

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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YE SMUDGE POT. By Arthur Perry. The secretary of war declares: "The depression was an economic holocaust that produced a hundred times the hardships and suffering that Americans endured during the World War."

From all indications, the county had a Satan, when suffering from the queer delusion the second Measles was in their midst. Hoops are as plentiful as lies and Bible quotations in a political campaign, for the sole purpose of maintaining righteousness and sweeping out the courthouses.

The Bob Hammond boy graduates this week as a lawyer, from Old Oregon, and the first time we catch him up an alley, are going to make him tell what "Nunc tunc nunc" means, while it is fresh in his mind. F. Bybee, the Jville serf, is very mad to think that sold is 23c per pd. He could have sold his wool for 7c per pd. But never let the politicians farm him.

Last week we printed some statements in our job department for Robert M. White, our genial plumber. We carelessly printed his name as Robber M. White, but Bob saw the error and kept the work—(Buffalo, Wyo., Republican) Wherein a plumber gets his soul wrenched.

Great excitement prevails upstate, because Rufus Holman, secretary of treasury for this state, is going to make a speech. He is a possibility for governor. It has not been decided yet just what will be given free to the Oregon voters next year. Some want Free Beer, and some Free Telephones, and some want the Free Electricity, that was promised them last time. Some just want Freedom and they will hustle their own beer, phones and electricity.

A Prisco blonde who spells her name Junye has returned to the City. Another farmer has been shot for a deer. This is not much better than being gonned by a bull, or not getting out of the road of a tractor in time. Cherries are ripe, so it will soon be time for 8-year-old boys, and 80-year-old grandfathers to start falling out of cherry trees. None of the cherry trees have been cut down by people, who, like G. Washington, could not tell a lie.

Shade is the order of the day, with a strong demand for same, and always somebody in it. It shows up on both sides of the street.

The Jackson county democracy has started to fret about who will be postmaster and keep track of the postage pens, and read the post-cards for the next four years. It should be a democrat who was a democrat before everybody got mad at ex-President Hoover. Anybody could be a democrat last year without any special effort. The public is taking little interest in who is postmaster. The public does not know that with a democrat in the government swivel chair, they will get no duns on the first of the month. They will get them about the fifth.

A man was seen coming out of a grocery store yesterday pm, with a bigger armful of canned goods than he could have packed out of the county commissary last winter, and had only been here three days.

THE FAMILY FEEDS. The mother, with outmoded grace, Upholds the dogma of her place, Far at the table's northern pole, In snobs of damask oval, to dole forth coffee, sponsoring a clear, Dark frown. The urn is "Paul Revere" In lines of beauty like her soul.

To left and right the children flank her. The girl with charm with which to thank her. But with a spirit quick and rude Chafed by the long meal's quietude And gentle, guileless, form and face, The roast that smirks upon the platter, Self-conscious in the way of food Accustomed to be praised as good. The boy and girl are port and sherry To this most temperate board, a brew That neither parent may eschew. The lady's tongue spicing each fresh plate. With hot, new truths collocate, And holding all things in debate. (Lyric)

Wanted—R. R. Stop Signs

THERE are many "stop" signs in Medford—and the cars "stop". There are many "stop" signs throughout the state and the cars "stop". But there are no "stop" signs at railroad crossings. Why not? Three lives were snuffed out Saturday at Talent, because a car failed to stop before it crossed the S. P. tracks. Not long ago eight people were killed up-state at a similar S. P. grade crossing.

IF YOU have ever ridden in a motor stage you have noticed one thing—every motor stage comes to a dead stop before every railroad track, even if it is an abandoned switch, rusty and grass grown from long disuse. This has been true ever since a crowded motor bus was struck by an S. P. train, in Dixon, California, and a score of people were killed. The motor bus companies learned something. But it doesn't appear that the railroads or the motoring public have learned anything from similar tragedies.

ISN'T it about time that they did? Fewer cars and fewer railroad trains are running today, than was the case three or four years ago, but these grade crossing fatalities continue. "Stop" signs are surprisingly effective at highway intersections. We see no reason why they wouldn't be equally effective, at road and railway intersections.

Wise motorists always come to a dead stop before they cross a railroad track. But most motorists are not wise. In fact experience proves most motorists are careless. But an effective "stop" sign would, we feel certain, make them ACT with wisdom and save many lives every tourist season.

If a new law is necessary to bring this about then by all means let us have a new law. Put "stop" signs at every railroad crossing and let the state police see the law is enforced.

The Journal Awakens

WE ARE glad to note the Oregon Journal has also awakened to the fact that we have such an alarming crime problem, because our laws are designed primarily to protect the criminal. The defense has the right of appeal. The state hasn't. A criminal can escape punishment almost indefinitely if he has sufficient money to keep litigation alive. The state has just one chance of conviction. If that fails the state is through, the criminal goes free, never to be tried on the same charge again.

Under the title of "favoring the crooks" the Journal condemns the law that gives the defense twice as many peremptory challenges, as the state. We quote: "The criminal is given many advantages over the prosecution in the trial of cases. Thus, in the selection of a jury the defense is allowed 12 peremptory challenges, while the prosecution has only six. And the 12 peremptory challenges for the defense are in addition to the challenges the criminal is allowed for cause. The result is that the prosecution gets into the case half-ticked in advance. And a further result is 22 instances of criminality in Portland in only 24 hours, ending at 9 a. m. last Saturday. With his many challenges, the accused stands an excellent chance to land on the jury one juror who will stand out and prevent the required unanimous verdict. It is the one plan in use in the courts that tremendously favors the criminal. Its weakness has been pointed out time and again, but all efforts at change have failed. District Attorney Langley had a bill in the late legislature to give the prosecution an equal number of challenges with the accused. But it was beaten by the legislators.

We welcome the Journal with particular enthusiasm to our "law and order" club; because a few weeks ago, the Journal chided Jackson county for not abandoning its fight against organized crime, with the conviction of L. A. Banks. It does make a difference whose ox is gored. The Journal is thoroughly aroused over the crime wave in Multnomah county, but it seemed grieved and surprised that the "good people of Jackson county" should show concern over the crime wave in this part of the state. The Journal must understand how Jackson county feels now. The crime wave is really a state problem. All newspapers of the state should join in putting it down.

A Bad Beginning

THE London economic conference gets off to a bad start. Premier MacDonald pulled a fast one, but has an alibi. He is merely repaying President Roosevelt in his own coin. When MacDonald was en route to the Washington conference, Roosevelt took the U. S. A. off the gold standard. That put a monkey wrench in Great Britain's plans. While the U. S. delegation was at sea (and still is) MacDonald put Great Britain back on the war debt problem, which put a monkey wrench in Uncle Sam's plans. President Roosevelt had decreed the war debt issue would not be raised and the U. S. program was based on that assumption. So as Andy might remark, "It is check and double check."

NOW what is going to happen? Well perhaps someone knows, but we don't. It looks like confusion worse confounded. If congress had adjourned, and President Roosevelt had a free hand, he might, with his keen political sense and resourcefulness, have a chance to calm the troubled waters. But with congress in session, and not in the best of humor, any DEFINITE action on war debts would be dynamite.

It is really a very interesting situation, and a very serious one. Once more President Roosevelt faces a critical test. If he calls the U. S. delegation home at once, he must admit defeat. If he doesn't—and he probably won't,—he faces as predicted in this column some time ago, a poker game in which the cards are stacked against him. Quicker than anticipated it is the United States against the field,—the nations of Europe are joined to "get" Uncle Sam.

THE best hope we can see, is a vague one,—based not on the facts and realities of the situation but on merely a hunch. That hunch is—a bad beginning, often means a good ending. With the conference starting off WORSE than expected, it may end much BETTER than expected. Here's hoping it does—for SOME sort of world agreement at this time is essential to prevent ultimate world disaster.

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.

COME, COME, JUST WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF? This and other talks on "nervousness" (to follow at intervals of several days) I affectionately dedicate to the great army of nervous wrecks. You heard me. I said affectionately. You must not think that because I call you a nerve case I don't love you. As these ex-patulations on nerves must be interspersed with tiresome discussions of the health problems of other valentianians, some of you neurotic will probably miss the very lesson you need most. In order to checkmate you there, too, I shall reprint the gist of these harangues in a monograph "Chronic Nervous Impostment," which any one may procure by asking for it, and inclosing a dime and a stamped envelope bearing the correct address. Clippings will not suffice, nor will trick addresses such as "City or Local."

Let it be clearly understood at the outset that in this course I am teacher and you are pupil. What this is a free country and you are not compelled to take my course if you believe you already know more than I do about the subject of nervousness. Almost everybody does, in fact. That's one reason why there are so many nervous wrecks at large. Keep right on chewing gum, making funny faces, tapping your foot or twiddling your fingers or jerking or moving about, just as you always do. The fact that you attend these lectures shows that you are of "nervous temperament." So I don't mind how restless you may be, only please retire to the corridor or somewhere if you're going to have a fit or a petit mal lapse or course you are nervous. Of course you are weak. You're like a spoiled child and we can't expect you to behave like a grown up human being. You haven't been educated or trained to exercise self-control or self-discipline. On the contrary you've been pampered, humored, petted, encouraged to think you can do as you please at all times because you are not strong like normal folk. You've been spoiled in your bringing up, allowed to have your own way all your life, so no matter what expense or inconvenience to others, if you haven't had it, it is not because you haven't selfishly tried to take every advantage of your

Communications

The Saloon as Dead as a Possum. To the Editor: That doubtless is what you meant to say in your editorial of last Sunday's issue. With that little added statement you would be perfectly correct.

Many folk who evidently lack experience in the matter, or do they?—seem to think that the traffic, if and when again legalized, will be perfectly amenable to law. The traffic has never obeyed the least restrictions and it never will. In the old days of the saloon they tried to confine the business to about 18 hours a day without the least success. During those illegal hours they turned hell up in debauchery. They tried to stop it on Sundays. Might as well have tried to stop a flood by making faces at it. The young men and women ruined in the Sunday night saloon and dance would each year outnumber the Americans slain in the world war. One acts in trying to confine the traffic to the same hour usually allotted to decent business, but the land fairly awarms with bootleggers doing business when the government says it shall stop.

The world traveler, Pusyfoot Johnson, held up in review the methods of attempted regulation the world over and showed how where are they in the least successful. The papers were full of telling how Finland repealed the prohibition laws.—But the press has been strangely silent about the booze fiasco that has since developed there. Legalized liquor can nowhere be controlled and will not be should the American people be misled by booze propaganda.

Mr. Iverson Explains. To the Editor: I feel called upon to answer an article in your last night's paper headed, "Dr. Phelps enters race for place on school board" and correct some impressions that may be implied by it.

I did not file the petitions for Dr. Phelps' nomination as stated in your news article. But helped circulate them and am in hearty sympathy and accord with his candidacy; and I am interested in keeping our schools open next year for the entire term and in trying to keep the school expenses down somewhere near what the cash resources will be.

Nazis Clash With Munich Catholics. MUNICH, Germany, June 13.—(UP) Nazi storm troops tonight occupied the entrances to Catholic headquarters, and forced the occupants to evacuate. The action followed clashes between nazis and Catholics over the weekend.

Oregon Weather. Partly cloudy tonight and Wednesday, with fog on the coast and scattered afternoon thunderstorms in mountains of east portion; temperature above normal in interior; gentle changeable winds offshore. Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, June 13.—Many Manhattan celebrities cling to fixed standards of dress. Fannie Hurst, sheathed in a flame of red, is as permanent in the sartorial galaxy as Amelia Earhart's creeling gown of white. Julia Holt is invariably collared in black fur. And Dorothy Hall and Dorothy Hall and Dorothy Hall are in white.

Perhaps the most daring copy-typist Michael Strang, whining with Peggy Fears, a tornado tows of a shoulder hair streaks. Claire Booth Brokaw is rarely orchidless, and Geraldine Farrar without a touch of jade. A long colored kerchief hangs from one of Lenore Ulric's bracelets.

Irene Bordoni and Norma Terris feature Gay 90 bangs and Mrs. Frank Starr's emeralds are as much part of the Metropolitan opera as Gatti-Casazza Clara Bell Walsh's favorite color is tan, and May Allison Quirk and Ona Munson are fond of violet hues. Too, Miss Frances Perkins' tricorn hat!

The most primly dressed is the tailor clad Anne Morgan, a sad and copy-typist Michael Strang, Adela Rogers St. John remains loyal to California out-door influence, usually in tweeds. Then, of course, there's Lady Furness with her double circle of black "mourning pearls."

Ladies are no longer feverish to be classed as ravine beauties with plentiful "it." Instead they strive to fit the vastly over-worked "glamorous." Doubtless this new desire has been implanted by the sweeping popularity of Katharine Cornell on the stage and Katharine Hepburn on the screen. Each has a broad face of ebullient paleness with extraordinarily high cheek bones, faces portrait painters cherish, but unexciting to revue producers.

Few Katharines are so called by intimates. Miss Cornell is "Kitt." Miss Hepburn "Kitts" and Katherine Norris "Katie." A terrible way to treat so beautiful a name.

Speaking of Miss Hepburn, another debutante is on her first step to stardom. She is Elizabeth Young, who has shown marked talent in dramatic roles on the New York stage and is now in Hollywood under contract. Her triumph has been a marvelous expression of pluck. Several years ago while vacationing on a Montana ranch she was in an auto smashup and left twisted and unconscious along a roadside. Her back was broken. For ten months she was in a cast, much of the time hung in a perpendicular position. During this lethargy she mastered French and Italian and studied dramatic expression. She made a slight bit in a play with Judith Anderson outstanding. And the movie producers grabbed her. What looked the end of things for her became, as it frequently does, the beginning of an exciting career.

There is variety of human interest among grave-stone lunchers in Trinity grave yard these warm days. Stenographers who spread their reports on weather worn slabs seem unaffected by the gloomy surroundings. Their chirp suggests the airy and one part creature was reading Havelock Ellis on Sex instead of perhaps Grey's Elegy. Interesting, too, that nearly all magazines seen were devoted to motion pictures.

In days of riding to Park Row in the subway I often catalogued books passengers were reading. As librarians long ago discovered, people you never suspect read Scott, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats. It once comforted me to sit next to Theodore Shonts, bent over a deliriant detective tale. It so happened, too, I saw the square-jawed Mayor Gaynor chucking at Epictetus and reported it to my city editor, William Wirt Mills. He in turn reported to a news association. And such is the ding-dong of the press, every paper in town was soon evoking Gaynor to Epictetus quotations for each twist in municipal affairs.

Noel Coward, before shoving off for a leisurely battleship cruise home, pip-pipped that an Englishman laughs at a joke three—when he hears it, when it's explained and when he understands. The American laughs out once—and that's merely to be polite, for he has always heard it before.

From an Oregon weekly: "McIntyre's picture in a Portland paper suggests something but we cannot exactly say what." Verne Porter has always said the handle of a basement sale umbrella. (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Prince To Wed Soon



Some time after June 12 Prince Asturios, 25, heir to the Spanish throne, will marry Senorita Edelmira Sampedro, daughter of a wealthy Cuban merchant. They filed notice of "promise of marriage" in Lausanne, Switzerland. (Associated Press Photos)

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY June 13, 1923. (It was Wednesday.) Jack Holt, the movie star, visits friends at Gold Hill.

Mass meeting at the high school tonight to discuss the proposed bond issue for new building.

Two citizens nabbed for having pint of liquor, and four arrested for speeding on West Main street.

John Moffatt of Mann's store is operated on for appendicitis and is "much improved."

Game Commissioner Roy Davis, at session of board in Portland, charges that trout are getting into irrigation ditches, and demands that W. R. (Bill) Coleman be ousted as screen superintendent. Board votes not to oust him.

Northwest Fair Association allows request for harness races at the county fair next fall. This is "a victory for clean sport in the valley."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY June 13, 1913. (It was Friday.) This is Friday, the 13th, and people are watching their steps.

The fishing in Rogue river was never poorer, say the old-time fishermen.

H. Chandler Egan is defeated by Chick Evans in Seattle golf meet.

Ashland joyriders come to grief, when caught speeding on Main street early this morning.

Move launched for the formation of a "Silver Cornet Band" here.

Mr. Kroh, in inviting Ashland people to visit Grants Pass for their celebration, declared that Grants Pass had started her celebration arrangements and advertised them three weeks before Medford thought of celebrating and declared that Medford started just because of jealousy of Grants Pass. He urged the Ashland people to celebrate at Grants Pass and assured them that there would be no grafting.

Congress Facing Unfinished Grist

WASHINGTON, June 13.—(AP)—Here is what must be done in congress before adjournment: Approval by the senate of the industrial-public works bill. Approval by the senate of the amended independent offices bill, carrying veterans' compensation cuts. Passage by the senate of the three and a half billion dollar appropriation to put in force the session's recovery acts. Other legislation pending which has a chance of getting through: Empowering president to name non-resident governor of Hawaii. Passed by the house waiting senate action. Glass-Steagall bank reform bill, passed by both, deadlocked for weeks in conference. Municipal and corporate insolvency bills, passed by house, and waiting senate action. Legislation virtually sure to lie over until the January session: Authority for the president to embargo arms shipments to belligerents. Passed by the house, tied up in senate.

Attention!

ANOTHER CARLOAD OF CHRYSLER AND PLYMOUTH CARS JUST ARRIVED ARMSTRONG MOTORS, Inc. 38 No. Riverside Chrysler and Plymouth Headquarters for Southern Oregon

WILLARD HOTEL

KLAMATH FALLS OREGON. 124 MODERN AIRY ROOMS BATH-SHOWER OR COMBINATION. CENTRALLY LOCATED. FIREPROOF CONSTRUCTION. GRILLE IN CONNECTION. We Invite Your Patronage Rates \$1.50 Up. WILLARD HOTEL. 2nd and Main. Klamath Falls. ALBERT AUSTIN, Mgr.

WAGE INCREASES PERMITTED SOME IN FOREST ARMY

WASHINGTON, June 13.—(UP)—Wage increases of between \$5 and \$15 a month for 13 per cent of the reforestation army have been announced.

Robert D. Fechner, director of emergency conservative work, revealed President Roosevelt had approved an executive order raising the pay of the forest workers and also instituting a new penalty system for minor offenses committed by the enrolled personnel.

The new regulations specify that not more than five per cent of the authorized strength of any civilian conservation corps company may be paid a cash allowance of \$45 a month while an additional eight per cent may be paid \$36 a month. The present flat cash allowance is \$30 a month.

TALENT GRANGERS PLAY IS THURSDAY

"All Alone in the Country" is the title of a play to be presented Thursday night at the Talent Grange hall by the Talent Grange. It is described as a one-act comedy with many clever lines and characterizations, connected with the return of "Aunt Polly" from city to country.

EUGENE MEYER IS NEW POST OWNER

WASHINGTON, June 13.—(AP)—The Washington Post, long the property of the celebrated McLean family, now belongs to Eugene Meyer, who until a month ago was governor of the federal reserve board.

Arizmendi Wins Nod Over Miller

SAN FRANCISCO, June 13.—(AP)—Baby Arizmendi, Mexican, punched out a decision over Freddie Miller of Cincinnati, National Boxing association featherweight titleholder, in 10 rounds here last night.

SALLY EILERS IN 'HAT CHECK GIRL'

The night life of Broadway and the loves and sorrows of the girls who work on the Great White Way, the colorful background of "Hat Check Girl" at the Romy theater tonight and tomorrow. Sally Eilers and Ben Lyon are featured.

NERVOUS WOMEN Fake Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"I am so nervous it seems as though I should die." "My nerves are all on edge." "I wish I were dead." . . . how often have we heard these expressions from some woman who has become so tired and run-down that her nerves can no longer stand the strain. No woman should allow herself to drift into this condition if she can help herself. She should give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. For nearly sixty years women have taken this wonderful tonic to give them renewed strength and vigor. "I'm out of my nerves" is what women who report to us say that they are benefited by this medicine. Buy a bottle from your druggist today . . . and watch the results.