

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily and Sunday Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 25-31-29 N. Fir St. Phone 15

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Ye Smudge Pot (By Arthur Parry)

Now is the time for the women-folks to plant sweetpeas, and have the front kill them, along with the almond blossoms.

The richest man in town informed the writer how poor he was yesterday, and the rubber band on his bankroll busted.

It is strange that this fishing center of the western hemisphere has no aquarium, and what is worse, never thought of such a thing.

A check of the populace of Brookfield shows that baldness among men is increasing. If there is a bald woman in Brookfield, the writer has never seen her.

As soon as spring is definitely established, several young folks will be themselves liable to a shiver. They cannot escape this fate, any more than they can escape Death, Taxes, and Insurance Agents.

Gasoline-saving devices have started to come. It is hard to heat a pair of shoes as a gasoline-saving device.

"Rain is badly needed to do spring plowing" (Halsey Notes.) If the land won't plow itself, and the rain won't either, what will the farmers do?

GROUND FOR DIVORCE (Salem Capital-Journal) The large number of excellent carrots, and the prevailing low prices, offer an inducement to many housewives to try new dishes such as carrot pudding.

"No person was ever healthy, while feeling ill" (American Medical Journal.) That sounds logical.

Italy, and Benito Mussolini, are acting like the United States loaned them \$225,000,000,000,000,000 during the war, and then fed that nation until it could recover from the effects.

Hobias Deuel, incarcerated in the legislature from this county, omitted a maiden speech yesterday, and his lungs held out to the finish. It was his first public speech, and every word was weighed before it was uttered.

SCIENCE Its former sentence now revokes, God is not one of man's bad dreams

But man is one of God's bad jokes.

This faith the physicist affirms And does not scruple to defend By arguments expressed in terms Impossible to comprehend.

Old-fashioned trinitities give place To new quartetties sublime: Familiar, three-dimensional space Is homousian with time.

No longer at their mother's knee May infants lisp of things divine; To know whatever gods may be This generation seeks a sign.

And while the world grows daily worse, While children die in septic slums, Men watch the unfriendly universe Work out interminable sums.

"For there," they say, "the eternal mind Toys with celestial calculus; The only God that we can find Remarkably resembles us."

A united Republican party of Jackson county will hold its annual Lincoln Day banquet, February 12, next, which is also utilized by banks and barberies as an excuse to suspend operations.

Editorial Correspondence

PHOENIX, Ariz., Feb. 1.—In the good old summer time, In the good old summer time, Strolling down the shady lane— TA tee, TA tee, T-AA!

Our last was on the Sunset Limited, as it sped from rain to sun shine at the edge of the Colorado desert. Ever since then it has been "good old summer time." So warm and sandy on the observation platform that only one lone man stuck it out, the others came in where the electric fans were going, and only a few grains of sand came through the ventilators.

The break was interesting, from a down-pour to a desert soaked with sunshine—just as if there were an unseen wall between Palm Springs and Beaumont, beyond which the clouds could not go.

Two expensive looking young ladies alighted at the Palm Springs station, where the stage met them. It is not only well to LOOK expensive if you go to Palm Springs, but he so. However there is nothing very cheap in any of this southwestern country.

At Yuma they are still stopping all cars and searching them for infected fruit. The train passed close to the "hold up" station, and there were ten or twelve cars being ransacked, the occupants appearing properly irritated.

In the middle of the desert, we ran upon a rare sight—the conservative and serious-minded S. indulging in humor.

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Italy has discovered oil, in encouraging quantities, at Fontevivo, near Parma. There is no great quantity, as yet, but the oil does gush from the ground, and in Italy today that means as much as four or five rainbows in the sky at once.

Mussolini, most energetic and efficient of earth's rulers, with the possible exception of Stalin, organized the "Azienda Generale Italiana Petroli" to seek for oil and has found it seven hundred feet down.

Mussolini might imitate Stalin, who sends for American experts in his industrial difficulties.

Kingsbury, of California, Seibert, of Indiana, or Toagle, of New Jersey, might tell him, on the transatlantic telephone what to do. The message might read: "We are going down as far as nine thousand feet here, try that. There are often deeper, richer sands below the shallow sands."

Or Mussolini could call in his European neighbor, Detlevling, who is no child in oil since he dominates the world's oil business now as Standard oil once did before our wise men decided not to let American enterprises become too successful.

Mussolini might even interest John D. himself, causing that ancient

a colored man at Redlands—large as grape fruit, thin skinned and full of juice—were not confiscated by the Arizona authorities.

A long line of squatting squaws, the smallest weighing about 250 at the railroad station, their beaded wares, postal cards, etc., in front of them, each article marked with a price, the squaws saying nothing, making no attempt to sell—whether because the law does not permit them or they can't talk English, we don't know.

Many people in Medford must remember Lieutenant Arnold, the army round the world flier who visited Medford with his fellow aviators after completing their epoch making trip—a very handsome winning chap. The other day his wife went against him in a divorce suit here, the court denying his plea for same.

It is warmer here now than on our previous visit about three weeks ago and the hotels are having better business. This has been a perfect day, not a cloud in the sky or a breath stirring, warm without being hot, and a sparkle in the air.

The fastidious single gentleman who puts a silk handkerchief over his head, a fresh carnation in his button-hole and snores in the sun, is still here—the sunburn has deepened into a deep rosewood tan. His diamonds still sparkle and he changes his clothes at least twice a day.

Everyone wishes full success for the Azienda generale.

England sentences Alfred Arthur Rouse to be hanged for the murder of a man unknown, something that has not happened in 145 years, and the jury took only fifteen minutes to decide.

Rouse had become involved in love affairs and desired to disappear, without dying. His automobile was burned, and in it was found the charred corpse of a man, not Rouse, who was disappointed in his murder theory that his own death would be taken for granted.

How he got the man into the car and burned him is not known. Sherlock Holmes would have advised him to buy a corpse and burn that. In case of need, he could prove it and escape hanging.

Civilization's methods improve even executions. Rouse will be hanged, and promptly, but out of sight, in a prison cell yard. When the thing happened 145 years ago, in 1786, a sailor, never identified, was murdered near Hindhead. Three men were hanged in chains, on the scene of the crime, for the edification of the public.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle. At Home: 1. Spinning top, 2. New assist, 3. Carpenter's tool, 4. Vegetable, 5. Estate of a nobleman, 6. Endless, 7. Kind of a certain kind, 8. Set up, 9. Numerous, 10. Trisected, 11. Stamp, 12. Varieties with spots, 13. French river, 14. Things that match, 15. Fish, 16. Sun god, 17. Adam's coat, 18. Run onto, 19. East Indian split pulse, 20. Earache, 21. Nuisance, 22. Cabins, 23. Precipitator, 24. Circle of light, 25. Indivisible particles, 26. Pertaining to the side, 27. Earache, 28. Nuisance, 29. Cabins, 30. Precipitator, 31. Part of a coat, 32. Go down, 33. Lubricate, 34. Give one's word, 35. Change, 36. Type, 37. Artificial language, 38. Mastic, 39. Pass, 40. Soap card, 41. Viscous liquid, 42. Part of the month, 43. Exhibit, 44. Alighted, 45. Air of the scale, 46. Mosaic, 47. Mosaic, 48. Pass, 49. Soap card, 50. Viscous liquid, 51. Part of the month, 52. Exhibit, 53. Alighted, 54. Air of the scale.

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 here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

ATTENDANCE RECORDS VERSUS HEALTH RECORDS.

Little tin doctors whose employers—small town school boards—require, it undertakes the diagnosis of ailments of the school children who come under their observation.

A good nurse learns nothing about that. She is hired to attend at the school and the board feels that the parents are pretty dumb anyway and will tolerate the tin doctoring of their kids as a cheap way out.

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natural rouchage or indigestible residue. Make it a rule to eat some fresh fruit daily and some fresh leafy vegetable or root vegetable, both fruit and vegetable preferably raw.

Some one let loose a sack of snakes on the floor of a moving picture theater in Germany during a showing of a Wagon film, and the audience was soch in pain, but the excitement was followed by laughter when some one discovered the snakes were the harmless garden variety. Would you... (R. W.)

Answer—Not in America—here it would be done, smoke or yeast before such discovery could be made. And if or when anyone ventured to announce his discovery he would be branded a nut if the folks in their terrible plight listened to him at all.

Turn About Would Be Good Education. Should a child be made to stop crying after they have been punished or hurt? A boy now 5 years old has never been allowed to cry after being hurt or punished, since he was 2 years old—in fact I have seen him snaked until he did stop crying. He is getting very nervous, and won't eat. His father teases him, and if he starts to cry then his father spanks him for crying. (A. M.)

Answer—Some one should give the father a little of his own practical psychology, either in a whip, and let him see how good he is at repressing his own emotions. The child who does not cry when hurt is surely abnormal.

SCARY GAMES AND STORIES By Alice Judson Peale. When the story of Black Sambo was told to a four-year-old kindergarten group, one little boy burst into tears and rushed over to the teacher, crying, "Please, please stop. I don't want to hear any more!"

It was the topographic telling of poor little Black Sambo's plight, when he thought that all four tigers had come back to eat him up, that caused the outburst.

To most children the story of little Black Sambo is entirely delightful. The roaring tigers, the fear element and the wholly satisfactory outcome offer just the right combination of excitement and pleasure.

But children are not all alike, and there are many who react with violent emotion to stories that have long been considered nursery classics. It is well to study your child carefully on this point and to select your stories accordingly.

Frequently stories that are otherwise suitable inspire terror because of the grown-up, in an effort to give the greatest possible delight to his small listener, dramatizes too vividly the cruel, gruesome or fearful elements of the story.

The tension caused by a too-exciting story-hour often results in restless sleep, bad dreams and even night terrors.

Another source of such difficulties is found in games which dramatize hunting, shooting, fights with wild animals, or battles with dragons and giants.

Given the most stable child should not be allowed to indulge in such games just before going to bed.

Children of the age seldom overstimulate one another even at this sort of play. It is usually when a child plays with older children or with adults that the make-believe becomes so real as to frighten him.

The salary of none of the New York Yankee players was cut for the 1931 season despite the fact the club failed to finish 1-2 last year, according to Ed Barrow, business manager.

Quill Points

Another thing this country needs is a good five-cent tip. The racketeer's victim has one consolation. Part of the money will be used to pay for a fine funeral.

Nothing lasts forever except the foolish popular conviction that current conditions will.

This man Lucas should be a federal judge. A federal judge can gum up the works and still hold his job.

Patience's depository: frozen loans, a closed bank. Their out-brilliant banking law makes muckers of the people it is designed to protect.

Brilliance keeps wondering how the Russian government gets so much money. Did he never see an elder mill squeezing apples?

There isn't much wrong with a country whose most popular comedian never resorts to dirt.

Americanism: Placing a tariff on wheat to keep foreigners from selling here, permitting foreigners to sell short on the exchange without paying any tariff.

The first impression given by Judge Lindsey's magazine articles is that he has no daughters.

You can tell a professional at first glance. He takes the money in daylight.

Dull business has one compensation. Cops aren't so busy when you park too long in front of a store.

A free country is one in which the only people who can't realize the faculty of nice fixing become public officials.

Floyd Gibbons says being shot feels much like being burned with fire. Being half shot in these times feels much like that, too.

"The first shall be last" fits the doctor, too. He's the first one called and the last one paid.

Correct this sentence: "Even though our place stays crowded," said the proprietor, "we are just as polite to patrons as we were when we started."

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—(AP)—Max Schmeling, the heavyweight champion, is able to protect himself in a hotel lobby as well as in the ring.

So his manager, Joe Jacobs, said in disclosing that the pugilist elected from the Hotel Commodore yesterday a man described as a process server. Schmeling took him by the collar, Jacobs said, and hustled him out to the street where the doorman took care of him.

JUSTICE RUSK DIES IN HOME AT G. PASS. GRANTS PASS, Ore., Feb. 3.—(AP)—C. E. Rusk, author and explorer, died at his home here today. Death came as the result of acute dilation of the heart. He was a justice of peace in Josephine county.

Rusk recently returned from Alaska, where he spent a part of the summer exploring glacier formations.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) February 3, 1921. County resident, who on a visit to San Francisco, gave his wallet containing \$200 to keep for him, returns without the wallet or contents.

Phoenix halos start drive to aid the starving Armenians. Gold Hill News reports a moral clean-up underway in that community.

Tris alleged to have flim-flamed Leon Huskins, the druggist, out of \$1000 at Grants Pass. American Legion posts oppose importation of alien orchard labor to the valley.

Fourteen hundred Medford dogs have no licenses. Blonde passes a bum check on the Optimo Cafe.

Twenty Years Ago Today (From files of the Mail Tribune.) February 3, 1911. City to make how as "Convention City of Oregon" next year. Chamber of Commerce decides.

Claude Miles advertises he will "sacrifice 40-acre orchard at \$200 per acre. He an optimist for once, and consider this proposition," he concludes. Eagle Point to have electric light plant.

Great floods block trains in California. Louis W. Hill scores Oregon for "its poor roads and backwardness in intensive farming."

Groundhog saw his shadow. High school artists present "The Military Girl." Central Point woman who killed a deer out of season, at 185 yards, fined \$50.

PUFFY. "In China I should have a queue," says Puffy. "To be in style, There ought to be a store where I could take one out for trial."

"I beg your pardon," Bunny says, with something of a smile: "Why buy a queue when you have had a pigtail all the while?"

SUNDOWN STORIES

FROG FASHIONS By Mary Graham Dunner. The frogs each took another bug, looked exceedingly pleased after this tasty little meal (at least they thought it was very tasty), and listened once more while one of the Green Frogs did the talking.

"Ah," continued the Speaker Frog, "I remember how we all changed our tadpole ways in order to follow the Frog fashions."

"There are some who change their fashions with the years. The frogs have more sense than that. We have good fashions and follow them through life."

"Well, when we began to realize that we shouldn't be tadpoles any more, but grown-up frogs, we began letting our hind legs grow."

"Yes, that is the way to do it! Let your hind legs grow if you want to become frogs."

Peggy and John smiled as they looked at each other. The other frogs kept speaking now and then, but about all they said was, "Goo-oom, that is so."

They always agreed with the Speaker Frog, and indeed he was giving Frog history very correctly. "Of course, first of all we let our left arm come out and see the daylight."

"He has a funny way of expressing himself," John said to Peggy, and she nodded.

"Then," the Green Frog continued, "we let the right one break through the skin and we have two arms. Many do not call them arms, but they should be so called. Then we have our legs to consider, and our faces change and become real frog faces."

"To be sure, I must not leave out about the tail. We just let our tail disappear."

"What do we want of tails when we are full-grown frogs and no longer baby tadpoles?"

"Goo-oom," the others said. "We do not want our tails any more."

"Of course not. No frog in the history of Frogland ever asked for a tail back again."

Tomorrow—Wide Awake.

MUTT AND JEFF — He's Lucky It's Not The Third Rail.

Comic strip showing two men in a boat. One says 'I'M HUNGRY!! WE OUGHT TO BE SOME PLACE BY NOW!' The other replies 'WE ARE SOME PLACE.' They are in a boat labeled 'LIFE BOAT 10'. One says 'WHERE?' The other replies 'STILL IN THE BOAT.' One says 'YOU'RE GETTING SMART, AIN'T YOU?' The other replies 'NO, IF I WAS SMART I WOULDN'T BE HERE!' One says 'I'M SORRY I EVER WENT TO EUROPE BY BOAT.' The other replies 'YOU MAY BE GOING BY BOAT-BUT I'M GOING BY RAIL!'