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ROBERT W. RYAN, Editor. HUNTER S. SMITH, Manager.

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Ye Smudge Pot

It is a long way from the bed to the window these hippy mornings, and the practice among the unpolished of building the kitchen fire, an shirt-tail has been temporarily discontinued.

The law restricting immigration from Europe ceases next June, and unless congress re-enacts the same, everybody in Europe who can possibly get down to the docks will sail for America, for a shot of freedom, and a few dollars at whatever is asked.

First, a formal agreement for the limitation of naval armament, on the original basis of 1-3-3.

Second, an agreement or understanding between the United States, Great Britain, France and Japan, pledged to the promotion of peace in the Pacific.

Third, an agreement to continue the Washington conference, meeting alternately in Europe and the Far East, perhaps once every two years, on whenever conditions arise which seem to demand consideration of serious differences.

Fourth—General affirmation of the open door policy toward China, with the endorsement as the basis of action, and with any definite policy toward specific issues in China, postponed until a joint commission, or commissions, has made an investigation of the actual conditions in China and reported on the facts.

Now if this general outline is anywhere near correct, Jake's "thin" won't be a pole cat. Nor will it be a solemn covenant for perpetual peace and free soap for the proletariat.

It will be a compromise between extremes, as all international gatherings of this sort are bound to be, but, on the other hand, it will be the greatest, practical step toward peace and away from war, ever taken in the history of the world.

Practical,—that is the word. Not a dream in the air, but a common-sense program on the ground. The trouble with the League of Nations, tied up as it was with the Versailles treaty and impregnated with the war spirit was simply this,—it wouldn't.

Arrangement of the calendar is all wrong. Bank clerks and barbers will find no holiday in their socks this Christmas.

"JAPAN SEEKS MOPOPOLY IN SIBERIA" (Hillside SF, Cal.). The hand that grabs a mop handle will never be floored.

"THUG SEIZES WOMAN BELOW DEADLINE" (Pittsburg, Kas. Times). The brute!

(Manchester Guardian) Sit down, my child, and hear me tell The dreadful tale of what befell The man who played a trick on Nature (Assisted by the Legislature).

The very morning after that He kicked an inoffensive cat, And when his wife was shocked (and rightly) He scowled and answered impudently.

The poison acted right and left; He took to bridge, then minor theft; Then, past all help from prayer or person, Embarked on forging cheques and arson.

By June there was no single sin That man was not indulging in; And all his crime and low behaving Began, you see, with moral ravine.

In August, tired of married life, He bawled, slow his patient wife (An act that none can gloss or pardon) And hid her fragments in the garden.

One hope alone remained alight— He might return (a doubtful might) To ways more righteous, kind and sober When things are altered in October.

Alas for him, his luck was out! His callous conduct got about, And after due and proper warning They hanged him one September morn'ing.

A. F. & A. M. Regular communication Medford Lodge, 193, Friday evening, Dec. 16, 7:29 p.m. Election of officers.

Notice is hereby given that my wife Lola Maddox, has left my bed and board and I will no longer be responsible for any debts incurred by her, George E. Maddox, Medford, Ore. Dec. 16, 1921.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 16.—Butter, extra, 45c. Eggs, extra, 50c; firsts, 35c; extra pullets, 52c; extra pullets firsts, 21c. (Union Cal. Florida Hat fancy, 24c.

Editorial Correspondence

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 13.—What is going to come out of the Washington conference? That is the question invariably fired at the head of anyone who has been near it. It reminds one of Jake Schumme, who chased a cat through the woods and saw it disappear in a hole in the rocks. He ran to the hole, scrambled down and looked in. As he looked a strong and unmistakable aroma greeted his nostrils, an aroma that no woodman ever mistakes.

In about half an hour Jake's wife came to the place, saw her husband sitting with his gun across his lap and asked what on earth he was waiting for. "I don't see nothing," said Jake, "but pretty soon something 'goin' to come out."

By the time this is printed the specifics of the "anime" will undoubtedly be known. A plebiscite is expected the first of next week, but as the time limit and bank account of "your correspondent" has long since expired he will not be able to attend. However, as a final episode, and in spite of the well known dangers of prophecy, the following is hazarded as a general outline of what Jake, as the symbol of an expedient people, may be expected to see:

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Practical,—that is the word. Not a dream in the air, but a common-sense program on the ground. The trouble with the League of Nations, tied up as it was with the Versailles treaty and impregnated with the war spirit was simply this,—it wouldn't.

work. Trying to construct a new world in words, was beautiful in theory, but futile in practice. In simple parlance the whole proposal was too big an order,—being off more than the world could possibly swallow.

The great advance made by Harding and Hoover,—or what now appears to be the great advance,—might be termed emphasis on the spirit and disregard of the letter. That is to say, unless all signs fail, the arrangements above referred to will not represent more than one-tenth of one percent of the mere stenographic portion of the Paris covenant. Instead of casting the world into a thousand intricate pieces and welding them all up in a mass of whirly-bix and whirly-bix, prescribed in black and white paper and red tape, just what should be done today and fifty years from today, the Hughes proposals promise to utilize the world spirit for peace to the full, by not proscribing it, but not translating it into definite action, but by restricting the agreements to general principles, and leaving the application of those principles to future developments as they arise. (What that sentence is worthy of God knows.)

In other words,—the Hughes proposals when they come to the senate, promise to consist only of general principles without specific commitments,—general principles upon which the people as a whole are pretty well agreed, and therefore proposals which promise to be confirmed.

Now that is what we mean by practical. Something that can be done. Not a sky-scraping temple, all tiled out with rooms and steam heat and furniture, but a foundation a cornerstone, which can be constructed now, and upon which future superstructures, with the changes of times and circumstances, can build.

The most doubtful part of the above outline is the fourth relative to China and the open door. This is not based upon what has been done or suggested, but upon what it seems, must be done, if any solution of this Chinese mess is to be arrived at.

There are the two extremes here at Washington,—the Japanese extreme, and the Chinese extreme; the claims of a strong highly organized nation, and the claims of a weak disorganized one.

Because China is weak, and has been exploited by all the nations in the past, and particularly by Japan, there is a strong tendency in this country to sentimentalize the Chinese position, and assume a priori, that she is entirely right and Japan wholly wrong, that here we have a perfect drama, with China as the poor working girl and Japan as the top-hat villain.

Now whatever else may be true, that isn't. There are two sides to this question as there are to all others. But just what these sides are, no one, or practically no one, in this country, knows.

For example, precisely to what extent is the claim by Japan true that if she withdrew her troops and



I'VE EATEN some of the finest meals, played foreign games, worn wearing bells, and I have seen the waters bring grand dukes that would tempt a tramp, even when they have seen me pounce on grub whose name I can't pronounce, and I have paid five bucks or more for victuals fanned in tureen here, cooked by a master chef from France, or Italy or Spain, porcinas. And while I pined my fork and knife, and date and ate, to save my life, I thought, "I'd give a wad of cash to have a plate of grandma's hash." I say it humbly and in fear; I know my lightened friends will jeer when I confess I'd rather eat an old time hash of spuds and meat with onion (never as a base, than feed my rabbit and useful face with kitchen triumphs they'd applaud, compiled by artists from abroad. The good old hash my grandma made! New cooks 'wink out, their triumphs fade; no man in tummy can bear the strong points of their bill of fare; the coat sticks longer in the mind than does the dish, sublime, refined; but who forgets when old and grayed, the onion hash that grandma made! I have the price, and I can buy the catwhisk, the new-daid pie; for long I've had my money's worth of all the luxuries on earth; but I'm best comforted and stayed by such good hash as grandma made.

delicacies from China complete chaos and anarchy would result and every foreigner in China and every foreign interest would be endangered? Is this merely talk to disguise Japan's policy of armed domination, or is it, essentially, fact? Or again,—how much is there to China's claim that the civil war now going on is a mere "incident" that the cause of all the trouble is foreign and particularly Japanese interference, and that if everyone would get out China would work out her destiny successfully in her own way?

You can't take China's word for it. You can't take Japan's word, no final settlement can be made by the United States,—and in the last analysis the United States must make it,—until the facts are known, and the only way to get the facts is for a responsible and disinterested commission to go to China and get them.

Card of Thanks. We wish to thank our many friends and neighbors, transmitters and societies for the beautiful floral offerings and comforting words of sympathy during our bereavement in the loss of our beloved husband, father and brother.

MRS. J. W. JACOBS, MISS EDITH JACOBS, MRS. A. E. LA PONTE, L. L. JACOBS.

Cherro Chimes. Said a brown loaf, to a biscuit, I've been thinking rather loose let, Of the master's keen enjoyment, At your crisp and hot enjoyment.

Cherro Flour. A Special Hard Wheat Blend \$2.25 a 49 lb. sack at your grocer (To be continued.)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW? 1.—What are the three small bones of the inner ear called? 2.—Where are the most Panama hats made? 3.—In the valley of what river was the Garden of Eden generally believed to have been located? 4.—What is the study of fossils called? 5.—What Federal army fought at Gettysburg? 6.—How many navigable rivers has Switzerland? 7.—Into how many classifications are human teeth divided? 8.—What is the color of the plumage of the head and neck of a mallard duck? 9.—What does "de facto" mean? 10.—Between what states is Delaware Bay? Answers to yesterday's questions. 1.—In what state is Mount Tamalpais? Ans.—In California. 2.—During what expedition was President McKinley shot? Ans.—The Pan-American expedition.

WHEN YOU KNOW THE MEDFORD NATIONAL BANK You Will Bank With It. A. D. 1898. A. D. 1921. W. S. C.

Holiday Gifts. GIFTS FOR A MAN. OVERCOATS \$19.50 to \$50. SUITS \$25 to \$50. BOYS SUITS \$12.50 to \$18. Every garment this season's make. New styles, belted and half belt. Special High School models, \$25 and \$30. Styleplus Suits for medium price, all wool hand tailored suits. Society Brand Suits for high grade suits of superior quality. Johnny Tupants Suits for boys. The all wool suit with the extra pair of trousers. Two pair doubles the wear.

SAP AND SALT BY Bert Moses. When modesty is lost it is gone for good. Peanuts seem to be the only thing the reformers have overlooked. Anybody can succeed in doing nothing—and a good many of us do. You'll find as many folks who say a thing isn't so as folks who say it is. Mere size is nothing, there being more music in a flute than in a bass drum. No man has complete control of himself until he can get up in the morning as easily as he can go to bed at night. HEZ HECK SAYS: Patches on the seat of the pants are a sign of laziness as much as a sign of work.

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