

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry. The Democratic charge that the objections of Col. Lindbergh to the abrogation of the airmail contract is a "publicity stunt" will remind the public that they cannot pick up a paper, or go to a movie, without being confronted with a picture of the Democratic grandchildren at play, or their grandmother making a speech or riding a horse.

Most of the 1934 autos announce they have "conquered" wind resistance. It's the resistance of phone poles, and the like, that really matters, and are still un subdued.

Fancy drinkers are flirting with the bootleggers, and daring state liquor control to be a success. V. Brophy, the stockman, towed yesterday and is conveying from the last libel of his dog, printed in these parts. The dog now has a set of underwear for his hind-legs.

A Douglas county opponent of the sales tax, writing to his favorite newspaper, desires to know, "how can I stand a cent sales tax, when I buy a nickel cigar." It is immaterial to ask how he stands the nickel cigar.

Mrs. Oliver Spies entertained with an "earthquake" auction bridge party Wednesday afternoon. An "upheaval" had been arranged in the playing of each four hands—(Baker Democrat Herald)—An earthquake is not a very good description of what happens when one plays the wrong card in a bridge game.

The barbershops have been divorced from the banks, and no longer close up on the slightest provocation. One gubernatorial candidate is advocating "distribution of wealth," and ought to get the nothing to divide vote. The whack-up platform has appeal, but the people are warned, if successful, they will lose the electric lights they have been getting without cost.

A gent was in from the country yesterday, and reported that the tractor-wheel-stealing season has opened. The Constitution was praised, and "America" sang Monday evening by a large group of citizens, without the courthouse being the scene of a felony.

A number of three-year husbands have been busy spading backyards, without argument, or alleging it will throw them off their bowling stride. In the opinion of many wives, the spaders think they are going to Klamath Falls with the dressed-up G-men next week, but are due to make other arrangements.

Atty. Porter J. Neff who has been in Washington, D. C., with his portfolio, has headed for home. It will be just like Atty Neff, when he arrives, to grant an interview, and report that while in the east, he saw a Republican sneaking up an alley.

"A smile counts as much in basketball as the hooped throws"—(Skiski News)—They don't either. It is never recorded! The Leopards defeated the Ant-Eaters last night by a margin of two baskets and 14 smiles.

ANOTHER PIECE OF PIE. (Cong. Record) A former governor of Mississippi is earning \$6000 a year in the AAA. His only job is to read newspapers and magazines from all sections of the country and clip items reflecting editorial reaction to the farm program.

A former governor of Georgia is receiving for two defunct national banks in Washington, by appointment of the comptroller of the currency. The son of the clerk of the house of representatives is solicitor to the department of commerce. A sister of a senator from Virginia is registrar of the United States treasury.

Editorial Correspondence

LOS ANGELES, Calif., Feb. 14.—A. C. Allen, Jim Allen and Echo Allen are down here and have been for many months. Echo is Jim's baby, three and one-half years old, so named because he is a chip off the old block and the young block too—all Allen,—just an ECHO! The reason for this long exile from the Rogue River Valley is, of course, the effort to break the will of the late wealthy and eccentric Miss Keith, who left her fortune, variously estimated from \$300,000 to a cool million, to Jim, her favorite nephew. It has been a very long and interesting trial, but the end is not yet in sight, though Jim opines it will be wound up in ten days or two weeks. The entire Allen family is fed up to the ears with Los Angeles, and do they long to get back to "God's country." They naturally don't say much about how the trial is coming out—it's a jury trial and you never can tell about juries—but the newspaper boys covering the hearing maintain it's a cinch for Jim,—and in such things the newspaper boys, entertaining no illusions,—are usually right.

HERE'S a break! Motoring down from the Los Angeles golf club, tried to turn off Wilshire to Hollywood at the "three corners," and was soon in a terrific jam with horns tooting, drivers cursing and a speed cop at the curb shaking his fist. We couldn't imagine what we had done, for there was no "stop" signal visible and we supposed it was customary to make a left hand turn that far out of the business section.

Well, no one was hurt and no fenders were smashed and the speed cop waved us over to the curb for a little heart to heart talk.

"WHERE'D YOU COME FROM ANYWAY?" growled the officer, looking as hard-boiled as Bull Montana.

We told him sweetly, "Medford, Oregon."

There was a brief pause, the cop seemed to catch his breath, then came out with—

"That's where I came from too!"

We thought for a moment he was giving the tourist from the sticks a little spoofing, but quickly saw the man was in deadly earnest.

Tableaux! So we extended the right hand of fellowship and assuming an air of gay and careless comradeship, asked "When did you leave there?"

"Twenty years ago," was the reply.

"'bout the time we came."

"Yep, I went fishing with Bill Isaacs a few years ago—Bill's a great fisherman. And say, how's Bill Gore, and Bill Vawter—fishing any good these days? I expect to get back to the old home this fall. Here's my card."

The card read, "C. C. Harrison, 9375 Burton Way, Beverly Hills, member California Municipal and County Motorcycle Officers' association, California Association of Highway Patrolmen, Beverly Hills department of police."

"Pleased to meet you. It's a beautiful day and don't fail to look us up when you come up for the hunting—or was it fishing? We can tell you where to go. Well, bye bye."

"Hey, not quite so fast, DAD. When you turn left don't do it from any but the OUTSIDE line, get me?"

We got him O. K.—but he didn't get us exactly. That was a break. But imagine calling "Ye Editor" flitting gaily around in green bug, "DAD!"

TOOK in the California ladies' championship golf tourney at the L. A. club, hoping for some good copy, but got none. There were no older gals in white trousers and crimson hunting jackets as was the case a year ago, no hysterics, no hair pulling, nothing in fact that wasn't strictly according to Hoyle. We did find the Oregon entry, Miss Marion McDougall of Portland, and followed that earnest and plucky young lady around for 18 holes, pulling for her hard, but she was finally beaten on the 17th, two and one by a Miss Abbot. Miss McDougall is a mere kid,—only 20 or 21,—stocky, with a turned up nose, nice smile and a most unruffled business like manner. She was down from the start and fought hard for every hole, rimming the cup on the 17th—which had it dropped would have given her a par and another chance. Naturally she was disappointed but didn't show it, shook hands with a smile, and told her opponent to go in and win. No doubt about her golfing temperament and we predict she will be heard from in the future.

Incidentally the way both these girls banged the ball,—reaching the green on a 460-yard hole in two for example,—was a sight for bifocals on a masculine nose!

WE WENT to see Francis Lederer in "Autumn Crocus" at the El Capitan in Hollywood, with misgivings. This man Lederer has been blurred to us as the matinee man of the hour,—the flutterer of feminine hearts par excellence—gunpowder and incense! Matinee idols have been a pet aversion since the days of James K. Hackett.

Well, the place was packed to the rafters and there weren't more than three men in the mob. We were all set to see a young Apollo with patent leather hair, a Grecian profile, penciled eyebrows, and self-conscious smirk,—with feminine hands clapping and hearts fluttering at every turn,—but there was nothing of the sort.

There is nothing posey or synthetic about this young German actor. He is as real, as unassuming, and as charming as anything we have seen on the stage in many a long day. And "Autumn Crocus" is a splendid bang-up show, from the time the curtain rises until it finally falls. There is humor, romance, real atmosphere, and genuine feeling throughout. Lederer dominates the play, but his support is flawless.

How often that is true! The keenest pleasures in a big as well as a little way, are nearly always UNEXPECTED.

SPEAKING of James K. Hackett, that name reminds us of a young girl—she isn't so young now—she just ADORED James and nearly swooned when she had an opportunity to go behind the scenes of his play and meet the great matinee idol. It was a Civil war play of some sort—Secret Service or Shenandoah, or something like that. Hackett was a gallant Union officer. The great moment arrived, the introduction took place, the great actor bowed low, and was greatly charmed of course. There was an awkward silence, the young lady felt it was up to her to say something, so she did. She said, "Oh MR. Hackett, you just look WONDERFUL in your Union suit!"

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to disclose diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady 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.

TAKE NOURISHMENT FOR EXAMPLE



Whenever I see Bette Davis the actress laboriously drag herself across the scene I wonder how long it will be before the poor deluded child is taken to the san. A good many misguided young women have been bitten by the Hollywood diet bug and have ended their careers in a tuberculosis sanatorium.

A moderate reduction diet intelligently followed is rather beneficial to the health of the overweight individual of mature age. But a young person who has not yet attained complete adult development cannot safely restrict diet in any way, unless under the personal direction and observation of her own physician.

Children in their teens need as much or in some instances more nourishment than their sedentary parents need, for the young ones are not only more active physically, but rule, but invariably require a fair amount of energy for growth and development, and if their diet is unintelligently restricted in any way they simply do not get the required energy and inevitably they suffer grave consequences, among which the lighting up of that smoldering or latent tuberculosis focus of us have is but one manifestation.

The average adult who does no hard work or play but lives a sedentary life requires perhaps 3,000 calories daily. From social habit and the constant temptation to indulge in superfluous sweets or "refreshments" such as candy, ice cream, sweetened or mildly alcoholic beverages, the average sedentary adult takes from 3,500 to 4,000 calories daily, and the excess—well, that's what we are dealing with in these talks.

A man doing hard outdoor work, or a woman doing washing, scrubbing or sweeping needs a daily ration of from 4,400 to 4,800 calories. U. S. army rations yield about 5,000 calories, and a soldier doesn't grow fat on that. U. S. navy rations are 400 to 500 calories more than the army rations.

There are no satisfactory tables or figures to show how many calories a person burns off by walking a mile, by dancing, or by other forms of work, play or exercise. But there are a few scientific data of interest:

Walking 2 miles per hour increases metabolism (oxidation or combustion rate) to three times the resting rate; walking 4 miles per hour increases it to five times the resting rate. That means you burn up the excess fuel or tissue that much faster. From three to six miles of oxygen on the hoof every day is a fine remedy, either preventive or curative, for overweight.

Finnish physiologists in the Helsingfors Physiology institute found that dancing is a fine way to speed up metabolism. The waltz, shimmy, foxtrot, tango, and mazurka increase it ten-fold! They found that gentle walking uses up twice as many calories as ordinary gymnastic exercises do. The mazurka used up more calories than does running 160 steps to the minute.

Simple gymnastic or calisthenic exercises such as many follow to keep "fit" are fine for the purpose, but not so good for reduction. However, better half an effort in that way than a constant loaf. Many men and women have reported that the horizontal movements of the Last Brady Symphony (send dime and stamped address to me) have trained down embarrassing epigastric excubance, and I'm willing to admit it might help do so if one practices temperance in eating too.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Like a thousand units of Antitoxin. A thousand thanks for "The Constipation Habit." It has helped me wonderfully. I shall always be grateful to you. I did just exactly as your instructions said and it worked out fine. (Mrs. G. W. P.)

United States Senator is hit in head with stray bullet, in battle between police and bootlegger. Salem convicts allowed to visit wives evenings, the governor admits.

German marks sold on street corners by two smooth men, and they do a land office business. Also sell a book describing "Inflation in Germany."

Three new pipe organs ordered by George A. Hunt for his movie houses. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY February 16, 1914 (It Was Saturday) Blossom mine on Sardine Creek is sold to Eastern syndicate. Basketball now hold center of stage in Central Point district. 5,000 eggs set in Fern Valley hen-house.

Answer—Constipation is only a bad habit. Wrong psychology. The booklet "The Constipation Habit" costs a dime and a stamped envelope bearing your address but think of the saving in the cost of physic for the rest of your life. One thank is as good as a thousand.

Answer—Perhaps going to Duluth or Benit would be a better bet. One has no business with hay fever in the winter. It can happen, I suppose, but the claim arouses a good deal of suspicion.

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.

Meteorological Report

February 16, 1934. Forecasts Medford and vicinity: Cloudy tonight, rain Saturday. Not much change in temperature.

Oregon: Fair east and cloudy west portion tonight and Saturday. Rain southwest portion Saturday. Slightly colder east portion tonight.

Temperature a year ago today: Highest, 49; lowest, 31.

Total monthly precipitation, 14 inch; deficiency for the month, 1.13 inches. Total precipitation since September 1, 1933, 6.30 inches; deficiency for the season, 5.20 inches.

Relative humidity at 5 p. m. yesterday, 48 per cent; 5 a. m. today, 92 per cent.

Sunrise tomorrow, 7:04 a. m. Sunset tomorrow, 5:46 p. m.

Table with columns: CITY, High Temp., Low Temp., Precipitation, Wind, Weather. Rows include Boston, Cheyenne, Chicago, Eureka, Helena, Los Angeles, MEDFORD, New Orleans, New York, Omaha, Phoenix, Portland, Reno, Roeburg, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Seattle, Spokane, Walla Walla, Washington, D.C.

Medford Lodge No. 103, A. F. & M., Friday, Feb. 16, at 7:30 p. m. Extra program. Visitors invited. W. A. NORRIS, W. M. GEO. ALDEN, Sec'y.

Flight 'o Time

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

TELEVISION: Television is only a bad habit. Wrong psychology. The booklet "The Constipation Habit" costs a dime and a stamped envelope bearing your address but think of the saving in the cost of physic for the rest of your life. One thank is as good as a thousand.

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official is met with threat of suit for slander and criminal libel, and the accused writes, "It was all a mistake."

J. Court Hall takes the agency for the Hupmobile auto.

"Give the Fish a Chance" is subject of an editorial.

BEHIND THE NEWS. (Continued from Page One) election this year and want to get home. Postmaster-General Farley's selection of William Bray as his new secretary is a shrewd move. It may help considerably in getting Farley on a

more friendly basis with house Democrats who have been ranting about lack of patronage. Bray knows every Democrat in the house by his first name. His job will be to keep them happy.

Silver Continues Advance In Price

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—(AP)—The silver market extended its recent advance again today, bar metal gaining 1/8 of a cent an ounce to reach the 48-cent level for the first time since 1930. Active futures months improved 1/2 cent an ounce and in some cases more in brisk trading.

Bible Conference SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18 Jack Mitchell, Teacher Federated Church, Central Point, 11:00 a. m. Baptist Church, Medford, 3:00 p. m. "Guarantee of Our Redemption" Baptist Church, Medford, 7:30 p. m. "Is Christ Going to Return?"

HOLLY THEATRE OPENS TOMORROW ... SATURDAY ... Continuous Shows Both Saturday and Sunday—Doors Open 1:45 P. M. TRIUMPHANT RETURN in Garbo QUEEN CHRISTINA The long-awaited picture the world is clamoring for! The one and only Garbo in the flaming romance of a Queen who sacrificed everything for love! PLUS SHORT REELS—"Paramount News" CARTOON "SHE WRONGED HIM RIGHT" LAST TIMES TODAY—THIS BIG DOUBLE BILL Lionel Barrymore in "This Side of Heaven" Also—"A Shriek in the Night"—Ginger Rogers PLUS—SHORT REELS

HEATH'S DRUG STORE Medford Bldg. Phone 884. These cut prices will be kept for all on the following week, and they are for cash only. Don't forget that Heath's Drug Store meets any cash price advertised in Medford. Castor Oil, 4 oz. 14c Fitches Shampoo and Hair Oil, (\$1.00 value) 69c Mercurochrome, 1/2-oz. Applicator Btl. 9c (guaranteed 2 percent) Ovaltine (\$1.00) 75c Lifebuoy and Palmolive 2 for 11c Lavis (\$1.00) 69c Hair Brushes, Prophylactic 49c 1-lb. Prince Albert 75c Camels, Luckies and Chesterfields 2 for 23c Putnam Dyes 10c Squibbs' Mineral Oil 69c 1-lb. Flaxseed 17c Nursoda (for gas or a sour stomach) 75c

Best Wishes For SUCCESS To Medford's Fine Pilsener Brewery Which establishes another Industry in the Rogue River Valley! Porter Lumber Co. THE BUILDERS BUREAU OF INFORMATION 204 South Fir St. Phone 124