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ORIGINS LABEL

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

A number of old fashioned folks are excited about the news from Chicago that high school boys are maintaining sumptuous apartments for the entertainment of co-eds, and some who are not co-eds, with Roman emperor stuff, the informal juvenile frolics being enhanced by moonshine and hop.

The parents will censure the police for losing control over their kids, and don't care whether the trip to hell is made in a plush lined hand basket, or a cutglass sugar bowl, as long as the proceedings are socially correct.

1922 automobiles are gracing the highways and byways. The owners look charming, except for a hungry look around the eyes.

"CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR TALKS TO SUPPORTERS"—(Hdline Portland Telegram). He asked their hearty co-operation in keeping up his socks.

"KNOCKED DOWN FORDS CHEAP"—(Ad Grants Pass Courier). A 44 may be down but it will always go.

THEY ARE THE BEST, BUT REQUIRE A REFEREE (Salem Statesman).

AUSTRIAN LADY—26, Just few months in this country, desires correspondence with German. If you like a wife, one who knows how to operate a frying pan, then write in German only. German, care Statesman.

Mother Earth indulged in playful shimmy this am. at 5:21, quivering like a Wilson idolator at Republican meeting in 1916. Heretofore only candidates for office have felt any shocks. Citizens who swing their own make of leker thought they took a drink in their sleep. Dave Wood reports that his timbers were shivered. It is regrettable that these rare outbreaks of Nature cannot occur at noon, when everybody is up.

Komeo Roppes, who came downtown yesterday following a bad cold, is not able to follow it today.

TRYING TO INFORM PORTLAND THERE IS A SOUTHERN END TO OREGON (Portland Oregonian).

Noise? And then some. Deep-throated sirens, capable of casting their hellowing a full ten miles, will about, bidding the city remember that it is committed to a worthy project, and that the cry of the campaign is "Sure, we'll help."

As the sirens draw to silence a band will lift a lively tune. Not a noon will pass without the crashing detonation of aerial bombs above the business district.

Three inexperienced miners of the Nash dist. left Mon. for the hills to develop their mines.

After giving the country a pain by his grivel, entitled "Woodrow Wilson, As I Know Him," Joseph P. Tumulty is going on a lecture tour.

J. Kort Hall who has been on his back with rheumatism in his rooms, is once more navigating.

CONGRATULATIONS, CHIEF (Oakland Tribune).

With the burning of a home at the head of Maple avenue in East Oakland last Thursday the Oakland fire department added another feat to its long list of accomplishments in fire fighting.

There are rumors that the religious issue will be injected into the spring primary, and a dose of fanatic bigotry will be delightful, especially among those already cockeyed with smallbore prejudices. There never was an election without its quota of sneaking up and down the alleys at the 11th hour, whispering "So-and-so is such-and-such." A man's religion, under the constitution, rests with himself, not with a bunch of nutty reformers.

THE FLAPPER.

OLD MOTHER PORTLAND is all worked up. She is horrified to discover she has flappers in her brood. And they take joy rides, without chaperones, smoke cigarettes without shame, and dance without—well, without correct raiment.

Of course this sort of thing has been going on in the country at large for some time. Nearly two years ago the New York flapper was dramatized, and the newspapers and magazines have been more or less Flapperized since the Armistice. But Portland—everyone thought Portland would be different, particularly Portlanders. With her old families from New England, and her best families from New Jerusalem,—this sort of going on was never expected.

But in spite of this moral earthquake northward, we doubt if the good old world is coming to an end. The flapper is probably not so much an indication of decadence as an indication of change. The Age of Innocence has gone, and the Age of Nonsense is here,—particularly with the more heady sex. That's about all there is to it.

Mark Twain smoked his first pipe at the tender age of ten. If Mark's sister had done the same thing, there would have been a tremendous fuore. And yet there was no reason, and is no reason, why sisters should not do what brothers do, except the age old tradition that sisters are different.

The Feminist revolution was based upon the assumption that sisters are not and should not be "different." Women are today doing pretty much everything that men once considered their special privilege. They are voting, and going to congress, and being elected sheriffs and mayors, and becoming bandits, and wearing bobbed hair, and knickerbockers, and shaving—vide y lady barber.

Why then should the Sub-Deb be different from the Mid-Victorian sub-freshman? Why indeed? One can't expect Mother to transform her manners completely and daughter to remain the same.

We hold no brief for the Flapper. Our preferences are all with the Age of Innocence. But we refuse to be scandalized and alarmed. Every generation sees ruin in the next. But the world has always been able to carry on.

One of the sweetest and most innocent young ladies we ever knew, married the greatest blackguard in seventeen counties. Her granddaughter who bobs her hair, and is so worldly wise won't do that. She may seem hard, but she at least has her eyes open. She knows life and she knows men, and her grandmother at 18 never did.

To our old-fashioned view she misses a great deal and lacks more, but she will in all likelihood, be a very excellent mother and be just as scandalized at her offspring as her mother has been.

O Tempora! O Mores! The percentage of good and bad of the essentially decent and the essentially vicious, is about the same today as it was 30 years ago. The externals have changed, that's all. We are entering a new social world, and new things are always shocking. Even Portland will acknowledge this truth in 20 or 30 years.

Quill Points

No, Ethel, a goblet is not a small sailor.

Carpenter will come back—but only to America.

What has become of the oldfash troth that would stay plighted?

The best day for work is today. The best day for worry is yesterday.

We call the operator "Central" because she's in the middle of a bad fix.

Imbibers of bootleg liquor are arrested, no doubt, on writs of habeas corpe.

They're called peace dollars, but it requires the usual hard fight to get possession of one.

Add this to your list of similes: "—as busy as a one-armed man proposing to Siamese twins."

A European can't judge us by visiting New York. He should travel inland and see our wonderful billboards.

The vamp type is said to be disappearing. Are there no Cleopatrits to rescue her from oblivion?

Utopia—a place where the boarding houses serve neither prunes, black-eyed peas nor canned corn.

The plan to abolish money was probably started by some female communist who discovered it made a bulge in her stocking.

If a pessimist can think of nothing else to fret about, he'll worry about the danger of being struck by falling meteors.



IN A HURRY.

WELL-FRAMED statutes little heeding, laughing all the laws to scorn, still the fathead fan goes speeding, honking blithely on his horn. Through the streets of thronging traffic, he goes like a bolt of doom; and the epitaph is graphic that we place upon his tomb. Lives of speed fiends should remind him death awaits in many styles; but the cloud of dust behind him shows he's hitting sixty miles; "let no speed law halt or stay me," all his actions seem to rave; and the choir sings "Now I lay me," when we gather round his grave. When he reads the daily papers with their lists of auto wrecks, he must see such bonehead capers lead at last to broken necks; through the crowds we see him slipping, throwing up the dust and rocks; and our tears are sadly dripping when we lay him in his box. He is sane in other matters, he is wise in many things, but he rips the road to tatters and the landscape into strings; all in vain our admonition, vain our protests and appeals, and the sad and stern mortician sorts his fragments from the wheels. In the boneyard he is sleeping, far from all the traffic's roar, and his maiden aunts are weeping for the nut who speeds no more.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

- 1. How many Englishmen were prevented by officers of the law last year?
2. How many American Legion posts are there?
3. To what soldiers of the world war was the term Anzac applied?
4. What is the number of hospitals in this country?
5. How much money is spent for cigarettes in this country each year?
6. When does the skull of a human being quit growing?
7. What is the next year that will begin and end on Saturday?
8. What are the ten largest cities in United States?
9. What state was the first to take legislative action on the adoption of a state flower?
10. What is required of a voter in Liberia?
Answers to Yesterday's Questions:
1. What city is the capital of Alabama? Ans. Montgomery.
2. In what continent is the Gobi desert? Ans. Asia.
3. Of what was Faunus, the ancient Roman god? Ans. Agriculture.
4. What is thought transference? Ans. Telepathy.
5. Its Mississippi more people than Louisiana? Ans. No.
6. What body does the famous Eddystone light serve as a beacon? Ans. The English channel.
7. How many miles long is a league? Ans. Three.
8. What is chicanery? Ans. Palmistry.
9. What is the minimum and maximum rate of interest bearing Liberty bonds? Ans. The minimum is three and one-half per cent, the maximum is four and three-quarters per cent.
10. What is the national hymn of Japan? Ans. Kimi Ga Yo Wa.

County Court Proceedings.

The following is a schedule of expenditures of Jackson county, Oregon, together with a list of the claimants and articles of service of which claim is made and which were passed upon by the county court of Jackson county during the month of December, 1921.

The following bills were allowed as follows with the exceptions shown:

Table listing County Court and Commissioners' expenses, including salaries for judges, commissioners, and various court officers.

Circuit Court

Table listing Circuit Court proceedings, including names of attorneys and their respective fees for various legal services.

Table listing various court fees and expenses, including Justice Court, Sheriff's Office, and Clerk's Office costs.

(To be continued.)

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