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MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS... The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches... MEMBER OF THE UNITED PRESS... Official paper of the City of Medford... A R. C. average circulation for six months ending October 31, 1929, 4174... Daily average circulation for six months ending October 31, 1929, 4611... MEMBER OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION... Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOOREHEAD & COMPANY... Office in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

Ye Smudge Pot

"The son of the wild ass," may not be loose in congress, as Sen. Moses said he was, but his cousin is grazing in these parts... It is reliably reported that a number of sportsmen, who were not allowed to set the woods afire, or shoot themselves for four-legged creatures, on the date set for the opening of the deer season, are mad at the governor, for invoking common sense in an emergency... Capco has raided an album, and is displaying pictures of this burg when leading citizens stood in the middle of the Main Stem and discussed the issues of the day. The views show a large number of vacant spots, now teeming with gas kiosks.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—(AP)—Speaking of the troubles of the textile and clothing industry, Senator Norris of Nebraska, told the senate today that "a woman dressed in the most fashionable way nowadays has on less clothes than her ancestor had on when she went to bed"... Therein a distinguished solon emits a large and logical mouthful... "The statistics thus show that the University of Oregon football team is 'hot'—(Portland News)... Except when playing minor teams of the kridron, like Williamette and Pacific.

QUICK! QUICK! SOME WIRE! (Siskiyon News)... Jake Wetzel, lawyer of Yreka, and Jesse W. Carter, lawyer at Medford and occasional candidate for political office, have fallen apart... The Kansas City baby who bit a dog, and thus created some news, has given Oregon babies an idea of what to do next spring when a candidate for reelection in favor of strict enforcement of the prohibition law, tries to kiss them.

"The Albert girls were home for a few hours Sunday afternoon, waiting for repairs to their car." (Columbia Times)... The unusual and unexpected is scientifically explained... It was cold and raining. Miss Huan took off her shoes. The fellow shoved them in his pocket and drove away... When Miss Huan got home she still had her funk roll. It wasn't in her shoes at all—(Press Dispatch)... A flagrant violation of the journalistic rule, to never leave the reader guessing.

"MOONSHINE IMBIBER PAYS ALL CREDITORS"—(Twin Falls, Ida., Times)... He sure was drunk... The present batch of weather is making inroads into the woodpile and the haystack... SATAN GETS A REST... A few Sundays ago local Baptists, still without a preacher, held a free-for-all discussion of the relative merits of young and old clergymen. Nothing said by anybody was as significant as the fact that the young people were a unit in favoring a young man and the old people unanimous in favoring an old one. Conflict between the old and young is as old as mankind. Their viewpoints are different and neither can sympathize with the views of the other. The old are "queer old fogies" and the young are "half-baked young idiots," and there's nothing you can do about it. (Fountain Inn Tribune)

Communications... Praise for the Chest Drive. To the Editor: Congratulations to the Mail Tribune and the city and community chest organization on the success of the campaign. I enjoyed reading the educational articles. They were fine. It was all a great piece of work... We are just cleaning up our Red Cross drive... Rev. Edwin Percy Lawrence, Caldwell, Ida., Nov. 19th... CULIACAN, Sinaloa, Mexico, Nov. 21.—(Quadruplets were born to Señora Guadalupe Hernandez of this city. The babies and mother are in good condition.

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE

HARRY F. SINCLAIR has been released from jail and is a free citizen again. He thinks he has been very unjustly used and is particularly bitter against the American press. Blaming partisan politics for most of his trouble, he maintains he was the victim of a conspiracy to elect honest Democrats by proving how dishonest Republicans were. He says he was politically assailed, but not politically defended.

Well, perhaps the wealthy oil magnate has just cause for grievance. It is true, at least, that the Supreme Court exonerated him of any moral turpitude as far as his conviction for contempt of court was concerned. And it was this conviction that put him in jail. It is also true that many newspapers have assumed he was guilty of attempted jury bribery; although he was acquitted on this charge.

UNDER the circumstances it seems only good sportsmanship to give Mr. Sinclair the benefit of the doubt. He says he cannot be contrite for sins which he knows he has never committed; nor pretend to be ashamed of conduct, which he knows to have been upright.

Well Mr. Sinclair KNOWS. No one else does. If his conscience is perfectly clear, he has the greatest asset any man in his position can possess. Nor need he worry, for he can safely leave his vindication to the beneficent hand of Father Time.

So the American press and the American people might well consider the present incident closed. Let Mr. Sinclair demonstrate, by his future conduct, that he has been unjustly assailed, and that he is a better citizen than many of us have supposed.

And during this process it might be well to remember that the corner stone of American jurisprudence is the assumption that every man is innocent whose guilt, beyond a reasonable doubt, has NOT been proved.

A HERO OF PEACE

IMAGINE the state of mind of the American people if this country and Russia were at war. And also imagine the ships Nauik and Stavropol, were American transports, held by Russians, instead of the Arctic ice, and Pilot Eielson were attempting to rescue American soldiers in time of war, instead of a polyglot assemblage of crew and passengers in time of peace.

How the papers would emblazon this heroic deed and all the people pray for Eielson's safety and success. But as it is, this truly heroic incident occupies a subordinate place in the day's news, and the American people as a whole pay slight attention to it.

THE situation calls attention to two things: First, that there is a heroism of peace, as well as of war; and second, that until what the late William James termed a moral substitute for war is secured, the struggle for world peace is bound to be a difficult one.

In Man's attempt to conquer the air, however, and in such instances of self-sacrificing devotion as this, there seems to us, a suggestion of that moral substitute. Isn't it possible that in peaceful aviation, the forces of Nature can supply a hostile force sufficiently formidable to satisfy that combative instinct which heretofore has aspired solely to deeds of glory upon the battlefield?

PERHAPS not. But at least the thought is worthy of serious consideration. And toward such an end, we believe the American press can render a real service, by giving such heroism as Pilot Eielson has displayed the emphasis that such a spirit of bravery and self-sacrifice deserves, whether it happens in time of peace or in time of war.

A FAR SIGHTED MOVE

THE recent report of the drainage survey in Jackson County conducted by Oregon State College, with the assistance of the County Court and the Farmers' and Fruitgrowers' League, demonstrates the old problem of securing water has been replaced by the new problem of how best to dispose of it. The survey shows that in some parts of the valley the position of the water table indicates a situation that if not remedied may prove serious. Thanks to the far-sighted and progressive spirit of local fruit growers, in arranging for this survey, however, there is every reason to believe that the condition will be corrected before any real damage has been done.

New style note—Charity covers a multitude of sins. An optimist is a man who hasn't yet tried to collect money for a worthy but not spectacular cause.

Browning could have made good in competition with moderns. A lot of his poetry doesn't seem to mean anything either.

How charming the autumn scenery would be if only the billboards would follow the example of the leaves.

MUTT AND JEFF—Button, Button, Who's Got the Medal?



Personal Health Service

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

PLAIN OBSERVATIONS ON THE STUDY OF THE MIND WITHOUT.

The best evidence that a doctor doesn't know much about the subject under discussion is the way he clothes his comments in high over medical terms that a man could never hope to comprehend. I arrive at this conclusion after long and careful study of the psychologist. Psychology is knowledge of or at least the study of the functions of the mind, and psychologists are easily our masters in the imposing art of emitting words of wondrous length and thunderous sound. I feel certain the first doctor who subdued the patient who manifested curiosity in regard to the nature of his joint inflammation by telling him it was arthritis, or quelled his anxiety about an inflammation of the skin by pronouncing it dermatitis, took his cue from the psychologists.

It may seem strange to layman, but I practiced at least ten years before it dawned on me that the popular term "weak ankles" meant what we doctors call pronated feet, an early or potential stage of the condition that so often culminates in falling of the arches or flatfoot.

Only yesterday, after a long life of crime, I suddenly understood why nerve specialists are. Light came as I read of the passing of an eminent one, of course the doctor was really a psychiatrist, a physician who specializes in mental diseases or insanity. The primary, however, proclaimed him a "nerve specialist"; perhaps because the term psychiatrist is a bit too fast for lay readers even now.

Still, psychiatry is in every dictionary. It is the study and treatment of mental diseases. The field is becoming familiar with the term psychopathic, from reading about psychopathic wards in hospitals where patients suspected of insanity are studied, or psychopathic personalities which criminal lawyers discover in certain murderers about the time the jury begins to feel kinda sorry for the poor wretch—now that his victim is out of sight and out of mind.

Now even when you've conned psychiatry and things psychopathic, that ain't the half of it. We still have psychosis in reserve. A psychosis is, you know, mental disease purely functional and we do hope ephemeral in character; a queer turn of disposition, behavior, nothing very egregious, you have your mental disorder, but still a mental disorder. If the distinction is not clear, never mind; it isn't clear to us either, but the public demands it. You see there are a lot of people who simply will not employ a physician or specialist who dares to intimate that there is any psychic or psychopathic taint or tendency in their family. So we have to ease these folks in order to preserve our practice.

Now if a psychiatrist is commonly known as a "nerve specialist," one may consult him without feeling that all the world will assume one's mind is deranged. Of course it is just another popular fallacy that there is something shameful about any mental ailment, though very such ailments should be more shameful than ordinary physical ailments is a mystery; it will probably take me a lot longer to solve than did the mystery of the weak ankles.

The charitable view is that the psychiatrist makes a noise like a "nerve specialist" in order to protect his patients from the stigma of having bats in the belfry.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS... No Soap for This Friend... An eccentric, assertive friend has me bothered about two of his declarations, with which I have always disagreed: (1) Milk is poison for adults, and can be taken to advantage only by children. (2) Soap removes necessary oils from the skin; therefore it should never be used, particularly by the middle aged. (W. D. B.)

Answer.—Your friend carries to extreme some plain facts, and makes the ideas absurd. Milk is the ideal food for infants, nature's own, but not so essential for adults, but that scarcely makes it "poison" for any adult who likes it. Soap

The union is trying to help southern textile workers. Some darned Yankee forever butting in to spoil anybody free.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

Crossword puzzle grid with words filled in. Words include: HAM, SLANT, SHE, ALI, PACES, PIE, SEXTANT, ARIEL, TINE, FREE, STUNS, TRIFLER, CART, TAIN, RE, OLE, PEREA, OAF, PE, WRENS, PATE, ESTEEMS, ROTOR, ORES, ROOM, TAKEN, PALLETTS, ONE, ELATE, ARE, PIN, DANES, LYE.

Downy crossword puzzle grid. Words include: 1. Monkeys, 2. Was defeated, 3. He fitting, 4. Pilot, 5. Dade, 6. Ended, 7. Period of conspicuous activity, 8. Guido's first note, 9. Ocean, 10. Kind of lamp, 11. Burster on, 12. Weary, 13. Paradise.

Quill Points... "Where is the capital of America?" asks Willie. Just at present, son, it is under the thumb of bootleggers.

What a smart country! Billions for the use of gamblers, and business houses go smash in a crisis for want of bucking.

You aren't a real success unless crooks offer you something free for the privilege of using your name as bait.

A bachelor has disadvantages. He can't tell whether a new batch of moon is poison except by trying it himself.

When the editor tells you he hasn't space for it, that's the truth. If desert is yet to come, who has room for more stews?

Worry is deadly, and one good way to prolong your life is to become as rich as Messrs. Baker, Edison and Rockefeller.

Americanism: Spending millions to cure disease in some foreign land; chuckling because 20,000,000 home folks are laid up with bad colds.

A leading young intellectual tells us we are nearing the end of freedom, but falls, alas, to tell us which end.

Lotteries were abolished by law because they were wicked. You see, they didn't give Wall street a commission.

Beware! Football players are popular pets, and soon they'll organize and demand recognition of 19 as a passing grade.

A parachute is like a famous guy's publicity agent. It delays matters, but it doesn't keep you from coming down.

The union is trying to help southern textile workers. Some darned Yankee forever butting in to spoil anybody free.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.)

November 21, 1919. Elks decide to hold hard times party Thanksgiving week. City water supply shut off at 8 p.m. until 8 a.m. because of necessary repairs to pipe line. Medford Legion decides to organize reserve corps and prepare for invasion of I. W. W's. Medford. Shriners journey to conclave at Grants Pass.

London—D'Annunzio attacks Montenegro and Dalmatia. Real war is feared. Harvard defeats Yale 10 to 3, thanks to Casey and Horween. Ira Cook, Medford tourist, gives ride to hitch hiker and is robbed of \$120.

ST. LOUIS—Government wins suit against Standard Oil Co. Three inches of rain falls in 26 hours. Rogue floods banks and considerable damage reported. Steamship St. Croix burns at sea near Los Angeles. Four hundred lives reported lost.

Spokane—C. E. Whittier of Medford named on apple committee to arrange for standard pack. Pear market drops. Winter Nells sell at \$1.37 per box in New York.

SUNDOWN STORIES

THE ROCKING-HORSE... By Mary Graham Bommer... John and Peggy wondered where the Little Black Clock would take them. He had told them he had plans and when he said he had plans he certainly meant it. How strange it was to see the Clock in the daytime with its white face and dull black hands, standing on top of the desk in the black hall, always pointing to seven o'clock, when they knew that every evening he could take them on adventures.

It certainly was lucky for them so that left him at all. He had decided to accept the magic which gave him the power of turning the time backward or forward rather than just keeping the ordinary, correct time. And he could take them on an adventure one evening and the next evening take them right back to the place where they had been so that it seemed as though they had not left him at all.

"I'm ready," he told them. "Are you turning the time backward or forward this evening?" John asked the Little Black Clock. "Forward," he answered. "Fly, years ahead of now." But when they went along with the Little Black Clock it did not seem as though they were having an adventure in the future. It seemed as though they were having an adventure in the past if anything for they were in an old-fashioned playroom and in the center of the playroom was a rocking-horse.

"I'm enjoying myself so much," the Rocking-Horse was saying in a sing-song tone of voice. "It is such a joke on them! Such a joke!" "Don't you want to have a ride on the Rocking-Horse and hear what the joke might be? I'm sure he'll tell you," the Little Black Clock said. So Peggy got on the rocking-horse and heard his joke.

"Tomorrow—A Toy Joke" religion to do for him; after which a crime, here or hereafter, is not easily understood.

By BUD FISHER

