

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Lawyers are well supplied with awe-inspiring terms, but doctors are the boys with \$4 words, that flow out of them like the beautiful Rogue enroute to the sad and solemn sea. In medical science a simple sound like the home town of a Russian general.

Richardson participated in the opening of the Yuletide season last night, and pulled a Governor Pierce when he arrived too late to get a horn.

Unable to get out of it any longer, a grand jury will probe citizens of Toledo, Ore., who last summer, in a burst of pious patriotism functioned as judge and jury and kicked the Constitution, and a score of Nipponese from their neighborhood. After due deliberation the inquisitorial body will report, in all probability, that something has happened, that the district attorney is very smart, and should be nominated again at the spring primary.

A THIN-SKINNED SCRIBE (Dahlongea, Ga., Nugget) The editor of the Nugget rarely ever goes out at night. The last time, after the appearance of the evening shades, was several months ago, when he espied by gas light a male and female hugging and kissing close by. This caused us to blush and faint.

Wedding bells are getting ready to ring this month, and pre-handcuff affairs are the order of the day in the social whirl.

Christians of all churches and of all political faiths will find the services helpful tonight.—(Ashland Tidings.) Candidates will refrain from racing the pastor down the main aisle, for handshaking privileges at the front door.

Don't thank the weatherman for the sunshine. It is caused by Nature revoluting at the Galshaviki galoshes.

It is now proposed to curb bootleggers by making them drink their own concoctions. This is a fine idea, and a beany chef should be made to eat his own fried potatoes.

KICK, JEANNE, KICK!

(Portland Journal) Dear Annie Laurie: I am an orphan and am 18 years of age. I am also engaged to my schoolboy sweetheart. My ex-fiance insists on kissing me whenever we are together, and as I am not very strong he holds my hands behind me and kisses me anyway. JEANNE.

A locomotive in Idaho Monday beat two autos to the same crossing at the same time. A 41 was leading the interference.

The roads to country dances are in good shape.

The prize for the best decorated window will not be given to the inspired artist who left an ax leaning up against a radio outfit.

The mythical (so-to-speak) all-star Rogue River valley oratorical team is being selected by a committee. Bill Gore is the unanimous choice for captain. He is a triple threat man, being able to create, sing bass, and execute guesstures.

The last hanging at the state playhouse was a success, leaving nothing to gloat over.

Komeo Roppes has a heavy cold, and Edd Brown has one that is underweight.

We pay it out in taxes, get it partly back, and then

Round comes the tax collector, and we pay it out again. We're always in the treadmill wher'er we think we're bound; We fancy we're progressing, but we're going round and round. (Kansas City Star.)

And Herbert Knows. NEW YORK—The American people annually spend ten times more money on cosmetics than for the aid of pure science investigators, says Herbert Hoover.

WILL YOUNG LA FOLLETTE PLAY THE GAME?

THE DECISION of the Republican regulars to offer the olive branch to the La Follette insurgents is good political strategy, but that it will result in any actual reconciliation, is too much to hope.

Young La Follette was elected to his father's seat on a platform of uncompromising Coolidge hostility. The sole issue of his principal opponent was Coolidge support. Under the circumstances, even if Young La Follette were inclined to play the regular game, he could scarcely do so and keep faith with his supporters and his father's well-organized machine.

Unless all signs fail, La Follette will spurn the overtures of peace, and continue to lead,—or attempt to lead,—the insurgent bloc, which his father organized and directed so vigorously, up to the tune of his death.

In fact, as a matter of practical politics, peace overtures to the Democrats in congress, would have much more chance of material results, than the overtures to the insurgents.

For the Democratic opposition to President Coolidge, up to the present time, has been perfunctory in the extreme. On no important issue do the Democrats present a united front. Their opposition is purely political and nominal, while the insurgent opposition is opposition on principle and conviction.

Once remove make-believe from the congressional situation, and one finds that in the insurgent ranks alone is there genuine opposition to the present administration. Al Smith may organize real opposition under the banner of anti-prohibition, but such a contingency will only arise over the dead bodies of southern Democracy and Bryanism, which is a question for future sessions of congress, not this one.

The Republican gesture, we repeat, is good politics. It will place the burden of responsibility, on the shoulders of the insurgents, and thus handicap their program of effective accomplishment from the outset.

QUILL POINTS

Among the exit facilities are railway crossings.

Attaboy, Italy! Honesty is the best foreign policy.

No opinion is worth more than the man who entertains it.

Blessed America! Free of plague, revolutions and mandates.

Florida version: If winter comes, can the Yankee be far behind?

Still, the morals of the stage aren't any rottener than the acting.

Friends are those who praise you even when they don't want anything.

Another good example of heroism is a dry newspaper in Maryland.

Cuba doesn't deport all undesirables. Some of them still have money to spend.

Among other things a doctor must guess is just how much his patient is lying.

When citizens were guaranteed the right to bear arms it wasn't the rule to shoot one another for target practice.

All France has to do is pacify mandates, creditors and the taxpayers at home.

Usually villagers are too poor to visit winter resorts, but they have the barber shop.

"The path is blocked," moaned the weakling. "Aha!" cried the winner. "This is opportunity."

Another shortcoming of a correspondence school is that it has no way to soak distinguished graduates.

Correct this sentence: "Well, well," said the man joyously; "rice pudding again!"

It will seem strange to see flivvers up in the air, but it will be nothing unusual for drivers.



WASTEFUL WAYS.

OUR DOMESTIC, gentle Sally, is a daisy and a pet, but she throws things in the alley for the garbage man to get, wholesome meats and luscious carrots, quantities of kickless beer, which would maintain, in their garrets, hungry poets for a year. Now and then I reprimand her, and I said to her to-day, "Portions of that roasted gander, half a pie you've thrown away; after every meal you teeter to the alley garbage can; and that course, so help me Peter, it would bankrupt any man." I was seated, while expounding, in my pewter limousine, and the motor, wildly sounding, burned up costly gasoline. Long I talked of hard-earned riches wasted by domestics mean, but I failed to move the switches which controlled the gasoline. And my wife, to battle hasting, took a hand in the dispute; "Oh, this wild and wanton wasting," she remarked, "would bust a plute." By the niftiest of collars she was leading Pom, the dog, priced at seven hundred dollars in the bench show catalogue. Everyone I know is wasting, throwing useful things away, and the whole push may be tasting famine's bitter broth some day. And the broth will then be wasted—we must waste, wate'er befalls, till our lordly names are pasted on the doors of poorhouse stalls.

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

How in the World Can the Old Folks Tell?

The hotter the air content of a house or room, the more shocking the effect of a current of cool fresh air, which fortunately finds its way into the foul air chamber. The draft is naturally spotted first by the old folks—whether it is there or not—because the old folks have cultivated the hot house habit so many years, trying to keep comfortable by overheating the air of the house and quite neglecting to take into consideration a factor of equal importance, namely, the humidity of the air of the house.

Heating the nice clean pure moist fresh air in the winter time dries it out. The old folks would naturally assume that it is a good thing to dry out, for doesn't dampness in the air cause rheumatiz and other complaints? But the fact is that we have grown softer and softer, or should I say reekless and reekless, about the heating of our homes and work rooms since furnaces were invented. A hundred years ago the comfort temperature for sick rooms and nurseries was considered "not below 50 nor above 60," today it is generally around 70 degrees.

The reason for this remarkable rise in the comfort standard is, first, the excessive dryness of the air in a house or room heated in the modern way, as compared with the wholesome degree of moisture retained by the air in a room heated only with a fireplace. And the second reason is the decreased amount of clothing people wear nowadays, even the old folks, as compared with the phenomenal armor worn by our hardy forebears. Not to mention the well-nigh naked arms, legs, bosoms, backs, necks and faces of this era, I was impressed by the speed with which times and customs change when I attempted to purchase a pair of oxfords in midwinter three seasons ago—there were none to be had in a big store at that time of year, no call for them; whereas, this present season I had as much difficulty in finding the high shoes—none in stock, everybody wearing oxfords nowadays.

Another reason why the old folks are death on cold and always worrying lest they get their death of cold is that their metabolism is slow, oxidation process, combustion of tissue and food fuel. For this, the best medicine in the world for the old folks is two or three miles of oxygen on the hoof every day, rain, shine, snow or blow; they ought to cultivate this health habit for their own comfort, especially while the coal strike is on. If they've been wedged into the chimney corner so long that they are not sure about their legs, they can at least come back by easy stages, making a very short little walking excursion the first day, better dividing it into two or three wee short ones, and very gradually extending the limit as they regain suppleness.

Air heated to 70 degrees may feel rather chilly when it is excessively dried out. Air heated to that point by stove, furnace or radiator is pretty certain to be excessively dried out—tests usually show a humidity of only 20 per cent or even less, whereas the normal or comfort standard of humidity is around 35 per cent. If the same air be heated

not above 55 degrees, it is less likely to feel chilly, for it retains more of its natural moisture, and that is as important as the temperature in determining comfort. Whether the household temperature be decided by personal sensations (a bad guide) the old folks should see to it that plenty of water is evaporated in the house day and night. In a nine-room house, from 1 1/2 to 18 gallons of water must be evaporated each 24 hours to maintain a fair degree of humidity.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Twice From the Same Reader

Referring to my former letter of thanks for the good advice given me in your valuable letter of the nineteenth inst., in regard to pruritus, I beg to report that the first named recipe in your letter—one calling for two drams of lanolin, one dram of boroglycerid and enough cold cream made from white petroleum jelly to make the whole measure one ounce—with the addition of two grains of menthol, at my own discretion, has afforded me complete relief from this most annoying trouble for the last three weeks.—S. C.

Answer—Well, Well, this is a unique experience. I remember that you wrote once before to acknowledge the benefit you had received. To get two letters from the same grateful reader, and no string to 'em, is certainly an extraordinary experience. May the Balm of Allah sooth you, that you may never itch any more.

Peanuts as Food. Will you please give me some information as to the food value of peanuts?—S. L. J.

Answer—Peanuts yield 2500 calories to the pound, as compared with lean beef which yields about 1000, and white bread which yields about 1200. Peanuts contain about 25 per cent of protein and 35 to 40 per cent of fat, with about 24 per cent starch and sugar (carbohydrate). The protein of peanuts is nearly if not quite as suitable for our requirements as is the protein of wheat or beef. At the price of 15 to 25 cents a pound peanuts deserve a place in the staple rations of every family and should be much more commonly used as a staple food, not merely as a relish. The proportion of carbohydrate in peanuts, the absolutely large, is relatively small, so that it is wise to combine peanuts with food items of the carbohydrate class for a balanced ration, say with white flour, cornstarch, sugar, candy, for the body requires, say, four or five times as much carbohydrate as it does protein. Peanuts alone would not be a balanced ration, but peanuts with syrup, potatoes, flour or corn meal would probably answer the entire need of the body for a considerable period. Peanut butter is a palatable and wholesome article of diet for children and adults.

Red Grange Drinks Milk.

Looking over the Illinois Memorial stadium at Champaign after a game I saw posted in the players' dressing room a list giving the names of the players who were to drink milk every evening. The great Red Grange and the almost as great Earl Britton headed the list. Since I told my small son that Red Grange had to drink milk he has downed his daily ration of milk without a single protest. Thank heaven for Red and here worship.—E.

Answer—And yet, some self-styled "food specialists" teach that milk is not a good food for an athlete.

Timely Views on World Topics

"Personal Liberty and Free Institutions Are Being Menaced from Within." Says Maj. Gen. Harbord.

That dangers are great as those which beset the marines at Belleau Wood are now menacing the American people is the opinion of Maj. Gen. James G. Harbord, one of America's leaders in the World war.

In an Armistice day speech he said: "These are days when many great problems await a solution by the American people. Whether we shall again enjoy the constitutional government handed down from the fathers, representative in its character, but in its character, or continue to live under a multitude of extra-constitutional agencies calls for your decision and action. Scores Large Number of Committees. Whether the powers of our government shall be legislative, judicial and executive, as contemplated by the constitution, or be distributed among a wilderness of commissions and committee, semi-legislative and semi-executive in character, but at all times outside the constitution, is a choice which the American people must take.

The direct primary, outside the principles of representative government, and marking the drift toward pure democracy, which once established no government has ever long survived, susceptible of corruption, expensive and inefficient in the crop of office holders it has produced, challenges your decision as to its survival.

Discusses Prohibition. "The amendment of the Volstead act, far wider in its application than was ever contemplated by the eighteenth amendment, its disregard of the constitution provision against unreasonable searches and seizures, and

the wholesale official corruption to which it has led, is an issue which patriotic Americans must face.

"No intelligent person seeks the return of the saloon and the brass bound football, but a decent personal liberty as to milder forms of beverages, with the accompanying appropriate internal revenue tax, would obviate the necessity of an income tax in this country. "These are days when personal liberty and our free institutions are menaced from within and without and all Americans must be on guard."

Who's Who

William E. Johnson. The Anti-Saloon League, which is planning to launch a drive on European countries has selected William (Pussfoot) Johnson as its leader.

Johnson came into prominence in international prohibition circles when his eye was severely injured by a mob of English students who attacked him while making a prohibition speech in London that it had to be taken out in order to save the sight of the other eye.

Johnson was born in Coventry, New York, March 25, 1862. Acting on Horace Greeley's advice he went to Nebraska and, after completing his studies at the University of Nebraska, he sought a job as cub reporter with the Lincoln, Neb., Daily News.

In 1896 he was named special agent of the department of the interior to enforce the liquor laws in Indian Territory and Oklahoma. It wasn't an office job, Johnson swore and knew how to use a 44 Colt. At least five of his deputies were killed. Johnson had a few notches on his gun, but kept the mortality rate down somewhat by the quickness on the draw. It is told of Johnson that when



Out of the Cave, Off for a Ramble. Growly the bear laughed so long and he laughed so loud that at last Peter the boy who had gone with his shaggy friend to the cornfield, could keep quiet no longer. He scratched hold of Growly's fore paw and shook it as hard as he could.



I HAD TO BE CONTENT WITH ROOTS AND BERRY SHOOTS AND I HAD TO SCRAMBLE FOR THEM!

and laugh your head off and not let me in on the secret."

"Oh, there no secret, boy. All the Bears know what happened to me when I went maple sugaring. 'Tis all very well to laugh about it now, but it was a sad day for me, I can tell you!"

"I was on ya yearling at the time, but I shall never forget it—never! And it all came of my going to a party to which I was not invited. Served me right, so mother said, but I was a

he heard that one man had sought to raise a fund of \$1000 to have Johnson murdered, the dry sheet said, "Go ahead and collect the money."

In July, 1908, Johnson was named chief special officer of the U. S. Indian service and in three years obtained over 3000 convictions for law violations.

Since that time he has played a prominent part in various prohibition activities. He has written many books dealing with the alcohol problem.

THE DATE TREE



Dec. 2, 1271—654 years ago.—Marco Polo visits Kublai Khan. Traveling overland into China with his father, a Venetian merchant, Khan's service and adopted the manner and dress of the court—later bringing to Europe one of the earliest accounts of that country. He describes the Khan's Winter residence in Kanbulu as covering eight square miles—each gate of its walled moat guarded by 1,000 men. Inside the first mile contained the camps of his guards, who derived their support from enormous herds of cows; next, his harem, and finally the royal residence with its four egresses—each of whom kept 10,000 servants.

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Abe Martin



A former plasterer at Mimmy sold a country club site to an ex-Pullman porter, who turned around and sold it to an erstwhile painter, who later sold it to a retired hotelier, who in turn sold it to a feller from the middle west, so it's

saucy young cub in those days and never thought much about my manhood. "I had not been out of the cave very long, and not having had a bite all winter you can imagine how hungry I was. It just seemed as though I could not get enough to eat. Food was hard to find, too—'twas too early in the spring for berries or acorns or anything really sweet and juicy to be out. I had to be content with tender roots or fresh green shoots. Funny thing, too! No matter how good the morsel I was chewing I was quite sure there was a far more delicious one a little further ahead. So I rambled on and on. Now this path looked good to me! Now that!"

Growly made one of those all-of-a-sudden moves that Peter had grown accustomed to on the part of his four-foot friends and pointed a stubby paw straight at the boy.

"Did you ever want anything so badly that you would do almost anything in the world to get it—even taking a licking?" demanded he.

Peter, being a boy, understood exactly how Growly felt. He grinned and nodded.

"Well, boy, what I wanted right there and then, what I must have, was sweets! How far I had wandered from Mother and the Cubs I had no idea, although I was sure it was a long way, and I was certain that if it was late when I got back to the cave I should get a good cuffing. But I didn't care. I would take the chance, for just at that second the most delicious odor came floating along on the breeze."

"M-m-m! Honey!" granted I, and growled with delight. Then I thought of the time of year and sadly shook my head.

"No, not honey! It couldn't be! I sniffed again. The same delicious smell. 'But something sweet as honey!' growled I. 'Can't fool me! My nose knows! And if I follow my nose I'll find it!'"

Next: "Know Nothing, Fear Nothing."

no wonder there's a shortage o' help in Florida. Wher was all th' money when we drove a horse an' buggy?

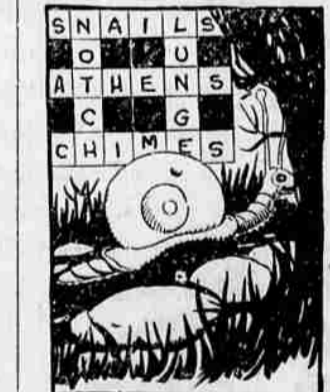
Children's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle



Running Across. Word 1. What the princess in the story and in the picture lost in the spring. Word 3. A city in India. Word 4. A U. S. coin.

Running Down. Word 1. The fluid which circulates in the body. Word 2. To go away from, to depart.

YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED



MEET THE SHOPPER FAMILY



This is MRS. EARL E. SHOPPER, real boss of the Shopper family, who has to get presents for 22 relations in the 23 shopping days left before Christmas.