

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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

The Medford Sunday Morning Sun is furnished subscribers desiring the seven-day daily newspaper.

Office: Mail Tribune Building, 34-37-38 North Fir street. Phone 75.

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

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By Mail—In Advance: Daily, with Sunday Sun, year, \$7.50; Daily, with Sunday Sun, month, \$1.25; Daily, without Sunday Sun, year, \$6.50; Daily, without Sunday Sun, month, \$1.05; 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, \$1.75; Daily, without Sunday Sun, month, \$1.45; Daily, without Sunday Sun, one year, \$7.50; Daily, with Sunday Sun, one year, \$8.50. All terms by carrier, cash in advance.

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

Seven daily average circulation for six months ending April 1st, 1924, 3669, 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.

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

A prospective Democratic candidate for Senator is being hounded in Republican ranks as a "wet" candidate. History does not attest that he ever acquired a skunk, cut-up scandalous in a Jap restaurant, was subdued by a wallop on the noggin, with a short white oak club toted by cops, and afterwards become "militantly dry."

Of course, the clipping about the waiter who was shot thru the coffee pot, had to disappear from your corr's work bench.

The Yuletide season approached, and all the worth-while newspapers are printing gob tales about flocks who are hungry—pathetically so. They were just as hungry in August, and in April, and the cupboard was none too full in May and September, but nothing was said about it. The milk of human kindness flows the freest in December.

A NEAT OBSERVATION

(Kansas City Star)

Many people have asked me how anyone can stand work in the mines, but it is not so bad as you think. It is dark there, of course, but you get used to the eternal darkness. You become accustomed to the lantern light and find your way about easily. I don't think it is any hardship for the men nor for the maids that are used to haul the coal. I never saw a mile that seemed to mind it in the least.

Fine winter weather prevails, and the dying squeal of the fatted hog is heard in the rural districts.

The things the Galshevskis wore on their dainty hoofs last winter, and known as galoshes, are now known as zippers. Only an expert can tell a zipper from a galosh.

G. Washington Maddox got a letter from his girl yes, Mr. Maddox feels like the father of a football player, and a 10-pound boy.

Diplomacy is knocking much of the gay humor out of "The Toledo affair", wherein sturdy Oregon Nordics last summer functioned as judge and jury, and kicked the Constitution for a long, high spiral punt, while chasing some 20-odd Misses from their midst. The incident has the ear and footprints of Klan exuberance, and the pulp and the press, and the politicians are trying to forget it, while Japan insists on details of the why and the wherefore. The fact that ladies mingled with the hellraisers, makes no difference. The Mikado wants an apology, and what is more painful,—balm in the shape of spindulicks. The rambunctious Tolstans are not alone having their honor assailed—they are being cracked in the pocketbook.

THE RIGORS OF PRISON

(Salem Capital-Journal)

Painters' shells and other high voltage alcoholic concoctions used about the prison were not spared by the thirsty in emergencies. The alcoholic conduct of some of the guards has at times been the source of much entertainment for the prisoners.

THE HEROES

(Baltimore Sun)

The name of Brown appears large in the headlines. Brown, we are led to believe, won the game. A five-column photograph shows us Brown in the act of carrying the ball over.

But who is the unidentified youngster with the long legs who is one step ahead of Brown in the photograph? His name is Smith, and he isn't a hero. He doesn't count.

Brown carried the ball over the goal line five times, and all this fellow Smith had to do was tote at his side and straight-arm tacklers who had designs on Brown. He merely cleared the way and reduced Brown's duties to the simple business of trotting behind and clinging to the ball.

Insignificant Smith: Glorious Brown!

And now, oh man, "is knickerward" you trend, the wise ones say. No more upon your lanky shanks shall pantaloons hold sway. For health to women, doctors say, flows through their sanner skirts. And makes them men's superiors—and gosh, how that fast hurtles!

(F. Buletin.)

PURELY ACADEMIC.

To look up and not down To look forward and not back To look out and not in, and To lend a hand.

THIS is not an appeal for contributions, however. It is an excuse for an editorial, requiring for its text only the first line.

"To look up and not down." This amazingly beautiful morning seems an opportune time to begin, though for our immediate purposes, last night was even better.

For it was a clear, cold night, the sky a mass of brilliant, crystal cut stars and a wrecked moon joggling along toward the Jacksonville hills.

Looking up became an absorbing sport. For somewhere among those stars was one whose light started at the close of the Revolutionary war and only reached Medford last night!

Pretty slow work, observes the ardent football fan, as he cheers a touchdown from the kick-off. To one who "looks down" upon this ball of dirt, very true, but not to one who looks up.

For that beam of light travelled at the rate of—lets see,—16,000,000,000 miles per day. Not so slow. And now if you have a super-adding machine handy you can figure out how far that star is from the earth, by multiplying 16 billion miles by the number of days since Washington crossed the Delaware,—or was in the battle of Yorktown.

The precise date makes little difference. For the normal human mind can't grasp such figures anyway. They soar beyond even the creative imagination.

But to the people who look up, day by day, the astronomers and scientists, these figures apparently represent something tangible. Instead of holding up their hands and throwing down their telescopes,—or just going crazy,—they figure that the star in question is so many trillions of miles away, and the universe is so much further,—hypothetically and conjecturally speaking.

The point we wish to make,—for of, course, an editorial must have a point,—is this:

In a recent book of essays by a clever young writer, we noted, among other things, that the conventional idea of immortality was rather absurd, for as the race was about a million years old, there would be no room for all the immortal souls, that have shaken off their mortal coils during all this time, etc., etc.—We said he was young.

Our bright idea is that this essayist was looking down not up. There may or may not be immortality,—no one knows,—but no one can look up and not admit that lack of space is no argument against it. Nor can it be denied by the upward-gazer, that to conceive of a real Promised Land is no more difficult than to conceive of the Universe as it really is,—and science from day to day demonstrates it to be.

Now a great deal more might be said along this same line,—in fact, one could no doubt write a book about it,—but looking up we find the sun is near the meridian, which means that this job for the day is done, and we must look down on the earth again.

QUILL POINTS

"Get a wiggle on." An ancient saying that meant to hurry, not to dance.

Sign of prosperity: "Whee! Gimme a thousand shares. Here's a dollar down."

A good time to sell short will be the day Mr. Mellon's retirement is announced.

Few great men really are as ridiculous as they appear in a controversy.

The states have little in common now except a willingness to let the federal government pay.

Carrots and spinach may not make you live longer, but at least it will seem longer.

Alas! giving the boy "advantages" you didn't have may only develop weaknesses you didn't have.

If government can't fix prices for farm products, it might save the farmer by fixing the price for gas.



THE GIANT.

HERR SIGMUND BRIETBART is no more, he's in his wind-ing sheets, and ne'er again will people roar approval of his feats. The strongest man in all the world, he wore a string of bells, and hefty cannonballs he hurled, as you'd throw peanut shells. One day he stood, a figure grand, 'gainst whom none might prevail; and as he stood he scratched his hand upon a rusty nail. It was the sketched of wounds, it scarcely made him swear; and Sigmund raised two thousand pounds above him in the air. He held two stallions which came wild and plunging from their stalls; he played with anvils as a child might play with rubber balls. But in that scratch a little germ began to brew its dope; so small you couldn't see it squirm without a microscope. A little germ, all black and tan, its foretop neatly curled, attacked this vast and mighty man, the strongest in the world. Great Sigmund's hand swelled up apace, upon an evil hour, and boils broke out upon his face, and all his blood went sour. The doctors exercised their skill upon that Samson frame, but there was naught in drug or pill could queer that merobe's game. So Sigmund crossed his brawny paws upon his bulging chest; the strongest man that ever was, he came out second best. Oh, let us think of Sigmund's fate when we are prone to brag, when of our health or muscles great we start to chew the rag. The little germs, too small to see, are round us everywhere; they're in the yolk and the tea, they thicken all the air.

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.

What Do You Mean, Nerve Strain.

When an etiquette woman licks the butter inform the guest with the vanguarded hair that she has a headache, is not at home or is busy at the moment burying her grandmother, the truly polished guest accepts the alibi at its fact value. Never by word or look does he betray his breeding by mentioning apoplexy, or other irrelevant remarks.

It is equally derogatory for polite people to elevate an eyebrow or droop an eyelid when a respected citizen is caught with the goods, decides to have a nervous breakdown from the stress of his business, professional, social or sporting exertions, or overwork.

Nor is it particularly salutary for a doctor or health teacher whose comments or views are exposed to the scrutiny of all and sundry, to assert bluntly that since the nerves or the nervous system produces no energy it is absurd to imagine there can be such a state or condition as nervous exhaustion. The utterance of a physiological fact or truth like that, not only annoys and offends certain "nervous specialists" who work the racket on or for paying clients, but it makes bitter enemies of philanthropists interested in the making of nostrums which purport to build up, strengthen or restore nervous energy.

Sedentary life, long hours and, let us say rather psychic stress and strain have been assigned as the common factors of the increasing amount of arterial, heart and kidney disease in America. An early sign of the strain of modern life upon the arterial system, according to this view, is high blood pressure.

This very popular high blood pressure, without discoverable medical reason or scientific explanation has come to be associated with psychic strain, "brain strain," living at high tension, hurry, Yankee speed and all that sort of thing.

We like to flatter ourselves about our "work," we who never do a tap of honest work, but only live as parasites or by the use of our wits. Sure, a fellow grows ennuied just sitting around and making a noise like an executive, clerk or some such parasite on the working world. Even old Thomas Carlyle used to grow terribly tired pattering with Oliver Cromwell or the French Revolution and the poor man didn't know enough physiology to comprehend what ailed him. If only some one could have made him understand the wholesome value of honest labor!

Civilization has made life quieter, not more strenuous. The man of the stone age worried along under constant terrors of attacks by human enemies, wild beasts and wilder dragons of his own imagination. The medieval man encountered numberless threats and dangers from pestilences, battle, murder, torture, and slavery and oppression by his lords, not to mention his own superstitions. I'll admit there must have been some psychic strain in the good old times.

Laziness and gluttony are ancient sins, is history is true. Our ancestors consumed infinitely greater excesses of protein than we do. They did more hard drinking. They were subject to more infections, acute and chronic, than we have nowadays. They lived only two-thirds as long as we live. Although our present statistics seem to show otherwise, for the figures say there is a steady increase in the prevalence of cardiovascular disease (heart and artery degeneration or wearing out at middle age). I think the figures lie, and that as a matter of fact there is less cardiovascular degeneration now than ever before. I believe modern diagnostic accuracy, the aid of modern instruments of precision, the growing custom of seeking periodic

THE DATE TREE

By ERNEST SEEMAN



Dec. 4, 1642—283 years ago.—Cardinal Richelieu bids cut on his deathbed. With the exception of Napoleon, Richelieu, the crafty minister of Louis XIII, was perhaps the most ruthlessly ambitious figure in European history. Returning on a litter from the field where he had been carried in his last illness to witness a battle he had planned, Richelieu met his guards with captives. So indomitable was his will that, although himself a dying man, he ordered his litter stopped that he might sentence the prisoners and sign their death warrants.

ful, sociable little roaches walk in it, then lick their feet and die. Sodium fluoride is not dangerous to human beings.

Woolens for Comfort.

Looking forward to a long, hard winter, we should appreciate your views as to woolens for children and also for adults, that is, as underwear. We suppose something betwixt the old fashioned smothering idea and the new fangled exposure would be about right, but we await your suggestion.—Mrs. J. O. R.

Answer—The old-fashioned, rather heavy underwear was perhaps all right for old-fashioned (and I think more hygienic) practices in household heating—the comfort (temperature prescribed for nurseries and sick rooms in the days of the open fireplace was "between 50 and 60.") Such underwear is much too heavy for the atmosphere indoor dwellers live in today—the comfort temperature at present is 10 degrees higher than it was in the good old days. Children require relatively less clothing for comfort than adults do, but my notion is that light-weight woolen (or part woolen) underwear is the most comfortable for all.

Saccharin.

Kindly state if saccharin used by diabetics is injurious to the heart. I have been using one-half grain to each cup of coffee, and taking in all not over 2 1/2 grains a day.—R. C.

Answer—The authorities who investigated the use of saccharin as a sweetener substitute for sugar concluded that it is practically harmless when not more than five grains is taken in one day.

Nonfattening Foods.

Kindly print a list of non-fattening foods in the vegetable and also in the meat class.—Brown Eyes.

Answer—Cabbage, turnips, squash, tomatoes, sauerkraut, spinach, asparagus, string beans, beets, cauliflower, celery, lettuce, cucumbers, mushrooms, green onions, rhubarb and radishes yield less than 225 calories to the pound. Oysters yield about 225 calories to the pound. Gelatin has some food value, but is not stored in the body. Fish 400, fowl 750, beef veal and mutton 1200, pork 1800, roughly averaged. I do not think it is either effective or advisable to attempt to reduce or avoid accumulating weight by choosing only foods of low value.

Yes, and the O'Haras Too.

Will you kindly publish what you consider the best remedy for killing off roaches.—S. A. J.

Answer—Sprinkle or blow into all corners or cracks where the roaches hold forth, powdered sodium fluoride, and do not sweep the powder up until several weeks. The delight-

Chardier's Fictorial Cross Word Puzzle



Running Across. Word 1. In the picture and is black and white and "red" all over. Word 4. Departing. Word 5. To name the letters of a word.

Running Down. Word 1. Division of a book. Plural. Word 2. Self respect. Word 3. Royal.

YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED.



J. A. Ormandy of Portland, general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific railroad, is a business visitor here today.

Abe Marlin



It's longer a feller loafs th' harder it is for him t' jestify where he wuz th' night before. Coffee grounds carried in th' pocket 'll keep money from rustin'.

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