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THE "BEWILDERED" OREGONIAN

From the sapient Medford Mail-Tribune we call this bit of political information:
"Most of the newspapers of the state endorsed Hotchkiss, public opinion was behind him—(as far as political opinion exists between elections)—but this made no difference to the powers that be."

And a little farther along in the same article:
"but who really cares outside of his immediate family and a few intimates? No one."

Being told that public opinion is behind a man but that nobody cares, we confess to bewilderment.—Oregonian.

WE admit, that to understand this statement, requires a more penetrating intelligence than the Oregonian usually displays.

Nor do we accuse the Gargantuan apostle of machine politics of purposely trying to misrepresent this paper, by resorting to the old Spanish game of taking a few extracts from the context and thus creating an ambiguity, which the editorial, in its entirety, did not possess.

No, the humor of the thing is the Oregonian really didn't understand the argument as it was presented, and is quite sincere in its professions of bewilderment. Nor would we try to elucidate, were it not for the fact that there are some trusting people who still mistake the pontifical manner of our great metropolitan daily, for an omniscience that necessitates swallowing its utterances whole, without careful examination, like an Eastern oyster.

SO by employing words of one syllable, and raising our voice for with the passing of the years the Oregonian is getting deaf as well as dumb—we will try to make our point so sharp and clear that it will even penetrate the cerebral fogs that now surround the imposing journalistic tower.

Here goes. We maintained most of the newspapers, and public opinion, were behind Mr. Hotchkiss, on the ground that efficiency in office, rather than purely political considerations, should determine a matter of this sort. But we were careful to point out, public opinion between elections is, from the nature of things, quiescent, and instead of rising in its wrath, when its favorites are not appointed, is inclined to accept the dictation of the machine without remonstrance. This, we said, was partly due to general public inertia, but principally due to our form of government, which renders the popular will only effective at election time.

Therefore, when Mr. Day was appointed and Hotchkiss shelved, only the latter's immediate family and friends cared enough to protest; the people as a whole didn't like it, but they weren't sufficiently organized or aroused to make a noise about it—particularly when they realized a noise is all they could make until the next and far distant election.

Ergo, while the people rule theoretically, as a practical matter they only rule spasmodically, while the party machines continue to hit on all six cylinders, 365 days in the year, and dictate appointments between elections regardless of public opinion.

Naturally the dear old Oregonian can't understand this, for it not only believes in the sovereignty of the machine, but is an important part of it. However, this explanation may impart a little light, and at least demonstrate to its readers that to say public opinion is passive rather than active, and because of our political scheme, ineffective rather than effective between elections, is NOT equivalent to saying public opinion does not exist.

A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION

THE suggestion from the South that colleges abandon the present secret subsidy scheme, and frankly award scholarships to deserving athletes has, to our mind, many things to commend it.

It would replace an underground system, with a system above board; it would give the academic authorities more control over athletics, and the coaches and graduates less; and it would render real professionalism far less likely than under the present arrangement. Finally, it would be both a uniform and essentially honest policy toward athletics, rather than the present haphazard and, more or less, hypocritical one.

NEVERTHELESS we don't expect the powers that be will take the proposition very seriously at the present time. Athletic authorities are notoriously conservative. They particularly fancy the attitude of the ostrich, which, with its head in the sand, doesn't believe in a storm it can't see.

So probably the college athletic situation will have to get much worse before it gets better. At the present rate of progress, however, some plan similar to the one advanced by the Southern conference will, we think, be demanded by an aroused public opinion.

Just to get ahead of Mr. Babson's New Year's prediction we herewith opine the next time stocks go unreasonably high, they will eventually come down.

A democracy sometimes appears to be a free country in which one crowd of patriots tries to wreck the boat to prove that the other crowd is not competent to handle it.

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

ANGIONEUROTIC OEDEMA IS JUST A LOT OF BALONEY

You know, we doctors use these jawbreakers quite unconsciously, after a reasonable amount of practice. We really don't mean to be more than you do when you say someone talks through his nose. You don't mean that. You mean the fellow is temporarily unable to talk through his nose. But you are not conscious of your misrepresentation, so we doctors, who know what's what, generally excuse it without embarrassing you by pointing out the absurdity of your diagnosis. But you laymen are not so charitable about our habit of using jawbreakers when a simple term might serve just as well or even better. You may not interrupt us at the moment to comment about the imposing words, but you do like to poke fun at our bombast or affectation, as you are prone to call it, behind our backs.

Well, now, I have been making rather a particular study of the art of speaking in plain every day language, for many years. I flatter myself I have made some progress, but I am still far from mastering the art. It does require a master, indeed, to translate medical science into language the ordinary layman can understand.

Angioneurotic edema is one of our proudest medical terms. Almost invariably the patient subsides into a prolonged silence or else talks about something else, when we inform him that he is suffering with angioneurotic edema. There is considerable difference between angioneurotic edema and giant hives; as much as nine dollars difference in some cases.

When a doctor is quite honest, in mind as well as in heart, he cuts it giant hives and charges a dollar or so. When he is not quite honest in mind, though as honest as the winter's day is long at heart, he is likely to call it by that impressive name and get \$10 for it. No joking, patients like to pay for ailments that are exclusive. Anybody might have giant hives; but this neurotic thing, it sounds like class.

I am not trying to ridicule the honest doctors who are fond of rolling angioneurotic edema off the tongue. I merely call attention to the absurdity of the term in this quiet way, in the hope that doctors who are honest in mind will ask themselves whether some of the most expensive for retaining the overpowering term. As we now regard it, giant hives is neither neurotic nor anæsthetic—that is, it is not due to any nervous, emotional or mental factor nor to any fault in the blood vessels. It is probably an allergic manifestation in every instance, like asthma, hay fever, and ordinary hives. I fear there is no plainer term for allergic phenomena caused by a protein substance that finds entrance to the blood by some means other than normal digestion.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Doctors Don't Know Their Diathemys.

Some time ago we wrote asking about the non-surgical obliteration of tonsils you described. We took our son to Dr. —, as you suggested, and he said: "Never do we use diathemys for the tonsils, as we don't know precisely how deep it burns." — S. M. G.

Answer: What some doctors don't know, yet, about diathemys fills many columns of some of the half-baked medical journals. A doctor who knows his diathemys knows what it will do and knows it as definitely as a surgeon knows how deeply his snare or punch will bite. Certainly I did not tell you that the physician in question could give you the benefits of this modern treatment, for I have no such name on my list. I happen to know of a doctor here and there about the country who is skilled and successful in obliterating tonsils with diathemys (desiccation), but I regret I am not yet in possession of sufficient data to be able to tell readers anywhere how they can get such treatment. Your doctor only betrayed his incompetence by giving you such an imaginative opinion of diathemys.

Children Have Tuberculosis.

Our son, aged 7, is not strong.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

Crossword puzzle grid with words filled in. Across words include: DEVISE, OCEAN, DIVER, SKEANS, RECEPTIBILITY, EDENS, etc. Down words include: SOUTHS, TYPE, OLD, SITUATED, DISCARDED, BROKEN, etc.

Quill Points section featuring a drawing of a quill and text discussing the Old Guard in the senate and the desire to increase it.

Communications section with letters from readers, including one about a cat and another about a rabbit.

Brisbane's Today section with a drawing of a man and text about a traffic cop and a witness.

Section with a drawing of a man and text about a man who was a witness.

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Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune) December 17, 1919.

Washington. — Samuel Gompers urges government ownership of railroads before congress.

Salem. — W. L. Finley, state biologist, dismissed from office.

Secretary of Interior Lane announces he will resign post as soon as President Wilson gives consent.

New York. — Thousands of midnight watchers surprised when world fails to come to an end.

Public Library closed because of frozen water pipes.

Seattle. — Alfred Hubbard, 75 years old, claims he has perfected invention which will make electricity from the air.

Medford suffers from wood famine, when snow blocks wood hauling from hills.

Twenty Years Ago Today (From files of the Mail Tribune) December 17, 1909.

Mr. E. F. Graham, weather forecaster at Prospect, declares 19 inches of rain fell there in November.

Rogue River Intellectual society holds indignation meeting and demands that county court pay for adequate corps of fruit inspectors, to be under direction of P. J. O'Gara.

John R. Allen, on departure for New York City, promises to start work on city electric railway soon, and gives \$200 to fight LaFean apple box bill.

Martin Duffy, P. & E. railroad worker, with \$150 in his pocket—a month's wages—arrested for drunkenness, admits he spent all but \$14 in one saloon.

Joe Brown withdraws from councilman race in favor of J. F. Wortman.

Shakespeare, on the other hand, could only speak English, had a poor schoolboy smattering of Latin, drank, and probably smoked also after Raleigh brought in the tobacco. He was the kind to try everything.

He practically lived in the theatre. He also had a considerable success.

There are many ways of succeeding. But, as W. R. Hearst said when he hired an editor for his Evening Journal 30 years ago, "I know there are a dozen ways to make this newspaper successful. I ask you to elect some one way and STICK TO IT." "Sticking to it" is the main thing, for a deacon, or a Shakespeare.

Use of your brain is the short road to success, rather than revolutionary methods.

In Auburn and other prisons hundreds of convicts revolted, many were shot, all failed. In a United States penitentiary in Oklahoma, five men, called the most dangerous in the prison, wanted to get out. They didn't secure a knife or a gun, capture and threaten wardens or guards. They thought out their problem, dug a hole under the wall, and went away free, for the time at least. Thinking is better than fighting. Broadhead—Water system being installed here.

Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry

Alabama Democrats, unexpectedly regarding consciousness, expelled Senator Hefflin, the world's greatest blather and bigot, from the party fold.

A concert broadcast from New York was heard by members of an Arctic expedition. It seems to have encouraged the explorers to push on.—(Punch.)

Planned cakes are being served the heavy eaters, but many would be the cook got hold of a pair of overalls, and forgot to remove the copper rivets.

"Mrs. Austin's two little girls have returned from a visit with relatives in Pendleton"—(Heppner Notes.)

Fashion declares that for spring, young men from six to 16 years wear satin pants. The kids have to mind Mama, but for the sake of the future, it is hoped the Papas have a little slunk left.

Stockmen are busy de-horning their herds. They are as rough in the process as a good painless dentist.

THE CURSE OF EFFICIENCY I warn against the folly of efficiency. I make a very passionate protest against this doctrine and foul doctrine, which imbeciles present in such horrible jargon.

There is a general cussing of the winter and its weather going on in the press of the state. With all the seasonal bleakness and intemperance, there are no gasoline gypsies, of the female species, loose in khaki trousers.

The cigarette war, heretofore confined exclusively to the Eugene sector, has cropped out in Portland. A bill will be initiated, and there are more folks at a nickel a name, to sign the petitions in the metropolis. Something for Oregon reformers to battle, with the assurance they will be afforded a battle, in the drug evil. On the other hand, battling the cigarette will be very annoying to a great many people who do not use tobacco, use snuff, or own foul pipes of indefinite age.

Long dresses have at last made their appearance on our streets. Besides being long, they are the same color as the front of one of Mr. Woodworth's stores. The red tone has hater, or it would degenerate into a brindle.

YOU STOP MY PAPER! (Fountain Inn Tribune) Last week's Tribune quoted the local price of bootleg liquor at \$13.5 a gallon. That wasn't far wrong when it was written, but before it appeared in print, the price had jumped to \$9. Policemen caught Jack Price with a score of half-gallon containers and the other leggers were wary. Fountain Inn's liquor supply is sporadic. For months there will be no bootleggers in or near town and everybody will stay sober. Then four or five will begin operations at once and dozens of good church members will get sloppy drunk every Saturday and Sunday. We are a plump, palmsmoking folk if nobody lets us smell earn.

BRITISH MISSIONARY HELD FOR RANSOM HANKOW, Dec. 17.—(AP)—The Rev. H. K. W. Sandy, a representative of the British Weymouth mission at Tsyeh, in southeastern Hupeh province, has been captured by bandits, who are reported to be holding him for a large ransom.

MUTT AND JEFF—He's a Thorn in Their Sides

Cartoon strip by Bud Fisher featuring characters like Red Cross Christmas Seals, Porcupines, and a man with a thorn in his side.