

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry. The valley is in the embrace of a steel-gray fog, and no telling how long the hugging will continue.

Another scientific mystery is why angelic qualities and ennobling virtues of candidates and certain organizations are never worthy of shouting from the rooftops until six months before a primary election.

Only 17 days left until homegrown Santa Claus's will be getting their cotton batting whiskers lighted by a pink candle.

BAWLED AND CALLED (Klamath Falls News) Broken-Hearted Kate: Maybe the young man didn't know what you said in your letters. I can't read your handwriting, either.

The outstanding helping of applause is furnished by Mr. Red Grange halfback deluxe, who scooted from his beloved alma mater to the professional football field, and garnered to his understated pocketbook something like \$500,000, less the income tax, in 10 days. Mr. Grange reports that he will rejoice when he can return to the ice-wagon job in Wheaton, Ill.

Come to think about it, ten years have rolled into the Past, since a local hotelman was called "bonifacio."

Comment is made upon the lack of beauty possessed by Mrs. Kip Rhineland, leading lady of the current musical, judging by her pictures. By the same token, Kip is no Tommy Meighan.

CORRECT! (Grants Pass Courier) Grants Pass members of Voltaire 145 of the 46-8, will go to Medford tonight, where a banquet will be served at the Hotel Holland at 9 o'clock, followed by the regular week.

While the cheers of victory are still in the air, thanks should be offered that it is not necessary, also, to recover from a Thanksgiving or Yuletide feast.

The proposed one-button shirt for men's wear for spring, will result in the laundries returning them with the regulation six buttons.

A new football coach for campus politicians to pester, will be announced by "Old Oregon" on the 10th inst.

FOR A RAINY DAY (Press Dispatch) CLEVELAND, Dec. 1.—Harry H. Hershby, fugitive paymaster of the "Lancaster" Trust, was arrested here after gamblers had stripped him of the \$40,000 with which he fled from the Pennsylvania city. When taken into custody he had exactly a nickel left.

Best mouthful of the week: "Nuisance tax" sounds about as tautologous as "free gratis." (Arkansas Gazette.)

The center was at the bottom of every pile all season, and never made a bum pass.

THE FARMERS The farmers, the farmers, Are always out of luck; They never make a profit On staple crops or truck; They owe for fertilizers And seeds and tractor-plows; Their hens won't lay, their pigs are lean, And dry as dust their cows.

The farmers, sad farmers, Again are in the dumps, And try their best to show us They're all a bunch of chumps. And yet they all own flyvers, And all have clothes to wear, And things to eat and maybe drink, So why the dark despair?

The farmers, sad farmers, We've found you suspect Have turned by playing pauper I'd say to collect. They work the politicians Instead of tractor-plows And milk the poor old public Instead of milking cows. (Exchange.)

A GREAT VICTORY.

THE Medford high school football team is to be congratulated, not only on its victory over Salem, but on the way that victory was attained.

Outweighed, and in the first half outplayed, Medford won because Medford had a will to win, which nothing could put down.

It was not superior headwork that defeated Salem, nor superior power, it was sheer superiority in moral determination and fighting spirit.

With the score six to nothing against them at one time, and thirteen to nine against them at the other, instead of these reverses weakening, they merely served to make the local team fight harder and with a firmer grip on the conquering spirit.

A great many people think this football business is very much overdone. Well, perhaps it is. At least we are willing to concede some people are inclined to go to extremes.

But it is difficult to get the best out of a sport and not for some to go to extremes. It was the Duke of Wellington who said Waterloo was won on the football field of Rugby. The Duke was at both places and therefore in a position to know. It is certain that the sturdy qualities that win in sport are the same qualities that win in war.

Football, however, does not contribute to war-like qualities alone. Football contributes to those moral qualities of self-control, courage and determination, which are so essential to success in the pursuits of peace.

And it was because Medford won through superiority in these qualities that renders her victory so unusually gratifying, and the occasion of more than passing importance, not only to the high school, but to the entire community.

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.

Our Brightest School Masters.

Never yet encountered a school master who dissented from the principle of a sound mind in a sound body although it is rare enough to find one applying that principle in practice. Angelo Patri brightened the outlook vastly when he told the world the other day—much to the disgust of the neurotics and incompetents of the teaching profession, I can assure him—that "the school day is long enough for my child to accomplish his work and if he has not done it, assign it for another time, have a period especially for the stragglers (the prompter workers may do some delightful thing because their work is done) and bring them up to time within school hours." Mr. Patri declares that he discovered when teaching in the grades that "we could get exactly as much done, and more, by sticking to schedule time." He makes one more suggestion which has probably never occurred to the teacher who believes in keeping pupils after school hours: "Courtesy and co-operation enter here. In case a teacher feels that she must delay a child after hours it is her duty to let the mother know that she has made this change in the day's schedule. Mothers have plans and schedules, too, and often detaining a child throws a whole family into confusion." But what does a "nervous" teacher care for that? She should worry. "After a quarter century in schools," says Mr. Patri, "I have come to believe that a child gains nothing by staying in to make up work that he had neglected to do between 9:00 and 3:00. I am speaking about elementary school children who miss lessons and have to stay in. High school students are self-directing in the matter of study and, of course, are not kept in."

While waiting for my hat to come down, may I not call attention to Mr. Patri's parenthetical "of course" in that last remark of his, and inquire whether it would be sarcastic if I had uttered it? Mr. Patri doesn't know the depths to which this quaint practice goes. The neurotic teachers do their stuff in high schools too. Junior and senior high school pupils are "kept after school" not only to make up lessons but by way of discipline for all the little kindergarten crimes; yea, some such class-rooms are dismissed row by row according to the neurotic teacher's opinion of the way they fold their arms and otherwise comport themselves.

But if Mr. Patri's judgment is right, and what school master would seriously debate that question today? It follows logically, I think, that the associated evil of home work is likewise an invention of incompetent school masters.

A Pittsburg mother, concerned over the "night work" demanded of public school children, says: "It devours time which should be given to physical exercise, mental relaxation, practice of music, home life, social life, proper hours of sleep." Yes, and it robs the child of play time, time to read or study things outside of the school course—such as housekeeping, hickory nutting and the care and feeding of dogs, ducks or babies.

"Children of the sixth grade must give one hour outside of school hours, and even third grade children are given night work in three subjects," this mother says. "First year high students are required to do from 60 to 80 problems—yes, 60 to 80, besides Latin, etc. The school which was to help, prepare for life becomes master of the home, appropriating time, energy and health."

but the teachers as well as the pupils are the victims of a system. Well, the Pittsburg system is a rotten system, isn't it? Mr. Patri's "of course" may not be so sarcastic if it applies to the idea that high school students are not kept after school like primary children—in some towns—but how shall we take the idea preceding it—that high school students are self-directing in the matter of study? In a few good schools they may be, but in the majority of mediocre schools they are constrained to waste two or three hours of time daily upon "home work" or else to resort to lying about it or the use of "penies" or other means of faking, and the school masters who consent to be a part of this vicious system, if it is a system, can scarcely plead innocence of the charge of contributing to such dishonesty in a large share of the students.

Education is surely not the top heavy, top sided, freak intellectual monstrosity these narrow minded school masters and their vicious system would have it. Look back on your own training and consider what has become of the intellectual giants among your schoolmates. It is surely a sorry system. "No one has greater respect for intelligence and culture than I have, but this stuff and this exam in their 'home work' is only an impediment in the way of culture."

The trouble is, I think, that most of our school masters are themselves badly educated. They have been stuffed with pseudo learning, intellectual apple sauce, trained (as well as possible) from the eyebrows up, but their education has been almost wholly neglected from the eyebrows down. So we can expect no great reform among the school masters until a few more privates in the ranks are equipped by better edu-

cation to understand the meaning of education and that firm foundation to set their faces and their minds against those abuses perpetrated by the system.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. The Paper Boy.

Is it injurious for a boy 14 years old to carry a 25 pound bundle of papers on his right side? I have been carrying papers that way for three years and people tell me it will prevent my lung from expanding and developing on that side and make the right shoulder lower than the left?—T.

Answer—No, it is not injurious, but why not even up the exercise a little more by changing the load over to the left side from time to time? I'll bear your service in mind, Tom, and add as little as possible to the burden. But look at Red Grange—he trains by working as an ice man in the summer time.

Cracks Between the Toes.

What can I do for cracks between the toes? They make the feet very sore.—W. L. M.

If you want an absolutely sure cure for itching and cracking of the skin between the toes, here it is: A saturated solution of salicylic acid in alcohol. Apply daily for a few days, and then pull off the dead skin. If you don't believe it, try it.—C. H. E.

Answer—I believe it. Let W. L. M. try it. For the benefit of readers who may not understand what a "saturated solution" is, that means all the salicylic acid the alcohol will dissolve. An ounce of alcohol will dissolve about three drams of salicylic acid. Perhaps two drams to the ounce would be ample.

Thinks It May Not Hurt to Know. What is the normal for any one's blood pressure? What is normal heart beat? What is normal pulse beat?—R. S.

Answer—I do not see how it can be of any benefit to your health to know. The pulse rate (rate of heart beat) is between 60 and 90 beats a minute, for adults.

Boneset Tea.

Kindly tell me if boneset is good for a bad stomach, indigestion, and if it purifies the blood.—M. H.

Answer—Boneset, thoroughwort, Indian sage, or Eupatorium perfoliatum, as it is variously known, is a common weed growing in meadows, the flowering tops of which, gathered in the autumn and dried, were formerly used for making a tea, by steeping the herb for an hour or two, after boiling an ounce in a pint of water. The old folks used to while away the long winters by drinking this tea as a tonic—it was to them a tonic, a diaphoretic (makes you sweat) and in large quantities emetic (makes you sick) or if kept down a physic. Please do not consider me sarcastic when I say that I believe the only real use for boneset today is to keep an occasional neighborhood gossip so busy that she won't do the patient so much harm between doses.

Abe Martin

CHRISTMAS COMING. Nobody ever listened 'r reason on an empty stomach. Th' prize option is th' feller who still pays dues in the Bartenders' Union.

Who's Who

Lt. Col. Walter E. Guinness. The post of Minister of Agriculture in England, left vacant by the appointment of the Rt. Rev. Hon. E. L. P. Wood, as viceroy of India, has been awarded to Colonel Walter Edvard Guinness, formerly financial secretary to the treasury.

The colonel has a long war record, having fought in the South African war and the World war. He was born in Dublin, in 1880, and attended school at Eton. While at Eton he rowed for three years and was captain of the boat. While serving in South Africa he was wounded and received the Queen's Medal with four clasps. During the late war he was decorated with the D. S. O., and mentioned in the dispatches three times.

In 1923 Lt. Col. Guinness became under secretary of state for war and later financial secretary of the treasury.



Disturbing the Bears. It was very cool and comfortable down in the cornfield. Groovy the Bear and Peter the Boy were having a pleasant time of it. But suddenly Groovy shambled to his feet and, shading his eyes with his great paw, gazed across the corn stalks. He stood still so still that Peter knew he was listening to something. Peter, who was not nearly as tall as Groovy when Groovy stood upon his hind feet, and couldn't see over the waving green stalks, grew curious. "What is it Groovy? Is there danger ahead?" "Sh!" commanded the Bear, and held up a warning paw. "Thump, thump, thump!" Peter was startled. It had been so peaceful out there in the cornfield.



That one could almost have heard a pin drop, and now what a racket! It sounded as though a battle might be raging near at hand. Some one was in terror—that much was certain. Some one was running blindly this way and that—crashing into stalks. Peter could hear them break with a crack as sharp as a pistol shot. Then that queer thump, thump, thump. "What is it all about?" whispered Peter fearfully. "Shall we run, and which way?" And the boy had himself ready to start at a second's notice for his shabby friend. As for Groovy, he seemed anything but afraid. In fact his mouth was stretched in his broad bear smile. But before Peter had a chance to ask him why, the commands parted and the sun showed up something smooth and shiny. Peter blinked his eyes. "A helmet? Good gracious me! Why—what?"

Then more of the "helmet" came into view and the boy saw his mistake. "Pooh! My 'helmet' is only a tin can! But sure as I'm alive 'tis hiding somebody's head! Now who in the world would choose that for a hat and why?"

"No one but a foolish little Cub, whose greed was stronger than his common sense," granted Groovy scornfully, and the big Bear, bending over, grasped the tin can between his two great paws and pulled. Off came the tin can, and, growling and grunting, into the open came sliding a little brown baby bear.

How that youngster did huff and puff, and had there been any little house there he might have blown it in. "Whose little Cub is he?" demanded Peter. But no answer. "Ughhh!" sobbed the little Bear, and Peter saw tears trickling down his stubby nose. "My head aches. My nose is sore! Oh, dear me, how dizzy I am! I can't see, either! Ughhh! I want my mother!"

"All your trouble comes of not minding her," granted Groovy, sternly, and though his voice was as gruff as gruff could be, at the sound of it the Cub lifted his drooping head, gave a funny little grunt and ran straight into Groovy's arms, stretched open wide to receive him.

"Oh, Daddy, Daddy!" growled the youngster, and then the little Bear, sobbing, buried his face in the big Bear's fur. Next: The Cub and the Can.

Poems That Live

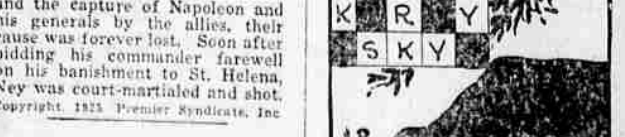
SONG. The clover blossoms kiss her feet. She is so sweet. While I, who may not kiss her hand, Bless all the wild flowers in the land.

Soft sunshine falls across her breast. She is so blest. I'm jealous of its arms of gold. O that these arms her form might fold.

Gently the breezes kiss her hair. She is so fair! Let flowers and sun and breeze go by. O dearest! Love me or I die. —Oscar Laughton.

THE DATE TREE

By ERNEST REEMAN. Dec. 7, 1815—110 years ago—Marshal Ney is executed—From a cooper's son Michel Ney had risen to be Napoleon's most trusted general and the Marshal of France. But with the defeat at Waterloo and the capture of Napoleon and his generals by the allies, their cause was forever lost. Soon after bidding his commander farewell on his banishment to St. Helena, Ney was court-martialed and shot. Copyright, 1923, Premier Syndicate, Inc.



MEET THE SHOPPER FAMILY

AUNT LIZ HAS SUCH FINE LINES! This is HEPHIZBAH YEOMANS, mother's aunt, who feels that one can never have too many dish towels. Nuff sed.

17 shopping days left before Christmas.

Advertisement for Colds Fever Gripe, Cascara Quinine, and Pantonium. Includes text: 'Colds Fever Gripe Go Stop them today', 'Cascara Quinine', 'Pantonium'.

QUILL POINTS

Bombs weren't all the American flyers dropped in Morocco.

Hint to France: A mandate is a responsibility, not a target.

Join the air service and learn something about jurisprudence.

Among those who are determined to eliminate the submarine is Neptune.

It is yet too early to tell which American collector will get Tut's jewels.

Baldness comes on slowly, giving ample time to spend \$138.75 for tonic.

The most noticeable effect of dieting is the nervous tension in the household.

It is easy to recognize the peak in the stock market. That's where the suckers go in.

Wales must find things dull at home, where almost everybody goes to bed before 2 o'clock.

It may not be a good idea to mix religion with your business. Your business may be politics.

The one-horse shay came to an end all at once. Many modern vehicles achieve the same spectacular finale.

If New York would discourage crooks, why not make it a felony to rent them offices?

It isn't necessary to kill the weaklings. Just lay on a few more taxes and let Nature take its course.

The Federal prisons are more enjoyable than ordinary jails. You meet so many millionaires there.

Correct this sentence: "Well, well," the man chuckled; "it seems impossible to get that clinker out."

Correct this sentence: "He had never been hunting before," said the man, "but he didn't point his gun at any of us."

Correct this sentence: "Yes, I'm seventy-four," said he, "but I can't remember that the winters were any colder when I was a boy."

Rippling Rhymes

MAKING IT EASY

I WAS driving my tin lorry by the famous Pines of Torrey, when the speed cop said: "I'm sorry, but you've knocked the statutes cold; oh, it grieves me to the marrow thus to stop your speeding barrow, but the law is straight and narrow, its provisions manifold. So I summon you, oh tourist, to appear before the jurist, and in language of a purist he will ask you for your mon; and while I must do my duty, stopping ears which are too seoty, you may call me an agouti if I like to spoil your fun." Then I said to him: "Fair copper, I'm aware that it is proper when you see a bus to stop her if she's hitting fifty miles; for the law must not be bested, of its sacred force divested; and I'm glad to be arrested when you pull the trick with smiles. Roughneck coppers here and yonder often pinch me as I wander, and a lot of wrath they squander, roasting me to heat the band; while they spring their words unpriestly, there's within me, rising yeastly, feeling that the law is beastly, when such people for it stand. If we'd see the law respected let some peelers be selected who refuse to be deflected from a courtesy that's fine; let them pinch the erring fellow, using language mild and mellow, showing naught of conduct yellow, wearing smiles akin to mine. If they all like you, were tender, when they pinch some brash offender, they would not so much engender flaming hatred of the law; we would face the beak at morning to receive a fine and warning, and a smile would be adorning every sane defendant's jaw.