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, 25-27-29 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. RUHL, Editor.
S. SUMPTER SMITH, Manager.

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Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under act of March 8, 1879.

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

Sworn daily average circulation for six months ending October 1, 1923, 3379, more than double the circulation of any other paper published or circulated in Jackson County.

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

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Isn't it alarming,
How everybody ranching,
Is forever being robbed;
From the butcher and the baker,
To the genial undertaker,
All insist that he be jobbed.
Yet the poor, downtrodden rancher,
Brokenbacked and mitts so horny,
Can skin out in foggy weather,
For that sunny, wicked Californy.

A reader of the Portland Telegram, writes the editor of that paper, proposing that the Mayor of Portland, and the pioneer Jacksonville first-baseman, now running for the US. senate, tell the voters if they have had a drink since the Volstead Act became effective. While about it, the information should be gleaned, when both of them were overcome with religious fervor, and how many times they had been to church before the pulpits of the state took on the characteristics of a political stump. Both interrogations should be answered "Yes" or "No." Otherwise the questioned ones will discuss every other subject under the sun exhaustively.

Romeo Roppes has the cold that most everybody else has had around here.

SAVE TIME: PLEAD GUILTY
(Oregon City Enterprise)
HAVE LEASED Justin property and am prepared to keep a few boarders. Give me a trial. Phone 331-M.

The Russian dancers have come and gone. If Russia looks like some of the men members of the troupe, no wonder the United States refuses to recognize Russia.

Investigation shows that a counter-jumper, impersonating a comet while going to work in a 4d, generally lacks the gumption to sweep off the sidewalk when he gets there.

$101,344.94, it is announced, was assessed in fines in this state, for violations of the liquor laws. It is a staggering sum. No announcement, however is made of the amount of fines assessed, that were collected. Nothing is known thereof, except that it won't knock anybody down.

Dog owners are being hounded to buy dog licenses.

YOU NUMBSKULL!
(Eugene Guard)
But how from April 1st to May 9 could be 45 days, I have never been able to figure out. And how 45 days at one dollar per day could be $56.25 is another mystery that I have not been able to solve.

IS SIN DECREASING?—(Hdline Lit. Dig.) The general opinion seems to be that fewer are getting caught at it.

The next joyful event will be the glad forking up of enough spondulicks to pay income tax.

Walter Hager is getting to be an accomplished trapper, having caught a coyote, a bobcat and two coons last week and Frank Caples.—(Camas Swale, Ore., News). How careless of Frank.

It is now the vogue for Gaishevikis to wear the same number of bracelets, as there are candidates for sheriff, if the arm is long enough.

FOUND UNCONSCIOUS BY GASOLINE TANK—(Hdline SF. Bulletin). He must have asked for credit, and got it.

Frank Spurgeon, who was seriously injured in a fight on Third street Saturday night, is improved so that he is able to sit on his veranda.—(Spurgeon, Neb., Republican). Where wounded?

Let us join in a mighty Hosanna,
In the praise of inventive young Hannah.
With infinite pains,
She grafted Weed Chains
On the peel of a non-skid banana.
(Cont.)

George Startup, of the Wallace Lumber & Manufacturing Co., Sultan, Washington, has purchased a large black Ford touring car.—(West Coast Lumberman). Living up to his name.

AN AMERICAN SPEAKS.

GENERAL DAWES' opening speech in Paris, is like a gale of fresh air in a suffocating room.

With one phrase "We shall know!" he brushes aside the militarists, politicians and theorists, and for the first time since the Armistice, puts the reparation tangle upon a non-controversial, common sense, business basis.

"Let's talk sense!" That is the general's plea in a nutshell. And that is what Europe needs. True, as General Dawes intimates, the disease may have spread so far, the poison may be so deep-seated, that no cure can be effected, but if this should prove to be the unfortunate result, the world can at least rest assured, that the General will have something to say about the nation or nations responsible for it.

What the world needs are the facts. France says one thing. England says another and of course, Germany says something else. A mean running between these three extremes probably represents the truth. And it is this truth General Dawes is after.

As a great friend of France, a member of the Legion of Honor, General Dawes can be depended upon to insist upon justice for that country, as a clear-headed business man, a capable financier and a member of the Allied Liquidation commission, he can be depended upon to disrgard sentiment when it conflicts with facts; and as a fearless two-fisted fighter, with a passion for speaking his mind, and for smashing the simpering face of Sham wherever confronted, he can be depended upon to be bluffed by no one.

It's a tremendous job. Perhaps it can't be done. But the opening gun from Hell Maria, strengthens the conviction on this side of the water that if it can be done, General Dawes will do it.

QUILL POINTS

The "bright minds" you hear about are seldom the kind that reflect.

Evolution: Dress, $3.75; frock, $19.98; gown, $65; creation $225.

Of course Americans trust in God. You can tell by the way they drive.

Every preacher's wife longs ardently to express her honest opinion of the flock.

As a rule the citizens who "try to run everything" are the only ones willing to do the work.

Writing romantic poetry is more difficult now. So few things rhyme with henna.

No mere vamp can wean a husband away from a wife who knows the art of flattery.

You can say one thing for a hard-boiled egg. It doesn't run when something happens.

You can save money by repainting your own car if your time and clothes are worth nothing.

In this sophisticated age, few children reach fourteen with their illusions and tonsils intact.

Note to Europe: Consider the bee; it always dies when it quits work and tries to damage somebody.

You can win the heart of any man by letting him talk about the time when he worked for a dollar a day.

Severe storms have their uses. They keep the family at home to get acquainted with one another.

Not every fellow who is praised by the filling-station man could get a recommendation from his grocer.

The disheartening thing about the human race is that the ablest critics are not good for anything else.

Modern wrecks prove that steel cars can crush nearly all the passengers in the wooden cars just ahead.

"Can people get married on $3,000 a year?" Well, more easily, it seems, than they can stay married on $30,000 a year.

Correct this sentence: "I do as I please," declared he, "and I don't care a whoop what people think of me."

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

LOST MONEY.

AS I TOILED up the village hill, I found a seven-dollar bill some delegate had lost; it seemed a boon, for I was broke, my cummerbund and shoes in soak, and life a bitter frost. "This find will shoo the wolf away," I said, my soul becoming gay, and shaking off its fear; "at last I am equipped to buy the south east section of a pie and steins of Volstead beer. The angels surely guided me along this hill where I might see this money on the pave; they're smiling down on me tonight, they've rescued an unlucky wight from an untimely grave." Then I heard voices in the air: "Perhaps the angels led you there supposing you were white; they figured you would find the roll and hand it to the luckless soul who dropped it there tonight. The angels will be badly jarred, the seraphim will take it hard, if you should cop that wad; they've always thought the best of you, and they'll be worried, through and through, if you turn out a fraud." They seemed to beg, with anguished pants, these voices of my sainted aunts, that I would not do wrong; so to the Daily News I went and turned in every blooming cent, and life became a song. And when I heard, the morrow morn, how an old widow, tired, forlorn, had lost that hard earned bill, I thanked the gods for what I did, and cheerily I waved my lid, as I came down the hill.

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.

Chronic Bronchitis

The "winter cough" of people along in years is usually chronic bronchitis.

The victims are fairly free from cough in the summer time, but each fall it starts up again, in spite of all kinds of highly commended cough medicines. The reason it returns every winter is that our houses are overheated and hence too dry. Especially is this the case in homes where there are elderly folk with chronic bronchitis, and for two reasons: First, the notion that the bronchitis is due to cold weather encourages overheating; and second elderly people have a slow metabolism and therefore, are inclined to feel cold so they insist upon coddling, under the erratic belief that excessive warmth of the air will maintain a comfortable body temperature—which is contrary to the actual fact. The body temperature is, if anything, lowered by the continued breathing of overheated air. Let us try to explain how.

Overheated air is dry air. The higher you heat the air the more you dry it out. Take the air of an ordinary winter day, which is say, zero temperature, bring it in and heat it up to 70 degrees Fahrenheit and you make it drier than any air of the driest desert, so dry that it cracks and warps the furniture. No matter how you heat it. It becomes a strain upon the respiratory mucous membrane of everyone in the house and especially the aged. Excessive evaporation is caused by the dried out air from the respiratory membrane as well as from the skin. This means irritation, catarrh, cough, tendency to "colds" bronchitis. It also means a feeling chilliness, which the older people feel particularly. They call for more heat, which dries the air still more and aggravates the bronchitis, the bronchial catarrh, the dry catarrh.

The remedy is obvious. Stop trying to keep good and warm, and try keeping cool and well. Let 64 to 67 degrees Fahrenheit be the household temperature, and let the thermometer rule, not any individual's momentary vacile feelings. This seems a trifle to read about, but if you put it into practice you will begin to think there is something in it.

It is no joke, but a sad reality, that the old folks take their winter cold from the all too efficient heating plant.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Watering the Regular Baby.

Please inform me what quantity of water a breast fed baby of seven weeks should have daily, when it should be given, how, whether warm or cool, and how much at each time. —Mrs. T. J.

Answer—At that age an infant requires daily an amount of water equal to one-fifth of his own weight, most of it being in the milk. Nearly three-fourts of the weight of a young infant is water; over half the weight of an adult is water. Plenty of water is necessary for an infant to aid digestion and the absorpton of nutrients, to aid the function of the bowel and that of the kidneys, and in warm weather to protect the baby from the depressing and often fatal effects of excessive heat. Offer the nursing infant some warm water (cool water to an infant over 3 months of age) three times a day regularly, after regular feeding; a spoon preferably, then later from a cup; and allow all the baby cares to drink. Sometimes when a baby cries without apparent cause he is thirsty; a drink of water will make a hit with him. Thirst is really what ails a lot of unfortunate infants on whom some folks wish "colic" and medicines even worse than colic.

"JUST TOWN TALK"

Copied Right By Mike

MR. G. E. Hunt
• • •
RIALTO THEATRE
• • •
MEDFORD, OREGON
• • •
MY DEAR George
• • •
THE OTHER night
• • •
I ATTENDED a show
• • •
DOWN AT your theatre
• • •
AND SOMETHING occurred
• • •
THAT GAVE me an idea
• • •
THAT I feel sure
• • •
WE COULD develop
• • •
INTO QUITE a business
• • •
I JUST got in
• • •
AND NICELY seated
• • •
WHEN A fat lady
• • •
AMBLED DOWN the aisle
• • •
AND TOOK a seat
• • •
JUST BACK of me
• • •
AND SHE had on
• • •
A NEW style hat
• • •
THAT SOMEWHAT resembled
• • •
A GOLDEN ball
• • •
AND SHE removed it
• • •
AND SHUFFLED around
• • •
AND FINALLY settled
• • •
AND PLACED the hat
• • •
IN HER shallow lap
• • •
AND AT the moment
• • •
UPON THE screen
• • •
WHEN THE husky villian
• • •
WAS READY to foil
• • •
THE HANDSOME hero
• • •
THE GOLDEN ball
• • •
ROLLED FROM the lap
• • •
OF THE fat patron
• • •
AT MY back
• • •
AND IN her haste
• • •
TO RECOVER the bonnet
• • •
HER HEAD hit mine
• • •
AND SHE gave me a look
• • •
THAT BESPOKE volumes
• • •
BUT THE hat rolled on
• • •
UNDER THE seats
• • •
AND AMONG the feet
• • •
AND THE plump patron
• • •
MADE EVERY row
• • •
AND FINALLY recovered it
• • •
'WAY DOWN in front
• • •
AND I'M almost positive
• • •
SHE'D LOST 10 pounds
• • •
DURING THE encounter
• • •
AND I'VE been thinking
• • •
THAT WE could get up
• • •
A "REDUCING matinee'
• • •
WITH A snappy ad
• • •
"TAKE OFF your flesh
• • •
"AMONG OUR seats"
• • •
AND HAVE the ladies
• • •
BRING THEIR own hats
• • •
AND WE'D start them in
• • •
AT THE very back row
• • •
AND GUARANTEE results
• • •
AFTER COMPLETING the course
• • •
I THANK you.

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Abe Martin

We often wonder if th' fiddler don't have a time collectin' what's comin' t' him? One good thing about prohibition, we hain't allus gettin' fooled on a tack fer a clove.

COMMUNICATIONS

A Visit to a Local Author.

To the Editor:

Not long ago I spent a very pleasant time at the home of Mr. Edison Marshal, No. 109 Oakdale ave. Mr. Marshal is a big game hunter and has some fine specimens he has killed in the United States. He has two grizzly bear skins taken in Alaska, one a very large one, ten feet across, with a head as big as a bushel basket. He has also a caribou head. The neck is almost white the head and throat is dark brown, the queer branching antlers make it a curiosity. The moose head is fine with bread pans and bell. The elk and other heads are fine. The neck is smaller and the horns are more symmetrical than our western deer. I did not ask him where he got it.

He also showed me his latest work. Would not say it was exclusively literary though. He seemed to think a good deal of it. It was a nice baby.

Mr. Marshal is a fine writer. He takes you right along with him thru the beautiful forest and shows you all the wild things. He gave me one of his books to read. I had to stick to it until I finished it, did not find a dull page in the book.

E. F. REID,
No. 137 Tripp Street.

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LAUREL GRAY'S LOVE GOSSIP

THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD

by Laurel Gray

Thanks to you all for the kind letters and telephone calls and holiday greetings and everything. You're all too good to me. Nope, I didn't elope with the handsome gold-plated chauffeur, nor did I decide that there has been enough said about love and lovers. I was ill. Not even with anything romantic like Kleig eyes or murmuring heart or anything. Just plain quinsy, sore throat and a high temperature. All right now. Thanks. My doctor is awfully funny. Imagine that love is a germ disease. Fancy that, my children. He calls it a disease. What a funny fellow he is, I thought, when he got to talking about it. He said there was a cure for love, too; as if anybody "afflicted" wanted to be cured. After he'd gone for good, I asked somebody who knew him well what his wife and family were like. And then I knew. My doctor is a bachelor. No wonder he calls love a disease. Well, he seems to be immune or something, because he's at least fifty, and he's bald and near-sighted, and I'll bet anything he likes to go fishing in the fall. Or is it in the spring the men go off on fishing trips? Anyway, that explains that. See you tomorrow sure as shootin'.

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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 bearing Mr. Hill's portrait. All druggists—30 cents. (B-20)
HILL'S CASCARA BROMIDE QUININE
W. H. HILL CO. DETROIT, MICH.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

STATE REPRESENTATIVES

I have represented the people of Jackson County one term in the State Legislature, and feel that the legislative experience gained has fitted me for a larger and more practical service in the future.

I therefore announce myself as a candidate for the State Representative, subject to the Republican primary.

RALPH COWGILL.
Adv. tf.

I hereby announce my candidacy for re-election as on of the two representatives from Jackson County to the State Legislature, subject to the May primary.

I feel that my previous service in the legislature enables me to better serve the people.

JOHN H. CARKIN.
Adv. tf.

SHERIFF

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of Sheriff of Jackson County on the Republican ticket subject to the voters of said county at the primaries in May. If nominated and elected I pledge myself and the deputies whom I shall appoint to enforce all laws including the 18th Amendment with efficiency and economy. If you do not want the laws enforced do not vote for me.

D. A. LYONS, Central Point.
tf

CORONER

I hereby announce myself as a candidate on the republican ticket, for nomination at the coming primary for the office of coroner of Jackson county.

By virtue of my profession as an undertaker, I feel that I have every qualification and the necessary equipment to properly handle any duties which may arise. H. W. CONGER.
tf

COUNTY CLERK

I announce myself as a candidate for the republican nomination for County Clerk, subject to the primary in May. If elected I promise to perform the duties of my office in an economical and business-like manner.

W. H. CRANDALL,
tf Eagle Point.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate on the republican ticket for nomination for the office of County Clerk at the May Primaries.

I have for the past five years been a Deputy County Clerk and am familiar with every branch of the office, and if elected, I will give close attention to the duties of the office and feel confident that I will prove worthy of your support.

DELILIA STEVENS,
Medford R. F. D. 2.

TREASURER

I am a candidate for the republican nomination for a second term as Treasurer of Jackson county, subject to the May primary. If nominated and elected I will conduct the office as in the past, in accordance with the laws of the state.

Adv.tf A. C. WALKER.

JUDGE COUNTY COURT

Believing that I may be of service to the people of Jackson county I hereby submit my candidacy for the Republican nomination for Judge of the County Court at the May primaries.

W. J. HARTZELL.
Adv. tf

For Wet Wash
Dry Wash Rough Dry
Phone 873
Wet Wash, pound.....5c
Dry Wash, pound.....7c
Rough Dry, pound.....9c
American Laundry