

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Daily Except Saturday

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ROBERT W. HUBB, Editor

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Official paper of Jackson County.

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EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION



The Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The campaign slogan is again in our midst, as devoid of meaning, as of yore. A Democrat files for office and announces heroically, he upholds the principles of Democracy, and policies of President Roosevelt. The layman, in his dumbness would expect something like that from a Democrat, full of the quaint notion, that to go to restore property is to go broke. This is alleged to be socialism. The socialist your cor. knows think much straighter than that. The campaign slogans have less hair on their chest, than the high school graduation class mottoes, which specialize in pronouncements like "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy" and "Beyond the Bay Lies the Ocean." Candidates of the past should have selected as a slogan, "I will be beyond all belief." It is hoped when the Republicans recover from their current spring fever, their slogans will mean something. For instance: "I am unalterably opposed to Democrats."

A Utah woman is detained in a calaboose for killing her husband, "because he lost interest in me." It does seem to an untrained mind, that killing a husband would be any way to arouse his interest.

The spring pestilism is coming along fine, a number of despairing gents, proclaiming in their agony, if they had their lives to live off again they would not do it.

If American wants royalty in its ruler, it has it in Anna Eleanor Roosevelt. — (S. F. Call-Bulletin), Goody, goody! item.

The straw hat for males this spring and summer will have colored bands. It is not thought they will cost much more than a haystack.

A locomotive was fooling around in the local railroad yards yesterday, and narrowly escaped being knocked off the track at the crossing, by automobile speed idiot, going no place in particular.

The esteemed Oregonian will publish a series of realistic war pictures, to impress the people with the horrors of war. War is a glorified ineptitude, and it is doubtful if publishing gruesome photographs, will benefit peace much more than a two hour lecture, with the same objective, followed by the formation of a pacifist society. There would be no wars, if there was no money to be made as the result, and a picture of gentlemen in high hats, counting gold, would be a much better argument than a battlefield, if a majority of humanity were not greedy, and intellectually lazy.

A group of auto indigents went through yesterday, three weeks ahead of the first garden, handy to the highway.

The mayor of Klamath Falls announces he will cast his chaplain into the ring, and run for governor. He is a picturesque figure, and will fit in well with the picturesque scenery of Oregon. His picturesque ought to make him a dandy governor. He announces he will take a "firm stand on the power issue." This is fine. The "power barons" are about the only thing left in the state, that make a conscientious effort, to pay their taxes on time, and maintain payroll. Just how long the people will stand such capricious impudence, is a matter of conjecture. He will run on the Democratic ticket, which according to the sagebrush magistrate is also mismanaged. He is a natural-born fighter, and if there is nothing else to fight, will fight himself. He is opposed to the Knox bill which regulates liquor. He wants the old fashioned saloon to fight the service stations for the corner lot. All the evidence shows that the mayor started himself towards Salem, and he is a shining example of the glories of the Oregon primary system. It requires no qualification of a candidate, save the filing fee, and the gall to try it. It sure has given Oregon in general, and Jackson county in particular, some stem-winding officials in the past.

Editorial Correspondence

PASADENA, Calif., March 5.—We now know something about trying to break into the movies in the year of our Lord 1934. Lunched at the Brown Derby in Hollywood with a group of friends today. The place was crowded as usual and the food was excellent,—also as usual. But the main attraction at the B. D. which is to see the movie stars, failed to develop. We have been there many times in the past, but never before failed to see a face familiar on the silver screen. Not even Wallace Beery, who has an interest in the place and usually lunches near the entrance with his little girl, was there. In fact no one was there as far as we could determine,—and even the waiter who promised to point them out when they came in, gave it up. We later learned he was a new waiter,—in fact they all were. The regular waiters had walked out the night before because their wages had been reduced to 30 cents an hour. They were holding an open air meeting in the parking lot next door as we filed out. One of them with his hat off, and a badly sunburned nose, was inquiring what had become of the N. R. A.!

Well what HAS become of it? There is a gas war here now with bootleg gas as low as 10 cents. There is also a milk war with grade A milk, five cents per quart. We supposed the N. R. A. was to end such things. We also supposed it was to raise prices. But a block from this hotel you can get a dozen ranch eggs fresh from the nest for 20 cents, 2 bunches of onions for a nickel, and from a truck wagon at the corner, ten dozen oranges for two bits. Nothing very high about that.

However, we are getting ahead of our story. After the flop at the B. D. we decided to show one of the guests what a country newspaper man could do in the way of producing movie stars, if he set about it. Called up Paramount where we have been several times before, and made a date, for a look in on the production sets in half an hour. We arrived on time, and sent in our card, expecting of course to be admitted at once,—as had always been the case before. But in this we were disappointed. A young lady with blood dipped finger nails, and a platinum permanent appeared, and was sorry to inform us that Miss W., who handles publicity was out on a set, and we would have to wait until she returned.

"Can't we wander in and look her up?" we inquired. "We merely want a glimpse."

"Sorry, but that can't be done. The rules are very strict. She should be back in five or ten minutes. When she returns I will let you know at once."

Well, she didn't return in five or ten minutes, nor in an hour and a half. The afternoon being dead for anything else we became stubborn and vowed we would get in if it took all summer,—but one of the members of the party objected and at 4:00 p. m., which had been finally set as a dead line, the personally conducted tour of the country editor filed out—the stock of the C. E. having fallen to about 30 cents,—minus.

However, the long wait gave us a clear idea of what trying to get a job or sell something to a Hollywood movie studio is like. During those 90 minutes at least fifty men, women, girls and boys tried to get through the gate, and only about one-half of one percent did. Practically all of them had appointments or claimed to have. But there were more mysterious disappearances than at the bureau of "missing persons."

"Mr. A. is not in,—sorry. Mr. B. is somewhere on the lot, no can't tell when he will return; Mr. C. says he can't see you today, come tomorrow; Mr. D. has gone to Palm Springs for the week-end—will be back Tuesday," etc., etc.

There was a Mr. Binks of Detroit—a young man carrying a black sample case, which might have contained a St. Bernard dog, a miniature golf course or a relief map of the state of Texas,—it was almost as large as Mr. Binks and judging by the way Mr. B mopped his brow when he sat down, it contained something heavier than ladies' lingerie. The fact Mr. Binks had come all the way from Detroit apparently impressed the traffic cop in charge of the waiting room, for he nearly wore out his pencil dialing various numbers in the studio, without any results as far as Mr. B. was concerned.

Then there was a long-haired artist with a bundle of sketches under his arm, who had a date with a Mr. Z. The artist didn't get in but unfortunately for Mr. Z, he came out escorting one of Earl Carroll's American beauties to her car—or to HIS—at any rate the long-haired artist grabbed him, when he returned. There ensued a tete-a-tete, in which no holds were barred, and if persistence, resourcefulness and bull-dog tenacity could have won, the artist would have walked off with a check, and Mr. Z would have had a port folio of sketches to dispose of later. But Mr. Z proved to be as clever in putting his roller skates in reverse as Gene Tunney, and after executing half a dozen figure eights, and a reverse grapevine, he somehow disappeared through a side door backward, and the artist with his portfolio couldn't follow him—at least not in time—the door shut in his face.

Then there was a Mr. Smith, who had been waiting at some other entrance for an hour and a half, and finally came to headquarters to find out what was the trouble—he had an appointment with Mr. C three-quarters of an hour ago. The imperturbable traffic cop, scanned his record and found Mr. Smith had kept the appointment and had left 15 minutes ago. "But not HARRY Smith!" cried Mr. Harry Smith, "I am Harry Smith."

"Well it was SOME Smith," was the reply, "Mr. C is in conference now, you better come tomorrow."

"I tell you he saw the wrong Smith," insisted Harry, "I made this appointment two days ago—I am Harry Smith," and the over-heated gentleman offered his card.

"Sorry, too late now—phone Mr. C after ten tomorrow."

Harry finally left and everyone in the waiting room wondered what the OTHER Smith had accomplished.

A husky young man without coat or hat and his sleeves rolled up displaying muscular forearms, entered in a very direct, business-is-business manner and asked for Mr. B. We assumed he was a regular employee, but it seems he was a camera man, looking for a job. He didn't get in, but in a few minutes Mr. B came out—and as he came through the door he was exclaiming "Can't do anything for you—sorry, can't do anything for you," and before the muscular young man could say anything he was gone again, the door closed behind him. The young camera operator could have lifted Mr. B up with one hand and knocked over the somewhat agueic guard with

the other, but he didn't—he promptly wilted, pulled out a cigarette, lighted a match with a downward snap of one hand, and departed, smoke trailing back over his right shoulder.

Then there was a pathetic little middle aged woman with a brief case who finally tackled a Jewish gentleman coming in, saying "Mr. Samuel, I am Mrs. Nathan, you said you could do something for me."

"Oh—Mrs. Nathan—but that was two years ago."

"Yes, but I MUST have something."

"Sorry, but there is nothing now—we are—"

"Yes but I must!"

There was no doubt about the sincerity of her appeal. "I don't care what it is,—anything."

"Well, Mrs. Nathan, I will see what I can do for you,—call me Monday. I will try and get you something. Goodbye."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Nathan, and she went out.

There was a cute little girl with a beautiful bouquet of flowers. She was on the steps as we came in, then she entered and took a seat in a corner. Don't know what she was after,—when we left she was still there.

—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.

THE OLD HOKUM BUNKUM IS STILL TAUGHT IN SCHOOL.

From a village comes the naïve query:

We have had an argument in our high school physiology class as to whether or not we breathe through our skin. Our instructor says we do. Will you please settle this question for us?



No, child, you don't. It would be a great thing for the welfare of the human race if human physiology were introduced into the schools. But I doubt if it will ever be admitted into the grammar school or high school curriculum.

The instructor of the physiology class in this instance must have found the idea in an almanac. Surely it was never taught in an educational institution, nor published in a textbook of physiology.

It is a crime to waste the public funds and the time of school children with such instruction or study. People pick up enough misinformation from the quick doctor literature and nostrum promotion stuff, without having an official instructor appointed by the school board to clinch it in their minds.

The question of the ability of the skin to absorb things is still controversial—at least there are still a few medical men who seem to believe it can happen. But there is no question whatever concerning the function of the skin as a respiratory organ. It has none.

Even the absorption of poison or food or chemical or medicine through the skin has not been proved scientifically. Most physicians have long since ceased to imagine that any medication applied to the unbroken skin is absorbed through the skin. Most physicians know that any such medication that is absorbed is absorbed through inhalation or the vapor of the volatilized substance.

Now and then some muddleheaded doctor expresses his belief that some such poison has been absorbed through the skin—especially in case of shoe dye poisoning. I should like nothing better than to submit my own skin to any scientifically controlled test of this question, with shoe dye or any other poison or substance, and abide by the results of the test. But no fear that anyone of standing on the other side will agree to such a test.

No, daughter, the skin does not breathe. Nor does it ever absorb anything, unless it is scratched or punctured or abraded so that raw flesh is exposed. Nor is anything of a poisonous nature excreted through the skin naturally. The skin excretes practically nothing but water and salt.

Don't let the physiology instructor fool you about that.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Mice and Rats.

Could you not tell me how to rid our apartment of mice, as we find it inconvenient to keep a cat—J. L.

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

GREAT BRITAIN announces big naval building program, calling for construction of 17 new battle-ships.

The new program, if carried through, will increase the personnel of the British fleet by 2038 men bringing the total to 92,388 effectives.

IF THEY are effective in keeping Britain out of war, they will be worth many times what they cost.

War is more expensive than ANYTHING ELSE.

DOES a big fighting force keep nations out of war, or does it get them into it?

Before attempting to answer that question, perhaps you would better have a try at this one: Which came first—the hen or the egg?

FRANCE, we read, is again considering the question of making a payment on its debt to the United States.

The French are thrifty. Perhaps they have noted that with our new devalued dollar they can get a 40 per cent discount if they pay up.

AT THAT, though we'd be GLAD to discount their debt 40 per cent if they'd pay it in full.

We could use the money.

DEATH again rides the news.

Four are killed in an airplane crash in Illinois, the death list being comparatively small because the liner that crashed was running light.

Pilot and passengers were all killed, as is usually the case when a plane falls out of the air.

THE cause of the crash was a storm that caused ice to collect on the plane, making it heavy and unmanageable.

That is one of the perils of the air that can't yet be guarded against.

JUST outside Moscow, in Russia, 19 are killed and 52 injured in a collision between two suburban passenger trains. The tragedy is attributed to negligence and lack of discipline.

That is BAD. Unavoidable accidents are tragic enough. Those that are avoidable are doubly tragic.

DON'T forget, though, that this toll of 19 dead and 52 injured in a Russian railroad accident is significant when compared with our annual toll of some 33,000 killed in automobile accidents, MOST of which are due to somebody's carelessness.

STRANGEST of all in these modern days, is the death of Mary Elvira Temple, of Harney county, here in Oregon, who was killed in a horse-and-buggy runaway the other day.

Accidents of that sort were once common enough, but have become rare with the disappearance of the horse and buggy.

GETTING back for the moment to war debts, there is a rumor afloat that England is considering a proposition to pay a part of hers by ceding some of her colonies to the United States. The rumor is sufficiently definite that Prime Minister MacDonald appeared in parliament the other day to deny it.

He needn't have. We have troubles enough as it is, without taking on more by accepting a lot of somebody's colonies in payment of a debt.

We may be foolish, but not that foolish.

The city of Ashland, Ky., experienced a fire loss of only \$38,635 last year, the smallest in 17 years.

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Flight 'o Time

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

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

March 9, 1914

(It was Tuesday)

Sheriff Terrill is charged with swearing at a young man charged with knocking his mother down. "I most certainly did swear at him," replies the sheriff, "and I had to hold myself to keep from knocking him down. Nobody should slap his mother."

The Medford high basketball team leaves for the state tournament and will play La Grande Friday night.

Ruch highway is approved by the state highway board.

Ashland high wins debating championship of southern region.

Shortage of houses to rent.

Merchants and employees hold a "get acquainted" meeting.

Don Newbury is named local chairman of the U. O. gift campaign.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

March 9, 1914

(It was Tuesday)

Army of idlers at Sacramento, threatening trouble, penned in flooded area by police.

The almond tree near the Natatorium is in full bloom.

The mad motorcyclist who broke all speed records racing up and

Broncal Irritations

Need Creosote

For many years our best doctors have prescribed creosote in some form for coughs, colds and bronchitis, knowing how dangerous it is to let them hang on.

Creosolium with creosote and six other highly important medicinal elements, quickly and effectively stops coughs and colds that otherwise might lead to serious trouble.

Creosolium is powerful in the treatment of colds and coughs, yet it is absolutely harmless and is pleasant and easy to take.

Your own druggist guarantees Creosolium by refunding your money if you are not relieved after taking Creosolium as directed. Beware the cough or cold that hangs on. Always keep Creosolium on hand for instant use.

(Adv.)

Men 35c Ladies 10c

RHYTHM

The Cinderella Shop

Announces for Saturday a

SALE OF

SPRING COATS

Since suits are so in demand, the coat business has slowed up. This is the reason for these great values at the Cinderella Shop tomorrow. Buy your Easter Coat now and save.

Lovely new Spring Tweeds, fashioned in swagers, straight line or belted models.

\$19.95 New Spring Coats

\$14.95

\$25.00 New Spring Coats

\$18.95

All \$29.95 to \$39.95 Coats at

1/4 Off

EIGHTH AND CENTRAL AVENUE

down Main street last week on a stolen machine transferred his operations to Riverside avenue Monday night about 1 o'clock, and sped the entire length of the thoroughfare with all valves open, and emitting a rebel yell at every crossing, outbursts that awoke the residents of that street.

"Nither Right Nor Wrong" at the Star: "A Women Loves and Weeps," at the Isis: "Hell in the High Spots," at the It.

The Medford Order of Owls is victimized by a bogus check artist.

India was the original lands of sugar cane which now grows in practically all quarters of the world.

MUSIC

DANCE

TO

DINTY MOORE'S RHYTHM BAND

Dreamland SATURDAY NIGHT

Men 35c Ladies 10c

RHYTHM

Men 35c Ladies 10c

RHYTHM

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EIGHTH AND CENTRAL AVENUE

Would You Like To Remodel Your Home?

Our service includes Free Architect service. Estimates of Cost, Expert Selection of Mechanics

TIMBER PRODUCTS COMPANY

Medford Oregon

PHONE 7

End of No. Central A Good Firm to Trade With Medford

Beck's Saturday Special

Chocolate Covered Whole Wheat DONUTS

You never "dunked" more delicious doughnuts than these!

25c dozen

On sale Saturday at your favorite food store or at

BECK'S

A Home Owned Bakery

Always ask for Beck's Bread

It's made to eat—not to keep!

BAKED DAILY



BOOST

SOUTHERN OREGON'S

Dairy Industry

When You Buy Cheese—Ask For

ROGUE VALLEY CHEESE

Here is a tangible way in which you can contribute to the welfare of this growing industry—dairying. At the same time, ROGUE VALLEY CHEESE will stand on its own merits. Its delicious flavor will instantly appeal to you. Get the habit of asking for ROGUE VALLEY.

At Your Grocer