

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily, Sunday, Weekly... MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 28-31-33 N. Fir St. Phone 14

Subscription Rates... By Mail—In Advance: Daily, with Sunday, year... \$7.50

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS... Advertising Representatives: M. M. MOULTON, CO. 1000 Broadway, New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

Ye Smudge Pot

Padding of Freshmen has been abolished at the University of Oregon. To the average ignoramus, it always seemed like the football squad needed the padding.

A rock-ribbed Republican is opposed to the peace plan of Ramsay MacDonald, because he is the kind of a citizen the Portland Journal prints two column editorials about on Thursdays.

Man is still unable to quack and fly with a companion with a shotgun.

Several Dads are rejoicing worse than the farmers over a rain, at the arrival in their sons' faces of tentative teeth. They better not let the welfare society catch them putting their thumbs in the kid's mouth to see if he can bite.

The government has deported a Canadian bride, who started house-keeping in this country, illegally. She should have sneaked in from Italy, and joined a Chicago gang.

A young man who so drunk Saturday night, that he had enough sense not to try and drive his auto.

Maple leaves are all as red as the roof on Jim Griever's store, and are being rapidly transplanted to the dark corners of dining rooms.

The wooden washbasin is again in demand. The chemicals in beer must not discolor wood.

Jackson Frost was an early morning visitor, and has launched a campaign to make the fair seek put on their stockings.

The \$25,000 voted by the last legislature for advertising the glories and grandeur of Oregon is still intact. Several blunders, with a mouth full of roast beef have mentioned it as "a modest sum." It is also shy, some say.

"James Rain traded in town Wednesday from Sprinkle Creek" —(Del Norte Triplet.)

The members of the younger spinach circles have quit packing red apples to schoolma'ams.

More evidence that grim famine stalks the farmlands, is furnished by the Albany Democrat-Herald, in the following account of how the wolf is chased away from the kitchen door, upstate:

"I put it bluntly: the reason birds are scarce is the opening of the hunting season in Linn county is because the natives have been killing pheasants all summer—which they wouldn't have done except that a meal is a meal, and fruit and vegetable draw low prices. That is what happened to the Linn county pheasants this year.

"Cigarettes are worse than whiskey, and as bad as opium" —(Statement by Dr. Clarence True Wilson, reformer.) What does Dr. Wilson think of a veteran pipe that makes a noise like a frying pan?

Maw Kennedy is losing her grip. Vindicated again in the courts, Maw is still mad at the complaining witness, and insists on blaming him, instead of Stan, for everything.

HIM TAKE-UM MEDDY Children have been given medicine by their parents. This is an established fact that should be borne in mind by anyone attempting the operation. It may serve to discourage despair. Persuasion and promises being of no avail, there is, alas! but one resource, which is brute force. Some means must be devised for holding the arms, body and head of the child still with the left hand while the right hand holds the spoon poised. By this time the child will be in tears and, luckily, nature has provided that a child so afflicted must eventually open its mouth for air. It remains to await a favorable opportunity to plunge the spoon between the lips. A direct hit is rare. However, despite the stream of sticky liquid running from the corner of the mouth to the neck and thence in the sleeve of your clean shirt, and the gagging, spluttering and coughing in which the child will indulge, it is possible to hope that some of the stuff got down and stayed down. The parent will now be alarmed over the possibility that through the employment of force the child's spirit may have been broken. But the next call for administering a dose will prove that such fears were entirely groundless. (Baltimore Sun.)

WHY REVIVE THE STANFELD FEUD?

ACCORDING to the Portland papers, a hard fight against the appointment of Clarence Hotchkiss as U. S. Marshal for Oregon is to be made by the state Republican organization. Hotchkiss is to be opposed because, it is claimed, he supported former Senator Stanfield against Senator Steiwer, and the G. O. P. faithful are directed to rally to the support of his opponent, Jack Day.

If this report is true it seems to us a very foolish performance. What if Hotchkiss did support Stanfield against Steiwer? So did a number of other regular Republicans. This is no time to revive that distant unpleasantness and try to read the Stanfield partisans out of the Republican party. All that is—or should be—water over the mill.

THOSE Republicans who prefer Day, because they believe he is better fitted for the post, are entitled to their opinion. But to support Day simply because he is a Steiwer man, and oppose Hotchkiss simply because he isn't, is to our mind poor business and poor politics.

This paper endorsed Hotchkiss simply because we believe he has made good, and is in a position to handle the duties of the position more efficiently than any other applicant. A number of other newspapers have done the same.

This seems to us the sensible way to view his reappointment. If former Senator Stanfield intends to oppose Steiwer for reelection that is his affair. Until he does, we can see no real reason for reviving the Stanfield-Steiwer controversy. It can do neither the state nor the Republican party any good, and may do considerable harm.

MEDFORD'S GOLF CLUB A REAL ASSET

THE first Southern Oregon amateur golf championship at the local club ended in a blaze of glory. A more beautiful Indian summer day could scarcely be imagined; all the events were hard fought; and there was the largest golf gallery seen in Southern Oregon, since Johnny Farrell and Walter Hagen played here a year ago.

We trust nothing will interfere with making this championship an annual event. With such an excellent beginning, public interest in this part of the state is bound to grow. Such an event is not only good sport, it is good publicity for Medford, and brings the citizens of Southern Oregon into closer and more friendly personal relations.

IN this golf club Medford has an asset which is not as generally appreciated as it should be. It is unquestionably one of the best golf courses on the Pacific Coast. As far as quality of greens and fairways are concerned, many regard it as unequalled. Every day in the year visitors from the outside play on it. We know at least one family that decided to spend a year in Medford—and may reside here permanently—largely because of it.

The golf club is receiving good local support but it deserves even better support,—at least more GENERAL support. Toward this end the more important tournaments held here the better for all concerned.

South Carolina, advertising its natural resources, uses the word iodine on auto license plates. Charming idea. Why not spread the fame of all Dixie by using the word "calomel!"

The papers tell of farm horses trained to stop at red-light stop signs. In the old days they were trained to stop at swinging doors.

When other timber gets the sap out of it, it is eured. When political timber gets the sap out in sufficient quantities, it is elected.

A great French politician says the people are merely cattle. Maybe it just seems that way, because of the bull that leads them.

This dieting fad might be worse. Lovelorn swains going courting this week will still carry candy instead of spinach.

Perhaps the fight against the drug traffic would make more headway if the drug addict only enjoyed himself a little more.

An average woman is a person who thinks whatever she is doing is less important than answering the phone.

It's hard to be a good parent. Once you had to train them and now you have to live up to them.

By all means invite that Soviet round-the-world plane to Medford's new airport.

There's one consolation. While you remain in obscurity your golf score does too.

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, only one can be answered each day. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address: Dr. William Brady in care of this newspaper.

A LITTLE MORBID KNOWLEDGE VITIATES HEALTH

Pedants have always covered their ignorance of anatomy, physiology and hygiene by resorting to facetiousness about "innards." In grandpa's day it was sufficient to make a comical allusion to the "stomach." Toward the end of the nineteenth century the smart literary introduced an original and execrably dull way of effecting the old dodge: they discovered the "diaphragm," which is more correctly diaphragm and pungent, don't you know. This same cheap snobbery has much to do with the attitude of the present regime in public education, only the sketchy study of the elementary humanities that schools here and there are beginning to require makes the better educated education a little diffident and uneasy about setting their content for such knowledge. It is a disturbing suspicion that they may be patting an inferiority complex that restrains better educated people from indulging in morbid whee-cracks.

Fortunately for certain kinds of business there are a lot of people left who are not in the better educated class. There must be for otherwise who would pay for the broadcasting of a dire warning in striking letters the eye can't miss, and the explanation that Blue Monday is a warning, oftentimes, of overeating on Sunday—which is true enough, but wait a moment, my dear reader, till we look at the morbid and unhygienic suggestion, a suggestion that is an insult to your (health) intelligence. Here it comes—take it lying down: A comparatively harmless physic will rid your body of "poisonous food wastes" (whatever they may be, you know, no doubt.) When that is done you'll be all right.

I consider this refined, gilded, high class quackery that is promoted in places where plain old fashioned and at least equally honest quackery is no longer countenanced, infinitely more dangerous to public health than the old cart tail torchlight brand was, for the very reason that it appeals to the people who are educated in the usual sense of the term, and whose precept or example is likely to be followed by the common crowd. If elementary physiology and hygiene teach anything at all they teach that you can't escape paying the penalty for overeating by following the debauch with an emetic or a physic. That ought to be obvious to any one who has ordinary common sense. Be that as it may, if you're a genuine highbrow, here you have the assurance that you may overeat with impunity, as long as you keep a magic working talisman on hand. If by chance there is under that massive brow a wee bit of common sense that makes you question the implied promise, rest easy, my dear sapient one, for "eminent physicians" endorse the idea. Of course you will not seek to know who the eminent physicians are—that is unethical; just try to believe they are so. "Eminent physicians say" dodges is a respectable practice in a certain line of business, and our government has not ventured to frown on it much, yet. A broker representing a prosperous quack institution sought to purchase names and addresses of persons who ask questions about nutrition. When he was told most such questions came from people obviously well educated he very promptly increased his bid and said "they're the best people for my client's service." In other words, no fool like an educated one.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS The Impervious Hide I gather from a recent article that poisons are not supposed to be absorbed thru the skin. Does that apply to medicines as well? I am advised that rubbing an ointment preparation called — on the skin is a good treatment for enlarged glands. (H. T. E.) Answer—It applies to medicines, poisons or foods. Unless the skin is broken it never absorbs anything. Even the old time doctors are not saying much about this nowadays; tho the manufacturers of the nostrum you mention are bringing a lot of dead ones back from the grave to testify that medicine can be "rubbed into" the body thru the skin, and one of our versatile medical editors frequently uses his utmost ingenuity to bolster up the notion without actually asserting that anything is absorbed thru the unbroken skin. I do not mean to imply that liniments or other external applications, say heat, cold, and the like, are of no value. I merely assure you that no medicine, drug, food or poison can penetrate your skin if the skin is unbroken or unperforated. That's a fortunate thing for all of us. It is also a very obstinate fact, and science can't deny it. Twenty-three and Still Young! I am a young woman 22 years old. I have always had a fear that I can't go any place alone. I am afraid even to walk down the street alone; there is a constant fear that I may never get home safely. (E. S.) Answer—Such an obsession or phobia is very common. If you were an old woman at your age it might be less hopeful, but for a young woman the outlook is bright. All you have to do is get any friend or assistant to walk down the street with you. Then let your companion begin to lag behind. Only a foot or a step behind you the first day or two; after a week two steps behind but still within sight of the corner of your eye. In the third week your companion may lag your length in the rear. After a month the distance between you may be 16 or 12 feet. By Christmas you will be cheerily chiding up and down the street without even the moral support of your companion's watching. Try this out faithfully and if it doesn't work satisfactorily, return the treatment to me and I will cheerfully refund your money—maybe.



Centipede is a misnomer. There's nothing that has one hundred legs except a chironus.

Don't diet too rigidly. Nature may take you away, thinking you don't want any more.

Few writers of fiction get rich, but think of the fun they have describing acquaintances they don't like.

Americanism: Making a machine to manufacture more articles at less cost; raising the price to pay for the advertising necessary to sell the surplus.

Stranger from Mars: "Sure, I understand your prohibition law. You make it illegal to be a piker."

The meaning of a green light signal is known to everybody. If only you could say that for the green driver's signal.

Maybe the genius just seems a little crazy because of his obvious delight in work.

"Women," says G. B. Shaw, "have lost their sex charm." And have you noticed, old chap, that green peaches have lost their flavor, also?

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Solution of Saturday's Puzzle

CROSS 1. Feline 2. Abundant 3. Incline the head in adulation 4. Individual 5. Walk pompously 6. Southern constellation 7. Coax 8. Epoch 9. Hiccup abbr. 10. Edible tuber 11. Requests 12. Exclamation used to frighten 13. Metric measure 14. Liquors 15. Regulation 16. A son of Japheth Gen. 2:14 17. Soft drinks 18. Physiology 19. That which issues from the mouth 20. Principal actor 21. Note in Guido's scale 22. Symbol for tantalum 23. A source of indignity 24. Trouble 25. Also 26. Privately 27. Sea 28. Sea 29. Sea 30. Sea 31. Sea 32. Sea 33. Sea 34. Sea 35. Sea 36. Sea 37. Sea 38. Sea 39. Sea 40. Sea 41. Sea 42. Sea 43. Sea 44. Sea 45. Sea 46. Sea 47. Sea 48. Sea 49. Sea 50. Sea

Grid for the crossword puzzle with numbers 1-50.

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One)

care of any outbreak of crime or other lawlessness, so civilized nations, with no intention of breaking the peace, must be powerful enough to prevent serious outbreaks, anywhere on earth.

Power in the air and under the water is especially important. For, in modern war, fighting methods have changed, as they have changed in modern crime. One bandit can hold up and rob a room full of men, taken by surprise, and one small nation, properly equipped, could surprise the greatest nation taken off its guard, unprepared.

There is no formal alliance between the United States and the British empire. But it might as well be understood that the present "understanding" would become a definite alliance instantly, should any wanton attack menace either country, or the peace of the world at large.

Ramsay MacDonald was 63 years old Saturday. His voice is like that of a powerful man of 40. The British withstand "time's irreparable outrage" better than their American cousins.

Millions that heard MacDonald speak on Friday hope that he will live at least 63 years longer, and come to spend his hundredth birthday with us.

Someone ransacked Mr. Sam Zumbo's summer house near St. Louis, taking \$160 and freeing a canary from its cage.

An police said: "That burglar is an ex-convict. Ex-convicts will always free a canary, because they know what it is to be in jail."

That canary, probably dead inside of some cat by now, doubtless wished his burglar had been less sympathetic.

To free a canary is a poor favor to the bird. Incapable of taking care of itself in the world of free

life, as a majority of human beings are unable to take care of themselves in the realm of free thought. Take away the canary's cage, and a man's ready-made mental habits, and both are lost.

The Perkins observatory, at Ohio Wesleyan University, announces great storms and cyclones raging on the sun, so look out for queer weather.

A storm on the sun would make our little earth stormy sea child. Ten thousand planes like ours could be burned and absorbed in one of the flames that shoot upward in a sun storm.

What regulates the sun's moods? Is it all accidental? We take it for granted that the sun roars through space, to warm and light our earth, providing energy by the breaking down of its atomic structure.

Science would smile if you suggested that on great spirit might inhabit the sun, not disturbed by its temperature of 50,000,000 degrees centigrade. Maggots would smile if you told them that one great spirit inhabits the body of a roaring lion.

They would say: "Oh, no. No life there NOW. Wait until that lion cools off and dies. Then we will move in, and it shall be inhabited."

Francis Joseph Whitehead, two days old yesterday morning, born in Lynn, Mass., has an extra finger on each hand, 10 fingers, plus two thumbs. It may interest the baby's parents to learn, if they do not know, that such an arrangement of fingers on all human hands would have been a great help to mathematics and music.

With 12 fingers and thumbs we should have had the duodecimal system instead of the decimal. Mathematicians tell you that would be an important improvement, simplifying calculations. Twelve has four divisions, 2, 3, 4 and 6. Ten has only two, 2 and 5.

Musicians say an extra finger on each hand would have been useful to pianists. And it would have added a string to the violin, and some other instruments, multiplying musical possibilities.

Evolutionists say, and seem to

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) Oct. 14, 1919 Pat Moran of Cincinnati Reds given \$5000 bonus for winning World series.

Medford bank deposits reach new record of \$3,362,576. Fruit shipments to date 1500 cars of apples and pears, establishing new record.

Alexander Ivanoff declared to be man who made and threw the bomb in Grubel's store, New York several months ago.

Fruit sales in New York City tied up by longshoremen's strike. King Albert of Belgium visits San Francisco.

Clark Walker and Josephine Martin, Glen Allen and Millie Yeager, collapse to Harding Club. Geo. Slope is star at banquet to visiting Portland business men, when comedy skit is put on.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) Oct. 14, 1909 World series now stands: Detroit 3 games, Pittsburgh, 3 games. Movement started by local ranchers to secure weather bureau station in Medford.

California buys Medford fruit and places same on exhibition at Portola fete as fruit grown in California.

Medford schools win 15 grand prizes at Seattle fair. Merriman and Elliott, popular blacksmiths, move into new quarters on Riverside avenue.

SUNDOWN STORIES



THE EXPLORER

By Mary Graham Bonner. "An explorer," began the Little Black Clock, "is someone who goes somewhere to see what he can find that is new and different."

"Oh, we know that," said John. "We often go exploring ourselves. We went exploring in an old cave once."

"What did you find?" asked the Little Black Clock. "Bats."

"Did you like them?" "Pretty well," John answered. "Peggy was afraid they might get in her hair. But she was awfully brave. She crawled right into the cave anyway."

"You see," John went on, "the cave is a little high at the opening. You're only got to bend down to get inside. But after you get inside you have to get down on your hands and knees and crawl in the rest of the way."

"We had to have candles, too. A lot of us went in, one by one. It was quite long, too—about five times as long as I am, I guess. Someone had just discovered it, and all the boys and kids around wanted to explore it, too."

"Then you know all about exploring and what it means," the Little Black Clock said. "But Peggy needn't be nervous about bats getting in her hair. They don't want to do that. That's nothing but gossip."

"You hear, I'm turning myself back, back, back. The year is 1492 and—just a moment!" "Do you see him?"

"Oh, Christopher Columbus," shouted John. "Christopher Columbus!" cried Peggy.

"You do know him, don't you?" the Little Black Clock asked. "He was long before your day."

"But he's like his pictures and monuments—at least he looks enough like them," John answered. "The Little Black Clock had turned the time back so that they were on a boat. There was water all around them. But on the boat was Christopher Columbus. He was discovering land!"

Tomorrow—"The Gleaming Light."

prove, that it is all the fault of the salamander that crawled under great fern trees in the carboniferous era millions of years ago. He had five toes on each foot and we inherit our 10 thumbs and fingers straight from him.

By BUD FISHER

MUTT AND JEFF—Two Football Tickets Equal One Diploma

Comic strip panels showing characters discussing football tickets and college diplomas. Panel 1: "WHEE, I GOT TWO DUCATS FOR THE MALE-YARVARD FOOTBALL GAME!" Panel 2: "HOW IS IT THAT I CAN'T GET TICKETS TO FOOTBALL GAMES?" Panel 3: "WELL, YOU AIN'T GOT A SON AT COLLEGE. I HAVE!" Panel 4: "OH, THAT'S IT, IS IT?" Panel 5: "JEFF, DID YOU EVER GO TO COLLEGE?" Panel 6: "NOPE! BUT MY SIXTH SENSE TELLS ME I'M GOING TO." Panel 7: "FOR THE LOVA MIKE, MUTT, I CAN'T DO NOTHING AT COLLEGE!" Panel 8: "YOU'LL STILL BE THE BRIGHTEST BOY IN YOUR CLASS!"