

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry. The hired man can now lead the bull back into the barn. The sporting editor of the Portland Oregonian...

A Main Stem butterfly has been ruthlessly yanked back to the home place near Phoenix. The butterfly was working too hard, and not enough time elapsed between the last walk and time to get up.

A VAIN VEHICLE (Rockford, Ill., Star) The auto, a Chevrolet touring car, was returning to Rockford from Davenport where she had been for two days giving demonstrations in beauty culture.

The lack of disgust in our leading political and righteousness circles over the maiming of the 18th amendment by the jr. seed-sender continues to decrease. One can read column after column about what a factor he is in congress, but not a word about what a fraction he is. Politicians are apologizing for him, a hopeful sign, that the state has not been completely depleted of hypocrites.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a brunette and my looks get by pretty well. (Grants Pass Courier.) I don't like to say anything about myself, but—

It is the height of something for a life insurance agent to pass the liquid fire and rat poison, before explaining the benefits of a small policy.

DOG-GONE! (Albany Democrat) R. H. Danneh has been walking with the aid of crutches, due to sprained ligaments in his hip which he suffered while trying to break up a dog fight last week.

The man Stingley, who was arrested for running a still at Springfield, sure fooled his nearest neighbors. (Oregon City Enterprise.) A bouquet or a brick.

A fair co-ed of Old Oregon, peeled the hide off your corr, on the 12th inst., for alleged "belittling of the team." "The mistakes they make," she writes, "are not out of the heart." Quite true. They are of the head, and the hands, and the hoofs. "Answer me, you fool," screeches the charmer, underscoring heavily the demand. The fool answereth. Do you remember last September when "Old Oregon" declined an invitation to play Christmas in Honolulu, because they might be invited to play in the New Year's game at Pasadena?

The President will attend the Army-Navy game. No doubt he will return to his desk when the ball is on the one-yard line.

The Yuletide story this year will be Mistah G. Washington Maddox's vivid account of the colored gent, who, on the return trip from a Maryland elder mill with a pair of skittish nudes, just had to whoop.

THE TOURIST Argonaut of old am I. Though I sail no ship, no flag I fly; I skim along on a concrete sea, Enchained by strips of glistening sea.

Then ho for the flap of the curtain torn, The rattle of bolts in their sockets worn, The crashing of tin, the odor of gas, The horn in the fog, the lugger we pass!

Sail on, sail on, o'er the concrete sea, With my good mate on the bridge with me And our young crew in the wide back seat With shining faces and clothes all neat!

Avast there, and belay! And yo, ho, and away! Argonauts of old am we Who sail on a concrete sea. (Ladies' Home Journal.)

PARENTS AND CRIME.

S TATESMEN of the church and nation emphasize again that the perils ahead are moral, and speaking at different times and places, urge that reform begin with the parents. If the younger generation is to be kept safely on its feet in the swirling currents of changing conditions," says the Literary Digest. "The House of Bishops of the Episcopal church, the President of the United States, a cabinet officer and the chief magistrate of New York City all draw the same conclusions and hammer the same lesson home—that parents may not wash their hands of the responsibilities of parenthood. 'It is well,' observes the Philadelphia Inquirer, 'when the President of the United States and the prelates of a great religious body agree upon the nature of the disease and the remedy.' While the President deprecates a tendency to shift moral obligations on government and institutionalism, it is insisted elsewhere that government, too, has its part in effecting reform by improving unhealthy economic and industrial conditions.

A feeling of disquiet pervades the separate messages when they take account of the conditions in the home. In their message of 'love and counsel,' the Bishops of the Episcopal church, in convention at New Orleans, say they 'see a weakening of the ties and a loosening of the standards of home life, due to lack of proper parental control and to the absence from homes of definite religious influence.' They say further:

'We see in our land tens of millions of men and women who acknowledge no connection with religion, and, as a result a large proportion of our children growing up without religious influence or religious teaching of any sort. Can we fail to see the connection between this situation and the spirit of lawlessness, the startling increase in crime, and especially the increase in the number of youthful criminals now challenging our attention.'

'And to President Coolidge, too, it is apparent that 'there are too many indications that the functions of parenthood are breaking down.' In his address to the international convention of the Y. M. C. A. of the United States and Canada, in Washington, quoted in full in the metropolitan papers, President Coolidge warns us further that 'too many people are neglecting the real well-being of their children, shifting the responsibility for their actions and turning over supervision of their discipline and conduct to the juvenile courts.'

QUILL POINTS

All newcomers from abroad are aliens, unless they're Irish.

How could airplanes destroy a battle fleet if they can't even subdue a Riffian?

If she is driving and he is afraid she'll hit something, she is his wife.

Maybe there are more killings now because people shoot straighter when sober.

We wonder at times, what Mr. Volstead would say to the abolition of the mustache.

The final test of good manners is to lift the hat despite a bald spot.

The crack in the Sphinx isn't quite as dismaying as some of the jokes about it.

When people say he is "all right at heart," they usually mean that he isn't worth a darn.

The only substitute for a cheering section after a fellow gets out of school is the paying teller.

Doubtless Mussolini is sincere and just thinks it a sign of weakness to be reasonable.

People could make any section boom if they would turn their money loose as they do in a boom section.

The two agencies employed to keep all trash picked up are street cleaners and balloon tires.

Correct this sentence: "I would go home," said the poker fiend, "but I'm a big winner and it wouldn't look fair."

Rippling Rhymes by Walt Mason. Advertisement for a company that sends you a cork screw for seven days if you find it in fifty ways.

YOU SEND no money to Gigg & Gard; you merely write them a postal card, giving your name and your town and street, and they will send you a cork screw neat. You try this cork screw for seven days; you sternly test it in fifty ways; you pull the cork from a row of flasks, you pull the bungs from a dozen casks; and if you find it the best you've known, you send the makers a silver dime; but if you find it a false alarm, you send it back, and it's done no harm. You send it straight-way to Gigg & Gard, and they'll acknowledge no feelings hard; they'll merely ask to supply your home with their newly patented fine-tooth comb. You send no money, you merely say you'll try the comb as the makers pray; you'll comb your whiskers and comb your hair, and try it out on a polar bear, and if it isn't the finest comb you ever used on your classic dome, you send it back and no harm is done; but if it suits you, you send the mon. A million cheerful and harmless chaps are always trying these helpful traps, and letting nothing their zeal retard, they send their money to Gigg & Gard. They have the right, as the laws are made, to dodge the village's marts of trade, and send their coin to a distant shore—but why not go to the hardware store? The corkscrews there are of sterling worth, these are no better on all the earth. The druggist sells in his local lair a comb that's fit for a princeling's hair.

Personal Health Service by WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Harry Up You're by the Wrong Era.

Misunderstandings, some ludicrous and some grave, frequently occur when laymen attempt to speak in doctor's lingo, and only a layman can appreciate the futility of most efforts on the part of the doctor to convey his ideas in plain English.



In the presence of all and sundry medical or health writers who essay to explain things to the grand old public, I keep my kelly pulled tightly down upon my ears; at the same time I modestly make no boast as to what might have happened to all the sick cats people have considered me incompetent to attend, had people felt more confidence in my medical skill. The great Dr. Osler himself unquestionably had many superiors in the practice of medicine, though he was the foremost teacher of his time. For that matter, I have no doubt that there are many remedies, cures or methods of treatment of diagnosis better than those which we consider the best; knowledge of which good doctors have not imparted to their colleagues. In other words a very fine doctor may be a poor teacher, a miserable author and no authority at all; and vice versa.

Nearly every morsel I offer is a translation from the medicalese into everyday parlance. Rarely, however, I get internal inspiration. This morning as I lay in the borderland between slumber and waking, sniffing suspiciously for the aroma of coffee—when you get it you know the cook has ruined the coffee—and thinking how nice it is to be young and determined to avoid work—that's one thing Osler drew the line on; one learns in reading Cushing's Life of Sir William, and Carlyle, too, carefully swathed, according to Freud—in fact the lives of all great men all remind us we can make our own fairly easy—it is the first 19 years of living without labor that is hard—as I drifted aimlessly among these idle thoughts it dawned upon me from that birthplace of ideas, the subconscious, that the public has never been properly apprised of the fact that we are in a new era, and that consequently nearly everybody is still puttingtering along in the old, at considerable cost in health and money.

The new era is that of asepsis, the aseptic era. The old era was that of antisepsis—the antiseptic era. Right here it will become obvious to the discerning reader—though I am not at all sure there is such a reader—that powerful interests in perfectly good odor are willing and prepared to spend the public's last honest dollar if necessary to keep the public back in the antiseptic era, and it is more than my life as a teacher is worth to even indicate or identify these interests. If you can't guess who or what they are, you may remain there where you are dawdling. If you do get the idea you can readily comprehend how the very life of an extensive industry and business depends on holding the household in the antiseptic era and why the interests appropriate such an enormous amount of the household's budget to the purpose of keeping him in that era. For, once the household breaks away and takes a think for himself he is pretty certain to hop blithely forward into the aseptic era, and once arrived there he will inevitably cut down ruthlessly on the sum he has been in the habit of squandering annually on mere fancies.

Several laymen have already heard that the antiseptic era of surgery is a thing of the past and that modern surgery is aseptic. I want everybody to know that the same advance has been made in sanitation and in household practice. If I can plant in your mind a suggestion which will not only forward your general well being but also save you good money, it won't matter much whether I am a success or a failure with sick cats, you'll have to admit I am a good teacher.

Well, before we call it a day, let's make certain we know what we've just been talking about. Asepsis means without germ life, without poisoning of that character, free from infection, a state of sterility so far as germ life is concerned. Anti-sepsis merely signifies retarded or discouraged germ life, a condition which hinders the growth or multiplication of germs, or an effort to get rid of infection after it has occurred. A germicide is a substance which kills germs.

The great trouble with the technique of the householder is the antiseptic era was that he or she placed far too much confidence in the power of the agent employed to chase the germs. The faith and credulity of the misinformed householder in that respect was childish. As a matter of fact no such agent thus far discovered will seriously disturb germ life in any infected tissue or organ of the human body, and the majority of the agents which were popular in the old era did not greatly disturb the germs which happened to be disporting themselves on the surfaces or in the cavities of the body.

This does not imply that germicidal agents are of no value in surgery, sanitation or household practice. The first aid application of iodine or other germicidal agent to the fresh wound is still the best routine practice. All I hope to convey to the greatly misguided layman in this respect is the suggestion that it is practically always futile, if not actually harmful to attempt to rout germs with antiseptics, once the germs have invaded the tissues; that is, it is foolish to imagine such agents have any remedial value after infection has taken place. Whether antiseptics are worth while in the prevention of infection or as prophylactics against disease, is a question to debate another time.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Bleeding to Death. I study my diet. Never constipated. But I suffer from bleeding piles. Doctors urge operation, but I don't feel it is necessary. What is your advice? (Mrs. B. K. F.)

Answer.—Well, it is a slow, insidious, but fairly painless way to cross the river if you feel bound to go over. But it is not a glorious way. I'm a great coward myself, and so I think I should do as the doctors say.

Submit it to Life. Kindly give me the name of some good character analysis whom I can consult. (C. M. H.)

Answer.—I'm onto your scheme—you're going to submit the reply to the fun shop.

Paranoia. Please state in your column what paranoia is and the symptoms. (C. E. J.)

Answer.—A form of insanity characterized by progressive systematized delusions, particularly delusions of persecution. Watch this column for the symptoms.

Lined for Stale. Please advise the correct amount of whole linseed to be taken internally for a physic. (Mrs. H. C.)

Answer.—I should not advise linseed as a physic. But it often serves a useful purpose as a natural intestinal lubricant in cases of spastic constipation or in some cases of ordinary constipation habit. For this purpose take about a teaspoonful or two of the whole flaxseeds daily, either washed down with water or mixed with your cereal.

Over the Left Shoulder. We have always been advised to read with the light coming over the left shoulder. Why, the left? Wouldn't it be just the same over the right shoulder? (F. V.)

Answer.—Yes. But for right handed persons the writing or working hand is not in the light when the light falls over the left shoulder.

Children's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle



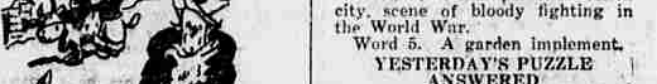
Word 1: The name given the girl in the story of "and the Beast".

Word 4: The last name of the man who translated the Bible into German, and after whom a creed was named.

Word 6: Bet. Plural. Running Down.

Word 1. Beneath. Word 2. An insect. Word 3. An important French city, scene of bloody fighting in the World War.

Word 5. A garden implement. YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED



Word 1. Beneath. Word 2. An insect. Word 3. An important French city, scene of bloody fighting in the World War.

Word 5. A garden implement. YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED



It's reverses an' not boasts that develop regular features. What's worst'n bein' on a fraternal committee an' havin' neuritis in th' right hand?

Cook with gas.

Mann's—The Best Goods for the Price, No Matter What the Price—Mann's. You can find the Overcoat you want, at the price you want to pay, at Mann's. Top Coats Overcoats. Light Weights and Colors Medium Heavy and Heavy Weights. \$25, \$27.50, \$32.50 \$17, \$20, \$27.50. Sheurerman and Patrick Overcoats \$30, \$35 to \$45. Style Plus Suits Nationally Known Clothes With a Guarantee of Satisfaction \$30, \$35 to \$45. Vogue Suits Stylish Clothes for Young Men and Men Who Wish to Stay Young \$35, \$40, \$45. We Also Have Suits Specially Priced From \$15.00 to \$30.00. Men's Leather Coats \$12.50, \$13.50, \$16.50. Men's Mackinaws \$9.50, \$13.50, \$15.00. Flannelette Night Shirts 98c Better Quality Night Shirts \$1.50. Pendleton All Wool Flannel Shirts \$4.50, \$5.00, \$6.00. Medium Heavy Union Suits \$1.60 Faultless Pajamas \$2.50. BOYS' OVERCOATS \$5.00 TO \$16.50. Mann's Department Store THE STORE FOR EVERYBODY Phone 486-487 Medford, Ore. BOYS' Mackinaws \$5.50 TO \$13.50.

THE DATE TREE by ERNEST SEEMAN



Nov. 13, 1833—92 years ago—The meteoric showers occur. From 1 o'clock in the morning until daylight an unprecedented display of falling stars was visible from the Great Lakes to Central Mexico, being especially brilliant at Niagara Falls. In many parts of the country the people were terror-stricken at this exhibition of natural fireworks, believing that the end of the world had come.