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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The legislature is unable to make up its mind, whether or not the steelhead is a game fish. In these kind of times, with humanity on edge from distress, it is refreshing to know the chosen representatives are standing firm on vital issues, and not indulging in any inconsequential tomfoolery.

• • •

Quite a few of the minor nuisances of the so-called Gentle Spring are showing up, including advertisements for poison ivy cures, and poems.

• • •

Fashion experts predict the early return of the "Mother Hubbard" as a bit of feminine garb. The "Mother Hubbard" is old-fashioned, hits no place, and conceals everything.

• • •

FEARLESS JOURNALISM.
(Turner (Ore.) Tribune)
The pictures taken of the students of both grade and hi school have been received and many are fit to be put up in the chicken house to keep the rats away. On second thought though, they are excellent considering what the photographer had to work on.

• • •

Washington joins California, and adopts a Sales Tax to lessen the property tax burden, and provide revenue for relief and other depression financial needs. Oregonians who have been writing to the metropolitan dailies, alleging the Sales Tax is not working in California, can now aim their typewriters at Washington.

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It might be that eminent surgeons adjusting upside-down stomachs, could do something for the down-side-up legislature.

• • •

Myrna Loy, the film beauty is showing at the G. Hunt magic lantern show, causing a rush of bowlers to study the picture, revealing how to curve a bowling ball, and hold the same.

• • •

As we understand it, to be a good communist a worker must protest violently when he hasn't a job and go on strike the moment he gets one.—(Dunbar Weekly)—In other words, raising hell, both coming and going.

• • •

"FORECASTED 1942 DEPRESSION FRETS"—(Hdline Red Bluff News)—O! Pooh! the one for 1958 looks the fiercest.

• • •

An enraptured sports writer upstate reports that a losing basketball team was "unconquered, undaunted, indefatigable and far from dismayed by the 36 to 13 score." The other team was a measley outfit, with no heroic qualifications, but the ability to get the most baskets.

• • •

A woman's smoking car has been put on a western train. We bet some of the jokes told in the smoker will be worth repeating.—(Atlanta Constitution)—With the usual blushing, if they've heard them.

• • •

The Rogue River fish controversy has broken loose anew. Letters to the editor on this terrific topic should be restricted to the length of the writer's fishing pole.

• • •

In Utah, a year-old babe playing with an automatic revolver, accidentally shot itself in the leg. Evidently Mama forgot to slip on the safety catch.

• • •

Eastern Oregon statesmen serving a legislative term at Salem, who earlier in the agony longed to return home to hear the coyote howl, will get back in time to hear veteran Portland politicians inciting their constituents to recall the governor.

• • •

Inasmuch as the state proposes to license slot-machines, plans are being hatched to make playing them "more of a gamble." Maybe if the niche where the player inserts the nickel was built to look more like a rat-hole, he would feel better about it, without dimming his suckerism.

Ask the customers who have their watch repairing done here. Johnson the Jeweler.

Medford Is Fortunate

FOR YEARS Medford has had one of the best fire departments in the state. Those who have wondered why this is true,—why year after year, this high quality of service has been constantly sustained,—might have discovered the answer to their question, perhaps, in the reunion of old Medford firemen held in this city yesterday.

The personal reminiscences of the old timers clearly demonstrated that fire fighting efficiency and pride in the service is nothing new. It goes back to the first city fire department, Medford ever had, organized some 40 years ago.

The local fire department of course, was much smaller then. There was only one horse-drawn wagon. The department had no auto truck until 1912. But there was then, as now, a splendid morale maintained; the boys took a pride in what they were doing, and doing it well. The fire was the thing, and to put it out in the shortest possible time and at the minimum loss was the sole objective.

Former Fire Chief Eugene Amann, on the job a quarter of a century ago, brought this point out clearly when he recalled the time when a livery barn at Eighth and Riverside caught fire, and the acting mayor, not familiar with fire fighting regulations, ordered the chief to remove the horses from the street, so as not to block traffic.

Chief Amann refused, the flames were extinguished and later taken before the mayor, the latter had the good second sense to congratulate the chief on his decisive action and high sense of duty.

• • • • •

MEDFORD has such an outstanding fire department now, largely because of this admirable morale, this high sense of duty, which started with the first fire department and has been maintained ever since. As the years passed by this admirable spirit grew into a tradition, and it is a tradition which every member of the present department feels and lives up to.

The members of the fire department aren't paid very much, they are subject to call at any time, and often at the risk of their lives. But traditions of this sort, when maintained, are far more conducive to efficient service, than anything that can be measured in the coin of the realm, or the precise figures on the monthly pay check.

Medford is extremely fortunate in having such an efficient fire department, as it has today, and has had for so many years, and the high standard of disinterested public service, established by the older boys, a generation ago, is the cause of its good fortune.

Haste Makes Waste

HASTE is the deadly enemy of efficiency. Few things can be done well, in an atmosphere of rush and hurry.

Yet for many days now the state legislature has been rushing pell-mell toward adjournment. The overwhelming desire has been to call it a day and get home. A movement has even been launched in the lower house to declare a "slaughter week"—DO-IN the waiting bills, one and all, regardless of merit—so that more working days without pay, may be eliminated.

Under our present legislative system, such a situation is almost unavoidable. With hundreds and hundreds of measures introduced, with the session limited to 40 days, and legislative gatherings to once in two years, PROPER consideration to the legislation proposed is physically impossible. A final stampede for the exit, literally or figuratively, is inevitable,—and let the devil take the hindmost.

• • • • •

ALL OF which, in our humble opinion, is dead wrong. If the legislative job is worth doing at all, it is worth doing WELL. If it can't be done well, it might better be abandoned.

But it is also our opinion that with a comparatively slight change in the system it could be done well,—at least far better than it is done today and has been done for many years.

• • • • •

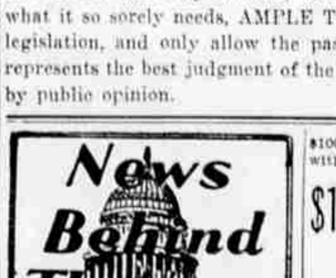
THIS change would merely be to follow the example once set by California—and which we are surprised more states have not followed,—namely divide the one legislative session into two. Devote the first period to the introduction of measures, their preliminary consideration and study, and the mapping out of a definite legislative and administrative program.

Then adjourn. Let the legislators return to their homes for two main purposes. Have time for rest and calm consideration of the various proposals; and secure a definite idea of how their constituents feel—and think—about the main issues involved.

In two or three weeks open the second period of the session. Make it impossible to introduce any new legislation at this session, except that of such a pressing and emergency nature that it could be sanctioned by a two-thirds vote. This would practically mean, all introduction of bills would be confined to the first period, and ALL FINAL action to the second.

• • • • •

SUCH a change in our judgment would not only do much to reduce the flood of freak and half baked bills, which are offered at every session; but would give the legislature what it so sorely needs, AMPLE TIME in which to study new legislation, and only allow the passage of that portion which represents the best judgment of the legislators, and is supported by public opinion.



(Continued from Page One)

be worth $1000 to me to get this job."

The official thought the congressman was offering him a $1000 bribe and reported the matter to his superiors. A hullabaloo ensued. Commerce Secretary Roper, after investigation, concluded that his subordinate had misunderstood the congressman. Roper then reappointed the air field employe whom the congressman had endorsed.

If the appointment really was worth $1000 to the congressman, he got it without even having to offer a cigar.

$100,000 TAXES PAID SATURDAY, MONDAY

Collections for taxes on Saturday and Monday approximated $100,000, according to the tax collection department of the sheriff's office. It was the heaviest day of the current taxpaying season and included a $0,-000 payment by the Southern Pacific railroad of its first half payments.

The California Oregon Power company and the Rogue River Timber company are scheduled to make their payments before March 15, final date for tax ayments without interest.

"Factory style" workmanship in watch and jewelry repairing at the lowest possible prices. Johnson the Jeweler.

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.

A COLD AND TOXEMIA COVER A LOT OF IGNORANCE

In a textbook on "Nervous and Mental Diseases" by Chas. S. Potts, M. D., published 22 years ago, exposure to cold and wet is given as a cause of multiple sclerosis, internal pachymeningitis, locomotor ataxia, primary lateral sclerosis (spastic paralysis), infantile paralysis (acute anterior poliomyelitis, progressive spinal muscular atrophy, amyotrophic idiopathic multiple neuritis, optic atrophy, facial paralysis, wryneck, intercostal neuralgia, sciatica, acute myelitis (inflammation of spinal cord), chronic myelitis, aparalysis agitans (shaking palsy, Parkinson's disease), Raynaud's disease, erythromelagia, and we'll continue the list some other time—I'm tired of it now and I'm going over bowling. . . .

What I meant to say is that, thank goodness, the list of ailments ascribed to exposure to cold and wet is steadily diminishing as our knowledge of pathology increases.

That condition mentioned about the middle of the list (if the printr didn't give up before he got that far), idiopathic multiple neuritis, is a humdinger. An idiopathic disease is one without extrinsic or apparent cause. As a matter of plain logic we might as well say that every disease mentioned is "idiopathic," but I reckon the old timers hated to come right out and admit they didn't know the cause of the trouble. That's how it happens that exposure to cold or wet is given as one of the causes of all these diseases of the nervous system in this 22-year-old medical book.

Actually so far as our scientific knowledge goes, no ailment is caused by exposure to cold or wet, save only frostbite. There is no danger that this statement will be controverted, for there is no experimental evidence to support the quaint notion that such exposure gives rise to disease.

I am quite aware that exposure to cold or wet may be injurious to one who has, say, Raynaud's disease, or prostatic hypertrophy, or chronic nephritis, but that fact should not be confused with the cause of the malady.

In his book Nutrition and Disease" Dr. Edward Mellanby says:

"(1) Early cases of disseminated sclerosis (otherwise called multiple sclerosis), however severe, have greatly improved by proper dietetic treatment as suggested above, and so far as can be seen at present, remain improved.

"(2) Old-standing cases may be slightly improved by this treatment, but in any case have not become worse—the morbid condition generally has remained stationary."

The diet Mellanby refers to is one he describes as a high vitamin A diet—"it includes 1 to 2 pints of milk daily, 2 eggs, mammalian liver, green vegetables and carrots, and cod-liver oil two teaspoonfuls twice daily."

This world famous authority does not hold that disseminated sclerosis is caused by vitamin deficiency, but modestly suggests "that the whole problem is worth a larger and more prolonged investigation from this nutritional angle, for even if the treatment only prevents the advance of the disease and brings about curative changes in early inflammatory lesions, it will be a great boon."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Sweating Done While You Wait

Please advise about the benefits or dangers of hot air or vapor baths, private cabinet and alcohol burner. Will this help to prevent winter colds, pneumonia? Can it cause T. B.? (J. V. E.)

Answer.—I know of no benefits. Why take the risk? It is nonsense to imagine such passive sweating prevents any illness. Equally silly to imagine it would caust any illness. Only danger in such baths is that of being burned.

Come Come

I am beginning to believe as you do that the majority of so-called colds are not due to infection but to this carbon monxoide gas. (Mrs. E. S. N.)

Ans.—Not so fast, Madam. I have not begun to believe any such thing. I still think that at least nine out of 10 alleged "colds" are infectious, and that the important mode of infection is via conversational spray.

De-Corning Agent

Your corn cure is by far the best. . . . (A. E. W.)

Ans.—It isn't mine, but was used before I was born—paint corn, callus or wart once daily for a week of 10 days with a solution of 30 grains of salicylic acid in one-half ounce of flexible collodion. It merely softens the corn or callus or wart so it may be rubbed out.

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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, March 12.—E. W. Howe, the grand old man of letters, nearing 81, is to undergo an operation for slightly cataracted eyes in Baltimore this spring and will then return to his typewriter with the usual vigor. His friend, H. L. Mencken, has convinced him he will actually have a good time in the hospital.

Mr. Howe's winters are spent in Miami, where in his milk-white suit and flowing black bow tie he is a figure at all important events. He lunches frequently with George Ade, John T. McCutcheon and H. T. Webster and is often a spectator at the races. He is startlingly remindful of K. C. B. in looks.

Friends and admirers are trying to persuade him to revive his Ed Howe Weekly, a frisky journal of "information and indignation," which he published just for the fun of it from his home in Atchison, Kansas. But he is not so certain he cares to assume the responsibilities again.

He says that in octogenarian years he has become more convinced than ever that most men talk too much. Long ago he mastered brevity in writing and he now hopes even to improve along that line. There are likely a dozen magazines ready to accept anything he writes. But he's coy.

A. C. Blumenthal continues to be the official guide for all the visiting beauties of the Hollywood screen and the European stage. The first night in town they are almost certain to be down front at a first night and afterward caviaring at front at a ringside table of a class supper club with "Blumey." He puts his block-long Rolls, with uniformed footman, at their disposal, supplies them generously with orchids and otherwise proves the most generous courtier the town has ever known.

Manhattan's most congested cafe block is Fifty-Second street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues. Once a row of sombre homes, it's almost solid with gaudily decorated drinking dens. They range from the ribald tunery of Leon and Eddie's to the forbidding iron-fenced exclusiveness of "No. 21." The curbs are lined with every variety of automobile from imported limousine to gyp taxi. It is to this block that Tallulah Bankhead goes for an after-theater bite. As well as debutantes having their fling. Also the Heywood Broun crowd, the collegians down from New Haven and Huey Long when he's in town.

The most auspicious haven for college cut-ups the town ever knew was Bustanoby's on West 39th street, with its red plush, mirrors and lump gilt. It was madly hansom-scarum. Sidney Romberg, now a famous composer, was the painfully thin pianist. Upstairs lived Earl Carroll, acquiring his now habitual pallor, writing songs. Also Grant Clarke, the lyrist. Everything expressed the blatant French at Maxim's—even to the Gabrielles, Lucettes and Fifis who checked hats and the prop cocottes in sweeping black velvet hats. The starter was Papa Jean, a ringer for Clemenceau with the glazed cockaded hat of the red-wheeled fiacre cocher.

Around the corner on 40th street was—and still is—another French cafe, the Beaux Arts. It was here that Texas Guinan first cried her "Hello Sucker!" salute. And where Lillian Lorraine once acted as hostess. It was, I believe, the first restaurant in New York to serve boiled black snails in shells swimming with garlic sauce in the manner of l'Escargot in Paree.

Then there was Murray's on West 42d street with genial Pat Kyne, a cousin of Peter B.—and where is he? It introduced the revolving dance floor revived in so many estaminets this season. Two of Murray's Pink Dream cocktails, an unholy and viscious blend of Bacardi and cointreau, and a twirl on the terpischorean merry-go-round and everybody let down their hair and cracked into the dizzy water. Lew Cody lived in the bachelor apartments, with cream corduroy furnishings, upstairs. So did Duncan Mansfield, John Mason, Kyrle Bellew and Jimmy Hussey.

East End avenue by the river has become a residential highway for the musical. It's celebrity range includes not only the operatic star, Lawrence Tibbett, but the crooner, Rudy Vallee, and the torch chanteuse, Helen Morgan. The street has been the locale of several of Vincent Aster's de luxe apartment house experiments. Once slummy, it has grown uppity. Just the other twilight I saw a stiff-elbowed English butler airing a fuzzy kiyoodle. A dowager voice from a brick garden called out a dandy caption for a Peter Arno cartoon: "Come, Grennin, don't let Eloise catch the night chill."

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Optometrists Hold Study Meeting at The Medford Hotel

Members of the southern district of the Oregon Optometric association met at Hotel Medford Sunday for their regular monthly research and study session. Dr. Robert E. Lee, chairman, was in charge.

Those present were Drs. Lee and J. D. Rickert of Medford, Orvil Sheets and H. Herman of Grants Pass and Lloyd Goble and Arthur Simmons of Klamath Falls.

Papers are received here each month from Dr. E. S. Alexander, of Duncan, Okla., national director of the association, to be studied with the view of developing the profession to fit present day needs. Dr. Lee pointed out that the meetings enable optometrists to analyze their work so that the public may be benefitted to a greater measure as time advances.

He said one of the most interesting phases of the research is the ability of school children to absorb their work through good eyesight.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

RUFUS WOODS, of Wenatchee, passed through Southern Oregon yesterday on his way home from Washington, D. C., and paused for a few hours to chat with friends.

Rufus Woods is publisher of the Wenatchee World, one of Washington's outstanding newspapers. He has been on the job for 28 years, and his smoothly running newspaper has reached the point where he feels that he can get up and leave, whenever the spirit moves him, without much worrying.

He does so rather often, he says.

—++—

BACK in 1918, some 17 years ago, Mr. Woods wrote and published the first story—then not much more than a dream—of the big dam in the Columbia river that is now the basis of the vast Columbia project.

The Spokesman-Review, of Spokane, the big newspaper of the inter-mountain country, printed his picture on the front page and headlined it "Munchausen!"

(Baron Munchausen, you know, is the classic liar).

—++—

WELL, Mr. Woods wasn't such a Munchausen, after all, for the Columbia River project is coming to pass. He was probably a dreamer when he wrote the story, but dreamers have to start things before doers can finish them.

Rufus Woods, by the way, may have been a dreamer back in 1918, but he's been pretty much of a doer in recent years. He is one of the moving spirits of the Washington State Columbia Basin Dam Commission.

And he's a Republican, at that! Can you feature a Republican having a public job in these days?

—++—

ASKED about Washington, Mr. Woods says:

"It's so full of wild men it gives one the shivers to go around there. As for Roosevelt—why, he's getting to be one of the leading conservatives."

—++—

HOW did Mr. Woods come to go back East? Well, he just took a notion one morning, and flew back.

But the story of how he got home is even more amusing. He went down on the docks in New York one morning, watching a big passenger ship that was to sail for Europe that afternoon, when a woman came along offering her big Cadillac car for sale so she could leave on the ship that day.

"I had one at home just like it," Rufus says, "but at least I thought it would do no harm to ask her how much she wanted for it, and she said she'd take $225 cash, RIGHT NOW. So I bought it and drove it away."

—++—

HE NOT only drove the car away from the dock, but drove it clear back to the Coast, coming by the southern route and stopping en route wherever he happened to like it.

Lucky cuss!

—++—

THAT reminds this writer of a story Bill Hanley tells on himself.

He got up one morning feeling the urge to investigate the cattle market in San Francisco, and pulled out that day. From San Francisco he went on to Denver, and from Denver his yearning for more knowledge about cattle prices led him to Omaha, then to Chicago and from Chicago to New York.

At his hotel one evening, about dinner time, he happened to read an advertisement of a passenger ship leaving at midnight. So he finished his dinner, put his extra collar and shirt in his little black bag and caught the steamer for Europe. It was four or five months before he got back to the home ranch in the Harney valley.

Some fellows have all the luck, don't they?

ARGUE DEMURRER IN MARTIN SUIT

In federal court at Portland yesterday in the damage suit of Henrietta B. Martin against Blanche Virgin, as operator of radio station KMED, for $35,000 alleged damages and $4500 attorney's fee, arguments for the defense to a demurrer to the amended complain were made by Attorney van Reames, and Mrs. Martin, through counsel, was granted 10 days in which to file a brief.

In a previous legal move the defense demurrer to the complaint was granted and Mrs. Martin granted the right to file an amended complaint.

The suit is based upon the claim of Mrs. Martin that Mrs. Virgin, as manager of the radio station, cancelled a speaking date last December, causing her "huimiliation" and "public condemnation."

At Sacred Heart — Leroy Buckingham of 336 South Central is a patient at the Sacred Heart hospital, having undergone an emergency appendicitis operation there Saturday afternoon. He is doing very nicely, according to attendants.

'Invited To Probe'

Assistant Secretary Henry L. Roosevelt is one of several navy department officials who will be asked by Senator Nye to appear before the senate munitions investigating committee. Nye and Senator Clark have described the navy as "a party to" collusive practices in connection with shipyards. (Associated Press Photo)

PRIEST DENOUNCES GENERAL JOHNSON IN RADIO ADDRESS

(Continued from page one)

tional bankers; you who have been the president's advisers over a period of two years."

He said General Johnson was cast in the role of "man Friday" to Bernard Baruch.

"The money changers whom the priest of priests drove out of the Temple of Jerusalem," said Father Coughlin, " . . . have marshalled their forces behind the leadership of a chocolate soldier for the purpose of driving a priest out of public affairs."

Father Coughlin's reply was made in a 45-minute radio speech over the same network Johnson used at New York last week to call him and Senator Huey Long "two mad pied pipers" appealing to "the lunatic fringe of the people."

After hearing the speech in Washington, Johnson replied that it was all "pious flubdub." He said Father Coughlin and Senator Long were "economic shysters" and promised an early reply to the priest's attack.

Father Coughlin expanded his rebuttal to take in Baruch, the "warbugs, the Morgans, the Kuhn-Loebs and the rest of that wrecking crew of internationalists whose God is gold and whose emblem is the red seal of exploitation."

He declared he would "oppose these men until my dying days."

Baruch, he said, was the "uncrowned prince of Wall street," the "unofficial acting president of the United States."

HUEY LONG LEADS AS IDEAL SWEETHEART OF GOTHAM MANNEQUINS

NEW YORK, March 12.—(AP)—Senator Huey Long is the "ideal sweetheart" of exactly 68 of 300 New York mannequins, the Professional Models League of America announced today.

Nothing very exciting has happened recently in professional model circles. Since the mannequins' battle last winter with the society girls they charged were invading their profession, things have been extremely dull.

Therefore, Gertrude L. Mayer, president of the league, asked 300 mannequins this question:

"Who in the public eye today, whether married or single, would you select as your ideal sweetheart?"

Some of the reasons given by those choosing Senator Long: "He is so good-natured;" "he is very charitable," and "he is a he-man and a fighter and he has such nice curly locks."

Runner-up to Senator Long was Johnny Weissmuller, of "Tarzan" screen fame. He received 24 votes. Clark Gable got six.

Leave for Marysville—Mr. and Mrs. Leslie VanDoren of this city left yesterday for Marysville, Cal., where they will make their home. Mr. Van Doren, who has been active in Medford for the past four years in architectural work, has accepted a position with the Diamond Match Co., operators of an extensive system of mills and lumber yards throughout California. They have many friends in Medford who were sorry to learn of their leaving. Mrs. VanDoren was a member of the local chapter of P. E. O., and Mr. VanDoren a member of Elks lodge and Active club.

Loosens Cough with 3 DOSES of FOLEY'S Proof!
HONEY soothes throat TAR loosens congestion
For quickest action—adult or child—rely on Foley's Honey and Tar. Don't neglect a cold-cough! It may become serious. Get FOLEY'S today. Take no other. Money-back guarantee. At all druggists "A stubborn cold-cough prevents my sleep, but 3 doses of Foley's loosened my cough." Mrs. Gertrude Mill, Chicago.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the files of the Mail Tribune of 10 and 20 Years Ago).

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
March 12, 1925.
(It was Thursday.)

Department of commerce reports "5,000,000 people traveling from point to point in autos, the year around."

Tomorrow will be "Friday the 13th."

Woody Archer, high school boy, is robbed of $11 by bandits, who the police think entered the home of Dr. Jud Rickert a few minutes before. Archer had saved the money for a trip to Salem to the state basketball tournament.

Medford high will meet Franklin high of Portland, in the opening game of the state basketball tournament. Both are rated the two best teams in the state, but one or the other will be eliminated the first game. "This will make it easier for Salem high," sports writers up-state agree.

Freezing weather prevails, with predictions of rain the end of the week.

"Picture hats" to be worn by women this spring, fashion decrees.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
March 12, 1915.
(It was Friday.)

Police seek buggy drivers "who race their horses and yell on North Riverside, half the night."

Spring opening at Mann's store starts, with record attendance.

British troops start advance on Belgian front; Germans and Russians stage sanguinary fray on Polish front.

The recently organized Hiking and Outing club plans to visit the Opp mine at Jacksonville Sunday, weather permitting.

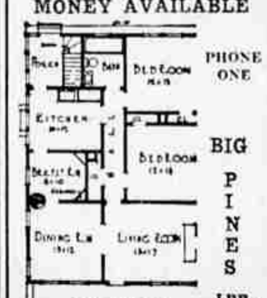
Freight train traffic increases on the Southern Pacific.

The Colege Women's club meets with Mrs. E. E. Kelly.

Solinsy Leaves—E. C. (Al) Solinsky, former superintendent of Crater Lake national park, who has been in Medford for the last several days, left last night by train for Portland, where he will appear at trial March 25. He was indicted on charges of embezzlement.

New Navy Blue Hose. Maison Jeanne, Holly Theater Bldg.

TIME TO PLAN YOUR NEW HOME!
MONEY AVAILABLE



PHONE ONE
BIG PINES LBR. CO.

NASH HOTEL
2045 University
Berkeley, Calif.
A STRICTLY modern establishment with a charming home environment appealing to the tourist or residential guest.
Centrally and conveniently located.
Reasonable rates by the day or term.
The ideal home for yourself and family
Pacific Greyhound Depot

HOTEL CLAREMONT

Enjoy...
. . . all the benefits of a country estate in town.
Tennis, riding, golf, dancing, quiet nights to insure sound sleep. Excellent meals at moderate family prices. Large outside rooms with bath $2.00 and $2.50. Ideal location overlooking Golden Gate, convenient to all Bay cities. Write today for descriptive booklet.
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