

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.

"The orderly mob," as it is called by some upstate papers who departed a number of Nipponese from Toledo last summer, is something like "civilized warfare," a "holy war," a "neat hanging," and "a refined presentation of the hootchie-kootchie."

Elijah Hurd said Tuesday: "I am better off than John D." Elijah is a democrat.

One of the Henry Wilson hands went to Portland over the week-end. (Sandy News.) Remarkable, if so.

ENFORCEMENT (Oregonian)

We had a man by the name of J. P. Miranda arrested in this county for the possession of a still. Before we could try him, the governor sent him down a pardon and Miranda had to plead guilty to get the pardon.

Wherein our Grand Lecturer and Soleror, bawls one way and acts the other.

I used to ride astraddle on an ornate russet saddle.

And thought myself a pretty able man.

Last night I rode astraddle on a rail without a saddle.

Upborn by members of the Ku Klux Klan. (Kansas-City Star)

The windows are full of Christmas gifts. The intellectual wing of the Older Girls, call them all "intriguing."

This is the fifth anniversary of the saddest happening in Oregon educational circles; the time an East of the Cascades schoolman attempted to spank a boy, and the boy reversed the order of the day.

Tip—The following is a list of definitions given by two children in the third year, public school, which I think are quaint and amusing:

Efficient—To go fishing.

Analyze—The dog telling a fib.

Cooperate—To get operated on.

Irritate—To scratch your ear.

Digit—To dig something.

Styehyline—A well-behaving ball team.

Asphyxiate—To fix an ax.

Respiration—To sweat when you're resting.

Diaphragm—When your friend dies.

Alloy—A Jewish alphabet.

Mikado—An Irish name.

Expectorate—When you're expecting something.

Orphanography—An orphan who studies geography.

Origin—An organ made out of oranges.

Prelude—You pray, but you lose.

Fundamental—To make believe you collect charity.

Snatched—A merchant.

Resent—To return a cent.

Violent—A flower.

Indicate—An Indian with a decayed tooth.

Astound—An echo.

Vitium—An windy broom.

O. B.—A job.

Reveal—Your enemy.

Interpreter—Somebody that mixes in your business.

Temporary—To have a bad temper.

Equivalent—An earthquake.

Gland—A lung in your body thirty feet long.

Victimize—To have trouble with your eyes.

(Exchange.)

RECALLED

If Sam had come marching home again

God only knows what his life'd been

He didn't amount to much before

He marched away to a well known war.

He loafed when he could—if he had to work

He figured out some way he could shirk.

He says were crude, and his manners rough.

And he was commonly known as tough.

But he joined up when the war began

And he grumbled and crouched as a soldier man.

But at least he was cocky, and not afraid.

And somehow or other, he made the grade.

"Killed in action," the message read

And worth ten thousand dollars dead.

(Chicago Tribune.)

COLONEL MITCHELL'S ULTIMATE FATE.

THE court martial of Colonel Mitchell is over as far as public interest is concerned. The hearing from now on is mere routine denial by individuals who, while they may be experts in theory, are defendants in fact.

Colonel Mitchell's condemnation covered the entire personnel of the army and navy air administration. Naturally the entire personnel denies the truth of the air critic's charges.

The final authority, as to which side in the controversy is right, rests with the members of the court martial, who must either condemn Mitchell or condemn themselves, for they all directly or indirectly, represent the system which Colonel Mitchell attacks.

The final repudiation of Mitchell, therefore, may be taken as a matter of course. Whether the court martial concludes tomorrow or a week from tomorrow, the result will be the same.

There is, therefore, no reason to modify the predictions made in this column, several weeks ago. In making charges against his superior officers, Colonel Mitchell unquestionably violated the rules of the game, and from a technical standpoint, is guilty of insubordination.

Official condemnation, therefore, will be technically just. But final judgment will rest not with the court martial, but with public opinion. And in our judgment, enough evidence has been introduced by Colonel Mitchell, Admiral Sims, the world fliers, and other prominent aviators, to justify the action which brought about the original explosion.

Colonel Mitchell was insubordinate, he was undoubtedly intemperate in his language, but it required insubordination, and strong language, to arouse the people of the country to the gravity of the situation.

Whether the conditions are as bad as Colonel Mitchell believes, is after all, beside the point. That conditions were not and are not satisfactory, everyone concedes and Colonel Mitchell, and no one else, will be responsible for the reforms which are certain to be carried out.

The probable,—in fact, almost the inevitable,—outcome of this case is the technical condemnation of Mitchell, by court martial, and his exoneration by public opinion, on the ground that he sacrificed himself for the improvement of the air service and the welfare of his country.

QUILL POINTS

Merely "being good" is selfishness; doing good is true religion.

Doubtless it would be fun to tackle math, if people would look on and cheer.

Slogan for south-bound flivver tourists: "To travel hopefully is better than to arrive."

Another good cure for insomnia is to go ahead and sell the darned stock.

Nothing astonishing ever happens in a college town except the clothes.

"That is an excellent piece of land. It has produced seven agents' commissions since August."

Proof that the creatures can't reason is in the fact that turkeys never try to reduce.

Perhaps in time they can build a Chinese wall around America and call the whole thing a jail.

The French are sitting pretty. Every time they get mad at the Riffians they can go out and shell Damascus again.

It is easy to recognize an American at a bull fight. He cheers for the bull.

A great critic always astonishes us by two things: (1) his erudition, and (2) his ignorance.

Translators are funny, and "Red Grange," translated into Russian, may be a "triumphant communist farm organization."



STILL GIVING.

STILL, still I keep on giving to projects safe and sane, it makes me feel, while living, that I'm not here in vain; and when I have departed, to yonder bone-yard carted, some may be heavy-hearted, and bring tears may rain. By every mail I'm getting requests for iron men; the needy ones are sweating with ink and trenchant pen; recalling how I aided when they were sick and jaded, and all their hopes were faded, won't I help out again? I know that some are fakers who send these sad appeals; they are the expert makers of soul disturbing spels; but some no doubt are stricken, they suffer and they sicken, they need a toasted chicken, they sigh for wholesome meals. Far better help the fakers than let a good man die, and so I pay the bakers for bread and custard pie; far better help some duffer whose luck might well be tougher, than let a good man suffer and rend his beard and cry. Requests, my mailbox filling, oft make me stand aghast; still I send great and shilling, as in the buried past; perhaps some kid is better because, I sent a letter with coin to buy a sweater, to shield him from the blast. Perhaps some wintry gaffer whose plight was sad to see, is now the joyous quaffer of stoups of wholesome tea; perhaps some dame is saying that answer came to praying, because, at urge obeying, I sent her a hawbee. And thus I still am sending the farthing and the great to those whose tears are sending a battleship would float; I send the helpful penny to Jake and Joe and Jenny, to Keokuk, Kilkenny, and other points remote.

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. To reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this newspaper.

How Dumb Bells Are Made.

A New Orleans doctor sent an inquiry to a Washington information bureau about something Dr. William Brady wrote "shortly before his death." Probably the doctor had wind of my rather sudden and really unmerited demise in New Orleans and assumed I was dead all over. Or maybe he wasn't a real doctor at all, but just a punch healer trying to carry a favorite joke of "the punch healers to extremes. They frequently tell their victims that I am as good as dead—they tell 'em I am a fictitious character, a non-de plume used by the hypothetical "medical trust" to get medical propaganda to the public. The only trouble with that role is that I say so many mean things about the medical profession the real doctors are reluctant to acknowledge that they own or contribute to. There seems to be something about my writing that does not attract friends—in fact I have decided I shall not attempt to have a funeral at all, but instead I'll wait for a windy day and quietly take the air, or more accurately, the air will take me. I have taken the air so often in this life that it will be a pleasant change to have it take me when I am through with my fooling here.

A good mother who was formerly a teacher, and is now a member of the board of education, tells how she notified her son when, on visiting the school one of her boys attended, she learned that the teachers considered the boy rather backward or dull—in short a dumb bell, as he would be called nowadays. Motherlike, she took the boy to the doctor, who found faulty vision. The boy had astigmatism of high degree, and the correction of this with glasses soon enabled him to catch up with his class and maintain a good record thereafter in his studies. A lot of "backward" children, "not very bright" in school, are perfectly normal mentally, but so handicapped by neglected physical defects that they haven't a chance.

The new fangled school medical inspection purports to detect such physical defects in the school children and to initiate steps to bring about correction, and this it does in a very limited haphazard way, which is all that we can reasonably expect for the insignificant fraction of school money appropriated for medical inspection in the schools.

The backwardness of children with such obstruction to breathing as unremedied chronic rhinitis, enlarged tonsils or adenoids, has been harped upon so long that a legend has developed in the teacher's mind, to the effect that a certain dullness of expression, particularly open mouth, narrow upper jaw and short upper lip, and perhaps protruding upper teeth, dark circles under the eyes, and a pinched look about the nose, betrays the presence of adenoids. This is true only in a few cases; in most cases of adenoids such a facial picture is not present, and the picture may just as well occur from simple chronic rhinitis, sinusitis, or other nasal obstruction, or from faulty development of the teeth. Unfortunately a good many adenoid operations have been undertaken on such guesswork, of course with disappointing effects. On the other hand, a good many children have suffered permanent injury from unrecognized adenoids because they have not shown this legendary "adenoid face." In schools where school medical inspection is practiced in good faith, of course no note goes home to the parents recommending an adenoid operation unless the physician has himself seen or felt the adenoid enlargement in the space up behind the soft palate. But in schools where the proper medical inspection duties are delegated to nurses or even teachers, not a few false diagnoses of adenoids are made and surgeons in clinics where such children are operated upon in wholesale fashion are still importuned to attempt an unnecessary operation on many a poor pup. This is one of the deplorable evils which are bound to creep in when the state attempts to practice medicine on the wholesale or cut rate plan.

A child with a large defect of vision naturally seems more or less "dumb" or backward in school, for the simple reason that he cannot see things clearly, and a large part of the early education of the child is visual education. A child with moderately large defect of vision may have "strong looking" eyes and betray no expression of "strain" by which an ordinary observer would notice the difficulty. Every school child ought to be required to have a certain minimum visual efficiency as measured by the instructor in the department of physical education—assuming the school is modern enough to have an adequate department of physical education.

The child with some such obstruction of breathing as I mentioned above (not necessarily adenoids or enlarged tonsils) is likely to suffer a defect of hearing and by reason of that to seem somewhat stupid, for this interferes with another of the main avenues through which a child learns.

These are just common examples of the way "dumb bells" are made. There are many other equally stupid ways—I mean they are stupid who permit such things to be. Of course a very few children in any large community are imbeciles or imprints, but when we take account of the "dumb bells" in a given school district we should begin with the tax payers, school board, teachers, doctors, nurses, physical instructors, and parents who still cherish the quaint belief that education is a matter of mental training alone and has little to do with the body.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Has Any Doctor Lost a Diploma? We were told by a doctor holding

diplomas that inoculations make a child immune from diphtheria, and we had our three year old child inoculated. But now we are told by another doctor holding a diploma that there is nothing to it. (N.T.)

Answer.—The mystery is, how did the other doctor get hold of the diploma? Of course the toxin-antitoxin injections do make children immune from diphtheria. Your little one is lucky—that you first consulted the doctor holding diplomas. Diplomas are not always all they are decorated up to be. The run of the mill is low grade. Short cut and fake "doctors" of all sorts can flash the most impressive "diplomas" on the gentle prospect.

Baloney By Able Man. My case has been diagnosed as complete nerve exhaustion by several very able men. One especially has prescribed a rest cure and nothing else. In all my examinations no one has made a metabolism test. (S. C. J.)

Answer.—They are able to spoof you, perhaps, but nevertheless they are no such entity as "nerve exhaustion." Maybe your doctors resort to that quibble rather than tell you frankly that so far as they can determine there is nothing the matter except your morbid imagination, or that they are unable to find out what really ails you.

Stockyard Air. I understand they "purify" the air which disposes of the odor, for the employee at the stock yards. Do you think that system is healthy? I contemplate accepting a position there. (W. E.)

Answer.—I don't know what the system is, but the odor is not injurious to health.

Cereal Beverage. A dispute has arisen regarding the harmful or harmless character of cereal coffee, and we seek your aid. (K. H. H.)

Answer.—The cereal beverages used in place of coffee are harmless enough, so far as I know, but it is unfair to call them cereal "coffee." Coffee, for most adults is rather beneficial in effect; the cereal substitutes have no particular beneficial effects.

The Old Legends Stick. They say if you let a child wear rubbers in dry weather it will affect his eyes. I make my boy wear rubbers every day, because it is often damp around the school grounds. (C. E. M.)

Answer.—The poor kid. Rubbers have no effect on the eyes in any way. But why raise a nambypamby if you can just as well have a real boy.



Portrait of a man

PETER'S ADVENTURES ANIMAL LAND BY MISS FLORENCE SWARTH VINCENT

Red Squirrel and Roly-Poly. "Good gracious, Juniper! Where is Roly-Poly?" "Mother Growly, very much excited, began to dash about among the corn stalks, pushing them this way and that, breaking them down and tramping them under foot." "Where can she be? She was certainly following close at my heels when we were coming through the corn." "Sgt. Hark! What is that? Ah, Red Squirrel is in trouble again. I have heard his chatter too often not



Illustration of a squirrel and a bear

Growly, and scolding away at the top of his lungs around after the Cub he whisked, and drove her before him into the open. "Give me that nut, you little sneak thief!" screamed he. "Give me that nut or I will tweak your ears with my sharp teeth. It belongs to me." "Doesn't either?" grunted Roly-Poly, and she grinned a saucy Cub grin. "Finding it keeping, and I found this nut, so now it is mine." "Found it, did you? Yes, you found it right in the very hole in the tree in which you saw me put it. You stole it, that's what you did! Spying on a fellow—prying into his business with those sharp eyes of yours! watching him stock up his storehouse against a time of need; waiting 'till he has gone to gather more, and then paddy-pawing over to steal his supplies. Nice kind of find that is! Give me back that nut!"

"Shan't do it!" grunted Roly-Poly. The Cub, as soon as she could make herself heard above Red Squirrel's chatter, and she stuck out her tongue at poor little Reddy. This, of course made him more furious than ever, and the old things he left unsaid, were the things he couldn't think of. Such a din! Peter clapped his hands over his ears. Father Bear growled low in his throat and half raised a paw as though he would like to cuff the noisy disturber of the peace. Then Mother Growly took command of the situation. She leaned over and grasped Roly-Poly by the paw. "Is Red Squirrel telling the truth?" demanded she. "Did you steal from his store house?" Roly-Poly squirmed, but she boldly nodded. "Ugh, hub! I noticed Reddy running back and forth from a heap of leaves to a hole in a tree, and I wondered what he was doing, so I went over to find out. Reddy had scampered off, but I saw a heap of nuts so I took one. But only one, Mother; I never thought he'd miss it. Stinky little beast! Just one nut I took and he makes all this fuss about it!" Next: "On Trial Before the Family."

Poems That Live

A Wish. Mine be a cot beside the hill; A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear; A willow brook, that turns the mill, With many a fall shall linger near. The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch, Shall twitter from her clay-built nest; Oft shall a pilgrim lift the latch, And share my meal, a welcome guest. Around my ivy'd porch shall spring Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew; And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing In russet gown and apron blue. The village church among the trees, Where first our marriage vows were given, With merry peals shall swell the breeze, And point with taper spire to heaven. —Samuel Rogers.

Children's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle



Illustration of a child playing hockey

Who's Who

Maud Wood Park. The League of Women Voters has appointed Mrs. Maud Wood Park of Boston, one of the former presidents of the league, as chairman of a committee to attend discussions on the world court measure at the present session of congress. The league is endeavoring to get the women of the country aroused and interested in the world court. Mrs. Park was born in Boston and is a graduate of Radcliffe college in the class of 1898. She was a founder and president of the First Branch of the College of Equal Suffrage Association. In addition to her suffrage work she is also well known in settlement circles, having been identified with the work in Boston and San Francisco for ten years. Among the offices held by Mrs. Park have been that of secretary of the Boston Equal Suffrage Association for Good Government, chairman of the congressional committee of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, and president of the League of Women Voters in 1909. Mrs. Park has also crossed the continent, making speeches for the suffrage cause.



Portrait of Maud Wood Park

MEET THE SHOPPER FAMILY

This is WILLIE GETTIT, nephew of Earl E. Shriver and pride of his heart, Willie's sport but wants a sicker and sicker roadster.



15 shopping days left before Christmas.

ROSEBURG, Ore., Dec. 9.—A trust mortgage given by the Roach Timber company to the Muscatine State bank and E. L. McCole, of Muscatine, Iowa, and involving the holdings of that company in Douglas and Lane counties was presented to the county clerk here today to be recorded. The mortgage was given as security on a bond issue in the sum of \$1,500,000, and places in trust the many thousands acres of timber owned by the Roach company in the two counties. The bonds are to be issued in three installments, the first an issue of \$500,000, being payable on January 1, 1921, the second of \$500,000, being due on January 1, 1922, and the third of \$500,000, being payable in 1923.