

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Ferry.

Five out of every six males smoke tobacco. The sixth chews, and condemns cigarettes.

It begins to look like a war in the Far East to save Christianity, and the potato fields of Syria for France.

The potatoes the farmers did not raise, when the fish were biting, are now selling at \$88 per ton.

A few flies are left. They act like a girl who had not back from a country dance in time to go to work.

ROLL YOUR OWN

(Oregon City Enterprise)

Mrs. J. C. Duke has been appreciating the calls of Miss Essmer Mixer and Vera Mixer during her confinement at the hospital. The Mixers are living at Tillamook.

A New York court is listening to the epistles written by a young lady to a young man who traces his ancestors "back to the Huguenots." He is also hock-deep in spondulicks. When the time comes to read his letters, they will probably be incompetent, irrelevant, immaterial, and not to be found.

The football season is now at its crest. The ardor is as intense as if religion had been well mixed with politics. Up to the hour of going to press no throats had been slit.

Fresh air fiends are now singing the glories of plenty of it, from cozy corners.

THE MUFFLED KNOCK

(Eugene Register)

"Both trousers looked better than our score against them showed," was the verdict of Quarterback Solomon, "but I believe Oregon gave us a worse fright than O. A. C. did."

WILL not be responsible for John Edward Jackson's debts, an insurance man of Independence, Mo.—Wife, Fannie Jackson, 2827 Bates—(Kansas City Times.) The old order chanqueth.

A 4 was stolen last night. The police looked every place but up the pants legs of Win Croswon's boy.

Nothing looks quite as sad as a beany pumpkin pie, whose cheeks have lost their youthful fullness.

A devout spinach eater sneezed on the Main Street on the 13th, causing Mrs. Catt to note the sneeze was considerably slimmer.

A number of vanishing parties were given last week.—(Marshfield News.) A new name for an old trick.

C. Wig Ashpole, who had a cold, is himself again. This is the first time in 32 years Mr. Ashpole has been, somebody else.

"I want a revolver," she said. "A lady's revolver?" murmured the floorwalker. "Step three aisles to the left to the arsenal counter."

"I want to see something in a revolver," said the lady, arrived at the arsenal counter.

"What kind of revolver do you wish, madam?" "Oh, dear, I don't know—I've never shot any one before!"

"The clerk was all sympathy. 'I see—it is your first?'—Naturally you would be a bit nervous. Well, why not try a dagger? We have some here from Florence—ivory handled, inlaid with rubies, damascene blade—"

"But I had my heart set on a revolver—"

"The girl took out a little square of Irish linen. 'It's for my sweetheart. I love him so! Oh, I love him so!' She burst into an uncontrollable fit of sobbing; then blew her nose."

"There . . . there, don't take on so . . . Of course, for a sweet heart a revolver is more fashionable and it looks better. . . Here is our Daddy's Darling model, a lovely little pearl-handled thing, twenty-two caliber, sterling silver with on diamonds carats two point four. No? You will take that?—Good and—how about—bullets?—Of course, you will need bullets, good bullets—"

"Make them of gold, I'll get the lady assuaged. 'Oh, I want him to have the best! He is my sweetheart and I love him so!'"

The clerk looked compassionately after her as a new customer approached. "Poor girl, she's so nervous she'll probably hit him . . ."—(Life.)

A JUST CONVICTION.

THE conviction of J. S. Trent, McMinnville farmer, for manslaughter, should have a salutary effect upon those residents of the state who are disposed to shoot first and think afterward.

Mr. Trent, it will be remembered, shot and killed a certain George Hamblin one night last summer, while the latter was trying to fix his headlights on the highway near Trent's melon patch.

Mr. Trent was very sorry. He thought his gun was loaded with wheat instead of buckshot, he thought Hamblin was trying to steal his watermelons instead of trying to fix his headlights, he thought a great many other things no doubt, among them, that to take a chance of killing an innocent bystander is not so serious as to take a chance of losing a watermelon or two.

Now he will have an opportunity to ponder over his philosophy and determining its defects at his leisure.

The purpose of law is the protection of society. Premeditated murder, of course is the more serious offense, and the law so provides; but when the destruction of life is considered, the type of criminal carelessness of which the McMinnville tragedy furnishes an example, represents a menace of almost equal danger.

One may feel a certain sympathy for Farmer Trent in his misfortune, without qualifying in the slightest degree, the conviction that it is deserved, and will furnish the state and the country with a much-needed example.

A HIGH HONOR FOR JACKSON CO.

NOT ONLY Ashland, but Medford and the entire county can be justly proud of Miss Joy, of the former place, who has been awarded the Montgomery-Ward prize as the best all around farm club girl in the state of Oregon.

There is no more practical and useful work than that of the boys and girls farm clubs. Distinction in this line of endeavor means intelligent understanding of basic agricultural problems, conscientious application, and above all hard work.

We hear a great deal nowadays of the demoralization of the younger generation, and the overwhelming passion for excitement and jazz. Miss Joy and her young associates in Jackson county, can provide an effective refutation, to the justice of this charge, as far as Jackson county is concerned.

QUILL POINTS

Perhaps the most generally accepted lie is sealskin.

Bandits age misguided folk who don't realize that only nations can steal with honor.

A child is normal if at three years it knows which parent is the court of appeal.

Americanism: Voting an ass into office; wondering why government is so asinine.

The sun never sets on the British flag or the American tourist.

Another way to get intimate with some of the best families is to get a job as warden.

When we are wholly civilized, perhaps something will be done about peace-time slackers.

One of the privileges of Americanism consists in defining Americanism for the other fellow.

An inheritance tax means that Uncle Sam, instead of sharks, will get it from the second generation.

Oh, well; the world has made considerable progress, and always over the protest of "intelligent minorities."

Aesop's fox leaped and leaped to get the grapes. "Darn," it he said; "that's just a bubble in Florida."

A Treasury surplus may be evidence of economy, but primarily it is evidence that the taxpayer was socked too hard.

Correct this sentence: "I hate to see you work so hard," said the husband; "let me have that can opener."



SUBSTITUTES.

"A POUND of Johnson's mothballs, please," I said to Druggist Hand; "for years, to ward off dread disease, I've used that famous brand. I take four mothballs when I rise and six before I dine, and I'm the healthiest of guys I'm always feeling fine. And if at times I'm feeling faint, or weak from heels to crown, I mix twelve mothballs with some paist, and pour this tonic down. And it will banish all my aches, my nerves it will repair, and I can whip my weight in snakes, and never sweat a hair. I know that Johnson's mothballs drive diseases far away and so I swallow twenty-five some seven times a day." "We haven't Johnson's brand today," the druggist made his talk, "but here's a kind that people say backs Johnson's off the walk. We have some patrons who have bought Johnson's brand for years, and being credulous, they thought that Johnson's had no peers. But having tried the Kickshaw brand, they promptly changed their minds; the Kickshaw dope they now demand, they'll have no other kind." And this is why I go no more, my dachshund at my heels, to that misguided druggist's store, to spend my plunks and wheels. For when I have the coin in me to buy up, by the road, do not wait some other brand, or something just as good. I want the goods for which I ask, the goods my fathers knew; let Johnson's name be on the cask—no other kind will do. And he who'd sell me other junk will get my trade no more; he'll never draw another plunk from out my princely store.

Personal Health Service by WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Wanted—Something to Chase Germs.

Good morning. Are you sure you are quite awake? Then you are aware that this is the aseptic era—aseptic, not antiseptic—the aseptic era of surgery, sanitation, household practice.



For the benefit of listeners who have just tuned in or who are annoyed by static let us briefly define these necessary, but much misunderstood, terms:

Antiseptic is any substance which tends to retard or diminish the growth or multiplication of germs. Germicide is any substance or agent which kills germs. Asepsis means absence of germs, freedom from infection or contamination by germs. The era of antiseptic passed into history along with the straight front corset. But had it lingered until the passing of the corset itself, the (I mean it) interests could not have done more to keep the public from learning about it than the corset people have done to keep the women harassed.

One fact which we were compelled to recognize toward the end of the antiseptic era was that no known substance would destroy germs in the tissues or organs of the human body without destroying or dangerously injuring the tissues too. When this fact had begun to permeate the medical consciousness there was a noticeable turning movement; the doctors tried to advance a sound, definite fact by assuming that if actual germs were useless there was still something to be accomplished with weaker weapons, antiseptics, and for a time we made considerable progress in the oblique march, until some mean investigators found that the weaker weapons never embarrassed the germs in the tissues at all.

Well, then there was a pretty how do do. The doctors were all in the air, and the antiseptic interests were all over the ground trying to save off the sad day, but it was inevitable and so along about the time when knees came out, the aseptic era dawned, leaving the interests with huge stocks which they had to convert into popular nostrums.

Of course, not all the doctors ever got down to solid ground on this question. A few of 'em remained in the air and they still employ antiseptics quite freely in the treatment of disease, not as prophylactics or preventatives but just as though such agents would go in and chase the germs out of the tissues. In order to retain such simple faith as that a doctor must reject scientific literature and scientific teachings and accept instead the instruction which comes willy nilly through second class mail. The interests see to it that the most obscure doctor shall receive plenty of mail.

It is still good household or domestic practice to swab a fresh wound with some such germicide as tincture of iodine, it is still good surgical practice to employ mild antiseptics, such as boric acid, in dressings which are likely to become contaminated and to convey infection; it is still good sanitary practice to disinfect nose and throat discharges in cases of the cri by the

application of germicides, of which heat is one of the best. The aseptic era means rather that germ discouraging substances are no longer to be considered the best or even essential agents in the treatment of disease.

To attempt to explain asepsis to the layman as perfect or exquisite cleanliness is a mistake for every surgeon, physician or sanitarian knows very well that the most squeamish esthetic cleanliness is no bar to infection and every layman ought to know as a matter of ordinary observation that esthetically clean folk are no less susceptible to germ diseases than downright dirty folk are. Asepsis is something quite different from that.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. What to Do, What to Do? What can be done for a skin that gets red and raises white welts when scratched or irritated that turn blue? Some say the blood is impure and needs a purifier; others say it is high blood pressure.—B. P. Answer—If you mean to ask my advice, I should say do nothing for it if it is somebody else's skin, and there'll be no ill feelings when the trouble gets worse. If it is your own skin, however, it might be worth consulting a physician about. I do not tell you to consult a physician, but such patriotism in skin deserves serious consideration.

Where to Go, Where to Go? Please answer as soon as possible, for I am worried. My doctor says I have T. B. Can one get well in this climate by taking the rest cure, as my doctor has told me to do? Wouldn't it be better to go to another climate for a while?—Mrs. C. M. C. Answer—The proportion of recoveries is large in this climate as in any other. My advice is that you abide by your doctor's instructions. No one else is in a position to judge what is best for your particular requirements. The rest cure is the best cure, but it can be successfully carried out only under the constant supervision of your doctor.

Tremendous Temperature. Please state whether there is any harm in having the temperature in the home at 75 degrees or more; that is, when the house is heated artificially, and some of the members of the household are 80 years or over. I have Ben Told one is apt to enter into the consumptive state.—Mrs. G. S. Answer—When that's a veritable dry kin environment—but then, the old folks kind like to cultivate dry rot. The temperature should not be allowed to exceed 68 degrees F. The old folks should wear more clothing or use artificial aids to warmth if they are too fragile to exercise; the young folks, who wear next to nothing should never complain of the cold.

A Weak Jaw. Is there a method or appliance which will promote a forward development of the lower jaw when it is receding? People are prone to estimate character by the face and a person with a "weak" jaw is inevitably an individual with "weak" character. Answer—It is as scientific and as sensible to assume that a weak hips, ankle or stomach signifies weak character. The only correction for the developmental defect in treatment by an orthodontist—a dental surgeon who corrects irregularities of teeth and jaws.

These are opportune days I pick up a few lessons at mother's knee. Tipton Bud's nephew killed his business partner yesterday while fighting over who'd watch the business this winter while the other was in Florida.

COMMUNICATIONS Commercializing Armistice Day. To the Editor: I wonder how many of the thousands of eyes that witnessed the parade on Armistice day say what mine saw. And upon how many people the same impression was made. The Legion boys are to be commended for their efforts in putting on a parade with so many reminders of the glories of the first Armistice Day. The soldiers of three different wars, most important of all, their "backbones," the wives, mothers and sweethearts, hardly less important. The representation of the Ark of the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the Knights of Columbus, all of which rendered such noble service during the war; the evolution of the flag, the Boy Scouts, future soldiers, all these

Easy Lessons in AUCTION BRIDGE New Series by WYNNE FERGUSON Author of 'Ferguson on Auction Bridge'

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ARTICLE No. 27

In the previous article, a number of interesting hands were discussed. Here is another hand, of a similar type, that has just been submitted by a correspondent:

Hearts—9, 6, 5, 2 Clubs—A, 10, 8, 4 Diamonds—A, K, J, 7 Spades—4

No score, first game. Z dealt and bid one heart. A and Y passed and B bid one spade. Z bid two hearts, A and Y passed and B bid two spades. Z bid three hearts, A doubled and all passed. What is A's proper opening lead? A should lead the deuce of hearts. He and his partner have all three suits so why not lead trumps and thus prevent a possible trump by dummy. It is also a hand where the trump lead cannot hurt partner for the bidding and A's trump holding makes it certain that B cannot reason in a hand in which the trump lead is ideal. With the trump opening, the three heart bid would have been defeated by one trick. With any other opening, the declarer would have made his contract; quite a difference.

Another hand has just been submitted and the writer's opinion has been asked as to the proper play.

Hearts—10, 8, 3 Clubs—A, 9, 5 Diamonds—A, Q, 10, 4 Spades—Q, 8, 2

Hearts—A, Q, J, 9, 6 Clubs—Q, 10, 7, 2 Diamonds—K, 10, 9 Spades—K, 10, 9

Score, YZ 10, AB 0, rubber game. Z dealt and bid one spade, A two hearts, Y two spades and B passed. Z passed. A bid three hearts, Y three spades and all passed. A opened the deuce of diamonds. How should Z play the hand, provided only the dummy hand is exposed? Z should win the first trick with the king of diamonds and lead the trey of diamonds, finessing the ten spot. He should now lead the eight of spades from dummy and finesse the jack from his own hand. The purpose of this is to catch the king if it is in his own guarded once in B's hand; and second, to establish a reentry in trumps in Y's hand, if the king of spades is in A's hand. A, of course, wins the trick with the king and no matter what he

plays, Z must make three odd. If A plays the ace of hearts, Z's king of hearts will make. If A plays a club, Z should play the ace of clubs in dummy, take two rounds of trumps, winning the second round in dummy with the queen. He should then discard either two clubs or two hearts on the ace queen of diamonds. Played in this way, YZ will only lose one spade trick and three heart tricks at most. It is an interesting hand and very instructive because it is a type that comes up so frequently. With this kind of hand, don't lead the queen of spades toward the king. There is nothing to gain and if the king is on your left as in this hand, you will lose a trick. Play it out in that way and see what happens.

ANSWER TO PROBLEM NO. 13

Hearts—J Clubs—4, 2 Diamonds—10, 7, 3 Spades—A, Q, 9

Hearts—none Clubs—6, 5, 3 Diamonds—K, 8, 6 Spades—10, 6, 5

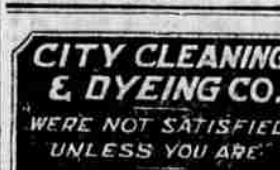
Hearts—none Clubs—A, Q, 10, 8 Diamonds—A, Q, 2 Spades—K, 7

There are no trumps and Z is in the lead. How can YZ win eight of the nine tricks against any defense? Z should lead the king of spades and follow with the seven of spades. Y should win the trick and lead another spade and the Z should win with queen. Z should now lead the ace of diamonds and follow with the queen, which A is forced to win. YZ must now win the ten of diamonds and the ace of clubs. It is a pretty little problem in forcing discards.

Children's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle



Running Across. Word 1. A burglar. Also one of the 40 culprits in the Arabian nights tale of Ali Baba. Word 4. The name of a famous opera and the chief character in it. Word 5. A slate formation in the ground, from which brick is sometimes made.



Nov. 14, 1770—155 years ago. —James Bruce, the Scottish explorer, discovers the source of the Blue Nile in Abyssinia. Doubtless the source of this tributary of the Nile was well known to the ancient Egyptians, who carried on an extensive commerce with Abyssinia, then called Ethiopia, but modern civilization was ignorant of the country before the Bruce exploration. Bruce's account of Abyssinia was ridiculed by even such learned men as Dr. Johnson, although substantially correct, except for the delusion that he had found the main headwaters of the Nile, which have only recently been located in Central Africa.

CITY CLEANING & DYEING CO. WERE NOT SATISFIED UNLESS YOU ARE Phone 474 624 Riverside St.

Abe Martin



These are opportune days I pick up a few lessons at mother's knee. Tipton Bud's nephew killed his business partner yesterday while fighting over who'd watch the business this winter while the other was in Florida.

Who's Who

LOUISVILLE.—The vengeful spirit of another robbed William Simpson, inmate of the state home for Confederate veterans at Pee-wee valley, near here, of twenty-three of the best years of his life. Simpson's story is like that of Jan Van Jon, famed fictional hero of France. In 1912 Simpson was tried and convicted in California on charges growing out of the theft of a 10 cent carpenter's rule, and given the almost unbelievable sentence of 49 years in prison. He served 23 years of the term. A few months ago, because of his advancing years—he is 80 now, he was given a pardon. Pardonless, and his relatives dead, he asked to be sent back to Kentucky where he could die in peace among the men with whom he fought on the southern side in the Civil war.

Medford, Nov. 14. WM. SIMPSON Cook with gas.

Medford Glass Co. Automobile Glass and Mirrors made to order. We call for your cash and replace broken windows. Phone 148. 119 S. Bertlett.