

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Just a Space Filler

THE Oregonian claims there are "small beginnings of agitation for locating the new state capitol—elsewhere than in Salem."

We have a hunch that but for its desire to editorialize on the history of the selection of Salem as the state capitol, the Oregonian would have ignored, such "small beginnings of agitation."

For certainly there is no well defined movement to take the capitol away from Salem, and if such an effort is ever launched (which we doubt), it won't get to first base.

Salem has been the state capitol for over 70 years, and the state capitol it will remain. The only possibility would be Portland, where most of the votes and most of the state wealth are concentrated, but we doubt if the proposal would be carried by a large majority even in Multnomah.

No, this is one of the trumped up scares which are useful as space fillers, and nothing else. Before the state capitol is removed from Salem, the Willamette river will be running up the slopes of Mt. Hood, and the Capital-Journal will be the official mouth-piece of the G. O. P.!

No Personal Journalism?

It is frequently stated personal journalism passed out with the Greeleys and Danns and Bennetts, to be replaced by impersonal, standardized, machine-made journalism of the present day.

Nothing could be further from the truth. There is far more personal journalism in the country today, than there was in the Horace Greeley era, for there are far more newspapers. And except for rare exceptions confined to the larger cities, and some of the so-called chain papers, journalism is as personal as it ever was.

The great change has not been in the newspapers but in the readers. Personal journalism hasn't the INFLUENCE it had in the pre-bellum days,—the people don't go to the newspapers for their opinions, they go to them for the news, upon which to form their OWN opinions.

That's all. Essentially newspaper editors haven't changed. The people of the country have—and for the better.

NO personal journalism! What could be more personal than the Hearst press—when William Randolph passes on, the Hearst press will pass on, never to return. We don't mean of course, the Hearst papers will cease publication, but they will cease to be, as they are today, the expression of the character, the purposes, and the methods, of just one man—William Randolph Hearst.

The personal quality of journalism is even more strikingly demonstrated in the rural and small city press. There are plenty of colorless, nondescript, ineffective papers in this group of course, but that merely proves the point. They are conducted by colorless, nondescript, ineffective — or indifferent — newspaper men.

COULD anyone find a better example of personal journalism than the Emporia (Kansas) Gazette, conducted by William Allen White, ably assisted by his son Young Bill. What is the Emporia Gazette? Why it's just Big and Little Bill!

In fact Bill White is largely responsible for this—our own "space filler."

A New York syndicate recently conducted a symposium on "what constitutes the ideal newspaper," answered by a dozen of the leading editors in the country.

No personal journalism! Those answers are as personal as so many toothbrushes; as individual and different as so many fingerprints, just as are their papers.

TAKE the report of Bill White for example and compare it with that of Stanley Walker,—then compare the New York Mirror which Walker now runs, with the Emporia Gazette.

Both unusually good newspaper men and capable ones, but their conceptions of an ideal newspaper, as different, as a husk and the cocktail hour on the St. Regis roof.

White tells his story in a brief, sincere and telling paragraph. Walker rambles along brilliantly, with sensation and paradox, for half a column.

Walker would copy the pungent style of Time, with no editorial page, no financial page, no society page, with an advertising rate of \$5 per line, no comics, no strips, no etiquette, and obituaries which would be "practically libelous, extremely realistic and concerning only those persons who had some zip to them." All good stuff, but plainly sophisticated smartness, hippodrome, i. e. "THE NEW YORKER."

Here is William Allen White's definition: You asked what is my ideal newspaper. My answer is this: The newspaper which tells the truth with courage, clarity and speed, which interprets the news with intelligence and honesty and which serves its advertisers best by loyalty to its subscribers even against the immediate interest of its advertisers.

Could anything be better than that, or more typical of the man and the newspaper he runs?

No personal journalism! As a matter of fact, true journalism, ceases to be journalism when it is anything else.

PRESIDENT OF W. C. T. U. THRILLED WITNESS AT WIMER CCC FORMATION

CAMP WIMER, April 30.—(Sp1)—Thrilled Mrs. Ada Jolley, Portland president of the W. C. T. U., at the sight of this Medford district camp in full strength drawn up to pay their respects to the flag in the evening formation. She remarked how fine it was to see the Oregon young men standing proudly in the shadow of their country's flag.

ford W. C. T. U., Rev. E. A. Oldenburg and Medford district chaplain, George Woodall, was inspecting a CCC camp for the first time. She complimented Captain Saunders on the clean-cut appearance of the men and on the neatness of the camp buildings and grounds. A special dinner was given to the inspecting party in the Wimer mess-hall. Short talks by Chaplain Woodall and Reverend Oldenburg were followed by a 30-minute address from Mrs. Jolley, pointing out the dire results of immoderate drinking. She was refreshingly humorous and the Wimer men received her well. Mrs. Jolley, who is visiting south Oregon chapters of the W. C. T. U., will complete her itinerary with an address to the Grants Pass W. C. T. U. before returning to Portland. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

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.

THE SILENCE OF DOCTORS OF MEDICINE.

In a recent talk entitled "Who Says a Doctor is Good?" I tried to show that the doctors' satisfied patients tell their friends he is good, and so on in the course of many years, if the doctor has the patience, he has enough patients to keep him busy. If the doctor is not so good, then when his friends are in a hurry to see a doctor, he will sacrifice that intangible thing called professional standing and go out into the highways and byways shouting to the public about how good he is, and perhaps catch enough gullible customers to make his living.



C.E.P. writes that articles like that get under his hide. If the M.D. is so good, he asks, why doesn't he advertise and let the world know about his good qualities, let the public know that the methods and theories of the medical profession are proven scientific facts and can be depended on? When the medical profession refuses to use advertising, avers C. E. P., it implies the profession is not sure about its theories and methods and therefore is unwilling to submit them to public approval.

The medical profession, continues C. E. P., that is, the medical profession, spends its time and money in the endeavor to get laws enacted to curb or suppress quackery and illegitimate practice. The efficacy of such laws is questionable. Sometimes, indeed, laws conceived in the most liberal spirit and intent seem to drive many people over to the quacks. Now it appears a logical conclusion to C. E. P., that a Doctor of Medicine should spend his time and money in educating the public about the established, proven methods and principles of healing, there would be no need for such laws to curb quackery. People can still read and learn and believe, if the truth is in what they read.

I concede the debate to C. E. P., Doctors of Medicine do advertise.

Is not the testimonial still the most effective advertising known? Well, if a doctor is good his first patient goes out to tell another how good the doctor is, and if his luck holds with the second and the third, soon he has built up a fine practice. His advertising is done by word of mouth rather than by the printed word. A Doctor of Medicine, a reputable physician, doesn't pay for advertising at so much a word or line, but he pays for it in blood just the same.

While C. E. P. cites the very best of reasons why the Doctor of Medicine should advertise, he doesn't in-

dicates how in the world the doctor is to break away from the hallowed tradition to start the much needed campaign of education of the public about established methods.

Many attempts to carry out such campaign have been launched, but not one, that I know of, has had the support or approval of any considerable section of the medical profession. The profession in this country today lacks the thing which is essential for the prosecution of such an advertising or educational campaign—solidarity.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Hold Out Another Day

I have been troubled with constipation for years. I go for four days without a movement and then have to take powerful cathartics. . . .

Answer—Not a bit of harm to wait another 24 hours. If you do, it is an even bet you'll win. No danger whatever in waiting six or seven days. Don't be a sucker for the nostrum and quack propaganda. Send 10 cents coin and stamped envelope bearing your address, for booklet "The Constipation Habit." Con it is thoughtfully. If you know more than I do, then toss the booklet into the fire and go back to your pills and potions, old fuss-budget. But if you still have any brains of your own and a wee speck of will or character, then you can easily free yourself from physic slavery for life, as thousands of other victims of the habit have done.

Tuberculosis

Is it dangerous for a person with a cut finger to wash dishes or clothing used by a person who has tuberculosis?—Mrs. J. P.

Answer—Give the cut ordinary first aid treatment—a drop of iodine and a protective dressing, and there is no danger. By the way, soap and water is the best disinfectant or antiseptic, and the chlorine bleaching or deodorant fluids commonly used in laundries and kitchens are excellent disinfectants. So one washing dishes or clothes is pretty well protected against any infectious condition the users of the dishes or clothing may have.

Hereditry

Girl now 21 years old, lost her mother when she was 7 her father died of tuberculosis. Is she likely to transmit these diseases to her children?—G. B. E.

Answer—Neither disease is inherited. If the girl's health is normal her children are no more likely to be defective than are any other children. (Copyright, 1935, John F. Dille Co.)

Dr. 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, April 30.—The metropolitan hotel is better known these days by its band leader than by the fame of its Miss Host.

With few exceptions, such as Boomers of the Waldorf and Case of the Algonquin, directing heads of the great inns are cloaked in obscurity. Only the trade knows.

So innumerable are some directors, and so old established are some, that even guests never see them. They rule with rows of push-buttons and inter-office telephones behind batteries of private secretaries. They come like great industrialists to factories from their country home daily.

Most of the major hotels have grown entirely too large for personal contact. This pleasantness is divided among the various hostesses and floor clerks. The hotel chief as typified by Simon, the great painter, by George Boldt and John McE. Bowman with wide acquaintance is no more.

This change has resulted in a regimentation wherein the guest is known almost wholly by number. But whatever warmth it lacks is made up in such purely personal comforts as the radio, free newspapers, servitor and other modern mechanical services unknown in other days.

Gertrude Stein may permanently in the America she has not known for 32 years or at least until the storm over her last book in Paris blows over. The autobiography of her secretary, which she penned, resulted in a pooling of resentment that might make Paris a bit uncomfortable. Miss Stein, the great painter, is in a fury. So is Traub, who staided Dadaism. And Jolas, publisher of Transition. They claim Gertrude has been talking through her funny-shaped hat.

Rube Goldberg, who used to back, fill andadden to the ears when called on to speak, has become one of the sharp tongued toast-masters. If a banquet can land Rube for the introduction, it is a win. His method is delectatory. He starts them off in a whirlwind of praise and when they have finished makes a dry remark that makes them wish they had only taken a quick bow.

In the same fashion, Tallulah Bankhead is a super-magist for the cocktail round up. If a host or hostess can promise Tallulah will romp in, the party is away to a flying start. She has no particular flair for repartee. But is likely to offer some-

thing bizarre in costuming and tell at least one story that is a honey. But more than anything else she epitomizes the metropolitan notion of "glamour." She wears the same exotic spell in London, too.

Rob Ripley is another of the cartoon class who has stepped out and gone places as a public speaker. Many years ago he was a mumbler with a slight impediment. Excited, he was scarcely understandable. But he changed that by studying diction and elocution. Today he has the ease and charm of a Francis Patrick Murphy. And always something to say. His recent radio speech about starvation in Russia was so direct and incontrovertible that Madison Square gasped its teeth for days.

The bright red Broadway, surface cars, tides of all, are the only ones to be filled and exploit that harried stand-by of cartoonists—the strap hanger. And the excess is only noticeable during morning and night rush hours. More than any other group the Broadway surface passengers are symbolic of a great city's experience, complexity, and turmoil. Mostly workers off side streets of Broadway who live in upper Broadway apartments. Their world is always Broadway. The men are forever twisting necks in tight colors, dehydrating perspiring brows or twirling key chains on a finger end. They cannot relax. Mouths are in a thin straight line. So systematized is their lives, that those reading newspapers never look up. But they never go by their streets. Tom Powers, Webster and other delineators of middle class hum-drummeries have found much material among them.

I could cheer much louder for New York's finest if those in mid-town would take off their blinders passing clip-joints. These murderous dens, which sink to the depravity of preying on helpless drunks who are utter strangers in the city, are apparent to the most casual of wayfarers. It is inconceivable that a cop on a regular beat does not know about them. And if he does and does not act, he is abetting the most sordid of underworld games, only second to kidnapping.

W. C. T. U. Hummager Sale, Thursday and Friday, May 3 and 4, in store formerly occupied by Nantlex. Cooked food Saturday.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

OREGON'S capitol building, erected in 1876, burns to the ground, with an estimated outright loss of \$1,500,000. This figure does not include the historical records of the Oregon territory stored in it.

It is comparatively easy to place a value on mere buildings. No one can even attempt to place a money value on the records that were destroyed.

NO INSURANCE was carried on the building, as the state had adopted the policy of "carrying its own insurance."

"Carrying your own insurance" means taking your chances and standing your losses. As long as you have no losses, it's a GRAND policy, with everything to be said in its favor and nothing to be said against it.

When you DO have a loss, it's another matter.

INSURANCE, as everyone should understand, is merely a method of SPREADING the loss.

Everybody who carries a policy pays into a common pot, and when losses occur they are PAID OUT of this pot. Thus losses, when they occur, are spread over the whole number of premium payers instead of falling solely upon the individual who suffers the loss.

Governments pay their insurance premiums with tax money, which is collected from all the taxpayers. Hence, quite frequently, it is reasoned that it is just as well to carry no insurance on government property and to make good losses that occur by levying a tax, which spreads the loss over the entire body of taxpayers.

As in the case of the individual, it is good policy as long as there are NO LOSSES.

IN SALEM, two thoughts occur immediately—one pleasant, the other not so pleasant.

The pleasant thought runs thus: "The old capitol has burned. A NEW capitol will have to be built in its place. The new capitol will cost a lot of money, and SPENDING this money will make business good in Salem while it is going on."

The unpleasant thought goes: "But suppose Portland decides to take the capitol away from us."

There's always something to take the joy out of life, isn't there?

OUT over the state, there is only one regret at the loss of the old capitol building, which was beautiful and impressive, even if old, and which served adequately, though not extravagantly, the purpose for which it was built.

Its loss is a real loss.

AND don't forget this: While building a new capitol may make business good in Salem while it is going on, the burning of the old one meant destruction of existing wealth.

You can't become prosperous by destroying wealth.

Persist

PERSIST, April 30.—(Sp1)—Mr. and Mrs. Sam Parker made a business trip to Medford April 27.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Childreth called on Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Moore of Persist, Sunday.

Able Bristol and his mother spent Sunday last, visiting Mrs. Mildred Miller at the Mountain Lumber company headquarters where Mrs. Miller is employed.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Childreth called on Mrs. Francis Ash Saturday.

Elk Creek Social club members practiced for the program at the new club house April 27. Following rehearsal, an impromptu dance was given and members report a most enjoyable evening. The club house is nearing completion and a large program, box social and dance are planned for the opening night.

Mr. and Mrs. Ervin Hutchinson and family, also Mr. and Mrs. Sam Parker, were visiting relatives in this district Sunday.

Byron Leabo called briefly at the Hutchinson home April 20.

Brophy's Jewelers, specialize in designing and modernizing your old jewelry.

Metal Typewriter & Chair \$8.50. Elliott's 116 N. Central.

Lawnmowers: Sharpened. Phone 261. Medford Cyclery, 23 N. Fir.

CLAUDETTE'S Spring Specials

PERMANENT WAVES Complete with shampoo, finger wave and trim. Guaranteed.

\$1.95—\$2.50—\$3.75 FINGER WAVES

Dry 50c Wet 25c SHAMPOO and WAVE 75c Dry 75c Wet 50c

HOT OIL MANICURE for brittle nails. 50c Children's Permanents \$1.50 Dry Finger Wave 35c

113 E. Main. Phone 1513

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 April 30, 1925. (It was Thursday)

County court offers \$10 for the names of persons found dumping trash along country roads, which has reached the proportions of a nuisance.

Readers start writing letters to the editor on the merits and demerits of the two sites to be voted on for the new senior high school.

Dog poisoner and flower thief reported to the police.

Chamber of Commerce to hold an "evening forum."

City now in the midst of its greatest building boom.

Estimated there is 15 billion feet of merchantable timber in Jackson county timber areas.

Unsettled weather conditions prevail over entire coast area, and wind and frost predicted for the valley.

Police prohibit children from roller skating in the business district.

George M. Roberts, "the hustling young attorney" is elected president of the Medford Tennis club.

May Day will be celebrated in schools of city by reading Tennyson poems.

Allies capture Gallipoli from the Turks, German fleet shells Dunkirk on the Belgian coast; hot fight in congress over military bill, and strengthening regular army.

May 8 is selected as "Jackson County Community Day."

News Behind The News

(Continued from Page One)

(Ex-AAA-or Jerome Frank), now with the RFC, is declining to be forgotten. He has raised on the inside the puzzling legal question of whether the RFC is the government. His idea apparently is that it is not. Hence, the RFC should try its own legal cases, instead of letting the justice department do it.

The idea is causing quite a row because there are about 2000 cases pending against the RFC in district courts.

On Mr. Roosevelt's desk is Charles A. Beard's new book, "The Open Door at Home," which advocates a policy of economic nationalism.

Coughlin will invite more members of congress to attend his next meeting. Those who attended the last included Senators Nye and Thomas (Oklahoma), and Representatives Lempe, Connery, Sweeney and O'Malley.

The anti-lynchers have been passing around word in the senate cloak rooms that the president has sent Senator Costigan privately a draft of an opinion by Attorney General Cummings upholding the constitutionality of the Costigan bill.

The RFC will open a bank May 1 in the Virgin Islands to finance a revival of the islands' rum trade and other industries, thereby putting the government into another business.

Only Chairman Biddle of the NRA labor board will understand the zinc crack now current, the "Richberg" in his NRA reorganization fight is playing both ends against the Biddle."

The TRV has found a family in the Norris dam area which had a total cash income last year of \$5, out of which \$1.85 was saved. The money came from the sale of eggs.

"ALL THE FUN WAS GONE OUT OF LIFE" says middle aged woman

Many women suffer from hot flashes, dizzy spells, nervousness and other annoying symptoms of the Change-of-Life. They get so blue and discouraged that life does not seem worth living.

"All the fun was gone out of life," complains Mrs. S. Matusek of 10907 Edbrooke Ave., Chicago. For five years I was going through a very bad time. I was nervous, had terrible headaches, could not climb stairs and felt swollen. Your Vegetable Compound worked wonders for me. It is a great medicine for any time of life, but especially at the Change and before motherhood. My daughter Lucille used to faint at the office. Your medicine helped her and helped my daughter-in-law, too."

"I had awful hot-spells" says Mrs. Harry H. Price of 404 No. Harrison Ave., Kankakee, Illinois. "The Vegetable Compound puts pep into me and makes my work easy."

"What they need is a dependable medicine like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Ye Poet's Corner

Fire! The faces on the street, Are sad today. A boat, man long has fought To tame, has torn away His bonds, and ravaged My State's loved monument. In his dread power, consuming In one mad hour, The grace long years have lent. —A. D. E.

EXCHANGE OLD GOLD for cash or trade at Brophy's Jewelers



Use only one level teaspoonful to a cup of flour for most recipes.

Efficient and Economical

KC BAKING POWDER