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The Smudge Pot

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PIONEER HILLS STILL FUNCTION (Pendleton East Oregonian). It is becoming more and more common every year for men to go in debt and every year seems to make it more impossible for them to settle up.

In the case of Sen. Huey Long of Louisiana, whose blatant egotism was a model for home-grown agitators, now hushed, the sock he received in the eye, from an unknown but widely known hero, is worth two on the feet.

The nice flavor in those Norwegian sardines from New England is the Italian olive oil from cotton seed—(Atlanta Constitution). About what anybody who will eat Norwegian sardines has coming.

The letter to the Editor department of the Portland papers, are the routing pieces of some of the wisest ideas that come to man. Many of the letters are penned by people who are mad, and have made up their minds to stay that way.

Mechanical genius has evolved a shiftless auto gear, and if they keep on working, there is hope for the elimination of the shiftless auto driver.

It is now the style to have the coiffure (wad of feminine hair, to you) on the side of the head, in proximity to either ear. It is generally agreed among the women, that no woman can wear her hair so, and look like anything. It would be just as sensible to wear a do-dad mustache at the corner of the mouth.

T. E. Daniels, who was mentioned for the legislature, is still away, and fears are felt that he will never return. If apprised of his intended fate, "A mule on the Miller place walked into an uncovered well Thursday night, but was hauled out the next morning. It might have been one of the Miller boys" (Dorris, Calif. Items).

Is Huey Long Another Bryan?

THESE Washington newspaper men are smart, but occasionally one of them pulls a boner.

A member of the "Merry-go-round" circle, for example, in commenting upon Huey Long, describes him as the "William Jennings Bryan of the New Era."

That description to our mind is about as far from the mark as anything could be.

Huey has a fluent tongue, but it isn't silver; he has a certain following but it isn't a solid or devout following. He is devoted to the "dear people"—or pretends to be,—but his devotion is not based on principle, nor in any sense rooted in his character.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN like Huey, loved to lambast Wall Street, and lay most of the ills of American life to its door; but there was method in his madness. He had certain specific criticisms to make of Wall Street and Big Business, but for the conditions which caused those criticisms, he proposed certain legislative remedies,—and many of them were enacted into law.

Huey Long's harangues against Wall Street, are nothing but blanket appeals to class hatred and prejudice,—solely political bally-hoo to draw a crowd and get votes. He cares nothing about Wall Street one way or the other, except as a convenient expedient to gain political power for himself.

BRYAN DID CARE. With all his faults and foibles, W. J. B. was a genuine crusader,—honest, sincere, fanatical—ready at any time, to sacrifice himself for the ideals in which he believed. He wasn't a particularly "Happy Warrior" but he was a fearless and consistent one.

The present writer will never forget the "Great Commoner" when he fought against the nomination of Governor Cox at the democratic convention in San Francisco over a decade ago. Cox was a wet. Bryan fought him with every weapon at his command, even tho he knew the cards were stacked against him. He was beaten but he went down with his flag a-flying.

"My heart is in the grave" said Bryan, afterward,—and it WAS. Not because he was beaten but because a principle in which he BELIEVED was beaten.

HUEY LONG'S heart will never be in the grave, over the defeat of any political principle. For he has no political principles. He cares for nothing but himself.

Huey Long is the political opportunist par excellence. He is for everything or anything that he thinks will bring him votes. He is smart, adroit, unscrupulous and tricky. He has unlimited crust, and an unquestioned gift of gab. But unlike Bryan he has no real convictions, no genuine "character", and wouldn't waste a word, or risk a dime, on any cause he did not think would win.

IF ONE were to identify Huey Long with any prominent public figure of the past, it would not be with William Jennings Bryan,—or as far as we can recall with any other prominent figure in American politics. Far nearer the mark to term him another "P. T. Barnum."

For Huey Long is essentially a show man and nothing else. Not a public spirited and enterprising show man, either, as was the exploiter of the famous Jumbo and Tom Thumb. In fact Huey is more the side-show "barker" type,—the self assured, loud mouthed, flashily dressed and vulgar bally-hoo artist,—who doesn't care what he does as long as he GETS them in the tent.

That's Hooey"—getting them in the tent! Getting them into HIS tent,—that's all he cares. All this talk about Wall Street and entrenched wealth is merely the come-on "Hula-hula" dancer, a slap on the canvas showing Bosco the dog-faced boy, "from the everglades of Florida—he eats snakes, he eats 'em alive."

THAT'S all. And that's HUEY! But it works. For as P. T. Barnum said, and as Huey knows, a sucker is born every minute.

Sooner or later however, the American people are going to wake up to Huey just as they sooner or later wake up to the side-show flim-flam. You can't fool them all the time.

In public or private life there is no substitute for integrity and sincerity. Huey will find this out one of these days. But it will take time!

PARIS, Sept. 1.—(UP)—The government today announced the formal merger of all five air transport lines in France and her colonies into one great aviation organization in an effort to retain the aerial passenger supremacy of Europe. The announcement outlined the huge merger, to be known as "Air France," and declared it would be placed in effect formally tomorrow. It was regarded by air experts as one of the most significant moves in aviation history on the continent.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D. Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to disclose diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady in a stamped self-addressed envelope 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, Beverly Hills, Cal.

A READER TELLS THE DOCTOR

A reader sends in a bit of enlightenment: Our family doctor objects to the use of any salve with petroleum base, especially on large areas, as on chest. He says the skin can not function through petroleum as through animal fat, and when sick with pneumonia or influenza, one needs every possible square inch of skin.

This seems important. Think of the poor kids with terrible coughs whose food but misguidedly smears a thick coat of petroleum-based greases on their poor little chests, putting a third of their pores out of commission, throwing extra load on kidneys and prolonging the illness.

I cannot agree with your teachings on oxygen and carbon dioxide in the air we breathe. You say the presence of carbon dioxide in increased volume in the air acts as a stimulant, increasing rapidly and depth of breathing, thus offsetting lack of oxygen. As if six persons could work all day in a small air-tight office and, merely by breathing faster and deeper, fell as well as though they had worked in a well-ventilated room!

As a matter of fact, breathing becomes more difficult, mind, mind less keen, eyes tire faster, appetite poorer, etc., and nausea. Get the Life Insurance Co.'s literature and study up. I am sure they are interested in longevity.

Brushing teeth may not do any good, but it certainly is disgusting to talk with a person whose teeth are packed with decaying food. Phew! —C. L. E. Probably C. L. E. means petroleum base, not petroleum. Soft petroleum is the common base for ointments or salves. In England it is called paraffin or soft paraffin. The liquid petroleum, commonly known as mineral oil in this country, is also called liquid paraffin in England.

Notes at Night. We live in a noisy section, and I never get to sleep until our neighbors, their children and various stray dogs settle down for the night. This is especially trying in summer when windows are kept open. Can you suggest any device to shut out such noises? —C. O. G. Answer—Some persons wear cones of wax in the ears to shut out annoying noises when they wish to sleep. Get physically muscular, tired by doing work or playing hard, and the neighbors, the kids, dogs, traffic and the like will not bother you much. (Copyright, 1933, John F. Dille Co.)

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.

LOVE POEMS TO LAMSON PLACED BEFORE JURORS

(Continued from Page One) moved from a backyard bonfire Lamson had been tending the day of his wife's death.

5—Wounds in Mrs. Lamson's head indicated she was held tightly by the hair when they were inflicted. 6—Spattered blood found in the bathroom was forced on walls and ceilings by impact of blows. Severed arteries could not have caused blood to spurt the distance that was evident.

7—If Mrs. Lamson was killed in an accidental fall, she would have had to fall twice to suffer the injuries. 8—Blood stains were found on numerous articles of Lamson's clothing. 9—Human blood was found in the living room, front bedroom and hallway of the Lamson home.

10—Bloodstains were found on burned clothing removed from the bonfire in the Lamson backyard. Dr. A. W. Mayer, portly, grey-haired head of the Stanford university medical school's anatomy department, gave the testimony regarding wounds in Mrs. Lamson's head and the ease with which they could have been inflicted. He attacked the theory of death in an accidental fall.

Blood on Clothing. Dr. Frederick Proescher, Santa Clara county pathologist, told of finding bloodstains on Lamson's clothing, the iron pipe and in the house.

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NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—Thoughts while strolling: With Arthur Somers Roche's phobias about going above the first floor, it's a good thing he isn't Robert Sherwood. No building has the beautiful lines of the Shelton hotel.

Boiler room at the Brownlee mill is gutted by fire. Yokohama, Japan, is swept by fire and earthquake. Japan shaken by quake. The "Grand Dragon and Exalted Cyclops of the Klan, Province of Oregon," will run for U. S. senator.

Former resident of city, now living in Yreka, Calif., opposes building of new high school, in letter to editor. While driving down the Pacific highway near Ashland, Lawyer Hanna of Jacksonville is accosted by a mad bull. Fire department is delayed in reaching buildings at Main and Fir streets when fire breaks out, when a freight train stops on the Main street crossing.

Noted botanists of Europe to arrive tomorrow to study Crater Lake plants and local orchards. More autos needed to entertain distinguished guests. "Red Old Hills of Georgia" at the "Would Be Detective" at the Star, and "How Lulu Fooled the Boys" at the Isis.

Two cars of rails arrive for the valley interurban line. The Hall Taxi company reports the roads to Crater Lake in fine condition and they will make trips until snow flies. C. E. Gates, the whirlwind auto dealer, has returned from a business trip to Portland.

Mrs. Nellie Minkler and Mrs. Kate Young have returned from an auto trip to Crescent City. Women's clubs of county endorse Good Road bonds. The Diggs-Camenetti white slave case at Sacramento continues to hold the Pacific coast agog, as the sordid details are revealed. Ministerial associations scold the press for printing accounts of trial.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—(AP)—E. Phocian Howard, 64, publisher for the last 10 years of the New York Press, a sporting paper, and identified for upwards of 30 years with horse racing as a writer, died this morning of a heart attack at Saratoga, N. Y.

The Paramount theater, which inspired the undying "shot the wrong architect" wheeze, occupies the site of the Putnam building, so active in vaudeville's heyday when E. F. Albee was two-a-day king. He had a political manner no other showman achieved. I remember writing for a publicity job. Immediately there was a letter to call. He told me he saw everyone who wrote for employment catalogued them in his highly-informed mind and in instances executives had flowered. He had a far-away dignity, ministerial gravity and a benignly remote from the flashy, talky world he ruled.

I asked Mr. Albee what act in vaudeville entertained him most. He seemed interested and searching for an answer. Then for some reason thought better of it. Finally he admitted: "I always drop in to see Ben Welch when he is on a program." I had a feeling Welch's vaudeville act was his favorite. Croquet was the favorite out-door game among the Long Island lollabouts this summer. Many mammoth estates have croquet grounds where tennis courts used to be. Neyah McMein is an expert among the feminine division and Herbert Bayard Swope in the masculine. Wickets are smaller and mallets larger. Sometimes a game costs the loser \$1000. Gwendolyn and Ethelbert, the gold fish, now come to the top of the bowl at their master's approach. It's the reward of two years of patience. Love conquers all!

News item: "She testified that at every breakfast she and her husband had several quarrels and this had extended over a period of eight years." More breakfast feuds than ever came out of Battle Creek! (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Sixty-four timber wolves and 57 coyotes were killed in Michigan last year.

AIMEE PLANNING FOOTLIGHT ROLE

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 1.—(UP)—Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton, the evangelist, plans to go on the stage, she disclosed here today.

Mrs. Hutton, whose baritone singing husband, David, has taken up stage work since the couple separated, said she would not go before the footlights as an actress "but to contact the non-church goers."

She did not name the date or place for her first stage appearance but indicated the place probably will be New York and the time soon after she completes a series of revival meetings in Minnesota. It was said that after each stage appearance, the theater manager may ask for silence and that Mrs. Hutton will then open religious services. She said all proceeds would go to Angelus Temple in California.

It was reported unofficially she will receive \$1000 a night for her stage appearances. Blue Eagle Scar Result of Burns HOUSTON, Tex., Sept. 1.—(UP)—Physicians and nurses stared in surprise today when they removed the bandages from Mrs. A. R. Handy, prominent clubwoman who was burned in a fire at her home Monday. There on her back was a scar shaped like the NRA blue eagle.

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Swem's Gift Shop

ON MAIN STREET

Vi's Wave Shop

Announces New Location At Hotel Medford (formerly Winland's)

This modern beauty shop is prepared to give women of southern Oregon and tourists superior service. Permanent Waves, Finger Waves, Shampoos, Facials, Manicures, etc.

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STAR MARKET

314 E. Main We Deliver Phone 273 Monday, Sept. 1 This Store Will Be Closed. Buy All the Meat You Need Saturday

- Beef Pot Roasts, per lb. 9c
Beef Short Ribs, per lb. 7c
Shortening, 4 lbs. for 25c
Home Cured Bacon, per lb. 14c
Fresh Gr. Hamburger, 3 lbs. for 25c
Rabbits, frying size, per lb. 16c