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Ye Smudge Pot (By Arthur Perry) Once upon a time, a man living in the wilderness built a better rat trap, and the world beat a path to his door.

HE SURE IS BROKE (Press Dispatch) PARIS, June 17.—Rosalie Daily, the dancer, who used to be known as Rosika, announced today she soon will seek a New York divorce from Mortimer Davis, her Canadian husband.

The nation needs more heroes (Statement by Henry Ford) To take the she-gripping in Mr. Ford's Mod. A.

OSK experts do not know what causes "pin-heads" in the neck. A number of laymen suspect the pin-heads are caused by pin-heads.

A rollicking tale about a man with the 7-year itch, who was a rat behind when his scratching is tickling the risibilities of the home folks.

Many of the Older Girls, who renounced socks recently, have had their skins barked.

Rabston enjoyed four titles, and a salary of \$18 per week. (From "System") But titles buy nothing the teeth can work on.

Laziness reaches its peak in the month of June, announced an eminent wise guy. And, as far as the writer is concerned, it stays there the rest of the year.

THE LOW-DOWN ON ATOMS Over in Alabama there is a Negro scientist who makes a dozen or so products, including milk and flour and butter, from the humble sweet potato. That will give you some vague idea of Einstein's newest theory. The great German Jew has a theory that space really is matter—in such fine particles that it can't be seen—and that all space and all matter are composed of the same thing. Atoms are reduced to electrons and electrons to still smaller units, which are merely specks of electrical energy, and these specks combine in different ways to make space, trees, light, heat, music, iron—and possibly thought. It's a large idea and you can show your mind over it for some time. For good measure you can add the theory of the western educator that those two units of energy that compose all things may rearrange themselves in the future as they once were in the past, so that Caesar may appear again in a re-established Rome. But in view of the fact that the chance of drawing 12 spades in a bridge hand is one in millions, it seems rather improbable that all the atoms in the universe ever will assemble again as they did long ago. It's a nice theory, and backs up the heathen's belief that he may reappear as a bull or a bat. But it isn't pleasant to think that when you kill a chicken or cut down a tree you may be injuring the remains of Moses. (Fountain Inn Tribune)

BOY SCOUT SAFELY HOME FROM WILDS CORONA, Cal., June 25.—(AP)—Harold Johnson, 12 year old Boy Scout, is safe at home today, proudly exhibiting a set of rattles from a snake he killed high up on the rocky slopes of Mount San Jacinto where he was lost for four days and nights while forest rangers and fellow scouts searched for him in vain.

THANKS TO THE RADIO

THE successful flight of Captain Kingsford-Smith across the Atlantic—the second achievement of the kind in the history of aviation—demonstrates the necessity of the radio, on all long-distance ocean hops. "Had it not been for our radio," said the Southern Cross captain, "we would never have gotten out of the fog." Could the spirits of the many courageous aviators, who have met disaster in similar attempts over both oceans, be heard, there is no question they would register a solemn "amen" to this statement. True, Lindbergh made his record-breaking flight without a radio, and a few aviators with radios, were forced to send a final message of earthly farewell, but they were only exceptions that prove the rule. The Kingsford-Smith flight simply confirms the truth of the assertion frequently made, that in the interest of aviation, no ocean flight should be allowed, unless the ship is radio-equipped.

THE PERFECT TRIBUTE

MANY excellent editorials were written regarding the death of the late George Joseph, but the best thing of the kind we have seen, is contained in the current Oregon Voter. The editor of the Voter, C. C. Chapman, was frequently the victim of Mr. Joseph's vitriolic attacks. Perhaps the most scathing Philippic ever delivered in the halls of the Salem Legislature, was delivered against Chapman, by Senator Joseph a few years ago. Yet here is Editor Chapman's comment upon the death of his most bitter political and personal enemy. It is not only a bit of inspired writing, it is, to our mind, one of the most perfect examples of the true, rather than the sentimentalized Christian spirit, that has ever appeared in the press of this state:

GEORGE W. JOSEPH

He was just about to enter upon a new life, in which he would have made history. His opportunities beckoned and his responsibilities sobered. That he was snatched away at its threshold is tragedy so shocking that it cannot be contemplated without grief, even by those whom he held as enemies. To his family, his associates and that inner circle who were his intimates, it must seem almost insupportable, and our hearts go out to them in sympathy too poignant to express in words. George W. Joseph public and privately distinguished us so often that we were rated as his enemy. His antipathy to us was so intense that it forbade the cheery contact which fighters have with each other between the rounds of combat. Whatever resentment we felt towards him is overwhelmed by the tragedy of his untimely departure. Memory is cancelled of all save his extraordinary attributes of mind and character, qualities which lifted him out of the ranks of ordinary men. Imagination, audacity, courage, genius—terrible emotional force. His self-confidence in his own intuitions was supreme. Doubt he hardly knew, so sure was he in his decisions, and he dared all, without regard to consequences on his personal fortune. Forward into battle, undismayed by defeat, undelayed by victory, he charged on and on and on, joying in the fight. His fiery spirit burned out its fragile tenement—too soon, alas, too soon.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE HAWLEY TARIFF

FAIRNESS is perhaps the rarest quality in public life. There are many competent men, there are more courageous men (in fact in spite of the self-advertising muck-makers, physical courage is the most common attribute of the male animal)—but there are very few men whose competence and courage are tempered by an uncompromising determination to be fair. Bill White, famous editor of the Emporia Gazette, is a militant low tariff Republican. He fought the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill tooth and nail, and did everything he could to defeat it. But the Kansas delegation in Washington voted for it, and when the measure had passed and awaited the signature of the President, Editor White though keenly disappointed, refused to go the easiest way, lambast the Kansas delegation, hip and thigh, and receive the plaudits of the Kansas multitude, where the bill was and still is, extremely unpopular.

HE insisted upon being fair. And in that insistence, incidently, he demonstrated that he possessed the highest and rarest type of courage—not a physical but a spiritual attribute—the courage to place what is just and true, above every consideration of personal pride or selfish advantage.

Here is what the Emporia editor wrote, and because it is a fine example of fairness, and also because, it expresses to our mind, the truth about the tariff situation, particularly as it concerns President Hoover, we print it in full as follows:

IT'S UP TO HOOVER

Senator Arthur Capper gives four excellent and well-considered reasons explaining his vote for the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill. A change of one senatorial vote would have deadlocked the Senate and probably defeated the highest tariff bill in American history. Senator Capper's four reasons are probably those of the rest of the Kansas delegation in Congress. They are: 1. On the whole an improvement over the present law. 2. The most favorable farm tariff rate ever written in a tariff act. 3. A flexible provision which leads toward scientific tariff making and away from log-rolling. 4. The enactment of the Smoot-Hawley bill will probably

end tariff uncertainty and promote resumption of business. Considered without its flexible provision whereby schedules may be reduced by President Hoover, the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill would be an atrocity perpetrated on the consumer by the industrial East. Were it not for the President's power to rectify this evil Kansas would be swapping a mess of pottage in the form of somewhat higher duties on eggs, poultry, butter and wool for the certainty of an increased cost of living of about 20 per cent on manufactured articles. The Smoot-Hawley bill has to date been the most costly piece of legislation ever enacted. The business uncertainty caused by tariff debate in the last 18 months is the largest of several factors which combined to produce the stock market crash last fall and the ensuing business depression. Today it goes to the President for signature. In the 140 odd years of American history no president has dared to veto a tariff bill. It is an open secret that Mr. Hoover is unhappy and dissatisfied with the present measure. Producers of all classes have combined to jam through schedules which, considered alone, would strangle the consumer and in the long run ham-string the producers themselves when foreign nations have completed their retaliatory measures against our export trade. If President Hoover signs the bill the deciding factor will be that which induced the Kansas delegation to vote for it: Namely, the flexible provision which allows him to correct its major evils. Either course takes courage. A tariff veto will shatter the precedents of a century and a half and his signature to the present bill will put upon President Hoover responsibility for defending the rights of the consumer which individual congressmen and senators were either unwilling or unable to assume. The Kansas delegation in voting for an otherwise iniquitous measure expressed its confidence in Mr. Hoover's broad and disinterested judgment, believing that he will courageously exercise his power to lift from the shoulders of the American people the burden of the highest and most oppressive tariff schedules ever proposed by a civilized nation.

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. Due to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered. Reply to the mailer in queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF REST. A STUDY IN PROGRESSIVE RELAXATION.

Dr. Edmund Jacobson says in his monograph "Progressive Relaxation" recently published by the University of Chicago Press that some patients learn to relax in two or three periods, while others require months to learn. Periods of instruction last one-half to one hour and take place daily or three or four times a week. In addition the patient practices by himself for an hour or two daily. Sounds serious, doesn't it? You'd naturally think that if your darn foot could relax, let go, whenever he wished, but not so. For a good many invalids or near-invalids are surprisingly tense, in spots, even when they imagine they are resting; and lots of people who would resent being called invalids or near-invalids, but who don't mind being called "high-strung," "temperamental," even "nervous," are just a bundle of knots. You must understand that muscular tenseness goes with excitement and relaxation accompanies calm. Please be seated. "Chair comfortable? Yeah? Your brow furrows anxiously, one hand fidgets, you shift your legs about restlessly and twist your neck in your collar—it might be a mild case of scabies, hives or pediculosis. We'll waive that and assume you're just a little too tight, not from the Scotch in you, but from poor physical education. The object is to teach you how to relax. The great god Twitch has been so exalted in the jazz age that one wonders if the mating of Chorea and Epilepsy would not assure us a line of real hot babies. Be that as it may you've reached your present sad state trying to follow the injunction laid down in that hymn to spasms "Hold Everything." All you have to learn now is how to "let everything go."

Have you ever tried to rest on a park bench, a billiard table, or a Pullman berth? In order to relax one must be feeble-minded, drunk or dead, respectively, in these situations. And while we're on the subject of equipment, how about your own little beddy? Are you as exacting about the springs and the cushions as you are about these factors of comfort in your car? A funny thing, how many people demand the greatest possible comfort and even luxury in the vehicle they occupy an hour a day, yet drift miserably along with sleeping equipment that takes all the joy out of hitting the hay. I can not under restraint and I promise you I shall not admit that any man's make of sleeping equipment is a darn bit better than it should be—indeed, I consider much of it that purports to be excellent just too bad—but we're concerned here with the physiology of rest and since these little lessons in relaxation are best taken reclining on couch or bed, it is necessary and proper to prescribe what we mean by a bed. Even if you are no more interested in the technique of relaxation than you are in relativity you will nevertheless permit one who presumably knows more about health than you do to say that in my opinion every one should devote to his sleeping accommodations as much care and consideration as he does to his diet, exercise or recreation. It is the wise man, not the wealthy, who provides himself with all available sleeping conditions to invite and assure relaxation.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Q. Well, What's the Use? ... and now my friend has advanced the theory that all these troubles I have suffered from so long are merely auto-intoxication, or as you call it, toxical poisoning. A. Answer—That would be interesting if true, but it can't be true. I have never called anything "auto-intoxication," for I believe that is just an obsession, a little bait used by charlatans to catch the kind of fish they want. I did try to explain the meaning of toxical poisoning—poisoning by a toxin, say that of typhoid fever or that of diphtheria. "Toxic poisoning," on the other hand, is a silly fancy, nothing more. If it is poison at all, of course it is toxic. If you have pneumonia it is not necessary to explain that it is in the lungs. If you report to some one or some place, you can't repeat back to some one or some place—you'd meet yourself somewhere and get into trouble if you attempted it. I suspect your friend who proposes the intriguing diagnosis of your case is leading up to some flimsy treatment or some nostrum he wants you to "try" at your own expense. Poor Kids Have to Eat Tripe. Neighbor forces her children to eat vegetables, drink milk, and allows them no sweets and no bread. They are nervous, puny, irritable, sickly looking. We were taught to eat what we liked and not forced to eat what we disliked. Our children have the same opportunity. They seem pretty healthy. Do we do wrong? A. Answer—No. It is a poor policy to compel a child to eat anything he finds repugnant. The better plan is to provide the child good wholesome food and let him exercise his choice or preference, within reason. There must be no discussion of the question at table or in the child's presence. Every normal child requires and should have a liberal ration of sweets in the form of dessert, or along with meals and not at hazard. Likewise the child should have bread of one kind or another, unless this is repugnant to his taste. If the child eats considerable

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle. 1. Decorated. 2. Treated with borax. 13. Lift up. 14. Overdo a role. 15. Hoofs of months. 16. Becomes less severe. 17. Persia. 18. Dove. 19. Two-pointed tack. 20. Devooured. 21. Year: Scotch. 22. Understand. 23. Miscellaneous nickname. 24. Sill. 25. Western. 26. 100 square metres. 27. Contend. 28. Italian city: abbr. 29. Automobile. 30. Polished. 31. Silkworm. 32. Greek letter. 33. Clear profit. 34. Female sand-piper. 35. Deserter. 36. Choose. 37. Not having the power: slang. 38. Small particle. 39. Darts. 40. WAN. 41. CAB. 42. ANA. 43. ABA. 44. MATTE. 45. LITERAL. 46. CLERK. 47. GROMOSE. 48. SPHERE. 49. GNOMES. 50. PIE. 51. SPORTS. 52. ANTE. 53. ORA. 54. EPOS. 55. DETEST. 56. LEA. 57. HABITS. 58. PETARD. 59. ORALE. 60. TSARS. 61. OBSERVE. 62. PATTI. 63. SOT. 64. NANN. 65. OCEAN. 66. ERE. 67. END. 68. TERNIS.

Grid for crossword puzzle with numbers 1 through 68 indicating starting positions for words.

real or such vegetable as potato, no harm if he passes up the bread altogether or merely peeks at it now and then.

Tonsils and Cri. Would bad tonsils cause one to catch cold (or) more easily? What do you think of serum for colds (cri)? Answer—One with infected tonsils is likely to have more frequent sore throat or other manifestations which he may, if dumb enough, call a "cold." There is no serum that has proved effective in preventing respiratory infection. (Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Quill Points

Note to Gandhi: No man ever won an argument by biting himself to make the other fellow feel sorry. "Every child should know the national air." True; it's a dumb kid that doesn't recognize the smell of exhaust gas.

Maybe a woman looks longer in long dresses, but the men don't. There's one great improvement. A man down and out isn't tempted to spend his last dime for a drink.

How hard it is for the poor to save money—especially if they work in the kind of clothes the rich dress up in.

It might be worse. Nobody has yet thought to serve spinach in bright colors.

Americanism: Being all hot and bothered about some terrible menace that you will forget tomorrow when the headlines change. Indications are that the army of unemployed soon will contain some statesmen who believe in straw voting.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune) June 25, 1920. San Francisco — McAdoo... Joe Gagnon has deal on... Mr. and Mrs. Charles... Local beauties buy... Three grass fires on West... Cool nights fine for... TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune) June 25, 1910. Judge W. E. Crowe... Ashland business men... Mayon Canon warns boys... Annual reunion of Medford... Attorney John Carlin... Ben Sheldon host at dinner... Mrs. John Tomlin, recent arrival.

SUNDOWN STORIES

Sunrise and Sunset (By Mary Graham Bonner) The Little Black Clock used the time backward and forward as he sat at the end of the series with John and Peggy. First he saw a sunrise, and then he saw a sunset. And as he saw the beautiful colors the Little Black Clock planned all about them. "The beautiful pink flush you see around the time the sun rises, and the flaming red ones you often see at night, must be that the rays of the sun must work their way through heavy air near the earth and so you see such splendid colors." "Wherever there is atmosphere there is dust hanging about, and people are not nearly so grateful as they should be to dust. "If it weren't for dust you'd miss a lot of colors and the sky would wear a stupid dark robe. "When the air is dustier less of the mild, gentle colors such as the rose are to be seen and more orange and red show themselves. That's because the sun shines through more low air at sunset and sunrise." "So that's why we have sunset and sunrise," John said. "You have twilight," the Little Black Clock added, "because the light of the sun is held in the atmosphere for a little while after the sun has gone down. "If you had no air it would be come dark instantly the sun disappeared. And then the Clock leaned back and he sang a song he had written about the dust. "This was the way it went: "Dust, dust, beautiful dust. Never loved as you should be. Abused by people all over the earth. And so I sing this song to thee! "Fine," shouted John and Peggy. "Now for the funny trip," said the Little Black Clock.

Tomorrow—"The Funny Trip" Oregon Weather. Generally fair tonight and Thursday, but unsettled in the northwest portion; moderate temperatures. Gentle, variable winds.

R. R. LINK DECISION PLEASES SPOKANE

SPOKANE, Wn., June 25.—(Special)—The biggest thing that has happened to Spokane and the Inland Empire for many years is the approval of the interstate commission of the Great Northern Western Pacific entry into San Francisco. This will place Spokane on a direct California east and return service. Spokane will also be the basis for the construction work which is to start immediately and all material and equipment will be assembled here. The increased business will mean more locomotives serviced and repaired in the Inland Empire.

MUTT AND JEFF—It's The Only One In Town

Comic strip panel showing Officer Mutt and Jeff. Officer Mutt: "OFFICER, MUTT IS RUNNING A CROOKED SWEEPSTAKES AND I WANT HIM ARRESTED!" Jeff: "WOT'S A SWEEPSTAKES?" Officer Mutt: "YOU BUY TICKETS ON A HORSE RACE. IF YOUR HOSS WINS YOU GET A MILLION!" Jeff: "AND YOU SAY THIS ONE IS CROOKED?" Officer Mutt: "I WANT A TICKET FOR THE SWEEPSTAKES!" Jeff: "OKAY, OFFICER!" Officer Mutt: "THE MUTT AND JEFF SWEEPSTAKES!" Jeff: "IT MAY BE CROOKED BUT I ALWAYS WANTED TO BET ON ONE OF THEM THINGS!"