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Ye Smudge Pot
(By Arthur Perry)
Along with all the other dark woes upon the world, comes the news from Corvallis, that most of the grass in Oregon has the "ephanaphora."

THE BEST LINDBERGH BABY STORY
A friend of Lindbergh called upon the famous flyer last week, and found him in the back yard washing a couple of parachutes.

Incidental to the arrest last week of Earl Sears, the Portland "book robber," as soon as he wandered out of Portland, comes the information, duly headlined in many upstate papers, that young Mr. Sears "was the son of Manford Sears, a Dallas saloonkeeper."

THE BIG BRUTE
(Dan, Kan., Register)
Dale Fair paid a \$1 fine in police court today for leaving his car on the street all night, but insisted that Mrs. Fair be credited with paying the fine. She left the car out and she paid the money, Fair said.

WASHING MACHINES
Ladies, why bend their willing body And rub thy fingers tender? Jam all your washin' in a sack, And to the laundry send 'er. When the tin has passed to yonder shore;

FAIR ENOUGH!
(The Dallas Chronicle)
After reading Tuesday's story of the hitch hiker who feigned injury in order to get a ride we have decided to answer no calls for help on the road unless the person calling is plainly dead.

Miss Sarah Hunt, suffered minor bruises and contusions when her sedan overturned. Miss Hunt could offer no explanation for the mishap. (Odessa Notes) It was at a sharp corner.

A new moon was loafing around back of Ben Harder's last evening. STENOGRAPHER DEATH
Since the first of the month the Porter Undertaking Parlors have handled three deaths. People in and around Otoo county are finding that Dan Porter is one of the finest young business men to ever put out his card in Nebraska City.

Municipal airports have been established by Rocky Ford and Delta, Colo.

THE NOMINATION OF PHIL METSCHAN

"The Republican machine, guided by the firm hand of the Old Guard, rode over the hopes and aspirations of the common people, and defying the mandate of the direct primary, and the desires of the folks at home, nominated Phil Metschan as the stand-pat candidate for Governor."

THIS is a free translation of the esteemed Portland Journal's editorial comment on the result of the state committee convention, held in the state metropolis Saturday.

It has a familiar sound. The Republican machine, with the Old Guard at the throttle, has been riding rough shod over the prostrate forms of the poor common people in this state, in every election for a quarter of a century. At least it has, in the opinion of the Journal.

FOR 25 years we have longed for a glimpse of this bone crushing Juggernaut, but even after hunting for it through a session of the state legislature, and searching for it, through countless political campaigns, we have never caught sight of it. Now we learn it functioned, with its customary power and ruthlessness, in the Elks Temple on Saturday last. We were unable to attend this convention, but have read all available reports of it, and talked with several individuals who did.

If the achievements of this convention were those of the horridous G. O. P. machine, then the One Horse Shay was a Rolls-Royce. For if a political gathering ever lacked machine-built domination, or any other kind of domination, this Portland free-for-all lacked it. If this convention was a perfect example of Old Guard efficiency, then "Leap Frog" or "King Around the Rosey" must be perfect examples of West Point military tactics.

FOR a more perfect example of true representative government, floundering around in the hostile atmosphere of the Oregon system, could scarcely be imagined than was provided by this state committee convention. Thirty-six delegates from thirty-six counties gathered together, each with a different idea of what that convention should do, and up to the final gasp, not one with the slightest idea as to what IT WOULD DO.

The final result was no doubt as great a surprise to Mr. Metschan, and the delegates assembled, as to everyone else. There was no caucus, there were no secret conferences at midnight in any hotel room, not even any wire-pulling worthy of the name. Not because these things weren't tried, but because by the nature of things, they couldn't be put over.

THE only approach to anything like machine control of the convention came from the one faction that refused to have anything to do with it—namely, the Joseph-Meier faction. This faction's ultimatum, that Kay, Metschan or Hamilton must not be selected, rendered the selection of one of them inevitable.

It was this force, and this force alone that, acting on disorganized confusion, brought the final result. In fact, if anyone cares to look up our editorial of last week (and no one will), they will find that we predicted then that if the Joseph threat were taken seriously by the convention it made the nomination of one of this trio certain.

METSCHAN finally won, because there was no outstanding support for him, or, to state it in another way, because he was second choice with more delegates than either of his "first choice" competitors.

In other words, the final result was a compromise, and one might add that the result of every action by a truly representative body without control or real leadership, IS a compromise. He won not because so much could be said FOR him, as because so little could be said AGAINST him.

ONE can approve or disapprove of his selection. But no one with any regard for the truth can agree with the Portland Journal, that he was ground out like a new sausage by the Republican machine, with the Old Guard at the stand-pat throttle.

He was the inevitable product of untrammelled forces working in the usual vacuum. No boss or machine gave direction to those forces. The direction was supplied by the Joseph-Meier ultimatum. The political gods then stood by and Nature simply took its course.

WHO WILL WIN?

THE Republicans now have Phil Metschan for a candidate, the Democrats have Edward Bailey; who the Joseph-Meier forces will have—if they have anyone—is still to be determined.

The loyal Republicans will support Metschan, the loyal Democrats will support Bailey; the rank and file, those who refuse to follow any party blindly (and who incidentally determine the result of most elections) will undoubtedly wait for the independent candidate before they make up their minds.

Probably they won't make up their minds then. They will more probably wait to see what the campaign develops, how the candidates conduct themselves, just how the issues take form.

ONLY one thing is certain. The people of Oregon, as a whole, don't know just what they want, but THEY DO WANT A CHANGE. With Republicans in this state outnumbering the

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS Solution of Saturday's Puzzle
1. Tardy
2. Top piece of a spire
3. Not so much
12. Etched stone surface for printing
18. Egyptian sun disk
17. Hindu priest
19. Indigo plant
20. Alter
21. Entangle
22. Age
24. Toward
25. Hub nut
30. Part of the mouth
31. Printer's mess
32. Afternoon function
33. Jump on one foot
35. Object of reasoning devotion
36. City in Kansas
41. Concerning
42. American Indian
43. Lasso from a fastening
44. Pointer on a sundial
45. Devoiced
46. American
47. Relief from fatigue
48. Bone
49. By
50. Long, narrow piece
51. Old English name
52. Small explosion
41. Ancient wine vessel
42. Excretes
43. Expression of lament
44. Need coverings
45. Shower
46. Lead antidote used in storage batteries
47. American humorist
48. Consider
49. Small soft mass
50. Cardinal point
51. Substance used in making linoleum
52. Surface
53. Ten-dollar bill slang
54. Short for a man's name
55. Note in child's scale
56. Metal fastener
57. Individual entry
58. Rebuild?
59. Greek letter
60. Sinecure
61. Steeply
62. Actually
63. Well-being
64. Ardor
65. English author
66. Propagate on another stock
67. Blind
68. Writer of nature stories
69. Supervisors of publications
70. Suffering
71. Initiators
72. Cookies
73. Sandwich filling
74. Oriental visitor
75. Old kind of bibliography
76. Hewing tool
77. Low life
78. Strip of rigging
79. Teutonic
80. Old spelling of
81. Pasture
82. Genus of South American trees
83. Present arm
84. Compact
85. Ancient slave
86. In a row
87. Without
88. Pronoun
89. Mountain in Crete
90. Preceded
91. Exile
92. Doves; prett

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
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24 25 26 27 28 29 30
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71 72 73 74 75 76

Table with 11 columns and 11 rows of numbers for the crossword puzzle grid.

Democrats two to one, Metschan will have a big lead at the outset. Against Bailey alone we would predict this lead would be overcome. But if Julius Meier or some other wearer of the Joseph coat, of a similar type, should throw his hat in the ring, then anything might happen.

One man's guess would be as good as another's. Only the individual who could know in advance not only HOW the independent plea would draw, but WHAT PROPORTION of the orthodox Republican and Democratic strength it would gain, could successfully predict the final outcome.

The country is still safe while voters refuse to support the worse of two evils merely because he is wet or dry.

It won't do to tell Willie, but most of the big jobs are held by men who caused their parents a lot of worry.

The best way to find out how good Southern Oregon is, is to take a trip to any other part of the country and then come home.

Another thing that keeps the bronze statue of a great politician from looking natural is that the elin doesn't wag.

The danger of destroying the underworld is that so much of the upper world would have no visible means of support.

"Liquor is responsible for the present crime wave." So that disposes of the charge that liquor isn't like it used to be.

An educated man is one who can tell what the other 18 amendments are, whether or not they worked, and why.

Nothing is impossible in a world where two ears can obey the parking rules by swapping places every hour.

Ripley's "Believe It or Not" has pictured almost every queer thing except the head used as a model for straw hats.

Miniature putting is all right, but what we want is a game where you sock the ball every time and walk only six feet.

Blessed are the poor; their dogs stay under the house.

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

SOME THOUGHTS INSPIRED BY A VISIT TO WASHINGTON'S TOMB

When Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was publishing his Professor and Autocrat at the Breakfast Table in a New England magazine he little reckoned that only a few years later I should take my cue from him and burst forth in my best imitation of his style in the daily prints. And when Robert Ingalls visited the tomb of Napoleon and uttered those stirring reflections of his—

thoughts which, in my judgment, are second only to Lincoln's Gettysburg Address in their power to move the heart—of course he could not foresee that not so many years later I should visit George Washington's tomb and have some thoughts of my own.

My thoughts, naturally, were not sublime, nor were they so very ridiculous as you might anticipate. They were, I confess a trifle morbid, even grisly, I suppose some would say.

For one thing I was disappointed with Mt. Vernon. Had I visited the shrine for the first time before I read Washington's Diaries my impression would have been different. But I was curious to see where and how he had housed all his servants. For some strange reason the old slave quarters have disappeared and you find no indication that Mt. Vernon ever harbored slaves.

But as I walked down the path that leads to the present resting place of Washington's remains I wondered whether or how one might go about getting consent from congress to open the tomb, remove the remains of Washington, and attempt to determine by scientific examination what the man died of.

Would the country or the world care to know? If anyone besides myself would like to learn the truth about the last illness of our first president, how much could we learn by examination of the remains as they are at present? Washington died 130 years ago. I doubt whether there is enough time to erase all pathological evidence. I believe it is still possible to determine whether Washington died of quinsy, or diphtheria, or pneumonia, or pulmonary edema consequent upon chronic nephritis.

I could reverence the name and fame of our great national hero fully as much knowing what carried him off as I do ignorant of that fact, and accordingly I do not see why anybody should object to such an examination, say by a committee of public representatives and expert pathologists. The official heads of the army and navy medical departments and the public health service would be on the committee as government representatives, of course. The actual experts wouldn't matter much—any good pathologist could learn in a few minutes all there is to learn. With each passing year there is less left to learn. It does seem that as an intelligent people we ought to make this effort to clear the historical record, before it is too late.

What do the medical members of congress think about it? What do the people think about it? QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS The I and T Club I should like to join the I and T club. I tried it without any instruction other than the hint I saw in one of your questions and answers, and the results were so gratifying that I should like to become a full fledged member. (Mrs. K. S. F.) Answer.—Some readers bless our soul and some don't for the Iron and Tea suggestion. Anyway, it can do no harm, and that's something we can't say of many things which darken gray hair. Glad to mail any of the older boys or girls instructions. We guarantee nothing, except that the I and T club has no mortality rate.

Mutilation Should Be a Felony I have a small tattoo on my arm and am very anxious to have it removed. Can you give me the name and address of one of those artists that remove tattoos? (R. S.) Answer.—Such a mutilation can be removed only by one or another surgical method, and the defect

covered perhaps, with a graft of skin from some other part of the body. In any case it is a surgical question and none but a competent physician can safely attempt the operation. If we had the right reverence for the house we live in, tattooing for other purposes than concealing of blemishes or defects would be a felony for the degenerate who does it and at least a misdemeanor for the ignoramus who submits to it.

What's the Use? Please outline for us what you think the elementary schools should teach in hygiene. We are endeavoring to arrange an entirely new course for our schools. (K. S.) Answer.—I just splutter when I try to answer such a question. First, will you outline for me what you think hygiene means? I believe the child should be taught elementary anatomy first for a term or two. Then a term or two of physiology. Next a term or two of personal hygiene. Afterward such subjects as dietetics, sanitation, pathology, biology, sex, parenthood, care of infants, etc., would fit in naturally—provided we kicked out algebra, Shelley and Caesar first.

How solvent people feel when they don't owe anybody but the doctor. Those people who have been telling the Senate where to go would be satisfied if they knew how hot Washington is now. All the modern woman wants is a man's job with the hard parts removed in consideration of her sex.

An impolite old gronch is a man who doesn't seem glad to see you when you are impolite enough to butt in when he is busy. Marriage modifies a man's characteristics; but whatever a girl is, marriage makes her more so. A quiet resort is a place where female morons sit under your bedroom window to practice useless talk.

Americanism: Making two blades of grass grow where one grew before; feeling poor because nobody wants the extra blade. But are you sure other men wouldn't seem as crooked as politicians if their lives were examined as closely? The most popular of coeducational institutions at present seems to be the coupe. "Shell" is an appropriate sign for a business that won't charge it.

The one who walks around the table, brightly advising each one how to play his hand, is called the hostess—with various modifying adjectives. Modernism: A preacher who hasn't any faith trying desperately to keep on good terms with paying customers who have. When able men are too proud to get votes by acting the hypocrite, they must be content with mystics in office. There's only one business in which success depends on starting at the top. It's the business of wiping out gangland.

There are just two kinds of writers: Those who say things all sensible people know, and those who say things that aren't true. Correct this sentence: "She possessed her family as a girl," said the gossip, "but she never hen-pecks her husband."

Are either given magic as you aren't. I've been lucky enough to have been given it, and so I'll always have it. The Grandfather Clock promised me that when he said he would give me the magic so I could turn the time backward or forward as I wished. "I'm willing had to agree that I'd be merrily not to tell the ordinary time." "Now I have a wonderful little flying wagon here which is going to take us right around the world in one day. I turned the time ahead so this very superior flying machine could let us have this trip. "You'll understand in a minute." It was bright and sunny as they started, and they kept on traveling and traveling and traveling. In fact they took a trip which lasted for twenty-four hours but so clever was the Clock that they were able to get back so as not to miss their sleep. He turned the time back when they got home so that they didn't lose any time at all. But throughout the whole, long trip, they never once lost sight of the sun. They simply could not understand it. "People have always said," the Clock told them, "that if you could walk around the world in twenty-four hours and start at noon you would never lose the sun over your head. Well, we didn't walk around it but we have had that trip. We've had sunlight every minute." Well, the Little Black Clock had given them some thrilling trips but this seemed more magical than any! Tomorrow—"Geology's Costume."

The city of Prague, Czechoslovakia, is collecting samples of all motion picture films referring to it in any way.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) July 28, 1920

Pendleton—Hunt for fugitive slayers of Sheriff T.H. Taylor of no avail.

El Paso—Pancho villa agrees to surrender.

Delliah Stevens named chief deputy in county clerk's office.

Employees of M. and M. store hold picnic on Rogue near Gold Hill.

Three new jazz orchestras organized in city this week.

Harvesting of grain starts in Sams valley.

Norma Talmadge, film queen, may visit Crater Lake.

Twenty Years Ago Today (From files of the Mail Tribune.) July 28, 1910

Blood flows in streets of Barcelona, Spain, as anarchists riot.

Col. E. Hofer of Salem and Dr. Clarence T. Wilson debate at nat. "Shall Oregon Be Dry, or The Saloon vs. Temperance."

City and county swelter in hot spell.

Attorney Porter J. Neff files incorporation for town of Talent.

Walter Frazier Brown of Chicago buys orchard tract.

South Riverdale paving completed.

THE LONG RIDE By Mary Graham Bommer

The Little Black Clock had used plenty of his magic for the trip he was going to take now.

John and Peggy were ready for him and when he told them that he was using plenty of magic they told him they hoped he would not run short of it.

"Run short of my magic?" he asked, in such a laughing, hearty tone of voice that the children felt comforted at once. "I should say not," he added. "I have plenty."

"You see you are either given magic as you aren't. I've been lucky enough to have been given it, and so I'll always have it. The Grandfather Clock promised me that when he said he would give me the magic so I could turn the time backward or forward as I wished. "I'm willing had to agree that I'd be merrily not to tell the ordinary time." "Now I have a wonderful little flying wagon here which is going to take us right around the world in one day. I turned the time ahead so this very superior flying machine could let us have this trip. "You'll understand in a minute." It was bright and sunny as they started, and they kept on traveling and traveling and traveling. In fact they took a trip which lasted for twenty-four hours but so clever was the Clock that they were able to get back so as not to miss their sleep. He turned the time back when they got home so that they didn't lose any time at all. But throughout the whole, long trip, they never once lost sight of the sun. They simply could not understand it. "People have always said," the Clock told them, "that if you could walk around the world in twenty-four hours and start at noon you would never lose the sun over your head. Well, we didn't walk around it but we have had that trip. We've had sunlight every minute." Well, the Little Black Clock had given them some thrilling trips but this seemed more magical than any! Tomorrow—"Geology's Costume."

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MUTT AND JEFF—Clothes Make the Boy

Comic strip panels with dialogue:
JEFF, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR CLOTHES? DID YOU JOIN THE BOY SCOUTS OR WERE YOU CAUGHT IN THE RAIN?
NEITHER! IT'S A COOL SUMMER STYLE! THEY CALL 'EM SHORTS!
IT AIN'T A BAD IDEA—EXCEPT I LIKE A LITTLE MORE MARGIN ON MY TROUSERS. WHERE'S A MIRROR?
IF THESE ARE MY CLOTHES I MUST HAVE GOT THE WRONG PAIR OF LEGS!
I DON'T MIND GOING COLLEGIATE—BUT I CAN'T GO KINDERGARTEN!