

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry. Fall plowing has started, on the new service station sites.

Friday was warm and balmy with some scudding clouds which could indicate an oncoming shower and again might not. (Heppner News.) Double-jointed prognostication.

The Clarence Hutchison bulldog scatters the leaves around the yard, faster than he can round them up. The havoc is blamed on the wind, of which there has been none.

Charity is getting mixed up with politics, and the results will be practically the same as when religion mixed with politics.

YOU FORGOT SOMETHING (Stakylon News) Yes, we're doubly glad we called at the News office.

A pair of Nipponees were out early this am. One, the Mikado on a street corner. The little brown man learn American customs fast.

A number of the boys have been down to Frisco. They have nothing to report, except that police dogs are chasing Austin cars under trucks, in the south.

The situation is now boiled down to a point where there will be nothing to do but starve to death, between football games.

The better grade of Democrats have started hoarding they used to belong to the "Grover Cleveland crowd."

Thirty-six souls gathered around a long table built under the pines at the Bailey home, where they feasted on a wonderful spread of food and spent a wonderful day in reminiscing. (Rita Mills Sentinel.) Phonetic, but puzzling.

Uncle, 87, was a caller yesterday. He said he felt like a high school boy, but did not intend to act like one.

FANCY WHITIN' Ira Fields and Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Hoover are going to start a novelty second hand store on South Main.

The pursuit of Wall St. for threatening to spend some money for development, has been abandoned, and the Willamette valley and Portland savants are crucifying, stabbing, and throttling education. An educational campaign against education looms.

The first pheasant hunter has been shot before the pheasant season opens, just as the first deer hunter was shot before the deer season opened.

The Montague News reports, "a votary of the dance, returning from an evening of social bonhomie, went off the grade near the Litchen place."

"TALK PROVIDES MARK TO SHOOT AT" (Hollins Gold Hill News) There should be more of it.

TOBACCO CHEWER The coming man will bravely stand without tobacco in his hand. A sun crowned chieftan of our lands.

A man whose aims the world will understand.

The man we train for future gain will no, on his fingers wear a stain! His mind will be clear and not a fear.

Will cloud his life to cause a tear. (Poetry).

Plains announced for straightening two curves in Astoria-Beasie stretch of Coast highway.

The Case of Asa Keyes

OUR COURTS, backed by police power, form the corner stone of our civilization. Remove them and we sink back into barbarism. Undermine them by bribery or corruption, and we return to the jungle. We like to think of what we term civilization as something lasting and permanent. But it isn't. It is no stronger than the courts and the police power which sustain it.

ASA KEYES, as District Attorney, was the official representative of the courts and police power of Los Angeles county. He was convicted of selling out to the forces of crime and corruption,—a bribe taker, a perjurer and a crook. He was sentenced to from one to 14 years at San Quentin.

Yesterday after 14 months, he was released on parole, and will become an automobile salesman in the community which a little over a year ago, he shamelessly betrayed.

As a private citizen engaged in business, he will receive that police and legal protection, which he not only refused to allow, but for the refusal of which he received anywhere from fifty to three hundred thousand dollars.

WE HAVE never heard Mr. Keyes make any offer to restore his ill gotten gains. We have never heard him make any public expression of regret for his betrayal. Asa has made his pile. He has taken his "rap." As far as he is concerned, and as far as the county of Los Angeles is concerned, the incident is closed.

THE situation merely shows how blind we are to the dangers which confront us in times of peace; how inadequate are our laws to make the punishment fit the crime.

We mention "in time of peace," because had Asa Keyes done what he did in time of war he would have been immediately shot as a traitor. In the stress of war, the man who sells out to the enemy, is immediately recognized as a greater menace to his country than an "enemy army corps."

But in time of peace he is just another "crook." We utterly fail to realize that a patriotism of peace is only second in importance to a patriotism of war; that this growing crime wave represents a danger to this country from WITHIN, almost as serious, as a hostile army bent on conquest from WITHOUT.

So we send out Major Andres to the firing squad and we let our Asa Keyes out of jail in 14 months!

Wasting State Road Money

SO THE shortcut "speedway" from Portland to the coast is to be immediately surveyed. And a second speedway is to be considered.

THIS decision by the state highway commission, was apparently reached, because Multnomah county and Portland have contributed "nearly half of the highway funds and received less than one-sixth of the benefits." So the taxpayers up there have something coming to them.

Whether or not the proportion is correct, we don't know. But for the sake of argument let's assume it is.

CARRYING this assumption to its logical conclusion, what do we find? Each section of the state receives new highway construction in proportion to its contribution to the highway fund.

As nearly half of the population and more than half of the wealth of Oregon is concentrated in Portland and Multnomah, this means that the highway commission will be building roads within Portland's immediate trading area FOR THE NEXT DECADE!

WHAT a farce! As the one metropolis of the state, with every road leading to it, Portland benefits directly from every permanent highway constructed in the state. The more comprehensive the ENTIRE state system the better for the ENTIRE state and the better for PORTLAND.

As we see it, Portland no more needs another speedway to the beaches than a dog needs five legs. It may help the beach concessions but it won't help Portland.

BUT Portland DOES need broader and better highways from every direction,—from Salem, from Eugene, from Hood River and Bend, from Prineville, La Grande, from Medford and Ashland,—from EVERYWHERE,—north, south, east and west.

In fact, if Portland contributed all of the highway fund, it could do nothing more absurd than spend it all in Multnomah and leave the rest of the state in the dust and mud.

What Portland needs and what all the state needs, is the best and most comprehensive system of highways possible FOR THE ENTIRE STATE.

INSTEAD of putting the first money into another beach speedway, the first money should be spent to finish the incomplete portions of the state system and improve the chief artery of that system,—the Pacific Highway.

When this is done,—and not UNTIL then,—should the taxpayers' money be spent merely to make it possible for some Portland Week Ender to go to his coast summer home, in three and a half hours, instead of four!

Talks To Parents

REPETITIOUS PLAY By Alice Judson Peale. Thoughtful mothers often wonder what they can do to enrich and vary their children's play.

Almost any child or group of children now and again get into a rut, when their play is monotonously the same day after day.

The same doll is taken out and wheeled up and down the walk. The same dramatization of some family situation is gone over again and again. The outdoor play apparatus is used only in a few stereotyped ways.

It is well to bear in mind, however, that much repetition is entirely natural with very young children, and should not be regarded as an indication that they are not making the most of their time.

Yes, even with young children, it is good to stimulate new kinds of play, so long as care is taken not to force

Today

By Arthur Brisbane. Columbus and His Day. Japan Knows When. Gandhi's Kind Heart. Ice, Water, Steam.

Copyright King Feature Synd. Inc. Columbus was honored yesterday, in memory of that day in fourteen hundred and ninety-two when he sailed the ocean blue, financed by then Catholic majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella.

He wasn't looking for any "America," but expected to find his way to Cipangu, or Japan, and open intercourse with the grand Khan of Cathay, to whom he had a letter from the Spanish king. No one wanted to sail on Columbus' ships, at first, not even hardened criminals, to whom pardon was offered.

They believed they would sail a certain distance and then fall "over the edge of the ocean." The fate of Columbus reminds you that the fate of the great is uncertain.

Received with glory on his return, Columbus "rode at the king's bride," displayed his parrots, gold, strange weapons, and Indians that he had brought to be baptized." He saw both sides of the medal of life.

From one of his trips his two brothers and himself were brought back prisoners and manacled. He kept the iron that he had worn as long as he lived to remind him "as memorials of the reward for his services."

Columbus, probably born in Genoa, which makes him an Italian, is said to have been of Jewish descent. His ancestors were driven out of Portugal for religious reasons and compelled to adopt Christianity for safety's sake.

Whatever he was or did, he would be surprised to see now the America that he discovered.

Columbus Day was made interesting by a threat from Chiang Kai-Shek that he would declare war on Japan if the League of Nations didn't do something. The League of Nations will talk, but probably not do anything, whereas Japan will do something, and has done things already.

China's danger is bringing together the north and the south. Both may be united against Japan.

Gandhi, who has a kind heart, says he is enduring the round table gloominess because "I cannot hold a black-jack over England's head now while she is tottering and gouge India's freedom out of her."

England will not like that word "tottering," not called for yet. But she should appreciate Gandhi's forbearance. To have serious trouble in India would be painful.

Not all Asiatics are like Gandhi. The Japanese, for instance, believe that the time to go after a thing is when you can get it. Japan is holding a black-jack over China's head, while China is "tottering." Similarly the Irish got their Free State status from the British when the war made refusal difficult.

Marconi, unusual dreamer, who makes reality of dreams, expects "momentous discoveries" including the great problem, "What is the world made of?"

There is, Marconi believes, only one kind of matter, that takes different forms. The dream of the alchemist could have been made reality if they knew how to go about it.

Some great philosophers worry because matter, the earth, its mountains, our own bodies, are only a collection of atoms, made up of electrons, particles of electricity, nothing real.

Bishop Berkeley, two hundred years ago, declared that the world had no existence, except in men's minds. But we worry needlessly. Ice is solid, you can skate on it at a certain temperature. When it is warmer and liquid you can swim in it and sail over it. Still warmer, it becomes vapor, in which you can take a steam bath, and still hotter it will scald you to death.

All this does not mean that ice, water or steam, is useless, or unreal, or that we need worry about transformations in matter.

The earth is solid enough now, ceidges carry loads, cranes lift their burdens, man rules his grain of sand in the universe. Time enough to worry millions of years hence, and at that time, we shall probably be elsewhere in the universe.

George Bernard Shaw, unlike good wine, does not age well. In a jarring mood, addressing Americans, he

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.)

SWEETS FOR THE SWEET. How much sugar is good for a person? asks my Iowa reader. Might as well ask which I'd rather do or go fishing. But the lad goes on to complain bitterly that his wife can't enjoy coffee, breakfast food, sauce and such things without covering it with sugar. Why she uses three or four spoonfuls of sugar to the cup of coffee, and so on up. What will be the result of such indulgence?

Lord knows she's welcome to all the sugar she wants if it is good for her, but that seems too much to be healthful. She is 27 and the mother of three healthy kids. Finally, the young fella gives us a pat on the back—he reads this column every night except Sundays and holidays and gets a big kick out of it, besides a lot of moral support for his crazy ideas about raising kids.

I suspect my Iowa reader moved out there from Vermont, where they're as tight as anywhere this side of Scotland. With sugar as low as it is today a man shouldn't begrudge his wife a couple extra spoonfuls of it in her berries.

In a general way, an active young person like that ought to take all the sugar she likes in or on her food or in the form of candy, ice cream and other delectables. She can burn it all right, chasing those three kids around and keeping 'em in good order and as good odor as possible. Not to mention rustling three square meals a day for her boy friend.

Children and active young people, who work or play hard every day, should use sugar freely if they like it or like sweet things. It is the best of energy food—the finest fuel to put vim, vigor and vitality into the consumer. Athletes, mountaineer climbers, marathon runners, men who do strenuous labor, all know that sugar in any form is the very best emergency ration when one is spent, utterly fatigued, approaching exhaustion or collapse. Sugar in tea, a lump of milk chocolate, the natural sugar in a drink of orange juice or the natural sugar in a glass of milk, or the cane sugar in any of a score of soda fountain beverages, or a piece of candy carried in the pocket. It doesn't matter whether you depend on some raisins, gumpdrops or a banana for your emergency ration, it tides you over just the same.

Seclude, quiet, dignified, elderly folk ought to go easy with the sugar. Those of us who live by our wits and manage to shirk all honest work and dodge all active play, must be abstemious in the consumption of sugar in any form. A sweet tooth is a grave handicap for a sedentary individual—it leads many a victim straight into diabetes.

Even a thirty-five year old youth who is much too stout must shun

all sweets in any degree of profusion. Of course everybody, even a person with diabetes, must take some sugar. But stout folk had better curb any special craving for sweets.

There is no evidence at all to support the ancient theory that much sugar or sweet food was bad for the teeth of a child. We know now that such food is as good for the teeth as it is for the heart muscle or the muscles of the legs and arms.

So I should advise my Iowa reader not to worry about the girl friend's fondness for sugar, as long as she doesn't get too fat to love.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Children Thrive on Cod Liver Oil Ontario reader writes: Our older boy, now 10 years, was delicate and sickly, with bronchial trouble and had pneumonia when a year old, with the most terrible colds every winter. Three years ago I read in your column about cod liver oil and its high vitamin value and began giving it to him. It has made him healthy and strong. Last winter he had only one slight cold, and he plays outdoors in all kinds of weather now. We have been giving our 8 year old son cod liver oil since he was 4 weeks old, and he has never required doctor or medicine since. He was born. Now you know how much we appreciate your teachings. (Mrs. C. J.)

Answer—Every baby, as explained in the Brady Baby Book (send a dime and a stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for it), should receive a regular daily ration of cod liver oil from the age of 1 month through the first year. After the age of 1 year the baby gets enough Vitamins D and Vitamin A in other foods provided the diet is right.

Diathery for Adenoids Too Is the diathery method of extracting tonsils, which seems to be so popular, available in the removal of adenoids? (Miss E. T.)

Answer—Yes, a physician skilled in the technic can as readily remove adenoids. Of course it is not suitable for young children, because they are too difficult to manage and will not give the physician the necessary cooperation.

Modern Girl Speaks Her Mind. I am 18 years old and when I started reading your column three years ago you announced you had discontinued sending a letter of instruction and advice on sex to girls. I think that father who told you he wouldn't want his 15 year old daughter to read your letter was mean. He didn't know much about the questions that puzzle girls at that age, nor what we talk about with older girls or what we learn from outside sources. Surely you could say nothing in such a circular that would be as objectionable as the things we pick up away from home. (Miss K. S.)

Answer—You make me feel ashamed of my vacillation, daughter, yet tomorrow's mail may bring a letter which will convince me the father was right. Honestly, I don't know how to deal with the matter. (Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY October 13, 1921 (It was Thursday) Six hundred thirty-one cars peers, 103 apples, shipped from valley to date.

Giants win world series by defeating Yankees, 6 to 0, in deciding game.

Philander C. Knox, former secretary of state, lawyer, diplomat, drops dead at Washington, D. C., home.

Phink skirt that led to arrest of Dr. Brumfield for murder, introduced at Roseburg trial.

Ralph Cowgill is named engineer for the Medford irrigation district.

Jackson county prisoner in state penitentiary instantly killed while working in flax mill.

Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan faints during questioning by congressmen.

A thunderstorm, rare for this month, roars through the Siskiyou, and hail falls at Ashland.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY October 13, 1911 (It was Friday) Fashion decrees the passing of the hobble skirt, and the limless ladies are passing, and New York dispatch says, "by spring there will be real blips again."

Talent to be site of Southern Oregon Experimental station.

Portland women launch movement to get votes for Oregon women.

Citizens plan action against residents who refuse to connect their property with the sewer system.

Medford high defeats Grants Pass 19 to 0 in a rough football game, in which Paul McDonald played end. Pug Isaacs, quarter, and Frank Ray left guard, Isaacs' work stamps him as a college player. McDonald was weak on forward passes, but a tower of strength otherwise.

University club member puts on wrong overcoat by mistake while leaving the club, to later find a stick of dynamite in it. The careless one was Herman (Slasher) Powell.

All the hardships and long, long voyage. But Columbus did look so dressed-up and fine, and the natives on the island were wearing hardly anything at all. They were used to living on land.

SAM

BY FREEMAN LINCOLN

RECAP: Constant necessity of work and pleasure is not enough to make Sam Sherrill forget that she loves Freddy Munson, although she has become engaged to Peck Abbott. Her loyalty to her family brought about the engagement. Sam has managed the family affairs since her stepfather, Fourth Adresser, lost their money. Been her work on the Express, which Abbott owns, does not give her financial security. Besides Abbott's wealth, an advantage in the engagement is that his announcement submerged the sensation of Sam's half-brother's marriage to their maid, Nylene, the half-brother took away with him some household money, and this adds to Fourth's anger at the social disgrace. Freddy Munson had expected to marry Sam, before Nylene's act. Freddy comes to the Express, where he formerly worked, and charges Peck Abbott with consulting a crime—the worst sort of crime.

Chapter 14 FIREWORKS OR LOGIC? Peck leaned back in his chair. "Have you been drinking?" he asked in slow wonder.

"I have," Freddy nodded somberly. "I have been drinking steadily for two weeks—but not today. Today I'm in my right mind and I'm telling you that you mustn't marry Sam. You mustn't do it!"

Automatically Peck said: "Why not?" "For the simple reason that she doesn't give a darn about you. She's

Peck nodded thoughtfully. "But the confounded step-brother did but in, Munson."

Freddy made a gesture of despair. "That's just what I've been trying to tell you!"

Peck shrugged and was silent for so long that at last Freddy's impatience got the better of him. "Well," he demanded sharply, "what are you going to do?"

"Do!" Peck looked up inquiringly. "What do you suggest that I do?" "Tell Sam that you know all about everything. Give her a chance to get herself out of this mess."

Peck frowned. "You must remember, Munson, that Sam got herself into what you call this mess, entirely of her own free will."

"Free will!" Freddy repeated. "She was forced into it because she needs money so badly."

Peck tapped the top of his desk. "Suppose I let her go as you suggest," he said softly. "Would her financial problems be any less serious than they were before?"

"Perhaps not, but at least she wouldn't be tied to someone she doesn't love."

Peck glanced at Freddy. "Could you help her financially, Munson?"

"You know I couldn't," Freddy snorted. "What's the sense to that remark?"

"I'm just wondering," replied Peck slowly, "what is best for Sam. Would she be happier married to you, and as poor if not poorer than ever, or would it be better if she had me, whom she might not love but who could give her every material comfort?" He nodded. "I think that there is a problem that requires consideration."

Freddy choked. "Why you—"

"No scene, please!" begged Peck earnestly. "I'm talking sense, and if you're wise, you'll listen."

"All right," Freddy controlled himself with an effort. "I'll listen."

"Good. Then you can believe it or not, Munson, but the fact remains that I'm thinking only of Sam. To be frank with you, I'm not at all convinced that in the long run she'd be happier with you than with me."

"All right, then," said Freddy fiercely, "leave me out of it altogether! I'm willing to get out of here and never come back, if you, in your turn, are willing to let Sam go."

"If we both left her, she wouldn't have one thing or the other—comfort or romance."

"Then what shall we do?" Freddy inquired sarcastically. "Shall we flip a coin to see who gets her?"

"It seems to me," said Peck gently, "that we've forgotten one important thing. We've forgotten that you and I really have no voice in the matter. The decision rests entirely with Sam whether she'll have you or me. Unless I'm mistaken, she has already made that decision."

Freddy was pale. "Admirable logic! I'm asking you now whether you are going to let her stick to a decision that will wreck her life."

(Copyright, Freeman Lincoln) What is Peck's answer? Tomorrow, Peck faces the situation. He at last has the key to Sam's unhappiness.

It didn't mean anything to them. Only to Columbus it meant so very, very much—this he had to dress up in honor of the discovery of land. And even John, who was not very fond of dressing up, thought this occasion did deserve something very special in the way of honor and celebration and finery.

Tomorrow—"Leaves" Photographs."

Way to Get At A Cold Is Through the Bowels

As soon as you catch cold, the pores close; perspiration is checked. Gases and waste can't escape through the skin. That's why your doctor's first advice in case of cold is a mild laxative like Cascara. Medical authorities agree it actually strengthens bowel muscles. You get cascara in its most pleasant form in candy Cascarets.

Remember this when you catch cold; whenever breath is bad; tongue coated; or you're headachy, bilious, constipated. Why resort to harsher things when Cascarets activate the bowels so quickly, so harmlessly and pleasantly—and cost only a dime!

Constipated?

Take DR. NATURE'S REMEDY—tonight. Your eliminative organs will be functioning properly by morning and your constipation will end with a bowel action as free and easy as nature at her best—no pain, no straining. Try it. Only 25c.

The All-Vegetable Laxative

DR. TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT Make the test tonight

TUMS for acid indigestion, sour stomach, flatulence, heartburn, constipation, and all the ailments of the bowels.