

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

Christmas shopping was the order of the week, citizens rushing around all week spending money, the depression to the contrary notwithstanding. No ill effects were reported from letting loose of a dollar, or a dime. The spending perked up business, more than a speech by a Democratic orator.

Colds are rampant, with many cures due to use of the Prohibition Era remedy.

Fletcher Fish, the boom day tenor, was scared stiff the last of the wk. by the order of a Marion county judge advising a defendant, with a nose-width mustache to go home and shave it off. The Plaintiff vocally is outside the jurisdiction of the Marion county judge, which is unfortunate.

Intellectuals have returned home from the campuses to get St. Nick at the parental firetree.

300 Elks assembled Thurs. eve for a celebration, and everybody got back his own hat and overcoat.

Dewey Hill the Prospect hillbilly and hired man, will swoop down on Hollywood and other Calif. points in his new auto soon. A man he caught a fish for last summer, promised to give him a knockdown to Myrna Loy, and other film beauties.

Unable to see anything, a fog Thurs. night slowed down local speeders before they realized their license plates were also invisible in the murk.

A number of valley statesmen are still discussing the problem of why they possess so little wealth, and Andrew Mellon has so much.

The late mean dist. atty. has gone to Portland, where he introduced a resolution to tighten up the law against agitators, who mean no harm, except destruction of the government, in any manner that comes handy. This country is regarded as too squeamish about hill-billers, by counties never afflicted with them.

Snow for Christmas and skiing as yet unavailable. Many skiers can hardly wait to go to the hills and freeze and eat fried bacon in the great outdoors.

Deck Shockley reports the loss of the Queen of Hearts while playing bridge with Deck Mulholland. The Shockley domicile was combed for the missing card without avail. It disappeared as completely as if it had been swallowed by the earth, or Deck Mulholland's sleeve.

The Self-Help campaign was renewed last week, the police hearing that several lost gasoline, whiskey, groceries, trousers, tires, and overcoats, when the owners were not looking.

Rain has been falling copiously, and is appreciated by the farmers, who however feel it should come next June, and catch them with hay down.

Tom and Jerry's are being swigged by the merry-makers as the Yuletide cometh. Some of the mixologists are experts, and others are in the home-brew class.

Tricycles — get them repaired or painted for Xmas. Medford Cycle, 23 N. 3d.

A. A. A. WEAR BETTER CLOTHES
Suits and Overcoats to measure, \$21.50 up. Klein the Tailor, Uptown.

Shopping days to Christmas
Illustration of a shopping bag and a Christmas tree.

The Fate of the G. O. P.

THERE is an organization with headquarters in New York, known as the "National Republican Builders." Julian Mason, former editor of the New York Evening Post, is vice-president of this organization, and once a week, sends out to the press of the country, his comments upon current political developments.

These letters are always interesting, well written, thoughtful and intelligent; but the Mail Tribune, strongly in sympathy with the main purposes of the Roosevelt administration, seldom agrees with their conclusions.

This week's letter, however, just received, commenting upon Senator Borah's drive to liberalize the Republican party, presents arguments against such action, with which this paper thoroughly agrees,—in fact strangely enough, they are practically the same contentions that have been advanced from time to time in this truth.

"The truth still holds," declares Mr. Mason, "that you can't beat Rooseveltism with a DILUTED Rooseveltism. . . . Both Mr. Borah and Mr. Nye have been trying for years to twist the Republican party around into this vague 'liberal' ideal of theirs. They have had no success, and the party has been in control of the nation for all these years. They have never been in sympathy with it. They have used its label for their own ends. . . . If they now think they can turn Republicanism into their outworn 'liberalism' it seems to me they are wrong. They ought to go, I think, into the Roosevelt party. Certainly I do, not wish to join the kind of party they are seeking to set up."

ABSOLUTELY true, forthright, supported by a logic that is unanswerable. The place for disgruntled Republicans, like Borah and Nye—yes and like Norris, Hiram Johnson, La Follette, and others,—is not in a party which no longer embodies their political principles, but in a party that does, i. e.: the Democratic party, under Roosevelt control and leadership.

For as has been repeatedly stated in this column, parties don't make principles; principles make parties. Those who believe in so-called Roosevelt principles should obviously join his party; those who don't should join the party in opposition to his principles, which is,—or should be—the Republican party.

As Mr. Mason states in this same letter, quoting from the Saturday Evening Post:

"The Republican party must choose. It will not get anywhere with a pale imitation of New Deal policies. It can not fight under two flags, nor can any 'cross-eyed' party long survive — a party of which one cannot tell whether it is looking to the right or left."

The Republican party MUST decide,—and so must individual Republicans whether they are office holders, or just plain private citizens.

They must decide in what political principles and purposes they REALLY believe, and in what they DON'T believe, and act accordingly.

The time has passed when they can either consistently or usefully, attempt to ride tandem, with one foot planted on the back of the Democratic donkey, proceeding in one direction; and the other foot on the back of the G.O.P. elephant proceeding,—or trying to proceed,—in the other.

This has been the Mail Tribune's contention from the outset. We are naturally pleased to find it is also the view of such prominent and enlightened leaders in the Republican party, as the former editor of the New York Evening Post, and the present editor of the Saturday Evening Post.

THERE is room in this country for only two large national parties. The Democratic party under Roosevelt is the liberal party,—the New Deal party,—the party of the "left."

Unless the Republican party wishes to fade out of the picture entirely because its excuse for existence will no longer exist, then it must become frankly and squarely the opposition party,—the conservative party,—the party of the right.

There is room and need in this country for such a party. There is neither for a party which is either a synthetic New Deal party, or a half-hearted conservative party, ending up inevitably by being neither, because it was brainless and spineless enough to try to be BOTH!

MORE than that. In this direction, of candid clarification,—meeting the essential Roosevelt policies with definite and opposing policies of its own—the Republican party will regain its health and vigor, because it will regain its reason for being and its self respect.

For the present and probably for a few years, it may have to be content with the role of a minority party. But with Roosevelt popularity and political skill what they are, that is its probable fate anyway.

The great advantage to the Republican party in meeting the issue NOW, hewing to the conservative line and letting the chips fall where they may, is the spiritual satisfaction that sincere devotion to principle always gives; and the greater respect from the American people, the party will enjoy when the inevitable turn of the political pendulum starts, and the time arrives,—as eventually it is bound to arrive—for the "ins" to step out and the "outs" to step in.

THEN the Republican party will regain power, with no apologies to offer and no regrets for its past. It will be perfectly justified in pointing to its record with pride,—a GREAT party in victory or defeat,—a party that in spite of all temptations, remained, through thick and thin, TRUE to the fundamental principles in which it believed,—true to ITSELF!

News Behind The News
(Continued from page one)
Illustration of a newspaper and a magnifying glass over a document.

There was no political reason for starting a municipal power plant in New York. The voters' registration figures were published on the same day as the Roosevelt-La Guardia move. They showed 1,400,000 registered democrats and 320,000 republicans.

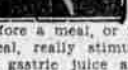
A man who might be called a former capitalist observed caustically the other day that his slogan for labor now was "let us keep the wolf away from the garage door."

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.

CHEESE IS NOT BINDING AND IT IS FINE FOR RHEUMATISM

Ginger, mustard, horse radish, sour pickles, pepper, vinegar, cocoa, tea, sour wines and port are binding in effect, at least upon many persons. But in no foods are binding. Some foods are more laxative than other. Water is the best of all laxatives. Water taken with meals or between meals, first thing upon rising or last thing at night, hot or cold, just before a meal, or in the course of a meal, really stimulates the secretion of gastric juice and aids digestion. Indeed a glass of water is given now instead of the old time "test meal" when we wish to procure a specimen of gastric juice for analysis. The old theory that water taken before or during the meal diluted the gastric juice and so delayed digestion was based on conjecture and has been disproved by more precise scientific observation in modern times.



Neither are such foods as cheese, milk, white or egg binding nor is there a difference in individuals in this respect. People who fancy they are made constive by this or that food labor under a misapprehension. It is true that if the diet is restricted to milk there is a very small residue left after digestion, and hence no need for evacuation.

Associated with this popular notion is another one propagated, I think, by the nostrum makers and certain quacks who have to bring in new notions or else. . . . This is the morbid notion that "auto-intoxication" or poisoning of the system is inevitable if the regular evacuation is retarded for a day or two. There is absolutely no ground for this idiotic notion, but it gets the business, and so the charlatans, great and small, spend a good deal to keep it alive in the wisecrunch mind.

The old timers, the best physicians of their day, harbored a vague conception that protein of animal origin was somehow bad for the kidneys if the patient had kidney disease and bad for the joints if the patient had joint disease. Probably the unwise restrictions in the diet in many such cases did as much harm as the disease itself. At any rate we know now that

outrageous hat to Ninon, Fleurette and Phil. It will be difficult for Paris to be the sanctified Paris of perfume, music and kisses without Sem.

There are many examples of Time's slow healing. Earl Carroll has never passed the theatre he built and lost. Although his professional life is lost in the area, he has always managed to keep away from that block.

Jimmy was a bright-eyed, curly-haired waiter in an uptown family hotel who served six several years for breakfast only—dinner was cheaper at the tea rooms around the corner. Jimmy talked the mixed hodgepodge of George Givot. He married and lived in the tenement house that was actually reproduced for the play, "Street Scene." He had a peculiar scar slant-wise his forehead. I recognized him, despite a portliness, by the scar of the premiere of Dorothy Hall in "Paris in Glory." I bowed, moving out of the lobby, but his answering bow was honestly vague. He had no idea of my identity. A waiter sees so many faces. But Jimmy rode off in a rather smart car. There's a little spurt of pride in America about that. It could not happen in Russia.

Dawn recalls the Columbus Circle Childs. There we breakfasted in what Shaw calls "beary occultancy" and rolled away in a marauding cab in rollicking days. Bickering that flew like sparks across the room wound up in sidewalk sluggings several times a night. Then the Childs places were white, sanitized and pleasantly middle class. Now they have gone high hand-shake with Peter Arno clubman side, Jacobson things, apertories and cocktail bars in modern decor. Where batter-ake jugglers used to perform are stiff shirts and sable. Life or nothing is quite the same anymore.

Be correctly cosseted in an Artist Model by Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—Dawn, crumbling into its shreds of pink and marigold, offers a glowing vista for looking back. For recapturing lost chords that reverberate a moment and tremble away. At 5:30 a. m. a hustler, clip-clopping across town brought a sudden awakening and cascade of memories.

That stray wail of the tenements. For instance, that some backwash of his lodged in our editorial step on Fulton street. He may be a young man of affairs now. But then he was a bit of human flotsam the currents did not carry on. He stuck and ran our inglorious errands and slept in the malldroom.

We called him "Rags." Rather cruelly, that described him. Desperately thin and spindly, we tried to fatten him. One Saturday we chinned in for an outfit. The next day he appeared in his letters. He had given them to his brother. "He has a worse cough than mine," he explained.

And tragic Celeste, cigarette girl at Maxim's. They sent me to interview her after learning her earnings supported a social boulevard husband whom she married when he cracked up in a wheel chair. "Two shipwrecks bound together," she philosophized, "may stay afloat longer."

In that toy Holland town of Delft, with its small ribbons of canals and foot bridges, another membrane of memory releases a knife-blade flash of long ago. A belled milk cart with its faithful dog straining underneath. A careless motorist rounding a turn. A crash! The shared cart, strewn with bleeding along a gurgle of stream, the dog beside her with a broken hind leg but wagging furiously, licking her face and releasing whimpering barks—bucking her up until medical aid arrives.

Characters parade across the haze. Characters cushioned in a cheerfulness those in life's plucked corners never achieve. Jimmy Widtmer, the Cincinnati, and Memphis's Los Angeles newsboys. Chicago's blind fiddler and his dog—now gone. Slim, the lanky Houston waiter. Shorty, the dwarf bell-ringer in Mexico City. Two-finger Ed, the night-hawk cab driver of Reno. And Butch, the pop seller at People's burlesque, with his sing-song cry: "You can't get it after the curtain goes up—Paw-up!" There was a whop to their living. No complexes. No problems of culture. They were of the sidewalks, honed sharp by the flagstones.

And last night I heard that Sem, the Paris cartoonist, had gone over. He was piercing with his conversation his inquiring, his drawing, one blinding caused the outraged Panny Ward to slap him publicly. Every morning he would swagger impudently down the leafy avenue du Bois with his late friend, Gaston Dumpey, stamping the ground and tipping his

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

OUTSTANDING business leaders of the nation, representing both the National Manufacturers' association and the United States Chamber of Commerce, meeting at White Sulphur Springs, in West Virginia, draft a recovery program on the basis of which, they say, they are willing to co-operate with President Roosevelt and his New Deal. Their program contains these major points:

- 1. A balanced federal budget.
2. A standard dollar.
3. A major offensive against depression in the durable goods industries.

LET'S define "balanced federal budget." In simple, plain words, such as all of us can understand, it means this: That the government shall spend no more than it takes in.

Why are these great business leaders concerned about the government spending persistently more than it takes in?

Because they know that if the government GOES ON indefinitely spending more than it takes in it will run out of GOOD MONEY with which to pay its bills and will then have to start the printing presses and pay them with BOGUS money.

When that happens we will be starting on the road that has always led to DESTRUCTION.

WHAT is a "standard dollar?" It is a dollar that will be worth as much when you sell as when you buy. It is a dollar that will be worth as much when you take it out of the bank as when you put it in.

NOW let's talk for a moment about this "major offensive against depression in the durable goods industries." What is a durable goods industry?

Well, the building industry is one. The machinery industry is another. Durable goods are goods that last a long time after you buy them—such as a house, or a cowbarn, or a potato digger, or a grain binder, or a printing press.

WHY are the durable goods depressed? The answer is as plain as the nose on your face—because consumers aren't buying durable goods; that is, goods that last a long time after you buy them.

Why not? Because they haven't confidence enough in the future to put their money into things that last so long. They will buy food, which they can eat next week, or clothes, which they can wear out next month, but they are afraid to buy houses and machinery and other things which may normally be expected to last far into the coming years.

WHY are they afraid? Because they fear that the experiments that are being tried on the nation WON'T WORK, and also that the wild men who were elected on wild platforms to the incoming congress will try even WILDER experiments.

That is about the long and the short of it.

Communications

Prepare for New Year.

To the Editor: It seems of first importance that our state should prepare itself to take advantage of any offers of assistance from the federal government.

It is true that we have had no official announcement of the forthcoming PWA program, but we have seen in the daily papers statements by the heads of the administration indicating that such would be made

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
December 23, 1924
(It Was Tuesday)
Gold Hill citizens plan fight against bill in next legislative session, that would take away from Gold Hill the right to enforce traffic laws and assess fines.

Oregon assured of old fashioned Christmas as cold wave continues throughout entire state.

The fire department is kept on the jump by half a dozen flu fires in as many homes.

50 miles per hour gale sweeps over valley, and the weather continues clear and cold.

Dick McElhose is elected commander of the American Legion.

Auto load of moonshine destined to give Christmas cheer is seized on Pacific highway.

City buys Davis lot 80 Sixth street can be extended to Main street.

Both Allies and Germans claim victory on the western front; Russians straighten lines near Warsaw; Austrians routed by Serbians in fierce fighting in Montenegro.

J. C. Barnes is nominated for mayor on the socialist ticket.

Wig Ashpole has on exhibition in the Economy market, a monster hog and beef. Weights are being guessed by the public, and the one coming the closest will be given a roast, as Christmas greetings. Both the animals were raised and fattened in the Rogue River valley, and have attracted considerable attention.

Transient foreign stings local stores for small amounts.

Adults 20c Anytime KIDDIES 10c Anytime
STUDIO THEATRE
TODAY and MONDAY
Continuous Shows Today 1:45 p. m. to 11:00 p. m.

WHY IS IT Nature makes men slaves of women who bleed them white!
OF HUMAN BONDAGE
RKO RADIO Pictures
Starring LESLIE HOWARD
With BETTE DAVIS, FRANCES DEE, KAY JOHNSON, REGINALD DENNY
From the greatest novel of the 20th Century, by W. Somerset Maugham, author of "Rain"
COMEDY—REVIEW—NEWS
"THE MERRY FRINKS" are Coming!

American Legion Annual—
CHRISTMAS DANCE
CHRISTMAS NIGHT
TUESDAY, DEC. 25
Oriental Gardens
Christmas Decorations

SANTA CLAUS WILL BE THERE
With a Bag Full of Surprises
I'll see you at
DREAMLAND
CHRISTMAS EVE AND CHRISTMAS NIGHT
DINTY MOORE AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Men 35c Ladies 10c