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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

Congressman Morgan of New York, an eminent dry-cleaning expert, caught with liquor in his suitcase, admits the violation, but says the booze belonged to his wife.

Now that the weather is milder many of our friends who have a cold bath all the year round started again. (London Punch.) Will Atty. T. Miles, who has ambitions to be an icicle, favor us with a denial of this slander?

Many trouser seats are thin, from sliding across the rough plain upholstery of \$27.00 autos.

The Yreka Journal reports that a Yreka lady is thankful that bustles are not worn with short dresses. We opine that the difference a bustle would make is nothing to worry about.

Home folks report that in the recent Wall St. upheaval, "they came out ahead of the hoards." Your copy, who was in the same shoes, was advised yesterday in a \$2 telegram (collect), that he had averaged 38 cents ahead of the Chan Egan police dog.

THE SHOW-UP
(Birmingham, Cal., News)
Isom, three other youths and four girls were held up by a masked man who held them last night. Isom began to leer at the bandit. "You'll gag yourself on that mask," he declared and, stepping behind him, jumped up and down and made faces at the hold-up man. As he kicked a pile of cans the bandit wheeled and fled with a scowl through Isom's abdomen.

The snow so much desired at Christmas time, arrived last night, the fluffy flakes softly caressing the trilliums, the jonquils, the wild mustard, and the tank cabbages on the hills and in the dales.

A chicken fainted dead away yesterday. He picked up the sport section of a Portland paper, and the press agent staff about Ice Hockey had been restricted to five columns.

Another promising young man has stuck out his wrists and had the handcuffs of matrimony slapped on them.

YE UNCONSCIOUS KNOCK
(Welbyville, Kan., Globe)
He was a man who indeed had suffered much. He had been a subscriber to this paper since its first number.

Chances are slim this spring, for either a school rampus, or a grim battle over the Darwin theory of evolution, in these parts.

The dinner was served at great pains by the ladies, and enjoyed by all. (Murphy Notes.) How the revolution started.

Hay fever has started to displace the flu as a popular affliction.

The high school band left for Corvallis this morning, seeking another state championship. Medford expects them to give blow for blow, and not throw the cornets into the boss horn.

THE JURY
Lord, God in Heaven, attend:
We are here to judge a man.
Be Thou in this tragic hour his friend.
None on a jury can.

Thou in the light, we in the dark.
When the scales of justice tilt.
How shall we find the outward mark
Of innocence or guilt?

Lord, God, we are gathered here
To analyze a crime.
What if we blunder thru rage or fear.
Or lack of sufficient time?

How can we tell what label's best
To put to a prisoner's name?
How may we know in the selfsame test
We wouldn't have done the same?
(Harper's)

Oldest Resident Dies
SALEM, Ore., April 5.—(AP)—Mrs. Sarah Reeves, 93, the oldest resident of Jefferson, died Thursday. She was born in Missouri January 8, 1836, and came to Oregon with her husband, Bartley Reeves, in 1870, locating near Jefferson. Six of their 11 children survive.

WHY ARE MOVIE PRIZE FIGHTS SO TERRIBLE?

THE "TALKIES" may be like olives. At any rate, we didn't like the first one we tried. The second one wasn't so bad. But now, after perhaps a dozen of them, we are almost a talkie fan. In fact we even see prospects of eventually following Fairbanks' brother, and agreeing a new art has been born, which now in its infancy is destined to go further and higher than the spoken drama on one hand and the silent drama on the other.

But there is one thing we can't understand. In two of these dozen or more "talkies" there have been prize fight scenes, and in both instances they have been simply terrible. In fact we have never seen a movie prize fight that was anything but a mess, a palpable makeshift and make believe. This may have been excusable ten or 15 years ago, but is certainly inexcusable now.

The first rule to observe in the enjoyment of a talkie is not to expect too much. That is probably why the last one we attended—called the "Speak Easy"—proved such a treat. We didn't like the title and expected a cheap affair built flimsily on a popular term; whereas we found a really thrilling and amusing melodrama excellently done.

All except the prize fight scene. And this was—as we have said—simply awful. With the sound accompaniment—and with the rapid progress in movie realism—there is no reason why a genuine boxing match and a genuine crowd couldn't be put on whenever a prize ring scene is called for.

But this "Speak Easy" fight is no more true to life than the first Nickelodeon thriller was true to life. Pupilists don't fall down when they are tapped with the tip of a glove; they don't—at least not very often—get knocked down three times in one round and then arise and send a clean punch to their opponent's unprotected jaw for the count of ten, and victory.

Prize fighters don't have their girls in the front row—and certainly don't embrace them in the ring—while the crowd cheers the happy couple. Fight fans—at least those in the first ten rows—never get so excited they punch imaginary foes, and as a matter of fact few of them jump on their chairs and yell. They are interested but grim—the noise and acrobatics are always in the gallery.

In short, the prize fight in "Speak Easy" is plain unmitigated hum, and almost spoils what would otherwise be a cleverly conceived and splendidly executed big city "talkie."

There are at least 50 ex-prize fighters living in Hollywood. For the sake of "the art," we hope the next time a prize fight hero is deemed necessary, some of these gentlemen are recruited, not only to put on the battle, but to arrange the atmosphere and business.

As pugilistic experts the present corps of wax moustached directors are a total, complete and uninterupted loss.

HOOVER HAND HAS BECOME WORN BY CONTINUAL SHAKE

WASHINGTON, April 5.—(AP)—Word went out from the White House today to members of the house and senate that they must be more considerate in sending their constituents to the executive mansion to march in the semi-weekly presidential handshaking line.

Yesterday 1,775 people filed through the executive office and grasped President Hoover's hand. The muscles of the hand became so sore that he was able to write only with great difficulty for some time afterward and he felt also that handshaking had been a considerable strain upon him. Although the secret service agents keep the line moving at high speed, about 45 to the minute on an average, yesterday reception occupied nearly three-quarters of an hour of the president's time.

In previous administrations the reception was a daily fixture and it continued as such for several days under Mr. Hoover. But a short while after he took office he decided to hold receptions only on Mondays and Wednesdays. Today, to give the chief executive a longer rest between receptions, the schedule was changed to Mondays and Thursdays, and it was announced that soon the number would be reduced to one each week.

NEW YORK, April 5.—(AP)—John McCormack, back from abroad, is fighting with the talkies. He has offers and is much interested since he heard an Al Johnson film.

MUTT AND JEFF—Direct From Consumer to Producer

Comic strip panels featuring characters and dialogue about relativity and Einstein's theory.

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. 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.

PUT YOUR TRUST IN NATURE

Of many things I am skeptical. No matter just which things, but plenty. Perhaps you would not call it faith, for faith, I suppose, implies belief in something you do not and cannot know to be true.

Perhaps it is confidence, rather than faith, but anyway, I have unbounded confidence in nature—and I spell nature with a small n—I have untrifling confidence in the capability of nature to take care of the involuntary or unconscious functions of my body. One of these involuntary and unconscious functions is the control and regulation of the digestive processes, and particularly the motor activities or propulsive movements of the alimentary canal. So long as an individual is alive and not stricken by any grave organic disease or mortal injury, nature will take care of this function, all right, until and unless interfered with.

The kind of interference that most readily upsets the nice adjustment, the wonderful co-ordination of nature in the control of this function is the crude habit of resorting to cathartics, enemas or other artificial aids, so called, and now I want to dispose of the final obstacle in the way of the liberation of millions of slaves of the physis habit. I do hope that you will find what I say about this not only logical but feasible for adoption into your own philosophy of life.

Here it is: If all these various artificial "aids" to bowel action were suddenly placed beyond the reach of the public, and every victim of the constipation habit were given a dose of twilight sleep or something like that to make him temporarily forgetful and hence unconcerned, indifferent, unworried, and without fear about the next action of the bowels, I believe this universal condition would disappear from our ken and the pill business would suffer a sudden collapse.

I am very sure that if the victim of constipation will solemnly and unreservedly swear off from the use of any and all alleged aids of this sort, and at the same time firmly resolve to put his trust in nature, he will then and there cure himself to stay, cured for the rest of his life.

This is all very easy for me to say, of course. I am well aware of the many difficulties that confront the old-physic habitue who would follow the course I suggest. But nevertheless, I know from ample experience that it is absolutely true, and therefore I do not hesitate to commit myself in this way. The essential thing, the idea I am striving to get over to the listener, is not faith, but something more, confidence, assurance, the certainty, that nature is capable of handling the bowel function in any and all circumstances if not interfered with. And unfortunately you can interfere with nature very disastrously by the mere exercise of introspective thought, anxiety, worry, fear or concern. So you see, don't you, how indispensable it is for the success of your effort to gain freedom from the thralldom of pills and more injurious practices, that one must first have confidence in nature. Such confidence, it seems to me, comes from knowledge, from the study of physiology. However, I am not a competent judge of this, for I really don't know how the study of physiology may affect a layman who has not studied the other branches of the science of man as I have.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Oh Shucks
Please advise where I may obtain buttered shucks. (I. R. F.)
Answer.—Well, anyway, it is little use looking for them on apple trees. I do not know where buttered shucks grow in your vicinity.

Likes Lemons
I like lemons, in fact I am quite crazy about them, and eat one with salt once in a while. My brother says this will turn the blood to water. Is that true? (Miss J. A.)
Answer.—The lemon is just as healthful, not quite as nutritious, as an orange would be. Your brother is wrong. But why not take your lemon without the salt? Most of us get enough, if not too much salt, anyway.

Chinese Youth Flames
NEW YORK, April 5.—(AP)—Miss Tsang Tsou Yih, student of fine arts, has a yellow thunderbolt. That's what a magistrate termed her car when assessing her \$25 for stepping on the gas too much.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—(AP)—Some \$5,500,000 worth of property is inherited annually in this country. The calculation is made by Joseph S. McCoy, government actuary.

Review of Current Literature

By Book Lovers of Medford

A Guidepost to the Best in Late Books As Selected by County Librarian Miss Fay Woolsey for Reaction of Local Readers.

Time Is a Gentleman, by Charles Goff Thomson. Reviewed by Garold Harlock.

A very realistic story of the Philippine islands. It is well written and will keep you in excitement and suspense until the last gripping page has been read. This novel is different from the ordinary type of story—even the extraordinary in fact. Something, rather unexplainable, keeps the reader fascinated and his mind at a high tension throughout the entire story.

Mackenzie Duell, a sturdy young American, comes to an island in the Philippines where his father, killed years before by some unknown teacher, had a large sugar cane plantation. He determines to restore the jungle grown acres to their former status, despite the many outcries of bad luck which befall him at the hands of Sotro, who has the islanders in his power. The young American is tricked and fought by the villainous half breed at every turn as he tries to make the old abandoned plantation of Colonel Duell productive again. He is supported by a mysterious Chinese servant, who is really more than a mere servant to the young master. Together with Malvan, an Irishman who has a very beautiful daughter with whom Mac Duell is in love, and a fighting native, Wundu the palatine, and Mercedes, a piece of concentrated dynamite, the Chinaman takes very good care of the young planter.

Mr. Thomson knows the islands and their people. This is proved by his characters, action and life. Different from the average book, it still uncovers the truth and rights the ancient wrong and fulfills the old Chinese proverb, "Time is a gentleman."

The Flavor of Holland, by Adele de Leeuw. Reviewed by William Dougherty.

This is one of those refreshing books that are really good. The author adds to her sympathetic viewpoint a delightful style, such a style, in fact, as one would expect Addison to display in if he were living in the twentieth century and writing a travel book of Holland.

Misa de Leeuw was reared in a Dutch home in America. She speaks the Dutch language and understands the Dutch people. In addition, her father is one of those rare old souls who know everything about their native land. Hence, on this trip through Holland, they see everything worth seeing.

We wander with her through highways and byways. We explore the cities and the villages, the Zuyder Zee and the canals, the dunes and the forests, the fertile fields, the ruins, the palaces, the museums, the parks, and whatnot.

We experience a gustatory thrill when we learn of Dutch specialties which are about one-eighth of an inch in thickness, with a delicious buckwheat, buttery and sugary tang.

One day alleluias were raised to the skies when a typewriter was found in a hotel. However, after steam hammer blows had been expended on the keys, and the letters piled up on one another in the most playful manner, the conclusion was reached that long hand letters looked better anyway.

We walk through blocks of flower markets, enjoy masterpieces in the museums, visit towns where six-room houses rent for from \$2.50 to \$3.60 per week, until we have covered almost every phase of life in the Netherlands.

The Illustrations of Dutch scenes, the author seems to have a knack for selecting spots to photograph which carry the same tenor throughout the volume. It is enough to say that only one of the pictures is of a windmill.

Scabby Dickson, by Richard Blake. Reviewed by James Moore.

Scabby Dickson was an English boy supposedly orphaned by the death of his father. He was maintained at a preparatory school in one of the higher parts of India by a group of Masons. As a child Scabby was of an introvert character, acquiescing or dispensing with the companionship of professors, servants and students with equal indifference.

The most amusing incidents of his time at school were his brilliant promotion schemes by means of which he accumulated an overwhelming number of school trinkets dear to the heart of every schoolboy.

By means of Professor Mattison, Scabby is taken on vacation to the home of a high official of the British Canal company. The friendship of two children, a boy and a girl, tends to broaden and develop Scabby's mental horizon.

Quill Points

of their uselessness into a cultured black race.

"Black Majesty" is a clever mixture of tragedy and humor, and it is well worth anyone's time to read it.

(Clothes rack: A device used to display garments. See wife.

Department of Justice: Mabel, surrounded by men who don't agree but won't quarrel about it.

No country is competent to decide a great question sanely until it can discuss it without calling names.

"Onions promote health." Well, perhaps people won't get close enough to give you their germs.

Old men, working faithfully year after year, never get a raise. Look at Mr. Mellon.

If he whittles well and delights in weighty argument, you are safe in asking where his wife's boarding house is.

The other animals, observing one having a good time by storing up reserves for the next day, probably wouldn't call him superior.

Government has eight organizations of spies, none of which can locate sharpers and crooks as promptly as a sucker can.

There are just two classes of Americans: Those who depend on Santa Claus, and those who send jobists to Washington.

Americanism: Privately favoring the under dog; officially backing the Latin-American group that stands the best chance of winning.

You can't tell. There's many a two-car garage built by a one-fliver income.

Among the things that give a new and broader vision are travel religion and a charge account.

Russian scientists have restored life after 25 hours. At Smith all most did it.

You can't always make the punishment fit the crime. Imagine kicking a rocking chair that fits you on the shin at night.

Slogan of talkie producers: "They will stand for rotten stuff while it's new."

How times change. Once a boy lied about smoking cigarettes to escape a licking, and now, he lies about it to get \$500 for a testimonial.

They can't do much with the traffic problem while a vehicle eight feet long is used to move a man one foot thick.

Fable: Once a company produced a great movie and no other concern rushed out a bum one of the same type to share in the pickings.

Correct this sentence: "If I should inherit a million," said he, "I'd use it to help all the poor people I know."

Mail Tribune ads are read by 20,000 people every day.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion, featuring a fisherman and text about resistance to coughs and colds.

By BUD FISHER

Comic strip panels featuring characters and dialogue about Einstein's theory and a man carrying away an officer.