

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Published Daily Monday
MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
55-57-59 N. W. 1st St. Phone 75

France Takes the Lead

The other day we predicted present world conditions would result in greatly strengthening the power and prestige of the League of Nations.
Now M. Paul-Boncour, chairman of the foreign relations committee of the French Chamber of Deputies, comes forth with the announcement that France will favor at the coming disarmament conference, a pooling of military and naval resources under the control of the League council.

Under the circumstances this is a most significant statement. France is today the richest and most powerful nation in Europe. She is generally regarded as the most formidable obstacle to any genuine program of world peace and disarmament.

And yet the man who will undoubtedly lead her delegation to the disarmament conference, favors this far-reaching step toward a new internationalism, backed up by force.

It is inconceivable that M. Paul-Boncour would make this announcement unless he knew that the present French government favored it. Coming from France it can only mean that the nation heretofore least in sympathy with disarmament and world peace, realizes how strongly world opinion is for it, and has decided that some genuine concession to it must be made.

France is not only the richest and most powerful nation in Europe, but she is diplomatically the shrewdest. This suggestion may be offered at this time to avoid any radical disarmament, on the basis of placing control of her land and sea forces in the hands of the League of Nations.

But whatever the inner reason, the announcement is of great importance. It only shows how the desire for a warless world has advanced since the League was first formed. The idea of an international armed force to back up the decrees of the League, was then abandoned as top radical.

Now our most militaristic nation publicly favors it.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to diseases, diagnosis or treatment will answer 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 The Mail Tribune.

HYGIENE FOR THE CURE OF HEMORRHOIDS.

Cure means care of the trouble, not necessarily healing or restoration to health. In Europe, the term retains its original meaning. In America it has nearly lost its original meaning. Hemorrhoids or piles are varicose veins. An "attack" of hemorrhoids is either acute inflammation of the affected veins with or without clotting of blood in them, or bleeding from the veins. Once you get varicose veins you'll probably always have them unless you submit to some medical or surgical treatment for their removal or obliteration. But even if you are subjected to hemorrhoids you may avoid "attacks" by careful adherence to certain rules of hygiene.

The first essential for freedom from "attacks" is total abstinence from interfering with the bowel function, either by physics or by enemas. Probably it is useless for a mere health expert to attempt to advise wiseacre laymen about this, but I'm telling you. You may take the advice or leave it.

The second essential, I think, is painstaking washing and drying of the perineum regularly. Where there is a varicose condition of hemorrhoidal veins, even occasional neglect of this is risky and often the price of the omission is an "attack" of piles.

Other causes or contributing factors of piles have been discussed in preceding articles.

If any reader who suffers from hemorrhoids, does not understand clearly how to follow these two essential rules of hygiene I will be glad to explain any point not clear to the reader, if the reader will accompany his question with a stamped envelope bearing his address. It is very difficult to discuss the subject here owing to the prudishness of the lady.

One subject to piles may go for many years or for the rest of his life without another "attack" if he does adhere faithfully to the two rules above laid down. Of course there is no healing of piles (hemorrhoids) except by one or another surgical procedure which either removes the affected portions of vein or obliterates them. Like was there is nothing about such an operation, no matter how successful or how skillfully done, that prevents the patient from developing new piles subsequently if the original causative factors are not corrected.

and is in a chronic state of apprehension. He feels insecure and is consequently often irritable and unreasonable.

If children cannot have faith in our reasonableness, good sense, and fairness, they have very little to cling to.

They are at sea in a world where right and wrong change from day to day, and where shrewdness in gauging parental moods is the virtue which will serve them best.

SUNDOWN STORIES

BLACK-EYED SUSANS By Mary Graham Bonner. Peggy told the Little Black Clock how she had been gathering wild flowers all afternoon and what a splendid big bunch of black-eyed Susans she had picked.

"They're called black-eyed Susans, too, aren't they, Little Black Clock?" she asked. "They're such generous flowers—that is, they're generous to the insects and bees and butterflies—the Little Black Clock said.

"Let's go out into the fields and see them. I'll turn the time back a few hours." So John and Peggy went with the Clock to where a number of black-eyed Susans were standing up in a field of clover.

Around them were many butterflies and other insects and the black-eyed Susans were laughing and saying: "Come to our banquet." "Maybe the farmers don't care for us because they cannot use us for food, but the insects love us, and they return our kindness by spreading their pollen around so that we grow everywhere.

"Come to our banquet." And the insects, the bees and the butterflies, did not need any second invitation. "Oh, buzz, buzz," whispered the bees. "This is a delicious banquet." "Oh, whop, whop," whispered the butterflies. "This is certainly beyond all butterfly words—it is so good."

"Oh, sip, sip," sighed the other insects in joyous little tones of voice. "how good this is." "You see," said the Little Black Clock, "the black-eyed Susans do not mind if the farmers do not care about them, when they have such very enthusiastic followers as these insects."

MOON OF DELIGHT

by Margaret Bell Houston

Chapter 15 AT THE COMUS BALL. Divitt came with the Marquessa Cabreris down the stair of the Hotel Tizon and through the patio into the parlors. Divitt, glancing at Molly in her cage, looked for Juanita. Juanita was not there, nor Gabreau.

Divitt, furious, went over to Molly. Molly knew nothing. Molly's eyes were on the marquessa. Divitt turned abruptly, bidding the marquessa follow him.

He found Gabreau at the top of the stair outside Juanita's door. "I just came," Gabreau explained. "She," pointing to Juanita's door, "go out because Ledbetter yell at her. He feller her. I come out and both gone."

"Get back," said Divitt. "I'll take care of this." He himself, upon entering the patio, had seen a man come from the door and go out the gates. It had no doubt been Ledbetter. Divitt knocked on Juanita's door.

"I hear Ledbetter has annoyed you again," he said, and Juanita remained silent, added "Marquessa Cabreris, this is Juanita—or, as you will know her, Senorita Ysabel Flores."

The marquessa herself began to speak freely—a liquid patter of Spanish, at which Juanita, who had acknowledged the introduction by an upward movement of the chin, grew milder as she replied in the same soft music.

"She is wonderful to find," the marquessa said, turning to Divitt. But Juanita had clouded again. "May I see you alone?" she said to Divitt.

Divitt opened the door. "Paradise us, Marquessa. . . . Just a moment, on the balcony." The Marquessa graciously took her leave.

"I prefer her to go, myself," Divitt explained when he shut the door. "For she knows nothing. You may speak freely to her about your work, but that is all. You came from the Argentine, are in my house. That's all she's been told. She has just come from Spain—a worthy companion."

"Thank you," said Juanita. "But if I am to be insulted and my veil torn off—" "Your veil? Where?" "In the court, Mr. Ledbetter followed me."

"It is dark in the court," said Divitt. "And Ledbetter will not be admitted hereafter. I shall instruct Gabreau. Moreover, you are not to be in the parlors every night. You'll be out with the marquessa. Is that all?"

"That is all," said Juanita. "Except—I appreciate—you are very kind." "Not at all," Divitt answered, opening the door. "You have brought many new people to the place. You will come back all the fresher. . . . All right, Marquessa."

Kirk called for Juanita at the Tizon the night of the Comus ball, waiting in the Marquessa de Cabreris's suite.

Kirk had telephoned, had been connected with the marquessa. They would go—Juanita and the marquessa. Kirk carefully selected the flowers. White roses for Juanita. Orchids for the marquessa.

Orchids did not suit her Kirk decided when she appeared in a red satin dress and huge earrings. "Carnations," thought Kirk, "or red and yellow flowers."

MacDonald, having put his country's interest ahead of his labor party's desire for a big dole "even if Britain has not the money," is asked to resign his seat in parliament by his labor constituency. He will probably obey the order, and since no man can be prime minister unless he sits in parliament, MacDonald will doubtless be made a peer and take his seat in the house of lords.

In the event, he will have run an interesting career, coal miner, labor politician, prime minister and peer of the realm.

"The battle against depression has been won," says one of the boys who claims to know. Then why don't some employers cease firing?—Judge.

Oh—Have a Heart!

That old saying that "The King can do no wrong," seems to have been replaced in this country by the axiom that "the President can do no right."

For many months we have been reading editorials in several of the leading Democratic newspapers in the country, and if there is any ill in this country, or elsewhere, that President Hoover is NOT DIRECTLY TO BLAME FOR, we don't know what it is.

The habit of blaming the President for everything has become so general that it is really amusing.

A few weeks ago an eastern contemporary seriously maintained the ills of the farmer are due to "Hoover's farm board and nothing else," and this same paper, a few days later, just as seriously maintained the ills of the farmer were "due to Hoover's tariff, which lowered the rates on everything the farmer raises, and raised them on everything he must buy." And now in the same paper we read: "The farmer is the backbone of the nation, if he falls the nation falls. If President Hoover would meet this problem as it should be met—accept his responsibility instead of sidestepping it and all others by appointing another commission,—something might be done. As it is nothing has been done, and as long as Hoover is in the White House nothing will be."

SO IT GOES. We don't deny that to the people of this country, both to his supporters and his opponents, President Hoover has been a great disappointment. But we are not so sure that any man elected in his place, under the same circumstances, would have done better. And we are certain that President Hoover can't be responsible for everything his opponents blame him for. No one could be.

TAKE this commission business, for example. Every time the President appoints a commission, from the Democratic press bureau comes a loud and raucous horse laugh. The President, it seems, does nothing but appoint commissions, and the commissions do nothing but "spend the taxpayers' money and pass the buck."

Yet statistics show that President Hoover has appointed fewer commissions than Roosevelt or Taft, and in the same length of time only a few more than President Coolidge.

Why has he appointed these commissions? To get the facts, to determine what is true and what isn't, so that policies may be based upon conditions as they are instead of upon what someone thinks they may be.

WE SEE nothing wrong in this. In fact, we believe in commissions because we believe never before in the history of this country was there greater need of first determining what is TRUE, and then acting upon it.

Business has been bad. But there have been no serious disorders, no destructive strikes, no calling out of the militia, such as was the case in 1893. There have been wage reductions but, thanks to President Hoover, such reductions have not been general, nor excessive. The Farm Board has not been able to solve the farm problem,—could anyone solve it?—but it has kept the price of wheat in this country far above the markets in Liverpool and Canada.

This is neither a Hoover defense nor a Hoover "apologie." It is merely a plea to give the man who happens to occupy the White House during a critical time, and who we believe is doing his best to make conditions better rather than worse, a square deal. That's all. Just a DECENT break.

Talks To Parents

By Alice Judson Peale.

Tony, questioned about his bedtime, answered, "Well, when mamma's feeling good she lets me stay up late, but when she's cranky I have to go to bed right after supper."

Tony is an adaptable child. At a time he already has adjusted himself to the idiosyncrasies of another with a cheerful cynicism, which should stand him in good stead.

Although parental inconsistency may play its part in teaching children to adjust themselves to the unpredictabilities of an inconsistent

world, it certainly does not help in the formation of good habits, nor in calling forth that respect for those in authority which is a necessary element in proper character development.

All children now and then struggle against routine, try to break the rules or "get away with something," yet there is probably nothing which is so sure to make them unhappy as an undependable regime.

Usually, the child does not readily adjust himself to parental inconsistency. Because he never knows what to expect, he is constantly trying to get by with something that is ordinarily forbidden. There is always a chance that he will succeed.

In a certain type of child inconsistency causes worry and anxiety. Since he can see no rhyme or reason to punishments and prohibitions, he never knows when they will fail.

MOON OF DELIGHT

by Margaret Bell Houston

Chapter 15 AT THE COMUS BALL. Divitt came with the Marquessa Cabreris down the stair of the Hotel Tizon and through the patio into the parlors. Divitt, glancing at Molly in her cage, looked for Juanita.

Divitt, furious, went over to Molly. Molly knew nothing. Molly's eyes were on the marquessa. Divitt turned abruptly, bidding the marquessa follow him.

He found Gabreau at the top of the stair outside Juanita's door. "I just came," Gabreau explained. "She," pointing to Juanita's door, "go out because Ledbetter yell at her. He feller her. I come out and both gone."

"Get back," said Divitt. "I'll take care of this." He himself, upon entering the patio, had seen a man come from the door and go out the gates. It had no doubt been Ledbetter. Divitt knocked on Juanita's door.

"I hear Ledbetter has annoyed you again," he said, and Juanita remained silent, added "Marquessa Cabreris, this is Juanita—or, as you will know her, Senorita Ysabel Flores."

The marquessa herself began to speak freely—a liquid patter of Spanish, at which Juanita, who had acknowledged the introduction by an upward movement of the chin, grew milder as she replied in the same soft music.

"She is wonderful to find," the marquessa said, turning to Divitt. But Juanita had clouded again. "May I see you alone?" she said to Divitt.

Divitt opened the door. "Paradise us, Marquessa. . . . Just a moment, on the balcony." The Marquessa graciously took her leave.

"I prefer her to go, myself," Divitt explained when he shut the door. "For she knows nothing. You may speak freely to her about your work, but that is all. You came from the Argentine, are in my house. That's all she's been told. She has just come from Spain—a worthy companion."

"Thank you," said Juanita. "But if I am to be insulted and my veil torn off—" "Your veil? Where?" "In the court, Mr. Ledbetter followed me."

"It is dark in the court," said Divitt. "And Ledbetter will not be admitted hereafter. I shall instruct Gabreau. Moreover, you are not to be in the parlors every night. You'll be out with the marquessa. Is that all?"

"That is all," said Juanita. "Except—I appreciate—you are very kind." "Not at all," Divitt answered, opening the door. "You have brought many new people to the place. You will come back all the fresher. . . . All right, Marquessa."

Kirk called for Juanita at the Tizon the night of the Comus ball, waiting in the Marquessa de Cabreris's suite.

Kirk had telephoned, had been connected with the marquessa. They would go—Juanita and the marquessa. Kirk carefully selected the flowers. White roses for Juanita. Orchids for the marquessa.

Orchids did not suit her Kirk decided when she appeared in a red satin dress and huge earrings. "Carnations," thought Kirk, "or red and yellow flowers."

MacDonald, having put his country's interest ahead of his labor party's desire for a big dole "even if Britain has not the money," is asked to resign his seat in parliament by his labor constituency. He will probably obey the order, and since no man can be prime minister unless he sits in parliament, MacDonald will doubtless be made a peer and take his seat in the house of lords.

In the event, he will have run an interesting career, coal miner, labor politician, prime minister and peer of the realm.

"The battle against depression has been won," says one of the boys who claims to know. Then why don't some employers cease firing?—Judge.

Flight o' Time

(Medford and Jackson County History From The Mail Tribune of 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY August 31, 1921. (It was Wednesday.) Eric Wolf's stolen automobile found abandoned at Edgewood.

"The Passionate Pilgrim" is a yanking movie at the Rialto. Move (frot) to match Kid St. of Ashland, with Kidding Kid Medford.

Miners' war in West Virginia assumes serious aspect. Mann's announce fall about millinery, September 1, 2 and 3.

Jackson county veterans file state bonus. Wah Kim, local Chinese pig and servant in many valley he announces he will return to spend his last days.

Twenty years ago today August 31, 1911. (It was Thursday.) County clerk's records show Dan Cupid is lazy in warm weather and there is a dearth of marriages.

Fishermen aroused by report Grants, Pa., fishermen are catching salmon with gaff hooks on dikes. Dr. E. H. Porter on trip to Lake, burns out the low gear of auto, so is forced to go about miles in reverse gear. Bears both Dr. Porter, when owing to the hap, he was forced to sleep out night. He reports the road bed Medford and Prospect in bad owing to heavy teaming.

Three hundred fifty cases are expected for the coming term of court. Promoter Frankie Edwards states "alain" boxing bill at the Max, intends to match Tommy Dixon Bobby Evans in the near future. are fancy boxers.

Communication

Prize Pies in the Old Days. To the Editor: Bear piest. Sure we had them early 60's. My grandmother got them from the Golden Bartlett, and juicy, sliced thin, with sugar, then the cinnamon bark pounded up in a mortar (the stuff) or the whole nutmeg ground on a nutmeg grater, very fine, no much. The pies, large and looking baked in the big square piling pans. Then take the seal of a rich pan of milk and smear top of a good sized section like.

Jacksonville, August 31. Another Pie To the Editor: Here's my recipe for pear pie. Line pie tin with pie crust with sliced pears (ripe). Mix one egg cream, one tablespoon flour, two-thirds cup sugar, one teaspoon cinnamon. Bake in grate oven. CELIA COMBER Gold Hill, Ore.

Jaunt for Jenkins PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 31.—L. V. Jenkins, Portland politician, will sail for Paris from New September 18 to attend the international police conference there September 22 to 30.

WE DEVELOP FREE FILMS West Side Pharmacy Rebuilt Batteries \$3.00 Batteries Charged 50c Service Electric Co. Phone 1279 111 So. 10th

R. L. WILSON 112 South Grape You are invited to present the pon at the Mail Tribune office receive two

FREE TICKET TO A TALKING PICTURE PROGRAM AT THE

As a Guest Subscriber of MAIL TRIBUNE

WATCH THIS SPACE. If you a subscriber of the Mail Tribune your name may appear here in our row. Only subscribers' names will be published and, during the ration of this offer, all subscribers will be given an opportunity to joy FREE shows as GUESTS THIS PAPER.

NOW PLAYING "Young As You Fe

Can You Sell . . . LIFE INSURANCE?

Can you train other men to sell life insurance? If you can, and have received to prove it, one of leading Pacific Coast life insurance companies would like to negotiate with you to take charge of Southern Oregon territory. Salary plus good first year and renewal commissions. Good opportunity for further advancement. Address P. O. Box 1106, Portland, Oregon. Reply will be confidential.