

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry. A farmer in the dell, who was painfully gored last spring, by a candidate's bull, narrowly escaped getting gored by one of his own late Saturday.

The better dressed gals are wearing Abyssinian monkey neckties. In these halcyon days of the pretty gyp, it is not possible that the Abyssinian monkey was once a Trail district coyote.

The "Individual loan" section of the Garner bill, is the silliest bit of political quackery since Oregonians were promised "electricity without cost." The very mean Mr. Hoover will veto the bill, and loud will be yelps, that the president has hardened his heart to the needs of the poor.

The revival of the "free power bill," will enable this state to again hit itself square between the horns, with its own pick-handlers.

The play was a success, even the one of the young ladies did suffer a lapsus linguae in the second act. (Boston Transcript.) Button! Button! etc., etc.

Gloria Gadd was extracted from a rumble seat late yesterday, as what was holding her in, was ruthlessly imprisoned for drifting for oil in another man's gas tank.

Al Weatherman was down from his ranch and reports his strawberries are ready for picking. (Baker Democrat-Herald.) Well known fugitive located.

Kidnaping of everything not nailed down, continues unabated around here. However, nobody has shown a little originality and stolen a kid—yet. The big idea is to take what you want, but don't get caught. Several admit the epidemic of thievery is becoming a bit tiresome, but are prone to hurt anybody's feelings during the Depression, by the infliction of punishment, as provided by the statutes.

As the result of some careless spinning down the highway, two people spun into the hospital.

Prospectors are returning from the cool and distant hills. They could only clean up from \$0 to \$10 per claim, which is no money for miners. Besides, they were unable to keep up with the economic arguments and tax-cutting, at the Bill Gore corner. Some argonauts returned yesterday and reported they were able to pan three skeletons of mountain trout a day.

Romance has bit the Dub Watson boy. He has started to chivalrously kick little lassies on the shins—an unflattering sign and symptom.

Science ought to do something about inventing a chemical to squirt on drilling fireflies, now endeavoring to fan the fires of religious bigotry, as something to fight about in the fall campaign.

Let us be thankful for the fools. But for them the rest of us could not succeed. (Mark Twain.) Just looking at the bright side of an unnecessary pest.

NOTICE—Jim Bates having left our bed and board, to get a crick, we will not be responsible for his taxes hereafter. Jim is training with the Democrats, and they are welcome to him. (Sgd.) G. O. Party.

A Los Angeles juror awarded a nurse \$5000, because the husband of Alime Temple McPherson broke her heart in a series of red-hot flirtations, all fully explained by loud mouth lawyers. The trial was outstanding because of the fainting proclivities of the wrong wife and the wronged lady. There was more plain and fancy swooning, on slight provocation, than ever before in the history of jurisprudence. Alime got in the last faint. This fact is significant. A poor couple never sue each other for tinkering with each others' hearts.

Their Own Petard

WE thought so! Robert Tallman, night watchman, guarding the 20,000 petition signatures for the college consolidation measure, admits according to Portland police, the melodramatic holdup at the point of a gun was a frame-up.

Tallman was to be paid for his part in the hoax, and he implicates several other men, whose names are not made public.

THIS confession should determine the fate of the consolidation measure once and for all. Any initiative measure so lacking in genuine merit, that its SPONSORS must resort to fraud and crime, to put it over, surely deserves the overwhelming defeat that now awaits it.

THEN came Chief Sponsor Zorn's statement that thousands who opposed the measure before, would support it, because of this attempt to keep it off the ballot at the point of a gun.

Now the entire shady proceeding is revealed as a put-up job, perpetrated at the last moment, in a desperate effort to hoodwink and flim-flam the people.

Unless we are greatly mistaken, the voters of Oregon will waste neither time nor the midnight oil, in studying the details of the consolidation measure in the Voters pamphlet.

The methods of the slick and shady politicians behind it will be enough for them. They will smother the measure, as it deserves to be smothered, in an avalanche of "no's."

No Boob Crop This Year

AS we view the present political situation, what the people of the country want above everything else is an end of the depression. They don't want charity, they want work; they don't want promises, they want prosperity.

If this view is correct then there is going to be more solid independent thinking on the part of the average voter this campaign than there has been for many years in the past.

Politically speaking, the people as a whole are disillusioned; for them the gilt and tinsel on the partisan ballyhoo wagon have worn off.

BECAUSE of this attitude of the people, we believe a vast majority of them do not know today, for which party they will vote in November.

AS a result the campaign cry of "let's have a change" is not going to be as "sure-fire" this year, as it has so often been in the past.

If this diagnosis is correct—and we believe it is—then the old time ballyhoo artists better keep a sharp eye on their campaign tactics. A false step this year may mean thousands of votes, and it won't take many of them, to actually determine the election.

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.

No. 15. MILITARY TRAINING IN UNIVERSITIES. By THOMAS F. KANE, President University North Dakota.

As a citizen, I believe in a reasonable provision for preparedness on the part of the government, in the present state of civilization of the world.

In a state university, where the provision for this preparation of the individual is made by the state, the simplest possible obligation would be for the individual to prepare himself to defend that state in time of need, and the nation of which that state is a unit.

As to the training itself, I feel: 1. That there is no other training in the university that does more for the average freshman in his first semester and his first year at the university than his military training. He learns how to stand, how to walk, how to carry himself. He learns neatness in dress and in personal appearance. He learns all of these not simply from instruction but from observation and comparison, in seeing a company of fellow students in uniform going through the same drill and discipline and noting the difference between the well groomed man of good bearing and the man careless in appearance and bearing.

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.

THE OLD MEDICAL FALLACIES ARE THE FUNNIEST. Our Texas reader writes: I enjoy your column and get benefit from it. Your "B. B." is great. I subscribe to the paper solely for your column and current comment.



So far we might debate the question with a perfectly straight face. But our Texas friend waxed melodramatic, just when we were listening seriously.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Ethics My Eye. A correspondent writes a letter describing the satisfactory treatment he received from a physician who evidently has unusual skill in the treatment of certain conditions.

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Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County) History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 29 and 10 Year Ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY July 11, 1922. Eugene W. Chapin of Arizona, prohibition presidential nominee, de-

Autolat, hit by train at Dakota crossing, lands on smokestack. Autolats urged to take Derby road to Crater lake, and save time, due to construction work.

Local folks hie to hills as heat wave continues. Tourist travel at height, and city auto park does land office business.

Senator Lorimer, "the blonde boss of Illinois," facing censure from senate, makes speech in own behalf. As a poor newsmen in Chicago, Lorimer attended a Sunday school class taught by a local resident.

Two loads 16-in. green slabs, \$4.50. Med. Fuel Co. Tel. 631.

First carload of Bartlett sell for \$2 1/2 c. b. Medford. Fake Coins in Madrid. MADRID — (AP) — Casual small change contains so many lead counterfeits that cafes, receiving them from regular customers, try to pass the fake; coins back to newboys and cigarette girls on the theory that street vendors are the source.

SAN FRANCISCO — (AP) — When a committee of adults called at the home of 9-year-old Robert Alkire in Kern county, Cal., to commend him for saving a 3-year-old companion from drowning, they found him hiding in a haystack.

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and her picture a thousand times, since that memorable first night look through the dazzling rays of the searchlight into the blackness which concealed the armed men.

Hands, silvery white in the cone of brilliance, seized her and whisked her into the darkness. A scream broke off in a whistling sob. Jerry, forgetful of machine guns and automatics, leaped as swiftly as a striking snake. There was a spurt of crimson slightly to the left, a blaze of white, blue and yellow in his own brain. He felt himself pitching headlong into a bottomless void.

An infinitesimal pinpoint of white light, far in the distance, came nearer and nearer, growing in circumference like the headlight of an approaching express train. Then, suddenly, it exploded. Exploded into an intolerable agony in Jerry's head. He heard himself moaning with the torture of it and, hearing, he stopped, ashamed.

The slanting rays of the morning sun fell in a blinding glare across the white counterpane of his cot. He closed his eyes quickly.

"How are you feeling, Calhoun?" It was an unctuous voice, a professionally cheerful voice. Jerry disliked it.

"Like hell. Go away." "You are lucky to feel at all. You had a close shave."

With an effort of will, Jerry looked about until he saw a calmed internee standing by his bed. On the other side was a nurse who regarded him placidly.

"Where am I?" he demanded, forgetting the ache in his bandaged head in the sudden flood of memories of that scene on the Merrick road.

"You are in the Hempstead hospital," announced the doctor. "You must have armor-plate instead of bone in your head. A bullet bounced off your skull that was backed for your brain. You'll have a scar where you part your hair, but that's all. And by the way, there's a man in the hall who says he's a detective. He wants to talk to you. I'd rather he waited a few hours, but he insists that the matter is urgent. Feel up to it?"

Jerry did not, but he nodded his head. The nurse opened the door and returned, followed by an oldish, overcast man who regarded the patient with mild blue eyes.

"I'm Stevens, of the Treasury department, he explained. "Do you feel able to tell me about the ruckus you were in last night?"

The telling of it took little time. It had been, after all, a matter of less than five minutes between Jerry's stopping of the big limousine and the vivid stab of flame which had blotted out his consciousness.

"Now," the pilot concluded, "can't you tell me what happened after I passed out?"

"Wish I could," admitted Stevens, truthfully. "The chauffeur got a smack on the head about the time you did. When the birdie had stopped carolling he was watching the sun rise. Miss Wentworth has disappeared."

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Gambler's Throw by Eustace L. Adams



Chapter 1 A GIRL AND A MACHINE GUN

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