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Princess and Countess Hutton

EVEN Homer nods. Even Will Rogers, now and then, gets off on the wrong foot. We so regard his defense of Countess Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow, formerly Princess Barbara Hutton Malvani, in his daily feature of yesterday.

Instead of patting the five and ten heers, on the back, as she takes her second titled husband, 24 hours after divorcing her first, and chiding her critics for not letting Barbara go her own sweet way, the patting in our humble judgment should have been elsewhere, and with the back of a firmly wielded hair brush.

Of course what Barbara does with her money and her own life, is, as Will Rogers states, her own business. But why commend it, when there is nothing in it to commend. Far better sense, in our judgment, to say nothing about the course the richest young matron in the country is pursuing, or if comment appears necessary, then state the obvious truth, which is that the example she is setting is a bad one.

For it is, and it is particularly bad at the present time. The spectacle of the Woolworth heiress, taking up with one broken down title and then another, scurrying hither and yon over the face of the earth, with only one aim in view, to have via lavish and ostentatious expenditures what she calls a "good time", is neither edifying, commendable, nor as Mr. Rogers implies, harmless.

For while a private citizen and entitled to the rights and privileges of a private citizen, the "richest woman in the world" can't escape a certain public and social responsibility, and can't be—or should not be—indifferent to the fact that what she does or does not do with her money, is bound to be taken as typical and representative of her class.

This mad rush along the primrose path, with chartered trains, high-powered cars and bodyguards, changing husbands at the cross-roads, whoopee banquets at sea and royal suites on the land, a family jester to prevent boredom, and all the furbelows and trappings of an "American Mahareena", would be in questionable taste at any time; but today, with most of the world in acute distress, with millions in want and more millions idle; it ceases to be solely a matter of private manners, and unmistakably invades the realm of public MORALS.

It is our considered judgment that the publicity given the Princess-Countess Hutton,—and this publicity CAN'T be avoided,—will do as much to arouse class hatred, increase social discontent and unrest, in this country, as all the table thumpings and demagogic bleatings, that even our own Huey the Kingfish can muster. Moreover such examples will certainly be used, directly or indirectly, by Huey and his ilk, in pressing down on their vote catching slogans, and vitalizing their doctrine of division of wealth, and increasing income and inheritance taxes to the point of confiscation. Such examples of the waste and misuse of inherited riches, are all grist for the demagogue's mill.

No, we have no desire to intrude upon the private affairs of "Miss Barbara" Hutton or anyone else. But when those affairs are made the subject of public and playful COMMENTATION, we do feel, the other side,—and what appears to be the more important side—of the picture should be given.

More Motor Fatalities!

IF this keeps up the Jacksonville Highway will soon be known as Death Highway. There have been three serious motor accidents on this short stretch of paved road to the old county seat, in less than a week,—one of them fatal.

Just why there should be so many more accidents on this short and unostentatious highway than there are on the main Pacific Highway is not clear, but we have an idea this absence of crowded traffic is a factor. The average motorist appears to feel he is off the main thoroughfare and out in the country when he hits the J-ville road, and the usual care need not be exercised.

Of course nothing could be further from the truth. While not a main artery the Jacksonville road is well travelled both night and day, and with its many side-roads and—at least one sharp curve not properly banked—it is a highway that should be travelled with care at all times.

In our opinion the one chief cause of accidents on this road,—as on many others—is the foolhardy habit of trying to pass a car, when it is not KNOWN the highway is clear ahead.

It is amazing how many supposedly good motorists persistently do this. It is the most dangerous thing any motorist can do,—particularly on a comparatively narrow highway like the one to Jacksonville.

If this one practice could be effectively stopped, we believe it would do more to prevent tragedies on the highways than anything else.

Before you pass any car, see that the road is absolutely clear ahead, not only clear of cars coming in the opposite direction, but clear of pedestrians or cyclists, or stock,—clear of everything.

And never try to pass a car, when this is NOT the condition. Let motorists in general adhere strictly to this rule, under all conditions and at all times, and we have no doubt there would be a marked decline in motor fatalities at once.

WIMER CCC FIREMEN HALT FOREST BLAZE AFTER 3-HOUR FIGHT

CAMP WIMER, May 15.—(Sp.)—A forest fire jumped the gun on Camp Wimer here Tuesday, but did not catch Wimer's smoke chasers napping. A blazing fire on Bill Lyle's place one mile north of Sexton mountain caught the windblast and made for a heavily wooded section of adjacent state forest land. When Foreman W. A. White arrived at the scene with a truckload of Wimer men, the fire covered six or seven acres. It took White and his men three hours to bring it under control.

Warning of the fire came from Sixtytwo observers through Salem office. Due to the fact that the fire season did not open until May 15,

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. Only one copy can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

THE LEAN AND THE HAGGARD. Some thin subjects are lean because they are haggard. Nothing we can do about it when we shake out the sheets and come upon such a subject. It is a problem for a real doctor. By a thorough medical examination the doctor may find out what ails the poor thing and prescribe the necessary treatment.



Some thin subjects are haggard because they are lean. What I mean is, they look and feel frail, weak and sad because they have defective nutrition.

You dumb laymen will not quite apprehend what I mean when I say nutrition, but can't stop to explain that all over again every time we refer to it. Suffice that it—well, old Noah Webster explains it neatly enough in the 1934 New International—The sum of the processes by which an animal or plant absorbs or takes in and utilizes food substances. So it isn't merely a matter of getting the proper food, nor is it often a matter of having a hearty appetite. For example one may be many pounds overweight in spite of the best food and a good appetite, when one's internal secretion of insulin happens to be deficient.

Insulin treatment, which any physician may give but no layman can safely take on his own responsibility, has added desirable poundage and still more desirable strength and vitality in thousands of cases of simple physical frailty. Don't let any one tell you that insulin can be used only when the patient has diabetes, nor that it is dangerous when administered by or under the supervision of the physician, nor that one can possibly become habituated to insulin. Some atrociously thin persons pick up weight steadily if they take, say, half an ounce of yeast daily. This we know before we know anything about vitamins. Now we believe it is the vitamin B in yeast that accounts for the effect. But yeast is not a natural food for man. A natural food which is rich in vitamin B (as well as vitamin G and vitamin E and some vitamin A)

Insulin treatment, which any physician may give but no layman can safely take on his own responsibility, has added desirable poundage and still more desirable strength and vitality in thousands of cases of simple physical frailty. Don't let any one tell you that insulin can be used only when the patient has diabetes, nor that it is dangerous when administered by or under the supervision of the physician, nor that one can possibly become habituated to insulin.

Should a normal life be completely emptied of all voiding? If there is a small amount of residual urine, is treatment, irrigation or catheterization necessary?—G.W.B. Answer—Yes, it should empty itself completely. If not, the physician should advise.

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, May 15.—The police are making it increasingly difficult for the ladies who live lightly to continue to reside in areas hitherto distinguished for their respectability. The depression and many unexpected facts made it possible for them to burrow in.

As the result of the let-down seclude tenants suddenly here a r d strange men passing through their halls at unseasonable hours and string orchestras arriving at all times of night. Staid workers found themselves in the early morning elevators with tipsy fellows departing in silk hats.

So the patrol wagons began to back up and carry away the merry-makers. The decision was so sudden that two upper West Side residential blocks, long known for their genteel domestic demeanor, became so flagrantly bawdy as the old Red Light section in the 20s.

In the days of lesser regulations, men caught in the demi-mondaine were locked up in the rear entrance and told to vamoose. A free woman paid. But today no one escapes. Everybody found in a suspected apartment has to drive down town and say good morning to the judge.

The passing of Elmer Glyn's sister, Lady Dun Gordon, recalls her vivid dressmaking establishment on the upper avenue known as "Lucille." She was the first to display the mannikin on a miniature stage and to introduce the male hankin with jack-knife bows, morning coats and ledger ruled trousers. Almost every summer revue had a skit savoring the smartness of "Lucille." But her greatest puff was achieved when she assumed the tulle-trousers for Alice Roosevelt Longworth.

Lucille's, too, was the first I believe to exploit that now highly specialized funkiness, the doorman in uniform. Bewilderingly buttoned, his-hered, and shabbed, was a combination of a Whitehall guard and a front row chorus boy in "The Chocolate Soldier." I think it was Willie Collier who, in passing one day, walked up to the glittering figure and exclaimed "Princess, Claudius! A bit of fluff!" and removed an insupportable fleck from a strand of gold braid.

So many things have happened to that stately stretch of avenue since the days of "Lucille." The Vanderbilt mansion, finest example of the French chateau, made way for a commercial block that is now half empty. The Haven veranda, now howered, where the elite hunched and looked down upon the bourgeois flow. The stately stoned Colfax P Huntington home, also across the street, indeed, the site of "Lucille's" itself is a clattery chit-chat.

One of the most intimate and exclusive restaurants in mid-town has a seating capacity of eight—just two tables. Reached through a delicate

leazen, the cuisine is strictly French. The patrons are selected by the owner, who does the cooking. Among the favorites are John Bonchiller, the president's son-in-law; Gilbert Seldes, the writer, and Crispy Gaige, the impresario. Dinner must be ordered a day in advance.

Billy Seeman in prohibition days discovered a one-table backyard restaurant that proved a mine for its owner, an Italian widow struggling among the slums to rear her brood. She had been cooking marvelous dinners for truck drivers at 35 cents a head. Seeman heard about the place and paid her a visit. He induced her to boost her price to \$2, install four extra tables and admit only those who had cards from him and their friends. Thus a carefully selected clientele and in a few years she was able to return to Italy in comparative wealth. The point is, anyone who can serve a bang-up meal is "stittin' pritty."

Lucius Beebe finds that the most gorgeously captioned sommelier in town is at the Rockefeller Rainbow Room. He does look perfectly grand, but my entry for the kingdom of all wine waiters is one who graced the Mauretania during her most auspicious epoch and days. He had a John Bull face with ruddy cheeks, two whiskers and all, wore silk stockings, oyster buckled pumps and the chain of his calling around his neck was encrusted with imitation jewels. His name was Monteith, and before opening a bottle of wine he slipped on a pair of white gloves—which he afterward discarded in the ice of the wine bucket. There was a touch of a free pair of gloves for each bottle of wine. No wonder the world wonders about eating next winter!

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

TIMELY headline: "Bell Hop Driven Insane by Chain Letter Craze." Nothing particularly unusual about that. The chain letter craze is just another scheme to make people think they can get something for nothing, and a lot of poor unfortunates have been driven crazy by that hope.

SOMETHING for nothing! What a lure that has held down through the ages. If people would work as hard and scheme as hard to get ahead in the world LEGITIMATELY as they do to get SOMETHING for nothing, there would be far fewer failures.

THE idea is widely spread in these days that it is foolish to work, but if you're wise you won't take stock in any such tommyrot. Here's a suggestion: Put down today the names of 100 of your acquaintances. Then, ten years hence, check up on the list. You'll find that those who have worked hard and saved their money and invested it wisely are FAR ahead of those who have spent their time trying to get something for nothing, or who have said to themselves that the world owes them a living and that they're going to collect it.

ALL the progress the world has made since it began has come about because somebody worked hard or thought hard, and in spite of all the stily talk to the contrary that fundamental fact hasn't changed.

THIS writer believes that every man is entitled to all he can make HONESTLY during a lifetime of hard work, but is compelled at times to doubt the wisdom of permitting hard working individuals to pass on great wealth to idle and silly descendants who had no share in the CREATION of that wealth.

There is Barbara Hutton's father, for example. He worked hard, helped to build up a great business that provided employment to thousands of people, and made a lot of money for himself. Now Barbara, who didn't help make it, is SPENDING it, and doing about as foolish a job of it as could be imagined.

IT is hers, of course, because her father made it and gave it to her, and because it is hers it is to be presumed that she has the right to do with it as she pleases.

But that doesn't raise one's opinion of Barbara, nor does it alter the fact that stily spending by idlers who have INHERITED great wealth that they did not help to create puts into the hands of radicals one of their most convincing arguments against the institution of capitalism.

Our last five years experience along economic lines should furnish ample proof of the fallibility of our government; that it is, in fact no able, wiser or efficient than the people who compose it.

At the height of the depression we elect a President who unblinkingly declares his ignorance of economics and his inability to solve the problem. He surrounds himself with professedly wise men of his economic wisdom, but whose academic theories fail to materialize in actual practice.

But fortunately we have nature to fall back on, and her processes are slowly working us out of this depression, the real cause of which was the great nation wide land boom that caused values to soar beyond the ability of labor and capital to carry on. These values are now shrinking to a level where labor and capital can once more resume operations on a profitable basis and business is slowly reviving.

It is up to us however, to prevent a repetition of this disaster by reforming our land policy so as to make gambling in the resources of nature unprofitable. This can be done by collecting the annual rent of land for purposes of government to the exclusion of all other taxes.

We now take in taxes a portion of the land rent. The selling price of land is the difference between what is now collected and what is retained by the individual, capitalized. If we take it all, there will be nothing left to capitalize and the problem will be solved.

Henry George understood the situation perfectly and had he followed his advice this depression would never have happened. But after some more painful lessons, we may yet hail him as our economic savior.

E. B. SWINNEY, 238 So. Lorraine Blvd., May 12, 1935. Los Angeles, Calif.

DOG LIKES WALTERS. HAVENHILL, Mass.—(UP)—Robert Lyons has a six-year-old Irish setter that has a fondness for mice, especially English waltzers. Patay, the dog, eats the nut meats after carefully breaking open the shells and neatly giving them in front of it.

CONSIDER BUZE MUSKAT RANCH. WINNEMAH, Minn.—(UP)—Establishment of a 700-acre muskrat ranch on the Sakakawewa river delta is being considered by the Manitoba government. The site of the proposed ranch was between the Pas and Cedar lakes, a jaw-dropping swamp.

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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 May 14, 1925 (It Was Thursday) Convicts Hall and Tanko, escapees from San Quentin, spread terror thru Sacramento valley, while they elude posse in a stolen auto.

Valley Fuel company offers \$10 reward for arrest and conviction of thieves stealing their wood. Chief topic of conversation with local citizens is the school site election to be held tomorrow. Only citizens who are residents of Medford will be allowed to vote.

H. Rider Haggard, author of "She" and other romantic adventures of the LONDON.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY May 14, 1925 (It Was Friday) Press of nation endorses President Wilson's "strict accountability" note to Germany over sinking of Lusitania. French report gains on the western front; war fever sweeps Italy.

Proposed railroad to the Blue Ledge mine, "must wait for financing until the end of the war," is announced made by promoters. Corn throughout the valley has started to sprout since the rains of last week.

Francis X. Bushman in "The Return of the Fatted Calf" at the Paramount. "Mrs. Black Is Back" at the Star. "Wild West Love" at the It.

Police declare war "on South Riverside avenue speeders." First local strawberries reach the market.

Ye Poet's Corner My Mother Yours was the love that nurtured me, Yours the rapturous sympathy, Yours the tender, brooding care, Yours the faith and yours the prayer, For oh, my mother, you have kept The sacred vigil while I slept And now, all time cannot erase The hallowed memory of my face. In the cathedral of my soul My life I consecrate anew And here each hour, O mother dear, Of every day of every year I offer up a prayer for you And hope that you may know, and hear.

—Alice McClure Getchell. COUGARS MAKE IT 3 OUT OF 4 OVER IDAHO NETMEN

MOSCOW, Idaho, May 15.—(AP)—The Washington State ball club made it three out of four over the University of Idaho nine here yesterday, winning the last game of the series, 3 to 1.

WASHINGTON, May 15.—(AP)—President Roosevelt today reappointed Clyde L. Seavey, of California, to the federal power commission for a five year term.

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