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MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
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Ye Smudge Pot
(By Arthur Perry)
It was necessary for a Portland court to step in and halt a juvenile walkathon raging in the suburbs.

OUCH!
(Salmon Bar Notes)
While visiting his grandmother Saturday, a cin of peaches exploded, a little little Artie Sharp on the back porch.

As a matter of fact, Oregon is suffering from a mild attack of the Non-Partisan league, a malady that effectively flattened out North Dakota, and is just discovering what ails it.

A levy of old fashioned snuff articles were precipitated on the community the first of the week, and caused some hoarse guffaws, despite the depression.

John Ross Deuel of Central Point was in town Monday and has pulled his Paw's nose so much it is twisted slightly to the left. He also likes to chew on the steering wheel of the family vehicle, but has made no progress in his gnawing.

The weeds and killjoys are flourishing in the rural areas. Calvin Coolidge is mentioned for the presidency. Many would rather have a venereal disease than Wall Street Democracy as a Vermont Republican with only one speech, and that about economy, in his larynx.

"TWO YOUNG MEN IN A HURRY!"

AT FIVE O'CLOCK yesterday afternoon Harold Gatty and Wiley Post hopped off in the "Winnie May" from Harbor Grace, and this morning about nine o'clock they were eating breakfast in the aerodrome at Chester, England.

"We're two young men in a hurry," they told their fellow airmen and, true to their word, drank their second cups of coffee (we hope they liked the British coffee better than most Americans do), climbed into their plane and roared into the air for Moscow via Berlin.

"Two young men in a hurry" is right! What a world, what a world, and what a time to be a part of it!

From America to England in a little over 16 hours, the same time, if one is lucky, that it takes to travel from Medford to San Francisco on the dear old S. P!

And at the present moment Otto Hillig and Holger Hoirris are soaring over the Atlantic with Denmark as their first stopping point.

THRILLING, isn't it? But in the last analysis speed is not the most important element in such achievements. That is secondary to the EFFECT that such speed—the annihilation of time and space—is going to have upon the civilized world.

With America and England as near together as Medford and San Francisco; and with America and Denmark no further apart than Medford and Carmel, Europe ceases to be a foreign land, and whether we like it or not, becomes one of our elbow-touching neighbors.

Not immediately, of course. But just as soon as air travel becomes—as it is sure to become one of these days—relatively as safe, as travel by rail or steamship.

WHEN that time arrives, the relations between the nations of this world will be as vitally transformed, as were the relations between the states of this country, when the stage coach gave way to the railroad.

We are apt to forget that only 130 years ago, when it took over a week to get from Boston to Philadelphia, Indiana was actually more of an alien land to New York than England is today. This profound truth was expressed in a different way by the later-Professor Channing, when he said that school textbooks notwithstanding, it was not the battle of Yorktown nor the aid of France, nor the inefficiency of King George that won American independence. IT WAS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

AND now the airplane has removed the Atlantic ocean.

This does not mean that John Bull and Uncle Sam are to join hands under one flag, but it DOES mean, in our opinion, that in another 130 years,—perhaps before—not from the standpoint of languages, customs or complexions, but from the standpoint of international relations, there will be not only a United States of America and a United States of Europe, there will be a UNITED STATES OF THE WORLD!

HEARST RUNS TRUE TO FORM

WE WISH William Randolph Hearst would seriously contemplate this fact. But he won't. William Randolph is the world's champion opportunist and trouble maker. Sufficient unto the day (for him) is the hokum thereof.

So in opposing President Hoover's suggestion for a war debt moratorium he is running absolutely true to form.

Ever since Hearst's papers were barred from Canada and Great Britain during the war, Hearst's foreign policy has been motivated by his desire to slap the face of King George.

England would be benefited most by such a moratorium, for it is paying this country more of its war debt than any other, therefore W. R. fires a blistering editorial broadside against it. The attitude is purely personal, as all of Hearst's political attitudes are. He hates England. President Hoover recently opposed his pet depression-cure plan.

That's enough for William Randolph. If the law of gravity ever defied him, he would fight it with the last linotype at his command. He is in reality one of the last of the absolute monarchs. He is whole heartedly for no cause, no party, no country—he is for William Randolph Hearst, first, last and all the time.

SO THE issue is drawn as far as President Hoover and Hearst are concerned. And no issue could be more to W. R.'s liking.

How he and Brother Brisbane will twist the lion's tail, again make "Herbert" a loyal subject of King George, and flood the highways and byways with inflammatory insinuations calculated to arouse the hatreds, suspicions and passions of the rank and file.

As before stated, a debt moratorium is not only right, it is desirable from the standpoint of this country's self interest. It is the one action that CAN be taken which will guarantee BETTER business conditions, and might actually transform them.

But the political difficulties, both nationally and internationally, are tremendous. And William Randolph Hearst, as usual, will do his utmost to capitalize them.

About all you can say for sin is that it makes a good movie title.

The old time bar was superior to the speakeasy in one way. It had enough self respect to throw out the drunks.

MUTT AND JEFF—One Man's Meat Is Another Man's Poison

Comic strip panels with dialogue: HOORAY—GOOD NEWS! THAT'S TOO BAD. STOCKS GO UP—MILLS RESUME WORK—THOUSANDS OF MEN RESUME THEIR TRADES. I'M GLAD I DIDN'T LEARN ANY. EVERYTHING'S FINE—GEE—MUTT—IT MEANS THE DEPRESSION IS OVER. THAT'S TOUGH—NOW I AIN'T GOT ANY EXCUSE FOR NOT WORKING!

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Predicament
7. Horace of a certain gait
13. Associated
14. Beginning
15. Loss one's footing
16. Running not
18. Irridicent gem
20. Large open vessel
21. Secures
22. Top piece of a shoe
23. Pronoun
24. Wire measurement
25. Spout speeches
26. Means of transmitting force and motion
27. Word of consent
28. Flower
29. Prepare for publication
30. Thing
31. File together
32. At an angle
33. Fertilization
34. Pertaining to the moon
35. Still water within a coral island
36. Assist
37. Outer part of a wheel
38. Ornament
41. Give food to
42. Mercenary
43. Italian river
44. Soft drinks
45. Spanish article
46. Jumbled type
47. Mineral spring
48. Narrative
49. Performed
50. Engage with acid
51. Unit of electrical capacity
52. Broad
53. Rubbed out
54. Servile
55. Wish
56. Cozily
DOWN
1. Greeted
2. Baby's bed
3. Tear apart
4. Like
5. Pertaining to punishment
6. Son of Seth
7. Hard qualifications
8. Scene of combat
9. 191
10. Kind
11. Nature
12. Soil of fish
13. Steps for crossing a fence
17. American Indians
18. Prevaricator
19. Evergreen tree
20. Constellation, The Virgin
21. Japanese coin
22. European fish
23. Flowed
24. Mire
25. River
26. Cover
27. Gradual passing
28. Toss for one's own
29. The chief Teutonic gods
30. Swiftly
31. Omit in pronouncing
32. Front of a building
33. Volume: abbr.
34. Postpone
35. Burdened
36. 16 square rods
37. Hair covering
38. Clock face
39. Possesses
40. Covering of false hair
41. Note of the scale
42. The Greek N

13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68

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. Using the large number of letters received only a few can be answered here. No replies to queries not conforming to instruction. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

THE WAY OF THE WISEACRES

As that great national fallacy, the annual vacation, looms on the horizon and nearly everybody whose health will stand it plans to go somewhere or other, anywhere, but where one is, brief spool-spout discussion of vacation fever may not be out of place in a health column.

Dr. G. M. Cooper of the North Carolina state board of health takes the pulpit here today—without his knowledge or consent. You see, Dr. Cooper is the guy who edits the monthly "Health Bulletin" published by the state health board and widely distributed to North Carolina citizens and some of us favored denizens of other places. The "Health Bulletin" in my opinion, is the most readable and helpful thing of the kind in this country, and nearly every state health department as well as many city health departments lease some such regular message to the citizens or rather to citizens who care to be on the mailing list. The trouble with most of 'em is they're so terribly dry that even I can't read 'em, and the layman who can pore over deadly health or morbidity or mortality tables must be a complete nut, though these state and municipal health authorities seem to regard the lady generally as a large group of complacent nuts.

Well, I must now quote from Dr. Cooper's May number—we'll imagine the doctor stepping into the pulpit. And let me urge you heed to listen carefully to what Dr. Cooper says. It may save you a lot of funeral expenses for your estate.

"Arnold Bennett... was only 23 years old... had become perhaps the foremost author in the world. "He died of typhoid fever. "A man in the full possession of his powers, at the top of accomplishment and fame, died as uselessly as those babies to whom in America we used to feed infected milk! "A shot of serum, a five-minute pause for a preventive measure against one of the preventable diseases, and Arnold Bennett would still be looking forward to a decade of active work. In North Carolina this service is furnished free. —Raleigh Times."

As for that final remark of Dr. Cooper's, it is not just a clever, it is the name of one of the cleanest newspapers in the country. Honestly, folks, I never noticed it till we arrived at the close of Dr. Cooper's sermon. But no matter. All the better. The Times said it and Dr. Cooper recognized the wholesome lesson it conveys and published it in the Bulletin.

As for I warn you of the immunizing against typhoid fever, by your own physician or, if you can't pay, by your city health department, right now. If you contemplate traveling, touring or visiting any summer resorts this summer.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS?

Feeling Nettled?
A tea made from the roots of the nettle will cure hives. (Mrs. J. P. H.)
Answer—"Nettle rash" was an old-fashioned name for hives. Perhaps some of our readers subject to hives will try out nettle root tea and report whether it makes 'em feel more or less nettled.
Can't Tell Definitely Yet
Please advise in your column whether it is true that the hair on your head grows after you are dead. (Miss T. V.)
Answer.—At this I'll try. But I can tell you right now mine grows very little and I'm only half dead.
Dictionary Wisdom
Cold is defined in my dictionary.

Quill Points

All the farm board needs to control now is the farmer.
A "damned alien" is any foreigner who makes more money than you do.

All the bush league needs to pay expenses is some arrangement that will let the home club win all the time.
How odd that statesmen never notice that times are best when nobody is doing fool things to make them better.

The ideal law seems to be one that suppresses bad people and doesn't interfere with nice people.
Americanism: Boasting of your superior speed; building the fastest craft of every kind except automobiles, airplanes, motor boats, locomotives, steamships and cruisers.

But if there were no crooks or fools, I think how many lawyers would join the bread line.
You can easily tell them apart. If it seems a prize fight, it's wrestling, and if it seems wrestling, it's a prize fight.

How doth the little busy bee set a fine example! And the poor sucker is worn out and dead in 35 days.
Answer—Ordinarily there is no harm in the playing of wind instruments. You had better be guided by the advice of the doctor who examined you.

Playing Wind Instruments.
Five years ago it was noticed that when I talked steadily for a while or sang, the skin on both sides of my throat puffed out. I went to the hospital and found out it was blowing up by air and that there was no danger. I am 15 and want to know if it would be all right for me to play a wood-wind musical instrument.—J. S.

Answer—Ordinarily there is no harm in the playing of wind instruments. You had better be guided by the advice of the doctor who examined you.

President is Commended
To the Editor:
The coincident of the president's war debt moratorium, and your wonderful editorial, being printed in the Sunday issue just shows that good and right thinking and real ideas do not belong to any one class or creed. And to class our "lowly" editor with our far-seeing and "inspired" president, may seem strange to some, but that again just shows you on what plane right thinking puts us.

I do think this last move of our president's is the greatest thing that has happened since November 11, 1918. It again opens the door to all to apply the "spirit of human brotherhood" that was so universal for several centuries following the world war. It was this honest application of the "golden rule" or the "spirit of human brotherhood" that many believe was the primal cause of our so-called prosperity.

You call this sudden world change a "miracle," but many things beginning to know that all things are mental, and the right thought is all that is needed to completely change things.
Now if all the people, both here at home and abroad will take the "open hand" offered by our president, and extend it on to our neighbors, am sure the results will be another miracle.
C. THOMAS
Ashland, June 23.

CHINESE ARMY FORCE SLAYS 1000 REBELS

CHUNGKING, China, June 24.—(AP)—The Chinese army here today said Szechwan province military forces operating along the Szechwan-Hupeh border had fought a sharp battle with reds, routing and killing 1000 of them.

LONGVIEW MILL AGAIN DESTROYED BY BLAZE

LONGVIEW, Wash., June 24.—(AP)—At a loss of approximately \$50,000 the Central Mill Works, a woodworking plant, burned to the ground here early today, the second time in 18 months. The fire was the third at the mill in that time.

CRANE BUSINESS AREA DESTROYED BY BLAZE

CRANE, Ore., June 24.—(AP)—Loss of approximately \$15,000 was caused yesterday when fire swept West Main street and destroyed five business houses. The blaze started in a restaurant.

Construction contracts in the New Orleans territory showed a gain in April of \$1,414,000 over the same month in 1930.

FLIGHT 'O' TIME

(Medford and Jackson County History From the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
June 24, 1921.
Hot weather spoils fishing in Rogue River, sportsmen complain.

Asher Neff, marine, visits parents on a furlough.
Complaint filed that chamber of commerce reception committee for tourists is not functioning.

Mrs. James A. Stillman, testifying in divorce suit, declares, "no wife can hold a husband, if the other woman" flatters him enough.
Snow deep at Crater Lake, and tourists warned no food will be obtainable, until after July 1.

First grass fire of season occurs on Beatty street.
Autoists reported they saw a strange meeting in a pasture near Central Point last night. The auto-thorities could offer no explanation of the queer session. All participants were dressed in white.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
June 24, 1911.
(Five Saturday)
Fats vs. Leans ball game called off on account of rain.
Revelers keep residents of Woodstock street awake half the night singing and fighting.

Epidemic of gold strikes reported throughout the county.
A transient loses his life in Rogue river, while fishing.
Local Elks flock to Klamath Falls for celebration.

Sheriff auctions off a graphophone on the Main street for \$75 attachment.
Art Burgess is named game and fish warden for Medford district.

Especially in a street car you can tell a gentleman by what he stands for.

The P. O. Department reports a steadily increasing business, so the collection agencies still have faith.
It's as broad as it is long. The more fool drivers perish, the fewer there are to rock the boat.

Another reason why the policeman doesn't enforce the laws is because he doesn't want to look for another job.
Times will change whenever something happens to give people something else to think about.

Talks To Parents

SHORT-SIGHTED PENALTY
By Alice Jindson Peale
One of the most common ways of dealing with small offenders is to put them to bed for the rest of the day.

Convenient as this may be for the harassed and busy mother, there is nothing else to be said in its favor.
As a punishment it has the fault usually of having no reasonable connection with the misdeed. A small child breaks a window, pulls his sister's hair, tears the parlor curtains, and he is picked up and punished into bed.

He does not see the point, but he does know that mother is mad and that it is all very unpleasant. There follow long hours during which he is first miserable, then bored, then resentful or perhaps merely sleepy.

If resentment happens to be his chief feeling, he undoubtedly will find ways of getting even then and there by getting out of bed, throwing the room into disorder, or making the furniture with shoe blacking.

One really serious consequence of this particular punishment is that it has but to occur a few times to fill the child with a dislike of going to bed at any time, for it has become for him a punishment.

One therefore fights tooth and nail against taking a nap. Bedtime comes to him as a punishment, and he is not at all surprised when he is told to go to bed at any time, for it has become for him a punishment.

And so having dealt thoughtlessly with one problem, mother soon has a whole crop of new ones.
It is an infallible rule in child training that it is unwise to use as a means of punishment something which at other times you will want your child to enjoy doing.

The commitment to memory of lines of poetry or the doing of some extra household chore never should be associated with the odor of punishment.

From then on the story began to go everywhere. There is hardly any one who doesn't say that the ostrich hides his head in the sand. "People who want to show how foolish some one is say that he is like the ostrich who hides his head. Oh, dear, oh, dear, that story has certainly gone the rounds."

"Isn't that a shame?" asked Mrs. Ostrich of John and Peggy, and they agreed that it was.
However, they promised the ostrich that they would tell everyone who ever repeated that story that there was no truth in it, and the ostriches were very grateful.

In fact, they were so grateful that they offered John and Peggy some dates. So John and Peggy sat there beside the ostriches and the Clock and ate most delicious dates.

After while the sun went down and in the distance they heard the stink of a lark.
"His or singer, almost our only one, but a fine one," Mr. Ostrich said.

Peggy and John felt sure that they must have come to sleep there in the desert, for the very next adventure was in the desert and the ostriches were still with them.

Face-horses, says a sporting writer, are usually given very little to eat on the morning of a race. The best thing, of course, to make them fast.—The Humorist (London).

SUNDOWN STORIES

MR. ESTRICH EXPLAINS
By Mary Graham Bonner
There wouldn't be any sense to our hiding our heads in the sand if we didn't know that Mr. Ostrich told John and Peggy, "and yet they say that we do it."

"It is true that our brains are very small. We don't know much and that bothers us, but we wouldn't do anything as foolish as that! Gracious no!"

"We aren't given that much credit, though. People have seen us lying flat in the sand, and someone started the untrue information about us hiding our heads."

By BUD FISHER