

POISON PLOTTERS OF CAYENNE SAIL FOR PARIS TRIAL

NANTES, France (AP)—One of the strangest long distance criminal processes in French history is to begin here soon when Judge Lemarchand commences an investigation of the mysterious death of Cayenne, French Guiana, of Jean Galmot, member of the French chamber of deputies, and a number of slayings that followed. It will be weeks that perhaps months before a finding is returned.

Thirty-three persons, charged with murder and complicity, have already been brought across the Atlantic for the preliminary "instructions" which corresponds to a grand jury investigation in America. By the irony of fate, many of them, if condemned, will return over the same route to Devil's Island, the penal colony a few miles from Cayenne.

The aroused state of public opinion at Cayenne was given as a reason for the transfer of the process to France. The passing of M. Galmot, who died of what has been certified as poisoning, was followed by brews that cost the lives of Luc Jabel, member of the Cayenne municipal council; Jean Clement, school superintendent; M. Larose, a municipal employee; M. Thebis, former councilman and M. de St. Ives, a land holder.

Under French procedure, Judge Lemarchand will have a gigantic task ahead of him before he can turn over to the assizes court the evidence against the accused. He must personally examine and weigh the depositions of scores of witnesses and go over thoroughly the "dossier" weighing 265 pounds and which includes every shred of evidence in the case. In addition he must look over a large collection of arms of all varieties, alleged to have been used in the series of slayings.

In addition to the thirty-three accused, already in France, fourteen others, involved in minor ways with the charges, are to be sent here for trial if Judge Lemarchand concludes that the evidence against them is sufficient.

SEVENTY YEAR OLD VETERAN MEMBER 100,000 MILE CLUB

A 1923 Studebaker Big Six which has been driven more than 150,000 miles on a stage line between Tonopah, Nev., and the gold camp of Manhattan, is the latest addition to the famous Studebaker 100,000 Mile club.

Clark James, a seventy-year old veteran of the old west, reports that his Studebaker has never failed to cover its 90-mile route on time. James himself is a colorful figure. When the frenzied gold rush started at Manhattan more than twenty years ago he was among the first to arrive at the scene. He watched the camp grow from a few scattered shacks to a bustling city of 12,000, with banks, newspapers and telegraph office. And he has watched it dwindle away, assisted by two fires, to a sleepy mining camp of three or four hundred miners and prospectors.

Before purchasing his present car James owned an older model Studebaker which he operated for several years.

FAMOUS RACER BUYS 5 CHRYSLERS

Many interested in automobiles and racing have followed the career of Louis Meyer and will readily admit he knows a whole lot about both.

His introduction to "speed" came as a boy when he watched his father, Edward Meyer, pedal past the winning post to many a championship in the old-time bicycle races. He took to the track like the proverbial duck takes to water.

It was in 1923 that Lou first gained his right to a niche in the hall of fame by winning the 500-mile Memorial day classic at the Indianapolis speedway. In 1925, he followed this victory with second place in the same race and established a record as the only driver to win the American Automobile association championship for two successive years. He holds the distinction of being the only winner of three successive races on the 200-mile board track at Altoona, Penn. This year he finished first in one hour, 46 minutes and 36.8 seconds.

While in Dayton, Ohio, recently, Lou bought five new cars. One was for himself, another for his father and the others for members of his staff. The car he chose were four Chrysler "77" coupes and a "77" roadster. Shortly after the fleet was delivered, Lou will participate in a number of west coast races before returning to the east next spring. "In selecting the Chrysler," Meyer said, "I was attracted by its unusual performance. The multi-range gear shift is the greatest gear shift I have ever used. In my racing cars I have used down-draft carburetors somewhat similar to the new system on the

Speedy Aerial Trail Blazer Who Leads The Way in 1929 National Air Tour



Lee F. Shoehair, of Los Angeles, youthful pilot of high speed planes, standing beside the Lockheed Vega in which he carried the chief scorer and his assistant on the 1929 National Air Tour for the Edsel B. Ford Reliability Trophy.

THIS ship, which is named Miss Silvertowns, is probably the fastest commercial monoplane in the United States, and has attained a sea level speed of 210 miles an hour. The plane has a wing span of 41 feet and is powered with a Pratt & Whitney Wasp developing 425 horsepower. It is also equipped with venturi cowling, recently developed by

the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, which adds about 20 miles an hour to its speed. The speed is further increased through a rubber paint developed in the Goodrich factory at Akron, Ohio, which because of its smoothness materially cuts down wind resistance. Although this was the only plane in the contest coated with this paint, nineteen

of them used Goodrich tires. Shoehair was one of three pilots who led the way for the contestants for the Ford Trophy. The others were Capt. Frank M. Hawks, member of the rules committee, and Capt. Ray Collins, manager of the tour. The route included 32 cities throughout the United States.

Barber Shop Memories

Down at Portland a burning question of the hour is whether the price of a shave in the barber shop shall advance from 25 cents to 35 cents. The pros, of course, are the barbers, journeyman and master. The anti, only mildly vocal, are that small remaining portion of the barber-parotizing public who do not yet realize that what barbers will do they will do, just as they have been doing in the recent years of steadily tonsorial progress—when ever they could all get together and stay together.

Let's have a meeting of the Remember-When club. Any member can recall a time when you could get a haircut and shave with various deft extras for 40 cents in any first class barber shop. The hair-cutting was done with scissors wholly. There was no electrical clipper to shear away the hair around the sides and back and thus relieve the barber of half of his work as now. To cut hair then was a painstaking job and one that required many a nip, accompanied with much use of the comb to get the hair into the proper contour and keep it so as the operation went along. There were pauses when the barber stood off to survey his artistry or to hold up a hand mirror for his subject to look in and see that things were going well. The whole process was a rite as much as an operation.

And the shave—that was none of your hurry-up affairs either. In the pre-safety razor days few towners did their shaving at home. The daily shave was a rarity with most men. Those who had shaves every other day were regarded as finicky. Twice a week shaves were the rule and once a week—on Saturdays—was not uncommon. So when the barber set out to shave a person he had some whiskers to cut. Every barber shop had a pigeon-hole cabinet on its wall containing privately owned mugs, each to be used for its owner only. The eternal feminine among us had no problem of what to give for Christmas in those days. A shaving mug for "him" with his name

lettered on it was the correct thing. As the mug was left at the barber shop and as no lady ever entered a barber shop it was easy to forget from one Christmas to another that the man already had a shaving mug and so give him another one.

After administering the careful scissor haircut and the day-under-the-skin shave with plenty of time for the hot towels to do their work the barber proceeded to earn the rest of his 40 cents. There was the neck shave—round of course, for every man had his neck shaved round at the back—and there was exploration with a tweezers for "wild hairs" beneath the chin and there was an application of hair-oil—everybody took hair-oil—with bay rum on top of it well rubbed in, and there was a dash of eye-water in the other hand which he wanted it and there was a touch of brillianine on the eyebrows and... mustache—everybody had a mustache—besides, unguents and powder on the face. By the time the patron got out of the barber's chair he certainly was fixed up a-plenty and if he was not a thing of beauty it was because nature had scimped the job in his original facial equipment and not because of any omission which could be laid to the barber. A tip? If you had offered an Oregon barber of that day a tip he would have basted you one, and good enough for you. Forty cents was the price and 40 cents was the check—haircut, shave and extras.

Barber shops opened at 7 a. m. They closed any time after 5 p. m. when the place was clear of customers. On Sundays they closed at noon. There has, as the latter day barber shop patron will have observed, been a change.—Eugene Register.

DRUG HABIT CURE OF GERMAN BASED UPON SUGGESTION

HALLE, Germany (AP)—A sanatorium for the cure of dope fiends shortly in Meessitz Castle, between Halle and Leipzig, by Dr. Fritz Meyer who for 12 years was himself addicted to morphine. Dr. Meyer, after 15 unsuccessful courses of treatment, claims to have been finally cured by psychoanalysis. He will treat his dope patients according to a method gleaned from his personal experiences, which he is convinced will enable him to perfect cures in at least one-fourth of the time required by other institutes. The cure is introduced with the immediate suppression of the accustomed narcotic. During the first few days the patient is kept by a soporific in a state of trance to enable him to overcome the nervous effects of the abstinence from his habitual drug.

Then follows the actual treatment, consisting of psycho-analytical suggestions leading to the disclosure of the patient's inner life back to his childhood with the object of creating in him an entirely new initiative and will power.

New French Navy Board LORIENT, France (AP)—Another new French destroyer, the Verdun is claimed now to be the fastest in the world. On official trials it made 49.2 knots an hour, beating the record made by a sister ship, the Valmy, of 29.185 knots.

A Sneeze, Once Romantic and Heroic

The sneeze time of the year is here. Whether it be a disease, habit or custom, it has an ancient history. Cupid was supposed to sneeze over the birth of every new, beautiful girl baby.

Today a sweetheart, rather repressed being anything to be sneezed at, but in old Roman days it was a high compliment to her. However, the sneeze has lost its romance. Indeed, it is a source of abject apology. In public a glare greets the offender.

It is merely a violent explosion of the air from the nasal passages; but it is a nuisance and calls for expression at inopportune times. It usually chooses a funeral or some solemn and quiet occasion and then goes off with a bang. Pressing the finger upon the upper lip deprives it of immediate enthusiasm. And yet there are times when nothing seems to dampen or discourage its activity.

Once the sneeze brought about the retreat of an army. Xenophon and his cohorts were in a hurry to get away when a sudden sneeze of a soldier sneezed, and since a

sneeze was supposed to be an oracle of deity, the tents were burned and retreat begun.

If a soldier sneezes today he is hustled into a hot tub of steaming water. The modern general takes no chances.

In ancient Athens, if a man

sneezed his friends cried, "Love preserve you!" He was regarded as an especial favorite of Mt. Olympus. A sneeze among the ancient Hebrews was a harbinger of death. Jacob prayed that this might be changed and the significance of sneezing was revised. Then it became a symbol of life. Aristotle believed that if you sneezed from morning till noon you would have good luck. Our forefathers must have highly

prized sneezing, or they would not have used so much snuff. Today if you would sneeze, just seek a dignified assembly where it would be indicative to function with your nose, and it will go off half-cocked. No amount of sneezing anywhere will suppress it. It blows all the rules of Hygie to pieces and lets go regardless of your standing in society. And you are avoided as a mad victim of golden rod.

CAT WAS SWEDEN'S PIONEER AVIATOR; QUEEN WATCHED

STOCKHOLM. — (AP)—Sweden's first aviator was a cat, which ascended in a balloon in 1784 before a resplendent assembly of royalties and dignitaries, according to a paper of that year.

It was decided that Sweden should undertake an experiment in aviation. The queen, the crown prince and many others contributed.

An aerostatic machine, a gorgeous balloon 12 feet in diameter and elaborately decorated with blue stripes, golden stars and the Swedish coat of arms, was made and filled with gas called combustible air.

On September 17, 1784, the king, the queen, the royal court, foreign diplomats and Swedish dignitaries were assembled to witness the memorable event.

In the small gondola the aviator—a cat—and a letter to the finder requesting him to return the balloon to the Royal Academy of Sciences, were placed. The queen herself cut the string holding the balloon. It slowly rose, greeted by the cheers of those present, and disappeared in the direction of the sea.

The balloon later was found some 15 miles away from Stockholm, slightly damaged, but the cat had disappeared, evidently unhurt and probably with the firm intention of not placing itself again at the disposal of those who contemplated experiments of this character.

Save Money Save Risk Save Worry Buy a NEW Car Now!

Instead of taxing your old car—and your patience—by driving your old car through another winter, do what thousands of wise buyers have been doing for years—trade it in NOW.

Get rid of it before January 1st comes around and sets it back a whole year in used-car rating. Avoid the disastrous effects of the Automobile Show's new mountings on its re-sale value. Steer clear of the mounting up price expense that an old car will need this winter.

The very money you would spend on servicing and overhauling will do a lot toward paying for a brand-NEW model De Soto Six—newest and smartest of the low-priced sixes.

In addition, you can take advantage of the extra-liberal allowances we can make on your old car by TRADING NOW.

PRICES AS LOW AS

\$845

AT THE FACTORY

SEVEN MODELS

- FAKTON
- ROADSTER ESPANOL
- SEDAN COCRE
- COUPE BUSINESS
- COUPE DE LUJO
- SEDAN DE LUJO

DE SOTO SIX

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

MEAD-FURCH MOTOR CO.

114 South Riverside Medford Phone 1109

Ball Punter To Wed



Lloyd J. Warner, Pirate center fielder, will marry Frances Mae Snyder of Oakland, Pa., in Switzvale, Pa., Sept. 17.

Put Your

Chevrolet

IN Our Hands

And you will be assured of dependable, smooth-running Chevrolet engine performance during the winter. Now is the time to have those little knocks taken out, the bearings inspected and other minor repairs made that will keep your Chevrolet in perfect condition. Our expert Chevrolet mechanics will give you a guaranteed job that will please you. Quick, economical service is our specialty. Drive in today.

ONLY GENUINE CHEVROLET PARTS ARE USED

Pierce-Allen Motor Co.

112 South Riverside—Phone 150

USED CAR LOT, Eighth and Bartlett—GUARANTEED

O. K. Used Cars

The Columbia Phonograph Co.

HAS SELECTED

THE MUSIC BOX

To Represent Them In Medford

A COMPLETE LINE OF THE NEW MODEL

COMBINATION RADIOS and RADIOS

Are Now on Display at The Store—402 E. Main

Ask About The Columbia Radiograph—A Broadcasting Station In Your Own Home