

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
Daily Except Saturdays
25-27-29 N. 1st St.

Subscription Rates
By Mail—Advance
Daily, one month, \$2.50
Daily, one month, \$2.75
Daily, one month, \$3.00

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Ye Smudge Pot

The Kentucky judge who ordered drunks chained to street corners as punishment for forgetting to pay for the drinks naturally gravitates to a street-corner, and being drunk on one, is no punishment.

The depression must be over. Citizens need coin of the realm on the wrestling match. This also indicates that lack of faith in slot-machines is not likely.

THREE ROBBERIES STAGED: LOCAL OFFICERS BUSY.—(Herald Oregon City Enterprise)—A sly and muffled knuck.

Eddie Burgess celebrated the anniversary of his not getting any younger Wed.

Quite a number who have been suspecting they were Bolsheviks, but for no good reason had their armor dampened by the news the Soviet regime had executed 66, who acted like they talk. This rough action caused a slump in the wishing to be in Russia.

April weather continues daily, from 10 to 4, but as yet has misled no farmer into doing his spring plowing.

Discussion is now raging in educational and parental circles whether or not an unruly kid should be spanked. One side holds that they should be, and the other holds it is Dad who needs the spanking for suggesting that Junior is in need of a blistering. One male parent informs that his child of smart. Every time he is in danger of corporal punishment, he waits until in position for application of the first side of a hair brush, and then starts yelling: "You're choking me! You're choking me!" This never fails to arouse sympathy, and bring Mama into the fray with a rolling pin.

THE "JITTERS" TO YOU. (American Medical Journal) Seeing that every sensation and every mental image or engraving leads to a reflex action, which may be apparent or not, according to the influence or positive or negative inhibition; to every sensation and image or perception there must, in consequence of this reflex motor action, result a corresponding kinesthetic or postural excitation of afferent stimuli flowing along proprioceptive neurotic systems from muscle spindles, tendons, bones and joints, which combined with associated labyrinthine sensations, form a sensory continuum which is intimately integrated with the exteroceptor sensory continuum on the one hand and the motor continuum on the other.

Legislation is now proposed for the regulation of "highway juggernauts." Something also should be done about the highway juggernauts, if you know what is meant.

Fear champagne is now advocated as a means to utilize the surplus pest. The idea sounds charming, and anyone who has ever become involved with Rogue River apple-jack, made from surplus apples, will wish the champagne makers better luck. Distilling brought out all the barbwire and chain-lightning instincts of the apple. The result would knock off a tourist's hat from the 40-cent line. A swig was a regular Tarzan of a drink.

THE WOLF. A wolf was carried in a cage through a city's streets. Whence he escaped and hurried home to Woodland's dark retreats.

"My friends," said he, "I come from lands uncharted and unknown. For I was lost in the wilderness. A waste of brick and stone. Huge biped beasts were prowling there. Savage and giant-sized. Oh, it is good to be once more. Where things are civilized."

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, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

WHAT NO SANDWICHES?

Exponent of the "wrong combination" theory elates me by saying I do write sense sometimes—but cautions me right down again by adding that more times I write nonsense. About food combinations, for example, I beg the question by pointing out that wheat is a combination of protid and starch. But I fail to explain that the protid content is what ordinarily not considered a protid food but a starch food. And, then, how about bread?

Well, how about 'em? What do you mean? If you have any beans that need spilling, send 'em to me. I'll spill 'em for you.

Let's see what old Atwater and Bryant can tell us about wheat and beans. You folks all know Atwater and Bryant's "Chemical Composition of American Food Materials," of course. If you don't, you'd better squander a dime right away for a copy, and keep it in your home for reference whenever you wish to know about the nutritive value and composition of foods. Government prints it for the public welfare, only you must slip the government a dime for a copy, whereas if you turn the information for nothing. In this country we wish to encourage the health and well being of hogs all we can. So send your dime to Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., for Bulletin 28 (Revised), U. S. Dept. Agriculture, Chemical Composition of American Food Materials, by Atwater and Bryant.

According to the authority mentioned, wheat contains 13 or 14 per cent protein and 70 per cent carbohydrate (starch mainly). Beans, dried, contain 11 to 12 per cent protein and 60 to 65 per cent carbohydrate.

Now as to the digestion of a sandwich—a combination of protid and starchy material. My critic solves this easily. He asserts that "starches are digested in the intestine. Proteids are digested in the stomach. The rule, as I know it, is to avoid eating bread, potatoes, rice, etc., with meat. The exception to the rule is when one is in good health."

From the twelfth edition, 1933, of Howell's "Textbook of Physiology" I quote, under the heading of Digestive Changes Undergone by the Food in the Stomach: "... ptyalin swallowed with the food continues to exert its action on the starchy material in the fundus for a long time, so that in

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—Thoughts while strolling? If England will pay us we'll even let them keep both Fairbanks. Rae Van Buren and Buster Keaton bear a resemblance. Mary Roberts Rinehart has become a Beekman Placer. Fred Stone was Sinclair Lewis' stage idol as a boy. Now he stars in a Lewis play.

Kenyon Nicholson is thinning on top, too. That little black walnut fudge shop on Broadway. If Cincinnati uprooted its political graft, which it did, any other city can. Ed Wynne's cigar is always unrolled. And I've never seen him when he wasn't in a hurry.

Marion Gillespie could pass for Yvonne Printemps. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., skipping down the steps of his parents' avenue home. The special maid who takes care of Elizabeth Arden's dogs. The Sherry Netherland bar is the first with an entrance on the avenue.

Walter Chrysler, Jr., is one of the dresser first nighters. The boys who try to walk like Noel Coward. What a fullback Albert Kellar would have made. Whatever became of the lady who sold the Birth Control Weekly in Times Square? People standing around waiting for things to be as they were.

One word description of Jimmy Savo—skittery. What a gush over Lady Mountbatten, Guernsey Curran's white carnation, an unflattering daily gesture for 23 years. Most dignified dining place! The Tapestry Room at the Park Lane. Poor Carter! No one will fight him. To win or lose means nothing.

Maud Hart Lovelace, novelist, and her newspaper man husband went out to their old town in Minnesota recently to collaborate on a novel. Feeling certain no burg in their state had the name "Welcome," they gave that to their locale. But is a hamlet near Palmont bears it and the citizens held a festival to honor their citizenry.

Ploy Gibbons, after 18 months of top speed giddyup which made him America's fastest broadcaster, staggered in to his doctor and moaned: "I'm all cracked up and heading for the graveyard. Nobody could stand this pace and come out without a terrible ailment." So they took a sheep of X-rays, his blood count, tested his knee jerks and what not. And there was not even a minor ailment. So Gibbons walked into the sunshine, sniffed, hit his chest and smiled the smile of victory. Central Park beckoned and he swung into brisk strides. Miss passed under feet.

Duchess Marie to run a photograph studio, she announced as her slogan. "High class but not high hat." Mrs. Odium, whose husband is among the few to make a fortune during the depression, is brightly western in dress and speech.

These nippy days of tingling fingers and blue noses bring a flood of back yonder bankers for city folk bread in the country. I've been drumming out the window of the hot dust at crossings, stepping over cattiguards in bare feet and the smell of hot steel when the train smelt through. Also of the rabbit hopping out of the elderlyberry bush just as day chifrons to gray velvet.

Comment on the Day's News

IN THIS column a little while back, this statement was made: "We will have our fling at the idea that you can create prosperity by law, and when we find that it can't be done we'll go back to something like the old ways."

THIS writer believes that statement to be true. The Portland Journal disagrees. It says: "When it is stated that prosperity can't be legislated, it is right. But when it is stated that we'll go back to something like the old ways, it is wrong—and God help us if we do."

POSSIBLY a little explanation is in order. When this writer asserted that after discovering we can't create prosperity by law we'll go back to something like the old ways, he meant the old ECONOMIC ways—not the old political ways.

THE word "economics" frightens the average man, who thinks it refers to something he knows nothing about. But the average man DOES know something about economics, and always has. What he knows, he puts into terse, simple, plain language, and these plain, simple statements, distilled out of the experience of generations of average men, we call PROVERBS.

EVERY few cycles we run into one of these cycles of want, and in every one of them the shallower thinkers talk glibly of EASY and WORKLESS ways back to prosperity. They find plenty of listeners, and in election years they find plenty of followers. But in the course of time, common sense prevails, and we WORK OUR WAY back to prosperity.

THAT is to say, we have our fling at the idea that we can create prosperity by law, without work and self-denial, but when we find it can't be done we go back to something like the old ways.

The old ECONOMIC way, that is, which has been developed out of centuries of human experience of the FACT that you can't get something for nothing, that you can't have your cake and eat it too, that you can't lift yourself by your own bootstraps.

THE JOURNAL, apparently contravenes the statement made in this column to mean that in time, when we've suffered enough, we'll go back to the old ways of the REPUBLICAN party, in the palmy days of the stand-patters.

Not at all. This writer, thank heaven, isn't hide-bound politically, and would welcome prosperity as cordially under a Democratic as under a Republican administration, but REFUSES TO BELIEVE that prosperity can be brought back now or in the future by the same old nostrums that have failed so distantly in the past.

Flight 'o Time

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY December 7, 1924. (It Was Sunday) Home Economic club is organized in the Welton district.

Local letter writers to the editor engage in spirited discussion of the League of Nations agenda. Crowd of 800 attend Elks Memorial service.

Justice court liquor case brings out information that "bonded liquor" sells for \$8 per quart, in this city. Rogue river fish bill to be "vital issue" at next session of legislature.

Twenty years ago today December 7, 1914. (It Was Monday) Farmers report a shortage of "hired men on the farms."

Caterer prevents Western from journeying to the Kaiser front. Rain and mud in Flanders halts battle operations.

The Rose Society vaudeville show at the Page is a "great success." Pop Gates "shows unexpected histrionic ability in a skit with Fletcher Hick." Evan Reames was "billed to appear



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