

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot... By Arthur Perry

The county fair has inspired a more substantial rain than the Easter hats of the womenfolk.

The social whirl at the high school has started to whirl, as students pair off with a member of the opposite denomination.

The gloomy prediction is made that one of these mornings a lady autist three minutes late to work, will never get to work.

50,000 Oregon voters have failed to register for the presidential vote.

There was a drunk man on the streets yesterday. He could not find his auto.

"The Misses Thelma and Pearl Johnson are spending a day or two at home."

"Charlie Burns is much improved after being kicked by a horse."

The report stated that when the "aviator" reached an altitude of 7,500 feet he commenced to lose ground.

THE CLOSET... All things come to me at last, as they come to the grave and the all devouring worm.

They have their little hour or two of glory, their moment in the public eye, their season of ministering to vanity, and then they come to me—and oblivion.

Dead romances bring their tales to me, and I keep their secrets. Sorrows and tragedies that I would be forgotten trust me with their confidences, and I conceal them from the prying eyes of the world.

Men value me little, but women dole on me and praise me highly, confiding to one another that their lives are more pleasant because of me.

I am associated with the most intimate experiences of life, and know the poverty and the riches of men—the measure of their success—the degree of their triumphs.

Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 11.—Sunday was a bad day for the editorial "We." Chan Egan after playing our golf and holding Johnny McHugh to an even break on the first 18 at Pebble Beach, succumbed to the old man thought waves from the newspaper boys and came in five down—was it six? At any rate it hurt me worse than it did Chan, for we had an article all written up giving them the prize of Medford into Mr. Thushel's class. But now, of course, we have to bring it into the waste paper bin. We know it was Lumbago, not Youth that was served. But results are what count. So we can't say anything but the best boy won and the state title remains in the Golden Gate golf belt.

This is California's Admission day (California admits anything) and the National Association of Retail Druggists are meeting in this fair—the sun just came out—city. There are 2500 drug-gets from all parts of the country gathered about. They are a very well fed and prosperous looking aggregation. Felix says—Felix is San Francisco's wealthy Jewish news vendor—that N. A. R. D. stands for the National Association of Regular Druggists. He also says all the druggists are for B-over. Felix is going to get a real vacation one of these days. He wears three Smith buttons in a row, smokes large cigars and has an imposing garnet ring on his middle finger.

The Misses Robt and Purdie are here vacationing. So are most of the other fair sex of Medford. We never saw so many Medford women in one place.

QUILL POINTS

Mexico seems to be anxiously waiting for somebody sinless enough to pull the first trigger. Prosperous times are those in which almost everybody has a few thousand dollars to lose bucking Wall Street.

Another state that is doubtful unless there's money enough to keep it regular is the state of matrimony.

As we recall it, complaint about the high cost of living began about the time patches went out of style.

Love is the quality that enables you to think one member of a family wonderful and all of the others strangely common.

There is final equality. When a poor man dies he leaves just as much as a rich one does.

Bill White should be careful about raking up the past of other men. He used to play an alto horn himself.

Americanism: A frantic effort to achieve the standard of living depicted in the movies.

It's easy to pick out the village tightwad. He still owns a \$300 lot for which he was offered \$30,000 in 1919.

Another advantage in being very, very good is that you can be tender and affectionate with the ladies and get away with it.

Now they have a tractor that functions without guidance by human intelligence. Heretofore this ability was limited to pleasure cars.

The meek inherit the earth, but just at present they inherit relatives who don't like to cook in hot weather.

Germans claim the record for gliding, but nobody has yet computed our banana-skin mileage.

It's easy to run a comic magazine. You just buy bum jokes and clip good ones from newspapers.

That Englishman who says our business men never laugh in working hours should enter a drug store and ask for drugs.

The two things you need to achieve all the essential household conveniences advertised in the magazine are cash and more room.

Correct this sentence: "I treat my small son," said the father, "just as I would if he were big enough to lick me."

MUTT AND JEFF—A Tough Break for Mr. Mutt



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.

HI, SENOAR: OUI, MAD AME, OR HEY, LADY

A lady with a Pyrenean name writes that she is taking her baby 14 months old on a vacation to the seashore. The baby is a healthy out of doors bimbo with an all-over coat of tan. He gets a great kick out of his daily swim in the big bathtub at home, but the ponderous question is—whether he is to young to take a daily dip in the ocean or to dabble in the wet sand at the edge of the water.

The question is quickly and easily disposed of. The tough guy is not too young to go in with the rest of the family, only somebody must stand guard and see that he doesn't strike out for somewhere in the belief that the ocean is the English channel.

Of course there's more of the lady's letter yet to come. We had to take care of the young fellow first—youth always has first consideration in this column. If you catch "me" young enough, maybe you can tell me something that will keep their feet on the ways to health and happiness. You can't tell the old folks such after they've run the gamut of neotams and quackery. They know too much, and never a hint do they find in the magazines that it isn't so.

"I had learned in school (in France)," continued the letter, "that the skin perspires poisons, oils, substances, and breathes like a third lung. Until I read your articles I thought there was nothing wrong with that knowledge. However, doctor, you say it is all in word of your own, very expressive, but I could not remember how you say it. The old folks say 'me' young. That is one of our folk songs—How dear to my nurse are the myths of my childhood, the cosmetic ads keep me too dazed to read, and so on. It is no longer in fashion. They go in now for that neotam complexion. The schoolgirls principally go in for it—in the drugstores. When a schoolgirl puts all her complexion on she's a sight abroad, the sort of the seam of Europe, our pool-room morose and curb crushers, are invited to leer, and it seems that 80 per cent of the creditable sex tries to achieve what the school girls achieve.

A point the school books and teachers of France probably pass carelessly over, as they do in this country, is this: How come that the body science, the poisonous substances is exuded is not poisoned? Where does the skin get this poisonous substance it perspires? Here the thoroughly misinformed layman will recall the legend of the boy who was gilded to make a Roman holiday. If the teaching of physiology were not barred from many common schools every school boy would know that this legend is without foundation. Cover more than half the surface of the body with paint or other impervious substance and the subject may from faint and perhaps die after a few hours, but if so it is only because the body heat becomes exhausted; and knowing this, we can keep such a subject warm by artificial means, and he may suffer for no ill effect from the varnish on his body. Of course this proves that there is no poisoning by retained sweat; the lungs and kidneys easily carry off the water and salt when the skin doesn't excrete it, and nothing else in sweat matters enough to bother about.

In France, no doubt, the nostrum and quackery literature, especially those in the cosmetic trade, have enough influence to keep physiology out of the schools. They are wealthy enough, too, to subsidize certain professors and certain medical editors, not to mention various kinds of "doctors," dermatologists, experts and authorities, who know how to keep the unsophisticated public believing in "pores." The word "pore" suggests breathing. It means a contraction of fluid—fluids or gases, just keep this word in general use and it is easy to sell the stuff that purports to enter the body through the "pores."

Notwithstanding, no one of scientific standing can prove that anything is absorbed into the body through the orifices of the sweat

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Mental Support.

Do you think it would be dangerous to leave off abdominal support six months after an abdominal operation, if the wound healed well and without complications?—Miss M. R.

Answer—Your physician should advise about that. In general I think all abdominal supporters are useless, and sometimes injurious, after operations.

Thumb Sucking.

I saw in your column where the sanitary thumb band was an effective means of breaking a child from thumb-sucking. I have not been able to locate any and would appreciate it if you could tell me where to secure them.—Mrs. M. C. C.

Answer—I'm sure I didn't call them "sanitary." If you are unable to find such contrivances at the drug stores, I will give you names of makers on request accompanied with a stamped envelope bearing your address.

Blood to Spare.

The doctor wants to bleed me, as he says I have too much blood. I cough on slight exertion or none. He says it is the heart working too hard. Sometimes I spit a little blood. I am 46, weigh 146, 61 inches tall. Do you think bleeding would help me? Also would you send me advice for falling and gray hair.—Mrs. A. K.

Answer—The opinion of a doctor is worthless in such a case if he has not examined the patient. Immediate bleeding may be the best emergency remedy for the cough about falling hair. I can do nothing about gray hair—except to assure you that I'd dye my own if I believed that would make me happier. Unfortunately I can name no dye that is quite safe and satisfactory. One correspondent assured me that she keeps her hair looking nice and dark by frequent application of a solution of "coppers" (which is iron sulphate, not copper) in black tea. She uses a teaspoonful of the iron sulphate with a pint of tea. At any rate this is harmless to use. I have no further knowledge of its effects, but I wonder who has ever tried it.

Union's Progress.

Do you think it is safe to have bunions removed by operation before 20? I have been told they will return if removed before then.—Miss J.

Answer—Bunion is an enlarged, partly dislocated great toe joint, usually covered with an inflamed or infected bursa. The only cure is surgical excision of the enlarged portion of the bone. This is a permanent cure at 20 as at any other age. (Copyright, John P. Dille Co.)



The reason so many politicians are reported that the election in their states is 'goin' to be mighty close is that the two national committees are goin' to spend over \$10,000,000 this fall. Their lots 'o' difference in girls. Some 'o' them pretend they're not a bit tired, an' others haint afraid to sit down anywhere.

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason.)

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