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Ye Smudge Pot
(By Arthur Perry)

The Treasury Department reports that "an unusual number of dollar bills are disfigured." This is not due to general wear and tear, but the reluctance of the possessor to let go without a struggle.

"Model A Ford, fully equipped, good rubber, mechanically perfect, will sell or rent. Phone 1778, evenings" — (Siskiyou News.) Nobody blames you.

Some of the family skeletons seem to have escaped, clad in bathing-suits. — (Tampa Times.) As you may have noticed.

A flimsy movie actor refuses to participate in a romantic scene with Kay Francis, also of the movies, on the grounds that Kay is not temperamentally suited for the job, which includes some unmaking on the lips, at the finish. As the object of his flimsiness has a face that stops clocks and sours milk, simultaneously, nobody blames him.

WHAT NOT LYBICHE! (Trenton, Mo., Tribune) Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Dunkin, who recently hunched their boat on the matrimonial sea for better or for worse, but hope to ride the waves of the tide that shall flow, were called to their reward on the celestial shore, were given a charivari and shower on Saturday evening. There were seventy-two neighbors and friends gathered at their home six miles southeast of Trenton, where a pleasant evening was spent, even though the bridegroom was given a ducking in the water tank.

No wonder times are hard. 112,000 auto mechanics in Detroit are out of work, despite the fact there have never been so exceed 92,000 auto mechanics in Detroit.

The corn is now Kernelling out in fine shape, and the corn-meal production in the valley will be the same as last year.

Uncle S. called this am. He said his mission downtown, was to let a barber trim his whiskers, etc his wife did it.

There has been considerable whispering going on among the Democrats. The average Democratic whisper has a cruising capacity of 155 feet against the wind, but lends an air of mystery.

An Abe Lincoln said: "Everybody is talking about the weather, but nobody is doing anything about it." — (Heppner Notes) As Mark Twain said, "You can't fool all the people, all the time."

The John Perl boy is enjoying a cold he should have encountered last December.

The largest pants button factory in the world has resumed operation, just when the dimes were starting to drizzle into the collection plates.

Professor Kurt Vlesinger of Zurich, Switzerland, has invented a simple little locomotive, which he calls the hochdruckkondensationsdampflokomotive. — P r e s s D i s p a t c h. Try and beat that to the crossinghausenblattentagbreit-zungpfeifenstrasse.

There seems to be a peewee candidate for every peewee golf course.

RIAPSOBY
A-motor touring I will go
When I can have a radio
Incorporated in my car
To travel with me near and far
I will not ramble o'er the pike
Deprived of Ukulele Ike,
Or skin along sequestered ways
Without a snatch of "Happy Days"
I do not like the motor's hum.
It puts my system on the bum.
I cannot stand the songs of birds
In major fifths or minor thirds;
The sizzling brook has not the power
Of Hasenpfeffer's Hamburg Hour;
I have these things in my abode,
And want them with me on the road.

Oh, let me roll along the way
While Ginsburg's Jazzy Rascals play,
And let them charm me as I ride
Past billboards on the mountain-side!
Then, when the sun subsides to rest,
Will come the sounds that I like best,
Uttered by Andy and by Amos,
The gaze that made Joe Miller famous!
(Spokane Spokesman-Review)

IF JULIUS MEIER RUNS

FOR one reason—and only one—we would like to see Julius Meier run for Governor on an independent ticket. The reaction of the Portland daily papers, particularly the Oregonian, would be worth traveling miles to see.

As far as we can recall the Oregonian has never supported an independent candidate, or deserted the regular Republican organization, in any important contest.

The Portland Journal, in spite of its claim of independence, has been as consistently Democratic as any partisan newspaper in the state.

Therefore, under normal circumstances we would expect the Oregonian to give its enthusiastic support to such a deserving and orthodox Republican as Phil Metschan; and one would also expect that the Journal would not desert the regular nominee of the Democratic party, Edward Bailey, who has demonstrated that he is a man of fine character and good judgment, loyal to those sturdy principles of Jefferson and Jackson, which Portland's leading afternoon newspaper professes to worship so devoutly.

BUT with Julius Meier in the field, the circumstances, from the standpoint of the Portland newspapers, would NOT be normal. As everyone knows, the firm of Meier & Frank, of which the aforesaid Julius is the directing head, is the largest buyer of newspaper space in the Rose City, if not on the entire coast. We don't know just what the annual Meier and Frank advertising appropriation is, but it certainly must run into six figures.

And as everyone else also knows Julius Meier, while a liberal advertiser, is decidedly hard boiled. He is no sentimental Santa Claus. As a private citizen, directing Portland's largest store, his advertising policy is one thing, as a candidate for Governor, it would undoubtedly be quite another.

What will the Oregonian and Journal do with the deserving candidates of their respective parties in the field, and their largest advertiser running against them? Regardless of just what they will do, the resulting spectacle of straddling and justification should be decidedly worth watching.

THE FLIGHT OF THE R-100

THE successful flight of the British dirigible R-100, across the Atlantic, again arouses public interest in this type of aerial navigation.

The R-100 left England Monday night and did not land at Montreal until today. Bad weather and a break in the after-fin were responsible.

The bad weather, however, was nothing unusual. Such weather must be expected over the Atlantic at any time of year, and worse weather during the winter.

A Medford citizen, commenting upon the trip last night, predicted that in ten years practically all trans-oceanic passenger travel would be by dirigible, present day liners would be carrying freight.

WE have heard this before. To our mind it is a greater credit to the prophet's optimistic imagination than to his sound judgment.

The dirigible that takes over three days to travel from England to Canada will never compete successfully with the modern liner, that takes only four or five. There must be a far greater time-saving than that before the traveling public as a whole will abandon boat travel, for the more hazardous air travel.

The airplane has already achieved this time-saving. But this mode of trans-Atlantic travel is still too uncertain to be accepted today, as anything more permanent and serviceable, than an aerial tour-de-force.

With the rapid development of aviation, the dirigible will no doubt attain far greater speed, and the heavier-than-air machine more stability; but even so, we regard any actual substitution of ship travel by ocean air travel, within a ten-year period, as highly improbable. It will no doubt come eventually but scarcely in this generation.

Such prophecies merely represent the inevitable conflict between the romantic and realistic points of view, with actual experience almost invariably supporting the latter.

A gasoline war is much like any other. The big fellows start it and the little fellows are soaked later to pay for it.

Darn these open-air parties. If you sit still the mosquitoes eat you up and if you slap them the rick player thinks you are applauding.

But isn't "Chicago" rather an ambitious name for a cruiser with only 60 guns?

A town named for a great man never retains his initials—except F. O. B. Detroit.

Being strong and silent will never get you anywhere socially. Think of "Lamburger."

MUTT AND JEFF—He Might As Well Compleat the Job

JEFF, IF WE HAD BAGS AND CLUBS WE COULD CRASH THAT EXCLUSIVE GOLF CLUB.

RIGHTO! HOMMOCKS COUNTRY CLUB.

I'M THE PUNKEST GOLFER EVER LIVED—I'M TERRIBLE—THESE CLUBS ARE AWFUL!

I'M THROUGH! I NEVER WANT TO SEE A GOLF CLUB AGAIN!!

HEY—MISTER EX-GOLFER, THROW US THAT CADDY TOO—WILL YOU?

By BUD FISHER

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle
ACROSS
1. Maid
2. Advertiser
3. Spoken
4. Thick-skinned aquatic reptile
5. High wind
6. Fashion
7. Yacht
8. Tennis
9. Necessity
10. As far as
11. Finish
12. Issues from a source
13. South American mountains
14. Free card of admission
15. Genoa
16. Ship's officer
17. Symbol for tin
18. One who is defeated
19. Positive electric pole
20. Feminine name
21. Human date
22. Cut off
23. Cause of pain
24. Director's abbr.
25. Central railway
26. In the air
27. The Hindu deity
28. Gleaned
29. Type measure
30. The maple tree
31. Alphabetical characters
32. Persian poet
33. Low gaiters
34. Nozzle
35. Inhabitant of earth
36. Theological degree
37. Pointed foot
38. Tropical tree
39. Whiting breeds
40. Prophet
41. Pertaining to the Hindu deity
42. Family
43. Gleaned
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PARADE SWOONS
ARISEN TINSSEL
LOG ADMIRE WE
AM INSURE BEE
CAIN INSURE HASP
ESS COVENANTS
SEPARATED ART
EDAM IDES
DIP OMELET VE
AL ADORES PET
TEASES STEERS
ESTERS SENATE

Grid for crossword puzzle with numbers 1-100.

Electing congressmen for 20-year terms, might at least make it necessary to increase pensions only once in 20 years.

Now Junior will stiek around waiting for something to turn up while Daddy prays it won't be the bottom of the car.

An election proves nothing unless the wets or drys elect a man so ornery that he couldn't have won on his merit.

Mussolini has demonstrated that a dictatorship is the ideal form of government for people who will stand for it.

Chicago's star reporter was killed because he knew too much. You will notice few Chicago detectives are killed.

"She was wrapped in thought," says a Saturday Evening Post story. And very sensible, too, this sort of weather.

The Dry may also make an Ass of himself. But he doesn't claim Prohibition got him started at it.

Americanism: Man slays whole family; defense pleads it was only a small family and the judge gives him three years.

Feature news in 1950: Uncle Joe Brown is 90 years old and has never crossed the Atlantic in an airplane.

They say drinking was increased by making liquor hard to get, but that wasn't what increased petting.

Adam and Eve didn't originate everything. When they were caught both of them tried to lie out of it.

A frown has little cash value. Nobody ever got paid for being disagreeable except a traffic cop.

It's bound to come sooner or later. A reform movement to make the goldfish wear bathing suits.

Suffering in silence is more fun if you explain what you're doing so no one will miss it.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.
Signet letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, sent to disease, diagnosis or treatment will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. "Tag" 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.

WHAT! HOSPITALITY IN A HOSPITAL?
Once, and only once, in the days before Stater, I bought a two-cent newspaper just within the portals of an alleged hostelry and after a heated argument with mine host, I insisted on paying the three cents exacted of suckers who patronized the place. But away back B. S. one generally expected hostility in a hotel. In those days, hotel parasites were plentiful. I was the policy of the business. In those days, hotel parasites were plentiful. I was the policy of the business.

trained for their careers as deputy officials in the tax collector's office or counter men and sub-agents of a public service corporation. That blasted hotel keeper got the extra penny out of me, all right, or his concessionaire did, but it netted him a low just. In fact, he began to fear there was something radically wrong with his racket even before the business became Staterized. The reform came a bit too late to save him. He faded from the picture with the rest of the bandits. Today one unhesitatingly withdraws from any inn where hospitality is not in evidence, for it is reasonable to assume that there is something queer about the place if the arriving guest is not made welcome and no mistake.

Hospitality in a hospital should begin at the front door, remarks a southern physician. The patient appreciates being promptly and courteously met and escorted in a friendly manner to his room—the consideration he would receive if he visited friends. When he has reached his room or his bed in the ward, a nurse who has the true instinct or the right kind of training can by a little general attention add further to the pleasant impression and start the patient off on his hospital sojourn in the best spirit. This little kindness costs the hospital perhaps as much as the morning paper the modern hotel host slips under his guest's door.

Too often the person entering a hospital finds himself in the lobby unnoticed—apparently. An awkward wait, perhaps a kind of panic in the heart of the timid patient, then at last he secures up courage to approach the important personage in the office or at the desk, and probably has to wait several minutes before he can explain that he is a patient of Dr. Doe—yes, John Q. Dough, no D-o-o-w-e, who, evidently, is but a small fish in the middle, after all. Oh, yes, Dr. Doe, let's see, his initials are? Q. J., yes, and now what is the patient's name, nationality, religion, social condition, politics, occupation, financial rating—and finally the important personage summons an underling and forwards the goods—sends the package—consigns the patient to room or Dr. Doe, ward Q, Gynecological dept., where, after considerable argument between the various attendants the patient is ultimately landed, exasperated if physically capable of feeling exasperation, subdued if too sick to fight.

This is indeed a mild reception. Many an unfortunate victim knows the heavy, condescending and utterly inhospitable greeting that awaits the man or woman who is compelled to apply for admission to the average public or so-called "charity" hospital.

Unfortunately, one can't so readily withdraw when the welcome is not to one's liking. In this respect hospitals still have an advantage. We need a starter to infuse a little more hospitality into our hospitals.

Heroes are made and not born. Nobody willingly ditches his own car to save a fool.

A man isn't heeled just because he has lost his shirt. Look at Gandhi.

A great family tree is like others. The axis grow at the end of new branches.

It is predicted that rubber will be used in building. It would be nice for the back end of a beginner's garage.

A crank is a person who has sentenced his pet idea to solitary confinement.

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Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of The Mail Tribune.)
August 1, 1920
Claude (Shorty) Miles of Medford, now living in Pendleton, aids in capture of the Taylor killers.

Lady tonight complains to police that while seated in city park she was annoyed by three young men lying on the grass eating cherries and "shooting the pits at her, and speckling her white dress."

A haze of heavy smoke prevails. Party of four wanted for jumping board bill evade Chief Timothy.

Jerry Jeter ends revival meetings opposite Mail Tribune.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of The Mail Tribune.)
August 1, 1910
District Attorney B. F. Mulkey announces his candidacy to oppose Congressman W. C. Hawley for reelection.

Quebec—Dr. Crippen, wife murderer, trailed by wireless, admits identity and will return to England for trial, along with girl companion.

Pear shipping has started from this section and soon the world will be round with the high prices received.

Laying of steel on the P. & E. road completed to the 20-mile stake.

Canard going over the state that this city is without fire protection is scored in an editorial.

Secretary of Interior Ballinger to visit city, valley and Crater Lake.

Deer season opens with a record number of local hunters in the hills and the opening firing sounded like "a civil war bombardment."

SUNDOWN STORIES

THE COWS
By Mary Graham Bonner.
The Little Black Clock led the children to a pasture where a number of cows were sitting.

"I've turned the time back," the Clock said, "and with all my added magic we're going to be able to hear what the cows think about everything."

"Do they think much?" asked Peggy.

"They never look as though they do," John added.

"You'll hear all about it in a moment or two," the Little Black Clock answered. "He never turned the back so very, very far, but it took time for the cows to even decide this much. Ah, one of them is speaking."

Now one of the cows lazily turned her head and looked at the others. The others turned their heads and looked at her.

"It's enough," she said. "That we give milk. We help people as much in this way, and we'll continue to help them in the future."

"But that is quite enough for us to do. If we do anything more we'll have to continue doing it."

"Now let us all decide that we will give milk, but apart from that we'll be very lazy."

All the cows nodded their heads slowly and said:

"That will be all. We will do no more."

And then, as they walked away, they sang this song:

"We'll moo, we'll moo. We'll chew, we'll chew. It's quite enough For a cow to do.

We'll sit and dream Of our fine cream. They'll hold us in Quite high esteem.

We'll moo, we'll moo. We'll chew, we'll chew. It's quite enough For a cow to do."

"So now," the Little Black Clock laughed with John and Peggy, "you've heard what they think."

"We have," said Peggy, "and it's just about what I thought that they thought!"