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EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION



Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

White paper was muzzed up, and telegraph rolls wasted Wednesday in a press report of a family fight between Lupe Voles and Johnny Weissmuller, movie stars, who don't fight any better than they act.

The current French revolution is lively and interesting, and resembles a Jackson county rebellion, only insofar as nobody seems to know what it is about.

The county doctor has vaccinated most of the school children at the end of the semester. (Oreana Times)—Cruel and Inhuman.

A Willamette Valley Democrat is being widely praised for an unexpected show of intelligence.

Higher gasoline taxes are proposed by congress, and the price of shoes is rising. This will revive walking and going barefoot, unless prohibited by legislative enactment.

Painters are getting busy. This is a sign something will be painted besides conditions, which have been painted blacker than they really are.

Sympathy is in order for Chico, Calif., which is afflicted with a "Young Communist League." The school board, the city council, the American Legion, and parents seek a solution, and no constituted authority or civic organization is able to find a woodshed.

Up to this time, no verdict has been reached in the appointment of a saloon-keeper for this city. The people can hardly wait to find out who shall be the recipient of their cheereast Good Mornings!

A movement is again afoot to use politics as an excuse not to wash any dishes, until after the primary. This will not delay spring housecleaning, as one might find a dictaphone behind the picture of Lenin.

Farmers and skiers are demanding more snow. Snow would aid the farmers with their crops, and the skiers with efforts to break their own necks.

Republicans of the valley—all 52 of them—will assemble Monday, and celebrate the birthday of A. Lincoln. Nominally, Republicans hereabouts are three times as thick as Democrats, numerically, and, once every so often, mentally. In 1918, valley Republicans were led astray and "kept out of war." In 1920 they were bewitched by Mr. Pierce's threats to "cut the taxes in two." In 1920, they were going to get their electric lights for nothing. In 1922 they were mad at themselves and Mr. Hoover, and again the Lincoln ephemeris, "you can't fool all the people all the time" is amended to: "You can't miss fooling them. If the Hoover is nutty enough. They have administered a couple of well-merited defeats to themselves, so now are ready to be rational. As it is treason to question any Democratic action, however idiotic, the Republicans will cause themselves for entire Democratic, and urge a "solid front."

SAME THING, BUT DIFFERENT.
(Collier's)

In sorrow, rather than in anger, Mr. Bruce Brown of Los Angeles, University of Southern California, "wagered" that Mr. Guinness's stories of how Mr. Chico's machine built a football business for New York University, with the "impression" that Southern California was in the same situation as N. Y. U. as to lack of "wealth and nobility" when it hired Margaret Jones to coach the famous team, and "Chico" had deliberately aimed to hire a coach who would not be a "hick" type. Such a suggestion, however, is unfortunate. The reason Margaret Jones was secured was that she was a "hick" type. The University of California had been persuaded on the line of end of the game when it closed at 17, and this was all appreciated by our alumni.

Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif., Feb. 8.—A gorgeous day after the hard rain, air as soft as a pussy willow—bright sun in a cloudless blue sky. When San Francisco weather is good, it is VERY, VERY good, but when it is BAD, it's—you know—HORRID!

The sea gulls are back in Union Square. When last here they passed a city ordinance against feeding them and wise birds—none of them came around. But our old friend with the von Tirpitz beard and one ear was there as of yesteryear, throwing them pieces of bread from an old newspaper, and Mama and Papa bird and the little birdlets were having a fine time. Von Tirpitz is quite grey now, as are some of the birds.

THE lobby of the Cliff hotel is full of mattresses and box springs. Outside the door is a sign informing the public that the hotel is closed temporarily for alterations, readers being advised to take luncheon at the new Plaza grill!

So the world wags on! In the Coffee Shop window where a year ago there was a miniature bar, with all the fixings, including a miniature policeman testing the free lunch and a hobo sleeping off, there is a similar notice. Perhaps this is one reason why other hotels in the Cliff class are so crowded.

SPEAKING of bars, there are plenty of them operating in the down town section, according to the boys at the press club, but in our brief wanderings we have seen none. All the restaurants serve cocktails on order, beers and wines, but no hard liquor. Every drug store has a liquor window display, and liquor stores presenting bargains in alcoholic combinations of all descriptions are thicker than berets in Hollywood. But several hours "street walking" including a short sojourn along the waterfront, revealed only two drunks and they were apparently headed for one of the big liners at a dock. They were nicely plastered, trying to hold each other up and executing between whiles, a sort of eccentric tap dance.

The traffic cop at the corner of Powell and Geary is authority for the statement, that there is less drunkenness here than there was in prohibition days. We can say this after a hasty survey—failed to see a single customer in any of the liquor stores, or even MANY window shopping. The only street-window crowd observed was listening to Amos and Andy before a radio store on Powell Street at 8 p. m. last night. Across the street was a liquor store, deserted. Wouldn't it be a joke if now we have liquor, no one would buy it!

NOTHING of interest in the theatre line here now. Katherine Cornell has gone and Miss La Gallienne doesn't put on her Ibsen plays until next week. "Dinner at Eight" appears to be the major movie attraction, but having seen that in Medford, we dropped in at the Paramount to have a look at "Six of a Kind," starring at least four of the best comedians in films at the present time—Charley Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields and Allison Skipworth. The other two, Burns and Allen, aren't bad, but to our mind are hardly in the class with SUCH a quartette!

"Six of a Kind" is plain, unadorned fare, including some rehearsed vaudeville and a few dashes of slap stick, but if you want to laugh—not now and then, but practically all the time,—don't miss it! Ruggles and Boland are very good—they always are—but to our mind Fields steals the show. The pool table stunt he puts on with just one solemn faced roustabout as audience, struck us as about the funniest thing we have seen in the movies, since Charley Chaplin's "Gold Rush." There is also a new film dog—at least new to us—a Great Dane, about the size of a Shetland pony, who contributes materially to make the Ruggles-Boland and Burns-Allen motor trip, really entitled to that overworked "blurb" of "SCREAM."

COMEDY to tragedy. Went early to the book department at the White House and no one was there. At one side a little girl in a black uniform was crying on the shoulder of a very tall woman,—the former was quite inconsolable; the latter was trying to comfort her. The tall woman broke away when she finally noticed a customer, and quite frankly explained with an engaging smile that the young girl was a "wrapper miss," whose boy friend had shot himself because a blonde girl had jilted him. The "wrapper miss" was NOT the blonde girl. It was all in the morning papers. The lady added, "she knew the young man from babyhood—and he's so young—the papers said 19, but she assures me he was only 16—and such a nice decent kid. Seems so needless—a tragedy like that. Have you anything special in mind—want something light or heavy. Here's a—"

"Give us something light," we said. The wrapping girl was drying her eyes when we left, but our purchase was wrapped in a very business-like manner.

SOLARIS is open again—which is good news for those who want the best food in San Francisco at a moderate price. —R. W. R.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—Thoughts while strolling: With Cornelius Vanderbilt would light somewhere. Sir Guy Standing and Burton Holmes look and talk alike. And Barbara St. John and Polly Walters not only look alike but their careers are similar. No trade phrase so descriptive as "blurb."

Now and then they revive that legend of Frank Norris "Vandover, and the Brute" being lost in the San Francisco fire. And laying forgotten in a warehouse for years. That was a publisher's "blurb." Wanted: A companion for a Broadway walk who will not sigh: "It's not what it used to be!"

One word description of Patsy Kelly—blurb. People think of Clifton Webb as the foppishly polished dandy. Yet the best thing he ever did was a Rube dance with Mary

Hay. The real argument for an annuity when the going is good is Tod Sloan. The established Villager pronounces it "Green-witch."

Odd to see a stout Bobby Higgins. After years of professional skinniness whining: "All the time you pick on me, all the time you do." Prediction: If the world comes to an end it will be around 5 a. m. Nobody walks across the stage with the effortless grace of Katharine Cornell.

Or makes a lip attractive like Henry Stephenson. One of my favorite people—Albert Payson Terhune. Every writer who goes to Charleston, S. C., expects to feel suddenly inferior. But comes away singing high praise. Why is it when people say they are going to tell the truth we expect the disagreeable?

Grover Whalen reputedly wasted the biggest salary executive job of the day out of the depression. The triumph of gardenias and spats: Those who know say his success largely resulted from his pin-neat orderliness of mind. Even his clothes are serialized at night in correct sequence for dressing tomorrow. His foretold estate at Dobbs Ferry is reg-

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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 255 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

WE DON'T PRECISELY DISAGREE.

How can the poor layman know what to believe, asks a correspondent, when we doctors can not agree? And he sends a clipping of another doctor's dissertation on the question of the effects of exposure and wet feet.



The other doctor first bids those who believe that wetting the feet causes one to catch cold to cheer up. "It is coming to be believed that there are two kinds of colds; those due to exposure and those due to infection."

Before we go to the mat I beg to call to the thoughtful reader's attention, if any, the passive or furtive mood chosen by this other doctor for conveying his idea—no, not his idea at all, but, oh, well, never mind whose it is or was, just you swallow it as the doctor tells you, you numskull.

Having thus imparted the ill-illuminated suggestion, the wily doc continues: "An eminent nose and throat specialist lists the following facts as proof that exposure has something to do with catching cold: 1. The all but universal experience that wet feet and exposure to damp, cold weather are followed by a cold."

So that is the chief "fact" on which the mysterious eminent specialist bases his proof? And here for years I have been citing universal personal experience as a strong point on our side, for is it not true that no illness or indisposition follows wetting of the feet nine times out of ten?

And if that is so, then I maintain it is fair to occasional instance, in which some illness or indisposition occurs shortly after wetting the feet, as a coincidence, at least until evidence to the contrary is forthcoming. The other doc continues his lengthy quotation of the masked "eminent specialist":

"The experiments of Grant Mudd and Goldman. They chilled the surface of the body by placing the feet in cold water and directing electric fans against the bare skin. They found that the temperature of the mucous membrane of nose and throat was lowered three or four degrees by this surface chilling, but the body temperature or blood temperature was not correspondingly reduced. Sev-

eral of the volunteers used in these experiments had sore throats or colds afterward."

I ask any one who has a modicum of common sense whether such an unnatural experiment may be fairly substituted for the everyday wetting of the feet to which most men, women and children who live are necessarily exposed now and then? And I ask any one who has any scientific training or even a philosophical mind whether such lowering of temperature of the mucous membrane of nose and throat is evidence of any disease or indisposition?

No, son, there is really no occasion for any confusion here. We doctors do not disagree at all. The only difference is one of opinion or belief. Only when I give my opinion or belief I carefully tell you that it is my opinion; and when the other doc sets forth his side, he conceals the identity of the "eminent specialist" whose opinion or belief he quotes, and even offers it as the last word of "science."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Raymond's Affection.

I am a graduate nurse and during my 10 years of practice I never heard of such a disease as Raymond's until I became a victim. I have had hyperpyrexia, streptococcus vaccine treatment, diathermy, sunbath, but without apparent influence on my trouble. My urine showed 2-milligrams of arsenic in 100 c. c. Does that mean anything? (Miss C. J.)

Answer—Several cases have been reported greatly relieved or cured by treatment of chronic arsenic poisoning. There is a normal trace of arsenic eliminated in the urine. If this is definitely increased after an intravenous injection of one-half gram (about 7½ grains) of photographer's hypo, sodium hyposulphite, formerly called thiosulphate of soda, that is logical evidence that you have chronic arsenic poisoning, and daily doses of the same hypo would be good treatment. In some cases relief is obtained from sympathetic ganglionectomy, surgical removal of certain sympathetic nerve centers near the spine. Rheum It Isn't.

Why do you never refer to the most common affliction of man, rheumatism? Instead of talking about the controversial subject... (L. B. W.)

Answer—Send 10 cents and stamped envelope bearing your address, for booklet "The Ills Called Rheumatism." (Copyright 1934, John P. Dille Co.)

Ed. Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 255 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History From the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS' AGO
February 9, 1924
(It was Saturday)
All tickets for the Lincoln Day banquet are sold.

Large crowds see high school opera at Page, and Zita Singler scores a hit as the leading lady.

Attorney Porter J. Neff occupies the pulpit of the Methodist church and pays tribute to the memory of Woodrow Wilson.

Secretary of the Navy Denby is requested to resign by senate as result of Teapot Dome scandal.

Medford defeats Roseburg high, 23 to 22, and 2500 fans see the battle. The Roseburg yell leader adds to the excitement of a hair-raising finish as Rudy Singler drops in the deciding basket and the gun sounds.

Spring work opens and there is a decided shortage of all kinds of help.

TWENTY YEARS AGO
February 9, 1914

City council instructs police to stop stalling parking on Main street Saturday. Seven were exhibited last Saturday.

Jackson county Bull Moosers meet and vote to "carry on."

The tango bug has got in his fine work in Jackson county, and classes are being formed embracing citizens of Ashland, Medford, Central Point, Jacksonville, Gold Hill, and as far back in the woods as Butte Falls. Exponents of the tango displayed their wares at the Medford Saturday night, and took effect at once.

Jackson County Bar association is formed.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

ALL KINDS of news in the papers. Paris police, for example, fire on a mob that appears to be inciting an attack on the chamber of deputies, which corresponds approximately to our house of representatives.

The enraged mob then sets fire to the ministry of marine building.

IF A MOB, gathering for an attack on the house of representatives, should be fired on by the Washington police, we should be justified in thinking that things were getting pretty hot in this country.

As a matter of fact, we are justified in believing that things are getting pretty hot in Paris.

THE house of representatives passes the CWA appropriation, but limits the program to May 1, the date set by President Roosevelt for ending of the CWA.

There is strong demand from all over the country for indefinite continuance of CWA, which is providing jobs and creating buying power but the house vote to back up "is" President was 382 to 1—practically unanimous.

The President still retains his grip on congress—at least the lower house.

THE President, incidentally, expects FWA and private industry to step into the breach by May 1, and take up the slack in employment that will be caused by abandonment of CWA.

He doesn't want CWA which is an emergency measure, continued a minute beyond the time when it is absolutely necessary.

Is that, this unimportant writer believes, he is right.

DANGEROUSLY increasing tension between Japan and Russia is indicated by dispatches from the Far East.

The Soviets are building fortifications along the Siberian border, and the Japs are making strategic military preparations in Manchoukuo, which is the Manchurian state they grabbed from China.

Looks ominous, all right.

THE more ominous war clouds in Europe and the Far East, the firmer should be our determination to STAY OUT, no matter where the shooting starts, or what happens afterward.

At least, that is this writer's opinion.

What is yours?

SO MUCH for the big world news—into which, if you are a normal, average person, you probably read no deeper than the headlines.

Let's get on now with the rest of it.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Sr. — we have to particularize between Sr. and Jr. you know—is named in a petition for divorce filed by Lord Ashley.

DANCE AT Dreamland Hall

TO PEB STONE'S MELODY BOYS

SAT. NITE

A Good Time For All
Gents 35c Ladies 10c

heir to the earldom of Shaftesbury, in England.
Lady Ashley is the former Sylvia Hawkes, blonde British actress.
On the same day, in London, Doug. Jr., denies his engagement to Gertrude Lawrence, British stage star, adding: "I can say quite truthfully that Miss Lawrence and I have discussed marriage, but have made no decision."

The Fairbanks, father and son, are going British in a big way, aren't they?

PRINCE DAVID MDIVANI, who with his brother, Serge, is on trial in Los Angeles, charged with looting their own oil company and so putting the bee on the stockholders, testifies that he counted on the \$50,000,000 fortune of Barbara Hutton to help him out of his financial troubles.

Barbara, you know, was married by Prince Alexis, another of the marrying Maivans, but instead of getting help for his distressed brothers from his millionaire bride, Alexis skips out ahead of the process servers, and takes ship for Japan from Vancouver, and Barbara sails in a 40-room suite from San Francisco.

THERE may be honor among thieves, but there doesn't appear to be much of it loose among the Mdivanis.
And Barbara, daughter of a shrewd American parent, indicates that she inherited some of her father's shrewdness. She buys her title, but makes it clear that she isn't taking on any of the encumbrances that go with it.
Good for Barbara!

Grounds of the University of Missouri cover more than 800 acres.

4 DAYS

SAT-SUN-MON-TUES.

FEB-10-11-12-13

OPENS—

TOMORROW

HERE'S A PAUL MUNI

YOU NEVER KNEW 'TILL NOW!

Inspired acting in "I Am a Fugitive!"—thundering strength in "The World Changes!"—and now—A MUNI YOU'VE NEVER MET! See how different the same star can be in this story of a man whose career was almost ruined by two little words—

"Hi, Nellie"

A Warner Bros. hit from the famous Liberty Magazine story, with the blonde menace of "I Am a Fugitive!"—**GLENNA FARRELL**

PLUS SHORT REELS

PARAMOUNT NEWS
"Let's Sing Like Birdies" Cartoon
"GOLD NUGGETS"

LAST TIMES TODAY
IT'S A DOUBLE BILL

Clothes and Conventions torn to shreds by the Jungle, in
"Four Frightened People"
Claudette Colbert - Herbert Marshall

Also—Hoot Gibson in
"The Fighting Parson"
Thrilling Western Picture

VALENTINES

It's such fun to send Valentines these days that most everyone does it.

Besides the real mushy kind, of which we have many, there are cute and funny ones just for friends and relatives.

Why not join the happy throng and Scatter Sunshine with Valentines. You'll enjoy it and your friends will too.

Valentines priced 1c to \$5.00

SWEM GIFT SHOP

"On Main Street"

DANCE

Saturday Night, Feb. 10th
at Gold Hill Hall

Good Music
Admission 40c