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**ON GOING TO EXTREMES**  
**T**HE typical American always goes to extremes. It is at once our greatest strength, and our greatest weakness. As a virtue it has placed the country at the top of the business world; but as a vice it is now keeping this country in a state of depression not warranted by the facts.  
 A year ago we had an uncontrollable Bull market, which, in spite of warnings from all directions, continued until the inevitable catastrophe. The same quality—the absolute refusal to exhibit restraint or moderation—which produced that November catastrophe, is now producing another one.

**T**HE Bears are now in the grip of the same sort of stampede that gripped the Bulls a year ago. The dear people are now selling stocks and taking losses as foolishly as they were buying stocks, with the hope of profit in June, 1929.  
 The wiser heads are advising people not to sell stocks, today; just as they were advising people not to buy stocks a year ago. And the rank and file are paying just as much attention to the present warning as they did to the previous one.

**A** YEAR ago the Federal Reserve was raising rates to discourage buying, now rates are being lowered to do the exact reverse. A year ago Secretary Mellon was advising the purchase of stocks instead of bonds; but if any considerable number of investors are following his advice this year, any more than they did last, the evidence is lacking.  
 To the warning from high circles, that there is no sound basis for the present stock collapse, the people are turning the same deaf ear they turned to the warning from the same source a year ago, that there was no sound basis for the market inflation.

**T**HE time-honored figure of the Wall Street lamb was, after all, a perfectly correct one. In the mass we are all lambs, or if not lambs we are sheep.  
 Like sheep we follow the leader, faster and faster, until what started as a movement soon becomes a stampede. When stocks are going up we all buy; when stocks are going down we all sell. We can't do things by halves. The first thing we throw overboard are our heads. The last thing we resist are our emotions. And as a result the majority always loses—they hold the sack at the end of the performance, whether the show has been put on by the Bulls or the Bears.

**I**T IS a common practice to blame the inevitable denouement to inside manipulation,—the higher ups unscrupulously fleecing the lambs, and slaughtering the bulls! We doubt it. There is manipulation, of course, but such manipulation is founded upon common sense, restraint, and, above all, an understanding of actual material conditions and human nature.  
 The higher up minority could not always win, unless they could depend upon the unthinking majority succumbing to the mob spirit and going to extremes.

**WANTED—AN "ISOLATED CALM"**  
**T**HE startling thing about what Mr. George W. Wickersham had to tell the National Conference of Social Work in Boston concerning prohibition was not what he said, but that the chairman of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement said it. While we have been attempting to promote abstinence from alcoholic beverages by relying on the power of government to compel, and by the imposition of increasingly heavy penalties, Great Britain has been encouraging temperance by regulation of the liquor traffic, by education in the evil effects of drunkenness, and by the substitution of more wholesome diversion. England's success in this endeavor, is striking, according to Mr. Wickersham, and by inference one may assume that he believes our attempts at enforcement have failed. Just what is his conclusion from this contrast is left to the imagination.  
 Does he favor the retention of the prohibition amendment, but the cessation of efforts to compel obedience to its intent and the substitution of an educational campaign in favor of obedience? Or does he favor the abandonment of the prohibitive policy altogether, and the substitution of a temperance one?  
 It would be well, at any rate, if the commission should forego any attempt to show how obedience to the prohibition laws may be enforced, and concern itself with the other great problems of the administration of justice which lie before it. For, as Professor Felix Frankfurter told the conference, the inclusion of the prohibition question in the program of study has removed from the atmosphere surrounding the commission "that isolated calm in which alone the patient work of scientific inquiry can flourish."—New Republic.

**HINT FOR AUTOISTS**  
**(RE. Examiner)**  
 Accompanied by a woman companion, she was motoring and her car collided with one driven by Sorder. She continued on her way, but Sorder overhauled the car, forced it to the curb, turned Mrs. Fitting over his knee and spanked her.  
 A tombstone was stolen from a Henry county cemetery the other day and a typewriter stolen from the Presbyterian church.—(Clinton, Mo., Eye.) The crime riddle.  
 "The Good Will society will hold a meeting Tuesday evening, as the recent session in the club has been adjourned." (Smith River Notes.) A pleasant time was had by all.  
 This is the longest day of the year—and, what of it?  
 Troy Hogard, wheat farmer from the Dry Fork district, was transacting business in town Tuesday. He thinks Morrow county is getting too much wind.—(Pendleton East Oregonian.) Why can't somebody throw a tantrum and stop it.  
 The chronic auto-horn blowers are violent again, and the general opinion of the Older Girls is they should be shot at sunrise, or at the time of the offense.

**"Office Girls Fired for Drinking,"** says a headline. Tonight you're a stewed chicken; tomorrow a canned peach.  
 This new vogue of night baseball will be a godsend to the umpire. Under cover of darkness he'll have a better chance to escape.  
**MUTT AND JEFF—A Half a Loaf Is Better Than None**

**FISHERMAN WOULD BE BURIED IN SEA DEPTHS**  
**MARSHFIELD, Ore., June 21.—**(P)—Ted Thompson, 50, Puget Sound fisherman, who sailed the schooner Shipmate, alone, may be buried at sea. He is known to have expressed a wish to his friend, "Big John," whose last name is unknown, that he wished to be cast into the Pacific. Thompson died suddenly in his boat.

**INDORREMENT SOUGHT FOR COLUMBIA RIVER**—(Herald-Portland Telegram.) The Columbia river probably needs it.  
**THE SEASON for sticking the forefinger in an electric fan is nigh.**  
 A con is reported loose in the wilds east of the city, and despoiling the henhouses and the gardens in the manner of a hungry tourist.  
 Rather Tuttle, 6, was hit in the right arm yesterday, with a tomato can thrown by a bad boy. An ugly cut resulted, which in 14 years can masquerade as a vaccination mark.  
**"WANTED—30 or 40 good lady-like hens"**—(Drain News.) Cackle that off!  
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**MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE**

**Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle**

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12					13			14		
15		16	17				18			19
20		21		22					23	
24			25						26	
27				28	29		30	31		
34	35						36			37
39								40		
41				42	43	44	45	46		47
48			49						50	51
52		53			54				55	56
59					58				59	

**ACROSS**  
 1. Vestment  
 2. Maserine  
 3. Nickname  
 4. Gross draws  
 5. Destruction  
 6. It  
 7. Single thing  
 8. And; Latin  
 9. Twist out of shape  
 10. Symbol for sodium  
 11. Superlative ending  
 12. Coax  
 13. Insert  
 14. Name  
 15. Woody plant  
 16. Tiges  
 17. Miss from Arabian plant  
 18. Ground grain  
 19. Merit  
 20. Very thin  
 21. Place free  
 22. Contained  
 23. Brother of Jacob  
 24. Bird of prey  
 25. His  
 26. Sun and  
 27. Straddle

**DOWN**  
 1. Forward  
 2. Chief town  
 3. Asserts  
 4. Pronoun  
 5. Concerning  
 6. Trend under foot  
 7. Sandy  
 8. Cornered  
 9. Canceled  
 10. Aardie  
 11. Crafty  
 12. At any time  
 13. Penultimate  
 14. Lighthouse  
 15. Charge with gas  
 16. Most tenous  
 17. Gun tower  
 18. Plural ending  
 19. On the summit  
 20. Italian color  
 21. Short for a man's name  
 22. Part of a ship  
 23. Old measure of length  
 24. At home  
 25. Whirlwind of the Faroe Islands  
 26. Natives of western Russia  
 27. Down  
 28. Beginning  
 29. Terminal  
 30. Part of a church  
 31. The Greek II  
 32. God of the islands

**Hard-shelled fruit**  
 1. Forward  
 2. Chief town  
 3. Asserts  
 4. Pronoun  
 5. Concerning  
 6. Trend under foot  
 7. Sandy  
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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.

**THE CURE OF CANCER OF THE BREAST**

In 939 cases of cancer of the breast referred to an x-ray specialist for treatment the histories showed that in nine out of ten cases the first sign to attract the patient's attention is a lump, pain or an injury.  
 In all these cases the average period of time before operation is 19 months. Is it any wonder that the treatment of cancer is so often disappointing? On what possible pretext or excuse can any woman let such lump, pain or injury drift along for 19 months before she makes up her mind to consult her physician?  
 Many of these cases are referred to the x-ray man only months after an operation has been done, amputation of the breast and dissection of the nodes under the armpit. This average length of time after operation before the patients went for x-ray treatment was 15 months. This is not very flattering to the practice of surgery in America.  
 In every case where an operation is done for cancer of the breast the patient should receive x-ray treatments beginning two weeks after the operation, as the best established means of preventing recurrence. This rule, followed by the most experienced physicians, has proved the best course. The patient who has reasonably early surgery plus post-operative x-ray treatment has twice as good a chance of permanent cure as has the patient who has only the operation.  
 Every little while some woman writes to describe some such lump, pain or injury of the breast and asks whether it is serious. I dislike to alarm anybody unless it is necessary. Please don't ask me if anything is serious. If I think it is I hate to tell you; if I think it isn't, I'm afraid to offer you false security and encourage dangerous delay. To any one with lump, pain or injury of the breast I can only say that the sensible course is to report to your doctor immediately for examination and advice. If it proves a minor complaint, well, your peace of mind ought to be worth the doctor's fee.  
**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS**  
**Sounds Almost Rejuvenating.**  
 Since my family doctor tells me I have arthritis but does not believe in dieting for it or anything for that matter, will you kindly send me your regenerative diet for chronic degenerative arthritis and oblige.—Mrs. R. M.  
 Answer.—Sure, on receipt of request accompanied with stamped envelope bearing your address. By "regenerative" diet we mean the diet tends to stop and even reverse degenerative processes that manifest themselves in insidious mature age.  
**A Creek in the Back.**  
 I have a small creek running through the back of my land and the village turned a sewer into it. I wonder if the creek water is now fit for stock to drink. Has the village the right to do that?—G. M.  
 Answer.—The village health officer will take a sample of the water for examination at the state laboratory, without cost to you. I do not know about the legal aspect. I should think that you would have a fair claim if the water proves dangerously polluted. Great cities still pollute rivers with their raw sewage and by some shenanigan or other escape responsibility for the damage to citizens downstream. So it may be that the village can do you dirt in the same way, with impunity. Whatever may have been the excuse in primitive times, there is no reason whatever why any stream of public water should be polluted with raw sewage today—except the rotten plea of

**Thrills Readers**  
**Do You Remember?**  
**TEN YEARS AGO TODAY**  
 (From files of the Mail Tribune.)  
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 Trade expansion committee of C. of C. ponders program.  
 Crater Lake is to be opened July 1, if snow from road cleared away.  
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 "Cure for Alcoholism" offered by Haskins.  
 Nina Wall (Mrs. Fred Colvig) in lead for Jacksonville "Goddess of Liberty."  
 Autoists who run over fire hose will be fined, new police edict.  
 Strong sentiment that Medford police wear uniforms "and look metropolitan," reported by Greater Medford club.



**"Marooned in Crater Lake"** is the title of a book of thrilling short stories for young people just published by Alfred Powers, dean of the extension division of the University of Oregon. The book, which draws largely from local pioneer material, is the first of a series of books on the Oregon Trail, to be published by the Metropolitan Press.

**Screen Life in Hollywood**

**By Hobbin Coons.**  
**HOLLYWOOD.**—While many silent picture successes are being rejuvenated as talkies, stars undertaking the task are faced all ways with the prospect of "competing with a memory."  
 Years ago the fans saw and liked a picture, and that good impression remains for comparison with the new effort.  
 Norma Talmadge, whose "Smilin' Through" in 1922 was tremendously popular, did not care to attempt a repeat in the talkies and Joan Bennett will take the role.  
 Mary Pickford, who also considered it, rejected the story for the same reason, and now is seeking a suitable vehicle for the first of two pictures she plans definitely for 1930.  
 Miss Pickford, having altered her screen character radically in "Coquette" and "The Taming of the Shrew," is loath to return to any characterizationavoring of the peppery sweet child of the old days; yet she must retain, in whatever vehicle she selects, her appeal for the public she built up in those years.  
 "Fog of My Heart," Laurette Taylor's old stage success, has been suggested for her, although it was made as a silent picture in 1923.  
**Burb Masterpieces**  
 The movies never have been timid in the use of superlatives in advertising. Now, with the freshness of a rejuvenated industry, they appear to have gone on a wild spree of competition for extravagant self-praise.  
 Each new talkie now is heralded in print as stupendous, glamorous, gorgeous, breath-taking, exquisite, dazzling—as were many silent pictures.



**Baker Man Dies for Ohio Crime**  
**COLUMBUS, Ohio, June 21.—**(P)—John Litteral, 42, formerly of Baker, Ore., went to his death last night at the Ohio state penitentiary for the murder of Harry Green, coal miner in October, 1929. Litteral entered the death room at 9:05 p. m. The current was turned on at 9:08 and two minutes later he was pronounced dead. Litteral faced the end calmly and asked to be baptized an hour before he went to the chair.  
 In the electrocution room Litteral asked Warden P. E. Thomas for permission to shake hands with everyone in the room.  
 "The Sock" was in town last night and he was busy.  
 Within 45 minutes "The Sock," known as Portland's most elusive robber, had bagged two places, one drug store and one filling station. He realized \$35.  
 Police were told his operations must have been successful because they glimpsed white silk underwear beneath his unbuttoned shirt collar.  
**HIT RUN DRIVER IS HELD IN PORTLAND**  
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 Grant and Bradley were arrested by city police during a raid on an alleged liquor vending place.  
**MRS. RUCH NAMED TO CONDUCT POSTOFFICE**  
**WASHINGTON, D. C., June 21.** (Special.)—Mrs. Anna Ruch has been appointed postmistress of Ruch, in place of her husband, C. M. Ruch, who died recently.  
**LOG TRAIN BRAKEMAN HIT BY SPEEDER, DIES**  
**HOOD RIVER, Ore., June 21.—**(P)—L. E. Thorne, logging train brakeman, Portland, was killed here yesterday when he was struck by a speeder at the Dee mills.

**BAKER MAN DIES FOR OHIO CRIME**

**CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM**  
 By Mary Graham Bonner  
 The Little Black Clock had turned the time about so that he was able to bring John and Peggy so very quickly to their next adventure, but now he said he was not going to bother about having the time turned ahead.  
 The children were not paying much attention to what the Clock was saying. They were noticing something very unusual, but something very delightful. Well, the Clock had told them this was to be a very jolly adventure.  
 They were in a large room and all around the room was a big counter upon which were rows of dishes filled with ice cream. In front of the counter were many high stools.  
 "Look at all the ice cream!" shouted John. "We're going to have some, aren't we?" he asked the Little Black Clock.  
 "Oh, I'm so warm. I'd just love some ice cream," said Peggy.  
 "Listen for a second or so, and hear what they have to say," said the Little Black Clock.  
 "Dishes of ice cream can't talk," said Peggy.  
 "Of course not, silly," said John. "You're forgetting about my magic," the Little Black Clock said.  
 The ice cream in each dish was made in the shape of a little face and body and now one with the flavoring of chocolate was saying: "I can't help it, ice cream friends, if I am the favorite. It's my luck."  
 "They like me pretty well," said the vanilla ice cream, "particularly if some nuts and some nuts are poured over me."  
 "They like me, too," said the strawberry ice cream, "but still, chocolate, you're the favorite."  
 "I like chocolate best," said Peggy.  
 "So do I," said John.  
 So they took two of the dishes filled with chocolate and they ate up the ice cream right away.  
 But the other dishes of ice cream were all too sweet and pleasant to be jealous!  
**Monday—"Beautiful Dust."**  
 Said to be the largest in the world, a floating elevator 111½ feet long and 85 feet wide, was recently taken from Berlin to Rouen and delivered on reparations account to France.  
 Albany.—Modern restaurant opened for business in Barreot building.

**THE SOCK SPENDS EVENING AT WORK**

**PROHIBITION AGENTS RELEASED ON CHARGE**  
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 Banks and watch manufacturers of Switzerland have united in organizing a credit overwriting organization for the timepiece industry.

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**SUNDOWN STORIES**

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**MUTT AND JEFF—A Half a Loaf Is Better Than None**

WELL, TODAY'S A HALF-HOLIDAY, JEFF!

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE TO YOU? YOU AIN'T WORKING! YOU'RE A LOAFER!

I KNOW IT—BUT ON A HALF-HOLIDAY I'M ONLY HALF A LOAFER!

ON SUNDAYS I'M ALMOST A GENTLEMAN, AND I'M SO PATRIOTIC THAT EVERY DAY IS A LEGAL HOLIDAY TO ME!

NOW THAT'S MY IDEA OF A PROSPERITY BULLETIN! M-M-M!

NO BRICKLAYERS PLASTERERS OR LABORERS WANTED! VELLUTTI'S CONTRACTOR

By **BUD FISHER**