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LEST WE FORGET

TWO years ago the foremost financiers of the country were saying:
 "Beware, stock inflation is dangerous, what goes up must come down, values are too high, unless there is a halt in this mad rush for stocks, there will be an appalling crash. It is time to be wise and go slow."
 To which vox populi returned a loud and raucous horse laugh, and the mad scramble went on.
 Six months later the financiers repeated the warning, to which vox populi replied:
 "Yeah? You said that before, and stocks instead of going down went higher and higher. You say it now and they will go still higher. Go jump in the lake. Common boys, on with the dance."
 And the dance went on. Then like a bolt from the blue—crash! bang!—a trifle belated, perhaps, but what the financiers predicted came true.
 Well, today the same leading financiers are saying precisely the reverse. Their theme-song now is something like this:
 "Prosperity is returning, the bottom has been reached, the ascent has started, countless securities are selling far below their real value, wise investors are taking advantage of the situation, and others should do likewise. It is a good time to buy."
 To which vox populi returns another loud and raucous horse laugh, and everyone returns to the waiting wall.
 In six months—perhaps before—these same financiers from Secretary of the Treasury Mellon (by the way, what has become of Mr. Mellon?) through Brother Mitchell to Paul Warburg will repeat this message no doubt.
 To which vox populi will reply:
 "Yeah? You said that before, and stocks instead of going up went down and down. You say it now and they will still go down. Go jump in the lake with your white-doodle about bad times being over and prosperity returning. Come on boys, let's have another good cry."
 And back to the stonch of despond they will go.
 Then like a bolt from the blue—crash! bang!—up, up they go, higher and higher, a trifle belated, perhaps, but what the financiers predicted came true.
 No, Mr. Blue Nose, we have no stocks for sale! We are simply pointing a moral, which is this:
"NEXT TO KEEPING OUT OF THE STOCK MARKET ENTIRELY, THE WISEST THING IS TO KEEP OUT WHEN THE MAJORITY GOES IN; AND GO IN WHEN THE MAJORITY STAYS OUT."

NOT QUITE SPORTING

GOVERNOR MEIER'S tribute to the late Senator George Joseph in his inaugural message, was entirely proper and natural, for Mr. Joseph was not only a man of exceptional ability, but had it not been for him Mr. Meier would not now be the chief executive of this state.
 But certain phases of that tribute, and subsequent efforts of the Portland Telegram, to sanctify the winner of the Republican Primary, as a sort of plaster Saint, appears to us as rather needless and in questionable taste.
 Were Senator Joseph alive, we believe he would be the first to discourage such mawkish sentimentality, for he had no aspirations toward sainthood and even took a certain pride in the fact that he was a very human person, essentially a man's man, a two-fisted fighter, who made no pretense of being free from those frailties which human flesh is heir to.
WE REGARD it as particularly unfortunate that Governor Meier found it necessary to revive Senator Joseph's controversy with the State Supreme Court and put his official sanction upon the claim, that in this controversy the members of the Supreme Court denied and assailed the fundamental right of free speech.
 For free speech was not the issue, and the Supreme Court in its statement made this point very clear. The right of free speech guaranteed to every citizen, was not denied. Mr. Joseph made charges of bribery and corruption against certain members of the Supreme Court,—charges which if true should have led to their immediate trial and impeachment—and the members of the Supreme Court in justice to themselves simply demanded that these charges be sustained by evidence, or withdrawn, and when no such evidence was presented they merely asked that an expression of regret be placed upon the record.
SUCH an expression was never made. So the disbarment action was sustained as a matter of course. The two principals in this controversy, Justice McBride and Senator Joseph, are dead, and can't be heard in their own defense.
 Under such circumstances we feel the controversy should never have been revived. But Governor Meier insisted upon doing so, giving only Senator Joseph's side of the argument, so we feel that in justice to Justice McBride and other members of the court, the other side, as outlined above, should also be given.
 The drawbacks to letting convicts work at their old trade is that so few prisons contain anybody worth holding up.
 The old timer always used a finger to investigate when he saw fresh print, but wouldn't be get slapped now!
 The depression has at least taught us that something can go over big without a slogan.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
 1. Good
 2. Contentious
 3. Ingredient of bread
 4. Marched
 5. Mystic stone
 6. Regain his senses
 7. Hilarious
 8. Large tub
 9. Minute workers
 10. Platoon
 11. Pieces out
 12. Pronoun
 13. Heavy clamp
 14. Vender
 15. Singing
 16. Suitable
 17. Gray sock
 18. Cognac
 19. Characterized in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
 20. Marked with a red line
 21. Tube
 22. Southern constellation
 23. Whittened
 24. The gutter
 25. The gutter
 26. Manacles
 27. Alms
 28. Governing

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

DOWN
 1. Establishes by evidence
 2. Construct again
 3. Bone
 4. Immerse
 5. Steps
 6. Metastrophic rocks
 7. Spanish article
 8. European fish
 9. Lockworm
 10. Biblical country
 11. Short story
 12. Furious
 13. French river
 14. Bank officers
 15. Gathered and stored away secretly
 16. Dunderberg
 17. Acorns; prefix
 18. Greek letter
 19. Afternoon function
 20. American general and president
 21. Calmer
 22. Wide
 23. Slightly
 24. Sense of action
 25. Spirit in Shakespeare's "The Tempest"
 26. Formerly
 27. Small island
 28. Thick Latin
 29. Metric land measures
 30. Eccentric piece
 31. White
 32. Perform

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
 Prevaligating Testimonials
 Please send me your "iodin ration" I have a small roller, but family doctor says not to worry, as the iodine roller will be all I need. Your flaxseed prescription has cured my husband of constipation. He has taken no pills now for several years. (Mrs. D. H. C.)
 Answer.—I do not mean to be grumpy about it, but my iodine roller is not a suitable treatment for roller. It is merely a practical means of insuring every one, child or adult, sufficient iodine for health requirement. If your doctor believes you need treatment for your roller he should prescribe it. And I must decline to acknowledge that my flaxseed prescription cured your old man—I mean Mr. C.—of constipation. In the first place, I never prescribed flaxseed or anything else for Mr. C. In the next place, I have never suggested flaxseed for constipation. I do recommend a daily spoonful of two or three of whole raw flaxseeds in lieu of physic for victims of the phlegm or pill habit who wish to break the habit.
No Room Left
 I'm gratified for the suffering I've avoided by knowing the simple truth about the spread of disease through mouth spray, conversation, etc., as well as that of uncovered cough or sneeze. How hard you'd get folks to understand this! As you say, they know so much "which ain't so" about resistance, the weather, drafts, etc., that there is no room left in their heads for the truth. (Mrs. C.)
 Ans.—Besides, lots of brave health authorities teach "em the danger of cough or sneeze spray, but not so many venture to say anything about conversational spray, for, as the big radio censor informed me when I tactlessly tried to tell people about it, the thought of conversational spray is unpleasant and so many women and children listen in that we must omit all unpleasant thoughts and tell 'em only the Pollyanna kind. (Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)

Quill Points
 The papers say a certain man is out of danger because he didn't take enough. That kind of failure has sent many another man to prison.
 Farmers who think the corn borer a great affliction should try playing off with a bare fall of corn.
 When will war end? When young men say: "Yes, 'em?" when old men say: "No, 'em."
 A gentleman is one who apologizes to his lady companion before changing gears in an Austin.

Do You Remember?
TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
 (From files of the Mail Tribune.)
 January 15, 1921
 John H. Tomlin elected a director of the First National bank.
 High school basketball team defeats Alumni 23 to 12, in a loosely played game as the Alumni ran out of wind. Irish Coleman played forward for the Black and Red and made a showing, as he tore his pants. Jerry Young, Prescott, Baughman and Sherwood comprised the other regulars.
 Willow Springs destined to become a chicken raising center.
 Tom Norris strikes it rich at the Gold Quartz mine near Gold Hill.
 Medford Legion votes solidly for state aid to veterans.
 State attorney's office to aid in prosecution of Bank of Jacksonville failure cases.

Ye Smudge Pot
 (By Arthur Parry)

Yesterday would have been a dull day in the news, but for the startling discovery that the "boy-friend" of Clara Bow, escorting her to court, "wore a neat fitting brown suit."
 Now that every town in the state has picked a spring posse, for the front page of the Oregonian, let's not say anything about the new grass sprouting in the cracks in the sidewalks.
 "John Hansen has quit farming and gone to work"—(Pilot Rock Jottings). One vicious, back-handed slap.

A LADY TALKS BACK
 (Kansas City Star)
 "Will not be responsible for debts other than my own.—W. E. W."
 "Not responsible for my husband's garage and room rent any longer, have always paid my own bills.—Mrs. W. E. W."
 K. Shimoda of the Nipponese colony has a discolored optic. With Oriental stoicism, Mr. Shimoda admits who and what hit him. The American with a black eye always blames a broomhandle, or a stick of kindling flying up unexpectedly.

As she started down the toboggan slide, one of her companions as a joke, grabbed the ski on her right foot, wrenching the ankle ligaments.—(Daily Siskiyou News)
 We will not take \$25, he seems no hat, and sports a nose-width mustache.

A number of the Older Girls are exuberant and exultant over the arrival of a Bobberman-Pineer dock. He was imported from the banks of the Rhine, and is of low mentality and a criminal nature.

Prof. Einstein claims a straight line is not straight, and the Republican party of Oregon claims it is united.

"MONEY LACK STOPS SPENDING"
 (Portland Telegram)
 Never fails.

The Active club seems to be asleep under the dormant spray wagon.
 This neck of the woods is now doing more mining than fishing. The hardy fish folks are getting ready to journey to Salem, talk meat to the legislature, and get their feet wet, without a fishing pole in their hands. The legislature better not "step the will of the people on the fish bill, or they will be hurried into political purgatory." The rascal!

Your corr. engaged in a friendly argument last eve with a Frisco blonde, on Rembrandt. We did not know anything about him, either, except that he was a Dutch painter, who knew the emotional value of lights and shadows. The weird longed for Tomlin's sword to show to and tell the big town and the Dutchman was too remote in his sunsets, and stumpy when painting a wooded hillside.

THE ROUGH OLD DAYS
 (Tilden, Mo., Herald)
 We've never raised any kids, but we've got an idea of what's the matter with some young people. The other day we heard a wisp of a 15-year-old fapper giving her dad a whole of a dressing down, and the poor old man took it. A few years ago a girl who would have used such talk to an elder would have had 50 new cents of the hell whaled out of her before she finished and she could have had a couple of days in her room to remove the remainder. Maybe it isn't the fault of the youngsters so much as their education.

SNAPPIEST WISECRACK SO FAR THIS WEEK—(SP. Examiner.)
 State leaders will compile a list of benefits accruing from the session of the legislature. The legislature does nothing beneficial, except to give the people something to fuss, fervently, besides the taxes and the president.

A story, as refined as a hootchy-kootchy dance, is enjoying wide circulation among our cultured group.

Telegrams from London to South America have been reduced two cents a word, the new rates making cables to Argentina and Chile 20 cents a word.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.

Signal 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 to the point. Do not include the name of the patient unless a fee can be assured. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

SAVING THE KID'S TEETH ON \$45 A WEEK

The father of six children—who ought to have 60 votes if the father or two or three is entitled to one—files this brief:
 "I enclose the booklet on Good Teeth sent out by a large corporation so that you can see what we poor people are up against. Plenty of advice on how to spend our \$45 per week.
 For instance, on page 6 we read that a child should be taken to the dentist whenever a new tooth appears. We have six children; each child has, or will have, 32 teeth; the dentist makes no charge less than \$5. So here we have a preliminary expense of \$960 if we do what is right. There are a lot of families poorer than we are. It seems if we do everything we should in the way of dentist's examinations, doctor's examinations, etc., there will be no money left to buy food. Your comment on this pamphlet would be of interest to a great many families."
 In a chastened spirit I carefully refrain from naming the corporation that distributes the pamphlet. Some one once said he'd rather be a live coward than a dead hero. I'd rather be a timid teacher than an emeritus one.
 On page 3 of the booklet one reads that the teeth should be cleaned and polished every six months by the dentist or the dental hygienist. That is good common sense—I believe, in fact, it is the only way to keep the teeth clean. The dental hygienist, the pamphlet explains, is trained especially for this work. She is a skilled operator for cleaning the teeth. That, too, is right. But the pamphlet goes on to tout her as "an instructor in the home care of the mouth who will give you sound advice." To that I take exception. No dental hygienist could give me advice. That is part of the professional

work of the dentist, and the dentist cannot delegate the professional work, any more than a doctor can send his office girl or a nurse to act as his substitute. Some people may stand for such service, but not many, I hope, in America. It is largely the European immigrant class that submits to the tin doctoring racket in this country.
 On page 11 of the booklet the peasants are told that "sugar remaining on or between the teeth is apt to ferment and produce acids which injure the enamel." This is a good specimen of the nonsense and hokum that inevitably features the "health propaganda" of corporations that aspire to take over the control of public health and the practice of medicine. I hope to assure this father and all other parents who have any faith in my advice, that there is absolutely no ground in fact or in scientific investigation for the quack notion that sugar on or between the teeth of child or adult is, or will, become in any way injurious to the teeth or to the general health. That antiquated theory was discarded long ago by educated dentists. The tyro or peck employed by the corporation to prepare this booklet probably hadn't heard the news, but that is the way with most of this big business practice of medicine or hygiene.
 On page 9 the funny pamphlet tells the peasantry that "rinsing the teeth with lime water after they have been cleaned will keep them clean and make them strong and healthy." Perhaps this rite will not harm the teeth or the individual, but it is silly-illy advice nevertheless, and I challenge any person of scientific standing to cite good evidence to make it even plausible.
 I say nothing about the detailed instructions in the booklet on the way to use the toothbrush, because my belief about brushing the teeth is not in harmony with the prevailing belief of the older dentists. I merely repeat that in my judgment a regular visit to the dentist or his dental hygienist for cleaning of the teeth is the only way anybody can keep his teeth clean.

SUNDOWN STORIES

By Mary Graham Bonner.
 As John would come back from time to time, from his wanderings around the old Phoenixlar vessel, to talk to the Clock and Peggy, who stayed most of the time in the boat, he would tell of some things he had learned from the boatwains. He knew by this time just how the ours had been put through the hole in the sides of the ship and how the different parts of the ship were kept together by strong bolts.
 They were going to travel all over the world, they had told John. They were going to explore and name places and build up trade and business.
 "Yes," the Little Black Clock said. "They will discover and found Carthage and colonies along the coast of Spain and Africa, but they will never know that a land such as ours exists."
 "My goodness! How far you've turned the time back. Maybe I'll tell them about our country."
 "They wouldn't know what you were talking about," the Clock smiled. "They would merely think you, as a boy, were pretending to know more than they, as men know. And as for a world spread out as we know it—they'd never believe that, and you might only annoy them in suggesting it."
 So John wandered back and forth—listening to what the sailors were planning and then hearing from the Little Black Clock of their great discoveries and journeys and of their boats and the knowledge of the sea these first sailors possessed.
 But now they made many steps. The Phoenixlar were beginning to trade, and John and Peggy were fascinated with the way they were going about it.
 "Can't we stay with them a while longer?" John urged.
 "Yes," the Little Black Clock answered briskly. "I'll make up your last hours of sleep, 'oh, yes, we'll stay a little longer."
 Tomorrow—"Rich Spies."

Communications

Use Wheat for Relief.
 To the Editor:
 Your last evening paper carried the information that the Red Cross

Fork: An implement people lift half-way to their faces and then lean over and snap at.

Now it is the fashion to collect old plates. If upper plates are desirable, you can collect a lot by loitering near a sidewalk place on the sidewalk.
 January is the time when a man can indulge his taste in ties and arouse nothing more than a sympathetic snuffle.
 You see, there's a hoosh joint just outside Mr. Ford's Brazilian plantation, and the little rubber trees can't compete with wild ones.
 Americanism: Giving the kids so much they have nothing left to long for, wondering why they must cut up to escape boredom.
 Note to bosses: Give every man assurance that he won't be laid off and he won't be afraid to spend what he makes.

Another way to cut down on your smoking is to cultivate friends who say: "Sorry, I haven't one."

Christian nations are the ones that console themselves with the thought that others are in a worse fix.
 Still, dedicating the Harding memorial shouldn't lessen the prestige of the presidency if Harding didn't.
 Correct this sentence: "He had an abscessed tooth pulled yesterday," said the wife, "but he told me nothing about it until it was out."
 of Jackson county had been called upon for \$1800 to help relieve the drought district.
 I have always been ready and willing to do my bit for the Red Cross at any time, but I feel that this call for funds is all out of order at this time.
 Our government for the past few months has been buying, through the federal farm board, millions of bushels of wheat to try and relieve the grain farmer. This wheat is bought and paid for and owned by the people of the United States, and I see no reason why this wheat should not be milled and the flour and feed given to the people of the drought district.
 As it stands at present, this wheat is simply piled up, and stands in the way of a fair market for the coming crop.
 If it could be done we would have this wheat out of the way of competition for the next crop, which it certainly will be if it stays where it is.
 To mill this and deliver it into the hands of the needy would relieve thousands of men and would relieve the unemployment situation to a great extent.
 Why should we be asked to dig down in our pockets for money to buy the very thing we have paid for and which the people of the drought district are so much in need of?
 With the terminal elevators of this country full of wheat bought and paid for with the people's money, with thousands of men standing ready and willing to work for a small wage to convert this into flour and bread for the needy, and with thousands of grain farmers praying that something be done with this wheat to get it out of the way of future crops, I ask you, is there not some way the people can bring this before congress so that this may be accomplished and be a benefit to everyone, instead of making it a burden by raising further funds?
 R. J. FORSTH,
 Medford, January 15.

Talks To Parents

HAPPY TO BED
 By Alice Judson Peale
 The man or woman with a gift for parenthood feels intuitively that the sun should not set upon his anger against his child—that he should go to bed at peace with the world, especially with those whom he loves.
 It is perhaps not always possible to do this with an older boy or girl who to a certain extent at least, calls forth adult treatment, but surely there is nothing a small child can do which properly inspires righteous anger or cold disapproval so deep that it can keep over night.
 Psychiatrists say great harm is done to the growing child who is permitted to harbor in secret his grudges, resentments, hatreds and guilt feelings. It is these stored up emotional responses that furnish the basis for neuroses.
 Not only are there consequences which must be reckoned in later life, there are also immediate ones. The effect of holding over grudges, of going to bed unhappy or smarting from a sense of injustice is to lessen the child's willingness to be guided by his parents to cooperate with them for his own good, to benefit by their judgment on matters in which the young may well profit from the experience of their elders.
 The child who goes to bed each night serene in his spirit and full of good will toward those whom he loves is in little danger of developing emotional imbalance when he is grown.
 Take the trouble to see to it your child does not carry over into his sleep and so into the storehouse of his subconscious memory the ugly and unhappy emotions of the day.
 Be sure your child goes happy to bed.

By BUD FISHER

MUTT AND JEFF—They're Having a Quacky Old Time

"YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF SHOOTING POOR INNOCENT DUCKS!"

LADY, HOW DO I KNOW THE DUCKS ARE INNOCENT? I AM NOT A JURY!"

AND I'M JUST AS INNOCENT AS THE DUCKS WHEN IT COMES TO SHOOTING 'EM. I COULDN'T HIT MY OWN FACE WITH A HANDFUL OF LATHER!"

WELL, YOU'RE DUCK HUNTING, AIN'T YOU?"

NOPE, I JUST WAIT HERE. JAKE IS JUST A DECOY DUCK. HE QUACKS AND A LOT OF FUNNY THINGS ARRIVE."

HAVE ANY LUCK TODAY?"

YOU'RE THE ONLY THING THAT'S SHOWED UP SO FAR!"

LADY, YOU WOULDN'T SHOOT A MOTHER WITH A DUCK IN HIS ARMS, WOULD YA?"

QUACK! QUACK! QUACK!

For COUGHS
 GENUINE
FOLEY'S
 HONEY
 and TAR
 COMPOUND
 OVER 100 MILLION BOTTLES USED