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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Young men with air guns are shooting woodpeckers, and they have. Maves are trying to make them more considerate of bird life.

The weather continues to give Col. Tou Velle of J'ville an excuse to wear his Ohio overcoat with a Persian sheep collar.

However, Mrs. Purdy determined to take as many tricks as she could, which always is the practice of the expert player.—(SP. Examiner.) Bridge players are like that.

Terror has gripped little Miss Filgett. Monday night she dreamed her powder puff was a dynamite.

A few sunny days will start the sap in the trees, and down the highways.

Late yesterday a team of horses was driven down the Main Stem, and they mistook a freight truck from Portland for a barn.

THE MODEST DISLIKE (Albany Democrat-Herald) Because she didn't like the people of Oregon, Sadie Carr left her husband, William, and returned to her people in Washington. The husband was granted a divorce decree in circuit court late yesterday by Judge L. H. McMahan, of Department No. 2.

LEGISLATURE TO BE KNIT ORGANIZATION—(Herald Portland Telegram.) What many have long maintained.

Uncle, \$5, called this morn. He remembered calling home with Gen. Miles in Denver in 1871, but forgot what he was to bring home for dinner.

It is getting along to that season of the year, when some thriving Oregon town drops everything, to outfit a school, and the fearless gave the son of a prominent citizen a much needed harpung.

THE COW (For Visiting Dairymen) The cow is a female quadruped with an allo voice and a countenance in which there is no guile. She collaborates with the pump in the production of a liquid called milk, provides the filler for hash, and at last is skinned by those she has benefitted, as mortals commonly are. The young cow is called a calf, and is extensively used in the manufacture of chicken salad.

The cow's tail is mounted stiff, and has a universal joint. It can swing in any direction, and has a tassel on the end. This tassel is used to sweep away flies, and hit milkers, causing same to cuss in picturesque language.

The male cow is called a bull, and is thrown extensively by all classes.

C. Wik Ashpole and F. Bybee are the Jackson county citizens who own more than one cow. They lose money every year on said cows. F. Preston of the Applegate has some aristocratic cows. Cows look nice scattered over the landscape, and on Hill Gates' calendars.

The cow leads a rigorous life. Their veterinarians have just finished cutting their horns off, and, in another month will be slapping hot irons on their hips so they can be identified. This is called branding. If a cow is too weak after being branded to get up, or she is dragged out of the corral by the tail and left to its own devices. The owner of the cow thinks this is a smart trick, and maintains that the cow is not hurt, but it is exceedingly humiliating, judging by the looks of the cow.

Cows are milked at sun-up and sun-down, and nobody ever amounted to anything unless in his youth he milked 15 cows before breakfast, and then walked four miles to school. The milking of a cow is called "sapping a cow" in the Applegate, and "paling a cow" in the Eagle Point district.

A number of years ago this burg put on airs and forbid cows running at large in the exclusive residential districts, as they would start mooring for their breakfast at 3 a.m. and wake up people.

It was formerly fashionable for cows to get in front of a train near Yearhies crossing, and be mangled. Deceased bovine was always valued at \$100. The same cow was high-priced at \$3, when the assessor called.

Saturday the residents of Foots Creek precinct will go to the polls to decide whether the hill huffers, steeple yeardings and bee stung will have the freedom of the highway.

THE YOUNG MAN'S OPPORTUNITY

THE young man of today has much more chance to become wealthy in business and industry than his father. We have heard that before. It was true then. It is probably true now. With nine billion-dollar corporations in the country, and more soon to enter that class, the amazing expansion of big business in this country has created a new demand for leadership and opened prospects to hundreds of young men. John F. Sinclair points out in a survey published in the January issue of the Review of Reviews.

The writer names nine corporations with an invested capital of \$1,000,000,000 each—United States Steel, American Telephone and Telegraph, Southern Pacific, Pennsylvania Railroad, New Jersey Central, Standard Oil of New Jersey, Canadian Pacific Railway, Union Pacific and Standard Oil of California. Before the war, there were no billion-dollar corporations in the world and only United States Steel approached it. Now 175 corporations have a capital of more than \$100,000,000.

The writer has seen a new era in the process of working itself out and final success, he believes, will rest on the qualities of its leadership. There are industrial giants in the making.

Sinclair lists name after name of those who contributed to the building of the present prosperity—such men as John D. Rockefeller, Henry Ford, George F. Baker, Daniel Willard, Thomas A. Edison; younger men, such as Walter Chrysler, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., John J. Raskob, Eugene Grace, Owen D. Young, Walter C. Teagle, and many others. Their places, it is obvious, will have to be taken eventually by a new generation.

What are the prospects? "New leaders—ambitious, enthusiastic, daring, earnest, fearless, full of vision, courageous—are taking the places of the more cautious, troubled, perplexed and timid," says the Review of Reviews' writer. "The old economies, battling for life, has gone down in a heap—with its immutable and unchanging laws. The new economies of mass production, high wages, high standards of living, attempting to iron out business depressions by increasing consumers' purchasing power—is all in the direction of the new humanism."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ADVOCATED NO SALARY FOR OUR PRESIDENTS

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, reputed to have been the world's wisest man, was opposed to paying any salary whatsoever to the President of the United States.

In the Constitutional Convention of 1787 Dr. Franklin argued that a President should meet his personal expenses from his own resources, in order that the highest office in the land might not be sought after by excessively and sordidly ambitious men. His motion, however, was not even voted upon, but died without a roll call.

This obscure historical incident is revealed by William Hard, in the current World's Work, in an article describing just how the head of the greatest business in the world—the United States Government—is kept up.

Mr. Hard states that it costs at least half a million annually to maintain a President in a manner commensurate with his position. Added to this must be the cost of interest charges on the capital invested in our White House and its beautiful and spacious grounds.

The President has a lardlord, just like anyone else. He is Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. Grant, third, present director of the office of public buildings and public parks in the national capital. He is required by a statute to keep an inventory of all the White House furnishings. Another capacity in which he serves is that of official junkman, keeping a sort of old curiosity shop of White House furnishings that have been replaced by new pieces, which is a happy hunting ground for antique loving Presidential wives.

There are just three persons, the World's Work article adds, who are in charge of the upkeep of the White House: Mr. Henlock, who presides over the greenhouses; Mr. Hoover, curiously bearing the same name as the President-elect, the chief usher of the White House, and Mr. Forster, the executive clerk, who sits in the executive wing. Mr. Henlock has been with us since the first Cleveland administration; Mr. Hoover, since President Harrison; Mr. Forster since President McKinley.

One reason why magazine editorials say nothing is because you might get mad if they did.

Treaty: An agreement between nations, denatured with Senate reservations.

The cotton gin is another kind. That funny taste isn't cotton.

When money talks, it usually says: "Charge it, please."

Correct this sentence: "When my smart friends come to see me," said the flapper, "I never feel the least bit ashamed of my old-fashioned parents."

MUTT AND JEFF—That's What Wild Moose Milk Does to a Guy



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, no reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this newspaper.

THE EAST BRA BY SYMPHONY

Now that the Third Brady Symphony has been finished (if you want it ask for it and send stamped envelope bearing your address. As a New Year's gift of this newspaper there will be no charge, but a certain fee for the price will be ten cents to cover the actual printing and handling. I have a confession to make. When I pass, retire or get the gate, as the case may be, I am going to leave no unfinished symphony for amateurs to complete with. It isn't the confession, though. There are other reasons for this determination; principally automobiles and radios.

Among the intriguing things the automobile people tell the prospect is that the car will save time; or two or more cars to the family will save still more time. At that, if only this patterning with the family's transportation equipment were exercise I'd be the last to discourage it. If there is any known way of squandering one's spare time and energies that is more deprecatd than tinkering with the motor vehicles that park in the home garage, it is playing the radio.

When I composed the earlier symphony there was little serious interference from the automobile, evil and none at all from the radio. Even the phonograph was comparatively weak as a counter-diversion, for the thing had to be wound up before it would squawk right, and cranking eventually pulled on the chauffeur so much that he welcomed anything that required his attention elsewhere. Thus my early symphonies had a chance.

It is so long since I have made a confession that I almost forget how to start. Well, here goes. I haven't played my own symphony once entirely through in nearly three years. For a period of ten years or more I did play it with almost unflinching regularity every evening and I usually added several movements not included in the published score. I know this practice was well worth while; it kept me fairly fit, and much of the time it was the only exercise I had, aside from a daily short ration of oxygen on the hoof.

All this time I had never equaled to roll myself a few somersaults now and then right here in the torture chamber, the studio, the office, the place where I work, and these I roll on the floor when I feel out of sorts or irritated or anything like that. For the maneuver I use only a bit of a cushion to protect my cocoon from the floor.

I have been slipping in these three years during which I have neglected my physical fitness. I know this because I have an accurate record of my condition three years ago. At that time I could run approximately half way around the park meadow drive near my play room. The drive measures 2.2 miles on the speedometer. So I could run a mile at top condition. The other day I tried it again and I found I could run a scant half mile. My "wind" is not what it used to be. I'm slipping. This is a sorry confession for a health monger to make, but just you wait. I am taking advantage of the season so far turn over a new leaf and I invite any readers who may be more or less out of condition to join in this reform. I have started on the new year right, by playing the Brady Symphony, the third, naturally, with my own interpolations and additions, all through every day. After a month or so I'm going out there again and run my mile on the meadow drive, I'm coming back. If you are not quite as fit as you think you ought to be, come on back with me, even if you have to neglect the gas buggy or miss some of the alluring entertainment on the radio.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Atenoid Enlargement in Infancy. Our three-months-old boy has never closed his mouth since he was born. The specialist I visit once a month for his diet says it is probably due to adenoids. But I visit the baby health center each week to weigh him, and they said not to worry over it as a baby of that age cannot have adenoids. He gains seven ounces a week and seems perfectly normal otherwise.

Adenoid enlargement is perhaps more commonly recognized in children a year or more of age, but it is not at all rare among infants a few weeks old. From your letter I gather it is not a question of root with you. In that case I would advise you to give the so-called infant welfare station a wide berth, and break up the habit of running to an alleged "specialist" for instruction for the care of the baby. Why not employ a plain family doctor? This hifalutin fad of thinking a woman must have a specialist if she has a baby, or vice versa, is the veriest nonsense, and I believe it is no exaggeration to say that 80 per cent of the "specialists" that cater to this educated demand are, as medical advisers, scarcely worth the postage on their bills. A real family physician can tell you definitely whether the infant has adenoids or whether anything should be done about it. You see, as a matter he has had wider experience than the born "specialist," and that is the very reason why his services are really worth as much or more than the services of the "specialist."

Family Physician Right. Our family physician tells me that many women suffer from malnutrition and become more susceptible to tuberculosis because of dividing to acquire a slender figure and wearing insufficient clothing. Is he warranted in expressing such a belief?—D. H. H.

Ans.—Many good physicians agree with him. I do not think insufficient clothing is a factor, but "dieting" or other attempts to "reduce" are in my judgment a contributing cause of tuberculosis in young women particularly.

Birthmark. I want to thank you for referring me to Dr. (a skin specialist). He is using radium on a birthmark on my baby's nose and we expect a perfect result.—Mrs. W. T.

Ans.—The younger the infant when any such mark is treated the better the cosmetic result to be expected.

(Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)



THEIR COMIN FROM CHURCH IN A BIG 6-PASSENGER CARRIAGE—LOOKIN' FOR WITH 150 CASES OF SCOTCH!

OH BOY!

OH BOY!

OH BOY!

OH BOY!

OH BOY!

OH BOY!

OH BOY!

OH BOY!

OH BOY!

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will make him realize it. The Ethiopians can't change his skin, or such a man as John Heris his need of real activity. Besides "to rest is to rust," and rusting is unpleasant.

Admiral Moffett, flying chief of the navy, delighted with the Question Mark's 150-hour flight, says it brings a "no-stop flight around the earth within the real of possibility."

A non-stop flight around the earth will be a commonplace, everyday life within a few years.

Machines up six miles, above high winds, storms, air pockets and all the rest, will keep on going round and round. If you want to go to Peking, you will fly up, change from a small plane to the big airship and come down in another small plane in China, India, where you will. Nothing difficult about it, except realizing that it can be done.

Quill Points

Note to near-sighted hunters: If you give it a load of bird shot, and it cusses, it isn't a turkey.

It is easy to be a good executive, if you aren't jealous of your hired man's superior ability.

Mr. Curtis may grow weary of Senate oratory, but turn about is fair play. Indians tortured white folks.

If you catch the kid in a lie, there's an consolation. He hasn't yet developed skill enough to get by.

If forty men kill one, that's a conspiracy to murder. Unless they first form a government to make it moral.

The superior chap who isn't interested in such trivial things as intelligence tests, has tried one in a crowd.

The sedulous swings, and the ladies will give up in despair and return to femininity, whenever men let their whiskers grow.

Each generation has its war because medals are saved and crucifixes are thrown away.

Our Napoleons of finance don't hire a man to scratch their backs, as the first Napoleon did, but they get a somewhat similar service from yes-men.

Americanism: Indulging the kids until we kill their capacity to enjoy anything; wondering why they go wild to get a thrill.

In Persia a bride must know how to comb wool for her husband. Here she just pulls it over his eyes.

The modern child learns at its mother's knee that a mere pull won't make up for a shortage.

Country doctors are disappearing. Ah, well; a mere road sign can say: "This way to a specialist."

An Englishman named Pilgrim

Free for Rupture W. S. Rice, Inc., 981 K Main St., Adams, N. Y. You may send me entirely free a Sample Treatment of your stimulating application for Rupture.

Name Address State

Apply It to Any Rupture, Old or Recent, Large or Small and You Are on the Road That Has Convicted Thousands.

Sent Free to Prove This

Every ruptured man, woman or child should write at once to W. S. Rice, 981 K Main St., Adams, N. Y., for a free trial of his wonderful stimulating application. Just put it on the rupture and the muscles begin to tighten; they begin to bind together so that the opening closes naturally and the need of a support or truss or appliance is then done away with. Don't neglect to send for this free trial. Even if your rupture doesn't bother you what is the use of wearing supports all your life? Why suffer this nuisance? Why run the risk of rupture and such dangers from a small and innocent little rupture, the kind that has thrown thousands on the operating table? A host of men and women are daily running such risk just because their ruptures do not hurt nor prevent them from getting around. Write at once for this free trial, as it is certainly a wonderful thing and has aided in the cure of ruptures that were as big as a man's two fists. Try and write at once, using the coupon below.

YOUR FAVORITE JEWELER SUGGESTS Larry Schade 716 JEWELER NEXT TO CRATERIAN THEATRE

Appropriate Clocks for each room, accurate time keepers, in designs that harmonize perfectly with the room furnishings.

Not a Sale!

—An opportunity you don't want to miss.

—24 choice wool patterns. Regular \$50.00 suit values, tailored to your measure.

—One week only.

at \$42.50

—Come in and look them over. It will pay you to buy for some months ahead.

KLEIN THE TAILOR

Upstairs

PHONE 474 CITY CLEANING & DYEING CO

S.S.S. and Rheumatism

simply don't get along together

You know it cannot be rubbed away

ARE you one of those unfortunate who suffer with pains in your muscles and joints, commonly called "rheumatism," making you miserable, less efficient, interfering with your working hours, ruining your sleep?

You may have tried many things without relief. Why not try S.S.S.?

For more than 100 years S.S.S. has been giving relief in thousands of cases, as testified to in unsolicited letters of gratitude.

"After suffering several years, six bottles of S.S.S. completely relieved me of rheumatism. It also cleared up a skin eruption and gave me a good appetite. I think S.S.S. is a wonderful medicine."—K. L. Busie, Southern Railway, Knoxville, Tenn.

"I was very nervous, had hardly any appetite, and suffered

with rheumatism. I tried many medicines, but S.S.S. is the one that did me the most good. I am now well, and feel like a new man."—William Osborne, 2400 Sloan Street, Flint, Michigan.

S.S.S. is extracted from the fresh roots of medicinal plants and herbs and gives to Nature what she needs in building you up so that your system throws off the cause.

All drug stores sell S.S.S. in two sizes. Get the larger size. It is more economical.

S.S.S. Builds Sturdy Health

By BUD FISHER

MUTT NEVER TOLD ME YOU WERE MARRIED, I MA!

BROTHER AUGUSTUS IS JEALOUS; YOU SEE, MY WIFE PAYS ME TEN BUCKS A WEEK ALIMONY ON CONDITION THAT I STAY AWAY FROM HOME.

GENTS, JUST A MOMENT: (HIC!)

I WISH I HAD HALF OF THAT LOAD; HE'S FRIED!

WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE AT FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE!

I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE DETAILS; I WANT TO KNOW WHAT TOWN I'M IN! (HIC!)

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