

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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

Subscription Rates
By Mail—In Advance
Daily, 75c per month
By Carrier, in Advance—Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on highways.

Official paper of the City of Medford.
Official paper of Jackson County.

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry
The 4th of July is again upon us, and people will celebrate the birth of the nation even though it is not worth living in, as the poor are still poor, and the rich are still rich, and there is an uneven distribution of the wealth and the luck.

There was a prizefight Wed. night, and many familiar faces at tax revolt meetings were seen well down from, despite the surplus of agricultural produce.

Summer flu is being enjoyed by some, but the best time to enjoy the flu is in the winter time. It is very aggravating to have a chill, with the mercury at 100 F.

The Republican party is getting along as well as could be expected, considering the chance it has, since being deserted by the Bates Boys, on the 25th inst.

The Older Girls are now merrily engaged in canning cherries, and it is an awful job to pit same. The cherries also stain the hands, the stains being noticeable while dealing the cards at a bridge game.

Alfalfa Frank Bybee, the Jville sort is stationed on the end of a pitchfork, and has been drinking water with oatmeal in it, these days.

The magnolias are blooming, and are among the few things left that have nothing radically wrong with them.

All the radios were busy Fri. night listening to the Democrats make nominating speeches, and the editors praised their candidates in no uncertain terms, and puffed them up as if they were a gallon of new-fangled gasoline.

The boys who will be first to go in the next war, and the past week from the seashore, where they learned military tactics, and how to eat crabs and other denizens of the deep.

The law got after a bunch of juveniles last week, when it was discovered they were following in the footsteps of the Doughboys, and going in swimming informally.

Though madly infatuated with the 1930 hooey, that was going to get them free electric light, the rank and file don't seem to think much of the Willamette valley plan to establish state-owned mints.

J. Curtis Barnes had his socialism weighed and found wanting, Wed. p.m. The ex-Kanwan was going home with a watermelon, and refused to divide it 50-50 with your corr., who was in dire need of watermelon.

All the oleans did a good business over the week-end, as dozens who could afford to buy no auto license, prepared to hit out for distant points.

Economy has started to rut up the rural roads, as they have not heard any of the budget-balancing speeches. The salary of the schoolmama's has been pruned, but what she pays for board never was enough.

Arguments are plentiful and easily picked. There was a blonde here from France last week, and she seemed quite intelligent. She caused male hearts to thump faster, and male hair to be combed neater.

The first V-8-4d story of the year showed up Tues, and practically every body has heard it, or knows somebody who has.

Shade is enjoying a brisk demand these days, and is always on the other side of the street.

Somebody made a mistake Wed. evng, and got a rubber tube into F. Scheffel's tank, but considerably left him enough gas to get home.

Use of corners, as things to cut and turn is on the increase, and can be so done without much danger of running over a local economic expert.

Progress has scored again. Many have self-watering rigs on their lawns. It will not be long now, until some American genius finds a way for the lawns to mow themselves.

The annual Montana, Missouri, Georgia, Kansas, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Dakota (North and South), and Scandinavian society picnics are about due.

A "Break" for Hoover

WELL at last President Hoover has had a "break". Franklin D. Roosevelt is the one candidate he has a chance to beat. It isn't, in our judgment, a very "fat" chance, for everything points to this being a democratic year. But it IS a chance, and the Republican war horses will be quick to take advantage of it.

GOVERNOR Roosevelt's chief weakness comes from the fact that he hails from New York. As a result he must carry the Tammany burden, or be bitterly fought by the Tammany machine. The first would mean the loss of votes and popularity outside of Manhattan; the second might mean the loss of New York state, in the November election.

If Roosevelt runs true to form, he will try to side-step this issue as he has so many others. He will try to get the rural and small city vote, by posing as the foe of the Power trust,—the champion of the "forgotten man"—he will try to placate Tammany by the distribution of patronage and giving them a free hand at the City Hall.

Such a policy might get by in a party convention, but we doubt its success with the American people in their present mood. The American people as a whole are tired of politics and tired of politicians, a candidate who tries to put over the old army game this year is going to get in decidedly hot water, before the campaign ends.

On the other hand, if Governor Roosevelt follows the example of President Wilson—as we hope he will—defies Tammany Hall, and rests his cause upon an appeal to the people of the country, then he stands to lose the 45 electoral votes from New York state,—nearly ten percent of the total.

THUS at the outset Governor Roosevelt faces a serious dilemma,—an inescapable test of stamina and character. Will he meet it in a courageous forthright fashion, after the manner of his illustrious cousin T. R.; or will he fall back upon the traditional method of his branch of the family, and by trying to please both factions, please neither? It will be very interesting to see.

OBVIOUSLY had Ritchie, or Baker, Byrd or Garner been the nominee, any serious complications of this sort would have been avoided,—none of them would have been personally involved in the New York mess in any way. Nor would any of them have had to fight the prejudice, that exists, out in the wide open spaces, against any typical New Yorker,—particularly one as wealthy and aristocratic, as the Governor of New York state.

THE vice-president hasn't been nominated at this writing, but we will be greatly surprised, if Garner isn't chosen. Not only because Garner, with McAdoo were responsible for Roosevelt's victory and should be rewarded, but because such a selection fits the Roosevelt political psychology, down to a gnat's eyebrow.

He has a personally dry candidate on a wringing wet platform, now he will want the horny-handed-son-of-toil type, to balance the scion of wealth and social prestige, at the head of the ticket. Garner is the hard-bitten, rough-diamond, Andrew Jackson type,—Roosevelt is essentially the Alexander Hamilton-Andrew Mellon type. The TWO a perfect combination in the nominee's lexicon of practical political strategy.

The Same Old Thing

SO it promises to be Hoover and Curtis against Roosevelt and Garner. The time-honored battle of votes, that shakes this country to its emotional foundations every four years, is about to begin.

During this period nearly everyone is going to be a trifle crazy. Things are going to be said and done that would never be done or said, at any other time.

Friendships will be broken, even homes disrupted. With prohibition as a vital issue, the fat will be in the fire from the outset, and on nearly every kitchen stove there will be a keg of dynamite. Hoover and Curtis will be painted as simps andimps of Satan by one faction, and saint and saviours of the country, by the other.

It will be the old, old game, played in this land of the free, for nearly one hundred and fifty years, only it promises to be a trifle worse. With people starving, embattled hosts will be crying for a drink; with business prostrate, literally millions of dollars will be thrown away, to settle the difference between Republican tweedle dum and Democratic tweedle dee.

FOR it is perfectly clear to any thinking person NOW—though it won't be clear a few months hence,—that as far as the fundamentals of human life are concerned, whether Hoover and Curtis, or Roosevelt and Garner enter office on March 4th next, will make no difference whatever.

If this country is going wet, it is going wet, regardless of who happens to sit in the White House; if this country is going to stay dry, it is going to stay dry, and no President of the United States can prevent it. If business is going to improve the next four years, it is going to improve regardless of the party label on the White House door; if it isn't, then no partisan continuation or political change is going to prevent it.

IN spite of the cynical prophets and the calamity howlers, in the FUNDAMENTALS—the moral and material destiny of the people of this country, lie not in their politicians but in their OWN hands. As the two major parties are at present constituted, the only difference the fall election will make, to the people as a whole, is the difference between one party label and another,—a difference of serious importance ONLY TO THE OFFICE HOLDERS.

But under the spell of the prevailing political psychosis, few of us are going to believe it, and so the crazy snake dance of political partisanship will go on,—and on—and on.

Strange Bedfellows

IT was predicted in this column that Roosevelt would be the nominee. Everything broke in his favor, but the determination of the delegates to avoid a repetition of the McAdoo-Smith deadlock, was really the deciding factor. It was Roosevelt or deadlock—and the weary delegates CHOSE Roosevelt.

But it was not predicted,—and nothing came to the present writer as more of a SURPRISE,—than the spectacle of W. G.

McAdoo, throwing California to Franklin, and thus deciding his nomination.

We happened to be in California during the primary campaign, and we saw McAdoo at that time. His opinion regarding Franklin's QUALIFICATIONS as president of this country, are so well known in Southern California, and were so widely publicized at that time, that we wonder what alibi he will present when he returns.

Probably none. For there is nothing shorter than the people's memory when a political campaign is on. Two months ago McAdoo was fighting Roosevelt with might and main, last night he nominated him, and tomorrow he will take the stump in his behalf.

Aye verily, it is to laugh!

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.

IT'S YOUR LIVER OR YOUR MIND

Trying to teach an old dog new tricks is child's play compared with trying to break him of his old tricks. Canine nature is not unlike human nature. People who have believed for a life time that when one feels out of sorts or generally rotten it's his liver or bowels that are torpid are not likely to get it at all when I shout and tear my hair and dance about in a fury trying to tell them that is a ridiculous notion. They just think I'm a queer nut. Especially when their good doctors give them a liver regulator or an intestinal disinfectant or a bowel wash or a corrective diet and pretty soon they're feeling all right again.

Nevertheless and all the world and his wife to the contrary notwithstanding, I tell you, you poor nincompoops, that the idea is absurd. It isn't your liver or your bowels that is torpid; it's your mind. Must be your mind, or else you'd snap out of it some time and appreciate clearly that you get over such occasional depression just as surely and just as promptly in any case, no matter what remedy you use or whether you resort to a remedy or not. You get over it because, fortunately, the process of metabolism in the body is automatically regulated, and it is in no way dependent upon the function of the liver or the bowel.

Laxatives, purgatives, cathartics do NOT remove any poisonous material from the blood or the system. They merely hurry the evacuation of water, perhaps temporarily increase the amount of water excreted, and also the normal residue of food and any foreign material which may have been ingested.

Here we come to a morbid subject, mucus. Mucus is the normal lubricant secreted by all healthy mucous membranes. Irritation or inflammation of any such mucous membrane induces the secretion of an increased quantity of mucus. (Noun, mucus; adjective, mucous).

Bowel washes or colon irrigations necessarily irritate, even if only water be used. The more frequently such unnatural "internal bath" is resorted to the more mucus is produced, and many an unhappy hypochondriac learns to regard the excess of mucus as something harmful or evil in itself, and so the "internal bath" habit becomes self-perpetuating. I fear a few brass specialists within regular medical ranks take advantage of the mental weakness of their patrons and build up a profitable business irrigating the alimentary tract, though the

greatest offenders in this line of exploitation are fad healers. So firmly fixed is the obsession that our common ailments, if not the gravest ills, come from some vague poisoning of the body by undefined toxic substances in the alimentary tract, that it is like bouncing a new rubber ball on a brick wall telling the dumb layman this morbid idea is without foundation in fact. And with rare exceptions every layman is pretty dumb about this. Why shouldn't he be? Haven't all the doctors, both regulars and quacks, been exploiting him on this basis from away back right up to the present moment? Has anybody without obvious bias tried to teach the dumb layman better hygiene or health care? By bias I mean the interest of the health teacher who has underwear, beans or real estate to sell you. Your health is my concern but it is not my business; in any case your health depends on nothing I can sell you, but maybe I can teach you something that will prove a boon to your health.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Neutrals Have the Laugh on Government

Kindly advise whether any harmful effects will result if a man daily consumes 8 ounces of Wine Tonic containing 22 per cent of alcohol medicated with herbs. These wine tonics are legally sold by druggists. (Mrs. H. A. M.)

Answer—The "herbs" or other medicinal virtues in such hooch are practically without effect. The alcohol has the same effect as it would have in whiskey. Whiskey contains about twice as much alcohol as that, so the equivalent would be four ounces of raw whiskey.

Fishskin Can you recommend anything for rough, dry scaling condition of the skin, particularly on the elbows and knees? I'm ashamed to appear in a bathing suit. My elbows and knees look positively dirty. (Miss E. R.)

Answer—Have druggist prepare a collapsible tube of this ointment, and apply a small quantity to the affected areas once a day: salicylic acid, 10 grains; glycerin, 1 dram; lanolin, 2 drams; benzoated lard, enough to make one ounce.

Sun Baths Please give me instructions for taking sun baths. I am troubled with colds and never get entirely over them. (C. D. M.)

Answer—Undress and play or sit or lie in the sun for not more than ten minutes first day, and increase duration of exposure ten minutes every day. Do not try to read. Protect eyes if necessary with dark goggles or eyeshad or even bandage. The gauge is to absorb all the ultraviolet you can without burning. Gradual tanning is the index of intelligent management.

Today's Guest Editorial

The Mail Tribune, thanks to the courtesy of the American Legion, is printing a series of guest editorials written on important questions of the day by prominent citizens in various walks of life. The Mail Tribune offers these editorials as an interesting feature but does not necessarily endorse the sentiments expressed.

Number 11 By M. H. AYLESWORTH President National Broadcasting Co.

The American people have a better opportunity this year to acquaint themselves with the issues involved in a national election, and to act upon their own conclusions, than in any previous presidential campaign.

During the months preceding the election the various candidates will personally speak to the voters in every part of the country. From their offices and homes, and from public gatherings, the candidates will send their voices into millions of homes by radio. They will lay down their platforms before the entire electorate of the nation. They will make their pledges and argue their points before a vast audience in an amphitheatre of three million square miles.

Between now and November 8, the citizen who wishes to do his patriotic duty and cast his ballot intelligently must necessarily engage in a great deal of thinking. A flood of claims and counter-claims on many complex subjects will be put before him, and he must weigh them and make his decision. He must attempt to sift the truth from all that he hears and reads. He must analyze each statement, and decide for himself what is best for the nation.

The difficulty, of course, lies in the fact that the average man is not fully conversant with the details of such subjects as tariffs, various forms of taxes, certain aspects of international relations, national financing and other complicated affairs of state. With this difficulty in mind, the National Broadcasting Company is now conducting regular non-partisan programs over the air, in an effort to acquaint men and women everywhere with the facts about government, in its various forms, and to explain and interpret, as well as to clarify, the issues which the voters must settle with their ballots.

thought, will help immeasurably in clearing the picture. It is the duty of every citizen to keep informed about his government, and to exercise the right to a voice in that government. Tuesday: Hon. Albert C. Ritchie, Governor of Maryland.

Today

By Arthur Brisbane
Still Tugging. Milwaukee, Well Governed. And Beer Is Coming. One Cow, Four Calves.

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CONVENTION HALL, Chicago, July 1.—The delegates are about to resume the tug of war. At one end of the rope Governor Roosevelt stands with 682 votes on the last ballot taken late this morning, after an all night struggle. Senator Walsh was eating his breakfast at the Blackstone hotel at half past nine after running the convention all night. He is past seventy years of age, few men of fifty, or forty could have stood the all night strain as he did, and show no signs of fatigue.

On the last ballot Governor Smith had 190 1-4 votes. He had had 201 3-4 on the first ballot.

Governor Roosevelt had votes from 38 states. Governor Smith from only ten states. But he has intense political ingenuity at his end of the rope, a great advantage.

The struggle begins, to last all night, the news columns will tell you what happened.

Normally, with a great deal more than a majority of the convention Governor Roosevelt would be nominated. But he has not two-thirds of the delegates, and under that two-thirds rule, thoroughly undemocratic, a minority can rule the convention and dictate the candidate if it holds out long enough.

After the all night session, when delegates went to bed, to restore their mental treasures with sleep, this writer drove to Milwaukee. A twelve cylinder Pierce Arrow car covered the hundred miles including traffic in a little less than two hours.

To see Milwaukee, the old Pfister Hotel, the beautiful lake front and especially to see a city in which crime is so thoroughly discouraged as to be almost unknown, is a pleasant change from the convention. In Milwaukee the district attorney makes his complaint, the trial takes place and the man is apt to find himself on his way to prison the same day. Twenty-five to thirty years is the usual term for banditry, and if a man is caught committing a crime with a loaded revolver on his person, there is no allowance for good behavior. No nonsense of any kind. He STAYS in jail from twenty-five to thirty years. Criminals despise Milwaukee.

When, as in the case of a man who shot Theodore Roosevelt in a public meeting in Milwaukee, a criminal is pronounced insane, he goes to an asylum inside the prison walls and stays there the rest of his life. And there is no "lunacy expert" nonsense, in Milwaukee. The judge appoints the expert, the report is always unanimous, for when experts are not paid there is no difference of opinion.

You can guess that both Republican and Democratic parties declaring in favor of beer, is good news in Milwaukee. The big breweries among the most famous in the world, are ready, bottling machinery, big tanks for storage, all prepared to relieve the great national thirst.

Irwin Jante, Wisconsin farmer near Hale's corners, has a three year old Holstein cow that has given birth to four calves at once. Mother and calves all doing well. That is looked upon as a good omen by all Wisconsin, particularly by Milwaukee's skillful brewers.

Milwaukee is actually run for citizens that work and pay the taxes, no inside clique for whom the taxpayers work year in and year out. There is no graft in Milwaukee.

"You can't even give a cigar to a policeman," according to reliable testimony. Mayor Hoan elected this spring for the fifth time with the biggest vote he ever got, is a socialist. The government that the late Victor Berger gave to Milwaukee still functions well. Extreme radicals call it "Victor Berger's conservatism" because it declares for social changes only in accordance with law, nothing said about dividing property.

Milwaukee has only had one bank failure. A little one. Guess what happened. The banker was tried, convicted and will be sentenced next Thursday. It was shown that he allowed depositors to put money in the bank when he knew it was insolvent.

Telephone rates have been slashed by the Wisconsin public service commission twelve and one-half percent in one hundred and two towns and villages. That means a cut of \$1,500,000 in the annual amount paid by subscribers.

That applies to local charges only, the commission having no authority on calls outside the state. The spirit of the late Robert LaFollette was not buried when he died. His sons are working as he worked.

Returning from Milwaukee 85 miles an hour, on wide concrete roads, you see the house in which Samuel Insull lived, many acres, gigantic barns, and farms. Roses grow thick along his fences. In a big enclosure a herd of Japanese white deer graze and browse. The roses will continue to grow, in spite of Insull's departure after the loss of his hundred million dollars. But the deer will not continue to eat. Somebody will eat them. Who would believe that the trouble of a public utility would control the destiny of white deer?

You pass through a village on the outskirts of big Chicago called "Half Day" because in old days, of the horse and buggy, it took half a day to get there from Chicago. It doesn't take long to get from Half Day now to this hall where more than one thousand men and women, representing 12,000,000 human beings, are trying to select a man to cure whatever is the matter with the country.

And the pathetic thing is that nobody knows what THE MATTER is, not the 123,000,000 that bear the brunt, not the delegates that will select the doctor, not the political White House doctor whoever he may be, that destiny will select.

This is an important p. s. It is half past nine by the convention. McAdoo is on the platform and will soon cast California's vote for Roosevelt. Mayor Cermak of Chicago, will vote Illinois and Indiana for Roosevelt. That settles it and Roosevelt is your Democratic nominee. HOOVER OR ROOSEVELT, TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

Local resident takes shot at murderer, while throwing rocks at his dog.

Special train of ten coaches to carry Medford people to Ashland, July 4.

Mercury climbs to 108 mark. June the hottest June in many years.

Klan petitions for recall of Sheriff Terrill filed.

Backbone of railroad strike broken. No permits needed to haul pickers to orchards, county court rules.

Civil war in Dublin grows.

185 tourists take advantage of free city auto camp.

Benny Leonard defeats Rocky Kansas in lightweight title bout.

Subscriptions started for new buildings at fairgrounds.

WOODROW WILSON

WOODROW WILSON, wins the Democratic nomination for president on the 46th ballot. Thomas E. Marshall wins vice presidential nomination.

Portland divekeepers agree to obey the law, when Gov. West threatens to call out the militia.

Jackson county Democracy girls for action. Six prospective applicants for postmaster.

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Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 24 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY July 3, 1922 (It Was Tuesday) City deserted as residents depart for many points to celebrate July 4th.

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