

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY, BY THE MEDFORD PRINTING CO.

The Medford Sunday Morning Sun is furnished subscribers during the seven-day daily news paper.

Office: Mail Tribune Building, 14-17-28 North Fir street. Phone 76.

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

ROBERT W. BUEL, Editor. H. SUMPTER SMITH, Manager.

By Mail—In Advance: Daily, with Sunday Sun, year, \$7.50; Daily, without Sunday Sun, month, .45; Daily, without Sunday Sun, year, 7.50; Weekly Mail Tribune, one year, 2.00; Sunday Sun, one year, 2.00.

BY CARRIER—In Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent and on Highways: Daily, with Sunday Sun, month, .75; Daily, without Sunday Sun, month, .45; Daily, without Sunday Sun, year, 7.50; Daily, with Sunday Sun, one year, 9.00. All terms by carrier, cash in advance.

Entered as second-class matter at Medford, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.

Second class average circulation for six months ending April 1st, 1924, 3659, more than double the circulation of any other paper published or circulated in Jackson County.

The only paper between Albany, Ore., and Chico, California, a distance of over 400 miles, having leased wire Associated Press service.

MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also to the local news published herein. All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.



Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Two ladies robbed a South Dakota bank last Saturday at the point of a pistol instead of bewitching the cashier.

PLEASE PASS OUT QUICKLY, AFTER EATING FOOD—(Sign in local beaverny.)

The chaplain pronounced the execution the most perfect he had ever witnessed, there being no hitch anywhere.—(Press Dispatch.) Civilization leaps forward.

The Toledo mob functioned in the sunshine, in their civilian clothes, instead of in their shirt-tail, in the moonlight, but the district attorney is very busy, and has a bad cold.

No matter what his lawyer says, Mr. Kip Rhineland, New York society had involved in a scandalous mess, is still too rich to shoot, instead of die.

LET'S MAKE A DOLE (Corvallis Gazette-Times) Rifle practice for co-eds will start Monday with a lecture on the theory of handling rifles by Lieutenant A. R. Sander, assistant professor of military science and tactics.

This is December 1st. The incumbent year is petering out with rapidity.

The rain is falling on the just and the unjust, but the latter have all the umbrellas.

Willis Cooper came clear down to the Melrose store one day last week and saw some ladies shopping there.—(Roseburg News-Review.) The mad pursuit of pleasure in Darkost Oregon.

Florida was swept by a storm today. Try and find something about it in a California paper.

The community is aghast by an epidemic of nightriders using the bundle system, and somebody else's go-cart.

It will soon be time to pay the last installment of the income tax on the outgo.

More extracts from a letter found on 6th st.

"And Mother was not able to wash the supper dishes, so Dad did, while me and Lolo, the girl across the street, went to see H. Lloyd. He was good. We had a fine time. Are you going to the Nat next Saturday? I'll be there with bells on Mrs. and Marie—, all they got done the last time was watch me, the crazy things.

O yes my dear please don't think I went off and left you, when I went off and left you. Say kid, how many people up there know I was up. If the folks get hold of it something will be happening. You made me what I am today. Let it go at that.

Yes I remember what you said, and what I said up at the Soda Springs, but I did not know whether I meant it or not. If you had kept coming to see me Adolph would never had a chance to spout off the way he did, the crazy thing.

Gee, I'm awfully glad you sent me a picture. I felt awful bad when I did not get one last Christmas. You can't have everything, can we?

John Pearce, one of our well-known citizens, had an experience one day last week he will not soon forget. While removing some baled hay from an old barn he felt something moving beneath the trousers of his right leg. Thinking it was a spider, he refrained from crushing it, but soon discovered, and was horrified to learn, that it was a large snake. It was when the cold, clammy reptile came in contact with the naked skin of his forearm that he let out a yell that shook the rafters of the old barn. He seized the snake by the neck, slammed it on the floor and instantly began to stamp on it with both feet until it no longer showed any signs of life. For some time following this terrifying experience, Mr. Pearce trembled like an aspen leaf and his chest heaved.—(Lexington, Kan., Times.) And why not?

Sportsmen who spent all summer trying to catch a fish, are now trying to shoot a duck.

THE LOCARNO PACT IS SIGNED.

"I can see across the table the German Chancellor and I am sure I can tell him that I have remained a good Frenchman, just as he, in coming here, has remained a good German,—but both of us are Europeans."

THIS statement by Premier Briand of France at the historic signing of the Locarno treaty in London today, perfectly epitomizes the spirit of an enlightened patriotism, which after so many years of frustration, has at last terminated in a genuine covenant of peace for western Europe.

Chancellor Luther remains a good German. Premier Briand remains a good Frenchman. True to themselves and loyal to their countries, they join as good Europeans, in a solemn pact to preserve the peace, and as far as it is humanly possible, permanently remove the menace of another European war.

Here one finds neither the super-nationalism of pre-war Germany, nor the internationalism of post-war Russia; but a combination of the good elements of both: a loyalty which includes devotion to one's country with recognition of the rights of other countries, and thus lays the foundation for peace based upon mutual forbearance and mutual self-interest.

This signing of the treaty of Locarno is a momentous occasion, the importance of which it is difficult to overestimate. And yet from one standpoint, the wonder is not that such an agreement has at last been reached but that it was not reached long before.

For after all this covenant is merely common sense, a step dictated by every consideration of national welfare and political expediency.

The plain truth is Europe can't stage another war without bringing ruin upon victor and vanquished alike. Of the signatories to this pact, France alone is in any sense prepared for war.

And yet it has taken nearly seven years to reach this decision,—seven years on the brink of chaos and destruction!

One is tempted to see a new era in Europe, the dawn of a new day. But experience justifies a certain caution in such enthusiasms.

For back of this treaty are two vital material facts which have an important bearing upon it,—how important only the future can disclose. One fact is the exhaustion of western Europe, physically and financially, the other is the menace of Bolshevism.

Just how real a factor the new attitude of France toward Germany and Germany toward France has been in this pact of peace, no one knows, and no one can know. We hope it has been the determining factor, but the acid test can only come when conditions render peace less a matter of self-interest and necessity.

When western Europe is restored to health again and the danger of a German-Slav alliance removed, then and then only will the truth be known.

QUILL POINTS

Crop report: Notice to the Bull that it is his turn to bet.

Among the famous reformers is satiety.

A mandate, apparently, is a thing you put your foot in.

The great fortunes made in real estate, however, weren't made by buying at the peak.

Prohibition doesn't make crooks. It just affords them new opportunities.

As we understand Mitchell's attorney, you're not guilty of killing the king if he needed killing.

If ancestors know what pride they inspire, there must be a lot of astonishment on the other side.

You can't really drown your troubles. Remember, they are the only people your wife has.

Next month the banks should break all records. It's the one when everybody is going to begin saving.

About the easiest way to teach a boy how the machinery of law works is to give him a large allowance.

It must be awful to be a real estate man and see such profits in sight and let the land go to somebody else.

Correct this sentence: "I seldom let the wife have her own way," said the man, "but she never weeps or pouts."



WORKERS AND TALKERS.

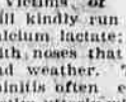
ENGAGED James Dinger Thomas to whack up a cord of wood? He was free with hopeful promise, but at work he was no good. When he showed up in the morning he made caustic gibe and fling, all my fine equipment scorning, finding fault with everything. He incensed me with his twaddle: "By the sacred chewing gum, this fierce saw's an ancient model, and the sawbuck's out of plumb! And these axes have no edges, that a thumb of mine can feel, and I find old wooden wedges, where I'm used to ones of steel! All the wood is knotted, twisted, and my wrath I cannot mask; oh, I wotted not or wisted I had drawn so punk a task! Such a job as this enrages one who likes a decent break," and he struck for higher wages ere he'd sawed a single stake. So I chased him down the alley, bidding him come back no more, and engaged Charles Randolph Rally, who was looking for a chore. Charles attacked the woodpile gayly, singing ballads as he wrought, crying out no willow-waly, and his air was not distraught. Charles, who's diligent and willing, earns each day three bucks or two; James is always sadly drilling, looking for some work to do. Charles goes shopping in his flivver, buying oysters by the pound; James is glad to have some liver when the dinner whistles sound.

Personal Health Service by WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address: Dr. William Brady, in care of this newspaper.

The Easy-Running Nose.

Many individuals with sinusitis can tell time fairly well by the nose, when it is running, and some can tell time still better when their nose isn't running—the sinusitis headache comes on at a fairly regular hour every day. A nose that doesn't run at all is certainly a rare possibility. Our old cat had one until we brought him into the city and he met some of the felines that haunt these environments.



Victims of hypersthetic rhinitis will kindly run away and take their calcium lactate; we are dealing here with noses that are easy running in bad weather. True, a hypersthetic rhinitis often enough seems to the victim utterly without cause or provocation, for how is he to know that his calcium metabolism is deficient? And being at a loss to account for his sudden attacks of sneezing and stuffing up and running at the nose, it is natural enough for the poor deluded sufferer to trump up some real or imaginary exposure to draft, wet feet or change of weather or clothing as an explanation. Such misconceptions, however, constitute only a small share of the errors of observation or reasoning which bolster up the great "cold" delusion. A far larger share of erratic deductions of this order may be ascribed to the abnormal sensitivity of persons with low grade chronic nasal lesions to trifling mechanical disturbances of the circulation which would give a normal individual little or no discomfort.

Dr. F. W. Briggs, a nose and throat specialist who has studied this question, emphasizes the common habit of ignoring or overlooking such low grade nasal lesions. He writes that such "nasal pathology is usually asymptomatic; distress symptoms arise only as a result of disfunction under stress." Dr. Briggs also reminds us that "nasal discharge is not normal." No, of course it is not, but how many people with a nasal discharge fail to realize that there is some pathological condition responsible for it? And how many of these easy running noses give false testimony concerning the alleged injurious effect of drafts, wet feet or other harmless exposure?

Chronic sinus infection (ethmoid, sphenoid or frontal sinusitis), simple chronic rhinitis, chronic hypertrophic rhinitis (thickened turbinated bodies), nasal polyps, deformities which have resulted from old injuries of the nose, and infected tonsils are the usual "symptomless" lesions of this class. Of course symptoms are plentiful and troublesome enough in many of these cases, yet in a considerable share of them the symptoms are so slight and the individuals so accustomed to them that the individuals do not realize they are not normal.

In the majority of cases of low grade chronic nasal disease, or less "distinction under stress," as Dr. Briggs describes it, manifests itself when the affected individual is exposed to a draft or any of the insignificant environmental changes which all live people are exposed to a hundred times a day. He is very mulish about it, too, and asserts with great conviction and vehemence, as he lays his ears back on his head, that in spite of all "theories" to the contrary, he never fails to catch cold if he sits in a breeze from the open window or in a room insufficiently heated. What his conception of a "cold" is, it would be hard to define, but the symptoms he describes with that name are generally a little stuffiness, running at the nose, or similar "dysfunction" for a few minutes or an hour—just long enough to confirm the delusion, but not long enough to amount to any definite illness.

"If I sleep at night with the window open and cold air blowing on my head," testifies such abnormal individual, who of course imagines his head is quite normal. "I wake in the morning with what is called neuralgia, but by wearing a cap I avoid this."

Well, wear a cap, then, if it gives you greater comfort. But it is absurd to imagine that the cold wind blowing on your head has anything to do with the ache or pain called neuralgia which you have next morning, if the wind was not discomforting to you while it was blowing on your head.

Any "exposure" to cold, wet, draft, or change of weather which is not discomforting to you at the moment can surely cause no subsequent injury or illness. That favorite old equivocation about the dire consequences to befall "some day if not now" is worn out and obsolete.

My advice to old folks or young folks who find ordinary drafts, changes of weather, wet feet and the like disturbing to the functions of the respiratory organs, is that they should undergo a careful health examination without delay, that the doctor may find out what the nasal pathology is and advise about its correction. If this were a general custom or practice, I feel certain that people are generally would be much less mulish about "catching cold."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. The Government's Business. Please publish again the number of the government bulletin pertaining to diet for the expectant mother. (Mrs. R. S. E.)

Answer.—I know of no such bulletin. Perhaps you mean the pamphlet called "Pre-Natal Care," issued by the children's bureau. The superintendent of documents, government printing office, sells this pamphlet for five cents. If it were pigs or cattle you wished to raise, the government probably would give you information free gratis, but for mere babies the government demands a nickel for a little service like that.

Whitening the Teeth. Will ordinary baking soda be good to whiten the teeth? Will it soften the gums? (L. J.)

Answer.—Some dentists advise the use of soda for brushing the teeth in certain cases—I am not sure just what the purpose is. Better, for whitening the teeth, is one of the chlorine solutions such as zoxide, or an occasional application of diluted peroxide, or scrubbing with willow charcoal. Stained or discolored teeth call for the attention of the dentist.

Postcard Pertinacity. Two weeks ago (postcard bears no date) I wrote you a letter inclosing a stamped envelope for reply, asking for information in regard to something of great importance to me. I received no reply at all. (R. C. H.)

Answer.—Perhaps the envelope bore no address or an improper one, such as "city"—many such must remain undelivered. Or it may be that you asked a question outside my province—I do not attempt to reply to requests for prescriptions, diagnoses, or other medical service. In the great amount of correspondence of course it is impossible for me to recall whether I have received or answered a given letter. Take a chance and try again if you think an answer should be forthcoming.



Down in the Cornfield. Straight into a green jungle plunged Grovly, with Peter close behind him, the silken tassels of the corn waving about their heads. The bear came to a stop, and so suddenly that the boy bumped into him. Peter's heart flew into his throat. "W-w-hat's the matter?" stammered he. "Do you scent trouble, Grovly?" The bear shook his shaggy head and drew a deep breath. "Nugh! Nugh!" grunted he, and Peter, used to bear language, was glad to know that his friend meant no harm. "I can't smell a thing but corn, but it is always best to be on the safe side, so I'll take a look around before I start a-feeding."



Peter stopped for a pace, and just in time. Grovly in trying to rise to his hind feet in the narrow rows between the corn lost his balance and would have tumbled on the boy had Peter still been in the same spot where he had been standing a second before. A second trial, and Grovly's nose was poking out of the tassels. Slowly Grovly pivoted around and he looked so clumsy and so comical that Peter snickered. "Laugh on, boy!" growled the bear. "It is best to be merry while one can. One never knows when one must laugh out of the other side of one's mouth. All safe in the cornfield! Not a Two-Legs this side of the high hill. 'Tis milking time in the barnyard and they will be too busy to come strolling this way."

Who's Who

Gerald P. Nye. When congress convenes in December many political observers are of the opinion that the senate will not confirm the appointment of Gerald P. Nye, North Dakota editor, as senator from that state. He was appointed to fill a vacancy caused by the death of the late senator, Edwin F. Ladd, in the face of a great deal of opposition since the consensus of opinion was that the governor did not have the power to fill a vacancy in the senate by appointment as the state legislature does not confer that power upon the governor. Since Governor A. L. Sorlie had practically agreed to let the matter rest until June 20, then by means of a special election to fill the post, the appointment of Nye came as a surprise.

Nye is 33 and the publisher of the Griggs County Sentinel-Courier, at Cooperstown, N. D. He was born at Hortonville, Wis., the son of a publisher. He is well known in North Dakota as an ardent supporter of the Non-Partisan League and was one of the first editors to support its cause. When a paper supported by the League failed Nye took it over and although it was doomed to certain failure it is said he wholeheartedly adhered to the principles for which it was founded.

THE DATE TREE



Dec. 1, 1765—160 years ago—Louis XV., of France, officially announces as the court favorite Madame Henrietta Neagle, fifth of a line of sisters, successively holding this title. Copyright, 1924, Dundee Syndicate, Inc.

Poems That Live

To a Young Lady. Sweet stream, that winds through yonder glade, Apt emblem of a virtuous maid— Silent and chaste she steals along— Far from the world's gay busy throng; With gentle yet prevailing force, Intent upon her destined course, Graceful and useful all she does, Pure and bland where'er she goes; Bless'd beyond as that watery glass, And heaven reflected in her face. —William Cooper.

MEET THE SHOPPER FAMILY



This is MR. EARL E. SHOPPER, head of the Earl E. Shopper family (when he's at the office). His interest in Christmas centers around living through his cigars and paying the bills of the 24 shopping days left before Christmas.

ENERGIZE!

Grown people often overestimate their strength and do not realize that they are running short on energy.

Scott's Emulsion energizes and invigorates the body through its power to nourish. Re-energize, fortify your system, keep strong with Scott's Emulsion. Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.