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UNION LABEL

Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.

If war is outlawed by disarmament, there will be plenty of humanitarian work to do unobscuring humankind.

Henry Ford has heard the champion fiddler of Maine, without one of his prodigies starting up unexpectedly during the squawking of tender oboes.

A particularly reprehensible form of bootlegger has been unearthed in Idaho. The low-lived whelp used water to thin down his moonshine, instead of the regulation prussic acid.

It is high time the Rogue River valley loam was given the proper raising in the fur world.

"Grey squadrons sweep across the mottled sky" is the way one poet described the fog.

HOW LIKE A LADY! (Klamath Falls Herald) The purse was valued at approximately \$10, but there was no money in it. Constable Gary Cozad is investigating the case.

"You should be plowing," raged an irate farmer friend Thurs, am., and your car, did not know enough to fire back: "Same to you, old dear!"

There will be a meeting of the Rock-Ribbed Republican Society at an early date to point with pride at the stand of the sr. seceders in dawdling around with the pesterers of the president.

A "Public Defense League" is being propagated at Portland to function in the primary election, and the public is going to need it.

Walt Bowne, the first local culprit to wear no hat, is now wearing one.

MAKE OF CAR Baffles (Redding, Cal. Searchlight) O. C. Hill, automobile dealer of McArthur, arrived in Redding by automobile Tuesday evening and had to go to bed right away in his hotel and stay there until he recovered from seasickness.

ANY kind of day work except washing reliable woman.—(Wanted, Oregonian.) Too flimsy.

There was a big quarrel. He told me it was a girl he had turned down for she was a bad woman and she had made him believe she was a saint. But, Mrs. Thompson, it was his wife.—(Agony Column, Grants Pass Courier.) Correct!

One of our rising young men has broken himself by smoking cigars, but now he is chewing gum.

FIFTEEN PAGES We saw Mr. Jellison, the undertaker going by.

And all of us guardedly wondered whom he was going for.

We watched him take fifteen pages and reach our stoop from his shop.

And glad at least that he didn't stop, watched him take fifteen more.

We never see his little dark figure come this way and pass.

Unless it be on a certain call spelling trouble to some.

He never wastes his legs on a walk nor his tongue in a talk.

MERE BEAUTY ON THE SCREEN.

"BEAUTY means little to screen aspirants," says a film star. Tenacity and courage, she says, are more valuable than pretty faces.

Well, maybe so, maybe so. Courage, some moralists maintain, is the parent of all the virtues. And tenacity is useful not only in hunting a good job, but in hanging onto it.

A discerning critic once remarked of a famous male comedian: "He looked sad. He did it with his feet." If these sweet screen heroines could only express a few human emotions with their feet, or hands, or bodies, by pose or gesture, or action of some kind other than merely facial, they would make more of a hit with mature males, at least, and lay themselves less open to the charge of being mere high-salaried dumb-bells.

DIPLOMATIC DIALECT.

THE WORST thing about diplomatic gatherings is that every little while some newspaper correspondent learns a new word, and then there's trouble.

To illustrate, it isn't necessary to go back to the verbal horrors of Versailles. The arms limitation meeting at Washington was bad enough. It gave us the horrific term "agenda," under which our beloved country is still staggering.

And now we run up against "pourparler." According to a recent dispatch from Geneva, they're having one there. From the description, it seems to be a confab on disarmament, preliminary to the main show coming next year.

"Pourparler," a high school girl explains, is French for "conference," and means "for to talk." The French have to use some expression like that because in their language "conference" means "lecture," and "lecture" means "reading."

"Agenda," according to the same authority, is Latin for "things to do," ordinarily designated in English by the word "program." So that's that.

If diplomacy is really becoming popular, why not put it into plain English, as far as the English speaking countries are concerned?

QUILL POINTS

France, dear, no nation can trench and retrench.

Famous last words: "I'll tell you how to cure that cold."

The office may seek the man, but frequently it gets something less.

The Shipping Board by any other name would provide as many nice jobs.

No wonder Wilhelm dreads the yellow peril. Look where a yellow streak placed him.

If only the days were longer, Hoover might handle several other departments.

"Here lies the body" is "all right." But "here lies the epitaph" would be as true.

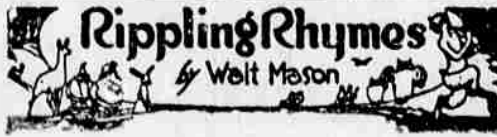
Some are just born lucky. The slackers in war are the slickers in peace.

Many great inventions come by accident, and it isn't probable that anybody really thought up apple pie a la mode.

Perhaps it would help some if each armament-mad nation would tell which one it is afraid of.

The next time operators and miners confer, let them try the atmosphere of Switzerland. It seems to work.

Correct this sentence: "There are dozens of partly-used medicines in the chest," said she, "and I remember what every one was for."



FAITH.

IN OLDEN times a fell disease was prevalent in Britain's isle; it seared the eyebrows and the knees, and patients didn't sing or smile. Through life the ailment would endure, defying all the leeches' skill; there was no nostrum that would cure, no powdered bark, no patent pill. For those who wept and suffered much, there was one cure, for which to pray; the reigning monarch's royal touch would drive the malady away.

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.

If It Is Chilly It Is Good. Not that I mean to be radical or unattractive or sensational, but I sit writing this in a room where the temperature is 61 degrees F., the outside temperature at the moment being 35 degrees.



men. I returned and sat down to read some letters. Presently I recollected how chilly I had felt two hours ago. I looked at the thermometer and it was still 61—but from the feel of the air I would have expected a reading around 67.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Trusting I have not consumed too much of your time, I am, believe me, most sincerely, closes a long letter—and then the correspondent signs some initials.

Answer—I look for the signature first. If no signature I do not bother to read the letter. But you are entitled to an answer to the part I did read, and the answer is that I don't believe you.

Cider. A says cider is a healthful drink because apple are healthy. B says cider apples are healthy. B says cider is "skinny." Please give me your opinion. (K. A.)

Answer—Cider is a wholesome beverage when it is perfectly fresh, but it becomes unwholesome when it begins to sour, within a few days. It is not vinegar until fermentation has proceeded to the acetic acid stage.

Coffee in Copper. Will it be all right to make coffee for a company of 200 persons in a copper boiler? (A. L. C.)

Answer—Yes, but to prevent any contamination with copper or any impairment of the coffee flavor, so that the coffee is not permitted to boil even a moment and that it is not permitted to stand in the copper boiler after it is ready to serve.

Determined to Keep Doctor Away. In my opinions you live the heretics. Money you can be sarcastic without even trying. Just what effect have apples on your system? I eat from 10 to 20 apples every day. I'm an apple fiend. Miss D. S.)

Answer—That represents from 800 to 1500 calories, equivalent to drinking from three to five pints of milk daily, or in other words, it should keep the doctor, the dentist, and a dozen other specialists away.

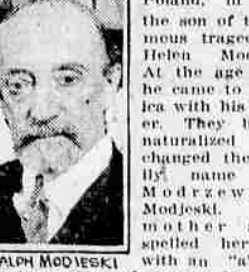
Dumbbells and Barbells. My husband's claim, who lives with us, contemplates buying a barbell and they both insist that I should exercise with it too. I try to tell them that with two children and two men and a house to look after a woman doesn't need barbell exercise, also that a woman's body is not built for such strenuous exercise. (Mrs. O. M.)

Answer—You are right. It is in fact a poor form of exercise for anybody.

Who's Who

J. Pierrepont Moffatt.

The position of social secretary of the White House has been abolished and that of ceremonial officer established in its stead.



RALPH MODJESKI

The new social arbiter for the executive mansion has been in the diplomatic corps since 1917, when he was graduated from Harvard. He first entered the foreign service as private secretary to John W. Garrett, at that time minister to Holland and later secretary general of the arms conference.

Timely Views on World Topics

Industrial Laboratories Endanger Pure Research Work, Says Herbert Hoover.

"Instead of leading all other countries in the advancement of fundamental scientific knowledge, the United States occupies a position far in the rear of the majority of European nations," announced Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover, in a recent speech.



HERBERT HOOVER

"The difficulty we experienced in securing a place in science beside the nations of Europe can hardly be due to a lack of ability, judging from the leading part already played by the United States in finance, in architecture and in applied science. It results partly from the pioneering stage and partly from the indifference and other inducements which so often lead talented men reluctantly to accept well-paid industrial positions instead of poorly paid academic and research posts.

Poems That Live

THE CHURCHYARD. One night, when silence reigned around, I heard sweet music rise, Whose harp-like and harmonious sound Came from the star-decked skies.

And when had died each silver tone, Thy spirit passed away, And left me a sad mourner lone, On this dark earth to stay.

My sister, may it ever be, That from thy home on high A hymn of peace may check in me Each dark rebellious sigh.

Then, sister! shall I truly know That manna's of the best, Wait, till from weariness below, My spirit enters rest!

—Charlotte Bronte.

PETER'S ADVENTURES IN ANIMAL LAND

FOUND GUILTY! Red Squirrel was running in circles, frantic lest having come all the way across the cornfield to get back the stolen nut he should have to go home without it.

"Hush up, you little nuisance!" growled she. "Of course you hear you, nobody here is deaf. Red-Poly has

"Thanks!" chattered he, as long as you give me what belongs to me. Sticks and stones will never hurt me, I have never liked you very much, Mrs. Bear—you are too much of a scold—always making your Cubs leave for the cave right when they are having the most fun! But you are fair, I'll say that for you. As for you, Growly, you'll never see me again. Why, you aren't even boss in your own family. By-by, Red-Poly! Next time you go nothing be sure where and how you gather. There are plenty of nuts in the woods for us all. I'm not mad at you now, and to prove it I'll guide you to my favorite hunting grounds. Under a tree I know the acorns are so thick you can wade paw-dred in them. Come along now if you like. Only hurry!"

Red Squirrel scuttled off. "Me, too, I want to go, too!" squealed the Cub in his father's arms. But Mother Bear shook her head, holding tight to Red-Poly's paw, for that small Cub was trying her best to get away.

"No, children. You can't go, either of you. You are too clumsy to keep up with Red Squirrel. He'd only tire you out. Besides, you have had sport enough for one day. Now both of you sit down beside me and be quiet, and I will tell you a story."

Next—"Who Knows?"

been tried before the family court and we have found her guilty. Red-Poly give Red Squirrel that nut you stole."

Mrs. Bear gave her Cub a push and "was no gentle one, either. There was nothing for it, the little sneak-thief had had all her trouble for her pains. She must part with her prize,

ties, and thus to some degree drying the stream of creative men at the source. Thus applied science itself will dry up unless we maintain the sources of pure science. This is no complaint against our great industries. It simply means we must strengthen the first line of our offensive.

Few Garret Inventions Now. "The day is gone by when we can depend much upon consequential discovery or invention being made by the genius in the garret. A most of men, great equipment, long patient scientific experiment to build up the structure of knowledge, grain by grain, is today the fundamental source of invention and discovery.

"The rise of the Einstein theory, which has revolutionized physical science, was rendered possible by the most abstruse developments of mathematics over long years, and who may say that some day it may not become the raw material of our industrial laboratories with a fine outpouring of benefits in added human comfort and convenience."

THE DATE TREE



Dec. 11, 1118—807 years ago—Abelard is a lecturer in the Cathedral School of Notre Dame.

Here among the pupils of the brilliant young scholar came Heloise, the beautiful seventeen-year-old niece of the Canon Fulbert, and almost at first sight they fell passionately in love. They fled together to Brittany and were secretly married, but shortly after, Heloise, denying the marriage (lest it should stand in Abelard's way) was forced to enter a convent, while her lover, in despair became a monk, never to see her face again.

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Abe Martin



WAS HE YOU BRADY THING? FACE, SOUND OLD NUT!—GROWLED POLY—BOY

Cuttin' in is purty bad in downtown traffic, but jest wait till you get on the road 't success. Th' trouble with th' Dayton plan o' gittin' money is that you don't get rich quick enough 't git away.

MEET THE SHOPPER FAMILY



This is UNCLE EPHRAH. Not a real Uncle, but he was good to Aunt Melisse and the children.

13 shopping days left before Christmas.

Clean Your White Woodwork with Liquid Sunshine

Children's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle



Running Across. Word 1. In the picture. Word 2. To form a notion or idea. Word 3. A book of the Bible. Word 4. Running Down.

Word 1. To throw or hurl. Word 2. Once more, anew. Word 3. What grows on our heads? Plural. Word 4. Tall slender grasses used in weaving.

YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED.

