

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily, Sunday, Weekly... MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 25-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 75

ROBERT W. HULL, Editor & MANAGER

Subscription Rates: Daily, with Sunday, year, \$7.50; Daily, without Sunday, year, \$5.00

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS... Official paper of the City of Medford.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOULDER & COMPANY, Office in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry

Mrs. Flora Finesse lost a hind leg and a license yesterday. She is a bridge enthusiast and her man is a piscatorial enthusiast.

Mothers are feeding their kids bran muffins. This supplies the kids with vitamins. Vitamins seldom, if ever, locate in anything that is fit to eat.

Formation of a Newcomers club is threatened. A counter-thrust will be the formation of an Old-stayers club.

There is talk of more gas stations, as the community has not run out of vacant spaces on corners.

A campaign will be launched to induce farmers to plant more spuds, but the farmers will not tear up any krape acreage to do it.

Spring hats are ready to be un-bushed by the fair sex, as soon as the temperature rises above frigidly of a sanitary butcher shop.

The round thing of a yellowish hue, that for two mornings has been sneaking up over the hill back of Ashland, has been positively identified as the sun.

Hoblin Deuel has come to Portland by train. When a local citizen uses a train for transportation, it is a sign he will appear in a new go-cart at an early date.

Plowing has started in the rural areas. This is premature, as there is a bill before the legislature to compel the land to plow itself.

Social Lion No. 45, has lost his gray slouch hat, which he used as evidence that he was a graduate from the engineering school of Cornell.

Girls of all denominations are busy buying footwear, and incidentally twisting to an angle that made it hard to read.

Elmer Cass, the barber, has gone to Salem for a period. (Grants Pass Courier.) Why didn't he hob a comma?

REMARKS ON PEACE (Congressional Record) We have handbills in Chicago and elsewhere. We also have corn hoppers, coyotes, and bull weevils; and they all present precisely the same economic and ethical problems. We do not poison the handbills, but we try to catch them, and if we succeed we shut them up, and give them three square meals a day, and try to reform them.

Twice in recent years we have intervened to protect South American countries from the aggressive propensities of European powers. Several times in our history our men-of-war have found it necessary to go far from home to protect the lives and vital interests of our citizens. We may have occasion in the future to act the part of the good Samaritan and use force if necessary to suppress organized crime—errands far remote from the defense of our immediate territory, and wholly commendable.

For the accommodation and concealment of men with poisonous weapons and purposes the world today is as well adapted and not much better than were the forests of New England when our forefathers took their muskets with them to church and to town meetings and into the field. They did this in order that they might praise God, maintain order, and have corn unimpaired; and that is all we want to do. If we reject the interpretive resolution and fail to pass the cruiser bill, we notify the world that in the future our first line of defense will be composed of hymn books only.

Franks Comedians Open Here Tonight After an absence of three weeks, Franks' Comedians open tonight at the Playhouse theater. Mr. Franks has selected a play that he says is bound to please his patrons, with plenty of laughter, but no story that has heart interest. "For Cryin' Out Loud" The feature of the reopening is the new bargain month idea for the month of January, at reduced prices.

Starting next Saturday, "A Hollywood Madonna" Amateurs will rehearse at 7:30 Saturday at the theater.

Editorial Correspondence

EN ROUTE SOUTH—The Good Ship Sedan is on its way north on route to Arizona via southern California, in search of M. T. copy and ultra-violet rays. This is its third voyage. It prefers taking the vacation in the winter, for it regards Medford as one of the world's best summer resorts, while the winter, particularly the winter fog, is something it likes to miss.

The G. S. S. left Thursday morning and those who can remember back that far will recall it was a cold, damp morning, with a fog considerably thicker than Smudge Pot's "beanery soup." It was slow, cautious, and chilly going until the S. P. bridge just beyond the outskirts of Ashland was reached. Then the sun burst forth in all its glory, the fog vanished as if by magic, and Pilot Rock loomed up sharp and clear against a deep blue sky. It was ideal Indian summer weather from then on until Willows, California, was reached at 5:30 p. m. Over 250 miles without a cloud in the sky, and many places through the Stausta plateau and Sacramento canyon in clouds of dust. Soaring incredible. But the G. S. S. never lies!

Had luncheon at Dunsmuir at Mr. Pippas' hotel. Many will remember Mr. Pippas who conducted the Palace of Swags many years. His cheeks are just as rosy, his smile as golden, and he retains a keen interest in Medford and everything thereto. He is a big booster for the Dunsmuir climate and is certainly a living testimonial of its therapeutic effects. He gave us some Medford gossip, which to us, at least, was new.

A big sign in front of a cottage just north of Dunsmuir brought us to a stop. "All out of state cars must stop here and register." We promptly stopped, not having forgotten the speed cop who arrested us just a year ago for not observing some of the local rules and regulations of that great railroad center. Another speed cop waited on us this time, but was suffering from such a cold that he had to be taken care of without forcing us to produce any driver's license or bill of sale. It seemed a good omen—at least recalling last year, when I took it as such. We left him blowing his nose and looking sorry for himself.

But our celebration of the change in climate was a bit premature. Awoke in Willows the next morning—Willows has a new hotel and a good one—as dark and dismal as a Chicago morning in the early nineties. Real London fog this time and a shivering atmosphere. The garage man was a new arrival and instead of springing that time-honored wheeze, so dear to the heart of the Native Son about it being very "unusual," he admitted that Willows had had that sort of fog for three weeks straight. "Sometimes it clears late in the afternoon, as it did yesterday," said he, "but this is a typical morning. I came down here from Sausalito, Washington to get warm. This is colder than Washington." And it was dark, dank for all the way to the Carquinez bridge. But after that it was like a crisp October day—cool, but blue sky and old S. P. bathed in sunshine.

Thirteen hours running time from Medford to San Francisco. Not so fast, as cars run nowadays, but about three hours faster than the S. P. can do—or does do—with the Shasta Limited.

The Good Ship Sedan never batted an eye and was no doubt so that she was held down to 40 miles an hour in the fog belt. Fog above and around, a slick pavement beneath—no setting for speed, unless one likes flirting with the coroner.

But if the G. S. S. could have known the old Lizzie in which we made our first trip to San Francisco by motor 15 years or so ago. It was before the Skaggs grade or any portion of the Pacific Highway had been built and the old Dollarhide toll route near the Summit was in operation.

There were three of us—Fred Cowles, Leonard Woodford, and the present writer, and we started one summer morning at four a. m. The car belonged to Fred Cowles. It was an old one, but not so old as the times. As I say, we started at 4 a. m. and at 4:02 a. m.—three blocks from the starting point—we had our first blow-out. Fred was a great economist in those days. He started with four old tires on the bus and before we reached the top of the Skidgious he had one old tire and three new ones on her. Mr. Brackinger can assure you the "unusual" increment, perhaps we couldn't figure it out then and never have been able to since. Just before we reached the Dollarhide toll road one of the tires blew out so completely we could never find a piece of it—at least none Fred would positively identify—which was fortunate for he was in those days a great believer in vulcanizing and what was known as "re-treading," and had he found one remnant he would have insisted upon finding them all. That would have meant work for all of us. As it was, we "Woodforded" and the editorial "we"—had plenty of work to do. Fred was furnishing the transportation and a large share of the food.—we were the willing workers. We had to be. The old Ford balked at the Dollarhide grade which was about 50 percent in places. So we unloaded her, even down to radiator water, and got behind and pushed while Fred work the hand throttle and wheel.

And seven hours after we left Medford we finally reached the top of the Skidgious and started lurching in the ruts of the old dirt trail down the other side. We camped at Castle Crags that night. The resort had just closed so we rolled up in our blankets, on the grass croquet court in front of the water fountain. In the morning we all had a free shower in the fountain and then—bacon and eggs and coffee—Ah there were the days!

But not for motoring. Give us Medford and tomorrow for that. Think of that first trip!

The second night we reached Redding, after motoring up and down mountains all day, and nearly ending our seven! careers over the edge of a precipice near Kennett. What a grand sight the view of the Sacramento river was in the light of the setting sun.

The third night we reached Woodland, after a terrific dash—arrived at four a. m. once more, got lost and ended up in Sacramento for breakfast. At six o'clock that night we finally arrived in San Francisco, had dinner at a restaurant on Market street and proceeded to jump into the old one-horse shay for a ride around Golden Gate park. We had driven about 100 yards in the park when a policeman jumped out of the bushes, arrested us in the name of the law and added insult to injury by declaring we were just the sort of bums he had been looking for. Never will the editorial "we" forget the expression on that Irish cop's face as Fred Cowles threw back his coat lapel, and flashed on his startled gaze his gold-plated fireman's badge—awarded him if I remember rightly, by the late Chief Croker of New York City.

Instead of escorting us to the police station, the apologetic policeman escorted us to the nearest fire station where Fred talked on the platform system for three hours,—at least it seemed "like three hours before we finally got him to the hotel.

If the Good Ship Sedan had only known that old Ford, that old trail from Medford into California,—96 hours to San Francisco—and at least half that time, hard work! From 96 hours to 13! It would have celebrated its achievement and unwept at the amazing triumph of American Business Science and Road Building, in the short time of 15 years!

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.

PHYSIOLOGY IS EDUCATION.

Only the other day the censor asked me to omit any mention of or allusion to sweat or sweating from an address I intended to deliver to a general audience. These words had an indelicate suggestion, the censor explained, and might embarrass women and children. The absurdity of the thing was that a censor from a medical comedy told the same audience a lot of intimate things about her legs, and she didn't even call her limbs. Had I proposed to speak of perspiration my remarks might have passed the censor's right. But I object to perspiration as a misleading, affected, and needlessly long word. Spentness is good Anglo-Saxon, even though it is not done by that class of Americans who figuratively like to bathe more or less in the public eye. Imagine a physiologist trying to write a chapter on the perspiration glands.

Speaking of physiology, it is a wonder the censor permit such a word to stand at all. Physiology in the mind of an untutored individual, is just as nasty as sweating is, or as legs used to be.

To be sure, a subject designated as "physiology" is nowadays included in the common school curriculum, and presumably every boy and girl must learn not only short division and the chief products of Brazil, but also something about the structure of the skin and how it works. Right here is the place to begin impressing the youngster with the thought that sweat is an indelicate word, and that children to call out perspiration and you can keep them believing that some of the chief products of the United States are absorbed through the skin. This is the secret of our prosperity.

Why, oh why, do I always wax ironical, may I say, when I try to impart to the reader's mind a measure of the conviction I feel that this is precisely what all modern education. Some doctors make a slightly different diagnosis. They say education fails because there is not enough religion in it. I would not imply that they are wrong, but I do sincerely think that my diagnosis embraces something besides faith and theology, something demanded by modern understanding, namely, biology, knowledge (or at least the study) of life. The study of human physiology—not the clap-trap commonly so-called in the elementary and high schools—is in itself one of the greatest incentives to right living irrespective of other religious inspiration. The student may or may not cherish. But speaking of ignorance—

Once I rashly assumed, without stopping to verify the assumption, that the admonition "Know thyself" came from Scripture, and the type was still wet when the challenge began to come in. Believe me, I searched Scripture then. Might have saved myself the task, too, for a week or two later literate readers began to inform me firmly that Pope swiped the phrase from Socrates. Then a few weeks later the scholars began to apprise me tentily that Socrates stole it from Pythagoras, and he in turn from Thales, who had it from some mythical Greek before Homer's time. So I felt better about it.

The physiology I would teach in the schools embraces all that the present textbooks touch upon and more. I believe at least one term of high school course should be devoted to anatomy, as of educational value, equal to a term of algebra or history. The ideal course in biology, the study of life, should comprise suitably graded terms of study in every school year, in botany, zoology, anatomy, physiology, hygiene, reproduction, the care of infants, dietetics and nutrition, physics, chemistry, psychology.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Keep a Cheerful Mind But Don't Grin.

Along about the fourth page of the history a correspondent complaining of what he seems to regard as a peculiar lack of initiative, announces: "I am now thinking of going to work, but cannot get started, for when I concentrate on this, some of the nerves pains return and so..." Answer—It is indeed a painful thing to contemplate. I can sympathize—even I—with any one who suffers such forebodings. My advice to the distraught correspondent is, don't think about going to work. Try to have cheerful thoughts. A happy disposition, it is does not mean to play Pollyanna or to carry an idiotic grin or to cherish any of these mush sentiments about smiling good-naturedly even when some miserable creature requires a punch in the snoot. Think of everything else, but work until you just have to do the work. Think of Henry Ford's policy of shorter working days and longer hours to play and spend. When confronted with the awful specter of work, try to look far, far forward, beyond the present scheme to the day when everybody, including the present millions of parasites, capitalists, executives and others who have discovered how to duck all work, will work an hour or so every day to devote to whatever one may care to devote to it.

Physicist Shudders. One of your correspondents who evidently suffered constant pain asked about the safest way of alleviating it. I was disappointed in your reply. Instead of giving him any practical suggestion or advice you turned away with a pharisaical shudder and muttered "dope."—H. B.

Answer—That was a practical suggestion and advice, all I could reasonably or safely offer the correspondent on the data he gave. I fear you are regarding me as a physician advising a patient; that is not fair, as I cannot understand the correspondent's conditions—without a personal examination which is impossible—as a physician should in order to give medical advice. I can give a warning against a danger when I see there is danger.

Copyright John F. Dille Co.

Abemartin

Don't get too blamed indispensable. You might catch cold, or be ordered 't bed for three or four days, an' what would become o' th' country? It's a wise man who knows who 't be civil an' courteous t' these zippin' times.

Quill Points

The old buggy had advantages. Ownership of a buggy didn't make you too proud to wash it yourself.

To understand the present, read history. Cotton Mather predicted that America would be hell.

Every town has a brilliant youth who graduated without a cent and in two years accumulated a million dollars and a middle-aged widow.

You can tell a successful artist. He's the only one who can afford the primitive antiques that afford an atmosphere of poverty.

It has almost completely overcome its appetite for oratory.

You can recognize the road to

the poorhouse. It is littered with the wrecks of schemes designed to get money without earning it.



Perhaps your hair benefits when you go hatless. But, alas! If your head is nude enough to need treatment, you're ashamed to expose it.

The reason girls didn't prefer old guys in the 30's was because a fellow could take 50 cents and show a girl a good time.

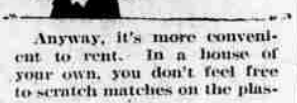
It must be a great consolation to the simple, when the treasurer gets trimmed in the stock market, to learn that he intended to pay it back.

Americanism: Opposing the mixture of church and state; clamoring for laws to make people live as the church says they should.

It's nice to be rich. You can afford patent machines to reduce the tummy and make you nice and lean like the poor.

A money nobility is inheriting. It can't produce idiots by inbreeding. The simple ones get trimmed and become lower class.

"Man learned to understand pictures 500,000 years before he learned to speak." Apparently there is ample time to equip the house for speakers.



Anyway, it's more convenient to rent. In a house of your own, you don't feel free to scratch matches on the plaster.

The happiest people are those who function midway between foolish spending and foolish saving.

It's nice to have children home for the holidays. The old folks see them nearly every day for a moment or two.

Apparently none but the silly long to be beautiful. You never see beauty-in-one-treatment ads except in magazines designed for idiots.

The kids may not learn much in college, but you must arrange some scheme to use the car yourself.

Correct this sentence: "There's not room in the car for all of us," said mother, "and I really don't care to go, anyway."

REESE CREEK SCHOOL TO HAVE NEW SUPPLY OF FINE WELL WATER

REESE CREEK, Ore., Jan. 11. (Special.) The Dodge Brothers began drilling a well for School District No. 47 at the Reese creek school house last Thursday, the old well having been condemned. At this writing it is reported they have found a good supply of water at a depth of twenty-nine feet.

Willy Jack has been bedfast with what is generally called the flu, the past week, but it is understood he is on the mend.

Miss Dorothy Christmas returned from a pleasant Christmas vacation spent with her parents at Grants Pass.

The Reese Creek school board

After Grippe, Bronchitis, Cold or Cough, Build Strength With SCOTT'S EMULSION

Rich in the Health-giving Vitamins of Cod-liver Oil

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

has planned a special meeting on Tuesday evening, Jan. 15th to discuss the matter of students coming in from other districts.

H. Hall has been on the sick list for the past week with a severe cold on the lungs.

Sunday school began last Sunday, the first Sunday in the new year, with all the officers and teachers on hand. The new officers served for the first time, with the exception of Mrs. Will Houston, the superintendent, who being elected in her absence was granted until next Sunday to take office. Orby Davison is the new assistant superintendent.

Rev. John Still preached from Matt. 21:14. He mentioned how the needy were brought to Jesus in the temple and brought out the importance of Christian people going to church and Sunday school. He said so many people these days are staying at home or going on pleasure trips on Sunday instead of to a place of worship, and as a result children are being brought up lacking in a knowledge of the word of God. He said man is a three-fold being, made up of three parts—physical, mental and spiritual, and God says: "Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that passeth out of the mouth of God," and in this he is different from the animal.

The lesson subject for next Sunday is "Sin." One of the littlest big words in Bible.

Thos. Rein was a business caller in Medford Saturday.

DAUGHTERS OF NILE TO MEET SATURDAY

Zulema Temple No. 13, Daughters of the Nile will meet on Saturday, January 12th in Ashland Masonic Temple. Luncheon will be served at the Lithia Hotel at 12:30.

There will be election of officers and plans made for installation and the official visit of the supreme queen. A good attendance is desired and all members of the patrol are requested to be present at this meeting.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

Are You Run Down, Weak, Nervous?

To have plenty of firm flesh and the ability to do a big day's work and feel "like a two-year old" at night, you must eat three good meals a day, relish your food and properly digest it. If you can't eat, can't sleep, can't work, just take a teaspoonful of Tanlac before meals.

Mrs. Fred Westin, of 387 E. 57th St. North, Portland, Ore., says: "Tanlac cured my stomach troubles completely after three years suffering. It built me up to perfect health, with a gain of 27 lbs. That was two years ago, and I still enjoy the best of health."

Tanlac is wonderful for indigestion and constipation—gas, pains, nausea, dizziness and headaches. It brings back lost appetite, helps you digest your food, and gain strength and weight. It contains no mineral drugs; it is made of roots, herbs and barks, nature's own medicines for the sick. Get a bottle from your druggist. Your money back if it doesn't help.

Tanlac 52 MILLION BOTTLES USED

Electrotherapy Chiropractic Dr. H. P. Coleman

9th Successful Year in Medford Treatments by Appointment Medford Center Bldg. Phone 96F Naturopathy Food Science

Fred Gottfried Amos Turnbow GOTTFRIED & TURNBOW

Expert plumbing, heating and sheet metal repair shop. We specialize on service at reasonable prices. No job too small 219 N. Grape St. Phone 574

Pantorium DYE WORKS

812 and HOLLY STS. PHONE 244 A COMPLETE CLEANING AND DYEING SERVICE

CANADIAN PACIFIC

W.H. Deacon—Gen'l. Agent—Passy Dept. 55 Third St. Portland Multnomah Hotel Bldg.

By BUD FISHER

MUTT AND JEFF—The Boys Attend a Swell Wedding

SOME WEDDING, AND SOME BRIDE: I THINK SHE'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I'VE EVER SEEN! I KISSED HER; DID YOU?

SURE: I WAS RIGHT IN LINE BEHIND YOU, MUTT.

JEFF, I'D RATHER KISS HER ONCE THAN MY WIFE A HUNDRED TIMES! I WONDER WHERE MY BROTHER IS?

HE'S PROBABLY BY THE PUNCH BOWL!

GULP!

RIGHTO, HERE HE IS! IMA, HAVE YOU KISSED THE BRIDE?

NOT LATELY, AUGUSTUS!



Franks Comedians Open Here Tonight

After an absence of three weeks, Franks' Comedians open tonight at the Playhouse theater.

Mr. Franks has selected a play that he says is bound to please his patrons, with plenty of laughter, but no story that has heart interest. "For Cryin' Out Loud" The feature of the reopening is the new bargain month idea for the month of January, at reduced prices.

Starting next Saturday, "A Hollywood Madonna" Amateurs will rehearse at 7:30 Saturday at the theater.