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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

John D. III, who started to work a month ago, has given an interview to the papers, and it was just as dull and dry as any interview ever granted by his Paw or his Grandpaw.

A Kansas City judge fined a pair of Kansas City snorers \$5 and costs, upon complaint of the married couple abiding in the next room. The trial further revealed that when the pair were not snoring they were singing—a fine combination. Singing can be stopped by howling like a dog, but snoring is immune, and stoppage only by death, or an operation for adenoids. The latter should be compulsory. Some snorers seem to regard their hog-like grunts, in the still hours of the night, as an accomplishment. This type should be lynched, unless they have dependents.

Mrs. — left for home today as her children who had been ill with pneumonia, are recovered. (Yreka, Cal. Journal.) Trend of the times.

If begins to look like the governmental policy, inaugurated by the Coolidge regime, and still in force, of handling the prohibition issue by the method of process of doing nothing to make the "wets" mad, or nothing to make the "drys" mad, had reached the end of its tether, thanks to the remarks of Senator Borah. It has always been officially claimed that prohibition was a noble and smooth-running success, when everybody well knew it was not. The sincere "drys" have been sentimentally kidded for years, and Senator Borah is regarded as a political son-of-a-gun for taking steps to end the tomfoolery. He is "hostile to the administration" for favoring the seizure of rum by the truckload, and the shipment, and the trainload instead of by the pint.

GILLES! A SLAP IN TIME SAVES NINE
(Pseudonym East Oregonian)

Dear Annie Laurie:
I am a girl in my middle teens and very much in love with a young man four years my senior. One night while out riding in our forest with me. But since he has told me he was sorry and has tried to take me out again. Please give me your advice as plain as possible. Doubtful Blue Eyes.

Your corr. regrets to announce, that a visiting cold has eluded the heretofore highly efficient flu pills of Dock Thayer, and it is necessary to lose three straight falls to an osteopath. The last time this method was used, the cold was twisted into submission in an amazing manner. A cold that is cured, loosens up the vocal chords like an operation for appendicitis.

These are quiet days on the farm, and a majority of the farmers are enjoying a well-earned rest, by laying in bed almost as long as the Japanese janitors.

The current batch of fog is very distasteful to a certain scrawled building, as it aggravates his asthma. Our opinion of asthma and fog has been increased.

A 4-year-old boy was unexpectedly presented with a pair of pants by Santa Claus, that fit him. It has always been the custom for Santa Claus to bestow pants not less than 7 sizes too large, as mothers are bitterly opposed to juvenile britches that hit their offspring any place below the belt. This gives the man a queer something to do—grow into them—a slow and tedious job. If the pants fit, the wearer can not hide in them for several days before he is located. It is also very easy to put a boy into the pants that are too large. It is not generally known, but a shoe horn is not necessary to get him into a pair that fit. There are two (2) things a mother can not do: pick out a pair of pants for Junior; or cut his hair better than a barber. But all mothers think they can.

Ragged pants cover many an honest heart. (Fountain Inn Tribune.) Look where you kick, after this!
Orchard. — H. J. Pinckney will operate restaurant and confectionery store in this city.

QUILL POINTS

The professions are like trades, except that they feed on man's faults.

Mexico's bull fights, however, are really bull fights — not Senate debates.

Congressmen aren't unique. Parents lie to children and lick the kids for lying.

The prophets were almost right. Mr. Mellon is resigned to his job, if not from.

Who's to blame? Well the first to begin selling short were the skirt manufacturers.

Longer skirts at least provide work for the girls who make alterations to please the customer.

Endurance records mean little to the man whose daughter waits until night to practice piano scales.

Doctors have revived a dead man by injecting adrenaline. Boy, take this needle to the stock market.

Never yet has a man writhed in shame at the memory of some occasion when he was too modest.

What more could you ask? The billions used in gambling are now available for the installment plan.

There is one thing all men can be thankful for. Cities haven't yet thought of levying an income tax.

Still our proportion of criminals might be no greater than England's, if we used her definition of crime.

Don't try to make an ass of your enemy; just give him a little authority and let Nature take its course.

Pedestrians couldn't find parking space, either, if each one required a space six feet wide and twelve feet long.

Russia's idea is that people who won't invite her to tea have no right to say anything if her boys steal watermelons.

Nothing is free. The President doesn't pay to see the games, but he can't razz the referee as a cash customer can.

Don't let moderns discourage you. The first man offered a yellow alibi for his sin, and the second killed the third.

It must make a foot feel particularly downcast while having the shot picked out to realize that it looked like a rabbit.

Still, the lawlessness of officials doesn't prove the laws are wrong. He's a rare doctor who will take his own medicine.

The law against stealing might not work either if its interpretation depended upon the relative humidity of the judge.

If there is no such thing as telepathy, how does the long-distance operator always know when you are in the bath tub?

The office cynic says the first rescue home was called "The Bullrushes." That's where Pharaoh's daughter found Moses.

The subsidizing of college boys wouldn't worry American fathers a great deal if it could be confined to football players.

Fountain pens now have every needed improvement except a contrivance to bark when they are placed in the wrong pocket.

Republics are proverbially ungrateful, and the White House never speaks a word of thanks for Mr. Brisbane's daily advice.

An honest man is one who says "I don't know," instead of saying: "Look it up yourself, son, and you'll remember it better."

A winter resort is a place where you shiver in a room that has no heating arrangement because such weather is very unusual.

Gradually Mexico will escape the control of the rich. The rich lie late abed. And the polls are managed by the first voters to arrive in the morning.

No wonder the baseball magnates don't approve of their star players boxing between seasons. Judging by the crowds, a little more encouragement, and the fans will insist upon the boys fighting instead of playing baseball.

MUTT AND JEFF—The Goddess of the Chase

HELLO EVERYBODY! MUTT SPEAKING!! THE GUEST OF THE LION TAMERS' HOUR IS LADY DIANA—WHO WILL TELL YOU HOW SHE BAGGED A TIGER IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLES!



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 at a charge. Self-diagnosis and treatment is cautioned. 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.

SOME TONSILS WE HAVE REMOVED

There is a large radical element in the medical profession, perhaps the ruling majority of practicing physicians are radical in their attitude toward enlarged tonsils and diseased or infected tonsils, that is, they make no bones at all about condemning all such tonsils to radical surgical excision.



Being a radical, a doctor natural to our arbitrary ideas. One of the arbitrary ideas cherished by the radical element of our profession in reference to the tonsil question is that a doctor, surgeon or specialist who knows his snarles, punches, tomes, scalpels, hemostats, gags, et cetera, removes the tonsils, oh, you just can't conceive how radically when he purports to have removed them at all. Well, I suppose we doctors ought to stick to our story, yet I, for one, have no hesitancy in affirming that I believe the time has come to hedge a bit in the best interest of the public. The very reason and inspiration for our "code" of medical ethics is the public welfare; a doctor who is true to his professional traditions must consider the welfare of the public, or of the patient, first; his own interest afterward. It isn't likely to bring a doctor more operations if he announces that too many operations are being done.

I had an acute attack of appendicitis a few years ago and a prompt operation. It was a good thing for me, that attack. It taught me a sound lesson. Up to that time I had always believed, taught and followed as a principle in my own practice, that it was better to wait, say 48 hours before deciding to operate in acute appendicitis. My own attack was scarcely three hours old when I knew that immediate operation was necessary, and I am thankful that the doctor who took care of me did not share the conservative idea I had about the treatment. Of course I might have pulled through, all right, even had the operation been postponed a day or two. But not so comfortably, I am certain, if at all.

I've never had my tonsils removed, not even once. No joking. The joke in the attitude our radical brethren take when they urate about the complete removal of the tonsils by the more competent specialists or surgeons in that work. Yet a study of a thousand tonsils (how many hundreds would you estimate) after they had been removed by good operators was made by Dr. Albert S. Welsh. He found 43 per cent of all these tonsils were normal tonsils, and 28 per cent of them were non-anatomical or diseased, except for cheesy concretions in the crypts—if you can fairly call that common condition of the tonsils disease. He found 4 pieces of throat muscles attached to 139 of the tonsils. That tends to bear out the claim that the thorough operators got all the tonsil there is in the throat—yes, and more.

Enough scandal, but I deem it only fair to bring these facts to the attention of the public, in view of the narrow-minded and unprogressive attitude of a large part of the radical medical profession toward the more conservative methods of dealing with the tonsils.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Dilly Hair:
Is powdered orris root injurious to the hair? My hair is very oily the third day after washing, and I find if I brush a little of this powder into it I do not have to wash it so often. (Mrs. F. W.)
Answer.—It is harmless. Sometimes oatmeal or bran is an satisfactory for the purpose, or some orris root may be added to this if you wish. The excessive oiliness may be controlled by a daily application to the scalp of a few drops of a solution of 10 grains of resorcin to the ounce of alcohol, bay rum, witch hazel, or your favorite toilet water. There is no hygienic objection to shampooing every day if necessary, but it is a great nuisance. So most people think once or twice a week or maybe a month or sometimes a year is enough to wash the scalp, even those squeamish aristocrats who make such a noise about their daily bathing.

Coffee Without the Cheer
I am drinking a brand of coffee that purports to have the caffeine taken out. I am taking the cure at home—tuberculosis. Is a cup of this ghost-coffee less apt to affect my sleep than ordinary coffee? It doesn't seem to satisfy me. (T. T. A.)
Ans.—Coffee taken in the morning can scarcely affect sleep the next night in any case. Only your doctor can advise whether you should take coffee, or how much or when or what kind. My opinion of coffee with part of the caffeine removed is that when ground and dried it makes a very safe thing to sprinkle on an icy sidewalk. A cup of decaffeinated coffee or a pipe of decaffeinated tobacco is about as thrilling as a pair of shapely silk hose hanging on the clothes line. (Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)

Quill Points
A woman's "no" seems to mean "yes" all right, if she's referring to long skirts.
Some people sympathize with the lambs sheared in Wall street, but W. C. T. U. members are stamping on cigarette butts.

The Monroe doctrine in Haiti: Spunking a step-child we adopted to keep the neighbors from doing it.

The power of the printed word! How impressive it is when you can't see the bald-headed little sardine who wrote it!

People who live together become alike — if one loves peace and the other loves hob until he gets his own way.

It is every man's right to be a cynic in private, but ordering the census to begin on April 1 is going a little too far.

A free country is one in which the people sympathize with the man chased by police because their ancestors knelt when the boss passed by.

Modern beds are a great improvement, but they still need a button you can press to open a window.

Americanism: Quitting the slocks to be somebody and get rich enough to afford a nice quiet place in the country.

You'll observe, Watson, that the note confessing a suicide pact is written by the one that owns the gun.

At this distance you can't tell whether a Chinese revolutionary army is looting or getting it back.

Planes never will be as popular as cars. You can't enjoy whizzing past groundlings with your nose as they don't know who you are.

Evidently, Mr. Hoover's plan is to leave the World Court idea lying around in plain sight so the senate won't shy and snort when he is ready to clinch it on.

Correct this sentence: "Today I saw the tenor who croons so lovingly over the radio," said the flapper, "and I adore him still in spite of his fat."

Stalin: A reclus who thinks the world is on the brink of revolution because he can take four bits and start one in China.

MAIL TRIBUNE
DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down. Clues include: 1. Not on, 4. Ammirative, 12. Position of a golf ball on the course, 15. Ore deposit, 16. Apartment, 17. Pretext by anticipative, 17. Metric land measures, 18. Malaria-carrying, 19. Unavailable, 20. Poker term, 21. Like of poetry, 22. Hinges, 23. Finely hoarse, 24. Trochic, 25. Hinder, 26. Slow-moving animals, 27. Title of a knight, 27. Architectural, 28. American, 29. Italian, 30. Sandstone tree of Morocco, 31. Yawling abyss, 32. Strides, 33. Pictorial representation of a person, 34. Harbor tree, 35. Stop, 36. Uniform, 37. And last: snafu, 38. Fodder pit, 39. Other, 40. City of the tennis toves, 41. Among, 42. Toothed wheel, 43. Former emperor, 44. Middle name of a famous American artist, 45. The great artery, 46. Mexican constellation, 47. Disturbance, 48. Flower, 49. Mineral springs, 50. City in Illinois, 51. Break, 52. Thick preserve, 53. Danish money of account, 54. Female ram.

Grid for the crossword puzzle with numbers 1 through 54 indicating starting positions for the clues.

Blame Curse Of Ancient Tomb For Eighth Death

By Philip Hewitt-Myring. (Associated Press Staff Writer)
LONDON.—There has just died at the early age of 46 Captain the Hon. Richard Bethell, son and heir of Lord Westbury, and there are those who say that he was eighth victim of the curse of Tut-Ankh-Amen.

Six years ago the tomb of that Pharaoh was opened in Egypt by a British archaeological expedition headed by Lord Carnarvon, who had for his chief assistant Howard Carter.

Within a year Lord Carnarvon died in Cairo from an illness which developed from a mosquito bite on the face. A month or two later Colonel Aubrey Herbert, Lord Carnarvon's half-brother, who had also entered the tomb and was stated to have had a premonition of impending disaster, also died.

Howard Carter succeeded Lord Carnarvon in command of the expedition and Mr. Bethell acted as his secretary.

In 1924, there died in Switzerland Sir Archibald Douglas Reid, a famous radiologist, who had agreed to make an X-ray examination of the body of the dead king.

A little later, an eminent Canadian, Professor Lafleur of McGill university, died at Luxor while on a visit to the tomb.

H. G. Evelyn-White, scholar and Egyptologist, committed suicide towards the end of the same year and left a letter containing the words: "I knew there was a curse and I was wrong."

Two sudden deaths connected with the tomb took place in 1926. They were those of M. Beneditte, a French archaeologist, attached to the department of antiquities at Cairo, and M. Pansanova. Both had taken part in the excavations in the Valley of the Kings.

Thus eight men of the comparatively few who took leading parts in the drama of the tomb have died within the last few years.

One inscription is commonly found on various Egyptian tombs.

It varies in its actual wording but its sense is this: "Here lies the Great King. And who so disturbs this tomb, on him may the curse of Pharaoh rest."

Marietta Pickle
Graces Register
of Queer Names

CLEVELAND, O.—(EP)—When Tennessee Iron and Coal Jackson died his death was deeply felt by his widow, who in respect to his memory christened the son born after his father's death, Calhoun Jackson.
This fact was revealed as the result of a survey of the register at the Hiram House, a social settlement institution here.
A further investigation disclosed that the Hiram House shelters a child named Virgin Mary, whose father was King Solomon. Log Cabin and Tiny House are chums of Virgin Mary.
Other names found among the boys at the institution are Dairy Lunch, Oldham Bacon, Elijah Donkey, Moses, Pictorial Review Johnson, Eric Canal Jackson, Admiral Dewey, General Lee, Musing Underwear, and Major Calhoun.
The register in the girls' department shows such names as Yaceline Malaria, Queen Esther, Marietta Pickle, Ivory White, Roxy Apple, Mary Christmas, Pearl Cotton and Etta Bird.

Jesse James' Pal Dies.
RED BLUFF, Cal. Dec. 26.—(AP)—T. J. McMorein, 90, who claimed to have been a member of the bandit gang of Jesse James, was found dead on his ranch 20 miles west of here.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
Dec. 27, 1919.
Farm Bureau sells three carloads of sheep and hogs in Portland, the hogs averaging 16 cents and the lambs 12 cents per pound.
Over 100 deaths reported as result of poisoned liquor drinking during holidays.

Paris—France demands German Crown Prince be tried for looting and violent crimes during war.
State Fish and Game Commission refuses to rescind order discharging State Biologist W. L. Finley.

Admiral Kolshak, head of Russian government in Liberia reported cut off by bolsheviks and in danger of capture.

Medford shrouded in cold and heavy fog tomorrow at 29 above.
City council again decides to enforce dog license after January 1st.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
Dec. 27, 1909.
Medford forced to use Bear Creek water for drinking purposes to allow Fish Lake ditch company to clean and repair canals.
Blizzard sweeps New England, causing \$10,000,000 property damage.

London—Liberals promise to take voting power from House of Lords.

Knife scrape in White Elephant saloon leads to arrest of two P. & E. construction workers. One of them badly slashed.

Medford Athletic club is formed with 100 members, headquarters in Miles building.

J. W. Mitchell sells "sticker" for which he paid \$29, for \$750 an acre.

SUNDOWN STORIES

THE SNOW LADY
By Mary Graham Brouer

John, Peggy and the Little Black Clock walked inside the Snow Lady's house. It was warm and snug inside, just as a snow fort would be — sheltered from the wind.

The person who had been drawing the sled was evidently the Snow Lady's son. She was dressed in white — save for a few touches of green pine-needles which decorated her costume.

She seemed a most magnificent princess, a very, very great lady, a person very different from others one could see.

"John and Peggy, the children I brought with me, are so glad that there was snow for Christmas. Now I have turned the time back a few days so they could talk with you."

"I see," said the Snow Lady. "Well, you know this is a busy time of the year for me. The requests keep me so busy!"

"My dear! You've no idea how many I have. It seems as though everyone wanted a snowy Christmas, or a white Christmas, as they call it."

"My Breeze messengers and my Wind telegrams bring me all the messages that come from the people who wish for snow for Christmas."

"I give all I can—but you know sometimes I simply cannot take care of all the requests. There are too many!"

"I sit there in my palace, and I direct all the Snow-Flake families and as many of the cousins as I can and send them out for Christmas."

"It's lovely to be a Snow Lady and have such requests. And I do have fun seeing that just as many as possible get the snow they want!"

Tomorrow—"Snow Lady's Party." Classified advertising gets results.

By BUD FISHER

