

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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ROBERT W. RUSH, Editor... AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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Ye Smudge Pot (By Arthur Perry)

The president has insulted the senate (loud cheers), and it develops that the second ace of Chicago rumpdom started life as a horse-thief.

Today's O'YEAH! Item: Silk stockings for women have gone entirely out of fashion. Incidentally, it is said they never came back from the laundry in proper shape.—(1910 Fashion Note.)

Some alleged fear is manifested on the University of Oregon campus, because of reports that Dr. Christian W. Spears, football coach, may be himself to greener fields not hopelessly infested with collegiate politicians.

As quietly as he left, without the blarney fanfare that attended the arrival of Dr. Spears, Cap McEwan has returned to Eugene.

He trains his football squad so hard they are too weary for social duties.

He wonders why his star prospects for next year are suddenly discovered behind in their spelling, and nothing like that ever happens in an Oregon State athlete.

He figures three 100-pound huskies are worth a washbasin full of violations.

It won't be long until "Old Oregon" is looking for another coach, and after a thorough search of the nation, will find a new one—right in Eugene.

WHATAMAN! (Troy, Ky., Chieflain) Topp Dazley is making an ideal husband, contrary to the predictions made when he married again last year.

When Jesse Martin of King City found one of his calves chewed up, it was strongly suspected a dog—(Clifton, Kan., Register.) Ouch! cried Sherlock Holmes, as he took up the trail.

One of the mid-stream Christmas trees failed to see a certain Ford in time late yesterday.

An unnamed movie actress will be the mother of another phone hop across the Atlantic next spring, and your corr. hastens to nominate Miss Clara Bow, and why wait till spring.

GRASS Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo, shove them under and let me work, I am the grass, I cover it.

Two years, ten years, and people on passenger trains ask the conductor: What place is this? Where are we now? I am the grass. Let me work. (Carl Sandburg.)

CAN'T MEDFORD GET THE GREAT NORTHERN?

THE other day we printed a news story about railroad surveyors along the Cheto river, marking a route to the Coast over Tin-cup Pass. Since then we have received reliable information, confirming the truth of this report.

In Portland a group of Federal judges are considering the project of the Union-Pacific railroad against obeying the order to construct a cross-state railroad, from Crescent to Crane.

In other words, if Oregon is to have a cross-state railroad, the logical route would be from Klamath to the Coast via Medford; rather than from Crane to Crescent, although no one in Oregon would object if both lines were constructed.

THE situation calls attention once more to oft-repeated rumor that the Great Northern, when its connection with San Francisco is completed via the Western Pacific, intends to construct a feeder line from Klamath to Medford, and eventually continue this line to tidewater, probably at Crescent City.

WE don't know whether it is based upon fancy or fact. But WE DO KNOW such a rumor is in harmony with the facts, with the logic of the situation, and with the announced policy of the Hill lines to develop any territory in which they enter.

AND BECAUSE OF THIS WE BELIEVE THE TIME HAS COME FOR MEDFORD TO GET TOGETHER ON SOME DEFINITE PROGRAM, TO DO EVERYTHING WITHIN ITS POWER, TO BRING THIS RAILROAD DEVELOPMENT ABOUT.

WE KNOW something about public opinion in Southern Oregon, and we know that the sentiment in favor of getting the Hill lines in here is simply overwhelming.

his financial rewards kept rolling on. — to a casual observer Knute was getting all the breaks. But at that very time the Notre Dame coach, no doubt, would have traded all that money and all that glory, for a good pair of legs, and just a part of that exuberant health he had enjoyed ten or twelve years ago.

BACK in 1903 we knew a man who attended college classes on crutches. He looked like a picked crow and had to work nights to pay his tuition.

As Ben Franklin remarked, "God helps those who help themselves." It appears to us the time has come for the people of Medford to get busy helping themselves.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION HOW that old law of compensation works! It often seems as immutable as the law of gravity.

Every now and then we see people who seem to get all the breaks. They are on the top of the wave all the time.

SO we conclude there is no justice in the world—we merely play certain parts as Shakespeare claimed; one has a happy, carefree role, another an unhappy tragic one,—and that's that.

THE papers say the French army may enlist Carnera. He would be invaluable in finding enemies easy to lick.

Another item to worry about. When the navy is scrapped, what will be done with the 20,000,000 bushel crop of beans?

Much is explained by the fact that congressmen are punished for doing something, but never for doing nothing.

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MUTT AND JEFF—We've Been Getting Fooled a Loug Time



MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down words.

Completed crossword puzzle grid with words filled in.

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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.

THE B. C. SAGE GOES HOT AND COLD

Quite regardless of my admonitions, the Sage of Battle Creek reiterates his very complex views about what the good Dr. Kellogg naively calls "colds" and exposure.

Last April, not April First, but later, I quoted Dr. Kellogg's current teaching that when the skin is heated to such a degree that nature pours out water upon it to cool it by evaporation, contact with a draft of cold air is highly perilous, and I intimated that was fallacious, although I still concede Dr. Kellogg is generally right in whatever he says about health.

It is true, painfully true, that when one gets a bit overheated thru exertion too sudden, cooling as by a cold draft or neglect to put on one's sweater, is likely to produce much stiffness, soreness and lameness in the muscles which have been so vigorously used.

NOT THROUGH By Alice Judson Peale. The complaint is often made of exceptionally bright children that they are not thorough in their work, that they are lazy and careless.

It is true that children who rate high on psychological examinations occasionally do rather shockingly inferior work, especially in the "100" subjects. Why is this so? The answer in most instances lies in the fact that from the very beginning they have found school work to be too easy.

There you are—the law of compensation! Americanism: An unprincipled warfare between criminals and police, while society enjoys the show and cheers the side that seems to be getting licked.

There's only one job the boys at the filling stations have overlooked. They never leap on the running board with a bit of lipstick to touch up the ladies.

Turn about is fair play. The churches have adopted Sunday night movies and now the Sunday movies in Matton, Illinois, have adopted prayer.

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Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) December 11, 1920 Stanley Sherwood receives his appointment as a regular postal carrier and is as pleased as a boy with a new pair of boots.

Snow is deep in the Siskiyou, hindering traffic. Santa Rosa mob lynched three San Francisco gamblers, accused of attacks on women. In the record time of three minutes, press dispatches state.

Stephen Mather, head of the federal park service, reiterates in his annual report his intention to remove Albert Pankhurst as hotel manager. Chamber of Commerce to give a dinner to Adjutant General Geo. A. White.

Many rabbits exhibited at Ashland winter fair. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) December 11, 1910 Two discharged ex-convicts from the Salem prison, dunce local citizens with sympathetic pleas.

Governor-elect Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey prepares to battle legislature. Law closing Rogue river to commercial fishing goes into effect.

Uncle Sam sells huge block Crater Lake timber to Pelican Bay Lumber company. S. Vilas Beckwith named chairman of the good roads committee of the commercial club.

Grand jury reports irregularities in the recent elections. Ten thousand dollar Turkish rug exhibited by Weeks & McGowan.



"Sea bathing I can do without," says Danny, "what with sharks about." "Old chap," says Puff, "relieve your mind! These sharks are the man-eating kind."

SUNDOWN STORIES

THE SHEPHERD'S SINGING By Mary Graham Bonner The Little Black Clock took John and Peggy to Italy and through Sicily. He had turned the time back a number of years.

Now the shepherds were coming down through the glens of the mountain passes and were playing on their clear aylvan pipes.

Some men joined the others and a played on their violins and cellos while through the villages and glens and the mountain passes and slopes the beautiful music sounded gloriously.

John heard some one playing a guitar, too, and Peggy saw another person shaking a tambourine. Then the Little Black Clock showed them babies who were being rocked more at this time of the year than at any other because they were to have Christmas treats, too.

They got out of their sleigh at times and walked. From some of the mountain passes they looked down on villages with their twinkling lights, all waiting for Santa Claus to come.

"Don't you think Christmas is a very exciting time of the year?" Peggy asked the Little Black Clock. "I do," the Little Black Clock agreed. "I think that even the air is filled with an excitement around Christmas time."

"I hope Santa brings me a train and a set of signals," John said. "I hope he brings me a carriage for my doll and a little set of dishes," Peggy said.

"Have you written and told him so?" the Little Black Clock asked. "Oh, yes," said Peggy, and John said the same.

"Then I'm pretty sure he will," the Little Black Clock said. "I've been around a good long time, and I've noticed that he brings just as much to everyone as he possibly can and he pays great attention to the letters telling him what the children want."

They were on their way home now. "Where are we going tomorrow night?" John asked. "We're going to see the reindeer having their supper," the Little Black Clock said. "Goodie!" cried Peggy. Tomorrow—"The Reindeers' Supper!"

By BUD FISHER

