

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

20,000 people (mostly voters), will see the Oregon-O. A. C. football game this afternoon, and if their luck holds out the assembled multitude will escape a speech by Governor Pierce.

Helmsness is on the run in this vicinity. The grand jury indicted three for the brutal Siskiyou tunnel murders, and one for being drunk on the fair grounds, September 15th.

ACROBATS, Attention! (Red Book Mag.)

Off came the cap with the wide visor. He peeled off the aviator over his head. The trousers were removed likewise.

The usual Saturday quota of rural inhabitants are in town today on their week-end.

If the gent who admired your cor's fountain pen on the 23rd, is thru admiring it, please return same.

John Jones of Rome, N. Y., who was lured hither last April by the wonderful fishing in the beautiful Rogue, gave up all hope of getting a bite, last Thurs. and has departed for home.

The remaining dogs, cats and chickens have learned to refrain from loitering on residential speedways.

THEY WON THE WAR (Eugene Guard)
Creswell, Ore., Nov. 21.—The first number of the chautauqua Monday night was greatly enjoyed by the audience. Mr. Strong was an artist indeed and to many the bagpipes were their first introduction to Scottish martial music.

Henry Ford's candidacy for the presidency has taken sick in the Middle West, and will probably be brought to this state to convalesce and recuperate.

With cold weather coming on, the Salvation Army has announced: "We have discarded clothing."

A middle-aged Galahavik limped down town yes. in a pair of No. 3-A's on an 8-D foot. They looked nice but were a trifle snug across the left Great toe.

It is still maintained in neither wet or dry circles, that the way to enforce Prohibition, is to enforce Prohibition. It can't be done under the present system of 13 men starting to run for sheriff every time a bootlegger is accidentally caught.

HE DON'T DESERVE IT (Wahash, Ind. Times)
Dr. P. G. Moore recently presented Uncle Jack Higgins, 165 years old, with a life-membership in the State Historical Society.

If somebody started a report the fruit was in danger of being frost-bit, today would seem like the third of April.

Old Dock Cook, who discovered the North Pole with a typewriter, and now sentenced to a long prison term for oil swindles, possessed the bill-power, but missed his calling. Master of spectacular hoaxes, his own efforts were knocked for a row by less reckless slickers, who pretended piety and patriotism and invisibility, and disposed of nightshirts at 100 per cent profit. What a Grand Kazookus of the Realm, the gifted doctor would have made! Gibby could he have quoted Scripture, in defense of lawless acts. And what an imposing figure he would have made in his shitzel and mask, as Noble Skinkint of the Empire. In the field of Hokum, the doctor would have made as much money, and still be at large.

Cut This Out—It is Worth Money
Send this ad and ten cents to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive a ten cent bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar for Coughs, Colds, and Croup, also free sample packages of Foley Kidney Pills for Backache, Rheumatic Pains, Kidney and Bladder trouble, and Foley Cathartic Tablets for Constipation and Biliousness. These wonderful remedies have helped millions of people. Try them! Sold everywhere.

MILTON JANES.

THE SUDDEN DEATH of Milton Janes comes as a terrible shock to his many friends, and a distinct loss to the community. In the prime of life, endowed with splendid health, with everything to live for and every reason, both from a personal and community standpoint he should live, this sudden taking away, represents one of those tragedies of human life, which it is impossible to understand and to which it is difficult to become reconciled. Quiet in disposition, but tireless in the spirit of service, Mr. Janes represented the very highest type of enlightened and public spirited citizenship. Efficient in business, generous and kindly in his personal relations, never trying to seek personal glory or advantage, but always invaluable to any cause in which he enlisted, Mr. Janes' place both in his neighborhood and in the community, will indeed be difficult to fill.

QUILL POINTS

About all some of us have saved for a rainy day is rheumatism. The only thing statesmen in Europe seem anxious to fix is the blame. If it is dull and slow and wordy, some critic is sure to hail it as the great novel of the year. We know a number of men who would feel self-conscious if somebody should announce a male beauty contest. When the detective promises to get at the bottom of the thing you never know whether he means the case or your purse. Perhaps they are called wisdom teeth because they stay as far as possible from the end of the tongue that does the talking. Ah, well. Train your daughter as you will in the hope that she will turn out right and then in a traffic jam she will turn left. It's bad either way. If she has somebody to relieve her of the burden of housework, she will crack under the strain of auction bridge.

"JUST TOWN TALK"

FROM TIME to time
IN THIS column
EYE SPOKEN lightly
ABOUT BALD heads
AND EVEN included
IN A bantering way
THE NAMES of men
BUT I'VE just received
SOME INFORMATION
THAT'S CHANGED my opinion
AND FROM now on
I'M GOING to cultivate
A MORE dignified attitude
TOWARDS THESE knights
OF THE SHINING dome
EARLY THIS morning
IN THE Heath's Drug Store
I MET Dr. Stearns
AND I asked him
WHY IT was
THAT EVERY little while
YOU'LL READ something
FROM SOME authority
GOES ON to state
THAT BALD HEADED men
ARE NEVER sent
TO INSANE asylums
WHEREUPON DR. Stearns
WENT ON to explain
THAT THE theory
OF COMPENSATION
IS RELENTLESS
AND ALWAYS works
MEN LOSE their hair
BUT NOT their minds
THAT A bald head
IS A positive sign
OF INTELLIGENCE
AND THAT every doctor
IS QUITE familiar
WITH THE fact
THAT THE intellect
WORKING 'ROUND and round
INSIDE the skull
SOON RUBS off
THE LITTLE knots
WHICH HOLD the hair
FAST IN the bone
THEN THE hair falls out
IF THERE'S no intellect
THE KNOTS stay tight
THERE YOU have it
ANOTHER LITTLE romance
OF MEDICINE
I THANK you.



INDIFFERENT.

THE STATESMEN wise are stating that chaos is at hand; the how-wows dread are waiting in every foreign land; a greater war is brewing than any we have seen; and still we go on choosing, and burning gasoline. Lloyd-George in grief is wringing his sympathetic hands; he sees the vultures winging o'er desolated lands; he sees the nations plugging and putting up no grass and still we go on chugging, and burning costly gas. For years we lived on passion, our nerves were sorely tried, and now it is the fashion to let a crisis slide. The world is full of sorrow, of error and abuse and still, today, tomorrow, we call for John D.'s juice. We're jaunting by the rivers, we're touring on the plain, while poor old Europe quivers in agony and pain. It's cruel, don't-wetter, to jog around and grin; but would we make things better if we were butting in? Would Europe be enduring less trouble and disgrace if we cut off the touring and hit the wailing place? Would they quaff friendly flagons, the Germans and the French, if we should park our wagons and use the mourners' bench? We cannot make them happy by raising an "Alas!" so, John D., make it snappy, and fill our tanks with gas.

Personal Health Service

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

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 is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received, only a few can be answered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this newspaper.

Seborea Oleosa
I do fondly hope that my readers have by this time begun to think that the pores ain't what they used to be. It is no small matter abolishing such a deeply grounded fallacy as the popular one that the human skin has a phenomenal set of pores, each equipped with a little trap door which opens and shuts at will, and that it is, technically speaking all off with the poor chap who happens to go out somewhere where while his pores are all open thru some accident to the trap door machinery. But with the right inspiration and determination a great deal may be accomplished in this direction. I've been engaged in this crusade only a few years and to date I have abolished the following:
(1) Colds.
(2) Nervous breakdown.
(3) The rheumatism.
(4) Marking babies.
(5) Uric acid.
(6) Biliousness.
(7) Pathy (fill in the blank yourself).
(8) The climate.
(9) Overwork.



I always did hate to hear of people succumbing to No. 1 or No. 2; so I put a stop to it.
Rouse up, now, folks, and give ear. We're coming to the medicine. You know I always reserve that till the very last; then, quite likely, discover I haven't room left to give it. I don't give much medicine here, but such as I do give is real medicine. It requires a little room to administer real medicine as anybody knows who has ever given a live boy a nice dose of castor oil.
A famous lotion for simple seborea, excessive oiliness of the skin or "enlarged pores" is called white lotion; the recipe is: Zinc sulphate, one dram; sulphurated potassium (also called potassa sulphurata and liver of sulphur, one dram; rose water four ounces.
It is only with fear and trembling that I venture to print a formula occasionally, for I never can rest quietly for many nights afterward till I see what weird effect the printer gets out of it.
About a teaspoonful of the sulphate of zinc and a teaspoonful of the sulphurated potassium in the right amount to four ounces of water or rose water. The rose water kinda kills

the new bites.
Dog Bites Boy; Mother Angry
Can any harm come from my little boy being snapped by a dog that had a wrestle with a dog six months ago that must have been in the first stages of hydrophobia because he went mad right afterward. In fact he never came home again but roved about biting things and when killed and examined was declared to have rabies. I am uneasy for fear the boy should develop something, should the dog go mad later, as some people say.
(Mrs. E. D.)
Answer.—If the dog that bit your boy did not have rabies at the time, there is nothing to worry about. Never mind. The safe and sane course should advise is that do not kill the dog, but see that he is confined under the observation of a veterinary for two weeks. If the veterinary reports that the dog remains well for two weeks, shake hands all around and forget it. If the veterinary has any doubt of the dog's condition, kill the dog and have the head examined by the health authorities. Nowadays the Pasteur antirabies treatment can be administered by any physician anywhere, if it is necessary.

School Essays on Illiteracy—
A Menace to the United States
The general mass of people believe that the most dangerous menace to the existence of the United States as a nation are diseases and labor agitators or "Reds." They do not stop to consider that the "Red" would be a thing in theory rather than in reality if it were not that seven and seven-tenths percent of our entire population of people ten years of age or above can neither read nor write. It is upon these people that the "discontenter" preys. Discontent, which generally takes the form of destruction Educate the seven and seven-tenths percent of our population and the anarchist will starve or go to work.
As every one knows, a "Red" or two living among a group of ignorant workmen causes trouble. The welfare of society of a nation is dependent upon the success of its industries. If production is hindered, human lives, property, and the safety of society is greatly endangered.
To say that our death rate from contagious diseases would be cut in half if the seven and seven-tenths percent were educated may seem far fetched. But sickness due to ignorance exists everywhere. Localities where many illiterate people live have an unusually higher death rate from contagious maladies than do communities where practically every one reads and writes.
Three things are dangerous to the welfare of the United States—"Reds" coupled with agitation, sickness, and the impairment of industry. In other words the three things can be summed up in one word, "illiteracy."
Treatments of industry, while interwoven with sickness and discontent, needs a word or two of its own. Accidents hinder production and, in turn, industry. In New York City alone, where eight hundred thousand illiterate workmen are employed as factory hands \$11,500,000 was paid in 1916 in accordance with the Workmen's Compensation Law. If loss of wages, labor turnover, doctor's bills, and court disputes were added this total would reach an enormous sum of \$35,000,000. This gigantic loss in one city is bound to make some impression on production. Higher prices result and society in general suffers. If the losses from all the different parts of the country were summed up a nice fortune would be the result. The same tale of woe is told by all industrial officials. "Illiteracy" can well be substituted for "woe."

In Henry Ford's factory fifty-four percent of the accidents have fallen off since the school for the employment was opened in 1914. If such gigantic results can be obtained in such a short period in a small way think what could be accomplished if carried out on a large scale.
A few statistics may help to show the inexpensiveness of education. For every twenty-five dollars, or approximately that, spent on tobacco, booze, and such nonsense, only nine dollars and thirty cents is spent on education, so the cost of educating these illiterate people is a small item.
In Russia we have a good example

of how dangerous illiteracy is to the safety of a nation. Are we coming to this? If ignorance among our people continues to increase it is not impossible.
Russia is the greatest nation—financially and morally; the founder of democracy for which our forefathers fought; the highest civilized nation of the globe; the most prosperous; the nation whose very existence is based on "All men are created equal"; is it going to follow the footsteps of Russia? Can all men have an equal chance if some are educated and some not? Will the uneducated be content to labor and reap no harvest? Russia is your example.
Illiteracy is the disease of our government; education the backbone and remedy. Which do you prefer?—Edmond Morris.

Illiteracy is truly a menace to the United States. It is not only a menace, but if not remedied will be the downfall of this great nation. The downfall of the strong and seemingly impervious empire of the Romans? Was it not illiteracy that caused the dark period just after the death of Christ when even history was blotted out? Yes, illiteracy could even be the destruction of the world.
It is hard to realize that people live here who cannot read or even write their own names, but there are, thousands of them, with more coming in every day. This is truly a sad state of affairs as these people will fall into the hands of agitators who by their persuasive speech can easily turn them against the government, for how are they to know the right? They do not know it and they do not know anybody except members of their own class. It was on account of this ignorance of the right that Russia was kept from being the strongest nation in the world today. One man, the czar, believed that if he kept the people in ignorance and darkness he might rule with undisputed power. He suppressed education, but overlooked the fact that these people with no minds of their own could easily be turned against him if the agitation should ever be started. The inevitable happened, the agitation started, the czar was overthrown and killed, and their nation that might have been great is now in a seething state of revolution and unrest.
This one incident of modern times should be enough to convince the people of the United States of the need to suppress illiteracy at all costs. Conditions of this kind are ever present as is seen in the labor and class troubles. Fortunately, there is comparatively little illiteracy here at this time, though the percentage is always increasing because of the influx of immigrants.
Immigration is a problem that is going to take the clear thought of every person in this country, for in its solution is the preservation or destruction of the race. The only proper solution to save from destruction is education, and for this reason illiteracy must be stamped out.—Albert Allen.

LAUREL GRAY'S LOVE GOSSIP

THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD

by Laurel Gray

Quick, Watson, the Needle. Being in love is, of course, an addiction. Some folks take love like a habit. They are usually married young and remain in a tolerable state of happiness for a life time. They are the temperate addicts. Then there are love sugar addicts. They are periodicals. It comes on 'em all in a sudden blind in a blinding, sudden flash and during the period of the attack they are awful. Their friends, which they would go and find somewhere outside the house. No science can penetrate the reasons for the attacks of the man or woman who is cold, aloof, disdainful ten months of the year, and then for two racing months, entirely submerged in love. Any more than science can explain the individual who "never touches a drop" during ten months of the year, but during the other two months is a confounded nuisance to the world in general. Then there is the type of sly, lone love-drunkard. Has his passion tucked away somewhere over on the other side of town and expresses his emotion either in picture postcards or maybe taking her to the neighborhood movie every Tuesday night regular and the fellows down at the office don't suspect him at all. I know a spinster cashier, she's thirty now, who has a middle-aged court clerk sweetheart, and they've been loving each other for years. Nobody knows but me. Some day they are going to be married. They are secret love-drunkards. But none of us are immune. It is just as unrespectable to boast that you don't make a fool of yourself in this love business as it is to boast that you never touched a drop of liquor in your life. If you don't, it is merely because you don't want to. There is no virtue in giving up something you never desired. But most of us love addicts in one form or another, mild, violent, periodical or habitual. Quick Watson, the needle!

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How's it happen that stone face gronches allus have peachy wives? Who remembers when juries wuz nearly all whiskers?

Abe Martin



How's it happen that stone face gronches allus have peachy wives? Who remembers when juries wuz nearly all whiskers?

if it's electric everyone shares in enjoying it

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