

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY BY THE MEDFORD PRINTING CO.

The Medford Sunday Morning Sun is furnished subscribers desiring a seven day daily newspaper.

Office Mail Tribune Building, 11-17-18 North Fir street, Phone 75.

A consolidation of the Democratic Times, the Medford Mail, the Medford Tribune, the Southern Oregonian, the Ashland Tribune.

ROBERT W. RUDL, Editor, R. SUMPTER SMITH, Manager.

BY MAIL—In Advance: Daily with Sunday Sun, year, \$7.50

Daily with Sunday Sun, month, .75

Daily, without Sunday Sun, year, \$5.00

Daily, without Sunday Sun, month, .50

Weekly Mail Tribune, one year, \$2.00

Sunday Sun, one year, \$2.00

BY CARRIER—To Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent 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 carrier, cash in advance.

Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.

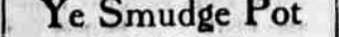
The only paper between Eugene, Ore., and Sacramento, Calif., a distance of over 500 miles, having leased wire Associated Press Service.

Sworn daily average circulation for six months ending October 1, 1923, 3,376, more than double the circulation of any other paper published or circulated in Jackson County.

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Parry.

Many were dilatory this morning relative to arising, as it took moral courage to face the cold, cruel world, the cruelty being the most severe of the year.

Development of the valley, via the vocal chords, seems to have petered out ingloriously.

A means has been discovered by science, to prolong the lives of horses and mules. What is needed is a good reliable stimulant for the Gasoline Kingdom.

Soedanders of the nation assemble next week at Washington, D. C., and the holler-than-thou Ku Klux Klan will be discussed, in regard to its hell-raising in Texas. This is a sad blow, as the bulwarks of the land wanted to talk about prehistoric man, the year's crop of soft-shelled walnuts, warmer underwear for the Eskimos, re-forestation, migratory bird life on inland lakes, and other non-vote destroying subjects. A clear kut konderation of the knee will convince their constituents, whether it is a Congress, or a Congress. It will chase a number of amiable cents off the fence, and out of the middle of the road, but it there is a nightgown on the dome of the White House, and any statements are loose wearing the main eye apparel of a highwayman, it is nearly time to be aware of the fact.

IS THAT SO? (Eugene Register) Ralph Koon's family is convalescing after a siege of tonsillitis. The scarlet fever scare seems to be about over.

There will be a wrestling match at the Armory Tuesday evening, and the usual contests of a similar but less painful nature tonight.

In spite of the large amount of unfinished regulation business on hand, reformers have started collecting funds "to wage war on the deadly cigarette." The aggravating power of "a war on the deadly cigarette" is unlimited, the promoters sought to make a good profit, and erect a first-class political machine when the enforcement era is reached.

Sunday School, 9:30 am. Bible Class, 10 am. Sermon: By the Pastor, 11 a. m. Non-Partisan Caucus, 11:15 am. Information Reception to Candidates, 12 N.

TRY BULLET TREATMENT (Salmon Capital Journal) DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am a young wife in my twenties and have a little girl. My husband pays so much attention to the flappers on the street and he is getting quite familiar with a young girl. I know this girl and have asked her to drop my husband, but she just laughed at me and says she will do as her heart leads her.

Whenever I say anything to my husband he gets very cross and asks me to tend to my own business. Please tell me what I can do to make my husband realize his folly.

BROKEN-HEARTED MUMZY.

Mothers are experiencing some difficulty in convincing their Thanksgiving guests that son had anything to eat this year, previous to November 29th.

Bangor, Me., Milwaukee, Wis., Red Dog, Kan., Cactus, Wyoming, Santa Fe, N. M., Prickly Pear, Mont., Coltonville, La., Pasco, Wash., Petrograd, N. D., La Paz, Peru, GINGER, Nev., Shiek, Utah, Horned Toad, Ariz., December 1.—Three men were arrested by the authorities this morning, as answering the description of the D'Astremont brothers, wanted for a train robbery in Oregon last October. They excited the suspicion of the authorities by driving a Ford automobile in the business district, and were nervous about something.

This couple has caused much talk in Hollywood. They were married twice and separated three times, you will remember.—(Chicago Tribune). Sounds plausible.

Death was due to the infirmities of age and a native of New Hampshire.—(SF Chronicle). Fatal combination.

BIGOTRY WILL SOON DIE OUT.

"TO PROVE that he really did not have hoofs and a tail, the Rev. Francis P. Duffy, chaplain of the famous Sixty-ninth Regiment, and a well-known New York Catholic priest, had to go in swimming before a certain regiment," says the Literary Digest. "It was during war-training time at Camp Mills and the test was required—and satisfactorily passed. Because Father Duffy was of another faith, which they had been taught to abhor and fear, some of the soldiers thought he was allied to the one of the cloven foot and forked tail. Father Duffy relates similar experiences elsewhere, and once in Indianapolis, he recently told a meeting of the Catholic Writers' Guild in New York, the leader of the choir at a gathering of ex-soldiers he was to address threatened to walk out if he should appear on the platform. However, two soldiers, a Free Baptist and an Episcopalian, suggested that the disgruntled choir leader was fit only for a certain place frequently mentioned in theology and in warm debate, and the meeting went on. But bigotry will soon be discredited, believes Father Duffy, and will eventually die out. Meantime he bespeaks an attitude of peace, and suggests that those of his own fold allay all possible causes of friction and misunderstanding. As the New York Catholic News quotes him, he continues:

"The attitude of our Bishops has been admirable. They caution us against reprisals, and bid us go about our daily tasks quietly, trying to prove to our fellow citizens that we are good Americans as well as good Catholics. We are not the ones to run a paper to attack Protestants and to his about them; to rejoice in any scandal in which their clergy may be involved. We do not talk in our pulpits against their standing. We argue things religious, and it is true we would like to see them all Catholics. No person can find fault with a man trying to convert others to his views. What we object to is the violation of the common rules of life, especially to lying. There are individuals and there are great churches who deliberately lie when they discuss the Catholic church."

"Catholics hold an 'admirable position so far in this matter,' says Father Duffy, but he gives this caution:

"We must take a stand against the narrow-minded within our own fold. Take, for instance, the matter of freemasonry. I am bitterly opposed to the attempt made by some Catholics to create a state of friction between the Catholic church and the Masonic order. It is true that a Catholic cannot be a Mason; neither can he be an Episcopalian. The Masons we know, and particularly the leaders of Masonry, are not anti-Catholic. There is no feeling of antagonism between the priest and the Mason. We have inherited our views of Masons from other countries and from other times. There is no reason why we should go out of our way to start a fight with the Masons. There are Catholics who are hindering the work of men like Justice Tompkins who are doing all in their power to keep their ancient and honorable order from going over to the dark ways of bigotry as some of its wily members would have it.

"We have a great work to do to lay down bigotry, and Catholics must not do anything to hinder that work. Justice Tompkins and all the rest of us, Catholics, Jews and Protestants, must work together to reduce the source of friction.

"We have our task to do; we have our religious life to build up, and we have our national life to build up in co-operation with our fellow citizens. If we can go along serving our church and our country as a sincere, patriotic body, then all the force of anti-Catholic bigotry will go to pieces. I am glad that this bigotry has come into the open; it is most dangerous when it is hidden. It will come into conflict with the law and will be wholly discredited, and five or ten years from now there will not be a man now connected with it who will not be trying to lie himself out of it!"

QUILL POINTS

Every community has a man who is made chairman of everything because nobody else is willing to do the work.

Not all of the Chinese bandits are holding up tourists. Some of them are shipping Mah Jongh outfits to America.

An honest detective is one who feels that he isn't earning his salary unless he is being baffled by something.

A village is a place where the man with the freshly-pressed suit is a traveling salesman.

If she can listen, without yawning, while he discusses himself for two hours, it is a case of true love.

The typical American ambition seems equally divided between passing another law and passing another car.

Another good way to reduce to music is to depend for nutriment on so-called banquets and listen to chin music.

France probably figures that she won't get any more out of that council of experts than a blind man gets out of a musical comedy.

It's bad distribution. Germany needs wheat, while we have abundance; and we need fuel, while Germany has unnumbered bales of marks.

All in all, the conservative politician has a better chance than the radical. The people are good-humored more frequently than they are mad.



NO ENTERPRISE.

I'M OFTEN joshed and chidden by caustic passers-by, for I have never ridden in airships to the sky; I've never gone a-soaring in vessels loudly roaring up there where stars are pouring their light on things that fly. In this resolve I'm bolstered when I survey the air; the earth is not upholstered, no snubbers do I wear; and if an airship stranded and on the earth I landed my works would be disbanded, and I'd be prone to swear. I blush with shame when people inquire if I have flown up higher than the steeple, up where the clouds are blown; for all the rest have tried it; they find a plane and ride it, up to the moon they guide it; I walk and I alone. I much admire the daring, the dauntless and the bold, who in their planes go faring through dangers manifold; I sing them, as they teeter, in sonnets sweet and sweeter, in short and common metre, but my own feet are cold. Men say there are in flying sensations grand and new, and none should think of dying before he's soared a few; but I won't leave my knitting; I'd be afraid of hitting a pasture field and splitting this blamed old globe in two. Oh, let the airmen wander in ether lanes afar, in empty realms up yonder, adjacent to a star; their lives are high and cleanly, their curves are smooth and queenly, but I'll jog on serenely in my old pewter car.

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.

The Healing of Ulcer. An ulcer is any open sore or raw place which is left on the skin or the lining mucous membrane after the loss of substance from the surface. It has nothing to do with cancer, or tumor, though cancer sometimes develops in the site of an old ulcer, such as an unhealed varicose ulcer on the leg or a gastric ulcer (in the stomach).



Persons with varicose veins in the legs are more likely to have ulcers because the skin and underlying tissues get poor nourishment when the veins are enlarged and dilated, hence the natural processes of repair are incapable of taking care of slight injuries. When inflammation occurs in the wall of a varicose vein (phlebitis) the clotting of blood occurs within the inflamed vein (thrombosis), a tender, hardened, or indurated bunch forms in or under the skin; this hardened place may break down at the center, suppurate and finally produce an ulcer.

The first lesson, the victim of an ulcer, of whatever cause or nature, must learn, the lesson which many sufferers are slow to learn, is that no known medicine, chemical or substance or ointment or salve or lotion or concoction or remedy or liniment or stuff will heal an ulcer.

Let I give a false impression of hopelessness, let me hasten to add that every varicose ulcer and every other kind of ulcer (barring cancer) which cancer has developed) may be persuaded to heal by nature's own process if proper medical or surgical treatment is available; it is available wherever good physicians are to be had. The victim of chronic varicose ulcer of months' or years' duration suffers by reason of successful evasion of just ordinary intelligent medical treatment, in the great majority of cases.

To have a varicose ulcer is a misfortune which may come to anybody with varicose veins; to keep such an ulcer is the prerogative of those who believe it is just as well to "try" this or that remedy or treatment as it is to procure medical care. Probably the credulous victims would not so willingly experiment upon themselves if they could grasp the truth and significance of the first lesson which I have just given, namely, that nothing but nature can or will heal an ulcer.

In extolling nature in healing; I do not use a capital N. Nature would doubtless take care of all healing processes without human aid or direction if human ways and customs were natural, but as things are, nature must be intelligently directed, or rather, the

skill of the physician or surgeon is necessary to keep nature's way cleared of impediments. The ulcer patient who attempts to doctor himself is no exception to the rule which characterizes such conduct; he generally succeeds in placing more impediments in nature's way. Nearly everybody tries it at one time or another.

For illustration, imagine the amateur applying and removing his "healing" salve or concoction, and each time destroying or tearing away the delicate and probably unnoticed film of new epithelial cells with which nature is struggling to pave the surface of the ulcer. This is but one of a great many injuries unwittingly done when the victim of a chronic or long standing ulcer undertakes to manage the treatment himself. It is no wonder so many folks keep their ulcers for aye and a day.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS The Blood Thinning Business I like to drink salt water in the morning. Have been told it will thin my blood. How can that be possible when salt water is injected to produce blood in anemia? I drink it because it regulates my bowels. (H. B.)

Answer—They inject what is called physiological or "normal" salt solution, which is about a teaspoonful of salt in the pint, because that is approximately the salt strength of the blood and other body fluids, but the solution is injected merely to restore volume and to stimulate, not to produce blood. Ben Told is in error in saying salt will thin your blood; if salt has any undesirable effect on the blood it is rather to thicken it, because it withdraws water from the blood. Perhaps you'd get equally satisfactory results from a good swig of water, hot or cold, mornings, but if you prefer using some salt in the water, I don't think it will do you any harm.

Yes, a Man Can Stop Is there any way to stop a man 20 years of age from smoking cigarettes? He has tried several times to break the habit but without success. Do you think smoking harmful? If this man eventually breaks the smoking habit, would he be likely to turn to evil diversions? Sometimes I think smoking is a harmless pacifier. Other times I imagine it dulls the senses. Does smoking affect the eyesight? Some men don't smoke at all. Do you suppose it is because they have a strong will power? (F. H.)

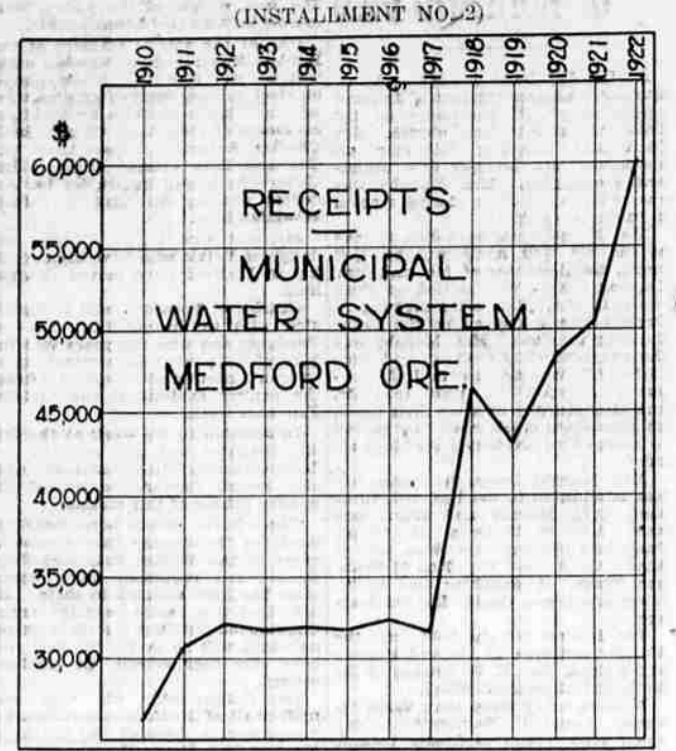
Answer—A man can break the smoking habit. A mouse may need a pacifier. A man doesn't. A man may smoke, I think, without injury to his own health and without offending any one else. I doubt that a man would smoke cigarettes that way. Temperate or moderate smoking does not do a man any harm, tho it certainly does injure the physical and moral health of a child.

"JUST TOWN TALK"

Mr. Calvin Coolidge, President of the U. S. Washington, D. C. My Dear President: I SEE by the paper THAT YOU have issued A LENGTHY proclamation DESIGNATING SUNDAY, Dec. 2nd AS "GOLDEN Rule Day" AT WHICH time IT IS your desire THAT WE apply THE OLD, old proverb OF "DO unto others "AS YE would be done by" AND I am glad THAT YOU have decided TO HAVE this day OBSERVED ON Sunday SO THAT it will not INTERFERE WITH business BECAUSE I know some folks THAT HAVE the opinion THAT "DO unto others HAS A place in business BUT THEY'RE somewhat timid ABOUT BEING the first TO REALLY apply it AND THEY are concerned BECAUSE IT might so happen THAT THE other fellow WITH WHOM they are dealing MAY HAVE his dates mixed AND NOT be observing "GOLDEN RULE Day" AND THE old proverb

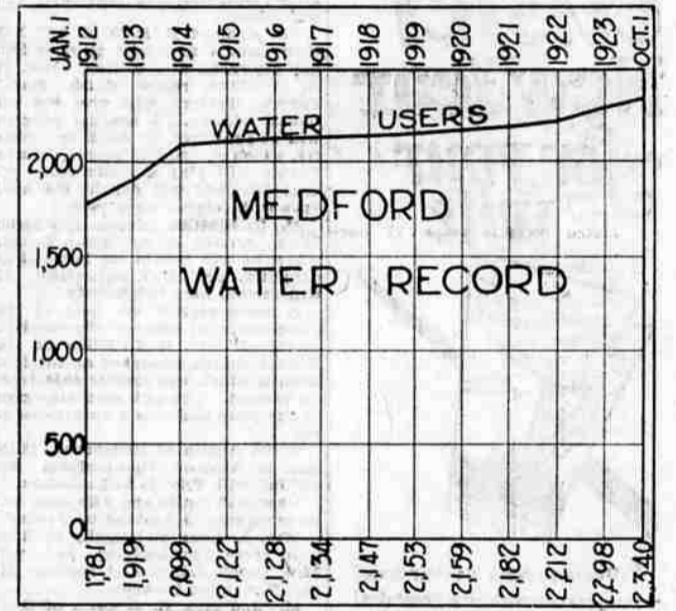
A BIGGER AND BETTER MEDFORD

Facts and Figures Taken From the Official Records to Show That Medford and the Rogue River Valley Are in Better Industrial and Financial Condition Than Ever Before in Their History.



Receipts Municipal Water System.

In these days everyone drinks water. The sensational increase in water consumption indicated above merely confirms from another angle the truth of the statement that Medford is bigger and better today than ever before in its history. Of course the almost perpendicular rise in 1917 is partly accounted for by the fact that water rates were increased, thus increasing the receipts, but the fact remains that the receipts since the boom year of 1911 have doubled, and are steadily climbing. The main factor in this rise has been a steady and consistent growth in the city.



Water Users.

This chart supplements the one above showing water receipts, with the increase in water rates eliminated. The curve is not so sensational but it is certainly a curve in the right direction. A healthy, steady growth, year by year, is shown conclusively in these two charts. More charts will be printed Monday and continue through the week.

LAUREL CRAZY LOVE GOSSIP

THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD by Laurel Gray The Art of Marriage.

Ab, here's a cash customer. A gentlemanly reader writes to inform me that he subscribes to this estimable leader of human thought and current intelligence for no other purpose than to read the daily utterance which emanates more or less spontaneously in this pulpit. Ah, that will make the sports editor awfully angry. But like all persons who write me flattering letters this correspondent has a little private ax to grind. He desires me to indite a "strong" article about the art of marriage. Well after all, I admit that marriage is an art, although for the life of me, I can't think why my correspondent desires a "strong" article about it when we have thousands and thousands of living, breathing pulsing examples of the enterprise right here in our very midst. But the "art" of marriage engages my fancy. Yes, it is an art. And curiously enough it requires a certain genius to make it an artistic success. The man and woman who are calm and placid in their contemplation of each other's virtues and vice have learned the art—or they are born with native genius for marriage. There are such men and women and it is rather agreeable to consider so many who are married to each other. There are so many unhappy Eves in this town who would be perfectly wretched if hooked up with some other Adams. And I'm sure there are Adams in this town

who would go out in the barn and hang themselves if they were married to some other Eves. The art of marriage means to bring out all the warmth and feeling of cold innaminate marble. That is the inspiration of the artist who spreads colors on the blank bare canvas and makes a picture. I like to think of marriage in that way. Thank you, Mr. J. H. H. for calling my attention to the ART of marriage. (Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Abe Martin



Cashier Leslie Pine arose at th' usual hour this mornin', an' after arkin' of a hearty breakfast o' toast an' eggs an' coffee, he kissed his wife an' children good-bye an' walked t' the bank with a firr, strop. 'If you hain't been hit with one o' the new glass rollin' pins you hain't seen nothin' it," remarked Lafe Bud, t'day.