

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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OLD DOG WILEY

THERE will probably be no monuments erected in our public squares in honor of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, who died today at the ripe old age of 86. Had he originated new ideas of destroying life, and put them into effect, from the bomb-proof scorpion of G. H. Q., flags today would, no doubt, be at half-mast, while various and sundry orators would be gargling their throats and brushing up on the details of the life of another national hero.

This is not to deny the value of military genius, in this nation or any other; as long as the human family insists upon fighting, fighters deserve their wreaths of laurel. But it does call attention to our deep seated, and somewhat strange, indifference, to what might properly be termed our heroes of peace, particularly when theoretically at least, we so greatly prefer peace to war.

Dr. Wiley was most emphatically a hero of peace. He originated certain new ideas for protecting the people of this country, from impure food. For 30 years, single handed, he fought as chief chemist of the department of agriculture for what are now known as the Pure Food Laws,—laws which are now rigidly enforced and gratefully accepted, but which were regarded a quarter of a century ago, as a violation of the sacred and inalienable right of the quacks and charlatans of this country, to line their own pockets, at the expense of the unsuspecting and unprotected public.

It will always be to the credit of Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, that they had the vision to appreciate the value of Dr. Wiley's crusade, and in spite of the most violent opposition, often supported by some of their most trusted cabinet members, they loyally supported him, and refused to accept his frequently proffered resignation, until his work had been done.

LIKE most great crusaders, Dr. Wiley was an extremist, with a one track mind. That he sometimes went too far, and aroused needless antagonism by his scorn of diplomacy and discretion, is merely to state he had the vices of his virtues. He was a crank, just as John Brown was a crank, but only a crank—a man unhampered by a sense of humor or a sense of proportion,—could have accomplished what he accomplished, in the face of such opposition as pure food reform aroused, 25 or 30 years ago.

YET the militant doctor never made that error so characteristic of the fanatic, that all one has to do to correct a wrong is to pass a law against it. He refused to sanction any impure food prohibition. He placed his faith not in prohibition but in education. He insisted that every food and drink in this country should be labelled, not to deceive the people, but to inform them. And with that information, he staked the entire success of his crusade, upon the common sense and intelligence of the rank and file.

SUBSEQUENT events proved the soundness of his judgment. Conditions are not perfect, but Dr. Wiley established a process of evolution, which is working toward that goal,—purer drinks and purer foods are being sold the people of America every day, not because impure foods are illegal, but because with the people enlightened, pure foods are more profitable.

WE can't leave Dr. Wiley without citing one anecdote so characteristic of the man and his career. He was once invited to address a college graduating class. Appearing in a long tailed coat and silk hat, he was refused admission at the gate, by a watchman who said:

"Stephen Girard laid down in his will that no minister of the gospel be permitted to enter these grounds." "The hell you say," Dr. Wiley retorted. "Walk right in," said the watchman. In our distant past, some unheralded sinner laid down the law, that to protect the people from the food and drink swindler, was contrary to the letter and spirit of the Constitution. "The hell you say," said old Doc Wiley. And he walked right in!

ADMIRALS

SENATOR Oddie of Nevada rushes to the defense of admirals who are being attacked for attacking, in their turn, the proposed naval limitation treaty. Now the average brass-hatted admiral is not a blood-thirsty heartless ogre, nor is he an impersonally disinterested and detached individual, motivated solely by the greater good. Admirals eat, sleep and snore like the rest of us, and their wives gossip and give bridge parties not unlike the spouses of men of common law. Also like the rest of us, they are keenly interested in holding down their jobs, and, if possible, getting better ones. When you succeed in getting a national convention of movie theater piano players to rise to its feet and cheer wildly for the talkies, then and not until then may you expect the admirals to stampede for disarmament. Continued naval building means more ships, means promotion for naval officers, and this in turn means that the admirals may have their pants pressed often, and that their wives can afford to give away more expensive bridge favors than heretofore has been the case. So, more in sorrow than in anger, you may discount about 49 percent of what the admirals are saying against the London treaty.—Emporia (Kansas) Gazette.

MUTT AND JEFF—The Sport Of Kinks



MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down words. Includes solutions for Saturday's puzzle and a grid for the daily puzzle.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D. Rigid 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 self-addressed and written in ink. Trying to save space by writing too many letters in one envelope is not recommended. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address: Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

RITZY FACTOR IN THE HICOSTOSICKNESS

Rebuking me for my "hard-boiled" attitude toward birth prevention, a primipara, (let me never mind, that never mind, let it pass, it's nothing but a woman who has borne only one child) — and in case the "birth control" propaganda did not find themselves out of a soft job they might still hold their Conference to Secure Primiparity—wrote: "I have a darling baby girl, five months old, and adore her. But thanks to your much-touted birth control set in, and I spent more than three months in bed (I'd like to see you there) and nearly died twice during that time, the fever dried up my milk, now have to raise my baby on the bottle, and I am just able to get around to care for my baby and household. Doctor's bill was high, nurse bill enormous, hospital bill likewise. All due to the carelessness of the doctor. My husband makes \$140 a month, and I just wish you would juggle figures... I would like a baby sister for my daughter, but at 23 life seems sweet and I dread thinking it again in a doctor's care." Just what the doctor's mistake was the primipara does not explain. The truth (which we may tell since no one can possibly identify the primipara) is that such a stormy childbirth history strongly suggests an all too common infection contributed, as a rule, by the husband long before the birth of the baby. All too often, too, the flaming up of the smouldering latent infection at the time of childbirth leaves the wife with what physicians call one-child sterility. There's only one — ain't going to be no more. The first mistake in this case, as I view it, and I hope not without real sympathy though I hope without sentimentality, was in going to a hospital. Of course the young couple may have been with-out decent home surroundings, a lot of unscrupulous young people prefer to bunk in any old hotel, no matter how long as they can put on the Ritz away from the flop house. I am not in the least sarcastic about it; I merely state the situation as the young people themselves do. Here is a lad drawing less than a common laborer's pay, and yet his wife must not only traipse off to a hospital to lay her egg but apparently she must have her own special nurse there. Ye gods! Nominally, at least, I was made even better pay than that when my first baby came, but tell it wherever you like we pulled that right, without any hospital service, you can bet your neck. At the second. And so forth. Ah, but young Mrs. Primipara will retort of course I am a doctor, had every facility at home. I did maintain a place we called home—but I did not have a fiver nor anything else in the Ritz manner. We had the babies, and we were vastly happier than these young snobs who have to have special nurses, special obstetricians, and all that blah. Mind, I am not disparaging obstetricians or nurse or hospitals. I am pleading simply for common sense. Surely any hospital maintaining a gynecian department or maternity service furnishes perfectly competent nursing care as part of the service. So why should this primipara have a large nursing bill besides the rest of the extraordinary? Today everywhere you can have

expert nursing service in your own home at an hourly rate — visiting nurses, nurses who know and do their work just as well as anything you can find in a hospital. So the wife whose budget is limited surely makes no sacrifice in remaining at home and, if no relative will serve as a combination nurse and housekeeper pro tem, then a visiting nurse may be engaged to attend the delivery and pay regular visits for a few days, at a reasonable expense for a family on a \$35 a week budget.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Why Break Your Neck? Someone sends in a clipping from a paper telling how a man lives with a broken neck. The man, it seems, was doing his "daily dozen." The reader somehow associated that with me. Answer. — Well, in a way, perhaps I am responsible. At least I believe the chap who made money out of the "daily dozen" trick stole the trick from me in the first place. My mistake, I was giving it away. However, I should advise anyone who is so dignified and stiff as that not to do any exercises or physical stunts at all.

Queer Notion. I thought this would interest you. Recently a Dr. — delivered a lecture here. I queried him as to how authoritative you are. He told me that generally you are sound in your view, but that recently you have developed a queer notion about the removal of tonsils by electricity.—E. J. S. Answer. — Yes, I know. I also know of a large number of the best nose and throat specialists in the country who are extirpating or satisfactorily treating tonsils with diathermy, while the old fossils of the profession continue to lay back their ears and bray "No good."

Salt and Blood Pressure. Should a person suffering with high blood pressure take salt in or with his food? I understand it is bad for him to use much salt.—L. P. T. Answer. — A person does not suffer from high blood pressure. If you mean the doctor is unable to ascertain the cause of the high blood pressure, surely there can be no good reason for interfering in the use of salt. Only when the doctor has some idea what ails the patient can he intelligently advise how much salt the patient may take. Sometimes a salt-free or a salt-poor diet is a help in relieving dropsical conditions. But so far as I can learn, salt has no particular effect on high blood pressure.

Resort for Greasy Dandruff. My scalp is always greasy and a heavy greasy dandruff forms only a day or two after a shampoo... —D. S. R. Answer. — Part hair here and there and rub in with the fingers a few drops of a solution of 10 grains of resorcin to the ounce of alcohol, witch hazel, bay rum or toilet water, daily or every alternate day.

Give Boys a Chance To the Editor: I have much about bringing in the foreigner to do our work in the orchards, ranches, etc. Why is that to be tolerated when our own high school boys are waiting, wishing and looking for work during the summer so that they will be able to attend school in the fall? I have talked to quite a number; they are all looking for jobs. Surely by our own American boys should come first. No good American citizen would wish it otherwise. Wake up, American Legion, and say a word for our boys. Don't condemn our boys for being idle; give them a chance. A MOTHER. (Name on file.)

Brisbane's Today (Continued from page one) The civilizing is done for a profit and the glory of the empire, of course. But how did we civilize our Indians? Germany plans to tax spinners and bachelors, to help balance the budget. Women and men, unmarried, according to German theory, are not doing their share. Unmarried women might reply, "Show us a man worth

while; otherwise we'd rather be taxed." A tax on unmarried women under forty-five, would be desirable in this country, if it could drive into marriage intelligent young women now single. The greatest loss to the nation is the loss of millions of superior children that would be born if intellectual young females could be persuaded to take men as they are, and not expect too much. The French say, "At night, all cats are gray." After marriage one husband is much like another, unless he is a fool, a drunkard, or brutal. Mr. Legge, of the farm board, says organization is the farmer's only hope. Organization, without application of modern industrial methods would be a forlorn hope. Organizing ten thousand little wheelwright shops would not produce a modern automobile industry. You need a new system of production. If the government would supply and rent the machinery or give it outright, organizing farming, as organized work on the Panama canal, something might be done. The millions used trying to overcome wheat and bolster the price might really bring a farm problem solution. Make our farming the most efficient in the world, like our automobile and moving picture industries, and, like them, American farming will conquer the world.

Communications Give Boys a Chance To the Editor: I have much about bringing in the foreigner to do our work in the orchards, ranches, etc. Why is that to be tolerated when our own high school boys are waiting, wishing and looking for work during the summer so that they will be able to attend school in the fall? I have talked to quite a number; they are all looking for jobs. Surely by our own American boys should come first. No good American citizen would wish it otherwise. Wake up, American Legion, and say a word for our boys. Don't condemn our boys for being idle; give them a chance. A MOTHER. (Name on file.)

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Quill Points

When two people agree on anything their prayer is answered, but Heaven isn't playing safe to get a second term. Gang: A little group of self-fish men who feel superior to the government. See "board" and "bloc."



Maybe the old-time doctor didn't know, but he didn't soak you \$10 for sending you to somebody who did.

Brisbane says the nations that rule the earth drink liquor. They also play jazz, but that doesn't account for their superiority.

The "inferior peoples" are the ones that haven't invented machines to slaughter their neighbors in droves.

You'd never see two birds just alike either, if it was a common thing for jays to marry parrots and pelicans.

Americanism: Boiling with wrath when the neighbors tell you how you must live; joyously following a fad because the neighbors do.

Speaking of plastic surgery, isn't there some way to transfer bone from a statesman's head to his back?

Abs! The only friend who thinks friends should share everything is the kind who never has anything you want.

Then, too, the new tariff will keep out a lot of that cheap foreign coin.

Judging by the welcome given Carol, you'd think everybody in Tumamata sold ladies' ready-to-wear.

Now Bishop Cannon threatens to sue his critics. But maybe he'll forgive them if they repent when the case is ready for trial.

Another kind of relief the farmer needs is a kind of fence that will whistle for the dog when tourists climb it.

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Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) June 30, 1920 Proposition to close up shops from Saturday noon till Wednesday noon rejected as too long for Fourth of July observance. Forest patrol planes cavort over residential areas. Noise supreme at Democratic meet. Dixie delegates cheer all night for Wilson and McAdoo. Showers fall throughout valley. The magnolia in Dr. E. B. Pickel's front yard is in full bloom and a sight to behold.

Twenty Years Ago Today (From files of the Mail Tribune.) June 30, 1910 Medford to play Grants Pass for \$400 side bet July 1. Reno—Jim Jeffries grouchy as battle with Jack Johnson nears. Regarded as good omen. Local postal receipts show 41 per cent gain in six months. Della Reeves takes lead in "Goddess of Liberty" race.

Crater Lake now open to tourists with auto stage three days a week leaving Nash hotel at 7 a. m. "The Oregonian will kick on the Fountain of Life in the New Jerusalem, when it leaves it is not the source of the Willamette."—Editorial.

WATCHING RAINBOWS (By Mary Graham Bonner) Because of the wonder of the Little Black Clock's magic, the children could have the time turned back so they could still watch the beautiful rainbows that looked so lovely in the smoky rain. "A rainbow is so contented and so friendly and so satisfied with everything as it is," the Little Black Clock said. "Almost every one and everything looks ahead to what they may want to do. A road wants to end some place, a person wants to land somewhere, but a rainbow has never cared that it didn't have any ending anywhere. You know, too, a rainbow lets each person claim it for his very own." "I don't quite understand," said John. "Everyone sees a rainbow slightly differently from the next, all according to the way the sunlight is reflected in his eyes." "Oh, how lovely," said Peggy, "for everyone to have his own rainbow!" "The rainbow feels that way about it, too. Then, you know, there is an old saying that a rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning, and it has a good deal of meaning, for if there are showers early in the morning they are likely to keep us all day," the Little Black Clock told them. Yes, there was something very happy looking about a rainbow. In the bright, soft exquisite colors, a rainbow seemed to carry a beautiful cheerfulness, all its own. What fun it had been to look at the rainbows with the Little Black Clock. Tomorrow—"Swimming."

SUNDOWN STORIES



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By BUD FISHER

