

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

Delay in the naming of a state bartender, causes a greater demand for information, than when Lindbergh flew the Atlantic.

It begins to look like a lot of Oregon Democrats, "standing squarely behind the president," should be moved up in front where he can keep an eye on them.

"Miss Garbo is a great artist and a wonderful human being. She is in a class by herself."

Public Enemy No. 182, a strong advocate of hanging the district attorney to reduce the taxes, is again running around like a combination Paul Revere and coyote.

The new spring footwear is now on hand. Grandmaw, 83, has completely recovered from having a bedroom papered.

There was an epidemic of auto driving like the crow flies late yesterday, by a speedster who hit everything, at 60 per, but a service station.

She talked incessantly about the "inalienable rights of women," but failed to show wherein women were denied any "inalienable right."

The Uofo basketball team failed in its quest to raise Ned with the UoW, three, in the northwest conference race. The victor did not care how they made the baskets, as long as they made them.

These inhuman shots counted as much as if they had run around under the basket for three minutes, and then fumbled the ball.

NRA SLAPPED AGAIN (Best Bulletin) EXPERIENCED woman wants work on ranch where she can bring 8 cows. Will do housework, milking, chores and raise garden. Inquire Rt. 2, box 35A.

J. Frank Wortman of Phoenix towned yesterday, emitting 16 cheers for William Jennings Bryan and one for Roosevelt.

A large crowd attended the wrestling match last evening, and cheered the efforts of the grapplers to take each other apart. The cheers were loudest when one combatant savagely yanked the whalers on his foe's bosom.

Wrestling adds nothing to the culture of the community, like a soprano solo, but the degree of pain is about the same. The main asset of a wrestler is his ability to assimilate pain, and always alight when hurled about, upon a soft and non-vital spot. He can register great agony, when suffering no more than if a dentist was ramming a hot crochet needle into a tooth.

THE HAPPEFUL TRUTH A sermon has been preached, and a speech has been delivered, and as those who heard it scatter to their homes they assure one another that it was great. Now, why was it great? It was great simply because it was commonplace, because it contained nothing new, because it was composed of ideas and phrases long dear to the hearts of the hearers. If it had contained a new theory, idea or argument, those who heard it would have come away full of disappointment and resentment.

Man's mind dwells in a rut as he delights in the path that leads to his home. He feels safe in the path, for he has gone that way many times before.

Almost every man is a creature of his childhood. He is a member of this church because his mother assured him this church alone teaches the whole truth; he votes with this political party because his father so voted.

(Ed Howe Monthly.)

Editorial Correspondence

EN ROUTE LOS ANGELES, VIA THE OLD GREEN BUG, Feb. 7.—Hope Southern Oregon got some of the rain that fell in Northern California today. It started to sprinkle when we left about 8 a. m. but only half heartedly until we reached Shasta City. The mountain was shrouded in an inky black cloud from base to summit, then a terrific gale from the south sprang up, and whiff, whooey—how it blew and how it poured!

In no time the little Sacramento was a dashing torrent, rocks and gravel came sliding down from the canyon walls, and before Redding was reached there were good sized lakes in many of the fields. The garage man at Redding said it was the first hard rain in a long time but there had been a shower the day before. Hard to believe looking back at the Sacramento river, full from bank to bank with turbulent water, red brick in color.

A young man walked up at Redding and asked if we weren't from Medford. An answer in the affirmative brought the information that the young man's name is Snider, M. H. S., '29, who broke his foot when broad jumping at the fair grounds, in a high school track meet some years ago. He started the day before hitch hiking from Medford to Los Angeles where he has a job in the radio department of some studio. Got a ride to Weed, then to Redding where he spent the night, but in the storm raging cars were few, and he had had no luck all morning. Gladly gave him a lift, but he had to work for it. Drafted him as chauffeur, and as the windshield wiper went on a strike, the top leaked like a sieve, and Snider didn't bring his umbrella. He can qualify for U-boat service in the next war even though his busted foot kept him out of the last one.

So dark we had to have lights at four in the afternoon, and had the car skidded from the pavement it would have promptly disappeared in the slimy ooze that lined it. At the very worst of it, near Williams, what should loom out of the clouds directly to our right but a huge monoplane, flying low, just grazing the tree tops.—Snider who like most young men is something of an aviator said he was sure it was the regular coast passenger plane on the Medford run. It disappeared as suddenly as it had come, in the rain and fog and mist. Bought a Call Extra as soon as we struck the Berkeley Ferry and was relieved to see it was for the roofing in France, not another airplane tragedy. Hope to learn soon, what the plane was, and what became of it. Perhaps it came down to get its bearings and then shot up above the storm. Here's hoping!

One thing is certain all California garage men are sold on the sales tax. We put the question to four, one at Yreka, one at Redding, one at Woodland and one at San Francisco. And believe it or not they all said the same thing, or practically the same. "We don't like it at first, but now we never think of the nuisance of it, no one does, and how it brings in the money." The garage man in San Francisco talked at some length and appeared very well informed. He said it would raise nearly \$100,000,000 in two years at the present rate, and that the taxes on his own home had been reduced already 30 percent. "The only complaints I get are from outsiders, visitors to California," he said, "they don't like to be bothered with pennies, and some of them think they are being flim-flammed when the pennies are added on their bill. But here in California everyone is for it."

Here is another believe it or not. The hotel in San Francisco where we have stayed for several years—quite a large one—didn't have a room when we arrived. We had to wait an hour until a room was given up.

"What's the convention?" we inquired. (San Francisco is always having conventions.)

"No convention," was the reply. "It's been that way since the first of the year, not only at this hotel but at the others. Yesterday the Palace sent fifty people up here and we had to send them somewhere else."

"Looks like that prosperity that was just around the corner so long, has returned."

"Yep, looks like it" and the clerk tapped his pen on the top of the desk, three times, very deliberately. R. W. R.

Communications

His Tour Convines To the Editor: Two years ago last June we were returning from a trip east, and were near Balboa Beach, thirty-five miles southeast of Los Angeles, Calif. when we were run into by a drunken driver in a large car, and our car badly damaged.

There were four of us in our car, and none badly hurt. The other car was very little damaged, and the driver unhurt. In just a few minutes quite a crowd had gathered, and two state officers and one federal officer were on the scene. The driver of the other car was so drunk that in trying to drive away before the officers gave him permission, he ran into another car, also on the wrong side of the road for him, which placed the blame on him without further parley.

These officers took complete charge of the entire adjustments. They said to the offender: "You have damaged Mr. Johnson thru no fault of his. You are under arrest, and your car will be taken to the garage at Huntington Beach, where it will be left until Mr. Johnson's car is repaired and paid for." They also offered us any assistance necessary. They took us to an auto camp, came back several times to see how the work on the car was progressing, etc., and showed us every courtesy. What did all this service cost me? Not a penny. I did not have to make one demand to get just and fair treatment. Those state officers took the entire responsibility into their hands and off my shoulders. The California taxpayers were footing the bills.

This year on the last day of July we started for Nogales, Arizona. We had not reached Crescent City until we wanted some articles which cost fifteen cents, or more, and we began to pay a small tax. Did we object. Not at all. We had done our best to elect the sales tax measure presented to our voters here in Oregon, but which was rejected. Did we appreciate the fine service of the California state officers referred to above? Were we willing to be taxed lightly to help relieve the tax burdened citizens of that state who had every-

thing in sight? Yes, we were. We believe it is only fair.

Mr. Editor, OUR state men are also sworn to do their duty to the hundreds of thousands of tourists who visit our state. Is there anything wrong in having these tourists help pay for this splendid service? The numbers of people from other states visiting our state are by so many times greater than the number of our people visiting other states that this form of sales tax will be greatly in our favor at this point. While our sales tax money, just now, is to go to our schools, it will release other money, and we shall soon feel the relief, and we shall soon want this form of tax to apply to all departments of government.

One of the best examples of how the sales tax will work out is found in our gas tax. A few years ago we were making Oregon car owners, and our already burdened property holder pay for our fine highways. Now, when an outstate driver upon our highways and buys gas here, he helps pay for the upkeep of our roads. Is that fair? Or should our property holders continue to "hold the sack." It seems that surely the people will think for themselves this time instead of letting the politicians do their thinking for them. We are for the sales tax. JOS. M. JOHNSON, Central Point, Ore., Feb. 7, 1934.

HOWARD SCHOOL P.-T. A. PROGRAM FRIDAY NIGHT

"How the Story Grew" is the title of the one-act play to be presented tomorrow evening at 7:45 by the ladies of the Howard school P.-T. A. It was announced today. Musical numbers will also be presented on the program by the Glee-men and the Melody Boys.

A small admission fee will be charged, and the money will be used by the ladies to purchase a kitchen kettle to use in serving the school children hot lunches.

Phone 332, Reinhard Trucking Co. for Coal, Wood or Fuel Oil.

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.

THE INSIDIOUS CALORIES ARE ON YOU BEFORE YOU KNOW IT

When I recall the shock I suffered when my, as I fondly thought, insignificant bald spot was picked out of a large audience as a shining example of a bald head. I can sympathize with the girls who discover all of a sudden that they have grown fat. But their sorrow is tempered with hope. Because it is so easy to put on weight, it is equally easy to get rid of it. The mistake a thousands of girls make when they perceive alas that they have put on many pounds of horrid superfluous flesh, is that they decide to reduce immediately, the quicker the better, they think, and plenty of merchants are glad to cater to that vain unreasonable hope. The fat did not come suddenly; it cannot be made to leave suddenly, without grave risk to health, to say nothing of good looks.

Too rapid reduction is certain to leave more or less unattractively flabby, if not actual wrinkles. Whereas reduction that is as gradual as was the accumulation of the excess weight may be achieved without injury to health or appearance, indeed, with benefit to both. Besides, rarely has any individual the grim determination necessary to stick to a severe reduction regimen more than a day or two. But most overweight adults can follow a sane, moderate reduction schedule for as many weeks or months as may be advisable. By a sane, moderate reduction regimen I mean, including at the rate of not more than two or three pounds a week or better say six to eight pounds in a month.

As a matter of fact a person seldom accumulates excess weight as fast as that.

Before you "go on a diet" you should study some practical arithmetic, learn to count calories at a glance, understand a calorie, and estimate the damage when you exhibit your trayful. Such a familiarity with calories is especially helpful in respect to the chief items of the diet, the everyday vitamins which are mainly responsible for the dirty work. The stereotyped tables showing how many calories in the pound of this and that are too formidable for others than experts. A more practical understanding of the nutritive value of the common staples is gained by learning how many calories in ordinary helpings.

Con the following items carefully, and you will be prepared to keep

fairly close tabs on your calories in any ordinary circumstances: Butter 1 1/2 inches square and 1/2 inch thick, weighs one-half ounce and yields 115 calories. A ball of butter, as served in many eating places, yields about 80 calories. Sugar—Each ounce of cane, beet or other sugar yields 110 calories. A teaspoonful of sugar represents 30 calories. Candy may be estimated as equivalent to sugar, ounce for ounce, or piece for piece.

Bread, white, brown or whole wheat, is usually worth 70 calories for a slice. Toast ditto. Cake or cookies may be credited with caloric value equivalent to that of sugar, weight for weight. An egg, an apple, an orange each yield 75 calories. A glassful of milk (8 ounces) yields 160 calories. (As a pound of milk yields 325 calories, each ounce represents approximately 20 calories.) A banana or a potato represents 100 calories. These are only approximate figures, just to give a general idea.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Two Children for Adoption. Newark, N. J., correspondent writes she has two daughters aged 3 and 11; years that she cannot take care of and is willing to give them up for adoption, and asks me to let her know of any responsible persons who wish to adopt children of that age.

Too Fast. I have been told that I have nervous indigestion. Do you think the "one day fast" would be helpful or harmful? What can you recommend?

Answer—I recommend that you quit fooling and consult a physician. Youth Poison. Does it injure a boy who acquires the tobacco habit in his teens, or is that an old-fashioned idea?—R. B. Jr.

Answer—The almsy-boy, the pretty boy, the yes boy, the moron, the weakling with his amusing attempt to cover his inferiority complex by being nonchalant, in short the youth with a yellow streak and no character is quite likely to acquire this and other bad habits. There is no question that tobacco in any quantity is injurious to the physical health of anyone who has not attained full adult development.

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, Feb. 8.—From a wide and mall-centered exclusive residential street ruffled only by soft limousine purrs, Park avenue in three years has become about a car's ride from the city. A victim of those sudden mass formations assaulting every lengthwise metropolitan street.

Opening of the Waldorf and the surrounding hotel boom, coupled with the flowering of many restaurants a few steps from the streets, precipitated the boom. It's still the swankiest boulevard but headed for the fate of Fifth, which has acquired the brassy ring of commerce.

While the select clubs such as the Paquet and Union, will likely remain on Park, many deluxe apartment spires are merely waiting for the economic pinprick to be torn down for office spires. Smart shops are already niched in many buildings known only by numbers and more are flowering.

Crossing Park avenue between 52nd and 73rd offers the same hazy view of the city. The view is a 42nd and Fifth avenues at the rush hurrah. Nobody knows what "the" residential street of the future will be. Many predict it will jump eastward to Third avenue, where old structures and the elevated will be razed.

Ethel Levy, returning from long exile in London to remain permanently, puffs at a mentholated imitation of a burning cigarette in a long white holder when she appears in public. It is a British dingle affected by many trying to cut down or give up cigarettes. Miss Levy, with her husband, Claude Graham-White, is quartered at the Gotham and making additions as a prelude to a national radio hook-up.

It's pleasant to see the veteran Art Young's drawings again in pages of the magazine. A livable radical, he casts his personal fortunes with the down-trodden. Yet his jets of humor never fail to find occasional flare in plutocratic periodicals. Scarcely a magazine—from The Masses to The New Yorker—has not printed one or more of his boldly-stroked limnings in the past 30 years.

New York's most exclusive and expensive chop-uey restaurant is along Broadway's Automobile Row. Although long established, unpretentious from the street, it rarely seems to have more than a handful of patrons. Its longevity is due to a chorus girl trade, maids who bring along wealthy admirers unimpaired of the tariff. After 1 1/2 m., the coat room is raked with ermine coats and silk hats. Another room, Chinese extra-ordinary is the Port Arthur, long a landmark in Chinatown and one of

the few places with a dining balcony, lantern-hung, overlooking the street.

Latest in cuff links are fashioned in miniature dumbbell shapes of silk cord. They are in bright dabs of solid silver, color and the idea of ex-king Alfonso, who also launched the peer of red silk handkerchief and red lapel rose with a dinner coat.

Morgan Dennis is one of America's most famous etchers of dogs. He turns out engravings of society pooches of high pedigree. After innumerable contacts with all canine breeds, his admiration is strongest for the Scottie. He believes this specie is the most loyal and tractable. His second choice is the dachshund, which is reminiscent of a shop specializing solely in dachshunds has opened on 56th street.

Thingumabobs: Helen Morgan, who has quit night club work, drops in to one as a patron almost every night. . . . Cobina Wright puffs miniature after dinner cigars in the Lillian Russell fashion. . . . Harry Richman is regarded by Tin Pan Alley as the ace of the popular song "putter overers." . . . Leonard Bergman has stick pins from 29 different countries. . . . George White goes into a tap dance every morning before breakfast. . . . Francine Larrimore has four babies named for her. . . . Ethel Waters now has the largest earning capacity of any actress on Broadway. . . . And is distributing it in savings banks and annuities. . . . Leonard Merrick, very shy, tried all his life to go to tea but only got to three. . . . He would walk away after ringing the door bell.

I nearly choked over the wheat-cakes today when Frank Menke recalled one of Lew Dockstader's old ones. The drunk in the subway away from the train finally lurched up to the guard and mumbled: "Where are we?" He replied: "We are approaching 42nd street." The steward: "Never mind the details. What city are we in?" (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

At the meeting Tuesday evening of the Ashland city council, M. C. Linger, member of the council, tendered his resignation, in order that he might legally sell gravel to the city from his plant, the only one in Ashland. Mr. Linger said that he needed the business, but as a member of the council, he would be unable to sell the material to the city of Ashland. It will be necessary for the council to elect his successor.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS THIS headline flares across the front page: "Dollar Cut 41 Per Cent." A news paragraph below the headline says: "President Roosevelt today revealed the gold dollar at 59.06 per cent of its former weight."

The new gold dollar will contain 15 and five-twenty-firsts grains of gold nine-tenths fine. The former gold dollar contained 23.8 grains.

HERE is what average, ordinary people, such as you and I, want to know: "What does all this mean to me?" And here is the answer, which is substantially accurate so far as the present and the immediate future are concerned: NOTHING AT ALL.

IF YOU want to prove or disprove that answer, go out and test it for yourself.

Take a dollar and go up and down the street and spend it for ordinary necessities. Then compare what you get in return for what you get in return for a dollar similarly spent a month ago.

You will find that TODAY you get substantially the same amount in return for your dollar that you got a month ago.

Yet today your dollar contains only 59.06 per cent as much gold as it contained a month ago.

"WELL," you say, puzzled, as you "WELL," you say, puzzled, as you "WELL," you say, puzzled, as you "WELL," you say, puzzled, as you

have a right to be, "what is it all about, anyway? Why all this thimberling with the gold content of the dollar? What's all the shooting about?"

Putting it as simply as such a subject can be put, which ISN'T very simple, the shooting is principally at foreign trade.

Let's see if we can illustrate: Suppose you're buying a shipload of French wine. Remember, you can't pay for this wine with dollars. The French wine maker doesn't want dollars, any more than you would want francs if you sold some Frenchman a shipload of potatoes. You wouldn't know what to do with the francs, and he wouldn't know what to do with the dollars.

So, in order to pay for your wine, you would have to buy francs. That is, you would have to EXCHANGE your dollars for francs.

That is exactly what foreign exchange means—just changing the money of one country into the money of another, so that people doing business between the two countries can pay for what they buy.

Now let's get down to the nub of the question: Before we went off the gold standard, you could buy about 25 and a half francs for your dollar. Now, with the gold dollar devalued, you can buy only about 15 and a half francs.

Obviously, you could buy MORE WINE with 25 francs than you can buy with 15.

The full value gold dollar, you see, MADE IT EASIER to buy goods abroad and impart them in competition with our own industries, and MADE IT HARDER to sell our own goods abroad.

THAT'S about the long and the short of this whole gold-content business, of which we have been reading so much. When you come right down to it, it's really just another sort of protective tariff.

CHANGING the gold content of a country's money doesn't necessarily affect very much the INTERNATIONAL buying power of that money.

England, you know, went off the gold standard long ago, thus reducing the gold content of the pound. But British prices didn't change much. That is to say, in terms of what the British SOLD EACH OTHER, the value of the pound remained about the same.

It was only in terms of what they SOLD THE FOREIGNER, or bought from him, that changed.

That is about what will happen in our case.

SO DON'T get all hot and bothered about the dollar in your pocket. It's still a perfectly good dollar—worth, for your purposes, just about what it was worth before its spectacular devaluation.

You aren't buying wine in France, you know, or pretzels in Germany, or roast beef in England. You're buying bread and butter and meat and clothes and house rent right here in the United States, and for that purpose your dollar is going to be worth about the same it has been worth.

AS PEOPLE regain their confidence and money begins to pass from hand to hand more rapidly, so that it becomes easier to get, just as ducks and geese are easier to get when more of them are flying, the purchasing power of your dollar will go down. When that happens, we will begin to complain that the cost of living is GOING UP.

But the process will be gradual—so gradual that you won't notice

Arrest Ordered By U. S. Senate

William P. MacCracken, Jr., a former department of commerce official, was formally placed under arrest under a senate warrant. The action was taken because he withheld aviation correspondence from the senate mail investigating committee. He is shown testifying at Washington. (Associated Press Photo)

Greater Medford club reports a lack of interest on the part of the public in "war on the housefly." Will import three U. of C. lecturers to explain the dangers.

Estimated 100 unemployed men are waiting for work to start on Pacific highway.

Hotels and lodging houses have made complaints that auto trucks in the early morning wake up their guests by leaving the mufflers open and needless tooting of shrill horns. Chief Hittson announces that the ordinance covering this point will be enforced also.

Large crowd hears temperance lecture on "Haymarket Square."

Home talent will present "Pirates of Penzance" at the Page.

Give the Women a Break. To the Editor: I received so many handshakes over that little article I wrote in regard to the sheriff's office, and so many women congratulated me, I am going to write some more. Here in Jackson county it seems like there are more men than women. They are qualified for the sheriff's office and more seeking it than any other office in the county—and nearly everyone of them gets a certain number of followers, regardless of their qualifications.

Now, in my opinion, a man or a woman either, for that matter, when they make application to have their names put on a primary ballot, should be compelled to take an examination as to their ability to fill the bill—and when they are weighed in the balance and found wanting, and have to depend upon a deputy—and a woman at that—to keep the books and do all the office work, let them step aside and let someone run it who can fill the bill.

In my humble opinion, if a man is not qualified to run it, I am in favor of getting in a woman as sheriff and for her to pay a man two or three hundred dollars a month to walk around with his hands in his pockets and now and then sign his name to some paper.

Give the woman the office and when there is some bold, bad man to deal with, let her call on the traffic officers, and if you hear my gentle voice, he will be on his way in short order and no foolin'.

The time has passed when it is necessary for a sheriff to go around with a big six-shooter hanging to his belt, and anyway, if he got into a scrap with a bad man he couldn't hit the door, probably, of a barn if he was on the inside and the door shut.

So let the traffic officers do the work, if there is any shooting to be done; that's what they are paid for. Good-looking fellows on the force who would turn somersaults all over themselves to get the job if there was a good-looking woman in the office.

Well, I guess I have said enough, as I have already had two or three fellows that I have good reason to believe are figuring on throwing their hats into the ring, give me the silent nod since I wrote the other article.

Well, boys, keep in a good humor; somebody's got to talk.

JOHN B. GRIFFIN Medford, Ore., Feb. 6, 1934.

Fairgrounds Dance Saturday Night

George "Dinky" Moore announces that he will present Archie Ling and his Royal California Serenaders at a special entertainment at the fairgrounds pavilion Saturday night. This ten-piece dance orchestra has just finished several important engagements in southern California and will give local dance lovers an opportunity to hear and dance to the newest hits, according to Mr. Moore.

In keeping with use times—Drugs and Toiletries at Cut Prices at JARMIN'S DRUG STORE

11 from one day to another. There's no occasion to get excited about the value of the dollar in your pocket.

Good News for Kidney Sufferers! Here's a relief that goes right into the stricken kidney and relieves the pain. It's usually 95¢ bottles with a few lemons. Flashes the pain, neutralizes burning acids, brings relief. No more kidney trouble. No more backache. No more painful urines from lack of relief. Ask Druggist for Foley's Kidney Pills. Money back guarantee. 6125

YOUNG KITCHEN CAN BE A MODEL KITCHEN SEE Big Pines Lbr. Co. DEFENSIBLE BLDG. ADVICE Tel 1 FEATHERING OWEN-OREGON GRADE MARKED LUMBER

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 February 8, 1924. (It was Friday) Nevada employs lethal gas for first time in death chamber, and Chinaman is killed in three seconds.

Fair weather is predicted for Sunday, and motorists are planning trips.

June Earhart, well-known nurse, foils a hold-up plot, when two men act suspicious on Pacific Highway, near her home.

Egg market brisk throughout valley. Poultry raising on increase on Sardinia creek.

Measles close Brownsboro school. Rumor that governor will oust Sheriff Terrill causes seven aspirants for job to bob up.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY February 8, 1914. (It was Sunday) Four auto mechanics leave for Portland to attend "Automotive School."

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