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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry... It is well-nigh incredible how a hole the size of a pin point in the sole of a shoe, will assume the proportions of a crevasse in a Mississippi river levee, on a rainy day.

Pavements will soon be slick enough for plain and fancy skidding by reckless drivers.

All the articles that the undersigned has devoured on the immensity of the Democratic debacle, and the reasons thereof, fail to note as a reason the impotence of Republicans.

When the front is on the pumpkin is the title of a prize-winning photo graph made by an Oregon man in an international competition.

Prohibition enforcement agencies have started a drive on "high-top bootleggers" and will catch the usual number of lower-down bootleggers.

Mexico City reports the "removal of the ban on public kissing is being abused." The University club has received a wire from Len Carpenter, who is down there, requesting them to rush a lawyer.

It was generally supposed that the olive should be eaten the healthiest way possible, and the seed husked in the fireplace, but this is unorthodox, according to the etiquette department of Good Housekeeping.

The olive should be held by the North and South Pole, between the forefinger and thumb, and at least two bites taken from a one-bite job. The seed should not be swallowed. Lay some carefully on the lettuce garnish, so it will not bounce into the jelly.

MORE THAN LIKELY (Lamar Democrat)... The political bank which has come in over the top in the past three weeks has no doubt run down your battery.

Lady Ford's coupe of the local imitation British set, who was misinformed by a Portland drummer, that she possessed "plumage," has rolled both eyes off her orbit.

There is plenty of snow on the bunpots, say those who cough to know, and woodpeckers are ransacking faster than the red-tail redwan.

The contest among autobots to determine who has the brightest, unnecessary headlights, is still raging with undiminished vigor.

It is feared that President Coolidge's speech on national defense, in which he did not mention "economy" once, will result in the sending of 200 more marines to Nicaragua.

Dogs, and those with collars, are barking... A buzzer system has been installed in this sanctum, putting efficiency on a more efficient basis.

When J. Kort Hall operated a garage, and his boy was the best one-handed driver in the valley, J. Kort installed the "Little Wonder" buzzer system in the place. J. Kort kept office, and Sealey and two aides took auto engines apart, and tried to put them back.

The office was located about as far as a girl could throw a monkey-wrench, from the mechanical department. One buzz meant the aide was wanted on the phone, and two that some dame was calling up Sealey. The buzzer was going to be a great yell saver for J. Kort, and in due course of time it was duly installed, and along came a phone call for Sealey V. Hall. With honest pride, J. Kort Hall poked a pudgy finger against the buzzer knob twice, then ran his neck out of the door and bellowed: "Sealey! PHONE!"

Ever another day had dawned, the "Little Wonder" buzzer system had been torn up by the roots.

GOVERNOR SMITH'S FINAL MESSAGE

THERE was only one blemish on Governor Smith's message to the American people delivered last night over the radio. That was his acceptance of David Lawrence's Democratic alibi, beginning with the unfortunate "If."

IF a certain percentage of the votes had been differently arranged Mr. Hoover would have been beaten, etc., etc.

That was a bad start. Far better sportsmanship, and far nearer the truth, if Al had frankly admitted he and the Democratic party had received a terrific beating, but that the election had passed and, while the Hoover victory was decisive, he (Smith) had received over 14,000,000 votes, and there was no excuse for his followers to become discouraged or quit the fight they had started.

Then the rest of his speech would have been excellent, entirely fitting and very much to the point. As it was, his introduction tended to revive partisanship and contention, rather than allay them, and thus he did not gain the sympathetic hearing from that majority of the American people who voted against him which he plainly desired, and to which, in a certain sense, he was entitled.

It was a bad beginning. But with that out of his system, the New York Governor continued in that forceful and eloquent fashion which gained him such prestige and popularity in New York state, before the necessity of gaining votes, from all sections of the country, so seriously cramped his style.

What Governor Smith said about the desirability of a strong minority party, to furnish constructive rather than merely captions or destructive criticism of the party in power, and what he said about supporting Mr. Hoover as President—maintaining organized opposition not for mere political advantage, but for the furtherance of those principles, in which the minority believed—all that was sound doctrine and, regardless of party, deserving of praise.

We do need two major parties in this country,—and the more vigorous and intelligent the opposition the better for all concerned. The unfortunate feature of the message, as we said before, was that Governor Smith felt it necessary to encourage his defeated followers by questioning the completeness of the Republican victory.

That "if" talk is what Al in his better moments would have dismissed with one of his favorite terms, "baloney." If Mr. Hoover had received a majority in the electoral college, but failed to receive a popular majority, as a Democratic President one did, there would have been ample excuse for stressing the narrowness of the Republican victory.

But when Mr. Hoover broke all records in the number of states carried, all records in the size of his popular vote, and at the same time secured the third-largest plurality in the history of this country, to talk about what might have happened if 10 per cent of the votes had been differently arranged—well, we believe even his most enthusiastic supporters will agree that portion of his speech might better have been eliminated. This is particularly true in view of the fact that a change of less than 5 per cent of the votes would have made Hoover's election in the electoral college unanimous.

WILL WE HAVE TWO NEW POLITICAL PARTIES?

DURING the campaign we frequently mentioned the fact that a political revolution was in progress, and that out of the turmoil would emerge two new parties, one properly termed the Conservative and the other the Liberal party.

Governor Smith's speech last night, marked an important step in that re-creative process. For while that message was delivered under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee, and Governor Smith addressed himself nominally to the members of that party, his appeal actually was not to Democrats, but to his own followers, including nearly as many Republicans as Democrats.

The main purpose of this message to the American people was to keep that following intact, and, thanks to Governor Smith's high qualities of leadership and the enthusiasm which he is able to arouse among those who believe in his principles, there is an excellent chance this end will be attained.

This does not mean Governor Smith will ever again be the presidential candidate of this new Liberal party, but it does mean that he will be the guiding and compelling force behind it,—at least until the campaign of 1932.

Future developments will, therefore, be of unusual interest and importance, the final outcome depending very largely upon the success of Hoover's administration, and the direction taken under his leadership.

If Prohibition should again be a dominant issue, then this new Liberal party would certainly become an anti-Prohibition party, and the defection of the Solid South, such a striking feature of the recent election, instead of being checked would be greatly extended.

On the other hand, if four years hence both major parties should accept Prohibition as politically an accomplished fact,

then the new Conservative party would remain geographically as the party of the industrial north and the Liberal Smith party would remain, fundamentally, the party of the old Democratic South.

It is all very interesting, but at this stage one person's guess is as good as another's. The only clear fact is that, for the time being, Governor Smith, in spite of his decisive defeat, will remain the national leader of the Republican opposition.

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.

IF YOU CAN'T COOK, IT'S TIME TO LEARN.

For several years in our public schools, classes of boys in the elementary grades have been taught the science and art of cooking. To my mind, this is a course that every boy and girl should be compelled to take for at least a year in grade school. Here just recently a medical college has established a chair of cookery for the purpose of equipping our future physicians with this elementary knowledge for the benefit of their patients.



Boy Scouts have included culinary skills among their numerous accomplishments these many years. In short, the young woman who drifts along to adolescence, ignorant of the science and art of cooking is no longer a joke; she's just a drab. Indeed, the man who can't cook at all is a back number today. Regular guys, however, are cultivating the kitchen apron as eagerly as the shop girl's job-satcher does golf pants.

The science of cookery belongs within the province of the health or hygiene department. The art of cookery is akin to painting or sculpture—you have to learn by practice. A vast amount of staff relating to cookery and much of its nonsense is offered through various channels of instruction and I fear—speaking professionally and personally—I fear a good many innocent husbands, heartless brothers, unmerciful sweethearts, indulgent fathers, poor uncles and helpless children suffer from all this handying, and in the process more or less battering of menus and recipes.

Mrs. H. W. H., who says she often reads this column because she enjoys its humor, is an experienced housekeeper. She heard a man say many years ago, that when he quailed coffee he knew the cook did not know how to make it. Then Mrs. H. W. H. describes her own method.

First buy the best Mocha and Java blend, no fancy labels or packages, and have it medium ground before delivery. Keep in an air tight tin. Use just any old coffee pot, the I prefer an enameled one. For five cups of coffee put in four rounded tablespoons and one level tablespoonful of ground coffee; and—don't breathe this, it is a cook's secret and is likely to shock if mentioned in polite society—a teaspoonful of real chicory. The water must be boiling hard. Pour the boiling water over the coffee; leave the cover open and let it boil up to the top of pot. Then, using hot fire and stirring down each time, the careful it does not boil over, cover pot and set aside. The longer it waits, the better it gets. You cannot smell this even in the kitchen. When serving, be sure the cream is in the cups first. This is important.

The making of coffee produces an spirited argument as to politics or religion as you may, readily prove by branching the subject among a group of people. I would like to serve you a cup of my coffee.

Now if Mr. H. will kindly endorse the bid, I'll drop in some time and pass judgment upon Mrs. H.'s art.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Are Friends Doctors? The doctor wants to dilute my pupils before fitting with glasses, but some of my friends say this is dangerous. —Mrs. E. Y. Answer—Your doctor is your best friend. Your best friends are generally poor doctors.

Scratch Poisoning. Would a scratch of the skin by a piece of copper cause copper poisoning? Does a wound by rusty iron cause poisoning. How about punctures by rusty nails? How about scratches or cuts by other metals, for instance, where there is verdigris or a tarnished surface?—M. M. A. Answer—No such substances cause poisoning. These ideas are all relics of a by-gone era. The only kind of poisoning one so injured should fear is septicaemia, acute "blood poisoning." Infection of the scratch, puncture or wound by "sease" germs of one kind or another. Such germs may gain entrance to scratch, blister, puncture, abrasion, cut or burn, regardless of whether the metal be bright or rusty, tarnished or covered with the same iridescent of the character of the metal that causes the wound. I can't lay down a safe rule, for the first aid treatment depends on the conditions. But ordinarily it is advisable to paint, swab or pour into or over the wound immediately some tincture of iodine. Then apply a suitable aseptic or sterile or at least clean dressing.

Prof. Kahlenberg Our Nemesis. I have repeatedly seen it stated in your column that you do not know of any substance that can be absorbed thru the unbroken skin. Dr. Ochsner found that "when a saturated solution of the boric acid appears in appreciable quantity in the urine within an hour." Kahlenberg (J. Biol. Chem. 1924, 62) seems to substantiate this. Is your dogmatism?—A. M. M. Answer—No, my dog is just a wire haired fox and just as dumb (to all appearances) as they make 'em. I don't want any trouble with Professor Kahlenberg, for I gather from the way many of his old students allude to him that he would be a dangerous man to start anything with, but I venture to insinuate in my unequivocal fashion that he used some extraordinary persuasion on that boric acid to drive it thru the skin, something like electrolysis or cataphoresis. When I assert, as I do from time to time, that practically nothing but salt and water is absorbed from or by the skin, I mean to acknowledge that sundry unimportant things may be found in the sweat. But I do not feel obligated to qualify my assertion that nothing is absorbed through the unbroken skin. (Copyright, John E. Dille Co.)

Abe Martin



"I heard at th' club, 'e gittin' t' be a fer commoner expression than 'I see by th' papers.' You kin lead a feller t' th' polls, but you can't make him think.

A hypocrite is one who pretends to believe a person whom he knows is lying.

Eskimo songs reaching this country by radio are said to be almost as bad as our own.

An editor gets many an idea from folks who suggest how to run the paper. Most frequently it is the idea that he'd like to shoot the suggester.

Rippling Rhymes

WHISPERING CAMPAIGNS

We've heard the moralists complain, with sad sasses and alacks, "It is a whispering campaign, and reputations get the axe. Our candidate, Horatious Hair, upon a splendid platform stands on every issue fair and square, with both his ample feet and hands. His principles are all so sound that to attack them is in vain; and so his enemies go round upon their whispering campaign. They whisper that in bygone times he jumped his town between two days, accused of many sordid crimes which well might shock us and amaze. They whisper that he won't relax from pulling crooked, sinful wires; they whisper that he scatter tacks where they will puncture auto tires. We cannot answer what they say, as they go whispering through the town, but it's a vicious, honest way to draw a saintly, pure man down." It is indeed a frightful thing that whisperers, their eyes a gleam, will put such stories on the wing—but it is not a recent scheme. Through all the ages men have gone about their secret, furtive ways, to whisper lies of James and John and other good, God-fearing 'jays. And James and John, though good as wheat, have found themselves all out of style, and old friends passed them in the street without a croeting or a smile. The whisperers have ruined banks by saying that they were unsound, while frightened folk, in seeking banks, to draw their savings, gathered round. It is a haze and craven trick to whisper what you fear to say in accents strong and bold and quick, before men, in the light of day.

Quill Points

The biggest farm problem will be to find the grain of truth in the mass of statistics gathered by "experts."

Another thing the average family can be thankful for is that hen is just about as good as turkey.

"Take away the flapper's slang and she would be dumb." Of course. Why should that change her?

An ass spoke in Bible times, but it didn't conclude with the words: "And I don't mean maybe."

We have an official ward, an official zeal, an official pound, etc. What the country needs now is an official moron as a standard of measurement.



If he seems to turn up his nose at policemen, the suspicious package under his arm is a quart of vinegar.

The farmer's demand, in brief: "Manufacturers rob the consumer; we want a law that will enable us to do it, too."

If he gets mad when you say every man can distinguish right and wrong for himself, he has the true reformer complex.

Free people are those who try to sink the ship because the majority refused to steer it as they suggested.

Americanism: "Look at the darned foreigner! What? He's a prince? Let's give him a banquet."

Man superior? Rats! What man can talk and listen to three conversations and make mental note of six costumes all at once?



Pity the puffer. If he keeps moving, he needs one hand on the driving. If he pauses, he needs one hand to sweat mosquitoes.

Truth lies at the bottom of a well.—Old saying. Probably hid there during the campaign because

Waiter And Telephone Aid Durant In \$6,000,000 Deal



A stock deal of more than \$6,000,000 was completed by William C. Durant (inset), American stock operator, as he rested in fact in his London hotel room recently. He had a hotel waiter telephone his orders. The picture above shows New York quotations being recorded in London.

nobody seemed to have any respect for it.

The benevolently neutral attitude of statesmen now seems to indicate a belief that the McNary-Haugen bill fell on its own head when it was little.

The reformer's original mistake consists in his belief that people must improve in order to be as good as he is.

So hips are coming back! Thank goodness! Expanding waistlines aroused the momentary fear that they were coming front.

Great President! One who happens to be on the job when some crisis is met and handled wisely by the country's business men.

Correct his sentence: "Certainly, son," said dad, "glad to have you wear anything of mine you can use."

Communications

Supporters Thanked. To the Editor: Now that the canvassing board has given out the exact count of the recent vote cast for the office of county school superintendent, I wish to thank all those in the county who worked and supported me in my candidacy for that office.

I am not unaware of the heavy majorities cast by the 35 rural precincts, containing the people served by the office of the county school superintendent. We trust this expression of confidence shall not have been given in vain, and hope that the intervening four years next will furnish many instances of mutual undertakings in the solutions of problems in these self-same districts.

Sincerely yours, RAYMOND L. CORNWELL.

Brisbane's Today

(Continued From Page One) for President ever had before? The plain fact is, and any child can see it, that, barring hard times, disaster and real cause for dissatisfaction, the presidential election of 1932 will be a formality.

Chicago sends this story of prohibition: A fine young university student, aged 22, played a brilliant game of football for his college, then with his young high school brother, aged 16, also a good football player, he borrowed an automobile and visited Chicago's night clubs. They drank bootleg liquor, took to her home some young woman, of whom they knew only that her name was Pauline, and a little later the older boy was shot by ruffians who followed him in a car, and will probably die.

Near that you read of a young laborer, conscience stricken, haunted for two years by the face of a dying man, confessing that he and two others, having quarreled with a fourth while drinking liquor at Coney Island, agreed to throw the man over the bridge into the river. They threw him over, and when he swam ashore, threw him in again and drowned him.

A white or yellowish coating on your tongue is a danger signal of those digestive disorders. It tells you why the least exertion tires you out; why you have pains in the bowels, gas, sour stomach, dizzy spells.

And it's a sign you need Tanlac. This good old reliable medicine has helped thousands who were physical wrecks. See how the first bottle helps you.

Tanlac contains no mineral drugs; it is made of barks, herbs and roots—nature's own medicines for the sick. Get a bottle from your druggist today. Your money back if it doesn't help you.

Tanlac

52 MILLION BOTTLES USED

By BUD FISHER

MUTT AND JEFF—If You're a Golfer—You Know How Jeff Felt



HOW'S THAT FOR AN APPROACH SHOT, GEEVEM?

FARRELL, HAGEN OR SARAZEN COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER, MUTT!

LOOKS LIKE I'LL WIN A BUCK FROM JEFF ON THIS HOLE. WHERE IS HE?

HE'S IN THE TRAP! FROM THE FLYING SAND I'VE SEEN, I'D SAY HE'S DUBBED FOUR STROKES IN THERE ALREADY.

JEFF, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE? TEE HEE.

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, YOU BIG PIE-FACED BUM!

AND IF YOU WEREN'T A FRIEND OF MINE I WOULDN'T HAVE TOLD YOU THAT MUCH!