

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.

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

Sworn daily average circulation for six
months ending October 1, 1923, 3179, more
than double the circulation of any other paper
published or circulated in Jackson County.

The only paper between Eugene, Ore., and
Salem, Ore., a distance of over 600
miles, having leased wire Associated Press
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UNION LABEL

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

In the February Metropolitan

magazine, there is an article by A.

Conan Doyle entitled, "What I Think

of America Now?" and, the world's

greatest and busiest spiritualist wants

to know: "Is Portland, Oregon Losing

Its Immortal Soul?" This catastrophe

will be averted after a close shave.

Mr. Doyle deduces that the metropolis

of Oregon, with her great natural

resources undeveloped, could be

"another Pittsburg," while striving to

be a "New Jerusalem." The author is

inclined to believe that the Pittsburg

idea will win out, and predicts that

the Rose City will be rich, though the

view of Mt. Hood is obscured by

smoke from factory chimneys, in get-
ting that way.

The duck season ended last sun-
down, without any successful hunter

being shot for a green-headed mal-
lard.

LOST—\$10 bill. Leave at Busch's

for August Krueger. Reward.—(Ore-
gon City Enterprise). Don't hold your

breath, August, till you get it back.

NOT EVEN ONE

(Athens Press)

They are talking roads down at

Portland, and if the half of them

are built that are in contempla-
tion, 1924 will be a banner road-

building year, and no mistake.

BALLAD OF MEDIOCRITY

More times than one it's happened

that

A person's stopped me in the square

To pass a greeting word, or chat.

I've learned to drown my high

despair.

To calm my exoteric stare

When one demands, "Well, how's the

ho?"

And this the keen reply I blare:

"Not bad; not good; but just so-so."

If Williams deems a poem flat

And Jones proclaims it quite a treat,

Not mine the lot to knock or pat,—

Mine to conciliate the pair.

I give them each a cozy chair

Before a fire with cheerful glow.

And then decree, with savoir-faire:

"Not bad; not good; but just so-so."

What use to whine like any cat?

What use to frisk like any hare?

This world should know just where

it's at.

Men breathe extremes into the air.

One has for happiness a flair.

The other hark but tears to show;

Life's not a joy, nor yet a snare;

Not bad; not good; but just so-so.

LENOVO

O prince-philosopher, I share

With you my inmost passion-flow.

My moral is, you'll soon declare.

Not bad; not good; but just so-so.

(New York World)

WANTED—Lady wishes apartment

where she can help defray expenses.

Address care Guard No. 3287.—(They

can't all be bashful and broke).

"If we can get something of Jack-

son integrity, courage, decision, rug-

ged character and leadership into the

conduct of public affairs it will re-

inspire the nation." William G. Mc-

Adoo said on Jackson Day.—And, of

course the Crown Prince would have

no objections to being a "second An-

drew Jackson," confessing, as he does,

by gentle hint, that he is a better

Andrew Jackson than the original.

O! MY GRACIOUS!

(Community Builder)

Brother Culp was with us last

Sunday for the first time since

the birth of his baby. He is look-

ing quite well. Glad he is able

to be out again.

G. S. Ridgley and William Jones

put in a phone call to Medford

Saturday. Milton is our only bach-

elor, and now if he stays single it's

not their fault.—(Corvallis Gazette

Times).—Members of the Amalgam-

ated Well Wishers and Neighbor

Regulators of America, Oregon Chap-

ter.

What this section needs is a candi-

date who will guarantee no fog during

his administration, when not econo-

mizing, or enforcing the Prohibition

law, or sparking the farmers.

The friends of Mr. J. C. Wilson

regret to learn that he is slowly re-

covering from a recent illness.—

(Camas Notes). How they respect

that man.

DR. EGAN AND MR. GIBBS.

THE DEATH of Maurice Francis Egan, dean of the American
diplomatic corps, calls attention to two traits in human char-
acter essential to any claim to greatness,—first, a readiness to admit
error, and second the power of individual decision.

The first trait Mr. Egan exemplified to a marked degree in the
famous Dr. Cook controversy. As Ambassador to Denmark Mr. Egan
officially welcomed and endorsed Dr. Cook as the discoverer of the
North Pole, but when the wily doctor's claim proved to be a false
one, he was among the first of his prominent supporters, to admit his
error, and publicly acknowledge he had been mistaken.

The second trait Mr. Egan also possessed, but it was particularly
exemplified in the career of Dr. Egan's close friend, a certain Phillip
Gibbs, who at the time of the Cook episode was an obscure London
newspaper reporter.

Gibbs by a lucky chance, was the first newspaper man to greet the
redoubtable doctor, and while he first succumbed to that gentleman's
undoubted charm and plausibility, he soon became convinced that the
doctor was a fake.

He could find no support for this view. Dr. Cook with a wreath
of roses,—or were they hollyhocks,—around his neck was being ac-
claimed by the entire world.

At this point Mr. Gibbs, of course, faced a crisis in his career.
Should he play safe and drift with the tide, or should he cross the
Rubicon, and stake his entire career upon the validity of his judgment.

He decided upon the latter course, and proceeded forthwith to
cable his paper that Dr. Cook had not discovered the North Pole and
was an imposter from eyelash to hootlaee.

The reaction was appalling. Gibbs was all but pulverized by a
Danish mob. But Gibbs stuck to his guns. He had decided and he
proposed to stand by that decision until his mistake had been proved.
Gibbs of course won. And that victory made him. Today he can
rest on his laurels as Sir Phillip Gibbs, one of the world's greatest re-
porters, because in a crisis he had the capacity for decision, and the
courage to stand by his convictions, without which no individual in
any walk of life can expect to rise above mediocrity.

QUILL POINTS.

It's time for a party to split when it gets the habit of straddling.

The world is getting some better. Thirty years ago any man with
a new idea was called a crank.

A congress can't do much while its chief concern is the business
of fixing the blame for doing nothing.

"What do aliens think of congress?" asks a horrified patriot. For
that matter, what do alienists think of it?

As we understand Henry, he won't interfere so long as the boys
make a good job of running the country.

It is easier now to pick out the hen-pecked husbands. They are
wearing the ties they got at Christmas.

Correct this sentence: "I'll go to the movies if you insist," said
little Willie, "but I prefer finishing my piano practice."

First Cement Made in U. S. A.
Came From Southern Oregon

Celebration of the 100th anniversary
of the invention of portland
cement, which will be observed in
1924, recalls to the minds of some of
the early settlers in Oregon that one
of the first mills established in this
country for the manufacture of portland
cement was located at Oregon City.
Although portland cement was
patented in 1824 by an English brick
maker named Joseph Aspdin, it was
almost fifty years later that Ameri-
cans took an active interest in the
making of the material.

Old records show that a plant was
established at Oregon City in 1884.
The factory was designed and man-
aged by a man named Middleton, who
was regarded as something of a
genius. His plant was built after
plans that did not come into general
use until ten years later.

At the Oregon City plant the raw
material, a cement rock from Jackson
county, southern Oregon, was ground
in pebble mills and the raw mix
burned in a gas-fired rotary kiln. The
gas was made for the most part from
Australian coal, although local coal
was used to some extent. Power for
the plant was derived from the falls

of the Willamette, just above the mill.
The output of this pioneer mill was
over 100 barrels a day of true port-
land cement. The product was in
great demand and was superior in
quality to the imported cements.

For a little over a year the Oregon
City plant enjoyed a successful life.
It was then decided to raise the cap-
italization and increase the capacity.
However, about this time the directors
ordered a survey of the quarry, which
showed that the rock was practically
exhausted. They had been operating
on a thin, saucer-like body of stone
standing on edge against the hillside.
The apparently inexhaustible supply
of raw materials was only a veneer,
and consequently the plant was dis-
mantled and the machinery sold in
1890.

The cement industry in this country
and England is planning to fittingly
observe the centennial of the inven-
tion of portland cement. Although
the industry is only about fifty years
old in this country, it has far out-
stripped other nations and the pro-
duction has grown from a few thou-
sand barrels in 1875 to approximately
135,000,000 barrels in 1923.



POOR ADVERTISING.

THERE'S not much use in advertising unless you advertise
the truth; a string of falsehoods most surprising may draw
the voters to your booth; and you may sell them shoddy clothing
as woolen goods of regal grade; but they will view your joint
with loathing, when once the garments shrink and fade. And
vainly will you plan and labor to bring the push back to your
door; and every gent will tell his neighbor how he was harpooned
in your store. And wives will tell at quilting parties how sick
their husbands are and sore; because they fell for those slick
smarties who operate the Green Front store. And schoolboys,
James and Charles and Clarence, will say, while passing by your
mart, "These flim-flam merchants stung our parents and sold
them clothes that fell apart." Much wiser are those merchant
princes who know that lies come home to roost, whose well pleased
customer evinces a glad desire their store to boost. Your ads
may have the verbal splendors of Old Bill Shakespeare at his best,
but if you sell me punk suspenders, insisting that they'll stand
the test, and I discover, when I wear 'em, they won't support my
trouserloons—I may have coins, but you won't share 'em; you'll
never handle my doubloons.

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 Mounting Prevalence of Heart Disease.

According to the mortality statistics
of the United States census bureau
cancer and cardiovascular disease are
the only diseases of importance which
are not declining, as judged by the
annual death rates from all forms of
diseases these last 30 years.

Altho no one has yet discovered the
cause of cancer, physicians who have
had the greatest oppor-
tunities to study the disease or dis-
eases known as cancer believe it is
brought about by
wrong living, bad
habits we have ac-
quired with the ad-
vancement of civil-
ization.

The causes of car-
diovascular disease
are more clearly recognized. This is
a group of disease conditions involv-
ing the circulatory system. It includes
most heart disease except valvular
leakage, also hardening of the arteries
(arteriosclerosis), also chronic ne-
phritis (Bright's disease), also most
cases of apoplexy (stroke or paralysis).

Among the predisposing factors of
cardiovascular disease, so far as pathol-
ogy can show, is not our American
habit of rush and hurry. The alleged
"high tension" of business life has
nothing to do with the causation of
heart disease. The thing which unin-
formed people call "nervous strain,"
which is popularly associated with
"overwork," is without bearing on the
causation of heart disease, according
to the teaching of pathology.

Alleged "heart failure" from pro-
longed "worry and responsibility" is
just as absurd, to the medical mind,
as is the popular notion of locomotor
ataxia from a "strain of the back" or
septicemia from "catching cold," in
a wound. It is much less embar-
rassing, in some circumstances, for the
physician to seem to acquiesce in these
little deceptions than it is for him to
mention the infection or the poison
or the error of living which is really
responsible for the alleged "break-
down."

It is a remarkable thing that the
mortality tables show a downward
tendency in the prevalence of all
other serious diseases but a steady

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Tuberculosis From Pasteurized Milk

Is it possible for a child to get tu-
berculosis from drinking pasteurized
milk? (Mrs. R. C. E.)

Answer.—The process of pasteurizing
or heating known as pasteurization
destroys tubercle bacilli in milk, pro-
vided it is properly done.

Eats 'em Raw

I am very fond of raw potatoes with
salt on them and eat as many as eight
a day. My friends tell me they are
very injurious to my health, but it
seems as the I must have them. (Mrs.
H. F.)

Answer.—Same effect as the you
cooked your intestines.

First Floor Rooms

What do you think of first floor
sleeping rooms? I have been told they
are not healthy. There is a cellar in
the house. (R. S.)

Answer.—That is another of those
secrets which Ben Told carefully
keeps from us doctors. Perhaps an
upper floor room gets a little more
breeze on a hot summer night, but
otherwise first floor rooms are health-
ful enough, irrespective of the pres-
ence or absence of a cellar.

"JUST TOWN TALK"

Copied Right By Mike

IT WAS quite impossible

TO PASS her by

WITHOUT NOTICING her

AND SHE was walking

WITH AN elderly lady

AND I was sure

IT WAS her mother

AND IT might have been

THAT SHE hadn't trained

HER PARENTS carefully

AROUND THE house

BECAUSE SHE acted

AS IF she were ashamed

OF THE aged party

AND DIDN'T approve

OF THE grey white hair

ALL DONE up

IN AN old fashioned knot

AND EVERY little ways

THE NEW fashioned girl

WOULD MAKE a remark

ABOUT "LOOKING tacky"

IF YOU understand

WHAT THAT means

AND WOULD reach over

AND PICK off a thread

OR SOMETHING or other

FROM THE "best black"

OF THE old fashioned lady

WHO ALWAYS looked up

AND SMILED just a little

AND ONE could see

THERE WAS love in the look

BUT THE smile was sad

AND ABOUT that time

THEY TURNED a corner

AND DISAPPEARED

AND THINKING it over

I'VE MADE up my mind

THAT I much prefer

AN OLD fashioned lady

WHOSE APPEARANCE is "tacky"

TO THE new fashioned "frail"

WITH WISPS of hair

"INLAID ON ivory"

PLASTERED ON her brow

SO THEY spell out

HER INITIALS

OR PERHAPS maybe

HER TELEPHONE number

I THANK you.