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TEX RICKARD

TEX RICKARD'S death should serve as a warning to those who physically shared his good fortune. Because he had never known a sick day he believed he never could. And as year after year this extraordinary good health continued, he finally became convinced that he was immune to those ill-which afflict the common run of men.

Added to the fact that he was blessed with the constitution of a young rhinoceros, and a virile, bubbling vitality that never ebbed, he was a born fighter, a natural gambler, and instinctively a great show-man. So when several years ago he suffered his first appendicitis attack, every element in his essentially primitive nature, and every incident in his past experience, conspired to make him not only disregard but exhibit a supreme contempt, toward such a warning.

Advised to submit to an operation, after that first attack, Tex twirled that stick he always carried, bit sharply into that perfect he was always smoking, and gave the solicitous "sawbones" the "Merry ha-ha!"

"They may shoot me," said he, "but they'll never 'howie me'—and on his way he went, from one big show to another, until this rough-and-ready scrapper, and straight-shooting gambler of the Klondike, was not only the pal of multi-millionaire statesmen (particularly the democratic ones), but had his own company listed on the Stock Exchange, owned his own villa at Miami, Florida, in front of which his own private yacht rested at anchor.

A great record Tex made—an adventurous, thrilling career behind him, a successful—and, in the world of sport at least, a distinguished—life before him.

And then everything looked so smooth and certain,—there came another warning! The old "bluff" for the first time failed, Tex had been "called" and had to show his hand,—lay all his cards on the table.

He was game. He always had been. He always would be. The next morning when Jack Dempsey bent over him—the man he had made and who had made him—between white, fever-parched lips, Tex murmured:

"Jack, I've got this fight won!" Perhaps he believed it. The world will never know. For in the history of American sport, those seven words will go down as Tex Rickard's dying statement.

Too bad. If he had been blessed with a less glorious physical inheritance, he would have realized some time ago that, regardless of one's native resistance, the time to have an appendix out is between attacks, not during one. But materially a self-made man, physically he had been born with a golden spoon in his mouth. The trait he realized was fatal in the ring, he never realized was fatal in the game of life,—overconfidence.

So the qualities that made him so successful finally proved his undoing. Because physically he had always beaten the game, he believed he always would. As we said at the beginning, his death should serve as a warning to those who, endowed with extraordinary physical health, become convinced they can disregard those rules and regulations which modern Science declares are necessary to preserve it.

Perhaps when people now speak of a living wage, they only mean a flivving wage.

Religion has lost its influence? Rats. What else made humanity as decent as it is?

It is estimated that 87 per cent of the New Year resolutions begin: "Now, next Christmas,—"

The flu just seems less severe this year because fewer He-men are ashamed to stay in bed with a little thing like a cold.

Final returns show there were 327 all-American teams—representing 27 nationalities, including American.

War by machinery may not be so terrible, if somebody will invent a machine to do all the saluting.

Progress is being made in perfecting that anti-fog machine for airplanes, according to the Department of Commerce. Imagine what a winter climate we will have when it is put on the market!

Strangler Lewis complains that poor headwork lost him the title. We thought it was good headwork on the part of that college boy.

Speaking of friends, did you ever think of the friends you can find in books?

The missionary's job isn't so hard. Those he tries to civilize can't see civilization.

Personal Health Service

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Send 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.

The examiner for the state bureau of motor vehicles set up a Snellen test card 20 feet away from the eyes of a lady who applied for license to operate a car. Then the examiner interposed a smoke cloud— from his cigarette — and asked the patient to read the symbols on the card. Then he informed her that she would have to get glasses before she could gain the coveted permit to navigate. Of course this was sheer nonsense, as the lady had good vision and required no glasses. It just goes to show how imprudent she can be when such a test of vision may be when it is entrusted to unskilled hands.



Ability to read the test type card at the distance that is normal for the different sizes of symbols printed on the card by no means indicates good vision, nor does inability to read any particular symbol on the card spell defective vision necessarily. The Snellen test card reveals most causes of myopia (nearsightedness), but very few cases of hyperopia (farsightedness) unless it is extreme. Nearsightedness is most common in childhood; farsightedness usually comes when we are older. So it is ridiculous for the state to put a test type card in the hands of a dumb John clerk or examiner or collector of road and motor vehicle taxes and thereby determine whether the simple citizen has defective eyesight. It would be just as sensible to supply such an examiner with some crossword puzzles and tell him to reject the motorists who might attempt to get a license to operate a motor vehicle.

Medical officers of the public health service conclude from a study of a large number of eye examinations of school children in various communities, that:

- 1. The Snellen (test type card) test reveals but a small percentage of the actual number of refractive errors.
2. The myopic eye is nearly always discovered by the simple Snellen test.
3. The hyperopic eye is rarely found with this test, and then only the very severe types are revealed.
4. The astigmatic eye may be found with the simple Snellen test. Of course this does not reveal the type of visual defect; it shows only that certain eyes can read only certain letters at a specified distance.
5. The frequency of myopia (nearsightedness) tends to increase between the seventh and twelfth years. The frequency of hyperopia (farsightedness) tends to decrease rapidly. For this reason all school children should have the simple Snellen test (reading the symbols on the card) twice a year.
6. Of the 66 per cent of eyes which read 20-20 or better and appeared normal, 32 per cent read 20-30 or worse when the cycloplegic was used (drops), thus indicating that many eyes work under a handicap. Nearly one-fifth of all the children tested 20-100 or worse after the cycloplegic.
7. The hyperopic (farsighted) eye tends to improve with advancing school age.
8. The myopic (nearsighted) eye tends to improve with advancing school age.
9. These observations indicate that it is advisable to make regular annual examinations of the eyes of young persons when vision is known to be defective.

Ben Is Out Again. I have been using saccharin in my coffee for sweetening. Is it harmless? I have been told there is a drug in it.—A. V.

Ans.—No harm in using not to exceed five grains of saccharin daily as a substitute for sweet. More than that is not advisable. Saccharin is a chemical compound derived from coal. It is itself a "drug" or medicine, as physicians understand the term. It is not a "drug" in the popular sense of the word—that is, it has no dope or habit-forming effect.

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Abe Martin

lost many millions, makes them useful. He had an idea for reorganizing student groups in universities. His own college, Yale, didn't like the idea, so Harkness visited Harvard major to try his plan first three millions, now \$10,000,000 more.

There will be competition among the various "Harkness houses" within the college. The plan will duplicate the system "houses" at Oxford, where "Christ," thinking himself superior to all others, calls itself "the house."

Capitalists are buying airplanes for gold prospecting. Where tired, whiskered men rode on little donkeys with picks, shovels and pans, pilots will fly very low, carrying geologists with strong glasses. That's progress.

It is announced solemnly that in New York, men convicted of selling obscene whiskey will have to spend a year in jail and pay \$500 fine. That seems mild punishment for murder, or willingness to commit murder.

Postmaster Leslie Hanger is some letter today, as if his condition continues to improve. The doctor says he hopes to have him off the front page by tomorrow. Mrs. Em Moore's sister, who was president of the Mt. Hood Bridge club, was buried with simple honors today.

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Communications

Correction in Wire Story. The article, "Hoover Grandchildren to Be Asked to Join Patriotic Society," written by Sue McNamara, appearing in your Sunday paper, has several glaring statements. If this did not directly interfere with the progress of our own society, I would not ask the correction.

A child's parents need not belong to a D. A. R. or S. A. R. for them to join the C. A. R. The Hoover children were eligible to be members of the society whether "grand pa" belonged to the S. A. R. or not. To be eligible one must be a lineal descendant—no adopted child can become a member or transmit membership.

We have seven members in our society here where neither parent is a member of a senior society. The national society has over 30,000 members and one of the outstanding aims is to teach these children due respect, not worship, for those men who over 150 years ago fought, bled, died and starved to bring forth this glorious nation.

Mrs. G. Q. DALHINI, President, Gen. Joseph Lane Society, C. A. R., January 7.

Editorial is Commended. Your editorial in Friday's Mail Tribune on the school textbook situation is indeed timely. Retail

buying of public school books belongs back in the distant age of McGuffey's reader. Textbooks should be provided as are states desks, blackboards, fuel and ink. State wide uniformity permits too much centralization of authority and takes away local control in educational matters.

Local choice in textbooks brings about competition between rival publishing companies. There is no best textbook on any subject, for a whole state. Tomorrow some one will bring out a better one.

Oregon's public schools are suffering from too much long distance legislation and too much close up supervision. Educational and cultural standards for teachers are higher than ever, but methods are standardized and individuality repressed.

Believe rural taxpayers from the expense of buying hobby-horses and swings for children who get normal exercise in walking to and from school. The fun in the play of children comes from devising the game and improvising the playthings. How much exercise is there in swinging?

In contracting with teachers contracts should make plain that a school month must mean 20 days of full time instruction. Taxpayers pay for them and the children are entitled thereto.

Drag out from the dusky corners of the blindside schoolrooms that frightful ancient and unlabeled "crossed-out" and rebutton school room lighting to up-to-date authority.

J. Q. STEWART, Clerk Dist. No. 99, Route 4, Medford, January 7.

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One.)

Another good front-piece for a book denouncing war would be the portrait of an arm worn to a frazzle saluting second lieutenants.

Chemicals give the best results in combating other insect pests, but a brick still serves best for the humberg.

Single for today: As desperate as a girl who marries a widower with nine children.

Intelligence and intelligence are similar, but different. And the spelling isn't the only difference.

Civilization: The slow process of adding to our comforts by reducing our liberties.

Correct this sentence: "I don't care anything about the money itself," said he, "I just make it because I like to win the game."

SEATTLE PRINTER INVESTIGATED AS BAD CHECK MAN

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 7.—(AP)—The operations of a Seattle printer who duped many Portland investigators today when Portland detectives found that a ring of alleged check forgers had had duplicates of stolen blank checks printed in the Seattle plant.

William De Billis is held here on a charge of forgery with bail at \$2500. Two men, Frank S. Chimento, of Kelso, Wash., and Vito Chimento, are under arrest.

Checks totaling \$3500 were cashed on the Clark & Wilson Lumber company, detectives said, using paper on the Southern Pacific railroad, worth \$200, was forged in Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and Kelso.

Police here say the forgers got one legitimate payor's check last May from the Lumber company and sent it to a shop in Seattle where facsimile were printed. De Billis was quoted as having confessed the men paid \$20 for one hundred of these blanks.

Oregon Weather. Generally fair tonight and Tuesday, but becoming cloudy in west portion. Low clouds and ground fogs cast portion, continued cold. GENTLE, easterly winds.

Lakeside—Approximately \$3750 will be expended for building underground crossing here.

Quill Points

The tanks have been slighted, but maybe some officers will make a good-will trip to Canada. If he's afraid with his daughter he's out with these awful modern boys. It's because he remembers his own youth.

Absence of modesty isn't the only explanation of neck-ties. The absence of pins helps.

America is the most lawless of nations. In other words, when you pour the scraps into the garbage can, it has most of the scraps.

Henry Ford says you can't get anywhere by saving—no place that is, except the prosaic Easy Street.

Americanism: A readiness to endure small wrongs, rather than take the trouble to combat them. A modern vice crack? No! Herbert Spencer said it in 1882.

Nature isn't so grand. She didn't make sunshine popular by charging \$15 for the machine that produces it.

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NEW YORKER AT LARGE

Only 40 Looked 60!

"You wouldn't have known me four months ago—I looked so old and worn. I looked and felt tired all the time, had no appetite, was constantly fatigued and suffered nagging headaches and mysterious dizzy spells every day. I don't know what I would have done if a friend hadn't insisted my trouble was system-poisoning due to a sluggish liver and urged me to try Dioxol. I got a package of Dioxol tablets and can truthfully say I noticed a wonderful difference from the start. It wasn't two months before my friends were remarking that I looked like a new woman. Many cases of premature old age, auto-intoxication, sick headaches, high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries are aspects of a sluggish liver. Let the liver become inactive and it fails to cleanse the blood of the poisons formed in food waste. The whole body then becomes toxic and health is slowly but surely broken down. Natural Dioxol extracted from the liver of the ox is recognized in Europe for the human liver. It is a natural liver stimulant and literally rejuvenates the entire system. The pure genuine Dioxol is to be had in daily medicine form in Dioxol tablets. Each tablet represents 10 drops of pure ox gall and costs less than 2c. Genuine Dioxol has picture of ox's head on package. On sale at all good drug stores, Spaulding, Jarmin & Woods, Drug Store.

RUPTURE

Its Cause and Its Cure. A new book just off the press, sent to rupture sufferers FREE. Written by one of America's most eminent rupture specialists, and dedicated to suffering humanity. Send your full name and address and a copy will be mailed to you without cost or obligation. Address Dr. T. Victor Stokes, 582 E. California St., Pasadena, Calif.

Pantorium EYE WORKS

613 AND HOLLY STS. PHONE 244 A COMPLETE CLEANING AND DYEING SERVICE

By BUD FISHER

MUTT AND JEFF—Mutt's Brother Ima Arrives in the City

JEFF, WAIT TILL YOU SEE MY BROTHER, IMA MUTT! HE'S A DIPLOMAT, A SCHOLAR AND A GENTLEMAN! I'LL BOOST YOUR SOCIAL BATTING AVERAGE TO BE SEEN WITH HIM!

IT'S NICE THERE'S ONE IN YOUR FAMILY YOUR MOTHER CAN BE PROUD OF!

HE WROTE THAT HE'D ARRIVE ON THE CRACK BLUE BULLET EXPRESS. IT'S JUST LIKE IMA TO RIDE ON AN EXTRA FARE RATTLE!

HERE IT COMES!

MUTT, NOBODY GOT OFF THE PULLMAN, MAYBE YOUR BROTHER'S ON THE DAY COACH!

NO! IMA SAID ON THE CARD THAT HE'D BE ON THE PULLMAN. HE MUST HAVE MISSED THE TRAIN.

HELLO, BROTHER AUGUSTUS!

IMA: JUST A PLAIN BUM LIKE ALL THE MUTTS!

MORE TOMORROW



Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The husband of a lady striving determinedly for a slim silhouette, would now fit neatly in her cigaret-holder.

Many are having their 1929 auto accident this month.

TOO MUCH CLARA BOW (Malthus Entertainer) Quite a number of people are sick with colds and the flu. Walter Weaver's family is down with it.

The income tax bill is now up to the legislature, and there is widespread shuddering to think what it will be when this august body gets through with it.

Henry Ford reports that the chief defect of humanity is the lack of money. This is quite true, as humanity is always running out of money.

BAPPLING (Topeka, Kansas Journal) Mrs. Downing was driving east while the truck driven by William L. Sheldon, employe of the Quiring Monument works of Wichita, was moving west. They met head on. The cause of the wreck is not known.

Gay colored suspenders for males are all the rage, but who wants to run around in his shirt sleeves this kind of weather.

Three risqué yarns reached town Saturday, and circulated with the speed of the wind and the flu.

Ben Telfer Plymale is getting so he can twist his tongue admirably and does not care what he says, as long as he is saying something. He seems to be conversing in one of the north Europe languages these days.

The pioneer women were hardy but they never rode in a rumble seat on a foggy evening.

There is quite a bit of mining along the Main Stem, and tin deposits are being discovered back of the steam radiators.

The state of Louisiana is now somewhat squeamish about a double hanging, after two lynchings last year.

The 700 sparrows in the Virginia creeper rose bush on the Univ. club campus now number three.

It is about time for an upstate lover to have everybody in his township out looking for him.

Carrots are good for pop-eyed Pekinese dogs, and it is again proven that Nature knows what she is doing.

Football idols have C. Chaplin mustaches, instead of feet of clay.

An occasional new auto license is seen, and it is nothing short of marvelous how dusty the old ones get this time of the year.

None of the fresh air fiends have moved their desks out into the vacant lots, to date.

It will soon be time for the farmers to furover their ground, as well as their brows.

Pipe smokers, tobacco chewers, and snuff users are mobilizing for another war on cigarettes.

WHAT NOBODY READS—Why do newspapers print editorials. Nobody ever reads them. Unless they attribute to Shakespeare what Milton actually said and make a few errors in the quotation. Unless they display a spirit of unfairness scarcely in keeping with the fine tradition of your paper. Unless the facts as stated, the basically correct may serve to mislead "if they are not followed up by the brief statement (about 1200 words) contained herein, which trust you may find space for. Unless they have stated the case so clearly, so accurately, so fairly and so entirely in keeping with the opinion of the reader that he is provoked to offer his heartfelt congratulations. Unless they contain a typographical error, corrected after the first edition, giving a Habelian flavor to an innocent sentence, which makes the whole seem laugh. (Saltmore Sun).