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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

It is now charged that "a conspir-
acy exists to overthrow the Prohibition
laws." What is the necessity of
such a conspiracy, when the ardent
supporters of Prohibition, are doing
a much better job of it.

The season has arrived for fishing
poles to escort 4ds down the Main
Stem, with the implement of our lead-
ing industry projecting seven car-
lengths aft.

R. P. returned just recently from
a month's visit with his father, who
appeared much better when he left
him.—(Cottage Grove News). Not
knocking anybody.

The Governor has paid his state
income tax, and deducted nothing for
discovering that a man's home is no
longer his castle, subject to entry by
anoops, whenever the notion hits
them.

AND MAKE IT SNAPPY

(Corvallis Gazette-Times)

The ladies in the neighborhood
are asked to come to the church
Thursday, Jan. 31, and help scrub
and clean up the church. Bring
a can of hot water and come pre-
pared to work.

A prominent young business man,
member of 17 clubs, 11 lodges, the
Republican party, the Baptist church,
and a Forum tenor, drove like a lady
Thurs, and unfortunately hit nothing.

THE HANGING

I was the sheriff of Spoon River.
Who noosed the neck of Jacob Far-
mer
And I watched the people for days
before
Greedy awaiting the horrible hour.
While the newspapers howled like
tigers for blood.
Then, on the day, there were the
crowds around the gallows.
Hungry for the dead body to be
brought from the gallows.
O, you people of Spoon River,
Jacob Farmer is in his grave.
The murder in his heart is quenched;
But you go on brutalizing yourselves.
Asking for the strangled bodies, with
cold and deliberate malice.
From behind the painted masks of
Justice and Law.
You brutalized yourselves through
Jacob Farmer.
To deal as a murderer
With murderers to come!
(Spoon River Anthology.)

Daniel Webster of the O. A. C. are
going to debate: "Is the Ku Klux
Klan a Detriment?" It better not be,
or there will be a new president at
the kow kollege.

O! YES YOU DO, BOBBIE:

(Salem Capital Journal)

Dear Annie Laurie: I am a
girl, eighteen years old. I am
going with a young man ten
years my senior. He comes sixty
miles to see me every month. I
know he loves me and I love him.
But whenever we are together he
asks me why I will not kiss him.
I never know what to say.
BOBBIE.

About twenty friends of Mrs. George
Dietrich surprised her Thursday even-
ing, and enjoyed themselves.—(Yreka
Journal). Sneaking up on the charm-
ing hostess.

Spring plowing is being delayed
somewhat, by picking out a new 1924
car, to support the robbery theory,
always advanced by farmers in the
fall.

Tomorrow is Ground Hog day. If
the hog sees his shadow, the pugilistic
and oratorical elements of the com-
munity will remain dormant for an-
other six weeks.

Thomas K. McFarland, one of the
greatest lightweight boxers ever
turned out in San Francisco, returned
to this city after a prolonged visit
at his old home Saturday.—(Los Angeles
Record). An exceptionally long
week-end.

Would like to hear from party who
brought young man to Corvallis who
had an accident between an auto and
a motorcycle on the Philomath-Cor-
vallis Highway, August 26, 1923. C.
E. Small, 626 North 2nd.—(Corvallis
Gazette-Times). No place for him to
be.

TRAGEDY INTERVENES.

"TRAGEDY alone can bring one to the realities of life." This
statement by a now forgotten poet, is peculiarly applicable
to the reaction caused by the sudden announcement from Washington
that ex-President Wilson is at death's door.

Yesterday Washington was immersed in a multitude of petty
squabbles, oil scandals, cabinet resignations, the old familiar rough
and tumble between the Tweedle Dees and the Tweedle Dums. It all
seemed very real then, and decidedly dramatic.

But today with the tragic news from the Wilson home, the gaudy
trappings seem to fall from the agitated frames of the principal actors
what looked like gaping wounds are found to be merely clever applica-
tions of grease paint, and the attention of the entire country is turned
from opera bouffe to the genuine tragedy being enacted at 2300
S street, Washington, D. C.

Here is the closing chapter of a life that has certainly been for
at least four or five years, nothing but tragedy. Broken in body, but
never in spirit, impaired in mind, but never in courage, ex-President
Wilson has, it seems, been condemned to lie chained, a witness to the
failure of all his hopes and dreams, the destruction of those ideals,
those principals of human conduct which were the very foundation of
his faith.

Whether one agreed or disagreed with Woodrow Wilson's phil-
osophy of things, whether one considered him wrong or right, in his
political conceptions, no one can justly deprive him of that tribute,
which after all is said and done, is the only perfect tribute:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have
kept the faith."

Every person hopes that Mr. Wilson may still live to see the fun-
damental principles of his faith justified. For those fundamental
principles were right. They are certain eventually to prevail. Mr.
Wilson never failed in vision. His failure lay in execution, on one
hand, and the fact that his reach was greater than his grasp on the
other.

In a few years when the bitterness of recent contentions have
passed, it will be conceded, that Mr. Wilson did not fail the world as
much as the world failed Mr. Wilson. He suffered the supreme trag-
edy of being called to world leadership before his time.

QUILL POINTS

The outstanding feature in the composition of a self-made man is
the brass.

A hick town is a place where the neighbors wonder if it will be
a boy or a girl.

A genuine radical is one who desires government of the poor, by
the poor and for the poor.

Correct this sentence: "He is a wet and I am a dry," said the man
"but I respect and admire him."

A free country is one in which there is no particular individual
to blame for the existing tyranny.

There is some co-operation among wild creatures. The stork and
the wolf usually work the same neighborhood.

Most of the efforts to find campaign issues remind us forcibly of
the mountain that travailed and brought forth a mouse.

"Spanking him doesn't do a bit of good," says the father; and
then he argues that teeth in the laws will prevent crime.

Old Dobbin had his faults, but he didn't assault a telephone pole
when somebody hugged the driver.

The college girl's waist is larger now. No whalebone squeezes
it, but only the Humerus, Ulna and Radius.

About 87 per cent of the people who think they could run the
country safely let their radiators freeze.

If a baby is born in France, two friends must swear to it. When
one is born in Germany, seven Frenchmen swear about it.

"What do the stars say?" asks an astrologer. Well, they usually
say: "Don't judge me until all the facts are brought out."

The next war may be so long in coming that those who failed to
get rich this time will have forgotten how the others managed it.

Correct this sentence: "I acted the baby," admitted the wife to
her husband, "and I want to apologize."



COWBOY FICTION.

IOMETIMES I read the thrillers, when tired of Milton's odes,
and ride a while with killers along the western roads. The
cowboys found in fiction have nothing much to do but stir up
useless friction and shoot a gent or two. We seldom see them
doing a useful round of chores, the straying cows pursuing, or
fixing ranch-house doors. They're always calyhoooting around
on outlaw steeds, and shooting, shooting, shooting and pulling
movie deeds. They save the rancher's daughters when villains
hold carouse, and baffle wicked plotters instead of milking cows.
Their war cries weirdly screeching they ride their pintos pink;
instead of calmly teaching the loosed calves to drink. They are
romantic hustlers, a brave and nervous crew; they shoot the cat-
tle rustlers, and shoot the nesters, too; they shoot up any smarties
who may wear city rags; they shoot up any parties who criticize
their nags. We never see them sowing, or doing useful things;
more movie fits they're throwing, and riding round in rings. I
ride with western shooters along the mountain roads, and then
rejoin my tutors, and study Milton's odes.

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.

Another Case of Hay Fever

For the benefit of those who may
have tuned in late, may I first explain
that this is station KUT broadcasting
on a wave length of one meter, equivalent
to 22 kilowatt hours, and that our
program Monday consisted principally
of a letter from a
minister of the gos-
pel who babbled
about a case of
acute fulminating
hay fever, which I
am now going to re-
view briefly in order
to refresh your mem-
ory if you were list-
ening in.

The reverent gen-
tleman cites:

"... a friend who was loading
hay last winter. It was very cold,
about zero. He got very hot. Took
off his coat, then his hat, later his vest.
Presently a neighbor came along and
wanted to talk with him. He stopped
and talked without resuming his cloth-
ing. A few days later he died of pneu-
monia.

"If I sit with my head in a draft I
get a headache. Am I to understand
that the germs of pneumonia, or
coryza or whatever it is, are lurking
around and that a sudden chill causes
them to develop?"

"I know this is going to sound like
the babbings of a donkey to you, but
you must remember that we who have
been brought up to believe in colds
have an awful job to throw off our
childhood's beliefs, even though
science points out their error."

All the germs that "lurk" around
will never hurt anybody. There's
nothing furtive, slinking or sneaky
about the germs. They hop in when
a neighbor stops to spray you with
conversation, not because they are
malevolent, but because it is their lot
to be carried from the neighbor's
nose or throat, in the moisture drop-
lets which shoot out for a distance of
about four feet in an ordinary conver-
sation—just far enough to get the vic-
tim neighbor is chatting with.

Now I opine—and mind, I have at
least as good logic to support me as
has the minister for his explanation of
his friend's pneumonia—I think that
perhaps his friend would not have con-
tracted pneumonia had he played in
the haymow or on the load and shout-
ed down to his neighbor, the carrier,
on the ground. The only difference
is that the minister's notion rests on
tradition.

My notion, at present, seems about
as foolish as was Henry Ford's gaso-
line buggy a few years ago; what

made Mr. Ford so foolish was his at-
tempt to run a buggy without a horse
hitched to it. Horses had always been
deemed indispensable for pulling lug-
gles. Likewise a real or assumed
draft, chilling, wetting or similar "ex-
posure" has always been deemed a
necessary preliminary to pneumonia
and the other respiratory infections,
as we know them today. Most adults
old enough to know better can recall
when even tuberculosis was believed
dependent somehow on night air. Thou-
sands of people have died of "inflam-
mation of the bowels" while the world
waited for science to teach us that this
was generally appendicitis and surely
curable if operated on without delay.
Right now several agencies, includ-
ing the Public Health Service, are
planning extensive experimentation to
try to find out whether "exposure" has
any relation whatever with one's sus-
ceptibility to these respiratory infec-
tions. This will be love's labor lost,
I do not hesitate to predict, for the rab-
bit's foot could be more readily upheld
by science.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

What's in a Mattress?

A high priced upholsterer who does
excellent work tells me there is a
cheaper stuffing called something
like "topek" that breeds tuberculosis,
and that he has tried to have it dis-
continued, even going to the authori-
ties at Washington about it, but with-
out success. He declares that many
furniture builders and upholsterers
use this material. Can it be possible
that the antituberculosis crusaders are
winking at such a menace? (K. L. L.)

Answer.—For the manufacturer or
upholsterer there is a risk of lung tu-
berculosis from the constant irritation
of dusts of hair, felt, down and feath-
ers. This is irrespective of whether
the material be old or new, expensive
or cheap. But for the public using the
upholstered furniture, there is no risk
involved, although in some rather
backward cities there are health board
regulations discriminating against old
or cheap materials.

Pyelitis

Kindly tell me what pyelitis of the
kidney is, and what foods or fruits
tend to turn the reaction of the urine
from acid to alkaline. (Mrs. W. B. W.)

Answer.—Pyelitis means inflamma-
tion of the collecting basis of the kid-
ney. These foods tend to diminish the
acidity of the urine: Grapefruit,
lemon, orange, tomato, potato, banana,
apple, lettuce, spinach, asparagus, car-
rots, beans, celery, beets, cauliflower,
prunes, raisins, crackers and Graham
or whole wheat bread. Milk and but-

termilk have little influence on the
urine reaction. Eggs, meats, most cere-
als, and fish, all tend to increase the
acidity of the urine.

Flaxseed as a Stimulant.

Do you recommend the use of flax-
seed in chronic constipation, or is it
linseed? If so, please explain the way
to use it and what the purpose is.
(V. K.)

Answer.—Flaxseed is linseed. In
my instructions for overcoming the
habit of constipation this remedy is
given. Glad to send you the instruc-
tions by mail if you will write for
them, enclosing a stamped, self ad-
dressed envelope.

Keen Observation

Surprised that a man of your intel-
ligence can possibly deery character
analysis. I know I can tell what those
are passing thru a person's mind by
studying the various expressions that
pass over their faces. Your own face,
in your picture, shows intelligence,
great benevolence and kindly sym-
pathy, also a goodly share of humor.
(M. E.)

Answer.—There, what did I tell you?

LAUREL GRAY
LOVE GOSIPTHE GREATEST THING IN THE
WORLD

by Laurel Gray

Well, my child-
ren, it seems
moons since we
have had a little
council just
among ourselves.
Here comes
Helene, though,
with her own
problem. (It's
keeping her
awake nights.)
Helene has an an-
cient story to re-
cite, but to her it
is the greatest and most original of
problems. Lend me your ears, Ro-
mans and citizens: Helene has two
admirers. Oh, of course many, many
more. But she has two that are A-1
Preferred. One of the admirers is 40
and he loves her with a fiery devotion
that ill becomes a man of that mature
age. He is violent in his prejudices
and conspicuous for his jealousies. I
rather suspect at times the fair object
of his passion would cheerfully strangle
him if she could lure him to Never-
Never Land where there are no police-
men. The other admirer is about
twenty-three. "He is such a wonder-
ful dancer," declares the fair Helene.
I ought to draw a picture of her for
you: Young, beautiful as dawn, and
curiously alive to her mental balance,
and completeness. Altogether a girl
any man might rave over. Now here's
her problem: Both men apparently
desire her to be wife and all to them.
The older sufferer is stationed in life;
he is not a rounder but, lordy, he has
been one wild gemman. He admits it
with a shrug and remarks, drily, that



he has sown his wild oats and reaped
the usual sorry harvest. Now he is
alcoof, cold, harsh, rough, hard—to the
world. Helene has found the secret
way into his heart and he is alive
again. The boy of twenty-three wants
her, too. And so she has been weep-
ing on my doorstep for months about
her "Problem," and I've been worried
ill about it. I hesitated to advise.
Now, in the mail, is the announcement
of her marriage. To which gallant?
Shucks, you know as well as I. The
elder man. Youth must be served
after the experience of maturity has
exercised first choice by the trifling
matter of what artists call technique.



Very few people know that th'
saxophone is a very ancient mus-
ical instrument, an' if it wuzn' fer
sluggish, close-up dancin' it never
could have come back. Miss Fern
Moots says she allus hates a holi-
day 'cause she can't git in th' jew-
elry store t' git her wrist watch
fixed.

Miss Ruth Hamilton were in Grants
Pass last night for the performance
of the Cavemen at the Rivoli theater
in that city.

Wife Helps Elect Hubby

"After having been in bed half the
time for a year with severe pains in
my right side over the appendix,
stomach trouble and bloating, which
the doctors seemed unable to reach
with medicine, and advised operation
as the only remedy, my nurse advised
me to try Mayr's Wonderful Remedy,
and its results have truly been won-
derful as I am now entirely well and
strong, and at the last election
worked hard to elect my husband."
It is a simple, harmless preparation
that removes the catarrhal mucus
from the intestinal tract and allays
the inflammation which causes prac-
tically all stomach, liver and intes-
tinal ailments, including appendicitis.
One dose will convince or money re-
funded. Sold by all druggists. Adv.

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regular sizes. If you are going to need a coat for next winter, buy now and save money.

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