

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturdays
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
33-37-39 N. Fir St. Phone 15
ROBERT W. MULL, Editor
An Independent Newspaper
Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS
MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

YE SMUDGE POT
By Arthur Perry.

The city council of Portland is contemplating an ordinance, which provides among other things, that "pretty little girls will not be allowed to dance among the patrons of beer places, nor sit on the laps of tired business men in public."

The all-around efficiency and general worth of the state police has at least, as long expected, proven too much for upstate thinkers, who now propose its abolishment.

Judge Colvig, 89, returned from Portland, and as well as could be expected, after watching the Portland ball team try to play for a week.

The New Jersey pants presser, sentenced to 30 days in jail, and fined \$100, for charging a nickel less than the NRA code specified for creating trousers, probably takes no stock in the favored speeches of administration leaders, denying there is any intention of establishing a dictatorship.

A friend requests that we print the first name of his wife, and "tease her." He can do his own teasing, and his own running.

The Newberg Graphic devotes about a foot of space on its editorial page, to elucidating the subject: "And, What is a Republican?"

J. Kort Hall, the horticulturist, is still worrying about a number of things that will never happen. It is a custom with him to have his Daily Dose of Frets.

No. 1 Bandit John Dillinger and gang of associate cut-throats has again vanished, as if swallowed by the earth. His elusiveness is puzzling and disconcerting, and no particular credit to law and order.

Rufus Holman-The Great 'I Am'

SEVERAL days ago an upstate grange asked Rufus Holman to either resign as state treasurer, or as candidate for governor. It did not like the idea of a state official trying to hold two offices at the same time.

Yesterday the redoubtable Rufus handed down his answer which took the form of an emphatic "no!"

Not only will Rufus refuse to resign one office until he is elected to the other, but following his coronation as governor he will appoint his own successor as state treasurer, for only thus can the Holman principles "of progressive government, which have been so long delayed, be promptly put in effect."

"Any other action," observes the great Apostle of political righteousness "would be playing right into the hands of the power trust, other selfish interests and my political enemies, and thereby would tend to defeat the entire purpose of my election."

THERE, ladies and gentlemen, you HAVE Mr. Rufus Holman! And the man actually BELIEVES IT!

OTHERS may have their doubts of the greatness and indispensability of Rufus Holman, but NOT Rufus Holman.

The present State Treasurer is CONVINCED that if he should resign and take his chances on getting another job, as governor, (as an ordinary human being might do) the state of Oregon would go into a fatal tailspin AT ONCE. If he could have his way he would not only hold two state offices at once, he would hold ALL of them—for he is convinced he is not only the most able and honest man in Oregon public life, but he is the ONLY one.

THIS has always been Mr. Holman's belief. When appointed to his present position by Governor Meier, he took the place of the most efficient state treasurer in Oregon's history—Tom Kay—a finer, squarer, public official never lived. But did Rufus take the time to pay his predecessor a passing tribute, even hint that he would uphold the policies and principles of his predecessor so suddenly taken by death?

No. At that solemn hour Rufus, as usual, ONLY THOUGHT OF HIMSELF, and how fortunate the state was to have a man, as honest and efficient and progressive as he, to handle its finances.

RUFUS HOLMAN, if psycho analyzed, would probably be classified as an Ego-centric Introvert. He suffers from delusions of persecution and delusions of grandeur. No one can convince him the Power Trust is not constantly on the warpath to do him in; no one can convince him, that if he should fail to win whatever political race he may enter, that all the forces of righteousness and fair dealing, would NOT go down with him.

Such supreme self confidence, such colossal egotism is contagious. A man who believes so thoroughly—and exclusively—in himself, can't fail but impress others—particularly those who are not politically sophisticated and who ARE IMPRESSIONABLE. And that in the last analysis is the secret of Rufus Holman's strength.

What Should Be Done?

THE conviction that recovery is being held back is the basis of the outcry against the "brain trust", and the reason why, in spite of the collapse of Dr. Wirt's charges, the "brain trust" is increasingly unpopular. It is also the cause of the inflationist sentiment in congress. That sentiment expresses the view that the depression is due primarily to a derangement of money, which has destroyed prices and profits, and not, as AAA and NRA imply, to a lack of "planning" and control in the economic structure.

The administration has been acting on both theories. It has a monetary policy which tends to raise general prices, to restore profits, and to stimulate enterprise. It has a policy of regimentation, which raises prices here and there but in no intelligent relation to other prices, which obstructs profits and discourages enterprise. The two policies are now grinding one against the other.

THIS conflict has to be solved. It is the main business before the country, before congress, and before the administration. There are three possible ways in which it can be resolved. The regimentation could be redoubled and reinforced and the attempt made to run agriculture and industry under government control. This is the direction indicated by the Bankhead cotton bill. To take this road is, however, impossible. Congress would not permit it. The country would not tolerate it. The administration does not desire it. The second way is the one that congress is threatening to use. It consists in imposing upon the banking system an inflation of sufficient power to overcome the inertia of all the restrictive measures. This is a dangerous and disorderly way to reach a sound objective. The third way is for the administration itself to release enterprise by abandoning some of the measures that constrict it and by revising others. This is the way of common sense.

FOR the monetary policy as now set up, supplemented as occasion demands by the use of the powers the president already possesses, is a most powerful engine for recovery if only it is permitted to operate. It can create immense supplies of new money provided channels are opened through which new money can flow into industry. It would be the height of folly not to use it when, by using it intelligently, as the British are doing with a similar monetary engine, it is almost certainly possible to bring back to the people work, security, and peace of mind.

To do this is in no sense to abandon the hopes of the "new deal." For, as the president himself has frequently said, all the particular devices of the past year are purely experimental and should be modified when they do not work. Experience has now shown that some of them thwart enterprise and retard recovery. Those devices ought without the slightest compunction to be revised so that they will not thwart enterprise and retard recovery.—Walter Lippmann in N. Y. Herald Tribune.

PAROLE SIGNED FOR LIQUOR TRANSPORTER
An order of parole was signed yesterday by Circuit Judge H. D. Norton for George K. Cease of Seattle, who has served 38 of a 60 day sentence for transportation of liquor, upon condition that he pay a \$250 fine. Cease, a coopermith, has a job at his trade in the navy yard at Bremerton, Wash. The order states that during his confinement, Cease has been a model prisoner and a trusty, and has performed much useful work around the courthouse. Seasonal sales of farm fertilizer in Mississippi are about double those for the same period last year.

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 ENJOY A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP

First, you must have a clear conscience, or none. Second, it is essential that you devote at least an hour or better several hours a day to some form of honest work, that is, working with your muscles, and it doesn't matter whether this shall consist of scrubbing the floors, sweeping, doing the washing, ironing, painting the porch, building a dog kennel, spading the garden, shoveling the sidewalk, skating, playing baseball, walking to the office or doing the Last Day Symphony or swimming or working out in the gymnasium, or running or hiking. Anything to make you healthily tired. If the exercise is taken out in the air, sun, wind, snow, heat, cold or rain, it is all the better medicine. Is it not so?

Third, unless you are already overweight, it is well to take a bedtime snack if you retire more than three hours after your regular evening meal. This night lunch may be anything that appeals to your taste, except alcoholic beverages, tea, coffee, cocoa or chocolate. Any food or combination of foods that you like ordinarily and digest ordinarily will be quite suitable for the sleeping ration. Don't pass up a treat just because some old duffer imagines this and that is "indigestible" or causes nightmare. If you are already over-nourished, or under-worked—which amounts to the same thing practically—you stuff in additional fuel at bedtime at your own peril and who cares about your peril anyway? Fourth, have sleeping equipment that is all-weather rather than the uncomfortable bed that makes a night's rest impossible. Fifth, to bathe or not to bathe before retiring is a purely individual question. Do as you like or as you feel about it. Sixth, be thankful if and when you can have cool air, and if possible moving air, to sleep in, of course with comfortable covers to keep you warm. On stormy nights the unbleached muslin window screen will provide ideal ventilation. On very hot, still nights an electric fan is a blessing, that is, if you are not superstitious about the refreshing draft. Seventh, say your prayers and slip into bed. Do your belly breathing exercises when this is done, set your self to any sort of subconsciousness. That is, just as a pastime try to catch yourself as you drift into the

twilight zone between waking and sleeping, and see if you can discover what you dream. Takes considerable practice to snatch back into consciousness the mere fragment of the dream, but sometimes you can do it, and it is most diverting. Eighth, you're off. Some persons keep pencil and paper handy to jot down memoranda of their dreams. I do not advise this, but if one can write down a mere word or so, without turning on the light or coming wide awake again, it makes a most interesting record. There are legends of great discoveries, inventions or solutions of perplexing problems having been snatched out of dreamland in this way. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Sugar Obsession. Your article regarding the action of sugar on a tired-out person prompts me to ask why I get a headache if I take any sugar on such an occasion, whereas, if I take some food containing starch but no sugar, it refreshes me and satisfies me and gives me no headache?—H. L. G. Answer—I give up. Only explanation that occurs to me is that you have some peculiar obsession against sugar. Sugar is the easiest of all foods to digest, the most quickly assimilated, and the best emergency ration when exhaustion impends and refreshment is needed to enable one to carry on in the effort. Many people whose education has been neglected acquire morbid notions about sugar from the teachings of freaks and fakirs. Gravel. In the case of kidney stones or gravel it is better to remain in bed or to have plenty of physical exercise while they are passing.—Mrs. O. V. N. Answer—If there is not too great pain it is better to keep reasonably active and get a fair amount of general exercise daily. Pure Milk. Our four children range from 15 years to 18 months. We get raw milk for the baby, and so-and-so's Vitamin D milk for the rest of the children. Is this better than raw milk? I still give the baby cod liver oil, and he gets his sun bath every day.—Mrs. C. A. W. Answer—Provided your physician approves the milk, plain raw milk is best for all the children, I think. After a year a baby needs no cod liver oil, as a rule. (Copyright, 1934, John F. Dinne Co.)

Ed Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre
NEW YORK, April 25.—Not many New York husbands, the dears, are to be left alone with the dog and ice-box while wives and children droop holidaying this summer. More than any summer in the past five this is to be a season at home. The majority who set aside a vacation fund are using it for income taxes. But the national ill wind blows excellent for nearby resorts of Long Island and Jersey week-end. Generally speaking, New York will take its vacation in small sporadic doses. Already second rate country inns nearby with wainscoted parlors, evening fires and tea things are popular. One of the twists of the times is the enormous increase in bicycling parties on Saturday and Sunday. This too, is the time of year when the private mansions on the upper East Side are boarded. The only show of life was the pipe-puffing janitor in an arway at sundown. Scarcely a dozen of these homes are so shuttered this summer. A real estate expert discloses that six years ago only 15 per cent of the occupant of apartment houses on Park and upper Fifth avenue remained in town during the hot months. This summer 80 per cent will remain. Roxy seems to have leaped from a frying pan into a bed of soft cool roses. His \$100,000 a year salary had been shaved to half that amount plus the bedevils of internal strife. Today his moving picture house engagements are netting \$5,000 a week for himself. And with restored health and spirits the old sparkle has returned to his eye. He was so ill for a while that he wouldn't play poker, which gives one an idea. If there is an ear palate here are some of the names of people and and things that tickle mine: Churchill Downs, Foxhall Keane, Marco Polo, Oliver Twist, Minnehaha, Wappinger Falls, Meadowbrook, Yaphank, Bing Crosby, Oliver Onion, Houndstooth, Benjamin De Casseres, Kokomo, Anita Loos, Walla Walla, Yakima Jake, Montauk Point, Bombardier Wells.

Pole, Nijinsky, premier dancer of the Russian Imperial ballet, resulted from intimate details of his tragic life in the recent exciting biography penned by his devoted wife, Nijinsky, upon whom the black curtain of forgetfulness fell at 30, has been for 15 years in a Swiss retreat, alternating stargazing out of a window blankly at the bleak Alps, with about him and penciling pad after pad with queer meaningless whorls and arabesques. I was one of those press agents, fresh every hour, at the Hotel Majestic where Nijinsky, as did Pavlova, lived during New York triumphs. He was then a young man in his 20's, strikingly noticeable because of a panther tread and the Mongolian obliquity of his eyes. The graceful and esthetic nature of his art made him appear unusually effeminate. When he ran up or down stairs it suggested a swan float. He was the first person I ever saw hatless on the street. I talked to him frequently. He was then, I have learned, showing mild symptoms of his mental affliction. Although I thought his strangeness due solely to the bewilderment of a foreign land and the vast gulf in our conversational medium. He spoke only Russian and French, with a few words of English. It so happened I breakfasted in the hotel grill each morning at 11, about six tables removed from Pavlova. I recall her beautiful Boston. But most vivid of all memories was a time she was excitedly called from the table by some bloused and booted moujik aside, with a movie beard, and in her haste tripped slightly on a doorknob. That is something to tell the grandchildren. Old Pappy saw Pavlova stub her toe! When the blods in our town got all gussied up for a dance their costume was called a full dress suit. In Cincinnati later they were called evening clothes. Then in New York merely "tails." Now someone calls me to come to dinner and says: "White tie." I have a notion to go wearing only that. (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Eternal Destiny Rests With Each Says Evangelist
"Man," declared Evangelist McKay last night in the revival campaign at the Free Methodist church, "is a king and sits upon a throne and sways a scepter of universal control. That throne is not an earthly throne, that scepter is not a material scepter but, it is over the realm of your immortal soul. Freedom of moral choice is a right which the Creator will always hold sacred, not only in time, but in eternity. We settle our own eternal destiny by the choice we make," declared the speaker. Tonight Rev. McKay will deliver his great message on the subject: "The Bible Under Fire."

Relieved interest in the famous Motion pictures offered to the public have in their making thrilling episodes not flashed upon the screen. For example: Jean Parker (left) had a narrow escape during a film sequence when a trained mountain lion went berserk and almost attacked her. Trainers roped the crazed animal in the nick of time. Ann Dvorak (center) was bitten by a rattlesnake while on location. First aid remedies permitted her to go back to work in an hour. Patricia Ellis (right) got an unscheduled thrill while performing the part of a trapeze performer. She slipped from the trapeze while hanging by her knees. A net below saved her, but her back was wrenched. (Associated Press Photos)

MOVIE-MAKING HAS THRILLS NOT SHOWN IN FILM



Motion pictures offered to the public have in their making thrilling episodes not flashed upon the screen. For example: Jean Parker (left) had a narrow escape during a film sequence when a trained mountain lion went berserk and almost attacked her. Trainers roped the crazed animal in the nick of time. Ann Dvorak (center) was bitten by a rattlesnake while on location. First aid remedies permitted her to go back to work in an hour. Patricia Ellis (right) got an unscheduled thrill while performing the part of a trapeze performer. She slipped from the trapeze while hanging by her knees. A net below saved her, but her back was wrenched. (Associated Press Photos)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

WHEN you go to bed, do you go to sleep at once—as soon as you "hit the hay," or do you use a familiar expression—or do you lie awake for anywhere from a half hour to HOURS?

IF YOU go to sleep at once, you're physically lucky. But if you have to count sheep, or repeat over and over some soothing phrase, or concentrate determinedly on making your mind a total blank, in order to get to sleep, it's a sign that MENTALLY you're above the average.

At least that's what the scientists tell us, and the scientists are supposed to know everything.

IT WORKS like this: If you aren't much of a thinker—that is, if you are more active physically than mentally—your mind is at rest when you go to bed, and you drop off to sleep quickly.

But if you ARE a thinker, if your mind is working constantly at some problem or other, your mind ISN'T at rest when you go to bed, and this mental restlessness keeps you awake.

NAPOLEON, you know, is supposed to have slept only about four hours out of the 24—not, probably, because he didn't need more sleep, but because his mind was so busy going over schemes of various sorts that he couldn't get to sleep.

BUT, if you don't get to sleep easily, don't jump too quickly to the conclusion that you're a mental marvel.

It may be only a NERVOUS STOMACH that keeps you awake. Diagnosticsians tell us that nervous stomachs are responsible for a lot of the sleeplessness that curses humanity.

NERVOUS stomachs are pretty apt to be the result of over-eating, or wrong eating—and neither over-eating nor wrong eating, you know, is anything to be particularly proud of.

YOU are familiar, of course, with the goose-horn prophets, who predict the weather by watching the conduct of insects, birds and animals. Most of us laugh at them, but there's really a little more to their prophecies than we generally give them credit for.

IT'S AN old saying, you know that when swallows fly low, rain may be expected. Swallows feed on insects in the air, and when rain is coming insects fly lower to escape the coldness of the upper air that precedes a rainstorm.

But that way, the swallow prediction sounds reasonable. HORSES and cattle, as you've always heard and may have observed, stretch their necks and sniff

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 April 25, 1924. (It was Friday)

Miss Frances E. Wilson of Gold Hill wins prize in forest slogan contest with: "Save on Man, the tree! Shelter for thy posterity."

Charles Murphy, Tammany chief, dies.

Horace Bromley, George Gates and A. S. Rosenbaum attend a Grants Pass dance.

Tourist travel so far breaks last year's mark, and all hotels are full to overflowing every night.

Farmers object to proposed raise in parcel post rates.

Rain is badly needed in the Sams Valley district.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY April 25, 1914. (It was Friday)

Four Americans killed in Mexico City, and "war now seems certain."

Frankish weather causes orchard heating.

Fine prices for fruit this fall predicted by fruit shippers.

A ladies' sewing circle in one of the valley cities is nearly disrupted over the question of dues. Five cents per meeting is the sum fixed, and many of the ladies refuse to attend on account of the exorbitant dues.

Army starts buying valley mules for use in Mexico.

Mrs. Herman Purucker entertained a few guests Wednesday with a thimble party and luncheon. The rooms were attractive with California poppies.

SOUTHERN OREGON BANK CODE SIGNED

The bankers' code was signed last night by members of the Southern Oregon Bankers' association, in meeting at Grants Pass.

The agreement has been submitted to Washington and will become effective as soon as approval is received from there. Attending the meeting from this city were: J. A. Perry and son, Allan Perry, of Medford national bank; Richard Payne, Oris Crawford, Ralph Sweeney and Kenneth Childers of the First National bank.

Verboyanak, Siberia, is known as the coldest inhabited spot in the world.

Hotel San Pablo

Convenience and Economy Stop in OAKLAND Hotel San Pablo offers: Comfort without Extravagance Central Location

RATES: \$1.00 to \$1.75 FREE GARAGE MODERN COFFEE SHOP

Directions to Hotel: Stay on Main Highway (San Pablo Avenue) directly to 20th St.

Management HARRY B. STRANG

San Pablo Ave. at 20th St. OAKLAND, CALIF.

HAY SALT
Cat will be on track April 27 and 28. Arrange now for your Hay Salt requirements.
RIGHT PRICES
F. E. SAMSON CO.
220 North Riverside. Tel. 833