

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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

The Medford Morning Sun is furnished subscribers during the seven-day daily week.

Office: Mail Tribune Building, 25-27-29 North Fir street, Phone 76.

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

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By Mail—In Advance: Daily, with Sunday Sun, year \$7.50; Daily, with Sunday Sun, month \$1.00.

BY CARRIER—In Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent and on Highways: Daily, with Sunday Sun, month \$1.75.

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

Official paper of the City of Medford, Oregon, and of 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 Portland citizen roaming around after midnight with \$4000 worth of diamonds on his manly bosom, is now complaining of his hard luck.

Mr. Ernie Nevers, a redoubtable football player of the Pacific Slope, has joined the ranks of the professionals.

The Christmas spirit is now rampant, and some think it is slightly overdone.

Miss Pound, who is teaching the Orleans school, spent the week-end with her parents at Tangent.

DOG-HEARTED CHARLIE! (Press Dispatch) SEATTLE, Dec. 10.—(By Associated Press.) Finding a check for \$1462 while looking for work, Charles A. Burris today returned it to P. J. Glennon to whom it was payable.

The wind blew last night. It attained the velocity of a careful driver going by a schoolhouse and a dangerous corner at the same time.

Music lovers are now training for Yuletide carols. A carol is a song as full of "Hosannas" as the world is full of service stations.

It is announced that an Australia process has been found for using the strings from string beans in carpet and rug manufacture.

So far no political ecotist has shown up suffering from the hallucination he can defeat Cong. Hawley.

According to Mr. P. Callison, our coach, the basketball team is more hopeless than the football team ever thought of being.

The springlike attitude of the weather on the winter question, is due to so many of the girls having ice coats.

CHAUFFEUR, colored, wanted to drive traveling salesman out of town. (SP. Bulletin.) The Ku Klux Klan goes to sleep again.

Beasties are still admitting daylight to goats with the spoolsticks. One of these days a lonely lady is going to take a shot at a poor man.

Governor Pierce has been a two-faced executive," yips the Portland Journal. A survey by an investment committee would also undoubtedly show that the "Fiscal Terror of Taxes" is equipped with the reputation number of other accessories, singly and in pairs, including the face.

Fred Walters, of Corvallis, was fined \$10 by City Recorder Nutting, when he called the court by telephone. (Albany Democrat.) He escaped without a jail sentence.

Our Jr. senders are now promising by telegraph to make two post-offices grow where none grew before, the ones to be selected by the Auntie-Sakon league.

Someone proposed that a drunken man's race be held. As Gilbert is not one of these wild and woolly camps where red hiker flows freely and anyone can tank up at any time, some difficulty was naturally met with when a search was made to find one eligible for this event.

Suicides By Fire STOCKTON, Cal.—George Sullivan of Denver, Colo., burned himself to death in the Tracy City jail where he was held on a felony charge. Sullivan is said to have ignited the prison got in his cell.

NEVERS FOLLOWS GRANGE.

ONEY talks. Red Grange will soon be skirting the ends again at a thousand dollars per yard, and now Ernie Nevers departs from Stanford to buck the line for Florida capitalists, and his Saturday night pay check.

The only hope of keeping football in the place it has occupied for nearly a generation, now lies with the great American public. If the people as a whole accept professional football and pay their good money to see the mercenaries perform, then our greatest amateur sport, will soon go the way of baseball and boxing, and the ancient and honorable purity of the game will become only a pleasant memory.

For in spite of the practical considerations advanced, we can't have our cake and eat it. If amateur football, particularly college football, is to be accepted as merely preparation for money making, then the peculiar charm and spiritual vigor of the sport is gone.

In turning professional, there is no doubt that college men like Grange and Nevers benefit themselves, as far as their immediate bank accounts are concerned. In a sense no one can blame them, for money is a very important thing in life, particularly to those who haven't it.

Nevertheless, we deplore their action, for the very simple and undoubtedly insufficient reason, that such action is of material benefit. We would like to see one sport kept out of the money market, one sport played for sports sake, and its rewards confined to benefits, that can not be bought and sold in the open market.

QUILL POINTS

Republic: Government by investigation.

California has one consolation. Her real estate doesn't splash.

No intelligence test yet devised beats the ballot.

If debt settlement comes, can borrowers be far behind?

Ah, well; if man had no vanity, the clipping bureau might starve.

When genius lived on scant fare in the old days, the idea wasn't to reduce.

No man ever yet made his mark in the world by making ditto marks.

You can tell a red-blooded guy. He keeps one of the sedan windows down about three inches.

A man isn't really old until he begins to enjoy talking about severe winters he has known.

How fast the land develops. There are more millionaires in jail now than there were at large in 1890.

Science has determined the freezing point of almost everything except the feminine knee.

A horn leader, in these times, is a man who can think up a new source of revenue.

You might agree with one side in a controversy if you didn't have to agree with so many disagreeable people.

A professor in Italy says Italians made America great. This seems to be praising a fruit diet a little too much.

Correct this sentence: "Come out in the kitchen, Dad," said the boy of sixteen, "and let me polish your shoes."

The social cleft in England now omit breakfast, which enables them to get four hours more sleep before lunch.

Example of human nature: A European nation feeling very virtuous because it agreed to be honest to save its skin.

The suggestion that Coolidge be made a dictator may be inspired by the conviction that he wouldn't meddle in anything.

Correct this sentence: "He's just a normal boy," said the mother, "but he never tries to sneak off without his overshoes."

Rippling Rhymes

Walt Mason

BETTING.

A FOOLISH thing, this constant betting, this wagering of a groat and yen; it is the vice, the sin besetting, of many looted workmen. In spite of statutes and restrictions, designed to curb the sporting throng, they'll back with coin their firm convictions, which nearly always turn out wrong. They're always getting tips and pointers, with hunches they are face to face; they bet on poor old rusty-jointers, stale nags that could not win a race. They'll bet on any proposition, they'll bet that rain or snow will fly, when every man and condition would indicate a season dry. They'll bet on scraps or wrestling matches, they'll stake their ailing parents' pills, they'll bet their homes from roofs to hatches, that Dempsey will be slain by Wills. The winning thing they're always choosing, this time they'll make a killing sure; but somehow they are always losing, and still their hopes and faith endure. The rotten luck can't last forever, they soon will gather in the cash; they think up systems fine and clever, and all their systems go to smash. And then at last they're facing bleakly old age and poverty and woe; all down and out they wander weakly, and think of betting as they go. When once the betting folly fastens upon a man it spoils his brain, and nothing cures and nothing chastens, or leads him back to nothing's sane.

Personal Health Service

BY WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to disease diagnosis or treatment, 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.

Moles and Liver Spots. The lesions or blemishes popularly known as "birth marks" are not marks at all in the legendary sense of the word. No one who has the elementary knowledge of embryology (the earliest development of the body) which every fairly educated child should have, can for a moment seriously entertain the notion of "marking" the unborn infant. That is one of the many superstitions which make for unhappiness and ill health where stark ignorance rules and knowledge or enlightenment is suppressed.

The irregularities of pigmentation, popularly known as "liver spots" have nothing to do with the liver or its functions. A mole is a small round stain or pigmented spot, usually elevated a bit above the level of the skin, in some instances present at birth, in others appearing later in life. The medical term for mole is nevus.

Most of these moles or nevi are benign and call for no treatment unless they are such a blemish that the individual wishes to have them obliterated or removed. Some of them ultimately develop into malignant growths, cancer, and for that reason it is generally advisable to have moles removed, particularly when they show certain changes in appearance after some years, such as increased pigmentation or color and increased vascularity or formation of little blood vessels in the mole or a tendency to ulcerate and bleed from slight injuries. Such changes, which warrant the suspicion of a cancer, sometimes occur in a little mole or nevus which has given no trouble for 20, 30 or more years.

It is unwise to attempt to obliterate or destroy moles with caustics, for that adds irritation, predisposes to ordinary infection (blood poisoning), produces very unsightly scar formations and too often fails to remove the mole. Repeated efforts actually favor the development of cancer.

If I had a mole or wart or similar blemish or lesion about the face or head, I should prefer to have the lesion, with a little wedge of normal skin surrounding it, excised by surgery under local anesthesia. This is the least irritating, least painful, safest and most effective way to deal with such lesions, and the scar remaining after a skillful surgical operation of this sort is probably least noticeable.

There are several other methods which may suffice for the obliteration of small brown, nevi, among them electrolysis, fulguration, diathermy, X-ray, and freezing with carbon dioxide snow. Only a physician can safely apply any of these methods.

Some moles have a warty, rough, thickened surface and often a growth of heavy hairs, and when not over half an inch in diameter these may be treated with electrolysis or X-ray. Large pigmented moles (some times two or three inches in diameter) are more likely to become malignant in character than are the small ones. In any mole, an even brown pigment is usually indicative of benign or harmless character, whereas black or blue color in the pigment seems more characteristic of the tendency toward cancer.

Liver spots or moth patches are medically termed chloasma, and these are harmless areas of excessive pigmentation in the skin. We know they are harmless and that is all we know about them. They are akin to freckles, and in some cases apparently due to the same cause—exposure to sunlight. I know of no remedy.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Poor Taste in Literature. A good many readers seem to have the wrong idea of my tastes in reading. Biography, good murder stories, autobiography suits me very well, but it is no use trying to make me read history.

Encouraging the Landlord. Stop! Please stop telling us about that ideal room temperature of 65 degrees being sufficient in cold weather. Our janitor would lose his job if he followed such a barbarous rule in the apartment we occupy. We all wear light clothing as you frequently advise, and therefore we want warmth and comfort, which demands a room temperature considerably above 65 degrees. No doubt landlords will bless you, since it would enable them to collect exorbitant rents and still save on the heating expense.—E. E.

Answer—It is fair enough if the landlord or janitor keeps the room temperature up to 65 degrees. You should find that temperature comfortable, provided you can evaporate considerable water in the air.

Newfoundland Cod Liver Oil. I am giving our boy aged 3 years Newfoundland cod liver oil, one teaspoonful half an hour before each of his three meals, because he has so many attacks of the cri. Is this all right? Should the dose be increased?—R. Y. M.

Answer—It is all right, the half an hour to an hour after meals is a better time to give it. Not necessary to increase the dose.

Nosebleed. Kindly inform me what to do about nosebleeds which I have very often. They last for half an hour. I have heard that lemon juice is good. I believe my blood is too rich.—Miss S. J.

Answer—Your blood is not too rich, and lemon juice is not advisable. Usually the bleeding is from a small ulcerated spot on the cartilage partition between the nostrils, and a doctor can find this spot, cauterize it, and put an end to the nosebleeds. To stop nosebleed, sit leaning slightly forward, bend the head so you look down at the floor, then gently pinch and hold the nostrils closed for several minutes. A piece of ice or any cold metal object applied on the back of the neck may help. Avoid blowing the nose after the bleeding has stopped. Undiluted peroxide of hydrogen poured into the bleeding nostril from a spoon while the head is held back will stop prolonged bleeding.



Who Knows? "Away up North in the land of snow—Where the icebergs drift and the cold mists blow—Sun tries his best to be gay and bright, But early takes to cover from cold gray Night."

"In this far off world of ice and sleet, Of water a-plenty but little to eat, Roams a White Giant, whom all avoid with care. His name—can you guess it?—is—"

"Polar Bear!" squealed the two little Cubs in chorus. Mother Bear nodded.

"Ugh, ugh!" grunted she. And it was as plain to be seen as the nose to tell you children? But before we begin we must find a comfortable spot. And it must be in the open. For even while we are having a good time we must not forget that danger ever threatens the Bear family and we must keep our eyes and ears open every moment to guard against it."

My, how excited those little Cubs were. Sonny wriggled down from his father's arms and side by side with Ross-Poly, who quite forgot to be cross because he couldn't go nutting with Red Squarrel, trotted close by their mother as she led them out of the cornfield.

And when they had come to the edge of the woods her bright eye spied a moss covered log.

"Ah! A nice soft place to sit," cried she. "Make yourself comfortable, everybody, because—who knows—this may be a long story!"

The little Cubs shivered with glee and cuddled at her side. Growly took his position as guard—ready to give warning at the slightest sign of danger—but he took good care to keep well within hearing. Peter the Boy sat himself down on a rock near by and Mother Bear's little audience was all ready.

Next—Great Great Grandmother Ursus.

Merchants' Meeting Monday Evening. Not only members of the Jackson County Business Men's association, but all merchants in Medford who are specially interested in bettering business methods and conditions are urged to attend the regular monthly meeting and banquet in the Holland Cafe Monday evening, December 14, at 6:30 p. m., sharp.

Poems That Live

In the Graveyard. Mid the half-lit air and the lonely place

Those the buried pleasures of past days.

I saw the grave with her pallid face, Whose smile had turned to tears, On many a burial mound I read the names of beings once known.

Who sat in childish glee, Had jumped across the graves with me—

Shouted, many a truant day, Where—now their ashes lay, These the dead good had been placed, Who died in the dawn of thought, And these, the girl whose virtues graced

The home his love had wrought— Beauty's sweet and Talent's pride, And passion's love, warlike child! The name that tells the eye that smiled,

All the darling dreams of each, Faded, out of Nature's reach, O' when they trifled on this spot, Not long ago, Little they thought, 'twould be their lot.

So soon to be here—lonely and low, 'Neath a chilly coverlet of clay And few or none to go 'Mid the glimmering dusk of a summer day.

To the dim place where they lay, And pause and pray, And think how little worth, Is all that frets our hearts on earth. The sun had sunk, and the summer skies

Were dotted with specks of light, That melted soon in the deep moon-risings.

That flowed over Croton Height, For the evening in her robes of white Smiled o'er sea and land, with pensive eyes, Saddening the heart, like the first fair night, After a loved one dies.

—Macdonald Clark.

Who's Who

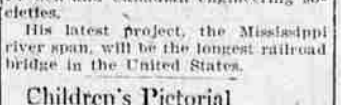
Ralph Modjeski. The new \$13,000,000 bridge which is to span the Mississippi river near New Orleans will be built by the "King of Bridgebuilders," Ralph Modjeski of Chicago.

Mr. Modjeski was J. Pierpont Moffatt of New York, a member of the diplomatic corps. The duties of the secretary have become so many and so arduous that a woman can no longer care for the multitude of details.

Modjeski has been a consulting bridge engineer in Chicago since 1892. His present firm is that of Modjeski and Angier. He has built bridges in Illinois, Missouri, Oregon, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Washington, Tennessee and many other states. Some of his best known bridges are the government bridge, Rock Island, Ill., McKinley bridge at Celilo, Ore., new Memphis, Tenn., bridge, Delaware river bridge at Philadelphia and Columbia and the Willamette river bridge for the Portland and Seattle railroad. He is a member of the American, British, French and Canadian engineering societies.

His latest project, the Mississippi river span, will be the longest railroad bridge in the United States.

Children's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle



Running Across. Word 1. In the picture. Word 4. A type of balloon. Word 5. To score.

Running Down. Word 1. Custom, usage. Word 2. An instrument used to bore holes. Word 3. Vacant, unoccupied.

YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED.



FEATHER L G A E I M A G I N E N I R D G E N E S I S

Meet the Shopper Family. The man in the roadster is Cousin Sam Hicker. Who craves a silk muffler. To wear with his slicker.

12 shopping days left before Christmas.

Abe Martin

Boys 'll be boys, an' so 'll a lot o' middle aged men. Our idee o' wastin' shoe leather is chasin' a runaway wife.

Timely Views on World Topics

"Neglect of Chemical Service is Criminal" Charges Head of the Chemical Warfare Service.

"Neglect of the chemical warfare service borders on national suicide," declared Maj. Gen. Amos A. Fries, the chief of the chemical service, in his annual report to Secretary of War Dwight Davis.

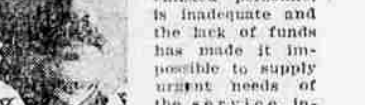
"The present commissioned and enlisted personnel is inadequate and the lack of funds has made it impossible to supply urgent needs of the service, including the manufacture of gas masks, reserve plant projects, and the supply of an authorized war reserve," the report stated.

"It is universally appreciated at this time by those responsible for national defense," Gen. Fries reports "that chemical industries should be developed and supported in their respective countries. To neglect this phase of preparedness would place a nation at the mercy of one having such a weapon."

"As regards chemical natural resources we are in a unique position. This position as to chemical resources of the United States will give it superiority over any other nation or group of nations which will mean success in any future war, but a state of chemical preparedness will never result, if we slacken or neglect our military development and training in chemical warfare."

THE DATE TREE

BY ERNEST SEEMAN



Dec. 12th 1000—925 years ago—Leif Ericson, a Norseman, is exploring the coast of what is now New England. His father, Eric the Red, had reached the island of Greenland from the European mainland as early as 986, Leif, being even more adventurous, outfitted a ship and with a crew of 35 men in the year 1000 sailed westward. His object was to discover lands he had already heard of through Biarni, a Norseman, who had come in sight of them in 987. After discovering Labrador, Leif cruised southward to the region that is now Massachusetts—500 years before Columbus. Finding here quantities of grapes he called the country "Vinland."

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