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Official paper of Jackson County.

The only paper between Eugene, Ore.
and Sacramento, Calif., a distance of
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ciated Press Service.

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other paper published or circulated in
Jackson County.

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REGISTERED
TRADE MARK
YEC SMUDGE POT

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Nothing to fight about, and nothing
to cry about, so only 30 per cent. of
the voters of Oregon exercised their
privilege, or anything else, by wan-
dering down to the polls yesterday. As
natty a notion as any ever cooked up
by a fool legislature, the income tax
bill, lacked the life-giving injection
of prohibition, religion, and other pre-
judice arousing subjects, having nothing
whatever to do with the issue at hand.
And furthermore, the churches did
not enter the political arena this time,
and there were no yellow tickets
shoved under front doors of the resi-
dence district, at three o'clock in the
morning, by citizens who would not
think of doing it in broad daylight.
To be sure, the Governor bawled his
darndest, but he was shy the support
of the Republican party, and the
statewide sob squad.

F. Wilson Walte, the cornet virtu-
oso is essaying a mustache. It is a
sturdy stand of bristles in F major,
opus 67.

The senior seedsender has uttered
his statement incidental to leaving
his fedora into the ring. All were
visibly impressed by the fearless man-
ner in which he fearlessly called
betraining organizations by their first
name.

HE CAN'T BE HOARSE
(Pendleton East Oregonian)

Kenneth Chittenden has been
absent from school several days
this week suffering from a sore
throat and hoarseness.

A LADY TALKS

This was the proposition he put up
to me: You take the sewing machine,
pay five bones down, and five each
month until said contract is obligated
in whole and part, ess ess greetings,
county of Jackson, state of hysterial.
He told me: I may be back in a
month, I may be back in a year, and
I may never be back. That sounded
encouraging; but his middle name is
Promptness. I'm easy. You don't
know where I could pick up a cheap,
second-hand toroedo boat, to keep
this indispensable sewing machine
from getting lonesome. I thought I
knew men, but I don't know drum-
mers. Her name is Eliza, but they
call her Billy for short. Her friend's
name is Cap. If the truth was known
her Mother started her out as Hattie.
O, Gee! hadn't that a heck of a note!
She called me a brazen heifer. I said,
since you've found me out, smack
down your husband's ears. I will.
He started this giddy stuff in the first
place. Poor fellow! He looked like
little Eva going to Heaven, so I re-
frained from replying to her insults.
Rome wasn't built in a day. I'll get
her yet. I hope somebody I know
catches the train robbers and the re-
ward. No word from Elsie, person-
ally. Sent a telegram to her man. It
said: Yesterday I wired you for ten
and as yet have received no reply.
Elsie. That "as yet" gets me; you
can't kill hope.

FOOD FOR THE EYE

(Jacksonville Post)

The new restaurant opened
here last week in the Gardner
building, next to the garage, by
Mrs. Leora Smith and Mrs. Geo.
Howard, is doing a nice business.
Drop in, and see what a neat
clean place it is.

The external and internal troubles
of the more or less invisible Empire
of the Ku Klux Klan grow interest-
ing. The nightgown of the ex-Grand
Dragon of the Realm of the Pacific,
is vacated by a bullet, fired by the
hand of an editor, shy of Klannish-
ness. The Grand Gazeokus is fight-
ing the Imperial Wizard, for control
of the profits from the next skinning
of suckers; the boys at Bastrop have
been convicted of taking the law into
their own hands, by a judge, not a
jury; a sinner in New Mexico, in need
of a flogging, made three of the
holier-than-thou outfit, holey physi-
cally, with a 30-30, and all over the
law, there are signs the graft is
petering out, and the masses are not
as krazy as they used to be. But
there is one note of good cheer con-
tained in the news of the day. "The
Emperor will issue a statement from
the palace." How nice of "the Em-
peror to issue a statement from the
palace." And this is America.

GIVE LIBERALLY TO THE RED CROSS.

HELPING the Red Cross in Jackson county means helping our-
selves. For the Red Cross is today, the clearing house for
charitable work in southern Oregon. In the past year, nearly 1000
needy and deserving people have been fed and clothed, hundreds of
ex-soldiers have been given medical treatment free of charge, and di-
rected to positions where they have been able to provide for them-
selves, scores of children have been literally saved from lives of de-
pendence and degradation.

Viewed merely from a selfish standpoint, giving to the Red Cross
is actually making an investment which pays every day in the year
in better citizenship, lower taxes, and a more attractive community
in which to live. For every case neglected means, another dependent,
which means greater public expenditures; every destitute home dis-
regarded, means a liability that steadily grows and must be met at
some future time.

This year the appeal should be greeted with a particularly hearty
and generous response. For the Japanese disaster demonstrated once
and for all, that the Red Cross must be maintained. Without the Red
Cross and the machinery of immediate aid which it alone provided,
America could never have done what was done in Japan, and one of
the most glorious chapters in American good will and benevolence
could never have been written.

But aside from the material standpoint, the practical view of dol-
lars and cents, there is the privilege and the satisfaction which the
Red Cross offers, to those who wish to help those less fortunate than
themselves. There is so much more good will than is ever effectively
expressed. The Red Cross translates this vast unorganized sentiment
into effective and constructive action.

So every dollar given the Red Cross means a dollar given to the
great cause of Humanity,—abroad when some overwhelming disaster
demands, but every hour in every day, at home.

There could be no worthier cause than this. Medford and Jackson
county should go over the top in the drive tomorrow, with a record
breaking sum and in record time.

QUILL POINTS

Blessed are the peacemakers. They get to loaf most of the time.

None but the amateurs duck in boxing, but the most skilled per-
formers do it in politics.

Old Nero wasn't such a bad egg. He may have fiddled while Rome
burned but he didn't play politics.

In these hard-boiled times, an orphan has one social advantage. It
has no parents to be ashamed of.

Still, a monkey would be much like a human if you could innocu-
late him with a germ of avarice.

America is safe while most of her kicking is caused by having
more goods than she can dispose of.

Tense situations no longer alarm the world. It has learned that
they all tend to become past tense.

A politician never begins to talk about the duty of party harmony
until he gets his hands on the reins.

An educated man is one who can name the members of the cabinet
and give a reasonable explanation.

The charming new frocks are appearing in abundance. The only
tight lines are those about Dad's mouth.

Not all reforms are occasioned by piety. A man usually turns
over a new leaf when he turns over a new ear.

The trouble is that if a man is rich enough to go to the Court of
St. James, he is too useful to spare.

It must be a great consolation to those who are being persecuted
to know that they are merely being reformed.

That Berliner arrested for making counterfeit marks may have
had no sense of honor, but he had a keen sense of humor.

Correct this sentence: "He could have gone into the fifth grade
this year," claimed the mother, "but we want him to be thorough."

Nothing works out right. By the time a car begins to run good it
is looking rather shabby and no longer impresses the neighbors.



THE STATESMAN.

WITH Congressman McGoing I walked the village street; a
beastly wind was blowing, with rain that turned to sleet.
I said, "This woody weather is simply a disgrace; so let us cuss
together, in tenor and in bass." The statesman showed dejection,
but made me no reply, and after some reflection I saw the reason
why. Such weather—though men hate it—may help the prunes
or oats, and if he should berate it he well might lose some votes.
He might offend some granger who overheard his kick, and then
he'd be in danger from that indignant knave. And there were also
dealers in rubber overshoes, and they'd be sore on spikers who
would the rain abuse. And merchants dealt in slickers, the fancy
ones and plain, and they'd detest the kickers who beefed about the
rain. It isn't safe to utter the feeblest kind of kicks, if one would
safely flutter around in politics. But I have no ambition to run
for any snap; I'm pleased with my condition, I am a humble sap.
And when my anger's growing I knock with skill and tact, while
Congressman McGoing is dodging every fact. I make a daunt-
less showing, the lurid language flies, while Congressman Mc-
Going is merely looking wise.

Personal Health Service

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.
Noted Physician and Author

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to di-
agnose 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 an-
swered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instruc-
tions. Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this newspaper.

Harralping for Hootch

In 1916, before prohibition and be-
fore the war, 650 persons died from
alcoholism in New York City. In 1920,
under prohibition and with the men
back home from the war, only 127
deaths occurred from alcoholism in
this European metropolis of America.

These are figures of the health de-
partment of New York City.

In 1917, according to statistics of
American life insurance companies, the
death rate from alcoholism among
policyholders was 4.9 per 100,000. In
1921 the death rate had dropped to 0.9
per 100,000 policy

holders.

But an announcement from the de-
partment of public welfare recently
published in the press, indicates that
the number of cases of alcoholism
treated in the hospitals under the
jurisdiction of Mr. Coler's department
has steadily increased since 1919.

Commissioner Coler declares that the
cases of alcoholism are not only in-
creasing in number but they are more
violent and deadly than heretofore.
Then Dr. John F. Fitzgerald, general
medical superintendent in Mr. Coler's
department, explains it all in this
manner:

"It is an indisputable fact that
liquor now is easier to get and that
it is of a much better quality than
that obtainable heretofore since pro-
hibition. This might argue against the
theory that cases of alcoholism re-
quiring hospital attention are on the
increase, were it not also a fact that
men drink more today than they did
before prohibition. Perhaps the sum-
total of their drinking is not as great
as it was before prohibition, but they
drink more at one time than they did."

In order to appreciate the logic of
the foregoing remarks one would
probably have to fill up with some of
the better quality bootliquor available
in New York.

Then Dr. Fitzgerald points out with
equal clarity the relation between
alcoholism and drug addiction. He
maintains that a small number of ad-
dicts required treatment in the years
when alcoholism was rampant; the
number of addicts rapidly increased
when prohibition set in and alcoholism
was fewer in number. He thinks
drug addiction is now prevalent when
good liquor is readily obtainable,
and he is of the opinion that people

who drink will not resort to drugs
so long as they are able to get good
liquor.

Many thousands of opium and mor-
phine addicts cultivated the drug
craving via the liquor route. Most of
the addicts a physician encounters
from year to year are persons who
began by secret tipping or open
drinking. Indeed, a favorite introduc-
tion to the opium habit is the use of
certain standard, familiar old "med-
icine" which contains just enough
opium and just enough alcohol to
create an appetite for either or both;

this medicine is today freely purchas-
able by anybody without restriction.
The "better quality" liquor which
is so much easier to get in New York
these days, according to the authori-
tative announcement of the depart-
ment of public welfare, looks to me
like a darn poor argument against
prohibition, unless Mr. Coler and Dr.
Fitzgerald believe that by getting all
the men in the hospitals they will be
able to impress upon the wives and
children the iniquity of the eighteenth
amendment.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Pamphlet on Infant Care

A valuable pamphlet which I re-
commended in a special article is pub-
lished by the children's bureau, de-
partment of labor, under the title of
"Infant Care." Any one may obtain
a copy by sending 10 cents to the
superintendent of documents, govern-
ment printing office, Washington, and
asking for a copy of the pamphlet as
described. I regret that I made an
error when I gave the price as 6
cents. No price is mentioned on the
pamphlet; many such government
publications sell for 5 cents. I fear
the error caused considerable annoy-
ance to the superintendent of docu-
ments, who had to write to so many
applicants for the extra nickel. If it
were a little pig or a cockroach or
even a canary, you could get authori-
tative advice from the government
free of charge, but if it is a baby,
don't forget to send 10 cents.

The Best Milk

Unable to get certified milk in our
town. We get raw milk from a good
dairy. Our little girl is 16 months old.
Please send some advice about her
diet. Which is better, raw milk from
a good dairy or pasteurized milk?
(Mrs. T. P. L.)

Answer—Send a stamped envelope
bearing your address for advice about
the diet of babies over a year old.
Certified milk, when obtainable, is the
ideal article for children and is worth
all it costs as a health food.

"JUST TOWN TALK"

Copied Right By Mike

EVERY NIGHT
WHEN I go to bed
BEFORE DOZING off
TO SLUMBERLAND
VISIONS COME
OF FUNNY things
I COULD write about
AND OF wonderful things
THAT I could do
AND AS I close my eyes
I THINK of things
THAT I would say
IF I were called
TO MAKE a speech
OR HOW I'd act
IF IN the dead of night
ON A lonely street
A HOLDUP man
WOULD DEMAND of me
MY WATCH and chain
OF IF sometime
I TURNED a corner
TO COME upon
A HELPLESS maid
HELD IN the grip
OF SOME strange man
AND AS my eyes
CLOSE DROWSILY
I CAN hear the applause
FOR THE ringing words
THAT I would say
IN MY dream speech
OR I can almost feel
THE SMACK of fist
UPON THE jaw
OF THE villain
DEMANDING OF me
MY VALUABLES

OR INSULTING
THE TIMID maid
AND THEN sometimes
WHILE WAITING
THERE IN the dark
FOR THE sleep to come
I'LL SEE myself
DASH FROM the curb
TO SAVE the life
OF A little child
IN THE nick of time
FROM A run away
AND THEN I'll awake
I GO my way
AND FORGET the things
I THOUGHT up
TO WRITE about
THE NIGHT before
AND AS I play my part
IN THE busy world
I HAVE no time
TO THINK of myself
IN A hero's role
UNTIL AGAIN it's time
TO GO to sleep
AND MY mind slides away
TO THE wonderful land
OF MAKE believe
I THANK you.



ASK for Horlick's
The ORIGINAL
Malted Milk
Safe
For Infants,
Invalids &
Children
The Original Food-Drink for All Ages.
Quick Lunch at Home, Office & Fountains.
Rich Milk, Malted Grain Extract in Pow-
der & Tablet Forms. Nourishing—Non-Alc.
Avoid Imitations and Substitutes.



LAUREL GRAY LOVE GOSSIP

THE GREATEST THING IN THE
WORLD

By Laurel Gray.

A Hiss at Timidity
Timidity is the most exasperating
weakness to which the human char-
acter is subject. And in no other
form of expression is it more thor-
oughly irritating than in the love as-
sociation. I fairly
writhe when I en-
counter the pro-
foundly tire-
some gesture of
a timid lover.

Love ought to
strengthen the
nerve and bol-
ster up the will of
a timid person,
but, somehow, it
doesn't do any-
thing of the kind.
Why? A girl who
is timid will de-
fer marriage time and time again, and
in the end the object of her passion
is defeated. Even when marriage is
finally consummated, she finds that it
has staled. Long engagements are
more often the result of timidity and
cowardice than wisdom and caution,
although these two virtues are fre-
quently nothing but timidity in shal-
low disguise. A man will often marry
the girl he doesn't really love because
he doesn't dare come out in the open
and tell her so. I'm not defending
the male jilts who rush a girl, and
after having paid ardent court, sud-
denly tire and retire, leaving her
waiting at the church, so to speak.
I think such fellows are unspeakable
cads and far-and-feeblethin' quite too
good for them! But I do believe the
time to remedy mistakes is before
they are made. A timid man will
make a whole lot more mistakes than
a blundering fellow who blurs out
the truth bravely and stands by to
take the consequences. Timidity has
no logical place in the lovers' sun.
A modest, shy young lady is adorable.
But a timid girl is a fool. There is
iron in the soul of every one of us
and we must let it function. Face
facts!

It begins to look like th' only differ-
ence between open saloons an' prohibi-
tion is that somebody else instead
of Uncle Sam gits th' revenue.

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