

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily, Sunday, Weekly... MEDFORD PRINTING CO. Phone 14... ROBERT W. HUBB, Editor... G. SUMPTER SMITH, Manager...

WHY WORLD PEACE IS A DREAM

THE present state of war which apparently exists between Bolivia and Paraguay illustrates how difficult it is for any organization like the League of Nations or the Pan-American Conference, both of which are now in session, to actually prevent an outbreak of hostilities.

When two individuals engage in mortal combat on a street corner they are immediately faced by a superior force in the shape of a squad of police. Usually before any serious harm is done, both belligerents are cooling their heated brows in some convenient jail, and face heavy fines and considerable personal embarrassment for disturbing the peace.

As a result personal combats to the death, in this more or less civilized world, are exceedingly rare.

But there is no such force to prevent bloodshed, when two nations start growling at each other. Both Paraguay and Bolivia are members of the League of Nations, and the League solemnly adjured them to be good little boys and settle their difficulties peacefully.

A similar word of advice and warning was issued by the Pan-American Conference. The answers were friendly and conciliatory, but, according to press dispatches today, war has broken out, infernally at least, and 100 Paraguayan soldiers were killed.

In other words, there is no international police force to prevent hostilities between nations, as there is to prevent hostilities between individuals within a nation.

And the reason is not only fairly plain, but it supplies the answer to the question why the dream of a warless world is so far from any immediate fulfillment.

The plain truth is individuals have become fairly well civilized, nations have not. A majority of individuals have voluntarily abandoned the personal privilege of settling differences by force. A majority of the nations have not.

The question of an international police force to enforce the rulings of the League of Nations was broached at the Paris conference. But no nation was willing to accept such a proposal.

We can talk until Doomsday about the horrors of war and the virtues of peace, but until the nations of this world are willing to do what the individuals within the nations have done, the dream of universal peace remains a dream and nothing else.

WHY TODAY IS VERY IMPORTANT

TWENTY-FIVE years ago today Orville Wright, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, flew in a contraption somewhat resembling a chicken crate, 120 feet in 12 seconds, at a maximum elevation of 100 feet.

One enterprising newspaper reporter peeked out from ambush and saw that flight, which was to mark the most important event of the Twentieth Century.

Even he did not consider the event of epoch-making importance. But it looked like a good stunt—a chance to pick up some small change on an exclusive feature story.

So he sent out wire queries to about fifty newspapers. Several of them refused to even accept the queries and pay 22 cents for them. The editor in the Wright brothers' home town not only refused the story but in high indignation, wired the enterprising newspaper man to send no more "Cock and Bull yarns."

When the details of the flight became generally known, there was considerable interest aroused among an intelligent and far-seeing minority, but the people of the country as a whole dismissed the Wright brothers as a couple of crazy loons, who might better stick to their jobs as menders of damaged bicycles.

It was not until Orville and Wilbur Wright had flown their contraption before the crowned heads of Europe, and been received with wide acclaim, that their own countrymen as a whole took any real interest in them. And then there was so much skepticism and "professional" criticism that that original Kitty Hawk plane now reposes in the British museum, instead of at Washington, D. C., where it belongs.

And now after only 25 years—a split-second in the age of the modern world—the airplane has become man's most effective weapon in the never ending struggle to conquer time and space.

Orville Wright, who has survived his brother and is still a resident of Dayton, Ohio, has lived to see that early dream come true.

The airplane has spanned the Seven Seas. It has flown around the world. It has developed into the most effective weapon in war, and the most important factor in the industrial and commercial development of peace.

The moral of this silver anniversary? Simply this: Because something has never been done, don't assume it never will be. And, above all, don't dismiss any person as merely a "nut" and a "loon" because he claims to have accomplished something which is entirely original and entirely new.

Look into it a bit,—know your ground,—before you hand down your decision. For it is these "ex-parte" decisions which have so often delayed the progress of the world in the past, and made the heroes of tomorrow suffer as the martyrs of today.

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. Nothing to be made 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.

REJUVENATION IS THE BUNK. BUT DEOSILIZATION IS TREATMENT WE ALL NEED

Looking at life through the eyes of the biologist and in the light of science, one sees that man is a combustion apparatus for the burning and transmutation of inert materials into living protoplasm, with the production of heat and energy. Man is a machine whose work is manifested as the vital functions of nutrition, a metabolism, motility, irritability, and reproduction.

Reproduction, the perpetuation of species, is the great object of human life, and all other functions are of secondary importance. Still speaking biologically, scientifically, we know that when reproduction has been accomplished man begins to die, or more accurately, man's decline begins just as soon as his young are reared to a state of independence which enables them to take care of themselves.

There is nothing cold or pessimistic about this view of human life, in my opinion. On the contrary, it is an optimistic and cheerful conception. It does seem a bit of a pessimism, with the Osler book, but remember, now, we are speaking of man as a mere machine, and as a mechanical conception man surely does begin to slow down and grow a bit wobbly around the age of 50 years. Everybody, old or young, male or female, knows that. But there is still a comforting bit of knowledge about it. Biological machines which I fear too many employers have failed to grasp, and that is what I shall now explain.

Dr. Osler was misrepresented about the disposal of old folks. He merely pointed out that the greater part of the work of the world has been done by people before middle age. That is a pretty sound objective fact. Then he facetiously quoted from a novel the suggestion that all the old parties at 60 ought to be chloroformed. This humorous allusion the newspapers played up as Dr. Osler's own serious idea. That tore it. Dr. Osler himself was a good enough example of the mental fitness of men past middle age. There was nothing in his philosophy, and there is nothing in science today, to indicate that a man's mental efficiency declines when his physical efficiency begins to slip up. On the contrary, and here's the bit of absolutely scientific and undoubted knowledge I promised, you know that whereas the physical fitness of a normal man begins to decline at 50 or thereabouts, his mental fitness persists at the highest level until he reaches 65 years of age.

If you employ a man to do muscular work for you, perhaps you will not get as much out of him after 45 as you did for 20 years before. But if you hire him to use his brains for you, you would make a grave mistake to shelve him before 65 if he is a normal, ordinary, average man. That's straight common sense, and I challenge any self-made "character analyst" or "psychological expert" or any other boob-bag of the world of hokum to stop me if I am wrong. Not that I doubt for a moment that there are a lot of saps in business who accept the quackish advice of these alleged "efficiency experts" too readily. My sole contention is that although your vigorous youth may break the old man in a race or lay bricks all around him, still if you want a problem worked out or a staggering line of figures added accurately or a bit of sound judgment in a difficult situation you will be wise to take it to the old man. He knows how and what.

Thinking involves little if any metabolism, transformation or use of energy. Maybe this explains why the old man's brains still function perfectly long after his brawn has softened.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS It is Possible. Is it possible for a person to give board and lodging to a tapeworm without being aware of it? For a year or more I... —R. L.

ANSWER—Yes, and per contra on the other hand, nine out of ten persons who imagine they have tapeworm haven't.

Sugar. Family doctor found sugar in urine, prescribed diet; ten days later no sugar present. He went off to hospital and by his suggestion I went to another doctor for urinalysis. This one allowed sweet potatoes in diet, and found sugar present. Potatoes deleted, sugar disappeared. First doctor advised exclude sugar from diet, one year no matter what analysis shows. Second considers the affair a "spill over" and leaves diet unrestricted. Both reputable physicians. Which shall I follow?

ANSWER—Follow your present physician's advice until your own physician returns. Get Dr. Duffie's "Book for Diabetics," from the publisher, E. E. Miles, South Lancaster, Mass., if you want 12 shillings' worth of sound advice.

No Serum for Cr. Do you think the cr serum is a... —H. J. C. Has it been found effective to prevent bad attacks of cr, in one who suffers repeatedly each winter? —Mrs. R. J. L.

ANSWER—As there is no specificity about the various infections grouped under the title of "cr," or "colic" if you prefer, we can hardly expect a serum to give satisfactory results. Some physicians who have used shotgun or polyvalent stock bacterins or "bacterial vaccines" in the attempt to immunize groups of industrial employees, seem to think the method has some value. Others with similar experience deny that it is worth while. Personally, I should have some faith in a specific bacterin prepared from my own particular cr germs, were I the patient, but I have none at all in this blind mass method. In the present state of our knowledge it is impossible to treat a group of persons that way; it is difficult enough to accomplish anything definite for a single patient whose condition one has studied carefully.

How to Open a Bedroom Window. Please tell me how to open my bedroom window at night so the breeze won't blow directly on me. The window is a fenestra and swings out. —N. J. C.

ANSWER—Swing her out, and block or brace her open for the night, then dive into the feathers. The wider the opening and the more air, cold and moisture, the better, provided you can keep comfortable and pound your ear all through the night. Warmer sleeping comforts, not less air. (Copyright, John P. Dille Co.)

Abe Marlin. HOWER YOU GETTIN' ALONG WITH YOUR WIFE?

Every day in Westminster Abbe's prayers are offered for King George.

This comforts the royal family, but unfortunately it does not stop the infection. The white blood cells, leucocytes, that destroy attacking germs, increase in number to a danger point. The red blood cells that carry food, oxygen and health through the body diminish in number. A bad situation. American surgeons will wonder that blood transfusion was not tried, in so desperate a situation.

The Senate is expected to ratify Mr. Kellogg's pact. Senator Borah says, "It only commits us to settle our controversies through pacific means."

What would happen if we refuse to adopt other nations' suggestions, as little Bolivia refuses to settle with Paraguay?

Does the pact of Uncle Sam's hands? If so, it should not be ratified. Will it leave us free, as we should be? If so, of what use is it? Great Britain has just paid to

Quill Points

A bull market is one in which everybody gets the notion gravity has quit working.

Business is easy. You just happen to be around when someone cuts a melon.



The chief objection to the modern house is that it has only one decent closet, and it's called a breakfast room.

When the track of doom comes, somebody will arise and move to avert it by asking for an appropriation.

So live that it won't be necessary to ease your conscience by sending somebody on a good-will tour.

Young Goodhue is in luck. A girl who won't get married in the White House won't pawn the phonograph to keep up with the Joneses.

Happy thought! Why not get a new model radiator cap and avoid buying a new car?

Speaking of stocks, a cow would bring \$5,000 if the buyer hoped to sell at \$10,000 instead of keeping her to milk.



"Women have more imagination than men." Especially ladies. It takes a lot of imagination to call a 42-stout "perfectly pecious."

How the world has progressed! Back in the stone age a woman's chief treasures were beads and a fur.

Better to marry a grass-widow than a real one. She can't pretend her other one was perfect.

Winter has compensations. There is no guggle from the rumbie seat. The hardest commentary on humanity is the fact that a man who tells the simple truth gets a reputation for striking originality.

Correct this sentence: "I can tell you are sick," the doctor confessed, "but I can't imagine what's the matter with you."

Brisbane's Today

(Continued From Page One)

taken hold of airplane manufacture; and his associate, Mr. Boeing of Seattle.

One brokerage firm in New York, Harbrower & Weeks, gives its clerical force for Christmas, bonuses, amounting to \$1,950,000. An exchange seat selling at \$505,000 is cheap, if you know how to use it. If a firm can give away a million at Christmas, how much do you suppose it makes a year?

However, if high interest rates for call money persist, the "5,000,000 share days" will fold their tents like the Arabs and as silently steal away. Then the Wall Street bonuses will be smaller, profits also.

Every day in Westminster Abbe's prayers are offered for King George.

This comforts the royal family, but unfortunately it does not stop the infection. The white blood cells, leucocytes, that destroy attacking germs, increase in number to a danger point. The red blood cells that carry food, oxygen and health through the body diminish in number. A bad situation. American surgeons will wonder that blood transfusion was not tried, in so desperate a situation.

The Senate is expected to ratify Mr. Kellogg's pact. Senator Borah says, "It only commits us to settle our controversies through pacific means."

What would happen if we refuse to adopt other nations' suggestions, as little Bolivia refuses to settle with Paraguay?

Does the pact of Uncle Sam's hands? If so, it should not be ratified. Will it leave us free, as we should be? If so, of what use is it? Great Britain has just paid to

Rippling Rhymes

By Walt Mason.

The smoke of battle clears away soon after the election day and peace resumes its reign; we turned away from politics, from strategies and sordid tricks, to topics safe and sane. Campaigns are all drawn out too long; we start with resolutions straining to be serene and calm; we won't indulge in roar and shriek, but every blessed word we speak will be a healing balm. And for a while we do maintain an attitude that's safe and sane, we argue without heat, with fine politeness, grace and tact we point out many a good fact and figures good, as what. The neighbors, too, with whom we talk, at wild and angry statements balk, though they may disagree; and everyone is so polite, denouncing wrong, defending right, it is a sight to see. But wearily the campaign drags, and pretty soon our patience sags, our tempers are at fault; we've used our arguments so much the best among them needs a crutch, they are so lame and halt. We've talked around in rings and rings, thousand times the same old things we dimly have sprang; we've talked so long our jaws are tired, in cheap statistics we are mired, we've spawked on each line, the neighbors whom we daily long with arguments are growing sore, they meet us with a frown and old time friends line up as foes, and someone soon resorts to blows, and knocks a neighbor down. It's pleasant when it ends, godooks, and we can talk again of books, of peppy motor cars, of works of art and writing inks, of song and love and kickless drinks, and fifteen-cent cigars.

He frequently finds themselves in a similar position. To each individual sponsor a particular bill may be of great importance back home. It would be very fine if he could arise on the floor and state his case glowingly so that the home papers could picture him as battling bravely and successfully to get through a measure of great interest only to the state. Yet he also knows that the best way to get it through is to keep absolutely still and let nature and the unsubjected to calendar take its course. More resentment over unnecessary speech making may prompt any member to shoot in an objection.

To assume the role of calendar watchdog doesn't tend to make a senator a representative member with his colleagues. Also, it makes it very difficult for the man wielding the fact or the threat of "I object" to get through small bills of his own. But the role does have its advantages. It insures the objector a degree of publicity he might not otherwise enjoy. Men have never been lacking to hold the fort in either house for this or some other good political reason.

Screen Life in Hollywood

By Wade Werner. HOLLYWOOD, CAL.—Carpenters, riveters and cement mixers are the busiest actors in Hollywood these days. With few exceptions the studio lots are dead as doads.



By Wade Werner. HOLLYWOOD, CAL.—Carpenters, riveters and cement mixers are the busiest actors in Hollywood these days. With few exceptions the studio lots are dead as doads.

to actual production of pictures, but they are busy as busy as busy. In the few actual camera and microphone, too, are kept busy. For the most part, however, the picture-makers are making time, waiting for the buildings and electrical equipment needed in talking picture production. Few are inclined to risk money meanwhile in extensive or pretentious silent film productions.

Glorifying Gloria. The PBO plant, by the way, seems to have been all but rebuilt in preparation for Gloria Swanson's first talking picture. Several acres of sets which had been standing for years were razed to make room for the big scenes of "Queen Kelly" in which Gloria will start out as a convent girl and rapidly develop under the direction of Erich von Stroheim, into the proprietor of a notorious East African resort. Silent sequences of the film will be photographed while awaiting installation of talking equipment.

Cinema Contracts. That the \$10,000,000 talking studio built by William Fox was opened with grave interest among observers here about seven months before the fact that upwards of 25,000 people flocked to the exercises. No one seems to remember any prayerful studio openings in the old silent era of pictures.

On the other hand, the chief lobby display in the Chinese theater here for the opening of "Noah's Ark," the first Biblical picture was a group of wax figures representing Al Smith, Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover. The derby carried by Governor Shellfish' effigy was not known, however, but black.

Picture-Proof Portrayals. Anyone who still doubts that this is the rubber tire era of American civilization is referred to the employment at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer of a vulcanizing expert to help keep the costumes in order. The costumes in question were several hundred weird undersea disguises worn by midgets in "The Mysterious Island." Fashioned of rubber and designed to be water-proof, they required the constant attention of an expert vulcanizer who knew his inner tubes.

Planes to Search. WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—(AP)—Major General John L. Hines, of the ninth corps area at San Francisco, was directed today by Secretary Davis to search by airplane through the Colorado River canyon from Bright Angel trail to Needles, Cal., for Glenn Hyde and his wife of Hansen, Idaho, who strayed down the Colorado river in a hot two months ago.

Prevents Publicity. Sponsors of the so-called private

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Governor Patterson has displayed another batch of his well-known common sense, by proposing that crowding at the public pits be curbed by the elimination of three regiments of commissioners, boards, and bodies, and that the remaining be centralized in the Governor, so the state will have a firm idea of where it is at, financially. The Governor also proposes that "the coming session of the Legislature be consulted" upon the proposition. "Consult the legislature, your foot! Instead of consulting, the Governor should be authorized to hit the legislature in the head with the first thing he can get his hands on, and thereafter use his own judgment."

DEMENTED MAN REGAINS HIS MIND AND LEAVES HOME (Kirkwood Express). He says so.

A number of people visited Fremont yesterday, and saw James Grievie, the mayor thereof, in 24-hours. It was the consensus of opinion that he put on his cowboy hat at once. Mr. Grievie reported it was 17 above Monday morning at 3:15 a.m. He traced the temperature on observations from beneath the four blankets on his couch, and the testimony of his hustling blood man, who apparently never goes to bed.

Lady Paul Coupe of the local imitation British set, is deemed to be a blonde, as a very hair has appeared back of the left ear. She will receive her baptism of peroxide within the fortnight.

Patrols of the valley have their 1929 auto licenses.

Remembering the effect of a Republican battle during the Great War, it is predicted that the capturing of a Mackinac fort by Bolsheviks will cause sugar to go up 17 cents.

The frost is so cruel as to leave a pumpkin out in the present supply of weather.

Ice killing is the order of the day in the rural areas, and the dying squeal of the executed swine is coming up and down the canyons.

CREDIT WHERE DUE

(Shebina Democrat) The man who stole a heavy load of off my garage on No. Leonard street, and who later came back and asked the key to match it, is neither known nor suspected; but I have a wholesome respect for his enterprise. He is hereby notified that if he will make as clean a getaway with the remainder of the garage as he did with lock and key, I will see him in court, and go with the garage and throw in a bulldog and ten gallons of gasoline.

A country schoolman reports that the school boys of the district have packed in so much wood for fear her pupils will not be warm, that she has to hold the geography class in the woods.

About all the singing of the current does, is to send the juvenile set that they will have to hurry, or miss the first dance.

Charles M. Schwab urges more auditing, and values "an honest audit" as worth a million dollars. For half that amount the world will get along with Bill Gates gusto, until the bitter end.

A number of nitroheads journeyed to Klamath yesterday to get their feet wet and pre-cooled.

MEMORY

He can recall a night he spent in a sleeper when he was 3 years old. And the breakfast he had next morning in a big hotel, scrambled eggs and crescent rolls. He remembers a picnic he attended at the age of 4 and how he was made to take a nap in the carriage.

He can tell you how at the age of 5 he climbed a tree and could not get down, how he walked to the store after dark to purchase a half dozen loaves for which he paid 10 cents.

He remembers so well the first time he met her. It was at dinner which began with pea soup in cups, topped off with whipped cream and ended with a delicious chocolate mousse in tall glasses. He can not remember what she wore.

He recalls how she handed him the celery, and how he declined the olives because he did not like them.

All of which perhaps is interesting, though rather useless. But the strangest part of it is that, for the life of him, he cannot now remember what she told him this morning to bring home this afternoon. (Baltimore Sun.)

MUTT AND JEFF—There Are No Pockets in a Shroud, Anyway

