MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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...e Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The thin and Pagan dime is becoming more plentiful, and experiencing less difficulty in breaking the grim grip of its possessors, than last year.

• • •

T. E. Daniels is out of town for a few days, and during his absence is being prominently mentioned for the legislature.

• • •

A man in Minnesota devoured 52 roasting ears at one sitting, is hailed as the "Korn King," and his piggishness glorified on the front pages. His gluttonous intentions to eat up the corn crop, did not leave him prone, at the table. No doubt he is also a holy terror in other lines of eating and drinking, and does his best to keep the breweries working nights.

• • •

HOW THINGS WORK OUT
(New York Times)

"We must forgive and love our enemies," said Archbishop Benjamin.

At this point cries of opposition became so threatening that Father Peshkoff was obliged to summon a policeman.

• • •

Poor Nudist weather prevails.

• • •

The silent-gear auto is now available for anybody with the cash, and in a demonstration made no more noise than a $60 wrist watch, or Alderman C. C. Furnas in the midst of a hearty laugh.

• • •

Among the fall furs to be worn by the fair, is the Skunk Stole. In these days of dark pessimism, many will think the fancy fur is Cat Caught.

• • •

Prof. Moley, the Master Mind of the Brain Trust of the Roosevelt administration, has been disconnected from his position. He was credited with doing all the plain and fancy thinking for the president, and a sort of a mental czar. When not thinking, the professor is alleged to have maliciously perpetrated a number of ornery tricks upon his associates. He was constantly told he was excessively smart, his head started to swell, and none of his colleagues in the Brain Trust knew enough to get a steel band for it.

• • •

The governor is getting scolded in the rural areas and on the street corners for not calling a special session of the legislature, so it can go off half-cocked. The governor is suffering from the quaint delusion that no opinions should be formed until the facts get started.

• • •

DEADLY THRIFT

There was at this time a great deal of talk of thrift. Representatives of insurance companies came to the school to address the pupils at morning assembly. Movies demonstrated the need for laying by money against a rainy day. Jack Brown was shown in the president's chair of a bank and his class-mate, Jim Robinson, in a convict's cell, all because one saved and the other did not. Representatives of savings banks came to give the boys and girls statistics about the accumulation of small savings. In a school bank, designed to give practice in banking methods, the commercial students learned to write a bank clerk's hand, making little circles in the air with the pen. Some of them helped to run the banking system established in the school. Teachers who had home-rooms,—that is, rooms where students assembled four times a day before and after teaching sessions — kept in their desks the pink and blue slips needed for withdrawals and transfers. It was the custom of most of the pupils to withdraw their money as soon as there was enough to buy a coveted bicycle. (School Memoirs)

PORTLAND, Aug. 30.—(AP)—Milton A. Miller of Portland will take the oath of office as collector of customs for Oregon at a brief ceremony at the customs house here Friday morning. The oath will be administered by Circuit Judge Hall S. Lusk. Miller, prominent Democrat, will succeed E. M. Croisan, a Republican.

Real estate or insurance—leave it to Jones. Phone 696.

Marie and Gloria

HOW times change! It was only a few years ago that Marie Dressler was down and out looking for a job, and getting nothing; while the Glamorous Gloria Swanson, graduating from the bathing beauty class, was the toast of the silver screen, and destined soon to become the Marquise de la Faise, etc., etc., etc.

Marie was old then, and is older now. Gloria was young then, and is still young as movie stars go,—still beautiful, and still a competent actress, particularly in the field of smart, ultra-modern drama.

At the moment they are both appearing in Medford, Marie in "Tugboat Annie," and Gloria in "Perfect Understanding." They are turning the crowds away at the former, "Tugboat Annie" is the talk of the town. No one is paying much attention to the Glorious Gloria, who with her most recent husband, Michael Farmer, the "Irish play boy", is treading the more or less primrose path from London's Mayfair to the Riviera, as the girl who was "never to be a wife but always a mistress."

• • • • •

WHAT a contrast! Marie Dressler, old, discarded as a "has been," 20 years ago, now at the very peak of her stage career, winner of the movie artists' award, and the most popular movie actress in the world today.

Gloria Swanson, still young, and beautiful, but as far as popularity with the movie public is concerned, definitely declining, going slowly but surely down the hill.

The two vehicles presented are as strikingly unlike, as the two stars. "Tugboat Annie," is steam beer with corn beef and cabbage; "Perfect Understanding" is caviar with champagne, and cocktails at the Casino de Cannes.

• • • • •

WHAT is the answer? That the public taste is changing, the too highly seasoned sexy drama is through; the wholesome, homely, comedy "drammer" is returning to its own again?

Mebbe so. But we doubt it. Far more likely that Maria's triumph does not rest upon the fickleness of public taste, so much, as upon the reward, that character and genuine artistry, plus a fighting spirit that refuses to say "die" usually brings.

A Glorious Death

"GREATER love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Victor Hugo Daley, Medford barber, laid down his life for his son,—was himself drowned in Rogue river Sunday, when attempting to save his boy, in the swift current near Gold Ray dam.

"Greater love hath no man than this!"

The father lost his life, but due to his prompt and courageous action, others were able to save the life of his son.

The heartbreak of such a tragedy need scarcely be stressed. To those left behind the grief is hard to bear.

But in another sense what a rare heritage they have, and when the shock passes, what a solemn satisfaction, must be theirs.

As for Hugo Daley himself—well—no one wants to die, yet we must all die sometime.

What a glory there was in such a death as his!

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY
By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—Broadway has never quite understood the social and professional upahoot of Fred and Adele Astaire. Under all accepted standards they are a brother and sister act—"small time hoofers" in jig jargon—who came out of Omaha to captivate London and New York.

Nimble dancers to be sure, but not extraordinarily amazing. Astaire is partly bald, quite unattractive physically and would not look out of place jerking soda in a prairie town drug store. His sister was co-star in a musical written around her called "Funny Face," which describes her type of beauty.

Yet for years they have been distinctly box office attractions here and abroad. Adele left the team at the peak of her career to marry Lord Cavendish and as Lady Cavendish has been accepted in high circles in Britain. Fred's recent marriage to Phyllis Potter gives him a place in New York society.

The Astaires, while a definite part of Broadway, have never been of it. They have made it a point to trail with the right people. The brother was admitted to membership in the Turf and Field and Racquet clubs, a distinction few actors have attained. Astaires. Astarte!

The best yarn of the many managed and anticipated profit split-ups of Primo Carnera and Max Baer is told by Booneville, Mo.'s sportwriting pride, Bill Corum of the Evening Journal. A poor widow in his neighborhood appeared at a relief bureau for charity. "Have you no assets whatever?" asked the investigator. "Only," she replied, "a small piece of Max Baer my husband left me."

Irvin Cobb recently wired Harry Leon Wilson in Carmel-by-the-Sea: "We are organizing to hunt Moose in Canada. Will you join us?" In a few days the laconic reply: "Don't recall having lost any moose."

Perhaps the most accomplished moose hunters in New York are Rex Beach and Roy Howard. Also one of the best moose-callers in the Canadian woods is a fellow who had rarely been off Delancey street until nine years ago. He went up as a general handy man for a group of hunters and never came back.

Most every young writer chafes to get away from the routine of the regular job and free lance. The best sum-up of such a quixotic adventure for all was in a letter one day from the late Charles R. Barnes who gave up a regular job and had not yet made the grade. "I had not reckoned with the tricks of air pockets in trying to fly without financial wings."

I have wondered if other wanderers at night in a city's streets are drawn to hesitate before lit windows where there's music. Last night before an old brownstone on West 76th I halted. A silhouette of a woman's hands moved over the keys softly, caressingly, flirting in a leisurely way with a bar of Greig, wandering into chords towards a snatch of Schuman. Then quiet and a provoking little struggle-on-the-cliff tune picked out with one hand. Whoever it was seemed to be choosing a melody. I wondered if it would be Chopin or perhaps a torch hi-de-di. All of a sudden there floated to the darkness a woman's voice—velvety, warm and moonlighty and the song she sang began "Grieve not, dear Love! although we often part." I might lie and say my eyes misted. But I did go on with a queer clutch in my throat. For something about the voice was pathetically poignant, a heart that was overflowing with overwhelming ache.

At a swanky dinner I counted 14 silver knives, forks, spoons and what-not on either side of my plate. It recalled a fancy dinner back home—the unusual sort where Mace Robinson, the barber, catered. Mace was an ace at this. Anyway all the neighborhood forks and spoons, with little strings around them for remembering, had been borrowed. But Harry Maddy spilled the beans. Looking around he beamed: "Mighty pitiful. Everybody on this block will be eating with their fingers this evening."

And somehow I'm thinking of the excited fox terrier that used to race after every dog behind the picket fence of a big yard on our block. He seemed bristling with courage and desire to get out. One day the gate was left open and when the terrier streaked after a big old country dog he suddenly plopped out the entrance right on his enemy. He was so surprised he had a congestive chill.

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CONFERENCE ON O-C PAYMENTS PLANNED

SALEM, Aug. 30. — (AP) — County court members from western Oregon will confer with Senator Charles L. McNary shortly on the best means available to receive Oregon and California land grant moneys from the federal court, announced Commissioner James Smith of Marion county.

Judge Victor P. Moses of Corvallis will head a committee of seven representing the courts. Senator McNary is obtaining certain recent information from Washington before holding the conference.

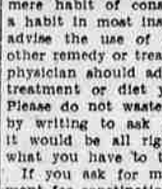
Personal Health Service

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, 265 El Camino, Beverley Hills, Cal.

REAL HYGIENE IS PLAIN HORSE SENSE

Charlatans engaged in the specialty in which they are most skilled—drumming up trade—make a great play on "nature" or "natural methods," and this appeal admirably fits the mentality of their customers. If we relied on "nature" or gave "nature a chance" the race would be extinct in a few generations. It is only because we have successfully applied science and art or human ingenuity to the purpose of thwarting or restraining the cruel trends of nature that civilization has progressed and the expectation of life has steadily increased as the great scourges that made tragic history in the past have been conquered.



The other day a correspondent wrote in about benefit derived from taking a daily spoonful or two of whole raw flaxseeds — cleaned by rinsing with water. The correspondent's physician had disapproved of the practice, for he had seen cases where the taking of flaxseeds in this way had caused mucous colitis.

On the other hand, I have seen cases where the taking of flaxseeds in this way apparently corrected mucous colitis.

Right here let me explain to any reader who doesn't know what mucous colitis is, that it is just as well, and to any who thinks he does know what it is, that I have nothing more to tell about it.

I do recommend the use of a daily spoonful or two of flaxseeds for any one who seeks to break the constipation habit. Flaxseeds are not a physic in the sense that pills are, but they provide internal lubrication quite similar to the effect of the human secretion in the healthy alimentary tract. If you have some disease or trouble other than the mere habit of constipation (this is a habit in most instances) I do not advise the use of flaxseeds or any other remedy or treatment—your own physician should advise any remedy, treatment or diet you are to take. Please do not waste postage or time by writing to ask whether I think it would be all right for one with what you have to try the flaxseeds.

If you ask for my cure or treatment for constipation, I haven't any. On the other hand, if you say you have the constipation habit I'll be glad to instruct you how to break the habit. Inclose a dime and a stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for No. 25, Little Lessons in the Ways of Health, "The Constipation Habit."

Too many people whose I. Q. is high enough get their health education in pretty packages. Most of these people are honest souls themselves and too easily convinced that anything pertaining to health is so if somebody asserts it vehemently, expensively and often enough.

Take wheat. Take it raw, whole, washed, cracked, ground in your coffee mill, chew the kernels, cook it as you please for a breakfast porridge, make bread, cakes, crackers and cookies, soups, puddings with it. Bran and all. I'm telling you it is good horse sense to keep a bin of wheat in every kitchen—not a pretty package of some refined product or derivative of wheat, but a handy canister of honest-to-goodness wheat, you know, that silly grain the farmers grow. Take along a bag or box when you are out for a drive, and bring home a bushel or half-bushel of wheat.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

One Citizen Ventures to Agree.

I have been a swimmer all my life, and a teacher of swimming. I helped organize the Women's Swimming association. I have used the Schaefer method successfully, and this means I am with you in your anti-Red Cross propaganda . . . —A Professional Woman.

Answer—You and I ought to get together, ma'am, and organize the Anti-Red Cross Pro-Schaefer Life Saving association. If we persevere some day a third citizen will join. If the reader doesn't understand what we're driving at, he should have a copy of the illustrated booklet on Resuscitation, which shows the correct method and points out the error in the method taught by the Red Cross. Send a dime and a stamped addressed envelope.

Foot Itch.

I am glad to report that a stubborn case of athlete's foot which had resisted many other treatments was quickly cleared up by the use of the ointment you recommend.—Mrs. J. W.

Answer—Ringworm — foot itch—is sometimes cured by soaking the affected part of foot for one minute in plain gasoline, on two or three successive days. Any reader who has this trouble may obtain the formula and directions for use of Whitfield's ointment by sending a stamped envelope bearing his address.

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Ed Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Communications

Is Capitalism an "Ism?"

To the Editor:

Isn't it possible that you are quite wrong in your issue of the 26th in regard to the NRA? You say that it is not socialism, communism or any other ism. What! No ism? Not even capitalism? It is certainly not socialism, as you say. It is more like facism, more facistic than Marxist, but you maintain that it is not like them. Its different, and yet all different things are alike and alike things different the NRA is certainly no exception—surely not entirely different, peculiarly American.

Perhaps the closest "ism" to which it can be compared is American Federation of Laborism of the late Gompers. For over 50 years it was struggling to bring about what the blue eagle is accomplishing in as many days! Gompers fought like a tiger all those who advocated political action without which shorter hours and more wages were impossible of realization. "They must be the result of activity alone," thought Gompers. The A. F. & L. thinks better of political action, it is hoped.

It is fine indeed to see the greatest capitalist government and the editor turn to the left—to acknowledge the fact that the producers must be given more of what they produce else the whole structure called capitalism will go boom.

Your definition of socialism is unfortunate in that it is a half-truth. Socialism would not socialize all private property. Only the instruments of production, distribution and exchange.

They claim that capitalism is rapidly abolishing private property for the vast majority. For proof of this, one needs only to glance around. For the blind, the fact that one person has more wealth than thirty-three millions of poorest Americans, should be impressive. Capital must be socialized, else we will all be nudists with tight belts.

R. HEGNER.

Gold Hill, August 28, 1933.

HOP YARD AGITATOR ARRESTED AT SALEM

SALEM, Aug. 30.—(AP)—Al Bristol of Eugene, who advocated five cents a pound for hop pickers, was arrested at the Lakebrook yard north of here last night when he attempted to address workers at the conclusion of a motion picture entertainment, Sheriff A. C. Burk said.

The sheriff said he and his deputies stopped Bristol, who jumped to a chair and began speaking, and arrested him when he protested. Bristol was not employed at the yard.

More than 10,000 pickers were at the gathering. The Lakebrook yard is playing a cent pound for picking, Burk said.

Jenkins' Comment

(Continued from Page One)

present upward trend collapses and we fall back to the level of last spring we shall all be broke, anyway, and it won't matter.

PROSPECTS of raising any considerable amount of money by added taxation are not good at the present time, for in Oregon all tax laws have to go to the people, and the people of Oregon are in no mood now to vote new taxes, or to pay them.

But our prospects of adequate income in the future are good. It seems the part of wisdom, therefore, to borrow against future prospects, as the federal government is doing, instead of attempting to levy new taxes now.

WOODEN BOX DRIVE PLAN OF MILLMEN

KLAMATH FALS, Ore., Aug. 30.—(UP)—A vigorous nation-wide campaign promoting the use of wooden containers was being planned here yesterday by the Pacific division of the National Association of Wooden Box manufacturers.

Other problems of the box manufacturing industry were also taken up at the annual division meeting.

HIGH COURT TO EYE BUS AND TRUCK LAW

SALEM, Aug. 30.—(AP)—The entire bus and truck law will be brought before the supreme court for a ruling on its constitutionality.

Public Utilities Commissioner C. M. Thomas recently filed notice of appeal on the sections of the law which Circuit Judge Lewelling held unconstitutional. Yesterday appeal to the sections Judge Lewelling held constitutional was filed by A. C. Anderson, plaintiff in the original proceedings. Anderson is president of the Truck Owners and Farmers association.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—(AP)—The Western Pacific Railroad Co. will meet its September 1 bond interest, Thomas M. Schumacher, chairman of the executive committee, announced today.

BATHING BEAUTY REALLY SWIMS

Bathing beauties often don't go near the water but Hillary Beard of Seattle, Wash., is an exception. She recently won the title of "Miss Seattle" and a trip to the world's fair in Chicago where this picture was taken. Hillary hopes to follow the career of another famous Seattle swimmer, Helen Madison. (Associated Press Photo)

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
August 30, 1923.
(It was Thursday.)

Tourists spend $10,000 a week in city, estimate of Walter D. Merrick, at Forum meet.

Stanley Sherwood of the postal force leaves on a week's trip to Portland.

Two citizens fined $5 for speeding on West Main street, and swear political vengeance on the judge. They were indulging in a friendly race.

Espee threatens to put a water-tank near Sixth street, as part of their improvement of local yards.

Dance will mark opening of new log lodge at Diamond lake.

Premium list for county fair is corrected when it is discovered that the prize for year-old pig is more than for a box of pears.

Fifty-two gypsies, traveling south, pass through city, and not a citizen lost his pocketbook, police report.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
August 30, 1913.
(It was Saturday.)

John Perl and family return from a trip on Rogue river; John Barneburg returns from a vacation spent in the Dead Indian, and Asahel Hubbard and family are back from an auto trip to Crater Lake and Klamath county.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Garnett chaperone a jolly picnic in the Ashland park.

F. C. Rigga left Portland Friday morning and arrived here this morning. He drove a Packard, and made better time than the train.

"On the Steps of Disaster," a motography masterpiece in 4 reels," at the Star; Arthur Vincent in "classical selections on the piccolo," at the Page; "You Can't Fool a Lover," Edison drama, at the Ugo; "The Harvest of Sin" at the It.

Talent citizens move for a co-operative creamery.

Cooler weather, but rain is needed.

Tolo

TOLO, Aug. 30.—(Spl.)—Mrs. Wm. Penninger has returned from a month's visit with relatives in Portland. Her daughter, Violabel Morrow, who accompanied her, stopped at Riddle to visit her grandparents.

Misses Zelda and Esther Kathan are making their home in Medford temporarily while working at the S. O. S. packing house.

Dr. Heckman was fishing here recently, catching some nice bass.

Miss Arlene Inmann was honor guest at a picnic on upper Evans creek Sunday, celebrating her birthday.

All of Mr. Standiford's winter onions and beets were stolen from his garden recently. A neighbor's dog killed most of his young chickens.

The schoolhouse and grounds are being put into readiness for the opening of school September 1. Mrs. Lulu Thurston will be the instructor, this being her third term here.

The tragic death of Mr. Daley in the waters above Gold Ray dam was a terrible shock to the youthful swimmers here who have swum there almost daily during the hot weather. It is said to be fairly safe for those well acquainted with the lake. N. B. Kelly's slough is an hour's rowing from Tolo, being back of Paul Scherer's place.

Giant Of The C. C. C.

James H. Scott, 19, of North Carolina was something of a problem when he joined the Marion, N. C., conservation camp. He is 7 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 275 pounds, wears 17½ triple E shoes and requires two cots to sleep on. He said he left home because he was tired of his "big brothers and sisters picking" on him. (Associated Press Photo)

'UNCLE,' 120, FINE AFTER OPERATION

POPLAR BLUFF, Mo., Aug. 30.—(UP)—"Uncle Ben" Hodge, who is 120 years old today, was reported as "doing fine" after surgeons amputated his left leg in a hospital here.

"Uncle Ben," known throughout the Ozark regions as 'the oldest man in these parts," submitted to the operation when his leg became infected.

Dr. J. W. McPheeters, who performed the operation, said "he is one of the most remarkable patients I have ever seen. I've never seen anyone, young or old, who had such a constitution."

CHICKENS WILL TAKE TRIP TO HOLY LAND

SPOKANE, Wash., Aug. 30.—(UP) Like the Oregon State college hens that went to the emperor's imperial henhouse in Japan, 25 white Leghorn pullets are being prepared for a long jaunt to far-off Ramuilah, a day camel-back ride from Jerusalem.

The chickens were raised near here by Mahood Yennes. They will be sent to his wife in the Holy Land as a start for a poultry yard. Twenty-eight days will be required for them to reach their destination.

Growers Prevented From Saving Wheat

LEWISTON, Ida., Aug. 30.—(UP)—Guards last night prevented irate Idaho farmers from salving their own wheat from smoldering ruins of the $240,000 grain warehouse fire at Grangeville.

Trouble developed when growers whose grain was said to be uninsured attempted to haul away the scorched wheat. The salvage company was forced to post guards to prevent them. The warehouse was burned Friday.

Meteorological Report

August 30, 1933

Medford and vicinity: Fair tonight and Thursday. Warmer Thursday.

Oregon: Fair tonight and Thursday but unsettled northwest portion. Warmer extreme southwest portion Thursday.

Temperature a year ago today: Highest 74; lowest 42.

Total monthly precipitation .02 in.

Deficiency for the month .21 inches.

Total precipitation since September 1, 1932, 14.90 inches. Deficiency for the season 3.16 inches.

Relative humidity at 5 p. m. yesterday 38 percent; 5 a. m. today 86 percent.

Tomorrow: Sunrise 5:35 a. m. Sunset 6:47 p. m.

Observations Taken at 5 A. M., 120 Meridian Time

City	Last Night	Past 24 Hrs.	High Temp	Lowest Temp	Past 24 Hrs.	Weather
Boston	74	58				Clear
Cheyenne	66	52				Clear
Chicago	70	66				Cloudy
Eureka	60	52				Foggy
Helena	84	56		T		P. Cdy.
Los Angeles	78	56				Cloudy
MEDFORD	72	46		.02		Clear
New Orleans	92	78				Clear
New York	74	62				Clear
Omaha	78	54				Foggy
Phoenix	100	84				Clear
Portland	66	58		.02		Cloudy
Reno	84	46				Clear
Roseburg	68	50				Cloudy
Salt Lake	92	68				Clear
San Francisco	70	54				Clear
Seattle	64	56		T		Cloudy
Spokane	76	50		.01		Cloudy
Walla Walla	74	58				P. Cdy.
Washington, D.C.	78	62		T		Clear

NEW FALL DRESSES, $3.95 to $12.45. Swagger Suits and Coats, $13.45 to $24.95. Hats, 95c and up. New Fall Shoes moderately priced. THE BAND BOX & SHOE BOX. "The store that saves you money."

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DAINTY FEET
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GRACE—POISE
Depend Largely on Your Feet!

Foot trouble is a serious thing. Those aches and pains slowly but surely put lines in the face. Wearing shoes that are not properly fitted distorts the feet, swells the ankles; ruins the shapeliness of the limbs and robs one of grace and poise.

If you suffer from your feet, by all means attend this special Dr. Scholl's FOOT COMFORT

Demonstration

SATURDAY, Sept. 2nd

What you will learn about your feet at this Demonstration will be of life-time benefit to you.

By special arrangement, we have secured the exclusive services of an Expert from the Chicago Staff of Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, world noted Foot Authority, for this important occasion.

You will see all the newest of Dr. Scholl's Appliances and Remedies for relieving foot trouble of every kind and degree. You will learn the exact condition of your feet; what causes them to hurt and how you can enjoy immediate and lasting relief.

You will also be given advice as to the size, width and type of shoe you should wear. Remember the date and be sure to be here.

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S. & H. GREEN SAVING STAMPS