

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, 12-17-23
North First street. Phone 75.

A consolidation of the Democratic Times, the
Medford Mail, the Medford Tribune, the South-
ern Oregonian, the Ashland Tribune.

ROBERT W. RUEL, Editor.
S. SUMPTER SMITH, Manager.

BY MAIL—In Advance:
Daily, with Sunday Sun, year, \$7.50
Daily, with Sunday Sun, month, \$1.25
Daily, without Sunday Sun, year, \$5.00
Daily, without Sunday Sun, month, .85
Weekly Mail Tribune, one year, \$2.00
Sunday Sun, one year, \$1.50
BY CARRIER—In Medford, Ashland, Jackson-
ville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent and on
Highways:
Daily, with Sunday Sun, month, .75
Daily, without Sunday Sun, month, .65
Daily, without Sunday Sun, year, \$7.50
Daily, with Sunday Sun, year, \$10.00
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
Eugene, Calif., distance over 500
miles, having leased wire Associated Press
Service.

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.

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KILLING OUR PRESIDENTS.

THE death of Woodrow Wilson again calls attention to the necessity of some change in our treatment of presidents. A survey of American presidents since Lincoln discloses the startling fact that two have been assassinated, a third died from the effects of an attempted assassination, and two more have been "killed by politics."

Analyzing these tragedies from another angle and one discovers that the destructive force behind nearly all of them was partisan politics.

Garfield was killed by Guiteau "a man whose unbalanced mind was inflamed by political dissensions"; McKinley was shot by a weak minded anarchist, who believed he was called upon to rid the country of the "oppressor of the poor man"; Roosevelt was shot by a red-eyed moron who had believed that he read about "another Caesar," and Wilson was unquestionably killed by the strain of political strife carried beyond the limits of reason and common decency.

It was not politics that killed President Harding, but there is no question that the presidency killed him,—the assumption of a burden made too great for him to bear. So unless we wish to continue this business of calling our distinguished citizens to highest honor for the privilege of killing them, some change in our system is imperative.

But while the need of some change is evident, how to achieve it is not evident at all. In a democracy presidents can't be coddled; nor can a lusty partisanship be avoided. There must be strife and there must be strain, and there must apparently be considerable non-sense.

Probably the only approach to a remedy lies in two directions. First a general decline in partisanship of the extreme type, thru the repressive force of public opinion; and second, better training for our potential presidents, through the creation of what might be termed a presidential tradition.

It is a striking fact that one of the most abused and humiliated presidents in recent history is now enjoying the best of health as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. William Howard Taft was not only fortified nervously by fat, but was fortified by a sense of humor. He was cursed and damned, knocked downstairs and up again, but he never lost his smile, nor—we imagine,—his appetite.

He possessed a philosophy which took abuse and vilification, also political defeat, as a part of the day's work, and this philosophy not only saved his life but his reputation. It should be the philosophy of every president.

To eliminate extreme partisanship from American politics is a more difficult matter, and yet efforts should be made in this direction. Partisanship of the extreme type is after all a silly, childish business. It should be the pursuit of children, not of mature men and women, for it invariably rests on the story-telling instinct, not on truth.

One can almost smile today at the stories told about Lincoln, when he was alive, and yet Lincoln had to fall before the assassin's bullet to disprove them. Alive, Roosevelt was "a drink-crazed demagogue and barbarian," dead he was by common consent, a great American. So with Woodrow Wilson,—the very people who traduced and vilified him when he lived, are now eager to do him honor, in the grave.

Why persist in such foolishness? For it is foolishness, and dangerous foolishness, as our presidential histories show with their assassinations,—partisanship working on weak minds,—and their physical collapses. It should be possible to fight a political opponent without hating him personally, it should be possible to differ with a man without accepting those malicious malignant fancies, which hate alone engenders.

But there is probably no hope of any immediate improvement. In the last analysis, partisanship goes back to the mob spirit, inherited from the dark ages. As a Greek philosopher remarked centuries ago, "The people create their heroes, only to destroy them."

The best hope lies, no doubt, in the beneficent influences of time, which mark the slow but steady progress of humanity toward a higher civilization.

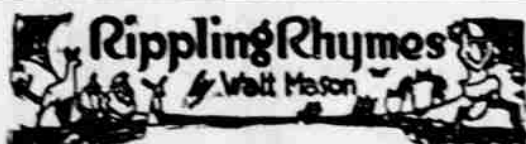
QUILL POINTS

The thing too many people save for a rainy day is a grouch.

For that matter, what has become of the old-fashioned wife who was satisfied with one diamond?

But why should the navy go south for practice when the rum fleet affords targets just off the coast?

In the old days they played "drop the handkerchief" to get a kiss. Now they just drop formality.



TOO MUCH WORK.

I HIRED a chap to run my van, which took but half his time; he was a haughty sort of man, his bearing was sublime. As thru the town we used to whirl on errands blithe and gay, he looked much like a belted earl, in all his brave array. And when the car was not in use, he sat in idle state, and read the works of Mother Goose, hard by the garden gate. One day I said to him, "Old fellow, the golden moments pass, why not get busy for a while, and mow yon plot of grass?" "Why not devote to golden deeds the fleeting hours," I said; "why not exterminate the weeds that mar the onion bed?" "I was not hired to mow the grass," I heard his answer ring; "methinks you have a nerve of brass, suggesting such a thing." Insulted as the Douglas was, when Marmion got fresh, he grimly ground his iron jaws, and shudders shook his flesh. I humbly fired him on the spot, and handed him his men; and then another job he got, and still another one. He was afraid to lend a hand at any useful chore; by one employer he was earned and then by seven more. From his high place I saw him pass, in gloom I see him tread; and now he's glad to mow the grass and weed the onion bed.

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.

No. No. No. No. No. No.

"Is there," asks a clergyman, "such a condition as worms in children?" Mrs. Ben Told is everlastingly talking about it in connection with my young son. I have enjoyed your dissertations about 'colds.' Although an absolutely untrained layman from the medical standpoint, my observation seems to agree with your teachings. One often finds half clothed children escape colds while well wrapped children are always ailing. But... I had a friend who was leading a hay last winter. It was rather cold, but not very warm. He got very warm, took off his coat, then his hat, later his vest. Presently a neighbor came along and stopped to talk with him. My friend stopped and talked without removing his clothing. Five days later he died of pneumonia. 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 the sudden chill causes them to develop? I know this is going to sound like the babblings 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 the science points out their error.

The answer to the question about children having worms is—certainly. Approximately one in every four children harbors worms in the intestine; as a general rule these common parasites cause no appreciable disturbance of health. It is very unfair to an ailing child, to say the least, to deny the child proper medical attention while you amuse yourself and the neighbors with the worm myth. At the same time it is quite true that now and then these worms (usually they are Lumbricoid worms, similar to common garden worms but somewhat paler) do set up some disturbance of health in the child who happens to harbor them, but the "worm symptoms" which Mrs. Ben Told delights to observe in a sick or sickly child are not indicative of the presence of worms in the great majority of cases. So you see what an injustice it does the child from every point of view when you jump to the conclusion that a feverish digestive disturbance, perhaps associated with a turred tongue, heavy or sweetish breath, white lines down the flushed cheeks, bright eyes, twitching or jumpiness, and the like, means "worms" and proceed to ply the unhappy child with real or spurious "worm medicine."

No one is competent to form an opinion whether an ailing child is infested with worms, save the doctor attending the child. Not even a doctor can diagnose worm infestation unless he finds some worms or their microscopic eggs in the intestinal excretions. Most of the spurious "worm remedies" would not bother the worms if worms were present, further than ordinary physics do. All of the real worm remedies, the vermifuges, are a little risky to trifle with and should be administered only under the direction of a physician.

What is the cause of winter dermatitis? Are X-ray treatments the best that can be done for this condition? It merely covers the face but never fails to recur every winter. (Mrs. J. H.) Answer—Various kinds of skin inflammation (dermatitis) are more likely to occur in cold weather. I do not know what your trouble may be. So called winter itch (pruritus), which has no similarity to ordinary itch (scabies), seems to be due to diminished excretion of sebum (skin oil) in cold weather and to the unwise removal of what little oil the skin excretes by too much bathing. People with this trouble should go all winter without a wet wash—and that is perfectly consistent with personal cleanliness. They may substitute frequent and prolonged air baths and dry rubs. An excellent soothing oily application is the following skin cream: Lanolin.....2 drams Boroglycerid.....1 dram Cold cream (made from white petrolatum).....2 drams. Rub like all creams or ointments, should be dispensed in a collapsible tube, for economy and cleanliness. When itching is intense, about four grains of menthol may be incorporated in the formula.

Bran and Flaxseed Is the continuous use of raw bran or unground flaxseed dangerous or injurious if one finds relief from such articles for chronic constipation? As far as bran is concerned, it is safe and efficient, but its very high cost makes it prohibitive. (G. G. F.) Answer—Either or both would be harmless.

Pure Glycerin Please advise whether applying pure glycerin on my face every night will cause the least little bit of hair to grow. I have noticed a little fuzz on my face since I began using it. (E. H.)

"JUST TOWN TALK"

Copyright By Mike

IT ALL happened
SOME TIME back
IN A print shop
AND FOR all you know
IT MIGHT have occurred
HERE AT The Mail Tribune
ANYWAY YOU'd call him
A CONSIDERATE man
AND HE made a call
AND LEFT a jug
AND IN this jug
WAS BRAND new cider
AND TWAS set away
AND AFTER a while
THEY CHANGED things
AROUND in the shop
AND THEY covered the jug
WITH OLD newspapers
AND THE other day
THEY CHANGED things back
THE WAY they were
AND THEY found the jug
AND SHOOK it a little
AND TOOK a chance
AND TASTED the stuff
AND IT wasn't bad
AND HAD improved
TO SUCH an extent
THE BOYS in the shop
WERE SELFISH about it

AND PERHAPS this story
WOULD NOT have been told
IF IT hadn't been
THAT THEY were printing
AN AUCTION bill
FOR GEO. Neil
AND WHEN it came out
IT READ like this:
25 Cows Broke to work.
41 Cultivators, coming Fresh soon.
16 Head Shovelling Hogs with scope
by side.
15 Piano Mares
L de Laval cow with ice cream at-
tachment.
1 Poland China Bob sled due to far-
row in April.
14 Head Chicken with grass seed
attachment in good working order.
2 J. I. C. riding heifers good as new.
15 Billy Goats, 75 bushel capacity,
with spraying nozzle and other attach-
ments.
AND NOW you will find
OUT IN the shop
A SIGN that reads:
"YOU CAN'T mix
"PRINTER'S ink
"WITH HARD cider
"IT CAN'T be done"
I THANK you.

LAUREL GRAY LOVE GOSSIP

THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD

by Laurel Gray

Which is the worst of human criticism—the flit or the pit? That's a problem that came in on a post-card this morning; a nice, fancy pitcher-card from a near-by town which is apparently proud of the village green and the bushy trees and a stone fountain and everything agreeable and nice and refreshing to look at. Yet upon the reverse of the pleasing pictured scene is that rather cynical question: Which is worse, the flit or the pit? Well, off-hand, I would say the flit! Although the wounds and hurts inflicted by the flit are more lasting and go deeper. The flit is frankly out to please herself or himself and the hurts they administer to others are not usually very long in remaining to plague or pester. But the wounds inflicted by the pit are sometimes mortal—sometimes the actions of the pit are never, never of- ficed and a whole life or even lives are ruined. The flit is often burned by her own or his own flame; the pit whichever way she or he reacts, goes his way and her way never thinking and never caring about the brutal, cruel act that has brought about the crisis in any affair. But the jolly old world could wag on without either of the breed! Both are weak, shallow and a little bit contemptible, don't you think?

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