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Official paper of Jackson County.

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

There is still a deplorable lack of
co-operation between the human neck
and shirts returning unheated from the
laundry.

If the Republican administration
keeps everlastingly at it, they might
be able to produce a scandal to com-
pare to the purchasing of \$3,000,000
worth of bridges, for 268 miles, by
the late Wilson regime, to win the
war.

THE SPIRIT OF REFORM

(Cottage Grove Sentinel)
We are pleased to encourage
the general in demolishing the
coffin nail. Never having ac-
quired the cigarette habit, we are
pleased to join with him in set-
ting the better example of using
the pipe and cigar. It is easy for
us to give up something we have
never had and to set the example
of using what we have always
used.

The 16 year old Oregon City school
girl, who eloped with a butcher of 43,
was underweight, did not get enough
protein in her mush, or shingle in the
woodshed.

Who remembers when the valley
had no irrigation, and the farmers
prayed for rain in August, and got it
in December?

Mah Jongg is rapidly spreading and
the spirit of the game is fast penetrat-
ing most of society circles. (Marsh-
field News). Penetrating is right.

In the sad story of The Rise and
Catching of Mr. Fall, one reads that
Mr. Doheny, oil king, who loaned him
\$100,000, at an inappropriate time,
"is a close friend of Fall's." The
amount of the loan indicates that Mr.
Doheny was not alone close, but ab-
normally tight.

\$20 gold pieces are showing up
again in banks, and on watch chains.

The prize fool notion, of the leading
fool notion belt of the Union, is the
revolutionary statement of our weep-
ing state lecturer and governor, that
"a man's home is no longer his castle"
—nothing matters but the enforce-
ment of the Prohibition law, and the
terralling of votes. This knocks the
sanctity of the fireside, and the Con-
stitution for a row, with one move-
ment of the lanyard. It would be nice
to have nit-wit mopeys, running hog
wild thru the parlors, and the bed-
rooms, and the kitchen, unhampered
even by the formality of knocking, or
wiping their feet. Fine business.
Resolutions approving are in order
from super-circles of holiness. It
would be in full accord with the
prevailing idea, that a great moral
issue can be changed from a tie to
victory, by high-powered posturing.
There are still plenty of bootleggers
out in the open, and a Columbia river
of booze flows across the Canadian
border daily. The way, however, to
stop this, is to raid a residence, if
possible after the family has retired.

TOURING OUTLET

(Good by Times)
FOR SALE—Good milch cow,
Ford touring and Ford parts,
good back end, complete. End of
So. 4th st., auto camp grounds.

A LADY TALKS

Well, he laughed, and laughed, and
laughed, and laughed, and laughed,
more than if it had been a dirty story,
but it wasn't. Going to put the kid in
long britches. His shirt one's make
him look like he'd been poured in,
and sometimes I feel like warming
him up, just because the conditions
are so favorable. She has a mole on
the cheek, with a black mustache, and
bless me, if she didn't red up her
wool with henna! It's a dead give-
away. Us girls have a lot of trouble.
Instead of pulling the tooth out of
my jaw, he pulled the jaw away from
the tooth. Now look at my chops! I
never felt so unnecessary, since
Elsie copped my nail salesman. Spike
was a good dancer. Was freckled-
faced, and wore a polka dot tie,
always. The old fool had another
man's wife, and a bottle in his ear.
It does look like he ought to have
been caught. Once I forgot to fix
my back hair quick enough, and he
held my hand. Accidents will hap-
pen.

WHY EXCEED THE SPEED LIMIT?

TO SAY THAT the people of Jackson county were surprised at
the sudden action of the county court in ordering the paving of
the highway between Medford and Ruch, would be stating the case
mildly.

The county court has been accused of many things in the past, but
never before of exceeding the speed limit. Heretofore humble peti-
tioners who have desired a few chuck holes filled here, or a few loads
of gravel placed there, have found the court somewhat slow to move.

But here, with the most important road improvement since the
construction of the Pacific Highway which will undoubtedly cost the
taxpayers of the county several hundred thousand dollars before it is
completed, the county court makes its decision in 24 hours!

Why such haste? The first intimation most of the people of the
county had of such a highway, was only a few days before the county
court met, when petitions urging such action were circulated. When
the county court took the matter under advisement, no one suspected
that the decision would be made in 24 hours. Naturally they wonder
why, if the decision could be made on Thursday, it could not
have been made the day before.

Well, undoubtedly it could have been. According to our informa-
tion this matter has been under consideration for a long time. But
for some reason publicity was not desired. Those back of the move-
ment, decided to quietly perfect their plans, spring the thing sud-
denly, and put it over with a bang.

Well, that is what they have done, and we congratulate them. The
scheme was cleverly conceived and admirably executed. We don't
blame the people of Jacksonville and Ruch, and some of our friends in
Medford for wanting a pavement. Now they have it. Let the merry
massacre of the tax payer continue.

But let's agree on one thing—call a halt on this high tax wailers
chorus.

In particular let us have no more talk from any of those 1500,—
that is the number we believe,—who so blithely signed the petition.

One thing is certain; taxes in Jackson county can be reduced, and
pavements in the rural districts can be built, but at the present time,
both can't be done.

In our judgment building a pavement from Medford to Ruch at
the present time, is at the best, an unwarranted extravagance. But a
friend of the county court assures us the people of the county as a
whole want it. Perhaps so. But if they do, then let them stop want-
ing lower taxes. Tax reduction, like charity, must begin at home, and
no one can both have his cake and eat it.

QUILL POINTS

Play: Any kind of work you don't get paid for.

The chief objection to the white collie is that it isn't white and
isn't collie.

As a general thing, however, a light heart indicates that the head
is in the same fix.

And yet the most ardent advocate of self-determination takes a
pill himself and makes the kids take castor oil.

One wins a woman by saying she is beautiful; one wins a man by
asking his advice.

"Retired broker will run newspaper." Past tense, broker; fu-
ture tense, broke.

No mere adult ever feels as omniscient as a little girl who has
just learned to use the word "whom."

When you kissed the old-fashioned girl, you didn't get anything
except the flavor of romance.

Our idea of a brave man is one who would try to sell Mr. Secre-
tary Hughes a typewriter with a red ribbon.

Some shoe-shine artist can get rich by discovering what it is that
gives that permanent lustre to a bald head.

Man never seems so mortal as when he is a presidential possibility
trying to look profound in a news reel.

And then some moderns think they are roughing it when they de-
liberately sit in the draft from a keyhole.

Correct this sentence: "The pie looks good," said the small boy,
"but I never eat between meals."

"A man chooses his wife—" begins a philosophical editorial. This
should get a laugh from the ladies.



THE TWINS.

JAMES J. and Richard Skatey are brothers, and they're twins;
for years that number eighty they've plied their useful shins.
And they are hale and stalwart, as much alike as eggs, except for
Richard's small wart, and James J.'s bandy legs. "I've smoked
Kentucky's burley," said Richard, "since a child; I've smoked it
late and early, I've smoked it strong and mild. And if I'm full
of ginger it is because I smoke; tobacco's bound to injure the
germs that make men croak. I'm still the daily buyer of burley
and perique; if 'twere not for my briar you'd find me bent and
weak." "I've never known diseases," said James the other twin;
"I've no asthmatic wheezes or backfire wiles within. The reason
why I'm chipper is plain as day, indeed; since I was but a nipper
I've never used the weed. Yes, I admit it's true, man, that Rich-
ard smokes and chews, but he is scarcely human, and he has fire-
brick flues." It's hard to draw a moral from any fact, in sooth,
for every fact will quarrel with every other truth.

Personal Health Service

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Noted Physician and Author

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 here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions.
Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this newspaper.

The Wholesale Culture of Boils.

Comparative few readers seek light
on the question, why is a boil?—prob-
ably because most human beings do
not aspire to solve insoluble myster-
ies like that and the reason why
women universally skip page two in
writing a letter, and then go back to
it after they have finished page three.
But a powerful lot of letters and re-
markably cheerful ones they are too, say we,
ask what drives folks into the whole-
sale culture of boils when the busi-
ness is not only unprofitable, but pos-
itively distasteful.

This question could have been an-
swered much better 100 years ago.
The doctor would have "explained"
that the "blood was out of order" and
needed "purifying." Or that the "sys-
tem was full of humors," or some-
thing equally enlightening. Then he
would have prescribed about 25 medi-
cines combined in one stupendous
"blood tonic." The almanacs still be-
lieve in the "blood purifier"—for
what there is in it for the firm. No
one else does. Fortunately for the
morals of the race, hygienic living is
the only real purifier of the blood.

In order to account for a crop of
boils we must first endeavor to trace
the origin of the boil. We find that
boils are produced by various
species of germs which commonly
exist upon the skin, even under the
most cleanly personal habits. If the
skin is broken, even by a slight punc-
ture or abrasion, as by the rubbing of
a seam or a careless scratching with
the finger nail, there is an opening for
a germ. A sort of charity boil
you might call it, given for the bene-
fit of the homeless and friendless
staphylococci and streptococci.

These here now staphs and streps
are only moderately virulent or vil-
laneous ordinarily. But after they have
been dried and wined for a time by
the kindly host they become much
more so, and from this period onward
they will make trouble—they or their
descendants—on the slightest provoca-
tion. The finger of the host con-
veys them from the primary seat of
invasion to other favored localities,
and the germs will find a way, once
they are, so to speak, urged to the
task.

The cause of crops of boils is rein-
fection by careless handling. If you
touch your boil, your fingers are con-

taminated, and you must cleanse the
hands as scrupulously as the surgeon
cleanses his before an operation. Not
one in a hundred cleanly individuals
does this. Hence the crops are good.
The remedy for crops of boils is vac-
cine treatment. It takes from 12 to
20 doses of vaccine. The vaccine
should be prepared by a bacteriolo-
gist who determines precisely which
species or strains of germs are caus-
ing the boils and makes the vaccine
fit the individual.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Word From Natural Bridge.

I have written you three times and
sent self-addressed envelopes and re-
ceived no reply. Now I don't con-
sider you are treating me and others
fair when you answer the same ques-
tion more than once. When you say
there is no such thing as a cold or
rheumatism, you are away off your
base. What's the difference if it's
called cold or coryza?—A Reader.

Answer—If I am sorry that you failed
to receive a reply. Possibly you asked
for something I cannot do, such as a
diagnosis or treatment. The advantage
in calling it coryza is much the same
as calling "a certain party" John
Henry Jones—for it is harder for
them to switch John Henry Jones on
you, isn't it, if it comes to a show-
down?

For Instance.

I am expecting to become a mother
in August. We have a nice little dog
but he bothers me quite a bit and I
have been told by my neighbors that
my baby will surely be marked.—Mrs.
K. M.

Answer—There is no such thing as
"marking" an unborn infant. Don't
get rid of the little dog, if he is a
family pet. Get rid of the gossiping
neighbors.

Sweet Cream.

Is it true that by drinking sweet
cream (half a pint) every day the
heart gets fat? Please print only
initials. I would not want my name
to appear in the paper.—Mrs. P. M.

Answer—In 10 years I have never
printed the name nor divulged the
identity of a correspondent. If the
cream doesn't make you too fat for
your height and age you need have
no anxiety about any injury to your
heart. It is fine food if you can get
away with it.

Alcoholism Treatment.

What is the cure for the drinking
habit which you recommend?—
B. E. T.

Answer—The method of treatment
given to the medical profession by Dr.
Alexander Lambert.

"JUST TOWN TALK"

Copied Right By Mike

I SEE by the dispatches

THEY'RE ABOUT to give

ANOTHER "COMING out" party

FOR OLD King Tut

YOU'D NATURALLY expect

AFTER A man'd been

IN ONE place

OVER 3000 years

HE'D BECOME established

AND IT wouldn't be

AT ALL necessary

TO PUT on a party

TO SHOW him off

ANYWAY I suppose

THAT UNWRAPPING the bandages

THAT ARE employed

TO MAKE a mummy

A REGULAR mummy

IS NOT much different

THAN UNWRAPPING red tape

IN GOVERNMENTAL circles

IT REQUIRES a program

TO FITTINGLY observe

THE OFFICIAL findings

ANYWAY I hope

THAT AFTER he's out

FOR SOME little time

AND HIS eyes become

SOMEWHAT ACCUSTOMED

TO THE blinding light

OF THE twentieth century

THAT SOME wise foreigner

WILL ARRANGE to tour

OF THESE United States

AND PRESENT old Tut

IN ALL his splendor

AND IT'll be a relief

TO HAVE a visitor

FROM OTHER shores

WHO HAS a reputation

FOR BEING somebody

WHO'LL NOT find fault

WITH OUR customs

AND OUR statesmanship

AND OUR sportsmanship

AND WHAT we have left

OF OUR table manners

SO WE'LL all welcome

THE OLD Mummy King

TO PARTAKE of our

"CONTAMINATING HOSPITALITY"

TO BE seen

AND NOT heard

I'M QUITE in favor

OF FOREIGN visitors

PREFERABLY those

WHO HAVE been dead

THREE THOUSAND years

I THANK you.

LAUREL GRAY LOVE GOSSIP

THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD

by Laurel Gray

In the variety of sentimental ex-
periences which every girl encounters,
there always remains the memory of
the Pouter—the man who sulked

when he couldn't
have his own
way. The jolly
little tradition
that love makes
a woman a slave
to the whims and
caprices of the
hero of the com-
edy has been
dead a long, long
time. Most men
realize it. Ah,
but not the pouter!
There is the
fellow who sulks
because his lady
chooses to dance
with some other fellow once in a
while. Does our friend the pouter
go and engage another damsel and
whirl off gaily in the magic maze
of the dance? Not a bit of it. He
gets more soulful satisfaction, or
something, by taking out his disap-
pointment or his selfish discomfort in
going off to a corner and sulking and
pouting like a child. It is a little bit
—just a wee bit—flattering to the
girl, when it happens the first time.
But habitual fits of pouting and sulking
become insufferably annoying.
The pouter seems to pour out an
atmosphere of poison, and everybody
in the vicinity is made uncomfortable.
And the sad thing about the pouter
is that he is well-nigh incurable. Mar-
riage doesn't cure him—that makes
him all the worse. He's just made
that way, and he is deserving of pity,
although the pouter, whose underly-
ing psychic blot is suspicion, doesn't
usually succumb to the soothing in-
fluence of pity. But there must be
something of a virtuous order in men
of this character. The pouter seems
always to attract the prettiest and the
nicest girls. When I pause to reflect
upon it, maybe it is that they become
pouters because they do attract the
prettiest and nicest girls. In which
case, my children, I'm afraid there is
no moral to adorn the tale today.

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