

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY BY THE MEDFORD PRINTING CO.

The Medford Sunday Morning Sun is furnished subscribers desiring the Sunday daily newspaper.

Office: Mail Tribune Building, 24-27-28 North Fir street. Phone 75.

A consolidation of the Democratic Times, the Medford Mail, the Medford Tribune, the Southwestern Oregonian, the Ashland Tribune.

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

By Mail—In Advance: Daily, with Sunday Sun, year, \$7.50; Daily, with Sunday Sun, month, \$1.00; Daily, without Sunday Sun, year, \$6.00; Daily, without Sunday Sun, month, \$1.00; Weekly Mail Tribune, one year, \$2.00; Sunday Sun, one year, \$2.00.

By CARRIER—In Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent and on Highways: Daily, with Sunday Sun, month, \$1.75; Daily, without Sunday Sun, month, \$1.00; Daily, with Sunday Sun, one year, \$20.00; Daily, without Sunday Sun, one year, \$12.00. All terms by carrier, cash in advance.

Entered as second-class matter at Medford, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.

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

Sworn daily average circulation for six months ending April 1st, 1924, 3649, more than double the circulation of any other paper published or circulated in Jackson County.

The only paper between Albany, Ore., and Chilo, California, a distance of over 400 miles, having leased wire Associated Press service.

MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS: The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also to the local news published herein.

All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.



Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The well known citizen who declared "the fog was invigorating," escaped under cover of the same.

FOR SALE — Thirty-five dairy cows, some milking.—G. W. King, Montague.—(Western Skiskyous News). You're right, absolutely!

ENOUGH

(Pendleton East Oregonian)

The wedding march was played. Mrs. J. Douglas Wallop and Mr. James H. Grostinger of Cape May, sang "O Promise Me" and just before the appearance of the bride, "I Love Thee."

It has always been the layman's impression that beany chefs could not fry potatoes without producing poker chips; but if they would only keep the LePage glue out of the oatmeal.

A nine year old Portland boy shot and killed his mother. The fact that a gun was handy had nothing at all to do with the tragedy.

After today, the community will return to normalcy, and gosh! how they dread it.

Neither does self-admitted virtue need a brass band, or saintliness skyrocket.

Deeds, not creeds, are what the world needs.

Deeds that are done in the open day, in the light of the sun. There is no worthy task that needs a mask.—(Shelley.)

Cynics seem to think that the row over Prohibition enforcement, in which the President is slightly involved, is more to get the right man appointed to the right job than to enforce Prohibition.

Next to not parking in front of a fire hydrant, autoists obey best the law prohibiting going by a schoolhouse faster than 10 miles per hour.

GOOD OLD DAYS

In 1890, let us say, you were poor. The underclothes you had on were made of flour sacks—or, if you possessed those baggy, fleece-lined things, they were large enough to allow for several years of growth, and they were patched on the knees and elsewhere. The pants you had on were made of dad's old ones, and they were patched also. Your coat was frayed at the end of the sleeves and needed clipping at intervals.

When you needed a haircut dad did it on Sunday morning, using the back of the comb at intervals to punish you for not sitting still.

You took a bath in the kitchen, using the wash basin and a rag; you slept in your underclothes; you wore woolen stockings, contributed by grandma, and those were knobby with darns.

For dinner every day—not lunch—you had a stew of beef and potatoes and onions, and on baking days you came in from play to get the heel of the outside loaf and fill it with butter that would melt and make a feast fit for a king.

Dad had great trouble keeping you in shoes, and he always groaned when you told him how many school books you would need.

Mother made over last winter's hat, and kept on remaking dresses until the goods wore out. She wore cotton stockings and did her own washing, and was thrilled beyond words when dad hired a horse and buggy to take her somewhere on Sunday.

All well; the poor are with us always! They wear silk stockings now, and mumps have a decent flavor. Certainly they have better furniture and more comforts and conveniences than the well-to-do had in 1890. But they feel poor, and they regret the fact that they can't go to Florida this winter. You see, the girls are in college and need a little spending money, and there are the payments on the walnut set in the dining room and the radio set and mother's fur coat. It takes a lot to live these days, and one must watch the pennies.—(Baltimore Sun.)

In the Promised Land

JERUSALEM—There are telephone wires now across the desert route of the children of Israel to the promised land. Service has been opened between Egypt and Palestine.

THE INCOMPETENT NOSE.

YOUR nose knows less than it is given credit for, according to a scientific writer. The sense of smell in the average civilized person is comparatively ineffective. Most of us, it is said, could not identify over a dozen different odors if our noses were not aided by our eyes and ears.

An experimenter concealed in uniform containers such varied materials as lemon, coffee, violet and rancid butter. Then he had numerous friends try to identify the contents through their unaided sense of smell. Not one made a perfect score.

In other experiments he has found that a woman who is particularly fond of fresh violets and takes especial delight in their fragrance does not recognize the same fragrance if coming from a little bottle the contents of which she does not know.

Perhaps we have had to depend so little on our sense of smell in the process of evolution that we are losing it. Or perhaps the nose has lost the delicate discrimination it once had because of the strong odors and clouds of train and factory smoke which fill the air in many of our cities. It would be interesting to find out whether a country man has a keener olfactory organ than a city man.

There may be times when an effective sense of smell would save life. On the whole, however, most persons are not greatly handicapped in their pursuit of success and happiness by nasal shortcomings.

A NOBLE DANCER.

GERMAN aristocrats are scandalized by the fact that the young Count John Lerehenfeld auf Foegering and Shoenberg has taken a job as floor manager for dancing parties in a Berlin hotel. For 500 years it has been considered that no scion of that family should accept any employment from the state or army.

Young John, who happens to be a handsome fellow and a good dancer, with modern ideas, thinks he can earn more in such work than he could get out of his wrecked family estates, and doesn't see any reason why he shouldn't take the job.

Americans will look at the matter as he does. They will make the additional comment that the count will probably do Germany less harm by his dancing than the German nobility has done it latterly in public service.

QUILL POINTS

Oh, well; perhaps Mitchell had rather be right than a colonel.

If hooch-drinking winter comes, the courts will be far behind.

How it saddens one to see a poor, forlorn strike begging for somebody to end it.

Dull times are those in which you are expected to pay for the real estate you buy.

Communism will work beautifully when love instead of greed inspires it.

Thanksgiving, 1625: Shooting a turkey with a gun; 1925, getting a birdie with a club.

A snob is a pedestrian who doesn't mind being knocked down if it's a limousine.

At last France has Germany disarmed; now if she could just disarm suspicion.

Doubtless the world was made in seven days. There were no efficiency experts then.

All lands have something to be ashamed of: Friction in Europe, fiction in America.

A "great" president is one who happens to be on the job while the people are making money.

Contempt for brown is what you feel if you wear a number thirteen collar.

"Chase yourself, Cap," said the future private in the air service; "you're an idiot, an 'I'm takin' no orders."

Well, doubtless Jim enjoys being the husband of Texas as much as he enjoyed being Governor of it.



RETRIBUTION.

POOR EDGAR POE, borne down by woe, read books and wrote reviews; the caustic term that makes men squirm he seldom failed to choose. For he was broke, his watch in soak, his stand-off null and void; and, being sore, books were a bore, no author he enjoyed. His life was dark and eases that eark uprose on every hand; he'd take it out on some poor scout whose book had come to hand. The high and low by Critic Poe, were roasted, trounced and flailed; the cross-roads bard was punned hard, Longfellow was assailed. This work of Poe's made countless foes of writers great and small; and when, with vim, they wrote of him, their pens were dipped in gall. They set him down as boor and clown, as ingrate, drunkard, knave; this evil fame still clouds his name, though long he's flled a grave. It seems a sin that he should win renown so dark and foul, because some jays he would not praise rebelled and raised a howl. Men often rise to roast the guys who slandered one so fine, with lies absurd and bitter word and gossip most malign. But when I read pale Edgar's screed denouncing men and books, with savage fire and venom pure, I sigh and say, "Gadzooks! The men thus socked were much provoked, and played the vengeance game; and I can't say, at this late day, that they were much to blame!"

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. 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.

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!

Plenty of simple honest folk would probably testify to my regular or usual insanity, but I wonder how much a colleague would sink me for his expert opinion that I was suffering from some hitherto unknown kind of special insanity for a few hours. If I should go out and murder a few proof readers, editors of other things without souls? I'm saving up for the big day, but first I wish a few alibis of standing would submit bids for the job.

When a doctor has his day in court and comes off with any traces of dignity still intact, that is a sign that the judge and lawyers in the case are very dull indeed. On ethical principles a lawyer will have a medical witness even though he knows the doctor is going to operate on his (the lawyer's) mother-in-law in the morning.

There is enough scandal in the present system of expert testimony to cause some talk of modifying it. But I don't believe the lawyers really want to change the present arrangement. I believe they're going to eliminate the medical expert by a gradual process and take upon themselves the function which these witnesses have served. Innumerable cases now on record as precedents indicate this trend; attorneys and judges conjure up expert opinions from their own consciousness and weave them into the testimony and decisions as "common knowledge."

It is human nature to assume that what one thinks one knows must be common knowledge." This is in a recent finding of the Massachusetts industrial accident commission, this interesting passage occurs in the report bearing upon a claim for compensation for pneumonia allegedly to have been caused by injury:

"Men do get pneumonia and die who have not been injured, and since the germ theory of pneumonia has become fully blown it is a favorite sport of physicians to testify that pneumonia attacks the strong and healthy as well as the weak and non-resistant. Of course, most of this testimony is given in personal injury cases to show that personal injuries had nothing to do with the onset of pneumonia. But it is a matter of common knowledge that men carry pneumonia germs around in their mouths all the time and that they never attack them (that is, as a Philadelphia lawyer could point out, the germs never attack the men) until the germ carrier suffers a lowering of his resistance. It may be a chill from the cold, or from a wetting, or it may be a personal injury. The germs which men carry around with them do not suddenly become virulent and life-destroying unless something occurs within the man to give these germs a fertile field in which to work."

The commissioner must have conjured all that bologna from his own inner consciousness, for there is no scientific evidence that chill from the cold or from a wetting "lowers resistance."

The finding of the commission that the pneumonia which followed a personal injury and caused death, was attributable to the injury, is a sound one, for there is ample scientific evidence that injury to the lung predisposes to pneumonia. But where the pure superstition about chilling and wetting, is dragged into the case as "common knowledge"—that's the humorous part. There is a lot of rich humor in the law if one isn't at the moment a witness or on trial for anything.

This erudite commissioner remarks patronizingly that it is "a favorite sport of physicians to testify that

pneumonia attacks the strong and healthy, as well as the weak and non-resistant." Well, there's a question which may be left to "common knowledge." Everybody knows that pneumonia does just that.

Although the pneumococcus is found in the mouth, nose or throat of nine out of 19 persons, it is a virulent type in only two out of 19, and a harmless type in the other eight persons.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Like Hamlet Without a Grave. Is it scientifically possible to remove the caffeine from coffee, as is claimed for certain brands.—Mrs. E. C.

Answer—The larger part of the caffeine is removed from such coffee, and what is left doesn't taste so very bad either.

Might Try An Amletite Gun. My husband is troubled badly with running ears. Kindly explain how to use cod liver oil.—Mrs. B. L. M.

Answer—Internally and moderately if at all. When I suggested the use of cod liver oil as a remedy which will increase natural resistance to infections of the middle ear and the nasal sinuses, I should have specified that the oil is to be taken internally over a period of a few months in the year, for a child a teaspoonful a day perhaps, for an adult a tablespoonful. The idea and purpose is to provide the vitamin which seems to help the body to resist infections.

On Bringing Company Home From School. Several months ago one of my sons came home from school infected with head lice. I have tried many things, and several times I thought I had got rid of them, but presently they reappear on one head or another and with five to care for I am getting discouraged.—Mrs. M. E. G.

Answer—Let each youngster saturate his or her head thoroughly with kerosene for two hours, and see to it that they keep away from fire and flame while the kerosene is on their heads. Then a thorough shampoo. That will destroy any lice. Then use a dish of hot vinegar, and draw strands of hair through a cloth or towel with the vinegar each time. This will dissolve and destroy the eggs (nits) which remain attached to the hair shafts near the scalp. If you make a day of it, carrying this out thoroughly, and also soak their head coverings for an hour or two in gasoline, kerosene or benzine, you will get rid of the company. If lice is the worst thing the children catch at school, yours is a well-conducted school.

A Lecturer's Hokum. A recent lecturer in this city advised taking a tablespoonful of salt in a quart of warm water every morning on arising as a health promoter, laxative, and to give one pep. Is this a good thing to do? Is there any danger in it? How about taking half the amount of salt and water?—Luella.

Answer—Well, a lecturer has to tell 'em something for their money. Since most people consume enough or too much salt in and on food, it is unwise to add to the excess a whole of a dose like that. The quart or such portion as you can comfortably drink, of water, warm, hot, cool or cold, as you prefer, is a good habit, for most of us take too little water anyway.

Timely Views on World Topics

Placemercant Marine Under Control of President, Advocates Shipping Expert.

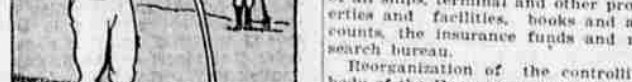
Administration of the American merchant marine will be removed from the control of the United States shipping board and placed directly under control of the president, if the government adopts the policy recommended to President Coolidge by H. G. Dalton of Cleveland, in a special report made public recently.

Dalton was chosen to make a survey by the president. The report recommends: Complete separation of the Emergency Fleet Corporation from the shipping board, and transfer to the fleet corporation of all ships, terminal and other properties and facilities, books and accounts, the insurance funds and research bureau.

Organization of the controlling body of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, now owned and operated by a board of directors or trustees, composed of the secretaries of war, navy and commerce, and the postmaster general, or these four cabinet members with the addition of trustees-at-large representing the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf regions if the president desires, all to serve subject to the pleasure of the president.

The report recommends that surplus ships should be sold as promptly as possible, in small numbers from time to time, spread among the various concerns which can scrap them, thus benefiting many industries.

Gloria Fined \$250. NEW YORK—Gloria Swanson must pay a \$250 fine for contempt. She lost an appeal over a penalty for going to Paris without testifying in Janet Beecher's divorce suit.



H. G. DALTON

Dec. 5, 1858—67 years ago—Peasants digging in a field near Toledo, Spain, unearth a rare treasure. Stooping to remove an object obstructing his spade, a peasant found, encrusted in the soil, eight ancient crowns richly studded with rubies, pearls and sapphires. One of the crowns bore the legend, "Recesswith Rex."

Since a Gothic King, Recesswith is known to have ruled in Spain about the year 653, it is supposed that these were the crowns of his household—probably buried during some time of confusion, since no remains of a casket were found.

Copyright, 1925, Premier Syndicate, Inc.



The End of the Search. Gurgie, gurgie, gurgie! Grovly made a queer noise in his throat and glanced up at Peter.

"What does that sound like to you?" asked the Bear. The Boy knew right away what his shaggy friend meant.

"Like water running out of a bottle!" And his guess was right, Grovly nodded.

"Right-o. Well, when a Bear hears a noise he doesn't understand he stops whatever he is doing to find out what it is. I had blundered upon some Two-Legs in the woods and had scared them off, but now I left off chasing them and turned back to investigate that strange sound. And I almost stepped into a bright shiny tin pail lying on its side and right at my toe. Something was flowing out of it but it was not water; oh, no, it was not water!"

Grovly shook his head. "It was something thick and brown and sticky and it smelled, oh, so good. 'Ah, ha! Honey!' And I gorgled in gloe. 'Now for a feast for a sly young bear!' And into that sticky stream I stuck my paw. Oh me, oh my! What a terrible surprise! That sweet smelling liquid was as hot as fire! I burned my poor paw, burned it just as badly as though I put it in a flame!"

"Ugh, ugh! Wow! Grrrr!" "I wept and I wailed and I gashed my teeth, but my paw ached on. The tears rolled down to the tip of my nose and dropped with a splash on the shiny tin pail would never have spilled at all. With my paw in my mouth I just sat there all in a heap and wished with all my might that I was safe back home in the cave with mother. If I hadn't wandered so far away I would never have fallen among the terrible Two-Legs and the terrible Two-Legs would never have run off and upset the shiny tin pail, and the shiny tin pail would never have spilled onto its fiery sweets, and the fiery sweets would never have tempted me to burn my meddlesome paw! Ugh! huh! Everything might have been all right if only I had been a good Cub and minded my mother.

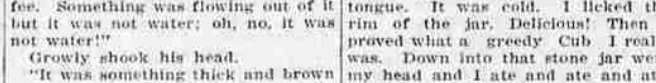
"Didn't learn my lesson! It took more than a burnt paw to teach me to mind my own business. It took a sore head, too. You can just bet I didn't do any more meddling with that hot stream at my feet, even though I was certain it was as sweet as honey. But by and by, when my paw stopped aching, I sat up and began to take notice of things about me!"

"Trick, trick, trick! What could that queer noise be?" It sounded to me as though something was going on over by the large maple tree. So I paddy-pawed over on all fours. And what do you think I saw? A thin brown stream trickling out of a hole in the tree's trunk!

"And I know what it was!" cried Peter. "Maple syrup. Those men you frightened away had been tapping that tree and it was in the boiling syrup you burned your paw!"

"To be sure, I know that now! But I was a stupid young Bear in those days. However, I kept my paw out of the sticky stream. Burned once, shy the second time. And then I forgot the sticky stream for I spied a stone nearby. I couldn't see where I over to sniff at it. Um! How sweet! Carefully I touched the jar with my tongue. It was cold. I licked the rim of the jar. Delicious! Then I proved what a greedy Cub I really was. Down into that stone jar went my head and I ate and ate and ate. At last I could swallow no more. But when I was ready to pull my head out of the jar I couldn't get it out. And there I was with a jar on top of my head. I came near smothering. Lucky for me that there was a big stone nearby. I couldn't see where I was going and I tumbled head over heels over it and the stone jar was broken to pieces. And when I was free again, I was a wiser fellow!"

Next: "Disturbing the Peace."



With my paw on the shiny tin pail I just sat there all in a heap and wished with all my might that I was safe back home in the cave with mother. If I hadn't wandered so far away I would never have fallen among the terrible Two-Legs and the terrible Two-Legs would never have run off and upset the shiny tin pail, and the shiny tin pail would never have spilled onto its fiery sweets, and the fiery sweets would never have tempted me to burn my meddlesome paw! Ugh! huh! Everything might have been all right if only I had been a good Cub and minded my mother.

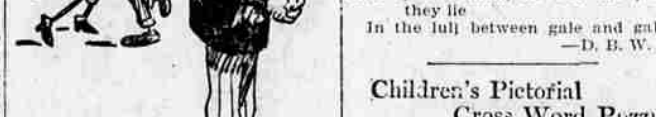
"Didn't learn my lesson! It took more than a burnt paw to teach me to mind my own business. It took a sore head, too. You can just bet I didn't do any more meddling with that hot stream at my feet, even though I was certain it was as sweet as honey. But by and by, when my paw stopped aching, I sat up and began to take notice of things about me!"

"Trick, trick, trick! What could that queer noise be?" It sounded to me as though something was going on over by the large maple tree. So I paddy-pawed over on all fours. And what do you think I saw? A thin brown stream trickling out of a hole in the tree's trunk!

"And I know what it was!" cried Peter. "Maple syrup. Those men you frightened away had been tapping that tree and it was in the boiling syrup you burned your paw!"

"To be sure, I know that now! But I was a stupid young Bear in those days. However, I kept my paw out of the sticky stream. Burned once, shy the second time. And then I forgot the sticky stream for I spied a stone nearby. I couldn't see where I over to sniff at it. Um! How sweet! Carefully I touched the jar with my tongue. It was cold. I licked the rim of the jar. Delicious! Then I proved what a greedy Cub I really was. Down into that stone jar went my head and I ate and ate and ate. At last I could swallow no more. But when I was ready to pull my head out of the jar I couldn't get it out. And there I was with a jar on top of my head. I came near smothering. Lucky for me that there was a big stone nearby. I couldn't see where I was going and I tumbled head over heels over it and the stone jar was broken to pieces. And when I was free again, I was a wiser fellow!"

Next: "Disturbing the Peace."



With my paw on the shiny tin pail I just sat there all in a heap and wished with all my might that I was safe back home in the cave with mother. If I hadn't wandered so far away I would never have fallen among the terrible Two-Legs and the terrible Two-Legs would never have run off and upset the shiny tin pail, and the shiny tin pail would never have spilled onto its fiery sweets, and the fiery sweets would never have tempted me to burn my meddlesome paw! Ugh! huh! Everything might have been all right if only I had been a good Cub and minded my mother.

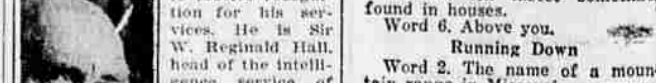
"Didn't learn my lesson! It took more than a burnt paw to teach me to mind my own business. It took a sore head, too. You can just bet I didn't do any more meddling with that hot stream at my feet, even though I was certain it was as sweet as honey. But by and by, when my paw stopped aching, I sat up and began to take notice of things about me!"

"Trick, trick, trick! What could that queer noise be?" It sounded to me as though something was going on over by the large maple tree. So I paddy-pawed over on all fours. And what do you think I saw? A thin brown stream trickling out of a hole in the tree's trunk!

"And I know what it was!" cried Peter. "Maple syrup. Those men you frightened away had been tapping that tree and it was in the boiling syrup you burned your paw!"

"To be sure, I know that now! But I was a stupid young Bear in those days. However, I kept my paw out of the sticky stream. Burned once, shy the second time. And then I forgot the sticky stream for I spied a stone nearby. I couldn't see where I over to sniff at it. Um! How sweet! Carefully I touched the jar with my tongue. It was cold. I licked the rim of the jar. Delicious! Then I proved what a greedy Cub I really was. Down into that stone jar went my head and I ate and ate and ate. At last I could swallow no more. But when I was ready to pull my head out of the jar I couldn't get it out. And there I was with a jar on top of my head. I came near smothering. Lucky for me that there was a big stone nearby. I couldn't see where I was going and I tumbled head over heels over it and the stone jar was broken to pieces. And when I was free again, I was a wiser fellow!"

Next: "Disturbing the Peace."



With my paw on the shiny tin pail I just sat there all in a heap and wished with all my might that I was safe back home in the cave with mother. If I hadn't wandered so far away I would never have fallen among the terrible Two-Legs and the terrible Two-Legs would never have run off and upset the shiny tin pail, and the shiny tin pail would never have spilled onto its fiery sweets, and the fiery sweets would never have tempted me to burn my meddlesome paw! Ugh! huh! Everything might have been all right if only I had been a good Cub and minded my mother.

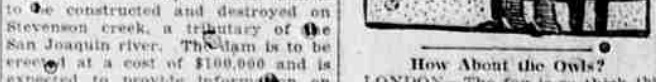
"Didn't learn my lesson! It took more than a burnt paw to teach me to mind my own business. It took a sore head, too. You can just bet I didn't do any more meddling with that hot stream at my feet, even though I was certain it was as sweet as honey. But by and by, when my paw stopped aching, I sat up and began to take notice of things about me!"

"Trick, trick, trick! What could that queer noise be?" It sounded to me as though something was going on over by the large maple tree. So I paddy-pawed over on all fours. And what do you think I saw? A thin brown stream trickling out of a hole in the tree's trunk!

"And I know what it was!" cried Peter. "Maple syrup. Those men you frightened away had been tapping that tree and it was in the boiling syrup you burned your paw!"

"To be sure, I know that now! But I was a stupid young Bear in those days. However, I kept my paw out of the sticky stream. Burned once, shy the second time. And then I forgot the sticky stream for I spied a stone nearby. I couldn't see where I over to sniff at it. Um! How sweet! Carefully I touched the jar with my tongue. It was cold. I licked the rim of the jar. Delicious! Then I proved what a greedy Cub I really was. Down into that stone jar went my head and I ate and ate and ate. At last I could swallow no more. But when I was ready to pull my head out of the jar I couldn't get it out. And there I was with a jar on top of my head. I came near smothering. Lucky for me that there was a big stone nearby. I couldn't see where I was going and I tumbled head over heels over it and the stone jar was broken to pieces. And when I was free again, I was a wiser fellow!"

Next: "Disturbing the Peace."



With my paw on the shiny tin pail I just sat there all in a heap and wished with all my might that I was safe back home in the cave with mother. If I hadn't wandered so far away I would never have fallen among the terrible Two-Legs and the terrible Two-Legs would never have run off and upset the shiny tin pail, and the shiny tin pail would never have spilled onto its fiery sweets, and the fiery sweets would never have tempted me to burn my meddlesome paw! Ugh! huh! Everything might have been all right if only I had been a good Cub and minded my mother.

"Didn't learn my lesson! It took more than a burnt paw to teach me to mind my own business. It took a sore head, too. You can just bet I didn't do any more meddling with that hot stream at my feet, even though I was certain it was as sweet as honey. But by and by, when my paw stopped aching, I sat up and began to take notice of things about me!"

Poems That Live

Poetical Justice.

Our busiest thinkers are idle drones In the eyes of the workaday world, And the songs that echo the angels' tones Are but leaves of the autumn whirled.

By the breath of the frost from up in the sky, To the dullard who dwells in the vale, And spurns them, as o'er his path In the lull between gale and gale.

—D. B. W. S.

Children's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle



Word 1. What animal swallowed Tom Thumb in the picture?

Word 5. An insect sometimes found in houses.

Word 6. Above you.

Word 2. The name of a mountain range in Missouri.

Word 3. The name of Noah's boat.

Word 4. Timid, retiring.

YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED

P A P E R
A