

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry
Not many Oregon newspapers during the holidays published the famous editorial, "Yes, Virginia, There is a Santa Claus."

OR, RUGGED WICKEDNESS
(This Paper)
Lifebuoy soap not only removes flu and other germs and protects health, but is a favorite soap for every toilet and bath purpose.

Mr. William Coleman has recovered from a hard cold, which was softened by pioneer methods. Mr. Coleman was greased with turpentine and red sugar soaked in turpentine.

CAUSE FOR HAPTURE
(Coop Bay Times)
I am sending you a few items of news. We enjoyed the storm. The wind was terrible, blowing trees and limbs down and taking the tops off cars.

EVERYBODY laid down their bridge hands, to admire the pop-eyed Pekinese dog, which has not been christened by the owners. It is a cinch this cur will not be named Rover or Nero.

Farmers are reported "jubilant over the rain." One farmer was noted in the midst of a jubilee, that was produced by something besides a dipper full of rain water.

The public is warned not to write it 1930. It is reported that a flapper bootlegger in Oregon was carrying moonshine in her bloomers. This ought to give someone a chance to revive that old joke about a chick in the pants. (Life.) A few weeks ago a Washington, D. C. reform association reported that Oregon school children were being sold moonshine in stick candy, and it was assumed that the young lady above mentioned is the result.

Citizens report that family cows are substituting their front pastures for the range. The handful of autotals with new licenses, has been increased to a handful.

MERE MAN TALKS
DRAW WITH LADY
NEW YORK, Jan. 2. — (AP) — Betty Wilson, swimming instructor, who won \$500 by talking 27 hours, says she knows no easier way to make that amount of money. She shared first prize with one Howard Williams in an endurance gab-fest.

CHEER UP, MR. RIEGELS!

ONLY those old men who have forgotten their youth, who bet on California, will refuse to give Center Rush Riegels of the Golden Bears a heart full of sympathy this morning.

It was only another thrilling football game to those millions of people who listened in over the radio or sat in the sun-kissed stands at the Rose Bowl, New Year's afternoon.

But to this poor chap, Riegels, it was a heart-breaking tragedy from the effects of which he is convinced he will never recover, and the humiliation of which he will never forget.

That is the way we take football when we are young, and particularly when we have won a Varsity letter. And, to make it all the harder, Riegels will be captain next year, which means an added burden to carry, while that final touchdown, so cheering to his team mates, only provided an added blow, for it removed all doubt that Riegels' "bonehead" play lost the game.

Too bad, too bad. But, like all other tragedies in life, this one may prove to be a blessing in disguise. That Riegels has the stuff in him is pretty well demonstrated, by the fact that he not only returned to the game, but in the second half blocked a Georgia punt and recovered the ball—a play which probably prevented another Georgia touchdown.

At any rate, we hope that Captain Riegels leads his team through a victorious season next fall. He certainly deserves that consolation.

For, as a matter of fact, that sixty-yard run in the wrong direction was not poor football—it was not even a bonehead play. It was an accident. A blow on the head must have reversed Riegel's sense of direction. It was not his fault, but merely his misfortune, that something in his head broke instead of something in his leg—for then a run in any direction would have been impossible.

But the sporting world won't take it that way. As has frequently been pointed out, public opinion is pitiless. Who ever allowed Shodgrass to forget that he dropped a high fly in a crucial world series? And there was the man—his name we have forgotten—who failed to touch second base.

Accidents all of them. But accidents which determined the results. And results are what the world is interested in. Results and sensations.

We only hope this man Riegels has a sense of humor. For football, after all, is very much like life. There are lucky breaks and tough ones, and there seems to be no rhyme or reason in the way they are distributed.

The ability to take whatever comes with a smile, and keep on hitting the line hard, regardless, not only helps a lot, but is the best receipt for ultimate success.

So cheer up, Riegels! Let the mob roar and clowns laugh. Sooner or later there will be another break, and by all the laws of chance it should be a lucky one.

King Football is dead; long live King Basketball!

Almost anybody can name the next cabinet. The hard job is to name the present one.

Maybe the critics who call Philadelphia sleepy haven't observed any part except its conscience.

Another way to eliminate lost motion would be to have the boss send January and February pay checks direct to the gift shops.

Considering the fact he has eight doctors, it seems to the office cynic that King George is indeed making a remarkable recovery.

The Mail Tribune takes this occasion to thank hundreds of subscribers who have taken the trouble to phone congratulations upon the quality of its condensed 1928 New Year issue.

Mr. Ford refuses to establish a branch in Scotland. Henry may be sore because of the way in which the latest Ford joke has been replaced by the latest story about the Scotchman.

Seattle claims it has the champion team of women archers with a record of 89 bullseyes out of 100. We always were sorry for husbands who have to live in Seattle.

Father Rickard predicts 1929 will be wet. Mebbe so. But he should remember the future always looks wet New Year's eve.

There won't be true sex equality until some broke lady reaches for a cigarette and has her thumb stepped on.

We see in the Iron Age that there is no traffic congestion in the Panama Canal. If Uncle Sam finds it necessary to send some of his traffic cops down there, we know a motorist who would like to choose two or three of them.

Personal Health Service
By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Send letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to disease diagnosis. 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.

DOWN WITH CO TTAGE CHEESE

As I look back on life—oh, well, let it go, now that it is slipped out, only you had better believe I'm not such an old greaser as I sound—it seems to me I'd druther be a poor boy than a pampered child of a family in what is euphemistically termed a "circumstances" except for two serious drawbacks which probably never give youngsters any pain nowadays.

The first drawback was that some of the neighbors always had brown sugar to go on bread'n'butter, whereas at our house we had to subsist on white, if any. The other drawback was that, whereas some of the neighbors on special occasions procured and rather ostentatiously paraded sour cheese, at our house the lovely cottage cheese had to suffice. But then, there were compensations, and one of the greatest of these was, of course, the heinous concoction of sulphur dioxide and other ingredients that you get if you indifferently ask for molasses today, but the real old-fashioned unspiced commodity which, like liver and round steak, was graciously conceded the portion of the poor. How times (and prices) have changed!

Twenty years ago or later there was a tremendous vogue for a certain highfalutin' nostrum that purported to sort of restore and stabilize exhausted or depleted nervous energy and all that sort of bunk. The nostrum boasted the endorsement of thousands of eminent professors, including an imposing assortment of medical gentlemen. This "scientific" endorsement placed the nostrum in a class apart, just as the blindfold test by Moron of the Movies determines which weight of coffin nail is best for the voice of a coloratura soprano. Professors are notoriously credulous, and I have found medical professors in many instances amazingly glib about their pet theories, even some of the hotly-toiled lads who sit in high places as censors and would-be umpires in this very field.

Well, after the great "nervine" restorer had attained a tremendous vogue with the highbrow population, along came one Samuel H. Adams, a terrible voice crying in the wilderness, and Mr. Adams, in his mild, iconoclastic way, intimated that the great nerve restorer was virtually "glorified cottage cheese" garnished with some hypophosphite or was it glycerophosphite of this or that, anyway, just impressive scenery. For a show't with the galaxy of professors, both medical and drugless varieties, con- tinued to assure the magazine-reading world that the miraculous nostrum would clear up any nervous wreck, but as our best families have always harbored a snobbish contempt for cottage cheese, the doom of the hoax was sounded and the professors folded their tents and presumably collected their bills and faded from the page for the nonce.

In recent years we have conceived a new respect for cottage cheese as a very wholesome and nutritious staple as well as a rich source of food calcium (lime) and phosphorus. Then our esteem for cottage or "Dutch" cheese has become the greater from the discovery that it yields a liberal supply of the vitamins of milk. Nutrition chemists find that rennet cheeses, such as Swiss and Cheddar types, contain more calcium in proportion to protein than sour milk cheese such as cottage. But what of it?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Alkaline Diet List. It seems impossible for me to eat tomatoes, lemons, oranges. Please give me an alkaline diet list, also tell me what kind of medicines.—E. L. E. Ans.—You have listed the most efficacious foods for opposing acids, acids or favoring alkalinity. Why medicines? You might add to your diet potatoes, prunes, raisins, beans, carrots, cabbage, lettuce, peas, peaches, muskmelon, apples, bananas, almonds, celery, butter, cream, sugar, glucose, starch, hard, beef fat, mutton fat, fish, for all of these items favor alkalinity or at least form no acid.

Trench Mouth. What is "trench mouth," and what is the cause? Is there any cure for same?—H. K. Ans.—I fear there is no cure for same. It seems to be as deeply rooted as I in reply we beg to state. The affected individual is apparently afraid the afflicted correspondent will think the affected one is a common human being if she uses such a plain word as where same might just as well be used. Or in some cases the affected one wishes to make certain the afflicted correspondent will know she was writing as letter. Trench mouth is the popular name for Vincent's angina, caused by a specific germ, the presence of which in cultures establishes the diagnosis. A valuable remedy is a daily application of a paste made by moistening sodium perborate with water; this should remain five minutes. Then the mouth and throat should be washed many times daily with a solution of the perborate in water.

Another Girl Gone Foolish. I am a young lady 17 years of age, five feet one and a half inches tall. Would smoking an average of three to five cigarettes daily stunt my growth if I inhale? Is there any way I can increase my height?—K. V. J. Ans.—Doesn't matter whether you inhale or not—inhalation merely makes the drug act more quickly, but the smoker gets all the effect even if he never inhales. The incontinent hog, the dope fiend, the wishy-washy individual who has no character or will of his own but is controlled by the habit, inhales. I can't tell you how to increase stature, daughter, but I advise you to break away from tobacco and the associations that encourage its use, until you are fully grown up. (Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)

Uncle Sam already has a mortgage on her. The ego has done its worst when a pretty man feels superior to his wife because he spends more for clothes than he allows her. To insure peace, let one neighbor be strong enough to lick the other with ease, and yet covet nothing the other has. Travel is worth while, if only to discover what strange people feel superior to the people of other sections. Americanism: A rich man's bride, first for the first time in her life, spending money like a kid in a candy store. Only the unusual is immodest, and present street costumes would have made the theatre seem more wicked 20 years ago. The autographs of famous men are worth considerable money, especially when attached to baby-talk letters.

Another good way to boost clothing sales is to open milk bottles with your thumb. We are creatures of habit, and perhaps pursuit of the long green prompts the universal urge to step on it when the green light shows. A typical New Yorker is one who thinks the show reveals life in the raw if one of the characters makes frequent reference to the son of a lady dog. The objection to an international chess tournament in Russia is that the show reveals life in changing the rules if they are losing. Correct this sentence: "Well, well," chuckled the amused householder on his way back to bed at 3 a. m.; "wrong number." SALEM—Northwest Power Co. of Portland, plans to expend \$5,920,000 for power development project in Linn and Marion counties.

Rippling Rhymes
By Walt Mason.

At Christmas time we all defied the rule we so commonly obey; we let the diet by-laws slide, and cut out bran and toasted hay. The children filled themselves with pie and lollipops and costly cake—enough to make an old man die—and never had a stomach ache. They ate all sorts of nuts and fruits and chunks of turkey, goose and duck, and English puddings rich, to boot, and every sort of seasoned truck. They ate whatever was in view, they'd eat a while, then pause to tamp; and then they slept the long night thru, without a spasm or a cramp. Oh, children, you are truly blest, your little works are seldom sore; you eat the things you like the best, then rise next day to eat some more. We older ones grow reckless, too, when Christmas bells make their appeal; we'll frolic with the joyous crew, and eat for once a good square meal. On Christmas day all rules are canned, we will be human with the bunch; we will not at the sideboard stand and eat a sane and frugal lunch. And so we eat the roasted geese, the richest grub our coin can buy, and things which have been fried in grease, and finish off with hot mines, etc. We know, while eating, we are clumps, our recklessness will make us sick; last year we nearly bumped the bumps from pulling such a foolish trick. But this is Christmas, we decide, and all the rules may hang themselves; we call for oysters stewed and fried, for all the pies upon the shelves. And now that Christmas day is gone, our ancient works all out of gear, we swear by MIKE and Pete and John to have more sense another year.

Some Facts Concerning Medford

MEDFORD is the financial, commercial and industrial center of southern Oregon and northern California. MEDFORD is the air center of the territory lying between San Francisco and Portland, having a municipal airport, with plans formulated for another larger one to be built during 1929. MEDFORD is a stopping point for practically all coastwise air traffic, including air mail and passenger lines. MEDFORD has the only meteorological weather station in Oregon, furnishing wind velocities and weather reports for air pilots on the coast. MEDFORD is famous as the shipping point for Rogue River Valley fruits. Pears grown near this city are world-famous. MEDFORD is the gateway to Crater Lake National Park; 115,323 visitors entered this park during the 1928 summer season. MEDFORD is the center of Jackson County's lumber industry and is the home of the Owen-Oregon Lumber company and Tomlin Box factory. MEDFORD is situated on the Pacific Highway and the Southern Pacific railroad. MEDFORD has a population of nearly 14,000 people; increased 7340 since 1920. MEDFORD has 40 new business establishments, started in 1928. MEDFORD has 386 new structures, erected in 1928, at a cost of over a half-million dollars. MEDFORD postoffice receipts for 1928 were \$88,157.54. MEDFORD bank deposits, to December 31st, were \$6,107,462.02. MEDFORD water users exceed \$200. MEDFORD is the home office of the California Oregon Power company, which operates throughout southern Oregon and northern California. MEDFORD is the terminus of two logging railroads, one leading to Butte Falls and the other into the Jacksonville hills. MEDFORD has 2220 telephones. MEDFORD has a radio broadcasting station, KMED, the Mail Tribune-Virgin station. MEDFORD has a water system costing approximately \$375,000, piping ice-cold water from giant mountain springs to this city. MEDFORD 1928 fruit crop of 4552 carloads brought approximately \$5,000,000 to Rogue River valley growers. MEDFORD has a \$185,000 high school. MEDFORD is the seat of government for Jackson County. MEDFORD has two modern cold storage plants, a large ice plant and ice storage warehouse. MEDFORD will have a new \$109,000 cold storage plant, to be erected in 1929. MEDFORD has an armory building and is the home of Company A, Oregon National Guard. MEDFORD is the home of the Jackson County library. MEDFORD has four grammar schools, a new high school, a private school, an academy, a business college and a kindergarten. MEDFORD is the music center of southern Oregon. MEDFORD has a modern fruit, vegetable and meat canning plant. MEDFORD has a factory branch of the Knight Pecking company, making world-famous Rogue River catsup here. MEDFORD has 1500 acres within the city limits. MEDFORD has approximately 22 miles of paved streets, having the distinction of being the best paved city of its size in the United States. MEDFORD has an active Chamber of Commerce and a branch AAA club office. MEDFORD has an aviation school. MEDFORD Realty Board is affiliated with the National Board of Realtors. MEDFORD has fine auto-camps. MEDFORD is the medical center of southern Oregon, having two strictly modern hospitals. MEDFORD has 18 churches, 13 fraternal organizations and a radio church. MEDFORD has many clubs, including the Craters, Lions, Rotary and Kiwanis. MEDFORD is near the Jackson County Fair Grounds. MEDFORD has two daily and one weekly newspaper. MEDFORD has one of the finest 18-hole golf courses in the northwest. World famous golfers visit Medford and participate in tournaments in this city. MEDFORD is the headquarters of the Crater Lake National Park, and the home of its superintendent. MEDFORD is surrounded by 72,000 acres of virgin forest, or approximately 70,000,000 feet of merchantable timber. MEDFORD has five good hotels. MEDFORD is surrounded by over 2500 farms. MEDFORD has a dehydrating plant, spray manufacturing plant. MEDFORD has a free federal employment bureau. MEDFORD has an average annual rainfall of 17.52 inches. MEDFORD has a trading area which includes over 45,000 people. MEDFORD has, surrounding her, 55,000 acres of land suitable for irrigation, 40,000 of which are now under ditch. MEDFORD is the headquarters, in southern Oregon, for six chain stores.

Brisbane's Today

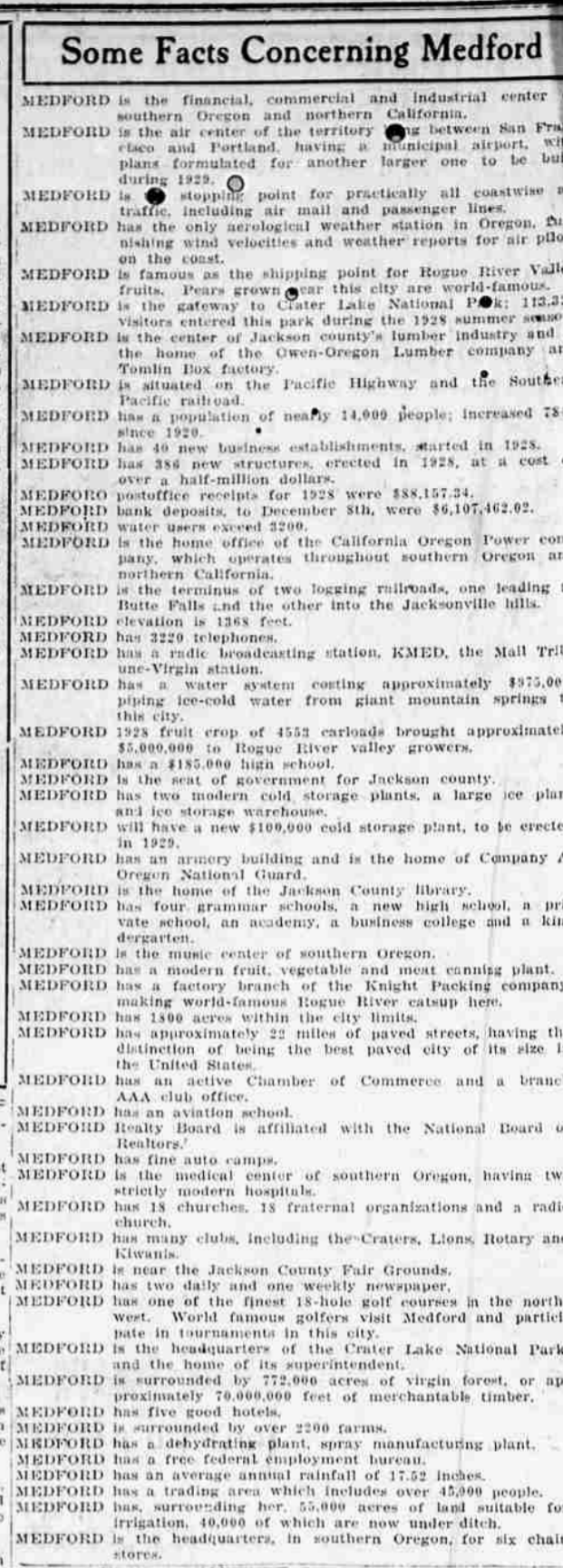
made by the late Payne Whitney, who left \$45,000,000 to various public purposes. More than twice as big as this was John D. Rockefeller's investment of about \$100,000,000 to provide a new site for the Metropolitan opera parking space, and a new center of activity in the heart of New York. One hundred million dollars spent on three city blocks cannot possibly come back to Mr. Rockefeller, or even half of it. This writer suggests to James Simpson, of Chicago, that he negotiate for one of the three blocks on Fifth avenue as a site for the New York branch of Marshall Fields, that he has contemplated for some years. Scientists gathered in New York predict a constantly diminishing number of leaders, "bosses" ruling, on a big scale over great number of drudges that will do the work. If the drudges have a five-day week, a seven-hour day, one or two automobiles, radio, talking machine, vacuum cleaner and good pay, they will not object violently. Where you formerly had one hundred little stores, you now have one gigantic store. And the gigantic store employs a hundred men, each of whom makes more than

Why Suffer With Rheumatism and Neuritis

When we can positively assure you full relief or your money back. Casey's Guaranteed Rheumatic and Neuritis Remedy Purifies the blood, reduces pain and swelling, stops cramps in limbs through direct action on the stomach, liver and kidneys. \$1.50 per bottle. Jarmin & Woods, The Owl Drug Store.

THE MUTT AND JEFF

SOME DAY! OUR AMMUNITION'S ALL GONE, WE GOT NO BIG GAME AND I'M SO TIRED I COULD DROP IN MY TRACKS! I WILL DROP FROM EXHAUSTION IN A MINUTE! I COULDN'T WALK ANOTHER FOOT FOR A THOUSAND BUCKS! ALL THE MONEY IN THE U.S. MINT WOULDN'T GET ME TO BUDGE AN INCH! KID, I'M ALL IN! JEFF! WHAT? PST!! FEET, DO YOUR STUFF!



Quill Points

The cause of the servant problem is that so few girls work \$20 a week are willing to work for \$5. When senators speak of the dam bill, they don't mean the McNary-Haiken bill. Giving the pitcher a regular substitute batter is a good idea. And why not provide a nimble youngster to do the star hitter's fielding? A typical New Yorker is one who thinks the show reveals life in the raw if one of the characters makes frequent reference to the son of a lady dog. The objection to an international chess tournament in Russia is that the show reveals life in changing the rules if they are losing. Correct this sentence: "Well, well," chuckled the amused householder on his way back to bed at 3 a. m.; "wrong number." SALEM—Northwest Power Co. of Portland, plans to expend \$5,920,000 for power development project in Linn and Marion counties.

Abbe Martin

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Ye Smudge Pot

Not many Oregon newspapers during the holidays published the famous editorial, "Yes, Virginia, There is a Santa Claus." There is, however, quite a tendency to proclaim: "Yes, Virginia, Prohibition is a Success." The dread Poguenza is again sweeping the valley. "He was so drunk he was a gentleman all evening, and never stepped on my corns, once, in seven dawches," reports Lady Ford-Corpue of the local imitation British set. The way to make ink flow in a fountain pen. Flourish it over a blank check, before applying to the stationery. Old men are pit (ying) horse-choes, and kids are playing marbles, and the population in between is busy watching the contents and combats. A gent who sneaked off and got married last summer, has sneaked off again, and the bride has sneaked back to Mama. OR, RUGGED WICKEDNESS (This Paper) Lifebuoy soap not only removes flu and other germs and protects health, but is a favorite soap for every toilet and bath purpose. It is refreshing and cleansing, is pleasantly hygienic and safe for the most delicate skins. Mr. William Coleman has recovered from a hard cold, which was softened by pioneer methods. Mr. Coleman was greased with turpentine and red sugar soaked in turpentine, and forced to smell camphor and turpentine, and for two days, had a match been struck in his vicinity he would have burst into flames. The ironies of civilization in the South, by reason of several states going Republican on account of Mr. Hoover's engineering ability, was not so severe as first feared, as that section of the Union has reverted to its favorite outdoor sport—lynching. As no rope was handy, the negro victim was burned alive. We can not find the clipping, saved weeks for this occasion, which showed that in districts staging a lynching, the church attendance increased the following Sunday. CAUSE FOR HAPTURE (Coop Bay Times) I am sending you a few items of news. We enjoyed the storm. The wind was terrible, blowing trees and limbs down and taking the tops off cars. Everybody laid down their bridge hands, to admire the pop-eyed Pekinese dog, which has not been christened by the owners. It is a cinch this cur will not be named Rover or Nero. Farmers are reported "jubilant over the rain." One farmer was noted in the midst of a jubilee, that was produced by something besides a dipper full of rain water. The public is warned not to write it 1930. It is reported that a flapper bootlegger in Oregon was carrying moonshine in her bloomers. This ought to give someone a chance to revive that old joke about a chick in the pants. (Life.) A few weeks ago a Washington, D. C. reform association reported that Oregon school children were being sold moonshine in stick candy, and it was assumed that the young lady above mentioned is the result. Citizens report that family cows are substituting their front pastures for the range. The handful of autotals with new licenses, has been increased to a handful. MERE MAN TALKS DRAW WITH LADY NEW YORK, Jan. 2. — (AP) — Betty Wilson, swimming instructor, who won \$500 by talking 27 hours, says she knows no easier way to make that amount of money. She shared first prize with one Howard Williams in an endurance gab-fest.