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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The Republican vote in Texas, indicates the state may quit lynching negroes, and horsewhipping women, as soon as civilization begins to get in its fine work.

SOUNDING LOGICAL ENOUGH (Portland Telegram) Q. When a woman is in doubt as to when she may wear a suit, what rule should she follow?

A. A good rule to follow is that if any doubt exists, do not wear the suit.

Ernie Britt and Dick Robinson of Fossil, indelible and inseparable like the Union, were in town Wed. The latter, who felt every pulse in Jackson county up to the fall of 1898, was as gay as a woodpecker shot by the president-elect.

Elmer Rust put the pipe in for the school house, and now water is available at the turn of a faucet. (Greenleaf News.) You can't stop progress.

Now that the tumult and the shouting is over, many will have time to read the letters they wrote to the papers.

The alumni of Old Oregon has demanded that this club speak sweetly of their football team. The pleasure is all ours. They are new boys.

Thanksgiving in three weeks away, and the first turkey with seven necks has showed up.

The League of Nations in session at Geneva has approved of the presidential election. It was thought that they would.

Len Carpenter who went to Mexico City to see a pugilist, has made inquiries about how the one at home came out.

The fresh-air fiend has made his appearance, along with Winter. The Major Ozone in question wants this sanction to be a Presidential as long as he can stand by Bill Gates' stove.

An Associated Oil hater yesterday expounding upon the glory of his concern's oil, convinced the understander, that it was just the thing to put on pancakes, if it would only make the taxes lower.

WIELD THE LIPSTICK Let prize and primitive delight (Though no one still supposes That prize and primitives are right)

In shiny checks and notes, For all the moralists have said, (And he who runs may read it) I rather like a touch of red

On lips that do not need it! For who is he who would not choose (Albeit chosen or plucked) His sage and onion with the goose, His jelly with the mutton?

The Parmesan is in the soup To make our palate moister; There's ginger on the cantaloupe There's cayenne on the oyster.

Leave Nature's crudity to those Who'll take it, whilly-nilly. I'm ready to perfume the rose I like to gild the lily!

And you, my love, as I have said, (And I've no cause to doubt it) Can safely add a touch of red. Who are so sweet without it.

22 one-way tickets to Russia are needed, as 22 residents of the county voted for the Communist candidate for President.

The returns from Eugene, where the burning issue was closing movies on Sunday, have not been received, but it is presumed that the roadhouse, where it is alleged five members of the high school football team got plastered, is still open week-days and Sundays.

Ye Poet's Corner

"To Herby." Hurrah for Herby! For Herby beat "Brown Derby". Through the harvest and the bush, He came through victorious. Now our hearts are light and gay, For it's past election day, And our dear old Herby, Beat the worn brown derby.

Hurrah! MRS. M. SWANEE. Richmond, Va., is expecting a building program involving an expenditure of \$4,000,000 to be under way by the end of the year.

A NEW RECORD IN ELECTION RETURNS

BY compiling and publishing yesterday the complete returns on all candidates in Tuesday's presidential election, the Mail Tribune established a new record in the political and newspaper history of Jackson County and Southern Oregon.

Heretofore two days have been the minimum, and in many elections it has required from three to four days. The main reason for this rapid service was the intensive day and night work of the entire reportorial staff, assisted by every department of the newspaper, including the business office and the composing room.

The compilation was under the direction of Arthur Perry, assisted by Carl Tengwald, the latter also officiating before the "Mike" on an eight-hour shift election night.

We also wish to thank Mrs. Delilia Stevens Meyer and her staff in the county clerk's office, as well as the many accommodating members of the various election boards, whose cooperation and unflinching courtesy rendered this rapid service possible.

NOW LET'S FORGET IT!

EVERY national, state and local candidate this paper supported was elected with the exception of Circuit Judge C. M. Thomas. His defeat was a surprise to us, and we believe to most of the people of Jackson County.

We have our own opinion of what caused this "upset," but believe no useful purpose would be served by discussing this feature of the campaign. The election is over, and, as one of Judge Thomas' supporters, we cheerfully abide by the result.

The intensity of feeling, aroused by this bitter judicial campaign, cannot be allayed in a day, or a week, but eventually the personal and partisan passions will die down, and it is the duty of all good citizens, both in Jackson and Josephine Counties, to do all they can to facilitate this process.

We now urge upon all supporters of Judge Thomas, as we would have urged upon all supporters of H. D. Norton—had the result been reversed—to forget the past, let bygones be bygones—and unite behind "Judge" Norton, giving him that loyal support and consideration which the nature of the office he will occupy deserves.

PROTECTION WITHOUT DESTRUCTION

WHILE we opposed the initiative bill closing Rogue River, and it has been decisively defeated in the state, we trust the fact that it carried in Jackson County will not be overlooked.

As we said during the campaign, we were, and are, heartily in sympathy with the purpose of this measure, which was to preserve our game fishing and our scenic spots for future generations to enjoy.

Here are two assets the preservation of which not only means greater enjoyment and health for the people, but greater revenue from our increasing tourist crop, in dollars and cents. We believe some legislative enactment can be devised which will prevent the destruction of these natural resources without destroying legitimate development of power and irrigation values in this state.

Behind such a measure the people of Jackson County would be aligned 100 per cent.

Soon or late some hateful dry Republican will quote Al as saying he'd rather be tight than President.

When the fellow reached for his hip in the bad old days, he was going to kill you on purpose.

Nature evens things. The faster your life, the sooner you got to slow music.

Delightful Autumn, when it's cool enough for people to do their own cooking and relatives go home.

If he is beginning to reflect that doctors as the most useful of men, he will be 45 on his next birthday.

Some optimist says Europe will be Americanized in 10 years, but it will take longer than that to get rid of that smut.

Correct this sentence: "She has perfect teeth," said the gossip, "but she doesn't skin back her lips when she smiles."

Truth crushed to earth will rise again. But it isn't unique. A swatted fly will do that, also.

The first business of an equalization fee is to make the loyal farm vote equal to the wet deserters.

Americanism: A conviction held by every adult that all of the people are going to the dogs except the few he knows.

Correct this sentence: "I am eighteen years old," said he, "and middle-aged moralists don't give me a pain."

MUTT AND JEFF—Jeff Feels He'll Be in the Well-to-Do Class

MUTT, I JUST BOUGHT A NIFTY AUTO! CLASS, EH?

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. 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.

A MAN MAY KEEP HIS HAIR ON

There are times when a man's hair is his only asset. It is now several weeks ago we divulged the great iron and tea secret here—you know, the use of a hair darkening lotion of a pint of black tea and a piece of copperas (that is, iron sulphate) the size of a kernel of corn—and at this writing the vote stands one to nothing against the iron and tea method.



Here is the fully complete: Dear Sir: I wish to thank you for the pleasure as well as profit which I derive from your many articles in our paper.

Whenever they fit my particular case I do not hesitate to make use of them. I shall not comment on the teachings or suggestions I have used, for their number is legion.

From one item in particular, however, I dissent, and that refers to coloring the hair. Permit me to say this in confidence, there we omit some identifying details, except the correspondent's age, which is 70.

I got away with it because I know my business and enjoy excellent health and am stronger than most persons of my age.

I have tried without any satisfaction a mixture of black tea and copperas which one of your correspondents praised. The color does not hold and when one is using it on the hair it stains the pillows.

I use a preparation called (has a faintly hairy restorer, neustrin is mentioned). This undoubtedly contains sulphur and sugar of lead. (That is true—it is one of a dozen similar hair color "restorers" that are really disguised mixtures of sulphur and lead acetate, "sugar of lead.") But it does the work. I have used it carefully for over five years without any ill effect. Pray tell me why I should have any ill effect. You teach that the skin does not absorb, and I certainly do not drink it. I find I have a nice shade of brown hair and walk off easily with my burden of years and my job all secure. If you think it worth trying I will be glad to tell you further details. I am interested in the preparation, my business being that of a chemist.

All I know, with apologies to Will Rogers, is what I read in the letters from members of the Teen-1 club—oh, yes, I must tell you about the club—and in a few state chemists' reports. I know that a dozen or more of the popular nostrums for "restoring natural color" are in fact lead and sulphur concoctions, and lead and sulphur doesn't "restore," it merely dyes the hair dark brown or black. I am fairly sure that lead, though poisonous, is never absorbed through the unbroken skin, though of course I can't prove this. It is for those who maintain that this or any other substance can be absorbed through the unbroken skin to prove it. They have tried hard enough, but so far their experiments only tend to reassure me in my belief. It is pertinent, too, that although many thousands of persons regularly use one or another of these lead and sulphur hair "tonics" or "restorers," there is no case on record of lead poisoning from this source, that is, I can find no case.

So I candidly say I think my friend is taking no chance of lead poisoning by using the nostrum in question, and what is more, I'd just as soon touch up my own hair with the same stuff if I believed the practice would help me hold my job or my present wife or anything like that.

By a bit of luck, while my sulphur and lead friend was awaiting, there came a message from the first president of the Teen-1 club, who deplores and says: "You asked for reports about copperas and black tea as a hair dye. I use a piece of copperas the size of a walnut in a pint of tea. My hair is (or was) Auburn and the commercial dyes made it look as though I had applied ash-blacking, but this tea and iron

color it beautifully. Thanks so much." The lady automatically takes the chair as chief executive of the Teen-1 club. The vote now stands a tie.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS The Galvanic Hairer. I used a galvanic tub to boil the juice and sugar in when I wrote above. When I cleaned the tub I noticed the galvanizing had apparently come off in spots, leaving them very bright and smooth like tin. Will it be harmful to use in any way to eat the jelly? I derive much useful information from your column put it in practice, too.—Mrs. L. A.

Answer.—It is better not to use galvanic vessels for cooking acid fruits or tomatoes, etc. Some of the zinc of the galvanizing is dissolved in the acid juice. However, if this doesn't spoil the taste of the product there is no harm in eating it.

Not Even a Leaflet Stirring. PERSONAL. Prospective correspondents should take careful note that this is a PERSONAL health service, not a blooming circular distributing agency. Moral: Ask for advice about YOUR OWN problem or that of your dependent. We have no leaflets today.

Children and Socks. Is it beautiful for children six years and over to wear socks in the winter? If so, is it essential that the socks be of woolen? I wish to thank you, Dr. Brady, for the advice for young married people that you sent me when we married. It has proved a valuable thing in our life.—Mrs. E. W. B.

Answer.—Yes, if the youngsters like 'em. Perhaps wool is most comfortable, but I'd let the kids have cotton, silk or nothing at all, if they preferred it. Some readers have criticized me because I refuse to send such advice as I send you, except to Mrs. B., but I have no other way of being reasonably certain that I am offering the advice to a young married person.

Lost a Sewing Needle. If a needle entered the body of a person 40 years ago, is it possible for it still to be there?—L. W.

Answer.—Yes. I am an expectant mother and wish to get a permanent wave, but some friends say I can't get it now.—Mrs. J. E.

Answer.—For that matter, nobody can get one at any time. But I know of no reason why you shouldn't have an ephemeral wave now—though it doesn't do the hair any good.

Ephemeral Wave. I am an expectant mother and wish to get a permanent wave, but some friends say I can't get it now.—Mrs. J. E.

Answer.—For that matter, nobody can get one at any time. But I know of no reason why you shouldn't have an ephemeral wave now—though it doesn't do the hair any good.

Everybody has faith in something. The man who is suspicious of a restaurant plate will wipe it off with a restaurant napkin.

If a reporter seems to have a lot of cheek, it's because he has his tongue in it.

Times change. A stocking run once suggested the worn "darn" instead of the equally short and uglier one.

Americanism: Yearning for a home in an "exclusive" neighborhood; being bored unless you join the common crowd.

New York: An address you take when you are famous; a great noise you hear on a journey from home to Europe and back.

A partisan is a man who doesn't feel ashamed when the campaigners on his side say untrue and silly things.

"Good-Bye, Wisconsin," by Glenway Wescott (Harpers) is another of those Main Street things called "realism" because it sees no part of an apple except the rotten spot.

The old dances were more modest, perhaps, but try to imagine the Virginia reel in a 6x10 living room.

The thing that chiefly enrages the country is the city's ability to sin without feeling nasty afterward.

All the states in chorus: "Don't settle down here to become like the others, young man, so where you can climb and be somebody."

It will be hard to estimate the cost of the campaign until somebody harvests the crop of prejudice 50 years from now.

Necessities: Anything you can't buy on the installment plan.

Correct this sentence: "I tip as a return for service," said the man, "and not to impress the waiter."

Maupin—Crew of workmen increased for constructing Clear Lake dam.

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason.) AESOP REVISED

A wolf perceived a juicy lamb and thought of luscious joints, for mutton is preferred to jam by wolves and all such beasts. And yet the wolf some conscience had, he didn't like to slay that little lamb so gay and glad, without excuse, that day.

And so he said, with eyes agleam, "You little woolly gink, you've riled the waters of the stream from which I fain would drink." The little lamb replied, "Gadsook, you're surely off your base; I certainly have riled the brook below your drinking place; but water doesn't run up hill, as you may plainly see; so you may blithely drink your fill and get no harm from me."

The wolf, he smiled from ear to ear, a cold, blood-curdling smile, "Above my drinking place last year the water you did rile." "I wasn't born last year, old scout," the little lamb replied; "so watch me play and romp about the blooming countryside." "It doesn't pay to be peevish," the stern wolf answered then; "you contradicted me left and right, and contradicted again. Your early training, I perceive, has suffered much neglect; your insolence is bound to grieve, it is not circumstantial. You'd make a most important sheep if I should let you grow, and so I kill you, though I weep to strike the lethal blow."

A righteous atmosphere surrounds the tyrant, every time; he always takes high moral grounds when he'd commit a crime.

That cuts dividends to 3 per cent, you can't help thinking of the creatures that say: "Ba-aa."

The urge to make others like ourselves is prompted by vanity, but parents think it is love.

If it prompts people to crack your head because you can't see if their way, it is a great moral issue.

The choice is simple. You may be politic and prosperous or independent and indigent.

Come china reveals dried egg yolk of yesterday, and some people are too poor to afford servants.

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Brisbane's Today

(Continued From Page One)

rately he chases them among the greatest agencies for the education of mankind. The other two are movable type and photography.

Missouri spoke at the dedication of the National Institute of Educational Cinematography in the Villa Falconieri at Frascati. In the present stage of human development, with the atoms age only 12,000 years behind us, moving pictures are by far the greatest force in education. In one hour they can teach the young, through the eyes, more than printed books or oral lessons could teach in a month.

Mr. Durant, automobile man and Wall Street shaker, is said, unofficially to have bet \$1,000,000 on Hoover against \$200,000 bet on Smith. Five to one were the long-odds on Hoover. Four years ago they were ten to one on Coolidge.

Two of the most important admirals in the Japanese navy were unable to attend the solemn ceremonies at the enthronement of the new mikado, Hirohito.

The wives of the two admirals have recently died, and the Shinto religion, officially practiced by the mikado, declares "proximity of death a defilement."

With death so close to them the two are defiled and cannot approach the sacred coronation altar.

This represents a survival of ancient superstitions about death. Among many savage tribes death was considered, except in the case of the very old, an act of demons, or the result of magic. The magician was usually found and disposed of.

A different civilization considers "proximity of death" as the most ennobling and purifying influence.

Death and the solemn thought it brings are responsible for much of the good done in the world.

A Britisher, traveling through Africa, without the usual accompaniment of servants to carry him and stand between him and wild animals, writes sympathetically of all that he sees.

He even sympathizes with cannibals, including one tribe that habitually fattens very old people out them, instead of throwing them to the wild animals, as is the custom among neighboring tribes.

The old people, fattened and eaten, prefer that fate and are wise.

Even in our high "civilization" many old people spending years in worry, anxiety and want, would be much happier if they could be fattened for a while, then killed and eaten quickly.

Arnold Rothstein, "the New York gambler," died, withholding to the last the name of his murderer, but every time he was mentioned, gamblers and the underworld generally, a code that must encourage killings among those that observe it, but useful for the law abiding.

Rothstein, who had announced his intention "to quit the racket," did so after refusing to pay gambling losses of \$346,000. "Welcher," the winning gamblers called him, and killed him as a warning to others. Rothstein said the game that fleeced him was dishonest.

Gambling, worst and most dangerous of vices, causes much crime. Rothstein was originally a product of race track gambling, permitted in spite of laws against it, because it pays the cost of amusement for rich and influential men.

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By BUD FISHER



MUTT, I JUST BOUGHT A NIFTY AUTO! CLASS, EH? YOU'RE BROKE! YOU COULDN'T BUY A CAR! IMPOSSIBLE! BUT I OWN A LITTLE BUNGALOW IN HOBOKEN AND I MORTGAGED IT TO BUY THE CAR. NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE ABOUT THAT, IS THERE? I WISH YOU A LOT OF LUCK. YOU'LL NEED IT. I WANT TO MORTGAGE THE CAR TO YOU SO I CAN GET SOME JACK TO BUILD A GARAGE. WILL YOU MAKE ME A LOAN? LISTEN! HOW ARE YOU GONNA BUY GAS? WHEN YOU AIN'T GOT A CENT TO YOUR NAME? WELL, IF I OWN A BUNGALOW, A CAR, AND A GARAGE, I GUESS ANY DEALER WILL BE WILLING TO TRUST ME FOR GAS! KID, YOU'RE HOPELESS!