

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot (By Arthur Perry)

The United States has apologized to Mussolini for the words of Gen. Smedley Butler. It is now up to Mussolini to apologize to the United States for the deeds of Al Capone, Tony Lombardo, Michael Scallisi, Raphael Titto, Henri Ajello and a horde of lesser criminals of Italian extraction.

It is noted in the Pendleton East Oregonian, that a woman resident of Heppner "ran a crooked needle in her thumb Saturday." The next thing the state knew, a lady will have her life saved by the bullet hitting a corset stay.

The state of Colorado is a jump ahead of civilization, by the adoption of an innovation in official murderings. Instead of dropping convicted murderers through a trap door towards the floor, they kick them upwards towards the ceiling. This method cracks a neck, right now, unless it fails, and then the victim struggles to death.

My husband has an unenviable reputation, and I am generally along with him when he has one of these tantrums. Recently he became angry at my brother, and when he left our house, vented his wrath on me. My brother unexpectedly returned, and there was a terrible scene. My husband was unable to work for three days.

The pleasant evenings of spring will soon be upon us, and the present is a very fine time to think up a curb on rural shoveler parties, who in the past have been wont to swoop down upon this thriving fishing center, in battered and tattered ads, to congest traffic, make a general nuisance of themselves, and add a Hicksville touch to the metropolis of southern Oregon.

The minor ills of the depression are entirely imaginary, unless the sapient Andrew Mellon, secretary of the treasury. Far be it from us to contradict the learned statesman, but the hole in the seat of our pants is not imaginary.

An inquiry is underway to determine how many Oregon legislators fearfully voted dry this week, and just as fearfully afterwards voted for the hidden gallon.

Editorial Correspondence

EN-ROUTE SUNSET LIMITED TO PHOENIX, ARIZONA, Jan. 30.—Off on the S. P. again—almost as frequent a traveller as Arthur Brisbane. If we had Arthur's income we would probably beat his mileage. For we like to wander hither and yon. However this brief jaunt is mainly business.

If you wish to go to Los Angeles from Medford on the train here's a tip. Don't take the Shasta—motor down to Dunsmuir and catch the Cascade—will save you a day and also save that shaking up that the dear old S. P. insists upon. Two newspaper men accompanied us from Medford and we warned them about the cattle-train tactics at Dunsmuir, when the Shasta is knocked down and reassembled with (if we recall correctly) the West Coast from Klamath. Lucky we did, for the larger of the two put an extra blanket above his head as a shock absorber. The backing and filling, snorting and spouting, knocking and smashing was worse than on the former Shasta trip about six weeks ago. That blanket saved a distinguished Oregon editor's life. His companion was smaller so he merely rattled around in his berth, suffering minor injuries such as a cut lip and slightly swollen eye. It was the worst man handling I have ever experienced. Why the S. P. tolerates it is a mystery. If Rosey were in charge of that division, we wager, it WOULDN'T.

No time to leave Medford apparently. Clear and sunshine up there yesterday, a cold bleak day as we passed through San Francisco and judging by the window pane at the present moment (7:30 p. m.) it is going to rain. No rain for two weeks however according to the porter. Every farmer in San Francisco is no doubt rejoicing. This is a fine train—the best we have ever seen on the S. P.

QUILL POINTS

The chief objection to those swell gangster funerals is their infrequency.

The bore, however, is worse than the racketeer. You can't pay him to let you alone.

Maybe man is inferior, but the first one wasn't created as the result of pulling a bone.

Among those who aren't making any money now are the manufacturers of reducing pills.

Well, it took something like this to remind people that knees are prayer-bones instead of scenery.

The final proof of virtue is to live in a small town and never notice how narrow minded the people are.

Machines don't make jobs scarce. It didn't take a dozen to keep old Dabbin filled, repaired and polished.

You never see a bronze statue of a man who said he would do his best as soon as things picked up a little.

Poor Sinclair Lewis! He's better when he's bitter, and you can't be bitter with a pocket full of spending money.

That strange silence you notice comes from the people who said all of the country's meanness was caused by prosperity.

Brisbane suggests adopting Mussolini's plan to get rid of gangsters. But where is another America that will let them in?

takes us direct to Phoenix without a stop. There is a new type of Pullman on the train—hotel rooms and regular beds, instead of compartments, very attractive to look at, but no chance to try them. Of course the day will soon come when all first class railroad and Pullman tickets will entitle the owner to a private room overnight. This camping out in an open car with every other passenger snoring, is both unhygienic and barbarous.

Did you know they are growing rubber—real rubber—on the floor of the valley a few miles south of San Jose? It's too dark to see but a travelling salesman pointed out a large acreage near Gilroy. He says it is some new discovery, not a rubber tree, but a shrub that resembles sage brush—a field looks like sage brush planted in rows. But genuine rubber—not synthetic. Very interesting. But not so profitable according to our informant for the rubber market is as sick as the wheat market. Seems that nothing has escaped this depression (Ah there F. J.)

Papers are full of the effervescent General Butler, commander of the Marines, who once tried to dry up Philadelphia but failed. It seems he has been arrested and will be court martialed for saying Mussolini, while riding in his car, drove over a child, and went on with the remark that a dead child of two should interfere with the progress of the car of state. Very indiscreet remark for a representative of the government to make. Most newspaper men however, will sympathize with the general, for assuming it Duce was correctly quoted, the offense was his, rather than the general's. And it is so easy to say things that are proper in private conversation, but are so damaging when seen in cold and public print. Who told on the general, anyway?

Hood River apples are getting plenty of free advertising in San Francisco—boxes on every corner down town, with Hood River labels always in evidence. Men, women, young and old selling them—and judging by the number purchasing, making money at it. Also more pan handlers than usual—four struck Ye Editor walking from Geary to Market, down Egely—only four or five blocks. They were tough looking eggs too—just as well it wasn't in an alley at night, for Ye Editor, we mean.

San Francisco is delighted over the fact that the Great Northern is going to build into the city via the Western Pacific. At least the newspaper men here say so. No doubt true. But there is this about San Francisco—good news or bad news—the old gal always seems the same—full of dash and good cheer and never down hearted. Will be in Los Angeles in the morning for a little over an hour's stop. Not very long—but long ENOUGH thank you! R.W.R.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS: 1. Substrate of potassium and aluminum. 4. Kind of bean. 7. Field of action. 12. Don't know. 13. Author of "The Red Rover". 14. Argument in favor of. 15. Pronoun. 16. As for us. 17. As for us. 18. Kind of bird. 19. Epitaph. 20. Kind of bird. 21. Epitaph. 22. Industry. 23. Russian island sea. 24. He; French. 25. Short for a man's name. 26. In place of. 27. Imaginative. 28. Part of the scale. 29. Deified a saint. 30. Flexible palm stem. 31. Concerning. 32. Live ear. 33. Wrath. 34. Kind of bird. 35. At home. 36. Edge. 37. Gray rock. 38. Tray rack. 39. This for one's own. 40. Notwithstanding. 41. Word of refusal. 42. Garrettes. 43. Poem. 44. Wings. 45. Tumultuous. 46. Disorder. 47. By means of. 48. Roster. 49. Vicious. 50. Line. 51. Deposit. 52. Garrettes. 53. Public upstage. 54. He; French. 55. Plumber with a sink. 56. Month of the year; French. 57. Heavy discipline. 58. Irish expatriate. 59. Point d'union. 60. Wild beast. 61. Wagon. 62. Distant. 63. Belonging to the first ages. 64. Fresh. 65. Alien society. 66. Tip. 67. Headlines. 68. More bleak and cold. 69. Reproductive body of a flowering plant. 70. Yule. 71. Tree deposit. 72. Forward. 73. Yule. 74. Was victorious. 75. Greek letter. 76. Symbol for ely. 77. Pronoun.

Grid for crossword puzzle with numbers 1-77 indicating starting points for words.

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 written in ink, being 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 the Mail Tribune.

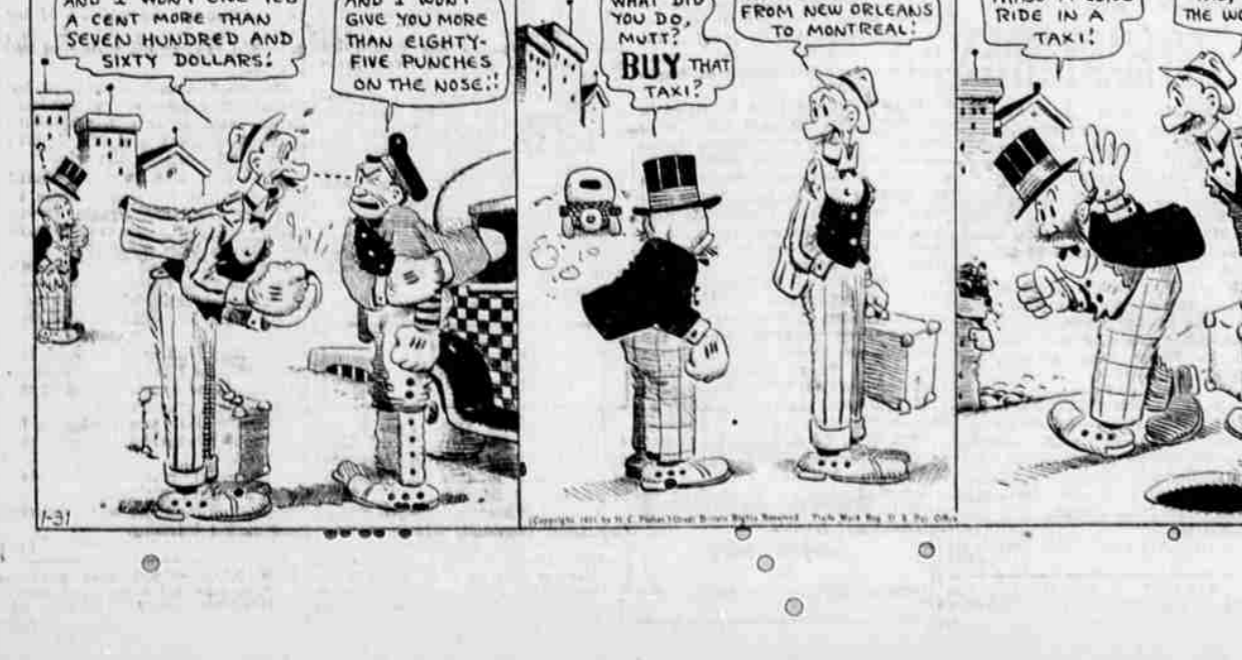
THE VENTILATION RACKET IS STILL GOOD

Way out in the wild and woolly the hick towns are still struggling with the high pressure salesmen employed by makers of ventilation equipment. In New York City the public school authorities continued to have truck with these merchants up to about three years ago, when the game was called on account of enlightenment and some several thousand dollars' worth of ventilation installations in the public schools was junked. A reader writes that at a recent meeting of the trustees of the county school in his county in Idaho some one spoke earnestly about a certain kind of ventilation equipment and urged its installation in the schools. The reader asked the speaker if she had ever heard of Dr. Brady and she squeaked the reader by replying that Dr. Brady was not taken seriously by physicians in good standing. Some of the medical brethren will be delighted with this. Trouble is some of them take me much too seriously. The representative of the ventilation equipment people was well coached for her job. She backed her recommendation up with a statement of evidence to support her contention. The Idaho reader kindly sends along the statement, and it is so good I wish we could print it in full, but we must be content to quote the gist of it. It purports to be matter quoted from various textbooks on heating and ventilation though in spots the quotation marks are missing, so that one suspects the ventilation merchants are working a few fine Italian ideas of their own off on the sucker. Anyway the high point of the evidence seems to be this quaint assertion: "Impurities exist in the air in proportion to the amount of carbon dioxide present in an atmosphere vitiated by respiration."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

No Head for Figures. I wonder why I can not be sure of myself? Whenever I have to add a column of figures I invariably feel I must check it once or twice in order to be sure I have not made an error. . . . somehow it seems my power of concentration is at fault. . . . W. E. B. Answer.—Same here, only more so. I invariably make a couple of errors the first time, one the second time, and then I add up the third and last time, and say "let me hear about it later. If not, why worry?"

MUTT AND JEFF—Off On the Gypsy Trail



The Old Core Opened Again. Only three in our office agree with you. The others insist drafts cause colds. Some of the girls would like you to give some proofs to substantiate your theories. . . . Is pneumonia caused by a germ or is it the result of a cold? Why do they wrap football players up warmly in blankets after a game? Will a draft cause a stiff neck? If not, what does?—H. H. S. Answer.—Pneumonia is a germ disease, and accordingly it is successfully treated with a germ serum, in many cases. Before we can get anywhere with the argument let the girls define what they mean by a "cold." The old fogey doctors who still mumble about that wise decline to define a "cold." Maybe the girls will rush in where doctors fear to tread. Too sudden cooling after violent exertion is likely to cause stiffness or lameness. Certainly that lameness is in no particular identical with such diseases as pneumonia, bronchitis, coryza or what have you. (Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Talks To Parents

By Alice Judson Peale. Even in this day of comparative enlightenment, there are still many parents who believe that the best way to make a child overcome his fears is to laugh them away. They are perhaps deceived because this method frequently makes a child bolder as if he were not afraid. A little sympathetic in-sigh would reveal, however, that he has only hidden his fear because of the even greater fear of being laughed at. This suppression of fear is especially hurtful. When crowded behind the surface, it influences the child's conduct not only in relation to the particular situation which originally caused it, but in relation to all those in any way associated with it. Thus his whole personality may become colored with the fear element. Added to this is a feeling of shame and inferiority caused by being made the subject of ridicule. One cannot laugh a child's fear out of him. One can only make him ashamed to show it. One has not cured him of his fear, but made him feel inferior. His self-esteem has been hurt, and his self-confidence impaired. The parent who finds himself using this method may well examine his own motives. He will be surprised to find that behind them is usually nothing more worthy than the urge to make his child the scapegoat for some of his own difficulties. It is often the parent who is himself not too courageous who makes fun of his child's timidity. Because his own parents were harsh and tactless, he may vent upon his child, in the form of ridicule, the pent-up aggressiveness which in his own childhood he was unable to express toward those in authority.

PROSPECT

PROSPECT, Ore., Jan. 31.—(Sp.) Mrs. Frances Pearson has had her cabin moved down on the highway. She has also had the ruins of the old mill, which burned last summer, cleared away and the ground levelled. Mrs. Bill Mooney and son Billy are confined to their home with mumps. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Snook have bought 40 acres from Gus Dittsworth and are moving on. Mr. and Mrs. Joff have returned from visiting their daughter in Seattle. Mr. and Mrs. Heston Grieve left for The Dalles, Tuesday, to be at the bedside of Mrs. Grieve's mother who is seriously ill. Since Monday the weather has been unusually fine, the temperature ranging to 60 each day. Some early flowers are in bloom and the trees and shrubs are budding.

Coos Druggist Dies

MARSHFIELD, Ore., Jan. 31.—(P)—Frank M. Parsons, 68, for 23 years in the pharmacy business here, died suddenly at his home last night from a heart attack. He is survived by his widow. Parsons was prominent in Masonic circles.

NAPERVILLE, Ill. Jan. 31.—

(P)—An 83-year-old veteran of the Civil war, Joseph A. Kowley, died yesterday leaving his widow, 46 years younger than he, and an 8-year-old son as survivors.

Police Cars Crash

SPOKANE, Jan. 31.—(P)—Four policemen speeding in two automobiles to answer a burglary alarm, were hurt, three of them gravely, when their cars collided early today.

Quill Points

Too many people seem to think that self-determination was for individuals as well as states. About all you can say for the world war is that it provided something new to blame and gave old Adam a rest. Another similarity between hell and hard times. In hard times people resolve not to be foolish next time. And you know what hell is paved with. Economists say the lower class comes to the top in time of world depression. This should take some of the conceit out of Capone and his boys. Correct this sentence: "I don't understand how policemen can be dishonest," said the man, "when the public is so loyal to them." "Other people are worse off than you" is poor consolation. Knowing another man has pneumonia doesn't make your own head cold one whit less painful. Correct this sentence: "It's the sentiment that counts," said the woman, "so a costly gift pleases me no more than a cheap one." You see, it would be wicked to license big bootleggers. The moral way is to let them alone and demand a share of their income. Note to boarders: A sick man's supply of blood won't save him if it stops circulating. Nature's way is best. The normal state of the mouth is shut. A successful man and a failure are equally suspicious of get-rich schemes, but never of the same ones. "Nothing astonishes people any more," That's true, too. You never hear of a modern swallowing his quid. If our laws were perfect, all we'd need to establish justice would be honest lawyers, fair judges and sensible juries. Americanism: One section producing too much to eat; another section in need of food; and railroads going broke for want of something to haul. If you aren't common enough to be called Jones without the "mister," or great enough to be called Jones without the "mister," you're middle class.

SARDINE CREEK

SARDINE CREEK, Jan. 31.—(Sp.)—Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Wait attended Pomona game at Eagle Point last Saturday in an all-day session and report a very pleasant time. The Misses Esther Hubler and Pat Wikstrom of Medford were Sunday afternoon callers at the Croft home. The J. U. Smith family has been having a siege of the grippe or flu, and now Mr. Smith is suffering a relapse which confines him to his bed. Edith Dusenberry, Dora Smith and M. Croft attended the basket ball game Friday night between Gold Hill girls and boys teams and the Rogue River teams, played at Rogue River in which the Gold Hill girls and the Rogue River boys were winners. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Dusenberry and baby and Mrs. Ida Wharton and son Henry visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Starns, in Grants Pass last week. Mrs. Millie Walker and daughter Schell of Gold Hill spent the weekend at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Wait and in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Wait Saturday looked after the chickens, incubators and so on. Harold Smith did some plowing this week for Mrs. Nina Dusenberry and Bill Wright. Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Wait were business visitors in Rogue River Tuesday. Mrs. Ida Wharton and sons Ben and Ted of Gold Hill visited her sister, Mrs. Lily Dusenberry, last Saturday. John Smith and daughters Jean and Roberta have just recovered from a siege of the chickenpox. Mable Dusenberry spent Wednesday night in Gold Hill visiting her father, C. L. Dusenberry. Among Medford visitors from here this week were Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Fiene, Mr. and Mrs. E. Croft and P. L. Wait. Edith Dusenberry has been out of school several days this week with a severe cold and sore throat. A. Bennett of Los Angeles, who lived on the Newton place about 17 years ago, was here one day this week reviewing old acquaintances. He finds many changes in the place as well as in the people.

By BUD FISHER

Monday—"Green Frogs" K. F. Carpenter Killed Klamath Falls, Ore., Jan. 31.—(P)—Roy Burgess, 45, a carpenter and last night from internal injuries received when he fell 50 feet from a platform while working on a mill here.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) January 31, 1921. Dry agents nab two at Gold Hill. Everlasting but thunder and lightning in local weather conditions. Prof. Irving Vining will be toastmaster at the Lincoln Day banquet. Fishing is poor in Rogue river as it is swift and muddy from the recent storm. Leon B. Haskins, the druggist, explains how he was nearly a victim of a short-change artist. Boys warned against shooting robins, and flying home-made airplanes.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

(From files of the Mail Tribune.) January 31, 1911. Bay who shot at off-high-powered rifle on Oakdale, endangering a number of children at play, is lectured by chief of police, school superintendent, the editor of the Mail Tribune, and his father. Legislature considers bill to make "tripping" in Oregon a felony. Five business houses in Talent fire swept. Loss \$30,000. Firebug blamed. Young lady riding horse from Buffalo, Wyo., to Buffalo, N. Y., passes through city. S. Vilas Beckwith, president of Rogue River University club, is considerably put out when a letter he addressed to the Mail Tribune, is signed "S. Vicar Breakwith."

PUFFY



SUNDOWN STORIES

"Now that we're here," says Puffy, "on this odd celestial shore, We'll organize an explosion party and—explode. You take a shovel, Bunny, and I'll take a pick to dig. And we'll concentrate on turning up a Chinese China Pig."

FROG HOLLOW

Peggy and John lived not far from Frog Hollow, a small section of marshy land. Tall ferns grew there and nearby were many shrubs and bushes of all kinds. In the winter time the brook running through the place was covered with a thin coating of ice, but in the spring it bubbled and sang so cheerily as it took its short journey to the small pond at its end. "I've turned the time back almost two years and we're going to Frog Hollow," began the Little Black Clock. "I've always liked Frog Hollow," John said. "It always seems as though I had gone out of the world when I went there." "Yes," Peggy went on happily, for she, too had always liked Frog Hollow. "The first shrubs and blossoms always come out there. In the summer there are wonderful pond lilies, and you can always see or hear some frogs."

"I guess that is why it is called Frog Hollow," John remarked. The Little Black Clock led the children to Frog Hollow. There were some frogs there, blinking their eyes, eating bugs and croaking about the weather, the Hollow, the brook, the pond, their family history and many other subjects. But the Little Black Clock first took them to the pond and there they saw some little dark creatures living in great moulds of jelly. They were really nothing but eggs and the soft jelly in which they were living or sleeping was attached to the twig of a shrub. As the children watched, the Clock turned the time ahead, and they saw these eggs change into tadpoles. "And now," said the Little Black Clock, "I'll turn the time ahead to see how these tadpoles change their name and looks. I've turned it ahead two years—do you see?" And the children saw that the tadpoles had changed into green frogs!

Monday—"Green Frogs"

K. F. Carpenter Killed Klamath Falls, Ore., Jan. 31.—(P)—Roy Burgess, 45, a carpenter and last night from internal injuries received when he fell 50 feet from a platform while working on a mill here.