

PRIVATE LIFE OF OYSTERS STUDIED, DISLIKE QUININE

WASHINGTON (AP)—Since more oysters than human beings attend the dinners of the great, it has occurred to at least one scientist that the private life of these gentle creatures may be a matter of some public concern.

In a somewhat formal expose of "The Private Life of the American Oyster" Dr. P. S. Galtsoff of the bureau of fisheries credits the oyster with a sense of taste more refined in certain respects than that of its human admirers.

"It has been found," he says, "that the oyster reacts to the application of quinine and detects its substance in a concentration four times weaker than the minimum which can be noticed as applied to the human tongue."

"Apparently a well developed sensitivity is a compensation which the oyster obtained for its loss of power of locomotion and absence of special organs of vision and hearing."

"Its ability to protect itself from poison," he explains, has been measured by putting different quantities of potassium salts and other chemicals in water where it was feeding.

Efficient though they are, however, the oyster's organs of sense are few, being confined to a double row of tentacles or feelers on the edge of each mantle, the soft layer of membrane which can be seen covering the creature when it makes its appearance on the half-shell.

When the shell is opened and the oyster is feeding, Dr. Galtsoff relates, the tentacles expand and stick out in the water, ready to contract at the first warning of danger through any mechanical disturbance or change in the intensity of illumination or chemical conditions.

As the tentacles draw in the mantle contracts, the big muscle which holds the shells together closes them, and the oyster may—if oysters can—revel in the sense of security which man enjoys when shut up in a warm, cheerful room on a stormy winter night.

The oyster's nervous system is a possession which might be envied by many a jumpy dinner guest. It is simple that, no matter what distressing occurrence is forced upon the oyster's attention, it always acts in the same way, shutting out trouble by closing up the shell and letting the world go by.

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"A Single Man" at Rialto Today

Fireworks, midnight swims, collegiate dances and other diversions of the "younger set" are no backgrounds for a May-and-June romance, on which Lew Cody and Helen Pringle appear in "A Single Man," at the Rialto theatre today.

Cody is shown as a bachelor who learns the varsity trick to keep up with a flaming flapper he imagines he loves. When he returns home weary and forlorn, he realizes that he isn't as young as he used to be.

Miss Pringle, as his efficient secretary, attempts to become a perfect "old maid" or to bring him to the realization that she herself is quite attractive.

Although the comedy situations keep pace with the speed of the story, the charm of the love interest does not suffer.

Marceline Day and Edward Nugent head the supporting cast, which includes Kathryn Williams, Eileen Manning and others.

Coming Attractions

To Hunt the Craterian
The enhancement of pictures by synchronous sound is shown in "Mother Knows Best," featuring Madge Bellamy, which comes to Hunt's Crater tomorrow.

Madge Bellamy enacts the role of "Sally Quail," the child of the stage who reaches stardom.

In this story the daughter, after a brave battle to reach the top, is aided and abetted by her domineering mother, long for the natural in contrast to the artificial. When her first romance comes into her life the mother stifles her love that can bring the girl her only real happiness.

Louise Dresser as the mother, and Harry Norton, are in the cast.

At the Rialto
The story of the Klondike gold rush will be shown in the Rialto version of the celebrated novel, at the Rialto theatre, starting tomorrow.

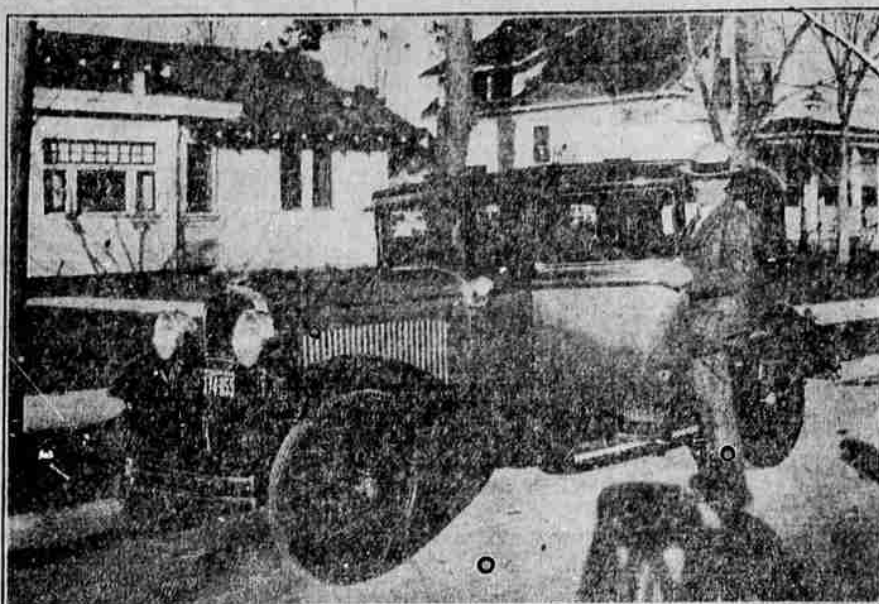
The story begins with the gathering of people from all parts of the globe at San Francisco, where they set sail for the Yukon, and ends with the great conflagration that reduced Dawson City to a heap of smouldering ashes. It shows in all its thrilling detail the maddest scramble for the gold, the trek inland over treacherous fields of snow where many lost their lives crossing the Chilkoot Pass, and the roaring rapids at the Yukon.

The love story concerns a boy and girl, a young and daring prospector and a dancer but girl at Dawson City's Monte Carlo.

The leading roles are played by Ralph Forbes, Dolores Del Rio, Harry Carey, Karl Dane, Tolly Marshall and many other distinguished film artists.

MONROVIA, Liberia—Charles T. O. King, elder son of President King, leads his graduating class of six at Liberia college. He specialized in English literature and will study law in Europe. Five men and one girl formed the class.

Jack Carle Buys First 1929 Dodge Bros. Sedan Sold In Southern Oregon



John C. (Jack) Carle, Medford freight and passenger agent for the Southern Pacific company, standing beside his new Dodge Brothers six sedan. This is the first of the new 1929 models, produced under the supervision of Walter P. Chrysler, sold in Southern Oregon by the Eakin Motor Company, dealers in this territory.

John Johnson Writes of Sights and Experience in Orient

Editor's Note: John W. Johnson and Scott Davis, well known Medford men, sailed from San Francisco on November 9 for a trip around the world. Their voyage will be of several months' duration, during which time they are visiting scores of Asiatic and European countries. At the request of this paper, Mr. Johnson is describing the interesting trip for Mail Tribune readers, the following letter being the fourth of his colorful articles which are appearing from time to time.

Another of Mr. Johnson's intensely interesting articles will appear next week in the Mail Tribune.

December 23, 1928.

We arrived in beautiful Manila harbor the morning of Monday, December 17, passed quarantine and went ashore at about 8:30. Took a taxi to Manila hotel and found the weather too warm for our light summer suits. We returned to the ship and donned our overcoats and we up town to mail some packages home. A little later we called the Polo Club and talked with Carter Brandon, former Medford boy, who brought his car to the hotel and took us out to his home where we met his wife and enjoyed a most agreeable dinner. They were very kind to us and did everything to make our short stay of two days in Manila a pleasant one. Their home, which I think is the property of the Polo Club, is as delightful a place as I have ever seen.

The house is constructed largely of bamboo. The walls are all of bamboo matting and the floors are split bamboo polished and rubbed to glister like glass.

We were taken all about the city and surrounding country, giving us a fine conception of native life and the old Spanish town of Manila which has not changed since they lost possession to Uncle Sam.

American Development
In the new section of the city, being built with American capital, we saw American enterprise and development in marked degree. Manila is a beautiful and interesting city and the Philippines represent a very valuable possession to our United States and I doubt if Uncle Sam ever relinquished the ownership of the same.

I have spoken of Japan as the land of labor and China as the land of filth, poverty and distress, but the Philippines I would term the abiding place of idleness, ease and restful life. There is no servant problem does not exist and the natives perform every task at a very low cost.

We boarded our boat at 10 o'clock Tuesday evening and departed from the city at 12 o'clock. It was terribly hot at night in our state room and the second night out at sea, Scott and I spread a blanket on the hatch, out on deck, and bathed in the cooling breeze of the tropical night. We lay stretched under a big moon with only the lapping of the waves against the hull of the ship to break the silence of the night.

Some time after midnight I was awakened by warm drops of water falling in my face and found that a sudden shower had risen and we were obliged to go inside to our sweltering state room.

Pass Tropic Isles
Nothing of importance occurred during the past three days aboard and tomorrow morning at 6 o'clock we will arrive at Singapore. At this moment we are passing within about five miles, a group of islands immediately off the north coast of Borneo. We have been on deck looking at them through our binoculars. This land is known as the Awako group; these lovely islands are covered with jungle and tropical growth and perhaps no living human has ever cared to abide there. Through our glasses we can see the waving fronds of the tall coconut trees and the surf breaker on the lagoon.

This is known as the rainy season in the tropics and quick showers are frequent and the warm rain is delightful and cooling in the sultry air.

We arrived at Singapore early in the morning of December 21 on schedule. We passed the quarantine and at 5:30 went ashore at the Cross Roads of the World.

Colorful Picture
On the pier was the greatest conglomeration of human races I have ever beheld. I will not attempt to enumerate them, but the native Malays, brown and naked save for loin cloths; the black shiny devils from India; and the turbaned people from the highlands, formed as colorful a picture as one would care to see.

After securing our reservations

at the Faffles hotel, we engaged passage on a Dutch vessel, leaving for Batavia, Java. We spent Tuesday and Wednesday seeing the city of Singapore and the surrounding country, enjoying a 90-mile trip about the peninsula, visiting the coconut groves and rubber plantations. The old Malay town of Johore and the emperor's palaces and jungles.

It has been a most interesting day, riding without hat or coat in an open car with the delightful soft air fanning us into cool comfort, watching the picturesque scene going about in his strange way of living and doing things, and observing the native's unrestrained efforts in jungle growth.

This country is purely tropical, being only 65 miles from the equator. The vegetation is wonderful and nature has been very prolific and generous in her endowments to this wonderful place. With wisdom and foresight the British planned this city well. The spots are wide and generous spaces was allowed for parks and homes.

Beauty Spot
The abundant growth of every kind of tropical tree, plant and flower makes Singapore one of the beauty spots of the far eastern tropics.

As in Hong Kong and other cities of the Orient and Far East over which England has dominion, this city is policed by the gigantic, black bearded Soekhs from North India. The very appearance of these gentlemen, with every qualification to serve in a secure position, is enough to cast fear into the hearts of the vultures of lawless men.

We returned an hour before dinner, sat down at a table and ordered a Singapore Sling, a gentleman

AUTO CRUSHES MINER OF KLONDIKE DAYS

STOCKTON, CALIF., Feb. 16.—(AP) Andrew Fontana, 79, guard in the county treasurer's office here, Klondike gold miner, and his 10-year-old son, were killed last night when they were crushed by a motor car driven by E. A. Raffetto. Fontana's father came to California in 1849, established the first general merchandise store at Copperopolis and he worked for Wells Fargo Express on the Milton-Angels Camp line. Later he joined in the gold rush to Alaska.

COLLEGE GIRLS EXPERT AT MICRO-ANALYSIS

NEW YORK—(AP) Barnard college girls show great aptitude in

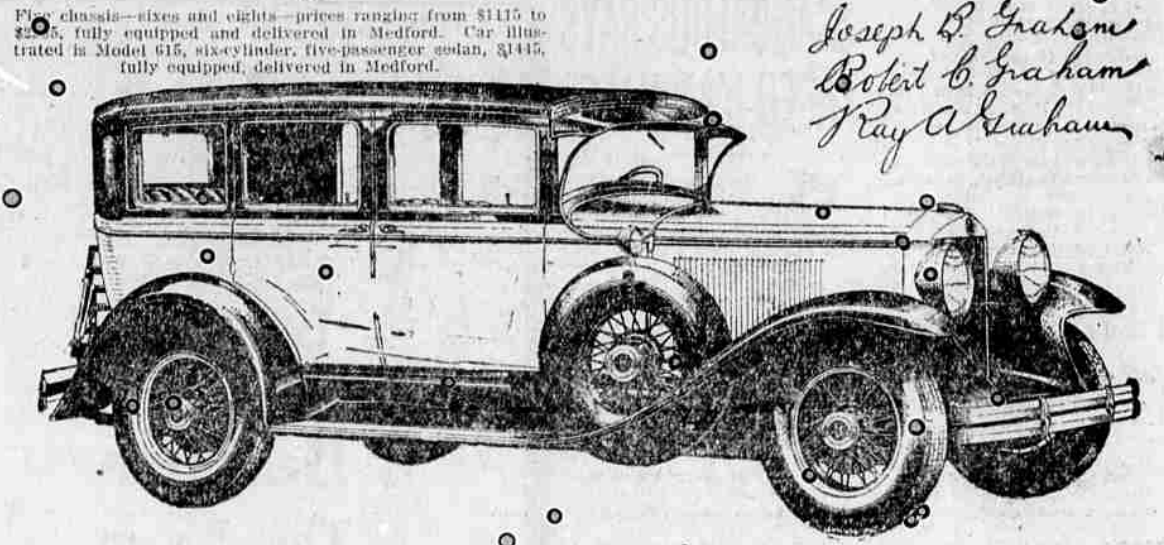
one of the newest branches of chemistry, says Dr. Marie Belmer, professor of chemistry. This field is micro-analysis, which is the use of high-power microscopes to detect minute chemical changes, a method requiring delicacy of touch and rigid hard in the only woman's college in this country so far as the known to give regular instruction in this subject. Medford—Crater Lake Gateway.

A New All-Time Record



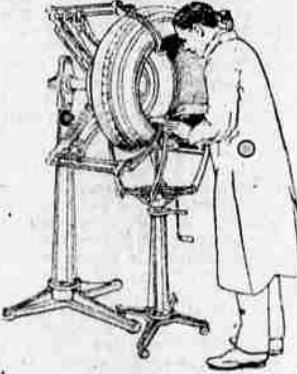
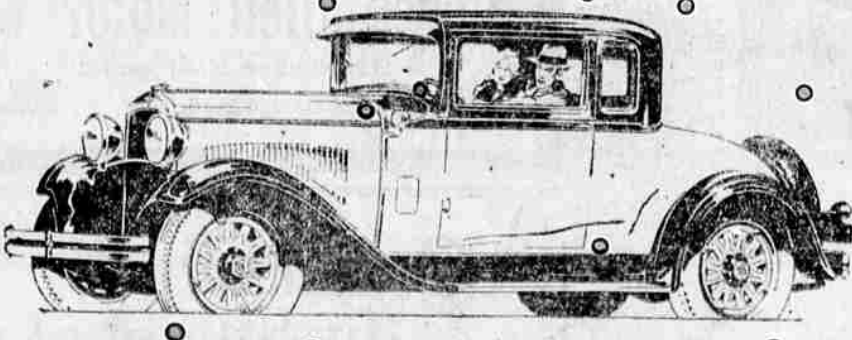
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