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

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Bishop Cannon defends himself by lambasting John J. Raskob. Many sinners in their degradation cannot understand what John J. Raskob had to do with Bishop Cannon gambling on Wall St., or war profiteering. Like murderers pleading insanity, high-powered reformers, when caught, offer as a defense, "Al Smith made me mad." He was also willing, his statement indicates, to battle for morality that did not concern himself, to the last dollar.

Medford is the shivaree center of the northwest, and is the only city of 15,000 souls in all the land that submits to this form of hickishness without a struggle. Every time two souls are made one within a 50-mile radius of the Jackson County Bank, Fords and galoots and tin-cans are assembled and proceed to ram up and down the Main Stem, until their lungs and the gasoline give out. As the grooms are too meek to put a stop to this form of social detriment, it looks like the Hundingers, Inc., would. The newlyweds are lashed to the prow of a redhot auto, and, while parboiling serves the groom right who lacks enough gumption to resist, the bride has done nothing to merit torture. The driver of the nuptial car is always equipped with a cowboy yell, which he unleashes with gusto. The shivaree entourage has the right-of-way over funerals, fire engines, and the common variety of traffic and, if they ever have a wreck, it will be a dandy, as they always go like 60. It is time to call a halt, if somebody in authority can say "Whoa!" Shivarees come under the head of disorderly conduct, and unnecessary nuisances.

HOPE FLAMES HIGH
(Valley Falls Vindicator)

A coupe was parked alongside the road near the Al Herbers corner last Thursday night. A passing motorist stopped and inquired of the occupants, a man about 40 and a girl of about 18, "having trouble." "Not yet," the young lady replied.

Jim Dinkens of Beagle last week end went down to the sea and beheld the ocean for the first time in 65 years of keeping the wolf from the door, and deer out of the corn, and the bluejays out of the watermelons. Mr. Dinkens informs that the Pacific is a heap of water lunched up in one spot.

When the great orator is making up the statistics as he goes along, and wishes to be especially convincing, he uses ones like "24.17 per cent," instead of round figures. —(Detroit News.) What every orator ought to know.

The advice of the U. S. Bureau of Health, that during the hot days infants be garbed as scantily as possible, is being followed to the letter by the gals.

The $75,000 this col thought the state did not know what to do with was appropriated by the last session of legislature for singing the glories of Oregon in foreign parts, via advertisements. Some think the advertisements should be placed in middle west and eastern papers, where they would be read by people who know little, if anything about Oregon. Others think that the ads should be placed in the Portland papers, and then have every good and true Oregonian mail a Portland payer containing the advertisement to a native of the east and middle west. This would give the postoffices something to do, furnish a periodic lunch, and help out the treasuries of the Portland papers.

SO SAY WE ALL

I have just read the worst bit of journalistic blah-blah ever perpetrated. It was done by a man named Hunt, who writes for Cosmopolitan. "The first interview with the Prince of Wales," said the publicity man. And let us devoutly hope it will be the last—of its kind. The reputation of Wales couldn't survive another. "Our common blood insures friendship between our two countries," said the prince. And Hunt wails his eyes in awe and rapture and comments thus: "How wise and deep!" "I am very busy now" with great enthusiasm: "There Wales continued. And Hunt cries spoke the new prince—no longer a happy, care-free boy, but a dead-game sport who has seen his duty and done it!" Hunset. It's like that. The most ghastly rot you ever read. It's an unpardonable insult to Wales. If he isn't an idiot, Hunt has given him a raw deal. To roll on the floor in an ecstacy of admiration when a prince says twice two is four is to confess that you fully expected the poor simp to say three.

(Fountain Inn Tribune)

A TEST FOR THE KELLOGG TREATY

CHINA has refused to accept the Russian ultimatum regarding the immediate reinstatment of Soviet managers on the Chinese Eastern railroad.

China wants the discussion to come first, and all changes to come later. What the Russian reaction to this refusal will be is not yet known.

But here is certainly a dispute perfectly suited to settlement by judicial rather than military action.

The conflict is over property; the solution should be based upon certain facts, which an impartial court review could readily determine.

Both parties to the controversy signed the Kellogg Peace Treaty, which outlaws war as a method of settling just such differences. They are also members of the League of Nations.

Certainly if the signatories of the Kellogg treaty, or the League of Nations, can't prevent an outbreak of hostilities, in this case, then both the treaty and the League are something less than "scraps of paper."

JUST LIKE SHOOTING FISH

OUR good friend the Oregon Journal is wildly agitated over the "stinking eels" of the Willamette river.

Stinking is not a pretty word. Nevertheless, it is good Anglo-Saxon and was used by Mr. Shakespeare, when he formally accused some lady of making a "stink of our profession."

And Coleridge, when he visited Cologne before the advent of the sanitary engineer, burst into verse as follows:

"I counted two and seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks."

So in honored literary tradition, there is ample justification for the use of this term which, in these more effete days, is not often employed by fastidious rhetoricians.

And as the Journal declares there are tons of dead eels in the dry fishways at Oregon City, we have no disposition to question the accuracy of the statement that:

"Here is a situation with a stench that literally rises to Heaven. It is an impossible, unbearable, health-destroying value reducing and pleasure denying situation.
"But what is going to be done about it?"

The Journal partially answers its own question, by intimating nothing will be done, "because the whole river at the Oregon City falls belongs to the Power Company."

But this does not mean the gallant Journal is going to despair. When it comes to the age-old struggle between the iniquitous vested interests and the dear people, the Journal is in its element, and as far as this odoriferous conflict is concerned the champion of the enslaved masses has only started.

* * *

HOWEVER, unless the Journal watches out, the battle will be over before it starts. For while the Portland newspaper may be ignorant of the fact a great change has come over American industry since ex-President Roosevelt launched his single-handed fight against malefactors of great wealth.

That old battle cry, "The public be damned" has been replaced by the slogan of super-salesmanship, "The public be served." Unless we are greatly mistaken the power company at Oregon City no more enjoys the odor of decaying eels than the highly-sensitized Portland Journal.

And it is a ten-to-one bet, that before the Journal has really swung into its best militant stride and firmly snapped on its "gleaming armor of fragrant virtue," the minions of the hated interests will literally be on their knees, eliminating the cause of this unsavory corruption.

* * *

FOR while the power companies may not be as benevolent and public spirited as they like to appear, they can scarcely be interested in fighting for the privelege of scattering dead eels on the bathing beaches of Portland. Perhaps the Fish Commission should have authority here—for they say the eel IS a fish, not a snake—but as a practical matter no outside authority is needed, for the power company will undoubtedly be glad to clean things up on its own behalf.

Nevertheless, here was an excellent opportunity for a Sunday feature and a ringing editorial in the best Journal-istic style. And in a few weeks now,—perhaps in a few days,—the long suffering dwellers along the banks of the meandering Willamette will be able to breathe through their nostrils again, and the Oregon Journal can point with pride to another great victory for the proletariat.

Sanity is that nicely balanced state of mind wherein Lindbergh seems neither a demi-god nor an ingrate.

You can usually tell when you've taken the wrong turn and are off the highway. The scenery doesn't urge you to buy anything.

Think how the elephant's bulk must have alarmed Eve when she first noticed in herself a tendency to put on weight.

You can't expect men to agree on a scheme to save the world when they can't even agree on the mildness of a cigarette.

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. Letter 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.

INFUSED WITH HER OWN BLOOD

Readers with high blood pressure may recall that we told here, not long ago, how to bleed for that condition yet save the blood. If you missed it, never mind: it was simply a kind of "special" belly breathing exercise, virtually the same as that introduced by Dr. Clelia Duel Mosher for the correction of pelvic troubles of women.

The manufacturer of one of our strictly medical nostrums has appealed to third grade doctors for many years with a ploy on the idea of bleeding the patient yet saving the blood.

Everyone is more or less conversant with the modern practice of transfusion, a procedure in which normal blood from a healthy donor is conveyed directly into the veins of the patient. The papers in Rick towns are still fond of making a kind of hero of the person who gives the blood, or even the professional donor who sells it at $50 the pint. But then, some papers still call amnesia or loss of memory "aphasia," though aphasia means loss of speech merely; and some papers still use that old term "moron" to signify a depraved wretch, whereas the term means merely mental deficiency of a grade such as thirty to forty millions of our best people have.

Drs. R. L. Maynard and W. T. Rees of Burlington recently reported a unique case of autotransfusion which proved successful. The patient was a women who had suffered a grave internal hemorrhage, that is, bleeding into the abdominal cavity. No matter what accident was responsible. When the surgeons found a large amount of bright red blood free in the peritoneal cavity, and the patient apparently about to die from the hemorrhage, they had not time to look for a donor. They removed the blood, mixed it with some sterile 2.5 per cent sodium citrate solution (to prevent premature clotting), strained it carefully and injected approximately one and one-half pints into a vein at the elbow. Of course they found and tied the bleeding vessels first. The patient responded immediately, was returned to bed in fair condition and made a perfect recovery. Even her blood count, three weeks later, showed that she had only a moderate secondary anemia, and within two months after her return home she was perfectly well again.

"Our patient, we believe," the Vermont physicians add, "would have succumbed had time been spent in procuring a donor and doing the necessary blood matching."

Of course there might be many conditions associated with such internal bleeding, that would make such autotransfusion unsafe. In this instance the condition was a mechanical one and the blood and the abdominal cavity were probably sterile, germ free. Such a condition as a stomach or duodenal ulcer bleeding into the abdominal cavity, could scarcely be treated by autoinfusion because the blood would probably be contaminated with germs from stomach or duodenum and hence unsafe to inject.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Vegetable Fiber Stuffing.

My two-year-old child suffers bronchitis and asthmatic spells. I saw in your column about the shoddy twine used in the postoffice causing bronchitis. Inclosed is some of the material used as stuffing of our parlor set. Would this be the cause of my daughter's trouble? It looks like the postoffice twine.—Mrs. N. E.

Answer.—Under the microscope the material appears to be wholly a vegetable fiber. I do not know that such material can cause asthma. Hair or feathers or down in upholstery or bedding may be responsible for asthma. The shoddy postoffice twine creates a great amount of dust, and that dust, I believe, is an irritant which injures the bronchial mucous lining and predisposes postoffice employes to bronchitis, tuberculosis and other infections of the respiratory tract. Your doctor can determine by a series of simple skin tests whether the child is sensitive to anything of the kind. In nearly all cases of asthma the victim proves sensitive to some such substance which is harmless to normal folk. Often the offending substance may be removed from the victim's environment; or the victim may be immunized to the specific substance; and that means cure of the asthma.

When a Woman's Fit for Maternity

Is it more dangerous for a woman over 40 years of age to marry and bear a child? Is it true that the bones set after a certain age?—C. M.

Answer.—No. And I should advise a woman who would select a partner through the aid of astrology not to marry in any case.

Don't Monkey With Buzz Saw.

My husband wishes to try the violet ray for a tendency to persistent coryza and sinus trouble. Will you kindly give detailed directions for converting an old arc lamp into a violet ray machine and for using it.—N. K. A.

Answer.—No. That is rather a ticklish job and I should advise no one to attempt it unless he has a thorough technical knowledge of electric high voltage currents and how to handle them. The correspondent who told us here how he had converted an old arc lamp into an ultraviolet light outfit evidently knew all about electricity, yet he said he sought his physician's approval before he tried the treatment. I asked the correspondent to publish in some popular magazine a description of his apparatus with directions for making it, if he thought ordinary laymen could understand. I do not know whether he published anything about it.

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Quill Points

Resort: A place where homesick people find consolation in the weather reports from the place they left.

The government plan to age medicinal liquor four years shows a lot of confidence in the patience of hijackers.

In the early days a camel's hair brush could remove the dirt from phonograph records. Now it takes a censor.

You can't tell. Many a matron who looks haughty is just holding her wain chin up to hide the others.

The last chapter in the new mystery novels leaves no mystery unsolved except the public's eagerness for more.

The treaty will work when a policeman can prevent a gang war by saying: "You fellows promised not to fight."

And as a last division of labor, why not burden gangland with the duty of enforcing the law in its own camp?

Americanism: Feeling superior to Bill because he works his fool head off for nothing; feeling mistreated when you discover that Bill, the lucky stiff, has become rich and famous.

The reason a lot of people fail to make the first page is because they want to build a steeple without bothering about a foundation.

An alien in the Orient can't help the cause of peace if he has an olive branch in one hand and a munitions order book in the other.

Making the new fall frocks hang four inches lower won't help cloth manufacturers. It just leaves four inches more of "sun-back" at the top.

No man is as important as a very young business man feels while using the restaurant table cloth as a slate.

A good salesman is one who can make you so ashamed of your old car you'll pay something extra to have it hauled to the junk pile.

It isn't the talkie people object to, but the talk.

That doctor who says a man's teeth are his best friends knows his human nature. Only the best of friends will come out at night to give you comfort.

Crossing the country by rail and air is still very dangerous. But eventually the entire journey can be made by air.

Correct this sentence: "He's just goofy about me," said the flapper, "and he'd quit his wife forever if I asked him to."

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

R	A	G	■	A	S	E	■	V	E	R	B	E	N	A
A	N	A	■	I	L	K	■	A	C	A	U	D	A	L
N	I	L	■	L	I	E	■	S	L	I	M	■	D	I
A	S	L	E	E	P	■	S	T	A	D	■	V	I	E
■	■	A	N	D	■	H	I	L	T	■	P	E	R	N
S	A	N	D	■	M	A	N	Y	■	P	U	G	■	■
A	N	T	■	S	O	L	E	■	T	A	M	A	L	E
N	O	■	C	O	O	T	■	S	E	T	A	■	O	Z
S	A	L	L	O	N	■	P	T	A	H	■	F	O	R
■	■	E	A	T	■	C	O	O	S	■	B	E	T	A
S	L	A	W	■	P	R	O	W	■	O	A	R	■	■
H	A	D	■	A	L	A	R	■	W	A	R	R	E	N
A	T	■	S	N	A	P	■	Y	A	K	■	U	T	E
P	I	P	E	T	T	E	■	A	V	E	■	L	O	B
E	N	E	M	I	E	S	■	P	E	N	■	E	N	S

ACROSS

1. Pointed
6. Tender vegetable growths
11. Ensue
12. Spanish title
14. At home
15. Toward shelter
17. Man's nickname
18. Free
20. Woolen cloth
21. Pastry
22. Merit
24. Stain
25. Fastens
26. Requirements
28. Regretful
29. Sat. Sent.
31. Chinese shrub
32. The poplar tree
34. Multitudes
36. Binds
37. Self
38. Denomination
41. Be mistaken
42. Ensnlike plant
44. Organ
45. New England state: abbr.
46. Wind flower
47. Symbol for nickel
49. Loud sleeper
51. Decayed
52. Heros
53. Bodice

DOWN

1. Burning
2. Pertaining to Ionia
3. Milliliter: abbr.
4. Addition to building
5. Series
6. In this place
7. Tip
8. Proposed international language
9. Vigorous in mind
10. Acts of selling
12. Noxious plants
13. Wise men
16. Contorted
19. Bureau
21. Sea rubbers
23. Low tides
27. Iron
27. English river
29. Nebraskan Indian
30. Walk in the open air
32. At no time
33. Esteem highly
35. Parts of plays
36. Toward
38. Jewel
40. Corrupt
42. The herb dill
43. Earth's winter covering
46. Exist
47. Greek letter
50. Alternative
52. Note of the scale

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One.)

can buy a lot 60 by 120 with a well-built eight-room house for $6000.

This column exists to tell the world of real estate wonders and opportunities inside the United States. But it is only fair to say that some intelligent Americans are laying foundations for big fortunes in land here.

When they build houses, arrivals from Yankee land are inclined to straighten out the old English lanes that wind picturesquely over the hills. Something ought to be done about that.

Every American, sooner or later, ought to come here, then travel along the great sound to Vancouver, if only to know this magnificent body of water. We own it jointly with Canada, and young people in the northwest know it and use it.

Here now are four young American girls, two single, two married, as follows:

Miss Irma Fraser, Miss Ava Cochran, Mrs. Alice Griswold and Mrs. Johnson. All from Seattle. Each is about 20, as nearly as you can guess in these bobbed days.

They have a power boat 22 feet long and will spend three weeks' vacation in that boat, cruising hundreds of miles along the shores of Puget Sound. They catch salmon trout, go ashore and cook them, sleep in the boat, live in their bathing suits.

Do they carry a gun or pistol? "Certainly not. There are not many men along these shores and those here are civilized. This is the west."

The sound is as smooth as the water in a bath tub with a faint ripples that suggest a pleasing pattern for a lady's dress material. Standing at the bow of the Canadian Pacific boat, Princess Kathleen, you wonder why you have spent your life away from Puget Sound.

The air that blows from the cold northern waters makes you feel 20 years younger and two feet taller. You should see this country. San Juan Island, given to this nation by old William, grandfather of the ex-kaiser, in a boundary arbitration 58 years ago, is a fine little kingdom in itself. South, our Pacific coast stretches to the Mexican border more than 1000 miles.

And to the north lies the great empire of Alaska saved up for future generations.

This is the real United Statse. Come and see it.

They have no prohibition here in Victoria, by the way, nor anywhere in British Columbia. The government is the only bartender.

"Beer parlors" are licensed. They can sell only beer, no other drink, no food at all.

American hot dog stands are erected near the beer parlors. The customer buys his hot dogs, carries them into the beer parlor. No objection to that. Ladies are welcome and they go. Americans included.

The government will sell you anything you want. You pay a yearly sum, small, for the right to drink. Bottles must be taken home in sealed packages.

The people are sober, which, mysterbously, they seem inclined to be, when there is no legal compulsion.

Concerning beer parlors, there is a local option. No community need have them. Nothing about them like our saloons of the past, or our more numerous speakeasies of the present.

English Reckless.

LONDON, Aug. 6.—(AP)—Twenty-five persons were killed and 75 injured in accidents on English highways in the heavy traffic of yesterday's bank holiday.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
August 6, 1919.

Paris.—Civil war breaks out in Rumania.

Washington. — 100,000 farmers protest against threat of railroad men to strike, as railroads refuse all but perishable freight.

London. — Premier Bonar Law declares ex-kaiser will be put on trial for his life in London.

Frank Elliott leaves for New York City in interest of his new automobile patent lock.

Rim road at Crater Lake opened to travel, says Superintendent Alex Sparrow.

Medford police report arrests in city have declined over 50 per cent since national prohibition.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
August 6, 1909.

Mike Hanley floods meadows to keep city water construction contractors off of ranch.

Washington. — President Taft signs Payne-Aldrich tariff bill.

Movement started to extend P. & E. to Crescent City.

Postmaster Ralph Woodford gets his salary raised from $1000 to $1100 a year.

Will G. Steel establishes camp for tourists five miles from Crater Lake.

George Griffis of Los Angeles makes demonstration of smudge fuel on Haymarket square.

Germans Great Sculptors.

NEW YOK. — (AP) — Germany now holds the greatest sculpture in the world, asserts Miss Frances Savage. Then she goes further, even the worst in the Teutonic republic is better than New York's much-contended "civic virtue" statue in City Hall park.

Famous House Is Inn.

SALEM, Mass.—(AP)—The famous House of the Seven Gables, immortalized by Hawthorne in his book of that title, has gone commercial. It is to be operated as a boarding house.

Rupture Expert Here Soon

D. L. Mack, Nationally Known Rupture Expert, inventor of the "New Cushioned Rupture Shield" for MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN, is coming to Medford in person to demonstrate his new appliance.

For the past 20 years, I have devoted my entire time to the care of ruptured people; and now I have the best appliance I have ever made — "The Cushioned Rupture Shield." Notice: If you are an old customer of mine, and still wear a truss, call on me and I will exchange with you free of charge.

The "Cushioned Rupture Shield" is constructed on a scientific mechanical principle, embodying features not found in trusses or other rupture appliances. It automatically adjusts itself to every position of the body and can be worn with absolute comfort. It will not slip, slide, or change its position.

The "Cushioned Rupture Shield" automatically gives a gentle and continuous massage to the surface of the ruptured tissues; thereby improving local circulation, assisting Nature in stimulating, strengthening, and contracting flabby muscles; and in the average case the opening closes in a remarkably short time.

One doctor says: "I have used this appliance and endorse it as one of the greatest blessings ever offered to ruptured people. Don't be deceived by 'Advertised mail-order contraptions with their chafing, unsanitary bells, and leg straps, as well as Free Treatments of salves and medicines — they are worse than worthless.'"

Would you be interested, if you could get an appliance that won't comfortably hold your rupture; one that is sanitary—can be worn while bathing; and, if you could be assured that you would not have to buy any more trusses? If so, come see me—My "New Cushioned Rupture Shield" is such an appliance.

I invite you to come in, have this appliance made up to your measurement, fitted to your body; then, if you do not like it, you will be under no obligation to accept it. "The Cushioned Rupture Shield" will relieve you of that binding, rousing, unsanitary old truss.

Hours: 10 a. m. to 12 p. m.
2 to 5 p. m. Evenings, 7 to 9.
Ask for D. L. MACK
At Holland Hotel
Thursday, Friday, Aug. 8th and 9th
Two Days Only.

MUTT AND JEFF—A Round Trip to the Kitchen Sink

By BUD FISHER