

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily, Sunday, Weekly... MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 15-27-31 S. Fir St. Phone 74

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES... By Mail—In Advance: Daily, with Sunday, year, \$7.50

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Official paper of the City of Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Advertising Representatives... M. O. MOGENSEN & COMPANY

Ye Smudge Pot... By Arthur Perry

It has developed that one of our sturdiest exponents of fresh air, sleeps with his head under the covers.

The fathers of kid autoists, who race Death down the Main Stem, should be forced to ride with their progeny.

SOME VILETIDE GALL (Eugene Guard) WALTERVILLE, Dec. 17.—(Special).—A large car, stopping after dark in front of the home of Mrs. Eeta Polley.

Owing to the avalanches of Christmas mail, postal workers are earning their salt, and are entitled to some pepper.

A mechanical man is acting as a traffic cop, and there is hope that by tightening up a burr back of his ear, he will be able to represent his district in the legislature.

Dock Robinson's dog barked his last Mon. after dodging automobiles for 17 years.

Two hardy humans tangled last eve at the Rialto, and the looser could not stand a mild osteopathic hold for the cure of the flu.

DEMAND FOR VINEGAR CONTAINERS INCREASES—(Hattie Yreka Journal). I would like to borrow a glass of vinegar for the minicent.

A girl and a butcher knife, and a "hard guy" mixed at Corvallis. The "hard guy" is now located where he will never see another butcher knife, or another girl, and, unconsciously feels his neck when he talks.

ONE PRESENT MORE The shades of night were falling fast As through a crowded store there passed A lady who without a smile Sought up and down the crowded aisle

Her face was set, her eye was wild, She searched through counters richly piled With Christmas gifts for old and young, And oft she cried with tireless tongue, "One present more!"

In happy homes she knew the light of household fires gleamed warm and bright; For her, no time to call her own, And from her lips escaped a groan, "One present more." (Kansas City Star.)

A Galshevski with gushes flapping, denounced the writer last yesterday for having his shirt collar unbuttoned, and it was a good thing our shoe strings were tied.

Entrepreneur citizens are distributing calendars for the coming year. There are no radical changes in the old order, and there are twelve of them as formerly. Most of the calendars have the picture of a member of the fair sex, and not a one in a hundred is as goodlooking as any one of the girls frequently noted in a cigarette ad.

The official slogan for next year will be: Darn the dams on the Togue.

The per capita cost of the average cold is figured as \$3.17, and not worth it.

The secretary of state, "he at a loss to understand, why auto owners are not buying their 1929 licenses." If the secretary of state was any kind of a Sherlock Holmes he would not be at a loss to understand. A rough guess is that the auto owners are conferring with Santa Claus, and have forgotten all about auto. A solution of the problem is sought by the long-headed salons. Christmas, all tax paying, and license buying of all kinds, should be bunched on one day. This would concentrate the agony, and get it over with, while the welkin ring with plain and fancy cussing.

"All for health and health for all." Invest your pennies in health pills.

WHY THE KELLOGG TREATY MUST BE PASSED

THE Lane Duck session of Congress has already accomplished more than anyone expected. The Boulder Dam bill has been passed, and now Senator McNary urges the passage of his new Farm Relief bill, which the Secretary of Agriculture has endorsed. It appears probable the fate of the Kellogg peace treaty will be decided at this session, and if all these things are done, a special session will probably not be called.

A bitter fight will undoubtedly be waged against the Kellogg peace treaty, led by the implacable Senator from Missouri, Hon. Jim Reed. His colleague, Senator Bruce of Missouri, has already fired the opening gun, maintaining this treaty is merely a self-righteous gesture, of no practical value, in promoting peace, in a disordered and unregenerate world.

The Kellogg peace treaty may be termed merely a self-righteous gesture. But to deny it has any practical value is to deny that a gesture for righteousness is better than a gesture against it.

The Kellogg peace treaty, if passed, might accomplish little in the direction of making this a warless world. It might even do little practical good. But the important point to consider, in our opinion, is not what its passage would accomplish, but what its defeat would entail.

Europe is pretty much in a turmoil. The relations between this country and Europe, particularly England and France, are considerably strained.

Now if this treaty initiated by this country, for the promotion of international amity and peace, and accepted by the nations abroad, should be repudiated and abandoned by the United States, it is not difficult to see what the reaction would be throughout the civilized world.

Such an action would be interpreted in every section of the civilized globe as proof of the war-like disposition of the United States. For at least another decade, all efforts toward settling international disputes by appeals to reason instead of force, would have to be abandoned.

Such an outcome would not only entirely misrepresent the true temper of the American people, but it would, in its political effects, be nothing short of an international calamity.

Under the circumstances, this treaty must be passed. Pointing to its imperfections, from the standpoint of attaining all its aims, is no valid argument against it. Let it be known as merely a righteous gesture. The fact remains that the condition of the world today demands that such a gesture be made.

About the only thing that is fool proof is success.

Writing modern drama is easy. When the action drags, just insert a few cuss words.

Proof that man has conquered the air consists in his survival to do it all over tomorrow.

In the old days, also, orders were the reward of successful diplomacy; but they were worn, not filled.

An antique is a piece of furniture you wouldn't have if nobody else wanted it.

"See the ill-bred hick!" "No; that's the great genius." "Why, so it is. Isn't he charmingly original!"

Yet if the great conversationalists of old held forth today, the crowd would yawn and mutter: "Blah!"

Legalized liquor will never come back in America—unless someone proves it contains vitamins.

PRE-HOLIDAY TRADE COMMISSION DECIDES PRICE LEVELS HOLD STAY OUT OF FIGHT FOR PORTLAND MART KLAMATH IRRIGATION

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 22.—(AP)—Even price levels on most commodities ruled today just prior to the Christmas holidays. There was a tendency for turkey to decline with offerings of No. 1 dressed stock today at 32 to 34 cents a pound, a reduction of one cent.

Butter and egg prices also fell one-half to one cent lower today on some classes.

Butter extras were 47 1/2 cents, standards 47 and firsts 45 to 46 1/2 cents. Eggs, fresh standard extras were quoted down to 35 1/2 cents, with other classes steady.

In country meats, veal was lower at 18 to 19 cents a pound. Changes are reported in the prevailing price of agricultural freigh. Alfalfa was quoted 50 cents higher at \$22.50 to \$23. Timothy up to \$21.50 to \$22; clover higher at \$17 to \$17.50; oat hay higher, at \$18 to \$18.50.

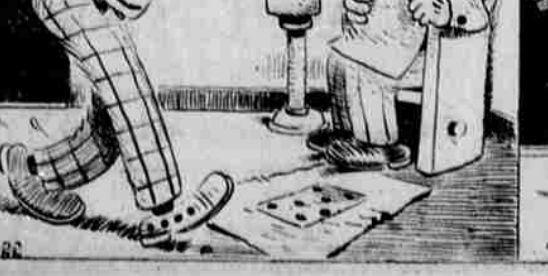
The irrigation district proposes to start litigation to get the power company's leasehold on the Upper Klamath lake damsite set aside, also its title to power easels on Link river. To do this it would be necessary to make the government a defendant, and this cannot be done without a special act of congress.

The state commission was asked to join in a petition to the Oregon legislature asking it to memorialize congress to pass the act. This the state commission declined to do. The Klamath district will urge such a memorial.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Little Tin Doctor at Work.

The nurse examined all the pupils in our school and told our daughter she has a cataract. I never before in the school or health authorities in your town are indulging in trickery. They employ a nurse or two and set the nurses at this kind of medical work. The school or health authorities who indulge in this trick insult the intelligence of the people who pay for the nonsense. You are bound to protect your child from such malpractice. Your obedient reader, a vigorous protest with the school superintendent or health officer.

MUTT AND JEFF—Isn't That Just Like Old Mut?



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 in queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. Willis A. Brady, in care of this newspaper.

WHAT NO CHRONIC APPENDICITIS?

All I know is what I read in the medical journals (apologies to W. Rogers), but at that I have my smug little notions about some of our fogies and fogles, and I am therefore delighted to find that Dr. John R. Carnett and Russell S. Boles of the U. S. Army, not Union Pacific, but the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania harbor one similar notion, and what is more, these medical teachers speak right out in meeting, and what is best of all, they skinned the muttering and murmuring of the large representation of physicians present by challenging all who took issue with them to justify themselves. There, I think, the Philadelphia doctors had 'em, for at any rate no one ventured to take up the challenge.

Carnett and Boles contended, briefly, that patients as a whole would be better off by complete abandonment of the operation of appendectomy for so-called chronic appendicitis. They believe the treatment of cases heretofore regarded as chronic appendicitis should be non-operative and should consist of orthopedic supervision of strains and lesions of the spinal column, elimination of toxic foci, and medical correction of digestive disturbances.

Records of 35 representative hospitals indicate that operation for alleged chronic appendicitis is attended with a death rate of nearly two per cent, and the results are unsatisfactory in 10 per cent, that is, four out of ten patients subjected to such operation remain unrelieved of their trouble. This is a sad state of affairs, which, inside information, it is a fair commentary, too, on modern surgery—though I myself thank God for the blessing of modern surgery, for I have enjoyed it, and I mean just that.

Some of the other doctors who joined in the discussion of Carnett and Boles' proposition, in the American medicine and surgery, hinted that they still believed in "chronic appendicitis" as a real entity, but did not explain how they confirm the belief in a given case. One of them did express the opinion that chronic colitis involving the cecum accounts for the lower right sided pain, which leads to the mistaken diagnosis of chronic appendicitis in not a few cases. Another, from a large institution, said that 22 per cent of patients entering the institution for treatment of colitis have had an appendectomy, apparently without any relief of symptoms.

Hold on a while, young folks, if you contemplate going to the operating table for chronic appendicitis, there are a lot of half-baked, much too ardent, admittedly skilled operators loose in the world, and when these craftsmen operate for chronic appendicitis the patient has chronic appendicitis—and has it still, very illicly, twenty years later. For one I had seen several cases where operation for chronic appendicitis had relieved patients perfectly. He observed that with the appendix, as with the gall-bladder, in some of the worst cases the organ may fall to give a shadow in the x-ray picture. He believes the absence of the shadow has "definite significance"—whether that means it spells chronic appendicitis the doctor is left to conjecture. To my mind it means the doctor is hedging and prefers not to commit himself.

It is going to take a very good man indeed to tell Drs. Carnett and Boles the secret of the diagnosis of chronic appendicitis.

He wanted Britons to own 40 per cent of the company, he keeping 60 per cent.

American were buying it Thursday at \$13.75 a share, taking it away from the British, who apparently were satisfied to make a profit of 150 per cent in a week.

A deserter from the Italian army, captured in North Africa who turned Mohammedan and fought against his country, was executed by shooting in the back. The disgraceful coward's death is supposed to make death more terrible.

Mussolini has old-fashioned ideas and good ones. The new 20-fira

piece, worth \$1, bears an inscription worth many dollars.

"Mezlo vivere un giorno da leone, che certo anni da pecora," meaning, "It is better to live one day like a lion than 100 years like a sheep."

It's hard to make a sheep believe it.

Vincent Rice, 17 years old, who killed a 16-year-old high school girl, is allowed to plead guilty to second degree murder. Alienists testified that the boy was suffering from a "psyche complex," rendering him psychopathically abnormal. That's an unusual complaint. He said he murdered the girl because she wanted to kiss him.

Austria is poor, but manages to spend \$14,000,000 a year for alcoholic drinks, \$20 yearly for every Austrian. That will depress good prohibitionists. But the Austrians at least get "real stuff." How much do you suppose this country spends for liquor that enriches bootleggers and undertakers?

Our government spends more trying vainly to keep from drinking than Austria spends for all its drink.

The late Andrew D. White, president of Cornell, and American ambassador to Germany, thought that the words "Thou shalt not suffer a wick to live," had caused more cruelty, in the burning and torturing of old harmless women, than any other words ever written.

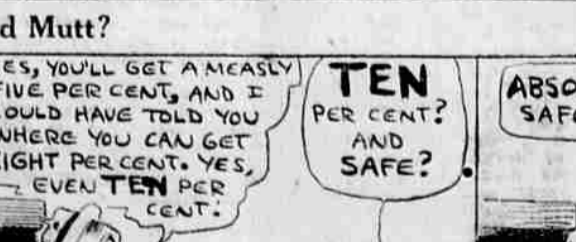
Teaching of religion, misunderstood, still causes suffering and torments the helpless.

Mrs. Elizabeth Englarth told a neighbor, "My life merits the punishment of hell." Determined that her boy, four years old, should go to heaven and be an angel, she lay down with the child in her arms and turned on the gas. Fortunately, the child's cries saved them.

Millions are tormented by the belief, instilled from childhood, that they are doomed to eternal torture for doing that which is simply the result of heredity, going back fifty millions of years.

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Abe Martin



What's all this talk about prosperity? The country didn't vote for good times. It voted for prohibition," said Ike Soles today. "At first I thought it was just a silly infatuation, but he seems to be real serious an' wants her 'learn a trade," said Mrs. Ike Lark today, while discussing her daughter's new beau.

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Brisbane's Today

(Continued From Page One) Henry Ford, wishing to interest Britons in Ford prosperity, floated a company in England to manufacture cars for Europe, selling stock at \$5 a share. He wanted Britons to own 40 per cent of the company, he keeping 60 per cent. Americans were buying it Thursday at \$13.75 a share, taking it away from the British, who apparently were satisfied to make a profit of 150 per cent in a week.

Rippling Rhymes

By Walt Mason.

A MODERN INSTANCE. A punktown teacher took a strip of rubber that was soft and fat, and smote a pupil on the hip, and also on a limb and slat. He claimed the springaid thus chastised was most unruful all the time; but hosts of people, who peeked, surprised, denounced his action as a crime. Before a jury of his peers he will be tried, they're telling me, and he may draw a dozen years, or suffer on the gallows-tree. And everywhere throughout the town it is the subject of debate; men argue with a smile or frown, and women burn a hymn of hate. Perhaps the teacher was at fault, perhaps the youth deserved his whacks; but controversy doesn't halt and smoking tempers don't relax. To one who lived in ancient days, and studied in old-fashioned schools, it seems a frightful fun to raise— for clods were once the teacher's tools. You often heard the pupil shriek, as you went by the school of yore; few scholars ever went a week without the birch that made them sore. The teacher had a row of sticks and saplings gathered in the wood, and woe betide the youthful bick who didn't at their books make good. For each infraction of the rules—and there were always rules to burn—the kindly teacher from his tools selected one that served his turn. Then he would say, "It grieves my heart to punish you, oh erring youth, but you've been acting so blamed smart there's nothing else to do, in sooth." And no one seemed to think it wrong, and teachers were not held in scorn because they lapped all day long, and started early in the morn.

Christmas party Thursday afternoon. Games were enjoyed and presents exchanged after which refreshments were served.

Miss Rose Buckley of Ruch was in our city a short time Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Chapman of Gold Hill and Lewis Ulrich of Medford spent Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Alice Ulrich.

Mr. and Mrs. John Marsh were shopping in Medford Tuesday.

The ladies of the R. N. A. Sewing club met at the home of Mrs. Fred Butcher Wednesday afternoon and after a pleasant time spent in sewing, luncheon was served by the hostess.

Tuesday, Mrs. H. K. Hanna and mother, Mrs. Alice Ulrich visited Roy Ulrich and family in Bellview district of Ashland.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Childers and daughter, Maxine, attended the Christmas tree and program at Beaver Creek school Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Etta Tranta of Camp No. 1, Butte Falls, was a caller at the home of her sister, Mrs. Fred Butcher, Thursday afternoon.

A practice game was played on Monday evening between the Gold Seal creamery basketball team and our local high school team at the gymnasium here. The Gold Seal team was victorious.

A large crowd attended the Christmas program given by the Jacksonville young people's M. V. society at the U. S. hall Thursday. A very nice entertainment was reported by those attending.

Miss Evedyn Applegate arrived Thursday evening from San Francisco to spend the holidays with her sister, Mrs. C. C. Whitwood, and family. Miss Applegate is a teacher in the schools there.

The Rebekah and I. O. O. F. lodges held a Christmas tree and program at the I. O. O. F. hall Monday evening for the members and their families and a few invited guests. There were about 80 present. The program consisted of a solo by Geneva Dorothy, accompanied by Mrs. E. S. Veverson on the piano; a reading by Mrs. Frank Salsberry; a violin selection by the Misses Lois Smythe and Florence Severance, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. E. S. Severance; reading by Merrill Miller; song by Berditt Dunnington, accompanied by Mrs. Henry Miller on the piano; reading, Tommy Dunnington; song, Melvin Miller, accompanied by Mrs. Miller at the piano; recitation, Orville Stevenson, and a reading by Bobby Miller, after which Santa Claus arrived with toys, gifts and candy for the children and gifts and candy for the grown folks. The

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PATRIOTIC SCOTS WANT TO RESCUE STONE OF SCONE

LONDON, Dec. 22.—(AP)—A plot to steal the "Stone of Destiny" from the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, recently disclosed here, is said to be an opening move in a revolutionary program planned by young Scottish nationalists.

They aim to bring to a head the objective for which many Scots have long been working—the restoration of Scotland's national identity, and her self-government through a parliament of her own, similar to the Ulster parliament in northern Ireland.

The plans of these fiery youths to raid the abbey, carry off the stone and deposit it with the Lord Provost of Perth, would, if successful, fitlyly symbolize Scotland's declaration of independence. Known as the Stone of Scone, the "Stone of Destiny" upon which the kings of England have sat at their coronations for almost seven hundred years, had formerly been part of the throne of the kings of Scotland from time immemorial. It was brought from the Abbey of Scone, scene of Scottish coronations, by Edward I, first of the kings of a united England and Scotland, and since 1926 has rested beneath the hard wooden seat of the coronation chair used by Britain's successive monarchs.

A venerable tradition credits it as being the stone on which Jacob pillow his head, when he dreamed of the ladder "set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven," and which he afterwards anointed with oil and set up for a pillar of "God's house." The fact that it is a piece of Scottish red sandstone, however, discounts that fact that the Stone of Destiny could have originated in the hand of Jacob.

Fair Date Ratified. FIRESCO, Cal. Dec. 22.—(AP)—Date for the Oregon state fair for 1929, September 23 to 25, inclusive, was ratified yesterday by the Western Pacific association.

Sore Throat? Don't Gargle Quicker and Better Relief With Famous Prescription

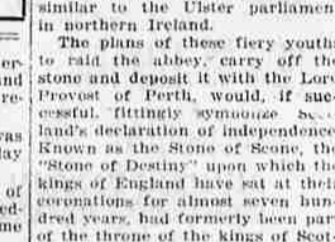
Don't suffer from the pain and soreness of sore throat—gargles and salives are too slow—they relieve only temporarily. Throatine, a famous physician's prescription, is guaranteed to give relief almost instantly.

Throatine has a double action—relieves the soreness and goes direct to the bacterial cause. No chloroform, iron or other harmful drugs—safe and pleasant for the whole family. Also wonderfully effective for relieving coughs. Quick relief guaranteed or your money back. 35c, 60c and \$1.00. Sold by Health's and all other good drug stores.

Chiropractic Naturopathy Dr. H. P. Coleman

8th Successful Year in Medford Treatments by Appointment Medford Center Bldg. Phone 965 Electrotherapy Food Science

By BUD FISHER



FROM ME!

YOU INTEREST ME, TELL ME WHERE I CAN GET TEN PER CENT FOR THE LOAN OF MY COIN AND I'LL BE VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU.

ABSOLUTELY SAFE, KID;

TEN PER CENT? AND SAFE?

YES, YOU'LL GET A MEASLY FIVE PER CENT, AND I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU WHERE YOU CAN GET EIGHT PER CENT. YES, EVEN TEN PER CENT.

BUT IT IS TRUE, MUTT. I BOUGHT TEN THOUSAND PERUSIXES, TEN THOUSAND SAMOAS ISLAND FOURS, AND TEN THOUSAND THIBET FIVES; THASS AN AVERAGE YIELD OF FIVE PER CENT. SAFE AND CONSERVATIVE.

JEFF, GUS GEEVEM JUST TOLD ME YOU'VE INVESTED YOUR ENTIRE CHUNK OF DOUGH IN BONDS; TELL ME IT AIN'T TRUE!

The official slogan for next year will be: Darn the dams on the Togue.

The per capita cost of the average cold is figured as \$3.17, and not worth it.

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