

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Official paper of Jackson County.

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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

A Newark, N. J., citizen, 104 years old, was married for the first time last Saturday. It must be admitted he put up a good fight for approximately 83 years.

One of the problems confronting relief forces in a number of western Oregon counties, is providing wood next winter for the unemployed. In a thickly forested area, one is apt to freeze to death in a coal-mine.

Political parties mean little now. The question is whether the hard-up can outvote the prosperous.—(Greensboro (N. C.) Herald)—Stripped of all the vote-getting hokey, it seems to be just that.

The womenfolks are wearing their fall hats. They are pert and chic, and askew over one ear, like the halo on a Democratic saint.

The leader of the textile strikers, press dispatches state, "is too busy to eat." Therein, he differs from some of his followers, who are not busy, and have no place to go eat.

A number of citizens report they have been awakened at unearthly hours the past 10 days by the crowing of their neighbor's roosters, and the barking of their own hunting dog.

H. Flewer, the demon baker, in his auto playfully pretended that he was going to run over your car at a crossing Monday a. m. It is a good thing Mr. Flewer was just pretending or your car would have been frightened. The time to get scared is when he is practicing (correct) Safety First, or whenever it comes handy.

The state highway commission is now battling for straight highways. This is a good idea—though about 20 years late. The original builders of Oregon highways followed the general lines of Mae West, in their construction. They stuck in a curve wherever the notion hit them, without regard to necessity. The result was some magnificent twists, a few of which are located on the Central Point unit. The one in the prairie country is just north of that municipality, is outstanding. It is not even justified by the excuse of going by a prominent citizen's front yard. The idea was to slow up a tourist, so he would take a peek at Mt. Pitt. The tourist generally mistook the lovely eminence for Mt. Shasta, drove faster, and cursed louder.

Devere Hill, the Prospect fight-basher, deputy sheriff, mighty hunter, Clark Gable-of-the-brush, and hired man, is getting ready to massacre his silver-tailed foxes for their furs. The furs, when cured, will look as much like fox furs, as fox furs made out of jackrabbits and chipmunk hides. Mr. Hill states that when he gets the fox furs cured, he will be cured of fox-raking.

The Pendleton Round-Up has concluded. According to the Pendleton East Oregonian, the attendance was excellent, the riding the same, and the horses wild. So was some of the poetry the event inspired, as the appended sample attests:

Oh woman in your hour of ease uncertain you and hand to please. If riding in the Round-Up, Please keep your skirts below your knees, and keep your tresses bound up.

There are a lot of buckaroos—you'll see 'em riding ones and twos—They always will be found up, where you'll agree I know with me. The greatest show is annually wound up.

Where Pendleton's got 'em skinned from. At least I'll say, the ground up. The Durbar is a sight to see, and so is the stamper. Again you must agree with me—The Round-Up takes the lead.

Gilroy Shredola, 10, set out for school yesterday, and collapsed in the phonetic spelling class, which is spelled that way, instead of fometic.

F. W. Bartlett, furrier and taxidermist, in new shop, 20 S. Central.

Strange Bedfellows

MORE evidence to show a far reaching political revolution is taking place in this country. Ex-Senator James Reed of Missouri, joins with Al Smith and John W. Davis, former democratic tillicums; ex-President Hoover and Ogden Mills, recognized G. O. P. leaders, to lambast President Roosevelt and the New Deal. The Reed indictment runs along the same lines as all the other anti-Roosevelt attacks. Our sacred liberties are imperilled, rugged individualism is destroyed, if the president is allowed his way, this country is headed straight for socialism or fascism. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the country, etc., etc.

YES politics makes strange bedfellows! The repressed and conscientious Herbert Hoover, arm in arm with the fiery and vitriolic Jim Reed; the ex-fish peddler of Fulton Market, "East Side Al", a buddy of the aristocratic and conventional Morgan attorney, John W. Davis; Ogden Mills sharing the same political berth, with Jonett Shouse!

IT is inconceivable, for example, that former President Hoover would ever agree with Jim Reed, on a constructive political program; it is equally inconceivable, that Ogden Mills and Al Smith,—not only political but personal enemies of long standing—would ever see eye to eye, regarding any important political question.

But they are together when it comes to opposing the present administration, and throwing a monkey wrench into the New Deal setup. They are united by a common dislike of F. D. R. and all his works.

What recovery program any of them would offer as a substitute for the administration's program, none will say. But they are vociferous in declaring that this program is all wrong, and they propose to fight it till the cows come home.

What the ultimate outcome will be, it is too early to say. But while the formation of two new parties, Liberal and Conservative, appear likely, we find it hard to picture ex-President Hoover and Jim Reed; Ogden Mills and Al Smith; John W. Davis and Jonett Shouse,—yes and William Randolph Hearst,—working together very long, under ANY political banner!

What Is News?

A SUBSCRIBER asks why this "silly spat" between John Jacob Astor III and his bride was plastered all over the front pages of yesterday's newspapers.

"Can't a couple of newlyweds have a little flare-up, without getting in the headlines all over the country?"

Some can; others can't. "Who is interested in such trivial matters anyway?"

Nearly everyone. And to prove it, we asked the complaining critic, this question:

"You know Mr. and Mrs. John Jones very well. They have been married only a few weeks, and you followed their pre-nuptial romance with keen interest.

"Well suppose they had what you call a 'flare-up' at the Hotel Medford yesterday, Mr. Jones waved his arms and declared he was 'damned if he would,' and Mrs. Jones hopped in her car and beat it for her former home in San Francisco.

"Suppose again that you witnessed this regrettable incident. Would you be interested? Would you find any of their other friends interested? Would you or would you not, tell anyone about it, when you reached home; and if you attended a party that night, would this incident or would it not be the chief subject of conversation?" The answer is obvious.

WHO is interested in such trivial matters? All of us are. And what we are interested in makes news.

The only difference between Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor III, is the former couple are known only to a few, the latter couple to the entire country.

THE League of Nations held a meeting yesterday and tentatively admitted Russia. Nothing trivial about that. That was big news, of international importance.

Yet we venture to say that where ten people read the League of Nations story, a thousand read the Astor story,—and where the former was skimmed through the latter was devoured every word.

The charge of comparative triviality we grant. But the answer is "we the people" are interested in the trivial things of life, particularly when both human interest and heart interest are involved.

And what the people are interested in determines what is news.

SAFETY ISLAND CRASHED AGAIN

PORTLAND, Sept. 18.—(AP)—Two persons were seriously injured before dawn today when their automobile crashed head-on into one of the huge concrete "safety" islands on the Broadway bridge.

Killed While Cleaning TOLEDO, O. (UP)—Edward A. Schultz, 37, died in a clown costume after his decrepit automobile smashed into a post following a "tin can" derby at an American Legion festival. Schultz was clowning for crowds attending an ox roast.

MONTANA COPPER STRIKE IS ENDED

BUTTE, Mont., Sept. 18. (UP)—Montana's paralytic 135-day copper workers' strike was ended officially last night.

Best Dressed Taxi Driver. BOSTON.—(UP)—William Finn, of Foxbury, has bestowed upon him the title of the best dressed taxi driver in Boston. Finn wears a tuxedo. The reason for his garb was the recent statement of Police Lieutenant John T. O'Day stating that the drivers dressed too slovenly.

GUNS Repaired and Cleaned. Expert work. Medford Cycle, 23 N. Fir.

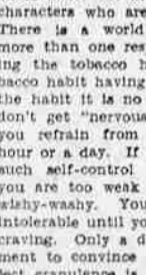
Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D. Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to disseminate or be used for advertising purposes. 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.

BLESSED BE SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND ADMIRAL DRAKE



Sir Walter introduced tobacco to civilization and Sir Francis did not permit the approach of the Spanish armada to interfere with his bowling. If they haven't pipes and my favorite pipe tobacco, and first class bowling greens in heaven, I don't want to go there. But I know they have such things in heaven, because I've been there for several years. Come up and bowl me a game some time. In a scribble published sometime ago I described the more important ill effects of excessive smoking. But I did manage to close the sad recital with avowal of my firm belief in the beneficial influence of tobacco when it is used properly, moderately, temperately, by a full grown adult.



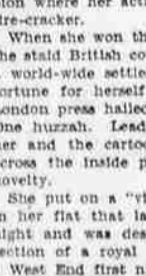
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS What causes bleeding capillaries especially on the limbs? They are very ugly. Can they be gotten rid of?—Miss R. B. Answer—They are not capillaries and they are not bleeding. They are venules, and they are dilated, varicose. They may be obliterated by chemical injection, of course a very fine needle, special light and binocular loupe for magnification must be used. Injection of one venule in a blotch obliterates the telangiectases all around it. Some time ago you told about some acid doctor has to give, to relieve hiccuping. Now I have a friend who has been hiccuping for three days and nights. —Mrs. T. E. D. Answer—Carbonic acid gas—carbon dioxide—the gas present in the air exhaled. Often persistent hiccuping is relieved by simple re-breathing—hold an ordinary paper bag over nose and mouth and breathe into it for several minutes. More impressive if not more effective is administration of carboxigen (5 to 10 per cent carbon dioxide mixed with oxygen) by means of inhalator. (Copyright, 1934, John F. Dille Co.) Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

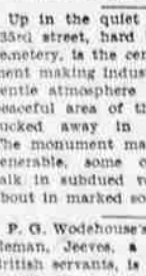
By O. O. McIntyre



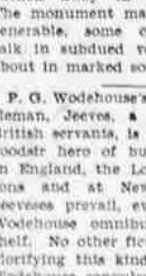
NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—A chit of a woman lawyer, with flashing black eyes and a magnificent sense of humor, and a magnificent sense of humor, has suddenly become the toast of London's Mayfair. No obscure outsider has so titilled the collective jargonite since Michael Arlen pecked his mignon way into celebrity. She is the New York girl, Fanny Holtzmann, who won hands down the enormous film libel suit for the Princess Yousouppoff. When the case was handed to her it looked rather hopeless to expert legal minds. But she hopped the first boat to old Albion where her activities suggested a fire-cracker.



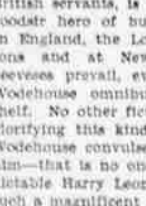
When she won the initial round in the staid British court, thus bringing a world-wide settlement and a snug fortune for herself and client, the London press hailed her with a Page One huzzah. Leader articles strolled her and the cartoonists limned her across the inside pages. She was a novelty. She put on a "victory celebration" in her flat that lasted most of the night and was described as a cross section of a royal garden party and a West End first night. Crowds followed her along the streets in the manner of a prize fight champion. Even the Douglas Fairbanks were shoved out of the spot temporarily.



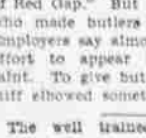
Up in the quiet precincts of East 235th street, hard by the Woodlawn cemetery, is the center of the monument making industry. A refined and gentle atmosphere that suggests the peaceful air of those serene towns tucked away in Connecticut hills. The monument makers are mostly venerable, some octogenarians, who talk in subdued voices and tip toe about in marked solemnity.



P. G. Wodehouse's gentleman's gentleman, Jeeves, a composite of all British servants, is the favorite very good sir hero of butlers in real life. In England, the Long Island Hamptons and at Newport where the Jeeveses prevail, every butler has a Wodehouse omnibus on his pantry shelf. No other fictionist thought of glorifying this kind of servant until Wodehouse convulsed the world with him—that is no one rare the unpredictable Harry Lee Wilson who did such a magnificent job with "Ruggles of Red Gap." But it was Wodehouse who made butlers Jeeves conscious. Employers say almost all make every effort to appear like their patron saint. To give butting that certain stiff showed something.



The well trained English butler takes more pride in his calling than most servants. As a rule his father and grandfather butted before him. He is pleased with his Oxonian-Cockney accents, his away-backed entrance into the room and those slightly aloof bows from the waist in taking orders. They are the thriftiest of house workers, and as they are usually employed by rich men, have the best advice in investments. Their pot of gold at the end of the rainbow is a cottage in Surrey with ample garden and a set of Dickens. All English butlers love Dickens.



Mickey Nielan tells of a Hollywood confessor. A man had been read and those around the long table went into a ponder as to what actor would best fill the role. Someone exclaimed: "It was made for DeWolf Hopper." Another agreed; "Hopper is certainly the man." Others were as enthusiastic. At this point an office boy left the conference room. Returning ten minutes later, they were still agreeing what they should do. "Why don't you send for Hopper?" observed the boy. "Young man," said the chairman of the board, "you are now an executive!"

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

BIG news in the papers lately—so much that perhaps you're getting tired of it. Well, there's always plenty of little news to fall back on.

RODY WALLEE, crooner de luxe, asserts—or at least is so quoted in the papers—that a girl who would address him as "Dearest Buggy-Man" is mentally incompetent. Right. But she didn't have to call him "Dearest Buggy-Man" to prove it.

ON the other hand, you may like crooners. Some people, you know, like garlic. Writing him fan letters was enough. So no personal insult is intended.

HADJI BOZ AGR, a resident of the village of Mardin, in southern Anatolia, which is a part of Turkey, claims to be 154 years old and to be the father of a son aged 11. Make your own wisecrack. Or, if you prefer, put him down as just another liar.

ADOLPH HITLER—who, by the way, is a bachelor—asserts that the Nazis have but one program for women. This program, he says, is to have children.

"The conception of so-called women's equality," he adds, "is a product of decadent Jewish intellectualism; participation in public life degrades and desecrates woman."

MUSSOLINI—who at least prattles what he preaches, being married and having some six children—sees eye to eye with Hitler in this matter.

"Holding jobs," he declares, thrusting out that jutting jaw of his, "interferes with women's primary duty, which is the building up of families."

HITLER and Mussolini are dictators, and sooner or later dictators push their countries into war. At least, they always have in the past, and what has happened in the past is pretty likely to happen again. War calls for cannon-fodder, in vast quantities, and all down through history dictators have looked upon women as the mere spawning ground for cannon-fodder.

(Note: The metaphor in that last paragraph is badly mixed. Fodder doesn't spawn. It grows in the ground. But anyway you get the idea.)

IN these modern days, especially in the more enlightened countries, a lot of people are getting the idea that women are HUMAN BEINGS, not pawns of the state, and as such are entitled to live their lives in whatever way they choose, having children if they want them and NOT having them if they don't.

SPEAKING of old-fashioned ideas, James A. Carnall, Los Angeles business man, divorces Patricia Lee, film actress, on grounds that she refused to let marriage interfere with her screen career.

What does he mean—that she insisted on regarding one husband as not enough? That seems to be a part of most screen careers.



ned vegetables or sugar, you need not worry. The drouth has not touched supplies of these foods. Most consumers will suffer most. Report any suspicious price gouging to the home economics division, bureau of Agriculture.

All Mr. Roosevelt's personal charm has failed to make up (with Hyde Park news correspondents) for the fact that the newsmen were misled on the Eastman, Tugwell and other Hyde Park pieces.

The newsmen closest to Mr. Roosevelt is Ernest Lindley of the Republican New York Herald-Tribune.

A high-powered Washington publicity man confesses he does not know his business. Says he: "When Mr. Roosevelt went to the yacht races with all the swanks, adverse press criticism was in order. But none came. Apparently, Mr. Roosevelt can do anything he pleases and get away with it."

Grows Australian Plant. FOXBORO, Mass.—(UP)—Charles E. Holake has grown for the first time in New England a plant used mostly in Australia. The odd-looking vegetable called Tasmanian butter fruit, measures more than three feet in length, grows on a vine and can be baked, boiled or fried.

Rats Born With Two Teeth. KANSAS CITY, Mo.—(UP)—Somers Geramba is starting life "two up" in the matter of teeth. She was born with two teeth already cut.

SPECIAL SERVICE TO MAIL TRIBUNE ON CAPITAL NEWS

Associated Press to Provide Coverage On Events in Washington of Particular Interest in Medford

The nation's business, more than ever, is centered today in the national capital at Washington, and there decisions are being made daily that affect the lives and pocketbooks of Medford citizens.

Recognizing the importance of full information, The Mail Tribune provides for its readers a detailed picture of the intricate working of the administration, as it concerns the people of Medford and Oregon, through the Associated Press regional service.

The largest and most experienced staff of reporters in Washington—The Associated Press bureau—already was in operation, but when the new deal made itself felt in Oregon, the Mail Tribune is a member, sent H. C. Hunter, veteran Pacific northwest staff member, to the national capital. Hunter is familiar with the problems of the Pacific northwest, its economic needs, projects, hopes and plans. He is devoting himself to covering ideas and events about which this city and state need to know.

Behind him are three old-timers in the capital service, J. B. Engle, Charles Watkins and William Wright, regional editors, who sift from the news of the senate and house, the many bureaus and departments of government, all angles of particular importance to the Pacific northwest.

Co-operating with Hunter, also, are the other members of the 70-man staff of the Washington, D. C., bureau and the staffs of Associated Press bureaus at Portland, Salem, San Francisco, Seattle, Spokane and other points, and of the state newspapers, including The Mail Tribune.

If the prices of wheat, lumber, fruit, livestock or farm equipment are raised or lowered; if a new code covering dairy or mining activities is proposed; if the president or secretary of the interior considers additional grants for state projects, these things are reported promptly and precisely. News of the Oregon delegation in congress receives special attention.

That is why The Mail Tribune is first and foremost with accurate information about the intricate governmental machinery that is affecting the business of Medford people.

The by-line above a Washington dispatch, "By H. C. Hunter, Pacific Northwest Correspondent," is the identification of The Mail Tribune's reporter on the spot—the man who is finding out for newspaper readers the things they ought to know, and who is backed by the most important newspapers of this state and by the world's greatest news-gathering organization.

15-oz. Blue Herringbone suiting, \$21.50, made to measure. Klein the Tailor, Upstairs.

Walk upstairs and save \$10. Banker's gray suiting, \$21.50, made to measure. Klein the Tailor.

GUNS Repaired and Cleaned. Expert work. Medford Cycle, 23 N. Fir.

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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 September 18, 1924. (It was Thursday.)

American Legion wages war on "un-American Communists, seeking overthrow of government." I. W. W. announces "plans for a world revolution."

Mayor Gaddis refuses to grant permission for "LaPollette society" for use of city park bandstand for a political meeting. Jackson county democracy charges "free speech is endangered." The mayor replies: "I refused permission to the Socialists. City property is not supposed to be used as a political stamping ground."

Rosenberg brothers win sweepstakes at Medford pear show.

The first chilly temperature of the late summer and early fall season came gradually yesterday, falling to a maximum of 79.5 in the afternoon from a maximum of 84 on the day before until a minimum was reached during last night of 37 degrees. This made a drop of 14 degrees since the minimum of early Wednesday morning.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY September 18, 1914. (It was Friday.)

No decision was by either Germans or Allies, in great battle on the River Aisne; President sees slight hope of peace; American munition plants work night and day.

The first snow of the season appears on the tip of Mount Wagner; apples blown off trees by high wind that sweeps the valley; farmers get ready to ship their hogs to Portland.

"The House of Bondage, the greatest white slave picture ever filmed," at the Star; five reels of comedy and a seven-piece orchestra at the Page; "I Hain't Got Nothing" and the "Million \$ Mystery" at the It.

Pro-German sentiment so strong in Wisconsin that police are called to quell demonstrations.

Police urge parents to "keep kids from playing on the railroad tracks, and stealing milk bottles."

U. P. Net Income Showing Increase NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—(AP)—Net operating income of the Union Pacific railroad in August totaled \$2,650,942 compared with \$1,950,285 in the same month a year ago.

CHILDREN IDENTIFY ALLEGED ATTACKER EUGENE, Ore., Sept. 18.—(UP)—Three small girls identified Melvin Salice of Dorona as the man who attacked them, state police said in connection with Salice's arrest today.

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MEDFORD BARGAIN HOUSE Closed Wednesday In Observance of JEWISH HOLIDAY

Keep on the SUNNY SIDE

Keep on the sunny side of life.

Laboratory tests show Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies "bulk" and vitamin B to relieve common constipation. Also iron for the blood.

The "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is much like that in leafy vegetables. How much pleasanter to eat this delicious ready-to-eat cereal than to take patent medicines. Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. Chronic cases, with each meal. If not relieved this way, see your doctor. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN