

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The wind and the victors are blowing this morning.

The cheers you hear are for the dandruff in the young man's abdomen.

The 4d had a cut glass flower vase, but the engine failed to function.

Mrs. Saffie Savathation is busy with the October edition of unwashed dishes.

It must be nice to be a Copco efficiency expert, and take three hours for lunch.

But Coon just trimmed, every report had a few more. He never left the lead, and at every report he jumped ahead.

FOR SALE—One twin bed, spring and mattress, \$15. Davis Transfer.—(Wanted This Paper.) The nights are getting cooler.

The only interest now is in what face the legislators will make, and which one of the Oregon senders will join the post-ers of President Hoover.

The Mayor of Portland has been elected again, without kissing anybody.

A drive has been launched for a slogan for the Uofo football team. As soon as they find a slogan they ought to look around for a center, a backfield, and a line.

SHERIFF SUSTAINS ENCOURAGING DEFEAT—(Hillside Chico, Cal., Enterprise.) It might have been a rapturous wallowing.

LOVE TRIUMPHS ANEW (Jewell Itemizer)

John Miller, son of Andrew Miller, was held up near Formosa last Friday. The two bandits stopped him with a gun, pulled him out of the car and took what money he had, about \$5. They also kicked and punched him without any cause. They looked his car over and decided it was not as good as the one they were driving. John had a very good wrist watch, but in cleaning up before going to see his girl that evening he had shoved the watch up on his arm and had forgotten to push it down. The thieves searched his pockets for a watch and felt of his wrist, but the fact that it was on his arm fooled them.

"He eats his breakfast in bed," sneezed a barber this morning, while sitting down to cut a head of hair.

Miss Gino Sakurka made inquiry late yesterday as to when Santa Claus would get here.

Yokohama Yonemitsu has wore out another mop, and is going back to Tokio.

The seat of the trousers that were an indication of Republican prosperity, have now vulcanized.

SUICIDE: The black blight struck his crops, and then the hail.

With silver lances laid his orchards low.

And midnight lightning with one vivid blow.

Made a long season's toil of no avail.

It was enough to make his courage fall.

And so, those weeks, he brooded, treading slow.

Deep in the dark path, no friendly word could show.

That luck returns to him who does not quarrel.

So one grim noon he fixed a handy rope.

About his neck, and tossed one end around.

A dusky beam up in the barn-loft dim.

A horde of wasps, disturbed, swept down the slope.

And chased him, rope a-dangling to the ground.

And "stung," said Matt, "all hangin' outta' him!"

(New York World.)

NORTH BEND, Ore., Nov. 8.—(9)—Drowning of Mr. and Mrs. William Webb of Roseburg when their car went off the North Bend wharf last spring has resulted in filing of two divorce suits amounting \$15,000, by the estate of the deceased against the city of North Bend.

POLITICS AND PROPHECY

TWO weeks before the recent election the Portland Oregonian requested the editor of the Mail-Tribune to make an estimate of the vote for President in Jackson County.

We estimated 8000 for Hoover and 5000 for Smith. The official count shows 8530 for Hoover and 463 for Smith. We estimated the Hoover strength fairly well but were far astray on the New York Governor's support.

After the event we think we can see the reason for our error. We figured on too many wet Republicans going to Al. As a matter of fact, the vote indicates more dry Democrats went to Hoover.

Speaking of political predictions, we have had our attention called to the following by George Putnam, the able editor of the Salem Capital-Journal, made the day before the election: The past month the drift has been strong towards Smith. He will carry the Solid South without question and most of the border states. He will carry New York, Massachusetts and OTHER great industrial states, several of the farm belt states. No candidate ever made a more inimitable campaign than Herbert Hoover.

We fear George had a rude awakening Wednesday morning, when the "clean up" gave Hoover the greatest popular and electoral vote in the nation's history. The Salem editor in the same editorial dismissed the Literary Digest poll as "absurd." We thought it was "much too much" also.

But, as a matter of fact, except for Massachusetts and Rhode Island, the Digest hit the nail absolutely on the head. It had the breaking of the Solid South doped to a gnat's eyelash, and its electoral total came nearer the actual results than any other nation-wide poll in the country.

In fact, the Digest has now achieved such prestige as an election prognosticator that there may be a demand for abandoning presidential elections entirely, and leaving the decision to this paper. Think of the money and energy and oratory saved!

Probably the Radio Broadcasting Company would block such a move, however. They must have made enough money in this campaign to get nearly anything they want. And they would be something less than human if they didn't want louder and longer campaigns, instead of shorter and more strictly literary ones.

WHAT WAS THE REASON?

AND now that the Literary Digest has been so successful in this political department, we wish they would tackle another and tell us just what the Hoover landslide means.

We hear from one direction it means this country is overwhelmingly dry (politically). We hear from another it means nothing of the sort, but merely the country is overwhelmingly Protestant (also politically). Still another says it means nothing but that the country as a whole is prosperous, and the people refused to vote for Governor Smith for fear of disturbing this beneficent epidemic of affluence.

Well, we have an idea none of them contains the whole story, but all of them a part of it.

However, one important factor has not been mentioned, and it may have been the most effective of them all. That is the fact that Mr. Hoover revived the recently submerged idealism of the American people. He represented what are called the "better things" in life—honesty, modesty, unassuming things, hard work, patience, and quiet but outstanding achievement.

He also represented deeds as opposed to words—efficiency rather than rhetorical proficiency, and as the people as a whole were disposed to disregard all the conventional appeals of the old political school, a vote for Hoover came to be a protest against them.

However, whatever the causes, the election is over, and we can now go from political post-mortems to constructive action concerning the problems of the immediate future.

THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM

AMONG the latter we feel there is one local problem which is very important to the people of Medford. That is a better system of down-town automobile parking.

The congested condition of our down-town streets seems to be getting worse rather than better. We believe something drastic must soon be done, if serious accidents are to be avoided, and our avenues of trade are serious to be opened, and shopping is to be made something less than a dangerous sport.

And yet the man who preaches "duty" to his employes howls like other people when the speed cops get him.

A windshield that won't shatter is an improvement; now give us telephone poles that will.

The greatest enemies of righteousness always are the stupid people whose intentions are good.

There's always something. If your wife is jealous, she becomes a nuisance; if she never is jealous, you wonder what's wrong with you.

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.

OH, MR. WISEWELL

A gang of kids in our town made it an annual practice to go the rounds of real estate and insurance offices in quest of calendars about this time of year. One day they encountered in such an office a man who had formerly been a school principal.



Mr. Wisewell recognized one of the boys as he was about to make their getaway, and called out, "Oh, wait a moment, kid." But now the gentleman reached into his pocket and drew out his pocketbook. But it was different now, but was prompt to see his duty then. "Aw, Mr. Wisewell," he hastened to avow, "I don't want any money. I'm not going to give you any money." Mr. Wisewell assured him, "I just want you to take a little note to Miss Gramma. The gang enjoyed the scene and had never forgotten it. A correspondent writes:

What is diabetes? What does insulin do? What is Bright's disease? I do not want symptoms. For the best definition of diabetes I can give you we are indebted to Dr. Don H. Duffie's "A Book for Use of Diabetics," published by E. Miles, South Lancaster, Mass. In this valuable little guidebook for patient and physician Dr. Duffie says: "A diabetic is one who starves for sugar while his blood is full of it. It might be said that his blood sugar rides round and round on the delivery wagon instead of being delivered."

Insulin delivers the sugar. Insulin is a kind of ferment (or an enzyme, say a hormone) produced by groups of cells (called islands of Langerhans) in the pancreas (abdominal sweetbread) and constantly poured into the blood stream. It is indispensable for the oxidation, combustion, utilization or metabolism of the blood sugar.

When there is some deficiency in the production of insulin, diabetes mellitus is a kind of ferment (or an enzyme, say a hormone) produced by groups of cells (called islands of Langerhans) in the pancreas (abdominal sweetbread) and constantly poured into the blood stream. It is indispensable for the oxidation, combustion, utilization or metabolism of the blood sugar.

Bright's disease is the common name for any kidney disease, more particularly for long enduring disease of the kidneys. This has no particular relation with diabetes, for diabetes is not a kidney condition at all, although some persons have both at the same time.

Glare: Brilliant light; also the look a woman gives you if you pull out too slowly when she toots to pass.

A formal church prayer for Independence Day can't do any harm, but it might do more good on election day.

There should be an annual prize for the author who doesn't pay of his world-weary heroine: "She was tired of it all."

But why punish a drunk driver and do nothing to the one who drives the same way because he hasn't any sense?

Americanism: Hiring a man because he can do something you haven't brains enough to do; feeling superior to him because you pay him for his work.

When a man is at peace with himself, he's at peace with his God. This is especially true of Mussolini.

Even a good party man may at times regret that his party's lies aren't as convincing as the other side's.

Well, the campaign managers who don't get appointments can get nice jobs writing resort literature.

A hypocrite is a hotel guest who uses the bath towels to dry his hands to fool the chamber maid.

The only reasonable objection to

publication and distribution we are compelled to ask readers who want this set of keep fit exercises to inclose with the request a dime and a stamped and addressed return envelope.

Trench Mouth. Will you kindly mention the remedy you recommended some time ago for "trench mouth"—K. C. A.

Answer:—"Trench mouth" is Vincent's Stomatitis. Once daily apply to sore and gums a paste made by moistening sodium perborate with water. Let this remain five minutes.

(Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)

Abe Martin



Secretary Chase is 't have his portrait on the new \$10,000 bill, and the newspapers ought to print his picture so somebody besides the manufacturers can see what he looks like. "I ought to know you, but I'm afraid I can't remember figures worth a cent," said Tell Binkley today when his niece bounced into his office.

Quill Points

A campaign isn't over until the dirt settles.

All are weak, and the man who hates hypocrites will tell Willie to look up the word himself and let it remember it better.

Shuffle for today: As hard to get rid of as the last house fly.

One law for the rich, one for the poor, and two million for the rest of us.

No matter how it goes, the few who remained loyal to the old party will have a better chance at the last office.

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Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason.)

THANKSGIVING COMING

Thanksgiving Day is coming, it shortly will be here, and I am busy thumbing the records of the year, to find statistics of fateful blessings by the grateful, and I am duly grateful. I smile from ear to ear. Although the streets are crowded with autos, east and west, I haven't yet been shrouded or known a crowder's quest; somehow I've dodged the motors that so many blazers to their eternal rest. I have an ache or ailment at times, in neck or knee, but suffer no depilation of my ecstatic eyes for every pain distressing that keeps the sawbones guessing. I run across a blessing that's multiplied by three. Ill fortune sometimes batters for entrance at my gate; it comes in grisly tatters and says its name is fate. It finds it best wanted, by all I won't be haunted. I face it all undaunted, and keep my smile on straight. My friends are always near me as I go down life's hill; they comfort me and cheer me, they give my heart a thrill; if foes are in existence they always keep their distance and they will need assistance if they would do me ill. I've saved at times a shilling, again I've saved a franc; and now such coins are filling my small tin savings bank; and now as I sit dreaming before my kettle steaming, I do not hear the screaming of my wolf's howl, lean and lank. The more I think and ponder on blessings which are mine, which reach from here to yonder, which form an endless line, the more I think it vicious to court the griefs that dish us, for life is most delicious and opulent and fine.

our present prosperity is its devotion to the huddle system.

Budding is now the usual way of propagating fruit trees, but grafting still serves to establish family trees.

The election will at least determine whether people like their liquor served by a bartender or a bootlegger.

How irritating to hear youth complain that the day of opportunity is past, when there may be a vacancy at Philadelphia's police force any day.

Correct this sentence: "I don't care if it is patched, mother," said the flapper; "the patch won't show."

NEW YORKER AT LARGE

Now Showing at Hunt's Craterian



"LAZARUS, COME FORTH!" Scene from "King of Kings!"

manipulation of chopsticks. The only concessions made to them are the substitution of standard tables for the low ones at which the Japanese kneel to dine, and the serving of individual chopsticks wrapped in wax paper and discarded after one using.

Table Kitchennette. At the Japanese dining room off Columbus Circle, the interior of a once stuffed and fashionable residence has been transformed by screens and vases and Oriental wallpaper into a fair authentic fragment of Japan. The head waiter is an Oxford man, but his address is Kyoto and all his crew is Japanese.

The most popular dish, with both Japanese and American patrons, is suki-yaki. The ingredients for it are brought to the table in a big lacquer bowl, and are prepared by the guest himself in a frying-pan, over a gas plate placed before him. The principal factor in suki-yaki is lean beef sliced thin. Into the pan with it go sliced onions and mushrooms, bamboo sprouts, a soy bean curd which is somewhat like cottage cheese, and a generous handful of green onion tops. The dish is seasoned with soy sauce and salt and sugar, and is eaten on rice.

SHIKS and Finances. New York's Japanese population is not comparable with that of several Pacific coast cities, nor is it extensively represented in the humbler occupations, although the city has its quota of valets and house boys. Many Japanese here are students, and a considerable number are engaged in shop-keeping. But the biggest contingent is in banks and financial houses which have Japanese connections, and the next largest group is in silk houses.

These classes are reasonably well to do, and one of the select clubs of the city is the Nippon club, for 20 years a rendezvous for Japanese men of wealth and rank.

NEW YORKER AT LARGE

Communications

Wortman Statement

I wish to thank the public for their interest and support in my candidacy, my Republican and Democratic supporters, and my colleague, Lloyd Williamson, for his cooperation in our campaign; and I desire to extend my sincere congratulations to our victorious opponents.

I believe every one feels that the best interests of our government are promoted by our American two-party system. The presence of opposition tends to make the office holder feel more fully the responsibility of his position and his public trust, and to be a better and more efficient public servant.

I shall be very happy if the candidacy of myself and my colleague, Mr. Williamson, has been led in any way to so promote the best interests of our state government.

FRANK WORTMAN.

Headache?

Instead of dangerous heart depressants take safe, mild and purely vegetable NATURE'S REMEDY and get rid of the worst headache that causes the trouble. Nothing like it for biliousness, sick headache, constipation, acts pleasant, never grieves. Only 25c.

Make the test tonight—NATURE'S REMEDY TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Recommended and Sold by All Eight Medford Drugists

By BUD FISHER

MUTT AND JEFF—Can You Do Better Than Jeff?

