

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Roosevelt Versus Hoover

HUEY LONG doesn't let a day go by, without lambasting President Roosevelt. No matter what he talks about in the senate, and Huey talks most of the time, the president gets his broadside of billingsgate, before the Kingfish sits down.

Huey castigated the administration for withholding from him federal patronage in Louisiana, and concluded by declaring that President Roosevelt is today as unpopular in the country at large as ex-President Hoover had ever been.

THE Kingfish is first, last, and all the time an opportunist. As his mouth is always open so his ear is always on the ground. When Roosevelt was on the top of the wave, Huey was with him, with sound truck and brass band; but when as inevitably happens, the president's popularity started to decline, Huey "jumped" the pack, to bring about his downfall, and is determined to be in at the "kill."

The Kingfish's conviction that such action will be popular with the people, was undoubtedly the mainspring of his change of front. This and the fact that Huey is always for Huey—he is in politics for what he personally can get out of it,—and anyone who dares to place an obstacle in Huey's march to patronage and power, must feel the force of his royal displeasure, and his political opposition to the bitter end.

BUT is the Kingfish correct in his analysis of the situation, as far as the president's unpopularity is concerned? That the president's popularity has declined no one questions. That the "honeymoon" is not only over, but gone never to return, no informed person would deny.

But is it as bad as Huey makes out? Is it true, that a politician like the Kingfish is as safe in turning the vials of his venom and wrath on Roosevelt, as it is, and for so long a time has been, to throw the bench and the water bucket at Hard-hearted "Herbert", the sage of Palo Alto?

WE think not. We believe Huey is about as right in this contention as he is in most of his others, which is from ten to fifteen percent. Huey not only loves to take a half-truth and dress it up as the whole truth; but he loves to take ONE little grain of truth, plant it in the soil of unrest and discontent, water it with his glittering generalities and empty promises, fertilize it with his Kickapoo hoous poues, and bring it forth as sort of Arabian hanging garden.

This legerdemain we believe, he has followed in this case,—assuming of course he believes what he says,—which is always doubtful. If Huey really believes President Roosevelt is as unpopular as his predecessor,—or ever will be,—he has for once, fallen a victim of his own technique—deceived himself, along with his deluded followers.

SUCH a transformation as Huey envisions is, as we see it, simply not in the cards. It isn't a matter of political issues or beliefs,—of what is best for the country or what isn't,—it is a matter of temperament and personality.

Our own belief is, that if President Roosevelt lives long enough, he will not escape the unpopularity, the suffering, mental and physical, that for so many years, has been the inescapable fate of practically all our presidents—particularly the greater ones. We the people for some reason INSIST upon placing our national leaders on the greatest heights and then, sooner or later, smashing them down again. We don't expect FDR to escape this fate entirely.

But we do expect him to have and to hold a certain degree of personal prestige and popularity, which President Hoover,—through no fault of his own—never enjoyed, and never will.

It has nothing to do with politics, it is, we repeat, temperament and personality. In short, right or wrong, FDR draws people to him; and also wrong or right, Mr. Hoover, doesn't,—never did,—and never will. One HAS it, the other HASN'T. That's all.

Jane Addams — Christian

MISS JANE ADDAMS who died on Tuesday, had the unusual distinction of being a true Christian. She was filled with the milk of human kindness; with pity for the lowly and sympathy for the unfortunate. She saw much of evil and always returned it with good; she disliked violence and hated war, she loved tolerance and peace.

A college graduate, the daughter of indulgent and well to do parents, Jane Addams turned her back upon a social life; DELIBERATELY gave up all ideas of a husband, a home and family and at a time when the course she pursued was taken as a sure sign of an unbalanced mind, adopted social service as her life work.

Establishing the now famous Hull House Miss Addams, not only set the standard for practical and constructive settlement work in this country, but by the force of her example made it, for many years, the fashionable thing for nice young ladies to do.

THERE was nothing of the dilettante, however, about Jane Addams. Kindly, tolerant and understanding in her relations with others,—particularly toward those less fortunate than herself,—she was a force to be reckoned with when it came to political corruption, hypocrisy or sham.

Several books could be filled with the fights she led—at times almost single handed,—to make Chicago a better place in which to live.

And with the spurious, patronizing, smart society type of benevolence she had no patience at all.

IT would be nice to record that Miss Addams won her fight for better social and political conditions in Chicago and this country, all down the line. But she didn't. She did great good, and the example she set and the principles she established, will continue to do good through the years.

But she failed in many of her major undertakings, just as she failed to make anything but a dinner table joke out of the famous Ford Peace Ship during the World war.

That peace ship incident, however, was after all, characteristic of Jane Addams and in one sense might be accepted as the symbol of her life. Not that her life was a failure as was that Ford venture. Far from it. It was a full life and a glori-

ously successful one. But Jane Addams was always shooting at the stars. Her reach always exceeded—her grasp. She didn't care whether a thing was impractical or practical, feasible or not feasible, she was for it if she believed it was RIGHT!

Well that peace ship was right in principle. In a truly Christian world or in an entirely rational world, it would never have failed.

But it did fail, just as many of Jane Addams' political and social reforms failed,—and for the same reason.

Jane Addams had one of the finest faces and the saddest pair of eyes mortal has ever gazed upon. There was something almost Lincolnlike about them. For this there was a reason.

Her tragedy was the inevitable tragedy of a TRUE Christian living and working in a NOT-YET Christian world.

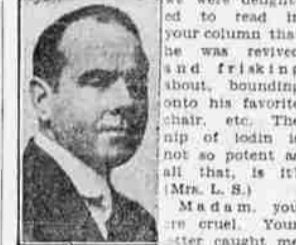
Personal Health Service

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.

REVIVAL OF TONY THE WIRISH TERROR

Two weeks after you had announced that Tony the Wirish Terror had gone to the happy hunting grounds, we were delighted to read in your column that he was revived and frisking about, bounding onto his favorite chair, etc.



Madam, your letter caught me nine hours after breakfast and with the prospect of waiting another hour for dinner, and at such a time it is easy for a man of my extraction to burst into tears. Furthermore, I have become almost resigned to the dreary atmosphere around here. Then, too, lately there have been no sounds of tomahawk digging into the slippery stairs at 1 or 2 a. m.—right up to the last Tony negotiated those stairs at least once every night to see whether by any chance I might have any little tidbit for him.

Every few days it seems I get unusually cheerful, bright and happy for several hours. Then I bounce back to normal again. Could this result from any particular food or food combination, or the amount of sleep I've had, or is it some peculiar chemical changes in my system?—J. B.

Answer—If we only knew the answer to that we could make the whole world happy. Your doctor, making a health examination or survey, might find the explanation.

Amalgam. Friend sent my young son some amalgam picked up at an old mine. To try to separate the mercury the boy put the crushed amalgam on the hot stove. The vapor left a quicksilver coating on the shelf of the range and next day two of the family had terrific bronchial coughs and sore throats and felt wretched.—Mrs. M. B.

Answer—Inhalation of the vaporized mercury may have produced the trouble. Most accidental or industrial mercury poisoning is by inhalation of the mercury vaporized or volatilized by heat, even the heat of the body. (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, May 23.—I saw what began as a mild cur argument over parking space reach the climax of a street riot on 7th avenue in the 50's last evening.

It was the first real fist fight-see to see the slugging. I've seen since Cincinnati's Over-the-Rhine days and I enjoyed it thoroughly.

Two hatless and well proportioned young men arrived at a space the same time and scuffled fencers. There were a few snarling epithets exchanged, then a long wordy wrangle and the two stepped from the cars, removed their coats and shadows boxed a bit.

Finally one put over a healthy punch and closed in. They rained each face was puffed and gooty. Then they rested a moment and without a word sprang into action. An enormous crowd blocked the street and police had difficulty breaking through.

When they did the battle had become as ferocious they had to use their clubs. Soon the straining riot cars roared up. An entire block was impassable. The belligerents, who had been rather spiffily dressed, were led bleeding and in shreds to a patrol wagon. It was quite a show.

Jack's all night restaurant somehow incubated the fight nightly in its day. There was scarcely a dawn that several were not carried out feet up as the result of healthy swings. Bustanoby's on 39th street was another generating ground for slugging, usually college boys. At Jack's a waiter named "The Separated Combatants" by giving them what was known as "the thumb"—cruel but

effective. He would dip his thumb in a mustard pot and jab it in their eyes.

There is a legend that many of the famous Billy Baxter Letters, teeming with the sophistications and break humors of another decade, were written at a table in Jack's. Downstairs was the Battling Nelson Grill, usually in an indignant twist of fate, where Hyge lope strummed his clarinet box, skittable and the beloved cartoonist Ted got so many of his cartoon ideas and laughed himself out of a thousand trains for Great Neck Good old Ted! No passing in newspaperdom left a greater void.

Grandma, confining the pool hall and bowling alley, used to call out as we started forth in the evening: "Stay away from that pool alley!" So it is nice to hear that the Waldorf has snatched the pool table from its Joe's two-and-a-half-cent-a-cue stigma for a little duding up. The hotel has set aside a cream and gold suite on the 17th floor for several pocket billiard-pool to most of us—tables. It is called The Carom club and the board of governors includes such biggies as the Walter F. Chrysler, Lord Jacob Astors, Mrs. Duke Biddle, Madame Jeritza and Princess—what a pip for gangling—Dolly Cooleman.

I have been reading an essay by Winnifred King Rugg on the wonder and welter of words. She finds so many unlovely words begin with an S such as snag, snarl, sneer, sneeze, sneaker, snivel, snuff and snort. She loves the word chalcidony but has never found a place to use it. A more beautiful word in my opinion is hyacinth. Ford Madox Ford thinks one of the attractive words is troubadour. One of the Poets—so many I forget which—is a constant user of nutrient. Christopher Morley is fond of irrelevant. The elder Pulitzer dragged in paradoxical whenever he got the chance. Shakespeare was especially fond of sullen and Dickens of lustre. Chesterton thinks the word that best expresses what it means is radiate.

Thingsmabobs: Charles and Kathleen Norris will leave California if the 15 per cent state tax on incomes is passed. Damon Runyon is 55 years old. Cornelius Vanderbilt always rides in an upper Pullman berth. A gesture to democracy. Paul White man has taken up flying and vice versa. Tony Sarg has quit Greenwich Village for the artist colony on West 67th street. Clare Booth Luce's apartment has a room of mirrored furniture. Percy Crosby, with four studios in his Boston home, works with a drawing board against the piano in the living room. The Kent Coopers are building a mansion in Miami.

Texas have many odd ejaculations that so often hit the mark. Such as "shoot many on the hickory" for some inconsequential. Rounding a turn in the park with a long horn as the dying sun glinted the lazy skyline of mosques, minarets and towers, he exclaimed: "Sweet cookie!" That sums it up—a cookie with icing!

PORTLAND, May 23.—(AP)—Despite the herculean efforts of Casey Kazanjian, ex-Stanford athlete, Jim Londos still ruled the heavyweight wrestling ring today. Londos took the first fall in 42 minutes, 24 seconds after punishing Kazanjian with a back wrenching double stepover toe, or crab hold. The Californian asked for an additional five minutes, which was granted.

Referee Verne Harrington stopped the bout when it was apparent Kazanjian was in no condition to withstand the Greek's attacks, and awarded the match to Londos. In the semi-windup Jagat Singh, Hindu, gained one fall and a decision in the third round over Frank Speers. Speers gave up when the Indian applied his Indian deathlock. Harry Demetral, slugged and wrestled his way to a two-round victory over Glenn Stone. Tony Catalino pinned John Mc Woods in the third round when Mc Woods was injured as the ring posts broke.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 23.—(AP)—Frederick Wagner, former vice-president of Paul Block and associates, today became publisher of the San Francisco Call-Bulletin, succeeding Robert P. Holliday.

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 23, 1925. (It Was Saturday) Still no word of Amundsen and aides on plane to North Pole.

People advised to procure dog license or face arrest. There were three dog fights in front of the Chamber of Commerce yesterday afternoon, and a baby buggy was knocked over.

Salvation Army requests a truck to carry on relief work.

Paving of the Crater Lake road to start July 1.

Trade subscriber writes letter to editor: "In reply to the Chamber of Commerce plaint, 'what will the tourist think.' 'I do not care what the tourist thinks, and don't believe anybody else does.'"

Twenty Years Ago Today May 23, 1915. (It Was Sunday) Funds being collected here for "rehabilitation of London slums."

Mt. Lassen, Calif., continues to emit mud and smoke, and a ten foot boiler was thrown two miles.

Italy formally declares war on Austria, Germany declares war on Italy. Austrian warships shell Italian towns along Adriatic shores.

Schools of city to close next Friday. The graduation exercises will be held at the Page theater.

There is an unconfirmed rumor circulating over the Little Applegate telephone line to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Jeanette have had a marital increase in their family.—(Buncombe Brevities.)

Squirrel Hit Boy COLUMBUS, O.—(UP)—Harold Terry, 14, was playing in his backyard here when a squirrel ran up his trouser leg and nipped him sharply.

PLANNING YOUR HOME? See Our New Books BIG PINES LUMBER CO. PHONE ONE

Ye Poet's Corner THE CHAIN LETTER CRAZE The little town of Medford, as the foot of Rocky Ann, lay happy and contented. As only a small town can.

Till up jumped the devil, With loud and joyful cries, And socked this little town Right square between the eyes.

It is chain this and chain that, And chainin' all the time, A five dollar quarter, Or even Mister, spare a dime.

You get so sick and tired, Of letters in your box, Not to break the chain, Please don't let it stop.

Some are getting rich and wealthy; Others do not get a dime, But all are neglecting home and Mother, Typing copies all the time.

Your neighbor hardly knows you, So intent he be to write, Sending out chain letters Far into the night.

The postal clerks are tired and harassed, And worn to the bone, Sorting letters that come From Mexico to Nome.

Now hold tight, my fellow men, The worst is yet to come, I fear, And don't give up the ship, old boy, But hang onto your landing gear.—M. D.

LIFE BEGINS AT 65 Cheer up, grandpa, don't you cry! You'll wear diamonds by and by. Uncle Sam has money mills Made to grind out new bills. He will help you in your cause,

TERMS as low as 25¢ PER WEEK ALL CONTRACTS HANDLED BY OUR STORE

Your account OPENED IN ONLY 5 MINUTES

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KAZANJIAN VICTIM LONDOS CRAB HOLD

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MEDFORD VETERINARY HOSPITAL 15 years experience in large and small animal practice Dr. J. W. Waters 225 N. Riverside Phone 369

With his old-age pension laws. No more worry over bills. Butcher's dinns, or doctor's pills. No more panic over rent. Leave that all to government. Dine on squab and caviar. Sport a streamline motor car. When the billboards bill a bit. Off to Palm Beach gaily flit. Lead a life on pleasure bent. But you must spend every cent! Whoopie, grandpa! Stay alive! Life begins at sixty-five! —(Selected.)

Communications

To the Editor: I have heard you being criticized quite severely for your Slinksky "whitewash" editorial; but no one could have anything but the highest praise for your editorial on "Lawrence of Arabia." It was absolutely superb; in fact to me it is only comparable to an editorial you wrote some years ago about Daugherty; the dedication of the Harding memorial. That one was magnificent. You'll never write one as fine as that again.

In your editorial about Lawrence you brought out so clearly the very facts that he himself tried so hard to get over to the masses, but couldn't.

Guess I appreciated your article so much because to me Lawrence, of all the thousand and one war heroes, was the greatest and most interesting. JACK WILLS.

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Sentinels who never fail

Not many mothers realize the vigilant care taken to make Canada Dry Ginger Ale so pure and wholesome. Take our graduate chemists, for example. Every hour, every day, they are rigorously testing. All Science's safeguards are at their command. So you can be certain that when you give your children Canada Dry...it's not only better to taste but better for them.



CLIFF GODDARD'S Reno Racketeers

Popularly Known as the ORIGINAL WESTERN BARN DANCE ORCHESTRA Old and Modern Dance Players Radio Entertainers of RADIOLAND and KTFI, Twin Falls, Idaho

Featuring VELMA or BUTTERMILK BESS POPULAR VOCALIST and UNCLE JOSH, Comedian EVERY ONE AN ENTERTAINER

Will Appear at PINE CONE INN for one solid week—Starting Wednesday, May 22 FRIED CHICKEN—STEAKS—SANDWICHES DRINKS—CLEAN FUN ADMISSION FREE

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