

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Official paper of Jackson County.

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DAKOTA RECREATION
NRA
U.S. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

MORE PIONEER CLEANINGS.
The report that the wide-awake enterprising Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce had slain the low-lived, inefficient weatherman is not true—unfortunately.

The first tree planted in the backyard on the day Emil Britt was born is now 13 years old.

A movement has been started to build a railroad to the Coast, which ought to quash the threat of the Keesee not to come to Jacksonville, but instead build a new town on the banks of Bear creek.

The Misses Leslie McCully, Amy Dow and Stella Levy are three Jacksonville belles working at the courthouse.

Joe Wetters has a pair of the new pegged top pants, and toothpick shoes.

The party of local people who left last spring for Crater Lake by team have returned, and report a warm October there.

Philip Metachan, a hustling young business man of Canyon City, who plans to start a hotel at Heppner soon, was married here last week.

Leon Haakins has returned from Stanford university, where he is taking a course in pharmacy.

Many of the Jackson county farmers are much impressed with the speeches of the "Boy Orator of the Platte," William J. Bryan, and his free coinage of silver scheme. We heard the following story on Populism, etc., recently, and now tell it:

"The father of 17 sons took his family for a visit with the governor of a silver western state. The governor appraised the family and said, 'Well, John, I suppose your fine family of sons are all good Populists and all for free silver.'"

"All except one," replied the father. "Which one?" asked the governor. The father said, "That little runtly feller there in the corner."

"And what's the matter with him?" asked the governor. "Well," drawled the father, "That little critter has learned to read."

Quite a number from here attended the hanging in Yreka a week ago Friday.

Theodore Miles is attending the normal school at Ashland, and playing left end.

A family by the name of Greiva have arrived from the East, and are stopping with the Harhart family in the Phoenix district. They will locate here.

Three Portland drummers were here the first of this week, telling stories about Scotchmen, and predicting the election of Ben Harrison.

Little Alice Hany, despite her youth, is winning a reputation as the best maker of angel cake in Jackson county. Old nag cake eaters declare it is the best angel cake they have ever eaten.

The \$5 gold piece, sealed up in the southwest corner of the courthouse when it was laid last summer, is still there. This \$40,000 edifice, when finished, will give the taxpayers a pain in the pocketbook. It is the work of the "Ashland gang."

A Klamath river gambler was shot late last night. He had too many aces. There has not been enough of this.

Frankie Bybee of a mile-west-of-town has a calf.

Fred Tice, the stage driver, says he would like to be on the Yreka run, and have Black Bart, the outlaw, try and hold him up.

Editorial Correspondence

EN ROUTE TO OMAHA, Neb., via C. B. & Q., June 2.—They were complaining of drought around Buffalo, Wyoming, but the fields were green, the cattle and sheep plump. Through eastern Wyoming, South Dakota and western Nebraska, through which we have been running the past twelve hours, most of the country is parched to a dry cinder. In Wyoming and South Dakota particularly the grain, which never got more than inch high from the ground is burned to a crisp. The creek beds are dry, the roads thick with dust. One doesn't need to leave the train to know what the dry farmers in this part of the country are suffering. The tragedy hits one between the eyes mile after mile.

Yesterday they gave the visitors on the ranch a send-off, by rounding up 200 cows and branding the calves. It was done on a few hours notice, and Mr. B. was so busy getting together a branding crew he didn't have time for lunch. It was a very windy day and the most interesting part of the performance was watching the cowboys drive the herd over the hills, across the creek and into the corral. The cow calves weren't so bad, but the bull calves like naughty boys had other ideas in their heads. One of them particularly didn't like the idea of jumping the creek and proceeded to bolt it for the rear all alone. With tail high in the air, back he tracked, running like a greyhound, and three cowboys in pursuit. Had he not run full speed into a wire fence, and spilled himself, he might be running yet. He could dodge like a jackrabbit, and how he could get over the ground. He was a tough customer. The cowboys were sore and decided to brand him first. It took two of them to get him down, and when that iron started to burn, he gave a lurch and kick, that sent one of the boys back to the ranch house for repairs—with a hoof print in his nose and a knife slash on one hand. These boys are tough though. With a bandaged hand, and a smeared visage he was back on the job in half an hour.

The show was put on particularly for the young lady in the party. With a cowboy hat, overalls, and an expectant smile she took a seat on the top rail of the corral fence. In spite of the constant bawling of the cows and calves, the maternal anxiety of the former and the desperate but ineffective resistance of the latter, she made a bold face of it for quite a while. But when directly beneath her, one of the boys nonchalantly cut a piece out of the calf's ear, about the size of a trout spinner, and the cadaverous looking Vet, jabbed a hypodermic needle into his hide, a foot deep, that expectant smile on her face disappeared, and she nearly dropped her precious camera in her haste to get back to terra firma again. Mal de Mer was seriously threatened, and a solicitous parent unlimbered to administer first aid. When the young lady however saw her young cousins not only going through the ordeal without batting an eye but one of them sitting on a calf's head, and calmly studying the major operation she thought better of it. After a drink of cool water and a few minutes rest she not only climbed the fence but joined her pals inside the corral and a few minutes later was wrestling with a white-faced calf herself. Thus they make cowgirls out of here.

Going back to town in the evening the herd was out in the alfalfa field again. All the cows were eating, but all the calves—except that one obstreperous young bull,—were lying down and thinking it over. They had had a hard day. That young bull was lucky after all. It was decided that one of these days he will be papa of a herd.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

LOS ANGELES, June 7.—W. C. Fields, who sponsors them, took me out to see the weekly fights at Jim Jeffrey's ranch barn near Burbank. It's the ring gladiator's last stand against the furies of Fate that have stripped him clean. Like an amiable reward old Bruin he waddles around the ring as a referee. If he obstructs a view, he is razed. The fighters are all sockers. From unknown pug-uglies with mule-kick wallops to lighter Filipino boys who dance in nimble to slash each other to ribbons. In the rich welter of honest sweat, the arena goes berserk with wild Lupe often looping her wildcat loops. A delightful Mrs. Malaprop, un-mindful of leather-lunged jeers, introduces celebrities, who exploit every sort of bow from Mae West's swaggering leer to Leslie Howard's mingling nod. The ringside is first night Broadway, the back tier Hilly Kitchen on the loose. Al Johnson got the evening's major applause. Fighters get \$2 each, win, lose, draw. From the ring I was handed a "Certificate of Victory" that I had knocked Mark Kelly cold in 3 rounds. How are you, Mark? Fields and I, old friends, had much to discuss driving home. We said nothing. We were thinking of Jeff's gooby wife in limbo to slash each other to ribbons. The front of the home he is about to lose.

In an outlying cafe one saw at scattered tables Bayard Rustin, Edgar Selwyn with Peggy Wood and John V. A. Weaver, George B. Reynolds, Chicago banker, the sportsman Max Fleischman, William Wellman, ex-director, Sam Goldwyn, Irene Castle, William Collier and George Bancroft. It might have been any restaurant a pipe whiff from Broadway. Indeed, Lindy's or Dinty Moore's. Catalina and its glass-bottomed boats to view under-sea life bring tourists although the yearly deficit sustained by the gum-gumming Wrigley remains around one million. Yet the improvements the elder Wrigley planned, before passing, are to be continued. The heirs consider the advertising value compensates for the huge outlay. Sailing to Catalina somehow has never made me want to chew gum.

Certain elaborate New York gardens, privately owned, are opened to the public in the spring with the admission revenue given to charity.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.
Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to discuss 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 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

BACK FROM THE SAN.

For the sake of persons with arrested tuberculosis who are resuming their ordinary civilian status and for the reassurance of persons whose education has been neglected, we are glad to pass along these suggestions submitted by a patient recently returned from the san.

"It is people with exaggerated fears of germs that make life burdensome for me. Of course the fact that tuberculosis is an infectious disease and patients who still have sputum are likely to be a menace unless they are careful. Makes this attitude hard to combat. But the physicians at the sanatorium taught me that I cannot be a menace to anyone as long as I observe the following simple rules:
"(1) Always cover nose and mouth when coughing or sneezing.
"(2) Dispose of sputum in such a way that it can be burned without being touched by any one.
"(3) Sleep in a bed and if possible a room alone as long as any phlegm is in my cough."

"Be careful not to kiss or pet or fondle young children, and spend as little time as possible near them, unless out of doors.
"Of course, one adds to these the ordinary precautions of washing the hands, having individual drinking cups, etc., as observed by most decent people, whether ill or not."

"But even all that does not satisfy some people. A sister thinks I should not be allowed to use the same wash bowl and bathtub as the rest of the family. She insists my clothes should be washed separately, and that I should use separate dishes and boil them 20 minutes. If my dishes are kept separately, why boil them? My sister's husband will not let her visit our home overnight except when I am away, and so for my sake my mother must give up the pleasure of having her other children and grandchildren with her. . . ."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Salt Makes You Fat and Lousy
Please tell me whether it is harmful to eat large quantities of salt on everything. I want everything salted so much that others can't eat it. (C. E. S.)
Answer.—Yes, too much salt not only encourages overeating but retains more water in the tissues of the body, which makes you lousy or flabby, and if I know grammas I believe she will heartily second the idea. It is in childhood that infection is most likely to occur. So this hard-boiled brother-in-law is only saying a good example for all other parents in a similar situation.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS
EARLY settlement of the shipping strike seems improbable. New violence, the headlines tell us, is feared.

What a pity, with millions still out of work and buying power still exceedingly low.

Something is always happening to take the joy out of life.

HEAT spell sends grain prices higher. July wheat touches \$1.06 1/2, and December wheat goes to \$1.07 1/2 after a day of frenzied trading in Chicago.

Please note that it is NATURE, not legislation, that does it. For years we've been passing laws trying to raise the price of wheat, and in the face of all these efforts the price has gone steadily down.

But when nature takes a hand, it's different. The traders know that when nature starts in she means business.

DROUGHT in the Middle West raises grain prices. That won't help the Middle West, which apparently will have little grain to sell. It is the prospect that sends prices up.

Out here on the Pacific Coast, where prospects for a wheat crop are fair, IT WILL HELP.

One man's meat is another man's poison.

DROUGHT and heat send grain prices soaring good, after years of steady decline.

But mark this: No nation ever became prosperous as a result of drought and crop failure.

HERE'S an odd item in the news: Harry Cobb, of Prescott, Arizona, says Maude R. Gillfillan, of San Jose, California, for \$100,000 of breach of promise to marry him.

It's a man's right to sue for breach of promise just as much as a woman's, and if any suffering is really involved in such cases—which this writer doubts—a man can suffer as much as a woman.

BUT—speaking wholly privately and not for publication—what's our opinion of a man who sues a woman for breach of promise?

A DISPATCH from Geneva tells us: "As the world disarmament conference gasped on what appeared to be its deathbed, a French spokesman expressed confidence that 'something will be done.'"

"In all events," he told the Associated Press, "France does not intend to permit anybody to throw the responsibility for the collapse on her shoulders."

The chief interest of France in the disarmament conference, that is to say, is to PASS THE BUCK.

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
June 7, 1924
(It Was Saturday)
Special Prohibition Agent Sander raids an Eagle Point still, and nabbs trio.

President Coolidge declares "extravagance must stop" and vetoes the bill increasing pay of postal workers.

Jackson County Republicans hold rousing session, and issue call for state convention. Speakers, in a humorous vein offer reward for "an able-bodied Democrat, outside of Judge Cannon, his son Verne, Moss Barkdull, or Frank Wortman."

Paving of Jacksonville highway completed to Lozier Lane.

May was the driest May since 1919, and only .15 of an inch of rain fell.

The Ku Klux Klan issued proclamation. They will name the Republican nominee for vice-president, and "crush alien and domestic criminals."

THE TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
June 7, 1914
(It Was Sunday)
The vice president of the Southern Pacific is the guest of the Country club.

The divorce suit of Mme. Schuman-Heink creates a sensation in land, as love letters of mate to another, are read in court.

Citizens of Trail plan to hold a Fourth of July celebration.

District Attorney Kelly advises, "wives whose husbands won't work, not to work either, or cook meals. They won't come home if there is nothing to eat."

Hottest June in 40 years in the east. The Old Channel mill near Galice is sold for \$100,000.

HEIRESS' PRANKS TOLD IN EFFORT TO BREAK WILL

NEW YORK, June 7.—(AP)—Old Isaac Singer, who invented the sewing machine back in 1851, must have squirmed in his grave today if he knew what was said about his daughter, Florence in New York's surrogate court.

Florence Adelaide Pratt was 76 when she died abroad in 1932 and her estate, currently worth more than \$5,000,000, is being disputed in the court. In her later years, it is asserted, Mrs. Pratt entered into a psychiatric period described as "mental night."

Mrs. Pratt's sister, Mrs. Margaret Alexander of London, is contesting the will, contending her sister was mentally unbalanced when she affixed her signature to the testament in 1931.

In 1924, according to the evidence, Mrs. Pratt's husband was seriously ill in Monte Carlo and the doctors said he could only be given sponge baths—no tubs. But Mrs. Pratt made the unhappy man lie in the tub and then turned on scalding water, at which time she screamed.

When the screaming man had been rescued, Mrs. Pratt opened all the windows in the room. Her husband died three days later.

Mrs. Pratt, meandering over Europe, brandished pistols in hotel lobbies, threw food at her maids, danced in the nude before guests, refused to pull up her bloomers when they dropped about her ankles in public and mashed potatoes with her fingers at fashionable dining places, the contestant declared.

Attorney Corbin said the sewing-machine heiress hired thugs to heat up her secretary and fairly chortled when she received word that he was in a serious condition in a hospital.

Mrs. Alexander is contesting the will because she was not given a penny of her sister's fortune, which was bequeathed to three other relatives and to various trusts in Europe.

Mrs. Pratt was inclined, it was brought out in court, to insert the name of casual travelers and acquaintances in her will, but due to a "monstrous hatred" for Mrs. Alexander, refused to leave any of her money to her sister.

Winifred Lamb, a London secretary who witnessed the last will, testified today that Mrs. Pratt seemed "perfectly rational" at the time she signed it.

Oregon Weather
Partly cloudy tonight and Friday; unsettled locally; slightly cooler in east portion tonight; rising temperature in interior Friday; gentle north-west winds offshore.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

If you feel sour and sick and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a more movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul. Skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those good, old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain no harmful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making bile flow freely.

But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Resist a substitute. 25¢ at all stores. © 1931 C. M. Co.

CITY AND COUNTY OFFICES CLOSE UP TODAY IN JUBILEE

At a regular meeting of the city council held last night, a holiday for city employes was declared for Thursday, June 7, for the observance of the Diamond Jubilee. It was announced at the council meeting that the county court had agreed to close the court house all day Thursday also.

An ordinance for the licensing of dispensers of alcoholic beverages was laid over until the next meeting.

Fred Scheffel, city superintendent, reported that the federal lease on the municipal airport had been renewed for the ensuing year, and also read reports on the progress of S. E. R. A. projects and the work of city departments for the month of May.

The S. E. R. A. report stated that the Prescott Memorial park road is being widened, and that a trail, not yet completed for the first 2000 feet, is under construction from the spring to the peak. The progress of the work on the Bear creek project is complete to the north line of Merrick camp ground, the report showed. Due to the encountering of considerable hard rock in the East Main street curve elimination project, all funds for the work have been used, the report said, and application for more funds has been made. The street sign project is 80 per cent complete, and when finished will provide signs for all streets in the city.

All the S. E. R. A. projects have been carried on through the month of May with balances left out of the approved funds. They are as follows: Roxey Ann road, \$14,037.44; Bear creek, \$12,057.25; East Main curve elimination, \$17,811; street signs, \$39.94.

The report for the various city departments showed a thorough construction and maintenance program for the month.

RECREATION SPOTS MAINTAIN EXHIBIT

Offering a complete recreational headquarters for Diamond Jubilee visitors, the Rogue River National forest, the Crater Lake National park, the Lake of the Woods, Diamond lake resort and the Oregon Caves are maintaining an exhibit on East Main street in the former quarters of the Magill drug store.

The exhibit is in charge of Senior Ranger John Gribble and Ranger Russell Andrews. The latter is of the park service and the former is connected with the forest service. Quite a large number of visitors have been received during the past three days, including a large number of out-of-state residents.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

ROXY THEATRE

20c ANYTIME CHILDREN 10c

Tonight and Friday Grand Comedy

There's the devil to pay when they start to play—for they've learned the secret of luxury without worry!

Anderson Creek

ANDERSON CREEK, June 6.—(Sp1)—Mrs. James MacDowell of Johnson Prairie spent the week-end with friends in Medford.

Mrs. Hulda Hamilton is visiting at the Mays' home this week.

Ralph Green is falling timber on Johnson Prairie.

Mrs. Holtman spent Saturday evening in Medford.

Steve Lunak and A. Donica are

WASH OUT 15 MILES OF KIDNEY TUBES

Win Back Pep . . . Vigor . . . Vitality
Medical authorities agree that your kidneys contain 15 MILES of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy.

If you have trouble with too frequent bladder passages with scanty amount causing burning and discomfort, the 15 MILES of kidney tubes need washing out. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and vitality, getting up nights, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, rheumatic pains and dizziness.

If kidneys don't empty 3 pints every day and get rid of 4 pounds of waste matter, your body will take on these poisons causing serious trouble. It may knock you out and lay you up for many months. Don't wait. Ask your druggist for DOAN'S PILLS . . . a doctor's prescription . . . which has been used successfully by millions of kidney sufferers for over 40 years. They give quick relief and will help to wash out the 15 MILES of kidney tubes.

But don't take chances with strong drugs or so-called "kidney cures" that claim to fix you up in 15 minutes, for they may seriously injure and irritate delicate tissues. Insist on DOAN'S PILLS . . . the old reliable relief that contains no "dope" or habit-forming drugs. Be sure you get DOAN'S PILLS at your druggist. Copyrighted 1934, Foster-Milburn Co.

with June Knight, Neil Hamilton, Sally O'Neill, Dorothy Burgess, Mary Carlisle

ALSO Mickey McGuire in "Mickey's Minstrels" Kiddin' Hollywood-News

Daily Mat. 1.45. Eve. 6.45

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