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Frank Irvine Retires

It is frequently stated personal journalism is dead. Almost invariably the contention is supported by the declaration there are no Danas and Greelys and James Gordon Bennetts, in the country today.

And of course there AREN'T. In this sense personal journalism has passed away—another casualty of the highly industrialized machine age.

But this is true of big city journalism only. In the smaller cities, and throughout the rural areas, personal journalism still exists,—in fact is very much alive.

William Allen White, editor and publisher of the Emporia (Kansas) Gazette, might be cited as the most distinguished and outstanding example. The Emporia Gazette is, and always has been William Allen White, and only William Allen White. It will continue so to be, until that truly "GREAT" country editor, folds up his typewriter, and leaves this world, a sadder and less inspiring place, because of his departure.

There are exceptions to every rule, however. And Frank Irvine, who retired Friday, as editor of the Portland Journal, after nearly 30 years of continuous and distinguished service, was a striking exception that proves the rule.

Frank Irvine has been essentially a COUNTRY editor,—in the best sense of that term. That is he has had that personal interest in people and things, that human sympathy and concern, for matters, that directly affected the lives of those around him,—in short those qualities not only of heart and character but method that distinguished the rural, as opposed to, the metropolitan editor.

And when he went to Portland he carried this into the metropolitan field, and never departed from it.

This is not to say he was in any sense provincial. Far from it. He had a thorough knowledge of both world and metropolitan problems. In the field of national politics he was particularly well informed and effective.

But he never had that impersonal, cold, detached viewpoint of the typical big city editor. In everything he said and wrote, Mr. Irvine went, so to speak, to the grass roots. He was never pontifical, he was always personal,—intimate and direct. He talked not to that great unseen audience so many editors talk to; he talked to the FOLKS.

AND it was the same on his travels through the state. He was interested in big affairs, of course; but he was more interested in Bill Jones and Kate Smith, what happened to Tom's alfalfa crop, when it was fertilized, or Dick's cow when it got the colic, or precisely WHAT transpired at the last meeting of the grange or the Town Chamber of Commerce.

And OF THESE THINGS HE WROTE. Needless to add, this country paper approach to the metropolitan field was a tremendous success. Under Mr. Irvine's editorial direction, the Journal grew larger and more prosperous year by year, and now at his retirement, is unquestionably, the best newspaper property in the state.

And Mr. Irvine deserves the credit for it. IT is really quite reassuring in this over-sophisticated world of strife and woe and grief.

For Frank Irvine demonstrated that no matter how large or rich or powerful a newspaper may become, it can still "have a HEART!" It can retain the simple, unassuming, essentially HUMAN qualities, of country journalism, and still rank along with the best in the big time circuit.

FOR nearly 30 years the Oregon Journal has been Frank Irvine and Frank Irvine has been the Oregon Journal. From the small town newspaper field he took personal journalism, its psychology and technique, to the metropolitan field and MADE IT WORK.

No mean achievement! In fact, as far as we know, in the field of contemporary journalism, unique.

It's a record of accomplishment and unselfish human service of which the paper and its retiring editor, can both be proud.

Mr. Irvine may be the last of his type. If not then in our opinion, both the world and American journalism, will be the better for it!

Pretty Cheap!

WHEN a man is right he should be supported. When he is wrong he should be opposed. This applies, regardless of who he is, or what position he may occupy.

President Roosevelt was WRONG in his Supreme Court proposal. He was RIGHT in his veto of the Farmers low interest bill.

But congress opposed him on both issues. Tasting blood after the Supreme Court victory the senate proceeded to follow the action of the house, and in a typical vote catching concession to a well organized minority, added another \$40,000,000 to the national deficit.

WE regarded Senator McNary's excuse for such action particularly weak. He maintained the President had made no substantial effort to balance the budget, and he opposed trying to do so, by taking funds from the farmer.

Assuming the first part of the statement to be correct, that is no excuse for the second.

THE budget must be balanced in the near future or a major catastrophe will result.

This can't be done unless money is taken from SOMEONE! This "give me—give me" spirit on one hand, and a "Santa Claus" attitude on the other will bring financial ruin to the country, unless one side or the other calls a halt,—and is fairly quick about it.

Those who benefit never will. The government therefore must do it. And in this action the President started in that direction.

Pretty cheap politics, to thwart him in such an entirely praiseworthy effort. Not only will this action cost Uncle Sam \$40,000,000 a year now, but if the principle is sustained in other departments, it may total from \$200,000,000 to \$300,000,000, later on.

A hollow victory for the anti-Roosevelt bloc. The time will

come we hope, when those responsible, will be heartily ashamed of it.

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. Only one reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly, Calif.

THE MAD DOG SIT UATION DOWN EAST

According to the quarterly bulletin of the Massachusetts Department of Public Health about a thousand persons were bitten by dogs and obliged to take Pasteur treatment in 1935.



One child bitten on the face was not treated and died of rabies. "To protect the people we must protect the dogs. This can be done by giving them (the dogs) one dose of anti-rabic vaccine each year. . . . The dogs would approve of this if they could express an opinion because rabies is 100 per cent fatal for them and for humans too if Pasteur treatment is not given promptly."

How the authority knows that anti-rabic vaccine protects dogs or that it (Pasteur treatment) protects human beings, he does not explain.

Since no one has discovered the cause of rabies in animals all theories and opinions are merely theories and opinions, and health authorities should be honest enough to say so.

If I were bitten by a dog presumably rabid, I should want such an injury or wound treated as a good surgeon would treat any wound, and then an immediate dose of antitetanus serum or antioxin, and perhaps a second dose of the same serum five to seven days later.

That is all. Remember, tho, I don't believe rabies occurs in man. Animal rabies, I know the specific cause of rabies has never been determined, and the laboratory diagnosis, by microscopic examination of the brain of the animal, is purely a question of opinion, not of fact. You have to consider the personal equation of the laboratory pathologist who gives the opinion.

For many years I have been harping on this subject and from time to time asking readers to report their experience if they have had experience which would seem to show that such a disease as rabies can or does happen in man. I have received a



NEW YORK, July 24.—This restaurant table is a bit jiggly. But that's likely to happen anywhere. Wood will warp. No matter how we carp. That's sneaking over a bit of poetry with the greatest of ease, the darling young man—all this doesn't make sense. I'm getting confused.

But what can one expect? Invite a few friends you want to impress to dine and the head waiter plops you down at a jiggly table. I don't know whether to get mad, have a good cry or take it smiling and with that great calm that has made me famous as Oscar

The Iron Nerved Boy.

The last time I lost my temper in a restaurant I clapped my hands for the head waiter sharply and when he came on the run I started to say "See here" and my voice squawked up into the peep of a flute. So much so a lady at the next table jumped, thinking she had stepped on a cat.

If one can get through the soup with a jiggly table, it is fairly easy sailing from then on. But it seems to be getting worse here—I mean the jiggling. See saw, Marjorie Daw. Certainly a hunk of jiggle. Maybe it would be better for all of us, if they brought us rockers.

Keeps up this way, they'll have to lassu us come time for the check. We are teetering toward the door. Be fun if just as we reached the cashier we'd vanish in a sudden swoot. Sidewalk diners in one slide! I must talk to my guests so they won't get in a panic. Keep the orchestra playing. As Bing Crosby says: "Chin up, white tie for dinner, carry on." I've heard of tables groaning but this is the first one I ever saw pull a St. Vitus dance. Maybe this waiter captain, the one with the outstanding ears, could do some-

thing. I'll call my throat and ask him.

He is calling his idea. They are in a huddle. Something important on the fire. They have that gleam of conquerors. Bureka! One bright waiter has an original idea. He's tearing off the end of a menu, folding it, and will slip it under the wobbly leg. Isn't that wonderful? Just like that he sees distress and thinks that up right out of his own head. Now he's aiding it under a leg. From the way the old Colonel is twitching, he must have gotten hold of his gouty boot. Now he's fixed it. And is coming up for air. Beaming and dusting off his hands.

Yes, he's fixed it! Fixed it so the slightest tilt and we get the dishes in our laps. But never mind, they are holding another conference. And have called in a Professional Sigher. He's the buckaroo who drops to his knees, looks under the table and sighs. This seems a problem. He's scratching his head as much as to say: "Man and boy! I've run into some tough table jiggling in my day, but this baby is a lulu." Now, he's darting to the kitchen. Something is going to break soon. There's a fellow with determination. You have a feeling that when he starts to do something he does it. No monkey doodling. One of the Wonder Boys.

There, he is back with a wooden block. When he gets that shaved down he is going to have something. He is fighting again on one knee. Going to be certain he is right this time. A master workman like that must make that simpleton with the torn end of the menu feel mighty tight rate. He's probably out in the alley hanging his head.

Once to every man comes the Big Opportunity — and the poor torn menu boob muffed it. Now the wooden block man has vanished under the table. Everything is going to be perfectly dandy soon. They can heat up the food and we'll have a jolly dinner after all. Like fun, we will, he's got the table hiked up higher than a cat's back. Like one of those chalets teetering on an Alpine crag. Somebody is going to suffer for this. A whole evening soured because of a teeny weeny tilt in a table. I hope they don't jiggle me into one of my moods. I feel it would be dour.

Here comes the head waiter. He has a plan. I love people with plans. But from where I sit he doesn't look like anything is passing through his head but a breeze. He's studying the situation. Quiet, please. The Thinker, a light breaking. Stand back, men, and give him air. Keep those boys away from the guy ropes. See! He has the solution. He is going to give up another table. There, mesdames et messieurs, stands genius!

Is there anything which may be used to prevent formation of a scar from a cut or wound? (Mrs. J.W.M.) Answer—Immediate proper surgical treatment is the best preventive. Often the services of a plastic surgeon will prevent excessive scarring. If the surgeon is called in at the time of primary repair or treatment of the wound. For instance, other means of retaining wound in opposition may be preferable to stitches. No medication or salve can be honestly said to prevent scar formation.

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

Dead Indian district is popular with tourists.

Brownboro farmers start binding grain.

Bellview will have an exhibit at the state fair at Salem.

Local Legion drum corps finish seventh in state meet contest.

Another Rogue river fish bill to be presented to legislature next year.

Twenty years ago today (It was Monday) Jitney driver fined for overloading his vehicle.

Klamath county greatly excited over I.W.W. activity in the mills.

Bryant Washburn in "The Golden Idiot" at the Star. "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" at the Page.

Dictator Kerensky to save "blood and iron policy" to save Russia.

Last forest fire since 1911 now raging three miles north of Prospect.

When Governor Lehman's opposition to the President's bill was announced on Monday, stock prices ROSE immediately. Between Monday and Tuesday, the Associated Press average of 60 representative stocks climbed nearly one point.

WHY? Well, people who buy stocks believed that Governor Lehman's opposition would HELP TO DEFEAT the President's scheme. That made them feel more hopeful. Feeling more hopeful, they BOUGHT instead of selling.

When you feel hopeful, you know, you're apt to BUY. When you feel pessimistic, you SELL. When there are more buyers than sellers, prices go up. When there are more sellers than buyers, prices go down.

AT THIS point, the question arises: Who buys stocks? A few years ago (say 20 years) it was chiefly the big shots. Now it is NEARLY EVERYBODY who has a little money and wants to make it work.

The point is this: It isn't just the big shots who feel more hopeful when the President's plan to gain control of the supreme court seems to be slipping a little. The opinions of a lot of little fellows, in these days, are reflected by the stock market.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN, President Roosevelt's FRIEND, says the bill to weaken the supreme court is EXTREMELY DANGEROUS.

Millions of people feel that way about it. When the bill seems likely to pass, they FEEL WORSE. When it seems less likely to pass, they FEEL BETTER. When they feel worse, they SELL. When they feel better, they BUY.

That is why the stock market goes up when the court bill's chances go down.

Pilehard Boats Sail NORTH BEND, July 24.—(AP)—Coco Bay retained only four Pilehard boats today, following the departure of nine purse seiners for Monterey, Calif.

Rain in Kansas TOPEKA, Kan., July 24.—(AP)—Rain over virtually all of Kansas today broke a threatened heat wave and boosted prospects for corn and feed crops. Heat caused some damage.

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Flight 'o Time Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 years ago.

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Last forest fire since 1911 now raging three miles north of Prospect.

Company 7, the Medford unit is mustered into the regular army for service in France.

Communications

An Explanation. To the Editor: For the benefit of my friends and patrons, I wish to state that I am not in any business way associated with A. E. or better known as "Shorty" Dodge.

In 1889 my father, W. P. Dodge, bought a new well drill. In 1900 I started operating with him. Since 1917 I have been operating the same drill in my own name, making my own prices, which you will find in the Friday and Sunday issues of the Mail Tribune.

JOHN M. DODGE.

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KEEP COOL

at the CHATEAU DINE AND DANCE

Every Evening With the Screamers

A Great New Circus Fresh From Triumphs in the East! ONE DAY ONLY

MEDFORD TUES. 27 JULY

Jackson County Fairgrounds Plenty of Free Parking TOPS IN ALL BUT PRICE

ALL NEW THIS YEAR

Russell Bros CIRCUS

Enormously Enlarged and Enriched GLITTERINGLY GREATER GLORIOUSLY GRANDER

FIVE FEARLESS FLYERS WORLD-TOURED, INTERNATIONALLY FAMED REBRAS

The SIX LELANDS WALTER JENNINGS JACKSONS TALKING SEA LION

BUDDY MISS AERIALETTA FRANK MILLERS DANCING CONNER TRIO • WILLIS SISTERS

JULES JACOTS TRAINED BEARS • Museum of Oddities • EXCITING WILD WEST PERFORMANCES • STUNNING MUSIC • STARS

The CREAM of the WORLD'S CHOICEST CIRCUS TALENT

Streamlined to Trends of Today 2 P. M.—TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY—8 P. M.

GREATEST CIRCUS ON EARTH FOR THE PRICE

FREE Kiddie Matinee

Tomorrow Morning

MON. - July 26

at 10 o'clock

2 - FEATURES - 2

All Kiddies Invited

THE New CRATERIAN

ASTHMA

the relieved at once by our herbal remedy, tried and tested over thousands of years. Chinese herbs will give you relief—no matter what you are afflicted with—give one to yourself to use this opportunity to regain your health.

Female Trouble Piles Chronic Cough High Blood Pressure Arthritis Colitis Nervousness Appendicitis Fossilitis Eczema Heart Liver Bladder Kidneys Lungs Blood Urinary Disorders Free consultation Open 10 to 6 P. M. CHAN & CHAN Sat 11 to 3 P. M. Tues-Thurs 10-12 A. M. 235 E. Main Chinese Med. Co. Closed Sun