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MEMBER 1929

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

"None but the brave deserve the fair," every morning, afternoon and evening the remainder of this week.

The kids, tortured by school opening at 8:15 a. m., and getting there 60 miles per hour in the family auto, like to hear Grandpaw tell of when he was a boy. He milked three cows before breakfast, washed his face in a washtub covered with ice, and walked six miles to the little red schoolhouse, uphill all the way. He walked the same six miles and milked the same three cows when the day was done. If it was a moonlight night, he plowed till bedtime.

YE SNAPPY RETORT
(Salem Capital-Journal)

The Albany Democrat-Herald says "there ought to be a law prohibiting editors from making asses of themselves." This suggestion is doubtless born of bitter experience for no newspaper has suffered more from lack of such a statute than the Albany journal.

The Colorado banker who hornswoggled five New York banks out of $500,000, has been captured and cast into durance vile. He deserves a better fate. To hornswoggle one bank anywhere, is a noteworthy achievement. To hornswoggle five banks, all in New York City, is an epic. However, after performing this titanic mental feat, the master mind successfully captured himself.

The parking problem can be solved by the invention of an automobile that folds up like a wristler or a Corona typewriter.

A number of males have discovered that their overcoat is not where they left same last May.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—Dr. Jim Madison Keene, 2-fisted denouncer of the more or less glorious Oregon primary system, is the proprietor of a white-haired Persian cat. The fashionable creature sojourns on the smiling 40 acres which Dr. Keene operates so Wall St. will have somebody to rob, and for his own amusement.

For apparently no reason at all, a "No-Rouge Week" is threatened. If it can't be stopped, try and cut it down as low as possible.

A load of Cling Peaches was hauled to town yesterday. They were of the variety that are thrown into the rear end of the auto and keep their head off the driver's shoulder.

It sure gladdens the heart of a dentist to produce an X-ray picture of a tooth that proves the patient knew which tooth was aching.

Bear Creek takes a better picture on the tourist postcards than Crater Lake, but the Hemdingers, Inc., are not singing any noon solos about it.

Dock Sweeney and Verge Strang went by another milepost yesterday, and feel as old as they ever did.

Some of the Galshevikis could wait for winter no longer, and are par-boiling in a fur coat.

The community is prepared to resist a shivaree swooping down from the rural areas during the traffic congestion attendant upon fair week.

The uncalled for demonstration against Dr. Willing at Pebble Beach has somewhat the aspect of a California group preferring to see the Pacific coast defeated unless it can be represented by a Native Son, or at least by some one who can qualify as a resident.—(Oregonian.) Is that so?

THE ROSE HAT

I met him by chance down at old
Phoebe Brock's—
How bright were the pansies and
red four-o'clocks!
Though it rained, and he said,
looking shyly at me,
"You will ruin that hat in the drip,
don't you see,
If you try to run home" (it was
covered with roses)—
He said, "Give it to me, and when
the storm closes
I'll come to your door and bring it
quite dry."
And I blushed and said, "Thank
you, but no." I was shy.

But now when the wind shakes the
Vestal street door,
And the smell of the swamp pink
blows in from the moor,
When the curfew rings out its
monotonous chime,
I put out the bottle, and upstairs I
climb
(As I've climbed forty years for
the matter of that)—
I wish I had let him bring home
my rose hat. (Harper's)

MORE SPEED

MANY years ago we read a penny-dreadful story entitled "Ninety Miles an Hour, or the Mystery of Seven Deaths." It was a lurid tale, about a madman who drove a train with the throttle wide open and killed his seven victims en route. We still recall how the idea of anything going 90 miles an hour fairly took away our breath.

That was before the days of the automobile and the airplane. Now 90 miles an hour is stock-car time, and yesterday in the Schneider cup race an airplane hit it off at 368 miles an hour.

It is easy to see that the prediction of an airplane racing around the world with the sun is no longer a fanciful myth. At this Schneider cup speed it would take a plane less than three days to do the job and, with the present rapid development of the gasoline engine, there is no reason to doubt that eventually this can be reduced to one day.

Scientists now claim that new discoveries in air resistance, particularly at higher altitudes, make a 24-hour circle of the globe entirely feasible.

So it may well be that in another 50 years, strange looking aircraft will leave New York at sunrise, shoot over the Pacific to Japan and return to Gotham with the rising sun of the next day.

We don't quite see why they should wish to do that. But, if this mania for speed continues, they undoubtedly will.

TOO MUCH SPEED

SPEAKING of speed, we observe that a well-known educator favors schools for superior children which will graduate them from college at the age of 17.

No doubt this could be done. But would it be wise? After all, speed is not everything, nor is "book l'arnin'" everything.

No doubt a great deal of time is wasted in our schools. But, instead of rushing through the superior child, we would prefer to see the superior child spend less time in school, and more in the outdoors at work and play.

Health is more important than anything else in life. It is also important that children should be good mixers, have human contacts, know how to get along not only with their own kind, but other kinds.

So our idea would be to have a standard preparatory course for all children, the only difference being in the time devoted solely to school work.

As a general rule we would like to see this mania for speed, speed and still more speed, kept out of our educational system. Let our young people, during their first twenty years, be given a chance to learn that the nature of the destination is more important than the time it takes to reach it.

A hog isn't such a bad sport, after all. When he gets through he quits the trough.

Suggested sign for the side of your sedan: "No, Mr. Hitch-hiker, I don't need my throat cut."

A man isn't old until he delights in naming the great men who made their mark after 60.

All we need do to make decent laws effective is to breed the kind of people that behave without laws.

That suburbanite who has the habit of leaving home with a towel in his pocket shows the danger of making our homes so much like hotels.

Why have we so few great men? Well, many a great man of old was the tenth or fourteenth child.

Military prisons are available for civil offenders, the army at present containing nobody who had rather do time than salute somebody.

Old Dobbin had his faults, but a few scratches on the outside didn't cause the family to clamor for a new one.

Americanism: Yearning to seem aristocratic; sacrificing naturalness, your one aristocratic quality.

Longer skirts will be worn this fall, but the change comes too late to benefit girls in small towns where crooked things are forgotten.

The rich who lose their fortunes aren't the only ones to regret lost advantages. The poor man can remember when he had liver for dinner any time he chose.

It was impossible to suppress bad men of the old West, also, until the people elected honest sheriffs whose feet weren't cold.

Nothing else is so disastrous to a golf score as the presence of a second person who can count.

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.

ATHLETICS VERSUS HYGIENE

Unsophisticated or misinformed laymen—and that means the most of 'em—too readily assume that anything which is sanitary is sanitary. Yankeeland mail carriers, and news stands groan under the unconscionable load of hokum, junk and prurience that is marketed by shrewd fakers who know how to take full advantage of this popular fancy. The essential secret of the noble American art of separating a sucker from his loose change is that regular healing methods or practices must be damned, "pills and potions" discarded and the prospect sold on the idea that all efforts heretofore have failed because they did not get at the underlying cause of the trouble, which is, of course, the wrong combination of victuals or mineral elements, or lack of the mysterious vitamin you purport to provide, or the wrong brand of iron or ignorance of your secret nerve builder. It doesn't take much persuasion or even sense to sell the average wiscacre layman on such an idea. His education prepares him for the sorry role he plays in this national pastime. He yearns to be your subscriber, customer or client with all the ardor and abandon that Mr. Barnum's patrons manifested when he introduced his great Theraine gahumpus. Among the ruck of magazines that exists purely as a market place for these trick health schemes are not a few that purport to be devoted to other interests than health, and these enjoy a considerable vogue among even college students, but then, no small share of our forty million morons are admitted to college these days.

Certainly there is nothing in athletics or athletic excellence that reflects upon an individual's intellectual capacity or degree of intelligence. On the other hand athletic ability by no means signifies that the winner of the contest is a healthy person. It would seem that the common notion that physical training induces good health is based, at least in part, upon an unfortunate misconception that is still cherished by many physicians, namely, that there is such a state or influence as "resistance," some vague endowment that protects one against disease in general or against certain disease conditions in particular. True, an individual must have immunity, natural or acquired, in order to escape a given disease; but immunity, as scientifically recognized, has no bearing on the vapid notion of "resistance." Now these old time doctors, self seeking medical editors or professional writers who cling to the obsolete term "resistence" in order to bolster up some of their quaint medical theories a while longer, confer a boon on the great American fraud business, for the horde of purveyors of short cuts to health find ready at hand this meaningless but elastic term "resistance" and they can easily convince the gullible customer that it means endurance, muscular development, vigor, vitality and all the rest of it.

Freak "strong" men are notoriously short-lived. Champions of sport are at least as susceptible to pneumonia, tuberculosis, diphtheria and typhoid fever as are the namby-pamby class. Physical strength and physical endurance have no demonstrable relation with health, hygiene or immunity.

The puzzle is, how can any one who purports to be intelligent take seriously anything at all that he reads in a periodical that exploits or propagates such flapdoodle?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
The Hair Tonic Humbug

Please tell me if ——'s hair tonic is injurious to the eyes? Have been told if used on the hair it would cause blindness.—H. L. H.

Ans.—That notion is a libel on the hair tonic business, though the business is mostly humbug, for no apparent reason. This particular nostrum was found to consist of an ammoniacal solution of silver nitrate (lunar caustic). This, as most people know, turns dark brown or black on exposure to sunlight. If the color effect is satisfactory, I see no objection to dyeing the hair with such a dye. Of course it would be intensely irritating if any of it gets into the eye. The humbug of this particular nostrum is that it purports to "restore" the natural color to gray hair. Of course that is a claim calculated to appeal to the sulliths and the uninformed. Here, it seems to me, is a field for honest business exploitation. Why can't we have a line of hair dye preparations marketed in a fair manner, or at least without the humbug? Take this particular instance—the article is harmless, or as nearly harmless as such a thing can be, yet the business is so disreputable that I should fear to recommend its use in any case, lest the manufacturers suddenly alter the formula and sell under the same name some dangerous product. For years I have wished there were hair dye preparations one could approve of, at least. But the inherent dishonesty of the business makes that impossible.

Peaches Fine for Skin

Are peaches harmful to the skin? I am fond of them and sometimes eat as many as three a day.—Miss B. W.

Answer—No, except in rare cases where the individual happens to have the peculiar sensitization to peach and develops hives, asthma or digestive upset shortly after indulging in the least bit of peach.

Marry and Multiply

I am 35, and wonder whether in view of my family history I have a right to marry. My father's brother committed suicide as an aftermath of the world war. I have just learned that an uncle of my mother's spent years in an insane asylum in Ireland and at one time attempted suicide. I have been employed in my present position as stenographer for eight years.—C. C. M.

Answer—Well, I should not hesitate to marry you if that were all I could dig up against your fitness. I mean of course if you were nice and plump and all that sort of thing. You know, a lot depends on the smile.

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Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One)

time has reduced by millions a year New England's shoe trade with that country. In Japan, sending silk worms across the border was once punished with death. They still control the silk worms.

But our immigration laws forbid us to import the kind of men and women that have made it what it is.

Since we can't import mechanics, we may have to export machinery.

The circus is now a trust. John Ringling having bought all shows of any size. The "What is it," sacred white elephant, Siamese twins, lady bareback rider, will soon come out on the ticker in stock quotations, as they do in real life on the sawdust.

The airplane moves forward. Commissioner Whalen, in charge of New York's police, organizes a sky patrol to arrest reckless fliers, while steam rollers are leveling a section of the park near Windsor Castle that will furnish an air landing for the Prince of Wales, who now flies regularly.

Baltimore wishes the world to know that it is to be the world's center of aviation.

W. A. Harriman, whose father built railroads, has paid $500,000 for a Baltimore site to manufacture the largest all-metal passenger planes ever built in the country.

Baltimore is constructing a 100-acre municipal airport. Private flying companies are building airports of their own and several big factories, one to cost $15,000,000.

Oakland, Los Angeles, Cleveland and other "air cities," take notice.

Late news from Jerusalem tells of British soldiers parading with steel helmets, fixed bayonets, to reassure the population.

A story that Arabs have put poison in fruit offered for sale to Jews intensifies the Jewish boycott on purchases from Arab. One hotel could offer only rice at one meal.

A painful incident for relatives of 61 Jews killed in the Hebron uprising is caused by the fact that the big grave in which the 64 victims were buried is found to have been dug by men that were not Orthodox Jews and made not deep enough. In consequence the rabbis have ordered the bodies dug up and reburied.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., returns from Thibet, China, Mongolia and points East, bringing for Chicago's field museum, a giant panda.

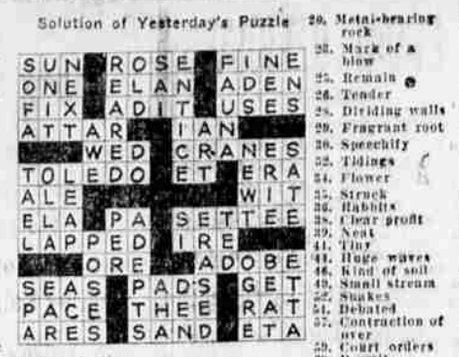
You might not know what a panda is, but the natives know. They worship it, because it looks like a bear with two black eyes and has a queerly marked body. They must have needed something to worship.

Col. Roosevelt says what China needs most is good roads. That is what we need most.

Col. Roosevelt, soon to be governor of Porto Rico, may decide to run for governor of New York next. The panda, many golden monkeys and other animals can testify that the colonel is never idle.

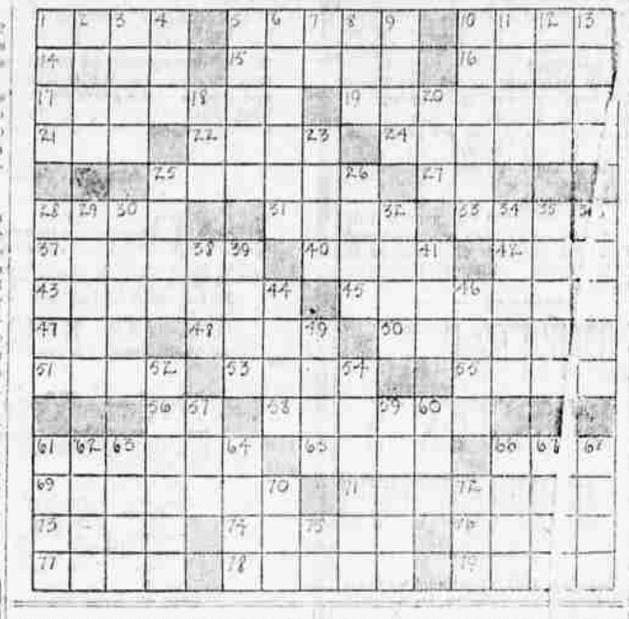
MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle



ACROSS
1. Split
4. Fusible and opaque substance
10. Land measure
14. Medley
15. Old-womanish
16. Devise
17. Offers in payment
19. Wild animal
21. Hewing tool
22. Dry
24. Exchanges
25. Fashions
27. Tart Spanish
28. Incompletely burned carbon
31. Sufficient: poet.
33. Flexible part of a whip
37. Wandering
40. Think: archaic
42. Small: Scot.
43. Supplications
45. One that sets upright
47. Small bird
48. Row
50. Obliterate
51. On the ocean
53. Disable
55. God of war
56. Perform
58. Deliberate
61. Avalanches
65. Learning
66. Assam hill dweller
69. True to the fact
71. Taxing a tenth part
72. Assert
74. Mark of omission
76. Mental image
77. Vegetables
78. Potatoes: colloq.
79. Antlered ruminant

DOWN
1. Ecclesiastical court
2. The holly
3. Not coarse
4. Shrub
5. Wed
6. Put into a silo
7. Note of the scale
8. Every one
9. Early English court
10. Dismay
11. Dressed
12. Scarce
13. Finishes
18. Consume
20. Metal-bearing rock
23. Mark of a blow
25. Remain
26. Tender
28. Dividing walls
29. Fragrant root
30. Speechify
32. Tidings
34. Flower
35. Struck
36. Rabbits
38. Clear profit
39. Neat
41. Tiny
44. Huge waves
46. Kind of soil
49. Small stream
52. Snakes
54. Debated
57. Contraction of over
59. Court orders
60. Permit
61. Strike with the open hand
62. Reside
63. Genus of shrubs
64. Ponches
66. Military assistant
67. Leg joint
68. Edible seaweed
70. Once around a race track
72. Concealed
73. Symbol for ruthenium



Communications

Church Vacations—Why Not?

Some people are opposed to the idea of any church closing her doors for even a short time to allow the pastor and the members of the parish a brief period for relaxation. Our schools, however, are closed for three months, and the colleges have a vacation period of two or three months, but I notice that the pupils and professors are all found in their places in September. Indeed, most of them return refreshed and filled with enthusiasm as they enter upon the work of the new year.

Now our churches are schools of religion, and I believe that the Medford Ministerial association would act wisely in planning to keep two-thirds of our churches open during the summer season and close one-third of them each month. This would allow all our pastors a vacation of one month and still have two-thirds of them on the field all the time, ready to render any service that may be needed wherever it is needed. This would also cultivate a spirit of Christian fellowship that will react favorably on all our people. The pastors would then have an opportunity to return to their fields refreshed and the congregations would not only participate in the benefit, but they would also have a greater appreciation of their pastor's services by reason of this brief absence.

H. C. FUNK,
Pastor English Lutheran Church.

Radio Program KMED

Mail Tribune-Virgin Station

228.8 Meters 1310 Key.

Wednesday, September 11
P. M.—
6 to 6:15—KMED.
6:15 to 6:30—News and Market reports by Mail Tribune.

Thursday, September 12
A. M.—
9 to 9:30—Durant Dealers.
9:30 to 10—Golden West Coffee Co.
Economy Groceteria and Ed Binns.
10:30 to 11:30—Johnson's Jewelry Store (Ashland).
11:30 to 12—Jarmin & Woods.
12 Noon—News Flashes by Mail Tribune.
P. M.—
12 to 12:30—Pantorium.
12:30 to 1—Gold Seal Creamery.
1 to 1:30—Buick Dealers.
1:30 to 2—Beck's Bakery.
2 to 2:30—Younglove & Co.
6 to 6:15—KMED.
6:15 to 6:30—News and Market reports by Mail Tribune.
6:30 to 7—Harvey's Service Station.

Classified advertising gets results.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
September 11, 1919.

Boston: Governor Coolidge takes complete charge of Boston police strike. Troops fire on mob; 4 killed.

Rogue valley pear prices set new record with $5.20 for Bartletts.

Medford autoists give illustrated lecture on how to save tires.

Local Democrats plan to greet President Wilson at depot, when special train stops. Col Mills sends 200-word telegram to Secretary Tumulty, demanding 10-minute stop.

Ad: "O you women! Bless your hearts, but wear pants."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
Sept. 11, 1909.

There may have been worse ball games than the one played Sunday, but it don't seem possible. Medford beat Central Point, 15 to 0. Both sides and the umpire were rotten. This game winds up the season, and it ought to.

Porter Bros. get contract for building P. & E. railroad.

Dr. Pickel advises boiling of water till intake fixed.

Local: It would not be surprising to see an epidemic of paving on the East Side any time, say many.

Obituary

BARR—Mrs. Nannie Barr, wife of the late W. H. Barr, passed away at Oakland, California, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Barr were former residents of Medford for more than 30 years, but for the last eight years, have resided in Oakland.

She leaves two daughters and one son, Mrs. Ralph Woodford of Medford, Mrs. R. L. Caldwell and E. B. Barr of Oakland, Calif., and one brother, M. E. Daugherty of Oakland. Also four grandchildren.

The remains will arrive in Medford Thursday and services will be held at the Conger chapel at 2:00 p. m., Thursday, with the Rev. James E. Conder officiating. The interment will be beside her late husband in Jacksonville cemetery.

CLARKSON—The funeral service for William Simpson Clarkson was held at the Perl Funeral Home Monday, September 9, at 2:30 p. m., with Father William B. Hamilton officiating. There was a large attendance of friends and neighbors, and many very beautiful floral tributes. Mrs. R. E. McElhose sang two solos, "Abide With Me," "Nearer My God to Thee." The pallbearers were from the Masonic lodge and were: Mr. H. D. Powell, Carl Biglow, Dr. J. D. Rickert, L. D. Davidson, E. L. Lenox, Joe Harrell. Mr. A. G. Bishop delivered the Masonic funeral oration at the mausoleum, after which the remains were quietly and solemnly laid to rest.

DAVIS—The funeral service for Anna Eliza Davis was held at the Perl Funeral Home Tuesday, September 10, at 2:30 p. m., with Father William B. Hamilton officiating. Her many friends and neighbors were in attendance for the funeral and the many beautiful floral pieces made a beautiful setting, and showed with what high esteem she was held in the minds of her neighbors. Mrs. R. E. McElhose sang two beautiful solos, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," "Abide With Me." The pallbearers were: Fred Weeks, C. I. Hutchison, Geo. L. Triechler, Royal Brown, Clarence Eads, Jack Stewart. After the funeral service Mrs. Davis was peacefully laid to rest in the memorial mausoleum.

Seek Free Press

MEXICO CITY, Sept. 11.—(AP)—The department of the interior today published a projected law to assure the freedom of the press. It would prove severe penalties for any government employe seeking to interfere with the press. It will be sent to congress for approval.

Comfort and Safety for Eyes
Dr. D. A. Chambers
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
404 Medford Bldg.

MUTT AND JEFF—A Bean Like Jeff's Is an Oddity in Africa

By BUD FISHER