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ROBERT W. SCHUL, Editor & MANAGER

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Official paper of Jackson County.

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MEMBER OF THE UNITED PRESS

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

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Ye Smudge Pot (By Arthur Perry)

A good argument against debasing cigarettes has appeared on the news horizon.

Due to the infernal inefficiency of the Hoover administration, the P. Smith Doolittle lawn, which the neighbors promised to water, while the owners are on a gypsy jaunt by auto, has dried up.

I knew him when he was a cub reporter in St. Paul, and he was no modest then that he used to disappear for the afternoon to avoid congratulations and compliments when he had turned in a particularly good story.

Old Sol has caused males to peel their coats, causing them to look as hot as a cucumber.

Not so many years ago he was the cutest kid in town. Had blue eyes, long lashes, and a friendly smile.

He met up with a Good Samaritan, who gave him four times the sum he netted in his chief criminal adventure, with a sermon thrown in for good measure.

"If you keep up your present lick, you'll wind up at the end of a rope."

The weaker sex (Klamath Falls News)

"Everytime this man gets drunk he starts abusing me," said Mrs. Freeman this morning.

"Get me on this, I'd like to do a 'jolt' at Folsom—it's a hard stir," before I hit the straight and narrow."

The social whirl is whirling with more than the ordinary summer gusto.

"Every day that passes now is one day nearer Winter, which is daily drawing closer." (Heppner News). Logical, plausible, reasonable, and a truthful statement that can't be dodged.

APPLES Oh, fabled fruit of Adam's early fall. Of Atalanta's matrimonial slip; Fabled today in that your guardian physician's derby from the hall; Used overripe in the common brawl; Subject of fruitful epigram and quip; Passing, with worms, the vegetarian lip; Most polished morsel of the market stall; Lord of the orchards, much beloved sphere Of yellow, crimson, green, or pink or brown— Magnificence to which all else is a dress; Your pristine self alone do men hold dear— For lo, how stripped are you of all renown When once translated into applesauce! —New York World

WILL TOM KAY BE THE NOMINEE?

TOM KAY'S refusal to accept the Joseph platform, as demanded by the Joseph-for-Governor club, is characteristic of the man.

"If I should receive the nomination," declares Mr. Kay, "I shall run on my own platform."

To have bowed to the Joseph-for-Governor club would have been good politics. Tom Kay could have done so, with a clearer conscience than any of the other gubernatorial candidates; for he was a close personal friend and admirer of the winner of the Republican primary, and had incurred the wrath of Joseph's enemies, and the gratitude of his friends, by introducing him at the Salem meeting.

BUT Tom Kay isn't built that way. Long before Andy Gump was created, he refused to wear any man's collar. He would prefer never to be Governor than to take the office and be forced to stand on other feet than his own.

Mr. Kay is no tyro at politics. He knows the game. Probably no one realized more clearly than he, that he will lose the support of the Joseph cheering section, by refusing to sign on the dotted line.

But that is the sort of opportunism he scorns. He lays no pretense to being a second George Joseph. While he admired the man, and was in sympathy with many of his principles, he realized his limitations, and opposed some of his theories.

So Mr. Kay quietly, but firmly, rejects the Joseph ultimatum. He refuses the support that would have gone with it.

He announces to the members of the Joseph-for-Governor club, that if he should be nominated, he will borrow his platform, neither from Mr. Joseph nor from anyone else. He will write his own platform, stand on his own platform, and then he proceeds to enumerate the main principles of that platform:

"I favor development of power sources, of navigable streams in Oregon, and in the northwest, by the federal government.

"I particularly favor federal development of the Umatilla rapids project for power, irrigation and navigation purposes, etc.

"I am heartily in favor of municipal ownership and development of lighting and power projects, such as the one operated by the city of Eugene.

"If the people's water and power district amendment to the Constitution initiated by the Oregon State Grange, is adopted at the coming election, I will give the accomplishment of its purpose my unqualified support.

"Above all, I advocate emphatically the retention and conservation by the state of its unappropriated power and water resources for future public development, and will oppose private exploitation thereof."

"There you are," says Mr. Kay, "take it or leave it."

We repeat, this action is perfectly characteristic of the man. Whatever may be said against Tom Kay, not even his worst enemy will deny that he is a "straight shooter."

He not only places all his cards on the table at all times, he never refuses to call a spade a spade when circumstances demand it. If one had to name his outstanding characteristic, it would undoubtedly be his absolute and uncompromising honesty.

For a generation Tom Kay has held public office in this state,—his record constantly under scrutiny,—and one has yet to hear a whisper that would reflect upon his personal integrity. If there is a better record in the state, we have never heard of it.

IF MR. KAY should receive the nomination, the people of Oregon, in the ensuing campaign, would never be in doubt as to where he stands on any important question. We believe he represents the type of man the people of Oregon want as their chief executive. We also believe,—in fact, we know—he is the type the selfish interests and designing politicians do NOT want.

Judging the present by the past, and the coming committee "convention" by previous conventions, we would predict that, unless a strong popular demand for Mr. Kay asserts itself within the next ten days, the aforesaid interests and politicians, not Mr. Kay, will win.

SWAT THE ARMY WORM

THE army worm is well named. There is an army of them attacking the vegetable gardens and hay fields of the valley at the present time. War has been declared by the County Agent and his lieutenants. The best ammunition to repel this invasion has been broadcast in the press. Now the need is for volunteers.

"If each before his own door swept the village would be clean." If each and every able-bodied citizen in the valley would feed poison to every army worm within reach, the war would soon be over.

Now is the time to start.

The economic situation can't be so desperate when hold-up men still favor service stations.

Perhaps the heavyweight situation could be improved by classing the first two fous as strikes.

Happy thought.—When machines do everything Big Business will have to hire consumers.

These are the times that try men's soles.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down. Includes solutions for 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 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67

Personal Health Service By William Brady, M. D.

Stated 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 typed and clearly legible. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address: Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

VARICOSE VEINS ARE VERY OLD FASHIONED

Even legs are less fashionable this season. Varicose veins, unfortunately, are not so easily hidden.



Dr. Adolph A. Schmier is no Irishman, I take it, and yet he has recorded no less than 10,000 injections in 2,000 cases of varicose veins, without serious accident or complication and with uniform satisfaction to the vast majority of patients.

What Dr. Schmier calls the fine "horsehair" veins are really more difficult to obliterate than the large tortuous or bunched kind. These very small veins will not take even the smallest gauge needle readily. Yet they show right under the skin, and the girls complain bitterly that they can't wear nude stockings—enough to gain any man's sympathy, what?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Our Skin Oil Is Smooth Stuff I owe you my thanks for the instructions relative to the care of the skin you gave me.

More earnestly than ever the advice is given DON'T GAMBLE. Sound stocks, paying a good return on your investment will be bought by the wise from now on. Gambling will bring its usual reward.

alikest stuff a lovely lady ever tried. A lot of 'em have told us so, but not until they had tried every kind of cream, alleged skin food and the like for years and years.

Brain Tumor What is a brain tumor? Please give symptoms of same. Cure, if any. (E. L. K.)

Enlarged Oil Ducts I am troubled with enlarged pores on my nose. They seem to clog up with dirt and cause me much embarrassment. (R. J. D.)

Club Foot Would like to answer E. P. C. about club foot. Our daughter was treated immediately after birth, with manipulation and casts, just as you said, and she is now 10 years old and you can't tell it, except for a slight thinness of one leg. (R. S.)

Answer.—Yes, the trouble responds well to such treatment, which any family doctor can carry out with the aid of occasional consultation with the orthopedic surgeon.

Answer.—They are not pores, but the orifices of the sebaceous or oil ducts. Repeat your complaint and inclose stamped envelope bearing your address.

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Quill Points

"Return the liquor question to the state." The state of intoxication?

"The Slicks" is that region where the singing of "Sweet Adeline" indicates nothing but youth's reaction to moonlight.

The department of agriculture says every pest that afflicts America was imported. This includes the white hiped.

For that matter, the ancestors of our household vermin came over on the Mayflower.

Even he-men need the elbow touch of a comrade when they go over the top or enter the lingerie department to purchase a gift.

Hard times are those in which getting rich requires something more than sucker bait and a shovel.

If ancestry doesn't affect our conduct, how come so many Americans of English descent drive on the wrong side of the road.

Americanism: Despising the stranger who asks for a dime; hurrahing for the stranger who wants to prescribe laws and taxes for you.

In ancient times a lunatic was one affected by luna, the moon. Which shows that moonshine has not changed a great deal.

The easiest way to avoid being shot by a drunk woman is to pal around with sober ones.

A scientist asserts that 30 per cent of the people are immune in some degree. Who would imagine there were that many chain-letter writers?

Campaign expenses would seem uncommonly high this year, even if you didn't count the new pension bill.

Hitch-hiker: A pedestrian who wonders whether you have enough money to justify tapping you on the head.

Crossing the Atlantic from America to Europe seems much easier than coming back whether you're a plane or long green.

Correct this sentence: "If ever I get to feeling good again," said the man, "I swear I'll never again act the fool."

U. S. Ideas in Australia. Latest American ideas and equipment have been used in the \$2,500,000 addition to a leading chain of variety stores in Australia.

Mr. Burr, research director of the Texas game, fish and oyster commission, deals effectively with the gar, a cannibal fish shaped like a snake, that destroys great quantities of good fish.

Mr. Burr attracts the cannibal with a 200-watt spotlight, and the gar, swimming near the surface, is caught in a net charged with electricity, stunned, sinks to the bottom and suffocates. It cannot live in deep water.

Respectable fish caught in the net are not injured. Destruction of the gar will save endless millions of good fish.

If only that could be tried on warlike nations!

Fifty years ago in Berlin, Heinrich Stephan, German postmaster general, announced that he would establish a telephone exchange for private citizens. Only 34 applications were received. The number rose to 200 within a year.

Now Berlin has half a million subscribers.

But the American telephone system is still greater than all other systems combined.

The changeable lady in Rigoletto was no more uncertain in her moods than today's stock market. Brokers went home yesterday, everybody in a "bonyard" mood, and a "big bull market ahead" discussed.

More earnestly than ever the advice is given DON'T GAMBLE. Sound stocks, paying a good return on your investment will be bought by the wise from now on. Gambling will bring its usual reward.

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Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) July 11, 1920. Summer band concerts start.

Editorial urges "Jackson county man for supreme court of state."

Mercury drops from 93 to 53 degrees in a day.

Atty. George A. Coddling to address Forum on "Tourist Trade as a Civic Asset."

Chief Layton warns autoists to "cease driving in front of fire wagon on way to fire."

Attorney Evan Reames and Lincoln McCormick play huge rattlesnake on trip to Crater Lake.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) July 11, 1910. Old Sol warms up valley with mercury at 102.

Washington.—Greek minister, long known as woman hater, victim of Missouri girl's beauty.

City to get Fish lake water August 1.

Switch engine to be stationed in local Espee yard.

Medford team defeats Eugene, 17 to 2, and victory thrills Court Hall, who challenges Portland for game. Shorty Miles rapped out a triple. Young Burgess was kept on the bench to learn him forbearance, and to do as the old heads tell him.

SUNDOWN STORIES

THE LONG TRIP. By Mary Graham Bonner.

The Little Black Clock had turned the time back ever and ever so far for the long trip he had planned for John and Peggy.

They found the scene quite different from any they had ever noticed before. The Little Black Clock had suggested that they keep very quiet so they could see what was happening.

They sat at the edge of a garden in China, and there they saw a little girl watching many worms spinning silken threads cocoons for themselves on the leaves of mulberry bushes.

The little girl was fascinated watching the delicate silken threads made by these worms, and after a time she went for her family and showed them how wonderful were the silken threads.

Then John and Peggy saw the parents of this little girl ordering that the silken cocoons should be picked and then spun into silk.

After this they saw many, many people working in the mulberry groves, gathering the silken cocoons or placing eggs upon the leaves so they would hatch into silk worms.

"I turned the time back," the Little Black Clock said, "so you could see the discovery of silk, and whenever you see any silk now you can think of how you saw it thousands of years ago when I turned the time back to that day when a little girl in China discovered it all."

"Children have discovered things, haven't they?" exclaimed John.

"Indeed they have," said the Little Black Clock.

"My, but you turned the time way, way back for this long trip," said Peggy.

"Well, I have to do that," said the Little Black Clock, "when we want to see how many things were started."

Tomorrow—"The Horse Train."

Oldest Clergyman 102. England's oldest clergyman, the Rev. Denham R. Norman of All Saints' vicarage, Warwick, recently celebrated his 102nd birthday. He is not a teetotaler, and smokes three pipes of tobacco a day. He was born in Chichester, and is one of 11 children.

MUTT AND JEFF—The Championship Remains In Germany

Comic strip panels showing characters and dialogue. Includes text: "HOW'S THIS FOR AN AD? SPARRING PARTNER WANTED. MUST BE HUSKY, POWERFUL AND PACK WICKED PUNCH. APPLY TO A-MUTT."

By BUD FISHER

Comic strip panels showing characters and dialogue. Includes text: "I WANT YOU BOYS TO START A BATTLE ROYAL. THEN I WILL PICK OUT THE SPARRING PARTNER I WANT!"