

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry
Public ownership of slot machines is urged by a few scared thinkers as a means of producing needed revenue to lessen tax burdens.

Science has discovered the "gravitational" power of the moon on the axis of the earth, is slowing up the movement of the earth. Now if science can find a way to have the moon do the same thing to gentils full of "moon" behind a steering wheel, the results will be rated as both cute and cunning.

The report that two boys froze to death last Friday night, before they could "thumb" their ride in the Buick, is erroneous. There were three boys, and it was the rigors of a two-block walk that terrified them.

Compliments and condemnation are being heaped upon John C. Mann for his faux pas last week, when he kicked a stranger where he bends in mistake for your cor. The praise is for general good intentions, and the scolding for not looking twice before he kicked. It is hoped Mr. Mann does not commercialize the idea, and put in a line of copper-toed boots.

Morning worship, 11:00. Sermon topic, "The Salt of the Earth." Special music: Anthem, "O Taste and See." By Cross. (Sermon topic, Penitence East Oregonian)—Team work.

It's the Climate!

WHEN in doubt talk about the weather. The death of 13 people in the Southwest, from blizzards, makes such a topic particularly timely.

Even more provocative is a personal letter from a former Medfordite who for the past eight or ten years, has lived in Southern California.

We quote:
"The longer I live here the more convinced I become that you people up there don't capitalize enough on your climate. I think Grants Pass has the right idea. True you have rain and sometimes a little snow, and you probably don't have as much sunshine through the year as Los Angeles. But having lived both in Southern Oregon and Southern California, I know that all in all you have the better climate. It is a far more varied and therefore a more beautiful climate. It is mild and yet it is stimulating. A person can't live down here for any length of time without having the blood run thin, acquiring a sort of physical and temperamental hook worm. It places invalids and the aged, but who wants to be old or sick? For 355 days in the year, and for normal men, women and children, Southern Oregon has all the best of it. Why don't you advertise it and cash in on it instead of yielding to the old Oregon inferiority complex and let California skim off all the cream and drink the milk?"

Well why not? Probably the chief reason, at the present time, is money. It costs to advertise, on any national scale, and there isn't much spare cash in Oregon for such a purpose.

And then there is no doubt, however, that Oregon suffers from a deep-seated and annoying inferiority complex. The idea that California has everything and Oregon nothing, has persisted so many years, that a majority of Oregonians have come to believe it.

But it isn't true. As an all-year proposition, we know that our correspondent, is absolutely correct, in his appraisal of the Oregon climate,—especially the climate here in Southern Oregon.

As far as rainfall is concerned the average annual precipitation is less here than it is in many parts of California. More over here, floods, earthquakes, and destructive wind storms, are practically unknown; whereas in Southern California they are frequent.

WHEN business conditions in this state do return to anything approaching normal, the State Chamber of Commerce should unite with local chambers, to tell the world about the Oregon climate. Not so much to get tourists and make their permanent homes and enter active business, in a more equitable and healthful environment.

It is our firm conviction that regarding climate from this angle, Southern Oregon leads the world. But how many people outside of the state, suspect it?

None! The secret of successful advertising is to have a good thing and tell the world about it.

The "good thing" is ours. Why not get wise to ourselves and tell the world!

The Very Idea

CONSISTENCY has been termed a jewel. There is also high authority for the statement it is only a hobgoblin of "little minds."

Take your choice and apply it as you will. But there is no doubt how Senator Borah would apply it. Consistency to him is obviously the hobgoblin of little minds, while his mind is a big one.

In looking over an old Congressional Record we have just read the Idaho senator's plea that Uncle Sam investigate the Mexican government's persecution of the Catholics.

Well,—well,—well! For years Senator Borah has been the country's most violent opponent of the League of Nations, the World Court and all foreign entanglements. His reverberating plea has been for the United States to mind its own business and other countries mind theirs.

But certainly if this country has the right to investigate how Hitler treats Jews, how Russia treats all religions, and how England treats the Hindus.

Conversely if the Borah resolution is good policy, then it would be equally good policy to let Mexico investigate how the Imperial Valley treats Mexicans, how the south treats its negroes, and how the New Dealers treat ex-President Hoover.

THIS mind your own business plea can't be a thing of one dimension. If it is good for the goose it must be good for the gander. We can't meddle in the internal affairs of one nation, without establishing a precedent for meddling in the affairs of all. We can't send a senate committee of investigation to Mexico and then deny the right of Mexico to send a committee of investigation over here.

What has happened to the senator from Idaho?

Antelope
SEVEN O'CLOCK, Feb. 26.—(Sp.)—The Antelope Club met at the Antelope school. After the sewing hour, Mrs. Erickson served refreshments to the girls. Darnel Stenly was too ill to attend school Feb. 15. Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Erickson entertained at a Valentine party for their pupils at the Antelope school Feb. 14. Mrs. Erickson brought his pupils from Reese Creek in the afternoon. A short program was given by the school pupils. After the program Mr. and Mrs. Erickson served refreshments.

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 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT TO GET WELL?

A correspondent writes: "I that you may know how much benefit I derived from reading a book I saw mentioned in your column, called 'Want to Get Well?' It came into my hands at a very opportune time. I had been allowed car rides and some other privileges but he began showing color in my sputum and of course had my privileges taken away. I was very discouraged, but reading this fine book by Fannie Benson Rogers gave me strength and courage to keep on trying. It has such a cheerful tone to it. Keeping cheerful and happy, it seems to me, is half the battle. And it can be done, as I myself am proving, and this little book helped me to do this. 'I think it is a fine book for those with tuberculosis, also for their relatives.' That's what I thought when I recommended the book to all who have, suspect they have or are likely to have tuberculosis. 'Want to Get Well?' by Fannie Benson Rogers, has been recommended to patients by many of the most distinguished tuberculosis specialists of the country. The book, I think deserves a place alongside of Dr. Yaworsky's 'Book for Recovery,' which has been counselor and guide for many a patient with tuberculosis, these many years. I am particularly proud of 'Want to Get Well?' because I urged and helped the author to write it. I am as proud of it as I am of Dr. Don Duffie's new famous little 'Book for Diabetics' and Dr. T. F. McNamee's text book on 'Hemorrhoids' and 'Injection Treatment of Hemorrhoids.' For I instigated the writing of these fine books, too. Some day I hope to add two others to my list, viz.: Dr. Lewis J. Silvers' 'Diathermy, X-ray, and Dr. Paul Lewis' 'Ambulant Treatment of Herpes.' Fannie Benson Rogers published her book in an attractive limp leather-like binding. I don't know just what it is, but no matter. It is the inside you buy, not the cover. I sincerely believe that any tubercle patient or friend of a patient can buy for a dol-

lar as much help and encouragement and benefit in 'Want to Get Well?' as can be had in any other book or pamphlet dealing with tuberculosis. The author shows how, by real test one can reduce the number of movements of the affected lung by 5000 breaths a day. She shows how healing occurs in any climate. In the trying process of handling relatives and well meaning friends she offers wise practical suggestions from her own experience and wide observation, and reminds you that while your friends or relatives may plan your living it will be you who do your own dying! You can get a copy to present to a friend by mailing a dollar plus 6 cents postage to Fannie Benson Rogers, Colorado Springs, Colo. I recommend it as a fine investment to make if you have a friend who wants to Get Well. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Should a Man Be as Old as His Wife? I am 28. The girl I want to marry is 32. We are both in excellent health. My mother thinks I should not marry a girl older than myself. (B. H. C.) Answer—Such a trifling difference in age is immaterial. Perhaps mother is just a little jealous about taking second place in your affections. Perforate We are grateful to you for a suggestion that cleared up trench mouth in two members of our family. It was the use of sodium perborate. A was cured in about a week, but B complained of the disagreeable taste and did not use it regularly, so that it was several weeks before her gums and mouth were all well. (Mrs. N. E. P.) Ana—The taste of sodium perborate is disagreeable to many. A pleasant preparation of it containing near-salt borax is called 'Grieco.' For 'trench mouth' (Vincent's angina) use a teaspoonful of sodium perborate in a half glassful of water as a mouthwash and use powder several times a day and use the powder as tooth powder. Any ulcers or raw spots on the gums should be covered with a paste made by moistening with water some perborate and spreading the paste on the sore spot with a finger, allowing it to remain a minute or more, once a day. (Copyright, 1935, John F. Dille Co.) Ed Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—Likely the most valuable old world author account for an American publishing house is that of George Bernard Shaw. Not so much for royalties, although they are, but for prestige. Wiley accounts go to London yearly to wangle with him with tempting bait. But Shaw rarely changes printers. Yet he keeps them topsey-turvy. One letter will contain the next thing with Shavian contentions and still another send them thumping the ledgers. He is shrewd in the understanding of figures, something rare among writing men. There are instances of publishing houses "making" authors, but generally it's the best selling around. A house with the best selling author is a magnet for lesser fry. Book publishing, judged by gloomy fronts, might seem the most prosaic calling, yet now and then proves exciting. Suddenly to stumble upon some unknown author with a mass appeal—in the manner of Edgar Rice Burroughs or Harold Bell Wright—is like kicking up a Kohlnor along a bleak and dusty country lane. Often publishers hunt long for years and then overnight are stepping high.

Harry Thaw has not been seen in the play-parlors for lot these 18 months. The greatest of all millionaire play-boys is said to have told friends he will never visit the street of streets again. The inevitable showing up by the years has much to do with it. Thaw's hair is now snow-white, there is a venerable stoop to his shoulders and his hands have the reddish restlessness that marks the passing of middle years. The chimney corner fitters. On upper Broadway, too, there still gleams the half-block, tri-colored sign "Brownie" in box car letters. It marks the real estate office of another millionaire eccentric, whose did-dle draped since a rash of bond-line, Dulke Thaw, Browning built up an enormous business during his earlier and sedate years. He was a model of deportment until 45, but when he took up spectacular idiosyncrasies he made them hum. As who doesn't after 45?

He strutted across the polished floor of the de luxe Rainbow Room to his fingering table like a duke ap-

proaching his duchy, as sure of himself as a coked bishop. Henry Bell and I guessed at his profession. My guess was the diplomatic service. Bell's: The big shot of an international banking house. We consulted a waiter captain. He went into a whisper with a superior. Then he confided: "He sees what you call a high-upper. And he spiraled a finger in the air. All of which was as clear as mud. Later we found he was a distinguished foreign tenor. Just when we had decided he was a balloonist. Then there was the elegant woman Mary lady, with a tiara and all, who watched Beatrice Lillie through a jorquette. And after each song gave a bored quick pat of her gloved hands. When she went out, her hair was in the air, one realized there went a personality! For with it all the studied grandeur, the room became of a sudden just another night club. Lilian Russell, in her hey-day, with picture hat and shepherd's crook, just as she was on the stage, used to do that to Martin when she came sweeping in. It was a claim of the management the mere sight of her jumped the wine buying. My first visit to Martin's was with Ray Long, Harris Marton Lyon and Roy McCardell. I was only a few weeks out of the brush and a few corkie-burrs remained in my hair. The menu was the size of a big geography and in French. Those so-and-so-ands let me wrestle with it, periphrasing like a betho-de-wa darkey reading a post-card. The captain, noting my perplexity, suggested a minute steak with O'Brien potatoes. And it is the only time in my life I've ever loved a Frenchman. (Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS
FRANCE, Austria Reach Agreement," a headline tells us. "The agreement," the dispatch continues, "is to maintain Austrian independence and consolidate the peace of Europe." It was reached by Foreign Minister Laval of France, and Chancellor Schuschnigg, of Austria in "conversations" held in Paris. The dispatch concludes: "Their conversations took place with the issuance of a communique expressing Franco-Austrian friendship and the extension of 'cultural relations'."

A word of explanation here will not come amiss. "Conversations" is a polite diplomatic term for an institution known crudely among college students as a "bull session." A "bull session" is a statement given out officially, for public consumption, that sounds nice, but means nothing. WHAT FRANCE AND AUSTRIA REALLY MEAN is that each will be friendly and courteous with the other as long as such a course serves self-interest, but at any moment when such a course ceases to serve self-interest will attack a knife into the other's vitals if the opportunity offers. Such is diplomacy.

ALONG this same line, we note this further headline: "Paraguay to Quit League of Nations." A dispatch from Asuncion explains: "This action, believed imminent for the last several days, came on the eve of the expiration of the period in which Paraguay had either to accept or reject definitely the league's plan for peace in the Chaco war which her adversary, Bolivia, has already accepted."

THAT is to say, Paraguay remains a member of the league of nations as long as she thinks it serves her interest to do so, but QUILTS as soon as it begins to appear that she might suffer because of membership. Because nations hold such ideas in their relations with each other is why the league of nations fizzled. ONE thing that makes life interesting is the fact that the UNEXPECTED is always happening. Huey LONG, for example, all of a sudden TALKS SENSE. A WASHINGTON dispatch informs us: "Long sent telegrams to highway commissions in each state urging them to enforce his plan for highway construction as an employment relief measure. 'The state highway commissions,' he told newspaper men, 'are all set and ready to shoot. Every dollar spent on highways will build up the country that much. All the money spent so far has been no good. They have just been throwing the people's money away.'"

TRUE—every word of it. Highway building will provide employment for those who need it. It will provide a market for heavy machinery and materials, thus stimulating the sadly dormant capital good industries. And after the highways are built, we'll have something USEFUL to show for the money spent. This writer, who had never expected to agree with Huey Long on anything, finds that he was wrong.

THE GRANGE
Lake Creek Grange
Last meeting of Lake Creek Grange, Feb. 22, was a party in honor of Washington's birthday, also of the birthdays of grange members occurring in January and February. Mrs. Mary Moore and Master Reed Charley were the honor guests. Two lovely birthday cakes, besides other attractive refreshments, graced the table. A larger attendance than usual added to the enjoyment of a very pleasant evening. The following program was presented by Lecturer Julia Sidley: Flag salute and American creed by entire group; song, Oregon, by Mabel Brown, Floyd Charley, and Irene Charley, with Helen Brown at the piano; reading, Chery Tree Story, by Merton Bradshaw; reading, Getysburg speech, by Cluis Charley; vocal solo, Father of the Land We Love, by Floyd Charley, accompanied by Helen Brown; reading, by Gordon Stanley; reading, Washington's Birthday, by Anna Tom; reading, A Few Remembrances, by Reed Charley; vocal solo, Little Man You've Had a Busy Day, by Mabel Brown, accompanied by Helen Brown; song, Song of February, by Gwendolyn Charley, Janet Charley, and Dorothy Stanley; reading, Home of Our First Farmer, by Floyd Charley; reading, George Washington, by Charles Stanley. Next meeting will be in keeping with St. Patrick's day. The lecturer asks that each member write a line or two about some other member. Eagle Point Extension unit will present the play, "The Adolescent Young," at the Lake Creek Grange hall Saturday evening, March 3. This play is sponsored by the Lost Creek Extension unit. Cluis Charley was elected to the extension committee to fill the vacancy left when Reed Charley was elected master.

DOG POISONER KILLS PET ON HAVEN STREET
The first case of dog poisoning to come to attention of the city police recently was reported today, when Seema Evans, 546 Haven street, reported that someone had green poison on her pet dog. The dog was taken to a veterinarian for treatment, but it was too late and the dog died. Vigorous prosecution of anyone caught poisoning dogs will be made by police authorities. It was announced.

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Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the files of the Mail Tribune of 19 and 29 Years Ago).

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY:
February 26, 1925 (It was Thursday)
The fine weather of the past few days has brought out the "gardening instinct" in many residents. V. O. Smith of Ashland is elected president of the Southern Oregon Bankers association. Work starts on roads in the Eagle Point district. High wind does some damage in the Hopwood district. Under new law passed by the legislature, all auto headlights in state must be tested. School board estimates ten to fifteen more rooms would end construction in high school. Medford high to play Roseburg here tomorrow night.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
February 26, 1915 (It was Friday)
Peace orator from New York City, delivers address against war, on Haymarket Square and is rewarded with a substantial "rum in his plug hat." City election in Jacksonville next Tuesday excites residents. "The Economy Ticket" if successful will discharge the city attorney and street commissioner. M. M. Root's Ford is stolen, while he is attending a dance at the University club. The car was found at the end of Riverside avenue, where the "jorriders" collided with a hayrack. William Aitken, the plumber has received a number of English papers, in which there is less war news, than he daily receives in the Mail Tribune. Medford high defeats Ashland 31 to 10 at the Nat. before the largest crowd ever to see an athletic contest in this city. Mutt Williamson, Tiger forward, was the bright star of the game, and local students enjoy his name with soap on every business window in Ashland.

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Berkeley California
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