

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Medford Wins Again!

WELL, well—IS Medford on the map again? Our own Chan Egan, who according to these smart eastern sport writers, was only selected on the team for sentimental reasons; today, defeated the Honorable Michael Scott, British team captain, three and two, making the first round in the Walker Cup contest, practically an American walk-away.

Three long rousing cheers for Chan, the local golf club, and Medford, Oregon! The victory is the more satisfying because it was unexpected. Not only American but British golf experts, placed Egan and Marston, both veterans of long standing, as under dogs. With the Honorable Michael Scott, not only team captain, but the British amateur title holder in 1933, the Yankee "grey beards" were only given an outside chance to win.

But, as usual, Chan came through, once more rightfully acclaimed as one of the greatest golfers that ever wielded a driving iron.

THE Medford golfer was teamed with Max Marston, another "oldster," while the Honorable Michael, played with Sam McKinlay. It was about an even break in age, and the teams were all square at the end of 18; but the Americans had the greater staying power and the stronger final punch, as is often the case.

Needless to say, all Medford is DELIGHTED. And a congratulatory cable to our Chan is certainly in order.

The result of the Walker Cup series will not be known until after the individual matches are played tomorrow,—but there is scarcely a chance of the Britishers catching the American team now.

A golf victory is only a golf victory. Such things are not enrolled on the scroll of imperishable history. Neither are gold medals. But they are nice to get.

And to get both in one week! And all for Medford!

That well known slogan "This is a great country," is beginning to have a NEW meaning.

The Dog Poisoner

MEDFORD, unfortunately, is not free from that inhuman scourge,—the dog poisoner. Several dogs and other family pets, have died in agony in this city the past year, the victims being particularly plentiful in the neighborhood of West Main and Peach.

We are, therefore, more than glad to follow the suggestion of the local Humane Society and reprint the following admirable editorial on the subject, from the gifted pen of Ben Hur Lampman, former Gold Hill boy and now one of the leading editorial writers of the Portland Oregonian.

"SIR and Madam: You have spread poison for domestic animals and for little children in your hatred of dogs, which are property and therefore privileged. The law provides penalties suited to this crime, for the crime itself is of the darker sort, and apart from your apparently colossal disregard for suffering—indeed, there may even be a perverse enjoyment—there is an equal indifference to human rights, to human love, and to the security of children. For children have been poisoned, here and there, by poisoned food secretly prepared and placed for dogs. If your belief that you will evade detection sustains you in evil, should not the reflection that you are violating the rights of others, and even endangering human life, give you pause?"

"AS to dogs, and granting that at times they are troublesome, the great Darwin said that if man possesses spiritual nature, these also possess it. Certainly they are creatures of remarkable wit, with emotions comparable to ours, with keen capacity for pleasure and for suffering, for joy or sorrow, and with such endowment of affectionate impulse as often causes the affection their masters give them, in turn, to seem somehow less worthy and less adequate. The poisoned dog lies in full consciousness of doom and with such realization of agony as we ourselves would entertain—dies dumbly, helplessly, hopelessly, groping with his half-soul, that is so like our own spiritual nature, to understand why such pain should be. You yourself, sir or madam, will not, when your time comes to quit this pleasant world, taste of death more despairingly than does the poisoned dog."

"YOU have a hatred for dogs, a phobia obsesses you, and you yield to it. But why must you, to gratify your hatred of dogs, bring grievous sorrow to men and women who have loved these animals, and who will cherish the memory of them as of friends? Does such gross, unfeeling, cruel misconduct as yours entitle you to have a place in the society of your kind? What debt of conventional respect or feeling do we owe you, that we would not be justified in repudiating? What is your true status in the brotherhood of man?"

"Sir or madam, assuming that this open letter chances to come beneath your eye, consider well that the poisoner, whether of man or beast—the wilful malicious poisoner—has from the very inception of the moral code been marked as an unnatural and monstrous being—as a creature apart. This is not a judgment of individual opinion. It is the judgment of society, from whose fellowship, though you may seem to fraternize with its members, you are outcast."

Thunder storm fails to break torrid spell, and mercury reaches 89.5 mark. Oregon KIAN is disrupted by internal strife.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY May 11, 1914. (It was Monday.) Business adjourns to attend the Sells-Floto circus and see Buffalo Bill, who headed the parade in a buggy pulled by two black horses.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY May 11, 1924. (It was Sunday.) Jacksonville water supply is short. Suit to enjoin sale of bonds for Ruch highway paving is started.

Weekly paper charges "the gang is trying to run the Ruch road down the farmers' throats." Great excitement prevails when local pastor, from the pulpit, urges congregation to vote for "dry candidates."

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.

FROM COZYZA TO CONSUMPTION.

Every one of the two dozen different illnesses listed in the group of respiratory infections has been labeled "just a cold" at the onset of the attack. Think how much unnecessary suffering and unhappiness that every-day error in diagnosis (no matter whether it be a doctor's diagnosis or a layman's) has caused, thru the spread of infection. Then think if you can, of any significant injury or burden that would be imposed on anybody if we should all turn honest and call every such acute infectious illness cri, at least until it proved non-infectious.



Scientific medicine recognizes no such entity or condition as a "cold" or "the common cold." No physician can or will venture to define such an illness so that another physician can understand what he is talking about. You may search medical literature and query eminent medical or health authorities till you are quite exhausted and you will never learn any more than you know now about "the common cold." Indeed, the medical and health authorities who still prate about "the common cold," its cause, prevention and cure, meet all challenges with the trick reform that "everybody knows what the common cold is." So there you are, Mr. and Mrs. Wisesacre. You knew that all along, didn't you?

"The common cold," which I honestly believe never happens, is unique in this respect, namely, that no medical authority or health authority who professes to believe in it will commit himself to a definition of the disease or even a description which would enable an intelligent person to comprehend what he is discussing. Any one who has enough sense to follow this far will scarcely infer that I deny the existence of the ailment which purports to be a "cold." Too many half-baked individuals have attempted to draw such an inference from my teachings about this. If you are befuddled at this stage, you may as well give up and go back to your funny pictures.

Bear in mind that in perhaps one out of every ten cases of cozyza the cause is allergy (peculiar sensitivity to some food or foreign protein), or chemical irritant, or chronic rhinitis or sinusitis (catarrhal trouble), and there is nothing infectious or communicable about it. Yet even in such cases no great inconvenience or injustice is done by regarding the attack as cri until it proves harmless. Here it is not a matter of applying the golden rule so much as it is a matter of self-preservation. The only reasonably safe course or practice for

riding from the Corbin Edgell ranch, overturning when the team ran away. All the occupants escaped injury. The team ran into the city and stopped from exhaustion.

Smokers are urged to smoke "Mt. Pitt" cigars—locally made.

"The courthouse gang" is charged with "looting the county treasury" in Ashland paper.

Warner is a ringer for Roxy. One of my favorite people—Julia Kelly, Johnny Farrar's loose wail. And Lawrence Tibbett's stately tread. Title: "Hunger." The lights come on. Who was it called the glare Broadway's witch fires of illusion? They can carry out the old gag and stagger out of Child's these days if they want.

One of the delightful drops-to-Manhattan is the anglo-and-pick-up friendships. It is not unusual for friends on account of the city's complexities to be separated a year or several years and begin relations right where left off. Threads do not unravel. In smaller communities friendships, with such absence, trickle out. And once abandoned, are seldom resumed.

Perhaps no wife so carefully guards her husband as does Mme. Toscanini, the famous conductor. And he is one of life's most oscillating paradoxes. A kindly, sensitive fellow, he vents his furies of rage by breaking his spectacles into bits. She always has a few extra pairs safely cached. An exquisite in sartorial taste, he affects tiny George White bow ties, stiffly pleated shirts and patent leather shoes that must not bear a slight scratch. He professes to despise the uproar of a city, yet will not live anywhere save the Astor in the midst of greatest clamor. A trifle of contradictions, he comes toward the art he loves humbly and with open hands. Then he is the great and lovable Toscanini.

The magazine Time tells of the day when Geraldine Farrar, Toscanini's close friend, gazed by an endless haze of bickering, cried: "Maestro, I am the star of this performance—not you." To which he replied: "Madame, there are no stars in my performances. There are only stars in Heaven!"

The sudden pyrotechnics of a great star is often beautiful to behold. I once saw Gaby Desira at rehearsal at the Winter Garden mount the high

horse and ride the company down the road in a chair-face, fury, kicking, screaming and pulling her hair. It was the only time I actually saw foam bubbling from a person's mouth. When her chameleon caper subsided, the director, leaning patiently against a wing, said quietly: "Let us go on now!" And like the magic cessation of a furious storm, everything was calm and peaceful again.

The Englishman, Teddy Royce—and where is he?—wore himself down directing rehearsals more than any man I ever saw. Two days before the premiere of one Follies his voice was only a whisper and, a frail fellow, he had lost eight pounds. His meals were only a hastily snatched sandwich and a gulp of hot coffee. The stiffly pomaded and glum George S. Kaufman represents a newer method of directing. He sits quietly down front, interjecting a soft-spoken entreaty now and then and never indulging a tantrum. Both Royce and Kaufman have been successful.

This sign on a dance hall in deep Harlem doesn't leave much room for argument. It reads: "No loud talking allowed or permitted inside the walls of this enclosure."

Sometimes I feel I should never open my mouth in public. Last evening I complained sharply of a draft around the shoulders. "Walter," cried Courtney Ryley Cooper, clapping his hands sharply: "Bring pappy a throw!" (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Sunshine and Milk. If you were living on an income of \$20 a week and had three children, one a baby 6 months old, a C. A. G. Answer—That's enough. If you continue I'll be so mad I can't answer coherently. But one point I can reassure you on—in such circumstances or any other I'd prefer ordinary milk to the stuff that purports to provide a surplus of Vitamin D. To my mind, when milk vendors begin doctoring up their products one must be wary. In your country the cows can produce Vitamin D from the green pasturage or fodder they eat and from the sunlight they absorb every day. Only the infant under a year of age needs any additional Vitamin D, and he will get the necessary surplus from either a daily spoonful of plain cod liver oil (the grade sold at a dollar a gallon, or thereabouts, for chicken feed, is perfectly suitable) or from halibut oil, called haliver oil, or from salmon oil. Egg yolk contains considerable Vitamin D and may be fed to an infant if other sources of the vitamin are not available. Vitamin D prevents rickets, promotes healthy, vigorous growth and development, and helps build sound, even, strong teeth. It is good for the expectant mother to get a daily ration of Vitamin D—good for herself and good for her prospective baby.

Removal of Mole. Is it dangerous to have a mole removed if you seem to be growing larger all the time? It is just under my chin and very noticeable—Mrs. H. S. Answer—Rather less dangerous than to let it alone, provided a competent physician removes it. Sometimes such a benign blemish ultimately becomes malignant. Beware of monkeying by amateurs or "beauty" experts. (Copyright, 1934, John F. Dille Co.)

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

of jobs go around but DESIRABLE as a way of living. This writer is just old-fashioned enough to refuse to believe anything of the sort. Four-hour days and 20-hour weeks are probably all right as emergency devices to spread a limited number of jobs among a larger number of workers, but in the long run in this country, in normal times, we're going to be far happier if we WORK MORE and HAVE MORE.

WE DON'T really work too much. There is actually NO SUCH THING as overproduction. The trouble is that our system of distribution is faulty. If good fabrics ever provide for us a system of distribution that works as efficiently as our system of production, the bogey of overproduction that frightens us all into catfist now—causing us to do absurd things such as plowing under cotton and killing pigs to get rid of them—will disappear like mist before a hot sun.

If we can only learn how to distribute equally and fairly what we produce, we shall soon find that the more we produce the more we shall have.

Temple university, Philadelphia, recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary.

JAPANESE SWIMMER SET A NEW RECORD. MANILA, May 11. — (AP) — Reizo Koike, Japanese swimmer who set a new Olympic games record at Los Angeles in 1932 for the 200-meter breast stroke, only to lose the event in the finals in slower time, was credited unofficially with new world's record time for the same swim today at the Far Eastern Olympic games here.

Shutting the distance in the 50-meter pool at Rizal stadium, Koike in a trout heat was clocked to two minutes, 43.8 seconds.

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Comment on the Day's News

BY FRANK JENKINS. WILLIAM H. WOODIN, secretary of the treasury in the history-making early days of the Roosevelt administration, dies in a New York hospital of a throat infection—said to have resulted from overwork while he held his official post.

If that is true, his life was sacrificed to his country's welfare; for in those hectic days of a year ago overwork and overworry on the part of those in authority were unavoidable.

BUT if Mr. Woodin, on his deathbed, could miraculously have been given the opportunity to live over the last year and a half of his life, choosing quiet retirement instead of the rush of overwork and overworry that are said to have resulted in the infection that caused his death, he would probably have made no change.

Big men don't regret a job, no matter what the cost to themselves may have been.

MR. WOODIN, one of the country's big industrialists, the list of concerns in which he was a director is really staggering—took up music at the age of 60.

Two years later, the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra played one of his compositions. Noted orchestras in New York followed, and President Roosevelt rode down Pennsylvania avenue on the day of his inauguration to the strains of a march composed by Mr. Woodin.

TO MOST of us, music and business seem far apart—and certainly the average musician's life isn't much of a success as a business man. Great business men, on the other hand, often have a talent for music. Charles G. Dawes, you know, is a composer of note, as well as a violinist of outstanding ability.

Evidently they put into their music the same qualities of imagination and hard application that make them great as business men.

THERE is a shrewd saying, you know, to the effect that inspiration is really four-fifths perspiration.

That is to say, hard work probably has much more to do in the long run with success than inborn genius.

THAT'S worth remembering in these days when we're being taught to believe that the way out of our troubles is to work less and PASS MORE LAWS—to find a short and easy way instead of taking the old, hard, long way around.

AMONG other things, we're being taught to believe that four or five hours of labor per day, with the rest of the time for leisure, is not only necessary as an emergency measure to make a limited number



THE MORNING STAR MALE QUARTETTE

Old-Fashioned Revival Opens

at The Apostolic Faith 42 North Front St. CONDUCTED BY Evangelist R. R. Crawford

and Musicians and Workers from Portland, Oregon

Marvelous personal testimonies a part of each service. The Word in its fullness is preached with power.

Morning Star Male Quartet Sings Services as follows: Sunday, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Each Evening at 7:45 (except Monday and Saturday)

Concert by Vesper Concert Trio Sunday Evening at 7:30

"You will enjoy every minute" NO COLLECTIONS

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, May 11. — Thoughts while strolling: Gloria Swanson has eyes like Nijinsky. And Lee Tracy's are like Lillian Gish's. His singing has stopped shots of jumping faces at one by movie house. If they'd tear up the car tracks, what a grand street Madison avenue would be! No place serves enough syrup for waffles.

One word description of Alice Brady, professionally of course—blabby. How tweedy Ed Wynn has become. Genevieve Tobin and Ruth Etting bear a slight resemblance. John Charles Thomas always carries that carved wood cane. Sutton Place never the same since Elizabeth Taylor's passing.

Every fat woman weighed just 103 when she was married. No, sir, dogs don't think. Rex Beach's dog, sitting on the under-table foot bell when hungry is just coincidence. Bugs Beer's stuff always makes one grumble. Why didn't I think of that? Gene Fowler window shopping.

The pallopingest of all trade names—Brunswick-Balke-Collender. Some body who loved the place—Elmer Davis is my nomination—should turn out a magazine piece on Madame Lalo's old French restaurant in 39th street. Some of the town's staunchest friendships generated there. Jack

Warner is a ringer for Roxy. One of my favorite people—Julia Kelly, Johnny Farrar's loose wail. And Lawrence Tibbett's stately tread. Title: "Hunger." The lights come on. Who was it called the glare Broadway's witch fires of illusion? They can carry out the old gag and stagger out of Child's these days if they want.

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PEOPLE'S MARKET

105 W. Main. Free Delivery. Phone 1058. We are here to please our customers. When better meat is sold in Medford, we will sell it.

Fat Hens, each . . . 50c Beef Short Ribs, lb. 6c Beef Pot Roast, lb. . 9c

R. I. RED HENS — FRYERS BIG ASSORTMENT LUNCH MEATS

Oh, Boy, Read This. SPRING FRYERS REGULAR ADM. DYNGE'S 2 Dances. 2 Orchestras Candidates Urged to Attend 79c

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Summer flu is in our midst, and victims report it less sportsmanlike than winter flu. The community also has a "Young Communist."

It is now figured that the voters of the county will show less interest in the primary election than in a carnival company with two merry-go-rounds.

ONE YE EDITOR MISSED (Cong. Record) MR. O'CONNOR. I hope before the gentleman finishes he will place the entire letter in the Record. I have read it. It is one of the greatest gems I have read in many a year. It will go down in history with some other famous congressional communications. There are some sentences in that letter that I cannot possibly understand, and I do not believe anybody in the House can possibly interpret what they mean.

The Dub Watson boy has a rabbit which eats more lettuce than an Older Girl reducing, and who fears if she does, her neck muscles will grow flabby.

The government is now "watching all ports to prevent the escape of Dillinger to Europe or South America." Inasmuch as this bandit seems uncatchable, it does not seem good logic to worry about his escape to a foreign land.

J. C. (Tugwell) Barnes, the real estate man, who is dissatisfied with his lot, has completed his book on the economic situation. He states he has contacted 3000 people who want to read it, but all are victims of the capitalistic system. The title is: "Lem Todd Bells His Hog for 12c per Pound." It will have to be cut down for the movies.

A PIONEER GETS UPPITY! (Pendleton East Oregonian) Everyone knows R. Alexander of Alexander & Fraser and few know how accommodating he is, but he now and then gets uppity. His last passion was calicoes, and when he thanked hi for favors rendered and also thanked Lung Sing in the same article. (30 Yrs. Ago Col.)

All the local Public Enemies were around yesterday telling a Mae West story.

Mr. Mahoney, "the Boy Mayor of Klamath" (with apologies to the boys) charges the esteemed Portland Journal with public utility calicoes, consorting with the "power trust" and "betrayal of the poor." It must be aggravating to be struck by your own lightning and have your launcher stolen by the Huey Long of the Oregon Country.

A stranger was here the first of the week with a Get-Poor-Quick scheme, which lacked appeal, as the promoter did not know enough to promise to cut the taxes and divide all the wealth.

Pioneer women will ride in horse and buggies during the 18-Jubilee, and long training getting in and out 4d will come in handy.

Roger Robin has taken up a homestead on the courthouse lawn, and reports the first strawberries and fishworms of the season.

F. Farrell, the counselor, has returned from a trip to Crater Lake. He was a dinner guest and found it harder to quit eating than talking to a jury.

More than 250 manuscripts, including one from Japan, were entered in a playwriting contest for the best one-act religious drama conducted by a New York City church group.

One hundred and seventy-seven New York City policemen were awarded "certificates of honor" recently by the humane society for rescuing animals.

One of the longest known strings of beads, 37 feet, 3 1/2 inches, made of white and red shells, was found in a prehistoric Indian village in Arizona. Candidate Ball Saturday, Oriental Gardens.

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 May 11, 1924. (It was Sunday.) Jacksonville water supply is short. Suit to enjoin sale of bonds for Ruch highway paving is started.

Weekly paper charges "the gang is trying to run the Ruch road down the farmers' throats." Great excitement prevails when local pastor, from the pulpit, urges congregation to vote for "dry candidates."

A rig in which five people were

Second Concert MEDFORD GLEEMEN

ASSISTED BY Miss Dorothy Wagner and Miss Frances Mullen High School Auditorium May 14—8 P. M. Admission 50c, plus tax School Children 25c

CANDIDATE BALL

at Oriental Gardens Sat. Nite REGULAR ADM. DYNGE'S 2 Dances. 2 Orchestras Candidates Urged to Attend