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NRA
MEMBER
Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

A candidate stands accused "of not doing enough talking, for the people to judge him." The last time a candidate was judged, by his talking, it cost the county approximately \$65,000. This is regarded as a high price to pay for a series of bum orations, and six months of glad-handing the voters.

The flight of Samuel Inault, Chicago magnate, to Abyssinia, to escape the processes of American law, for high-powered financial hornswoggling gives sandy and far-away Abyssinia some much needed publicity. Heretofore, Abyssinia has been known only as the home of the Abyssinian wart-hog. A member of the species visited this city several times, when the community could afford a circus. No intimate details of the Abyssinian wart-hog were learned, as he slept throughout both the afternoon and evening performances, and not even a grunt could be elicited from him.

It is now possible for any person tired of believing the Truth, to hear any kind of a lie his ear may desire.

S. Morris, the O. Hill, T-Rock, L-Valley farmer, and Peoria Bill Gates the grocer compared fatigues yesterday. Mr. Gates stated that he had to do all the work, while Bill Lydard was recovering from becoming a bouncing fathead. Mr. Morris stated that his righthand boy was planting lettuce, and he was tired from stooping over.

DEPRESSION NOTES
(S. F. Call-Bulletin)
\$11,500,000 was bet at Hialeah Park at Miami, Florida, during the 45 day race meet.
(Chico, Calif., Enterprise)

When a young woman connected with the welfare department of a southern county went to see a mendicant family she was set upon by three police dogs quartered in the impoverished household, severely chewed, painfully shocked nervously and readily might have been killed.

One of the Older Girls is mad because of comment in these parts intimating that the womenfolks are diffident about voting. If there is anything else to do. If the election was held today, she is mad enough to vote.

It is a pleasure to note that Cong. Martin of Oregon, who became lucky politically shortly after his anger at Hoover reached its peak, is confident he will be elected governor. The general reckons without Mr. Mahoney, the fiery mayor of Klamath Falls, who is also confident he will be elected to the same high post. Most any time the mayor is apt to think of something catchy and free, that will cause the voters to knock the pickhandles out of their own hands—something like Fried Chicken for Everybody, and Free Gasoline. The masses would rejoice to have a candidate with a little originality; one who would report, six weeks before a note is cast: "I don't think I'll make it. I wish I wasn't running. It's no use. I'm sure of nothing except losing."

YES, WHY DON'T THEY?
The constant declaration that every man is "made" by his mother or wife is very sweet and polite, of course, but there are objections to the gallantry; every foolish, incapable woman manages to get her share of flattery out of that statement; many a woman believes she "made" her husband when she has actually been a millstone about his neck. There are millions of worthless men. (I believe this is admitted by everyone.) Why do not their women folk "make" them, if it is so easy? (Larned Tiller and Toiler).

MCKENZIE PASS OPEN EARLIEST ON RECORD

BEND, March 22.—(AP)—The earliest opening of the McKenzie highway in the history of that mile-high route through the mountains, was accomplished Wednesday. In 1930 the pass was opened on April 15.

Good Work, Ashland!

CONGRATULATIONS to the Ashland basket-balers! An initial victory in the state tournament is no small achievement, inevitably boosts a team's morale, and here's hoping, the first is followed by a second and a third.
If Ashland SHOULD reach the semi-finals, or grab the title, all southern Oregon will rejoice, and a county reception will be staged for the winners, which this section of the state will long remember.

JUDGING by reports received by the present writer since his return a week ago, Medford and Ashland staged a miniature civil war over the basketball championship of this section. We are still somewhat hazy as to what it was all about, but regardless of the intensity of feeling aroused, Jackson county is certainly NOW a unit as far as the Ashland basketball team is concerned.

In order to assure its readers the result of today's contest the Mail Tribune has extended the time of going to press, until the final flash is received.

We hope the news will be good news, but if it isn't,—if Ashland should lose,—the team at least can have the satisfaction of having made a good showing, and having upheld the best sporting traditions of this section of the state.

Medford joins every other section of the county in congratulating the Ashland team on its initial victory, and boosting wholeheartedly for its final success!

Mrs. Martin Opposes Mrs. Fehl

WE are glad to agree with Mrs. Henrietta Martin, president of the Good Government congress, in her opposition to the candidacy of Mrs. Electa A. Fehl, for county judge.

Mrs. Martin bases her opposition, upon Mrs. Fehl's INCOMPETENCE to fill the office, and explains further as follows:

"We desire that the coming campaign be not a campaign of vilification and mud slinging, but a campaign conducted on the qualifications of the candidates seeking office, for it is in this way alone, that we may select capable, honest men to fill city, county and state offices."

To which the Mail Tribune pronounces a fervent "AMEN!"

For over 20 years this paper has fought for competence in public office, the elimination of personalities, generalities, mud-slinging and vilification, in political campaigns,—we are glad, AT LAST, to get some help from a source, where for so long a time, it has been conspicuously lacking.

Might we add that Mrs. Martin in her search for competence, for a capable and honest man to fill the place of county judge, need go no further than to give her hearty endorsement to the present incumbent, Mr. Earl Day!

All candidates of course, in an effort to GET into office, CLAIM to be honest, efficient, and everything the voters might desire, but Judge Day has this distinct advantage over all present and future claimants,—he has PROVED himself to be just that. His supporters need not claim anything,—leave anything to conjecture,—they have merely to point to his record, to the accomplished FACT.

ANYONE who will fairly study that record, consider the trying circumstances under which Judge Day took office, will agree that a BETTER county judge—MORE honest, MORE capable, MORE tireless in his effort to serve the best interests of ALL the people, ALL the time,—has never occupied the place in the history of this section.

Then why not consider the incident closed, Mrs. Martin? As far as the judgeship is concerned, your search for honesty and capability in office, and elimination of mud slinging and vilification in the campaign, need go no further.

The retention of Judge Day in office, will give you precisely what you, and your organization, desire!

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 22.—Wall Street continues to simmer but will not boil. Yet it remains one of the most optimistic strips in the metropolitan area.

Many efficient traders have deserted to a board room until the sun shines, but the hangers-on are still there. Hoping!

The most striking change is noticeable at the noon hour, when clerks and stenographers used to overflow the sidewalks. Now the mid-day escape is a mere raffle.

Lunch rooms that once had lines of the waiting are only comfortably filled. There are no hoonday spreads on Trinity's graves.

The string of costly limousines that used to begin the parade downtown at 10 a. m. has shrunk to a straggle few, and the morning flotilla of yachts that streamed from Long Island estates has diminished to a few. Wall Street is using the subway and elevated.

It is estimated clerical forces have been shucked down more than two-thirds, and that breezy optimist known as the customer's man is almost extinct. Houses that had as many as 20 telephone girls have been getting along nicely with one or two, thanks.

Every man has stored in a spare locker of his brain a restaurant he visits but seldom but looks upon sentimentally. Mine is Fraunce's Tavern on the lower tip of the island, where Washington bid farewell to his troops. When existence becomes gray and oblique, I like to drop in there. One almost expects to find Doctor Johnson lifting a tankard on one of the well polished benches. The waiters, in colonial costume, are plump and of high cheer and it's a sane place to sit, meditate and paint your picture of the future, if any.

headline figures of stage and cabaret. It is dedicated to the Gay White way resolve to show-off and accomplish it with a bang.

Sutton Place, which mushroomed out of slum muck around East 87th street into one of the plushiest mid-town strips, is threatened with disintegration on account of its acute traffic problems. So congested is the peacock area, and so scant are transportation facilities, people who live miles away are able to reach the theatre and restaurant some more quickly. As a result, many are trying to get rid of their leases and unless some arrangements are made in a jiffy realtors fear a wholesale exodus. Like an abandoned mining camp.

In the meantime placid Greenwich Village is on the upswing and threatens to become a residential Valhalla again. Nearly all its Bohemian fakery has vanished and artistic crowds, sans smocks, sandals and berets, are moving in. Nifty cabarets and other circusy clap-trap are dying off and the waffle and coffee parlors filling with people of real talent once more.

Pierre's which got off to such a bad start it required a bankruptcy bath the first year, is also swinging into line. For a time, being so far uptown, it seemed a colossal building blunder. While it's not yet out of the red, apartments are filling and the restaurants under the direction of the celebrated Theodor are receiving a good play, especially among the debutants. The Waldorf, next to the Ritz, has made the most gallant comeback out of the long travail. Since the first of the year its rooms, save for drops here and there, have been at 90 percent capacity.

Thingumbobber, J. P. McEvoy is heading for Russia again. The widow of Ernest Torrence is planning a trip to the Orient. The late Montague Glass once gave his home to a friend in California. Waiters on Rothacker's California ranch is without a telephone. The Arthur Somers Roches are first to arrive for the Palm Beach season and last to depart.

Lionel Barrymore will star in the movie version "Dodsworth." The Kent Coopers are in Russia. Best of the Lamba dambol akts concerned a prisoner in his cell, beating his breast and tearing his hair. A guard advances with a package. "Have you got it?" inquires the prisoner, in fevered huek. The guard tells him to produce the money and the exchange is made. Deliriously he unwraps the package, a megaphone, and in a sudden purr of contentment begins to croon: "I'm just a vagabond lover!" Black out!

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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.

RESEMBLANCE TO BALONEY.

A medical man sends in a handsome brochure about a saline that seems to enjoy considerable popularity with physicians of the credulous class—and we have a lot of 'em in practice—on the first 12 pages are replete with testimonial letters which purport to have been written by physicians, tho for some curious reason the docs prefer to remain anonymous. Wonder what they were ashamed of?

The brochure contains some fine illustrations showing just about the prettiest nurse you could find in seven counties, or at least a young lady with a nifty waitress cap and everything. In the act of applying some of the saline to a patient whose pulchritude positively distracts the eye from the nurse. And so tho that were not enough to remove the last doubt of the prospective customer, there is a second scene in which the nurse plays the Lady with the Lamp. In this scene she holds a kind of portable reading lamp, I should call it, so that the powerful white rays beat down upon the snowy bosom of the patient. The legend under Scene II reads "Driving the (Nostrum) in With Heat." Altogether it makes hot stuff.

The friend who sent me the item for my column marked one page printed in Italian, which the nostrum makers have probably found effective in disposing of any little skepticism the gullible physician might have: "It has been assumed by some that the absorptive power of the skin is comparatively small owing to the protection of the horny covering of the epidermis. It will be seen, however, upon examination of the illustrations, that the epidermis has abundant openings in the sebaceous glands and hair follicles, through which drugs in suitable form may be readily absorbed."

To any one with even an elementary knowledge of anatomy and physiology it is as absurd as would be the argument that since there is an opening thru which sound, air, light and liquids may enter, the ear, a person may talk thru his ears with a little encouragement by the right nurse.

One doctor was so delighted with the free sample boxes of saline the nostrum maker sent him that he sneered up the environment with it quite recklessly while the supply lasted. But everything comes to an end eventually, and when the doc had none more he was to dispense his bethought him of an old trick where it is possible to get another half bushel sample cans out of the average nostrum firm. He sat down and wrote a note of praise for the stuff, putting just a suggestion in his testimonial that he would like to experiment further. This quaint old gentleman solemnly states that he had a bad attack of gonorrhea, and I confess I wouldn't know if he was, and I guess any other physician would—and he used the saline on the affected joints. After he had been applying the saline (containing iodine) for a while the laboratory pathologist found traces of iodine in the analysis of the urine. The doctor says he had not taken any iodine or iodides internally. So he seems to think the presence of the trace of iodine in the urine proves that the skin absorbs iodine.

Oh, well, as long as we have such simple, credulous men in the medical profession, we can't blame the lady for being so gullible.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Bananas Are Easy to Digest
Bananas are hard to digest. Why? (P. O. B.)

Answer—I know of no reason to think so. Ripe banana is an excellent food for puny infants. It should be fed to every infant. Banana pulp when thoroughly ripe, sweet, yellow, soft but not mushy, will prevent and cure many intestinal troubles of poorly nourished infants.

Caffein
A chemist tells me that coffee is beneficial because of the caffeine it contains. He says caffeine is a mild stimulant which does not cause after-depression. However, he admits that

On these tracts, he says, where the water has all been squeezed out of the price, it is possible to put up 20 per cent in cash and borrow the rest from the government.

Deals like that can't be turned down.

WHERE are the buyers coming from? Principally, it appears, from the Middle West—the good old source of supply for most of California's new population.

The Middle West hasn't lost confidence in California, and apparently the Middle West isn't as badly broke as we have been led to believe. Its people can find the money with which to take advantage of what they regard as a bargain.

AS TO this confidence of the Middle West in California, he says: "A bond man down on the bay told me the other day that his house has sold so far \$1,345,000 of bridge bonds, and of these bonds, \$125,000 have been sold in San Francisco, and ALL the remainder in two or three states of the Middle West."

Deals like that can't be turned down.

Deals like that can't be turned down.

Whose Fault?

Fitful, fitful slumber and those "bad dreams" are sometimes caused by eating things hard to digest, or eating too near bedtime. But a more common cause is constipation. If clogged with waste, a child can't relax; the whole system becomes affected. You just can't give the ordinary cathartic at such an hour. (Indeed, laxatives of adult strength are never suitable for children.)

Next column for a way to make the child comfortable for the night, and insure the needed bowel movement next morning: California Syrup of Figs.

To turn a nervous, wakeful child into a peaceful little slumberer, try two teaspoonfuls of a delicious fruity syrup you can get from any druggist. Just have him to give you a bottle of California Syrup of Figs. Any boy or girl will love its taste. It starts at once to sweeten a sour, bilious system; and next morning, after moving about, the child will have a thorough, natural bowel action from the gentle action of the senna, if it is the real bowel movement next morning:

California Syrup of Figs.

WHY?

Because experience teaches us that when a Middle Westerner comes to California and buys a piece of California land, the Californian who sells out, about nine times out of ten, comes up here into Oregon and buys some good Oregon land.

California land sells at what to us up here looks like mighty high prices, and Californians are smart enough to know that they can come up here and do better with their money—either by converting an equity into property or by selling a smaller piece down there and buying a bigger one up here.

BESIDES, Oregon, especially Southern Oregon, is interested in ANYTHING that benefits California, for California is our best customer, and whatever helps our best customer helps us.

Ed Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 285 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

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
March 22, 1924
(It Was Sunday)
Cloudy skies prevent the coming of the frost, but "orchardists will not be caught napping."

Basketball team will go to Chicago to play in the National high school meet and C. M. Kidd wins a prize for attendance at the Kiwanis club meets.

It is definitely decided there will be horse racing at the county fair next fall.

Governor moves for a more even distribution of labor, so there will be no shortage as now.

Anti-Saloon league leader starts a prison term for bribery.

Water shortage danger in southern Oregon ends with a heavy fall of snow in the high mountains.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
March 22, 1914
(It Was Monday)
A "mysterious disease" causes the death of a number of valley horses.

Flower thieves busy on East Main street.

Validity of the Grants Pass railroad to the coast is sustained.
Police Judge Gay fines a husband \$20 for throwing dishes at his wife.

and fines the wife \$10 for "talking too much."

The resources of the First National bank pass the million dollar mark.

1500 enjoy ride on new trolley line Sunday. Two teams ran away on Main street this morning, "at sight of the new contraption."

HOG CALLING BASEBALL PLAYER TAKES OWN LIFE

KANSAS CITY, March 22.—(AP)—The piercing yell of Clyde (Pea Ridge) Day, the hog-calling baseball player, is stifled forever.

Day, who baffled batters with his screw ball and entertained the fans with his hog-call, committed suicide last night by cutting his throat with a hunting knife.

CONSTIPATED After Her First Baby
Finds Relief Safe, All-Vegetable Way
She had given up hope of anything but partial relief until she learned of famous all-vegetable NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy). But now after years of chronic constipation and biliousness—what a change! New pep—new color and vitality—freedom from bowel sluggishness and intestinal poisons. This all-vegetable laxative gently stimulates the entire bowel, gives complete thorough elimination. Get a 25c box. All druggists. DR. TO-NIGHT TOMORROW-ALRIGHT TUMS Quick relief for acid indigestion, heartburn. Only 10c.

You Don't Know
Whether your Car is Safe or not unless it has been checked recently with the proper equipment.
It Will Cost You Nothing To Make Sure
Let Us Check Your Steering System the Weaver Way
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
On all work if the trouble is not corrected.
See Us Now!
For Your Safety Economy and Comfort
Young's Service Shop
116 N. Front Opp. S. P. Depot Phone 516

20th ANNIVERSARY
KELVINATOR
THE REFRIGERATOR WITH A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING
The new Kelvinator which is truly "a refrigerator in 1," truly gives you "a place for everything." Properly spaced shelves take care of general items. The Frost Chest preserves meat, game or fish indefinitely. And then there is the Food File, Kelvinator's unique contribution to orderliness and economy. Three chrome-fronted compartments that are a joy to the housewife. There's the Crisper for vegetables, the Dairy Section for butter, eggs and cheese, and the Thrift Trays whose covered compartments take care of usable left-overs. Why not come in tomorrow and let us show you these beautiful new Kelvinators?
JOHN CUPP FURNITURE CO.
Sixth and Bartlett. Phone 505 (K-1964-3)
1914 1934