MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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OREGON EDITORIAL STATE ASSOCIATION

NRA MEMBER U.S.

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The community is confronted with the agony of paying the fiddler, and the suspicion arises that he did his work with a bull fiddle.

• • •

The Progressives, so-called because they never get any place, met today to nominate a candidate for Governor. The main planks in the platform will be to save the farmer and divide the wealth. The farmer has been saved by politicians, until he has nothing left. In the primary, the scheme was to whack up the money once a week. The fall promises will call for a twice-a-week split, on the theory it will lure twice as many votes.

• • •

A. D. A. R. survey shows women the most militant disciples of Communism and the Soviet form of government. In Russia, women are forbidden to use cosmetics. If this fails to cure the militancy, they can plow a while, as women do in Russia. The invocation of either or both of the above Russian blessings will cause an increase in female admiration of the American form of government.

• • •

Lightning in Ohio struck an illicit whiskey still. The extent of the damage to the lightning is as yet not described.—(Detroit News)—The indiscretion tamed the lightning, which is now so much barbwire.

• • •

Instead of determining what is detaining him, Oregon reformers are expressing fear the old-fashioned bartender will return. He better hurry, or the state will be dry again before he arrives.

• • •

V. Brophy, the stockman is nestling behind the steering wheel of a yearling shaped, mauve colored 1934 model motor.

• • •

The NRA. order to tobacco dealers to give but one packet of matches, with each package of cigarettes sold will not produce the millenium much before the end of the month. Many dealers are "reactionaries." They sell the matches, and give the cigarettes away.

• • •

"Congress would do well to investigate itself." — William E. Borah United States Senator from Idaho.)—Careful, senator! or you'll get sensible!

• • •

World problems are still settled on the Bill Gore corner by those who should be cutting their winter wood.

• • •

J. Curtis Barnes, who wrote "Tom Todd Gets $12 for His Hogs," has vanished from the Main Stem horizon, and will be back as soon as he spends Lem's $12.

• • •

CALIFORNIANS, THERE THEY GO!

If traffic signs were painted red,
In letters ten feet high,
The California motorist
Would still go whooping by;
This "tourist trade" may have appeal
To those with goods to sell;
But try to drive
And stay alive
With those birds loose; it's hell.
—(Oregon Voter.)

• • •

Cursing of "Wall Street gamblers" continues brisk and vivid, but from all that can be heard, some of the opprobrium should be cast on the carnival variety.

• • •

"The head of the Charity Association apologized to Williams, and said the offer of relief was due to a misunderstanding. Williams was so irked that the prosecutor warned him to cease cursing in the presence of women."—(Medford Mail, April 5, 1904)—How times have changed!

• • •

Now a college student of the male persuasion has showed up, who thinks he is a Nazist. He is not much different from the campus brats, who think they are Bolsheviks. Don't be discouraged. There is always the chance that an American college might some day turn out a student with decided leanings towards Americanism.

All kinds of legal blanks for sale, for rent, no hunting, no trespassing and other cards for sale at Commercial Printing Dept. of Mail Tribune.

Editorial Correspondence

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., June 22.—It is the best time in the year for the theatre—the poor and so-so plays have folded up and only the best of the 1934 crop remain. So whatever you see is apt to be good.

This has certainly been true in our case. After an air cooled evening at the amazing Rockefeller Music Hall, we took in "She Loves Me Not" and two days later Irving Berlin's "As Thousands Cheer." Last night we rounded up rather a gay week theatrically, with Katherine Cornell in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" over at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn—it was her final performance in this delightful dramatization of the Robert Browning romance, before sailing for a long vacation in Europe.

• • • •

The striking thing about all three plays was their flawlessness. Not a missed beat, or the slightest slip,—not a weak spot or a slurred over incident in any of them. That, we have an idea, is what distinguishes the theatre in New York City. A New York company means a perfect company, as far as it is possible by money and hard work to make it so. The managers may take a chance in Philadelphia or Boston. But when Broadway is tackled, the theory appears to be the very best is none too good.

• • • •

Another interesting feature of all these plays was the absence of dirt. "She Loves Me Not" has to do with the adventures of three students at Princeton with a tough little night club dancer, but while it is rowdy and rough enough, there is nothing about it suggestive or unpleasant. You could take your Aunt Sarah from Cohoes and if she had a sense of humor, you would never feel uncomfortable. Auntie would have a good time. The play can hardly be identified. It starts off with melodrama, slips into side splitting farce, and toward the end is flavored with romance. At times it resembles Grand Hotel in that on the darkened stage, various characters are flashed on and off for brief close-ups, all dove-tailing into the final denouement.

• • • •

"As Thousands Cheer," is by Irvin Berlin, and struck us as one of the best revues we have ever seen. The music is tuneful, and the sketches—it is really nothing but a series of clever vaudeville turns—are smart, clever, and clean as rain-washed fruit. Maralynn Miller, Clifton Webb, Helen Broderick and other top notch dancers and comedians, take the principal parts, and one need scarcely add they take them perfectly. There are take-offs on ex-President and Mrs. Hoover, Aimee Semple McPherson and Mahatma Gandhi, and other notables including King George, Queen Mary and the Prince of Wales. They are all side-splitting, and yet free from bitterness or a too broad burlesque. Everything is said with a smile and so much bounce and gusto is packed in, that the satirical thrusts are lost, one might say, in the abounding good fun and good humor.

• • • •

It didn't look much like a depression over at the Brooklyn Academy of Music—a large mid-Victorian "opree house" with rows of side boxes, doric columns, red plush, and filagree. The house was completely sold out so we had to take a box—which spoiled the effect somewhat. The theatrical taste of America has certainly improved since the General Grant era. Boxes in the old days were very popular with the ultra ultras. Now you can hardly give them away—in fact few modern theatres have them. Looking down on the actors from high up on one side almost entirely destroys the illusion. Boxes were really made not for people who wished to see a play or opera, but who wished to be seen. That sort of cheap, stupid vanity has practically vanished from our modern theatrical world.

• • • •

Before the curtain rose there were two or three lines of standees behind the orchestra seats, and many in the rear of the first balcony. And they paid their good money to see what is nothing more than an elaboration of an old fashioned morality play—with the essential dramatic trinity—the heavy villain—Papa Barrett—the dashing hero to the rescue (Robert Browning) and the beautiful and somewhat helpless heroine (Elizabeth Barrett), familiarly known as "Ba". The audience was most responsive and enthusiastic, laughing at every approach to humor, applauding at every approach to heroics, and doing everything but hiss when Papa B. got in his dirty work. It was a very hot night and Flush, the Barretts' cocker spaniel, who appears in nearly every scene, panted furiously. This seemed to amuse the audience very much.

• • • •

Of course Katherine Cornell is perfect in the part of the gifted and spiritual invalid, who finds herself and health, thru love. She was excellently supported, too, except in the main character of Robert Browning. The young man who took this part, must have played Romeo once upon a time, for he posed and strode around the stage in the most exaggerated theatrical fashion. He did not lack ardor, or aggressiveness, but he entirely lacked the subtle, slightly humorous quality, that we feel sure, the English poet must have had.

• • • •

It was a long ride back to our New York hotel, but taking the rapid but noisome subway, the cost was only five cents, a nickel—the half of a dime! Just how many miles it is we haven't time to figure out, but we do know you can ride farther and faster in New York City for five cents, than anywhere else in the world. And you could ride all day for that amount if you wished to kill yourself. The din is simply hellish, the crowds except in off hours appalling, and the atmosphere these hot days suffocating. The subway however gets you places so much faster than anything else that for a visitor who has a good deal to do and little time in which to do it, the underground is indispensible. We should say the slowest means of transportation in New York is the taxi. In the down town district a good brisk walker can beat a taxi anytime.

• • • •

There is a good reason for this too. There are no pedestrian traffic rules in New York—much to your correspondent's surprise. There are stop and go lights for motor traffic, but the pedestrian can stop and go at any time. We regarded this as an incredible and murderous system when we first arrived, but after a week's experience we must admit it works very well. On the main streets like Fifth Avenue for example, the green "go" signs are on for a long time, the go signs on the cross streets (usually one way streets), only a short time. As a result there are long periods when the red light is against a crossing, but there are no cars or only a few of them on the Main Stem. The people act very intelligently about it. They don't try to rush across until most of the cars have passed by. Then they do. More cars come roaring on, from time to time, as long as the go light is on, but we never saw an accident or an approach to one, and don't believe there are many. It really gives the pedestrian quite a break when he wishes to get somewhere. But of course he takes a chance. If he is hit when the red light is on, he won't get anything but a two-line obituary in the Times, and his heirs and assigns won't get anything. But no one can get anywhere in New York without taking a chance,—or anywhere else for that matter. R. W. R.

EX-PRESIDENT W. C. T. U. IS CLAIMED BY DEATH

PORTLAND, June 25.—(AP)—Funeral services will be held here today for Mrs. Mattie Sleeth, 82, Oregon's first woman juror and former president of the Oregon Women's Christian Temperance union, who died Saturday.

She was born in Delaware, Ohio, and was a member of the first class of the Kansas state university in 1864.

MAY CAN OLD EWES FOR DROUGHT RELIEF

WASHINGTON, June 25.—(AP)—Farm administration officials said today the possibility of purchasing old ewes for canning purposes in emergency drought areas, was under consideration.

The government already is making cattle purchases in similar areas.

Use Mail Tribune want ads

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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

WHAT, NO QUININE FOR MALARIA?

In the city where I studied medicine there was no endemic malaria. Only when visitors or newcomers from malarious districts happened to fall ill and enter the hospital did we have an opportunity to study malaria. Of course plenty of persons who had never been out of the city or the local territory imagined they had a touch of malaria, but we are speaking now of real malaria as diagnosed by finding the plasmodium or organism of the disease in the red blood corpuscles. Too, plenty of patients entering the hospital with typhoid fever, tuberculosis, septic infection, syphilis and one thing and another had been told by their doctors that they had a touch of malaria—that trick may still be practiced by the type of doctor that never troubles to make a microscopic test of the blood.

Once a beautiful case of tertian malaria turned up in the hospital, a laborer from a southern state, where real malaria prevailed. The parasites were easily demonstrated in his blood. The clinical professor wished to make sure that every one of his students should have the opportunity to examine a specimen of fresh blood, so he voiced the hope that the patient might receive no quinine for a while, naturally fearing a vigorous exhibition of quinine would kill the plasmodia and cure the patient. So the intern, nothing loth for an experiment, arranged to have the patient receive at regular intervals capsules purporting to contain quinine, but actually containing only a pinch of salts. The intern was not utterly unfeeling about it. Indeed, he kept close watch over the patient, determined to give quinine immediately if the patient showed any signs of getting worse under this—er—scientific neglect. So the course of the illness remained unchanged for several days, chill, fever, and sweat every alternate day, patient enjoying his rest and the sprightly company of other patients between whiles. Most of the medical students got their drops of blood and saw the malaria parasites, all right. Then the patient played us a mean trick. He got well without any quinine. Not only that, but he made as prompt and complete a recovery as one could wish in any case, whether quinine is given or not. The parasites disappeared entirely from his blood. Although we kept him under observation for as long as we considered fair, he evinced no further sign of illness.

I have never had another opportunity to experiment on malaria patients like that. Couldn't do it in private practice. But I have wondered.

Quinine is probably the best example, save one, of a specific we have in medicine. Quinine has long been regarded as a specific cure for malaria. But I don't know. I have asked myself many times whether quinine, after all, cures malaria, or whether the cure is not like the cure of typhoid fever, a spontaneous reaction to the invasion through which the body develops the necessary antidote or germicide or parasiticide to dispose of the invader.

In short I strongly suspect that the idea that quinine cures malaria is just a superstition of the medicine man. If we could inoculate a few hundred state's prisoners with malaria and give half of them quinine and the other half no quinine, we might learn something astonishing to medicine men.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Time Is Not Yet Ripe.

Won't you throw the great weight of your influence into the fight the women here are waging against social disease?—H. W. R.

Answer—No. I can say nothing about the subject until it becomes permissible to at least mention what we're talking about.

Well Water.

We have our own deep driven well, the water coming from between two rock layers clear and cold. A frequent visitor complains that this water produces gas and an uncomfortable sense of fullness in the region of the gall-bladder, and intimates that a recent gall-bladder operation was necessitated by the water . . . —Mrs. B. C. F.

Answer—There is no reason to think hardness in water or any mineral has anything to do with gallstones, kidney stones or similar ailments.

Nothing to Get Excited About.

Do you consider alligator pears good food, and why?—G. H. H.

Answer — I have nothing against them. If one likes them avocados are not a bad source of vitamins, minerals and so on.

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Ed Note: Readers wishing to should send letters direct to Dr. communicate with Dr. Brady William Brady, M. D., 265 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O.O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, June 25.—In the manner of Arnold Bennett's journal: Driving home through the produce district of First avenue, John DeCarlo, the chauffeur, pointed to a hotel sign: "Ninety Beds for Farmers Only." He observed: "I guess they don't want any wise guys." Humor from crowded Mulberry street flag-stones!

At dinner we heard a deal about George Raft, the cinema arriviste. He is out of a hard-boiled strip of Tenth avenue and formative years were spent knocking about cabaret dives. Conscious of grammatical lapses, he is mute among strangers. With pals he expresses himself vigorously in side-mouth clips.

He is a human sponge for the cry story and comparatively big money slips through his hands. In spite of oily, dancing-man prettiness, he is nimble with fists and will let fly if annoyed. Someone told, too, of Bob Hague's collection of watches. By the scores, owning one that belonged to Charles and Mary Lamb.

Movie discussions remind me no up-and-coming player should indulge trashy theatricalisms. Like Loretta Young miscast in that "Born to Be Bad." It leaves scars. S. T. in from paris says Frank Jay Gould is selling all his French investments, getting out in a high rage at measly treatment.

Dispiriting to hear Ed Howe say that after crusading against evil and bad taste most his life he might well have saved his breath. It got nowhere. In disproof Roscoe Peacock points to Henry Mencken and Sinclair Lewis as deflaters of Babbittry. Yet I hear Mencken does not believe the Rotarian spirit he so hooted, is as foolish as the Brain Trust nonsense and actually believes the professors must be eliminated or there will be a march on Washington. This day I installed complete the works of R. L. Stevenson.

M. read after breakfast a comfortable essay of Montaigne's. I was impressed by this: "To what end do we so arm ourselves with this harness of science. Let us look down upon the poor that we see scattered upon the face of the earth . . . from these nature every day extracts effects of constancy and patience, more pure and manly than those we inquisitively study in the schools . . . The very names by which they call diseases, sweeten and mollify them. The pleurisy is but a stitch and as they gently name, they patiently endure them." Reading Montaigne despairs one to write. He does it with such exquisite simplicity. Anna Held, Jr., writes me she has Harry Silvey's chair from the Cafe de la Paix at her up-the-Hudson place.

Bide Dudley tells me about Damon Runyon's amazing chauffeur, most alert of Broadway's human divining rods, en rapport with all subtleties of the street, talking the brisk argot and knowing first hand the gossip. The home paper today said the python that fought the tiger in Frank Buck's picture died in Gallipolis. It was on exhibition tour.

The flood of sidewalk cafes must touch off a miserere for roof gardens. There's only one roof garden I ever cared about—The Majestic. L. V. and M. and I tried dining at a gaily parasoled terrasse. Very much old hat. Stuffily packed. Service so-so. Everybody seemed to order sliced tomatoes, cold assorted meats and iced tea. We, too. No wine buckets visible. The Irving Berlins seemed especially animated. Maybe a new song theme blowing across the latitudes. Whitney Warren, alone, with hair in wild wavy toss. J. P. McEvoy and Morris Gest still cling to those fuzzy floppy Fedoras. But no one has the courage for a pearl derby since Raymond Hitchcock's day.

Our handsome waiter, a juvenile Warren Williams with hair at temples in broad patent-leather swipes, confided he was a Georgian prince and L. V. thought maybe he could live it down by honest toil and sending money to his folk.

She had heard Mdivani was pronounced "Deeoney." At a Paul Whiteman fiesta Estelle Taylor told she sipped a cup of tea before singing. Tannic acid contracts the muscles, preventing throat nervousness. Her singing is rather goodish. A magazine query asks for a jot for a symposium on emotional fluctuations. Wakeful hours the blackest pessimism is 3 p. m. Fluffiest optimism just before lunch. Midnight optimism usually alcoholic. The world's most intelligent thinking is done in the bath and over breakfast coffee. Disraelli said evenings, between 5 and 6, daily saved the world from atheism. Verbum sap sapienti!

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ROAD BOARD CHIEF OUTLINES PLAN TO USE FEDERAL COIN

(Continued from page one)

receive 25 per cent, or $775,000, and municipal streets will get the other $775,000.

Forest Funds Coming.

In addition, $610,000 or more will be available for forest highway work.

Scott explained that many bridges can be built with the new money. He said the Willamette highway between Eugene and Klamath Falls can be opened by expenditure of $140,000 primary funds, and $150,000 of forest funds. Other projects in the primary class, he said, include the Klamath Falls-Midland road to connect with Weed and the Siskiyous reconstruction.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

EDITORS of Oregon assembled in Roseburg last week-end for the 47th annual convention of the Oregon Editorial association.

They told the folks left behind at the shop, of course, that they were going to learn new things and make themselves more efficient in their business; and this, in part is true—for no editor could even be suspected of falling so low as to tell an outright whopper.

But mainly the editors were in Roseburg to have a good time—just like everybody else who goes to conventions.

That is what conventions are for.

FORTY-SEVEN years!

That is quite a long time, as time goes out here in this relatively new country. Oregon has changed a lot in those 47 years, and her newspapers have changed just as much as everything else.

THE editors assembled in Roseburg chiefly by automobile, traveling in swift, modern cars, over smooth paved roads; those from even the most distant points spending only a few hours on the way.

Their predecessors, nearly a half century ago, came chiefly by train—this for two reasons, one being that they traveled then on passes and the other being that only by railroad train could they make the trip in time.

The roads of those days wouldn't be recognized as roads now.

THESE 47 years have seen great changes in the newspapers, as well as the roads.

The linotype has succeeded the hand compositor. The swift perfecting press has succeeded the ancient presses that printed the newspapers of half a century ago. Back in those days, there was probably only one newspaper in Oregon receiving world news by telegraph, and this news came in over a hand-operated Morse wire.

Now every daily in Oregon receives an ample wire service coming into its office by means of fast machines.

No industry has been more thoroughly mechanized in recent years than the newspaper.

BUT listen:

There are far more printers today than 47 years ago, and they are far better paid. The newspapers of today earn better livings for their owners and their employees than the newspapers of 47 years ago.

The machine hasn't hurt anybody in the newspaper business. And elsewhere, believe it or not, it has done much more good than harm.

The machine ISN'T going to destroy us. Instead, it is going to make our lives steadily richer and fuller of comforts.

THE changes wrought in the newspaper in the past half century will probably be slight in comparison to the changes that will be brought about in the NEXT half century.

Already, there are machines that set type by wire. That is to say, these new typesetting machines are connected directly to the wire that brings the news, so that the operator of a keyboard much like a typewriter's in New York will actually set the type in newspaper composing rooms here on the Pacific Coast.

As an experiment, complete copies of a newspaper have been transmitted and reproduced by radio. So the time may come when, instead of getting your paper on your front porch, or out of the mail box, you will go to an instrument much like your present radio and at a certain hour take from it your complete newspaper.

There are men who tell us that this will be true, and it would be no more wonerful than many of the things that have happened in the past half century.

IT WILL BE a mistake; however, if we permit ourselves to think of the newspaper as something mechanical and to gauge its progress by the changes that have been made in the mechanical methods of its production.

The newspaper is far more than a mere mechanical organization. Its true function is as an intellectual force in its community. It serves by speaking truth and spreading knowledge.

If the editors assembled in Roseburg speak truth and spread knowledge more effectively than their predecessors of 47 years ago, it can be said honestly that their profession has made progress.

But if they are NOT able to speak truth and spread knowledge more effectively, then their profession has stood still in spite of all the marvelous mechanical changes that have come about.

For that is the only real measure of newspaper progress.

Editorial Comment

A Wild Debate

The Multnomah Anglers & Hunter's club announces that tonight at "8 p. m. sharp" it will debate at Harmony hall, in Portland, the subject, "Is the Steelhead a Game Fish?"

The announcement prompts a reminiscence. Years ago the late Dr. David Starr Jordan, famed ichthyologist, visited Portland. He discussed this very subject.

The steelhead, said Dr. Jordan, is merely a trout that has undertaken an ocean voyage. Feeding upon the plankton of the sea, it attains growth like that of salmon. With such food it absorbs the cosmic vitamins that make of the steelhead the hardest fighting and most savage of the fish that can be hooked on a fly.

No one who has ever connected with one will dispute that the steelhead is a gamey fish. Dr. Jordan's studies may have left some room for question as to whether the steelhead is a trout. But since his statement, laborious experiments have been conducted on Rogue river, in Oregon, by the experts of the federal bureau of fisheries. They have found no structural differences between the steelhead and the rainbow trout. Steelheads, restrained from going to sea, have followed the conventional life cycle of the rainbow trout.

So the question narrows to this:

"If the steelhead is a trout, and it appears to be, should trout ever be classed as a commercial fish?"

That is the real cause of dispute. For the commercial fishermen, in a manner of speaking, want the steelhead to swim into cans, and the anglers contend that fishing baskets should be the steelhead's exclusive destination.

And it cannot confidently be predicted that the debate before the Multnomah Anglers & Hunters' club at Harmony hall will harmonize and close this moot dispute.

New Shriner Chief

Dana S. Williams of Lewiston, Me., was named imperial potentate of the Shriners of the United States at their St. Paul convention. (Associated Press Photo)

Communications

Urges Earwig War

To the Editor:

Believe our fine paper could do a wonderful work by assisting in a crusade against earwigs. From the many complaints coming from different people in our community, it seems very likely that unless all citizens of Medford and the surrounding communities work in unity to destroy the pests, the costs of maintaining them and the cost of their destruction will be many times greater, so we learn from those people who have had experience with this pest.

We are also informed that in other infested districts the introduction of a certain parasite in the form of a fly is solving the problem of destroying the earwigs.

Surely all residents of our community should send in their name to some certain headquarters as a petition requesting help and pledging to give their time and money to put on a campaign and drive to eradicate this pest.

I certainly will be glad to see an article in your paper leading up to a practical drive of this kind.

CARL J. BROMMER.
821 Minnesota Ave., Medford.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

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.

June 25, 1924
(It was Wednesday)

Democratic convention yells all morning, with fist fights over the Klan issue frequent. Balloting on nominee delayed.

Grass fires keep the fire laddies busy.

Rosina Gallatin of Talent wins first prize in baking contest at Corvallis.

Mile posts to be placed on Pacific highway.

Gov. Pierce refuses to call a three day holiday for celebration of Fourth of July.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY.

June 25, 1914
(It Was Thursday)

H. Chandler Egan wins first round of Pacific Northwest Amateur golf title play.

General rain falls over the valley.

Jim and Walter Garvin of Talent engage in a pistol duel with three yeggs trying to rob the postoffice. The criminals escaped from a hastily organized posse.

Showers continue over valley.

Espee will run the first excursion of season to Colestin Sunday.

(Continued from Page One)

The inside story, however, is much more favorable to the general than the published ones. The NRA union group is quite a high-tension crowd. They move around the halls in groups of ten to twenty, looking like a mob. One newsman, noticing them recently, went up to see if they carried a rope. The expressions on their faces clearly indicated a lynching was imminent. They were merely going to see Johnson about something.

Their overly aggressive tactics, however, soon exhausted what little patience Johnson has.

There is an interesting story going the rounds and it may be true, although confirmation is lacking. It is to the effect that both Mrs. Dall and Elliott Roosevelt wanted divorces at the same time a year ago, but that the heads of the family insisted two divorces at once would be too much, that one of the children could get a divorce then, and that the other would have to wait a year.

Mrs. Dall went to see Elliott in the middle west and they decided to toss a coin to decide who should get a divorce first. Elliott won. That, at least, is the story.

Rubber Industry Founder Passes

WORTHING, Eng., June 25.—(UP)—Sir Leybourne P. W. Davidson, 75, known as the founder of the modern rubber industry, died Sunday.

The first cultivated rubber plants were sent to his tea and coffee plantation in Ceylon from England in the 1870's after the famous botanist, Sir Joseph Hooker, procured seeds from the Amazon region and cultivated them in hothouses in Kew.

Salem Holds Lead In State League

By the Associated Press.

Salem maintained leadership in the State Baseball league by winning, 7 to 5, at Eugene yesterday.

Bend hit hard and showed speed on the paths in defeating the Portland Eagles, 17 to 4. Albany bolstered its standing by defeating Toledo, 7 to 1.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

THE calm and quiet of a well conducted funeral depends solely on the efficiency and dignity with which it is arranged. We have built our reputation on funeral service which exceeds the strictest expectations — at the same time showing consideration for the sake of family economy.

CONGER
FUNERAL PARLOR
WEST MAIN AT NEWTOWN

Solicited for membership in Order of Golden Rule and declined.