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ROBERT W. RYHL, Editor SUMPTER S. SMITH, Manager.

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UNION LABEL

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The coming of Marshal Foch today recalls those dark November days in 1918 when his genius paved the way for the most colossal defeat of history only to have it annulled by Utopian piffle and idealistic humbug.

The little gal who wanted to get married for \$3000 so she could get an education has skinned out with a Chicago barber, after spending \$1500 of a millionaire's pile.

Grover C. Bergdoll, the do luxe slacker, who went to Germany when considerably let out of a military prison to look for an imaginary pot of gold announces his intention of returning to America to get \$750,000 held as alien property.

OLD TIME MINCE MEAT

(Eugene Register)

A great deal of interest is being shown in the pie social that is to be held Friday evening, December 2.

Guy Holmes and Royal Brown slipped down from E. Pt. Thru.

Gavin McNab, chief counsel for Faicoe Arbuckle, receives \$100,000, cash in hand, before he opens his mouth, win, lose, or draw.

Like the high school football teams that "were defeated but not beaten," the L of N is not dead but deceased.

The proposals to keep the youngin's off the street after 10:30 pm., encroaches on their personal liberty, and forces the police to do what the parents ought to do.

Xmas comes on Sunday, and so does New Year's. This is a crushing blow to the tired bank clerks, and the silent barbers, who have no holidays like other people.

A GOOD FELLOW

(Glendive, Mont., News)

My wife has left my bed and board, which was the best I could offer, and as good as any in town.

The off. tel. is as proud of his carrot colored C. Chapin mustache as the possessor of whiskers, uncut and uncurled since Lincoln was shot.

Delay is being experienced in the distribution of grub to the Russians. This is a great surprise, as it is being handled by efficiency experts and the Y. M. C. A.

Unless more residences are grown shortly, the city will have to beat some of its garages into rooming houses.

In a greedy world that will do anything for a dollar, the cutest trick is that of the Italian who stole flowers from graves to keep his floral business going.

"THE HOUR HAS STRUCK. OUR CREDITORS WILL STAND FOR NO FURTHER DELAY IN GETTING RID OF OUR PANTS. THEY MUST GO WITHOUT RESERVATIONS." — (Ad Klamath Herald). A sad tragedy in mid-winter.

A special session of the legislature has been called for Dec. 19, ostensibly to put the much needed Portland fair on the primary ballot, but really to fix political fences, and see who's going to speed for governor.

Editorial Correspondence

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 25.—The Pilgrims were thankful because they weren't starving. Congress is thankful because there is no election before Christmas.

Of course there is the usual whine about the most constructive record of progressive achievement since Noah floated the ark, but no one believes it in Washington. Everyone is dissatisfied with the record of congress, including the congressmen. But there is no election this year and everyone hopes to do better next.

No one here is crazy about the tax bill though it is generally regarded as better than the democratic product; no one likes the anti beer bill, but it is regarded as good politics, and the armament parley at the moment is at its lowest ebb.

There is one thing of interest in Medford Legion boys.—I have it from unimpeachable authority as the correspondents say—that a federal bonus bill will be enacted at the next session—or if not then certainly before another general election. The financial situation is slated to clear up rapidly.

The most astonishing thing about this arms parley thus far is the Anglo-French feud. It is difficult to believe one's eyes and ears. Strained relations between these two allies in the world war to the casual American observer seems incredible, and yet the fact stands out like a wart on a pickled.

The fact is while England and France have been friends for ten years, they were enemies for ten hundred. And this traditional enmity survives, while the entente cordiale has gone the way of other war expedients.

Reduced to its simplest terms England and France are engaged in a struggle for the supremacy of Europe. England wants German trade and France wants Germany's gold. England, therefore, laughs at the idea of a revived and militant Germany, while France justifies the retention of a large standing army, and the creation of a U-boat fleet, by painting the dread picture of the avenging Hun.

There is no evidence as yet of the United States taking sides in this contest. The only sentiment expressed is one of regret, that this breach should occur, and fear, that it may result in balling up the constructive results of the conference.

Italy however, is leaning plainly toward support of Great Britain. The recent examination of the French Italian frontier by military experts from Paris is significant. Just as France and England are contesting for the control of Europe, so France and Italy are contesting for the control of the Mediterranean.

Lord Curzon's warning therefore, that France faces isolation, because of her imperialistic policy, assumes automatically a basis of reality. The danger from an European standpoint is a real danger. And unless there is a change in the situation abroad in the near future, an embroiled and embittered Europe seems certain.

In such a situation what will be the American policy? Only men on the inside know. But there is evidence on every hand, that the policy of hands off which kept America out of the League of Nations will be strictly adhere to in this crisis.

The more one considers the situation, the more sensible such a course appears. The problem is essentially

a European problem, and the less Uncle Sam meddles in it the better for all concerned.

President Wilson's experience demonstrated in the case of Fiume that any attempt to dictate policies across the sea, can only lead to mischief. The opinion in Washington seems to be if England, and France and Italy want to fight among themselves for hegemony in Europe, let them fight, but let them abandon the idea of American assistance or opposition.

Let it be said here and now that 99 per cent of the 800 newspaper men at the arms parley are bored to death. The first burst of speed has entirely disappeared. For a time there was intense enthusiasm and interest. The newspaper men were the most favored and important group in Washington. But teas and receptions, and speeches have lost their punch. Every delegation talked about how peaceful it was, how high minded and disinterested, but when it came down to cases, there was and is nothing but generalities, which are not even glittering. Many of the out of town correspondents are already packing up to go home.

W. J. Bryan, who has enjoyed himself immensely, hobnobbing with Chief Justice Taft, and filling local pulpits, is reported to be slated for a station on the Florida Limited. The general impression is that with Briand's departure, and with Lloyd George not coming at all, the circus is really over, and aside from an agreement to reduce naval armaments, nothing will be done. Of course this is a real achievement, but it isn't good copy. The fine points of armaments, interest naval experts, they don't particularly interest the people. So at the present moment there is a dead calm in the press gallery. Everyone wants to get home and prepare for Christmas with the children.

Went to a movie the other night depicting among other things the battle of Jutland. Three Frenchmen sat next to me and jabbered in their native tongue. The movie was under the direction of a British naval officer, and at the end, a picture of King George was flashed on the screen. As the features of the British monarch appeared there was scattered applause, but my three Gallic neighbors proceeded to hiss, then arose and walked out.

Also attended an after the theater supper in an abandoned factory left a la Bohemia. The affair nearly broke up when a southern beauty recently returned from Europe, declared that everyone over there said the next war would be between England and France. A young English captain, who distinguished himself in the late war, by fortifying the water holes in South Africa and preventing a Boer rebellion, took exception to the statement, and verbal fur flew for several moments.

These incidents simply illustrate, that the strained relations between France and England, are not confined to the diplomats. The antagonism runs through the rank and file and brings into sharp relief the most unpleasant feature in international relations today.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 2.—Marshal Ferdinand Foch's special train was on its way southward through Oregon today. Operating stops are scheduled at Roseburg and Medford, and the California boundary will be crossed before nightfall if no delays are experienced. Tomorrow the French military hero and his party will reach San Francisco.

Quill Points

If only the grocer would feel content when we "recognize" our debt to him.

Strange how eager people are to visit the sick under this new beer ruling.

It will be hard winter. The hide of politicians seems to be unusually thick.

If all novelists write as they feel, some of them feel mighty vague and ungrammatical.

Love: The quality that makes a man think his wife is getting pump when she is getting fat.

The dealer who calls it a "slightly use cad" is very conservative in the selection of adjectives.

Don't be too optimistic. Congress will find some way to spend the money we save by disarming.

Another evil of unemployment is that a man can't think up an excuse to avoid helping around the house.

There will be about as much giving as usual this year, unless the 10-cent stores run short of stock.

If people borrow from Peter to pay Paul, it is safe to assume that Paul has the agency for an automobile.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

- 1-How long was John Marshall chief justice?
2-How does the population of Ireland and Norway compare?
3-When do the most severe storms occur in Florida?
4-How hot does an oven have to be to bake biscuits?
5-How fast does the earth travel on its journey around the sun?
6-Who was the first republican nominee for president?
7-Where does most of the asbestos used in the world come from?
8-Where is most of the ribbon made in the United States come from?
9-When was the first Ford car made?
10-When is the height of the shipping season in Florida?
Answers to Yesterday's Questions.

- 1-How many miles of petroleum pipe lines in the United States? Ans. 34,000.
2-How many people in this country participate in cooperative societies of some kind? Ans. Between 30,000,000 and 40,000,000.
3-Did the Bolsheviks issue a currency of their own? Ans. They did.
4-Who is Germany's richest man? Ans. Hugo Stinnes.
5-After what hour is it proper to wear evening clothes? Ans. After 6 p. m.
6-What is sugar made of? Ans. Sugar is a chemical combination of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen.
7-Who carries the ring for a bride groom, until it is time for it to be used to a marriage ceremony? Ans. The best man.
8-Can any player in a poker game demand to cut the cards? Ans. After the player following the dealer has refused to cut the cards the rules say that no other player has the right to cut the cards. The dealer usually permits a player to cut the cards if a request is made.
9-From what did the side saddle develop? Ans. From the pillow or pad on which the lady rode behind her escort.
10-What sort of a fruit is a "lan-gelo"? Ans. It is a cross between a grapefruit and a tangerine.

CHERRO CHIMES

So he spanked them all soundly, And put them to bed, And started to raising Cherro Bread.

CHERRO

A flour of hard wheat blend For family use. At your grocer's soon.

(To be continued.)

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Rippling Rhymes Walt Mason

THE peddler greets me at my door, and he has things to sell. Some dope to stain a kitchen floor, a patent dinner bell; but I can buy them at the store from J. Augustus Snell. The peddler has no interests here, he doesn't pay the freight; he doesn't chip in every year to keep the tax list straight; and so I say, "Please disappear," and shoo him from my gate. It may be he sells better junk than Snell does at the store; but if I spend with him a plunk, I'll never see him more, and if I find his goods are punk, 'twill be no use to roar. But if at J. Augustus Snell's I buy a quilting frame, and find it isn't wearing bells, its workmanship to blame, I seek that merchant where he dwells and climb upon his frame. And he'll practice another frame, or else refund the cash; he can't afford to win a fame for selling worthless trash; it's up to him to play the game or see his business smash. And J. Augustus nobly stacks when boosting schemes abound, and J. Augustus pays his tax without a doleful sound, and join the boys who sprain their backs to make the wheels go round. The peddlers to our village trek and then they disappear, and little, little do they reck what problems we may fear; but J. Augustus is on deck all through the fateful year.

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