

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

The two sons of Charles Chaplin, film comedian, staged a fist fight in a movie theater over a little girl.

A West Main street cat was killed by curiosity last night. The driver of the auto was curious to know if he could hit the cat.

The "Housewives League of Los Angeles" has abandoned plans to spread their organization over other Pacific coast states.

Easter bonnets are being displayed in store windows and over one eye.

For confusion of thought, for cloudiness of language, for uncertainty and aimlessness of purpose, for waste of time in consideration, and for utter failure to register, this bill, alleged to prevent profiteering in time of war, has in all likelihood never been equalled in the legislative halls of this or any other nation.

An 18-wheeled locomotive has been ordered for a streamline train. The bigger they are, the farther a speed idiot knocks them off the crossing.

Washington State has adopted a Sales Tax, effective May 1. Williamette valley and upstate indignation over the passage of such a legislation, by a sister state, as yet, has not percolated this far south.

Some of the dudes have new spring suits, that make more noise than a \$35 auto horn.

A Kansas bank clerk, alleged, by means of a forged draft, to have defrauded a San Francisco bank out of \$34,000. He is now headed for prison, and will receive, no doubt, as long a penitentiary term as erasing dents using similar methods for a gallon of gasoline.

It is now figured that "four out of every five women smoke cigarettes—the ratio that prevails among the men." Unlike the fifth male, the fifth woman will not chew tobacco while condemning cigarettes.

C. T. Copeland, the famous "Copey" of Harvard, has many a neat apothem to his credit. One of them, "To eat is human, to digest divine," is to be included in the forthcoming issue of Bartlett's Familiar Quotations.—(Portland Speculator)—Or in Bartlett's Familiar Quotations.

Capt. Ollie Applegate, 90, of K. Falls is here visiting and refighting Indians afternoons with Judge Willie Colvig, 90.

Communism in the colleges has subsided since the April 12 demonstrations for world peace and to get out of military drill. Citizens pushing up the cash for higher education feel the Red Bolsheviks of the camp should devote their surplus energies to their spelling, instead of comforting hair-raises, intent on ripping the government apart.

PER USUAL.

Mrs. Harry M. Bidlett of 744 Broad Street, Newark, N. J., who was en route to Mexico, said that she and her husband got into a boat which rowed about for two and one-half hours before it was picked up. She highly praised her husband, who she said, had helped every one in the boat by his courage.

"I never knew my husband had such qualities," she said. "He helped all the women but me. I guess he thought I was efficient."—(N. Y. Times).

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Frowbridge Cabinet Works.

Is Man a Reasoning Being?

FOR the next college debate we suggest the question: "Resolved that man is a reasoning animal."

And we further suggest that the bright college debater, wishing to win, choose the negative.

For, surveying the world today and particularly that portion of it known as Europe, there is overwhelming evidence that homo sapiens is not a reasoning animal.—that he is no better than a sheep that can be driven over the nearest precipice to his destruction, whenever Old Man Mars cracks the whip.

In a world obsessed by confusion and doubt, there is unanimity of opinion, in only one direction; namely that another European war is CERTAIN.

One can't find a competent observer, or a single student of world affairs, who will question the truth of this assertion. They may differ as to the exact time, but there is no disagreement as to the eventual certainty of the conflict.

And from the North Cape to Tokio, the world powers are acting accordingly—each and everyone straining night and day to prepare for such a holocaust.

WHO WANTS war? No one. At least no one outside of the munition makers. Who believes in war? No one. At least no one outside of a few hard shelled militarists, whose opinions have no weight anyway.

Why then in the name of common sense are we going to have another war? We don't believe in it, we don't want it, and yet presumably reasoning beings, we are literally tramping over each other in our determination to get it. At least this is the situation today in Europe.

THERE are only two answers to this question: either man is not a reasoning creature; or homo sapiens in the mass has gone mad which, under conditions which control him, amounts to the same thing.

For certainly no reasoning creature having one hand burned by the flame would put his other hand in, if he could help it. Nor would any reasoning creature just recovering from a severe case of ptomaine, ask the doctor to give him another dish of decayed sausage, so he might repeat the experience.

Yet that fire burns and poison kills, are no more certain facts, than that modern war, is only another term for self-destruction; that it has no more romance than the lethal chamber, no more glamour than the slaughter house; that it maims and cripples victor and vanquished alike, and that if invoked on any extensive scale today, means the end of civilization, as we have known it.

BUT on we go—or at least on they are going in Europe. Not a nation concerned has paid the debt of the last war, not a nation concerned, that isn't teetering on the precipice of economic and social disaster BECAUSE of the last war; and yet there they go, marching and counter-marching, manufacturing their fighting planes and poison gas, and getting ready to jump into the next war, at the earliest practical moment.

A reasoning creature? There is no reason in it, there is no sense or sanity in it. There is not even the most primitive form of motivation—the instinct of self preservation—in it.

It is sheer stark madness and nothing else. And the civilization that fails to perceive this, fails to adopt the measures necessary to prevent war, deliberately chooses war, in preference to paying the price (and it's a high price) for peace,—probably only deserves what it is bound to get,—extinction,—giving away to another type of civilization which allows reason to prevail.

THEY are wondering today when galloping Bob Davis is going permanently to light. Just now he's in from old Mexico, rounding out 800,000 miles of travel since, after a lifetime of home-staying, he took up globs trotting in 1929. His feverish wanderings have taken him to nearly all far flung outposts—Kamchatka, Solomon Islands, mashing through Siberian snows and basking in the flame of the Southern Cross. But true to New York's tradition, he has yet to visit the statue of Liberty.

Noel Coward has also developed the itching foot the past few years. So much so he cannot remain, nor will he accept a theatrical engagement in one place for more than three months. If he does he loses weight, appetite and sleep. The minute he decides to pack the portmanteau there is a rebound of health and enthusiasm. The rich stocking war correspondent, Richard Harding Davis, had all his early life an incurable urge to be a bird of passage and always of the wing. In middle years he decided to become a country gentleman, circumventing his life to walk in the Mt. Kisco woods and evenings of reading on a well polished trede bench. After some months he sighed to a friend: "Inertia is strangling me." Ten days later he toppled over at his desk.

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Four Ewes Born DAVENPORT, Iowa (UP)—Roger Van Evers, Scott county farmer, casually went to his barn, all in the day's work. When he saw his favorite sheep, his eyes bulged. She had given birth to four ewes. Van Evers explained that the birth of ewes in

fours was about as rare as the birth of quintuplets among humans.

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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 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.

DRINK AND SHOW YOUR IGNORANCE

Every physiologist, pharmacist, biologist, physician or scientific authority knows that a small dose of alcohol in any form depresses brain, spinal cord, nerves, circulation, slows down every function of the body which can be measured precisely. If the dose of alcohol is larger it is narcotic. In no circumstance is alcohol a "stimulant."

Individuals who indulge in the social cocktail like a little drink, not because they have the habit but because the narcotic effect of the alcohol makes them feel less conscious of their constitutional inferiority for a brief time. Sober they naturally wish to avoid making asses of themselves. With a drink or two they don't care how silly they may be, they cut loose and "have a good time."

The ceremony of mixing drinks, in evidence wherever subnormal people congregate, reminds me of the bad boy who used to show off by lighting a cigarette since he was unable to achieve distinction otherwise. Social drinking is the mark of constitutional inferiority. The business of preparing and serving the drink relieves the boredom of dull, brainless company, and when the asinine toast has been given and the drinking started each drinker soon becomes less concerned about his own shortcomings and less observant of others'. That is alcoholic sociability and good cheer. A long step downward. Modesty, reserve, dignity, good sense, all thinned out or dissolved away. By the time the party has reached that stage it takes little to push the more primitive members over into maudlin drunkenness.

In a normal person an interval of one-fifth of a second elapses from the instant an impression is received on the retina to the instant the muscle of arm, hand or foot respond, as in turning steering wheel or applying brake to avoid danger. Let the same person take a pint of beer, a glass of wine, a cocktail or highball, and this interval, known as reaction time, invariably lengthens to two-fifths, three-fifths, in some instances four-fifths of a second. An automa-

ed a vague protest before permitting the butler to pour. When he came to the good old humidor, Beer held up a deprecative hand. "Just to the brim, please," he cautioned.

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

OMINOUS headlines: "France Upholds War Treaties. Paris Seeks Action on Germany's Arms Violations."

What does France mean by "action?" Why, WAR, presumably—war to compel Germany to remain unarmed.

MORE headlines: "World Silver Hits Record Price Today. Nine Year Record Beaten in Many Countries."

The accompanying story tells us that silver prices boomed the world over in response to the announcement that the United States treasury would pay 71 cents an ounce for newly mined metal from the American mines.

GOOD news if you own silver mines or silver stocks, fair news if you own other stocks whose dollar value is likely to be boosted by currency inflation; BAD NEWS if you're just a common, ordinary citizen working for wages.

More inflation means higher prices, and higher prices mean that your pay check will BUY LESS.

SILLY news: The national student strike committee says on Thursday it expects 150,000 college and preparatory students to participate in Friday's one-hour walkout as a protest against war.

What good will walking out of classes for an hour do toward preventing war?

A Musing news: A husband hits his wife with a pair of pants and she sues him for divorce. She sues because the pants contained \$20 in silver coin and the pocket containing the silver hit her in the eye, blacking it copiously, she alleges.

QUESTION: Did she sue because of the pain resulting from being hit in the eye with \$20 in silver coin, or because of the humiliation involved in thus learning for the first time that her husband had \$20 in his pockets all at once?

BACK in the small town in Iowa where this writer had his first job with a newspaper, a jeweler carried his day's cash receipts home one Saturday night in his pants pocket, and when he retired he hung the pants on the bedpost.

Along about midnight a clever thief, who must have had some inside information, attached a fish hook to the end of a long bamboo pole, thrust the pole through the open window, wiggled the pants loose from the bedpost and snatched them away.

The jeweler awakened just as the pants were vanishing through the window, sensed what was happening, leaped out of bed and followed his pants. He was attired in a long, flowing nightgown, being of the older school that frowned on pajamas.

THE thief fled down the first convenient street, which happened to be Main street—the bambo pole thrown over his shoulder and the pants flapping from the end of the pole like a pennon from a lance.

The jeweler's long nightgown floated out behind, and his bare legs, driven to their utmost, twinkled in spectacle for the few late-goers in that small town.

But the jeweler retrieved his pants, and along with them his Saturday cash receipts. He had to take a lot of good-natured kidding, but in the main people admired him for being a go-getter.

THE proposed bill will give to the veterans the amount of their adjusted service credits with interest compounded from November 11, 1918, instead of only from 1925. Those veterans who do not desire to cash in their certificates in exchange for these negotiable bonds shall have the option of obtaining the same benefits as carried in the original act.

"It further gives to those veterans who desire to carry on their investment the privilege of holding them after the date when their surrender value approximates their maturity value, and to obtain 4 per cent compounded annually up until 1945.

"If the bill I have introduced should become a law, and all veterans should take advantage by exchanging their certificates for negotiable bonds, the additional cost to the government would be approximately five hundred million dollars more than it would cost under the original act.

"While the time at which the maturity value may be procured will be greatly accelerated, the veterans will have the benefit of retaining the insurance protection until the date of the maturity value is reached. Even after the date of the maturity value is reached, the proposal goes to the veteran the right to retain his certificate until January 1, 1945, at a 4 per cent interest compounded annually.

"The bill commits the congress to a declaration of policy against general pension legislation. It does not affect existing law granting benefits to world war veterans. Consequently it would in no way affect allowances now being paid."

Then I headed back. My radio went out and I just was out of touch with everything."

The veteran aviatrix found a hole in the haze slightly east of here and landed at the nearest town after she had been in the air 10 hours and 40 minutes out of Los Angeles, four of them spent in blind navigating.

She had a quantity of gasoline left in the wing tanks of her \$40,000 plane even after dumping a large amount in preparation for landing in the high altitude of the Alamosa airport, which is 7500 feet above sea level. The craft had been loaded to its 6500 gallon capacity.

Miss Ingalls readily called the dim colored dust clouds her "worst experience" in a career that embraced a 17,000-mile solo flight to South America and return in 1934. She was the first woman to span the Andes alone.

She scoffed her dirt smudged windbreaker Miss Ingalls was uncertain whether she would proceed from here to Pueblo or Denver or return directly to Los Angeles via Albuquerque.

"Wiley Post knew what he was talking about when he said this dust was terrible," Miss Ingalls concluded.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the files of the Mail Tribune of 1915 and 20 Years Ago)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY. April 17, 1925 (It Was Friday) Ex-Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan in Indiana charged with murder of a girl.

A goodly rain falls over the valley, with no sign of a let-up.

Justice court jury unable to reach a decision in drunken driving case.

Frank & King comedians open three weeks engagement at the Armory.

E. C. Stillman celebrates 10th anniversary of establishment of the Sugar Bowl, with 20 cents in cash, and \$1000 worth of nerve.

Sunday dinners in this city soar to \$1 per plate, owing to rise in food cost.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY. April 17, 1915 (It Was Saturday) Chris Gottlieb, presents a stuffed salmon, and Chester Pich, two mounted woodpeckers and ten mounted owls, as trophies of rod and gun to be placed in Jackson county exhibit at Panama Fair at San Francisco.

Carl Tengwald is elected secretary of Drama League. Director Ralph Bardwell threatens to resign, unless more dues are collected.

British launch another drive against Germans on Western Front; "Powder Trust" assailed in congress; Russians battle Austrians in Carpathians in five feet of snow.

Applegate residents report the roads in good shape in that section with the exception of Jacksonville-Rich stretch.

"Modified free silver bill" described by Sen. Lodge of Massachusetts, as "typical Democratic mania for monkeying with the money."

Harrison introduced the bill after a conference on the subject Sunday with President Roosevelt at the White House.

Say F. R. Will Approve. Though the White House has guarded against committing the chief executive to the compromise, Harrison and his advisors on Capitol Hill were confident he would approve the measure.

As he introduced the bill, Harrison issued the following explanatory statement: "The bill seeks to amend the world war adjusted compensation act of May 19, 1924, so as to permit veterans who so desire to surrender their certificates and in lieu thereof receive negotiable bonds. The rate of interest which the bonds will pay is 3 per cent, and the government's obligations bearing this rate are now greatly in demand, such veterans as may desire to convert these securities into cash will find a ready market for them.

"So as to protect the veterans against being defrauded by unscrupulous persons attempting to gain possession of the bonds at less than their real value, there is a provision making it a fraud to purchase or otherwise obtain possession of the bonds in exchange for any consideration less than the par value of the bonds.

Endowment Policy Now. "The adjusted service certificates issued under the present law are nothing more or less than 20-year endowment insurance policies. The maturity face values of the adjusted service certificates are based upon the adjusted service credits, that is, the \$1.00 or \$1.25 a day (together with an additional grant because of deferral of payment) with interest compounded at the rate of 4 per cent from the dates of issue. None of these certificates were issued earlier than January 1, 1925."

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Slenderize with Spencer Individualized Designed Corsets. Mission Jeanne, tel. 467.

BROPHY'S JEWELERS, specialists in designing and modernizing your old jewelry.

For Hose that Wear Buy NOLLE HORSE Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann

Publisher Dies



Adolph S. Ochs, publisher of the New York Times and owner of the Chattanooga, Tenn., Times, died at Chattanooga at the age of 77. (Associated Press Photo)

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, April 17.—The Arthur Samuels have a "roomer" in their Park avenue apartment. A rather distinguished roomer in the person of Frank Sullivan.

Wearing of bachelor hide-outs, hotels, clubs, etc., he had about decided to seek a sanctuary in his native Saratoga Springs.

The Samuels invited him for the week-end before his departure. It was nearest to pleasant some life he had known in years and he took to it like a kitten to cream. So much so he was invited to stay on and on. Consequently the household is in constant uproar. For instance:

Sullivan left a scratch note for Samuels at breakfast saying Jos. Bryana, III, was visiting people in Saratoga and named Whopley or Whampley. Samuels sent the note on to Bryana who was visiting the Whites. Bryana kidded Sullivan in a telegram and got this: "Dear Joe—I thought everybody knew Samuels was a cad who kisses and tells."

"I will make him eat his words and make you eat your words and him eat your words and you eat his words. And then I'll sit down with you boys and we'll all eat a few words together. All this talk about eating makes me hungry.—Frank's nonsense such as this goes on every day.

They had a special menu printed for John Peter Touhey, a press agent, at the Algonquin the other day. Touhey had been complaining of several slight tiffs in the price of favorite dishes. So his table mates got together and ganged him on the auspicious day his polage was 80 cents formerly 90. His entire \$2.35, formerly 85c and his desert in proportion. When he saw his check and pushed his eyes back, he verified it by the trick menu. The revolving door spun five times after his departure. His hat and stick are still there.

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Rancher-Solon

ROY W. RITNER

ROY W. Ritner of Elgin, pioneer in Alamosa county rancher, was born in California in 1876 and came to Norman, California, was five-year-old. He served in the Oregon House and senate and was president of the senate in 1921-22. For two months in 1922 while Governor Ottovott was absent from the state, Ritner acted as governor.

Candy Money. Paid for injuries. BOSTON (UP)—When five-year-old Norman Carlisle was knocked down and mainly hurt by an automobile, the mother started out, handed him 100 cents, bid him to "go buy some candy," and sped away without identifying himself.

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