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Ye Smudge Pot (By Arthur Parry)

The former "Grand Dragon of the Realm of Oregon, and Representative of the Emperor West of the Rockies" is now in the front ranks of the forces of righteousness and progress, engaged in an abortive attempt to foist Julius L. Meier, leading merchant of the metropolitan village designated on the map as Portland, into the state house. The ex-Grand Dragon, etc., is a pleasant ens, and a smart one, and when such, favored this fair valley with an official visit, leaving some of the townsmen in a high state of awe, causing them to shun up the sides of Roxy Ann on a rainy night to burn some red-fire. He will give the proper sanctimonious touch to the Meier campaign, and figure out a way for the candidate to sell his over-stock of tuberculois for nightgowns.

CIVIC PROBLEM ARISES! (Read Bulletin)

As one drives south on Bond street, a large sign is seen dead ahead on a building at a turn in the street. A large tree is in the way of the first letter of the chief word in the sign, and for nearly a block what the driver reads is "Hell."

PRAYERS FOR JAIN TO ASCEND NEXT SUNDAY (Herald this paper.)

Supplications for meteorological freakishness, which will do no good. The coming hunting season will show a little life. A Harney county rangeland had a pitchfork shot out of his hands by looking too much like a mule deer.

"BLONDE ADMITS CHARGE" (Herald Coos Bay Times.)

It's no crime to be a blonde. The valley aristocracy has adopted the fashionable superstition, viz: Never use the last cigarette in a package, but throw it away along with the package. The supposition is that good luck will then attend the heavier. The best way is to throw the objectionable cigarette over the left shoulder and try and hit a black cat.

We do not want any more Billies for several years, as well-disposed folk have inundated us with copies. Some houses possess six Billies already. We still have many copies lying idle. Also we shall not require any more Epsom salts for a long time, as we have 200 lbs. waiting to be taken when required. (London Times.) The law of supply and demand gets underway.

Several fathers of boy treasurers throughout the nation, have exercised their parental rights, and spanked the young heroes, and others have gone aloft, so they can get a sq. meal too.

It is now claimed that the use of rouge by the fair sex, is on the decline. This may be so, and then again it may not. It is probable that the informant is suffering from an optical delusion, and his wild guess is due to a Babine, a lady who did not sneeze on her quota for the year, at one daub.

CHANT OF EVELYN

No more dates with Evelyn—I'm through! she hasn't done a dorgone thing. But she's keeping me in her second string. It's weeks since she has been aboard. My little old faithful bobtailed Ford That steps right out when she steps in. So—no more dates with Evelyn—I'm through! No more dates with Evelyn—I'm through! I can't compete with an ath-lete With a swollen head and out-size feet. A Harvard undergraduate. A pop-eyed fish from the codfish state. Who talks through his nose and couldn't say "R." Who drives a big imported car—A sap with a stare and a silly grin; So—no more dates with Evelyn—I'm through! So—no more dates with Evelyn—I'm through! All our bunch are pretty sore That we don't see Evelyn any more But summer's passing, and moon again. She'll need us rude crude western men For rides and dances and dinners 100. (Kansas City Star.)

WHAT'S 'SMATTER WITH KANSAS?

POLITICALLY, Kansas resembles Oregon. It is essentially an agricultural state and strongly Republican. Every now and then, particularly when farm prices decline, there is a political revolt and amid great political excitement the insurgents rap the G. O. P. elephant hip and thigh, and the old pachyderm is forced to run for cover, only to re turn rarin' to go after the windstorm has passed.

For the past two months such a revolt has, according to press dispatches, been in progress. Sensing the situation, Governor Reed jumped the reservation and, making his appeal to the embattled farmers, lambasted the Hoover administration, and particularly the Farm Board. The high point of this horrendous conflict was reached when Alex Legge, chairman of the board, invaded Kansas, walked into a Reed ambush, and barely escaped with his life. The redoubtable Alex, nursing his wounds, remarked that in opposing what acreage reduction, Governor Reed and his followers proved themselves to be "the biggest hogs in the trough."

Whereupon the Governor jumped to his microphone, broadcasted the fact that the hard-working yeomanry of Kansas had been grievously maligned and insulted, and demanded that President Hoover immediately ask for Chairman Legge's resignation.

YESTERDAY the election was held. The night before Governor Reed predicted an overwhelming victory for the anti-Hoover forces, and a complete repudiation of Chairman Legge and the Farm Board. Senator Allen, a strong administration supporter, was scheduled as a major casualty, for while he had supported Governor Reed's demand that the Farm Board purchase wheat, he had refused to follow the rambunctious chief executive in his opposition to the President and the Farm Board.

BUT something apparently went wrong. Governor Reed was badly beaten, and by the man who had stood by Chairman Legge, and publicly repudiated the Governor's attack upon him. More surprising, the Governor was beaten where he had expected the most strength, in the rural districts. Senator Allen was renominated over two to one.

It really looks as though Chairman Legge knew what he was talking about when he said the farmers of Kansas and elsewhere, were suspicious of their political saviours, and were beginning to think FOR THEMSELVES. The issue between the Farm Board and their political opponents could scarcely have been more clearly drawn than it was in Kansas. The victory for President Hoover and the Farm Board is, under the circumstances, a sensational one.

THE Kansas result should give the Meier and Frank cohorts in Oregon considerable food for thought. Perhaps this alleged agrarian revolt against President Hoover and the Farm Board is not as serious and widespread as political muck-rakers, like Governor Reed, would have us believe.

That popular unrest and desire for a change exist, no well-informed persons would deny. But perhaps the voters themselves have certain definite ideas as to just what that change should be.

At any rate, the farmers of Kansas undoubtedly prefer the Hoover program to the program of Governor Reed and his self-appointed saviours. Perhaps we shall discover in November that the farmers of Oregon feel the same way.

WHAT! NO SECRET BALLOT IN THE MEIER CONVENTION?

SOMEONE is always taking the joy out of life. Just when we had our mouth watered to see the well-oiled Meier machine turn out the Apostle Julius, as the Independent candidate for Governor tomorrow night, the official announcement is made that:

"No secret balloting will be entertained under rules of order when nominations are considered. None is to be denied a part in the proceedings."

Now, isn't that too bad? We anticipated such a pleasant comedy when the forces so opposed to machine politics, and the secret ballot, would adopt them both in their own convention. But the Meier board of strategy is too wise.

There will be no secret balloting. No one is to be denied a part in the proceedings. The spirit of the direct primary will rule, the voice of the dear people will be heard, open covenants will be openly arrived it.

SO if Mr. Meier should by some chance be the nominee it will only be because his opponents in the convention could not put over their candidate in a fair fight with no favor. His victory will be the victory of free government expressing its will in open convention, the perfect symbol of the sacred Oregon system.

"Every delegate is to publicly declare his choice." The supporters of Mr. Meier will have to announce their support openly, just as will his opponents. WHAT A KILKENNY AFFAIR, WHAT A HEAD-CKACKING ORGY, WHAT A BATTLE BE-

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down. Includes 'Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle' and 'ACROSS' clues like '1. Style', '6. Rich man', '10. Finds the sum', etc.

Down clues for the crossword puzzle, including '1. Plant', '2. Molding', '3. Utter hopelessness', etc.

Completed crossword puzzle grid with numbers in the squares.

TWEEN FREE AND OPPOSING FORCES, THE INDEPENDENT GATHERING PROMISES TO BE!

One must expect something like this, as the roll is called: A. Slaughter: "I assert my God-given right as a free American citizen and regardless of the consequences cast my vote for that sterling citizen, that defender of the poor and the down-trodden, Julius Meier. I was defeated for the Legislature in the May primary."

Harry L. Gross: "I stand with Slaughter: I, too, was defeated for the Legislature in the May primary."

James Maguire: "Count me with Gross and Slaughter. Like them, I was defeated in the May primary."

Paul C. Bates and Harry Kenin: "Come what may, we are for that (etc., etc., etc.) sterling citizen, Julius Meier. We, too, were defeated for the Legislature at the recent iniquitous (we mean divinely ordained and sacred) direct primary."

Then would follow Glenn Metsker, F. H. Hilton and Clarence Yeaker, defeated at the same election, all courageously standing for Julius.

Whereupon Ralph C. Clyde, defeated for Portland commissioner; R. C. Holman, defeated for Portland mayor; W. C. Culbertson, defeated for congress; Frank Tichenor, defeated for the Legislature in Coos and Curry; W. T. Eakin of Astoria, defeated for renomination as circuit judge; L. J. Simpson of North Bend, defeated for Governor; Roy Kendall, defeated for sheriff in Multnomah; Robert N. Stanfield, defeated for U. S. Senator; F. M. Sweet, defeated for mayor of Astoria, and so on, and so forth, ad infinitum.

WILL ALL FEARLESSLY AND UNCOMPROMISINGLY THROW DISCRETION AND PERSONAL ADVANTAGE TO THE FOUR WINDS, AND STAND UP THERE IN THE CONVENTION HALL, CASTING THEIR BALLOTS FOR THE MAN WHOM THE PEOPLE OF OREGON HAVE SO CLEARLY CALLED.

Too bad! If Mr. Meier should nose out a hard-fought victory, no one can claim that anything so iniquitous and abhorrent as a political machine had anything whatever to do with it!

Maybe fight fans would feel they were getting their money's worth if someone would suggest everybody stretch in the seventh round.

No, Willie, please don't sit in a tree but see how many days you can wash windows without stopping.

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.

MODERN SURGERY VERSUS THE OLD SPANISH CUSTOM.

Diathermy means heating thru. It is the only way in which we can raise the temperature of a deep structure or tissue or organ above that of the rest of the body. Such treatment is medical diathermy. It is accomplished by means of special apparatus which converts electricity into heat in the body. Diathermy treatment, medical or surgical, is NOT electric, although a common term among doctors who employ diathermy in surgery is "electro-surgery."

Other terms that this modern invention has brought into use are endothermy (heating within), coagulation (meaning cooking of the tissue or searing it), desiccation (meaning dehydrating or numbing), fulguration (meaning a momentary flash or spark), and "radio-knife" (a layman's term for the endothermy dissector). All of these are determined by the character of the current used. The apparatus generates an alternating current of 1,500,000 to 3,000,000 cycles or oscillations. If you know what that means—I don't. Special attachments modify this current to precisely what the operator requires, so that he may produce any of the effects described, as well as to my mind, a wonderful and incomprehensible thing that with such apparatus and special technical knowledge a doctor can use diathermy to cut, shrivel, cook or sterilize or pasteurize any tissue of the body.

I quote briefly from a technical article by a physician skilled in surgical diathermy: "For cutting purposes, the active electrode is energized by a different type of current. The cutting is not done by the electrode, but actually by the current, which forms ahead of the electrode an electrical arc which separates them as they were cut. Further, by modification of the amount of damping of the same current, a greater or lesser degree of coagulation or dehydration may be produced at will at the edges of the severed tissues."

Desiccation is the form of diathermy chiefly or entirely employed in the extirpation of infected or cancerous tonsils. This is not to be confused with "burning" the tonsils out with the electric cautery. In most cases diathermy extirpation of the tonsils can now be completed in three to six sittings and without the use of even local anesthesia.

The "radio-knife"—as the layman dubbed endothermy, because the apparatus has radio dial which are manipulated to modify the current type very much as one tunes in on the radio—is now in general use by the better surgeons in cancer operations, gopher operations and cosmetic operations especially.

Medical diathermy is, to my mind, the greatest advance in therapeutics in our generation. All sorts of pains, sprains, lameness and stiffness yield under an application of diathermy as they yield to nothing else that I know of. The doctor who can give patients diathermy and knows how to handle it is a pretty good doctor to have I think. Mind, I say he must understand the use of diathermy, whether it be in medical or in surgical treatment. There are few remedial agents or instruments that are more dangerous in the hands of the quack or the unqualified healer.

The more I see of diathermy extirpation of bad tonsils, and think of surgical tonsillectomy, the more I feel inclined to call diathermy modern surgery, and, in addition, share or desiccation-tonillectomy an old Spanish custom.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS I GUESS NOT.

One doctor advises man of 40 with chronic appendicitis to marry and forget it. Another advises rest, low-carb or appendix, minimal oil at night and a diet of

laxative food until it clears up. Your opinion will settle a dispute.—M. F. S.

Answer—I could venture no more than a guess, and long-distance guessing is too much a gamble for me. It is risky enough when the doctor can study the case before he forms an opinion. Vinegar.

Please tell me whether vinegar is harmful. I crave the taste of it, especially pickle juice.—L. J. Answer—Occasional indulgence in pickles or use of vinegar as a condiment is harmless. It is unwise to drink vinegar or use it constantly. I believe it is preferable to use lemon juice in place of vinegar wherever this is possible, lemon juice being a food utilized while vinegar may do harm when taken too freely.

Wow! Wow! What a Hospital. I wish to protest against the exorbitant prices charged at the hospital. For a cot in the ward for a child the charge is \$7.50 per day. If that ward is filled the child must be placed in a private room at \$15 per day and \$7 per day for the child's mother if she remains with the child. Besides that there is a charge of \$30 for use of the operating room.—J. P.

Answer—There are good hospitals in the same community, where the charges are more moderate. Ten dollars is a fair charge for the use of an operating room. This hospital evidently caters to a class of people in EASY circumstances.

SUNDOWN STORIES THE MICE By Mary Graham Bonner

The Little Black Clock was ready for the children when they came for him. "We're going on a very funny little adventure this evening," he told them. "John and Peggy and the Little Black Clock played in the hay loft for a while and then the Little Black Clock said: "We've played enough. We must listen now."

"That we don't hear anything," John said. "It was so quiet when we first got here too. We've made all the noise."

"Listen," said the Little Black Clock. "Listen very, very carefully."

They listened and after a moment or two they heard a few little scratching sounds and a few little squeaks.

"They are going to talk it over now," the Little Black Clock said. And then came forth a whole family of mice. One mouse was larger than any of the others. He began to speak.

"We must always be very quiet," he said. "It will be our only way of getting along. We want to visit pantries and nice cellars and we don't want people to come along and tell us to leave. We are not going to be invited to go to places. People don't seem to care about asking us for dinner—and so, as long as we do not receive invitations we will have to give them to ourselves."

"But always move very quietly, speak in low squealing tones and as little as possible. Keep away from cats and other enemies. But always be very, very quiet."

The mice all squeaked very softly and then scampered lightly away.

"And ever since that time (for I turned the hours backward to-night again)," the Little Black

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) August 6, 1920. Labor and race riots mar day in Colorado and Illinois.

Reginald H. Parsons presents Siskiyou Cattle association with \$100 check for fair exhibit.

Fred C. Bell of Chicago purchases the Austin Corbin orchard in the Eagle Point district for \$80,000.

Paving between Jackson and Josephine counties on the Pacific highway to be finished by August 15.

All fruit pickers are requested to register for the coming season.

Chamber of Commerce committee on tourists wrestles with the problem of furnishing free wood for tourists stopping at the city camp grounds. Attorney Gus Newbury detailed to prepare new auto laws for city traffic.

Twenty Years Ago Today (From files of the Mail Tribune.) August 6, 1910. Eileen, a postoffice near the Blue Lodge mine, named after Eileen Reddy (Mrs. Walter Downe), daughter of Dr. J. F. Reddy, faces destruction by fire.

Valley to ship three cars of pears daily, beginning next week, railroad officials predict.

Chance for the west side to secure opera house, if all property owners boost.

Chamber of Commerce calls special meeting of all realtors in the city.

Eugene Amann is elected fire chief for the tenth successive time.

Dr. J. M. Keene, republican state central committeeman for Jackson county, is circulating locally the petitions of Jay Bowerman for governor.

Quill Points

Turkey is killing insurgents. An insurgent is a great liberator who falls to a put over.

So many picnic parties wrecked Sunday evening, when will drivers learn they can't scratch with both hands?

You can recognize a town that has a "metropolitan area" by the haystacks inside the limits.

A dangerous alien is one who denounces American institutions as our high-brows do.

Down with the Reds! The American government will tolerate no challenge to its authority except from its own citizens.

Porch swings are all right for modern courtship, but bashful lads of other days needed the kind of hammock that gave them the benefit of gravity.

A great moralist is one who can explain why it is naughty to dress uncomfortably except at the seashore.

One reason why marriage disappears ultra moderns is because it hasn't anything more to offer.

Times aren't really hard until a mere child can lift the Saturday Evening Post.

Americanism: Reach for a pistol instead of using your fist.

When better scars are made, flivvers will make them.

Of course machine guns are dangerous in the hands of gangsters, but, bang it! arms manufacturers must live!

Now they are making artificial castings for sausage, so it may yet be possible to do something for yes-men.

Now Will Hays promises to stop fake movie advertising. But how can we tell which ones to avoid if there's no big ballyhoo to puff over the bum ones?

Clock said, "There has been a saying people have used. You may have heard it—as quiet as a mouse."

Tomorrow—"Madam Summer"

MUTT AND JEFF—The Truth Will Out in a True Story

Comic strip panel 1: Jeff is talking to Evelyn. "JEFF, I GOTTA GIVE UP THESE TRUE LOVE STORIES BECAUSE I CRIED SO MUCH MY RHEUMATISM CAME BACK. LISTEN—HE WAS A HANDSOME LIFE GUARD—AND SHE COULDN'T SWIM EITHER!"

Comic strip panel 2: Evelyn is talking to Jeff. "SHE WAS THE BEAUTIFUL SPANISH TYPE—IN FACT SHE WAS SO SPANISH SHE WALKED WITH AN ACCENT—SHE DRUGGED HIM BY DROPPING A CAMPHOR BALL IN HIS GRAPEFRUIT."

Comic strip panel 3: Jeff is talking to Evelyn. "WHEN HE WOKED UP HE FOUND THAT HE HAD BEEN SHANGHAIED ABOARD A SWANBOAT IN THE PARK LAKE—HIS PROUD FATHER MADE HIM GO TO COLLEGE—BUT HE MADE UP HIS MIND HE WOULD ESCAPE FROM THE SOPHOMORE CLASS AND GO STRAIGHT."

Comic strip panel 4: Evelyn is talking to Jeff. "WELL, WHO'S THE FINISH? OH, I FORGOT—THE GOAT COUGHED UP THE RED FLANNEL UNDERSHIRT AND THE HERO FLAGGED THE TRAIN—BOO HOO HOO!"