

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF PUBLISHERS

Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Ferry.

In all the battling spawned by the longshoremen's strike, it is significant that no labor leader has sustained a bruised head from a baseball bat, or inflated lungs from a tear gas can.

Press reports reveal that a hungry man who threatened suicide unless given a hamburger sandwich, was saved. They evidently did not give him the hamburger.

Some unscrupulous woman helped Dillingham escape. She is more dangerous to society than the desperado himself. It is she and her kind who make him seek a life of crime.

Styles in backgrounds for Oregon hellraisers have changed. Descendants of the recent Jackson county war have all arrived on the Mayflower.

The "house of the future" is nothing for a westerner—certainly not an Oregonian—to enthuse over. It is made entirely of steel and glass and combinations of one or the other, without a piece of wood in it.

The Ford exhibit is worth seeing—if only to observe three young men in white uniforms and behind glass, with goggles on their foreheads which they use at times, swing various aerial contraptions about and put a new Ford together with three taps of a hammer.

A DOCTOR GETS TOLD. (American Medical Journal) Sir—When I get him cured from the effects of that cement you gave him to drink before taking that x-ray which ruined his bowels and he very near lost his life over it, I will pay you.

The action of the Governor in calling out the state militia, so they would be handy in case of an outbreak of Portland Communists, caused a number of Williams valley politicians to be careful what they said for fear they would not be re-elected to the legislature.

Settlement of the Russian-American debt has resulted in a statement due to "lack of agreement on the absorption." Why not let Russia, however inhuman, absorb all the American-born Bolsheviks, and forget about the money.

PLAIN INGRATITUDE. An Italian barber of Baltimore, brought up on Verdi, traveled all the way to Jersey City last week, determined to extirpate a crooner whose broadcasts in the studio there were not to his liking.

Infant son arrives for Lieut. and Mrs. Harrell. Lieutenant and Mrs. Ben Harrell are the parents of a son, born Sunday, July 22, at Fort Warren, Wyoming.

More Bikes Bought. BRISTOL, Conn.—Bicycle production in the United States in the first six months of 1934 totaled 215,000 units, a gain of 65 per cent over the same period of last year.

Oregon Weather. Fair tonight and Tuesday, but overcast on coast; rising temperature in east portion; moderate northwest wind offshore.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Editorial Correspondence

CHICAGO, Ill., July 21.—On this extended eastern pilgrimage we have heard no man in public life, more bitterly and universally panned than General Hugh Johnson, major dome of the N.R.A.

General Johnson's practical knowledge of business may be meagre but to our mind, in this industrial crisis on the Pacific coast, he has shown high qualities of intelligent leadership and sound statesmanship.

He is against the dictatorship of a radical or an ultra conservative minority. He is against the foreign agitator who would incite a class war; he is also against the reactionary die hard, who would seize the present opportunity to crush organized labor, and try to return this country to a condition of industrial servitude.

He is for the upholding of our democratic institutions, the securing of industrial and social peace, through a just and fair settlement of differences, on a basis of the square deal to all, and special privileges to none.

On this program we are behind the somewhat intemperate general fill the cows come home, and should a vast majority of the people of this country, are—OR SHOULD be.

A score of people in this seething metropolis died from the heat yesterday, and your correspondent considers himself lucky that he was not listed among the number. There is only one word for this Chicago combination of heat and humidity, and that word is "killing."

That only twenty people succumbed, is a high tribute to the powers of adjustment and resistance, that the human race has acquired, under the strains and stresses of a modern civilization.

When the heat was at a maximum, we undertook another foray into the Century of Progress, and about four o'clock were packed in with about a hundred other "nuts" before an exhibit in Ripley's "Believe it or not" Odditorium.

The neurotic appearing "barker" was showing the boobs, the physiological idiosyncrasies of a couple of ossified specimens, a man and a woman. Just as some beetle browed and evil looking female, masquerading in a nurse's costume, pulled up the body of one exhibit and let it fall, on the operating table, with a dull thud, and then vibrate, like a grotesque and macabre turning fork, someone in front of us dropped to the floor, as if hit by an invisible sledge hammer.

The crowd fell back. There a young girl lay prone on her face, the World's Fair came she had been carrying clattered away from her on the wooden floor.

An usher forced himself through the crowd, brushed aside the girl's boy friend, who stood there looking at the prone figure as if he were paralyzed,—knelt down and applied what he no doubt regarded as first aid. This consisted in trying to pull the poor girl to her feet, by main force. FORTUNATELY, someone with as much sense as a primary-grade boy scout, interfered, rested the young lady's head upon a folded coat, elevated her feet, and applied his hat as a fan. She regained consciousness quickly, but was still dazed and as white as a pan of milk. Her rescuer, now assisted by the usher, helped her to her feet, and the nitwit escort, having retrieved the cane, followed them to the nearest exit.

This incident only consumed perhaps a couple of minutes, though it seemed to at least one witness as much longer. The dope addict resumed his "barking" and the crowd packed in a solid mass again, moved on to see a colored gent who looked as though he had just escaped from the chain gang, push a batpin through his nose, and drive a ten penny nail, into one nostril!

VERY edifying, particularly with the thermometer at 98, and the humidity only a few degrees lower.

Having a pass we were shunted to a side entrance where we met the great Mr. Ripley, who presented us with a mimeograph copy of the wonders of his great show, and was no doubt surprised to find the Mail Tribune not numbered among his clients.

We wish to throw no asparagus upon his gifts as a sort of typographical P. T. Barnum—nor deny for a moment that "Believe It Or Not" is an excellent feature—but we are quite content to forego any more side shows until Ringling's comes to town, and the weather is cooler.

The "house of the future" is nothing for a westerner—certainly not an Oregonian—to enthuse over. It is made entirely of steel and glass and combinations of one or the other, without a piece of wood in it.

nothing in it to sweep except with a hose,—and we don't deny a steel chair rocking on a steel spring is more comfortable than it sounds. But if we ever get together enough money to build a new house, we fear we will not order one of these futuristic contraptions and thus increase the profits of the U. S. Steel corporation. We don't mind having a porcelain bath room, or even a kitchen, but when it comes to a porcelain HOUSE—we admit it—Ye Editor is hopelessly old fashioned. He likes soft and hard wood about him.

The Ford exhibit is worth seeing—if only to observe three young men in white uniforms and behind glass, with goggles on their foreheads which they use at times, swing various aerial contraptions about and put a new Ford together with three taps of a hammer. Not a stroke is missed or a false motion made. It is a perfect demonstration of manufacturing a la mode, by the greatest automotive genius of all time. To be fair and impartial we should also have visited the General Motors building. But it was at least 300 feet farther on—and at that stage of the game, 300 feet looked like 300 miles. Had it been negotiated, it might have been equivalent to 3 million!

R. W. R.

AUTOISTS WARNED OF UNDERCROSSING

ASHLAND, July 23.—(Special).—Motorists of Ashland and vicinity are warned against the dangerous condition of the undercrossing north of the city. Construction has progressed to the stage where it has been necessary to build a detour around the site of the temporary trestle, and motorists who are unaware or who approach the incline at a high rate of speed may easily meet with disaster, either in the form of, skidding on the loose earth, or through collision with some south or north bound automobile.

The temporary trestle is rapidly nearing completion, and excavation on the final stage of the work will begin soon.

INFANT SON ARRIVES FOR LIEUT. AND MRS. HARRELL

Lieutenant and Mrs. Ben Harrell are the parents of a son, born Sunday, July 22, at Fort Warren, Wyoming.

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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.

IS THE GORMAND COMPARE BLE WITH THE INEBRIATE?
Heretofore it has been just a little shameful to admit that one habitually overeats. It seems a weak and sinful indulgence, gorging so much food all the time. Nearly as bad as the drinker who boasts he can take it or let it alone, but lets it alone only when he can find no good excuse to take it.

In one respect it is not quite fair to compare the glutton with the drunkard. One who craves alcohol has deliberately cultivated a taste for liquor, in spite of all warnings against resorting to it in the first place. One who eats too much food all the time is merely striving to satisfy a demand of the body for nutriment, a demand he certainly did not cultivate. However, it appears that what is good for the glutton is good for the sot. There is some similarity between the craving for alcohol and the craving for excessive food, and perhaps by removing or satisfying the latter we can correct the latter. Mind, I don't know anything specific about this. It's just one of those crazy notions that pop into my head sometimes.

Years ago I conceived the theory, and broached it here—any of you old timers remember?—that the boiling of coffee for breakfast must be what drives a lot of men to drink. I had observed that the men in homes or boarding houses where you can smell the coffee boiling before you get down to sleep the outrage seems likely to be confirmed drinkers, and I sympathized with them and thought by Jungo if I ever marry a wife who treats the coffee like that I'll take to drink myself. I eventually ventured to interfere with the domestic economy in a few instances, but did not boost my stock with the cook and in some cases the poor fish I was trying to help blurted out that billed was the way he liked it. . . . So I said to myself . . .

But I manage to keep calm and unflinching when I smell the coffee being ruined nowadays. I've revised my earlier theory about the relation between the foul concoction left after you have driven the aroma off from a pot of coffee and the craving for strong drink. You see, we hadn't heard about vitamins when I formulated my theory.

Now I believe the dissipation of the aroma of the coffee into the air is only an earnest, so to speak, of what the housewife or cook is doing to the rest of the food. She would put soda in the peas or beans to make 'em

soft and she should worry about the vitamin value destroyed by the soda. She would pare the potatoes and throw the parings away instead of cooking and serving them with their jackets on. And wherever there is the alternative she would select the nice refined, pure bleached sugar, rice, flour or other staple when she might just as well get crude brown sugar or old-fashioned molasses (without sulphuric acid) or whole or brown rice or whole wheat flour or undecorated wheat itself.

It is my present theory—mind it is not a thing I can prove scientifically—that the robbing of the vitamins and minerals by these wrong habits of manufacturing, cooking and serving food has something to do with the important factor, perhaps the chief factor of obesity, and any regimen designed to reduce obesity or to prevent it must take into consideration this general deficiency in our food.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Ivy Poison. Troubled with poison ivy and sumac. Have tried hypodermic, sugar of lead, potassium permanganate, gasoline and two prescriptions from doctor. It keeps coming back every week. I have heard of taking fluid extract of ivy or eating a leaf in the spring. . . . S. G. H.

Answer—Many persons subject to recurring ivy poisoning believe they gain immunity by eating, not a whole leaf, but a wee portion of a leaf of poison ivy in the early spring, say a portion the size of a rice grain. If this causes no irritation of the mouth or stomach, a week later eat half a leaf. Then if no unpleasant reaction, after another week chew a whole leaf. Or the same effect may be obtained by eating the ivy berry. Send stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for monograph on ivy poisoning. It gives directions for taking a homeopathic dose progressively increased to develop immunity. Any of these methods may be of particular value in cases of chronic dermatitis following ivy poisoning.

Rational Reduction. In 1920 my sister reduced 30 pounds in about two months by following the Carol diet. I think it was, that you suggested. . . . (Mrs. A. P.)

Answer—We have more rational methods now. I no longer recommend the Karell regimen. Send 10 cents and a.s.e. for booklet, "Design for Drivindling." (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.

happo imagination, but there was none of the enthusiasm of the days when Mike Donlin slapped the apples over the garden wall and Matthewson fanned three in a row. Also players, as policemen do after 40, seemed so amazingly boyish. Only hot dog sellers and program passers were unchanged.

There's a wrench for me in those unbrellaed permeating led drink stands near ball parks and other public amusements. So often they are the sole assets of men who speak little English—villains who snatched at the big opportunity and missed—and are trying to rear families catch-penny fashion. They are eager and fluttry over a sudden jet of trade. Some day I'm going to round up a gang of these kids around one, give them carte blanche and have a horizon or so myself.

The collar ad pugnat, Enzo Piermonte, is already crowding Max Haer for first place among the feminine heart pumpers. His plunge into the social pool and subsequent salvaging gives him a social gloss almost as mirror-like as his marcelle. A hand-kissing prize-fighter is something entirely new. As first page stuff it equals "bene innere" intellectual squabbles with George Bernard Shaw in Brions.

Bagatelles: George White has featured eight stars of his vaudeville days. . . . Robert O. Sherwood is turning out a Reno play. . . . Pauline Fredericka is reported doing an autobiography that will startle Hollywood. . . . Hervey Allen's "Anthony Adams" typewriter have gone into a steel-riveted annuity. . . . Max Baer has proved the most disappointing tipper among champions. . . . The Mill Hay are off for Hawaii.

I was bragging a mile after dinner tonight about the generality of readers—how letters and often cablegrams came from Europe, Australia and even Africa. "And don't forget," called a feminine voice from the next room, "that post-card from Scotland!" (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Just one summer road-house is doing anything like turn-away business. This is a carnival-like spot a short spin over Washington bridge, where Broadway gathers in the hope of catching the introductory eye of a master of ceremony. The roof gardens, too, have had tough going because of imitation Cafes de la Pa's that sprout in every crevice. Midtown now has 20.

Personal nomination for the most expert teacher-off of literary discussions—Burton Rascoe.

Now another autograph crane—a leftover from the fleet. Youngsters are seeking signatures for their white gob caps, now so popular. A fat little rascal came waddling in today with one inscribed with a long list ranging from Babe Ruth to Joe Penner. I told him Stanley Lewis was lining up at the Waldorf and he left with a sanguine gleam. He looked as though he'd get his man.

I went to the Polo Grounds the other afternoon to see a professional ball game the first time in eight years. Fans haven't the fever that used to fountain into a shower of pop bottles. No one called the umpire a so-and-so. Now we have a single strap in the bleachers. Per-

haps imagination, but there was none of the enthusiasm of the days when Mike Donlin slapped the apples over the garden wall and Matthewson fanned three in a row. Also players, as policemen do after 40, seemed so amazingly boyish. Only hot dog sellers and program passers were unchanged.

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.
YOU may be tired of the strike, a subject for reading and conversation, but you can't fail to be interested in this dispatch from San Francisco:

"The loss to business and commerce from Pacific Coast strikes since the longshoremen started the walkout movement on May 9 exceeds TWO HUNDRED MILLION dollars, estimates obtained by the Associated Press today indicated.

"This does not include San Francisco bay general strike losses, which were incalculable."

WHO will pay this two hundred million dollar loss, do you ask? Why, we ALL will, of course. In one way or another, each of us will dig down into his pocket and pay his share of the two and a half months of industrial warfare—just as each of us, in one way and another, has paid his share of the cost of the world war.

No one can escape paying his share of losses that affect the entire community.

YOU read in this column the other day that the tax bill for the United States last year amounted to the enormous sum of nine billion dollars—approximately \$1,500,000,000 more than was spent for food in the same period.

You may have chuckled, and said to yourself: "Aha, somebody ELSE paid that bill, for I pay no taxes."

Don't fool yourself. You paid your share of that nine billion dollar tax bill, whether or not you put up a cent directly to the tax collector. It entered into the cost of doing business, as had to be added to the price of EVERYTHING you bought.

Because of that staggering heavy tax load, the burden YOU carried was heavier than it would otherwise have been.

ALMOST every issue of the newspapers and the magazines we read and in practically every release of newswires we see, we are told of the damage that is being wrought by drought in the Middle West.

Here on the Pacific coast, our crops are uniformly good and because of drought damage in the Middle West prices for what we will harvest this fall are higher than they would otherwise have been.

So we may say to ourselves: "The drought in the Mississippi valley is helping us, instead of hurting us. What is their loss back there is OUR GAIN."

AGAIN, don't fool yourself. Whatever hurts any considerable part of this great country hurts ALL OF US in the long run.

We may think at the moment that because of the drought in the Middle West, which reduces production there and so increases the price of what we have to sell, we are better off.

But, in the long run, we WON'T be.

THE MIDDLE WEST eats our fruit and uses our lumber. When crops are good and the great Mississippi Valley is prosperous, it has the money with which to buy what we have to sell.

But when crops are bad and the Mississippi Valley ISN'T prosperous, we suffer along with it through loss of markets for what we have to sell.

ALL OF WHICH brings us back to the strike, and the losses suffered on the Pacific Coast as a result of it. These losses will be shared by everybody—capital and labor and the great neutral body known as the public.

It's a pity we can't all get together and settle our differences in a less costly way.

Think 40 Cents Reasonable.

On Thursday night, July 19, the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union held its wage conference, where they voted by the rank and file that 40 cents per hour would be their demand. Now we think this a reasonable demand for which we hereby present our figures.

According to figures gathered from various farmers show that the cost of producing one ton of pears, all labor, water, and material used for spray figured, also delivery charges to packing shed, ranges from \$18 to \$20 per ton, leaving the grower a profit of \$12.50 at the maximum cost, if he receives \$32.50 for his pears. Other figures have been received as to pears packed in boxes at the plant, where the figures show that the cost is about \$12.50 per box. For such pears the grower will receive at least \$2.50 or \$2.75 per box, leaving him a minimum profit of \$1.25 per box, or about \$25.00 per ton, orchard run. We are asking the grower, are our demands too much?

C. A. BARNETT.

Projects affiliated with Boulder dam will ultimately use more than 30,000,000 pounds of copper, according to figures of the Arizona copper tariff board.

Feared Kidnaped



Bobby Connor, 21 months old, was believed kidnaped from his home at Hartdale, N. Y. He is the son of Charles H. Connor, employed by the state insurance department. Bloodhounds failed to pick up the child's trail and posses, aided by boy scouts, beat through dense woods around Hartdale in search of him. An accented drug peddler was sought. (Associated Press Photo)

dry officers seeking a still in the glaucous come upon a cache of morphine, and other drugs.

J. Frank Wortman of Phoenix denies report that he has deserted the Democratic party "because of pride or William Jennings Bryan."

Rate of interest to farmers to be lowered.

Mrs. Darwin G. Tyree returns from trip to San Francisco.

E. M. Wilson, accountant, injured in an auto wreck a month ago, is able to be downtown.

"Tax Centralization" meeting to be called.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY July 23, 1914. (It was Wednesday.) Mount Lassen erupts for the 13th time.

Huerta resigns as president of Mexico.

War and rumors of war fill the European air.

Farmers and Fruitgrowers league adopts a constitution.

John Cochran plans a summer cottage at Fish Lake.

Two months after it occurred, warrants are issued for the "Prospect dance battle."

Plans arrive for new Federal building here, and work will start soon.

THE GRANGE Lake Creek.

For lecture hour at the next meeting of Lake Creek Grange, July 27, Lecturer Julia Sidley asks all members to respond to roll-call with some form of entertainment to be selected by themselves. A vote will be taken to determine which number was most enjoyed and a prize awarded the winner.

At the last meeting, Alma Meyer was unanimously elected Flora, to fill the vacancy left when Donna Brown was married to Donald Young and moved to California to make her home.

An enjoyable program was presented, as follows: Vocal solo with guitar accompaniment, "Hobo Yodel," by Wallace Ragsdale; current event, "Slash Pine Newsprint," by Myrtle Charley; sketch of life of Alfred Lord Tennyson and reading "Crossing the Bar," by Alma Meyer; vocal solo, "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" and "Stimber Boat," by Lillian Bates of Portland, accompanied by Dorothy Ragsdale; sketch of life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and reading "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," by Beth Zundel; reading, "In the Usual Way," by Lillian Bates; story by Mary Moore; vocal duet, "Pagan Love Song," by Lillian Bates and Wallace Ragsdale, with guitar accompaniment by Wallace Ragsdale.

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Stomach Gas One dose of ADLERIKA quickly relieves gas bloating, clears out BOTH upper and lower bowels, allows you to eat and sleep good. Quick, thorough action yet gentle and entirely safe.

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PERL FUNERAL HOME Morticians OFFICE OF COUNTY CORONER SIXTH AND OAKDALE—PHONE 47

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of the Mail Tribune of 26 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY July 23, 1924. (It was Tuesday.) New drive launched for construction of railroad to Crescent City.

Dry officers seeking a still in the glaucous come upon a cache of morphine, and other drugs.

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