

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot (By Arthur Perry)

The general public is urged to give the tree-sitting boys a hand, for their fortitude. The green-sitting kids should be given a hand, first making sure they do not have a pie-plan concealed in the seat of their pants.

RUNNING TALKS SCHEDULED FOR C. O. MEET

Henry Ford, the tin-lizzite king, who a few years back announced his intention of getting "the boys out of the trenches by Christmas," and producing a synthetic cow, that would give milk without the convulsion of a water faucet, with no results in either instance worth mentioning, hopped into the front piggies again yesterday, for the first time in many a moon.

Sam Dean has a new Chevrolet

He is kicking up a lot of dust, but not getting any place, with the Orleans girls. (Orleans Notes.) Appoint a commission to find out about this.

There was a grass fire on Catherine, Kathryn, Katherine, Kathryn, Kittie, Kate or Kay street, in the late afternoon of the 29th.

A shortage of flies, of the house variety (Musca domestica) exists this summer, and the spiders are weaving webs from the handles of the frazzled-edged swatters.

FANCY SNORING

Snoring is like program music. It tells a story to the person who knows how to interpret it. Viewed from this angle it is surprising how the somewhat crude primitive machinery of a chest and lungs and open mouth and the ordinary nasal passages can produce so faithfully the picture of a steamboat approaching a drawbridge and whistling frantically for the draw to open, followed by the imitation of an impending thunderstorm and provide humorous relief in the form of a barnyard symphony, including the crowing of the cock, the bark of the dog, the meowing of the cat, and the creak of the hen, and above it and through it all the crescendo notes of the braying of the donkey.

IT IS ALL VERY CONFUSING

IT IS a fundamental rule of logic that two things equal to the same thing, are equal to each other. For example: If it is bad business for the Farm Board to attempt to peg wheat prices, by buying 100,000,000 bushels in the open market; And if Senators Henry J. Allen, Arthur Capper, Governor Reed, and other dignitaries of Kansas, ask Chairman Legge to buy 100,000,000 bushels of wheat for this purpose; THEN the aforesaid gentlemen of Kansas are asking Mr. Legge to do something that is bad business. And in thundering "No" to this request Brother Legge is merely upholding the principles of good business.

THIS is the present situation according to the rules of logic. But if we understand the arguments of the Farm Board critics at the present time correctly, Mr. Legge's refusal to buy this wheat was not only bad manners but bad business. Assuming the rules of logic, like the law of supply and demand, have not been repealed, then when ex-President Coolidge, commenting on Senator Capper's demand that Mr. Legge buy this wheat, declares such an attempt to peg the wheat price, could no more succeed than similar attempts to peg the prices of rubber in Great Britain, coffee in Brazil, or sugar in Cuba, he aligns himself with the Farm Board and against the political representatives of the great state of Kansas.

BUT again, if we understand the English language correctly, ex-President Coolidge, in taking this stand, is fighting President Hoover and the Farm Board, and joining hands with the opponents of both! It is all very confusing. When many months ago the Farm Board did buy wheat in the open market, our recollection is the Farm Board critics didn't like it. The United States Chamber of Commerce not only declared this action was poor business, and doomed to failure, but was contrary to the spirit of the Constitution,—an invasion of the field of private business by the government.

But now when the same Farm Board is requested by the Kansas delegation to do the same thing, and REFUSES, the same critics maintain this arrogance "makes the blood boil with indignation," as the chairman "dismisses the request of the representatives of millions of good American citizens."

POOR Mr. Legge! He has to struggle along in a world where the law of supply and demand is an "old wheeze"; and where the rules of logic no longer apply. He is damned in April if he buys 100,000,000 bushels of wheat; and he is damned in July if he DOESN'T.

GIVE THE FARM BOARD A CHANCE

SPEAKING of heat. Old Sol is now doing what the Farm Board has tried to do, but thus far has failed. According to press dispatches, corn in the Middle West is burning up. Governor Pollard of Virginia has been asked to lead in a state-wide prayer for rain. Like corn, cotton is wilting, pastures are drying up, "the furnace-like blasts from Old Sol have done irreparable damage." There you have this entire farm problem in a nutshell. There also you have the reason why this Farm Relief Act—although we approve the effort,—we fear, as a satisfactory solution of the problem, will fail.

THE plain truth is, that the only factor that CAN control the profits of the land, is the one factor over which we poor humans have no control, namely, the weather.

Ex-President Coolidge, with his shrewd common sense, is absolutely right when he says the law of supply and demand CAN'T be repealed. No matter what this Farm Board, or any other, tries to do; this law, and this law alone, determines the ultimate result. And while the demand remains fairly constant, or at least can be determined, in advance; the supply can't be—the supply depends upon forces beyond all human regulation or control,—the weather.

TAKE the present situation as an example. Thanks to the present heat wave and drought, the corn, cotton and hay supply is decreased. Thanks to the law of supply and demand, the price of corn has already gone up, the prices of hay and cotton will soon follow. Fine! What the Farm Board has failed to do the Weather Man has accomplished. But what good does this do the farmer, whose corn or cotton or hay has burned up? He gets more for what he has, but to express it effectively if not with strict accuracy, the trouble is HE HASN'T ANY.

NOW what the Farm Board is trying to do at the present time, with wheat, is precisely what the Weather Man has

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down. Includes 'Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle' and a list of words like SAT, POTATO, SALE, etc.

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

SURGICAL DIATHERMY NOW ACCEPTED IN SPOTS

Diathermy extirpation of the tonsils is now being completed in three or four sittings in many cases, treatments given at intervals of a week or so. This brings the method nearly if not quite to parity with surgical tonsillectomy in the run-offing—the time and attention the patient must give to the treatment. Deploping my newspaper statements in behalf of the "electric" method of tonsil removal in a long harangue in the official organ of the Minnesota State Medical Association the editor lays himself open to a gentle rebuke from me. In a 17 page diathermy extirpation "electric" he reminds me of the Boston medical man who actually published a book a few years ago with the title "Starvation Treatment of Diabetes." But then, we doctors do not always mean just what we say. Diathermy extirpation of the tonsils is no more "electric" than surgical removal of zullitine or spare is hydraulic. My Minnesota caricatures, if any, will be disheartened to learn that this here now diathermy is accepted and used by the leaders in various branches of surgery, as an improvement over ordinary crude cutting procedures. It requires more than a nifty 1928 model of surgical guillotine or the latest wrinkle in steel wire snare to extirpate tonsils with diathermy. It requires the training AND experience of the ordinary nose and throat specialist, PLUS special technical equipment, PLUS special training in its use, and extraordinary patience and delicacy, in short the tenderness of the artist, the true physician, the real surgeon. I still believe ordinary surgical tonsillectomy at best is a rather brutal, crude and bungling performance. Of course diathermy extirpation will never become the routine method of the majority of the medical profession, for obvious reasons. Need I be more explicit? I shall if the boys do not bring their absurd campaign of passive resistance to an end. The less said about surgical tonsillectomy in the newspapers the better for our profession. But I'll say it if I deem it necessary. Day by day my own list of specialists who are qualified to extirpate tonsils with diathermy is growing. Faster and faster they're "accepting" the new method. The crucial but unpractical medical journal editors might as well command the waves to recede. Surgical diathermy is widely employed in urology, in the cosmetic operations of dermatology, in the treatment of otherwise inoperative and recurring cancer, in the removal of brain tumor and other brain operations, and in gynecological operations, by the foremost men in the profession.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS A New Wrinkle in the Quack Business

If your doctor told you that your hair had "cancer of the blood" and that the only hope for him was a serum that cost \$100—what would you do? (H. E. C.) Answer—My doctor wouldn't try to put anything like that over on me. If he did I'd kick him down stairs and file charges with the state board of medical examiners with a view to having his license revoked. Only scoundrels exploit that alleged cancer serum. If your boy is really ill, for heaven's sake quit fooling with fakers and give him the benefit of medical advice by calling a reputable physician. Dracula Mother says it is just imagination, but I have always found it unpleasant to remain in a room alone, and ever since I saw the movie Dracula about two years ago I have been really afraid to sleep alone at night. I am 18. Every night I dream about quarrels, fires and other nightmares. . . (G. S.) Answer—Evidently it is a phobia, a peculiar and unreasonable fear, such as many of us have. Some of us fear crossing an open space alone. Some fear being in high places. Slender Youth I believe in your teachings, espe-

BOLT KNOCKS HEELS OFF DOCTOR'S SHOES

BLUFFTON, Ga., July 31.—(AP)—Lightning knocked the heels off both shoes worn by Dr. B. T. Johnson, when it struck a drug store yesterday. The doctor was standing beside a telephone when the flash came. He was knocked down and stunned but otherwise was unhurt. A celery ranch near Stockton, Cal., marketed more than \$4,000,000 of celery in a year.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) July 31, 1920 The city auto camp is a foreman place, as all the grass is dead, causing many tourists to get a poor impression. Knights of Pythias to hold big fish bake on the banks of the Rogue. Rev. Joubert Bray completes first year as pastor of the Methodist church, South. The bicycles belonging to the Slinger and Miksche boys taken from in front of the Liberty theater, have been recovered. City council grants free water to the Brownlee mill to be built soon in the north end of town. Second brood of codling moths sprayed by orchardists.

Quill Points

"Love is an enthusiasm and enthusiasms burn out quickly." So that's the reason candidates seem so cool after election. Banks now have devices to protect the depositor's money from every danger except fool banking. Note to the laundry: Wouldn't it be better to remove the matches from a shirt pocket and just dry clean them? You seldom see an old-fashioned hammock, youngsters having learned to sit close without the aid of gravity. What a world! If you're broke, people think you are dumb, and if you have a roll they think you are lined up with racketeers. If there is a limit to everything, as Einstein says, how can such succeeding tariff law get worse? Three hundred forty-four of Princeton's 430 graduates are engaged to be married. The others evidently think their education is complete. Americanism: Carrying a pistol to use in self defense; encouraging the other fellow to start something so you'll have a chance to use it. New photographs from the summer resort indicate that it is difficult to land a big fish without cracking the paint on its back. One of Wisconsin's congressmen says Hoover is so dry he squeaks. Maybe he just says "Eek!" when he looks at congress. The most expressive face, next to Lon Chaney's, is that of a hitch hiker when you slow down and then step on it. Important events in life of man: Fills stomach; fills head; fills house; fills busted straight; fills bank; fills grave. No wonder Hyrd's party escaped boredom: They had to keep busy to use all the things mentioned in the magazine ads. Think how much time could be saved by making your insurance policy payable direct to the automobile manufacturer. No wonder reformers multiply. It's the only job where a man isn't in danger of being replaced by a machine. Correct this sentence: "I can't find the cause of your trouble," said the specialist, "and since I've done you no good I'll make no charge."

SUNDOWN STORIES

KEEPING ON THE EARTH. By Mary Graham Bonner. "Of course it would be nice," began the Little Black Clock. "For us why we never do fall off the earth, considering it is round and it moves and we go traveling all over it." It was so nice of the Little Black Clock not to act as though he knew everything. "Geology, the new friend they had just made, answered at once, right after Peggy had said that she thought it was funny that the earth was really moving when no one felt it. "Now think of cows," she said. "They don't look as though they were on a moving earth." "That's so," Geology answered. "We don't feel it at all," he continued, "and we're held by a force we do not see and do not feel. It has so much to do with the wonderful word we call gravitation." "That's a dreadful word," John commented, and the Little Black Clock nodded. "It means so much and yet it's so hard to describe," said the Little Black Clock. "It means," said Geology, "the power and force with which one different bodies in the universe attract each other, or are drawn toward each other. It's hard to understand, I think, because it's something you can't see. You know you belong to the earth and you can't fall off it, but you can't see and you can't feel what is holding you on." "When you throw a ball up in the air it doesn't stay there. It's gravitation that brings it down, like an electric magnet." "Yes," like Newton and the apple," John said. "That's it," Geology agreed. "Later," he added, after a moment, "you must meet my children." "You'll bring them back to see me again, won't you?" he asked the Clock, and the Clock said he certainly would, and the children said they'd give anything to meet Geology's children. They wondered to themselves, what they would be like.

MUTT AND JEFF—A Good Trick If It Works

Comic strip panels showing characters talking about a 'fake' fight, a reporter, a married man playing a trick on his wife, and a hat trick.