

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
 "Everyone in Southern Oregon reads the Mail Tribune"
 Daily Except Saturday
 Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
 25-27-29 N. 1st St. Phone 15
 ROBERT W. KUBEL, Editor
 E. L. KNAPP, Manager
 An Independent Newspaper
 Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.
 SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 By Mail—In Advance
 Daily, year, \$8.00
 Daily, month, \$1.00
 By Carrier, in advance—Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and Hayward
 Daily, year, \$7.50
 Daily, month, 75c
 All terms, cash in advance.
 Official paper of the City of Medford.
 Official paper of Jackson County.
 MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
 Securing Full Leased Wire Service
 The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches received by it or by wire from any other source. All rights for publication of special dispatches herein are reserved.
 MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS
 MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
 Advertising Representatives
 E. W. MURPHY & COMPANY
 Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

Editorial Correspondence

PASADENA, Calif., Feb. 2.—Went over to Los Angeles and took a lady to lunch,—at Leighton's Arcade cafeteria. The lady had been in Los Angeles only a few days, coming from Chicago, and was delighted to have an old veteran like the writer show her around. I said we might lunch at the Biltmore, —or the Victor Hugo, —or Levy's—or the Arcade cafeteria—anywhere she liked—anywhere at all—BUT had she ever lunched at a real California cafeteria—she HAD NOT,—and she said it would be great fun.
 We thought it would too. After all, the Biltmore is just another city hotel, and the Victor Hugo is just another city restaurant, and Levy's is just another one of these sea food places, but the ARCADE CAFETERIA—well there is nothing like that anywhere in the world but in Los Angeles. It's so unique, and SO L. A.—so we walked about six blocks, through the regular noon day crowd,—taxis are such a bore when the streets are crowded—and in about three-quarters of an hour there we were.

"You don't mind carrying a tray, do you?" we inquired.
 "Oh, not at all" said she, altho she seemed rather flushed and out of breath (you know how it is in those noon day Los Angeles crowds.)
 "You don't have to carry it very long, and there is a metal rail to slide it on, until the final lap, and then perhaps one of those boys in white coats will take it for you, and we can sit down and eat and talk,—and when you get back to Chicago you can tell all your friends about it."
 "But where is it?" she asked stopping before the combination orange juice and hat-cleaning booth "in there!" and she pointed to the show case filled with fountain pens and sun-kissed postal cards, down the arcade.

"Oh, it's down stairs, only three flights—like going down in a big steamer, you know," and smiling affably I took her arm.
 "It is, ISN'T it?" she smiled back, "only I never saw such a crowd going into a steamer,—except perhaps once years ago going to Coney Island."

"Oh yes, it's a very popular place—particularly for luncheon—like the cafe de la Paix—you meet all the world there, Ha! Ha!
 She nodded over a fat woman's bonnet who had just wedged her way between us, but on the first landing we were able to reach each other again, after a brief and good natured struggle.

We secured a tray for the lady, and a package of cutlery wrapped in a nice, clean napkin, and—always gallant, motioned to her to go first. She did. But she got in the wrong line which was natural enough for there were two of them. She went to the right which was "a la carte"—I knew it would be MUCH more interesting to go to the left which was "table d' hote" (very Frenchy is the Arcade)—"25 cents for all you can eat." So I pulled her out and placed her where she belonged.

This maneuver only halted the progress of the left line a half second, but a man with a cowboy hat and a big bunch of black whiskers underneath gave us a dirty look, as he was just reaching for a plate on which rested a stalk of celery and three ripe olives, and had to step back.

"What can you eat" the lady inquired, "anything you want?"
 "Certainly, take anything you like, soup, meat, salad, dessert, tea, coffee, milk—this is a cafeteria—just pick what you fancy—personally I never eat much at noon,—but take anything you like—these are salads,—that gelatine one looks good."
 "It does—and so cool,—that walk made me hot and—I AM hungry."

"Fine—I knew this was the place to go—now just move on—slide your tray on that rail—that's it,—there's the soup."

"Vegetable or ox-tail?" sharply inquired a middle-aged lady, highly rouged under her cook's cap, and poising a large ladle.

"Vegetable or ox-tail—let's see—LET'S SEE—have you any chicken broth or—"

"Vegetable or ox-tail!" snapped the woman again, "please don't hold up the line, Miss."

As the man on our right was pushing rather savagely and smelled of garlic anyway, we suggested the ox-tail was always good.

"There you are,—next please."
 The young lady from Chicago got her soup, only a small portion of it on the tray, and to save time I took ox-tail too, but hearing murmurs of apparent dissatisfaction behind, pushed her gently by the arm and said sweetly, "There's the meat,—do you like roast beef?"

"Oh I just love it—roast beef, rare please."
 "No roast beef today, lady" said the secora female attendant, also highly rouged but holding a large carving knife, expectantly. "Swiss steak, Frankfurters, chicken a la king, fish, cold ham."

"What IS Swiss steak?" inquired the Chicago lady.
 "Swiss steak—there you are"—and there was the Swiss steak—"now what would YOU like please?"

"No meat for me—I guess we better push along, Edith"—that isn't the lady's name—but what difference does that make?—"these people behind seem to be in a hurry." In fact at the moment a man with a cap drawn down over his eyes, who looked like a gunman but probably wasn't, shalled out of the line and ducked ahead of us, headed for the coffee and dessert section.

Things progressed more rapidly then, for only vegetables and dessert remained. My companion took carrots and peas; but made it up on dessert, choosing both orange juice and ice cream. However, we reached the cash register safely, and we promptly "checked" out.

But although Edith said she wouldn't MIND carrying a tray, apparently she had led a sheltered life and never had actually carried one. At any rate, she tried her best to laugh off with it,—but simply couldn't cut it. Perhaps the Swiss steak made it too heavy, but we have an idea it was her effort to put the tray up high, as she had seen waitresses do in the movies. Luckily our quick action prevented a crash, but as there were no boys in sight there was nothing to do, but for yours truly to leave his own tray on the ice water stand, where at the first sign of an emergency he had placed it, and pack the lady's tray to the nearest unoccupied table. This proved

to be about four or five hundred yards away, and under an alcove marked "smoking section"—there were no vacant tables, but we secured two seats, at a table for four, the other seats being occupied by a motorman and his wife—that "wife" of course is purely an assumption, but they were about the same age, and were playing undivided attention to their food and none whatever to each other.

"Here you are" I announced breezily (perhaps wheezily) would be more accurate, for that tray was heavy and so was the bowl of rice pudding, we had selected). Having done it before, however, got the tray down on the chair, and took the various plates and implements off one by one, and assorted them in the only space left unoccupied by the motorman and his companion—incidentally a space which didn't leave much room for setting our own table.

However as I explained, the time it would take to get through the crowd to the ice water table and back, would no doubt be sufficient for them to finish their meal (they both seemed to be fast eaters) and we would no doubt be alone.

This proved to be unwarranted optimism, for on my return, this time quite winded—they were still at it, but the motorman, true to the innate courtesy of his profession, piled several dishes on top of each other and moved things about, so we got settled all right and everything went along swimmingly.

"How do you like it?" I inquired, when I had regained my breath and wiped the ox-tail soup off my hands—there was a leak in the second tray apparently.

"Oh, it's very nice" said she, "you are right—it's so LOS ANGELES!"

It really wasn't at all bad. Was slightly surprised the Chicago lady's check for the luncheon was 45 instead of 25,—but after all, what's 20 cents to a man about town entertaining a young lady. The cashier explained it—it seems that phrase "all you can eat" means all you can eat of three courses, soup OR salad, fish OR meat, milk OR coffee. The little word "or" sometimes costs money if you fail to notice it.

However it SUCH A TIME, one shouldn't be picknicky, so I said nothing about it—just shrugged my shoulders and forked over 70 cents, as if there were no such thing as a depression.

Edith got a break too. When we had finished, and we sat back with our cigars, she leaned over and touched my arm solicitously.

"Now you have done so much, you must let ME do the dishes."
 I got a big laugh out of that, and when I told her dish washing wasn't required—that that had been paid for—she was so relieved and thrilled, she laughed too—a little loudly I thought.

To make the day complete, I gave her a fine ride on a street car, which landed us only a couple of blocks from her hotel!
 R. W. R.

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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of the Mail Tribune.

IRREGULARITY OF THE TEETH

Letter from a lady about a subject which, to her, is most important:
 Dear Dr. Brady:
 I do not know if you can help me, but here is my story: I am a girl of 16 years and I have not gotten my second teeth. The two front teeth have grown O. K., except for the space of one-fourth inch between. I can understand this because no other teeth are there to hold them together, and so they just naturally spread.
 I don't believe any of the second molars have come through. Am I to face false teeth before I am 17? What can be the matter with me?
 I am in perfect health, so it can't be that. My two older brothers and my older sister have beautiful, strong, healthy teeth. My mother and dad both had good sound teeth, my dad still has his.
 I suppose I am foolish to worry over something I can't help, but it has developed into an inferiority complex which I have tried hard to overcome but failed. I dread to be introduced to the opposite sex. I decline all invitations to parties and I haven't many friends. My mother thinks it is because I can't agree with them, but I know different, but of course I can't tell her that.
 Three years ago I had an x-ray picture made of my mouth, and no teeth were to be seen. Since then I have developed a fear of the dentist. I can't tell just why, but I have. I am writing this when nobody is at home but me, for they will think me foolish, but if they were in my boots they would do the same.
 I don't know if you can make head or tail of this letter, but please try to understand me, and note think me a foolish, silly girl. Your constant reader,

First let's look up the usual period of development of the second or permanent teeth. I never can remember such things myself, except the famous "six-year" molars, the first of the permanent teeth to appear, at approximately the age of six years. Next, we find, come the incisors, at 7 to 8 years. Then the bicuspids at 9 to 10 years, followed by the canines (eye teeth) at 12 to 14 years, the second molars at 15 and last and maybe the third molars (wisdom teeth) at 17 to 25 years of age.
 Our young correspondent is neither foolish nor over-sensitive about the irregularity of her teeth. Any normal young person, girl or boy, would be likely to suffer an inferiority feeling in the circumstances. But her fear of the dentist does seem rather affected. The dentist, if he knows

his business, can give this girl what she craves and should have teeth that will look as good as the next girl's. By all means she should have the advantage of the services of a good dentist right now, and he should build whatever denture the conditions indicate to restore this young lady's normal vanity and self-esteem.
 The only suggestions I can offer as preventive of delay in the development of the teeth are these:

1. Plenty of sunlight on naked skin, without burn.
2. A daily ration of cod liver oil.
3. A daily ration of iodine.
4. Adequate quantities and varieties of fresh raw fruits, fresh raw vegetables or the green leafy salad or relish vegetables.
5. In some cases, if the family physician will administer it, a course of hormone treatment (thyroid or parathyroid hormone).

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
 The Clear Complexion Mystery.
 Thanks to your reader who sent in the remedy—glycerine and boric acid powder—I have a clear complexion again. It does clear the skin if applied faithfully every night for a week or more.—Miss D. W.
 Answer—The suggestion given us by Mrs. C. H. A. was as follows: "For years I suffered with a pimply rash on my face... treatment without effect... Then I began sopping my face, after thorough soap and water washing each night, with glycerine, and dusting on as much boric acid powder as would stick, leaving it on all night. In a short time my face was clear and it has stayed clear."
 Have we solved the mystery of the meaning of "clear complexion"? The conductor has never been able to learn precisely what a lady means by "clear complexion."
Yes, We Have No Symptoms Today.
 Kindly give the symptoms of leakage of the heart and state what your treatment would be.—Mrs. A. C. M.
 Answer—No, no, child; this is a health column, not a quack bait dispensary. I am glad to send some advice to any correspondent who tells me he or she has valvular disease or leakage and incloses stamped envelope bearing his address. Please do not ask me to provide you individually or the public collectively with the symptoms or makings of any disease.

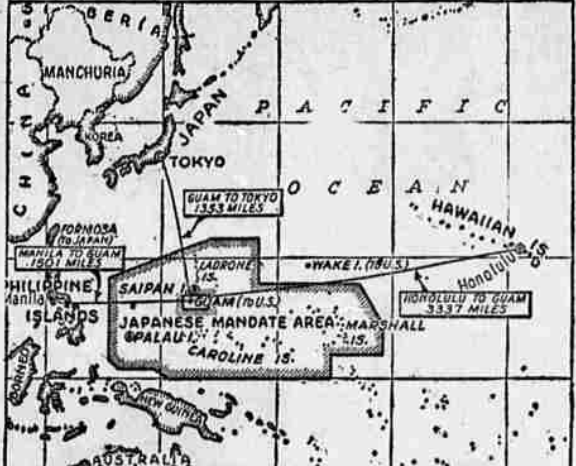
Meat Is Good Food.
 Is there anything in the recent theory that people should not eat lean meat as it is not good for the brain?—H. O. M.
 Answer—That is not a theory. It is just some nut's imagination. As a general health rule, everyone should take a fair amount of meat, both fat and lean. There is no horse-sense in the idea that fish or that food is particularly good for this or that organ, or particularly bad for it. All such notions belong in the category with Mark Twain's application of the idea that fish is a brain food.
 (Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)
 Be correctly corrected by ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN, Sixth and Holly.

HINDENBURG AT REICH CEREMONY



This informal picture of Paul von Hindenburg, aged president of Germany, was made during recent ceremonies commemorating the founding of the reich. (Associated Press photo)

PACIFIC ISLANDS UNDER INQUIRY



Japan was questioned by the mandates commission of the League of Nations about the expenditure of large sums in improving the harbors at Saipan Island, near Guam, and Palau Island, near the route to Manila. Charges that naval bases were being established were denied by the Japanese.

NEFF IN ANSWER TO BANKS' CLAIM OF PERSECUTION

For the purpose of avoiding the expense of a separate lawsuit, Mr. Banks announces his intention to withdraw from our courts. Doubtless Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Reed, who ran about the law enforcement officers of this county, would have been glad to pursue a similar course.
 PORTER J. NEFF.

For the purpose of avoiding the expense of a separate lawsuit, Mr. Banks announces his intention to withdraw from our courts. Doubtless Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Reed, who ran about the law enforcement officers of this county, would have been glad to pursue a similar course.
 PORTER J. NEFF.

Jenkins' Comment

(Continued from Page One)
 To think: "Oh, well, why should I work and scheme and strive; I'll be taken care of anyway."
 That is a dangerous habit of mind—not good for anybody to get into. We must guard against it.
 But the dangers of NOT providing relief are far greater than the dangers of providing it.
 IF WE DON'T all stick together and get through this unemployment emergency in the best way we can, with kindness and decency and fair dealing on the part of those who have for those who have not, there will be trouble in this country.
 So, with all their shortcomings, with all their imperfections, with all their abuses, the public relief systems that are in operation in all the various communities are eminently worth while.
 No one who goes into their operation at all thoroughly can doubt that.

Editorial Comment

First bloodshed in the Jackson county court fight occurred when the editor of a small paper published at Jacksonville planted a nice left hook firmly upon the nasal appendage of a threatening reader of his sheet. It is unfortunate that such fine communities as Medford and neighboring towns should be torn by strife of such a minor and wholly unimportant nature. It is, however, just another example of what can happen when one of two newspapers in a town happen to have at its head a man who would rather pick a fight than do constructive work for his town and community.—(Cooze Bay Times)

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County, History from the Files of the Mail Tribune of 24 and 10 Year Ago.)
 TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
 February 4, 1923.
 (It was Monday.)
 Ashland launches vigorous drive against gophers.
 Irish Republicans stop fighting.
 Mike Womach returns from mine inspection trip in Siskiyou county.
 Medford high basketball team on upstate tour loses to Oregon Frosh and Salem, by low scores.
 Local electric dealers hold dinner, and bring out fine spirit.
 While on his way back to work, W. M. Hall is held up and robbed of \$2 by lone thug.
 Daily stage to Portland planned.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

February 3, 1913.
 (It was Wednesday.)
 Citizens in high dudgeon over claim of Los Angeles sports writers that Bud Anderson, "pride of Medford," can be whipped by anyone of a dozen third rate lightweight. Court Hall, aroused by comment, writes, "Such talk is silly, and it is to laugh."
 Crown Prince of Germany narrowly escapes death in train wreck.
 Philadelphia society women wear tight to fancy ball, creating furore.
 County politicians forget to "out the taxes."
 Much building under way on the east side, as spring is here.
 Council requests right to spend the sinking fund for paving bonds to meet the emergency.

Your Income Tax

A series of daily articles based on revenue act of 1932 and designed to aid those required to file income tax returns for year 1932

No. 5.

Normal Tax and Surplus Rates.
 The normal tax rate is 4 per cent on the first \$400 of net income in excess of the personal exemption, credit for dependents, etc.; and 6 per cent on the remainder of such excess amount. The surtax rates—in computing which many taxpayers make mistakes, usually to their own disadvantage—begin on net incomes in excess of \$6000. The rates increase in accordance with the amount of net income included in varying so-called income tax brackets. On a net income of \$6000 or less there is no surtax. On a net income in excess of \$6000 and not in excess of \$10,000, the rate is 1 per cent of such excess. The surtax upon a net income of \$10,000 is \$40 and upon a net income in excess of \$10,000 and not in excess of \$12,000, the rate is 2 per cent in addition of such excess. The surtax on a net income of \$12,000, plus \$49,440, and upon a net income in excess of \$12,000, in addition 55 per cent of such excess, the maximum rate. Many taxpayers make the error of applying the maximum instead of the rate provided for in the bracket in which their net income is included.

Following is an example of how to compute the tax on a net income of \$14,500, the taxpayer being single and without dependents.

Net income	\$14,500
Less personal exemption	1,000
Balance taxable	13,500
4 per cent normal tax on first \$4,000	160
6 per cent normal tax on balance of \$9,500	700
Surtax of \$140 on \$14,000, plus 4 per cent on \$500 in excess of that amount	190
Total normal tax and surtax	1,050

The earned-income credit allowed individuals under the revenue act of 1928 is entirely omitted from the revenue act of 1932. Therefore, no earned-income credit may be taken for the calendar year 1932 or succeeding taxable years. Taxpayers are advised to read carefully the instructions as well as 1040 relating to the surtax, as well as instructions thereon, before preparing their returns.

New spring dresses, \$1.95 to \$5.95. New spring shoes, \$1.95 to \$3.95. New hats amazingly low priced. "The Store that saves you money," The Band Box and Shoe Box.

Plan for Better Control of Colds Proved by Tests

Greensboro, N. C.—In clinical tests among thousands—in schools, colleges and homes—the new Vicks VapoRub better Control of Colds reduced the number and duration of colds by half—cut the costs of colds more than half. Full details of the Plan are in each package of Vicks VapoRub and the new Vicks Nose & Throat Drops.

Tonight and Tomorrow Only \$89 PIANO SALE

Give your child piano lessons. Come in and arrange for one of these splendid uprights that we traded in recently—all thoroughly renewed and tuned. Choice of four only. Our usual guarantee and exchange privilege.
 Pay Only \$1 Week
CLINE PIANO CO.
 Cor. Main and Riverside
 Open Tonight Until Nine

Ye Smudge Pot

The county would be better off, and so would everybody in it, if it was as much of a job to borrow trouble as it is to borrow \$1. And there should be the same reluctance about paying the trouble back as the \$1.

A saddle horse was noted in our midst Thurs., hitched in a parking lot. There was no sign of a Jesse James.

In Berkeley a woman who was annoyed by what the Nineties called a "mascher" and a "smart aleck," reached down, pulled off her shoe, and beat the tormentor with the slender heel.—(Oakland Tribune). They used to reach for the other end and grab a hatpin.

"The working people want something besides promises," declared an irate member of the legislature, in making an oration. This also suggested that the working people want something besides political speeches.

NOW YOU TELL ONE!
 (Ottawa, Can., Citizen)
 One day back in the '70s a flock of wild pigeons alighted on Mr. Bancroft's barn. He ran to the house for his shotgun. He got the gun, but could not find any shot. As the larder needed meat, Mr. Bancroft was anxious to get some of the pigeons. In lieu of shot he filled the gun with large tacks and small nails. He fired. The flock rose, but 20 pigeons remained on the roof. Their wings had all been nailed to the roof. Mr. Bancroft had to climb to the roof with a bag and pry them loose.

J. Cochran Robin (Cochran-of-the-Walk) has returned from wintering in the South. Mr. Robin states that he never saw so many dissatisfied birds, and that it now takes two early birds to catch the well-known early worm.

"Be kind to Animals Week" will soon be upon us. This is a fine Christian spirit that should be extended to humans.

Spring is not far distant. Three Grandmas were out yesterday on the sunny side of the house, digging a grave for their geraniums.

Your corr. is able to be out and about after a friendly slip on the back at the hands of C. C. Hoover, a killer of theosol. Mr. Hoover said the story "knocks me down."

A super-brain would be required to solve our problems. I regret that I cannot offer even a sensible suggestion.—(Siskiyou News). "A modest violet by a many stone."

The depth of snow at Fish Lake is reported as 2 ft., 3 ft., 4 ft., and 59 inches. This illustrates anew how easy it is to agree on something that does not matter.

Many citizens are reading about Russia, and its economic glories, as told by those most interested. Some are much impressed. The Speer ticket agent reports he has sold no tickets for Russian points.

TERRORS OF ROMANCE

(Eugene News)
 Dear Miss Fairfax:
 My weekly pay amounts to only \$18. I live with my mother, who lets me off for \$5 a week for board. I got silly over a girl, who demanded a diamond-set wrist-watch for Christmas, and like the egregious ass I am, I signed up to pay for it at the rate of \$4 a week. Another fellow gave her a diamond ring, and I guess they are engaged, and here I am with \$4 a week, tied around my neck until I'm gray, I expect. I'd like to know where I stand.
 MAX H.

Nothing that happens in Jackson county, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, will assist in solving the world depression. The world does not know there is any effort on the part of Jackson county to solve its problems, and if it did, would not pay any attention. The local fuz is nothing but neighbors and old acquaintances overheated and building the personal and political grievances, to their own sorrow.

A. A. Newton was here Tuesday, consulting a dentist. "Live or die—it's all the same," said the welcome visitor.—(Palmyra Items)—Not comparing the dentist's office to the gal-rows room.