford school budget."

If you will check up your files of the approximate date, you will find the opposition to the Medford school budget was quite general. The then superintendent and board of directors of the city schools had added the budget with a large number of unnecessary items, and the voters of the district defeated the budget twice. In fact, no budget was voted that year, and the schools had to be run on the same amount they used the previous year, which proved to be sufficient.

The superintendent is the main factor in determining the expense of running the schools as well as their conduct otherwise, and it is pleasing to contrast the efficiency of the present superintendent of Medford schools with the incumbents of ten or more years ago.

W. E. PHIPPS.
Medford, July 10, 1929.

Traffic on Main Street.

To the Editor:
The person who wrote "When life flows along like a song" must have been in a state of semi-consciousness, or else have been referring to some song I have never heard. Life does not flow like a song—it flows like a river—a long river with lots of curves and bumps.

Curves and bumps remind me to interrupt the flow of the river and turn to flow of traffic, and right here let me say, please Mr. Editor, that this communication is intended as a friendly gesture of information to fellow sufferers who perhaps have travelled along for some time, even as I, unconscious of the fact that they had no legal right to be on earth, or at least not on the "Main stem." I draw this overwhelming conclusion from the bitter fact that I had the nerve to be driving thereon and not exceeding the speed limit, and am only now recovering from the

shock of paying up financially, morally, physically, and what have you.

Fellow motorist, if you by any chance operate and own a car costing more than \$75, take it from me your place is in the alleys and back streets—the farther back the better. The main thoroughfares and highways are reserved for California tourists and local flaming youth.

Not being satisfied by having a tourist of the above mentioned variety, driving something on four tires and loaded from stem to stern, stillboard and harboard, with all his worldly goods, including the kitchen stove, and the family goat, take my right away from me, and then try to push me up on the sidewalk and before I could recover myself, tell me to go to hell, and drive off before I could make an appropriate reply. Not satisfied to take this hint that I was a public nuisance, I boldly drove down Sixth street the other forenoon, and a flaming youth armed with a birth certificate in one hand and a driver's license in the other, and both feet on the gas, proceeded to wreck the front end of my car, and carry on, indignation on his pure young features, at my daring to change gears in his pathway.

If you wish to insist on being on Main street, I suggest buying a car without paint. Then when it is nicely dented and rammed out of shape, pick out some nice shade of paint and touch up the furrows and dents with highlights to make the ensemble remind one of the interior of the modern Spanish bungalow.

This is really a clever idea, and additional bumps after the paint job only add to the general effect. If you are really too old-fashioned, and insist on plain, shiny surfaces, your next best bet is to surround your car with a braided steel cable so arranged that being hit at any speed, in any direction, will only slightly inconvenience you, and the family goat, the satisfaction of seeing defeat written on the features of your assailant.

I might add that being of age or having a license is of practically no value for the driver of the damaged car. Don't ever think you are right about anything pertaining to traffic regulations or stop signs. Anything you say or do is wrong.

MAIL TRIBUNE
DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
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2. Alternative
3. Long restment
4. Assuredly abbr.
5. Aromatic
6. Sport
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Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One.)

gesting it slowly. Man eats the beefsteak in 15 minutes.

Great labor-saving device. Give your children meat.

Dresses will be longer, less less blatant. Blatant is the word, no matter what the precisionist may say. Nothing could be louder than two intensely pink knees.

Evening dresses already reach the ankles.

Backs are still worn down to the coccyx. They will rise. Women want to see how many queer things they can do, that's all.

Tunney, the retired heavyweight champion, is in Prague. As a real fighter, he will want to visit the tomb of an old blind king of Bohemia that never tired of fighting.

In his last battle he had his horse chained on either side to the horse of a knight and, sword in hand, galloped the two knights in the thick of the fight, slashing at the foe until he died. Blind, he did not want to miss the fight.

And there were no gate receipts.

The big war was started by a murder in the Balkans, when so-called "Serbian patriots" murdered the Austrian heir apparent.

Now four Balkan nations are "something," to use the customary expression. Bulgarians and Jugo-Slovaks and Hungarians have a quarrel that will need the attention of the League of Nations.

Patching nations together, making new nations out of old material, does not end old hatreds.

Ancient Filipinos were buried, sitting down, in huge porcelain jars sealed at the top. A sitting skeleton was recently taken from its jar, near Manila.

Those ancient primitives prob-

ably wanted their bodies to be safe from the rats, while waiting for Mumbo Jumbo to come and get them. They have waited some time. When, as, and if, those jars are emptied for the judgment day, what a surprise for those Filipinos, now buried in a big box, instead of a vindictive island god.

President Hoover wants the post-office to pay its way. He hates waste.

However, merely charging the people more for postage would be a little TOO EASY. That is the method of a power trust. That is the can do that, with a monopoly.

President Hoover, an engineer, will want service more efficient, saving money that way.

Incidentally, a couple of battleships that would build without thinking, and that are only targets for airplanes after they are built, would equal a year's loss in the postoffice.

The Prince of Wales gave a dinner party for Ambassador Dawes and his wife. A young English woman, using a bogus title, crashed the party, was presented to the prince, curtisied, sat down in the wrong place. She was politely asked to leave, not arrested. Nobody made her tell her real name.

Wise British royalty, does not seek for trouble.

Vanity Not Sexless.
CHICAGO.—(P)—Men are as vain as women about their personal appearance, going, however, to greater lengths to conceal that vanity, according to Fred Northstrom, officer of the Chicago garment cutters' association. And because of it clothes makers are everlastingly trying to introduce new color schemes into men's attire, said Northstrom.

Scoop Up Fish With Hands
HAMPTON ROADS, Va.—(P)—Fishing has been good here. Thousands of croakers, marinated in shallow water with the recession of tide, made things interesting for members of the beach crew of the naval air station. They caught 300 fish in three days, scooping them up with their hands.

RUSSIA.—(P)—The Belgian government has invited other nations to a conference on a proposal to do away with rail transportation of mails, entrusting the entire task to airplanes.

Under the terms of the will he will receive the bequest when he is 21 years old.

HAUSAU, Wis., July 12.—(P)—Harold Guth, 19, who has been washing dishes in a local restaurant to pay for his college, has fallen heir to an estate of \$75,000 left by his uncle, Bernard Guth, a widower, who died at Spokane, Wash., six months ago.

Young Guth received a letter yesterday from the executor of the will and left immediately for his home at Pleasant Lake, to prepare for a trip to Spokane.

Under the terms of the will he will receive the bequest when he is 21 years old.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
July 12, 1919.

Washington.—Uncle Sam today resumed trade with Germany.

Henry Ford and son Edsel take over Ford Motor company.

Water Superintendent Davis issues warning against violators of restricted irrigation laws in city.

Amerongen, Holland.—Former Kaiser Wilhelm greatly incensed that Germany signed peace treaty.

Johnnie Hoskins of Reese Creek bitten by rattlesnake but recovered after applying an onion poultice.

City school board budget defeated by vote of four to one.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
July 12, 1909.

Will Steel declares plenty of hay will be sent up to Crater Lake so that horses can have their fill.

Bang!
"A man came into Recorder's office this morning, carrying a friend on his back. 'What's the matter?' asked the judge. The man answered, 'Jude, this man is a friend of mine, and his name is Gunn. Now, Gunn is loaded. I know that it is against the law to carry a loaded gun on the streets, so I brought him here.' The judge said: 'Gunn, you are discharged.' And now the report is in the Tribune."

Joseph H. Wilson finds \$1600 shortage in expiring county books, but declares accurate accounts are dependable and no dishonesty is suspected.

Sixty people die from heat in Chicago.

John Orth and Gus Newbury, clerks in the county recorder's and sheriff's offices, journeyed to Medford today, as did W. H. Coleman, county clerk.

Lewis Ulrich and Charley Dunford filed in Rogue river.

RADIO FUNNY MAN
MEANIE AT HOME

SALEM, Mass., July 12.—(P)—Ralph L. Rogers, author of the radio skit, "Mr. and Mrs. Nereater" will have to seek elsewhere than at home for inspiration, for Mrs. Rogers has convinced the Essex county court that what was fun for radio fans was something else at the Rogers establishment in Swampscott.

Mrs. Rogers told Judge Dow that the radio author too often had carried the theme of "Mr. and Mrs. Nereater" a step beyond the radio to its logical conclusion at home. The court agreed that a case of cruel and abusive treatment had been amply established, and granted her a divorce.

The radio funny man was ordered to pay alimony of \$50 a week and Mrs. Rogers was awarded custody of their three sons. He did not contest the action.

YOUNG 'PEARL DIVER'
IS HEIR TO FORTUNE

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