

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
 Daily and Sunday
 Published by
 MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
 25-27 N. Fir St. Phone 174

ROBERT W. BUCH, Editor
 S. SUMPTER SMITH, Manager
 An Independent Newspaper

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 By Mail—In Advance:
 Daily, with Sunday, year.....\$7.50
 Daily, with Sunday, month......75
 Daily, without Sunday, year..... 6.50
 Daily, without Sunday, month......65
 By Carrier, In Advance—Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on Highways:
 Daily, with Sunday, month......75
 Daily, without Sunday, month......65
 Daily, with Sunday, year..... 7.00
 Daily, without Sunday, year..... 6.00
 All terms in advance.

Official paper of the City of Medford.
 Official paper of Jackson County.
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MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION
 A. H. C. average circulation for six months ending March 31, 1930, was 4322.
 Daily average circulation for six months to March 31, 1930—4675.
 Present paid A. H. C. 4459.
 Present gross run, 4965.

Advertising Representatives
 M. J. MOSEBORN & COMPANY
 Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

WILL DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON PLEASE EXPLAIN?

THE endorsement of Julius Meier by Dr. Clarence True Wilson, general secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance and Public Morals, adds another laugh to the unadulterated whang-doodle campaign.

The reasoning by which the militant Dry leader arrived at this decision is rather difficult to fathom. Dr. Wilson admits Mr. Meier is a Wet by inclination, but he falls back on the assumption that the Independent candidate would keep any oath he took to enforce the law.

Isn't this the type of logic which supports every candidate for public office, WHO VOTES DRY AND DRINKS WET? It seems so to us. They all tell the Drys they will see that the Prohibition law is strictly enforced, and they tell the Wets, that by personal inclination they are against it. So they slip into office by securing votes from both sides of the fence.

ONE is justified in speculating why Dr. Wilson overlooked the third gubernatorial candidate, Edward Bailey, who won the nomination in the Democratic primary.

Mr. Bailey, according to his platform, and according to all reports, is not only a Dry personally but politically. Instead of playing the demagogue and hypocrite, he has not only endorsed Prohibition, but explicitly states that he believes it has been a great moral boon, to this state and country, and should be protected from every onslaught by the outlawed liquor interests.

ISN'T this precisely the view of Dr. Clarence True Wilson, and the militant Drys he is supposed to represent? Then on what grounds has Dr. Wilson deserted the man who courageously defies the voters who oppose Prohibition, and rests his political fate upon those who support and believe in it?

Certainly Mr. Bailey and his Democratic supporters are entitled to a clear explanation from the National Secretary of the Board of Temperance, and the defender of this country's public morals.

To a man up a tree—or for that matter to a boy SITTING in it—it looks very much as though Dr. Wilson had violated one of the cardinal tenets of his faith, which is to place the principle of Prohibition ABOVE party and never sacrifice what he calls "the sacred cause" on the altar of political expediency.

A START IN WATER PUBLICITY

AS everyone knows, we have for a long time advocated drinking fountains and rest rooms on the Pacific Highway, so that no tourist could pass through Southern Oregon without knowing that Medford has the finest drinking water and the best water system on the Pacific Coast.

The suggestion has not been acted upon as yet by the city or the water board. But we are glad to note that our idea has borne SOME FRUIT.

The Standard Oil Company has now done in a SMALL way what we believe the city should do in a LARGE one. At the company's service station on the Pacific highway, a rookery drinking fountain has been constructed. Here spring water dashes over rocks and greenery, every hour of the day, and a thirsty world is invited to take a drink.

Individual drinking cups are provided by the attendant in charge, and an attractive sign gives the main facts concerning Medford's water supply.

THERE is no doubt that from the standpoint of good business publicity this service station will be a success. We regret that the initiative should have been taken by private business, instead of by the city, but if this action leads—as we believe it WILL—to the establishment of municipal fountains and rest rooms at the city's gates, there will be no cause for complaint.

Credit should be given where credit is due. It is not the first time that, in matters of public policy, what we call "Big Business" has shown the way.

It becomes more apparent every day that the difference between the various candidates for Governor will be the difference between tweedle-dee, tweedle-dum, and which one will give you a fat political job.

The price of corn mounts with the mercury in the Middle West. Now to be consistent the Kansas politicians should give all credit to the Farm Board, which was solely responsible when the price went down.

The people of Medford enjoyed Governor Norblad's visit, and the Governor enjoyed it too. Which only shows there are compensations for the man who does not choose to run.

Tree sitting may be a good publicity stunt, during the dog days, but the boy who prefers chopping up a dead tree to sitting in a live one, will be more appreciated when the cook-stove season opens in the Fall.

True, the bee works faithfully but his end is painful.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

ACROSS
 1. Recognize place
 2. Hang loosely
 3. Comprehensive
 4. Native motif
 5. Moving part
 6. The bitter
 7. Moist
 8. First woman
 9. Steps of a ladder
 10. Other
 11. Agricultural in
 12. Alan of north
 13. Mexico
 14. Children
 15. Vehemently
 16. Hypothetical
 17. Force
 18. Lark
 19. Lark
 20. Lateral bound-
 21. Lateral bound-
 22. Yook a chair
 23. Enormous
 24. Cozy homes
 25. As far as
 26. Acquired
 27. Knowledge
 28. Torn assunder
 29. Fetters
 30. Nothing more
 31. than

DOWN
 1. Bovine animal
 2. Exist
 3. Measuring in-
 4. Instrument
 5. Female sheep
 6. Sailors
 7. Merry
 8. Flowers
 9. Pen
 10. Point opposite
 11. the zenith
 12. Greater
 13. amount
 14. Not many
 15. Heligolus feag
 16. Thing
 17. Curial grass
 18. Twisted
 19. Denial

SOIL GRASP URSA
LATE OILER NAIL
ITEMS PAVE TIME
THRONE SETTINGS
NAVE REEDS
BLEAKEST NAY PA
BLEADE SENDS SUM
OGRE MESAS PARA
MEN PANTS CAKES
AR MAR SALARIES
PARIS LIRA
SERPENTS PEDALS
ELUL EROS SELAH
ESNE RULES RAVE
PEES STONE SEED

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57				58					59	

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 to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THESE OBSERVATIONS?

Writing in Journal of the Outdoor Life, for May, 1930, Miriam Zeller Gross tells how she won the battle with tuberculosis and a good medical care. She says:

"Some five years ago I was eloped since that time. There have been no breakdowns, and my health is probably better than it has ever been. I find myself able to accomplish a constantly increasing amount of work and have long since forced myself to forget any tuberculosis fear. On the other hand, not a year passes that I do not have a careful checkup by one of the most prominent specialists in the United States and three times a year my regular physician gives me a regular health examination. Likewise, I have never yet attempted any new piece of work that would involve special effort over a period of time, without first consulting my physician and being declared perfectly fit to tackle it."

A fine policy for anybody to follow in recovery, except that the regular physician can take care of the annual checkup as well as the periodic health examinations. The patient with arrested tuberculosis and plenty of money may spend something on the luxury of the tuberculosis specialist, but this is by no means necessary. If the patient has a good physician. By the way, the "prominence" of a specialist is not determined by his professional ability. It is determined rather by special fortune, business success or shrewd self promotion. Patients, I know, just love to think and have the world think that their doctors or specialists are "prominent," "leading," "the very best," but of course that doesn't mean a thing.

The magazine in which this

young woman tells her interesting story is a fine one for anybody who has, contemplates having or has had tuberculosis, to read. If such a magazine could be put into the hands of the youth who is in the pre-tuberculous stage of tuberculosis or already subject to incipient tuberculosis, instead of the cheerless and pretentious such youths get in the clutches of physical culture or "side health magazines," it would be a blessing. I suppose every doctor has seen tragic instances of smart-Aleck youths drifting along in the early stage of tuberculosis or other disease and pinning all his faith to the plausible but baseless nonsense taught by the humbug health "experts" who make fortunes out of such publications. It is sad to see a promising youth condemned to spend long years, perhaps, in a hospital or sanatorium to undo the harm done by the ill-advised monkeying with exercise, freak diet and the like when the disease was in the incipient stage. If fair consideration were given the subjects of physiology and hygiene in our public schools, this sort of exploitation of youthful ignorance and credulity by the crook publishers would be unprofitable and would therefore soon cease.

Think it over, wisecrack. If you're biting on some wonderful health building scheme or some short-cut healing system that happens to appeal to you just now because your name is on some mail-order taker's sucker list.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
 Doctors at Their Old Tricks

One doctor in our hospital (for tuberculosis) says ultraviolet rays or sunlight does not help a patient who has lung tuberculosis, but is good for tuberculosis of other parts of the body. Another of our staff doctors says such rays do help lung tuberculosis. Please give us your ideas. (G. C.)

Answer—All I know is what I

read in the medical journals. There seems to be some impression that I mean that sunbaths or ultraviolet light treatments are not so good for patients with pulmonary tuberculosis. I believe that applies only in very active cases with little or no fever, sunbaths or ultraviolet lamp treatment would be beneficial. Of course this is an individual question to be left to the judgment of the physician in charge; he knows best what the patient needs.

Solution of Sulphur for Graying Hair

You gave a formula containing sulphur to prevent hair from turning gray. We tried it and, as long as we used it faithfully it seemed to do the business. We had several bottles put up by the druggist at \$2.12 the bottle. But we have lost the formula. (C. C. S.)

Ans.—It was a prescription devised by a Washington skin specialist: Carbon disulphide.....50.00 Sulphur ppt..... 2.00 Carbon tetrachloride..... 10.00 (The sulphur dissolves in the carbon disulphide mixture.) Rub on scalp with cotton two nights weekly.

Very Few Calories in Bran

How many calories in a cup of Bran's bran? (Mrs. D. H.)

Ans.—Bran yields practically no calories. I do not know what nutritive additions the proprietary food you mention may have.

Bees Make Honey Without Alum

One of your correspondents asked about alum in honey and said it was necessary to use a teaspoonful of alum to the quart of clover honey. What for? Our bees make clover honey without using any alum. (The G. Family.)

Ans.—I do not know. Maybe the correspondent was making a honey substitute.

Buttermilk is Healthful

Is buttermilk consumed daily beneficial? H. E. G.)

Ans.—It is a wholesome, healthful beverage if one likes it. (Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)

Brisbane's Today
 (Continued from page one)

and was a moderately good conductor.

Genius apparently "just happens."

The Duchess of York, who married the son of King George, is at Glamis Castle, in Scotland, celebrating her 30th birthday, with Sir Henry Simson, distinguished obstetrician, quartered in the castle, and the home secretary, J. R. Climes, on the way there.

The home secretary must be present at a royal birth, to testify that everything was in order, and that the birth was a royal one.

He couldn't possibly recognize the baby in a year. Finger printing would be better but the British are conservative.

These are news items, each with a thought.

Another earthquake, following many, shook the Italian cities of Melit, the Rio Nero, shattering buildings, causing panic.

In India a small band of Mohammedans held up 15,000 Hindus, and killed several of them. The Hindus were marching past a Mohammedan mosque, annoying the Mohammedans. Britain can always count on Mohammedans to divert the Hindu mind from British misrule.

Bootleg liquor is efficient. Two men drank "genuine" pre-war rye whiskey in a New York speakeasy, disguised as a toy shop.

One dropped dead at the bar. The other walked to the sidewalk and died there.

The speakeasy owner was arrested.

Quill Points

If only they could invent a kind of hooch that would paralyze the tongue and trigger finger.

The moth gets all the blame, though it eats nothing itself; yet society gets none of the blame for what its young criminals do.

You see, there must be statesmen else people wouldn't know when their national honor needed defending.

A "great" writer is one who prompts us to write on the margin.

"How true."

FLAX DEPARTMENT TO GET PORTLAND FUNDS

SALEM, Ore., Aug. 5.—(AP)—Approval of a loan of \$200,000 from Portland banks to the state flax department has been given by the state board of control. The loan is for the purpose of expediting payment to the 265 Willamette valley farmers who this season produced the flax that is supplying the state plant. The flax, product of about 5100 acres is now being hauled to the penitentiary plant from all parts of the valley. The growers received their pay within a few days after delivery.

Biological Note: Wall Street takes such in as lambs and turns them out as goats.—Florence Her-ald.

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"We'll have to take a ride in one of these very early trains," the Little Black Clock told the children—and they were simply delighted at the idea.

"They were not afraid of a railroad! They were not afraid of a locomotive that drew a train along tracks. But the people were making great fun of George Stephenson and his locomotive.

They were saying that the sparks from the train would set all the houses afire along the route. They were saying that the boilers would all burst and kill everyone.

"Aren't they silly to be so frightened?" John asked.

"You must remember that I've turned the time back about 100 years and all this is very new and very strange to most people," the Little Black Clock said.

John and Peggy and the Little Black Clock took a ride on one of the trains now opened to the public, and they watched the people who stood along the roadside to view the new railroad train.

It seemed so strange to them that people watched a train as though it were the most curious sight in the world.

And now the Clock turned the time ahead a little further. The railroad had become a busy one and other roads were being built and people were using them both for carrying produce and for traveling.

Whenever they saw trains flying so quickly through the country now they would think of that little one of the cows and saying,

"I want to be an engineer when I grow older."

"It's too bad," John said, "that when people are so clever and smart that so many others make fun of them and say their inventions are no good until a long time afterward."

"That's so," agreed the Little Black Clock. "But that is the way it always is. We Clocks know that."

Tomorrow—"The Mice"

STEINER RECOVERING

SALEM, Ore., Aug. 5.—(AP)—Dr. R. E. Lee Steiner, superintendent of the state hospital for the insane, is able to leave his home after an illness of several weeks. He has directed hospital affairs from his bed.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
 (From files of the Mail Tribune.)
 August 5, 1920
 Bolshevism menaces European European peace, says Paris dispatch.

Oregon population is 733,288, gain of 16.4 per cent, census shows.

First car of Bartlett's for season shipped by Bardwell Fruit Co.

Violent thunder shower mostly noise, instead of needed rain.

Atlanta—Revival of the Klu Klux Klan sought, and organization now underway.

Attorney Gus Newbury and the editor renew argument on "Article Ten."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
 (From files of the Mail Tribune.)
 August 5, 1910

Medford Traffic association, seeking lower rail rates, presents testimony before interstate commerce commission.

Local lodge of Elks receives charter from the grand lodge.

California shocked by triple murder of unusual fiendishness.

B. F. Mulkey challenges Congressman Hawley to debate the issues of the campaign in this city.

Baltimore—Joe Gans, "the old master" of the prize ring, near death's door, from ravages of consumption.

Sheriff nabs a Central Point man charged with taking a livery rig for a ride without the owner's permission.

SUNDOWN STORIES

THEIR RIDE
 By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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Ye Smudge Pot
 (By Arthur Perry)

There will be considerable beetle rushing to the rescue, from gov on, by candidates full of the leading virtues, and the major angelic qualities. By mid-September the average voter viewing an aspirant for office, will be at a loss, temporarily, to determine whether the gent clinging to his hand is going to repeat the Lord's prayer, or give three cheers for "Old Glory." Humbuggerism and righteousness have already started running around together.

A story about the Scandinavians showed up yesterday, and was a pleasant relief from the long winter of tales about Scotchmen and Irishmen.

"He is a trained speaker, and it is almost an accident that the community will be able to hear him at this time"—(Huntington Notes.) That's what the verdict will be.

AND, NO FOOLING!
 (Emporia, Kan., Gazette)

Hereafter in the Emporia Gazette no news items will chronicle the doings of tree-sitters. The tree-sitting craze is a pure yen for publicity, and boys and girls should be thinking of something else. They can sit until their tails wear off in Emporia as far as the Gazette is concerned; and not a line in the Gazette will they get even though the trees bend and groan with them and the crop yields a hundred bushels to the acre.

"Clara Bow insists she is human . . ." (Movie Mag.) Miss Bow! If you are looking for an argument you will get one.

One of the Older Girls has returned from the hills, where she did not mind the mosquitoes, as she was treating all the time about contracting fleas.

One of the blessings of the present Hoover depression, is the complete routing of the notion that no evil happening amounts to anything without committing a paucant.

It is about time somebody on the outskirts of town, dug a potato of sufficient size to fill a plug hat comfortably.

Jim Grieve of Prospect now has a parrot, named Chico. The bird was represented by its former owner as a fluent talker, but to date is apparently of the opinion that it is no use, with the competition in sight.

OUCHSKI!
 (Mercury)

The Russians hiss it to each other every time another Yank comes through the door: "Amerikanski durak!" It is a greeting not unlike that which has made Texas Guinan famous, for it is a way of calling you a sucker, an "American damfool."

Who is the most generous spender in the Shanghai cabarets? Who buys the most dance tickets, the most "smallbottles" at \$20 a quart? Who keeps the ladies supplied with hot-proof, hottery and argent, silver? Who drinks the most, shouts the loudest, dances the best? Who falls for the expriences, sick-mother, younger-brother-and-sister sob stories? Ask the White Russian cabaret girl. She will answer "Amerikanski durak!"

The first batch of 1930 corn whiskey tastes like the distiller had eaten the kernels, and made mash out of the cobs.

"Dear Aunt Ada: What should a young man do when slapped by a girl friend?" (Portland Telegram) Slap her back, but next time don't get fresh.

Week-End Census in Large

Large, Scotland, claims that its last census showed only about half of the population, causing the city to lose \$10,000 in state grants. This year the census was taken on a week-end when all the people were sure to be at home for Sunday.

MUTT AND JEFF—The Boys Are Brothers-in-Law to a Sob Sister

READ SOME MORE TRUE LOVE STORIES, WILL YOU, MUTT? I'M TOO HAPPY!

WELL, THE LITTLE DANCEHALL HOSTESS WHO DANCED FOR TEN CENTS A WHIRL MET A SCOTCHMAN WHO WANTED TO HOP ON ONE FOOT FOR A NICKEL.

HE WAS THE SAME GUY WHO SAID TO ONE OF THE SIAMSE TWINS "IF YOU CAN GET AWAY FROM THAT OTHER DAME I'LL TAKE YOU OUT TO DINNER"—(SNIFF)

BOO Hoo Hoo!

THE LITTLE HOSTESS LOVED HIM—BUT SO DID HIS WIFE—WOT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT HOUND? DO THEY PRINT TRUE LOVE STORIES ON DOG BISCUITS?

O-U-U!

COME ON, JEFF, WE GOTTA CATCH THIS POOCH SO WE CAN FINISH OUR CRY!

TRUE LOVE STORIES

By BUD FISHER

Illustration of a dog named Jeff and a woman named the Little Hostess. Jeff is holding a biscuit and looking at the Little Hostess. The Little Hostess is looking at Jeff with a sad expression. There are other people in the background, some looking at the dog and the woman.