MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily, Sunday, Weekly
Published by the
MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
26-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 75

ROBERT W. RUHL, Editor
S. SUMPTER SMITH, Manager
An Independent Newspaper

Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 8, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By Mail—In Advance:
Daily, with Sunday, year.....$7.50
Daily, with Sunday, month..... .75
Daily, without Sunday, year 5.50
Daily, without Sunday, month ... .65
Weekly Mail Tribune, one year.... 2.00
Sunday, one year 2.00
By Carrier, in Advance—In Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on Highways:
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Daily, with Sunday, one year..... 8.00
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Official paper of the City of Medford
Official paper of Jackson County.

Sworn daily average circulation for six months ending April 1, 1928, 4528.

Advertising Representatives
M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY
Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

President-elect Hoover on a fishing trip, wore a regulation white naval cap. It is the official guess, that movies will sooner or later reveal, that he looks worse than President Coolidge did in cowboy headgear.

The women of the Waterloo church met Wednesday afternoon to sew on garments.—(Albany Democrat.) Preparations for a severe winter upstate.

Colds are the order of the day, and many have sore briskets.

The quaint argument is advanced, that if newspapers would cease hurling merry jibes at "the hypocrisy of prohibition, bootlegging would show a decline in short order." This is far sillier than the ancient notion, that if the newspapers ceased printing crime news, there would be a decline in crime. The press has less to do with the brewery in the basement, than with pulling the trigger for a criminal.

"And, Paul sat down with the eleven, and ate meat"—(Luke 8, 16)—The Jerusalem football team plays a game in Israel.

Dock Robinson and Emc Britt, Jacksonville boys, were over yesterday. They are the kind of fellows who eat the turkey gizzards, and then express sorrow that somebody else got the scrawny wing.

The nine million dollars spent by the Republican and Democratic national campaign committees committees would have bought more than a few Christmas baskets for the poor, but of course the way things turned out there won't be any poor by Christmas.—(Macon, Ga., Telegraph.) Wherein some Dixie skepticism comes to light.

Tht frost is on the punkins, and the old comforters on the front end of 4ds.

There is still hope that some local footballist may be able to dance with enough grace to make either a UofO. or OAC-OSC. team, if he gets into the right fraternity.

"The law of evolution" promises to be threshed out at the coming session of the legislature. After the movies and cigarettes receive their usual threats of unfavorable legislation. The sacred steelhead of the Rogue have tadpoles for Grandpaws, and some heavy thinking is scheduled.

It is three years since a valley lady, performing an autopsy on a fowl, found a nugget in the craw, which turned out to be a collar button.

The watering trough on the east side of the Hill Gore bank is undergoing alterations.

B. Telfer Plymale is making rapid advances. He can out-talk his Paw, and is full of statistical facts anent the Hon. S. Claus.

DUDES OF BYGONE DAYS

Each year the coat came down an inch or two, the waist was pulled in a bit, and the skirts cut away in an unnecessary V in front. The top coat button made a gingerly descent from his collar bone to his waistline, and in 1908 it multiplied into quadruplets, all clustered about his mid-portion. Tired of close association, these buttons spread apart in 1909, and occasionally dropped one and even two of their former members into oblivion. In the meantime, man had been doing strange things to the cut of his trousers. He had widened them about the hips in a peg-top fashion—a decidedly ungentlemanly thing to do. It was one that better conformed to the female figure, and therefore un man was ugly in the extreme. Thinker that he always is, he knew that something was wrong, and in a frenzied attempt ot better the outline, tapered his trousers to the ankle and then turned them up in a three-inch cuff that defied all weather and good sense. Still unhappy in the ensemble, he adopted bulldog-toed shoes, and deftly tied butterfly bows on his oxfords.

His head matched his feet for grotesqueries. When he set out in a soft hat he turned it up in front and down in back, and looked as though he were going against a tremendous wind. Since the crown was only two inches high, most of his forehead was left exposed, and the sad creature surveyed the world with a surprised and slightly hurt air.—(Mercury.)

PRESERVE OUR NATURAL BEAUTIES!

As time goes on the beauties of Nature are to become more and more valuable to the people of this state.

Many of us deplore the slow industrial development of Oregon but there is also a bright side to the picture. For, thanks to this slow development, Oregon has greater assets in the realm of natural, untouched scenic beauty than any other state in the union.

The common lament of the Eastern conservationist has always been those two words, "Too late."

It isn't too late for Oregon. If we start now, in the not distant future, this state will be known throughout the land as the greatest vacation land west of the Mississippi river.

Have you ever motored in the East—perhaps from New York City to Philadelphia? If so, you may remember that for nearly 100 miles you pass through a sort of Williams shaving soap, Camel cigarette, that school girl complexion grand canyon. There may be natural beauties a few miles from the highway, but if so the tourist is never allowed to see them.

Similar conditions, to a less extent, prevail in all parts of the country, and a fairly good start has been made in Oregon.

* * *

According to press dispatches, the State Highway Commission is contemplating a program to both reduce the number of billboards along the main highways of this state and to improve the asethetic qualities of those retained.

We hope this report is correct. Needless to say, we believe in advertising,—and we has no disposition to deny the values of outdoor advertising—but we do think outdoor advertising can be successfully conducted without ruining the natural beauties of this—or any otherWestern—state.

Many of the larger advertisers have agreed to co-operate in such a campaign. A construction program in this direction, avoiding radical measures on one hand and half-way measures on the other, would unquestionably receive the enthusiastic support of the people.

THE HOUSEWIFE STILL SUPREME

A GENERATION ago society rather pitied the woman who had to go out and work for her living. Today it sympathizes with the woman who has to stay at home.

This is the striking reversal of attitude pointed out by Ruth Steel Brooks, sometimes a writer but always a housewife, in an article written for the current issue of The North American Review.

With all the talk that is going around of "the business woman," her interesting life and fascinating contacts, things have reached a point "where one must be [illegible] some sort to be able to hold up one's head among decent friends," she declares.

"The fact is that we housekeepers are, to a great extent, the victims of a wrong psychology, of a sort of inferiority complex, to use that threadbare expression.

"We are apt, in this ulitarian age, because we are the recipients of no weekly or monthly check, to esteem too greatly the work of those who are. Because our compensation is in kind rather than cash, we tend to undervalue both it and the labor involved. There exists only too often, even on the part of the most happily married women, a feeling of pique, a sort of envy of their feminine business friends and their much boasted opportunities."

But the fact is that when the two fields are analyzed, the the homemaker is still doing the more important part of woman's work, Mrs. Brooks asserts.

"The fact is that the good housekeeper of today is in the advance guard of the present educational trend," she says.

"Between you and me there is at bottom a very genuine respect for our job. Even the business women feel it. For whether they go back to their own homes or to a rented room, they are all dependent upon the spirit of what they go back to, and the temper of that spirit is our responsibility.

"Is the homemaker's profession not, when you come to think of it, a composite of many of the professions which women pride themselves on practicing? Doctor, nurse, dietician, chemist chef, modiste, economist, teacher, interior decorator, and one might add in many cases, architect and landscape gardener. These are but a few of the housewife's lines—any one a reputable calling."

They say Charley Chaplin's new leading woman never acted before. Some of the others haven't yet.

If you think you think, quit reading for a month and then see if you have as many glib opinions on current questions.

Note to hunters: If it stands on its hind legs and has a pipe in its mouth, it isn't a goose.

OAKLAND — California Oregon Power company offers city $25,000 for water and electric system.

KLAMATH FALLS—Woolworth company will open modern store at this place.

TILLAMOOK—New interests acquire local bread baking company. Plan installing new machinery.

Turner—Street corner at I. O. O. F. hall being widened to accommodate increasing traffic.

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.

VERY NICE, BUT IT WON'T WASH

In nearly every set of rules for attaining long life or preserving health there is one rule that people accept as obvious or undebatable, though in my opinion it is not at all relevant. That rule is, "Bathe daily."

Let us agree that frequent bathing, that is, washing the body, is more or less essential esthetically for civilized man. I concede whatever demands you may make about that. My notions of esthetic cleanliness may be unrefined and accordingly I may be incapable of appreciating all that your conceptions of cleanliness imply. But since I concede the correctness of your position about that, will you not permit me to explain my attitude in reference to the hygienic, sanitary or health importance or unimportance of bathing? I sincerely believe that the confusion of these two distinct considerations in the mind of the student of hygiene is responsible for a great deal of misunderstanding and perhaps much unnecessary ill health.

Nearly all the experts who have composed these sets of rules for health or long life agree on a daily bath as the right dose of cleanliness. Presumably this applies to the whole body surface. And then, if we view the question consistently, it is also presumable that it means an evarage of one complete wet wash for each 24 hours. As the surface of the average adult is approximately two square yards, it should be clear to any school boy that this is equivalent to washing one's hands and face behind the ears from 11 to 23 times a day, depending on the relative exuanse thereof.

Now I am certain that it doesn't matter at all, so far as hygiene, sanitafien (prevention of disease) or health may be concerned, how rarely the body proper—for body is a proper noun now—is bathed. We are leaving out of consideration the esthetic side. But I do believe, and I think we have pretty sound scientific avidence to warrant this belief, that a good deal of sickness is prevented by the simple rite of washing the hands with plain soap and water, and I further maintain that this rite is infinitely more important for the welfare of the nation than is the body wash. It seems to me that, for a people so fond of daily bathing as we profess to be, we are exceedingly careless, indeed often shockingly callous, about the elementary rite of washing our hands before partaking of food or sweets. Too many persons who are squeamish enough about bathing seem to care nothing about the filth on their hands when they stop in for feed or a treat, at some place where hand washing simply isn't done. And our municipal health guardians, the very folk who so earnestly advise daily bathing and all that, are too lenient in granting licenses to such places to dispense food or sweets.

It is no business of mine, as a health monitor, whether you have had a bath this month or not. But it is my duty to warn you that there is real danger in eating without first washing your hands with soap and water. Your hands are constantly contaminated by contact with other persons or contaminated surfaces. How do you know what disease germs you may not unconsciously convey to your mouth with a bit of food, if you eat with unclean hands? I commend soap and water, not because it removes visible dirt, which is probably harmless, but because it is the best and most economical antiseptic for the purpose and will dispose of any disease germs that are likely to be present on even the cleanest looking skin.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Arthritis Going Some.

Last year you said that a drop of iodin in water daily in each third month, a six-mile walk every day, and less time at table would help arthritis to go. Well, I have done all this. I have lost 40 pounds in the year. I am better—much better. Could you suggest something else? I have a good physician; he has looked after teeth and tonsils, etc. . . . I hope our paper will never discontinue your articles.—A. R. D.

Answer.—So do I. It's a toss-up whether my suggestions for your metabolism or your doctor's measures for the removal of septic foci are responsible for your improvement. Maybe we can share the credit 50-50. Anyway, you can say the weather or climate did it!

Without Glasses.

Is it possible to improve myopia or astigmatism without the use of glasses?—Miss E. C.

Answer.—Myopia is nearsightedness; astigmatism is the common irregularity of the shape of the eyeball that nearly everybody has, more or less. Unquestionably either or both of these faults of vision may remain stationary or actually diminish with the passing of years even when one does not wear glasses. Your own oculist is the only reliable adviser to consult about the question of glasses. Beware of these mail order people who have some mysterious knowledge whereby you conquer such handicaps without glasses. A lot of trusting folks who have paid handsomely for such secrets can now see clearly how foolish they were.

Blood Poisoning.

Is an in... on a localized septicemia, for instance, a finger which swells, becomes red and very painful? How soon should it be lanced? Does it make any difference about lancing if you cannot see the opening or place where the germ entered? Is that sort of infection always caused by a streptococcus or are there other forms of bacteria which will cause such pus infection? . . . —C. M. L.

Answer. — Septicemia means acut blood poisoning, infection (germs) in the blood. So there can be no localized septicemia, but such infection as you describe too often leads to septicemia. The earlier the area of infection is incised and drained (not merely lanced) the better, as a rule, and it doesn't matter whether the probable point of entrance is visible. Streptococcus is a frequent factor of such infections, but it is sometimes associated with staphylococcus or perhaps less severe pus infection may be mainly or exclusively staphylococcus infections. Streptococcus, however, is the most dangerous type and deserves its bad reputation. I have a mere theory that the constant soaking of the finger in strong salt water as hot as bearable, or dressings constantly moistened with it, may favor localization and natural drainage, if resorted to early.

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Lots o' folks don't know when ther well off, but ther's ten times as many who don't know when they haint well off.

All th' sanctified people I met before th' election seem t' have dropped back in th' ole rut.

Communications

A Farmer's View of It.

To the Editor:

I believe that most of the people responsible for "Buy At Home Week" have heard the old saying, "It's a poor rule that won't work both ways."

There is an ironic touch in that "Buy at home" business, for the majority of the farmers who make regular trips to town, trying to dispose of their produce.

They are met at the butcher' with a curt, "No, I buy my pork from Swift & Co.," or "My bins are full: can't handle it."

If they have vegetables to sell, it is, "No, we buy from the Pacific Fruit and Produce Co." If that market is tried, they are courteously informed that most of their vegetables are shipped in. They buy very little local stuff—only when they run short.

If it is grain, the farmers get on their knees to the local houses and, if they are lucky, dispose of their grain at Portland prices, minus the freight. If they wish to buy the same grain back, they pay Portland prices, plus the freight. And so on, ad infinitum.

By all means let's "buy at home," but, for the benefit of those men who lie awake night planning ways of coaxing the farmer to town—let them have a "Buy from the farmer week," and make the rule work both ways! A FARMER.

(Name on file.)

P. S.—There are a few merchants whom this shoe won't fit.

Rippling Rhymes

By Walt Mason.

PEOPLE ARE GOOD.

I size up people as they go, resolved to find some good in each; and having conned them to and fro, I find that every one's a peach. Of course men have their little faults, which cause high moralists to stare, and as along their paths they waltz they show a blemish here and there. If we keep looking all the time for blemishes and wens and warts, ignoring all the points sublime, we will see faults of many sorts. The more we look the more we'll think that man is but a false alarm, the human race is on the blink, devoid of all its pristine charm. Determined that we shall behold the moral flaw, the mental kink, we can't distinguish human gold, but find all things are lead or zinc. The pessimist who cannot find a thing that's worth a second gaze, won't let the sunshine reach his mind he looks for clouds through all his days. I contemplate the human race and say it is a great success; I watch the people as they chase in merriment or in distress; convinced that they are good as wheat I see their virtues more and more, and every delegate I meet is better than the one before. It is a better attitude, to keep the worth of men in mind, than that of one who's prone to brood upon the frailties of mankind. I often meet a delegate whose manner jars me and repels, but I don't hand him as a skate who never will be wearing bells. "The fact," I think 'that we don't libe is evidence I'm lacking taste; he doubtless ornaments he tribe in which the two of us are placed."

Quill Points

There's a machine to sweep the floor and one to wash the dishes, but the poor dears still must feed the canary by hand.

Things are just right. If times were better, there would be no job for bill collectors and times would be worse.

If at 25 she seems to scorn men, she doubtless has petted until she's sick of it.

Wars will end when peace seems desirable to he-men who delight in contest and adventure.

The worth of your opinion depends on what you are. Every rabbit thinks it wicked to eat meat.

What a world! A man in knee pants knocking a little ball around and poking fun at other men who pitch horseshoes.

If there isn't any hell, what becomes of those who deliberately stir up religious hatreds?

The penalty of greed is that much is no more enjoyable than little after you get used to it.

A great adventure clinches friendship, but a picnic doesn't. That's one reason why old-timers didn't get divorced and moderns do.

Americanism: Sinking the opposition candidate a scheming, crooked four-flusher; later accepting him as a great man because he holds office.

You can tell a deer from another hunter. When you meet a deer with shot, it never cusses.

All decent newspapers have a good influence, if only because one who fills up on wholesome rations has no room left for trash.

All of us must retire at last, but the man who retires while there's work left in him is just half-dying before his time.

There's no profit in debating a grapefruit. Both the eyes and nose seem to have it.

Talking movies are like Dr. Johnson's dog. Walking on the hind legs is an achievement; but when astonishment ends, a great weariness follows.

If it wasn't for the Bible, to what sources would the "intellectuals" give credit when they quote Shakespeare?

As a last touch of realism, Mr. Ford can paint brown spots on the sidewalks of his ancient village to represent used tobacco.

Consistency is rare. The man who marries a woman three times divorced has no faith in a second-hand ear.

Correct this sentence: "Finally I agreed to pay the plumber so much to finish the job, instead of paying him by the day," said the man, "but he didn't work any faster."

NEW BABY DISTURBS TIRED OFFICE WORKER

"When my oldest boy was just a few weeks old he was badly constipated from my milk," says a Nebraska mother. "He kept us awake so much, my husband almost slept over his desk at the office. Then my doctor got us to give Baby some Castoria and the next day he was much better. His stomach and bowels began acting perfectly and he gave us no more trouble." Avoid imitations of Castoria. The Fletcher signature marks the genuine, purely-vegetable, harmless Castoria, doctors everywhere advise for those ills of babies and children, such as colic, constipation colds, biliousness, etc.

LIP BITING CAUSED BY FLAT TIRE AND TOO MUCH LIQUOR

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 23.—(AP) — Mrs. Midge Massey, against whom there was issued a warrant yesterday in which she was charged with having bit off a piece of Mrs. William Schwartz' lower lip, was arrested today.

Interviewed by reporters, Mrs. Massey admitted that she bit Mrs. Shwartz' lip. She said the entire party, composed of Mrs. Schwartz, Mr. Massey and herself had been drinking.

The biting was said to have been the outcome of an argument as to whether or not Mrs. Schwartz automobile should be driven with a flat tire.

Grange Dance
Eagle Point
Saturday Nite
EVERYBODY WELCOME

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Diamond Stick Pins, Ladies' Diamond Rings, Diamond Rings, Men's Fancy Pocket Watches, Men's Fancy Wrist Watches, Ladies' Fancy Wrist Watches.
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AND
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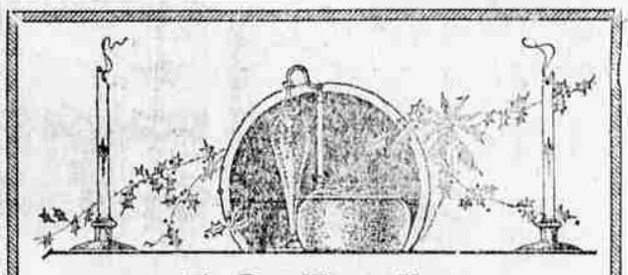

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MUTT AND JEFF—Jeff Gets a Load Off His Chest

By BUD FISHER