

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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GREAT NEWS FOR JACKSON COUNTY

THEAT the Blue Ledge mine will be operated after a decade of idleness is the best news Medford and Jackson County have heard in many a moon.
Here is one of the largest deposits of good grade copper ore on the Pacific Coast, and yet, except during the world war, it has never been operated upon a commercial basis.

Moreover, the Blue Ledge is not the only valuable mining property in this district. There are other extensive copper properties, some gold, and untouched tracts of virgin timber.

And while this district is in California, by the nature of the terrain, Medford is the natural and logical outlet. It seems scarcely necessary to remark that the people of Medford and Jackson County should do everything possible to retain this advantage and encourage this present development.

True the immediate program is merely a start. But it is a "start" that has for so many years been needed. Once secure the operation and development of the Blue Ledge, and the supreme need of adequate transportation will follow as a matter of course.

And with adequate transportation, the possibilities of development between Medford and the coast are almost limitless. It is always well, of course, not to count your chickens before they are hatched; but there is sufficient substance in the present situation, not only to justify optimism, but a united and whole-hearted determination to make the most of the opportunities presented.

NO TIME FOR MEDFORD TO QUIT

THE recent athletic supremacy of the Medford High School represents an asset, which should be retained. Not only has this success been of genuine physical and moral benefit to our young people; but it has opened a field of wholesome and stimulating enjoyment for the community. Last, but not least, it has given Medford a certain prestige and some exceedingly valuable advertising.

The chief credit for this success has been given (and properly given) to our coach, Prink Callison. Now that he is leaving there seems to be a disposition in certain quarters to assume our golden era of athletic supremacy is over, and that a return to the pre-Callison days is inevitable.

Such is not the case. Callison could never have made the record he did without the generous and enthusiastic support of this community morally and financially. And while it is unlikely another "Callison" can be found, a good high school coach can be; and with this same support, there is no reason why any material slump in Medford's record, over any period of years, should be suffered.

The assumption that what was done for Callison can't be done for another coach is simply silly. In fact, as far as we are personally concerned, we would be willing to contribute more, if that should be necessary, to secure the best High School athletic director available.

As said above, in its athletic supremacy, Medford has a great asset. The thing to do is to keep it. By a continuation and possible enlargement of the policy by which it was secured. IT CAN BE KEPT.

That is the entire situation in a nutshell.
Calling the roll at 7 a. m. via radio: "One,—two,—three,—roll!"

Ah ha, the first strawberries! And these first ones have the real straw flavor.

No Clarise, the Pet show to be held in Medford is not the kind you have in mind.

Babe Ruth can now demonstrate he can hit as many home runs as when he had no home to run to.

Anyone who motors at night will agree that one-eyed automobiles are increasing at an alarming rate as one-eyed drivers, and both, to our mind, deserve more attention from the motor cops.

An eastern newspaper suggests that guests at diplomatic dinners be seated according to congeniality instead of precedence. Perhaps this is a good idea, but we don't see how it would help Mrs. Gann.

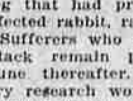
In spite of the doctor's prediction that Father Ricard, "Padre of the rains," was dying, he is now getting well. Which only shows that doctors and weather forecasters have something agreeably in common.

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.

BEWARE THE SICKLY BUNNY.

Rabbit fever or tularemia has been recognized in animals for several years, but only recently many cases have been reported in man. Among 500 reported cases there were 20 that terminated fatally.



Only wild rabbits have tularemia—tame rabbits and Belgian hares do not have it. Other animals may have the disease, notably rats and squirrels. In a few instances the infection has been conveyed to man by the bite of a cat, dog or hog that had probably eaten an infected rabbit, rat or squirrel.

Sufferers who recover from an attack remain permanently immune thereafter. Many laboratory research workers have been infected through their animal experimentation. The infection occurs as a rule by inoculation of a puncture, scratch or cut on the hands of a person who has dressed the diseased rabbit.

Thorough cooking will destroy the germ, but some cases of infection of man by tularemia have been traced to the eating of rabbit meat which was not thoroughly cooked. Scientific investigators ascertained that the meat of an infected rabbit is perfectly harmless when cooked and eaten if it has been kept in cold storage or frozen for 30 days.

Do not handle or use a rabbit that seems at all doxy, slow moving, dull eyed or rough or ragged of fur. A rabbit that the dog or cat catches is probably sick. A rabbit that doesn't run from you on sight is probably sick.

It is a wise precaution to wear rubber gloves when handling or dressing or cleaning wild rabbits for market or for meat. One who must handle such meat, or the skins, ought to use a good hand disinfectant regularly afterwards.

The surest sign of tularemia in a rabbit or other rodent is the presence on and in the liver of many little white specks the size of a pin head or a little larger. If the liver shows no such specks the rabbit is probably sound.

Tularemia in man develops with an intense headache a few days after inoculation, then pains in every bone and a high fever, usually with chills and a swelling under the armpit. At the site of inoculation there is an inflamed papule or boil.

Wood ticks and the rabbit louse probably are the carriers of the infection from rabbit to rabbit in nature, but blood sucking insects may carry the infection to man in their bites, notably deer flies, wood ticks, perhaps in a few instances squirrel fleas and rat fleas, and laboratory bed bugs and the mouse louse.

No effective serum or cure for tularemia has as yet been found.
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
What, Cheery in the Coffee?
I thoroughly agree with Mrs. R.'s suggestion to add a teaspoonful of real chicory to the pot of coffee. It certainly improves the flavor of the cheapest or the best coffee, and I believe coffee so made will agree with some persons who have trouble with pure coffee ground before delivery.

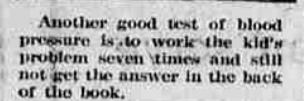
How do taxpayers like the idea of having their money spent to make women drunk?
American missionaries are advised by the consul-general to flee from Kiangsi and Kwangtung provinces. Communists' activities and public hostility make those provinces dangerous.

Portes Gil, president of Mexico, wants temperance, and he goes about it intelligently to discourage whiskey and the even worse alcoholic poison pulque.
He urges the people to drink goats' milk or water. If they won't

do that, he hopes they will take beer and water.
He doesn't intend to set up any competition with our national bootlegging enterprises.
Government agents testify that in Miami alone 5000 men are engaged in rum running and bootlegging. That is one of the nation's well organized industries.

Quill Points

A gang leader gets rich, but we'd rather get less thrill when we answer the doorbell at night.
The early bird also gets the best press notices, if he's a robin.
There's no brass rail at an embassy, but you notice some evidence of brass.



Another good test of blood pressure is to work the high problem seven times and still not get the answer in the back of the book.
The mail pilot cheerfully risks his life, never having observed the number of circular letters in his mail-bags.

The low center of gravity is the feature of the car you demonstrate to friends just before pointing the wheels skyward.
"Hi! trade my birthright for a mess of pottage," said Esau, "but they'll never get me to endorse a cigarette."

Americanism: Scorning people who dress up without taking a bath; studying French before you learn English.
Naval competition: A method of punishing taxpayers for electing leaders too dumb to avert disaster.

Note to theatrical producers: A merchant who offered \$2 hats for \$5 wouldn't think the resulting slump a mystery.
Preparedness: Carrying a gun because you are afraid of the fellow who is carrying a gun because he is afraid of you.

Perhaps it isn't true that women have more courage than men, but they show more backbone.
You need a second daughter to wear the other's outgrown clothes, but a boy doesn't leave any by-product.

One reason why the driver escapes unhurt is because he is limp enough to slide under the steering wheel.
Maybe that Boston poet really was robbed of \$500, and maybe some editor sent him \$5 when he expected \$500.

Correct this sentence: "We had guests over the week end," said she, "but the bathroom always was empty when I wanted it."

Brisbane's Today

The allies want uncle Sam to cut down or eliminate his claim.
Government agents prosecuting an actress who divides her time between a night club and the stage, testify that the young woman drank to excess with them while they were spending taxpayers' money "getting evidence."

How do taxpayers like the idea of having their money spent to make women drunk?
American missionaries are advised by the consul-general to flee from Kiangsi and Kwangtung provinces. Communists' activities and public hostility make those provinces dangerous.

This seems outrageous. But let us ask ourselves what would happen to Chinese missionaries if at a time of excitement they were found crowded in an American city trying to convert Christian children to one of their Asiatic religions?
Portes Gil, president of Mexico, wants temperance, and he goes about it intelligently to discourage whiskey and the even worse alcoholic poison pulque.
He urges the people to drink goats' milk or water. If they won't

"Equipodistry" Is Vanishing Art As Auto and Tractor Eliminate Horse; Few Smiths Now Ply Trade in County

(By Ernest Rostel)
When the top-hatted, black-clad undertaker in his old horse-drawn hearse, graduated to the motor driven vehicle and became a mortician, when dealers in land moved from the corner where they used to trade property, into regatta suits and became realtors, and when barbers became beauty experts, the world paused to wonder what would happen next.

But through all the years, the skillful art of the blacksmith has remained the same, though it has continued to dwindle with the passage of every year. Though once the shops were as popular as garages are today in Medford, only three are now doing business—Nick Young on South Holly, J. O. Frazier on South Fir and P. A. Dooms on 10th street—the only three where horses may be shod.

In keeping with the advance of the times, blacksmithing by the more crude has been given the title of "equipodistry," whatever that may mean, and blacksmiths are "equipodetrans," but their work remains unchanged. The anvils still ring merrily with the blows of husky leather aproned sons of the forge, but they don't ring as often as they did when there were 400 livery houses in Medford and competition was keen among livery stables. Those were the days when horses were shod with better schedule, when every six weeks would usually find a well provided horse in for his shoeing.

Only Work Now.
Today horses don't fare so well as their elders, who were more familiar to the people as proud, strutting teams, carefully carried and the pride of their owners, who always had the latest model buggies in keeping with the sleek appearance of their steeds. Horses in the motor age are figured more for the work they can do and appearance is not so important, outside of a few members of the equine family kept for riding purposes and for show.

Horses should still be shod every six weeks, according to Nick Young, for 15 years a Medford "smithy," but many of them are fortunate to be shod every six months says he. When he came to Medford, livery stables were still doing business and auto cars were something new to those who had known the reliability of horse flesh for so long. But as the years passed by, he witnessed the decline of one of mankind's most faithful servants, giving way to the advent of cold, expressionless mechanisms.

In the opinion of Mr. Young, it may be only a period of a few years before horse-shoeing will be a lost art, and a blacksmith, who devotes his time to shoeing will be regarded as a curiosity. When automobiles began to become popular, horseflesh was assumed of a safe place on the farm, but since then motor driven units of power and transportation, known generally as tractors, have invaded the farm and are slowly but surely crowding horses from their last stand.

In other days, horses would wait in line to be shod, but they don't come in so often now, and it is not uncommon for the blacksmith to go to the horses instead of them coming to him. He takes his portable forge and his kit of tools and shoes and spends a day at the larger orchards and farms, providing work horses with shoes with which they can do better work with a little damage to their hoofs as possible. It's a far cry from the day when a man could fit 100 shoes in a day and sometimes look for more.

But blacksmithing is a good trade, and one, regardless of what some might say with prospects of becoming better. Young men do not take to the trade so readily, leaving only the old-timers to follow the trail, but as long as machinery is made, there will be need of blacksmiths. Farmers have always found them necessary in the general scheme of things and probably always will for horse-shoeing, but for so many other bits of work only a blacksmith can do.

Merriman Shop Old.
The Merriman blacksmith shop on South Riverside felt the roads of the auto long ago, and for 19 years has discontinued horse-shoeing, but several men are kept busy there daily, giving a large share of their time to farm work. This shop is the oldest in all Jackson county and in 1852 was established at the present site of Hubbard Brothers for

The Edenette Electric Washer



The Edenette Electric Washer that has created such a sensation in the east has reached Medford. This washing machine weighs only 20 pounds, and can be used on the kitchen table or sink, any place where you can plug into an electric light socket.

Although it is smaller than the higher priced washers, it is surprising the quantity of clothes it will handle. As many as three dozen pieces can be thoroughly washed in one filling, in from 10 to 15 minutes. It is especially adapted for people living in small houses or apartments, as it takes up so little space. To the mother of small children who need clean clothes so often, it is of tremendous value. It is no more of a task to do a small washing with the Edenette than it is to do the breakfast dishes. So little labor, so little fuss and muss. This wonderful washer sells for as little as \$35.00 on Easy Monthly Payments.

Mr. E. E. Littlefield, whose address is R. F. D. 1, Medford, is agent for Jackson county. He will be pleased to let you try an Edenette in your home, and let you be the judge whether you care to live any longer without one or not. Just mail postcard with your name and address to

E. E. Littlefield
Route 1, Medford

MUTT AND JEFF—Mutt Meets His North Pole Neighbor—Chief Tusky



Ye Smudge Pot

The city of La Grande plans a parade to discover the smudge pot in the parade. It will not be in the parade. Instead, it will be rushing up and down the line of march on important business.

Cuspidors have been placed in the women's department of the customs office at San Francisco. There in this clutch about the womenfolk: They will manage to hit them every now and then.

A citizen showed up yesterday with a \$20 goldpiece dangling from his watch chain. It was mounted on a swivel, as a precaution against being twisted off when fondled. Nothing is so impressive as a \$20 goldpiece employed as a watch charm, unless it is a \$100 bill muddled into a bow-tie.

The General Motors expert who urged pedestrians to wear white clothes, apparently knew whereof he spoke, judging by the Monday papers. Sunday seems to be the favorite day to get drunk, and when thoroughly afflicted start motor-ing. The white clothes should be shrouds, to save changing.

Len Carpenter is having his current car refurbished. It was measured Tues. for an interior suit of clothes. The material looks something like Fay Diamond's awnings.

Venus is a beautiful sight about four o'clock in the morning, according to Prof. Reimer. This is too early to catch the professor in an astronomical error, much as we would like to.

The weather is now blamed for the poor showing of the Portland ball team, which is petering out, in accordance with long established custom.

Hens of the valley are setting, and several are being deceived by white door-knobs.

Rogue river is busy these days running between the legs of fishermen.

Wanted—Women to cook for man and wife, and care for child. Mother engaged. Phone after five p. m.—(Red Bluff News.) Preach your own sermon.

And yesterday there was the press dispatch telling of a woman, 55, with eight sons, run over by an auto while walking from Los Angeles to Boise.

An Illinois villain, who walked on the Volstead Act, with a still, showed Mrs. Harry F. Sincilar, oil baron, etc., etc., how to get in jail. He was caught, sentenced, and in a cell in 73 minutes.

TUMBLE WEEDS
Born in a fence-corner, raised in a cradle, wedded in Nebraska, parted on the Sound; They call me Tumbling Mustard. "Hey, Tumbling Mustard, what's your business, listen Buddy, where are you bound?"

Monday in Omaha, Tuesday in Dakota, one day in Memphis, three in Allentown; Mud roads and stony roads, concrete and macadam, she would never leave me if I would settle down.

Columbine and larkspur, peony and dahlia, cornflower, mayflower, each has its place; I am the tumble-weed that rolls across the prairie, winds at the back of it, mountains in its face. Tumble-weed, tumble-weed, riding his velocipede east side, west side, all around the moon; Denver, San Francisco, Whittier, and Dallas, maybe if the gas holds out we'll get there soon. (The Nation.)

MORE FANCY WRITIN'
(Hola, Kahl, Register)
Mrs. Nanna Hoover is hear helping her Mother who has not been well.
A man Wife and child are a visiting at Tom Slushers—they have been Married twenty years and have lived in their house on wheels Winter and Summer.
Mrs. Dayton and Mr. Hotcher call on yee scribe a Thursday for noon.
Mrs. King the Barbers Wife fell on the side walk in front of Charley Saunders a Wednesday morning—and for a while the Dr thought her arm was fractured—she has it in splints yet.

By BUD FISHER