

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
 "Every one in Southern Oregon
 Reads the Mail Tribune"

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Time to Buy

WALL STREET started out this morning like a million dollars. In the first few hours stocks went up all along the line and buying was brisk.

If Wall Street can have confidence in the future then certainly the people of the country should have.

For Wall Street has taken a terrible beating of late. The big bankers have been pestered and panned to a fare-thee-well. If temporary abandonment of gold payments and a regulated inflation have not scared THEM, then there can be nothing in such a situation to be scared about.

The Mail Tribune has never advised anyone regarding stock market speculation. We don't regard that as the province of a newspaper,—particularly a small town daily. There are plenty of financial journals, to attend to that.

But the reaction of the stock exchange is worthy of comment, and justifies an attitude of confidence and optimism, throughout the country at large.

ONE thing is certain however,—as certain as anything in this uncertain life can be.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY. Not stocks and bonds necessarily, but the more necessary and less speculative things in life.

For with gold payments suspended, and \$2,000,000,000 in new currency distributed, commodity prices of all kinds are bound to rise. We believe future developments will prove that the first of March, 1933 marked the low point in prevailing price levels, all along the line.

So if you need something to eat or wear or furnish your home with, and have the money to pay for it, our advice is—**GET IT.**

Such action will save you money later on, and such action, followed generally in this country, will definitely mark the end of the depression and a steady climb back to normal security and economic well being.

o This Is Beer!

BEEER will help. But the help will be chiefly psychological.

This is not a beer drinking nation. And 3.2 percent beer wouldn't satisfy a nation that was.

But legalized beer will be something new. And the people crave something new. It will also stimulate here. And there can't be an over-stimulation of hope.

Abandoned breweries will be opened up. New breweries will be built. In short a new industry will be launched with all its direct and indirect benefits.

Farmers who grow hops will smile once more, the producers of barley will smile, also the bottle manufacturers will increase their payrolls and so on and so forth.

But unless we are greatly mistaken the consumption of 3.2 percent beer will be greatly beneath expectations. The glowing predictions of brewers, will not be realized.

Beer will help, but it will work no miracles. The main benefit of 3.2 beer, we repeat, will be psychological.

An American Tragedy

WHERE is President Hoover? No one seems to know. At last reports he was about to sail from New York, but if he did sail we missed the item,—it must have been a machine-head on an inside page.

"A machine head on an inside page!"

And four weeks ago, a four-deck head, "column left," under a front page banner.

And four YEARS ago! . . .

The new president of the richest and most powerful nation in the world, about to sail to South America on a triumphal tour of good will and better commercial relations.

How rosy everything looked then,—to us, and even more to him: Elected by a record breaking majority, his country prosperous and at peace, not a cloud on the horizon, he also had a new deal—a vision for making his country a modern Utopia, based upon the abolishment of poverty, and his faith in the American system of government as a new social order.

THEN the cataclysm came, a cataclysm over which he had no control and for which he personally was in no sense to blame. It shattered that vision into a million fragments, it abolished wealth, it enthroned poverty, it brought that American system of government in which he had such faith, to the very edge of the precipice.

A millionaire in his thirties. A world figure in his forties. The most powerful figure in modern civilization in his fifties. And then like a bolt from the blue—chaos and destruction!

And so two weeks after leaving the White House, no one knows where the 30th president of the United States is,—and as a matter of fact, no one seems to care.

The King is dead.

"Long Live the King!"

"I Will Not Stampede, I Will Not Lose My Nerve"

"The Only Thing We Have to Fear is Fear Itself."

President Roosevelt, March 4, 1933.

The following is taken from article written by Jesse Isidor Straus, president of R. H. Macy & Co., Inc., New York named by President Roosevelt to be U. S. ambassador to France:

"We have a chance to realize that we live in the sourest country in the world . . . that it has the safest and soundest form of government . . . that since the adoption of its Constitution in 1789 we and our forebears have been through five wars, ten panics—and have come out of each stronger, healthier, richer, saner.

Our country is sick. But our country has every means of cure that it ever had: in ability, in natural resources, in energy, in inventiveness, in patriotic leaders—and in citizen-courage.

We are the envy of the world for that strength.

So now—just as we would stand by a sick relative, would do nothing rash, would trust the doctors we have chosen—so let us trust the leaders we have chosen.

As a citizen, the holiday has given me time and cause to set down a code which I am following:

"I trust my government."

"I trust our banks."

"I do not expect the impossible."

"I shall do nothing hysterical. I shall act as nearly as I can to normal. If it is normal to carry little cash in my pocket when there is plenty to go round, I shall carry little now. There never was a time when everyone on earth could possess all his cash in his pockets, his stockings, his safe-deposit box, or anywhere else."

"I know that if I try to get all my cash, I shall certainly make matters worse."

"I will not stampede. I will not lose nerve. I will keep my head."

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

FORGET IT AND IT WILL WORK BETTER

Today's little lesson in physiology. The entire process of digestion, from the swallowing of food and drink to the expulsion of the residue from the intestine, is a more or less under control of consciousness or the will than a the beating of your heart.

No matter how often I say this or in how many different words, the great majority of readers go right on complacently believing that one can somehow "regulate" the bowels by taking medicine, funny food preparations, or thought.

Here is one who even condescends to show how "logical" I am about it. Dear Sir:

You claim the process of elimination is not a conscious act, that it is not under control of the mind or the will.

Yet you say that if we stop thinking about it and interfering with it, elimination will regulate itself.

If it is not under control of the mind how come it works so well when we cease thinking about it? (L. M.)

L. M. uses a term I have never employed. The function of defecation has no relation to elimination or excretion.

Merely thinking about this function has no apparent effect upon it, one way or the other. A healthy person with a fair knowledge of anatomy and physiology has normal digestion whether he puts his mind on the process or never gives any stage of it a thought.

It is worry, anxiety, fear, not thinking, that retards or inhibits the digestive process. Doesn't matter much whether you worry about meeting the interest on the mortgage or about the cure effects you will suffer from "auto-intoxication" if your bowels are permitted to get all clogged up.

Anger, hatred, jealousy, malevolence, all have a marked inhibiting action on the vigorous peristaltic waves of contraction that pass along the intestine and propel the contents. These unpleasant emotions throw the brake on the normal process of digestion. They stop secretion altogether for a time. This is how a little flare-up of anger or jealousy just before dinner drives away appetite.

The first step in overcoming the constipation habit is the thorough

conning of that little lesson in physiology at the beginning of this article. Unless or until the victim of the habit really believes the bowel function needs no "regulation" and that postponements of the evacuation for a few days or a week is attended with no risks whatsoever, he is likely to remain a slave to physics and to become more and more habituated as the months and years pass.

Any victim of this foolish and harmful habit who has enough confidence in the scientific and practical character of my teachings to follow my instructions may break the habit for life after a short battle. Send a dime and a stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for the booklet "The Constipation Habit." If you haven't confidence in the soundness of my teachings about this, you had better spend your dime for another package of your favorite pills, or a snifter of your favorite mineral oil or whatever nostrum you depend on.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Yes, We Have No Bambinos Today.

A little while ago you had an article telling how there were lots of fine babies waiting for adoption. Please tell us how to go about adopting a baby and what institution to go to for information about the baby's health and inheritance and so forth.—Mr. D. B. W.P.

Answer—I repeat what I suggested in the article, that your family physician or whatever physician you know is the best counsellor and guide.

Two fine sons, 3 and 20 months. They are perfectly healthy, but so very fat, about food. Everything must be strained, no lumps, and both insist on being fed. I believe a 20-month-old baby ought to be able to eat by himself, and a three-year-old one surely should, but . . .—Mrs. R. B.

Answer—Is the babies' grandma named Coddie? I thought it sounded like that. The way to stop the nonsense is simple. Place the proper food before the fuser at the right time. If he refuses it, very well. Take it away and say no more about it. Same next time and every time. Till the fuser decides fusing isn't going to get him anything, then he will take his food all right.

Hot Stuff.

Is the drinking of very hot liquids such as tea injurious? I like my coffee or tea almost scalding hot, and have been told it is harmful . . .—J. C.

Answer—Yes, excessively hot stuff predisposes to cancer of the stomach. (Copyright, John P. Dille Co.)

Communications

Answers Mr. Dodge.

To the Editor:

A communication of Mr. Dodge's which you published last week wherein he stated that the owners of the horses which were found in his possession were satisfied, proved very interesting to said owners. He is laboring under entirely the wrong impression. We are not satisfied. Why should we be? We spent several days finding our horses, and then had to drive them 30 miles to get them home.

In regards to Mr. Dodge's statement that the brands on these horses did not show plainly, we wish to state that the brands on all the mares showed plainly. The mares and colts had been separated and when they were found were in pairs approximately five miles apart. These horses had been in their possession at least four days and no efforts had been made to either shear them, or notify the owners.

Furthermore, we had pointed out to Dodge's riders several horses, one with a bell on; told them who they belonged to and that they were absolutely not for sale. These were also found in his possession.

(Signed) FRANK KINLOE, ANNA WALCH, CARL NYROEN, FLOYD CHARLEY.

Why the Boost in Prices?

To the Editor:

Mr. T. discusses a little from the subject of "Good Government" which has so absorbed the attention of our local people these several months past, to call their attention to a little matter of imposition and injustice along another line, which in my opinion, should receive their serious attention.

I have before me as I write these lines a Bill "News Dodge" which was brought into my office some two weeks ago by a carrier. It is printed in blaring red type and reads thus: "Good News! For Everybody! 1933 Prices! 1943 Entertainment! Effective Today the Craterian adopts the most sensational Low Price policy in Medford's entertainment history. The pick of the Pictures from all major studios. Matinee, any seat, 15 cts. Evenings, any seat, 25 cts."

Well Sunday we decided to go and see our favorite comedian, Will Rogers in the picture "State Fair." And what did we find but the old price card hung in the box office window, which reads, "All seats 35 cts."

Why the raise in price? Was this a superior production, or one extra expensive to produce? No at all. Just another one of the few which are worth one's time and money to go and see. Certainly not a "1943 entertainment." What I am wondering is how long are we, the citizens of Medford and vicinity going to stand for this sort of abuse and imposition? Ten cents more per ticket isn't much of itself, I'll admit, but it is a 40 per cent increase over the 25-cent price which the management promised us will prevail all day Sunday and holidays.

Why put out these blaring bills and half-page newspaper ads about "1933 prices for 1943 entertainment" only to take advantage of and gouge us out of an extra 40 per cent whenever they give us any really worthwhile entertainment?

Well, here's hoping that our "dear people" will get their eyes opened to this amusement proposition, and act accordingly.

I am not endeavoring to tell anyone else what they should or should not do, but as for me, so long as this depression exists no house is going to take another 35 cents out of me for an ordinary photoplay.

Yours for a square deal,

JUD RICKERT.

Medford, March 14.

DOCTORS RESENT U. S. HOSPITALS TAKING BUSINESS

PORTLAND, March, 15.—(AP)—Declaring that from 70 to 80 per cent of the beds in veterans' federal hospitals are occupied by patients suffering from non-war service sickness or injuries, Dr. Morris Fishbein of Chicago, editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association, said here today more than 200,000 beds in private hospitals are vacant as a result.

Private hospitals all over the country, he said, have been hard hit and many are in dire financial straits and on the verge of breakdown.

The medical profession, Dr. Fishbein said, is especially concerned in preservation of the private hospitals and is backing the movement to exclude from federal hospitals the hospitalization of ex-service men suffering from sickness or injuries not resulting from their war service.

This, he declared, is in line with the policy of President Roosevelt which urges it as a means of reducing government expenses. The policy, if established, Dr. Fishbein said, would save millions of dollars to the government and place the responsibility on the sick men themselves if they are financially able to care for themselves, or on the local community if they are indigent.

To the Health Committee, Medford City Council, Medford, Oregon.

Gentlemen—I am . . . in favor of an ordinance providing for the inspection of all meats and carcasses in the City of Medford.

Signed . . .

not in favor. Insert the word "not". Please fill out, sign and mail to Health Committee, City Council.

OPTIMISM WAVE STRIKES CAPITAL WITH ROOSEVELT

(Continued from Page One)

of being a much bigger man than he has heretofore been pictured. Unquestionably his popularity is multiplying as the mustard seed in the parable. Unquestionably the country, forgetting partisanship, is getting behind him.

Unquestionably, too, he is inspiring more and more confidence. Unquestionably, says everyone he has looked so squarely in the face, he is honest.

Not the least amazing thing is President Roosevelt's physical endurance. No one has gone after immediate problems so strenuously here since the days of T. R. When the session with Congressional leaders at the White House which lasted practically all night ended he was fresh as a daisy.

"A man with a torso like John L. Sullivan's and poor shriveled legs no bigger than your wrist," commented one of his admirers, "is an astounding medical case and one of the greatest instances of physical courage the country has ever seen. He cannot stand by himself, yet he had the initiative to seek the Presidency of the United States."

"Here is a wealthy man, one who had a town house, a handsome country home and a winter home. The average person in such a position, stricken as he was, would have lain down and waited for the end."

"Not this courageous soul. He won his fight and today, aside from the weakness of his legs, is a powerful physical specimen. Proof of this is that he can eat anything in the world—hot dogs, spare ribs and cabbage—anything that comes along."

No more apprehensive whispers are heard about the President's physical condition but now, openly and in admiration, the question is "How does he do it?"

Another precedent was shattered when Mrs. Roosevelt walked in on a White House press conference to say a few words in the ear of her husband. This was in the presence of 150 or more newspaper correspondents. She was probably the first wife of a President ever seen at such a gathering. The wives of Presidents have seldom been seen at the Executive offices at any time.

Jenkins' Comment

(Continued from Page One)

telling themselves that when conditions get so bad they can't get any worse they will begin to get better. That is the old rule for the ending of depressions. And certainly it has looked for the past couple of weeks as if things can't possibly get any worse.

So it is possible that people have taken hope from the very blackness of the present situation, believing that at last the bottom MUST be here and the upturn therefore at hand.

Whatever the cause, there is no denying the new hopefulness and the new confidence that are apparent on every side.

BUT to this writer it appears that confidence in the new leader must have a lot to do with the startling change in public feeling that has taken place since the fourth day of March.

President Roosevelt has real courage. He possesses the ability to make quick decisions. He knows how to inspire people with confidence in his judgment.

This MUST have had a lot to do with changing the whole attitude of the American people toward the future.

308 ARRESTS ON FEBRUARY RECORD

SALEM, March 15.—(AP)—A total of 308 arrests were made by the state police in general law enforcement during February, and 290 arrests in motor vehicle violations, it was announced today by Charles F. Pray, superintendent of state police.

In general law enforcement the arrests resulted in the meeting out of 38 years in jail and penitentiary sentences and the levying of fines totaling \$4633. Fines in the vehicle violations totaled \$3545 and fees collected amounted to \$2168.

Two arrests were made on murder charges, both cases still pending. Eight years penitentiary sentence was given two arrested for assault on a battery while more than 13 years' sentences were given for 30 arrests on charges of larceny under \$50, in addition to \$160 in fines.

CAT RESCUES SELF BY USE OF PHONE

ALTAURA, Cal., March 15.—(AP) Guy Young's office cat rescued itself by telephone.

Young locked his insurance office to take a trip to Portland, Ore. Two weeks passed. Today the operator at the town's telephone exchange was attracted by the flashing of the signal light opposite Young's office number. She plugged in and heard a cat meowing. A trouble shooter was sent to the office where he found the office cat sitting before the overturned telephone.

FOOTSORE TABBY HOME ONCE MORE

GRASS VALLEY, Cal., Mar. 14.—(AP) Tommy, the house cat, following his feline homing instinct, guided his weary feet across six counties, 275 miles from Yreka, Siskiyou county to Grass Valley, Nevada county, to get back to his own doorstep.

Mr. J. S. Howard of Grass Valley gave Tommy to her friend, Etta and Ella Hampton of Yreka, Ore. The Hamptons carried the cat by automobile as far as Yreka, where the animal escaped.

Mrs. Howard, startled by plaintive meowing today, opened her door and found Tommy, gaunt, footsore, but quite content.

Treat Your Family with

SUNDAY DINNER

Family Style. All You Can Eat only 40c

From 11 to 8 p. m. Sunday (Daily Special Luncheon 25c Dinners 40c)

The Corner Inn

204 South Central, Medford, Ore.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ehrheart will tell you their thrilling time earthquake experiences, and why they selected Medford for new home.

FISH LAKE LADY TEACHES HORSES HOST OF TRICKS

By Eva Nealon Hamilton

Thirty miles away from Medford, traveling mountainward, where the sighing of pines and the sound of running water blend into an ever refreshing symphony as seasons come and go, there lives a little woman calm as the lake on a summer day is her brow, while the rest of the world frets over depression and moratorium. For she has found happiness in the hills through continuous service to others.

Mrs. Vida Smith is her name and she is best known to the outside world for her association with Fish Lake, where she has operated the concession since the tragic death of her husband, who was drowned in the great flume at the resort. She is also known as Tom Farlow's daughter, and that's where this story begins.

Tom Farlow lives on a stock ranch in the Lake Creek country with his two sons and Mrs. Smith, who keeps the home in order. All are very fond of horses. It's a Farlow trait, and the little Mrs. Smith is herself an equestrienne. It happened a short time ago when her father and brother-in-law, celebrated their birthdays she gave them, instead of the provincial socks and necktie, horses.

Up in the Applegate country she found two well trained animals. She drove a bargain and transported them to Lake Creek as a birthday surprise. Both are black and one was four white stockings and a blaze, which completes the stunning contrast in his coat. The other has just a hint of white in his forehead. She tips the scales at 1100 pounds and knows his tricks. They kneel for their riders to mount. One takes the bridle off the other, lifts his master's handkerchief out of a hind pocket, if so instructed, and both know more than the ordinary number of horse steps.

Mrs. Smith is now training her horse to do the same stunts during the "spare time" she finds between washing, ironing, cooking and caring for the Fish Lake concession.

Her father and her brother celebrated their birthdays on the same day, Earl having been his father's birthday gift just 37 years ago. Three days after Earl was born, the Farlows tell, "Tom went out and killed a mountain lion. He later killed another one, which was mounted and placed on display at Brown's pool hall in this city."

TREASURY ORDER CONTAINS JOKER

WASHINGTON, March 15.—(AP)—There's a joker, even though a mild one, in the treasury order giving until March 31 instead of midnight tonight for the filing of income tax returns.

The minor catch is that each of the 4,000,000 taxpayers must add 6 per cent interest for the 18 days if he sends in his check the last day of the month.

Treasury officials hoped that under the new billion dollar revenue Treasury officials hoped that under the new billion dollar revenue bill income tax payments in March would amount to \$200,000,000 or more against the \$180,000,000 collected in February.

The Ideal Breakfast

CEREAL Steel Cut WHEAT

Pure and wholesome

MONARCH Seed & Feed Co.

MODEL BAKERY

100% Whole wheat Bread made from Entire Wheat with Milk and Honey

LIBERTY BLDG.

WE Are Confident!

THE end of the National Bank Holidays marks an era of building for a substantial prosperity. We are appreciative of the fine spirit with which the American people and the citizens of southern Oregon have received the stress of the last few months . . . We are certain that better times are now in sight with a promise of a prosperity that will be more substantial and lasting.

Medford National Bank