

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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ROBERT W. RUIHL, Editor. S. SUMPTER SMITH, Manager.

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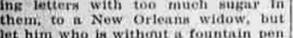
Official paper of the city of Medford. Official paper of Jackson County.

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

It is great fun to give the Coco Cola King the merry ha! ha! for writing letters with too much sugar in them, to a New Orleans widow, but let him who is without a fountain pen throw the first ink bottle.

One of our weak-jointed newsboys got too much albumen in his proteins yesterday, and what he was yelling could be interpreted by anybody.

Good-bye everybody. Colonel Kelly was apprehending chewing gum on the fifth.

BETTER GRADES FOR VIRG (Roseburg News Review)

Dear Mrs. Ellsbury: Would it be all right for a high school boy, at a school party to offer to escort a teacher home when he knew she would have to walk home alone?

Clipping Herewith—I don't know what paper this was clipped from, but it is too rich to overlook. Notice Proposals Invited.

SPECIAL NOTICE Proposals Invited.

NOTICE—As my wife, Mrs. E. F. Inglehart has left my bed and board, I will not be responsible for any debts incurred by her.

Yours truly, H. L. Walther.

The genius who prepared the state income blanks, forgot to ask how many prehistoric skulls the victim owned.

Walt Downe of the Lazy Intersection has returned from a six weeks wearing of his hat, in the sunny sister state to the south.

Preachers, who heretofore have been successful in getting to the front door from the pulpit, ahead of the last few occupants, will soon encounter keen competition from candidates.

The proposal to have taxpayers sing or whistle while paying their taxes, is a dandy, but some are going to need a rosters' brigade.

One of these days, speed idiots who have been escaping getting bobbed by a hair, are going to be confronted by a baldheaded situation.

There seems to have been almost as much ivory as there was teapot in the Teapot Dome scandal.

HAD FIERY NATURE (Norfolk, Va., Times)

An American officer arriving at 12:45 o'clock broke out in the office of the local afternoon paper, "The Ledger" Dispatch. It looked like the entire building was doomed.

The Brownsville Times comes along this week with its full quota of humor having something profound to say on a subject that is beyond it—(Albany Democrat). Editors fall out.

THE GOLD MOTOR This is my hymn of praise to the sweetest sound I know, Life's loveliest note of music when it's zero or below.

'Tis not the wood fire's crackle, nor some near cathedral's chime. The strain of some old anthem with its harmony sublime, But a harsher, happier cadence, sharp, staccato-like and slow, That gladdens, glorious racket when the motor starts to go!

(Oakland Tribune.)

AI Smith Boom Starts

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—A national campaign to obtain the democratic presidential nomination for Governor A. E. Smith of New York was launched today by the Alfred E. Smith for president national club, under the slogan "of the people, for the people."

HIS FAME WILL GROW.

THE QUALITIES for which Woodrow Wilson was most severely criticized in life, will be the very qualities to assure him a worldly immortality in death.

For the uncompromising idealists are those whom history remembers. Woodrow Wilson was uncompromising. He had an ideal of world peace, he had an ideal of world democracy, and he held to those ideals without deviation, to the end.

"To be great," said Emerson, "is to be misunderstood." Wilson was misunderstood. What were regarded merely as pride of opinion, intolerance, perverse willfulness, were after all the inevitable shadows of the virtue of supreme devotion to an ideal.

"If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him." Nothing better describes both the Wilsonian doctrine and destiny,—"the Scotch covenant of the single-track mind."

In the practical world of affairs these qualities were unfortunate. If Mr. Wilson had been willing to compromise, if he had been willing to be more of the opportunist and less of the crusader, he would undoubtedly have accomplished more while he lived.

But that is not the course of the idealist, nor the course of the martyr and Mr. Wilson had the spiritual qualities of both.

When, on his last homeward trip to Washington, Mr. Wilson said he would gladly die if the League of Nations might live, he was indulging in no sentimental heroics. He meant every word of it. His vision was not the vision of a Roosevelt or a Lloyd-George, it was the vision of a John Brown and a Joan of Arc.

So while the newspapers are indulging in a debate as to just what place Woodrow Wilson will occupy in history,—a question that only time can decide,—this much can be regarded as certain,—as the years pass by his fame and reputation will increase.

For the things he stood for are, after all, the things humanity prays for, and as the human race progresses, the goal will gradually come nearer, and the obstacles will gradually recede farther and farther into the background.

"If you would be great, get your name associated with a great cause." In future years, the name of Woodrow Wilson will become more and more associated with the cause of world peace, and less and less associated with the minor complications and failures of world and domestic politics.

QUILL POINTS

For that matter, when the cat's away the husband will play.

Some are bent with toil, and some get crooked trying to avoid it.

The hinterland knows little of culture. There is scarcely a billboard in sight.

One good way to popularize classical music is to steal it and use it in a popular song.

Let's not recognize Russia. In a few more years we'll do well to recognize our own country.

If a man has the same friends now that he had in 1902, it simply means that he hasn't grown much.

It is fine to winter in the south and loll about in a bathing suit if you don't mind the cold.

Inland towns are unsuitable for conventions, though it isn't so much the heat as the aridity.

Dawes should have known better than to suggest being reasonable. Now look at what the frame is doing.

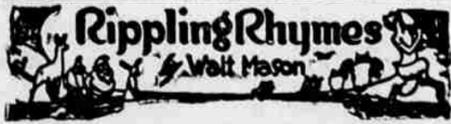
You can say one thing for henpeckery. Husbands under a thumb are seldom under indictment.

"We must get at the bottom of this thing," said the surgeon, as he glanced at the patient's purse.

We are becoming so cultured that only 18 per cent of the people quote Shakespeare and credit it to the Bible.

There are compensations. In a town where merchants don't believe in advertising, there is no parking problem.

Correct this sentence: "It's a snappy sex story, dad," said the flapper, "and I know you won't mind buying it for me."



NO MONUMENT.

TO MONUMENT has Stephen Stale, no costly shaft of stone, where, in the churchyard in the vale, he's sleeping all alone. Poor Stephen sleeps through nights and days, the unmarked sod beneath; but now and then some pilgrim lays upon the sod a wreath. And every time we speak his name it is in friendly tones; we keep alive his little fame, and bless his resting bones. For while he lived he did his best to make life worth while, he bore his load with sprightly jest, he wore his patient smile. If there was trouble anywhere, if lives had gone askew, old Stephen had an hour to spare to see what he could do. If some one had a grievous task, for his poor strength too great, old Stephen would step up and ask to shoulder half the weight. He spent his time in doing good, in his calm, patient way; he sawed the widow's pile of wood, he mowed the sick man's hay. When to his low priced grave he went, to sleep a million years, "Old Stephen needs no monument," men muttered, through their tears. No monument the sleeper needs, engraved by sculptor's arts; the record of his goodly deeds is graven on men's hearts.

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.

Never Mind Your Rubbers

I am quite sure no reader will recall that case of zero weather hay fever the minister described for us the other day. The victim of the attack. I beg to remind you, was a friend, who pitched a load of hay all on a zero day, threw off his coat, and vest, got very warm, then stopped and chatted with a neighbor who happened along—his nemesis, I suspect—without bothering to don his clothing for the chat. A few days later the poor man died of pneumonia.



How come? the gentleman of the chat wished to know. And I've been trying to tell all about it in a nice dignified way—but just as I get well warmed up every time I reach the end of my tether and have to continue in a subsequent issue.

Pneumonia is such a common disease that it is bound to happen now and then within a few hours or days after some such real or assumed "chilling." Still, it isn't at all common as compared with acute coryza. Few of us live a year without having at least one attack of coryza. None of us who lives at all to speak of lives a week or a month without being "exposed" to some such real or fancied "chilling." So, Mr. J. A. Coincidence plays an important role in the popular "cold" delusion. The old foggie owe Mr. Coincidence a debt of gratitude, for J. A. is the chap that keeps plain folks from laughing the "catching cold" delusion to death.

A pair of rubbers is useful and even economical to have ready for going out in the slush or wet. It doesn't do shoes any good to get them wet. But right here I wish to assure Johnny and Mary that it doesn't do a fellow any harm to get his shoes and stockings wet thru at any time in any season. Even if this happens on the way to school, and you have to sit for a few hours with your feet all wet thru, it may be uncomfortable for you, but I assure you that it has nothing to do with your health or your chances of coming down with any illness. This is less majestic or heroic or something equally outrageous to the dignity of superstition and tradition, but it is the absolutely honest hygienic truth.

Worrying about having your shoes and stockings wet thru, worrying about the imaginary certainty of such incident to give you "your death-o'-cold," is not good for anybody's health, and that is the reason why

I am urging all young folk particularly never to mind about rubbers or overshoes except for the single purpose of saving your shoes.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Diabetes

Will you kindly prescribe a diet for a diabetic, or tell me where I can procure correct menus? (A. R. B.) Answer—I do not believe a diet does any good unless it is adapted to the patient's individual tolerance. You might find good practical guidance in the little book by Dr. Wiley and the Misses Foley and Ellithorpe and the Mayo clinic, "A Primer for Diabetic Patients." This little volume teaches you how to make the test for glucose and gives an excellent outline of the way in which the diet is adapted to the individual tolerance. It is published by W. B. Saunders company, West Washington square, Philadelphia, Pa., and as usual I have forgotten the price. The primer was prepared for use in instructing patients at the clinic in the matter of diet and hygiene.

Morons

(1) How can a moron be distinguished from a normal person? (2) What is their cause? (3) Can they be cured? (4) How? (P. W. F.) Answer.—A moron is a high grade imbecile—a person whose mental development does not exceed that of the normal 12 year old child. Mental tests of a technical character give the physician an accurate gauge of the grade to which the defective belongs—tests similar to examinations in school. The causes of feeble-mindedness are mainly war (which eliminates the normal manhood and leaves the abnormal or inferior to propagate), and inherited traits from alcoholism, syphilis, drug habits, epilepsy or insanity of parents or grandparents.

H. B. P.

I have been suffering from high blood pressure for two years and I would like your opinion of this disease. (M. F.)

Answer.—High blood pressure is not a disease. It is a feature of various diseases. Accompany your request with a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I will send you some helpful information about high blood pressure, but do not forget to mention that you have it and do not expect a reply to a mere clipping. It is not my intention to send such information unless I know the correspondent needs it. The information I offer to send does not help one to determine whether he has high blood pressure. That can be determined only by measurement of the blood pressure in any case.

"JUST TOWN TALK"

Copied Right By Mike

YESTERDAY AFTERNOON

I MADE a visit

TO A barber shop

AND WITH me

MY BARBER shopping

IS NOT unlike

ATTENDING "SEWING circle"

SO MUCH that's new

AND UP-to-the-minute

IN THE way of gossip

AND DURING a lull

I WAS the only customer

TILL A man came in

AND ALL the boys

WERE ON their toes

FOR HE sure looked

LIKE READY money

WITH WHITE pearl spats

AND ALL the fixings

AND HE was wearing

A GREAT Kik's tooth

ON HIS watch charm

AND AS he climbed

INTO A chair

THE BARBER remarked

"ELK'S TOOTH isn't it?"

AND THE man said "Yes"

AND THE barber came back

AS THEY usually do

"UP NORTH hunting?"

AND THE man said "yes"

KINDA SHARP like

AND YOU could tell

HE WASN'T in a mood

FOR CONVERSATION

BUT THE barber did

HE QUESTIONED again

"HOW MANY shots

"DID YOU have to fire

"TO KILL the beast?"

AND THE customer said

"NOT A single one, Pardner"

AND THE barber said

"MY GOODNESS me

DID YOU kill it

"WITH A Bowie Knife

"OR WITH your bare hands?"

AND THE customer said "No"

AND I could see

HE WAS getting peeved

AND DID not relish

THE CROSS questioning

AND FINALLY the barber said

"HOW IN the world

"DID YOU kill the thing?"

AND THE man replied

"I LED him in

TO A barber shop

"TO GET him shaved

"AND A barber there

"TALKED HIM to death"

I THANK you.

Glorious Hair-

In 90 Days or Money Back

Women who wish to stimulate the growth of their hair should use Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage. A glorious head of strong vigorous hair surely follows its consistent use, and consistent use is easy because Van Ess comes fitted with a patent rubber applicator that feeds the treatment directly to the roots of the hair, eliminating messy massaging with the fingers. And the flexible circulation of blood to feed the hair roots. Buy your Van Ess on our 90-day treatment plan. Money back if it fails. Haskins' Drug Store

LAUREL GRAY LOVE GOSIP

THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD

by Laurel Gray

Why is it that some of the girls I know—those who describe themselves as "bachelors" girls, those who are always making sly gestures at flirtation but withal inordinately vain that they are "on their own" and "don't have to knuckle down" at any man—I say why are these girls just a little bit miffed when a man takes one at her word and does actually treat her as an equal as a pal, as a regular fellow?

I repeat—why is this so? I usually have an answer for my own questions, but I am fairly staggered by this thought-disclosure today. I know a tremendous number of girls who are earning "good" money—they are "on their own"—they have "duffy little apartments"—they can "get along without the fellows"—you know all that sort of thing. Yet these girls are the fondest, saddest, most miserable of all the varieties of girls I know. They are not a bit happy, contented, settled or even comfortable in their ducky apartments and with their empty, no-good lives. Gosh, I do get out of patience with the girl of this type who affects disdain for men but who—honest to goodness—is just starving for attention. What is it, I wonder? The superiority complex? Or is it some ugly distortion of the personality complex? I'm sure I don't know how to explain but I think such girls are awfully well, blind to the future, don't you?



Transplanting Laurel Trees To the Editor: Several years ago I transplanted a number of native laurel trees into the parking strip of my former home in this city, and its growing vigorously. The laurel is a difficult tree to successfully transplant. Many people have tried, without success. Perhaps my experience may be worth making public.

It is necessary to get as much of the earth in which the young trees have originated with the roots as possible. To do this my method was to cut a circle about 18 inches in diameter around the tree to a depth of 12 to 15 inches. Two persons, one on each side with shovels lift the dirt as much intact as possible and place it upon an outspread gunnysack, which is wrapped around the dirt and holds it in place.

Dig a hole wherever you desire to transplant the tree large enough to hold the pack of roots and earth and place sack and all in the hole and then pack the other dirt around it. The trees I thus transplanted suffered no setback whatever. February and March, I presume, are the best months for transplanting. I transplanted mine as late as the early part of April.

A. B. WILLIAMS. Medford, Feb. 6.

COMMUNICATIONS

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Cat Law Is Endorsed

To the Editor: Your article in a recent issue, "Spokane to consider licensing of cats," should be encouraging to all interested in agriculture, horticulture, the welfare of birds, and even cats.

Good wholesome laws, justly and rigidly enforced would come nearer solving the cat and bird problem than the more adroit and expensive way of trying to create public opinion.

If such a movement could be started in Medford, and communities throughout the whole Rogue River valley, a few years would create a more splendid prosperity and a more wholesome, happier atmosphere.

Such investments are a valuable uplift to any community. Cats as well as birds would be benefitted. The love of the "dear cunning creatures" rarely include the feral stray that is dropped in our yards, or left to perish by the wayside, or our neighbor's pet that prowls about our premises at night.

Cats are only one of many enemies to bird life however. "The female of the species"—the human kind—who like to adorn their person with fur and feathers, not being the least.

But that is another chapter of the story. MRS. LILLIAN ERWIN ALLEN. R. F. D. No. 4, Medford, Ore.

Ask for Horlick's The ORIGINAL Malted Milk Safe Milk For Infants, Invalids, Children, The Aged Rich Milk, Malted Grain ext. in powder form, makes The Food-Drink for All Ages. Digestible—No Cooking. A light Lunch always at hand. Also in Tablet form. Ask for "Horlick's" at all Grocers. Beware Avoid Imitations—No Substitutes

I am a candidate for the office of County Clerk, subject to the primary on May 16. I have for the past five years been a deputy county clerk and am familiar with every branch of the office, and if elected, I will give close attention to the duties of the office and feel confident that I will prove a credit to your support. DELILIA STEVENS. Medford, R. F. D. 1.

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