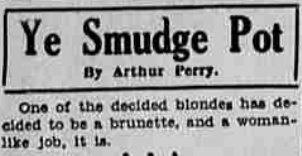


MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

One of the decided blondes has decided to be a brunette, and a woman-like job, it is.

TIMES ARE SURE TOUGH

PORTLAND, July 10.—(AP)—The betting public passed a total of \$1,120,019 in wagers through the wickets of the pari-mutuel cages here during the first 30 days of this season's dog racing.

THE ESTEEMED PORTLAND JOURNAL

is printing a series of able editorials, entitled "Bulls or Brains." With slight alteration, the caption can be used in the fall campaign as Bull or Brains.

J. Jerome, the local hustler,

has hustled back from a 30-day sojourn in the Middle West, fully recovered from wearing a cowboy hat during the late 18-k jubilee. He passed through the area visited by the drought and Peoria Bill Gates. He reports a fine gas.

Mrs. Arthur Gammell was in town Saturday

saying that her husband, who has a broken leg, is getting along so well they are worried on account of the small amount of pain and discomfort.—(Pendleton East Oregonian)

There is considerable talk, in peevish economic circles,

about the "coming revolution," or "class struggle." The event is feared unless everything goes to suit everybody, unless all Democratic congressmen are re-elected, unless the government forks over more cash for unworthy and transient indigents, and unless this or that is granted. Now there is plenty of evidence in the news of the day, that the portion of the American public with hair on the back of their necks, is growing weary of its chronic hell-rulers, and hating them from circumspection by processes of the law. They are beginning to ask why, who cause the government in broken fashion for a glimpse of their citizenship papers, if any, and make arrangements for their return to their native heaths. They are beginning to assume that if a Democratic candidate for congress falls to make the grade at the November election, it will result in nothing more serious than a Republican taking his place. Anent the impending "class struggle," unless those who grate the loudest about it, do more struggling than they have ever done in the past, it will have no class.

Editorial Correspondence

CHICAGO, Ill., July 9.—When we told the guard at the entrance to the Hall of Science, that the Denver nephew could not be found, the young man showed no surprise.

He merely pulled a pad from his breast pocket, poised his silver pencil and asked for particulars.

"Young men interested in science," said he, "often lose all track of time. Did the young man have a watch?"

Yes he had a watch, he was a very methodical and reliable young man, and had promised not to leave the building, but to come to the Chinese Republic entrance, promptly at three o'clock.

"There are 37 entrances to the Hall of Science," explained the guard, "probably he is waiting at some other entrance. Give me a complete description. I will look for him here, inform the travelers' aid, while you cover the other entrances. Don't worry, he will be found all right."

We covered the other entrances but no nephew was visible. He was now nearly an hour overdue. We had visions of some sudden illness, accident, even kidnapping crossed the editorial mind. We should never have left him alone anyway—even though he wished to be on his own. It was a fool thing to do!

The young guard got busy. All information booths in the building were informed, a description was sent to fair police headquarters; in 15 minutes the missing boy were not found, a searching party would be formed.

The guard was only a kid—perhaps 18 or 20—but he was a bundle of energy and determination when he got started. The place started to hum.

Then the figure of a small boy running down the ramp, picking his way carefully in the scattered crowd, became visible. The guard pointed with his swagger stick, "Is that your boy?" he sharply inquired.

It certainly was. No one could mistake that Panama hat, the spectacles, those thin legs in the wooly golf stockings. On he came a little out of breath and very pale, but quite composed.

He was terribly sorry, but he had forgotten about the Chinese Republic entrance, and for an hour had been trying to identify the place by the exhibits WITHIN. When he saw the biological exhibits, and particularly a certain "EMBRYO in a glass jar," he knew he had found it, and so started to run.

We think the guard was disappointed. He no doubt expected a melodramatic tableau—an emotional reunion—a few tears perhaps, and one or two "Thank Gods."

He hasn't studied the modern young man with a scientific turn of mind. The lad was badly shaken within,—had for an hour been under considerable strain,—but there were, and had been no tears,—and would have been none had the separation been a longer one. Moreover, thoughtful young men who understand electrons, nuclei, atoms and the like, don't like to show their feelings. He knew the hotel where he was staying, knew where to get taxis or telephones—barring illness or accidents he would have found his way "home" readily enough. Nevertheless, the experience was not a pleasant one, and hereafter we shall keep close to the heels of any young man we may have in charge.

The incident showed, how well the Century of Progress is organized to take care of those who are lost, and how efficient and courteous all the officials are.

At the age of 13 we spent three weeks at the World's Fair of 1892. It is surprising how many of the details and experiences we remember. The World's Fair at San Francisco in 1914 and the Panama Exposition in Buffalo in 1902, are dim and distant in comparison. The impressionability of youth again. If you wish to make yourself felt—get them young—get them young!

That Columbian Exposition was truly a thing of beauty and a joy forever—a dream city, through which we roamed day after day,—one of the most delightful and romantic experiences of over half a century.

Perhaps the 11-year old nephew will feel the same about the Chicago Exposition of 1933 and '34. But we doubt it. In the first place he is a scientist and we weren't; in the second place this Century of Progress is essentially utilitarian, while the Columbian exposition was essentially artistic—and romantic.

The present exposition keeps saying America has grown up,—has become a mature and highly competent individual capable of standing on its own feet. The first Chicago exposition was largely imitative, the idea being to recreate as it were the beauties of the past, architecturally, and esthetically.

Take the buildings, for example. If they have any real beauty it is a beauty we can't grasp. They are striking, bizarre, interesting, but there is a complete absence of unity and harmony,—except perhaps at night, when the lights are on, and one can get a perspective from the sky.

As a whole the buildings look like the result of an experiment with indestructo blocks,—huge unrelieved planes of indigo blue, against unrelieved planes of pure white,—towers that aren't towers but some giant's building blocks, piled end to end in the air. There are no windows, no ornamental entrances, no arches or flying buttresses, nothing but a steel frame covered with plaster board,—the bare essentials to supply shelter, space and plenty of fresh air.

It is hygienic—the entire fair, like a hospital operating room, could be washed clean with a hose. The lighting is artificial but far easier on the eyes than uncertain sunlight; the circulation of fresh air, artificial also, is comfortable and constant—far superior to what windows and doors could provide.

In short the entire set-up is efficient, original, ORGANIC,—not imitative but creative—and essentially an AMERICAN creation.

But it ISN'T— at least to us—beautiful, or, as was the Columbian exposition, somehow UPLIFTING.

We know the answer. The writer is behind the times,—a new architecture, and a new art have been born, but he doesn't know it.

WELL, SO BE IT!

We had tea in the Belgian village—undoubtedly a painstaking and authentic reproduction of typical portions of Brussels and Brugge. In the city square about 20 young Belgian boys and girls, in native costume including wooden shoes, put on a number of dances. The big feature was where a girl from the audience was chosen and admitted to the circle—whereupon all the Belgian BOYS kissed her—then a man in the audience

was similarly taken by the hand and received the osculatory caresses of all the dancing GIRLS.

The nephew quickly anticipated what was coming and was fearful he would be the chosen male,—when the Girl Scouts started up the steps, he proceeded to make himself as small as possible, behind his uncle. Quite recovered now, he hoped his uncle WOULD be chosen. But the girls selected a fat man, in a poncee suit, whose ample freshly shaven cheeks, were simply MADE for an occasion of the kind.

The ordeal over, the fat man wobbled back, fanning himself with his straw hat, and shaking his head waggishly while the voice at the loud speaker asked "CAN he take it?"

This created a great laugh, and nickels and dimes rained down on the stones, from the audience, while the wooden shoes clattered in a street-corner scramble.

That scene might be taken as a symbol of these villages at the Century of Progress. We find there is great interest in collecting the nickels and dimes!

—R. W. R.

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.

FATHER GALEN VERSUS OL' DOC BRADY ON CHARLEYHORSE.

Cladius Galen was a doctor in the second century. He lived in the environment of the famous temple dedicated to the god Aesculapius, who was father to Hygieia the goddess of health. Even in his callow youth Galen manifested a disposition to dispute all the big-wigs in philosophy, grammar or whatever they liked to chide in.



So he studied medicine, and became famous as a student and teacher. All his life he openly voiced his scorn for the pathlets, cultists or adherents of this and that "school."

"No one before me has given the true method of treating disease," said Galen modestly and truthfully. "Hippocrates, I confess, has been foggy or shown the path, but is often obscure, and is usually the case with ancients when they attempt to be concise. . . . In a word he has only sketched what another was to complete. . . ." That was all right, for Hippocrates had been dead 500 years when Galen was born. It was not so bad to imply that Hippo was an "ancient" as it would be to refer to him as a "old fogey" or an "old fossil" while he yet lived.

Galen found private practice poor picking. I suppose the people had his number. They could easily see he was a nut. So he scouted around until he got a contract job or appointment—akin to lodge doctor or plant doctor today—to dress the wounded in the great circus. This job gave Galen a fine opportunity to study anatomy and physiology. There was no anti-vivisection society in those days.

In McKenzie's classical work "Exercises in Education and Medicine," which you had better ask for next time you happen to be in the neighborhood of the public library, second page of second chapter, Galen is quoted on a sore subject, namely charleyhorse:

"If anyone immediately after undressing proceed to the more violent movements before he has softened the whole body and thinned the excretions and opened the pores, he incurs the danger of breaking or spraining some of the solid parts, but if beforehand you gradually warm and soften the soles and thin the fluids and expand the pores, the person exercising will run no danger of breaking any part."

There are two causes of muscle soreness following vigorous exercises. First, minute ruptures of cell walls in the muscles and exudation of lymph or blood, or larger ruptures

of muscle or tendon fibres and formation of a lump called charleyhorse; second, the retention of waste products in and about the muscle.

Both causes of stiffness, lameness or soreness are favored by (1) too sudden exertion without preliminary "warming up" with moderate exercise; (2) cold weather or carelessness about exposure while resting after having exercised vigorously; (3) lack of training—that is, the athlete in good training is not likely to suffer any such lameness even if he seems quite careless about exposure, but the individual unaccustomed to daily exercise is quite likely to suffer lameness after even moderate exertion. You see, training develops many things besides mere muscle strength or agility; it develops more active and efficient circulation, better breathing, better metabolism.

Considering Galen knew nothing about circulation, he hit it off pretty darn well. I don't mind admitting, and I rarely admit any dog, living or dead, is good. Or about the old story, "warming up" with moderate exercise. The sweat has nothing to do with the matter we're discussing. Not a thing. But there goes the bell, children, so we'll have to see about sweating another day.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

General Disinfectant.
You say that only a freshly opened can of chloride of lime is good for making a disinfectant mouthwash or gargle. Can the mouthwash or gargle be stored for future use?—F. J. M.

Answer—No. Dissolve a teaspoonful of "chloride of lime" (calcium hypochlorite) from a freshly opened can in a pint of water, to make a good disinfectant solution for use as mouthwash or gargle. It loses chloric every day, so why try to keep it? Prepare a fresh solution whenever needed. It is cheap enough.

Superfluous Hair.
Do you recommend any one for electrolysis of superfluous hair? I know of places but am afraid of scarring.—H. P.

Answer—I advise you to ask your physician about it. If he or she doesn't give such treatment then refer you to a reliable one who does. Frozen Food.
Some canned foods freeze on the grocer's shelves so that the can bulged at both ends. Next day the can looked all right. Is such food fit to eat?—Mrs. I. M.

Answer—Yes, freezing does no harm provided the can did not burst open. (Copyright, 1934, John F. Dille Co.)

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

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, July 12.—Grog-shops on the Bowery are flashing window banners of red: "Whiskey—10 cents." The new bars, open so passers-by may see, are filled with the same old soaks that frequented the smoky back-rooms during prohibition. And quipped away and lathered "smoke."

The change has given the door highway some of the royster of the days of Suicide Hall and Atlantic Garden. For the beetle-browed bouncer has been restored to oust sleepers and the more jubilant jags. It's only after midnight that life moves to a minor key.

Then the Bowery takes on something of the pathos and elegiac quality of massed squalor. Drunks snore in hallways and tired women hang out the upstairs windows, seeking some faint scour of breeze. Only the jangle of the elevated spurs overhead breaks the silence.

All-night pawn shops appear listless, for the Bowery has little more to plead. The dingy restaurants with menus treasured in white on windows are faint peeps of light. The only glitter comes from the pert, white-tipped 8-cent hamburger towers. But the Bowery is not bothered by depression. Depression has been with it always.

Likely the most enduring friendship out of the deal when Park Row is that of Burns Mantle, the critic, and Fred Knowles, once managing editor of the Evening Mail. For more

United States athletes win the Olympic games at Colombes, France. The "Robin Hood" pageant is presented.

Round the world fliers land at Bucharest, Bulgaria. C. C. Lemmon is named a director of the Chamber of Commerce.

Uncle Sam issues warning to resident of Butte Falls district, "who wrote a threatening letter before he thought."

The heat continues, and Medford folks hit for the hills and seashore.

THIRTY YEARS AGO TODAY July 12, 1914. (It was Sunday) LOST—Will the person who by mistake took a silver handled umbrella initialed "M. E." from the Methodist church, Fifth and Barlett, Sunday evening, kindly return same to Rev. E. O. Eldridge, 502 N. Riverside.

Thunder showers in the hills keep the Medford water supply muddy. Many orchardists ordering fancy labels for their fruit pack. C. Wig Ashpole is driving a new Maxwell.

Fifty-five thousand railroad engineers ready to go out on strike. Vanity Caused Arrest BOSTON, Mass.—(UP)—John H. McDonald, 26, might have escaped arrest if he had been less vain. Police captured him when he was found in front of a broken shop window of a clothing store. He was allegedly trying on a coat to be sure it fitted him properly.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS
THE July 11 crop report of the department of agriculture places wheat production in the United States this year at 463,622,000 bushels.

Production last year amounted to 527,413,000 bushels, and the average for the five-year period from 1927 to 1931 was 586,000,000 bushels.

THE July 11 report places this year's corn yield at 2,113,000,000 bushels. Production last year was 2,330,237,000 bushels, and for the five-year 1927-1931 average it was 2,516,000,000 bushels.

AS TO oats, the production for this year is estimated on July 1 to be 598,000,000 bushels. Last year's oat crop amounted to 722,485,000 bushels, and the 1927-31 five-year average production was 1,187,000,000.

This year's oat crop, you see, will be only about half what it was from 1927 to 1931.

THESE reductions in grain yields appear to be the result chiefly of the drought of which we have been reading so much in the past few months. Nature, one might say, has been watching the more or less futile efforts of the law passers to reduce agricultural production by the process of passing a law, and has said: "All right, boys; if crop reduction is what you want, I'll show you how to do a good job of it."

SHE will, too. When nature takes a hand with the crops, either in the way of reduction of increase, she finishes what she starts.

TAKEING it by and large, the job nature is doing in the way of reducing the wheat surplus this year appears to be not only efficient but FAIR.

If the reports of the department of agriculture are to be relied upon, wheat production all over the northern hemisphere is seriously down this year.

That is to say, no one country is to be called upon to stand all the grief.

NATURE, you know, isn't always either fair or kind in her judgments in accomplishing what she sets out to do.

Sometimes her hand falls heavily on some particular area, in the way of flood or drought, whereas some other area appears to be especially favored.

O' COURSE, the Middle West has been quite severely dealt with, while we of the fortunate Pacific Coast have escaped without much loss of crops, and in addition will benefit from the reduction of supply and consequent increase in price.

But the Pacific Coast is notably a favored spot, free from disastrous extremes of nearly all kinds.

IN THESE modern days of brain trusts and such, we are inclined to sneer at such old-fashioned ideas as letting nature take her course, but even the brain-trusters will have to admit that in certain ways nature has done a pretty fair job.

Throughout all the years since the world began, for example, she has so accurately balanced the number of males and females as to keep reproduction on a normal basis.

It is doubtful if even the best of our ambitious lawmakers could have done any better.

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 12, 1924. (It was Saturday) The Frank King tent show agreed not to give any performance on night



Oakland Motors and later vice-president of General Motors. George Buckley — Newspaper and magazine publisher, vice-president of City Bank Farmers Trust company, New York City.

George Berry — President International Pressmen's union, major of engineers in American expeditionary forces, one of founders of American Legion.

Among those who lent a quiet, helping hand to make Joseph Kennedy chairman of the new securities commission were: Postmaster-General Farley, Bernard Baruch and Herbert Bayard Swope.

The new federal stamps on hunting licenses were drawn by the famous cartoonist, Ding, who is serving in the wild life (mostly game preservation) end of the new deal.

An ex-army officer and song writer walked into Senator Reed's office the other day with a new line of bon mots against the new deal, the first one being: "A code sandwich; Philosopher air between two professors."

Whillock's Golden Rule Store

REAL BARGAINS REAL QUALITY REAL SAVINGS

SOMETHING DOING EVERY MINUTE AT THE GOLDEN RULE STORE DURING THIS . . . PUBLIC SALE

Men's Felt Dress Hats \$2.79

5c 47c 11 1/2c 57c

Men's Summer Dress Pants \$1.43 to \$1.87

One lot of Men's Dress Sport Oxfords, tan and brown, black and white. Sale price \$2.97. What a buy! Extra heavy Cannon double terry Turkish towels. Size 23 by 46. 23c ea. 2 for 45c. Ladies' Silk Hose. Pure silk in all the new Summer Shades. All sizes, while they last, pr. 43c. Lot No. 2—Men's Sport Dress Oxfords, value to \$6.50, close out price \$3.97.

Men's Solid Leather Work Shoes \$1.97

Every Pair White Shoes Must Go! Lot No. 1—Ladies' White Dress Oxfords, pumps and strap pumps, sale price \$2.37. Lot No. 2—White Dress Low Shoes, sale price \$2.77. Lot No. 3—White Dress Low Shoes, sale price \$3.27. Lot No. 4—Ladies' Sport Oxfords, straps and pumps, sale price \$2.48.

All Summer Dresses Will Go Quick at These Prices Ladies' House Dresses 73c One lot Ladies' Silk Dresses, values to \$4.95. Sale price on this lot \$2.97. Our \$5.47 Dresses—Sale price \$1.27. Our \$6.87 Dresses—Sale price \$4.95. Our \$9.97 Dresses—Sale price \$6.97. Our \$15.27 Dresses—Sale price \$9.97. Our \$1.87 Voile Dresses—Sale price \$1.57. Our \$2.70 Voile Dresses—Sale price \$2.23.

Whillock's Golden Rule

221 W. Main Street Phone 318