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Ye Smudge Pot (By Arthur Perry)

Hot weather has arrived at last, and it was really about time, as many were becoming convinced that the scientists and Bill Gates, the tonorialist were right, when they predicted there would be no summer.

The torridity is a refreshing change, from the perpetual balminess, and everybody should be thankful they do not reside in the Mid-West, where awaiting like a horse, is apt to be accompanied by a cyclone of great ferocity, swooping out of the south, when you are a mile from a cyclone cellar.

One of the main drawbacks of a heat wave, as a warm day is called, is that the population is continually inquiring of the heat, if it is hot enough. Up to noon there had been no murders. A man asked the writer this A.M. if the writer had felt the heat. Funeral announcement later.

The heat is a medical. It puts sugar in the pears, and removes the water from the soil, and peels the hide off of fair backs, left too long in the rays of the sun.

The very young are turned loose in the front yard, wearing a modern Ge-string, and kept in the sun until they are thoroughly baked. If they survive the rigors of the treatment, they will sooner or later, accumulate a hide funder of Vitamin K. If this process seems a trifle rough, remember the victim will grow up into a sturdy oak, if not a Jack-pine.

The Menne Shoppes at this season, fill their leading window full of filmy BYD's in the popular pastel shades. Cards advise the gawker that the garments are cooling. They are cooling, like the dresses, that make plump figures seem slender.

From the Albene, (Kau.) Reflector, we glean the following hot weather and travel note, for what it is worth, if anything:

The September Morn lady who was calmly reading while she cooled off in a lower berth with light on and curtain up as 101 went through last night ought to be thankful that the Union Pacific did not build its platforms higher—they are really too high for modesty now. But maybe she did not care.

Mr. Frank Amy of Union Creek, where it is cool and shady, and the nights are sleepable, is in town for a few days to thaw out.

A veteran boost in these parts, is the allegation, on the end of every Humdinger's tongue, "that there is not a night in the year, that a blanket is not welcome." We can produce 100 good men and true, who will testify that last night no blankets were welcomed, and, what is more will receive a cool reception tonight, unless the weather prognosticator is in error, and who forecasts that the backbone of the heat spell will be broken early next week, when what should be broken is the neck of the heat wave.

Tomus Swen, sees some artifice in the situation, and it would be just like Fate to cause Mr. Swen to be seated in some of the old fashioned sticky flypaper, which has ceased to be in vogue, owing to a lack of flies.

The heat is something to remember, for instance, on December 17th, next.

EMPLOYMENT AIDED BY WESTFIR LUMBER PLANT

EUGENE, July 12.—(AP)—The Western Lumber company plant at Westfir will resume operations next week, giving employment to 250 men. The plant and camps closed just before Independence day. The W. A. Woodard plant near Cottage Grove resumed operations this week.

WHY LINGLE'S SLAYER WON'T BE CAUGHT

A NOBLE ingenueness is perhaps the last quality anyone would ascribe to Chicago newspapers, which are supposed to be completely hard-boiled, and yet it is precisely the quality revealed by the Tribune in the case of Alfred Lingle.

Here was a reporter who was driven round the city in a Lincoln sedan by a uniformed chauffeur. The Tribune suspected nothing. Here was a leg-man on a salary of \$65 a week (or was it really \$75?) who spent his long vacations in Miami or Havana, who won and lost heavily on the races, who bought dollar cigars in boxes of fifty. The Tribune reflected innocently that small salaries go a long way in Chicago. It did not know that Lingle, when pressed for money, could go to his good friends among the aldermen, the civil-service commissioners, the police captains or owners of gambling houses, and borrow a thousand or five hundred dollars on his simple word.

It learned with surprise that its murdered leg-man had enjoyed an income of \$60,000 a year. "There had been," it says in a touching editorial, "no suspicion of his integrity in the city editor's office." There had been only indignation against those who asserted that Lingle was connected with gangdom. These rumors, said the Tribune nine days after his murder,

have been accepted by those wishing ill of the Tribune in its fight for decency and have been propagated by those who have neither the disposition nor the courage to make the fight themselves.

AS A matter of fact, the Tribune has had appointed, as special assistant state's attorney in charge of the investigation, Mr. Charles F. Rathbun, who is a member of its own legal staff. Complaints against this appointment have been heard in Chicago, on the ground that Mr. Rathbun might not be zealous in tracing down clues possibly pointing to a connection between newspapers and the gangs which they so eloquently attack.

It is also charged that reports from Chicago about the Lingle murder bear "about the same relation to the facts as censored press dispatches from a Balkan war area." Even so, more and more prominent names are being linked with Lingle's activities, until it appears that the investigation of the crime will interfere with too many powerful interests for it ever to be carried to a successful conclusion.

The murderer of Alfred Lingle, like the murderer of Arnold Rothstein, has about as much chance of getting caught as has the mechanical rabbit that flashes round a grayhound-racing track in front of its pursuers.—New Republic.

ONE SIGN OF PROSPERITY

IT IS estimated that 30,000,000 persons in the United States have enjoyed or will enjoy vacations averaging two weeks and that the total expenditure amounts to \$3,000,000,000. That so many could afford to devote so much money to a matter largely of pleasure is a testimonial that the widespread business depression is not as bad as it has been painted.

Summer resorts are having a highly profitable season. Tourist camps have been filled to overflowing. The national parks have had more visitors than ever before. All these things are taken into account in reaching the estimate, which, of course, is nothing more than approximate, since there can be no such goal as accuracy in such a matter.

That so many are able to knock off for the regular vacation and seek relaxation shows that as a people we are learning the value of a bit of leisure. We have a class which devotes itself chiefly to leisure, but the vacationists referred to are those who for the main part of the year are busily employed. The number of vacationists is all the more noteworthy since it must have included the farmers in but a small proportion, and they are more numerous than any other class. The summer is the farmer's busy season and his leisure, if he has any, comes at other times. Next winter many of the tillers of the soil will hith up the ear and journey southward, for a few weeks and will augment the numbers of the vacationists considered by the year.

The vacation idea calls for the employment of many thousands who cater to the wants of vacationists. This involves business of vast magnitude in itself and it has wide ramifications. What is one's period of leisure is another's time of activity. All of us could not take vacations at once. Somebody has to stay on the job to provide for the vacationists—and take in the money the vacationists have to spend.

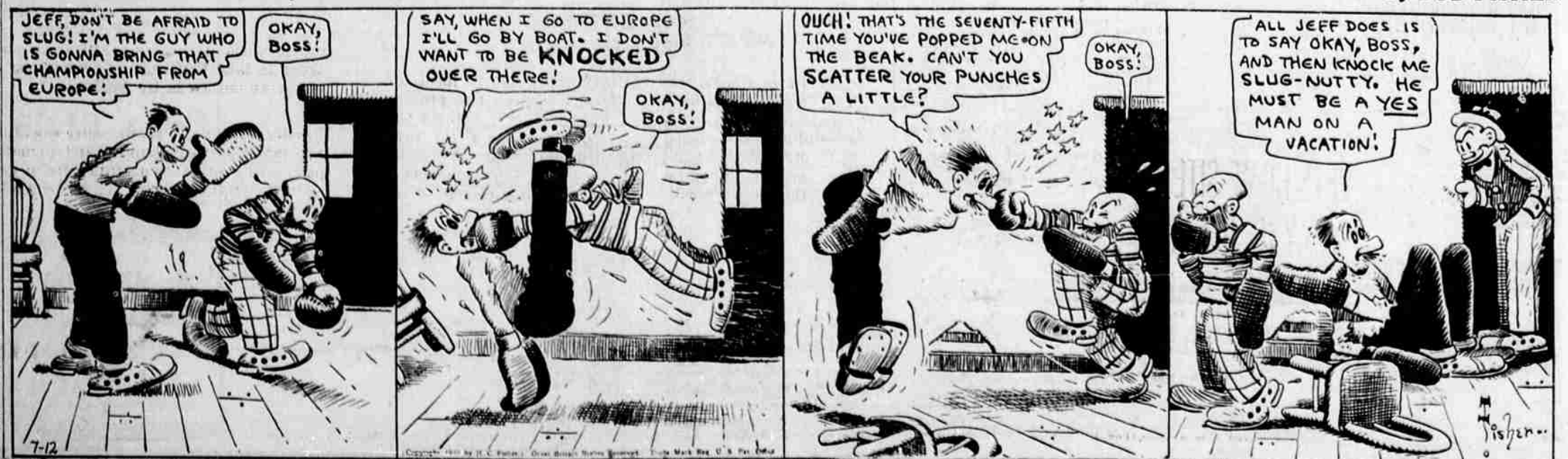
Times can't be so bad when busy people can pay \$3,000,000,000 for their summer vacation.—R. S.

Charity covers a multitude of sins. Evidently it is something like ginger ale.

The basic fault in a republic is that the fellow who needs hanging has a vote somebody else needs.

The guest of honor at a recent Washington banquet was a horse. It didn't seem unusual until the guests noticed its small ears.

MUTT AND JEFF—An Okay Man Goes Democratic



MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Word puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down words. Includes 'Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle' and a list of words like 'PASS', 'SAPID', 'STEP', 'EMIT', 'TRACE', 'HAVE', etc.

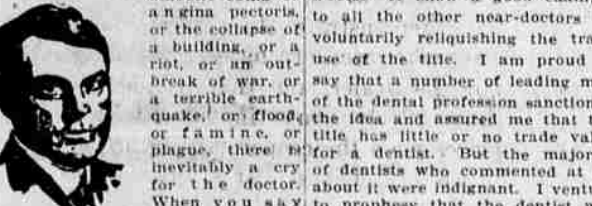
Grid for the crossword puzzle with numbers 1 through 59 indicating starting positions for words.

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. One in the large number of letters needed only a few can be answered here. No reply can be made a service not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

WHO SHALL PRESCRIBE WHEN PEOPLE DO NOT CARE?

An emergency is a sudden unexpected occurrence and for that reason it is more or less alarming. It is the collapse of some one in a crowd, from cerebral hemorrhage, diabetic coma or a gina pectoris, or the collapse of a building, or a riot, or an outbreak of war, or a terrible earthquake, or flood, or famine, or plague, there is inevitably a cry for the doctor.



When you say doctor under such circumstances, you mean doctor. There is only one kind of doctor you mean then. But now look on the comical side of the situation. A sudden commotion. "Is there a doctor present?" Why, of course. There are a dozen or two present, to-wit: Three or four chiropractors, a school teacher who has the soundest legal right to his degree of Ph.D., several optometrists, a chiropractist, a few dentists, the local veterinarian, and a sharp fellow who has just lately "come by" the degree of LL.D. and now always appends it to his name when writing stuff about food and health. Try to imagine these "doctors" hurrying to the aid of the victim of angina pectoris or diabetic coma. Or better, try to conceive hundreds and thousands of such "doctors" answering the call of the country in time of war.

It is all very well, of course, to address a Ph.D., a D.D., an LL.D., or any other individual with an academic doctorate degree as "Doctor." It is all wrong to let Tom, Dick and Harry pose as "Doctors" for business purposes. It leads to so much needless confusion and sometimes to disaster. The use of the title as a trade symbol or badge ought to be restricted to honest-to-goodness physicians, for the welfare of the public. Some time ago I appealed to the dentists—who certainly have every legal right to the title of Doctor—to show a good example to all the other near-doctors by voluntarily relinquishing the trade use of the title. I am proud to say that a number of leading men of the dental profession sanctioned the idea and assured me that the title has little or no trade value for a dentist. But the majority of dentists who commented at all about it were indignant. I ventured to prophesy that the dentist will become a real doctor before many years, practicing in his special field. He should be trained as a regular doctor right now, for certainly he assumes the responsibilities and enjoys the same rights the physician does. As an instance of the evil that comes from the careless American custom of granting to anybody and everybody the trademark "Doctor," listen to this: Dear Dr. Brady: After 12 days of orange juice diet and then a starchless diet I had lost 20 pounds AND my health. I went to a man known as Dr. —, I thought he was an M.D., because he calls himself "Doctor." I cannot sleep. I formerly weighed 118 pounds. I am sleeping powders. I am gas. I am pins and needles. I am temperature afternoons. I am sweat at night. This so-called "Doctor" — my nerves all shot to pieces. — come to my rescue. Just one of many victims of a fake "Doctor" exploited by certain unprincipled interests. As things are now, one must be on guard whenever anybody purporting to be a "Doctor" appears on the scene.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

What's the Hurry Newspaper item tells how the president of a big business proposition (not Andy) underwent an operation for removal of his tonsils on a Thursday, and the funeral services were held on the following Sunday afternoon.—S. O. A. Answer.—Well, maybe the man's time was so valuable that he could not afford to mess around with diathermy extraction. The reactionaries still dwell on that point of superiority for the old-fashioned way—quick results.

An Onion a Day Keeps Everyone Away.

Two or three years ago I was troubled with chronic diarrhea. In your column you advised eating raw onions. I had taken treatment from three different doctors but got no relief, but thanks to you the onions did the trick and I have not been troubled since. Now I want to see what you can do for me.—P. L. S. Answer.—Raw onion retards the passage of the food from stomach into intestine, and hence might be beneficial in certain cases of chronic diarrhea. Raw onion increases the secretion of gastric juice, and in that way might benefit a person who has insufficient gastric juice. Raw onion (green or dried) is a relish which should be frequently eaten by persons with intestinal putrefaction or excessive fermentation. Those with too acid stomach should avoid raw onion. Normal persons should eat not only the green onion but the tops as well, for the vitamins, calcium, phosphorus and cellulose. Besides, such fodder is good to eat.

Boys Should Know.

Have you any leaflet on What Boys Should Know? Answer.—No. But any boy who wants information, instruction or fatherly advice may write to me and ask for it in his own way, and his own words and I'll do my best for him, all in strict confidence. In fact, I deem it my special duty to give every query about sex matters most sympathetic consideration, since sources of honest information or advice are so few. All I insist on is sincerity. Of course I reserve the right to ignore any communication if I do not feel that it should be answered. Enclose stamped envelope bearing your address. We cannot answer such questions here in any circumstances. (Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

SUNDOWN STORIES



THE HORSE TRAINS.

By Mary Graham Bonner. "You're going to have a trip this evening I'm sure, you didn't expect to have," the Little Black Clock told Peggy and John.

"We've had lots of surprises," John replied. "We never know what we're going to see or do next," Peggy added.

"I've turned the time back—once a hundred, and one year," the Little Black Clock said. "Come with me."

John and Peggy each took hold of one of the Clock's hands and he led them down the magic path until the whole scene was changed and they saw some railway tracks.

"We're going to have a ride on a train," John said delightedly. "Yes," the Little Black Clock agreed. "The horses will be along any moment now."

"Horses?" asked John in great surprise. "Yes, horses," agreed the Little Black Clock. "But horses don't pull trains," John persisted. "My dad has told us how they used to pull street cars—but they can't pull trains."

"Oh, can't they?" said the Little Black Clock. "This is to be one of those wait and see adventures. You just wait and see if they don't."

And sure enough, along came a train, a funny, little old-fashioned train, and it was being pulled by horses.

"The steam locomotive was discovered some time ago," the Little Black Clock said. "So far in this country in the time to which

Meteorological Report

July 12, 1930
Forecasts: Tonight and Sunday, fair; no change in temperature.
Oregon: Fog on the coast and fair in the interior tonight and Sunday; no change in temperature.

Local Data.

Table with columns for City, High Temp., Low Temp., and Weather. Lists cities like Baker City, Bismarck, Boise, Denver, Des Moines, Fresno, Helena, Los Angeles, Marshfield, Pleasant, Portland, Red Bluff, Roseburg, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Santa Fe, Seattle, Spokane, Walla Walla, and Winnipeg.

Grange Notes

Talent Grange. The Talent Grange met July 11 with a small attendance, due to the fact the next day was a holiday.

There being no business of importance, the Grange was opened and closed and the lecture hour turned over to the lecturer of the Jacksonville Grange who accepted an invitation to furnish the program that evening.

The first number was community singing, led by Mrs. Mabel Sims. Roll call on patriotic songs (we feel that the worthy master of the Talent Grange was a bright and shining star when it came to answering questions concerning the history of the United States).

Piano solo, Irma Neidermeyer. Stunt, "True Cooperation," by Tom Sims of Jacksonville, and Ormy Goddard of Talent. Saxophone solo by Henry Neidermeyer, accompanied by Mrs. Sims. Radio program: Announcer, John Neidermeyer; Rev. Hannnalls, Henry Conger; Prof. All But Gone, Ted Sims; Uncle John, bed time story teller, Henry Conger.

We will guarantee Uncle John's bedtime stories to keep everyone from growing sleepy for several hours.

Light refreshments were then served and an hour of dancing was enjoyed and every one present felt that Jacksonville Grange had given us one of the most enjoyable evenings of the year and we hope they will come again.

Our next regular meeting will be July 17 and a program will be given by members of our own Grange. We are always glad to have visitors from other Granges.

SAMS VALLEY

SAMS VALLEY, Ore., July 12.—(Special)—J. L. Nealon and O. T. Wilson are getting their two threshing machines in readiness for threshing next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Clugston and children of Bailey were guests last week of Mr. and Mrs. George Backus. The Clugstons expect to return in the near future and permanently locate in the valley.

Turtle Rock ranch was recently sold to Mr. McConnel of Burns. Mrs. Geo. Lyman is steadily improving from a lengthy illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duggan and children of Long Beach, Calif., arrived here Thursday to spend the summer with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Bar and children of Idaho are visiting this week with Mrs. Bar's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John West.

Mrs. Cruman Bab is visiting relatives in Portland. Nelson Oden and Geo. McDonough recently ordered a combine harvester from San Francisco.

Mrs. Mary Duggan is enjoying a visit from her sister, formerly Miss Margie Callahan, who arrived last week from California. The sisters have not met for 25 years.

RUSSIAN BASSO GAINS BUENOS AIRES ACCLAIM

BUENOS AIRES, July 12.—(AP) Feodor Challaipin, Russian basso, made his debut here last night at the Colon theater as Boris Godunoff, in the opera by that name. Critics and public acclaimed his performance.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) July 12, 1920

Ted Leonard sits down on humble bee in Crowson's and customers have hearty laugh.

Community sing rehearsals open. Flames destroy home of John O'Connor, mail carrier.

Bad boys rob local candy stores. London.—Russian keds capture Minsk.

D. L. Davidson of Kansas City buys Dan W. Stone orchard, Willow Springs district, for \$18,000.

Medford irrigation district hopes to supply water in year.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) July 12, 1910

Berlin.—Germany defies United States and declares she will do as she pleases in Nicaragua.

Portland.—Teamsters on strike quelled by police reserves.

Hop, E. V. Carter and George W. Dunn of Ashland were pleasant callers in the city today.

James Cantrall of Jacksonville loses local friends tooth extracted from the jaw of a mare that crossed the plains in early days. The tooth was extracted by Dave Vincent several years ago.

Mikado

Have Your Scribbles Analyzed. The Yellow Pencil with the Red Band.

Louise Rice, world famous graphologist can positively read your talents, virtues and faults in the drawings, words and what notes that you scribble when "lost in thought."

Send your "scribbles" or signature for analysis. Enclose the picture of the Mikado head, cut from a box of Mikado pencils, and ten cents. Address Louise Rice, care of EAGLE PENCIL CO., NEW YORK CITY

By BUD FISHER.