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OREGON EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION



Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

Reports from Salem say, "the special session of the legislature is working like Trojans." Even so, they are still playing like a session of the Oregon legislature.

Turkeys are now on the market. They don't cost as much as last year, but are harder to steal. The pestered farmer has loaded up his shotgun with rock salt he should be feeding to his cows.

Lee Tracy, a he-actor of Hollywood has been chased out of Mexico, for appearing in his shirt-tail, on a Mexico City plaza. A parade was passing and Mr. Tracy arose from his seat in an effort to give it some competition. It was his idea to be offensively cute. Instead, the Mexicans regarded the event as plain coarseness, and informed Mr. Tracy if he would leave their country real pronto, "they would not offend the American public" by casting him into the "bas-tillo". Mexico was entirely too polite.

This week Miss Doris Duke, heiress of James Buchanan Duke, the tobacco magnate, comes of age and into full control of a share of an estate, containing besides many homes, two trust funds aggregating in 1927 \$53,000,000. It has shrunk some in the depression—(Salem Capital-Journal). Just think of the Depression shrinking your wealth to a mere \$53,000,000.

The Moon and Venus had a conjunction Tuesday evening, just about milking time, about four miles south of the F. Bybee place. The heavenly bodies appeared about the same time, at the same place last evening, but only had an advent.

The weather is still fine, and is held in higher esteem than a Grand-maw holds a grandson.

Bob-tailed fur coats are all the rage among the fair sex, most of the race being confined to the mere male, who pumpled up. The abbreviated bit of fashionable wear makes the tall girl shorter, and the short girl taller. The original owners of the fur came from Siberia, Tibet, Abyssinia, far away Arctic regions, and the steppes of Russia. This is a long jump from the rugged individualism of the girls of a few years back. They flung the hide of a coyote over their left shoulders, and fastened his tail to his nose, with a hook and eye, and went places. In the same era, country dotes wore calfskin vests.

A man in the south end of town fooled everybody, and is erecting a home, instead of a gas silo, on a vacant lot with an oak tree on it.

The Jackson county deficit of solons was eliminated by the governor and now this progressive neck of the woods has fit representation at Salem. It is not the fit representation you are thinking about. The governor hoped the appointments would please everybody, knowing full well they would not. For one thing the Democracy of Jackson county was slapped in the face. It was the face of the young Democrats that stopped the session. The president will probably get a telegram about it. Both the appointees are Republicans wretches, and deep-dyed in that political faith. It might teach Democrats—both old and young—to vote for their own candidate next time, even if they are offered electric lights for nothing.

"Dale Austin is much improved since being kicked by one of his father's mules"—(Dorris, Cal., Items.) A branch of osteopathy, mayhap.

PIONEER FEARLESSNESS, ETC. (Pendleton East Oregonian).
A man came into our office and wanted money to get something to eat while he was at the time full of gin. He was bounced without ceremony. We ask those interested in cruelty to animals is that correct?

A friend tells us that a coyote ate up a man's watermelon, patch, hear, Heppner. We don't believe it, but we imagine our friend meant the coyote ate up the watermelons, patch the patch. (50 rs. Ago col.)

Authorized Mating Service. All makes repaired. Phone 800.

2 Excellent Appointments

WE feel confident the naming of Glenn O. Taylor and A. E. Brockway, to represent Jackson county in the legislature, will meet with the general approval of the people.

Naturally the friends and supporters of other candidates will be disappointed, but where there are a score of applicants and only two positions to fill, obviously all could not be satisfied.

For those who are disappointed there is only one sportsman-like thing to do,—get behind the two men who have been selected, and give them every chance to make good. This is no time to hold grudges or give expression to personal prejudices. Give the two men a chance to show their quality, let them be judged by their RECORDS, not by whatever preconceptions may now be held.

THERE were a great many things to consider in making these selections. With Ashland already represented by Senator Dunn, it was important to have Medford and the rural districts also represented. Mr. Taylor is from Medford, an old time resident of the highest standing; Mr. Brockway, master of the Jacksonville grange, a practical farmer, is splendidly qualified to represent the rural districts. The two appointments therefore give Jackson county a well rounded REPRESENTATION.

IT was also highly desirable in these appointments to void selections which would have opened old sores, and tended to revive the bitter internal strife, from the destructive effects of which the community is just recovering.

From this viewpoint citizens actively identified with either faction, or who held local office during the "rebellion" were automatically eliminated.

Fortunately neither Taylor nor Brockway were thus involved. They were identified with neither faction, nor were they ex-office holders, with the inevitable underground complications.

IN fact their strongest recommendation and the strongest hope we have of their success is their complete FREEDOM from any entangling alliances. While they both happen to be Republicans, they were not even the selection of that party's central committee.

They both go to Salem, as free as the air, literally with no interest to represent but the public interest,—nothing to thwart them in doing whatever they believe should be done, to advance the welfare of their district and their state.

WE believe they will both give a good account of themselves. They are men of good judgment, integrity and character. While they do not happen to be the two this paper originally favored—we are for them, and eager to do whatever we can to transform what we KNOW will be a record of conscientious endeavor, into a record of constructive achievement.

Have They the Courage?

STATE REPRESENTATIVE OLEEN would finance destitution relief through issues of county bonds in small denominations, the bonds to be backed by proceeds of taxes delinquent from 1927 to the present and to be paid, interest and principal, from the proceeds of those taxes when collected, either in cash or by foreclosure and sale of the property against which the taxes lie.

It is not likely that bonds could be marketed on any such basis. The interest rate on delinquent taxes is so low that there is little inducement to pay them. The process of collection by foreclosure and sale is slow. Bond buyers would be certain to eye askance so uncertain a security.

Mr. Oleen has distinguished precedent for his failure to put into his bill provision for any adequate measures to collect delinquent taxes and make them a sound security. The governor, only a few days ago, similarly kept away from anything of the kind in advocating application for a federal loan against delinquent taxes. Mr. Oleen's proposed bond buyers, not less than good old Uncle Sam, are likely to require that the security of delinquent taxes be made sound before borrowings are made against them.

Officeholders and politicians being what they are, one begins to wonder whether there will be anybody in the legislature courageous enough to initiate legislation to enforce collection of taxes.—Oregonian.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Rarely has a deeply ingrained reverence for an American actor so flowered into spontaneous outbursts as the cheers for George M. Cohan's new success. At 58, he proves again to be "the first actor." In a play by the first playwright Eugene O'Neill, A Guild production, if you please!

There have always been die-hardards about Cohan, where he is so beloved. But in cruetier circles where anything English, even to the perverse philosophy of Noel Coward and Lonsdale, is revered, too such Cohan remains: "Clever, you know. But just a hooper!"

In his latest offering Cohan gives the stage a new technique in restraint. His entrance is even muted by another figure obscuring him. At every curtain drop the audience glances about bewildered to realize it is in a theater. Joe Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle did no better job of characterization.

Most critics agree Cohan far outshone the play. There is no other actor likely to have transmuted it into the moving pastel of a country editor's life it is. I have heard Cohan will do one more play of his own. Then permanently retire. And what a loss that will be!

If E. E. Paramore, Jr. is correctly guessed, Peter B. Kyne is definitely washed up with motion pictures as one of the arts. Asked to express

an opinion of a film, Kyne barked: "Never go to pictures. Asking me to see a movie is like asking Father-awki to hear a child do five-finger exercises."

Beauty no longer seems the commercial asset it was. Dearth of musical shows and cabarets cramped the local market. But a bigger reason is movies no longer depend upon personal pulchritude. Katharine Hepburn, now in ascendancy, would not become "Miss America" at an Atlantic City pageant. Neither would Garbo. Katharine Cornell, best box office bet of the stage, is in the same category. Eva La Gallienne's family gazed disappointedly in the cradle at the ugly little thing.

No. 277 Park avenue is likely the last of the rambling mid-town apartment structures with huge inside court, throbbing fountains, graveled walks and terraced gardens. Among its many celebrities is Geraldine Ferrar. So vast is the inside area some 20 doormen are on duty. The demand for space will likely never permit another of its type.

Arthur Samuels, of Harper's Bazaar, has been more successful than any other editor extracting short stories from Dorothy Parker. Of all modern writers she is most difficult in obtaining copy. A dozen editorial hands are extended for anything she turns out. But her total output consists of three slim and tortuously winnowed volumes of verse and two books of short stories.

"Thingumbob": Norma Shearer is Carnera's favorite movie star... Helen Broderick, comedienne, has a 22-year-old son... Paul Whiteman's albumen in ascendancy, would not permit candy every six weeks... Small and Lesser promise "bigger and better productions" in Hollywood... Constance Collier has a Sealham that barks only at Japanese... Lee Shubert never takes eyes off the stage when he takes a theater seat... H. T. Webster, Herb Roth and Milt Gross have lunched together every

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.
Signed letters pertaining to personal ailments and hygiene not to disease 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 St. Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

SO BEE STING IS GOOD FOR RHEUMATISM?

Personally I don't believe more than a small fraction of the tales of great new cures that come out of Europe, via the popular press. Even when the yarn is replete with circumstances and the names of the savants who figure in it, I just admire the imagination of the correspondent or the imagination of a medical chronicler.

But here is one that gives me pause. It comes from our regular correspondent in Paris, I mean the correspondent of our leading medical journal, so listen. Prof. Maurice Perrin and Mr. Alain Cuenot of the Nancy medical school decided to try some experiments to test the popular belief that bee stings are good for the rheumatism. Now, right here I wash my hands of this. I don't even know what rheumatism is, if anything, and I warn you that I can give no further information than you will find in this article.

The gentlemen began their investigation with great skepticism. Or so the medical correspondent says now. They were astonished when they found the bee venom actually does benefit victims of rheumatism. You know as well as I do what they mean by rheumatism! Among the conditions they studied were cases of arthritis deformans, articular rheumatism (this quaint diagnosis is extinct in America), arthritis, rheumatoid pains, muscular pains, lumbago and sciatica. There you have the works, I should say. About all the painful maladies not included are neuritis, bursitis, felon and corn. But the French are that way. Everything goes in the soup.

The technique these Nancy investigators employed was quite simple. They collected bees by holding a wide mouth bottle before the opening of the beehive. They took up the bees one by one with forceps and placed a sufficient number in a cupping glass on a sheet of paper. The cupping glass was then placed on the skin at the site chosen, the paper quickly withdrawn, and the bees set to work promptly, being somewhat annoyed at the indignity.

The experimenters assert that the pain caused by the stings is much less in a person affected with rheumatism, whatever that may be, than it is in a normal person. While the stings must be applied to the painful or affected spot, the action of the venom may be exerted at a distance or throughout the system.

Thirty bees stinging the patient at one sitting, a sitting every three days, and the treatment continued from day for three years... Ernest Hemingway sits at the same table every night in Pedro Chicote's cafe in Madrid... Jed Kiley and Hank Wales, long Paris cronies, are now bungalowing together in Hollywood.

Otto Kahn's favorite gesture in higgling concerns the white silk handkerchief that adorns his evening clothes. He hides it from his valet after wearing so it will not go to the laundry. Few humans haven't a tiny touch of absurd stingsness. The ex-King of Spain, like Rupert Hughes, is a rubber-band-saver. Mayor Gaynor's coat lapels were always edged with stray pins picked up here and there. Frank Fay is a paper bag putter-awayer.

My prize parsimony is with tubes of tooth and shaving paste. I squeeze them to paper thinness—no one salvages so much service. Then some limp of devility makes me fold them, when deflated, into a lump to fire out a bath window at the crossing. "Tubes I mean, not tin. Some day I will triumph and my next stand will probably be behind latticed bars calling "Hey Jack, gotta match!" to passers-by. (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

FREIGHTERS COLLIDE IN NEW YORK WATERS

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—(AP)—Two freighters collided in lower New York Bay shortly after midnight today, leaving one so badly damaged that for a time it was feared she would sink.

The damaged vessel was the Ohioan of the American-Hawaiian line, rebound from Seattle. The other was the Libert of the Cosmopolitan line, which had just cleared for Baltimore and LeHavre.

Trustees of the internal improvement board of Florida have applied to the federal public works administration for a \$494,000 loan to be used in reforestation.

Australia now has 58 woolen mills producing about 16,000,000 square yards of woollens, worsteds and flannels, a million blankets and 8,000,000 pounds of yarn yearly.

San Diego firemen dashed to a home in response to an alarm to help untangle a cat from a washing machine.

ATTENTION TURKEY GROWERS!

Receiving Turkeys Nov. 24-25-26 at Davis Transfer Co. South Grape St., Medford.

Licensed and bonded by the State of California. References: Bank of America, Cal. & Mont.; Garmery & Co., San Francisco, Cal.

DANCE DAD DYNES Grand Opening ORIENTAL GARDENS

Saturday, Nov. 25 Two Orchestras Two dances, one admission Big Hall | Small Hall Jazz | Old Time Men 35c. Ladies 10c

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

The San Francisco Chronicle says: "The Chamber of Commerce of the United States, representing American business, urgently calls on President Roosevelt to stabilize business by stabilizing the money in which business is done. It demands early return to 'a' gold standard, but not necessarily to 'the' gold standard. It is ready, provided it can be done soon, to accept a devalued dollar, or fewer grains of gold than the former gold standard, so that there may be restored parity between gold and paper without further inflating the one and deflating the other." "But it wants it DONE NOW. It deplores the continued artificial manipulation of a fluctuating dollar, which imperils even the national credit, and makes all long term business commitments impossible."

TO THAT SENTIMENT, this quite insignificant writer would like to add a loud and fervent "Amen!" If we're going to have inflation, let's have it, and get it out of our way, and find out definitely what our cheaper dollar is worth today and is GOING TO BE WORTH tomorrow. If we're not going to have inflation, let's find that out also.

ABOVE all else, let's get to SOME KIND of standard that will be reasonably dependable so that business men can make future commitments with some degree of assurance that these commitments can be carried out without ruin.

LACK of confidence has punished us terribly in this country in the past year or so.

First it was lack of confidence in the banks. People took their money out of the banks and hid it in socks or buried it under the house or laid it away in safe deposits, thus weakening the foundation upon which the modern business structure is built, which is bank credit.

Bank credit, as everyone must know, is built upon BANK DEPOSITS. When bank deposits shrink, bank credit must shrink along with them. Then, just as hysterical fear about the banks began to pass away, talk of inflation came along and shook confidence in the ultimate value of the dollar.

JUST as people wouldn't make a move toward business expansion when they were fearful of the banking structure, and later COULDN'T make a move because they couldn't get credit, they now won't make a move toward business expansion because they don't know what kind of money they will get paid in if they sell or will have to pay in if they buy.

It's getting to be high time to end all this uncertainty.

SPEAKING of inflation brings up the subject of credit, and as everybody knows lack of credit is generally supposed to be the principal thing wrong with us.

That is to say, we're out on a limb because we can't borrow enough to get us off.

PARTIALLY true, without a doubt. But only PARTIALLY.

The real root of our trouble is TOO MUCH CREDIT back in the big years when everything was lovely and the goose hung high.

We borrowed so much then that it's wrecking us now to pay it back.

WE NEED CREDIT, of course; must have it if we are going to go on doing business. Modern business CAN'T be done without credit.

But unlimited new credit ISN'T our biggest present need. What we all need now, more than anything else, is to get our debts paid and get back to the place where we have a little money of our own to do business on and don't NEED so much credit.

That goes for individuals and governments alike.

Now Ex-Princess Flight 'o Time



Mary McCormic, opera star, as she appeared in a Los Angeles court seeking a divorce from her husband, Prince Serge M'Divani, member of the "marrying M'Divani's". It was granted as she dropped provisions for separate maintenance or alimony. (Associated Press Photo)

(Medford and Jackson County history from the files of The Mail Tribune of 26 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY November 23, 1923. (It was Thursday.) Sams Valley ranchers sell many sheep.

County court provides aid for 15 families "to whom fate has been cruel in the midst of prosperity." All arrived here last spring from Texas, and have been "unable to make ends meet, through no fault of their own."

Real estate sales in Central Point district show lively signs.

City and county over-subscribe quotas for relief of Armenians and Belgians.

Cold mornings and balmy afternoons are the order of the day.

Head River, Ore., is hit by a terrific flood. Damage slight.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY November 23, 1913. (It was Sunday.) Forecast of snow gives promise of a "white Thanksgiving" here.

War on blight started in orchards of valley, and a weekly paper says "the heritage of mankind is in the balance, as the Constitution provides."

High price of eggs in Oregon to be proved by government.

Frank Upton of Central Point district was a recent business visitor in Medford. Some of the finest Spita apples on display at the exhibit building came from his orchard, and several boxes of the same fruit have been sent to the Chicago land show.

Portland to place a "taboo" on the tango dance.

Tom Matthews, 16, of Wrens, Ga., lost his left arm in a cotton gin and three weeks later the accidental discharge of a shotgun tore away his right arm.

HEALTH ASSOCIATION WILL MEET FRIDAY

The Jackson County Public Health association meeting tomorrow afternoon at the court house promises to be one of the largest of the year and members in all localities are urged to be present for the interesting program arranged. The meeting will open at 2:30 o'clock and each member is asked to bring spoon, cup and saucer for tea, as the court house is without china.

Read the "Ads" but don't ignore medical opinion. If you want to keep bowels regular and comfortable, make constipated spells rare as colds, avoid danger of bowel strain.

A doctor will tell you that the careless choice of laxatives is a common cause of chronic constipation. Any hospital offers evidence of the harm done by harsh laxatives that drain the system, weaken the bowel muscles, and even affect the liver and kidneys. Fortunately, the public is fast returning to laxatives in liquid form.

Can Constipation be Corrected? "Yes!" say medical men. "Yes!" say thousands who have followed this sensible medical advice: 1. Select a good liquid laxative. 2. Take the dose that you find suited to your system. 3. Gradually reduce the dose until bowels are moving regularly without assistance.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin has the average person's bowels as regular as clockwork in a few weeks' time. Why not try it? Some pill or tablet may be more convenient to carry. But there is no "convenience" in any cathartic that's taken so frequently, you must carry it wherever you go!

What is the "Right" Laxative? The real root of our trouble is TOO MUCH CREDIT back in the big years when everything was lovely and the goose hung high.

In buying any laxative, read the label. Not the claims, but the contents. If it contains one doubtful drug, don't take it. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a prescriptional

NOTICE TURKEY GROWERS

Don't Ship Your Turkeys On Consignment WE WILL BUY TWO CARLOADS FOR CASH

We Will Pay the HIGHEST Market Price Honest Weight Fair Grade

Friday and Saturday Nov. 24-25

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