

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry. An eastern capitalist was here last week, but fled to California of his own accord, before the Oregon laws, making it a felony to possess more than \$42, could chase him there.

WHOSE JOB IS HOUSEWORK, WHEN COUPLE BOTH WORK? (Hillside Sp. Call-Bulletin). Here is a weighty problem that can be solved, by employing a hired girl, thus reducing the ranks of the jobless, and creating another payroll. The husband and wife would then have no problems, except who was going to pay the hired girl.

The magnolia tree was moved to the courthouse yard, by six men, and only 1342 full-time spectators. A vote taken on whether or not the magnolia would grow in its new hole, resulted: No., 1242; Yes-6.

With all this fine weather and happiness everywhere, we can't but wonder why anybody wishes a sales tax on top of it all. They would try to spoil our fun.—(From letter in Portland Journal). This is the first time that any heavy thinking upstate, has invoked pleasant climatic conditions, as an argument against a measure he does not like. The weather is too nice, for bothering about any kind of a tax. It is also too nice to go to school, so why have any school. The argument is sublime. The weather is also ideal for sales tax foes, suffering from the delusion that they are being chased by Wall Street, to run from their imaginary pursuer. The Journal correspondent was trying to say: The weather is fine, so let us play hooky, from a plain duty to the schools and the children.

F. DeBousa, the lead horse of Jackson county Democracy, has lost his upper teeth, and gained a mustache of the style and proportions, that adorned the Arizona deputies, of the late 80's.

It does not seem like a year since paranoias were at large, acting as their own judge and jury, and rendering decisions to suit themselves, when caught in their own cussedness.

All the candidates for Governor have, or soon will, issue lengthy pronouncements on "What I stand for." What the candidates for governor "stand for," is not near as important as what the voters fall for.

The public continues dissatisfied with the state stumblers. The hoarse board ought to find something midway between the old-fashioned bartender, who gave patrons a drink, when they said "Good morning," and the modern bootlegger, who took them out back of the barn to "sample the stuff." Such would melt the present cold reserve. Outside of giving promise of being a success, and a revenue producer, there is nothing the matter with the liquor stores.

Triplets came yesterday to cheer the nest of Henry Lark. Mr. Lark passed the worms, and is flying high.

H. Flewler, the demon baker, who is happiest when armed with a screwdriver or monkey-wrench, has started his spring fixing of things, whether or not they need it. He should not be confused with Jim Bates, the lion-sorcerer, who thinks that if anything is wrong, it can be made right by driving a nail in it.

NOW AS THEN (Pendleton East Oregonian). A magazine just received contains a long essay on the exact location of hell. If the writer would plant a hill of potatoes, cultivate, dig and market them, doing nothing else for a whole year, while he lives, he would be of infinitely more service to the world than trying to find out where hell it.—(50 Years Ago Col.)

Bird Cages. The finest cheap cages we have ever sold. Assorted colors, large roomy cages, each \$1.49.—Medford Seed & Feed Co.

In keeping with the times—Drugs and Toilettries at Cut Prices at JARMIN'S DRUG STORE.

Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 13.—There is no doubt that in sanctioning the transfer of air mail from private companies to the army, President Roosevelt made the most serious mistake of his administration. The death of ten army airmen, and the complete demoralization of commercial air transportation, are two things the administration, will never completely live down.

But in FAIRNESS we must say this for the President. When he makes a mistake, he is willing to rectify it, and do all he can to undo the harm that may have been done. To date his admission of error has not been as complete or as frank as we might wish, but reading between the lines, it appears certain that he is determined to give the private airplane companies a fair deal, put the air delivery into their hands, and see that our army air forces are improved and brought up to date.

At the start of his administration President Roosevelt said his program was to be one of trial and error; that he expected to make mistakes but when he found his way WASN'T the right way, he would waste no time in changing it. That pledge it appears at this writing he is about to keep.

Pity the poor Indian! We sat next to one in Union Square this morning, none other than Chief Lone-Scalp-Lock, a Creek, graduate of Carlisle in the class of '97, famous then as a football player and later coach at Washington State, now a very pitiful and lonely old man trying to sell copies of the Indian magazine. Chief Scarp-Lock has no teeth and no larynx—but by putting a cloth pad over the hole just under his collar band, he can talk, although there is a wheezy spluttering sound like a leaky valve, with every word.

The old boy opened up the conversation by being interested in a little feather in Ye Editor's hat, saying he had noticed feathers in men's hats in San Francisco and wondered why they were there. The only reason we could give him was that the clerk who sold us the hat, put it there.

"I used to wear feathers in my hat, many of them," he wheezed and giving us a toothless smile, he opened the Indian magazine and showed us his picture when he weighed 175 pounds instead of 150 and was fitted out in full war bonnet and buckskin suit. He also showed us a picture of his daughter, a very beautiful girl, smiling, modern, very American, who teaches at the Haskell Indian school in Kansas. Her mother, he explained, was only half Indian.

As far as we can recall we have only spoken to one other Indian in our life, the other one being Harry, a Hopi who presides at the roof lounge of the "Westward Ho" in Phoenix.

We became very fond of Harry, and are quite sure we could become very much attached to Chief Scarp-Lock.

Like Harry, he is VERY much a GENTLEMAN. We wonder if all educated Indians are like that. Apparently down and out, and alone in a large city, he neither asked for a dime, nor tried to sell a subscription—his only inquiries concerned our knowledge of Stanford University and whether or not, they were interested in the history of the American Indian down there. He had visited the University of California and intended to call on certain residents of San Francisco to whom college officials, had referred him.

The Indian he says, is a mystic and a craftsman; he is doing what he can toward educating the American red man along these lines and away from this commercial and machine-made age,—not trying to make a POOR American out of him, but a GOOD Indian. He talked very intelligently about the problem, and with that pad over his throat certainly would have deeply stirred the sympathies of anyone who heard him.

Having been associated with Pop Warner, he naturally was anxious to visit the college where Pop coached football for so long. Big Chief Lone-Scalp-Lock doesn't share the popular view that Pop is a super-man. "Carlisle knew a lot about football before Pop went there," said he. "Carlisle made Pop; Pop didn't make Carlisle," and he gave that toothless grin again.

"When Pop first came to Carlisle," he continued, "he smoked cigars constantly and swore like a pirate. After the first practice the entire squad handed in their suits and said they were through. They refused to be cursed by Pop Warner or any other white man. The Indian never swears."

"From that day on Pop never swore at the Carlisle Indians, in practice or after a game. I hear he still smokes cigars, and he may swear down at Temple, but he never swore at Carlisle, after that first day. He never had to. Indians are natural football players and natural good sports. But somehow they never recovered from the closing of Carlisle at the outbreak of the war. There are some Indian teams, but they don't seem to play very good football."

For some time we have known the bicycle is coming back but we didn't suppose the six-day bicycle race would. However, one is being run off here now at the Civic auditorium, and we looked in on it for an hour or two today. We never had seen one before and thought we might figure out, in what their fascination consists. We came away without succeeding.

Why anyone wishes to see ten or twelve husky gents, wearing old-fashioned bathing suits,—some of them over winter underwear,—on old-fashioned low handle bikes, meandering around a pine board saucer hour after hour,—most of the time only fast enough to stay upright—we can't fathom. Of course there were occasional spurts, and scattered cheers when some frantic peddler shot up the outer ridge of the track and shot down ahead of them all, but in the ordinary sense of the term there was NO RACE in it. We understand the event is popular for late parties, the guests adjourning to the bicycle race about three or four a. m. where they can sit at little tables about the track and have MORE to eat and drink. No doubt one might get a kick out of the spectacle at sunrise.

We were more interested in the riders off duty than those in the ring. These gentlemen—at least some of them,—were snoozing in piano boxes open to full view, and with a jazz band banging away most of the time, the drummer not being six feet away from one of the slumbering Apollos. But to all appearances he slept through it all. Later on he was awakened by his trainer to have a little hot soup, and without even brushing his teeth or combing his hair, he scrambled back into the endless grind again. One of the riders (from Germany according to the program) peddled about, nonechalantly taking large bites from a bunch of celery which he held in one hand. Before we left another muncher an apple. Then there was a spill at a turn, five or six bicycles came together and came out twisted together like a snarl of angle worms—while attendants scurried about and

stretchers were produced. One of the boys, according to the loud speaker announcer was badly hurt and had to be rushed to the emergency hospital.

No doubt that is one of the attractions at such an exhibition. Homo sapiens, likes to see blood spilled as long as the blood isn't his OWN!

—R. W. R.

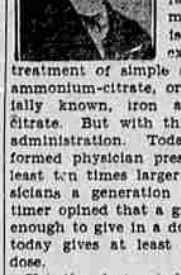
Personal Health Service

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, 285 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

THE OLD IRON IS THE BEST.

All medical authorities concur in the fact that the old-fashioned iron medicine is the best. In medicine merely serves to combine with sulphuretted hydrogen and other sulphur compounds in the intestine, and these sulphur compounds must be removed before the iron of food can be assimilated. This ingenious explanation accounts for the extraordinary success modern physicians have in the treatment of anemia with large doses of iron. But it fails to account for the success physicians have in treating anemia with subcutaneous injections of inorganic iron—if they have any notable success with such treatment.



One of the old-fashioned iron medicines which is now employed extensively in the treatment of simple anemia is iron-ammonium-citrate, or as it is officially known, iron and ammonium citrate. But with this difference in administration. Today the well-informed physician prescribes doses at least ten times larger than did physicians a generation ago. The old-timer opined that a grain or two was enough to give in a dose. The doctor today gives at least 15 grains at a dose.

Yet the doctor today knows more about the role of iron in physical economy than the doctor of yesterday knew. For one thing, we know now that approximately one-fourth of a grain of iron a day is all that the body requires in health. So far as our present knowledge of physiology and nutrition goes there is no reason to suppose that the body ever needs more than this iron ration in illness. So the old-timer, with his one-grain dose of iron, gave enough in one dose to last the patient all day and half the night—theoretically.

But there's a catch in this. I know we doctors have a lot of dumb theories and traditions, but we are discarding them as fast as we can consistent with the dignity of the profession. One of our dumb theories that has stuck too long is that all the medicine the patient swallows is utilized by the body. The healthy individual who has never received any iron in medicine, nevertheless gets his iron ration from his food. The anemic individual, perhaps taking the same food, fails to get his iron ration from it. Why? Honestly, nobody knows. But physiologists studying the problem advance the hypothesis that iron given

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 16.—Thoughts while strolling: What's become of the star boarder who trimmed his cuffs with buttons with buttons? George Rector has the town's best kept mustache. Beats me how French mobs have been smashing things on fire over there. For in France one has to buy one's own matches.



One word description of Erskine—silly. Earl Carroll found none of the Hollywood indifference expected. Instead sympathy and cooperation. Always aside the way writers got their biggest checks out there and then Jer. How proud the old comedian Cliff Gordon would be of his brother, Max!

Now the Balto's leading producer, Eddie Duchin, the debutante's delight, Lindbergh seems more popular than ever. I like to dawdle before shop windows, chasing fugitive ideas through mental suburbs, as it were. Karl Kitchen suggests a shrunken Albert Keller. Even white-haired ladies are wearing bangs.

Winnie Sheehan has done more by his guild than any New York newspaper man becoming a Hollywood big shot. And his hat fits him still! Barbara Hutton shucked off 40 pounds for her price. Can't get a table at the Ritz bar at cocktail time with a court order. Two months ago it was a mausoleum.

Two of my favorite people—W. W. Hawkins and Karl Bickel. It's my guess one of them will succeed Roy W. Howard, should he ever retire. Dennis King has that swagger off stage, too. A cat howling in front of the Met. Still my dog once howled in Liszt's back yard in Welmar.

Jo Davidson and his ship, spade—

Doctors Give Creosote For Chest Colds. 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 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.)

through the composing room one day and a case printer turning and admiring the chin piece observed: "He can stroke that thing until it purrs."

It's Waterson Rothacker's story of the supervising director who insisted a lot of French atmosphere be used in the picture and heckled his composers during the entire shooting. Just before the preview he plattered into another rage: "I told you you didn't have enough French music." Then screamed: "Why didn't you do what I told you and put in more French horns?"

Another story of the lots concerned a bewhiskered, ruffish and unwashed fellow called Rasputin, the shadow for a publicity seeking actress. Some one seeing him dog her trail day after day inquired who he was. He was told: "He's her B. G." Further questioned revealed B. G. meant body guard. So cracked the wag: "He might serve as B. O., too."

The skittiest spot in this jumpy metropolis is the waiting room of a large maternity hospital between midnight and dawn. Men, gaunt and nerve-wrecked, at endless taut, or pace, burning up futile cigarettes, chain fashion. Each time a door opens everybody springs for action. I think it was Ben Ali Haggin who told of one salon d'attente in which he waited displaying but a single picture—"The Stag at Bay."

And in the middle of last night at our house I sat up straight in bed with a throaty: "What is it?" From the adjoining bed came a sleepy: "What is it?" From me in falsetto squeak: "One step nearer and I shoot!" My wife turned on the light. The moon had fallen slanting a hat stand on which hung my overcoat, hat atop. "Now, Deadwood Dick, go back to sleep," she said. And try to appear head of the house after a night like that.

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

ONE day we read that the house passes the bonus bill. The next day we read that defeat of the bonus bill in the senate is predicted. That raises this question: If it hadn't been known in advance that the senate would defeat the bonus bill, would an overwhelming majority of the members of the house have voted for it?

THE answer, of course, is "No." The members of the house who voted for the house bill were just making an inexpensive political gesture. They weren't voting their convictions, at all. It is gestures of this sort that cause the public to lose faith in politicians.

WALTER PIERCE, incidentally, bases his campaign for re-election one day on support of the President, and the next day votes FOR the bonus bill, which he knows President Roosevelt OPPOSES.

THE former Kaiser, we learn from the dispatches, may decide to quit Holland and return to Germany? Why? Well, it's this way: The Hitler government has forbidden export of money from Germany. The Kaiser's money all COMES FROM GERMANY, where he rates as one of the world's richest men. No wonder he's going back.

THE government's income for the present fiscal year, which ends on July 1, yesterday passed the TWO BILLION DOLLAR mark. Expenditures for the year to date are \$4,444,687,000.

In other words, the DEFICIT for the current year, which is only about three-fourths gone, is approximately FIVE times the total cost of running the government only a few years ago.

STILL there's some consolation in the figures.

Receipts of the federal government from last July 1 to March 10 were \$2,001,995,458, which compares with \$1,293,522,909 for the same period last year.

Business seems to be getting better with Uncle Sam. It seems that WE are paying more taxes. Which means something else to think about.

BIGGEST item of increase in Uncle Sam's income is revenue from taxation of distilled spirits, which amounted to \$348,908,000 last year and jumped to \$1,035,581,000 this year.

Liquor, for 14 years an outlaw, is now the Santa Claus that is filling our Uncle Sam's purse and saving him from bankruptcy. Times certainly do change.

FOR nearly 20 years, the state of Oregon was hounding the liquor

traffic, fining those who engaged in it and throwing them into jail. Now the state of Oregon itself is engaged in the liquor traffic—which is trying to put on a dignified, respectable basis.

Well, maybe it can do it. But nobody else ever did.

BY the way, a grocer said to this writer yesterday: "Closing the beer places at 1 o'clock in the morning is helping our business, for it keeps people from spending so much for beer."

In keeping with the times—Drugs and Toilettries at Cut Prices at JARMIN'S DRUG STORE.

Call for Bids The Board of Directors of Howard School District No. 100, Medford, Oregon, will receive sealed bids up to April 9, 1934 for 30 cords of old growth body fir, to be delivered by July 1, 1934. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

RUTH STOCKS. Clerk, School District No. 100, Rt. 2, Box 112, Medford, Oregon. March 14, 1934.

Expensive TOUCHES IN Inexpensive Clothes. Little extra touches that indicate your own individuality. Custom tailoring benefits without high priced penalties. Garments made as you want them—every little detail followed closely. Expert workmanship throughout. Choice of over 300 fine all-wool fabrics beginning at the inexpensive price of \$30.00 and up. We have the fabric you like, in the style you prefer, at the price you want. Come in and look them over. GUS The TAILOR 120 No. Central

JARMIN'S Cut-Rate Drug Store. (In location formerly occupied by Jackson Co. Bldg. & Loan Office) Where You Receive SERVICE — SAVINGS — SATISFACTION. \$2.00 Seventeen Cold Cream 98c. Kleenex, (180 sheets) all shades 15c. 4-oz. Woodbury Facial Soap 3 for 25c. 100 Aspirin, 5-grain (dissolve instantly) 17c. Kotex, (new style)—Saturday only 14c. Iokelp Health Tablets \$1.00. 50c Ipana Tooth Paste 37c. Miracle Diamonds \$1.00. 15c Scot-Tissue 2 for 15c. Mineral Oil, (real heavy) gallon \$1.49. 25c West's Paste 2 for 25c. Crazy Crystals (genuine) \$1.50. Cigarettes — Package 11c; carton \$1.13. (Old Gold, Chesterfields, Luckies, Camels) These Are Only a Few Everyday Savings at Jarmin's —Let Us Fill Your Prescriptions— Tune in KMED every day (except Saturday) at 5:30 p. m.—(Fridays 12:45 to 1 p. m.)—All items advertised on these programs can be bought at JARMIN'S Cut-Rate Drug Store 30 N. Central Ave. Delivery Free Phone 73 Mail Orders Gladly Accepted—Include 10 Per Cent for Mailing.

PARTICULAR PEOPLE PATRONIZE THE City Meat Market. FREE DELIVERY—8:00—10:00—2:00—4:00 121 No. Central Phone 324. SERVE BEEF and satisfy Spring appetites. You will like the rich flavor and tenderness of our beef. Beef Roast, lb. 8c. Rib Boiling Beef, lb. 6c. Jewel, Pure Vegetable Shortening, 4 lbs. 33c. PRIME RIB ROAST BONED AND ROLLED The color and texture of this beef is unusually fine. It is cut from prime young steer beef. lb. 14c. Grade A Raw Milk and Cream Milk, gallon 30c, quart 9c. Table Cream, quart 35c. Quality Milk Depot No. 2