

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix,
alent and on Highways:
Daily, with Sunday Sun, month, .75
Daily, without Sunday Sun, month, .50
Daily, without Sunday Sun, year, \$5.00
Daily, with Sunday Sun, one year, \$7.50
All terms by cash in advance.

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Official paper of the City of Medford.
Official paper of Jackson County.

The only paper between Eugene, Ore.,
and Sacramento, Calif., a distance of
over 500 miles, having leased wire Associated
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Jackson County.

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

One cannot blame Long Beach,
Calif., Bible Class for cheating, even
though they were careless and got caught.
It was in Chicago, an of Kansas City to
send out a bunch of detectives to
watch the count. They lacked faith.

A woman murdered a man at El
Paso, Texas, Sunday. As usual, de-
ceased was poor, and the shooter
homely.

Everybody ought to be glad the
masses have regained their senses and
are saying, "That's a lotta bologna."
Instead of "Yes, we have no bananas."

Joshua Wheyback,
Tolo, Ore.

Dear Mr. Wheyback: Your commu-
nication at hand regarding me to run for
the legislature, and this is real sweet
of you. However, I am willing to
leave the plow in the furrow and take
up the cudgel for humanity. If elected,
I would acquit myself before the
duly organized processes of law and
justice got around to convict. How
did that piece of summer fallow on
the hillside turn out this year? I
understand you did not have a cent
left after paying all the dues and
assessments to farmer betterment
societies. I am not the kind of a
politician who gives the agriculturists
a rake in the papers, and then walks
off with his hoe. I am surprised that
a man of your ability and construc-
tiveness has not thrown himself into
the breach long ere this. On the
other hand you might turn out to be
a good public servant.

Now, dear Mr. Wheyback, in run-
ning for the legislature, we must not
try to corral the female vote, outside
of maintaining a neat crease in my
Sunday pants, and looking lonesome.
We will have some of the boys offer
me a drink on the church steps, and I
will refuse, publicly. This will save
wind, and be sure and instruct the
boys to see me later. The law on
possession, externally, is a stemwinder.
We have got to stamp out this evil,
if it takes every brass band in
Jackson County. Tune down your
kids, so a stranger can get in the same
township with them. In the heat of
the campaign I might get reckless
and want to kiss one of them. How
did your neighbor's children you
started to bring up right last summer,
pan out anyway? Remember this:
The candidate who gets the women
crying first, is the Kat's Whiskers.

Regarding the taxes. Just let me
get a hold of the \$22,111 taxes. I'll
cut 'em in two; I'll make hash out
of 'em. Taxes and Death are two
things my constituents have never
been able to get away from. If elected,
Joah, I will abolish the former,
and leave the latter so they will have
no teeth.

The European situation is a bad
one, and I hope they get it straight-
ened out so we can start paying the
Jacksonville road, even though it is
necessary.

If they get to asking you how I
stand on government by shirt-tail, tell
them the American flag floats at the
North Pole. It is a direct answer and
leaves no doubt relative to my position.

Burn this letter.

Giant Hero of World

Series Goes to Boston

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—The pas-
sing of Dave Bancroft, Casey Stengel
and Bill Cunningham from the New
York Nationals to the Boston Red
 Sox and the acquisition by New
York of Billy Southworth and Joe
Oeschger is construed by baseball fan-
dom at the opening move by Manager
John McGraw towards almost com-
plete reconstruction of the New York
National league club.

If such it proves, it will mark the
fourth time in McGraw's 21 years as
New York manager that he has so
overhauled his organization.

PNEUMONIA

Call a physician. Then begin
"emergency" treatment with

WICKS

VAPORUB

Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

WORLD PEACE FOR \$100,000 CASH

WE HAVE received notice that Mr. Bok's \$100,000 peace prize
contest closes in a few days, and are urged to hurry on our
contribution.

So here goes. As there seems to be no practical method of
changing human nature and thereby eliminating the fighting in-
stinct, we can see no possibility of advancing world peace except
by creating some organization strong enough to enforce peace.

The League of Nations was a step in the right direction. But
instead of being too much a super-government, with too much power,
it was not enough a super government, and was given too little
power.

Take the recent Italy-Greece skirmish for example. Why was
Italy allowed to bombard Corfu, kill several score defenseless citi-
zens, demand a tremendous indemnity from Greece, and get away
with it?

The League of Nations was in session. Brother Cecil of England
made a courageous protest against such action. But Signor Mussolini
merely laughed, assuming that he ever indulges in anything so
human and agreeable as laughing.

He laughed because he knew Lord Robert Cecil was merely a
kindly and enlightened old gentleman, making a virtuous gesture.
He didn't even officially represent Great Britain. He had no armies
behind him, no navies, not even a bodyguard—he had nothing but
words.

So Mussolini went ahead, and only hesitated at war because, at
the moment, the coal market was not on a war basis.

So, with human nature as it is, with nationalism what it is, there
seems no way of preventing war, or even effectively reducing its
probability, except by creating an international force for peace,
stronger than any possible national force for war.

But according to recent election returns, the United States would
never consider such a proposal. Nor, we fear, would any other world
power.

So we come to the real underlying cause of war, which is the
simple, undeniable fact that no nation in the world today, has reached
the plane of enlightened self interest where it is willing to pay the
price of peace.

Individuals the world over have agreed to pay that price, within
national borders, by submitting to a rule of law, and paying the
expenses of an adequate police force.

Combinations of individuals known as nations have not. So
that's that. It is also pretty good evidence that if we should send
this screed on to the committee of award, we would be out a per-
fectly good U. S. postage stamp.

So we won't.

QUILL POINTS

A conformist is a man who likes dividends better than liberty.

God is good, and children usually turn out rather well in spite
of all their parents can do.

Millions in Europe doubtless still wonder why Mr. Hoover has
the pictures of other men printed on his money.

The only bedtime story sent over the telephone is that one Friend
Husband tells the wife about the directors' meeting.

"The farmer needs second sight," wails a bloc member. Just
at present, however, he needs a second mortgage.

If a man howled for liberty five years ago, you thought him a
Bolshevik. Now you think him a wet.

A modern girl is one who thinks the rolling pin a contrivance
invented to provide the action in a comic strip.

When two fat women pass on the street, each looks back and
wonders if she ever will look like that.

The theory is that by the time a man has a family of seven, he
should be able to afford a seven-passenger car.

We haven't seen that trap to attract flies, but our guess is that
it has the general appearance of a bald head.

Enthusiasts who are telling Henry about it should remember that
it takes hot water to start a Ford, not hot air.



REVOLT

I AM so tired of Bildad Bish that sometimes in my heart I
wish he'd move to far Cathay; I would that I might see him
bound for some deep hollow in the ground a million miles away.
For every paper I peruse has Bildad featured in the news, or
in the Household Hints; and like some luscious movie queens
he's smiling in the magazines in Artogravure tints. If there's
a crisis in the land old Bildad's sure to be on hand, to view with
deep alarm; if there's a picnic in the woods you see him there
with all the goods, his princely grace and charm. He joins the
swimmers in the pool when he's not teaching Sunday school,
and all his shining deeds are chronicled from shore to shore,
that they may thrill, inspire or bore the delegate who reads.
One day he makes a speech in Maine, the next he's standing in
the rain to lay a cornerstone; he shows a barber how to shave,
he is chief mourner at a grave, he sends the Japs a bone. No
matter what this Bildad does, the glad reporters round him
buzz, and write about his wreath; photographers around him
swarm, and snap his proud though childlike form, his whiskers
and his teeth. I often do more vital things but no one comes
around and swings a camera at me; I often hit a striking pose,
and pull a few aesthetic throes, but there is none to see.

Personal Health Service

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.
Noted Physician and Author

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to dis-
ease 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 an-
swered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instruc-
tions. Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this newspaper.

The Poor Pores.

What are those things which peo-
ple usually call pores and which so
often appear enlarged, especially about
the sides of the nose or over
the cheeks?

They are the or-
fices of the ducts
of excretory tubes
of the sebaceous
and sweat glands.
The sebaceous
(oil) glands and
the sweat glands
usually discharge
their excretions
through a common
opening; in that
same opening, as a
rule, an skin cov-
ered with hair or
down, as is the skin of the whole body
excepting the soles and the palms,
is the shaft of the hair. The sebum
(oil) and sweat are poured into the
well of the hair shaft; they work up
along the hair shaft out upon the
surface of the skin.

These opening from which the
sweat, the sebum and the hair exude
or emerge upon the surface are not
pores, since nothing is absorbed thru
them. They do not open nor close
under the influence of varying condi-
tions of temperature or bodily activi-
ty. No one with a rudimentary
knowledge of anatomy or physiology
can for a moment entertain the ab-
surd notion of "taking cold" because
somebody carelessly neglected to close
his pores before going out to the foot-
ball game. Nobody has ever been
able to "prove that anything—air,
water, food or medicine—is absorbed
through the unbroken skin.

Various medicinal substances are
administered, and effectively, by ap-
plication to the unbroken skin, but
in every such instance, so far as
scientific observation goes, the medi-
cine, if absorbed, is absorbed in thru
the lungs, being volatilized by the
warmth of the body and inhaled. Few
food substances, if any, can be in-
haled—not considering soup.

The orifices or openings of the ducts
appear and readily are dilated or en-
larged when the sebum accumulates;
this state or condition is known to
physicians as seborrhea, an excessive
oiliness of the skin. Seborrhea is
commonly associated with blackheads
(comedones) and acne (pimples).

In addition to the oiliness or in-
markedness of the actual greasiness
of the skin in seborrhea the skin
has a coarse texture (due to the re-
laxed or patulous duct orifices) and
the complexion is muddy or pasty.

Why Visitors Are Not Welcomed.
Wish you would give an article
about the eight months baby and its
chances. I can't tell you how many
acquaintances who came to see me
at the hospital were kind enough to
inform me that an eight months baby
seldom lived and if so it was always
puny, etc., etc. Although I know
better it did give me a heartache dur-
ing those first few days of baby's life.

—Mrs. B. E. H.

Answer—That's one good and suf-
ficient reason why visitors are not
acclaimed with great joy by the hos-
pital authorities. So many of them
come out of curiosity and hunger for
a bit of gossip and gossip only
would leave behind them a headache.
Of course the premature infant is not
so vigorous at the start, but once he
gets here to the hard ways of this
world he can hold his own against all
comers.

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Service.)

Fear Apples Will Be Dumped,

the 1923 Crop Is so Large

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 12.—With
a commercial apple crop for the
United States nearly thirty per cent
larger than the five year average,
and the largest commercial crop in
the history of the Pacific Northwest,
present prevailing prices indicate the
"dumping" of considerable quantities
of the smaller sizes of high grade
apples in Oregon and Washington,
says F. L. Kent, agricultural statis-
tician, United States department of
agriculture. Canneries do not want
the small sizes, and the cost of trans-
portation will not warrant their use
for cider and other apple by-products
in many localities.

Final estimates of production in
1921 and 1922, and the November 1
forecast for 1923 in some of the lead-
ing commercial apple states are as
follows: (1 barrel equals 3 bushels.)

	1921	1922	1923
New York	4,512,000 bbl.	6,000,000 bbl.	3,300,000 bbl.
Pennsylvania	1,266,000 bbl.	1,216,000 bbl.	221,000 bbl.
Virginia	1,797,000 bbl.	1,100,000 bbl.	80,000 bbl.
Nichigan	2,118,000 bbl.	1,699,000 bbl.	1,208,000 bbl.
Colorado	802,000 bbl.	1,034,000 bbl.	812,000 bbl.
Idaho	1,318,000 bbl.	975,000 bbl.	1,353,000 bbl.
Washington	3,075,000 bbl.	1,104,000 bbl.	8,300,000 bbl.
California	1,692,000 bbl.	1,200,000 bbl.	1,352,000 bbl.
OREGON	1,680,000 bbl.	1,260,000 bbl.	1,667,000 bbl.
United States	33,623,000 bbl.	39,955,000 bbl.	21,567,000 bbl.

Sapphira, a Neglected Notable

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 12.—
Some Americans little by little to arch-
eology may be startled by a recent
find in the Holy Land—this discovery
of the tomb of Sapphira. This lady
and her better known husband, Anna-
nias, according to biblical record, were
stricken dead for falsifying on their
income tax returns.

"Though Ananias' black reputation
has been held up to greater scorn than
that of his better half, Sapphira may
succeed to the position of patron saint
of the world's noted liars by virtue
of the startling revelations of the in-
vestigators. Sapphira, the archeol-
ogist who dug up the tomb near Jeru-
salem found, appears to have led in
her very bones," according to a bulle-
tin from the Washington, D. C., head-
quarters of the National Geographic
Society.

Tomb Found by Accident.
"The tomb was found by accident,"
the bulletin continues. "In the course
of digging a foundation near the Bez-
abel quarter, the hill west of Jerusa-
lem, workmen found a burial cham-
ber. Inside was a plain ossuary with
the name 'Sapphira' engraved in He-
brew and Greek, and containing the
full complement of bones.

"Site and period pointed to the mid-
dle of the first century, and the sim-
plicity of the tomb was in keeping
with the middle class social position
of Ananias and Sapphira and their
circle. A young archeologist, who
took charge of the investigation ven-
tured still further in support of iden-
tification, and called in medical ad-
vice on the nature of the bones. The
medical expert is reported to have
found the bones were not those of a
woman—they were masculine. Where
Sapphira lies buried and who occu-
pied her mislabeled tomb probably
never will be known.

Were Church Members.
The story of Ananias' and Sapphi-
ra's chastisement appears in the
Acts of Apostles. It had been the
custom of the land to contribute a
tithes or tenth to the church but the
new Christian church of which Anna-

nias and Sapphira were virtually char-
ter members insisted on greater sacri-
fices. Peter asked that profits of all
sales be laid down before him and
distribution made 'unto every man ac-
cording to their needs.'

"Ananias and Sapphira were well-
to-do property owners and, though
subscribers to the church, evidently
felt this demand was too extreme. Be-
tween them they made it up to report
the price of a recent sale less than it
actually was. But Peter caught
Ananias in the lie and Ananias, hear-
ing Peter's condemnation, fell down
dead. Attendants carried Ananias out
and then Sapphira was brought before
Peter. She gave the same false re-
port and straightway fell dead."

—A PORTLAND READER.

Portland, Oregon, Oct. 30.

HILL'S Acts at once

Stops Colds in 24 Hours
Hill's Cascara Bromide Quinine gives
quicker relief than any other cold or la-
grippe remedy. Tablets disintegrate in
10 seconds. Effectiveness proved in
millions of cases. Demand red box bear-
ing Mr. Hill's portrait. All druggists—
30 cents.

HILL'S CASCARA BROMIDE QUININE
W. H. HILL CO. DETROIT, MICH.

HAVE YOUR XMAS

PHOTOGRAPHS

made now
at the
Medford P. F. Studio

in our new and larger quarters.
High grade work at popular
prices. Over Medford Harness Co.
228 E. MAIN

For Wet Wash

Dry Wash Rough Dry

Phone 873

Wet Wash, pound, 5c
Dry Wash, pound, 7c
Rough Dry, pound, 9c

American Laundry

For Wet Wash
Dry Wash Rough Dry
Phone 873

Wet Wash, pound, 5c
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LAUREL GRAY'S LOVE GOSSIP

THE GREATEST THING IN THE
WORLD

By Laurel Gray

When Frankness Is Necessary

I trust my customers were not too
terribly shocked by yesterday's dis-
cussion on dishonorable marriage.
Two ministers, one doctor, five busi-
ness men and a surprising number of

mothers have
been so good as
to telephone me
already about it.
All save one
agreed with me,
thanked me,
praised me (which
made me feel
terribly foolish
about it) and ad-
mired my cour-
age. But after
all, what's the
use of one having
convictions if
one isn't free and
can give expression
to them. I have an
aversion to pre-
aching prunes and
prisms and I
have a good strong
healthy hatred for
moral prigs. If a
subject is taboo,
then let it be taboo
totally, all to-
gether and forever
and ever, amen.
But to flirt with a
topic and to hint
at society's sore
spots and then hur-
ry on a fraud, and
"talk about some-
thing nice and
pleasant—and harm-
less!" gives me a
severe attack of
jaundice. I am not a
cynic. I believe
more heartily in the
abounding grac-
eousness of human
love than I did a
few years ago when
I first undertook
to write a little
preachment about
The Greatest Thing
in the World. I don't
believe that girls are
as bad as they are
painted in spite of
the statistics about
the 4,677,829 bot-
tles of hair dye and
the 6,678,334 cas-
kets of rouge and
the 7,666,888 lip-
sticks that are sold
in the corner drug
stores of our enter-
prising land every
year. I believe that
marriage is an en-
ormous success in
spite of some of
the poor devils who
make a mess of it.
I believe in woman's
virtue and man's
honour. But when I
observe an ugly
head sticking up
above the trenches
I'm after it, red-hot,
with a stench-bomb
in one fair hand and
a grenade in the other.
That's why I
wrote about dishon-
orable marriage
yesterday. So that's
that!

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can give expression
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