MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily and Sunday
Published by
MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
25-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 75

ROBERT W. RUHL, Editor
S. SUMPTER SMITH, Manager

An Independent Newspaper

Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 8, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By Mail—In Advance:

Daily, with Sunday, year	$7.50
Daily, with Sunday, month	.75
Daily, without Sunday, year	6.50
Daily, without Sunday, month	.65
Sunday, one year	2.00

By Carrier, in Advance — Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on Highways:

Daily, with Sunday, month	$ .75
Daily, without Sunday, month	.65
Daily, without Sunday, one year	7.00
Daily, with Sunday, one year	8.00

All terms, cash in advance.
Official paper of the City of Medford.
Official paper of Jackson County.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
Receiving Full Leased Wire Service

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or otherwise credited in this paper, and also to the local news published herein.

All rights for publication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU CIRCULATION

MEMBER OF THE UNITED PRESS

Advertising Representatives
M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY
Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

Smudge Smoke

Louis Richardson is taking on weight, and is getting plump.

H. Plewher, the demon baker, was forced to work Thurs. without using any of his well-known efficiency, and actually accomplished something.

William H. Gore, discussing the economic situation recently declared, "everybody should saw wood." This is a good idea, but there are too many woodyards now.

Daniel Cupid is taking a well-earned vacation, in these parts.

A rain fell Thurs. eve that gave promise of doing some good, but accomplished nothing much, except to drench the stockings of the fair-sex.

Donald Casebolt, 9, informs the writer that his girl-friend has been uppish all week, and he suspects a rival in the woodpile.

The Jac. Co. delegation to the legislature did nothing to get on the front pages of the Portland papers last week.

Isaac Fridegar of Ashland, was up Tues. and spoke contemptuously of this—his old home town.

Shootems are getting ready to have a trapshoot. This is an innocent pastime, as there is not much chance of the contestants shooting anybody or themselves.

Mines have started to bloom—a good sign of spring.

Jim Owen has gone back East, instead of south to California.

Some of the Older Girls are tap dancing to reduce, and at last reports, were as hefty as ever, but better than the average tap dancers.

Local interest was just getting pretty well centered in Clara Bow, when a new twist was given to the Bowles triangle case of Portland. This town ought to be modern enough to produce its own choice topics of conversation.

It looks like winter was about over, and the valley facing a rain edificit.

K. Shimoda of the Nipponese colony was sporting a discolored optic last week. Mr. Shimoda at first admitted what hit him in the eye, and why, but on advice of counsel, later said that he walked into a door, in the dark, which is an old American excuse, nobody ever believes.

The claim is made that the women of America are getting homelier, by a Harvard professor. We would not care to make a definite statement on the subject without further study, but will state their beauty is not increasing hereabouts, but there are no what you would call homely women in the valley.

Eddie Carleton of the Redskin Orch. was in Thurs. wrestling with fruit problems.

The depression continues in these parts, but nobody starved to death.

Dock J. Madison Keene was about Friday, and made some vitrolic comment on the legislature, tariff, congress, taxes, weather, farming, France, Rogue river fish, fruit prices, farm prices, prohibition, Oregon System, Oregonian, gasoline, tires, weather, and the nine major planets.

MEN OF 34 NATIONS WORK ON BUENOS AIRES SUBWAY

BUENOS AIRES (AP)—Digging a subway here is an international affair.

For one thing, there is a confusion of tongues. Ira W. McConnell, representing an engineering organization constructing the new line here, says a census showed 34 nationalities among 2,500 men on the job. Thirty-seven languages were spoken.

The new subway, the second to be built in Buenos Aires, is to cost between $20,000,000 and $30,000,000. It was financed in New York and is being built under supervision of American engineers.

Swiss Aid Industry

BENE (AP)—Switzerland is boosting the embroidery business. A second grant of $200,000 has been made by the federal council for the creation of a trust company to assist the industry. The tariff and business depression in America are cited as reasons for necessitating the fund.

Picture English Wills.

LONDON.—(AP)—A super-camera is being built at Somerset house to photograph wills for persons who may want copies of last testaments. The probate department, answering objections, said the plan had worked well in America.

India has 2,586,700 acres in jute cultivation.

QUILL POINTS

A strike helps some. Fifty men walk out and six hundred draw pay for militia services.

You see, getting money from the government without earning it would humiliate Americans—unless they were given desks at Washington.

"We must eliminate the cause of crime." But you can't kill parents just because they haven't any sense.

So all that's needed to prevent unemployment is to find a market for advice.

Writing music is easier than writing stories. You can't steal forty sentences and stick them together to make something original.

The dial telephone has its faults, but it doesn't coo stereotyped phrases at you when you're mad.

Whether a man is satisfied with his lot in life seems to depend on what it's a lot of.

Don't sneer at the extravagance of the rich. The more carelessly the seed is scattered, the more there is for the birds.

Character is made by what you stand for; reputation by what you fall for.

Americanism: Treating women as work animals; deciding to give them a square deal; serving as work animals for women.

A specialist is a man who turns you over to another one after he gets his $30.

Man can't be related to the monkey. A monkey never ties itself and then howls because it isn't loose.

If he keeps the waiter waiting while he adds the bill, the lady with him is his wife.

"What proof have we of miracles?" asks a cynic. Well, there are pedestrians.

One explanation of America's troubles is that weeds grow in your garden when you spend too much time on your neighbor's affairs.

Correct this sentence: "I have been a judge for ten years," said he, "and I have yet to hear witnesses lie to save a kinsman."

G. O. P. Radicals Still in Party

The cordial invitations to flock by themselves politically, which are being extended from here and there to radical "Republican" members of the senate, strike no responsive chords in the recipients. It may be that the heart strings of those personages, like the heart strings of the angel Israfil, are lutes capable of vibrating and throbbing for all that is lovely. But if so, nobody has yet succeeded in hitting a wave length which will lead them to react favorably to the suggestion that they discard thought of self, leave the loaves and fishes flat, and come out and be separate as becomes prophets of a great reform.

On the contrary, with Mr. Borah acting as precentor and with Mr. Norris leading the chorus, these gentlemen hastily chant a disclaimer. So far as they are concerned "there ain't gonter be no third party." They have no desire to leave the old one they have been finding it convenient to utilize on election day and kick about between times. They just love (what) the party (can give them). They are going to cuddle close when the next session opens, whether its real members want them or not, and they are going to help organize the upper house so they can retain their nice, fat, lovely committee appointments. And that's that, for the entire bunch. Doc Dewey can go and propagandize somewhere else.

Probably there is no chance that the genuine Republicans will rise up and kick about the worst of the radicals out into the street and then proceed to discipline the lesser offenders with appropriate stripes, but that is what they ought to do, for their own sakes, for the sake of their party and for the benefit of the nation. Still less is it likely that the Democrats, who also have their thorns in the flesh, will follow a similar course.

Yet wouldn't it be a grand, wholesome thing all around, if the leaders of both the big parties in the senate would clean house, and force the members who are party-men-in-name-only to go out and flock by themselves and establish their private madhouse, where they could rave to their hearts' content without seriously bothering anybody!—(Detroit Free Press)

In the Old Home Town

(Kansas City Star)

The Old Home Town folks will recall Amandus Miles and his wife, Adaline, known far and wide in the Old Home Town territory as "Mandus and Addy" Miles. They lived just outside the town, but near enough to be counted a part of the town set. Indeed, "Addy" was almost one of the institutions of the town, for she was in the forefront of almost every movement.

That is to say she either was in the forefront or she was not in the movement at all. No matter at what lowly position they might place Addy Miles' name on a committee at the beginning, she was chairman, secretary, treasurer and general manager before the committee had finished its work. Either that, is stated above, or she was not on the committee at all before the committee had finished its work.

On the other hand, Mandus Miles was just the opposite from his wife, Addy. Mandus was meek and lowly. In his testimony at the Methodist class meetings Mandus always testified that he wanted to be meek and lowly. Old Dr. Trickling once said of Mandus and Addy Miles: "That woman could train a man to be anything she wanted him to be and make him believe he liked it." Addy was not a favorite of the good old doctor.

Mandus was called—and by many husbands of the Old Home Town who were somewhat similarly situated in their domestic life—the "hand-made man." What they meant was that Addy Miles made him. And they had very good reason for the conclusion, because Addy never failed to let people know that but for her hand in directing him Mandus would have been something less than zero.

If Mandus Miles ever ventured an opinion on any subject before Addy had expressed her opinion, he found that he was a member of the In-Bad club. If Mandus attempted to tell a story Addy would break in to say: "No, dear, it was not that way." Then Addy would tell the story. No one ever heard Mandus criticize Addy for any reason, but the neighbors were perfectly free with their criticism. They said she was a poor housekeeper, which was almost a capital crime for a woman in that day. They added to the seriousness of the charge by saying that she was a poor cook. They even said of her that she was not industrious and that she compelled Mandus to eat cold suppers in winter time and that he was made to cook his own breakfasts.

But when Addy told the story of her trials in life it always turned out that Mandus was her big trial. Her life, according to Addy's own version of it, had been one long sacrifice for Mandus Miles. And her chief complaint of Mandus was: "He will not take my advice about anything." And that always brought a smile in the Old Home Town. "Advice?" asked angelic "Aunty" Carruthers with a smile. "I never heard of Addy giving advice. She only gives orders."

One of the frequent predictions made concerning Mandus and Addy Miles was that "Addy will drive that man to an early grave."

Well, here is a surprise for us all. The Old Home paper of this week announces that "Amandus and Adaline Miles, two of our oldest and most beloved citizens, celebrated their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary Thursday." Evidently Mandus has lived through the cold suppers and the self-cooked breakfasts and Addy's nagging and superior ways. And Addy has survived the big trial of "putting up" with Mandus.

Fifteen Years Ago This Week

(From the files of The Mail Tribune)

Monday

It looks like rain.

F. V. Medynski defeated by Dr. J. J. Emmens for councilman in First Ward files notice of contest, alleging fraud.

Panama Canal to be opened to largest ships February 15.

C. of C. elects directors, fifteen.

Checker playing popular as indoor sport.

Tuesday

Young man who stole Bill Lydiard's auto turns out to be deserter from army.

Eclipse of the moon about midnight excites no one but Carl Y. Tengwald.

Ten feet of snow at Crater Lake.

Fire department is called out to distinguish a pot of beans burning in the Florida rooming house.

Medynski election contest hearing set for Friday night.

President Wilson twists tail of British lion.

Wednesday

A genial sun beams upon the city and valley, driving away rain prospects.

Citizens aroused by action of council in prohibiting the Union Oil Company from erecting $30,000 plant just inside city limits.

Dade R. Terrett accepts cashiership of Rogue River bank.

Complaint filed with truant officer high school boys smoke cigarettes.

High school basketball team reported "full of ginger."

Thursday

Medford high defeats Eugene, 8 to 2. Prink Callison, "champion maker," and coach of the Medford high school, played guard for the visitors.

Billy Eskine of Medford, with Canadian forces in France wounded and in war hospital.

Good demand in eastern cities for local fruit.

Avalanche in Cascades sweeps Great Northern train into chasm, and kills 14, as they sleep.

Friday

Dr. J. J. Emmens trips over medicine case in his office, and falls over chair breaking a rib.

A heavy wind sweeps city and valley, but no rain.

Medford again defeats Eugene basketball quint, 12 to 7, largely through brilliant shooting floor work of "Dutch" Thomas.

The candidate, who can tighten up on "the deputy hire", and cut down the travelling expense will "run good" in these parts.—(Table Rock Tablets.)

Saturday

Recount of votes in First ward show no change for councilman.

"If there was any fraud perpetrated on that ballot box while in my possession it was by some one who was small enough to crawl through the ballot slot, and the only person I know of small enough for that office is a signer of your contest petition," declared Bill Coleman before the city council Friday night in a burning defense of his conduct as one of the clerks of the First ward.

Phoenix segment of Talent irrigation district completed February 15.

Dr. J. M. Keene astounds county Republicans by predicting election of Democratic president in the fall, as "the masses have not been without their beers long enough to vote right, with all the hysteria abroad."

Applesauce

Vending apples on the street corners by the more or less unemployed has become quite a fad in the eastern cities. From the New York World and the Detroit Free Press, it is learned that most of the apples sold are Washington grown and packed. In New York the venders are understood to be all Wall-street brokers out of employment until the public can be lured back into the market; and presumably in Detroit they are laid-off vice-presidents of automobile companies.

The New York World bemoans the fact that it is Washington apples that are sold, noting that New York state apples are the best in the world and declaring that if they were sorted, graded and wrapped in the Washington mannerthe public would find them quite superior.

The Detroit Free Press says it is a well-known fact that Michigan apples are the best in the world and that if they were sorted, graded and wrapped in the Washington manner they would sweep the market. There is no real reason, it says, why Washington apples should be sold at all in Detroit.

Meanwhile the public continues to buy and eat Washington apples.

Here, incidentally, is a tip for California growers. It is well-known that the apples grown in California are superior in flavor color, form and size to any in the universe. Care in packing and judicious grading would readily make them the favorite in any market. Oregon papers please copy.—(Los Angeles Times).

Apples of Oregon

Now and again, and always in the telling is that note of gratified, marveling surprise, we read of Oregon people who have journeyed into far lands, and there have found—what Well, what would you say they had found? The pyramids? The Taj Mahal? The vast expanse of Victoria Nyanza? You are wrong. For they testify that they found Oregon apples, the apples of Hood river or the Rogue, fair and comely from the distant orchards of home.

So they stood and looked at the apples, they tell us, and nostalgia, heimweh, or home-sickness—call it what you will—came to them as they gazed. As they gazed they were thinking that the world is a small place, after all—yet were they not consoled thereby. For as they gazed, they wished very dearly to be home again. The pyramids were overrated, the Taj Mahal but the garish vanity of a dead prince, and the African lake only a lake, and no more than that. But here in the markets of an alien land were apples that had blossomed and changed sweetly to fruit under an Oregon sun, beside the rivers of home. And this was the marvel they had traversed the earth to find.

And we say, these stories recur. There was one in the news recently, and there may be one tomorrow. It seems we export apples, with the thought to do the nations a service, and to mend our pockets, but the apples are wiser far than we. They call our wanderers home.—(Oregonian).

Jack Oakie Featured in Rialto Thriller

Underworld gangdom is subjected to a rapid-fire attack of rollicking "razz" in the new Jack Oakie picture, "The Gang Buster," the second big hit on the Fox Rialto program of better pictures, which opens a three day run today.

JACK OAKIE

The story centers around Jack Oakie's adventures in selling insurance in a gang-ridden city where every prospect is a potential victim for the warring racketeers. An interesting romance pops into the foreground to add zest to the action.

Acting on an unexplainable impulse, Oakie saves William Morris, a prominent lawyer who has won the disfavor of a racket leader, from being run to death by an automobile. Grateful, Morris signs up for a large insurance policy with Oakie, and Morris' daughter, Jean Arthur, evidences her favor in a very nice way. Oakie, however, is disappointed when Morris' application is rejected by his company because of the danger to his life.

The girl is kidnaped by the gang leader who hopes to force Morris to hand over incriminating papers he holds. Oakie penetrates the headquarters of the gang, unwittingly institutes a gang war, rescues the girl in an hilarious chase through a beseiged mansion, and saves Morris from the menace of the racketeers.

"Danger Lights" Is Holly Railroad Hit

Coming to Holly Tuesday

With engines puffing, whistles blowing and bells ringing, "Danger Lights," Radio Pictures' spectacular all-talking railroad drama will speed into the Holly theatre Tuesday for its opening performances here.

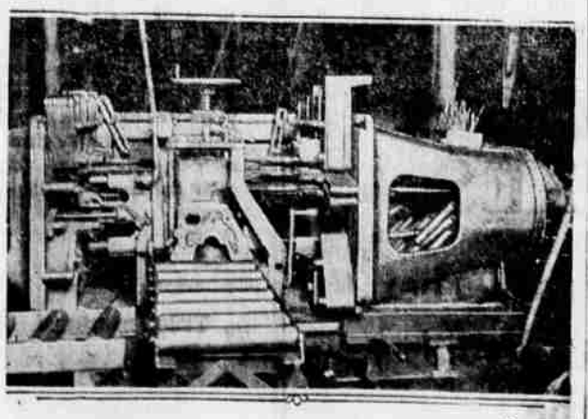
Heralded as the greatest drama of the rails ever shown on the talking screen, it has met with acclaim wherever it has been shown.

Louis Wolheim, Robert Armstrong, and Jean Arthur appear in the principal roles and are supported by such well known actors as Frank Sheridan, Hugh Herbert, Robert Edeson, Allen Roscoe and James Farley.

The picture was produced on "locations" in twelve states. The company traveled 31,000 miles on three special trains.

B. P. Lauritzen of Tartington, Neb., attended his first bridge party when he was 84. He won first prize.

Mechanical Borer



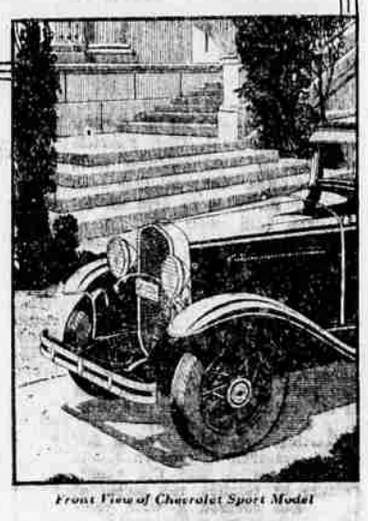
This ingenious mechanical drill used at the Studebaker factory saves thousands of dollars annually by boring 63 holes simultaneously in a motor block. It does the work quicker, more accurately and more economically than human hands could do the job. The use of modern machinery and methods makes it possible, according to Studebaker, to sell its famous eights at prices which take them out of the luxury classification.

CHEVROLET

Consider these outstanding Chevrolet values

The Phaeton	$510	Standard Coupe	$535
The Roadster	$475	Standard Five-Window Coupe	$545
Sport Roadster with rumble seat	$495	Sport Coupe with rumble seat	$575
The Coach	$545	Standard Sedan	$635
Special Sedan	$650		

Special equipment extra. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan



Front View of Chevrolet Sport Model

Before investing your money in a new automobile, you will find it worth while first to learn what Chevrolet has to offer.

Each of the nine new models is a *fine* car—a quality product throughout. Each is designed, built, finished and equipped to standards that are entirely new in the low-price field. Yet Chevrolet's reduced prices are not only the lowest in Chevrolet history, but are among the very lowest in today's motor car market.

Come in. See the new Chevrolet Six. Drive it. Check the prices—and you will realize why it is called *the Great American Value.*

See your dealer below

Pierce-Allen Motor Co., Inc.

112 So. Riverside Phone 150

ALSO DEALERS IN CHEVROLET SIX-CYLINDER TRUCKS, $355 to $695, f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

free wheeling

—not the feature of a season but the future of an industry

INFORMED automotive engineers knew the whole future of the motor car was affected when Studebaker successfully introduced Free Wheeling with positive gear control on July 10, 1930.

These men recognized at once that Studebaker had solved a problem as old as motoring—the problem of controlling momentum and putting it to work.

They knew that Free Wheeling, as Studebaker offered it, went straight to the root of applied dynamics—giving the car that offered it a superiority which no car without it could contest.

That is why you are hearing so much more about Free Wheeling today than you did when Studebaker first introduced it. If all cars had it now, the public would save hundreds of millions of dollars in gasoline and oil expense every year.

Free Wheeling has brought Studebaker thoroughness and initiative into the limelight more conspicuously than ever.

Today every Studebaker gives you Free Wheeling. All cars will be aspiring to give it to you tomorrow. It gives you 10,000 miles of travel for 8,000 miles of engine effort—greatly reduced operation and maintenance cost—new safety—new ease of driving.

It means much that these cars come to you with the greatest engineering advancement since the electric starter. But it means even more that they bear the name of Studebaker, distinguished in transportation for more than half the lifetime of the American nation.

Studebaker cars are priced f. o. b. factory from $793 to $2600

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions