

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot. By Arthur Perry.

A \$1,000,000 rain fell yesterday. In due course of time, a god will be worked out, whereby those who don't care for the rain, can take their share in money.

Your car, has been indulging in some horseback riding, and is the horse sore!

Dentists report as a sign of returning prosperity, that citizens are once more getting their molars fixed, and not asking how much it will hurt their pocketbooks.

PLAIN TRAITOR (Toledo, O., News-Bee) It is by no means unthinkable that some of the statements of the present administration need to be kept honest, for with so much money being spent against time the same temptation exists just now which lured so many associates of Mr. Harding into sin.

A Talent peach tree is all ready to be killed by the first frost.

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FOR SALE—Anvil, forge. Just the thing for blacksmith shop. See Lakins—(Slipkyp News) You just can't guess, and miss it all the time.

The Sales Tax situation seems to be this: The farmers won't vote for it, because it will help them, and the rest of the population will do the same, because there is no way of getting out of paying it, if once adopted.

The Dock Porter grandkid, and coterie, suppressed an inviolable band of redskins. Yes, on a vacant lot, that will soon make way for another gas silo.

The sea serpent reported off the British Columbia coast, must be the "peter octopus," that terrified the Oregon voter during the campaign to get electric lights for nothing.

Word comes from Hawaii that John Gilbert, the "great lover" of the film, "may not make another picture." It is hoped the moving picture industry will brave itself, and endeavor to survive this calamity, if and when it befalls.

The campaign won't get rough, until some candidate starts quoting the Bible.

The administration is seeking ways and means to "increase the circulation of money." If their wish would spend as freely as the poor, the government would not have to fret about such things.

The state now, has five candidates for Governor. Not a one offers anything but themselves without cost to the taxpayers.

In keeping with the times—Drugs and toiletries at Gut Prices at JARMINE'S DRUG STORE.

Editorial Correspondence

PASADENA, Calif., Feb. 25.—Motored out to Burbank hoping to see Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Ling and the latter's mother, Mrs. Bert Greer of Ashland. Called at the Burbank paper, operated by Ling, but he was out for the day, and found Mrs. Greer had left the day before for Ashland.

Burbank is a bustling little town on the Pacific Highway, the airfield center of Southern California. It was a cool, raw day, a strong southeast wind blowing, but at the United Airport, airplanes were thicker than flies around a molasses barrel. They were of all shapes, sizes and colors.

While there a big passenger plane came in from San Diego, and a new twin motor Boeing departed for Oakland. Four passengers came in and six went out. The two pilots of the outgoing plane were surprisingly young—looked like a couple of high school lads. Bareheaded minus overcoats or jackets, with ear phones clamped to their heads, they waved gaily, at the crowd, as the big plane took off, roared into the wind, banked for a wide curve and headed straight for the dark clouds to the north.

With such a ghastly week of airplane disasters, the carefree manner of the pilots, and the nonchalant, matter of fact mien of the passengers offered a striking contrast. It's a safe bet it wasn't a new experience for any of them. The passengers consisted of three young ladies, two young men, and an older man, who was wrapped to the ears in a fur coat, and carried a brief case in his hand.

"He came in from Chicago on Thursday" the information desk informed us, "the others are going to spend the week end at Del Monte."

The number of golf bags and squiffy suit cases piled into the nose of the plane, indicated as much. Well no news is good news. They must be safely at their destination at this writing.

This is Sunday. The church chimers are ringing out familiar hymns and Colorado street is almost as crowded with cars and people, as Broadway in Los Angeles was yesterday. This is a real HOLY DAY for Pasadena. It was DOLLAR DAY in Los Angeles, 24 hours ago. The ancient and the modern, the religious and the pagan!—no two festivals could more clearly symbolize the contrast between these two places, only separated by an imaginary line! Talk about the gay nineties,—where but in Pasadena would one see stately, slow moving electric broughams in the church procession,—piloted by elderly ladies sitting very erect,—often glancing at the speedometer to see that it doesn't exceed 15 miles an hour. Also old gentlemen in frock coats and silk hats, white beading on their waistcoats, and children dressed up in their best bib and tucker, piling into the Sunday school department, as in other places they might into a free movie show! Those atheistic communists over in Pershing Square can put this in their pipe and smoke it. When that revolution they are predicting so glibly comes, they'll have a hard nut to crack in Pasadena!

Lunched yesterday at the Rose Arbour on Orange Grove avenue, a private residence now being utilized as a tea room. A former high official of the S. P. was in the party and there was nothing to it, but ANOTHER visit to the dog show. The S. P. official wanted to see the wire-haired fox terriers, owning a prize winner himself.

One day at a dog show isn't bad, but a repeat performance is rather too much, particularly when one is forced to sit in a chair and look at the judging of the dachshunds in the ring, for two or three hours.

We have no prejudice against dachshunds per se, but they don't appeal to us as DOGS. They always give us an impression of being deformed—suitable for a side show along with five-legged calves, and pinheaded Aztecs,—not quite wholesome or normal, in themselves.

Before this was over however we acquired a genuine sympathy for these elongated, low hung specimens of canine interbreeding. The judge was the youngest dog judge in the country, a Pasadena high school boy, in his teens. What he lacked in years, however, he made up in zeal.

What he didn't do to those poor dachshunds! Old "Link Sausage the Third" would waddle in on a leash, for example, and before he could get his bow legs untangled this young cheer leader would suddenly drop to his knees and with one sweep of his hand along the floor knock the old pup completely off his pins. Then as old Link would try to regain his footing, like a mud turtle on its back, the young judge would cup the other hand in his chin and study the performance most judiciously, pull out his pad, and make a few marks, then without any warning—a sudden pass with his left hand, and Link's posterior portion would be panned skyward, and his tail serving as a handle. Before the pup could shake himself together, one ear would be pulled to the tip of his nose, or as near as its natural resiliency would allow, then the other ear, and before Old Link got thru shaking his head, the boy acrobat had both hands on his spine and was giving him a vigorous chiropractic treatment, which naturally Link didn't fancy, but he might as well have tried to free himself as if he had been in the grasp of an Anaconda. With a run out to get his breath or regain his center of gravity—a rum around the ring was ordered, and Link's handler, who happened to be a plump little woman with an old fashioned bonnet over one eye, proceeded to give him one, during which Link's feet sometimes touched the floor and sometimes didn't, but by some miracle he never completely turned over. However his tongue was hanging out by this time, and his tail was just as far between his legs, as the peculiarities of his chassis allowed. But believe it or not this was only a preliminary. Link was waved aside to wait for the main bout, in which he was to compete with a number of fellow countrymen. This went on for HOURS—we didn't know there were so many dachshunds in the country. Nor did we know there is such a thing as a dwarf dachshund—but there is—which is our idea of a small edition of something that was TOO small in the first place. . . . Well there is an end to everything and in the end, we are glad to say old Link won. But instead of pinning the blue ribbon on him they handed it to his mistress—or his nurse—or trainer—or whatever the rotund lady should be called. She strode off proudly waving it in the air, and a small group of foreign looking people across the ring applauded wildly.

Link was pulled along down the aisle, getting mixed up with his leash—for his proud handler was in a hurry—and with people's feet, and finally hoisted into his cell, right next to a row of Great Danes, who seeing this appetizing morsel sentling along, set up a ravenous roar, pulling at their chains and scaring the little pup half to death again. The blue ribbon was tacked above his head—that did Link a lot of good! and there he lay

quite spent, but a winner. Yes Link won, but believe you me, he EARNED it! R. W. R.

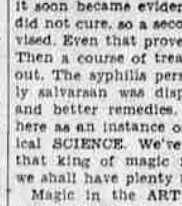
Personal Health Service

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.

THERE IS REAL MAGIC IN MODERN MEDICINE.

When Ehrlich introduced salvarsan, otherwise called "606," the world was thrilled by the promise of cure, the medical world particularly. One dose of the new remedy was to achieve nothing less than "therapia magna aperiens," that is, the absolute eradication of the spirochetes or germs of syphilis from the blood. The laboratory scientists actually entertained such hopes. In practice, however, it soon became evident that one dose did not cure, so a second dose was advised. Even that proved disappointing. Then a course of treatment was tried out. The spirochetes persisted. Eventually salvarsan was displaced by newer and better remedies. I mention this here as an instance of magic in medical science. We've had plenty of that kind of magic for centuries and we shall have plenty more in future.



Magic in the ART of medicine is not so common. Alphanitrophenol is a dye related to picric acid, (which is trinitrophenol). Dinitrophenol or its sodium salt is readily obtainable on the market in pure form and is quite cheap.

For years p. p. pills have been advertising for a magic medicine which would reduce without the painful necessity of restricting one's diet or taking exercise. For years I have been praying no such medicine would ever be discovered. To my eye angles are always fatiguing but curves are restful. Now I fear my prayers have been in vain.

This new magic medicine, so laboriously mentioned above, has come to do for fat folks what insulin has done for the holy frights. But I beg of you, big boys and nice girls, do not get all in a lather pushing and shoving to be first to obtain full information from me about this wonderful new reducing medicine. I warn you, that my steno-graphic reply to all such requests will be "Consult your physician." The new medicine to reduce without dieting or exercising, can be safely and effectively given only under the personal supervision of the physician; in this respect it is like insulin for building up underweight individuals.

What the medicine does is simply to speed up metabolism. Makes you burn up the fat from two to eight times faster than the normal rate. And you do burn—I'm telling you, for

storehouse of other lost dreams—an old trunk. Reasserting it! the other day. I was touched by its clear cry of youthful courage in such contrast to the comic struggle to exist at the time written. My wife commented that it looked as though it had been under a water spout. It had been rained upon, but not by a water spout.

There's charm to the desolation of Broadway between 6 and 7 in the evening. The day's tension relaxes into a small town hush. Clerks come to the front door to hang on awning ropes. Taxi drivers puff cigarettes, stretch their legs and indulge some curb chaff. Lindy's fills with the early dining crowd—the chorus girls and orchestra musicians. But, most cases reflect an out-of-mealtime sobriety. Pedestrians walk across the street with no awareness of death at each step. Ladies of the evening are comical,ly fresh and alert for the ready diner-buyer. Everywhere the languor of those who seem desperately upon commonplaces to forget for a time—the hard business of living.

Sidewalk tragedy: An elderly lady tugging at a suit case which flops open near Cartier's, spilling the contents helter skelter. Her embarrassed fright and the rush of the hurrying crowds to aid her. In such instances one sees in all its fecundity, the many splendored thing known as gallantry, which New York has in delightful over-plus. Among the pickers up were Duke Cross, Joe Laurie, Jr., Mele Crowell and Don Palmer.

From a lady's chatter column: "Mr. McIntyre has become keep-off-the-grassh with me. He joins the men in their banter but seems utterly aloof from the feminine sex."

Yeah! Call for me when playing post-office some time. (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Betty Thorndike Doubles For Zasu Pitts Revue Here

Whenever one thinks of Zasu Pitts, one naturally brings to mind the fluttering hands, the woeeful expression and the wailing voice of the well known comedienne. But how many people here in Medford know that the star has a local double, one who has brought much laughter and praise for her characterization when she has performed for the benefit of friends and family? This talented young lady, Betty Thorndike, in case you really must know, will be one of the several movie star doubles appearing in the "Hollywood Movie Revue" at the Craterian theatre next Wednesday and Thursday nights.

Our Gang, the beloved group of youngsters whose antics have brought amusement to thousands of moviegoers, will also be presented, as well as numerous other hits.

The entire show has been set against a background of a Hollywood movie set, with dancing girls providing additional sparkle as they go through their various routines. Miss Helen May, formerly of Pancho and Marco, has been rehearsing the show for the past two weeks and has promised Medford theatre goers an unusual hour's entertainment.

What a whirligig life is! Bob Wagner reports that when Anna May Wong lived over a laundry in Figueroa street in Los Angeles she worked as an extra in a Douglas Fairbanks picture. And now in London, another correspondent reports, she is occupying the professional and social standing that Fairbanks snatched at. But miss!

Sometimes the buffeting of a manuscript are as romantic as the tale it contains. There was a fiction conceit I turned out in a bleak room four flights up and all the way back 18 years ago, the fate of which literally meant food and warmth. It made the rounds of the "pulp" but always came back. Finally it went to the

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

ALBERT, king of the Belgians, climbing a mountain, seizes a rotten rock, it crumbles under his grasp and he falls to his death. He is buried amid pomp and splendor, and with every evidence of sincere mourning on the part of the populace.

IMMEDIATELY afterward, his son, Leopold, ascends the throne, speaks in French and Flemish the oath to defend the constitution, and shortly afterward starts on his way to parliament.

The dispatches tell us: "Thousands of Belgians ecstatically shouting 'vive le roi' (long live the king) and waving flags and handkerchiefs hailed Leopold on his triumphant ride."

"THE king is dead; long live the king."

That shout has been resounding in Europe for centuries. It means: "The old king is dead. The new king has ascended the throne, without revolution or bloodshed. Government will go on, which means that we, the common run of people, can go on with our daily affairs, instead of being dragged into somebody's war."

That is why the populace of Europe, for long centuries, has hailed the seating of the new king when the old one dies.

THE people of Europe, you see, have learned through long and bitter experience that ANY government is better than NO government.

TO US, here in America, the institution of royalty seems utterly absurd—so absurd that we wonder how it ever came to arise and occupy the place in the world it has occupied for ages.

In reality, it is all quite simple. It came about like this: Away back in the dim beginnings of civilization, government consisted of the rulership of some chief, stronger of arm and shrewder of brain than his fellows, who rose to leadership because of these qualities.

As long as this chief lived, there was government of some sort, and a greater or less degree of order and quiet. When he DIED, there was WAR until some other chief established himself.

War meant suffering and loss of life.

SO, IN TIME, people began to cast about for some way to PREVENT the bloodshed and the suffering and the disturbance that followed the death of the chief. If it could all be arranged beforehand just who the next king was to be, they reasoned, the change of government might be effected without bloodshed and suffering.

So they said to themselves: "Why not have the OLDEST SON of the chief succeed to the rulership when the old ruler dies?" They tried it, and it worked.

IT WAS thus that the institution of royalty, with all its hereditary nonsense, came into being.

This is the point: Abused as the institution of royalty is, it came about because people recognized almost from the beginning that ANY government is better than NO government.

Government, no matter how much we may criticize its shortcomings, is TREMENDOUSLY important to our welfare.

PIPES-WYANT CASE COMPLICATED AFFAIR

The civil suit of A. W. Pipes against R. L. Wyant and others for money allegedly due is under way in circuit court today before Judge H. D. Norton. The case involves lease and re-lease of the Hilton dairy property near Central Point, and involves transactions between Pipes and the California Land Stock bank, and business transactions between Pipes and the late Bert Anderson. The suit is a complicated legal knot and is expected to take all day to present in the court. Pipes was the first witness. Ben E. Harder, president of the First National bank, was also called as a witness.

If you have not already made an inventory of your business and will soon, remember the Commercial Printing Department of the Mail Tribune, 28-30 No. Grape, carry inventory blanks. Phone 75 and we will deliver the blanks to your place of business.

Phone 332. Reinking Trucking Co. for Modern Fuel Oil deliveries.

Dance at Rogue Elk Saturday night March 3.

BIG PINES BUILD COST SERVICE

PHONE 1

MILK, FIRST MEAL NEVER SURPASSED, DECLARES AUSTIN

(By Chas. W. Austin, Dairy Inspector)

Having been asked for a little resume of what was given at the University of California Dairy Division, short course, in Davis, I shall request your indulgence in prefacing, same with the following:

We often read much concerning fundamentalists, evolutionists and modernists. Personally I might not qualify in any of these, so would probably be termed a hybrid along these lines. However, from a food standpoint I am a fundamentalist, for milk exclusively was my first meal, and I have never yet found anything better.

As an evolutionist I have tried many substitutes with poor success, but as a modernist I am looking for the most, at the least cost. With this in mind, and according to dietetics I challenge the world to prove as much food value can be purchased for ten cents in anything else as can be found in milk. So this brings us to the gist of the preliminary rambling.

It is very interesting to learn just how intimately dear old boosie cow, the foster-mother of many nations, ties in with the evolution of civilization.

Animal husbandry has its inception way back in the night of time, though history records but little as to its fundamentals, but thanks to its evolution and modern endeavor, excavations have been made which reveal that more than 40,000 years ago man began to tame cattle, though he was yet living in savagery.

Recently has been termed the "mother of invention."

It is chronicled that in the long, long ago, a dying mother left a tiny infant; the father, desirous of saving the life of his child, began to think of ways and means, and he evolved the idea of lassoing a mother cow from the roaming wild herds.

With the aid of several other hunters he accomplished the task and secured milk for his babe.

H. G. Wells, in his Outline of History, points out that civilization really began when the hunters turned to herdsman, so from this beginning of civilization there has evolved the most modern methods in dairy husbandry, which links dear old Boosie very closely to human welfare and sustenance.

In our desire to rear a strong and virile nation let us try by special effort to interest the kiddies and those furnishing milk, more in the cow and her products. We can all become more awake to the importance of milk, its source of supply and its processing and handling. By so doing we shall serve more freely the "milk of human kindness" by seeing to it that the children of our community have all the pure, wholesome milk they need, the cheapest and best food on earth.

The short courses at our state

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 28, 1924 (It was Thursday) Second game of Ashland-Medford series to be played at Ashland Saturday night, and fans of both cities are "aroused as if a call of war had sounded."

Mellon tax plan is defeated in congress. Medford told by Portland efficiency expert "to prepare for the tourist crop."

Many new autos decorate the streets of the city. "Covered Wagon" coming to Rialto.

All dances, whether in city or country to have a matron, and great is the reaction.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY February 28, 1914 (It was Saturday) "The Maurice Tango" will be taught all tango students for \$2 extra, the tango professor announces.

Ashland defeats Medford 8 to 5 in second game of the annual series. Feeling runs high.

The chief of police announces: "I spend half my time chasing girls who are mad at their mothers, and the other half keeping kids from stealing milk bottles." The chief asks the council to employ a special officer to round up juveniles.

Model hog pasture is planned on "sunny southern slope of Roky Ann."

Worst blizzard in 25 years sweeps eastern half of the continent, with birds "singing in our midst," writes the editor.

City council is advised by the Morning Sun, "to cease squabbling, and if you can't do anything, do nothing." One of the city fathers is deeply rolled.

Billings Estate Surveyed For Tax

An inventory of the estate of the late G. F. Billings of Ashland, for the purpose of computing the state inheritance tax, was filed in probate court yesterday by George W. Dunn, Fred D. Wagner and Henry Kubler, all of Ashland, appraisers of the estate. The value is appraised at \$22,075. It consists chiefly of real estate, time deposits in banks and farm equipment.

dairy schools afford a very helpful means of keeping abreast of the times, thus aiding to stimulate and improve the industry.

The course at Davis, Calif., is divided into four divisions—market milk, butter, ice cream and cheese. The economic side of the dairy industry was also presented by those of recognized ability, and I shall be very glad later to pass some of the high spots of their lectures along.

HERE'S THAT QUICK WAY TO STOP A COLD

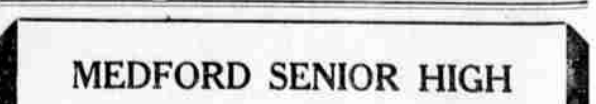


Almost Instant Relief in This Way

The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds.

It is recognized as the QUICK-EST, safest, surest way to treat a cold. For it will check an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get the real BAYER Aspirin Tablets. They dissolve almost instantly. And thus work almost



MEDFORD SENIOR HIGH

Presents the incomparable Music, Art and Humor of Gilbert and Sullivan, in—"The MIKADO"

High School Auditorium Final Showing TONIGHT CURTAIN 8:00 P. M.

Admission 25c. Tickets on sale at—The Toggery—Office Stationery and Supply Company and East Side Pharmacy