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Ye Smudge Pot

Several of the Older Girls have declared war on gray hair back of the ears, and the double chin, and loud are the lamentations, as when in many cases lacks effectiveness.

GRIM, ACCURATE HUMOR (Chico Enterprise) In a second note the suicide victim wrote: "It kills me to do this but it is the only way out."

John J. Importance has regained his strength after the flu, sufficiently to again wear his key ring, which contains 17 keys, and weighs accordingly.

Bracing weather continues, with nothing that needs bracing.

Bow-legged bullfrogs with light attacks of the heaves continue the rage.

A Portland drummer defeated a local barber late yesterday by three gaps.

The leading dress suits of the community were occupied by the owners last night, and were a sight for sore eyes.

Clyde Melvin recently shot what he believed to be the big wolf that has been a nuisance in this locality several years, but Sam Robbins believes it was his pal dog—(Jordan Valley News.) Mr. Robbins is probably right.

There is some talk of launching potato culture in the valley, but it is no use. The potatoes have to be food when the fishing is best, and invested when the deer-hunting, man-killing season starts.

Grandma Burns, who has been in bed since the home talent performance at the Grange Hall, is able to be around the house again—(Silo News)—Another sly dig at Grandma.

Lady Ford-Coupe of the local imitation British set, has gone to Frisco for her clothes. It was known she left them some place.

Floyd Hart is propagating a full width mustache. It is not long enough to get into a saucer yet.

The airports at the Hill Gore corner, will oppose the airport bonds.

A boy on roller skates accidentally got on the sidewalk Tuesday.

Another Copco troller has risen to 3 hours for lunch, and two desks.

The legislature is now proposing a beauty tax, and they better slap in a clause that there will be no refunds.

Mica Womack has located another rainbow, and is in hot pursuit of both ends of same.

A Butte Creek cowboy spent yesterday in town in his high-heeled boots. Many Galshevskis saw him, causing envy, and their corns to ache.

HOUSES OF PEACE (Cont. Record) These houses and reviews are made so thrilling and attractive by every means possible that the little tots of the community will look forward to the time when they get big enough to participate in yet bigger and showier parades.

The young ladies are not the only agencies used in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps for the purpose of popularizing military training. Horses also play a large part. There are certain schools that would probably not have a Reserve Officers' Training Corps unit were it not for the riding horses that are provided for the amusement of these young men.

Hiding is becoming very popular socially, and most young men in schools like to ride, and as long as they are able to ride a good horse, furnished, fed, and equipped in a fine, splendid way by the United States government, they join the Reserve Officers' Training Corps—for the purpose of improving their horsemanship. Nearly 2,000 horses are turned out by the government to various educational institutions, and additional ones were provided for in the 1923 bill and still more in this bill. The government has 13 miles assigned to the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. I do not know whether there is any special significance in the number 13 or not, but I do know there is a death of miles. I presume that they are used for zoological purposes.

So you see we can now add to the saying, "Join the Army and become a man," "Join the Reserve Officers' Training Corps and ride." The horse is kept in the army because of its amusement and social value rather than its probable military usefulness.

Editorial Correspondence

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., Feb. 4.—Across the street from where a year ago he was demolishing the death of William Hickman, former District Attorney Keyes, surrounded by a battery of gray-haired and high-priced lawyers, is defending himself against a battery of charges, which, if sustained, will force him to go to the prison where Hickman spent the last six months of his life.

In appearance and demeanor Mr. Keyes has not changed in the Year which has marked such a tragic flip-flop in his fortunes. He is still the well-dressed, heavy-set, hard-jawed, frowning lawyer. We got a seat in the press section during the morning intermission, and found our old (old) friend, talking and joking with his chief counsel, Paul Schenck, the latter a typical looking criminal lawyer, a brown, well-chiseled, mobile face, surrounded by a thick wall of iron gray hair.

Schenck is scheduled to close the defense for Keyes. It is safe to say his effort will be dramatic and eloquent. He has that indefinable something that marks the actor-attorney par excellence.

Attorney Jud Rush resumed his defense plea to the jury, as court resumed. Rush must be over 40, a fat, forty-ish faced lawyer of the old school, we should say, a great believer in alternating the soft and the hard. He started in a tone so low one could scarcely distinguish the words, a subdued, almost whispering conversational colloquy with the jury, then suddenly swinging an arm above his head, he would thunder a phrase like this into the air:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the fact for money is the source of all evil!" Crash, crash, would go the words, until the attorney's round face became almost purple, and an apoplectic stroke would not have been at all surprising.

Then, just as suddenly, the noise would stop short in the manner of the speaker would completely change, he arms down, he was again quietly facing the jury, and talking to them calmly, confidentially, about some entirely different detail of the evidence.

This emphasis upon money being the source of all evil did not seem to us to be a particularly happy one. It was most to condemn the state witnesses, Mr. Rush maintaining they sold their testimony for money—\$200 paid one of them somewhere at the beach. We noticed District Attorney Pitts smiled at this point and took some notes, and unless we are greatly mistaken, this allusion will form part of the state's summing up.

For a court, if Mr. Keyes is guilty as charged, this love of money is what brought about his ruin.

There are ten women and only two men on the Keyes jury. The two men looked lonesome and unhappy. After four weeks in close confinement with such an array

group is in the family—personal and professional—of Florenz Ziegfeld. "Jack Dempsey," bear cub playmate of young Patricia Ziegfeld, has just been crowned most popular pet at the show of the New York Women's League for Animals.

Billy Burke (Mrs. Ziegfeld) has a baby leopard, Dennis King Ziegfeld star, rides onto the stage on a white horse. D'Aragnan and Eddie Cantor come through the wings in another theatre leading Dotty, a Holstein calf. Reginald Owen has a blue Persian cat. All Baba, that he bought in London for a hundred guineas, and two other cats have parts in the Ziegfeld shows. One of them was reared by Jack Donaldu from a Times Square alley.

A Lilliputian Donkey The strangest exhibit at the pet show of the Women's League was billed as "the smallest donkey in the world," belongs to the stable from which Edward J. Still rents out animals for stage roles, and stands somewhat less than two feet high. It could walk under Luella Gear's Great Dane without even laying its ears back.

If It Doesn't Pop Pop corn stored in the house often becomes too dry to pop well. An outside shed is the best to keep it. If yours has become too dry, try putting some of it shelled, in a glass jar, adding a little water and after shaking it well, letting it stand 48 hours. The amount of water needed depends on how dry the corn has become. Usually a tablespoonful is enough for a pound of shelled corn.

"Bumper," shouted the tender to the bumper on the front of the automobile as a fair pedestrian stepped into the street.

"I'm afraid I might 'bender,'" replied the bumper.

Ziegfeld Menagerie But of all the pets cherished by New Yorkers of note, the largest

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.

HAIL AND FAREWELL, D. O. A reader who appends to his name the letters "D. O." observes that he believes I have a streak of fairness in my outlook and that perhaps I may be a "real American who loves a good riddle."

Then he goes on to give something he says I printed in this column some time ago to the effect that "anyone can be his own osteopath" just rolling a few somersaults. This the osteopathic brother says he laughed at, with his patients, and thought no more of it until he read about my sad Christmas, and then he decided I had a heart, too, and might even have patience to read a few sentences he had in mind to write.

The sentences are interesting and true, I believe. The gist of them is that in many states the osteopathic physician today takes identically the same examination in all subjects that the regular physician takes, for license. Moreover, in a state noted for its production of nuts, cuts and hokum, osteopathic physicians now serve as hospital internes, practice surgery, on a par with regular physicians. Finally, there are probably 8,000 osteopathic physicians in America and other countries who are dedicating, etc.

All this may be so. I have never knowingly implied that osteopathic physicians are not as well qualified and as competent to practice their craft as any other brand of healer, say homeopathic, for there are still a few of them left.

Indeed, fifteen years ago I preferred the application of an osteopathic physician of good standing for membership in our county and state medical society. I persuaded the necessary two members to indorse the application. I presented it to the society. Most honorable, old fogies, purblind, reactionary—they almost mobbed me for making such a preposterous proposal—and some of the old fossils who rejected the application themselves gloried in the name of homeopath! Dog in the manner attitude.

Since the state sees fit to give a license to the osteopath it is surely the wise course, to say nothing else, for the medical society to accept the osteopath's credentials and receive him as a fellow. Especially is this true when the medical society does not strain at all at swallowing a homeopath.

By the way, my osteopathic correspondent is in error when he says I wrote that anyone can be his own osteopath. What I wrote was that anyone may do his own osteopathy by rolling himself a few somersaults at intervals through the day. I mean by that massage, spinal manipulation and the like. To the best of my knowledge that is nearly osteopathic treatment. If I am wrong about this, then I still believe anyone may do his own osteopathy, and not only do I believe this, but I do it frequently throughout the day. For instance, I get up from my chair right now and—

Roll myself half a dozen on a strip of mat right here forinst the studio table. It takes only a few seconds, musses your hair if you have any, and sends you back to the normal job of sitting with your blood more equally distributed and your spirits less disordered.

I doff my hat to the osteopath. In my judgment he comes as nearly being a real physician as any other recognized brand of healer can or does. But I hope the day is not far distant when the people will have enough intelligence to wipe out all these petty distinctions and differences, and set up a single standard of qualifications which all healers shall be required to meet.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Left Handed Family. Left handedness runs through my father's side of the family, my brother, two uncles and their sons are all left handed. Now my son, aged six, is left handed. He is in first grade at school, but is backward. I have spent hours trying to make him see his mistake, but he goes right back to his old way. He can't make a line straight with his right hand.—Mrs. M. T.

Answer. The child is naturally left handed. About four per cent of the population are. Why inter-

fer with natural arrangements? Because some teacher has a whim about it? I advise you to leave the child alone and let him use his left hand as nature intends.

Arrah. Is not business a disease in itself? Or is it caused by some organic disorder? Will poison in the system affect the heart?—L. E. Answer. The usual meaning of "nervousness" is fear, worry, anxiety. It is caused by disease in some cases; by internal causes apart from health in other cases. Many poisons affect the heart. You do not indicate what poison you mean.

Ossification. Is it too much to ask for a little information on ossification of the human body, and the cause if known.—W. P. H. Answer.—I think that term is inappropriately applied to the condition of the body in certain cases of far advanced osteoarthritis, chronic bone and joint inflammation in which many joints become rigid (ankylosed). The soft tissues of the bone do not "ossify"—turn into bone.

Smoking. Why do people smoke when they keep their mouth shut? Can this be avoided?—Mrs. F. P. E. Answer.—Plabbiness, relaxation, swelling, thickening, chronic inflammation of the lining of the nasal chambers. Whether this calls for general physical training, cold air, cold baths, less smoking, less nourishment, less smoke, or direct treatment by the physician who is equipped to examine and treat nose and throat diseases, depends on the diagnosis. (Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Your Income Tax No. 5 Many persons married during the taxable year fail correctly to compute the amount of their personal exemption. The revenue act of 1928 provides that if the status of the taxpayer changes during the year, his personal exemption shall be determined by apportionment, in accordance with the number of months the taxpayer was single and married. For example: A couple married on July 21, 1928, and living together on December 21, 1928, may file a joint return and claim an exemption of \$2298.23; that is, 7-12 of \$1500 for the husband while single, or \$75, plus 7-12 for the wife while single, plus 5-12 of \$2500 or \$1,168.33, for the period during which they were married. If husband and wife make separate returns each may claim a personal exemption of \$1604.17. The husband is entitled to 7-12 of \$1500 or \$75 for the period during which he was married. The wife is entitled to a similar exemption. Similar provision is made with respect to the head of a family. A person who on July 21, 1928, ceased being the head of a family—the support in one household of a relative or relatives being

discontinued—is entitled to an exemption of \$2666.67, which is 7-12 of \$3500, plus 5-12 of \$1500. With respect to the \$400 credit for a dependent, the taxpayer's status as of the last day of the taxable year determines this credit. If during the year his support of such dependent ceased, he is not entitled to this credit.

Quill Points

Fortunately, sustained flights of oratory can't be prolonged by taking on more gas.

Americans don't feel as inferior as they once did. Lots of them get rich now without yearning to wear a monocle.

Inaugurating presidents on January 1 would save the retiring executive two months of feeling ignored.

Dry-cleaners, who are trying to boost their business might begin propaganda for the return of gray.

Civilized men are those who have nothing to dread except one another.

In districts where that bulge on the hip is a plug of catin' tobacco, women still sniff when a divorce passes by.

England now welcomes our jazz bands, which indicates that a prophet isn't the only not without honor save in his own country.

Play after play has failed in New York this season. People just can't get a thrill out of the same old cuss words.

The largest piece of ivory in the world has been found in Alaska and is on its way to Washington without being elected.

Americanism: Noticing that man over there because he doesn't put on airs; putting on airs in the hope of being noticed.

And yet, most of the unhappily married would be unhappy anyway. Marriage isn't a cure for self-pity.

"Mr. Hoover is no politician." Of course not. He just happened to decide on a month in Florida.

The Kellogg treaty can't work, however, if the munitions factories do.

So live that you can pay cash for gasoline without caring a whoop who sees you.

Among the distances shortened by the automobile is that between the life insurance and the poor house.

All insect pests have their pests to hold them down. It's nature's way, and explains why feeds flourish only where tyranny makes them necessary.

Adversity builds strength, but that isn't all. Shaving makes a beard tough, but the tougher it gets the greater the effort to keep it down.

What's the use? Mr. Mellon has decreased our debt \$6 each and General Motors has increased it about 100 times that much.

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Screen Life in Hollywood. Correct this sentence: "Well, yes," said the man; "I suppose your cold was just as bad as mine." By Wade Werner. HOLLYWOOD, Cal.—To be a good mail carrier in Hollywood one should attend the movies regularly and keep in touch with all the new pictures. Fans who write to their favorite players apparently expect it.

Canada Dry Officials Visited Medford Today. Canada Dry is recognized everywhere as one of the most healthful delightful and popular drinks, not only at the fountains, hotels and restaurants, but in the family circle, for special dinners, banquets and other occasions.

LET'S SEE—I GUESS THIS LETTER GOES TO RIN TIN TIN. Let's come to Clara Bow addressed "IT, Hollywood," or "Hua," Betty Erverson still receives mail addressed to "Pet or Pan," Dozens of letters reach the Paramount studio postoffice labeled "Wings," generally intended for Richard Arlen. "Fay Wray" got one the other day from Harbin, China, addressed to "Wedding Bells," apparently the result of her appearance in "The Wedding March."

The studio postmaster, Harvey Pugh, says he also gets occasional mail for "La Marquise," which he automatically forwards to Gloria Swanson. Anything bearing what looks like an unsuccessful attempt to spell a name beginning with "B" is passed on to Olga Baclanova, and usually the guess is right.

Entertainment Engineering. Since the movies took to talk and turned technical engineers of one kind or another have been overrunning Hollywood. Acoustical engineers are called in to explain how soundproof stages should be built. Structural engineers familiar with steel and concrete are hired to build them. Telephone company and radio engineers install the complicated sound recording apparatus, and leave behind them recording engineers to superintend the operation of all the new devices.

New producers even send engineers to the provinces of new talking pictures, equipped with highly complicated apparatus for measuring the response of the audience. The louder the audience laughs the more violent is the movement of the indicator needle on a meter connected with microphones hung here and there about the theater. By measuring carefully the length of the laughs, these entertainment engineers compute just how much silence should be inserted between

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By BUD FISHER

MUTT AND JEFF—They Get Ready to Dodge the Rolling Pin. S-H-H-H! IF MY WIFE HEARS US COME IN, SHE'LL USE THE ROLLING-PIN! S-H-H-H! JEFF, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? I'M A BELIEVER IN PREPAREDNESS! IF YOUR WIFE IS UP AND FLASHES THAT ROLLING-PIN, MAN, I'M GONNA RUN! AND HOW! LISTEN! WHEN YOU RUN, RUN IN A STRAIGHT LINE! DON'T ZIG-ZAG! WHY? BECAUSE, IF YOU HAPPEN TO 'ZIG' WHEN I 'ZAG' THERE'LL BE TROUBLE!