

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot (By Arthur Ferry)

A more hopeful air prevails. Many who were disgruntled in June, are now only grunted.

"On-To-Oregon" Inc., is seeking \$25,000,000 worth of new industries. Attainment of the quota will keep the fool legislatures busy for three (3) sessions, thinking up imbecile laws to chase them into California.

The esteemed Oregonian yesterday in its review of tax salvation organizations in this state, did not mention the Housewives League, which was headed by that eminent housewife, Dan E. Kellaher of Portland, a delightful gentleman and learned lawyer.

The feminine portion of the younger generation, is now tanned every place but, where they really need it.

TAKE COURAGE, MATEY! (Coo's Day Times) There are supposed to be some 1,561,798 people trying to write movie scenarios and we admit the fields looks a bit overcrowded. Certain recent productions have seemed so devoid of brains, art or humor we are tempted to try our luck.

The fire engine late yesterday, with a little luck, managed to beat the major portion of a horde of 4ds to the fire. In the evening another horde of 4ds sprang up from nowhere and seemed to be going there.

"Jaasper Kahler has sold his milk cows and retired from business, due to a lack of water" (Paisley Items) The undermost frankness.

PURELY PERSONAL (Time Mag.) Still married to Actor Gilbert, she seldom sees either him or Sylvia, Hollywood's famed matron who in last week's Liberty claimed credit for having whacked the lower portions of Actress Clatye into shapes attractive to Actor Gilbert.

Who can recall the good old days, when a citizen was a social pariah, who manifested no enthusiasm for a fly-swating campaign?

The corn killed by the heat last week, will soon be ready for the trash barrel. Distillers, who have been in the habit of aging their product by counting 10, have been forced to retrench and reduce the count to 7.

Taxes continue as the chief subject of county-wide debate and denunciation, which gives President Hoover and the weather, a well-earned vacation. There has never been a time when the chief debaters so amiably hated themselves.

EQUALITY! HA! HA! (Stuart, Va., Topics) If a woman went down town with a cigarette in her mouth, stood around on the corners and squirted tobacco juice all over everything, swears every other breath, used foul language and swaggered around, she would soon be arrested. But a man can do it and get away with it.

A federal survey reveals "that many college students have found themselves" in our ignorance we did not know they were lost, and, if they have found themselves without any outside aid, a college education has been vindicated again.

THE PLOT THICKENS Mr. Black had gone up to the tide flat above McLean's point to dig clams, carrying a pall and shovel. After reaching the clam beds, he stated, that he felt like he should lie down and rest, that was the last that he can remember until five hours later he found himself at home with his face badly torn, the right eye was black and swollen until closed and an ugly cut on the nose. The bridge of his nose is apparently broken. What occurred is a mystery.

When he regained consciousness at his home, he found two clams in his pall and to date has not been able to connect up the facts. (Yaquina Bay News)

HOW THE MOVIES HAVE IMPROVED

"TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE, shown at a local theatre the other night, proved to be great propaganda for the 'talkies.' For it demonstrated how superior present movie entertainment is to the pre-war brand. The present writer saw that old film starring Marie Dressler, Charlie Chaplin and Mabel Normand, when it was shown at the Page, sixteen odd years ago.

And with the memory of having been highly entertained, he went to see it again. But the net result was boredom flavored with amazement that this crude exhibition of flickering slapstick could have ever made him, or anyone else, roar with laughter.

FILM entertainment has certainly advanced by leaps and bounds since 1914. "Tillie's Punctured Romance" is little more than custard-pie nonsense with horse-play trimmings. In sharp contrast with Charley's modern films and with Miss Dressler's comedies, it is entirely without characterization, devoid of genuine humor, and hasn't even one good "gag" to please aspiring wise-crackers.

The height of comedy then, was apparently for someone—ANYONE—to fall down and go boom. The film was little more than a succession of people falling over themselves. One female super falling backwards over a davenport and showing her hosiery to the knee, apparently reached the apogee of pre-war comedy.

ONE sat there and marveled that any movie director could have allowed such superb material, as he had in Chaplin, Dressler and Normand go to such complete waste. Imagine what a modern director would do, if that tria were available in one film today!

The film merely shows how the movie art has advanced, and how public taste has advanced, also. Which started first, we shall leave to those who like, better than we, to argue in hot weather.

FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABES

MR. BRISBANE predicts the railroads' plea for a 15 per cent increase in freight rates will be granted. Arthur, we admit, is in a better position to know what the I. C. C. is going to do about it, than we are.

Nevertheless, we stand pat on our contention that the increase will not be granted, but the railroads will find their relief, by the maintenance of present rates, and a material cut in labor costs.

PENDING the final outcome we will make this prediction: That if Arthur is right, and this increase is granted, it will be a case of the railroads jumping from the frying-pan into the fire.

For such an increase at this time will deprive the railroads of what public good will they now enjoy. The producers and shippers of this country will rise in open revolt. The people will demand the scalp of any one industry in this country that is allowed to raise prices, when every other industry is lowering them.

Moreover, such an increase will eventually prove an injury rather than a benefit to the railroads. The railroads maintain, for example, that the competition of motor trucks and water carriers is one of the main causes of their loss of traffic and consequent reduction of income.

Obviously higher rates will increase the destructive power of this competition, throw even more tonnage to inland waterways, pipelines and motor transportation. This is so plain that no supporting argument can be needed.

WHAT then is the answer? Well, the answer, as we see it, is for the railroads to wake up, stop LOOKING BACKWARD AND LOOK FORWARD, follow the lead of every other big business, and ACCEPT THE PRINCIPLE OF MASS PRODUCTION.

In their rights of way, their central terminals, their open routes free from all other traffic, they have a tremendous asset, which, we believe, is not being fully, or even fractionally, utilized.

INSTEAD of raising rates, rates should be lowered, to the point where the railroads instead of yielding to competition may meet, and eventually overcome it. There might, probably would be, initial losses, but these losses would eventually be overcome, by increased volume, both in freight and passenger traffic.

At any rate we regard this much as certain: Unless the railroads can by inner reorganization, the adoption of new methods to meet new conditions, meet their present competition in fair and open battle, then they are doomed.

Granting a rate increase may postpone the fatal day, but can't prevent it.

SUNDOWN STORIES

TREASURE By Mary Graham Bonner John did as the other divers and used his tools in cutting away old pieces of wood attached to the vessel upon which they were working. He followed the directions given to him, and when he wanted to go to the right he sent up word to those in the boat above. The message he sent were like this: "Move me a little to the east" or "A little further west."

It was wonderful the way they could stay down in these diving outfits. John and the other divers were using their powerful light bulbs and were making the fishes with lights of their own move away from these clever human beings. They found all sorts of treasure

that had been on boats in the very distant past—jewels and gold and queer coins and money. At last they left the sunken vessel and came back up to the waiting boat with their treasure. John gave his to the other divers because they did not as a rule allow others to join them. It was because of the Little Black Clock that John had been able to go treasure-hunting.

He told the Clock and Peggy all about the old sunken vessel and its treasures, remarking, "It will seem funny when I dive in the lake to think how much further down I've been."

"And in years to come," the Clock added, "more and more of the remains of old vessels will be discovered and more of their treasures found."

And that night, after John was in bed, he had the most wonderful dreams of treasures and treasures in all parts of the world, under the old ocean. Tomorrow—"The Dark Dwelling."

DEAF HEAR 'AMERICA' SUNG WITH FINGERS BOSTON, Mass., July 21.—(P)—While more than 1000 men and women "listened" with their eyes, five young women soundlessly recited "America" in sign language at the opening today of a convention of the National Fraternal Society for the Deaf.



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.

THE INTERNIST IS ANOMALOUS

What has become of the great consulting physicians of an elder day? They're almost as rare as the dodo bird now. Rattling around in their shoes are a lot of internists, but these latter day specialists do not begin to fill the shoes, for all the droves of 'em. An internist is a general practitioner in a figurative silk hat. Take one fair to midging family doctor, give him several nights of untroubled sleep, equip him with a little laboratory and a little laboratory technician and a little secretary stenographer office hostess, teach him to be a bit ritzy and stand-offish, and you have a good up-to-date internist.

An internist is a general practitioner, who tires of telling the truth and moves into a suite of offices where he can and does persuade all patients to undergo whatever scientific tests or measurements he fancies will help show him with "em." Any plain plodding practitioner could make the same tests or have 'em made for the same money or less and arrive at the same conclusions, but people won't have it. People are foxy that way—they don't intend to let the family doctor get more than \$10 out of them, not at one throw.

I object to internists. The medical society ought to have them brought up before the censors on charges of unprofessional conduct. It is unprofessional, if I understand the term, for a doctor to hold himself out as specialist in a conglomerate of ailments. If I were to announce that my practice is limited to stomach, liver, heart, kidney, lungs, spleen, intestinal, nervous, osseous muscular, skin and ligamentous afflictions, plus spinal, pelvic and orthopedic disorders of men, women and children, I'd get the laugh from the profession. But I ask you, where do we stop laughing at the latter-day internist with his prodigious pretensions?

No, really, it is absurd that we do recognize such a specialty as "internal medicine," yet we are as yet too hide-bound and narrow, we doctors in general, to recognize such a specialty as diseases of the heart, or hygiene, or plastic surgery.

I think it is high time to withdraw such recognition from these comical all-round specialists and let them eke out an existence, if they can, as consulting physicians, which is all they purported to be in the first place and it is only as consulting physicians that they have managed to ease along into their present anomalous position in the medical faculty.

The Whip I am now giving my son 7 1/2 years old his third bottle of the enclosed tonic, which a child specialist advised. Since I read in your column about strychnine poisoning I hesitate to give it. . . . (Mrs. M. K. B.)

Answer—The label you enclosed states that the shotgun nostrum contains one twenty-fifth grain of strychnin to the ounce, along with a dash of alcohol, glycerophosphate and other scenery. The "child specialist" who suggested such a nostrum for your son must be a credulous one—traveling sales men teach him therapeutics. The strychnin acts on the child's nervous system like a whip.

The Crackling Kid My 9 year old daughter is very healthy, 4 feet tall, weighing 80 pounds. But when she tries to do any exercises she crackles, in the knees and ankles mostly. . . . (Mrs. N. H.)

Answer—She is probably a bit flabby in her muscular and ligamentous structure. Hiking, swimming, tap dancing or other dancing under a competent teacher, and whatever active games she enjoys most, will help to "knit" her soft tissues and take up the slack and take out the crackle.

Boy, This Brings on Hunger Pains In regard to your complaint about the scarcity of real cottage cheese. If you want the real old-Dutch kind, smearers or Dutch cheese, put the clabbered milk in a cheesecloth and allow it to drip the way mother did. The result will hit that lonely spot in your gastronomy. (F. M.)

Answer—By gravy, I can testify you're getting warm.

Quill Points

Among those who wish to begin at the bottom are the bulls. A good name is more desirable than riches. You can't lose it by trying to outguess Wall Street. Hell seems even more dreadful when you observe how hateful a little heat makes people up here.

You wonder what becomes of all the spinach, and then some day you smell that kind of cigarette. The proper measure of a man is the size of the bank roll required to swell his head. You don't realize how much legal rights mean to a man until a racketeer begins to fight for his.

Americanism: Prospering for generations because of a certain policy; blaming everything on the policy when times get dull for a season. Maybe the middle class is the one that doesn't know how to distill it and can't afford to buy it.

If bankers are so realistic and practical, why don't they change the notes to read: "I promise to renew." The fellow who takes a short in winter to warm his blood is the one who drinks cocktails now to combat the heat.

If he adds the dinner check before paying it, the lady with him is his wife. A monarchy has advantages. The one who is going to rule is taught how to do it.

A free land is one where the abject had rather be ruled by fourth-raters than risk their dignity. There isn't much you can say for times like these except that everybody has learned how to pronounce "deficit."

GOLD BEACH—Construction of 200-ton pilot mill at Mt. Emily mine being developed by Pacific Minerals, Inc., nearing completion.

Talks To Parents

EARLY RESPONSIBILITY By Alice Judson Poole. To the child emerging from the helplessness of infancy, every experience that adds to his sense of power and independence is exhilarating.

Especially so are the accomplishments which seem to him to be valid in the adult world. Thus doing anything that really helps is thrilling.

Bringing in the milk bottles from the back porch, carrying trash to the incinerator, raking up leaves, turning on the bath water, feeding the kitten—all these are real things to do. The child early discriminates between these and the things that are just play, and he places a correspondingly higher value upon them.

It is because of this desire to do real things that the child is delighted when he is permitted to take any responsibility; however small. Eating, washing, dressing by himself are usually his first initiation in responsibility.

If he is allowed to learn these things, not as wearisome duties but as delightful privileges given to him in recognition of his increased ability, he is duly pleased and proud.

There is probably no better means of training a child toward independence and good routine habits toward co-operation and industry, than this early capitalization of his desire to do things which have recognized value from an adult point of view. The secret of doing so effectively lies in never giving him a task which is too hard and too long drawn out, but in expecting him always to do his very best. Once a child has shown that he is capable of taking certain responsibilities he should be relieved of them only for very good reasons. He should feel that nothing less than his best efforts is acceptable.

IN VACATION TIME Don't forget to keep in touch with the old home town when you leave for your summer vacation. Have your Mail Tribune forwarded to the new address. Phone Main 75 and the matter will be promptly attended to. BATTERIES CHARGED 50 cents Service Electric Co. 111 South Holly Phone 1279

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 July 21, 1921. (It was Thursday) California starts survey of the Redwoods Highway, destined to link valley with coast.

Irish peace moves fail; street fighting in Cork. Rewards offered for arrest of Dr. R. M. Brumfield, charged with murder of Dennis Russell.

Sunflowers bloom on vacant lots of city, and are declared to be worse than the weeds. Cement sidewalks ordered installed around all city schools.

Plan to transfer local forest patrol airplanes to Eugene. Three pairs of twins registered at city auto park.

Near East relief worker reports that Armenians are so hungry they are forced to eat grass.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY July 21, 1911. (It was Friday) Charged that Jack Johnson, heavyweight champion will "lay down" in his fight with Bombardier Wells, English champion, for \$1,000,000.

Lincoln-Taft club formed at Salem, and will cover state with

placeards seeking election of Taft as president. Reques River valley coal fields to be developed by eastern capitalists.

Brown-tailed moth makes appearance in valley. Attorney E. V. A. Reames was forced to go to Jacksonville three times yesterday on legal business.

Local lodge of Moose formed. Two-story frame building on Central avenue, owned by Mrs. Carrie Carnahan and Mrs. Lucretia Enyart, destroyed by fire in early morning, and five are put out of business. I. H. Halley turned in the alarm.

LIBRARY SERVICE FOR EMPLOYEES OF PARK Providing a new service for employees of the Crater Lake national park, the Klamath county library has established a branch library at Government Camp, furnishing a large assortment of fiction and non-fiction books.

Miss Margaret Nye, Klamath county librarian, left nearly 150 books at park headquarters office. The first evening the library was open nearly one-third of the volumes were in circulation. Library hours are from 2:30 to 5 in the afternoon and from 6 to 8 in the evening.

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PUFFY



Well, after much ado our circus ends at last. At 6 o'clock they think it's 2 o'clock and time has gone so fast. "And now a bite to eat," said Puffy, "and then I'm off to bed. I think the only way I'll sleep standing on my head."

BANISH PILES THE NEW WAY

TWO COLIC PILE PILLS INTERNAL WITH SWALLOW OF WATER EACH BRING RELIEF IN ONE DAY IN MANY CASES. 40 Tablets 75 Cents At Drug Store

"Invite Us to Your Next Blowout"



Women Drivers Appreciate

The "One-Stop" service which we feature. . . . The inconvenience of driving to various different shops is eliminated. Here courteous, capable attendants are at your service. . . . Regardless of what your car requires—from cleaning the windshield to relining the brakes or steam-cleaning the chassis, you'll find factory-trained men will do the job Better and More Economically in our big, up-to-the-minute station. Get the habit of depending upon us for dependable one-stop service.

SPECIAL! From July 22nd to July 29th Ford Brakes Relined and Adjusted \$7.85 (Passenger Cars Only) OPEN DAY AND NIGHT SMITH & WATKINS Complete Firestone One-Stop Service