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Ye Smudge Pot
(By Arthur Perry)
The professional women of the state meet here today, in the leading traphooting contests of the year, and words will flow and long skirts flourish.

THE LADIES: GOD BLESS THEM
No says your correspondent, who wants to know, collectively and individually, where they got their pretty dresses. Indeed, "God Bless the Ladies," as the opening sentence looks like it might contain dynamite, and be just cause for a dainty lynching.

Woman has become a fraction (beg pardon) factor, is what we want to say in politics. This year she did not take much interest as none of the candidates kept their hair combed, or looked like Conrad Nagel, the movie actor, without his sideburns. Women reached the zenith of their political astuteness in 1916, when they could not find time to wash the dishes for scolding: He kept 'em Out of War. They were disgusted when they discovered they had been fooled by a man—and, a Democrat, at that. In 1922, they were hoodwinked. The women—professional or amateur—are not outstanding as politicians or runners.

Senator Borah lives on what he earns as a senator. If some of the others tried that they wouldn't need reducing exercises.

The old Greek used a lantern to find an honest man. Another way is to try them out as dry agents.

It is at least excellent continuity that a political campaign should close one week and a three-ring circus begin the next.

It will soon be apparent that court houses as political issues are, for some strange reason, very intoxicating. People under the influence of them so often say things and do things they regret "the morning after."

Too bad about Glenna Collett. For the second time she has reached the finals in the British championship, only to be off her game in the crucial test and fall before an inferior player.

The school of experience has advantages. If it makes you rich you aren't expected to endow the darn thing.

Nature knows. Man is the only creature that has a conscience, because he is the only creature that needs one.

MUTT AND JEFF—They're Permanent Members of the Census

DO YOU LIVE HERE? ANSWER ME THAT!
YES—BUT I'M WILLING TO SUB-LEASE!

WHAT'S YOUR OCCUPATION?
TRAVELLING SALESMAN!

HAVE YOU A RADIO?
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE! I HAD SIXTEEN RADIOS AND ELEVEN WATCHES!

HAVE YOU VOTED?

WE are the most efficient people in the world in our private business, and the least efficient in our public business. This truth is demonstrated nearly every election day, and today's primary promises to be no exception.

For half the electorate to fail to attend the polls would be sad enough. But all political observers agree that today this percentage of delinquency will probably reach 60 per cent and perhaps 70.

The strangest feature of this situation is that the very people who complain most vociferously of their government, and lambast the politicians most persistently after the votes are counted, are the very ones who fail to fulfill the first duty of good citizenship on election day.

IN his private affairs the average business man thinks for himself, informs himself, exercises the most meticulous care in the selection of his employees.

But when it comes to selecting his employees in the public service, he either votes thoughtlessly, for those who have happened to tie his vanity or appealed to his gullibility; or he votes for no one at all, and allows the ignorant or self-seeking minority to do his voting for him.

FOR 20 years the Mail-Tribune has, on every election day, urged everyone to vote. Yet during this time, here in Jackson County, the voting percentage has declined rather than advanced, the slacker list has increased rather than decreased.

It is very discouraging. Yet there is nothing to do but keep plugging away, with the hope that as drops of water will eventually wear away a stone, so persistent pleading will, one of these days, bring some tangible results.

SO we repeat what we have said so often before. If when you read this you haven't voted, before you do anything else, take a trip to the polls. The voting time does not expire until 8 o'clock tonight.

Don't fall back on the time-honored alibi of the slacker—"what difference can one vote make!" One vote can make all the difference between good government and bad government, between honesty and efficiency in the public service, and the reverse; between performing one's duty as a good citizen, and shirking it.

If we had our way every election day would be a public holiday, for on that day no business is as important as the business of going to the polls; no duty so compelling, as the duty of each individual, marking a ballot in accordance with his desires and convictions.

SUPPORT MEDFORD'S NATIONAL GUARD
ELEVEN more men are needed to fill the ranks of Company A, 186th Infantry, Medford's unit of the National Guard.

Captain Carl Tengwald is naturally anxious to secure the full quota and under the circumstances this should not be a difficult thing to do.

For not only is Company A a good thing for Medford, but a good thing for the young men who compose it. It brings approximately \$10,000 in outside money into this community every year. It provides excellent mental and physical training for the members, and prepares them to take part in the defense of their country in case of danger.

Joining the company at this time should be particularly attractive. For in a few weeks now, all members will be given a vacation at the sea shore with all expenses paid,—the occasion being the two weeks' encampment of the National Guard.

Judas went out and hanged himself, there being no publishers at that time to beg for his autobiography.

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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 The Mail Tribune.

A HOSPITAL IS NO PLACE TO PUT ON THE RITZ
A representative of a large hospital that has a "closed staff" objects to that term. He declares that it conveys a wrong impression, and he urges that the medical or surgical staff of such a hospital should be called an "accredited staff."



Then he goes on to say that "open staff" doesn't mean just what it implies, either, for very often the hospital so characterized excludes some good doctors from treating patients or operating. But even though we admit there is something in that, we can't accept the term "accredited," because it implies that doctors not on the staff are of inferior class or ability, and everybody knows that is generally not so.

Carrying his argument further, the representative of the hospital approved and controlled by the great medical oligarchy known as the American College of Surgeons declares that all doctors may bring patients for hospital service, and those qualified may even operate.

But there's the very trouble we're quarreling about. Suppose Mr. Good Citizen, that you have a good doctor who has proved his capability by long service in your family and who bears an excellent professional reputation in your community. Then all of a sudden one of your family comes down with appendicitis and the doctor says immediate operation is necessary.

Very well. The doctor takes the patient to the fine class A hospital. You discover, to your chagrin, that your doctor is not "qualified" and can't operate there; he has to turn the patient over to a "qualified" man or else drag the patient out and away to some open hospital. Yet this class A hospital asks for your moral and financial support and as a good citizen and a leader in your community (incidentally as a big boob, I should add) you come across with a contribution whenever the society folk who conduct the hospital drive canvass you.

The general influence of the American College of Surgeons is for the betterment of hospital and surgical service and even nursing service. I can't deny that, even if I would. Many of the finest surgeons are Fellows of the A. C. S., and some of the best hospitals are approved and more or less controlled by the A. C. S. But on the other hand, at least as many of the best surgeons, specialists and physicians are not in sympathy with and do not desire or require the aid of this smug little oligarchy; and certainly the majority of the good hospitals of the country do not submit to "regulation" nor accept standardization by the American College of Surgeons.

This ambitious surgical society urges, and when it gains control of a hospital insists upon a three-year course of hospital training for student nurses. That is just one year more than is necessary to make a capable nurse out of a young woman who has had one or two years of high school. Three years may not be too long a course for the training of specialists, supervisors, technicians, teachers, surgical assistants, superintendents, and what not, but the A. C. S. controlled hospitals can't justify the excessive duration of the ordinary nurse training course by dragging in these special fields for the nurse with the desire, time and means for postgraduate study.

The A. C. S. now threatens to make high school graduation the minimum educational qualification for the girl who would become a nurse. If this is brought about, folks, get ready to mortgage the home whenever any member of the family has to go to the hospital.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
There, There, Keep Your Shirt On.
I do wish the paper would give you more space instead of (Oh-oh, must not belittle other features, children). I'm always quoting Dr. Brady and I have profited a lot by your teachings and fine advice. This last winter, for the first time in my life, I discarded heavy undies, and I've never known a healthier winter. As for heaves, I say "Never again" for me!—Mrs. O. H. S.

Answer. — Now, old timers, do please keep your shirt on. I didn't advise this lady to discard her heavy armor. All I teach is that the less clothing one wears at any time, with due regard for comfort, the better for health. If you find you are quite comfortable without the heaviest, why drag 'em around on you all the time? If you are really more comfortable in sheer unmentionables, you'd be a gloom-some niny to think you had to put on the heavy stuff just to get the same, so as to avoid worrying the old folks. Invalids, of course, should stick to their chest protectors and bellybands if their doctors insist on it. Well, people should wear or leave off what they darn please. This is sound hygiene, and I defy any one to contradict it.

Here's a Fety Flend.
I have been drinking a wine-glassful of asafetida daily for a month and also one or two cups of sassafras tea. Please tell me whether I should continue this habit, and what benefit is either to the system.—E. H. S.

Answer. — I do not advise it. However, as far as I know, there is no serious harm in it if you like the beverages. The last time I advised a beaker of milk of asafetida for a somewhat exasperating patient she armed herself with a couple of butter and next time I made rounds she nearly buttered my bean with it. It developed that the patient did not like fety.

What effect has lemon juice on the body? What organ does it principally affect? What will make a sluggish liver more active?—S. T. J.

Answer. — Lemon juice is a food. It doesn't affect one organ more than another. It helps to maintain alkaline blood and tissue reaction, and to render the urine less acid. How can you deduce the liver is sluggish? I can't. But for that feeling, lemon juice and all other fruits or fruit juices are excellent.

Quill Points
An old-timer is one who can remember when people thought the town's rich man got that way as the reward of virtue.

An engineer is the right man to run the Grand Old Party—if he's familiar with internal combustion engines.

Funny man. Too proud to buy a used car, yet falls in love with a cutie who has been divorced seven times.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle
ACROSS
1. Membranous pouch
4. More likely
5. Oil of rose petals
11. Commotion
12. Short and to the point
16. Fairground for an out
17. Negative work
18. Woe is turned by treading
19. Iron
22. The green T
23. Female sheep
24. Place of seclusion
25. Head of a sheep
27. Whappy
28. Azulejo
31. Assurance
32. Massachusetts
33. Not far away
34. String of cars
35. Hobbits
36. Precious
37. Measure of distance
38. Silkworm
39. Epidemic
40. Army officers
41. Whizz
42. Mythical creature half man and half horse

Crossword puzzle grid with letters filled in. Includes words like TEPID, PARIS, ASTRAY, RETATES, REINK, RETATA, ITEM, ETTA, SOL, EST, ASEA, MESA, SEAMS, ALLOWED, APE, SET, HEARSAY, SELAH, URSAL, REST, ONE, ROE, SNAP, DOOR, OD, DEE, AMA, DO, NERVES, CAREEN, SAINT, EDENS.

Grid for the crossword puzzle with numbers 1 through 71 indicating starting positions for the words.

SUNDOWN STORIES

THE MAGIC PATH
By Mary Graham Bonner
The Little Black Clock led John and Peggy from their house down through the garden and along the magic path.

Why don't they call it the "lame duck" session of congress? The duck isn't extinct.

No wonder the piano is being replaced by the sax. The piano is one instrument that doesn't sound just the same when the player is drunk.

Correct this sentence: "The reason our government is so inefficient" said the man, "is because the people are guided by their intelligence instead of their emotions."

Communications
Favors a Milk Cannery
To the Editor:
Referring to your excellent editorial of Sunday, the 11th inst., kindly permit me to butt in.

While I was secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in 1919, I took up with the Horden company the matter of establishing a milk canning establishment in or near Medford, and was not repulsed. However, they investigated and ascertained that irrigation conditions were not satisfactory and suggested that when that fault was remedied it might be well to take up the correspondence again. Hasn't that time arrived? Possibly there is not a better location in the country for such an institution than the Rogue River valley.

Crater Lake, Will. G. STEEL,
Portland—Mike Jossi, 1930, died from injuries received when he fell down an elevator shaft in a dairy here.

Along this magic path, too, there were always so many ways of getting to other places. Paths led off from it in all directions—and it seemed as though it were a direct and quick route to everywhere!

Then, too, it always seemed easy for the Little Black Clock to have anything or anyone he wished meet them along the path. An airplane could be there in no time at all, or an old wagon, or a sleigh.

There were all sorts of beautiful spots along this path where they walked, but of course they never stayed along the path for a very long time. They were always in a hurry to go to other places.

But now they wandered along rather slowly. They saw waterfalls from time to time, and fascinating little caves, and the Little Black Clock took them into these caves and they found strange old stones.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
May 16, 1920.
Don Newbury defeated for president of "U" students by 37 votes in hot election.

George A. Hunt buys W. A. Galt's home on Orange street.
J. Court Hall issues statement on candidacy for county commissioner. It closes: "I will not be mad if you do not vote for me, as both my opponents are good men."

H. L. Walther elected president of county fair board.
Water regulations for summer in into effect.
Fourteen polecats caught under barn in Gold Hill.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
May 16, 1910.
Mrs. R. W. Clancy gave a child's birthday party recently in honor of her daughter Winifred.

Little Butte water right dispute between Mike F. Hanley and city adjudicated.
Rogue river 10 inches higher than last year, owing to heavy snows in hills.

Kansas City. — Dr. B. C. Hyle found guilty of poison murder and sentenced to life term. Case attracted nationwide attention.

London. — Roosevelt arrives in England and is guest of King George.
Sells-Floto circus in town, and it is a gala day, with one fight and one arrest for intoxication.

Dr. E. H. Porter, a surgeon in the U. S. army, has been in Medford, and is thinking of locating here. His home is in Worcester, Mass.

them they must see something right away.
"Ye's," the Little Black Clock repeated, "we mustn't delay a minute."

"We're ready," said John.
"We're ready," agreed Peggy.
Tomorrow—"The Discoverers."

RECITAL BY WILLIAMS CREEK CLASS ENJOYED

WILLIAMS CREEK, Ore., May 14.—(Special.) A recital by Mrs. Butts' class was given at the community hall Saturday evening and was greatly enjoyed.

Those taking part in the program were: Fay Holzhauser, Constance and Wilma Lemmon, Alberta Bigelow, Maxine Watts, June Bigelow, Rose Marie Lichen, Kathleen Lemmon, Fay Holzhauser.

"I No Longer Have To Take Laxatives"



THOS. C. MATTHEWS
"For more than ten years I suffered from constipation and an inactive, torpid liver. I would have severe bilious attacks and constipation forced me to take some sort of laxative or cathartic almost daily.

"It has been thirty days since I completed the Sargon treatment, and I no longer find it necessary to take pills or laxatives of any kind.

"My advice to anyone needing a strength-building and effective something to straighten out an inactive liver and relieve constipation is to buy all means begin with Sargon and Sargon Pills—Thomas C. Matthews, 1341 W. 14th St., Denver, Colo. Magill Drug Co. Agents.

By BUD FISHER
365 BOWLS OF SOUP!

Cartoon strip titled 'MUTT AND JEFF—They're Permanent Members of the Census'. It shows a census taker questioning various people about their living arrangements, occupations, and possessions. The people give increasingly absurd and exaggerated answers, such as 'I'm willing to sub-lease!', 'I'm a traveling salesman!', 'I have a radio!', 'I have sixteen radios and eleven watches!', 'I'm not taking up your time, am I?', 'Nope - I got plenty of it!', 'What was your income last year?', and '365 bowls of soup!'.