

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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H. SUMMETER SMITH, Manager.

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

The only paper between Eugene, Ore.,
and Sacramento, California, a distance
of over 500 miles, having leased wire
Associated Press Service.

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Jackson County.

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MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Parry.

Hash, alias turkey croquettes, will
now appear on the banquet board, at
home and abroad.

REWARD OFFERED FOR GIRL
IN AUTO.—(Hollins Portland Tele-
gram). It may take years, but they
will capture one eventually.

Another unit is thinking some of
running for President, too: Nooty
D. Baker, who as secretary of war, in
the Great Fracas, ordered 3,000,000
bridles for 216,000 mules.

COUNTERFEITING GANG
(Eugene Guard).
A Ladies aid was organized in
Leaburg on Friday afternoon,
November 25 for the purpose of
raising money to improve the old
church building. They are plan-
ning a bazaar to be given some
time in December.

Three men walked down the Main
Stem this am. and narrowly escaped
being arrested as the Siskiyous tunnel
train robbers. It is risky to be a trio.

All is not well these days in the
Oregon Realm of the Empire, and
confusion reigns amidst the hypo-
crites, closest to the kash register.
The Grand Dragon is making faces at
the King Kluge, and papers of the
holy city of the North—Portland—no
longer refuse to print the name of
the Ku Klux Klan in vain. They
have recovered from their campaign
fright. These pious saints, and patri-
otic gentlemen, who raise hell, profit-
ably, in the name of religion, and
garner a golden harvest from the
capitalization of hate, should stop
fighting in the chosen work of plain
Klansmen with their neighbors. It
is not nice to quit battling for the Lord,
and fat political offices, and smite
each other instead. People will get
to saying: "I'll be hanged if I ever
would have thought it!"

DEE-LIGHTED, NO DOUBT
(Yreka Journal).
Herbert McConnell had the
pleasure of pulling a big touring
car out of the ditch near the
Springer crossing last Friday
evening.

A LADY TALKS
I was born in a little white house
by the side of the road, with a row
of dried up geraniums out in front,
and a row of milk pans on the back
porch drying in the sun. You could
see the St. Paul Express coming for
17 miles the other side of Fargo. The
headlight woke me up shining on the
pillow, so we moved to the Coast.
Ma couldn't stand the cold, and Pa
didn't care for the Swedes. And here
I am. That's my story—they all have
'em. I give a darn—two of 'em. This
dude I owe \$13.92 to, called this
morning, and was as sociable as a
dude I owe \$13.92 to could be. I don't
know of anybody I'd rather give
\$13.92 to, but he'd get some drinking
licker just as quick. I just naturally
hain't got either. I dropped a fork,
and right away I knowed I'd be re-
quested to fork up. Dottie and me
will work on the boys. She's going
to take his mind off the 13.92, with
some plain and fancy vamping, and
the first application worked. Dottie
knows her book—swell dish for this
burg. Only a kid of 20—plus. If
she gets by with old 13.92, I'll turn
over some smaller accounts to her. I
could do it myself better, believe me.
Can a leopard change her spots? I'll
say so. This here carrying has started
to mold. Drug it through a bowl of
soup, in a rush. No more rascals on
the second floor for your aunty.
Couldn't get a window open to save
your soul, if jumping was the order
of the evening. And the world is
pretty solid for such stuff. And he
said, what in the h-double que is
going on in our midst anyway. And
she said: Charlie, feed this bird his
words, or Annie J. goes home alone
tonight. Then we left. Things were
getting rough, and besides it was ten
minutes past four. One can never
tell what one is going to run into, can
one, if one wanted to. Hain't that
chatter disquating to one. One would
say so. Got to go. So long, if out-
ward bound, and don't forget the wel-
come on the mat. I'm reading, A
Daughter of the Desert, and her
sweetie has no sand.

AN APOLOGY TO GOVERNOR PIERCE.

THE PEOPLE have heard from Prosecuting Attorney Borden.
They have heard from Special Prosecutor Boggs.

But the controversy will not be clear in the public mind, until
they hear from Governor Pierce.

According to the Attorney General, Governor Pierce can retain
a special prosecutor in Jackson county just as long as he believes the
law is not being enforced by the regular prosecutor.

That sounds reasonable. But does Governor Pierce believe that
the man he appointed Prosecuting Attorney only a few weeks ago,
is not enforcing the law? Did he appoint a man he knew would not
enforce the law? Or has he secured evidence since the appointment
that his own appointee won't enforce the law?

If the governor has any such evidence it would appear to a man up
a tree that he should produce it. If he has no such evidence then
it seems only just that he should support the appointee he so recently
named.

We can understand Mr. Borden's viewpoint—we can understand
Mr. Boggs' viewpoint—but we can't for the life of us understand the
governor's viewpoint.

If Governor Pierce, believes his own appointee is honest and com-
petent, then there can be only one excuse for keeping a special prose-
cutor,—namely that the extra work induced by the prohibition laws
makes it impossible for the prosecuting attorney to attend to the full
duties of his office without special assistance.

But in such a case it is obvious that such assistant should be a
person in harmony with the regularly appointed officer, and willing
to work under his direction. Mr. Boggs is unwilling to do so. We
should like to hear from Governor Pierce.

P. S.—After the above was written word came that Governor
Pierce celebrated Thanksgiving by requesting Mr. Boggs to retire as
special prosecutor. We apologize and congratulate the governor for
doing what is obviously the sensible and just thing.

QUILL POINTS

It must be awful to be rich and have to wear nighties made of silk
instead of outing.

"What is the age of discretion?" asks a feminine writer. Ob-
viously it isn't this one.

It will be easy to abolish war when a forgiving spirit entitles a
man to a Congressional medal.

There's a lot of poverty yet. In some families only a few of the
girls have wrist watches.

Is isn't a good idea to argue with a crank. Listeners may not
know which one is the crank.

Football is much like it was in the old days, except that it requires
more speed and less hair.

Our idea of a true vamp is one who can inveigle a man into wiping
the dishes year after year.

So far, fortunately, it hasn't occurred to a hard-boiled civiliza-
tion to change the name itself to "Giftmas."

As a general thing, a pessimist is a man who has lost faith in the
world to repay it for losing faith in him.

An observer remarks that dull wits cause the greater part of do-
mestic infelicity. Dull razor blades do their part, however.

The smaller towns don't need street towers, except to get the
cops beyond the reach of fool questions.

Some of the shows that boast of lasting a year on Broadway give
hick communities a flattering opinion of New York's tolerance.

America lacks dignity, humor and efficiency, according to Zang-
well. He should see Lodge, hear a political speech, and watch a flap-
per chew gum.

Correct this sentence: "My children have faults, of course," con-
fessed the mother, "but they never fib to me."

Correct this sentence: "I'd be glad to go to the movies with you,
mother," said Bobby, "but I haven't finished my geography yet."



THANKSGIVING.

MY GRATITUDE confessing, I humbly punch my lyre, for I
have every blessing a mortal could desire. My health is
vastly better than 'twas a year ago, the toothache and the tetter
are gone, or nearly so. My brindled cow is yielding large quanti-
ties of suds, the spade I'm daffily wielding, digs up all kinds of
spuds. I've prospered in my dealing no plans have gone awry,
and cure has hit the ceiling, and I'm a grateful guy. Most faith-
fully I've striven to help good works along, and gladly I've for-
given the gent who did me wrong. I have no ancient grudges,
I'd make no neighbor smart; there is no pilgrim trudges his path
with lighter heart. I envy no one's bundle, I covet no one's ear,
as joyfully I trundle my person near and far. I'm thankful that
my labors bring rest serene and sweet; I'm grateful that my
neighbors are all as good as wheat. My cottage is but humble,
but here my figtree grows; I hear the bright bees bumble while
looking for glucose; I hear my aunts uniting in grateful, happy
song, and at this present writing I'm sane and fairly strong. Be-
side my door lanterns are growing nine feet high, and I have no
bananas—a happy wight am I! Men talk of things, distressing
and weep and moan and pray, but everything's a blessing that

Personal Health Service

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

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to di-
agnose 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 Cause of St. Vitus' Dance

St. Vitus' dance (Sydenham's chorea), is suspiciously associated with
tonsillitis; both conditions occur so
frequently with endocarditis (inflam-
mation of heart lining or valves) and
arthritis (joint inflammation, inflam-
matory "rheumatism") that physi-
cians have long believed some com-
mon cause responsible. At the pre-
sent time it seems fairly certain that
the cause is—not the weather, I am
delighted to say, but, if you will per-
dome me for dragging in such a sub-
ject again—a germ.

Now, I am not to
blame for this. I
have no overween-
ing fondness for
germs. I have no
great fear of them.
I worry little about
them, I respect
germs. I do not
support the germ
theory. I do not
even maintain there
is a germ theory.
When certain
strains or species of
germs set up busi-
ness in anybody's
tissues there is no
theory about it. It is a sad fact. The
germ theory as a subject of learned
discourse now belongs in the almanac.

The day has long passed when such
factors as fright and exposure to cold
can be assigned as actual or contribut-
ing causes of St. Vitus' dance. For
that matter, the same truth should
apply to the causation of a score of
other diseases which were formerly
attributed to exposure or cold. One
by one the real nature and causes of
such diseases are being established
and proved by scientific study, and
every day in every way the doctors
who still muller about "exposure" or
"taking cold" are feeling more un-
easy.

Dr. E. C. Rosenow, working at the
Mayo Foundation, has isolated from
cases of chorea strains of streptococci
(a type of germ) which have an af-
finity for and a tendency to infect
or invade the tissues of the heart
valves, joint linings and muscles, as
well as the brain, an affinity much
more pronounced than any other
type of streptococcus. When it comes
to a question of streptococci, Rosenow
is right there. It was he who es-
tablished the principle of focal in-
fection as a cause of various systemic
diseases—but this does not mean that
Dr. Rosenow should be blamed by
every one who has sacrificed a set
of teeth without realizing the hoped
for cure of his rheumatiz, for Rosenow
never counseled nor sanctioned

guesswork like that. There is under-
way, according to rumor, an attempt
to develop an anti-streptococcal serum
which may prove a great help in the
treatment of chorea.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Inside of the Chest.

What does fluid or pus in the chest
mean? What are rales? Is a stetho-
scope examination as good as an X-
ray? (K. C.)

Answer.—An attack of pleurisy (in-
flammation of the membrane which
covers the lungs and lines the chest
wall) is often accompanied with an
accumulation of fluid in the chest.
This fluid may be clear water fluid
(serum) or blood stained or purulent.
When it is purulent (pus) the condi-
tion is called empyema; it is much
more grave because of the septic state
or blood poisoning that goes with it.
For clear fluid, the chest is punctured
with a hollow needle and the fluid
drawn out by aspiration. For pus, it
is necessary to make a free opening
and insert a drainage tube. Some-
times water serum accumulates in
the chest cavity in a general dropsy
from heart disease. Rales are certain
little crackling or bubbling sounds
heard in connection with the usual
breathing sounds in pneumonia, tu-
berculosis and other lung diseases. A
stethoscope examination is ordinarily
much more informative than an X-
ray examination, but the X-ray exami-
nation may enable the doctor to
clinch a diagnosis which would other-
wise remain uncertain.

Syphilis.

Is there any danger of getting
syphilis by dancing with one who has
it by breathing their breath, or by
kissing? (Palatka, Ind.)

Answer.—Syphilis has been trans-
mitted in many cases by kissing. I
can't say that there are authentic re-
cords of instances of transmission of
the disease by dancing with one who
has it, tho' I'd prefer to sit out that
dance if I were a girl.

LAUREL GRAY
LOVE GOSSIP

THE GREATEST THING IN THE
WORLD

by Laurel Gray

The Scars of Experience.

Wanda, you mustn't mind the scars
of your experience. They are good
for you. You can't learn from what
happened to Margie, nor will the les-
son that Angelina had burnt into her
heart and soul and memory, do you
the least good. You must learn for
yourself. Of course, my children, all
this is in re-
sponse to a letter
from "heart-
broken" Wanda,
who complains
that the man
who wanted her
to marry him
turned out to be
a rotter—a liar
and a cheat and
a vain fellow
who wanted all
and who would
give nothing.
Alas, it is such
experiences, my
Wanda, which
make women out of flappers and
twittering little girls who fancy life
is a great big cake with lemon icing
and little cupid in evening clothes.
Experiences, no matter how terrible
they seem at the moment, are in-
duced by an all-wise Providence to
prevent more mistakes. Most of the
men a girl meets up with are pretty
decent sort of fellows. But once in
a while a scoundrel is encountered
and I suppose Nature makes scoun-
drels and turns 'em loose so that we
may observe the critter's ways and
thus grow to more appreciate the vir-
tues of the other men. I can think
of no other use for a scoundrel—he
is the danger signal that is kept to
warn us away from deep wells and
dark ravines. So, along with rattle-
snakes and panthers and the verifern
appendix, the scoundrel takes his
place, and we must not exterminate
him with a shotgun or a rope and
nearby telegraph pole because he does
serve a purpose, after all. Cheer up,
Wanda. The scars will heal and some
day you will grow to bless the hour
you met a sneak and end since by
comparison the Jack you marry will
be a god.



With Medford trade is Medford made

Abe Martin

THE WORST THING ABOUT BEING A
PARENT IS HAVING A LITTLE TRED
CHILD COME HOME FROM SCHOOL
EVERY EVENING LOADED DOWN WITH
ALGEBRA, HISTORIES, FRENCH, TEST
BOOKS, AN' WRITIN' PADS, AN' BE-
CAUSE WE KNOW ENOUGH IT HELP
IT IF WE WOULD. THERE'S THIS ABOUT
A FAILURE—HE AIN'T ALLUS BUTTIN'
IN WITH ADVICE.



COMMUNICATIONS

Insulin Being Used Here

To the Editor: In last night's Mail
Tribune at the end of a report of an
address given before the Rotary club
by one of Medford's physicians the
following statement occurred: "Insulin
treatments are now being given in
Portland and Dr. — declared it
would soon be possible to give them in
Medford."

I wish to say that Dr. T. J. Malin-
gren of Phoenix has been giving
insulin treatments to our little daugh-
ter since Sept. 7th of this year with
marked beneficial results.

MRS. ALFRED HENSLEY.
Phoenix, Nov. 28th.

CONSTIPATION

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