

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily and Sunday Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 16-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 18. ROBERT W. HULL, Editor. E. SCUMPTON SMITH, Manager. An Independent Newspaper. Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates: Daily, with Sunday, year, \$7.50; Daily, without Sunday, year, \$5.50; Sunday, without Sunday, month, .65; Sunday, one year, 7.00; Daily, with Sunday, one year, 8.00.

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Advertising Representatives: M. C. MORGAN COMPANY, Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

Ye Smudge Pot (By Arthur Perry)

In this racket, what does it profit one to think of something smart in the evening, and not be able to remember it in the morning?

People reading General Pershing's "War Memorials" have increased respect for King George of England. The Kaiser tried to dynamite from the air the statue of Queen Victoria, and His Highness cursed like a mad woman at a bridge party.

The current boy-friend of Clara Bow, attending the public fuss of Miss Bow and her late secretary yesterday "hid behind a newspaper." If he was anybody but a movie actor he would crawl under the barn.

The legislature (Ah!) tomorrow will discuss the ROGUE RIVER FISH. (Ah!) Citizens, be calm! The fish have been discussed before, and, outside of considerable wear and tear on the vocal chords, nothing has been accomplished.

"Dear Aunt Lucy: I am a good-looking young man of 23 years, and do not know much." (Love Agony col. Portland Telegram.) No argument, son!

THE DOCTOR SNEAKED IN (Exchange) Those who visited Mr. Seale, who is seriously sick, the past week are: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wells, Mrs. George Locke and son, Mrs. Mary Reed, and Mrs. Charles Hill, Miss Lena Reetz, of Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Gunther Steele and Robert, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Davidson, Mrs. Anna Tordena of Linwood, Richard Seale of Russell Springs, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Johanning of Hyde Prairie, Mrs. Louise Schwartz and son of Woodson, the Rev. J. E. Morgan of Baldwin, Mrs. Peters, Miss Mabel and Vinton Peters, Mr. and Mrs. William Meairs, Mr. and Mrs. Hurley, Mr. and Mrs. E. Leary, Miss Elsie Brown and Paul Koehler, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Reetz are helping care for Mr. Seale.

There has not been a hanging in this state for three years or more, complain the savants. The state is therefore more civilized than intended, and feels bad about its decline in barbarity.

INCONSPICUOUS MOTHER (Albany Democrat-Herald) A girl was born at the Russell Alexander home this week. There are now five children in the home. The others are boys.

Daniel Cupid is enjoying a well earned rest, and the preachers will not be able to get any pin-money until June. December grooms are now prepared to give advice to brides married in 1892 or later. They are Extra Fancy Einsteins.

Spring hats for the Galsheviks are here. The hats always beat the season about nine weeks.

Most of the 1931 model autos have horns that rattle like a Methuist soprano.

An agriculturist towned yesterday, and cursed the weather more than the president.

Major Willis B. Woodpecker, in charge of Public Cupboards, has returned from a hurried trip over his district, and reports the hickory nuts are holding out well among his people. He says it will come out the big end of the hole.

Coquille—\$5,000 addition to the Swift & Co. plant to be erected in near future.

WANTED—AN ALIENIST FOR THE OREGON JOURNAL

BUSINESS is not the only thing demoralized in this country. Brains appear to be equally affected. Now the Oregon Journal has brains, but kindly read this brain child in its issue of January 12th, under a life-like portrait of John Barneberg, our new County Commissioner.

John Barneberg, native of Jackson County, a retired fruit grower, was sworn in as county commissioner of that county Wednesday. He is the first Democrat to hold office in Jackson county since 1894.

This places the cerebral stock of Portland's great Democratic daily about equal to that of Curtis-Wright.

For Ralph Jennings, staunch Democrat, is now serving his third term as Sheriff; George Cobling, another Democrat, is District Attorney; F. L. TouVelle, of the same party, was County Judge for six years; Judge Neil, Judge Charles Print and W. S. Crowell, all Democrats, were County Judges after '94-Rawles Moore, uncompromising Democrat from the solid south, was district attorney a few years ago, and his unexpired term was filled out by Newton Borden, than which from a Democratic standpoint there was, and is, none such.

JOHN ORTH, who we don't believe has deserted the Democratic party, was County Clerk for many years, a decade after 1894; Wilbur Jones and Joe Rader, also Democrats, were county Sheriffs, and of course everyone knows that W. H. Canon, who at last report still had a faint affection for the party of Jefferson and Wilson, was elected Mayor of Medford, as was M. Purden of the same political faith,—about 15 years after the date cited.

And yet this great journal of wisdom and light makes the bold and unequivocal assertion that John Barneberg is the "first Democrat to hold office in Jackson County since 1894," a slight matter of 37 years! (Sic.)

PERHAPS the business depression is not entirely responsible for this brain storm. It may be that the Journal's desertion of the Democratic party in the recent election, and its impassioned support of a Republican for Governor, may have had something to do with it—may have thrown a monkey wrench into the Journal's cerebral machinery, which so impaired the optic nerve that, Democratically speaking, it could only see back two months out of nearly four decades.

Whatever the cause the condition is serious. We suggest that before the esteemed Journal makes any more political observations, its brains be packed up and sent down to Salem for careful examination by one of Governor Meier's many experts—preferably the chief alienist.

THE WICKERSHAM REPORT

AND now we have the long awaited report of the Wickersham committee composed of eleven distinguished citizens, whose total brain power would make the S. P.'s latest locomotive look like a nickel-plated cigarette lighter.

Yet what do we find! A perfect pot-pourri of conflicting opinions, hopeless division on every vital point, a backing and filling and sidetracking, which makes the net result as clear to the average mind as Dr. Einstein's explanation of his theory last night broadcast in Yiddish German.

Six favor some change in Prohibition, five oppose any change; two of the six are for repeal, four against; four of the six are for revision of the 18th amendment, two against; one is for federal control of liquor under private operation, through mercantile liquor establishments, three favor such a plan, two favor it with reservations, five oppose it,—and so forth 'and so weiter.'

As clear as mud!

ON ONLY two points do these intellectual giants agree,—they oppose light wines and beers, and favor modification of limitations on how much liquor doctors can prescribe.

Well, we agree with the committee on both points, for light wines and beer would, in our judgment, simply render enforcement more difficult rather than less so, without giving any genuine relief; while the legalizing of medical liquor is demanded by all considerations of humanity and common sense.

HOWEVER what does the agreement of the present writer amount to,—or the agreement of any other individual or newspaper? NOTHING AT ALL. For one person who agrees there will be another to disagree—or perhaps more.

The Wickersham committee was appointed to study the Prohibition problem and, after securing all the available facts, outline a definite program, which in the opinion of that committee offered the best chance for solution.

If no definite program could be arrived at, far better to have rendered no report at all—simply have stated that, under the circumstances, no satisfactory solution of the problem is possible, and let it go at that.

FOR with this sort of hodge-podge—the Prohibition situation is worse than it would have been if no committee had been appointed—every important contention is given some support, and none given sufficient support to furnish the moral and official sanction which is essential, if any real progress via the committee route is to be made.

That such an erudite newspaper as the Portland Journal should make such a report on Democratic office holders in Jackson County; and such a group of distinguished citizens as compose the Wickersham committee should make such a hash of its report; merely brings us back to our original contention,—that business is not the only thing demoralized in this country at the present time,—brains are similarly affected.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues. Across: 1. Reprove, 2. Formal procession, 12. One who brings into line, 13. Infused from the gorse, 14. Infused from the gorse, 15. Symbol for copper, 16. Sulfur, 17. Advertisement, 18. Hoax, 19. Hoax, 20. Hoax, 21. Hoax, 22. Hoax, 23. Hoax, 24. Hoax, 25. Hoax, 26. Hoax, 27. Hoax, 28. Hoax, 29. Hoax, 30. Hoax, 31. Hoax, 32. Hoax, 33. Hoax, 34. Hoax, 35. Hoax, 36. Hoax, 37. Hoax, 38. Hoax, 39. Hoax, 40. Hoax, 41. Hoax, 42. Hoax, 43. Hoax, 44. Hoax, 45. Hoax, 46. Hoax, 47. Hoax, 48. Hoax, 49. Hoax, 50. Hoax, 51. Hoax, 52. Hoax, 53. Hoax, 54. Hoax, 55. Hoax, 56. Hoax, 57. Hoax, 58. Hoax, 59. Hoax, 60. Hoax, 61. Hoax, 62. Hoax, 63. Hoax, 64. Hoax, 65. Hoax, 66. Hoax, 67. Hoax, 68. Hoax, 69. Hoax, 70. Hoax, 71. Hoax, 72. Hoax, 73. Hoax, 74. Hoax, 75. Hoax, 76. Hoax, 77. Hoax, 78. Hoax, 79. Hoax, 80. Hoax, 81. Hoax, 82. Hoax, 83. Hoax, 84. Hoax, 85. Hoax, 86. Hoax, 87. Hoax, 88. Hoax, 89. Hoax, 90. Hoax, 91. Hoax, 92. Hoax, 93. Hoax, 94. Hoax, 95. Hoax, 96. Hoax, 97. Hoax, 98. Hoax, 99. Hoax, 100. Hoax.

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. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address: Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHERS? In a talk about the remedial uses of photographer's fixing agents, sodium hyposulfite or "thiosulfate of soda" recently I said I wondered if other folks shared my aversion for professional photographers and identified nearly every dentist bill. People who believe in brushing their teeth have to pay not only for the brushes and paste but also an annual dental bill.



feeling whenever I have visited my dentist, yet I do visit him regularly and often for I do want to keep my teeth and that's the only way one can keep them long. The money I save from year to year on nearly every dental bill. People who believe in brushing their teeth have to pay not only for the brushes and paste but also an annual dental bill.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Management of the C. No doubt this is an imposition on your good nature, but we are comparatively new readers and we would like to have your opinion about the management of c. If you can give us your suggestions or tell us the date of publication if they have been recently printed, we will be in your debt. Already your wholesome teachings have won you five new followers in this household. Besides, our next door neighbor, Dr. ... something of a bear on newspaper science, is one of your most ardent admirers ... J. W. F.

Answer—Remember, c. is not a definite condition but any of the common respiratory infections you call it "c." until you find out what it is going to be. I have a little monograph about c. which outlines a safe and sane management. Ask for the directions for the home treatment of c. and inclose stamped envelope bearing your address. As for your medical neighbor's opinion of my teachings, I challenge any reputable doctor to show cause why he should not approve of them. Indeed, I have not infrequently modified or changed my teachings when some good doctor, dentist or layman has shown cause why he could not endorse my work.

A Good Health Suggestion. While you are disposing of custard in bowling alleys and hotel lobbies and parlor cars, why not take a healthy slap at round doors which outline a safe and sane management. Ask for the directions for the home treatment of c. and inclose stamped envelope bearing your address. As for your medical neighbor's opinion of my teachings, I challenge any reputable doctor to show cause why he should not approve of them. Indeed, I have not infrequently modified or changed my teachings when some good doctor, dentist or layman has shown cause why he could not endorse my work.

Dr. Blaisdell, expert in skin diseases, says we must stop shaking hands and adopt the ancient Roman method of salutation, namely, friends by the arm. Next to indiscriminate kissing, and unprotected sneezing, handshaking is the most efficient method of germ distribution. Dr. Blaisdell can prove to you that when President Hoover shook hands with the people on New Year's day he collected at least 50,000,000 germs. The President washed them off carefully, of course, but not everybody does that.

Children especially transfer them to their faces and mucous membranes. At Palm Springs near here, another case of Sandy desert bombing into solid gold, Samuel Untermeyer of New York sits on his veranda waiting for Professor Einstein, who does not come because he has a bad cold. Professor Einstein has been shaking hands ever since he landed in America.

In Japan 50 are dying every day of the so-called "Spanish influenza" which the war made us too familiar. The disease is virulently active in Spain, also. In China many are dying of the influenza in Shensi province, and from hunger and cold, also. We should be grateful for our blessings and not complain so much of our ailments as we do.

Death when it comes is not so bad. Guides traveling in the north entered a lonely hut at Long Rapids, on Hay river, and found a skeleton, holding in its body hand a letter addressed to the mother of James Eldon Williams, of Albany, Cal. It said: "The sun is shining, mother, but I feel so cold. I can still walk a little, but that's about all. I haven't eaten for so long, or seen another human being for 40 years. I have some cards but I don't care for solitude. The only thing I worry about is if God will forgive me for my sins." Williams had imprudently tried the Hay river trip alone. God, let us all hope, will forgive him his sins, freezing to death there being perhaps equivalent to burning later on. The man probably died without pain. Nature is merciful.

Those men of A. D. 10,000,000 will talk of days when men took their funny power from waterfalls as we talk of early agriculturists that harnessed their old wives to the plow, while the young, newest wife held the plow handles, guiding a sharp stick hardened in the fire.

Between Saturday night's darkness and Sunday morning's daylight thousands of tons of rock fell from the top of Niagara Falls on the American side.

Thus Niagara's cliff travels gradually upstream, and in a few million years cliff and cataract will have disappeared. But long before that happens men will have harnessed the tides, the earth's internal heat, the sun's limitless power, perhaps releasing also the inconceivable force locked up in the atom.

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Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) January 20, 1921. William Lewis sells 1000 sheep to San Francisco concern.

Buick stolen from Medford Auto company recovered in Napa, Cal. Bill introduced in legislature for double counting boards.

Report many local citizens will build new homes this spring. Local dancers amazed by the proficiency of Joe Tardee on saxophone.

Praying demonstration to start at the end of the month. Wilbur Ashpole reports the roads in the Applegate "the worst in history."

WINTER YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) January 20, 1911. Winter is routed in the valley by the coming of the "Chinook."

Medford Chinamen ignore the imperial edict to whack off their pig tails. Willamette valley storm is on its way here.

Foes of Governor Oswald West declare he "has put his foot in it." Chief of Police W. H. Shearer resigns.

J. F. Hittson residence on East Main street damaged by blast in street work. Dr. R. W. Stearns is named city physician and Porter J. Neff city attorney by the city council.

Eugene Ely, the aviator, flying airplane, lands on Battleship at Oakland, Cal. John Demmer ran down to Ashland late yesterday.—(Local).

Col. F. L. TouVelle returns from a three months' visit to every large city in the land and reports "there is no place like Medford."

Dr. Blaisdell, expert in skin diseases, says we must stop shaking hands and adopt the ancient Roman method of salutation, namely, friends by the arm.

Children especially transfer them to their faces and mucous membranes. At Palm Springs near here, another case of Sandy desert bombing into solid gold, Samuel Untermeyer of New York sits on his veranda waiting for Professor Einstein, who does not come because he has a bad cold.

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Talks To Parents

DRESSING THE CHILD. By Alice Judson Peate. A six-year-old boy drives his family to distraction by his slowness in getting dressed on school mornings.

It is practically impossible to get him off on time unless his mother or older sister dresses him. This is a doubtful expedient. It will, to be sure, avoid nagging and tardiness for school, but it will tend to make the child lazy and dependent while it does nothing to further the development of his sense of responsibility.

There are several other ways in which the situation might be met. Observation may reveal the fact that the boy wishes to delay getting to school because something in the school situation is difficult or unpleasant.

It may be that he dawdles in order to hold the remnant of the stage of because he wishes to punish his elders for behavior which he feels as injustice, unreasonable or lack of love.

It may be that comparison with another child who shines in the matter of self-help may have caused him to behave as badly as possible in order to show his contempt for the hateful example.

It may also be that habits of self help were not begun early enough and that the child having been babied until the age of four or five has actually not yet learned to dress himself quickly and easily.

Obviously, success in dealing with the difficulty lies first in eliminating such causes if they exist.

In any case it will be helpful to let the child get up a little earlier to allow him more time. It will also help if his clothing is simple, having a minimum number of fastenings and if it is neatly laid out for him so that he will not waste time in getting it together.

So-called Re-wiring of From lighting system to start soon.

Communications

Service Station Sidewalks. To the Editor: The long mooted question "What is a sidewalk?" was definitely defined and forever settled when the city council permitted numerous gas stations in this city to show their sidewalks from the curb to the property line.

This great engineering feat probably culminated under the hallucination that this was necessary to forestall any possibility of autos and trucks tearing out differential gearing in straining to negotiate the otherwise tremendous grades into these oil stations, yet in the face of this theory all demonstrators of any car on the market will vouch that their cars can climb trees and do so at the rate of 28 miles to a gallon of gas.

And this assertion has been substantiated by a number of our citizens who have driven their machines to the top of telephone poles and lamp-posts.

These slanting, and even in some instances swaybacked sidewalks, are a menace to every man, woman and child who have to traverse them in wet, frosty or sleety weather, and it was only last week that a well known Medford business woman slipped and fell upon one of them and was severely injured.

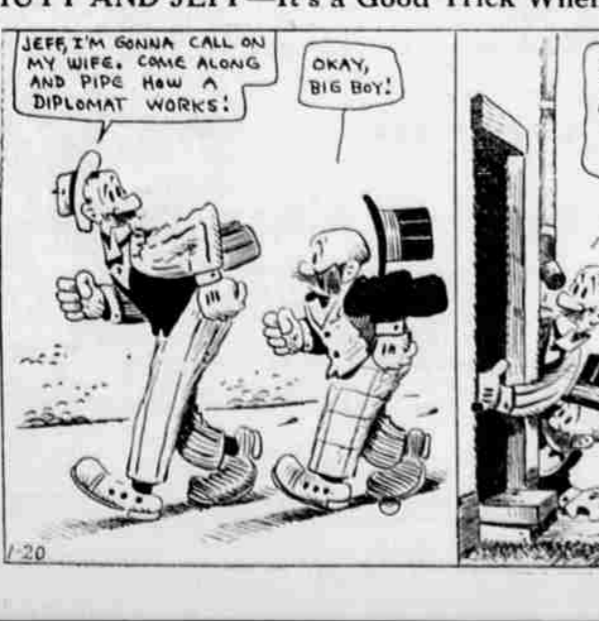
They are even uncomfortable to walk upon under the most favorable conditions. There is one in particular on two sides of a station on Riverside that is so steep in its slanting proclivities that but the bravest dare to embark upon a voyage across it in unfavorable weather, and any pedestrian who can reach port unscathed can also qualify as a slack-wire walker.

If the present administration intends to let these sidewalks stand as they are at present, and like-ones be added from time to time, it might be well to slope all the sidewalks in the city and town have them uniform, and the citizens can arrange to meet the contingency by having the left shoe soled about an inch thicker than the right, and always traverse the right hand side of the street going and coming, thus concealing a limp and maintaining a perpendicular pose.

The only hardship and inconvenience of this arrangement would be

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MUTT AND JEFF—It's a Good Trick When it Works



By BUD FISHER

There were seats and desks, and a teacher stood in the center of the school house and no roof, in fact, it was just like being out in a yard at first school where games could be played. The little Black clock whispered to John and Peggy that they would stand at one side. They needn't study with the others. Nor would they be asked to answer questions. They would simply be regarded as visitors.