

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily and Sunday
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.

ROBERT W. BURL, Editor
E. L. KNAPP, Manager
An Independent Newspaper

Noted as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 8, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By Mail—In Advance
Daily, with Sunday, year, \$7.50

Official paper of the City of Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 8, 1879.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches...

MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS
MEMBER OF ADITY BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Advertising Representatives
M. C. MANNING, CHICAGO, ILL.
OFFICES IN NEW YORK, CHICAGO, DETROIT, SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, SEATTLE, PORTLAND.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF PUBLISHERS

Ye Smudge Pot
(Ry Arthur Perry)

Time flial Stern-visaged Judges throughout the state have started imposing ten years in state prison, with a parole pending good behavior, to young men named after Woodrow Wilson.

Our leading chronic bellyachers and bawlers, who have nothing in particular to do about either, could do no better job if they were receiving \$42 per diem, free fishing rights and exemption from all taxes. They vocally attack the problems of the day with all the grimace of death at a woodpecker's hole, and are wearing out the rest of their pants, and the soles of their shoes, for the "benefit of the small taxpayers." A substantial financial reward will be given to the citizen who discovers one of the above type who is not sufficiently fitted for any public office, never saved a Mid West state from Wall St., or the railroads, and was not actively engaged as an eminent civil engineer on the construction of the Panama canal.

WHY ORGUELS GIGGLE
(Albany Democrat-Herald)
Giggling is like the crackling of thorns under a pot and nothing gets on our nerves quicker. Nothing a girl can do queers her quicker than to be a giggler and a village cut-up, but it doesn't always imply that the girl is as big an idiot as she appears to be.

No farmer ever overproduces. It is his greedy neighbors who do that.—(Atlanta Constitution.) The "other fellow" again.

A move is now afoot "to cure the economic ills" of the women-folk. The cure is a stem-winder, and the He who thought of it first must have lain awake nights for a month in the doing. The fat sex must wear their old clothes, and use no rouge. The money thus saved is supposed to be used for the purchase of "staple necessities." It is nutty notions like this that drive men to anarchy, opium, and suicide. It would help out like everything, to have the girls all looking like a 1929 bird-nest.

It is OK for a Portland drummer, residing in Eugene, to drive an auto with a California license, but he is going too far, when he turns his car around in the middle of the block, just to catch up with an Ashland galasheist.

Henry Hammer is out of the hospital, and doing carpentering again.—(Wallowa Record.) Fit and proper.

Early reports report their nostrils are assailed by whiffs of autumn.

The Department of Immigration complains that "the only weapon possessed by the government in curbing the alien criminal, is deportation." The average ignoramus, in his dumbness, suspects that this is enough, if used. However, the state prison galows only work Fridays.

A Norwegian explorer named Trygve Gran, proposes to go to the North Pole in a motorcycle. This is one expedition we shall take delight in supporting. The North Pole district might turn out to be a veritable paradise for motorcyclists.—(Kansas City Star.) We endorse the above heartily, but think Trygve should take along all the alleys, where the motorcycle gather at 4:30 a. m. to determine if their engines are making enough racket.

Highly informative description of a September bride, as discovered by a girl friend, in her Grandmother's old home paper:

"She is blond, weight 117, with a permanent wave that will need repairs about the time I start paying the bills. She is white; can read and write and do simple sums in arithmetic. She smokes, drinks but seldom swears. Owns two books and has all the necessary qualifications for a wife except that she could do with two weeks in some cooking school. She is a well dancer, was born in a town of 900 and educated in one of 40,000. Lived for the last four years in New York. Has taught a Sunday school class and holds a life membership in the Epworth League, but has a great desire to become an Episcopalian because the service is so restful. At present employed.

Let's call a moratorium on country crooners, in order to complete the fall plowing on time.

BACK TO ABNORMALCY!

JUST when common sense had at last seemed to become the dominant note of women's dress, in came the beach pajamas and now we have the Eugenie hat!

On the streets of Medford we now observe girls and women clothed in straggling yards of figured material, sweeping the dust from the sidewalk and when a gust of wind comes along, billowing like a couple of cat-boats sails to show they are constructed on the trouser pattern.

The latest Paris hats are flat discs which are worn squarely over the right eye. They have about the same effect as the blinders worn by old Dobbin, for they cut off half of those sweet side glances which lovely women are accustomed to bestow upon favored admirers.

But the new hats are termed "very chic," so the ladies like them, even though they reduce vision fifty per cent. Those who wear the new models are said to be prepared to carry on all flirtations with their left eyes.

THE new hats feature discs as flat as phonograph records. The disc, which is made of velvet, a new chenille knitting or knitted silk, is worn on the right side of the head, almost completely obscuring that side of the face. It is held on by a ribbon which goes around the head and ties behind the left ear.

The disc or plate hat, as its sponsor calls it, is not designed to shield its wearer from sun or rain, for it leaves the entire left side of the head uncovered. Most of the new hats, indeed, are designed for looks rather than for protection from the elements.

A few larger hats have crowns made of shirred circles of velvet, showing the hair between. Others have straps of fur for crowns, with open spaces showing the hair. Others again have velvet crowns with felt brims, the velvet with a little open hole at the top.

The rule of reason has apparently departed from feminine styles and we are in for an epidemic of freakish and absurd, subservience to foreign fashions again.

SILENCE AND SPEECH

COULD you quit talking for two weeks? Of course you could if it were absolutely imperative, but you wouldn't want to do it. Yet, a strict silence regimen is a part of the method of correcting defective speech adopted by one clinic devoted to that purpose. Patients are barred from uttering a single sound for a fortnight, no matter how urgent the need for conversation, in order to give the vocal machinery a complete rest.

In a recent test twelve school girls and thirty boys were subjected to the treatment. The girls thought it would be impossible for one of the female sex to cease from conversation for two weeks, but they would try. Two girls failed under the strain. One felt that she just had to ask "Is my nose shiny?" and the other that she must borrow a powder puff and she asked for it. One boy ran away but the others stuck to silence for two weeks, mainly by keeping radio receivers glued to their ears.

One might secure an intimation of what the experience would be by ceasing from talking for an hour when in the company of others. Were one forbidden to speak, possibly there would be nothing else one would want to do so much. It is a voluntary act but most of us carry it on almost involuntarily. We are so accustomed to talking that it is automatic, though were it less so much of the conversation might prove of greater value. In the cases of those of us not suffering from defective speech, periods of silence might prove highly beneficial. Thoughts might catch up with conversation.—R. S.

WHY WE HAVE NAMES

A NAME is like a handle. It shows you where to take hold. It is a great convenience. Every object and living creature has a name handle. Otherwise we are not able to talk intelligently about them.

Some names are arbitrary. They have come into being largely through accident. In most instances there is a reason for calling a thing by the particular name it bears. The Indians have peculiar names, such as Big Chief Eagle Eye, Braveheart, Lone Wolf, Sly Fox, Fleet Foot, Black Hawk, Strong Arm, Big Bill, etc. The idea is to give the name of some highly desired trait and expect the child to shape his character to fit the name.

Bible characters are named in a similar manner and for like reasons. Abraham means "Father of a Multitude," Joshua means "Deliverer," and so on down the list. In some of these cases it would seem that the name was given after the person had shown some marked characteristic, they seem to fit too well. We have reference to people whose names were changed. Jacob's name, "Cheater," for example was changed to Israel, "God Striveth." Both stand for definite experiences in his life.

In modern times we do not attach much importance to the meaning of names. We are influenced by euphony and suggestion. Sometimes out of deference to some rich or beloved relative or some admired celebrity we name our children after them. This practice harks back to the ancient notion of hoping that the child will emulate some desired trait.—R. S.

SUNDOWN STORIES

"Will they find water soon?" asked Peggy, who was becoming very thirsty, but who did not want to ask for a drink because of the scarcity of water.

"I think they will," the little black chick answered, "but first they must go through the woods as we are approaching."

Then the wagons stopped and the people got out to rest before they began chopping down trees to make a road.

"What a slow piece of work it was, but at last they had made a road—a road such as John and Peggy would never call a road."

"I've turned the time ahead a little," the clock whispered.

Monday—More Traveling.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.
Special letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, but in 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.

EDUCATION THE SOLUTION OF THE SPECIALIST EVIL.

I fancy my friends the skin specialists are not very enthusiastic about my teachings, for skin specialists collectively seem funny to me, the individually they are often admirable men and capital physicians. Nervy specialists—well, there are none to-day, so my ridicule of the nerve specialists racket appeals only to the friendship of a few confirmed nervous wrecks. The all-around "head" specialists—doctors who pretend they're good in all diseases of the eyes, ears, nose and throat—

can only grit their teeth and utter low curses about what I teach the public; they can't do anything about it, because I have the goods AND the professional standing, you see. Probably no other group of regular quacks in the profession hates me and all my works so venomously as do the internists. These are the ponderous humbugs who pose as specialists in whatever you happen to have wrong inside. There are many comical things in our profession and in our modern medical ethics, but nothing, I am sure, more absurd than the recognition of "internal medicine" as a legitimate special field of practice. In my judgment, arrived at after more years of study than most of these humbug specialists have practiced, the reason d'être of this alleged specialty is merely to afford the pampered gentlemen who elect to follow it a legitimate opportunity to gouge and exploit the credulous folk who believe that a doctor must be a better doctor if he holds out as a specialist.

In an older day there were a few physicians who really limited their practice to consultations—what is, they accepted only patients referred to them by practicing physicians or answered only calls sent in by physicians at the bedside. They were real specialists, with a solid background of experience behind them. Their colleagues knew and recognized the value of their help, opinion or advice in difficult cases. These honest consulting physicians did not cater to the wisecracker crowd—in fact there was no such class of near-rich or newly-rich to cater to. They depended solely upon recognition of their skill or ability by their colleagues.

Your latter-day "internist" is a mere machine, and most of his alleged "diagnostic" work is nothing but the conglomerate of all the data, meaningful or meaningless, that the various laboratory hirelings or office girls or callow assistants present to the big shot after the customer has been run thru the mill. For your hundred dollars, more or less, you learn a lot of fearful and wonderful things about your basal metabolism, blood chemistry, cholesterol and hydrogen ion tension, but who knows what if anything all this is? I haven't the shadow of a doubt but that some of the brethren now making a good income from the internal racket might be able to support themselves if they were compelled to return to honest general practice and be a bit less finical and choosy about answering calls. But I am reasonably certain that most of these pretentious charlatans we tolerate in the ranks of organized medicine would starve if they had to com-

pete on honest terms with honest doctors.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The Science of Underwear
For years I have worn heavy wool underwear in winter and very light wool in the summer, for the reason that wool absorbs the sweat better than linen or cotton and also that the air dries the wool better than it does cotton next to the body, thereby leaving the layer next to the body less sticky and giving freer ventilation. What do you think of my practice? (M. C.)

Answer—I think you are quite right. Any one who has worn a wool bathing suit and compared its comfort for when wet and in the breeze with that of cotton... knows that light weight wool underwear is ideal for summer, and for those whose habit of occupation keeps them much indoors in winter.

Don't Give Up the Swim, Girls
I am 15 and enjoy reading your column, from which I have learned many things. I hate to give up swimming for a whole week every month in the summer time on account of... (M. C.)

Answer—If you follow my advice, daughter, you won't give it up for any such reason. There is no longer any question that girls and women enjoy better health if they do NOT mollycoddle themselves just because they are girls. Menstruation is a function, not a sickness nor a weakness.

A Business Woman's Idea
Could you recommend to me a thoroughly competent physician or specialist in (such and such district) who gives the chemical obliteration treatment for varicose veins at a moderate price. Being a business woman my income is limited. (A. V. S.)

Answer—Hum, about what price did you wish to pay, Madam? I assume that any physician or specialist at I suggest charges a reasonable fee. If he charges an exorbitant fee, I cross him off my list. If he cuts the ordinary fee charged by physicians I feel sure he must be a wrong 'un and I do not like to recommend him.

Eczeema
Please write something about eczeema. I have tried almost everything for weeping eczeema without benefit. Is diet helpful? (Mrs. H. W.)

Answer—First, all that weeps is not eczeema. Probably one-third of all cases of alleged "eczeema" coming under medical observation are in fact other skin troubles. Diet is sometimes a factor. If you will write again, inclosing a stamped envelope bearing your address, I'll mail you a monograph on eczeema which may be of some help. Send no clipping, please. Just ask for what you want. (Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Talks To Parents

VALET SERVICE.
By Alice Jackson Peate.
Among the conveniences which men used to acquire through marriage was that of valet service furnished by uncomplaining wives. Women accepted it as part of

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS WORD PUZZLE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down. Includes a solution for yesterday's puzzle.

their duty to pick up after their husbands, hang away their clothes, and put tidily up the shaving things, and put soiled towels into the hamper.
Since women have assumed new responsibilities, they no longer accept this kind of personal service as part of the whole duty of a wife.
The modern woman resents having to do the work of a personal servant, and a good deal of unpleasant friction occurs when she finds herself married to a man who was trained by an old-fashioned mother to expect her to wait on him.
The modern mother owes it to her son to pick up after himself. In training children to orderliness and self-help there should be no discrimination made between brothers and sisters.
In a family where girls are expected to make their own beds and

by Harold Bell Wright

EXIT

(FOR PMS, JULY 10)
SYNOPSIS: After Pierre trails Bruce to the desert, Ann, Bruce's wife, comes to him and tells him that she has fallen in love with Pierre. She tells him that she has fallen in love with Pierre, and that she has fallen in love with Pierre. She tells him that she has fallen in love with Pierre, and that she has fallen in love with Pierre.

A LETTER'S SEQUEL

THAT telegram, sir, is an outrage," said Old Tony, following up Ann's protest to the sheriff. He patted Ann's hand reassuringly.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear. This ridiculous order will never be carried out. It is preposterous. It is like everything else that silly ass of a sheriff in Orchard Hill has done from the first evening when he arrested your father."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Carey," said the sheriff. "Suppose you tell me the whole story. I'd be mighty glad to help you if I can."

"I think that would be best, Ann," agreed Old Tony.

"Where shall I begin?"

"Suppose you begin with the disappearance of your husband," said the sheriff. "I know the main facts of the affair at the bank, and the arrest of your father. I thought it was established beyond doubt that Bruce Carey was in Camden when the crime was committed."

"Yes, sir, Bruce was delivering some papers to the president of the Camden bank."

"Then why didn't he come back home to Orchard Hill?"

"Why, Bruce didn't even know about what had happened at the bank when he went away. His going away was planned before anything could have happened. He left a letter about it—about his going away. I mean."

"Who has this letter?" the sheriff asked.

"I have."

"Haven't you shown this letter to the authorities?"

"Oh, no, sir. Nobody but Father Tony and Pierre and I know about Bruce's reasons for going away. I simply couldn't let Orchard Hill know. I—I would die of shame. And it would be just as bad for Bruce too when he comes back. We could never live such a thing down. It was all such a horrible mistake—Bruce's going away. It would have been bad enough any time, but for him to disappear, for a reason that we dared not let anybody know about, the very night the bank—"

"I see," said the sheriff. "And when Bruce didn't show up the morning after the crime the officers began hunting him in spite of his alibi?"

"Yes, sir. And Father Tony and Pierre and I thought if Bruce could only come home of his own free will, before the officers found him, that everything would be all right—and nobody would ever need to know the reason for his going away, as they would have to know if he were arrested and brought back in connection with the bank."

"You were right in that, Mrs. Carey. But it would have been better if you had told the authorities why your husband disappeared."

"We could never have gone on living in Orchard Hill if I had. And wouldn't the officers have arrested him and brought him back for the bank just the same? Besides, it—it wouldn't have been fair to Pierre."

"Pierre?" The sheriff glanced at the telegram in his hand. "Who is this Pierre Donovan?"

Ann looked appealingly at Old Tony.

"Pierre Donovan, sir," the old actor spoke impressively, as if referring to a personage of more than ordinary importance. "Pierre Donovan is the son of one Roy Donovan and Harriet Noel, his wife. She died when her son was only a child and I had the honor to be appointed by her as executor of her will and guardian of her son. Pierre is destined to be as great an artist of the stage as his mother."

"Harriet Noel was one of the greatest actresses of her day. Her boy grew to manhood in the atmosphere of the theater—so far as it was possible for me to create such an atmosphere for him in Orchard Hill."

FLIGHT O' T

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

TEN YEARS AGO
August 8, 1921.
(Ben E. Harder of Baker is elected a vice-president of the First National bank, and will soon to enter upon his new

Engineer R. W. Bas of surveys the Medford water, but the fault in distribution system.

With Kim, Chinese seen. Heard during the boom for 20 years a resident of ley, goes back to China.

George Roberts defeated Boggs, and in turn is defeated. Horace Bromley for the Oregon singles championship.

Capt. S. M. Tuttle signs R. C. Washburn contracts. Table Rock district for 1921.

Rich ore struck in the mine.

TWENTY YEARS AGO
August 8, 1911.
(First car of Bartlett for shipped by the Home and Produce association.)

Editorial brands Oregon congressman as "political street masher and cheap

Party of California touring down the narrow Suburban have narrow escape from John W. "Bet-a-Million" dies in Paris. He made from mines and was a liberal spender and a good fellow.

George Baker, prominent theatrical man, and bride with their honeymoon on the Oregon.

Move made to have Oregon, Inc., hold convention in city next spring.

Hotel Medford Dinner \$1.00

Every Day in the Week "The Food Is Better" at the Medford

JOE O'BRIEN Hotel Medford

You are invited to present upon at the Mail Tribune receive two

FREE TICKETS TO A TALKING PROGRAM AT THE MAIL TRIBUNE

As a Guest Subscriber of MAIL TRIBUNE

WATCH THIS SPACE. If a subscriber of the Mail Tribune your name may appear in this column. Only subscribers will be published and, during the duration of this offer, all subscribers will be given an opportunity to receive a FREE show as GUESTS THIS PAPER.