

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 25-27-29 N. 1st St. Phone 75

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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Ye Smudge Pot

If Messrs. Hoss and Meler hold the notion in their noggin...

Another maid has become enmeshed in one of those sad and sorrowful episodes...

O, GOSH! AND BEHOLD!

Just as folk were getting up and dressing at the Big Bend camp meeting...

Arms and faces of pessimists are now about the same length...

Roaring ears from foreign parts have made their appearance...

It is now possible for a valley denizen to return from New York City...

ECONOMIC BRIGHT SPOT

I am a careless spender and the fact is generally known in this fork of the creek...

As long as the governor is going to extend pardons to all burglars...

It begins to look like the weather would be such as to give straw hats some employment...

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A CREED FOR 1931

I believe in the United States of America. I believe in the American ability to beat any beatable set of circumstances and come up smiling.

I believe in the ability of the American citizen to swim upstream, hit fast ball pitching, break out of a half-nelson and have a pretty good time in the bargain.

I believe that in the long run fair weather overbalances the bad, that all "breaks" are subject to the law of averages, that the expression "Good old days" is relative and that everything comes out all right in the wash.

I believe a little optimism never hurt anybody and can be taken straight.

I believe in the capacity of the American industrial leader and in the common sense of the American working man.

I believe that Uncle Sam is still at the old stand with a brave heart and a clear head and I do not believe he is in any danger of losing his pants, coat, vest or shirt.

I believe in the total inability of Russia to change the course of the stars, to rearrange the general appearance of the heavens, to eliminate the constellations, to discontinue the daily rising of the sun, to subject the rainbow to a five-year plan or to make the American of normal backbone jump into a hole and pull it in after him.

I believe American railroads are worth considerably more than a dime a dozen.

I believe the United States Steel Corporation, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, the General Electric Corporation and other big industrial institutions will stay in business and that none of them is in any danger of having to take on a side line of lead pencils or apples.

I do not believe there is any danger of seeing John Pierpont Morgan, Owen D. Young, General Atterbury, Charlie Schwab or James A. Farrell throwing their jobs overboard and deciding to make a living as ferry boat musicians.

I believe that what the country needs more than anything else is a restoration of the ducking stool for professional pessimists, squawkers, calamity howlers and confirmed grouches.

I believe in the ability, instinct, capacity and power of the average American to fight his way out of any difficulty, to scale any reasonable heights, to make the final payments on the automobile, to put something in the bank and to look adversity in the face and tell it to go to hell.

I believe the American people will continue to own and operate automobiles and that there is not a Chinaman's chance that conditions will arise which will make them decide it is a good idea to go back to the bicycle and the buggy.

I believe the American housewife will continue to have an electric ice box and will never again be satisfied to spend a half day mopping up the kitchen after the visit of the old-fashioned iceman.

I believe the old-fashioned washtub has gone for good and that anybody who thinks the American wife is going back to the old days of drudgery and inconvenience is two-thirds cuckoo and one-third army mule.

I believe three square meals a day will always be the American standard, but that even if we miss one or two it won't hurt us.

I believe in common sense and natural vision as opposed to the "fidgits" and the use of smoked glasses when anything goes wrong.

I believe in the silver lining, the rainbow after the storm, the plunge through center, the infallibility of the slogan "Never lead your chin" and the potency of the cries "Block that kick!" and "Hold 'em Yale!"

I believe that much of the world depression is "done by mirrors."

I believe the worst is over and that it never was as bad as it was advertised.—H. I. Phillips.

(Reprinted from the New York Sun).

Career: Any job that harvests hand-clapping.

Happy thought! Why not leave law enforcement to the Interstate Commerce Commission? Everybody minds it.

A substitute for oak bark in tanning hides isn't a new idea. In our time they used apple sprouts.

But why not get down to bedrock and and confess that all our woes are caused by lack of honest men?

And Methuselah did it without taking up exercise at the age of 750.

A bear market has advantages. Few people borrow the company's funds to keep it going.

Psychology: A new way of reaching conclusions arrived at by old-timers as a result of common sense.

Of course you know why it is called a "gasoline war." In a war the gas is awful.

Another good thing about the racketeer is that he robs you without demanding tariff assistance.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle 1. Hobbies 2. Asserit 3. Conspirator 4. Medicinal plant 5. Vessel for washing 16. Wander 17. Anxiety 18. Music drama 19. Smooth 20. Ecstasy 21. Outlet 22. Air comb. form 23. Hollow cylinder 24. Hiss 25. Most plaid 26. Birds with fabric 27. Excitation 28. Allure 29. Odd Scotch 30. Lot of work 31. European country 32. Made amends for 33. As far as 34. Short line for attaching a hook 35. Climbing organ of a vine 36. Corners 37. Edge of a roof 38. Liver 39. Hire 40. Equus comb. form 41. Trial 42. Ballot 43. Irishman 44. One who notes the speed of a race 45. A judge of Israel 46. Male deer 47. Wheelless vehicles 48. Hire 49. Truth 50. Winkler 51. David Copperfield's first wife 52. Observed 53. Inclines 54. South American animal 55. State possibly 56. Cylindrical 57. Obliteration 58. Keening from happening 59. Lens-shaped edible seed 60. Those who direct a gun by using the sights 61. Governed 62. Monkey 63. Always 64. Arrived 65. Character in a play 66. Short jacket 67. Mark of a blow

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 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.

SOME BABIES CRY TO BEAT THE BAND

A baby's tummy is built to stand some hard knocks. It is capable of keeping nice and warm against heavy odds.

The belly muscles are the first the baby learns to use with any great degree of coordination.

Most of the newborn infant's other muscles are comical by nature or uncertain in movement.

But when the little rascal settles down for a good hoo, then you see what perfect muscle coordination can do.

First the wonderful little beggar draws up his legs, then he inflates his bellows, and wow-wow, he makes such a big noise that he blushes about it himself, or maybe it is just a flush of satisfaction.

Anyway, it is unlucky for the baby if grandma or one of the neighbors happens to be standing by when he winds up for a good cry.

In that case he is pretty sure to be accused of having colic, and the penalty for that is a dose of something pretty terrible.

Really, it is too darn bad a baby can't have an occasional lusty crying spell for exercise without somebody perpetrating a dose of alleged colic cure or some due to "help" his digestion or to "move" his bowels.

If we were not already cursed with a plague of laws I'd say there ought to be one to prohibit this nefarious pastime of plying the young infant with such dope on such a pretext.

Amateur parents ought to try to get through their thick heads the fact that a regular infant may at an average of one lusty crying spell a day, for the development of his breathing, digesting and circulating functions or organs.

Of course if you are ignorant and vicious you can feed your baby some ever-ready dope and keep him as quiet

as you think a baby should be. If you wish you can quiet the baby forever this way, and probably nobody will chide you for it.

Thousands of babies have been done away with in this manner by people who thought they were doing the right thing for their babies.

A good deal of unnecessary and unjustifiable bloodletting is given young babies, particularly in the summer time, by the belly band, which, among ignorant people, is kept on the unhappy infant weeks and months after its purpose has been fulfilled.

They keep the band on the baby because they have a little superstition that the baby may take "cold" if they remove it too soon.

Of course that is just an old tribal superstition but it is hard to tell ignorant people anything and a lot of doctors do not even try. The doctors are not seeking to make more business for themselves; they simply know from experience that ignorant folk cannot and will not learn the truth when the truth does not coincide with their old superstitions or tribal practices.

As soon as the navel is healed and requires no further dressing, by all means remove the baby's belly band and let the baby coast along the rest of the way on his own belly. You'll find this policy will keep the bambino smiling in the dogdays.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Syncope, swooning or fainting A doctor told me that syncope, swooning or fainting is not heart disease any more than it is lung or brain disease.

Would you please give me your view of this? (W. F.) Answer—My view is the same. One with impaired heart may faint more readily than a normal individual, but fainting does not signify any particular disease.

Fecble Mindedness Not Mental Disease Is there any difference between a moron and an insane person? (S. D. E.)

Quill Points

If government is counting the men that 4 per cent boy would employ, it mustn't overlook the bum bouncers.

But if there were no lawyers, who would protect you from other lawyers?

Yet not so very long ago the swells were the ones who wore the most clothes.

In time of war, when only men were lost, there was cheerful excitement everywhere. But it's different when money is lost.

One lesson of the Oklahoma incident is that you shouldn't point a gun at an officer unless you intend to shoot.

The moral sense must still be alive in a world where every nation is shocked by the conduct of the others.

Americanism: Leaving the ox in the ditch while we sit around telling one another how it fell in.

What's the use? Liquor was disgusting because it made people talk too much. And now look at prohibition.

The definition of immorality isn't exact. Broadly speaking, it is anything your neighbor does that you don't do.

The greatest aid to matrimonial bliss is mutual delight in saying: "How nice you are! How common others are!"

How beautiful the throaty voice of a bird seems until you discover it is a jarned boy with a noisy whistle.

The government issues a bulletin concerning the business turnover, but doesn't tell you dug it up or why it turned.

No doubt running water purifies itself after a fashion, but you should hear a man who is running for office.

If you are ashamed of having a 12-year-old mind, observe the problems that kids work in the seventh grade.

Correct this sentence: "If I do as by contract," said he, "I'll do just as good a job as I would workin' by the day."

LAKE CREEK GRANGE HOST TO DEPUTY OF DISTRICT AT MEETING

LAKE CREEK, Ore., July 1.—(Special) Distinguished guests at the last meeting of the Lake Creek Grange were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt Smith of Fish Lake were in Eagle Point on business June 29.

Mrs. Ella Natwick of Oakland and her two daughters, Orbie of San Francisco and Mrs. Gladys Shelby of Medford, called on Mrs. Frank Brown June 25.

Mr. and Mrs. William Perry called on Mrs. W. L. Childroth June 28. Mrs. Childroth is setting along nicely but will be unable to return to her home in Eagle Point for some time.

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FLIGHT O' T

(Medford and Jackson History From the Mail Tribune of 10 Years Ago)

TEN YEARS AGO TO July 1, 1921.

(The Day Was Wednesday, July 1, 1921.)

Hot wave sweeps southward.

Twenty years ago to July 1, 1911.

Quarterly report shows \$55.93 on deposit in local bank.

Lady who disappeared \$500 of her admirer's money.

Medford ready for Fourth of July celebration.

California cities shake earthquakes.

Deputy Game Warden Burgess lectures small catches shooting robins on Outdale.

PUFF

The line is forming on the get in Puffy's show.

The Bunny has the contraption, row on row.

They fire a good two dozen and quite as many.

They say they fall for Puffy is too naive for words!

Talks To Parents

JOHNNY'S EMANCIPATION

By Alice Judson Peck

Last summer 10-year-old carried off all the camp.

He took first place in the ming meet, his canoe was race, he ran the camp circle.

His mother was beside with pride. She told about her boy's exploits and him show his medals and to every visitor.

Johnny bore up manfully a deluge of praise. It was to have the limelight, but becomingly modest about.

One day during the spring Johnny's mother was by an acquaintance who son in Johnny's class at a "Well, Johnny's done it I hear."

"What has he done? I heard?"

"Why he is the hero class. He won the interclass ming meet for them last summer."

Johnny's mother had thought. Her boy had got no inkling either of the ming event or of his success.

It dawned upon her that he must have been little bit ashamed of her showy satisfaction in his merits of the previous summer.

Thinking about it, she just how it must have seen him. She had made such that it made a fellow feel foot before the other boy heard about it from their boy.

He had learned his mother just couldn't be to know about things. He keep his affairs to himself.

The more she thought the more she understood there comes a time in the life of every boy when he feel himself free of mother when he must not be praised like a baby.

Britain Builds Big Docks

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MUTT AND JEFF—Read Both Sides Carefully

Comic strip panels showing characters and dialogue. Panel 1: 'NOW FOR A GOOD OLD OCEAN PLUNGE!' Panel 2: 'CLASS-AHEM!' Panel 3: 'THIS BATHING SUIT I RENTED IS THE CATS!' Panel 4: 'THAT SURF BATHING IS THE REAL M.C. COY. NOW TO GO HOME FOR A NIFTY SNOOZE.' Panel 5: 'I'LL TELL PEOPLE MY INITIALS ARE O.B.'

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