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Ye Smudge Pot: It is about time for the cotton-tail whiskers of amateur Santa Claus to catch fire, from being held over a lighted Christmas tree candle too long.

BEST WISERACK OF THE WEEK: "We have always admired a man who could quit drinking without becoming an evangelist."

An extensive hunt is now underway in this state for a man who voted for Charles Hall for governor in 1922, and he is as hard to find as one who voted for Walter M. Pierce.

Prof. Wiegand of the Oregon State college has discovered that the Oregon artichoke is superior to all other artichokes, but is forced to admit that the Oregon artichoke is still an artichoke.

The Joseph-Mannix personal fuss, aired at Salem at great length before the assembled legal brains of the state, is worse than expected. The referees, the upstate press announces, will eschew the decision.

Once upon a time, a man who drunk enough to drive an automobile, was walked home by a policeman, whereupon he drove the policeman back to the police station.

A little credit should be accorded July St. Nick for youthful observance of the curfew law. After December 25, it is a guess how the kids will observe the law, as the Ground Hog has no influence over them.

All the collegians are back from the campuses. They sure can make their heels click on the home-town sidewalks.

Many of the womenfolks are now as mad as a red dress that has been the subject of considerable editorial bull.

"NEW BILLS VERY INAPPROPRIATE"—(Hillside Portland Telegram) Besides being "very inartistic," they are entirely too elusive.

SOMETHING FOR DADDY! So many families worry about what to give Father for Christmas. Just why they should be it is impossible to say, when Father is so easy to please and there are so many suitable gifts for him.

For example, he might be given a new doormat for the one that is six years old. Or a soft cushion to match the cushion now on the sofa. Then there is the shades on the bedside lamp in the guest room that has last guest scorched by tilting to one side. A new one would be suitable for Father.

Father would delight in a nice wood basket to sit beside the open fireplace and endorse over a dozen glass tumblers to replace those broken during the last year. He would surely find much use for a new monkey wrench and a pair of pliers, and a saw and he would see as much benefit as anybody else from a nice new aluminum roaster.

Why not a spare fire for the car and a new pair of gloves to use when he goes down to the furnace? Or, for that matter, a rug for the living room or a new set of shades for the dining-room lights or a brass nozzle for the garden hose, since there seems no longer any chance of the old one turning up? Why not a cover for the telephone book or a flashlight that could be kept in the kitchen so that the cook can find her way to the icebox? Or a vacuum cleaner or a new electric iron?

Surely he could not object to a new clothes hamper, or a potted plant for a centerpiece on the dining-room table, or new shades for the front hall, or an electric coffee pot or a tea tray. In fact, you have only to look at any room in the house to see at once a dozen things that Father needs and needs badly. —(Baltimore Sun.)

Census Chiefs Named. WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—Supervisors for the 1930 census, their districts and headquarters, announced by the director of census, included: B. S. Crabb, Baker, Ore., for Baker, Grant, Harney, Malheur, with headquarters at Baker.

Ashland.—Construction of service station at Siskiyou summit nearing completion.

GOVERNOR PATTERSON

GOVERNOR PATTERSON—represented that rare thing in American political life—a high public official without real enemies. Everyone liked "Ike" Patterson, as he was familiarly known. He had opponents, of course, but however one might disagree with his political principles, or oppose details of his administrative policies; no one disliked him as a man, or questioned the many admirable and likeable qualities of his character.

Upon his unexpected death, therefore, he will be universally mourned, not only as a "good" Governor, and conscientious public official, but even more so, as a kindly neighbor, and as a friend.

It must be a consolation to members of the family and his intimate friends, that Governor Patterson's administration was so free from strife and bitterness, particularly toward the close. That was as Governor Patterson would have wished, and consequently unlike many of his predecessors, he thoroughly enjoyed himself as the state's chief executive, and hoped to continue his residence in the executive mansion for another term.

That he would have been re-elected, had he lived, is as certain as anything in our political life could be. By the nature of things there was no wild enthusiasm over his administration, but there was no outspoken criticism, and not even what could be termed a partisan resentment.

THE people of the state as a whole liked the Governor and approved of his administration. They trusted his common sense, and his sound business judgment. One might say he fitted his time in this state, somewhat as President Coolidge fitted his time in the White House. During the Olcott and Pierce administrations, the people had had more turmoil and strife, personal and political, than they liked. They wanted a period of peace and quiet and reconstruction, and that is what they got when Governor Patterson entered the executive chambers of the State House.

"WELL done, thou good and faithful servant." That, we believe, fairly well epitomizes the epitaph that the people of Oregon would choose for Governor Patterson. It is regrettable that he should not have been granted a few more years, to complete the work he hoped to do, but he had lived a long and useful life, no protracted period of suffering clouded his last days, and he goes to his final rest, with that tribute he would have preferred above all others,—the abiding affection and deep respect of the people of the state he served so faithfully and loved so well.

THE NEXT GOVERNOR

THAT ancient, and more ironic than honorable, salutation, "The King is dead,—Long live the King!" applies as well to a modern Democracy as to an Old World empire.

Only a few hours after Governor Patterson's death, his successor, Senator Norblad of Astoria, announced that he would be a candidate at the next election.

We were somewhat surprised at Senator Norblad's haste. It would seem more fitting to delay political proclamations, for a few days at least.

But our acting Governor is a very active young man. He is also a very energetic and capable one. No doubt he was advised to throw his hat into the ring before an army of office seekers, spurred on by this unexpected tragedy, could make his own pronouncement appear as an example of belated opportunism.

LIFE is very uncertain. Only 48 hours ago, the gubernatorial situation was Governor Patterson against the field. Now with dramatic suddenness it is nothing short of a pell-mell scramble.

But unless we are greatly mistaken, Senator Norblad will not only assume the duties of the late chief executive, he will quickly assume his pre-election role. Before the primaries start, it will in all likelihood be "Norblad against the field," with the acting Governor holding the whip hand.

FOR, we repeat, Senator Norblad is a very aggressive and enterprising person. He has magnetism, vitality, a good head and a keen eye. Before many months both the politicians and the people of this state will be aware of these facts, and no other aspirant is going to step into the State House without realizing he has met an opponent worthy of his steel.

The only danger, from a Norblad standpoint, is that the Astoria attorney will overplay his hand. We fear that his ill-advised post-mortem statement will eventually prove that this danger is a real one.

The rich aren't considerate. They send the nicest engraved Christmas cards, but their names can't be rubbed out.

Adversity brings out the fine traits of a man. True, but so frequently. Alas! they stay out.

Personal Health Service

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Signal letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to disease diagnosis or treatment, will be followed 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.

WHEN A MAN BECOMES A BIG STIFF.

An optometrist submits this interesting comment:

In a recent health talk headed, "A Man Is As Old As His Eyes," you said you have a notion that daily somersaults and other similar foolishness will postpone presbyopia (for the benefit of our lay readers, this means old sight) and that ordinary senile changes of the body. I agree with this notion, although I can't see it is absurd, as you confessed. (Perhaps our optometric friend meant to say he can see it is absurd as I confessed.) Of course, proving it is another matter.

It has been my fortune in the last few years to examine the eyes of several people of 55 who, at the time, had little or no accommodation (that means focusing power for varying distances). Without exception they were of the stiff, over-tense type; some very fat and strainers to honest work (honest work, as our correspondent expresses their term), some muscular exercise, play, labor), the kind of folk who do not enjoy even listening to a lecture on exercise. I have had opportunity to watch four of them since the examination, and within the last year one has died of heart-kidney disease; one has had hemiplegia (that is a stroke of paralysis affecting one side of the body, from apoplexy, hemorrhage into the brain) and one other has facial paralysis and the last has had high blood pressure and a nervous breakdown.

How different from the active man who at 70 or older has one or perhaps two diopters (that means focusing power of one or two meters, and darned if we can stop now to define a meter—it is an English yard) of accommodation. Such cases surely would do your soul good to see.

I am very much in sympathy with most of your teachings, especially about the eye, and I hope you may find this of some interest. H. H. H.

It is of great interest to me for several reasons. First, because it comes from an optometrist. (Gosh, we've got to explain that now, for some readers will think we're talking about opticians or maybe even oculists; a kind of confusion which, I fear, some optometrists encourage, by taking into themselves the use of the title doctor. Not that they have no legal right to it, but merely that they are obviously pirating on the symbol which has always meant to the plain citizen, a medical man.)

An oculist or ophthalmologist is a physician who diagnoses and treats defects, deformities, deficiencies or diseases of the eyes. An optician is a person skilled in making lenses. An optometrist is a person skilled in measuring eyesight. The ones mentioned by H. H. H. are interesting illustrations of the idea I sought to convey when I said (without fear of contradiction by the medical brethren) that the habit of rolling a few somersaults every day helps to keep the eyesight young.

The cases H. H. H. refers to were all in dignified old parties, were they not? People who probably couldn't roll a somersault and keep about the rest of the day. People who have put on fat, die, city long before that style of raiment is becoming or necessary. People who have forgotten how to play. People who think of nothing else but the almighty dollar, the stock market, success, getting ahead, making good, and all that.

A man who knows his hygiene really ought not to become a big stiff before he is 60, but a lot of men get that way before 45, and so do their eyes.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS: Shades of P. T. Barnum. While in the city recently I heard a man lecturing about the great benefits one gains by taking about a teaspoonful of — (a glorified, "improved" substitute for flaxseed) with each meal. He said that every soldier and sailor of the United States now has to take this regularly. I bought a package of it, about 2 ounces for \$1, but I did not notice any benefit. —G. M.

Answer.—Plain whole flaxseed may be bought in any seed store or drug store, for from 10 cents to 30

cents a pound, according to the demand and supply. This nostrum you fell for is virtually a poor substitute for flaxseed, as a harmless aid to peristalsis of the natural movements of the bowel. Mr. Barnum said, "There ARE a lot of wise ones who would rather pay \$1 a pound for the stuff in the pretty package."

Sounds Pleasant. I feel cold in my feet and back. I take every Saturday a steam bath after which I feel better for a while. Please tell me if baths do any good for me.—H. J.

Answer.—A "bath" will do you no harm, and if you feel better for a while, keep on with the steam baths.

The Glorified Enema. Please write something of your views on colonic irrigation which is being so much done by doctors in all bowel and gall bladder troubles, also appendix. It is expensive, and so far I see no improvement. —O. T.

Answer.—It is not being done by real doctors, but rather by shady cutlits, faddists and near doctors. Of course such hokum is always expensive—that's one reason why the wiseacre succumb to it. This pernicious practice is based on the total ignorance of the victims—ignorance of elementary human anatomy, physiology and hygiene.

Cancer In Every Family. Both of my parents died of cancer. Am I, or my children, predisposed to cancer for that reason?—Mrs. S. S. M.

Answer.—We do not know the cause of cancer. There is no evidence that cancer is inherited. Cancer is such a common disease or group of diseases that cases occur now and then in every family. By the law of probabilities, you and your children should escape. (Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Quill Points: Liquor and trouble have always been partners. Do you remember why the dove didn't alight? She couldn't find any dry land.

"A free" woman is one who fights to keep her looks and her job while the others are happily spoiling grandchildren.

You're a felon. You didn't report the felon who told you about the felon who bought liquor from a felon.

Why worry? The people who in the stock market were not the ones who pay a dollar down.

It is no longer a hick town if the barber doesn't try to be witty when a bald man asks for a shampoo.

It isn't instinct that makes a mother kiss the back of a baby's neck. It is appreciation of a clean spot.

If he's a spoiled calf and she's a selfish baby, nothing can preserve their union except mothers-in-law to get both of them.

Americanism: Building "permanent" homes of flimsy wood; using steel to construct the buildings that will be torn down next year.

Still, failure to make Washington dry wouldn't prove prohibition impossible. There aren't so many important soaks anywhere else.

There is no universal standard of excellence. Either brains or mighty muscles make the proper man; depending on which you have.

Perhaps the speaker was named by some observant chap who noticed its tendency to facilitate speech.

The czar's debts dodged; Kerensky's bonds repudiated; the Soviet

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS: 1. Head covering. 4. Flad "ant". 8. Usual appendage. 11. Arabic numeral. 12. State. 13. Volcano. 14. The actual head of the family. 15. Old folks. 16. Aint. 17. Feminine name. 18. Played alone. 19. East. 20. Harvest. 21. Note of the scale. 22. Adam's second son. 23. Through. 24. Japanese marriage message. 25. Hairdresser. 26. Halfway. 27. Persuade. 28. To belong. 29. To beget. 30. To beget. 31. Fuddle. 32. Possess. 33. North breath. 34. Crystallized rain. 35. Hypothetical force. 36. Hazen place. 37. Football position. 38. To beget. 39. Short for a man's name. 40. Silk worm. 41. Distant. 42. North breath. 43. Crystallized rain. 44. Mark of a hammer. 45. Metric land measure. 46. To beget. 47. To beget. 48. To beget. 49. To beget. 50. To beget. 51. To beget. 52. To beget. 53. To beget. 54. To beget. 55. To beget. 56. To beget. 57. To beget. 58. To beget. 59. To beget. 60. To beget.

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openly scorning honor; and still the simple self Russia is the credit.

The upper class is the one that agrees to plead guilty and take an office job in jail for six months of the state won't disturb the "misappropriated" swag that is salted away.

Three stages of gratitude in a charity case: (1) "You are so kind." (2) "Well, you rich fellows ought to spend your money for others." (3) "I'm tired of this wheel chair and I want a car."

Correct this sentence: "When I tell the child to do something and you think I'm wrong," said the wife, "I think you should countermand my orders."

The great bells rang, a veil was lifted from the portrait of the martyr-saint, and his relics were exposed on the main altar.

Later the pope himself came from the Vatican to venerate the saint's relics on the altar and pray for his intercession.

It is to be hoped the courageous Scotch priest, where he dwells now, knows of the honor conferred and appreciates it.

On Saturday armored railway cars carried \$2,788,730 in gold to the Bank of England, the biggest day's gold purchase in the history of the great bank. And all of that gold came from this country.

That ought not to mean anything, as we have plenty left, and can always get more if we think we need it.

But our gold losses, getting heavier and heavier, will worry Wall Street. Gold and its power may be "largely a matter of imagination," but imagination is the most real thing in stock speculation.

Cables from France announce that France is in excellent condition financially, and especially as regards employment.

For anyone willing to work in France has work at good wages. And every Frenchman and woman wants to work.

Purchasing is vigorous and in the whole of France, with its tens of millions of population, you will find fewer unemployed than in one big American city.

The French know how to manage. What would our condition be had we sustained in the war the losses of France in men and in money?

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) December 23, 1919.

Roseburg.—Ed Moser, local turkey raiser, has sold 35 turkeys to a San Francisco buyer for \$355.85, an average of 35 cents per pound, believed to be a new record in Oregon for all time.

Rear-Admiral Sims refuses to receive a decoration from Secretary of the Navy Daniels, because he doesn't approve of the secretary's way of awarding them.

Governor Olcott requests State Fish and Game commission to rescind its order removing State Biologist W. L. Finley.

Ben Moeller of the 40th Orchard leaves to spend Christmas in Fresno, Cal.

Attorney E. E. Kelly returns from Wichita, Tex., to spend Christmas week with Mrs. Kelly and the children.

County court refuses to give financial aid to home demonstration work.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

(From files of the Mail Tribune.) December 23, 1909.

Dr. F. C. Page announces he plans to erect three-story hotel on his property at corner of Main and Riverside.

Joe Brown buys business property on Riverside for John R. Allen.

New York.—Tom Sharkey says if Jeffries gets back his wind "he won't fight Jack Johnson, he will kill him."

W. A. Aitken takes charge of Garnett-Corby plumbing department.

Rev. Wm. Lucas of St. Mark's buys property from H. C. Kenner, corner of Laurel and Tenth, on which he will build a new home.

SUNDOWN STORIES

THE MIDNIGHT FLYER By Mary Graham Bonner

"Aboard! Aboard! Aboard! All aboard!"

"I've turned the time way back this evening," the Little Black Clock said.

"You just heard the conductor saying that we all must get aboard."

"The train will be pulling out at once."

John and Peggy and the Little Black Clock did not get into the ordinary part of the train. They rode right in the front with the engineer and looked out of the window.

The train was pulling slowly out of the station. There were a great many people still standing on the platform.

"Why aren't they getting aboard? Couldn't they still jump on?" John asked.

"They don't want to come along," the Little Black Clock said. "They have just come to watch."

"Why?"

"This is the first train to run at night—it is one of the first of the 'Midnight Flyers,' and people want to see it. You see, it is a great sight."

Now the train was well out of the station, and it was beginning to go more and more quickly.

On through the night they sped. They could see fences and fields and houses with little lights here and there.

It was simply wonderful riding in the front like this, and it seemed as though they were fairly flying through the country.

"Aren't we going awfully quick?" Peggy asked.

"We are for this day and age," the Little Black Clock said, "but it's nothing like the speed we made in the plane on our last trip. The airplane people who passed us and scowled at us because we were going slowly would never dream of taking a train—they thought two hundred and fifty miles an hour was simply crawling."

"How we do go backward and forward," John said, "but just the same I do love traveling on a train!"

MUTT AND JEFF—Santa Claus Loses a Sale

