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S. SCUMPTER SMITH, Manager.

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Official paper of Jackson County.

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The state and federal income tax is
skunking up badly under heavy cover-
ing from many quarters. The idea
that taxes will shrink when blas-
phemed is erroneous.

At this time don't forget that Med-
ford lost the debating championship of
southern Oregon to Ashland, by
two waves of the left hand, and a
short sentence.

The Ku Klux Klan, that was going
to simplify the judicial system with a
rope under a tree, is now a good little
Klan. The Imperial Wizard has ordered
the Grand Titans to tell the
world that this is due to the "decent
membership coming in control." The
general public, which "has been mis-
informed by the blackguards of the
hostile press," entertain the notion
that the great pious and patriotic or-
ganization is suffering from an over-
dose of cussedness, and too much of a
scramble for the ten spots. Besides a
rival outfit, that has a headgear con-
sisting of cow horns, equipped with
electric lights, is a more flabbergast-
ing get-up than a sleeping jacket, and
the main article of apparel of a
burglar. The age old religious prob-
lem, and the personnel of the next
legislature could not be settled with
a grotesque costume, and the magic
words: "Knight, shower down with
\$16.50."

YE HUMAN CYCLONE

(Albany Democrat)

Clinton George blew the end of
the pump pipe for Mrs. Shank
Monday. They have no trouble
pumping a good supply of water
now.

There are not near enough service
stations and curves on the Specific
Dietway, between this city and Rose-
burg, as anybody will testify who
journeyed to the bb. game.

PURE BRED CALVES LAID
DOWN IN MEDFORD FOR \$20.—(Ad
Mail Tribune.) Buy 'em standing up
and bank the difference.

The War Department is considering
the advisability of abolishing the rank
of second lieutenant. In the army.
This is a good idea. Once during the
Great France war, was riding on
a train, and had a seat in the coach
with an upstart of this low degree.
His puttees were shining, his C. Chap-
lin mustache was waxed, his spurs
glittered, and he gave the impression
he was going some place to reprimand
the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied
Army. After a long and respectful
silence, the writer, by way of opening
up a keg of conversation remarked
casually: "It is a pretty day." Im-
mediately the information was forth-
coming: "Your superior officer does
not care to discuss the weather at this
time." In spite of this rebuff, it al-
ways seemed to us it was a pretty day,
and while praying for the supply of
beans to be exhausted, and the con-
flict to end, the real, genuine hope
was the elimination of 2nd lieuten-
standing around in the road and look-
ing pretty. And, therefore, at this
late date, the War Department is
commended for a step in the right di-
rection.

THE CONTORTIONIST

(Eugene Guard)

I, too, have known Mr. Sharp
for 20 years and have heard him
express himself as "never having
been a drinking man and not up-
holding liquor in any way" and a
few minutes later saying exactly
opposite to a different audience.

Tom Bittings and wife visited their
son at Corvallis Friday.—(Oregon
City Enterprise.) Hope he's not more
than the folks can chew.

Members of the trillium enu-
merus plant family have started to trail
and are prolific in the great open
spaces.

Bill Gore has started to plow his
smiling acres, and the north 80 of the
home ranch is not giggling as well as
it might.

To Harness River Shannon.
DUBLIN, March 8.—A scheme for
harnessing the river Shannon to sup-
ply electric light and power through
the free state is being considered by
the government which has been nego-
tiating with the engineering firm of
Siemens in Berlin.

CONGRESS SHOULD BE RADIO-IZED

WE ARE much interested in the suggestion that congress be fit-
ted up as a radio broadcasting station. According to a local
radio fan, the apparatus can be so installed, that every word uttered
in either senate or house can be immediately transmitted to every re-
ceiving set in the country.

An excellent idea! As every reader of the Congressional Record
knows there is scarcely a congressman or senator who doesn't say a
number of things that he would never say if he knew that the "home
folks" were listening in. The members of both upper and lower house,
at times indulge in oratorical field days, which never appear in the
newspapers for the good and sufficient reason that there is no news
in them.

In short, there is and always has been a tremendous amount of
time wasted in Washington, a tremendous amount of nonsense in-
dulged in, largely because both houses enjoy something of the exclu-
sive irresponsibility of downtown clubs.

The radio would eliminate all that. Senator Sorghum would cer-
tainly choose his words carefully if he knew that every syllable might
be checked up to him by any radio fan in his district. There would
be fewer adjournments, and more quorums, with hungry constituents
eager to know what congress is doing, day by day.

Another advantage would be apparent during campaign time. At
the moment, for example, two senators very much needed at Wash-
ington, Senator Hiram Johnson and Senator Jim Reed, are campaign-
ing in Illinois and Missouri respectively. With the radio they could
stay on the job, deliver their speeches on the floor of the senate, dur-
ing the evening recess reach their entire district and avoid all danger
of personal violence.

In fact there seems to be everything in favor of this proposal and
nothing against it. We suggest the Oregon delegation frame up a
bill at once and start congress in as broadcasting station "T-P-D."

QUILL POINTS

Loyalty is the peculiar virtue of people who feel lost without a
leader.

Opportunity can knock but once. That's the reason it avoids small
towns.

Another good memory test is trying to recall when you got the
cold you have now.

If the groom is bald and unable to dance, you are safe in assum-
ing that he is one of the richest men in the country.

We have seen many statues of great men astride a horse, but never
one astride a fence.

At any rate people won't sneer hereafter when a cabinet member
retires to private life to make money.

Lafe Larkin can't be re-elected dog catcher at Plunkville. He ac-
cepted 85 cents to let Ray Brown's dog alone.

Reed won't get far as a candidate. Colonel Spottswood actually
charges him with doing his own thinking.

A hick town is one where they question a man's Americanism if
he has joined only three organizations.

Correct this sentence: "Don't mention it," said she; "we'll be
glad to keep the children any time you wish to go out."

PAT MORAN PILOT CINCINNATI REDS, PNEUMONIA VICTIM

ORLANDO, Fla., March 8.—The body
of Pat Moran, pilot of the Cincinnati
Reds, lay in state here today before
removal to a late afternoon train to
take him northward on his last trip
home.

Moran, with his wife, two children
and teammates at his bedside, died late
yesterday, following an illness with
pneumonia of four days. He lapsed
into unconsciousness Thursday night
and while his wife and children bur-
ied to his side, life was slowly ebbing
until yesterday, after a faint smile

flickered across his face at the men-
tion of his wife's name, he passed on.
Mrs. Moran and the two children
reached him only a short time before
he died.

Immediately following their chief's
death, the Reds went into mourning for
48 hours.

Moran's death, teammates said,
came when they were looking forward
to a successful season, with the hope
of repeating the victories of 1919 when,
under Moran's leadership, they cap-
tured the National league pennant and
the world series.

Moran was considered one of the
best catchers in the game in his play-
ing days. As a manager he was suc-
cessful. When a player and when in-
structed by his manager, Moran char-
acteristically obeyed him. His baseball record
dates back 27 years when he played
at Lyons, N. J. He broke into the ma-
jor leagues in 1901, when he joined the
Boston Nationals.

Scores of insects and fishes living
in sunless caves have lost their sight.



BUNK

I OFTEN pity those poor jays, the victims of excessive praise.
A man of modest value comes, a candidate for public plums.
He's just a common welterweight, in no department is he great;
but his supporters wildly rise and call him Caesar in disguise.
"When he is coroner," they cry, "the office he will purify. He'll
hold the reins with master hand, all old abuses will be canned."
When he's elected we expect some noble progress to detect; his
boosters led us to believe a gorgeous fabric he would weave;
we hardly know just what he'll spring, what epoch making, splendid
thing, but he will surely pull some stunt to bring his office to the
front. The months roll on, the seasons slip, the planets make trip
after trip, and still the coroner reclines in lazy ease and gives no
signs of diligence or talents high for which we watch with eager
eye. And so in time we know the worst, which should have been
perceived at first: our coroner was never great; he's just a com-
mon, garden skate. And then we view him with disgust, as one
who broke a sacred trust, and when he runs for county clerk
we thoroughly get in our work, and so rebuke him at the polls
that all his hopes are full of holes.

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.

Why Husbands Go Wrong

My husband, writes a very good
cook, who is now reaping the re-
sults of her folly, is almost 39 years
old, 5 feet 5 inches
tall and weighs 175
pounds. He is broad
shouldered and muscu-
lar. He seemed to
be in prime con-
dition when he played
football at 165.
He imagines he
would feel more
alert if he would
rest his teeth some
times and lose a few
pounds. Then just
think how much



rest I could get from cooking and
how much I might reduce the gro-
cery bill!

He eats a breakfast of fruit, cereal,
apology for cream, toast or doughnut,
and coffee, a real meal at noon, and
a light lunch at night. He walks
briskly 28 blocks to and from college
every day, altogether, I mean, and
chases up and down three huge
flights of stairs many times a day. He
takes long runs in the park whenever
he can spare the time—once or twice
a week. In between times he spends
long hours at his desk, evenings, work-
ing on his books.

Twenty-eight blocks is an uncertain
distance, but probably represents two
miles. If a feller ticks off that dis-
tance on his pedometer three times a
day, or lurches it all in one dizzy
whirl in the park in the evening he
won't accumulate any alarming lot
of slacker flesh, provided he isn't
married to too good a cook.

This poor chap, burning the mid-
night electricity on his book, starts
his days all wrong, according to the
testimony of his nutrition manager, by
a carbohydrate orgy. If he likes a
cereal for breakfast, well and good,
but to cram down toast or a doughnut
or cakes of any kind on top of that
is generally just plain overeating. Of
course it might be all right if one is
going out to chop wood or heavy coal
or shovel sidewalks or pitch hay for
the day, but ordinarily there is no oc-
casion to take such a superabundance
of carbohydrate. (Carbohydrate, for
the benefit of those who may have
just tuned in, is almost everything
good to eat, specifically anything
made of starch or sugar.)

It is very easy indeed for a seden-
tary person to consume at breakfast
enough fuel to maintain the weight of
a wood chopper. This is one way to
accumulate the serious handicap of
excess weight.

Some fruit in season, a cup of cof-
fee and two small slices of toast, or
a small dish of cereal or two or three
griddle cakes, makes a substantial
breakfast for the average person of
sedentary habits. This college profes-
sor might get away with the
freshman's breakfast his guardian de-
scribes, if he took that run in the
park every day, or even if he stretched
the daily walk to about 70 blocks. But
when he fails to attend to this matter
of combustion he merely piles up the
fuel in the form of fat.

I repeat, there is no better fun than
eating when you have a good cook on
the job, and therein nothing in the
way of duty or pastime more irksome
than exercise, for most of us, and yet
a man can't enjoy those unless he
does the other, not for many years, at
any rate. Overeating is a great evil
while it lasts, but it soon over. That
is why the insurance companies de-
cline to accept a risk when the ap-
plying

applicant is a little too heavy for his
age and height.

Growing obese and flabby and dum-
py and dull and short of wind and
short of life is mostly a matter of
small fractions. For instance, one
slice of bread and butter more or less
will make a difference of 10 or 15
pounds in a year. One spoonful of
sugar more or less in your coffee, or
in your cereal or one spoonful of
cream more or less, seems a small
item in itself, but makes a great dif-
ference when multiplied by 365.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Things People Know Which Ain't So.
You have given us the method of
testing one's own heart function and
the method of testing urine for sugar.
Now why not tell us how to go about
removing uric acid from the blood?

I. F. S. W.

Answer—I will if you will let me
in on the technique of the test with
which you found uric acid or too much
uric acid in the blood. You see, the
blood naturally contains some sugar
(one-tenth of 1 per cent) and some
uric acid, and it would be a sorry busi-
ness trying to remove these normal
constituents of the blood, wouldn't it?
The removal of the obsession that
one's troubles are caused by uric acid
is another matter—I'm always glad to
take a whack at that. Uric acid, in a
letter or testimonial, kinda gives me
a pain, which probably explains some
of my sarcasm. In the old days of
theoretical practice even the physi-
cians imagined uric acid caused cer-
tain conditions, now that the actual
amount of uric acid in the blood is
measurable there seems to be no rea-
son to entertain that theory longer.

A Wide Awake Young Physician

Recently you asserted that the
amount of waste matter eliminated
thru the sweat is negligible. You said
that if any considerable portion of the
skin is covered with varnish death
will follow, not because of non-elimina-
tion of poisonous waste matter, but
from the rapid cooling effect. In
physics class we learn that a polished
surface is a poor radiator of heat
compared with a dull surface, and
hardly any surface could radiate heat
faster than one kept moist. This is
the principle which keeps the water
cool in canvas water bags. In view
of these facts it would appear that
covering the body with varnish would
tend to overheat the body rather than
cool it off. How about it? (P. E.)

Answer—Your physics sounds per-
fectly good to me, and yet physiology
withstands to the contrary. If the
surface of the body is covered with an
impermeable coating death ensues in
a very short time, with great reduc-
tion of body temperature, the tem-
perature falling as low as 70 degrees.
(normal being around 98 degrees.)
A rabbit dies when one-fourth or
more of the body surface is covered
with varnish. But if the varnished
animal be kept warm by artificial
means, no ill effects ensue from the
varnishing. Let your physics teacher
fight this out with your physiology
teacher—but I suppose you have no
physiology teacher, for physiology is
a rather unimportant subject in the
average school.

Birth Mark

Please tell me what you think of
having a birthmark that covers the
eyelid and runs up over the forehead
of a child removed by violet ray. (Mrs.
O. P. M.)

Answer—I do not know whether
violet ray (not violet) would be
suitable. I'd take the child to a skin
specialist and leave the method to his
surgical judgment.

COMMUNICATIONS

Another County Heard From

To the Editor: I see in the Tribune
Town Talk of the 4th that you have
accepted the \$10,000 dollar challenge
for a Beautiful Legs contest. Do not
overlook our Applegate country for
contestants, we have them right here,
not only less, but charming, healthy,
husky farmer girls, not married ladies.
They get up and make lives in the
country. I think milk a couple
cows before breakfast, cook breakfast
and call mamma, no wonder they have
beautiful limbs.

Never mind New York City or Paris,
or John Bull, hold the contest in
Medford.

We don't agree with your selection
of Mr. Swen and Mr. Ruih as judges.
There are a number of bachelors here
and we know a thing or two when we
see it. We may be transported to the
lunatic asylum after the show is over,
but it will be for a good cause. You
can be sure that Ruchies will be there
in full force.
G. H. BATES, Ruch.

A Boost for Southern Oregon

To the Editor: Not for the purpose
of making myself conspicuous or for
the purpose of gaining notoriety that
I address these lines to the reading
public but, from the fact that I
realize there are many people who
are homeless and wandering over the
land aimlessly without any particular
purpose in life, and finally landing up
in a pauper's grave. With these con-
ditions facing us today I would like
to say something which would have
a tendency to call a halt to the ram-
bling and rent paying people. In the
first place I want to say that I settled
in this Jackson County, in the year
1871, which makes 66 years residence
in Oregon. I am familiar with this
country from northern Oregon to
Mexico, by personal observation. I
know many of the good and bad
qualities of this portion of the Pacific
coast and from what I know of the
different communities it is very easy
for me to decide without being par-
tially that Rogue River valley is the ideal
place to make happy homes. There
are more good, great, and grand
things in this county and fewer draw-
backs than any place I know of. Any-
one passing along the highway if they
have an eye of observation will know

sumption we should also exclude the
other.

Suppose the fruit growers organize
and get a bill passed to exclude all
citrus and other fruits from sale in
Oregon, which are not grown in Ore-
gon? If one is good law and best for
the people, why not the other?
ONE OF THE TOLLERS,
Rogue River, Ore.

Correction in Wilson Report.

To the Editor:
I would appreciate space in your col-
umns to correct any erroneous impres-
sion that may have developed through
the publication of that portion of my
report referring to \$21,865.03 as tax
collections carried over December 31st
by the sheriff. During the last few
days a careful rechecking of this has
been made with explanation given it
is shown that only a small portion
is matter carried over. I regret that
the information now given was not ad-
vanced when I had the matter under
discussion prior to rendering my re-
port. The correctness of the clerical
work in the sheriff's office force is
commendable. The method of distribu-
tion insures detection of errors in
calculation and correct settlement of
cash. City and district liens are oc-
casional improperly distributed and all
errors of consequence in my report
were of this nature.

Regarding undistributed funds car-
ried by the sheriff, the treasurer is not
required by law to accept money from
the sheriff unless distributed. Neither
is there any legal reason within my
knowledge why undistributed funds
should not be received from and cred-
ited to the sheriff and banked by the
treasurer. Money turned to the treas-
urer has been fully distributed thus de-
laying settlements and making it nec-
essary for the sheriff to carry a spe-
cial bank account to take care of funds
in the interim. The sheriff's daily bal-
ances, cash and bank, are of such im-
portance that provision should be made
for the treasurer to receive this money
and thereby give the county 2 per cent
interest on daily balances which the
sheriff's account does not command.
For the month of January, 1934, this
2 per cent interest on sheriff's daily
cash and bank balances would reach
around \$33.

Very truly yours,
E. M. WILSON.

Medford, March 8.

My favorite pessimist, Monsieur H.
L. Mencken, insists that all women
are deliberate snarers of men. He goes
on in many and many thousands
of words to prove it. And he does
prove it—to the satisfaction of any
thinking person. But Mr. Mencken,
like so many plausible fellows,
does not allow us to look upon the
other side of the picture at all. He
does not take us
by the hand and lead us up to the
lofty peaks of his philosophy and show
us that all men are natural snarers
of women. Ah, no! That might not
be such a toothsome dish for the
world's greatest professional bachelor.
I suppose it is true that there is a
feminine instinct for captivating a
man. But there is also a natural mas-
culine instinct for capturing and pos-
sessing a woman, a mate. So why
spend beautiful words and phrases in
trying to prove the obvious? It isn't
a battle of the sexes as Monsieur Men-
cken would have us believe. It is the
social instinct in which we are all con-
cerned. Somehow, I have a distaste
for these writers who pretend to be-
lieve that men are less honest and
fair than women, and that women are
less scrupulous and less sincere than
men. After all, we are all people,
aren't we?

March's Changeable Weather
One may expect many changes in
weather in March, and should be pre-
pared for coughs and colds. The
slight cold, if neglected, may develop
into a serious illness. With the first
sign of a cough or cold take Foley's
Honey and Tar Compound, the old re-
liable family cough remedy, excellent
for coughs, colds, hoarseness. John
R. Lyons, Prescott, Arizona, states:
"I had a bad cough, used Foley's
Honey and Tar Compound and it re-
lieved me in a little while." Sold
everywhere.

A Detroit man is the tallest soldier
in the United States army. He is six
feet, six and one-half inches tall.

LAUREL GRAY LOVE COSSIP

THE GREATEST THING IN THE
WORLD

by Laurel Gray

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trying to prove the obvious? It isn't
a battle of the sexes as Monsieur Men-
cken would have us believe. It is the
social instinct in which we are all con-
cerned. Somehow, I have a distaste
for these writers who pretend to be-
lieve that men are less honest and
fair than women, and that women are
less scrupulous and less sincere than
men. After all, we are all people,
aren't we?

My favorite pessimist, Monsieur H.
L. Mencken, insists that all women
are deliberate snarers of men. He goes
on in many and many thousands
of words to prove it. And he does
prove it—to the satisfaction of any
thinking person. But Mr. Mencken,
like so many plausible fellows,
does not allow us to look upon the
other side of the picture at all. He
does not take us
by the hand and lead us up to the
lofty peaks of his philosophy and show
us that all men are natural snarers
of women. Ah, no! That might not
be such a toothsome dish for the
world's greatest professional bachelor.
I suppose it is true that there is a
feminine instinct for captivating a
man. But there is also a natural mas-
culine instinct for capturing and pos-
sessing a woman, a mate. So why
spend beautiful words and phrases in
trying to prove the obvious? It isn't
a battle of the sexes as