

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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QUILL POINTS

How sad that the only man who knows how to make the country prosperous should waste his time doing a column.

"Pigeon tossed from liner 100 miles at sea," says a headline. If they'd only do that with steel pigeons!

It used to be a rattled sword in Germany that scared the world—not a riflehead.

Suggested addition to the oath of all public servants: "And I'll mind my own darned business."

Postal authorities seem determined to close up all "matrimonial agencies" except road schools.

Still, if all fool drivers go to hell, how will anybody notice the difference when he gets there?

The modern youth may do more kissing, but he doesn't know the delight of kissing a girl and tasting nothing but girl.

A hick town is a place where witnesses let a guilty man go free or an innocent one suffer because they "don't want to get mixed up in it."

The objection to giving your wife an allowance is that you can't enjoy feeling generous every day when she asks for two bits.

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.

No. 6—GIVING THE BABY A RUB ON THE CHEST. THE REVOLT OF THE BABIES.

A mother writes: In answer to your rub-on-the-chest talk I can't help saying I wonder what mother who doesn't rub on the chest would do if they lived nine miles from the nearest doctor and had no money for doctor bills and no car to go to the doctor with, for every cold and fever.

I have two children, 4 and 3 years old and they have all kinds of snells that onions and camphorated oil doctored them over.

Our country mothers must depend on our own doctoring, as we don't have a doctor next door to call in on short notice.

So far as the onions go—and boy, they go far—there is no objection to the method of this mother. But the camphorated oil is not entirely harmless. It is a fine old reliable household remedy, and I'd prefer to depend on it if my own child were ill, rather than use any of the most famous unguents upon the baby for such purpose.

Still, in the case of a young infant, where a too lavish use of camphorated oil is made, there is a chance of camphor poisoning. For that reason, as well as the general comfort of the sick child and the child's attendants, it is better when applying camphorated oil to the chest, throat or over the bridge of the nose, to wipe away the excess before dressing the child again or putting on the nightgown. It is unnecessary, and a little dangerous, to leave the young infant's clothing or bed covers saturated with camphorated oil, for that means that the baby will inhale some camphor at every breath, and in the course of a night or a day this may be sufficient to intoxicate the child, to cause camphor poisoning. That is not necessarily fatal, but it does no good.

There are many other things offered for rubbing on the chest for bronchitis, coughs and other respiratory troubles, but I doubt there is anything better for this purpose than camphorated oil, nor for applying to the neck for relief of sore throat and hoarseness or laryngitis, nor for rubbing over the bridge of the nose for acute coryza.

Note I say nothing about "colds" not knowing what that "cold" may be. A mother should prepare camphorated oil freshly when needed, by crumbling an ounce of camphor into five pieces and putting them in a bottle with four ounces of hot "sweet oil," olive oil or cottonseed oil, until dissolved. Keep the bottle tightly corked, as camphor evaporates if it stands uncorked for a time. The

army major convicted of poisoning his wife for a Texas homicide, is now encountering some embarrassments, and the following item indicates that the blonde has decided to do the right thing.

"I understand he is hard pressed financially on account of the trial and needs money to make an appeal, but that isn't my fault. I realize that he might be able to sell them, and that might help him financially, but the car is registered in my name, and I'm going to keep it as well as the other gifts. If he needs money, I suggest that he marry that widow in Denver who furnished him for him when he was first arrested and who, I understand, is very wealthy. Then he always would have someone to go to."

Yancy Hill is limping on crutches. His oldest boy tied the gray mule in the wrong stall" (Sage Jottings.) Telling everything.

SPREAD THE DAY When I have crossed the River sky,

And never have to meet and mix With careless, earthy mortals; I'll leave a small, well-heated cell in some remote suburb of hell, And triple lock its portals.

And there I'll languish age on age, Becoming scientist and sage, Concocting subtle poisons, Absurdities and platitudes, And quite a few odd notions.

In one fell swoop I'll lop away The idiotic word "okay." From business-like officials; And cause their clerks and office dummies To call them by their natural names.

Instead of by initials. The verb "to contact" (is there one?) Shall feel the pellet of my gun Exploding deep its vitals; And next, the world shall bid so long.

To marry a talking picture going And talking picture titles. (S.V. World.)

Paving laid on Ridge boulevard, an important thoroughfare in Chicago, in 1893 is still in use.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE. Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle. GOOD LUCK FOR IRPE ANON EGO NEER NINETEEN RIVET TAILED BLADES ODE LATER MISSENT EVE NIL NEO WASTREL SMEAR AID THIRTY STAMP THONG CONSPIRE GIVE ONE EVER LEER WET DATE ESTE

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Quill Points

Winter isn't so bad. It makes an end of insect pests and tree sitters.

How to make the farmer as prosperous as Al Capone? Let millions of good people fight to give him a monopoly.

But would Sinclair Lewis now have the Nobel prize if his books were equally clever, had caricatured Swedes?

Still, failure of the Russian experiment probably wouldn't be fatal except to Mr. Brilbane.

Fortunately, those who send the worst junk as Christmas gifts are so far away they never see the garbage can.

It might be worse. The constant irritations that cause cancer don't include the neighbor's loud speaker.

You see the objection to appropriating ten millions for home folk is that Europe doesn't praise our generosity.

The final cost of lost is in the president and suggest something to a senator without hurting his vanity.

There isn't much difference between parties, except that they blame the inevitable on different things.

Americanism: Giving one man five years for petty theft and another 12 months for murder, wondering why people think the law an ass.

Government chemists have found a new way to make alcohol unfit to drink, but the bootleggers really didn't need a new way.

"A man becomes what he eats," says the scientist, which means you can watch the highway and tell what becomes of all the ham.

The chief obstacle to cooperation at Washington is that any mention of burying the hatchet causes the other fellow's neck to cringe.

Einstein's pose in America just shows that a man used to studying

the vastness of the universe isn't awed by the worst of bad manners.

Another way to have your face lifted is to read that your favorite stock has gone up five points.

Short change and short answers, short skirts and short hair, and now short sales and short jobs.

MAKIN DECISIONS By Alice Judson Aple

The modern parent is apt to let the young child use his own judgment in matters where it is inadequate.

He is permitted to decide whether he wants swollen underclothing and what school he attends.

The old-fashioned authoritative parent goes to the other extreme. He selects his child's playmates and just what toy he is to take out on a given afternoon.

In matters concerning health and safety children should be taught to submit without question to the guidance of their elders. Although every effort should be made to enlist their cooperation and understanding, they should clearly realize that in such matters there is no room for argument.

There are, however, certain vital and complex questions in which the child's own desire is an important factor. Such a question is the choice of schools. Here his wishes should be consulted and weighed with due allowance for the mental and emotional immaturity which makes it impossible for him to do more than speak impulsively.

A 9-year-old girl expressed a desire to go to a certain boarding school. Her parents knowing the school to be a good one, sent her there believing she would spend a happy and profitable winter. At the end of a few weeks she became so homesick she had to be returned to her family.

The decisions which young children can make for themselves are relatively few. The wise parent studies his child. He permits him to decide such matters as he is capable of judging adequately.

WILD BEAUTY

Chapter 31 A FRUITLESS APPEAL GARRETT WENTWORTH'S unstinted sympathy made a difference to Fanny. He came of a family, had a background and a position that even the Brownbecks would respect. He was fine and sane and highly sensitive. And Garrett believed that it was an outrage that Fanny should not see her little daughter.

Now that Fanny was properly lodged and fed and clothed, had work that she liked and was no longer haunted by the spectre of discharge, some of her old impetuosity gradually reawakened.

One night, soon after her talk with Garrett, she was so shaken with longing for Sheila that she told herself that she would die if she could not see her soon. She determined then to throw herself on David's mercy. Until the break came David had never been unkind. He was not an iron-waist; he could see two sides. And surely by this time his anger and resentment would have lessened.

She wrote that night, tearing up half a dozen letters before she was satisfied.

"Dear David," the final letter ran. "I have thought of asking you to see me the next time you come to New York, but I realize a meeting would be too painful to both of us. I gave Sheila to you because I believed she would be better off with you. I still believe that it is for her good that she stay with you. But the need to see her has grown so overwhelming that I feel that I cannot endure the present arrangement. Nor do I honestly believe that it could in any way harm Sheila to spend a few weeks with me every year, during her vacation and mine. I can assure you that there is nothing in my life or environment or friends that you could object to. I plan to take her to the seashore.

"It hardly seems necessary to point out that a sacred and binding responsibility like parenthood seldom works only one way. As Sheila is my responsibility, in lesser measure perhaps, I am hers. Nor do I believe that it would be for her good and all-round development if she were taught to shirk that responsibility altogether.

"Your kindness in the past makes me believe you will grant this greatest of kindnesses. Knowing me as you did you must have realized a measure of my regret at the suffering which came to you through our unfortunate marriage."

She hesitated, and then signed it simply Fanny. The first envelope she addressed to the bank; then she remembered David's secretary had been with him for years and might recognize her handwriting. So she addressed it to his home, sealed and stamped it and went downstairs at one in the morning and mailed it in a letter box on Fourth Avenue.

The next afternoon Leona brought the letter, along with several circulars and bills, upstairs to Mrs. Frost who was dressing to go out. Mrs. Frost examined the mail carefully, gasped suddenly and sat down.

"Ain't you feeling well?" asked Leona solicitously. "You look kind of peaked."

"No. Yes. I'm all right, but I had to have to attend to some business. Have Ben bring the car around at once."

"But you'll be late to Miss Emmeline's party."

"This is more important than any party," said Mrs. Frost unsteadily. Leona had not seen her so agitated in years. Twenty minutes later she was cloistered with her Cousin Edward Philbrick.

"But the letter is addressed to David; he certainly never authorized me to open his private correspondence," protested Mr. Philbrick.

"He certainly authorized you to take full charge of his divorce—said very positively that he did not want to be told any of the minor details."

"The case is long since over. If David does not care to hear from his ex-wife he has only to burn the letter or turn it over to me."

"He'd be certain to open it—it would think she was sick or needed money or something like that. But I know she's after Sheila. I knew she would be sooner or later. And I won't have David upset. He's just begun to get over it this last year, since Mary Morton came home. Her return was a blessing."

Mary Morton and her mother had gone to Europe a few weeks after David's sudden marriage. The war drove them to Southern California where they established themselves. There Mrs. Morton had died about a year after David's divorce. Mary brought her mother's body back to Cloughbarre for burial, opened her old home and remained.

"I thought David rather avoided Mary," said Mr. Philbrick curiously. "He did at first. But I had her to dinner and Mary asked him to call. He did finally. Now he goes regularly. Not often but regularly. And I won't have his affair with Mary interfere with a second time here—that woman." Mrs. Frost reached over and picked up the letter. "You don't know what I've gone through the past three years and a half," she said belligerently; and deliberately tore open Fanny's letter, settled her eye-glasses firmly on her Roman nose and read it through to the end. Mr. Philbrick watched her uncomfortably. He had never been fond of his cousin; now only his strong sense of kinship kept him from actively desisting her.

"It's as I thought," Mrs. Frost announced triumphantly. "She's after Sheila; cooly suggests that Sheila should spend her vacations with her. It's a good thing I opened that letter. There's more here than meets the eye. She gives a strong hint for an interview. You know David's soft streak. If she once got hold of him, broke down and cried—or pretended to—Heaven knows what she might get out of him."

Mr. Philbrick's family caution took alarm.

"I don't believe David is as soft as you think," he contended stoutly. "David's hardened, matured since his trouble and poor Judson's death." But he was arguing against his own fears and he agreed to answer the letter on lines laid down by Mrs. Frost.

"David Frost regrets," Mr. Philbrick wrote Fanny, "that he is unable to accede to your request. Under the present arrangement the little girl is entirely happy and content and it does not seem right or reasonable to upset and unsettle her. She is still too young and too sensitive to be burdened with responsibilities or divided loyalties. Very sincerely, etc."

Fanny had worked herself up to such a pitch of expectation, was so all but certain that David would let her have Sheila the next summer, that she had a small nervous collapse from disappointment. It was a long time before she pulled herself out of it. A hard year followed. She filled her life as best she could with her friends and Garrett's friends, the girls where she worked, her housekeeping, the many delightful things Garrett found for her to do in New York.

Garrett kept his word, and did not make overt love to her. She was not in love with Garrett, but without him life would have been intolerable.

What Fanny really wanted was Sheila. The desire, the hunger for her little daughter had burst his bounds. She was always thinking about her, always making plans to see her. And lying in bed one early morning in May, she made a sudden resolve. David or no David, Brownbecks or no Brownbecks, she would see Sheila—and soon.

Sheila's birthday was next week. Was it possible that her baby would soon be 10 years old? How she must have changed! What had they done to her? What had they told her about her mother? She would go to Cloughbarre.

She must have the answers to her questions; must find out what they had done to her little girl.

Driven by her hunger to see Sheila, Fanny carries out her plan tomorrow. Will she succeed?

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) January 2, 1921 The Southern Oregon Identification Bureau of Ashland explains two columns to the paper writing the speed laws.

"A number of items I wrote for the Mail Tribune have disappeared from the Eagle Point habitat of your correspondent"—(Eagle Point Eagles.)

"Fire of an unknown origin breaks out in the basement of the Liberty building causing a loss of \$25,000, and attracting a huge throng of people on the way home from church and the theaters.

Medford Irrigation District bonds are given approval by Finance lawyers.

H. Chandler Egan is ranked No. 1 golfer for the Pacific coast.

Jacksonville holds the first dance since 1914, with many leading citizens on the floor.

"TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY" (From files of the Mail Tribune.) January 2, 1911 Fletcher Fish, assistant manager of the Natatorium, sustained a broken leg while roller skating. He fell heavily to the floor when a skate flew off.

Check artist wings Ashland business men.

Portland suicide writes farewell note: "To all other fools: Beware of whiskey, fast living and poker."

6912 students in county schools, census shows.

Medford printers shake the light fantastic at annual ball.

Chinese agree to check off their "pignails" January 15.

Montana governor urges adoption of the "Oregon System."

PUFFY



"That old expression you've heard—'As silly as a goose'—I asked this chap," says Puffy, "he minded such abuse."

"Why no," he said, "what people say is all the same to me—I really have no other way to get publicity."

SUNDOWN STORIES

THE MOON By Mary Graham Bonner

John and Peggy were waiting for the Little Black Clock down at the end of the garden path, just where the magic path began.

Suddenly they saw a rocket plane landing, a red and white Little Black Clock jumped out. The plane remained inside the plane.

The children had traveled in that rocket plane before. They know how it went by means of rockets being discharged so that it could go forward at great speed. It was worked on the same idea as made their Fourth of July rockets fly into the air.

Whenever they had traveled slowly the number of rockets had been reduced, but whenever they wanted to go quickly the small, though powerful rockets had been shot forth more quickly.

"We're going to have a fine adventure," the Little Black Clock exclaimed. Peggy and John agreed.

"The Moon!" shouted the Little Black Clock to the pilot as they climbed inside and were off.

They had visited the Moon before and had had a talk with him. He was waiting for them now, and when they arrived they waved to him as he stood on his own home-ground, clad in his suit of armor.

They went inside the tent the Little Black Clock had brought with him. The tent was filled with oxygen, for the Moon had no air in his country, and so no one could be heard.

"It was such a treat to talk to you before, and I am so glad to welcome you again after all these years of silence and quiet," the Moon said, as they all sat in the tent. "I was so glad to tell you all about myself and to air some of my knowledge."

"Every one likes to talk when there is something waiting to be said. But come on! I want to take you outside and show you some of my country."

"We won't be able to speak, but we'll see!"

And the children followed the Moon out of the air-filled tent.

Tomorrow—"The Moon's Country."

MUTT AND JEFF—That's Nothing. Wait Till the Moose Hears It



By BUD FISHER

