

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Editorial Correspondence

LOS ANGELES, Calif., Feb. 22.—We fail to see why any Californian goes to Reno for a divorce. They pass out divorcees at the Hall of Justice here, as expeditiously and felicitously, as they pass out bags of candy at a Sunday school Christmas tree.

Miss Kay Francis appeared in Judge Sproul's court yesterday and with one word, a smile and a nod of her pretty head, got rid of her third husband. The entire performance took exactly 3 minutes! 3 husbands, 3 minutes. Not BAD!

Of course Miss Francis had to dress up for the occasion. And a popular movie actress, applying for a divorce, must choose her costume with some care. We have the word of a girl reporter, Kay wore a smartly tailored "shark skin" suit, topped by a double silver fox choker, and a perfectly "ducky" black hat, the rakish edge of which exactly bisected her right eye. There was a sharkskin bag too, black gloves edged with white, and beneath the black hat we might add, a sad, soulful, almost a PAINED expression. Had we known nothing of Miss Francis or the circumstances, we would have assumed the beautiful young woman had been suddenly and tragically bereaved and decidedly against her desire, had been forced to come to court, to go through some formality, which the laws of an unfeeling world demanded. In short the lady's ensemble looked to us like mourning—extremely smart and modish mourning—and we have an idea that is what it was. Mourning for husband No. 3!

Miss Francis was accompanied by a lawyer and a maid. The lawyer, also meticulously tailored held a large document in his hand, and raising it before the beautiful brown eyes of his client, asked:

"Is everything you allege in this complaint true?"

"Yes" was the beautifully modulated reply in a rich contralto.

"Did he nag and harass you?"

"Yes. I would come home late after working 12 and 14 hours and he would keep me up hours and hours making SARCASTIC remarks. He was particularly critical of my dress—my clothes and the way I wore them," and Miss Francis cast down her eyes, until each particular "mascared" eyelash showed on her fair skin, like hand-painted sun rays on a Chinese tea cup. Imagine ANY man, criticizing ANY clothes that such a ravishing creature might wear, and as for keeping her up late at night MAKING SARCASTIC remarks—oh well, WELL,—cruel, inhuman and unusual!

"Is there any corroborating witness?"

"Oh yes indeed—come forward, Miss Ida Perry."

Miss Ida Perry being Miss Francis' personal maid, should know about such things,—(a fat chance she would have holding the job is she DIDN'T!)

Miss Perry, who could hardly rival Kay in personal allurements corroborated everything, and added "Mister McKenna also adopted a very superior manner."

Think of that—another blow below the belt—what a fiend in human form this man McKenna must have been! Imagine any male, acting "superior"—having the unbreakable crust to do anything before a paragon of intellectual majesty and pulchritudinous loveliness such as stands before you but lie down on the floor and let it walk over you—high heels, sharkskin bag, and ALL!

"It made me nervous" added Miss Kay Francis, sadly, "and I lost weight!"

The reprehensible blackguard, the unconscionable scoundrel! "The petition of divorce is hereby granted" quoth the court. And then Miss Kay Francis raised her eyes and smiled, not at her attorney or the reporters or the fans in the court room, but at His Honor, the judge. Right at him, straight between the eyes. The court smiled also, bowed, fumbled with some papers on his desk, and we wager after court adjourned had something to write in HIS "memory book."

Just to keep the record straight we don't wish to leave the impression, that Miss Kay Francis, Mrs. Stephen McKenna or Mr. McKenna had anything to do with this proceeding. The action was Katherine Gibbs Milzinger, Jr., against John Milzinger, Jr.—the divorced husband, in addition to his other malfeasances, going under the name of Stephen McKenna—of the well known Irish family of McKennas, of county Antrim. He also is an actor or was once, and the name McKenna no doubt helped him in his bookings.

In fact these divorce courts are great revealers of true names—as well as other things.

In the same Hall of Justice the same day Charlie Foy, the son of the late Eddie Foy, also secured his marital freedom from one Grace Hays Foy, radio singer and actress. Charlie also had a real grievance. He loaned his wife ten dollars and she refused to pay it back.

"You can pay that ten dollars or leave the house," that was the remark of the wife, NOT Charlie.

Charlie left, greatly humiliated and chagrined.

"Could you repeat her exact language?" asked Foy's attorney, in dulcet, insinuating tones.

"I had rather not" replied Charlie, fighting manfully to restrain his emotions.

That was enough! Charlie got his divorce.

But the name is not Charlie Foy—But Charles J. Fitzgerald. However, in the words of Shakespeare, such a rose as Charlie, under any other name, would smell as sweet.

Charlie may be a good tap dancer, but after looking him over we should say that Gracie Hays is the one to be congratulated!

It's raining cats and dogs here now—after nearly two weeks of summer sunshine. They say sharkskin sheds water like a top hat!

HOLMAN DENIES ATTENDING MEET

SALISBURY, Feb. 26.—(AP)—Rufus C. Holman, state treasurer, today denied he attended the meeting in Portland last Thursday when the "true progressives" nominated W. E. Burke as a candidate for governor and Holman's name was prominently mentioned as a candidate for congress

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, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

HOW TO REDUCE ON FOUR SQUARE MEALS A DAY

In this regimen for hypochondriacal obesity it is well to show the feeding schedule that there shall be not more than four hours between meals, better 3 to 3 1/2 hour stretches. It defeats the purpose if you get too empty, depressed, down on your sugar and in order to relieve that "gone" feeling instinctively by a ruck training and ergk on sweets. It is even advisable to keep an emergency ration at hand to take in the night in case you get to feeling pretty awful. Some orange or orange juice is the ideal emergency ration.

Afternoon Tea: One cup clear strained vegetable soup, containing no salt. Or tea or coffee with substitute sugar and two substitute cakes.

Dinner: Three ounces lean meat, fish or fowl. One cup of 5 per cent vegetable. One portion of fruit. Optional—clear soup without salt, or tomato juice, with break substitute.

Bedtime Snack: One-half glassful of orange juice. In addition to the five feedings daily, you may have one and one-half glasses of skim milk or buttermilk every day, at any time you wish.

And—this regimen is full of pleasant surprises—you should take each day one yeastcake and a capsule of haliver oil, these medicines supplying essential vitamins.

Portions of fruit, in this schedule, are one apple, one-half of a large apple, or one small apple raw or baked, two medium peaches, a small pear, one-half a grapefruit, one-half glass orange juice, three-fourths cupful of diced fresh pineapple, a cupful of strawberries or of other berries in season or canned fruit if it is not sweetened, or one-half of a small cantaloupe.

Five per cent vegetables (that is, they contain not more than five per cent carbohydrate) are lettuce, cabbage, asparagus, spinach, (I'm sorry about the spinach, truly) cucumbers, endive, marrow, sorrel, sauerkraut, egg plant, cauliflower, string beans, broccoli, Swiss chard, tomato, Brussels sprouts, celery, radishes, rhubarb, beet greens, dandelion greens, water cress, and—here's smiling at you, big girls—mushrooms and butternuts.

Headin' for the Last Close Up! It came to me while walking with M. along the Bialto last evening that Victor Moore is the most unactorish of all actors. Along the sidewalks he might be mistaken for a mid-western, left over from the last convention. I must ask Guy Campbell why a dentist never gives a pulled tooth to the patient.

Lawrence Tibbett told M. an amazing thing at dinner. Frequently he does not know what his operatic roles will be the coming week. He learns from newspaper announcements. Tibbett is not a showy fellow, fundamentally, and his opinions seem quite cultivated. When he exercises the artist's prerogative of becoming temperamental, he acquires some throat. No cold whatever. Just an aching larynx. Pavirows, similarly upset, suffered swollen ankles. Paderewski, neuritis. Mind awfully matter. C'est plus qu'un crime, c'est une faute!

Something of the old oach about those masked balls. How do well-bred folk tolerate them? They attend year after year. Bands are deafening. Air defiling, everybody on the loose and even cocottes not worthy the occasion. Oliver Herford was mentioning one day of attendance at the last French students ball and added: "At least I hope it was!" Poor Montague Glass! How gravely he suffered for more than 20 years!

I saw some cigars today made for O. H. P. Belmont, 14 inches long, fiercely black. They should serve a litter with the one they serve me. All morning the typing girl was chattering of romance. Spring on the wing! I couldn't tell her the romance never comes today. It always happened yesterday or will happen tomorrow. That is knowledge ripening only with years. And many bumps. (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

I cannot get that actual sky-rocket name I heard at the Will Hayes out of my head. Suzi Zabel. And someone said the real name of one of our great dramatic actresses was Payne Plannigan. But I think the name best combining the culture of Greece with the breeze of Killarney was the Ziegfeld show girl, programmed—Anastasia Riley.

So often I heard similes I wish I might have fathered. The chronic flute player Irvin Cobb talks about with a lip like a South American tapir. And in Jack's one morning Wilson Mizer was speaking of a de-classe and bedraggled lady of the evening as "a Sixth Avenue cruiser dripping like rust from the elevated."

Carl Van Vechten, I hear, has almost given up writing for photography.

Dick Greiner told us of Susie, a colored maid with a kind heart, airing a pair of Irish terriers. A white maid in the service elevator remarked to her: "Huh, they should be having children instead of dogs to look after." And Susie smiled: "If children's might not have food."

The fact is I was not present at said meeting, nor did I call it or influence its labors or direct that my name be presented to it. I am not a candidate for governor, nor have I been.

A chuckle in Irving Cossy's travesty of that now famous Oscar "The Last Roundup" Deosted to a dimming movie star, it's called "Tin

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

ON Washington's birthday, when these words are written, this thought arises: What would Washington, the founder of his country, have thought of a lot of the things we are doing in these days?

The chances are he would have been greatly disturbed if he could have foreseen them.

THOMAS Jefferson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the third president of the United States, said, and BELIEVED: "That government is best which governs least."

WHAT would Thomas Jefferson, holding these views as to simplicity of government, have thought of some of our present governmental complexities if he could have foreseen them?

What would he have thought, if he could have anticipated it, of the extent to which government, in our day, has entered into all the affairs of business?

The chances are that he, too, would have been greatly disturbed.

BUT remember this: Washington and Jefferson, in their time, were regarded in the older and more conservative countries of Europe as DANGEROUS RADICALS.

NOW we look upon them as extreme conservatives.

The world changes, doesn't it?

IT ISN'T improbable that 150 years hence these new departures in government which we now regard as extremely advanced will be looked upon as too hopelessly conservative to be even considered by up-to-date people.

SPEAKING of changes, did you ever see a picture of the first railroad train?

It doesn't look much like the new stream-lined trains just announced by several of the railroads, which are expected to do around 110 miles an hour with a very moderate expenditure of fuel.

People who saw the first railroad train, and regarded it as a dangerously swift engine of destruction, could not possibly have visualized these new stream-lined trains of today.

AND so with the steamship. Fulton's first clumsy vessel bore hardly any resemblance at all to the swift ocean greyhounds of today.

The airplane that the Wright brothers first succeeded in flying at Kitty Hawk didn't look even faintly like the planes that now soar overhead.

THE world is going through a constant process of change. The old gives way to the new. What was good enough a generation ago isn't good enough now.

We move on constantly from what we have to something else that is better—or at least more satisfactory at the moment.

It always has been that way, and in all probability it always will be.

IT WOULD be thrillingly interesting, wouldn't it, if we could look forward into the future for say a couple of hundred years and see what will be going on then?

Communications

Man on Mule. Over the hill trailed a man behind a mule drawing a plow. Said the man to the mule:

"All you are a mule, the son of a jackass, and I am a man made in the image of God. Yet here we work hitched together, year in and year out. I often wonder if you work for me or if I work for you. Verily, I think it a partnership between a mule and a fool, for surely I work as hard as you, if not harder. Plowing or cultivating we cover the same distance, but you do it on four legs and I on two. I, therefore, do twice as much work per leg as you do."

"Soon, we'll be preparing for a corn crop. When the crop is harvested I give one-third to the landlord for being so kind as to let me use this small speck of God's universe. One-third goes to you and the balance is mine. You consume all of your portion with the exception of the seven, while I divide mine among seven children, six hens, two ducks, and a harker. If you both now answer, you get 'em. Bill, you are getting the best of me and I ask you, is it fair for a mule, a son of a jackass, to swindle a man—a lord of creation—out of his substance?"

"Why, you only help to plow and cultivate the ground, and I alone must eat, shuck and husk the corn while you look over the pasture fence and see-haw at me."

"All fall and most of the winter the whole family, from Granny to the

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY February 26, 1924. (It was Thursday.)

Republicans of nation irked by "Democratic slandering of President Coolidge."

Koeb and Bill to appear soon at the Page.

Rain is badly needed, despite the showers of the past two weeks.

Valley eggs to be shipped east.

School superintendent says "several children are leaving school because parents are going on six months auto trips."

Annual spring "battle for better fishing in the Rogue" starts.

Joe Gagnon to operate street-car line to Jacksonville, "without any passes."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY FEBRUARY 26, 1914. (It was Thursday.)

Yesterday was the busiest Wednesday in the history of the city, with the town full of farmers.

Council asked to abolish the paid fire department "in the interests of economy."

Commercial club endorses the Drama League.

Special train of Ashland rosters to attend the annual basketball games with the high school tonight.

Brady Huston, "the remarkable basso," joins the Baaco Musical Comedy company at the Page. The attendance "is not up to expectations, due to counter attractions."

Chief of Police Hittson, as part of a campaign against lazy husbands, "moochers" and vagrants, who have not worked for six months and don't intend to work for six more, if they can get out of it, will ask the county court to cooperate with the city in providing work on the Central Point road rock crushers for all vagrants convicted in the police court and unable to pay their fines. This plan, the police head believes, will result in a migration of citizens who loaf around from one year's end to the other, and beg, borrow and steal.

MEDFORD HOTEL DANCE POSTPONED TO MAR. 10

P. O. Benson, manager Hotel Medford, announces that the dance planned for next Saturday evening at the hotel will be postponed until the following Saturday evening, March 10th. This is done in order not to conflict with the Shrine dance scheduled for Saturday, March 3.

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