

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry. "Why don't you come out, and run for something, some time!" Mae West—ed a citizen to another citizen yesterday.

Dr. F. G. Pease of the Mt. Wilson Observatory and Fred Pearson of the University of Chicago have audited the speed of light, and report it travels 299,774 kilometers per second.

One is pained to note upon the smearing lip of Hon. John Dillinger, the Indiana killer and bandit, now reposing in an Arizona jail, a wisp of moustache, known in flippant circles as a "go-to-hell" moustache.

Most of the 15-year-old lassies got home before noon today from the last Saturday night dancing.

Russia and Japan are both talking war. On their Great War record, the Russians are the best runners. You will perhaps recall that every time they had the Germans cornered, and a Russian victory was inevitable, "in the Carpathians" the Russians started running.

YE FIONEER KIDS. (Pendleton East Oregonian) Parents should keep their children, in the shape of small, bad boys, away from the depot, as we are told by the "railroad boy" that some of them will be killed.

There has been no "revolutionary militancy" in these parts for some time. Lack of desire on the part of the "revolutionists" to have the state board and run them for an indefinite period, is blamed for the peacefulness. It looks like the Sales Tax campaign would be conducted with no more mayhem than displayed in a polite wrestling contest.

One of the new model autos has no running board, so where is the wolf that has been hanging around the backyards, going to sit.

The report he would run for something in the primary is wrong, as he has gone and purchased a new car and lost the old Ford vote.

GREAT GRANDAD. Great Grandad was a busy man. He cooked his grub in a frying pan; He picked his teeth with his huntin' knife And wore the same suit all his life.

Twenty-one children came to bless The old man's home in the wilderness; But Great Grandad he didn't lose heart, For the dogs hunted rabbits and they fetched right smart.

He raised 'em rough and raised 'em well, When their feet took hold of the road to hell. He filled 'em full of the fear of God And straightened 'em out with his old ramrod.

The President's Birthday

IT is extremely fitting that the celebration of President Roosevelt's birthday tonight, should take the form of a popular contribution to finance the war against infantile paralysis. For in our opinion the turning point in President Roosevelt's career, is marked by the time he contracted this dread disease.

The amazing thing about Roosevelt, since his inauguration, has been and still is, his unconquerable self confidence and optimism, his freedom from all doubts and misgivings, the buoyancy and bounce of his spirit.

WHERE did this spirit come from, this self confidence, this smiling optimism and conquering faith? Here was a comparatively young man, born to the purple, raised in the lap of luxury, who entered public life obviously as merely a "careerist", a man who before his nomination for the presidency, had never given any striking evidence of outstanding ability or moral fibre but was generally accepted as merely another "politician",—an opportunist who pulled the wires so well, that he secured a nomination which the outstanding leaders of his party, neither wanted, nor expected him, to have.

And then a miracle was performed! Or at least what most close political observers regarded as a miracle. From the moment he took office Franklin D. Roosevelt proved himself to be the man of the hour.

HOW did it happen, how did it all come about, why did no one, before the event, discern the TRUE character of this man? The reason as we see it, was that the Roosevelt character was judged by what he had done in public life, not what he had done in his private life,—attention was concentrated upon his political record, and no attempt was made to lift the veil, and discern what Franklin D. Roosevelt had done as a MAN.

MANY years before he was elected governor of New York, Franklin D. Roosevelt was stricken by infantile paralysis, from perfect health he was suddenly crushed, and brought to the very gates of death. His life was despaired of, his political career was done—or at least so everyone assumed.

But this young Roosevelt had another idea. He fought against death and won,—won against overwhelming odds. A hopeless cripple—or so the doctors said—he refused to accept that verdict either, and he refused to abandon the career he had chosen. At the very next democratic convention, he appeared; he not only appeared, he was carried to the speaker's platform and there sitting down in a chair, he made the nominating speech for Alfred E. Smith—that famous peroration to the "Happy Warrior".

He delivered a tribute to the Governor of New York, which should have been delivered to himself. For he WAS the Happy Warrior and he is today.

IT was that victory, that victory over death, that victory that he won over HIMSELF, that made him the man, everyone recognizes he is today. THAT EXPLAINS HIM!

When a man has faced death, and conquered, when a man has faced the end of his career, and by sheer fortitude and will, refused to accept the verdict,—when a man by his own efforts and his own efforts alone,—has shown himself to be "master of his fate, captain of his soul"—well he is a different man thereafter. From that time forward he is never the same.

AND so it is most fitting that the country should celebrate the president's birthday with a popular contribution to a "Roosevelt fund" which will be devoted to the war against infantile paralysis.

For it was the crisis in his career, brought about by that dread disease that gave the American people the inspired leadership—gave them the KIND of president—they are so fortunate in having TODAY!

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D. Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to discuss 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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

TWO OLD TIMERS THAT LISTLESS AND LETHARGIC FOLK SHOULD KNOW. For years I have been trying to devise different ways of saying in the space of a short article what a rare old timer said as a success story as a Scotchman would send a telegram: "He who would eat much must eat little." This famous epigram of CORNARO makes people think.

Luigi Cornaro (whose life you had better read, if your public library is still open) attained the age of 102 years four centuries ago—equivalent to 200 years today, I should estimate. Yet in his youth he did indeed apply hot and rebellious liquors in his blood and all the other health-destroying and life-shortening evils the roistering youth in the eighteenth century indulged in like all fools, laughed at doctors and health rules when he was a rollicking blade. If his conscience ever troubled him at all he drowned it out as do all fools. It was not until he had become what in those days was regarded as an old man, nearly forty, that he got hygiene. You know, as Cornaro taught two great lessons in hygiene, to all who care to learn how to keep well. First, that one must eat sparingly to live long. Second, that it is never too late to get hygiene.

Then there was another great old-timer named George Cheyne found himself at thirty listless, lethargic, short of breath and much overweight. He weighed 488 pounds in fact and in whatever he wore in Scotland, early in the eighteenth century, he didn't despair. He girded up his loins with a ship's cable and entered upon a reduction regimen, dieting on milk and vegetables chiefly, and gradually accustoming himself to exercise. In this way Cheyne reduced his weight to 180 pounds and lived to the age of 72 years. His essay on health and long life is still a classic and his sportsman contains much wisdom even for today. This one is quoted in the doctor's bible—"Cleric's Practice": "Every wise man, after fifty, ought to begin to lessen the quantity of his aliment, and if he would continue free of great and dangerous distempers and preserve his senses and faculties

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Sulphur Dioxide. What effect has sulphur dioxide gas, used in refrigeration, on one's physical condition?—R. B. Answer—Human beings quickly become tolerant to small amounts of sulphur dioxide in the air, but frequent exposure causes chronic inflammation of the respiratory tract, and of course a gasping by a break in the pipes containing sulphur dioxide may fatally poison. Acute poisoning produces suffocation from spasm of the throat, and burning of the moist mucous membranes by the formation of sulphuric acid.

Is there any rule to determine the sex of the child before birth?—Mrs. V. H. Answer—There is no dearth of "rules" or methods, but in my opinion no one can predetermine the sex of the child. And it is probably better so.

Speed the Smarter Guests. This little booklet of yours about "Unhidden Guests" is worth many times the 15 cents it costs. By following instructions in the booklet for ringworm or fungus foot itch I have obtained more relief than I got from much medical treatment. R. O. H.

Answer—Ringworm, fungus itch, athlete's foot, trichophyton, gymnasium or swimming pool itch. Take your choice of names for it. It is a parasitic infestation and hence belongs in the category with cooties and the like. (Copyright, 1934, 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, Cal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre. NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—Bob Hague is about the last of Broadway's good fellows, the sort who purge decorous gatherings with blasts of comedy. A millionaire, he has rounded the Horn on wind-jammers, knocked about on the hell-roaringest sea-ports and toyed with a teacup in select drawing-rooms.

As vice-president of a major oil company, he controls a fleet of freighters and is loved by his crews, from oil wiper to captain. He is married to Mary Lewis, the freckled Arkansas beauty who sang her way from Tailor-on-the-Beach to the Metropolitan opera.

Indicative of his grasp of the arts, three months ago he married a girl, Miss Lewis he naively observed one evening at home: "They tell me you sing! Let's hear you!" And while she trilled her golden-throated arias he clung to a dead cigar and snored. But she adores him.

Hague by wireless from somewhere in Brazil will act as host to several hundred actors at the Lambs. He is a sucker for the hard luck story and can put away a quart of Bourbon and still yawn over the dullness of the evening. His favorite irony is William Caxton, the actor.

A tragic-comic tale concerns a jet-bonneted lady carrying her deceased Peke to Brooklyn in a hand satchel for interment. A man in the subway asked if he might not relieve her of her burden. She held to it nervously. He followed her up the steps, snatched the satchel and sprinted!

The Hartlandale Dog Cemetery is the resting place for most New York dogs whose owners can afford the reasonable charges. A plot and burial cost about \$35 and for \$5 yearly graves are kept green. It is on an upward slope from the Hudson.

The most depressing structure in town is the mammoth and abandoned hospital at West End avenue and 72nd street, occupying almost a half block on the former site of the mansion of Huyler the candy man. It is now in rapid decay, broken windowed and cobwebby. I am told bondholders salvaged only a penny for each dollar invested. It blocks away on Riverside Drive is the Bonus Camp, where jobless ex-soldiers are bravely riding the economic storm in tin can buses. There should be a ligature between this forlorn building, with room for all, and the cold, cramped quarters of the squatters.

Upper Broadway, beyond 72nd, dotes on rich food. Many shops harbor the diabetic grocer, the diabetic bakery, get thin restaurants and other round-ups for obesity. The grand hotel of the district is the gingerbreaded Assonby, dubbed at dedication "Stokes' Polly," and the Manhattan home of Theodore Disler. The swank apartment house is the Astor, a grim building with gray uniformed guards and enormously sombre inside court.

I strolled up a mare's nest in a recent sniff for precise grammar. But the majority of letters maintain, paraphrasing Hamlet: "The paragraph's the thing." The greatest stylists and masters of rhetoric with flyspeck criticisms are so often bores. An analogy may be found with champion golfers. With the exception of Bobby Jones, the greatest are deviators from orthodox form.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS. CRITICS tell us the newspapers print too much that is fluff, inconsequential or sensational, and too little that is solid and informative.

The answer of the newspapers is that they print what their readers WANT TO READ.

AS THESE words are written, two stories are coming over the wire. One tells of the resignation of Premier Camille Chautemps, of France, and his entire cabinet. The other describes the sudden and mysterious departure of Mary Pickford from Boston last night, in her car, escorted by a Massachusetts state police car.

She suddenly left the stage where she had been appearing, after complaining to the police a man and woman had been trailing her, left Boston in her own car, with a police escort, drove to a private home at Buzzard's Bay, and upon arriving refused to see any outsider or to answer the telephone.

Which of these stories will YOU read first and with most interest? YOU, of course, may be the exception, and read the first and with keenest relish all about the resignation of the premier of France and his entire cabinet.

But MOST readers will read first and with greatest interest all about Mary and her mysterious departure from Boston.

ON THE front page of a representative Southern Oregon newspaper yesterday, there were 38 stories. Of these 38 stories, only TWO dealt with crime, one telling of the breaking of a gang of Middle Western criminals and the other relating what the officers are going to do to put an end to kidnaping. Two stories, both short, neither heavily displayed, dealt with divorce—one the impending separation of the sister of Curtis Dail, son-in-law of President Roosevelt, and her husband, and the other with the application of Dorothy McCall for a divorce from her crooner husband.

One story dealt with an automobile accident in which two women were injured, there were several stories dealing with the liquor problem involved in the new Knox law and its application, two stories about local politics and several sport stories.

Remember that proportion—two crime stories, two possible scandal stories—if routine divorce is regarded as scandal, which is rather doubtful—and thirteen stories dealing with economic conditions.

That isn't unduly stressing crime and scandal, is it? A NOTHER story told of the unusual mild winter prevailing in Oregon this year. There was a tale about the finding, up in the Willamette valley, of the skeleton of an Indian, with a long knife buried beside him.

Another concerned the warning of Superintendent Pray, of the state police, that if the state liquor commission puts liquor prices too high the bootlegger will get the business. And so on—just an average picture of an average day.

THE newspapers are not perfect—few institutions are. They do print much that is trivial. But then there is a lot in life that is trivial. The fact remains, however, that they do represent a fairly accurate picture of the life of their day.

MILLION INCREASE TO 4-L LUMBER WORKERS. PORTLAND, Jan. 30.—(AP)—W. C. Reunitts, president of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, said today the recent wage advance of 2 1/2 cents an hour for employes of 4-L logging camps and sawmills, will increase the payroll by at least \$1,000,000.

The increase to 45 cents an hour for common labor will be effective Feb. 1.

BAKER, Jan. 30.—(AP)—Bernard Mainwaring, editor of the Democrat-Herald here, and Miss Jennie Lewis of Pasadena, Cal., friends here have been advised. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Francis M. Arant, pastor of the Christian church.

For QUICK, dependable FUEL OIL Delivery, phone 315, Ends Transfer Co.

HUSKY THROATS. Overtaxed by speaking, singing, VICKS' COUGH DROP.

Sinclair Is Charged With Embezzlement

Warrants for the arrest of Harry F. Sinclair (above), oil magnate, and 24 other men high in oil and banking circles were issued at Tulsa, Okla., Embezzlement in connection with the failure of the Exchange Trust company was charged. (Associated Press Photo)



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Counties tax \$90,543 greater than last year. Victor Bursell files for county commissioner. County fair board decides to "have a racing program next fall, that will never be forgotten."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY. January 30, 1914. (It was Wednesday.) More varieties of roses needed in Medford yards. O. A. C. expert declares. New contract for Pacific highway over Siskiyou signed.

Salem politician reveals plan "to force Wall street to pay all Oregon taxes." "Comely lady of 32" passes \$200 worth of bum checks on Medford merchants. Argument over Socialism in Front street saloon brought to close when one debater stabs the other in the stomach with a jackknife. "Lah ka bibble" takes city by storm as slang term. Mail Tribune editor writes an editorial on it. H. B. Cady, the agate expert, proposes that the front of the new Elks temple fireplace be "faced with home-grown agates."

YOUR KITCHEN CAN BE A MODEL KITCHEN SEE Big Pines Lbr. Co. DEPENDABLE BLDG. ADVICE TEL. 1 FEATURING OWEN-OREGON GRADE MARKED LUMBER

DANCE WED. NITE ORIENTAL GARDENS Music By Dyng's Orchestra Playing Latest Dance Hits

BIG SUMS DONATED TO ROOSEVELT FUND. DETROIT, Jan. 30.—(AP)—Gifts of \$22,500 from the automobile industry of Detroit and \$1,000 from U. S. Senator James Couzens to President Roosevelt's birthday fund, for relief of infantile paralysis sufferers, were announced today by Edsel Ford, treasurer of the committee arranging the birthday ball here.

Mr. Ford said the individual donors of the \$22,500 did not wish their names used.

ROOSEVELT BIRTHDAY RADIO TALK TO BE HEARD OVER OUR BIG WESTERN ELECTRIC SOUND SYSTEM TONIGHT AT 8:15 P. M. YOU WILL HEAR HIM AS THOUGH HE WERE ON OUR VERY STAGE

AGAIN TODAY AND WEDNESDAY Stan LAUREL Oliver HARDY in their new full-length feature picture— SONS OF THE DESERT with CHARLEY CHASE

THEATRE

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History From the Files of The Mail Tribune of 30 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY. January 30, 1924. (It was Wednesday.) Democrats to put a full county ticket in the field. Phoenix to have a "Forum."

Rewies Moore returns from Portland, where he "went with blood in his eye" to deliver an address before the district attorneys' convention, on the interference of Governor Pierce in Jackson county affairs. County tax \$90,543 greater than last year. Victor Bursell files for county commissioner. County fair board decides to "have a racing program next fall, that will never be forgotten."

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KMED Broadcast Schedule

- Wednesday. 12:10—CHAMBER OF COMMERCE NEWS. 8:00—Breakfast News, Mail Tribune. 8:05—Musical Clock. 8:15—Peerless Parade. 8:30—Shopping Guide. 9:00—Friendship Circle Hour. 9:30—Morning Melody. 10:00—Musical Notes. 10:30—Morning Comments. 10:45—Quartettes Parade. 11:00—Grants Pass Hour. 11:15—Marching Along. 11:30—Tone Pictures. 12:00—Mid-day Revue. 12:10—Chamber of Commerce News. 12:15—Radio Rendezvous. 12:30—News Flashes, Mail Tribune. 12:30—Pipe Organ Program. 12:45—Popularity. 1:00—Varieties. 2:00—Classified Edition of Air. 3:00—Songs for Everybody. 3:30—KMED Program Revue. 3:35—Dreaming the Waltz Away. 4:00—Rhythmic Cocktail. 4:30—Masterworks Program. 5:00—Popularity. 5:15—Hilo Serenaders. 5:30—Interlude. 5:45—News Digest, Mail Tribune. 6:00—Medford Theater Guide. 6:15—Al. Fisher's Sports and Fish Flashes. 6:30—Dinner-dance Program. 6:30—Andy Slough, Voice of Radio. 6:45—Motherhood. 7:30 to 8:00—Eventide.

Ye Poet's Corner

Ceaseless Quest. The restless moll of the human heart Is like the ocean waves. With its ceaseless motion and toil For the things that mortal craves. From early morn to shades of night, The hurrying, moving mass; The whole day long, yet never find— What they crave, thru days that pass. The sun may shine or clouds may shade; The flowers bloom and go. Yet the restless heart is ever the same No man of peace they know. We dream our dream of love, to find The heart of song has ceased. The fires of youth burned low, The God of love released. Yet the ceaseless moll of the human heart, Urges mortal to seek its quest, And like the motion of the waves, Find no place where there is rest. From youth to old age go hurrying on Hoping against hope, as it may be; Seeking knowledge, yet ever dumb, Forsooth, Until we enter into eternity. The new-born infant gives his wail, Something the tiny mortal craves; This first surging of the heart begins The endless motion like the waves. And when at last the surge is stilled, The great, the humble are laid low, Yet in our fondest dreams we pray: The spirit's quest may onward flow. —(Old Cowboy Song) Mary O. Carey.

The President To Hear Her Sing

Nan Johnson, 18, of Cleveland is going to take the full three octaves of her soprano voice to Washington some time in March or April and sing for President Roosevelt. (Associated Press Photo)

