

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily and Sunday... MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 25-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 15

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Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES... Daily, with Sunday, year, \$7.50

Official paper of the City of Medford... Official paper of Jackson County.

MEMBER OF THE UNITED PRESS... MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Advertising Representatives... M. C. MOORE & COMPANY

Ye Smudge Pot (By Arthur Perry)

A number of large corporations throughout the land are dispensing with the services of young ladies, who come to work without their stockings, and are doing nothing about their male workers, sporting pin-pointed sideburns.

Bridmen have started soaring over the burg, at ungodly hours of the night, arousing the honest citizenry from their slumbers, and a move is afoot to sway the German cannon in the city park, for an anti-aircraft gun.

A Twin Falls Idaho daredevil failed to beat the crossing to the train, and, recounts his home town paper, "was distributed over the adjacent terrain."

One of the leading cold cures, is being applied to the heat, viz.: "Jansons." Another cold cure, that can be used very effectively on the heat is to wear it out, and, if this fails to work, starve the heat, as a cold is often treated.

Don't believe everything you read. Not all the officials engaged in the administration of the farm relief bill are retired Chicago gangsters.

The University of Oregon football team has finished third in the Pacific coast conference race, via the sporting page of the Portland Oregonian.

"In chronicle of the arrival of a 9-pound boy at the George Cook place, the writer inadvertently forgot to mention Mr. Cook." (Sheed Jottings) One more oversight like that, and you're fired, young man!

A week or ten days has passed since an obscure Hollywood actor looked Miss Wynne Duncan, an actress in the eye, during the course of some strenuous romance, and it now looks like Miss Duncan would have to lick the aggressor herself, as soon as the discoloration leaves her optic.

A carpenter leaving in Lawrence industrially tore out the front of the wrong building on Eighth street. (Sumner Steadon Kansan). Mistakes will happen.

San Quentin prison in California maintains a school of poetry, and, if you ever run afoul of some of the product, it can be readily understood why the non-poetical inmates are always looking for a weak place in the walls.

A North Dakota man, aged 105 years, and who lost it, in his picture, freely admits that all his life, he did everything he could think of to kill himself at 45.

Bent Clark, MHR '30, spent Wed. on the business end of a shovel. Only 718 folks informed him that was the way they got their start.

"He kissed me and I slapped him, and now we both wish we hadn't." (Agony Column in Portland Telegram) Remorse sets in over some spilled milk.

"The witnesses look more sacred than I feel." (Hillard E. Ratcliffe, before being executed at Edenville, Ky.—(Chico Calif. Enterprise). And it looks like everybody, including the lynchier were scared.

"BUTTON SHOP OFF LAUNDRYMAN'S COAT." (Malheur Enterprise). A Sunday shirt gets revenge.

DREAM Last night I saw the movies To shake my troubles off. The audience was silent. With not a single cough.

The players were coherent And not a blank looked dumb. And where I barked my headgear There wasn't any gun.

And after I was seated, Oh, much to my chagrin, No one had I to stand up To let some bimbo in.

I heard some catchy music. But the score was incomplete. For no one beat the cymbal On the bottom of my seat.

And when the show was finished, They made this novel crack— They said if you disliked it, They'd give you money back.

—New York Sun

WHO IS AGAINST POP GATES?

To the Editor: What is the matter with C. E. Gates for Governor? Why should "Pop" be favored by many Republican leaders and newspapermen in other parts of the state and be opposed by his own home-town newspaper and the local Republican machine? This creates a strange impression in other parts of the state. From what I can learn "Pop" would have an excellent chance, if he received the support at home that a leading citizen of this community is rightly entitled to. I would like to have the Mail Tribune explain its attitude, and many of my friends feel the same way. Why go to Salem or Bend for a Governor when we have a better one right here at home?

A NEIGHBOR.

AS A rule, we pay no attention to anonymous communications, but as the above appears to be written in good faith, and is based upon a complete misapprehension concerning this paper's attitude toward the candidacy of a favorite son, we see no objection to making it the text of today's leading serial.

The Mail-Tribune is certainly not opposed to C. E. Gates as Governor, and if he should receive the Republican nomination we would do everything in our power to secure his election. Moreover, while we can't speak officially for the Jackson County Republican organization, from what we can learn, the local representative not only isn't opposed to Mr. Gates, but is strongly for him and will fight for his nomination as long as there is the slightest chance of his securing it.

WE DON'T know to precisely what "Republican leaders and newspapermen in other parts of the state" our correspondent refers, but the more there are the better we would be pleased. We haven't always agreed with Mr. Gates in the past, but the differences which caused past disagreements have long since ceased to exist, and if he can secure the nomination we will be for him 100 per cent, not simply as a matter of local loyalty and pride, but because we believe he would make an excellent chief executive.

So our anonymous "neighbor," as far as this paper is concerned, is—as the saying goes, "All wet." There will, no doubt, be many favorite sons to come before the state committee convention, but, as far as loyal support back home is concerned, none will be better off than Pop Gates.

WHILE the viewpoint of "Neighbor" is entirely "mistaken," we think we can understand the cause of his misapprehension. We did not believe at the outset, and don't believe now, that Mr. Gates, or any other Southern Oregon candidate, has such chance of securing the gubernatorial nomination. With Eastern Oregon holding the balance of power in the convention, and with Multnomah holding the voting power, in the election, the chance of putting over a candidate from this area, via any representative convention, is, in our opinion, extremely remote. Mr. Gates has been renominated to the state highway commission. He is of great value to this part of the state in that position. We felt—and still feel,—that it would be better politics and better business, to make sure of this position, rather than run the risk of losing it by placing all our cards on the outside chance of landing the Governorship.

HOWEVER, in this stand we were overruled—properly so, no doubt. At any rate, we frankly admit we have never been able to master the fine points of politics. And we also admit that for Jackson County to have a Governor who can select the members of the highway commission would be preferable to having only one member on it. At any rate, Pop threw his sun-bonnet in the ring. And it seemed hardly necessary then—or now—to proclaim that the Mail-Tribune and his fellow townsmen are for him.

BUT we face, in this gubernatorial contest, not a theory but a condition. And that condition is that the final outcome will be decided, NOT by favorite-son enthusiasm, NOT by newspaper support, but by 36 representatives of the Republican party, from every county in the state, each considerably concerned about THE DESIRES OF HIS OWN BAILIWICK.

So all we can say, or do, is this: If any of those 36 would be for Pop Gates, if they didn't believe he lacked the united support of the people and newspapers of his home town; then they are as far up a tree as the distressed and misguided "neighbor" above mentioned, and they can—and are hereby directed—to plow down their votes for Pop, pronto.

MEDFORD and Jackson County may not possess all the virtues in the world, but one virtue they certainly do possess, that is the virtue of civic and community loyalty,—united and untrusting enthusiasm for their own people, absolute devotion to whatever will promote their common welfare.

With C. E. Gates, a candidate, they are for him, and if he should get the nomination they will take off their coats and do everything possible to elect him.

There, "Neighbor," is your answer!

Americianin: Selecting a hungry dog to guard the meat house; expecting him to be grateful for the crumbs that fall from your banquet table.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS 1. River in South America... 12. Thinest money society... 21. He in process of decision... 22. Metric land measure... 23. Party-colored... 24. Lover of hero... 25. Archaic colloq... 26. Pilot... 27. Thing... 28. Cup of a flower... 29. Wedded... 30. First man... 31. Lullaby... 32. Supervisors of newspaper department... 33. Aerial wine vessel... 34. Bare gun... 35. Extra part... 36. Mother-of-pearl... 37. Expert diving duck... 38. A throw at dice... 39. Devoured... 40. Unit of electrical current... 41. Whipped... 42. Helixian demonstration... 43. abbr... 44. Continent... 45. Symbol for tantalum

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle... TADSPPEARPIE... ASIAORNAMENT... PERTAINS OATH... EATER SEDATE... SAT RAN GA... SMA BOY LEVEL... TERM MET DIRE... ADAIR SECESS... BI NIL AHA... ANIMAL ISLET... ATOM POACHERS... CONSISTS ERIA... ERE TEES SEER

Personal Health Service By William Brady, M.D. Aligned 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 to the point. The first number of letters received only a few can be answered. No reply can be made if a question not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

FLAXSEED PSYCHOTHERAPY WORKS VERY WELL IN LONG DISTANCE PRACTICE. Pennsylvania writes he enjoys this column and derives much benefit from same, whence we deduce he is not a native of Scotland. My Scotch readers may not believe it but I do wish there were more of them among my correspondents. It is seldom a true Scot substitutes a longer word for the homely pronoun. Of course my Pennsylvania friend may have used the adjective in a humorous way, or he may have sought to give expression to a glad sense of gratitude and liberality. You know this is very psychological talk and we much overtook no symbols which betray inner consciousness, emotions, repressed wishes and all that. At any rate the Pennsylvania Dutchman or Swiss or Czechoslovakian or whatever he may be, goes on to say that he was badly constipated for 16 years. Then a year ago he started using flaxseeds as I had suggested, instead of his regular daily pill, and now he is O. K. He finds that if he takes the flaxseeds for two or three days successively, his alimentary function requires no further attention for two or three weeks. Then he has another course of flaxseeds for two or three days, then one or two or three weeks of freedom. By cracker, he doesn't wonder the pill magnates want my scalp.

Brisbane's Today (Continued from page one) can help the Kurds kill the Turks. In the light of history you can hardly blame them, but they may regret it. Kemal promises to wipe out their villages. In New York last night two little Jewish boys, weighing together 268 pounds, were matched in a prize fight. Forty thousand paid high prices for tickets to see them. Not 4000 would have paid half as much to hear Einstein tell about his relativity theory.

PHOENIX BOYS LAUDED IN C. M. T. C. TRAINING. PHOENIX, Ore., July 18.—(Special)—Word received here by Dr. Standard scoutmaster, from Theodore Andreanoff and Dudley Carol, who are at C. M. T. C. in Vancouver, prove that the boys are making wonderful advancement in all the work there and in fact are leading nearly all the companies represented there.

MUTT AND JEFF—The Defendant Asks for a Change of Venue. I'LL FIGHT SCHMELING FIRST. THEN I WILL TEAR DOWN CARNERA AND ERECT AN OFFICE BUILDING. THEY CAN'T COME TOO BIG FOR ME! SPORTS EDITOR.

HEY, BOY, GIMME A PAPER. I'M THE GREAT MUTT, AMERICA'S HOPE!! I'LL GIVE YOU THE MONEY TOMORROW! I'LL GIVE YOU THE PAPER TOMORROW.

WHO'S THAT GUY WHO SLAPPED ME IN THE FACE WITH A FURNISHED APARTMENT? THAT'S CHAIR-FACED JOE, THE FLYWEIGHT CHAMP! 102 POUNDS.

KID, REVERSE THAT STATEMENT. THEY CAN'T COME TOO LITTLE FOR ME! SPORTS EDITOR.

paid announcements in the kept medical press. Flaxseeds serve to intrigue—that's the proper word—the victim, to hold his attention, to keep his mind off from mischievous things. No matter how much or little flaxseeds the victim takes. In any case they can do no harm.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS VITAMIN Discovers Are Fast Workers

Kindly give a list of foods rich in vitamin G, as I have heard this vitamin prevents falling hair. (W. B.) Answer.—I should suspect home marrow, because I know the Perpetual Pup is very fond of it and his hair seldom falls any to speak of, not even in the spring when we kids want to pluck him. When you get beyond vitamin D you're too fast for me. I have heard vague rumors of a vitamin E, which some of the laboratory people think may have something to do with fertility in animals. But so far as human nutrition goes we can not assume more than A, B, C, D and perhaps a pellagra-preventing X. I may be a pellagra-preventing X, but have you tried my popular three-day treatment for falling hair? I am now walking and of my own treatment but then I lost mine before I discovered this method. I'm at least as reasonable about this as is the average beauty specialist about the tricks of the trade. Send a S. E. bearing your address and ask for advice about the care of the hair.

Alimentary Lubrication

What had effects if any from the habitual use of mineral oil as a remedy for constipation? (S. W.) Ans.—The best evidence that it is not a remedy for constipation is the fact that you have to use it habitually. It probably produces no very bad effects. But why cultivate such a habit? Ninety-nine out of a hundred persons with habitual constipation would no longer have their habit if they were forcibly prevented from resorting to any and all artificial aids for a period of 30 days. I dare say 100 of them would suffer no ill effects from such cruel and unusual treatment, save in mind.

Hay Fever

Some time ago you told of a remedy for hay fever. I intended to cut it out but neglected to do so. (Mrs. R.) Ans.—Spray a stamped envelope bearing your address and mention your complaint. I have no information or advice to distribute, except to correspondents who tell me what ails 'em. I feel that harm may come of the indiscriminate broadcasting of morbid information or medical advice.

Pruritus

Although there is no sign of any rash or irritation, my skin itches sometimes and I have to scratch until it becomes red and irritable. (M. A.) Ans.—Pruritus is the term for itching without apparent skin trouble. Send stamped envelope bearing your address.

Brisbane's Today (Continued from page one)

can help the Kurds kill the Turks. In the light of history you can hardly blame them, but they may regret it. Kemal promises to wipe out their villages. In New York last night two little Jewish boys, weighing together 268 pounds, were matched in a prize fight. Forty thousand paid high prices for tickets to see them. Not 4000 would have paid half as much to hear Einstein tell about his relativity theory.

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WHI Address Veis.

SALEM, Ore., July 18.—(Sp)—Governor Norblad will address the veterans of the second Oregon regiment of Spanish war fame, at their annual reunion, Laurelhurst park, Portland, Sunday, August 19.

Bolsters Robins



Ike Boone, the Pacific Coast league's leading hitter, who was sold to the Brooklyn Robins.

Twenty-two boats brought 1,050,000 pounds of mackerel into Boston yesterday. The fish sold for 4 cents a pound wholesale. Some day men will get rid of fish destroyers—sharks, small whales that devour millions of salmon, etc., as farmers have gotten rid of wolves that destroyed their sheep.

Then a small part of the ocean will be enough to feed the whole human race, unless middle men should decide to throw overboard rather than sell cheaply.

Hallstones six inches in diameter fell recently in Bulgaria, killed five including two children on their way to school. Boats are missing in the Black Sea.

Imagine millions of small sized old-fashioned cannon balls falling from the sky, and you can imagine such a hailstorm.

PEACH CURTAILING PACT IS RATIFIED

SAN FRANCISCO, July 18.—(AP)—Representatives of peach growers and commercial and cooperative canners of California have ratified the agreement to curtail the peach pack to 13,000,000 cases. This year's crop is estimated at 15,000,000 cases.

Canners have contributed \$1, 750,000 to purchase the surplus. Prices for the surplus were fixed at \$20 a ton.

"Inside the Lines" Now at Fox Rialto

"Inside 'the Lines'" all-talking picture of the women of the Secret Legion, comes to the Fox Rialto theater tomorrow. The story is of the war, the scene Gibraltar, where lovers meet under trying circumstances. There are plots and excitements in the picture. The cast is headed by Betty Compson, Ralph Forbes and Montague Love.

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Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) July 18, 1920. Berlin—Joachim, son of ex-kaiser, out of funds, is a suicide.

Claude Saylor and family return to city, after two years in Portland.

Community sing projects issues call for more baritone.

Evangelist Jerry Jeter flays the dance before large throng in tent tabernacle.

Chester Conklin, film comedian, to appear in person at Page theater.

Bill Gates returns from Penia, Ill., to make his home here, after several months absence, will enter new line of business, which he will reveal soon.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) July 18, 1920. Special train from this city to Ashland chautauqua.

Editorial: "The legislature must choose between the Oregonian and Oregonians."

James Grievie of Prospect recovers from heat prostration, an affliction he contracted in the Philippines, while fighting Aguinid.

Mortyran Evan Reames ran down to Grants Pass yesterday.

The last game of ball this year will be played Sunday. Manager Hill will give Seldon Hill, a young catcher, a chance to feel his oats.

SUNDOWN STORIES



AIR TIME-TABLES

(By Mary Graham Bonner) "My dears," said the Little Black Clock, "we certainly must get started if we're to catch the five-fifty plane for a little trip across the ocean."

"Of course, if we'd rather go across the continent and back we could take the five-fifty-one and one-half and have that trip instead."

"Then I see by my air time-table here that there is a plane that leaves every two seconds for a short ride to the next city and back and allows a stop-over of a few minutes in case anyone wants an ice cream soda."

"Let's take the last trip," said John.

"All right," agreed the Little Black Clock. "Now let's see," he continued, "this plane doesn't carry a swimming pool because it's not large enough and it only goes such little distances."

"However, I think it would be a pleasant little trip, and I'm sure you'd both enjoy the ice cream sodas. The weather is very warm."

The Little Black Clock had turned the time ahead, and he was looking at an air time-table that told about all sorts of trips and when the different kinds of planes left.

There were all sorts of planes in which they could go. Some were very large and were almost like hotels, and others were very small.

There were so many planes and so many different trips to be taken that the Little Black Clock explained that some of them left on the half-minute and even the quarter-minute—while some left whenever anyone wanted to get started.

John and Peggy took the very short trip, and at the end of it they had most delicious ice cream sodas.

"I'll tell you one thing, Little Black Clock," John said, "I'm glad people in the future like sodas, too. It would be dreadful if they were in such a rush they didn't stop for such delicious drinks as these."

"And they put lots of ice cream in, too," added Peggy.

Tomorrow—"The Ocean Boat."

Hood River.—Andy Rand opened restaurant at 111 Third street.

By BUD FISHER