MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily, Sunday, Weekly
Published by
MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
23-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 75

ROBERT W. RUHL, Editor
B. SUMPTER SMITH, Manager

An Independent Newspaper

Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 8, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By Mail—In Advance:
Daily, with Sunday, year $7.50
Daily, with Sunday, month ..... .75
Daily, without Sunday, year 6.50
Daily, without Sunday, month ..... .65
Weekly Mail Tribune, one year 2.00
Sunday, one year 2.00
By Carrier, In Advance—In Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on Highways:
Daily, with Sunday, month ..... $ .75
Daily, without Sunday, month ..... .65
Daily, without Sunday, one year 7.00
Daily, with Sunday, one year 8.00
All terms, cash in advance.

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Official paper of the City of Medford.
Official paper of Jackson County.

Sworn daily average circulation for six months ending Oct. 1, 1928, 4138.

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

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Another tree, age 30, considered good-looking and attractive, has toppled before the relentless march of progress. It was lifting up a sidewalk and people who did not look where they were going, every now and then stubbed their toe. No more terrible malady can befall a pedestrian than to stub his toe, and the evil must be stamped out, ere all perish.

"And the heart of Joab, overflowed with pageantry, and vain things"—(Malachi 5:

Always before a session of congress, and the legislature, there is a "deficit." Every time a solon serving time in either legislative body opens his mouth, there is a great weeping and wailing about the deficit. They talk so much about the deficit, that the intelligent voter is terrified, and he starts fighting the deficit. After all the fancy orations and hullabaloo in this state last fall, it is discovered that the state has $25,000, and, no, place to spend it. The situation in congress is worse and more of it. They only have $231,000,000 more than they expected. In both instances the deficit was non-existent, and there has been no explanation. In the last analysis, or the next to the last analysis, it looks like there was some bum adding in high places. The next time Hon. J. Public Service starts moaning about a deficit, don't get hysterical.

After listening to Dick Sherwood describe the prowess, beauty, charm, sweetness and personality of his granddaughter, the impression is gained that when she bawls, if ever, the meadow-lark hushes his song at twilight, from pure envy.

There will be six races. They are to be run under the eye of Thomas A. Sweeney, chairman of the racing committee of Portland Post No. 1, American Legion.—(Portland Telegram.) Which eye?

He was an expert at stenciling butterflies on the hose of prominent women.—(Portland Journal.) Is he thinking any of quitting?

Gents confined behind gray walls and iron bars throughout the nation, the past week have been quite restless. They complain about the quality and quantity of the prison grub, and emphasize their annoyance by holding a riot. If given another chance, they would not get caught.

The Chinese and the Russians are seriously considering to do battle among a batch of towns with the most indigestible names in the geography.

Several of our social lions have started repainting their social graces, and it was high time. Some are taking a correspondence school course in the gentle art, and when they graduate they will be so alluring to the fair sex that the third cutting of humans taight as well give up the fight and commit suicide, or try a flight in an airplane across one of the half dozen or so oceans. Any male taking this course should keep his head with him, as he will need it. From Lesson G, which your core has read, and was amazed, it is learned that the tactics that would flabbergast a blonde, would be as water to a duck with a brunette, or a redheaded lady. "The blonde type," says Letter G, "is mentally shallow, with an inferiority complex. The brunette . . . wants facts, the blonde fiction." The above facts should be told to a blonde, with the coat kerchief peeking slyly from the upper pocket of the coat. If she don't faint, the informant should start running. Lesson G, also warns, "Never argue with your lady companion." Everybody but a male who would pay $125 for a course in the social graces, already knew this. The lessons on captivating the opposite (in more-ways-than-one sex) are the longest, and guaranteed to get results. No lady was ever captivated before the captivator started his captivating, history and experience of man from Adam to date reveal. If these few lines put the girls of Jackson county on their guard, another victory will be scored for upright journalism in these parts.

Hoover, Jr., Recovered

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—(AP)—Allan Hoover, son of the president, who suffered a slight stomach disorder several days ago, was reported today as having entirely recovered.

MUDDLE-HEADED WOMEN

MISS ANITA WHITNEY, and a group of alleged communists, were arrested in San Francisco the other day for staging a protest in front of the Chinese consulate in that city against the Nanking government, for seizing the Chinese Eastern railway and ousting the Soviet agents from Manchuria.

This is the same Anita Whitney who was convicted of criminal syndicalism, following the world war, and later pardoned.

On the banners displayed during the demonstration were the usual radical battleeries, such as, "Hail the international solidarity of the workers," "Down with imperialistic war," and "Defend the rights of the common man."

It would be interesting to know just where "imperialism" and "the solidarity of the workers" come in, as far as the Manchurian situation is concerned.

* * *

AS a matter of fact in this present crisis, Soeviet Russia is playing the old imperialistic game, and unblushingly upholding the ancient and honorable rights of the "hated capitalistic class."

The Chinese Eastern railway was built by Imperial Russia and forced upon China by superior military pressure. When the Soviet government gained control, China was promised the railway would be handed over to her, without any payment other than the capital expended.

China was delighted. But when Soviet Russia discovered that this railroad was a very profitable enterprise, she refused to keep her promise. In fact, she behaved just as the hated imperialistic Russia might have behaved, and at the present time is threatening to back the rights of capitalism,—which she has theoretically repudiated so many times,—by force of arms.

* * *

THAT Miss Whitney should take up the cause of Soviet Russia against the struggling Nanking government only demonstrates how muddle-headed American radicals of the Whitney type, so frequently become.

Either, she knows nothing of the true situation in Manchuria or she stands convicted of being a deluded fanatic, so infatuated with the limelight of radical agitation, that she can't distingnish between what is true liberalism and what is fundamentally false.

Another victory for the Pacific Coast. Mr. Edison chooses his successor from the state of Washington.

Once more we remind our readers that anonymous communications will not be printed in this paper.

An opponent of Prohibition informs us that non-drinking races are decadent races. No doubt that explains the decadence of that non-drinker, Colonel Lindbergh.

A few years ago women were ridiculed for wearing short skirts and fur neck pieces, but now Liberty, as an example of masculine comfort, prints a picture of T. R., Jr., coming out of Tibet in shorts and a full beard.

How to stop crime. That's easy. Make it unprofitable.

Our idea of irony is Soviet Russia charging China with not respecting the late czar's property rights in the Chinese Eastern Railway.

The next time someone asks the Planning Commission for authority to build another service station on Main street, they should be told to build one where it is needed—preferably in the middle of the Atlantic.

Patriotism is the quality that makes a city worker with ten children resent the importation of cheap Russian wheat.

Senator Couzens says that on Prohibition Henry Ford is a joke. ANOTHER Ford joke!

Also correct this sentence: "Horatio Seymore, the successful New York dramatist, was married yesterday to Dottie Frillette of the Follies. It was his first marriage."

Lest we forget. Ten years ago corn was selling at $1.70 a bushel and everyone but the farmer was complaining about the high cost of living.

Here is a suggestion we offer free to the long-distance aviators. Instead of trying to hop off with a machine overloaded with gas, why not get altitude first with a normal supply, then have the tank filled by a refueling plane and—"presto, he is off!!"

How easy it would be to love our neighbors if they were as far away as the heathen.

Those good old days, eh? How about Bartletts selling in New York at $1.60 per box twenty years ago?

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.

THAT EIGHT EEN DAY DIET

The bridge hounds are TALKING about the eighteen-day diet, so there must be something in it.

Anyway, the legend accompanying each opy of the "prescription" is what Betty Buyer would call intriguing. It seems that some movie dowager who would be queen gotta grand offer from an angel, to-wit, a contract to do a piece PROVIDED she divested herself of ten pounds of flesh within three weeks. Maybe this was the famous three weeks that Elenore Glynn featured. Anyway, naturally enough, the unidentified—and here is the strangest mystery of the whole thing: the movie star coyly evades identification — the unknown beast rushed an order to Florida for a crate of grapefruit and a couple bales of hay, and, donning the feed bag, went to it. With each copy of the yarn you get, free of cost, the assurance that the exquisite little cinema actress paid a preposterous sum for the diet. Why she should do that is another mystery — but you will readily imagine that with such preposterous salaries as the movie people receive they have to get rid of it somehow, so they might as well pay it for something that costs common individuals a postage stamp or the price of any newspaper or magazine or maybe as much as a popular novel.

Sometimes the diet comes wrapped in other hokum. A favorite packing for it is a nationally advertised "clinic." The dumbbell infers that the diet is sponsored by the medical authorities in this "clinic." The doctors in the "clinic," however, disclaim any knowledge of such a diet, deny any responsibility for such a diet, and beg me to inform all and sundry, whether bridge players or gladhanders, that the clinic in question employs reduction diets only after investigation of each case and plans any such diet to meet the special requirements of the patient.

Now, then, if you still think beauty is more important than health, open that crate of grapefruit and enjoy yourself hugely on half a grapefruit and a cup o' coffee for breakfast each morning. Anybody who can enjoy that—and mind, it does NOT include sugar or cream—probably hasn't got a good electric toaster. That's your breakfast for as many days as you can elect to imperil your health, your domestic happiness, if any, and your faith in the hereafter, on this freak 18-day diet.

For mid-day lunch you seize the jimmy and pry open another crate of grapefruit. Something fishy about this, I suspect. And for dinner, again or yet, there's grapefruit, olives, oranges 'n' everything, with now and then, but usually then, a lamb chop, if you have thought to bring your microscope along.

Oh, yes, on the tenth day, just as you are going down for the third and, of course, the last time, (consult any cub reporter if in doubt about the number of downs) something uplifting and buoyant is shoved out to you—what can it be, a peck of spinach, maybe, or a bouquet of lettuce? No, no, dear child, be of good cheer, it is nothing less than eight slices of cucumber, quite naked, too, that is, undressed.

To tell the truth, the official version of this miraculous 18-day diet does not include two bales of hay, but I felt that something of the kind would be the right nourishment for anyone who would fall for it.

Seriously, friends, no physician of repute would or could approve of any such tampering with the diet.

I warn all readers who have any regard for their health to devote not more than 18 seconds to the 18-day diet.

(Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Quill Points

All they need to establish peace in the Balkans is a little less proximity.

If the Chinese wish to steal railroads, they should learn the peaceful Wall Street method.

There's small choice on Sunday. The preacher scolds you for being naughty, or you dodge church and get chased out by a traffic cop.

If there is no such thing as telepathy, how does the committee of ladies know the editor failed to shave this particular morning?

Hurrah! Europe can't fight us. The next war will be in the air, and they must wait for an east-to-west wind, and by that time they'll be over their mad spell.

Now they say the Versailles treaty is a good one, after all. It must be, when the nations can enforce it with a mere 49 per cent increase of armament.

Americanism: Cussing France for trying to dodge her debt, leading the world ten to one in bankruptcy cases per capita.

It's easy for a great man to travel incog. He's so polite nobody realizes he is a great man.

Simile for today: As easy as landing a man who has just been turned down by another girl.

Life won't be dull when the ball player must spend the winter developing a good left.

Maybe juries don't convict because nobody feels qualified to throw the first stone.

Even the smaller towns now have every convenience at their swimming pools except a place to wash when you come out.

There are two kinds of men: those who continue to wear knickers and those who have seen kodak pictures of themselves in knickers.

You must believe in some signs. When daughter eats onions for supper, that is a sign you may use the car.

Well, suppose "Lucky Lindy" is rather cool to reporters now. A man may use a stepladder to reach the top and still not want the ladder following at his heels when he gets there.

Correct this sentence: "It was the most becoming hat I ever tried on," said she, "but I remembered my vow to buy nothing more unless I had the cash to pay for it."

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One.)

E. W. Hall, agricultural advisor for the St. Paul road, tells you about hardy Norwegian sheep men who came out here years ago. In South Mussel valley they raise fodder for use in the bitter winter in spring and autumn their great bands of sheep and few cattle feed in the foothills. In hot summer they are driven to high government forest preserves to graze and browse, paying the government a few cents a head per month. Interesting life while it lasts for the sheep. They are happy, knowing no more about death than we do.

One man can herd 2000 sheep in open, 1000 in the forest, 25 shearers work with power from one machine.

Before you reach Butte you ride up the Rockies to the continent's stony backbone, where a pail of water correctly spilled flows half toward the Atlantic and half toward the Pacific.

Sitting at the front of the electric locomotive, the engineer, L. J. McCormick, climbs a hill 2000 feet high, 20 miles long, in one hour, hauling a load of 8,000,000 pounds. Think that over. He looks up at two copper wires, each smaller than your little finger. They feed him power to lift the 8,000,000 pounds.

That makes you respect electricity. Mr. Ryan, head of the Anaconda Copper Company, gets that electric power from waterfalls off in the mountains, and sells it to the St. Paul railway.

The heavy train on its way down hill manufactures electricity, as a waterfall manufactures it, by the power of gravity. The current thus manufactured is pumped back into Mr. Ryan's wires and he makes deductions on the electric power bill that he sends to Mr. Scandrett, head of the Saint Paul. All businesslike and amazing.

Butte is a city that you should see. Many years ago, before there was any city or railroad, the late Senator George Hearst came riding up here on horseback. He had an eye for mining properties, and thought the Anaconda mine, located here, would be worth while. He was right, and it is. It produces now about 300,000,000 pounds of copper a year plus 175,000 pounds of zinc, employing 15,000 metal miners.

The Anaconda smokestack, tallest in the world, 585 feet high, captures by-products as they sail upward. Among other things the smokestack yields, annually, 220 carloads of arsenic. The St. Paul uses some of it, sprinkled on its right of way to kill weeds. You use some perhaps to kill rats and mice.

From the Anaconda smelter near here the copper is sent to Great Falls, 125 miles away, where it is refined. Each ton yields 60 ounces of silver, four-tenths of an ounce of gold. It's a good mine. The mine is 3600 feet deep now, the ore coming up from 100 shafts. It is proved that the marvelous copper mass goes down at least 5000 feet. What other wealth is hidden in these hills? You might come out and see.

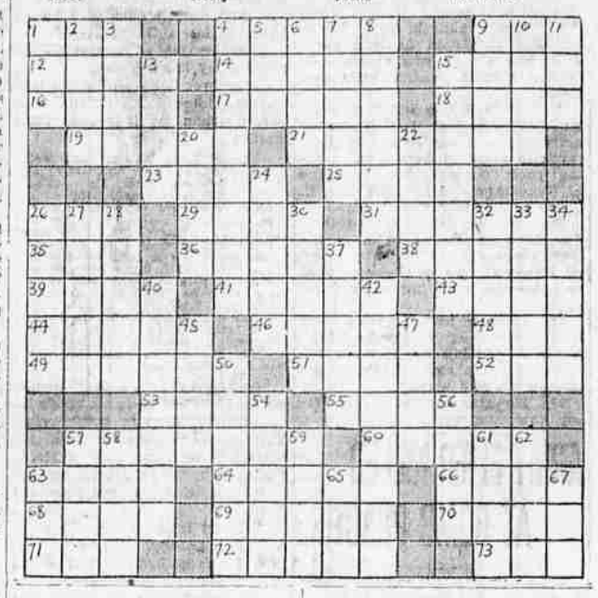
That was a profitable ride that George Hearst of California took, through these Rocky Mountains more than a century ago. There are better mines in the earth that have never been worked. You might find one. See this country. Come west. It's worth it.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

ACROSS
1. Likely
4. Onward
9. Dried grass
12. Not well done
14. Ancient city of Palestine
15. Temple
16. Operatic solo
17. Melancholy
18. Goddess of discord
19. Japanese gateway
21. Flowing bodies of water
22. Fasten
25. Religious denomination
26. Royal Military College: abb.
29. Nostril
31. Absent from school without leave
35. Old form of oil
36. Silent
38. First name of a Dickens character
39. A prince of the Midianites: Judg. 7:25
41. Endeavor
43. Princely house of Italy
44. American explorer
46. Lateral boundaries
48. Roman household god
49. Vigorous
51. A judge of Israel: Judg. 12:11
52. Shade tree
53. Fur-bearing animal
55. Arabian military commander
57. Snuggles
60. To the left side: naut.
63. Air: comb. form
64. Language of the Romans
66. Ancient capital of Ireland
68. Neat
69. Willow
70. State positively
71. Pedal digit
72. American commodore at the battle of Lake Erie
73. Piece out

DOWN
1. Southern constellation
2. Sever
3. Musical composition for three voices
4. Relinquish sovereign power
5. Gaelic sea god
6. Metalliferous rocks
7. Nets: a crosbit rare
8. Affle
9. Damage
10. Black birds
11. Aye
13. Nobleman
15. Conspicuous detail
20. Decomposed atoms
22. Unbleached
24. "——— Krisgle"
26. Coverings of buildings
27. Deserve
28. Plain
30. Feminine name
32. Passageway
33. Pertaining to one's birth
34. The greater caloric
37. Unlike spoon
40. Flower
42. British volunteer cavalry force
45. The herb dill
47. Clip off
50. Gait of a horse
54. Rent
56. Ecclesiastical court
57. Famous fiddler
58. Great Lake
59. Commotion
61. Act wildly
62. Migrate
63. Siamese coin
65. Noun suffix denoting agency
67. Exist



Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune)
August 2, 1919

WASHINGTON.—In an effort to reduce the high cost of living the government has decided to sell surplus food supplies for the army to the people at cost.

Mayor Gates and daughters, Marie and Laura, return from two weeks' outing at Rocky Point.

Medford attorneys oppose imposition of toll charge for Jacksonville phone calls.

July, with mean maximum temperature of 94, was one of the hottest months on record.

Hope to reopen federal employment bureau in Medford in fall.

Big crowd sees Chin-Chin at the Page theatre.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
August 2, 1919

Citizens make protest against nightly noises made by the braying of jackasses in North Medford.

The celebrated Anton Romanoff, violinist to Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria, will play during dinner at the Nash grill tonight from 5:30 to 8 o'clock.

Wes Green starts building of new bungalow on Orange street, to replace one burned.

The condemnation proceedings against Mike Hanley by Attorney P. J. Neff, start before Judge John S. Coke.

GRASS VALLEY, Ore.—Armed men representing Jim Hill prevent Twohy Brothers from extending operations for Harriman line across Guertz ranch.

Agreement signed for new fish ladder at Ament dam.

Roof fire at Ivy Leaf restaurant on Front street extinguished by volunteers.

Press Comment

NEW ROADS.

Renewed agitation from the Medford section reminds us that there are two proposed roads close to Grants Pass in which Grants Pass people are vitally concerned.

One of these is the Williams-Caves road south of us, the other the Tiller-Trail road north of us.

The Caves road project is one for which many people from all parts of Josephine county have had a feeling of sympathy.

They felt that Josephine county could not prosper until every part of the county prospered, and that the projected new Caves road would bring prosperity to the Williams valley.

These people who saw Williams' hopes as a boost for the county have been dealt a blow by the Tiller-Trail plan.

For the explanation Josephine county people should turn to their maps of Oregon's highway system.

Should both projects be successful, Grants Pass would have one detour to the north and another to the south. Each detour would have the lure of a nation-wide scenic attraction to attract the traveler.

Neither new road project, alone, would do much harm to Grants Pass. Together, they could not be permitted.

It was felt by some that the Tiller-Trail project would serve as a threat to use against Grants Pass. It is a threat, and it also is a boomerang.

A bright angle to the dilemma is that Roseburg is not particularly interested in the Tiller-Trail plan. Instead, Roseburg people want the North Umpqua route to Diamond lake opened.

This does not suit Medford at all.

Roseburg people look with pleasurable anticipation, and justly, to the time when Diamond lake will be only 85 miles from Roseburg by road. Now the city and the lake are separated by 200 miles.—Grants Pass Courier.

Grant Power Permit

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 2.—(AP)—The power commission yesterday granted a preliminary permit to the Inland Power and Light company of Oregon for 170,000 horsepower development in the state of Washington.

Aid Umatilla Project

PORTLAND, Aug. 2.—(AP) Directors of the Portland chamber of commerce last night voted $2500 to aid the work of the Umatilla Rapids association.

Mrs. Lucci Obeys Mussolini Ukase for Big Families

BELLANTE, Italy, Aug. 2. (AP)—As a mother of quadruplets, Signora Giuseppa Lucci, wife of a peasant farmer, is the record holder thus far in Premier Mussolini's 1929 campaign for more and better babies.

Signora Lucci yesterday gave birth to two husky boys and two fine girls. She has already had six boys in the family, and her joyful expression today entirely belied her maiden name of Morosi, which means "morose."

SLOW CARS PROBLEM IN CHICAGO TRAFFIC

CHICAGO, Aug. 2—(AP)—Slow-moving milk trucks, moving vans and other low speed vehicles would be barred from Cook county Chicago highways on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, in an effort to relieve Chicago's week-end traffic jams, under the terms of a resolution approved by the county board.

The resolution, approved yesterday is to be submitted to the county attorney's office for a ruling on its legality.

Fort Klamath—Construction of school house at this place progressing steadily.

MUTT AND JEFF—Schmeling Can't Figure Mutt Out

By BUD FISHER