MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily and Sunday
Published by
MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
25-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 75

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

An Independent Newspaper

Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By Mail—In Advance:
Daily, with Sunday, year.....$7.50
Daily, with Sunday, month..... .75
Daily, without Sunday, year..... 6.50
Daily, without Sunday, month..... .65
Sunday, one year..... 2.00
By Carrier, In Advance—In Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on Highways:
Daily, with Sunday, month.....$ .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.

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

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A. B. C. average circulation for six months ending March 31, 1930, was 4522.
ending March 1, 1930, was 4322.
Daily average distribution for six months to March 31, 1930—4675.
Present press run, 4875.

MEMBER OF THE UNITED PRESS

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

Ye Smudge Pot

(By Arthur Perry)

ADVICE TO GRADUATES

Within the next two weeks there will be a great outpouring of graduates from the institutions of learning throughout the land, and a greater pouring out of advice upon them. The pulpit and the forum will vibrate with thunderous words of wisdom, and the press will mess up a vast amount of white paper, to the same inconsequential end. None of the advice will be worth a continental whoop, and is high priced at that figure, and that goes for the present theme, not that we have any desire to give advice to the sweet girl graduate, and the just-as-sweet boy graduate, but because it looks like the easiest way to produce the necessary 18.71 inches to fill the allotted space.

You will be admonished in the sermons, and editorials, to grab a bull by the tail, twist a knot in say "dle." Any authority on bulls like Ed Binns, F. Bybee, or C. Wig Ashpole will tell you, to get this hold means you will be jammed up in the corner of the corral, and have the wind knocked out of you, if not severely gored. This eminent trio, who know what they are talking about, will tell you to get the bull by tail, twist a knot in that appendage, as fast as possible, and yell: Hy-ak. This takes the gumption out of the bull and renders him non compis, as the lawyers say. It is thus readily realized that it is the better part of valor to tackle the bull on the end opposite to the one recommended by the editors and the preachers. It is a good idea to thus appraise both ends of all other advice you may receive.

You will furthermore be informed: "As your inexperienced feet step out into the world, you will gain the knowledge that it is not always June." No doubt after 10 or 12 years of preliminary education, you have learned there are 11 other months in the year, and the information that it is not always June, is a waste of wind on the part of the advisors.

Another pearl of wisdom that will be cast at you is: "No matter what may betide, 'Grin and bear it!'" Don't do it, say we. It will get to be a habit, and you will end as the champion giggler of the county. There is no evidence of a confirmed giggler amounting to much, financially, politically, or socially.

You have probably heard and read something about optimism recently. It is a charming trait, but a rugged, two-fisted pessimist is twice as entertaining, and somebody is always listening to him. The writer is intimately acquainted with 217 professional optimists, and has never been able to find out exactly what they had to be optimistic about. They are also dumb and numb on this point, but still optimistic.

You will be urged to lay up treasures, some place besides in Heaven. The treasures will come in handy at bedtime, mealtime, and when the tires and pants wear out. But don't chase the nickels and dimes so intensely that when you have your pile, Money is your only God, and to squander a $ is torture to your soul.

Young men! Keep a stiff upper lip, and dinky mustaches off the same. Keep out of the penitentiary and the legislature, and remember, the way of the transgressor is hard, if the transgressor gets caught, and has no money, friends or a smart lawyer. If your fatherland gets mad and goes to war, don't try and be a general. That's what all the veterans of the Great War want to be. Enlist as a private and avoid competition.

Young women! You are on the first lap. Stay on your own side of the seat, until automobiles are steered with the feet. You don't have to put all your rouge on your cheeks at once. Wear the latest styles of dress, and pray you won't look like the very dickens. If the shoe fits, don't buy them, and don't believe the sign on the shoe box: "I'll hurt if you get me too small." You can't be naughty and nice, at once and the same time. Remember, the girl who ran around with Adam stumbled over a molehill—not a mountain.

Graduates of the Class of 1930: Salutem et so longus. Keep your eyes peeled for a rusty horseshoe and a 4-leaf clover, and watch out for black cats when the moon is full.

Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 2.—The country around San Francisco on a Sunday is as lively as the city itself is dead. Motoring over to Ross via the Sausalito ferry was very like motoring to the Big Game. There was an unbroken procession of cars moving about 25 miles per hour. And early in the afternoon there were as many cars returning as were going out. We attended vesper service, listened to a baccalaureate sermon, and barked the parental shins in an effort to follow the high church Episcopal service.

After the senior dinner at the school, we departed and finally pushed the nose of the Good Ship Sedan into the stream of homeward bound cars, with an army of motor and traffic cops, waving flashlights, all along the way for ten miles outside of Sausalito. A great tribute to American efficiency. The ferries across the Golden Gate moved over 1000 cars an hour. In all that jam we saw but one arrest and two wrecks—apparently minor ones.

Men don't particularly like girls' schools or graduating exercises held at them. Women do. We don't know just why. Out of about 20 families only four fathers attended. All the mothers attended. The four fathers were plainly ill at ease and self conscious. They laughed a good deal and cracked jokes,—invariably poor ones. During dinner one pater-familias absent-mindedly pulled out a cigarette case and received a flash from his daughter's eye that sent aforesaid cigarette case back where it came from. After dinner, while the girls started singing sweetly, four fathers foregathered in the dark corner of an outside porch and renewed their youth and memories of Sweet Caporal days by puffing furiously, with furtive eyes on the lighted window, ready to smash out all evidences of guilt at the first sign of alarm.

Perhaps some day a father will attend the graduation of his daughter and really assert himself—laugh at the silly seminary rules, rove about as he darn pleases, make himself perfectly at home. And he will probably enjoy himself and, being of that fearless, self assertive type, he may escape a scalping when he gets home. But there was no such father there last evening. Nor were there any of the hen-pecked type. One at least was a very prominent San Francisco banker, another played football at Stanford and had golfed in the low eighties—that very morning at least he said so." But all were properly cowed,—furtive—proud of their daughters of course—properly impressed by the purity and simplicity of the school atmosphere—even nodding approvingly when someone remarked upon the "sacred significance of the occasion"—the eve of maturity,—girls on the threshhold of life, etc—but not one breathing freely and entirely at ease until the school gates had been left half a mile behind. We repeat, we don't know the reasons. But there is something about girls' schools, as there is about shopping in a place like Magnin's—the male somehow suffers a sense of temporary extinction. And, of course, males don't like that!

"You should be very proud of your daughter." We wonder how many times the phrase was used last night. We know how often we "got it"—and of course the other three papas were similarly treated. Between now and the next graduation we are going to think up some retort to that observation less banal than "We are" or "We are indeed," or Thank you, yes; indeed we are." WE WERE! But after twenty odd rejoinders we know our words carried no conviction. We are certain No. 23 went home with the observation that we are an unnatural father. Well, the horrible truth is that is just the way we felt—terribly unnatural, particularly toward the end. But we are equally convinced there were three others.

The girls sang, very sweetly, hymns, Scotch ballads, negro spirituelles—a pretty picture grouped around the grand piano. The four fathers in one corner, after the second song, went into a huddle and came out with a belated attempt at applause—which died a-bornin' as it were, amid a circle of raised eyebrows. Apparently applause was not approved on a Sunday evening. However, the ex-football star refused to be downed, and after every selection thereafter he clapped his hands several times, his three mates joining in after a fashion, just from a sense of sex loyalty. But if there is anything that sounds more futile and dispirited than four middle-aged men on their haunches clapping their hands, in a large room packed with silent girls and ladies—we don't know just what it is. Somehow it seemed symbolical of the evening.

The very charming and soft-spoken teacher at the Steinway announced a drinking song—Norwegian. The four papas perked up at this, and had visions of something at last in which they could join. But they apparently had forgotten Norway has also adopted some sort of prohibition. At any rate, there was nothing about "Skoal" or "Fill your glasses up" or "It's always fair weather!"

There wasn't even a chance for a good nasal-swipe tenor. We don't wish to appear disrespectful but it sounded like a tea drinking song—afternoon tea. However, the papas all applauded. They were disappointed but, as one of them expressed it: "Who wouln wish his daughter to sing 'Beer, Beer, Glorious Beer, fill us a stein up to here!"

That's another point. The four papas had too many memories of their own school days. You see, they had never been girls. They were really very stupid not to realize that girl graduations are very different from boy graduations. Boys are so boisterous and so cocksure—particularly at graduation time. Girls are very different—and how fortunate it is they are.

And perhaps we have hit on the real reason fathers don't like the girl graduations the way mothers do. Boys, you see, never grow up. Girls DO. Fathers are ill at ease at such affairs, just as children are ill at ease at parties for grownups. Yes, the more we think of it the more we believe tht is true.

R. W. R.

QUILL POINTS

Chivalry: A husband who hates bridge letting inferiors lick him because his wife likes to play.

American morality is too much like a puffing doctor with a 46 waist advising people how to liet.

The alibi of the season: "He's smart enough to graduate if he had tried."

The sad part of it is that the next generation is sure to discover that spinach isn't really good for anybody.

Won't school kids rejoice when education consists in learning which button to push?

Wonderful civilization! A few thousand highly trained men. Millions who need just brains enough to run full-proof machines.

Quill Points

The revolution in India was started by England's monopoly of salt and stopped by her monopoly of pep.

Autos have raised the average of intelligence, as Ford says. Ten years ago a driver was foolish enough to stop and ask whose hens they were.

A typical American town is one of 42,000 that is mad because the census missed the other 17,000 it thought it had.

How nice it would be if the rest of us, when going bad, could sass somebody and get chased to the dugout.

Corbett says moderns don't know what a feint means. It means pretending to scratch your ear to fool the fly on your bald spot.

But why is a house cleaner just because the furniture is parked in new places to bark your shins at night?

If only some international conference would humanize the coolie.

The new treaty allows Uncle Sam more big guns than England has, but that isn't much of a concession if it means the dollar-a-year kind.

Those who don't believe in a real hell will please tell us what this generation is raising.

Americanism: Yearning to suppress strange sins in other states; feeling respectable in spite of the sins to which we are accustomed.

There's always something. When man learns to jump like a flea he won't need cars and lack of them will make him slow up again.

The next war will be a cinch for Uncle Sam if he can find out what beverage causes the present epidemic of homicide.

When New York thinks herself the backbone of America, she should observe what happened to Vienna when the hinterland was cut off.

A hick town is a place where a tip is either a joke or a gesture of superiority that invited a kick in the pants.

America has 10 cruisers to Japan's 7, if you count the ones she may build if she doesn't change her mind if congress appropriates the money.

Correct this sentence: "If we offend the people of other lands," said the statesman, "they don't trade with us even if our prices are lower."

Communications

To the Editor:

Did you ever think of our work from this angle?

The other night Willow Springs was the scene of a truck load of cattle overturning on the highway.

Yes, the truck was badly damaged on its trip south; otherwise everything was OK, that is, with the exception of the cattle. One of the cows had five ribs broken, several had broken legs, others cut and bruised.

Of course suffering and a few broken bones among cattle are just too bad, and only worry members of the Jackson County Humane society—but; and now we are getting to the point that may interest the practical people; have you forgotten that broken bones and suffering cause fever and disease?

This load of cattle was for consumption, whether beef or dairy stock; you or maybe yours are going to partake of this feast which may be too bad.

If your heart isn't in the right place, maybe your stomach is—so in the future—be interested—notify the Jackson County Humane society of these accidents that we may relieve the suffering of these animals and perchance your dear ones.

MRS. SIDNEY W. RICHARDSON
Secretary Jackson County
Humane Society.

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.

STANDARDIZATION AND THE HICOSTOSICKNESS

The chief of staff of a hospital which is, I believe, approved by the American College of Surgeons as a class A institution, protests that the term "closed staff" is not fair. His hospital, he avers, has a "semi-closed" staff, made so in order to meet the demands of the constituency and yet maintain standards in organization and administration.

Perhaps the term "closed is not an accurate one, but I imagine 95 per cent of the good doctors in a community where such a hospital is tolerated would find no fault with the term, whatever the chosen few on the staff might think about it.

I often object to the popular misuse of the term "birth control." The obstetrician is the one who may properly talk about birth control. If people mean the prevention of conception why should they hesitate to call it that?

Pursuing his defense of the American College of Surgeons' standardization of hospitals, purse training and surgical service, the chief of staff concede that there is some justice in my argument that a two year course of hospital training is sufficient to make a capable nurse. He says that if a nurse has "good basic training such as is given in high school, two years of sound nursing training will make her a useful and competent nurse." He does not say how many years in high school, but let us compromise and say two years. I think one year of high school would be enough, but we'll say two years, in order to make sure of some of the dumb doras who just don't seem to absorb elementary education while they are getting it, but begin to brighten up and wonder what it's all about after a year of high school.

"But if I were a nurse," the chief of staff goes on, "I would take more preparatory training and a longer nurse's course, so as to qualify for a higher position. Special nurses, as in schools, supervisors, surgical assistants, technicians, teachers, dietitians and superintendents come from the general ranks of nurses."

Fine, I applaud, for the girl who has the time, the means and the ambition to go in for some specialty. But a darn poor reason for keeping every young woman who wishes to become a nurse dawdling away an extra year of her time, when she might be out earning a year's income as a trained nurse.

Then up speaks the superintendent of nurses in the same hospital, saying there is almost a year of educational work given to nurses (in the three-year trick) which would not be acquired in school prior to training. Much of this is directed especially to the needs of the nurses and is best given in hospital training. Well, I should hope the poor girls would learn something of good use to them by way of a trifling compensation for the year of expert nursing service they give the hospital at less than a chambermaid's wages.

The latest hifalutin idea of the A. C. S. is to make high school graduation a minimum requirement for entrance to nurse training school. If that comes to pass it is going to exclude much desirable material and admit a lot of fluff. And it would tend to increase the cost of sickness.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A Girl With a Mind.

As a member of the home nursing class in home economics I wish to inquire whether there is any such condition as "poor health." Doesn't health mean that perfect state of the body which brings happiness? How can anyone be in "poor health?"—Miss M. C. B.

Answer.—First, what is happiness? I think you are right about health, but perhaps our spiritual teachers would not agree with our notion about it. Some people seem to think you must be dead in order to attain happiness. Most of us who think we are in health and perfectly happy, really belong in the 70 to 90 per cent class. Few adults are more than 90 per cent well or healthy. Keep right on with your thinking about such things, daughter. It is the way to develop the mind—if the school people do not load you up with so much "home work" that you can get not chance to do any thinking.

Oranges at Night.

Is it harmful to eat oranges at night? Many people have told me so, but no one seems to know why. —Mrs. A. J. R.

Answer.—No. It is all right to eat them whenever you like.

Hemorrhoids Obliterated.

A member of my family suffers from piles or hemorrhoids. Our physician says this can be treated successfully with chemical obliteration, without interrupting the patient's usual occupation. Please advise about this.—J. L. H.

Answer.—Yes, that method is successfully use in the majority of cases now.

No Management Needed.

Kindly give me your opinion of the teachings in the book, "Intestinal Management," by Dr. William H. Stummerman, published by Arden, Los Angeles.—M. O.

Answer.—I have never seen the book. The intestine needs no management, so far as I know. Just leave it alone, forget you've got such an appurtenance, interference is what makes trouble; the old-fashioned people called such interference "regulation." This California author has devised a new name for it.

(Copyright John F. Dilles o.)

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Knock
4. Arabian chieftains
9. Ibsen character
12. Danish money of account
13. Consecrates
15. Tip to one side
17. States positively
18. Numeral
19. Weed
21. Earth
22. Staff
24. Celestial body
28. Segment of a curve
29. Damages
31. First woman
32. Nothing
33. Siberian river
34. Pronoun
35. Undermine
36. Golf term
37. Humorous
39. Cravat
40. In addition
42. The biller vetch
43. Formal dance
44. Bright
46. Total
47. More rational
50. Jockeys
52. Beheaded
55. Denoting the maiden name
57. Island in the Pacific
58. Gray rock
59. Light repast

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

S	H	E	M		T	E	N	O	N		C	O	L	D
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S	L	E	D		S	M	E	W	S		E	A	S	E

DOWN

1. Huge mythical bird
2. Southern constellation
3. Small pieces
4. First garden
5. Chess pieces
6. European fish
7. Japanese measure
8. Cleatrix
9. Dined
10. East Indian weight
11. Feminine ending
14. Prayers
16. Long fish
19. High, pointed hill
20. Acknowledges
21. The Christmas saint
22. Bay window
25. Hydrophobia
25. Will
26. Profit
27. Drive off
29. In what way
30. Pen
38. Attempt
41. Native metals
43. Undeveloped flower
45. Worthless leavings
46. Lateral boundary
47. Secret military agent
48. Wing
49. Short sleep
50. Steep flax
51. Bird
52. Ocean
54. Dutch measure of length
55. Sun god

1	2	3		4	5	6	7	8		9	10	11
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57				58						59		

SUNDOWN STORIES

INDIANS' COLD BATHS.

By Mary Graham Bonner.

The Little Black Clock had turned the time back and John and Peggy were with the Indians when they were the most important people in the land.

Not only had the Clock turned the time back a good many years, but he had turned it back to a winter's day and the Indian boys were taking cold baths.

John thought he would have liked living in these days, but when he saw the Indians taking such very, very cold baths he was not quite so sure of it.

They jumped right into the water which was covered with a thin coating of ice and although they jumped about and squealed and yelled it did not stop them from bathing in this way.

Then others gave themselves a splendid rubbing and cleaning with snow and John felt that was almost too much.

Peggy felt the same way about it, and then to their surprise they saw some of the older Indian children actually playing games in the snow, wearing very few clothes.

The Little Black Clock, as well as John and Peggy, admired the splendid strength of the Indian boys that they could stand such a great deal of cold, and they watched them play and jump about in the snow.

Then the Clock took them to see some splendid Indian chiefs painting their faces and making themselves very fine for some noble ceremonies which were to take place, and once again John felt that it really would be wonderful to live all the time with the Indians.

They were always doing such interesting things—painting their faces, making wampum, dancing so wildly and racing across the plains, and shrieking such fine piercing shrieks!

Tomorrow—"The Vessel."

Radio Expands in Finland.

HELSINGFORS.—(AP)—Finland now has seven radio broadcast stations. Two others are under construction.

Do You Remember?

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
June 3, 1920

Col. George P. Mims, postmaster of Medford, dies suddenly.

First forest fire of season on Kane's creek.

Real estate men to confer on booster work.

Hal W. Bingham elected president of Fruitgrowers League.

Jesse Houck moves into new home on Oakdale avenue.

Local legion contributes to reward for capture of Grover C. Bergdoll, rich draft evader, who escaped jail in Philadelphia.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
June 3, 1910

County court creates five new precincts in city.

Class of ten graduate from high school.

Medford to hold aviation meet at Oakdale park.

Local bicyclists report their machines are being exchanged by mistake for poorer ones.

Prof. O'Gara "to remain in valley of Rogue" at increased pay.

Fred Colvig enters race for county recorder.

Woodville (Rogue River) votes to incorporate as city, 24 to 19.

CORNS CURED FOR 10 CENTS

Why Suffer With Corns—Pay Dime—Pain Stops And Out Comes Corn.

RESULTS GUARANTEED NEWEST, BEST REMEDY

No bulky doughnut pads or burning acids—get an envelope of O-Joy Corn Wafers for a dime. Thin as paper, press one on the corn with finger and it sticks there. Shoes don't hurt. Pain is gone immediately. Dance if you wish, no bother, fuss or danger. Later, in the bath, out comes corn, callous, roots and all. Like magic. Everyone is going wild over O-Joys. Broadway was overjoyed; you will be, too. Six O-Joy Wafers for a dime at druggists.

THE CLIFT

The Clift is not the most expensive hotel in San Francisco—but it's one of the most comfortable, most friendly, most refined, most convenient.

GEARY AT TAYLOR ST.
SAN FRANCISCO

PHONE 474
CITY CLEANING & DYEING CO

MUTT AND JEFF—Out Where the Rest Begins

By BUD FISHER