

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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

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Official paper of the City of Medford, Oregon, under seal of March 9, 1879.

Official paper of Jackson County.

MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it, and also to the local news published herein.

It seems to make a difference among the political hypocrites what candidate they field from behind his own goal.

Another upstate brat has knocked his mother down, in the presence of his father. The father failed to write the neck of his offspring, proving that the brat slugged the wrong parent.

Mr. Sam Richardson in 2 pds overweight, up in his spelling, and has a girl named Janet, the young lady not knowing anything about it.

Pausing at the threshold of another Thanksgiving Day, many rejoice for the blessings of a full year and gasoline tank.

From reliable sources it is gleaned that the sublime fizzle made by "Old Oregon" on the gridiron this season, was due to trying to make a coach out of an agreeable and amiable young man, instead of a football machine.

The cause of death was given as acute lepto-meningitis, or brain hemorrhage, following an autopsy by acting coroner, Herman G. Weiskotten last night.

Joe saw the train, but wouldn't stop. So they dragged his flivver to a shop. It only took a week or two to make his flivver as good as new.

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Turkeys are selling at a fair price, legs, neck, and tail-feathers intact. The fowl yields white and dark meat, and the crow yields A-1 gravel and bl. shot.

The Rotary of America is proposing a revival of the 4-minute orators of the battle to make the world safe for Democracy. Most of the 4-minute orators talked 4 hours.

"HOME, SWEET HOME" (Press Dispatch) HOUSTON, Texas, Nov. 18.—Mrs. Fred Funky is near death from a shotgun wound, her son, Fred Funky, Jr., 22, is in a critical condition from knife wounds, and her husband, 45, is badly cut over the face and hands and is under arrest as a result of a free-for-all family fight Wednesday at their home near Arroll, in which a daughter, Lola, 17, also engaged. The argument is said to have started in a disagreement as to where the family should spend a holiday. The mother and children wanted to go up the creek for a picnic and the father wanted to go down the creek. Funky is alleged to have shot his wife in the back with a shotgun loaded with two ball bearings. Funky then was attacked by his son, who was wounded by a large knife cut which severed his ribs. Coming to her brother's rescue, Lola beat the father off with a heavy plank.

"You only have to live once." (From irrigation company ad.) Why the inference once will be enough? THE FOOL'S NONES The clergy are always after me, insisting that I rest; And it's grateful I am for their courtesy, But praying won't pay the rent. Heaven may be all they say that it be, But happiness here is my goal; And I care not what becomes of me When I'm put in a six-foot hole. (Chicago Tribune.)

Card of Thanks. We wish to thank our many friends and neighbors for their kind assistance and sympathy during the recent illness and death of our loved one. JOHN BOGGESS, MRS. MARCELLA YOUNG, MISS MARIE EVANS, MRS. DORIS CRITLAND.

THANKSGIVING.

THERE is more to be thankful for than usual this year, in this particular neck of the woods. Conditions materially and generally were never better. A good fruit crop has been harvested at good prices, and the prospects for next year are even better. General business has been good and promises to continue. While laws are fractured hereabouts now and then, comparatively speaking, southern Oregon is about as free from violence and disorder, as any section of the country.

Then too, we have been spared a political campaign this fall for which we should all be duly grateful. The less politics we have the better for all concerned. Political plagues unfortunately can not be avoided entirely, but sufficient unto the day, are the immunities thereof.

A hard winter is predicted, but that bridge has yet to be crossed. To date the weather man has been unusually considerate. October was a month of sunshine and invigoration, which we shall not soon forget. November has not been so bad and in spite of appearances the prediction is for a sunny Thanksgiving. Who knows, perhaps the sport bureau will be right this time.

The sport season has been unusually successful. There has been much golf, and hunting and more football. The importance of such wholesome activities is often overlooked. For they provide an excellent safety valve for the animal spirits, which, not thus employed might lead to less desirable pursuits.

Many other blessings might be enumerated, but enough have been mentioned to demonstrate that tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day, and we all have more than usual to be thankful for.

Not the least of these being of a personal nature,—for tomorrow, thanks to an ancient and honorable newspaper custom, the present writer will be spared the task of having to say something in this column when,—as today for example,—he has nothing whatever to say.

Personal Health Service by WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

When Teachers Disagree. One editorial colleague complains: I have been leading a lonesome argument for proper ventilation in our office. We have the usual glass window ventilators but every time the window is opened one of the typists immediately catches cold from the germ which inhabits the draft.



"I had hoped for ultimate success in my efforts until one of the aforesaid typists came across the enclosed item in one of the other papers here. This Dr. Reed becomes immediately an absolute authority on 'colds.' 'Please give a few common sense rules on ventilation and the subject of 'colds' in general that I may be able to open the windows again.'"

In the same mail comes this inquiry from a member of the as the old timers termed it, weaker sex who, too, apparently runs a newspaper: "Is it possible to catch a cold by sitting beneath an open sky light or by getting wet feet?"

"I believe that it is impossible to catch a cold except by inhaling germs in the air or by getting near enough to one with a cold to get the germ from him. But several of the girls in our office dispute this, and to prove my point I said I would write to you. These same girls believe that if a girl were to wash her head or get her feet wet at certain periods she would develop tuberculosis or lose her mind or some such silly thing. Help me enlighten the poor things."

The newspaper item enclosed by the first correspondent is a contribution by Dr. C. A. L. Reed, emerita professor of gynecology in University of Cincinnati, and Dr. Reed tells the world in this article: "Thus you know that these germs have reached you through cold air."

"Though just how you know it the item does not explain. —and therefore that hot air destroys germs."

If you know that hot air destroys germs you have a case of Billings complaint, I should say. "Then at once, before they have time to penetrate your system, get into a well heated and well ventilated room, the hotter the better, and stay there until all symptoms of their presence have subsided."

Dr. Reed may not be as Irish as he sounds, but he can get off some first class Hibernicisms. I desire to apprise the universe. Here he would have you shoving into the hot room before the germs have had time to penetrate your system, but how in Sam Hill are you to know when you are just about to be penetrated by the germs? One deep dark mystery. At that, I reckon a lot of old women in trousers would kinda like Dr. Reed's treatment—they could pass their lives in the hot room, the hotter the better, thus rendering the ever threatening germs impotent.

Dr. Reed ought to submit some of his stuff to Life or the Fun Shop. If you're fated to catch any of the respiratory infections which pass, until diagnosed "colds," I am willing to promise and even guarantee that you won't feel a twinge, shiver, ache, premonition or the faintest sense of malaise until the germs have penetrated your system good and plenty. That's what infection means—germs have penetrated your system, invaded your tissues. It doesn't mean merely that you have inhaled or swallowed some germs. You're safe and happy until the germs penetrate your system. Common sense is what Dr. Reed calls his teachings on this subject; the old women will agree with him.

Our second correspondent is getting warm, but she still harbors an erratic fancy that germs float about in the air. If they ever do, it is nothing to worry about. The germs of the respiratory infections come in little globes, droplets of moisture or secretion from the nose or throat of the person who is peddling the infection, though generally they spray so fine that you scarcely know you're getting it. Ordinary conversational range of this germ laden spray, four feet; range increases to ten feet with open face sneezing or coughing.

I can only ridicule common sense rules on ventilation. Such rules may be found in almost any textbook on hygiene. In my judgment—if that is what my editorial colleague wants—all such rules are just as foolish as the "common sense" advice Dr. Reed gives people who are afflicted with Billings complaint.

Instead of attempting to formulate such rules, which are probably not accepted by people who need such advice, I will merely mention a few scientific truths or facts and leave the conclusion for the reader to draw for himself:

1. If the temperature of the office soars above 65 degrees Fahrenheit the air is foul.

2. A draft is an air current, and ventilation without movement of the air is impossible.

3. In an artificially heated office room the zone of comfort lies between 64 and 68 degrees C.—the humidity is fairly good at that temperature. When the temperature rises above 65 degrees F. the humidity falls below the comfort level, and no practical means of keeping the humidity up to comfort level is available. An atmosphere at 73 degrees and the low humidity which goes with that degree of heat feels more chilly than an atmosphere of 66 degrees and the more wholesome degree of humidity which goes with that degree of heat.

4. One can enjoy a lot of comfort, which is good health, if one is entirely cured of Billings complaint.

5. Josh Billings discovered this disease. He defined it simply in these words: "The trouble with a lot of plain people is they know so many things which ain't so."

Dr. Reed, like many others of his profession, seems to think that Billings complaint is rather good for folk. This is perhaps because he has it himself.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Yawning not dangerous. I claim that yawning is a danger sign and an indication of physical defects. My friend says that yawning

is a habit which does not mean anything. (F. W. J.)

Yawning is a sign of deficient oxygenation of the body. It amounts to a danger sign only in certain cases of alarming shortage of oxygen, as in hemorrhage, asphyxiation, and very poor ventilation. When yawning becomes a habit, it means that the individual does not absorb enough oxygen for his requirements. Yawning is sometimes apparently induced by suggestion, by imitation, but only in a badly ventilated room.

Sulphurous Acid. Is it harmful to eat dried fruits that have been preserved or bleached with sulphur dioxide? (S. F.)

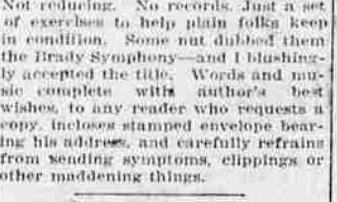
Apples, for instance, naturally turn dark after they have been sliced and allowed to stand in the air. By exposing them to sulphur fumes (called sulphurous acid) it is possible to keep them from turning so dark. This is a bleaching effect. About half of the dried fruits on the market are so treated. Of course the sulphurous acid retained in the fruit also acts as a preservative, preventing mould or decay. For occasional indulgence, a little sulphurous acid may be harmless. For regular or habitual eating I do not believe it is harmless. I should prefer fruits dried or preserved without this chemical treatment.

Try the Museum. Please give me the name of publisher, address, and price of your book "Personal Health." (S. W. P.)

Ans.—It is now out of print—and you may be congratulated on that. That was the worst book I ever wrote—nearly all the critics agreed.

No Jazz. What is the Brady Symphony Orchestra, producing records or what if records, please give me the price of same and where to obtain them. (Mrs. D. S.)

Ans.—Not an orchestra—a solo. Not reducing. No records. Just a set of exercises to help plain folks keep in condition. Some nut dubbed them the Brady Symphonies—and I blushing-ly accepted the title. Words and music complements with author's best wishes, to any reader who requests a copy. Inclosed stamped envelope bearing his address, and carefully refrains from sending symptoms, clippings or other maddening things.



The New York Stillmans are back on the inside of the newspapers, but I doubt if they ever get their ole front page position back. Elmer Swank voted this fall just 'see how it would go 'I feel free 'n' independent fer a minute.



Childer's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle



Running Across. Word 1. A common gnawing animal often found indoors. Word 4. A hollow place—usually in a wall. Word 5. Opposite of sour.

Running Down. Word 1. A pit from which ore is extracted. Plural. Word 2. A relative. Word 3. Upright, also to build.

YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED



Nov. 25, 1491—434 years ago—The Moors are expelled from Spain. Since their settlement on the Continent 600 years previously, the Moors had built a splendid civilization. Inspired by the intolerant zeal of the crusaders to drive the "infidels" from the earth, and by a none too holy desire to possess their lands, King Ferdinand and now King Isabella, launched their first campaign. By burning their towns and reducing them to starvation, he at last captured their one remaining stronghold of Granada and expelled its 200,000 inhabitants from the country.



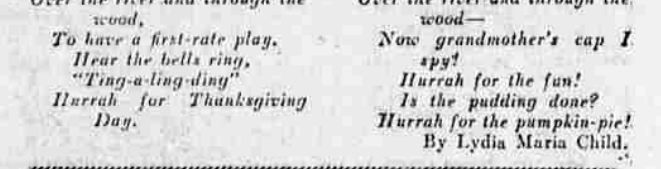
Large cotton rags wanted at Mail Tribune office.

Thanksgiving Day

Over the river and through the wood, Trot fast, my dapple-gray! Spring over the ground, Like a hunting-hound! For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood, And straight through the barn-yard gate. We seem to go, Extremely slow, It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood, Now grandmother's cap I spy! Hurrah for the sun! Is the pudding done? Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie! By Lydia Maria Child.



A Morning Manicure. Growly the Bear stretched out his paw and Peter, seeing how proud and looked closely at them. "Some claws, Growly!" said he. "Why they look as sharp as Eagle's talons. I am sure you didn't mean to scratch me with them, but you couldn't well help it. What do you use them for anyhow? I should think they'd be in your way!"

Growly shook his head. "In my way! Not much! They are what make my living for me. Without them I might starve. With them I am never hungry. I love snails and roots, nothing tastes more delicious than fresh ones to a bear, and with my nails I dig in the

sharpen your nails on 'parrots?' asked Peter. "How do you do it?" "In the easiest way in the world!" Growly smiled a bear smile and nodded. "I choose an old tree, one with the roughest, toughest bark I can find in all the forest. Then I stand up on my hind legs and scrape my nails up and down that tree's trunk, and up and down again. Why the finest file in the world is a rough, tough bark. You might believe me if you tried it! When I get through sharpening my nails I declare I could almost carve a limb through with them. Yes sir, I am very particular. Come every sunny morning, I give them a manicure."

"Come to think of it Two-Legs, the sun is high and not yet have I made my toilette. I forgot to tell you that when there is no tree handy, a stone will do. Excuse me for a moment, please. It is a pleasure to talk to you, but I must do my duty!"

Growly turned his back upon the boy and shuffled slowly to the brook's edge, and Peter followed. And they hadn't walked far before they came to a great rock half in, and half out of the water.

"Just the thing!" grunted Growly and stopped beside it. Then Peter, watching, saw a slight he long remembered. Growly spread his paw, and rubbed his nails, one at a time, upon the rough stone. He didn't hurry either. And it was some time before he stretched out his paw and showed the results of his labor to Peter.

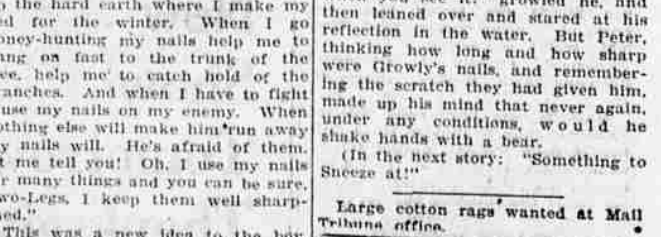
"Fine work!" cried the boy. "They are as clean as can be, and that's a fine polish you've put upon them." Growly was pleased as Punch at such praise.

"You know a fine bit of work when you see it!" growled he, and then leaned over and stared at his reflection in the water. But Peter, thinking how long and how sharp were Growly's nails, and remembering the scratches they had given him, under any conditions, would he shake hands with a bear.

(In the next story: "Something to Sneeze at!")



THE DATE TREE BY ERNEST SEEMAN



Women's Danger Of offending under the oldest hygienic handicap is ended this way

WITH the old-time "sanitary pad" women realize their constant danger of offense. And thus spend unhappy days.

"KOTEX," a new and remarkable way, is now used by 8 in 10 better class women.

It's five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads!

You dine, dance, motor for hours in sheerest frocks without a second's doubt or fear.

It deodorizes, too. And thus stops ALL danger of offending.

Discards as easily as a piece of tissue. No laundry. No embarrassment.

You ask for it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "KOTEX."

Do as millions are doing. End old, insecure ways. Enjoy life every day. Package of twelve costs only a few cents. KOTEX No laundry—discard like tissue

QUILL POINTS

Remorse is what you feel just after the neighbors find out about it.

A "super-picture" is one that uses 75 more words to explain that light fell.

A born gentleman is one who won't kiss a poor, helpless infant on the mouth.

To the pessimist, a two-pants suit just means five more pockets to lose a key in.

Perhaps an officer could hit a tire if he would pretend to be shooting at the driver.

There isn't much for a cheer leader to do when he breaks training except to whisper.

Why worry? The wild west disappeared; the wild life disappeared; wild women will also.

And just a few years ago those you saw on the street half naked in winter were destitute.

Ah, well; in a little while modern youngsters will growl because their kids feel so darned superior.

If it is true to life and makes the sophisticated feel a little uncomfortable, it is called "hokum."

Hunger makes all animals savage. Feed him a cup of coffee before he gets up in the morning.

Life must be stupid for people whose only chance for a thrill is to get married again.

Reputation is a headline on the front page; character is an ancient and honorable joke used as a filler on Page 6.

Modern heating may be better; but there's nothing in a steam radiator to inspire dreaming and hand-holding.

Correct this sentence: "I want your advice, Dad," said the boy of 16; "I'm such an ignorant ass."

Rippling Rhymes by Walt Mason

WEARY WILLIE.

WHEN the autumn gales grow rougher I feel sorry for the duffer, for the hobo who must suffer, for the man without a boss; it is bad for Weary Willie as he plods the road so hilly, when the nights are long and chilly, and the farmers' dogs are cross. He's a bleak and joyless figure, shaken by the weather's rigor, hoping for a handout bigger than the one he had before; nothing, nothing can awaken self-respect, by him forsaken; hoping for some eggs and bacon, he is knocking at the door. He is tattered and unshaven, croaking hoarsely like a raven, and he has no other haven than the poorhouse or the jail; he is shooed from every cottage, shooed with adjectives and swattage, told to go and earn his pottage, told to hustle for the kale. He might have the legal tender, he might live in state and splendor, if he'd ruin a suspender, working hard, as others do; but if he must sprain his body to secure a cottage gandy, all our culture is but shoddy, he believes, his mind askew. So we have but little pity for the outcast from the city, tramping where the roads are gritty, when the night is coming on, and it's little men are caring if he dies where he is faring, if he's deadlier than a herriog on some cold and bitter dawn. For the man who doesn't labor with a sawbuck or a sabel, who is idle while his neighbor earns the shilling or a sabel, and who thinks it smart and clever to avoid all wise endeavor, and hum his way forever, might as well be underground.