

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Editorial Correspondence

LOCH HAVEN, Pa., June 29th.—More beautiful country. Left Gettysburg this morning, motored to Harrisburg, where the senior member of the firm insisted upon securing detailed instruction from the A.A.A. (not the Roosevelt branch) when all we needed was plainly on the road map. However the half hour spent was not entirely wasted, for we saw more of the capital of Pennsylvania, than would have been possible otherwise. A very quaint but attractive city on the Susquehanna river—the latter a very impressive stream until one takes the time to examine it. Then what at first appears to be another Mississippi, proves to be but a flat, broad expanse of rock, over which a thin veil of muddy water trickles. The river is not navigable, and in the old days had a canal running along its banks. The canal is now grass-grown and partially filled up, the river so they say, is lower than usual.

The highway to Buffalo, N. Y.—our first stopping point en route west—runs directly along this river, between thickly wooded hills, which later grow to be what the natives here call mountains,—but which the younger member of the party insists upon calling "NOTHING but hills." She admits however they are very beautiful hills,—all fluffy and soft and green without a bare spot on them. And they rise in the air so gradually, back, far back, there to be crested by more rounded fluffy trees, that they give one a rare sense of spaciousness, and a richly upholstered grandeur.

The western mountains are far more majestic and impressive, but no mountains in the WORLD could be more peacefully BEAUTIFUL than these mountains in central Pennsylvania.

Leaving Harrisburg we were puzzled by several little stern-wheeler barges—not much larger than row boats—one attached to a flat bottom scow, which appeared to be filled with coal. Having been told the river is not navigable, this provided a subject for considerable discussion. At another point we saw a man, standing in the middle of the stream—the water didn't reach to his knees,—plying a scoop shovel at a great rate, shoveling some heavy substance into a box nearby. That presented another problem. While lurching at Seeling's Grove the mystery was explained. The bottom of the Susquehanna it seems is little more than a field of hard coal in many places. They still scoop a high grade anthracite from the river bed, and have been doing so for many years. That's getting water-washed coal for you!

The senior member of the party was born near here, 84 years ago, but was taken west by his parents to Illinois, shortly after the close of the Civil War. He more than anyone else enjoys this trip, through country he knew so well as a boy. But it is rather a sad trip for all the friends of his childhood are dead, and of his immediate family he believes there is only one possible survivor, an Uncle Samuel Ruhl, who at last reports still lived on the family homestead—he the third generation. He was his father's young half-brother and if living would be—so he figures—104.

So we search for Uncle Sam. The little village is finally found after considerable wandering, a place of not more than five or six hundred people,—neat and clean,—with a post office, a knitting mill and perhaps ten or twelve stores. A great grandfather ran the mill a century ago—it was a flour mill then, it is a woolen yarn mill now. He was also the postmaster. (Quite a MAN was great grand dad!) We asked two venerable gentlemen working in a ditch if they knew where Sam Ruhl lives,—(If he is still alive!)

One rises up, scratches his head, and says nothing. The other rises, scratches his head, and expresses the opinion that Sam Ruhl died two years ago.

Well that appeared to settle Uncle Sam, but where did he live—having travelled so far all wished to see the old family homestead.

Neither of the ditch diggers could say definitely, but they knew it was just a block off the main street and had a fence about it.

So we drove on, and in that general direction passed a little girl in a pink dress with no sleeves, and a pair of black bright eyes.

"Could you tell us where Sam Ruhl used to live?" we ask. "Sure!" said the girl pointing across the street, "he's my uncle, he lives right over there."

"You mean he's ALIVE?"

"I'd say he's alive—I just been over there."

Tableaux! Here were unexpected family complications. We were not looking for any young girl relatives, and to be perfectly frank didn't want any. So we thanked the young Miss, and proceeded in the direction of the house indicated, without informing her that we also had one of Uncle Sam's nephews, and several grand nephews and nieces in the car.

A few minutes later we were duly presented to Uncle Sam, whom we expected to find in a wheel chair, false teeth in one hand, or trumpet in the other, and not even one hair visible below his skull cap.

Far from it! Uncle Sam didn't look exactly like a college sophomore, but he had no car trumpet, he had a head of hair, as thick as an Irish terrier's and only a few streaks of grey in it, and his false teeth weren't in his hand, they were in the bath room—for Uncle Sam wasn't expecting visitors and he only wears his store teeth at meals and when he dresses up.

In fact Uncle Sam expects to abandon them entirely as soon as his third set of teeth come in. A friend of his grew a third set. And Uncle Sam is sure he can do the same for he has grown a head of hair—yes sir, at 70 he was bald as a goose egg, and now look at his hair. He blithely referred to his housekeeper to confirm this statement, but the housekeeper reminded Uncle that she had only been with him ten years. She did agree however that his hair was much thicker than it was when she came.

"Well it's true anyway" said Uncle, "and I spelled down the class at the school the other day. Yes sir. I have just as good a memory as I ever had, and never forgot my letters. The word was McEwinville—that place back the road where you came today—And Uncle proceeded to spell it M-c (Capital) E-w-i-n-v-i-l-l-e. That stumped 'em, all but me."

And then the little girl in the pink dress was explained. Uncle Sam's children all died in infancy so about 50 years ago he and his late wife adopted one—she grew up and married and had a couple of nice girls of her own. They call him uncle,—everybody called him uncle—probably because his name is Sam."

Well we had a nice family reunion, and before we departed practically the entire village came along to look over the fence and see what was going on.

But the senior member was mistaken regarding Uncle's age. He isn't 104—he is only 94—just a mere spring chicken! (But wait until his lineal descendant starts growing his second crop of hair!!)

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 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.



WHY DO WE OVEREAT?

Instinctively the body craves food, at least once a day. Actually most plain and fancy eating is done for other reasons than hunger, or for no good reason at all.

Hunger is the primitive demand of the cells or tissues for (1) fuel food to convert into energy or vital heat, or for growth, or for repair of wear and tear; (2) vitamins, each of which serves a special nutritional function and is essential for life and health; (3) minerals which maintain proper fluid balance within the cells, and enter into the formation of strong teeth and bones, vigorous muscles and nerves.

Due to improper selection, ultra-refinement and faulty preparation or cooking, our diet generally includes an excess of fuel food but a shortage of vitamins and minerals. In the instinctive effort to appease hunger we are likely to consume a greater bulk of fuel food than the body can readily handle, and the surplus accumulates in the body, stored in fat layers under the skin, in the abdomen and in and around the internal organs, especially the heart, liver and kidneys. In health a certain amount of fat is stored in these places in the body, to be drawn upon for fuel in case the food supply fails or falls below the body's daily requirement.

You skinny ones know I love you as long as you can take it on the one chin you have with a wan little smile. But I certainly like my women plump. I'm speaking, of course, as a health authority purely. However that's the way I am anyway you take it. Now as your sympathetic friend and admirer, discriminatively, may I not suggest that you read over the preceding three paragraphs carefully and make sure you grasp the little lesson in nutrition that is compressed into them. Don't cut it out. It is really quite simple, and if you are not a veritable dumbbell you should be able to learn everything said there so that in your own words you can tell it to anybody else. Clipping such things and filling or pasting in scrapbooks is the worst way in the world to learn, though such files or scrapbooks may be interesting keepsakes or relics.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Streptococcus

Is the germ streptococcus always fatal when it gets into the blood stream? (Mrs. H. P. T.)

Answer—No. But of course such septicemia or blood poison is a serious illness in any case.

Before and after I received your leaflet on constipation I used bran, and I believe you are right about it. However, I cannot find the undoctored article at grocers' or bakers'. A friend of mine says you recommend taking a teaspoonful of flaxseed now and then. Does this mean flaxseed meal and should one pour boiling water on it first? (A. B. McG.)

Answer—Feed stores or flour mills would have plain bran. Send 10 cents (coin) and stamped envelope bearing your address, for a booklet "The Constipation Habit," which tells you how to use flaxseed. The constipation leaflet is free to readers who provide the stamped addressed envelope. The booklet sets you back a dime besides.

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

London or return to New York. She is through with France and vice versa.

Bagatelles: Count Von Luckner eats but one meal a day, but it is one a whippet could not hurdle. . . . The original Plea Circus, finding West 42nd street too tawdry, seeks another location. . . . Herbert Bayard Swope discovered Irving Berlin in Nigger Mike Sailer's Chinatown cafe and wrote the first feature story about him. . . . Lucius Beebe has been first to devise the chatter column idea for Park avenue.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

THE UNITED STATES protests Germany's moratorium on \$1,500,000,000 in German obligations held by Americans.

(Moratorium is a polite word meaning: "We're not going to pay our debt till we get good and ready.") The crude, coarse, rough word for the same thing is "repudiation."

WHAT will the United States do about it—besides diplomatic talk?

Well, nothing much, if you insist on the unpleasant truth. There isn't much that can be done about it. Right now—except go to war, which would mean that the cost of collection would be immensely greater than the debt itself.

But there IS something that can be done later.

The next time the Germans come around wanting to borrow another billion and a half, we can say to them: "No, thanks; you didn't pay your debt the last time, so we'll lend you no more money."

BROADLY speaking, that is ALWAYS the trouble with not paying your debts—whether you are a nation or an individual.

You may get away with it at the time, but the next time you want to borrow money you'll find lenders uninterested.

Paying honest debts is a mighty good policy.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in an address delivered in Washington, reviews his recovery program and claims for it substantial gains in the way of business improvement.

Administration supporters will claim vociferously that these gains are wholly due to the recovery program. Opponents will claim just as vociferously that they have been made in SPITE of it, and would have been greater without it.

This humble individual is thankful

for the improvement, doesn't care whether it has been made because of the recovery program or in spite of it, and hopes it continues.

A CHICAGO dispatch says: "A stifling heat wave shimmered over the eastern half of the country today, caused more than 20 heat prostration deaths, led indirectly to almost 100 drownings and caused agonizing discomfort to millions of persons."

Do you suppose the heat wave really did cause 20 deaths from heat prostration and nearly 100 drownings? Probably not. People are apt to jump to conclusions in such cases.

But there's no doubt about the discomfort—as you know if you've ever gone through an eastern hot spell.

We don't know what real heat is out here on the Pacific coast.

WILL ROGERS says he doesn't know just what congressmen are going to promise the voters this fall in order to get re-elected. He thinks about everything has been promised that can be promised.

Why not try promising a plain, common-sense administration, with no effort to raise ourselves by our bootstraps and no reliance on making everybody rich and happy without work, by the simple process of passing a law.

An election platform of that sort would be so novel in these times that it might catch the fancy of the voters. At least, it would be interesting to see somebody try it.

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 2, 1924
(It was Wednesday)

Bryan makes plea for McAduo as democratic presidential nominee, and starts feud. McAduo assures business. "I will not tinker with the money or the tariff." Riot prevails before 38th ballot taken.

Eighty thousand pounds of German war material allotted to Oregon.

The mercury soars to 103 degrees. No relief in sight.

A Flint auto climbs the Crater Lake rim road in "high."

Frank and King tent show continues to draw crowds nightly.

High cost of living will be national campaign issue.

Air mail to start night flights.

FRANK RAY was fined \$5 and costs by Judge Charles B. Gray for speeding his low rakish machine on West Main street.

Miss Ganey L. Jackson of Eagle Point and Harry L. Young Jr., of

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY.

July 2, 1914
(It was Thursday)

No issue of the Mail-Tribune on July 4.

Frank Ray was fined \$5 and costs by Judge Charles B. Gray for speeding his low rakish machine on West Main street.

Miss Ganey L. Jackson of Eagle Point and Harry L. Young Jr., of

Brownboro, were married this afternoon by the Rev. W. F. Shields of the Presbyterian church.

The "Sleepy Seventh" will establish quarters in the Nat. so "young men" will have some place to go evenings.

Sunday morning three men walking and carrying heavy packs lunched in a certain camp ground on the Crater Lake road. When they had finished they put their empty box and papers in the stove and even brushed the crumbs from the table. Later an automobile party lunched in the same place. They left papers all over the place. They showed bad manners and lack of respect for others who will come after them.—Plounee Rock Falls Correspondent.

The University of Kentucky is including as a major subject in its poultry school methods of determining the sex of day-old chicks.

Experts figure erosion takes about 121 billion pounds of plant food from the soil in the United States annually.

STUDIO 20c ANYTIME
HURRY! HURRY!
Last Times Tonight

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING
MAY ROBSON

Starts Tomorrow

She Stowed Away on the Danger Ship to Sail for Buried Gold!



SON OF KONG

Robert Armstrong
Helen Mack
Frank Reicher
John Marston
Victor Wong
Lee Krolmar
Ed Bradley
Directed by ERNEST SCHROEDER

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, July 2.—Diary: Out to a Grand Central lunch counter. And the man next stool was handcuffed to an under-sheriff going to Sing Sing, a youngish fellow who could not keep back tears.

So across town, speaking to Jimmy Johnson and Billy Seaman and gazed upon the increasing decadence of Broadway from Louis Mann's step at the Astor.

So the afternoon writing a magazine vignette about America's most widely discussed newspaperman, Damon Runyon. Then to the Rex Coles for tea and, wandering Columbus avenue, picked up a few volumes of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and stopped awhile to talk to Roxey.

Driving to the Sleepy Hollow Country club with my lady to dine with the Will Hayes and Will's brother, Hinkle. And on the road home a motor was upside down in a ravine, a woman killed and her husband away from drink, was shrieking hysterically. A sorry picture.

The Sleepy Hollow Country club, built 44 years ago, was once the home of Finley Shepherd and wife, the former Helen Gould. The housekeeper installed at the opening still presides. There are 17 bedrooms for club members furnished as they were originally and the largest in America. The largest, occupied by Mrs. Shepherd, encompasses the space of at least five ordinary rooms, the closet double-decked with winding stair. What was once a front terrace is now the golf course. From every window the view is so sweeping that pastoral serenity becomes somewhat torpor. You want to hear the cars go bump.

One of the smallest, most select town clubs is the Coffee House, whose membership is made up of painters, writers, sculptors, architects and actors. The rules are confined to a single mandate, viz. there shall be no rules. The purposes of the organization were set down by the late Joseph H. Choate at the opening dinner: "No officers, no livery, no tips, no set speeches, no candidates for membership, no charge accounts, no rules." Frank Crowninshield is a prime mover.

Hotel Figueroa
Figueroa St. at 10th, Los Angeles, Calif. One of Los Angeles' newest hotels.
100 Outside Rooms of Comfort.
Downtown. Garage in Connection.

Rates from \$1.50 per day without bath \$2.00 per day with bath \$3.00 per day, twin beds and bath
A. B. SMITH, Lessee.

Personal nomination for the most enthusiastic voice among radio announcers—that of Graham McNamee.

Summer Blossom, lean young magazine editor, does not pace the room, tugging at a forelock, an old sanctum custom in discussing stories with writers. He is a chair gymnast instead. He may sit on one leg, then the other, or Buddha-like, on both. And in tense moments almost tie himself in a knot. Lord Northcliffe was another editor who liked to sit at conferences with legs doubled under him. Perhaps the only editor to relax in office pow-wows was the late Ben Hampton. He stretched out on a chaise-louge puffing a big cigar when talking things over. Bob Davis used to pencil hieroglyphics furiously on a desk pad but never missed a word.

Ballard Macdonald, long one of Tin Pan Alley's crack song writers, joined the expatriates in Tahiti months ago, after closing up affairs for a permanent isolation on that outer fringe of the world. But after six weeks of cultured beach-combing a George White postcard forwarded from his New York address reading: "How about some lyrics for my new show?" sent him up the gangplank of the next steamer—so hungry for the civilization he left flat on its back he walked right up and kissed the Times building. His dream of exile, as is usual, was pleasant only in planning.

The remaining expatriated Americans in France believe the unprecedented fine of nearly a million for Jenny Dolly was merely the outward glow of inner embering toward foreign success there. A French trick. The Dolly sisters have been stepping high, wide and handsome for many years in Paris and along the Riviera. This definitely puts a crimp in their strut. Jenny Dolly will remove to

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JULY is independence month an ideal time to declare your independence from money worries. If you owe several bills, let us furnish the money to pay them off. You can pay us back in small weekly or monthly payments. We will lend you up to \$300 on your own signatures—no indorsers required. Call, phone or write for full details.
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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

A federal judge sentenced the Governor of North Dakota to 10 months in prison for conviction of attempted bribery, and endeavoring to defraud Uncle Sam on the day North Dakota voters re-nominated him for Governor as their primary election. This is no reflection on the intelligence of the North Dakota voter, but it is a good thing that Bandit No. 1 John Dillinger was not running for something. This executive was charged with diverting relief work funds to his own relief.

Wednesday is the Fourth of July, and the eagle will scream, as well it may.

Communists, of which there seems to be more than anybody cares to admit, announce plans to raise as much hell as possible, with "standing on their constitutional rights."

This trick is a good one, and has been performed locally, the kickers standing on their constitutional rights while kicking the Constitution around.

J. Kort Hall, the orchardist, is still working optimistically on all fronts. There is one nice thing about Mr. Hall's fretting—he confines it exclusively to the nations of the Western Hemisphere, and the islands of the Pacific Ocean. To date, he has been unable to register any worrying about anything that ever happened.

It begins to look like the weather would now produce some summer days with burning haze, when people wish that they were a fish.

Farmer Bill Carl of the Applegate plans to sacrifice himself for the legislature and will run for a seat there. Among other things, he promises to save Rogus river for the poor man. He does not explain just how the rescue would benefit either the river or the poor man. Mr. Carl will make the race as an independent. He urges the use of common sense in making laws. He might as well urge all farmers to lift themselves over the fence by their own bootstraps. There is just one item the matter with his candidacy. He does not vow not to go, if elected.

The Sultan of Djocja (Java)—who has 44 wives and 96 children. He receives \$25,000 a month from the Dutch Government for doing nothing.—("Believe It Or Not" item)—So it would seem.

Lady bicyclists are now reducing on the sidewalk, to keep from being run over by autists. It has not been determined yet where the pedestrians will walk to keep from being run over by either one or both.

1934 turkeys will soon be big enough and fat enough for armed farmers to stay up nights with them.

TW TONGUE.
The tongue is a muscle located inside the face and fastened at one end. The front end is the loose one. In some individuals it is looser than in others.

The tongue is used to crush food, to moisten a handkerchief when it is necessary to wash a child's face in public, to move gum from one plate to the other, to keep the upper lip in position, to make business for divorce courts and to elect candidates.

If a boy has a silver tongue he grows up to be an orator and devotes his life to pointing out the duty of other people. Silver tongues are no longer in great demand, except in districts where men sleep in their underwear.

Sharp tongues are peculiar to the female of the species. In Puritan days the possessor of a sharp tongue was called a common scold and was ducked in a pond. Now, however, tongues of this type are no longer monopolized by the feminine sex, and males who possess them are called reformers and young intellectuals. If they are reformers they cause everybody who disagrees with them, and if they are young intellectuals they cause America.—(Baltimore Sun.)

Refresh yourself with one of our big 100 cc cream sodas. Anything you like in the fountain line at DeVoes.

MURDER CHARGE FOR OFFICER'S ATTACKER

PORTLAND, Ore., July 2.—(AP)—Accused of having kicked and fatally injured a policeman, George De Corsey, 24, was held in the city jail on a murder charge while preparations were made for a preliminary hearing in municipal court today.

Patrolman Charles M. White, 60, died Saturday night after he had been kicked in the abdomen by De Corsey while attempting to place the latter under arrest on a drunk charge.

A long leaf pine tree in Dupont county, North Carolina, is 110 feet tall, measures 44 1/2 inches in diameter at a point 4 1/2 feet above the ground and the first limb is 30 feet from the ground.

Mrs. Ina M. Hason is now at the DeVoe store and will be glad to have her friends drop in anytime.

TORTURE TESTED

FROM 300 FT. BELOW SEA LEVEL TO THE DIZZY HEIGHTS OF MT. WHITNEY

... most dramatic and exacting atmospheric test America could impose... from the lowest spot on the continent to the topmost motor travel limit of the highest mountain in U.S.A. ... all within a few hours time... every effect of rapid altitude changes recorded by precision instruments... Thus was another essential quality of this wonder gasoline developed in Nature's great laboratory.

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