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Editorial Correspondence

NEW YORK CITY, June 28.—A ride up Fifth avenue on the top of a motor bus, skirting Central Park and then over to 90 Riverside Drive, late on a hot afternoon, again impressed us with the unreality of the New York spectacle. We don't believe there is anything quite like it in the entire world. The towering buildings not one or two, not a few score, but literally thousands; the stream of motor cars reaching from curb to curb, barely moving and then only by jerks; the crowds of people swarming everywhere, in the stores and out, and seeping across the avenue between the cars regardless of the traffic signals,—to a rank outsider from the Pacific coast it doesn't seem like a city, in which people live, and sleep, and eat, fall in love, get married and raise families, go to market and buy a bunch of carrots or a leg of lamb,—but like something from a book. As we started, the sun setting behind that soaring skyline of steel and stone, to the north, tower after tower rising to the clouds, we decided it wasn't New York at all, but a page torn out of one of Maxfield Parrish's pictorial excursions in the land of make-believe. The whole thing is too sensational, too theatrical, too extreme, to be true!

Quite a sensation has been caused here in literary circles by the charge of Christopher Morley, that O. O. McIntyre is a plagiarist. In this evening's World Telegram Christopher on the front page, fires his shaft at Odd very neatly, gracefully, but with devastating effect. "When I am low in mind" he observes, "I have an unending consolation. At any rate, I say to myself, O. O. McIntyre likes my stuff—and how!" Then he goes on to print extracts from O. O., in his recent publication "The Big Town" and in a parallel column prints almost identical phrases from his own writings. We wait impatiently for the next issue of the World Telegram to see what McIntyre's comeback will be. We have a sneaking suspicion "Odd" will be smart enough to say nothing.

An interesting book could be written on the changes in New York in the last quarter century. Approximately that period has elapsed since we walked along 14th street, from 7th avenue to Broadway. There then were some excellent chop houses and saloons on 14th street,—one German beer parlor we recall in particular. There was one respectable theatre, attractive book stores, also some second-hand stores, pawn shops, and nickelodeons. Now we could find practically nothing but stores devoted to bankrupt sales of women's apparel. We figured out the reason was Klein's—who started in one room with a sort of second-hand dress store for women and now occupies two large buildings, extending over an entire block, with blue and white signs painted all over it, and facing on the Bolshevik meeting place—Union Square. "Klein's on the square", "Open Thursday and Tuesday to 8:45 p. m.", "Smart women now shop here", "Money back within five days", etc etc. Within, summer dresses, and cloaks were hanging row after row,—mile and mile,—an army of women milling about, in various degrees of undress, prices of dresses from \$3 to \$5, and a surprising scarcity of clerks. Klein, they say, has made a fortune by buying cheaply in wholesale quantities and selling the same way. Opinions differ as to whether he excels as a buyer or a salesman—the truth probably is he is exceptional in both. A stroll up 14th street indicates every storekeeper in that part of the city is trying to do the same thing. As usual they are too late. Women interested in this sort of merchandise—go to Klein's—and particularly during a depression nine out of ten women are.

We are rather amused to see the late and unlamented Blue Eagle plastered all over the place, inside and out. We have no evidence but it is difficult to see how women's dresses can be sold for \$3 without sweatshop labor coming into the picture at some stage of the performance. For they aren't merely print dresses,—printed aprons and slip-overs,—the one clerk we contacted assured us they were REAL dresses selling for no less than ten or fifteen dollars, some \$25 and \$30 anywhere else. This may or may not be true, but certainly there must be real values there, or the place wouldn't be packed on a hot June afternoon, with acquisitive, bargain hunting and perspiring womanhood. As we roamed about we concluded, that if the ladies place any value upon time and energy expended, the final investment may not be such a paltry figure after all. R. W. R.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, July 2.—New York's dressiest lady is reputedly the exotically dashing Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken. She is the wife of a prominent lawyer and her bizarre costumes are the inspiration for a hundred and one paragraphs by the fashion experts and society chatters almost every week. Her sartorial smacks something of Europe's once highly pre-arranged lady—the colorful Jean Nash. Lucius Beebe paragraphs the idea with:

"Mrs. Menken did not wear a single feather at the Belmont opening. The day was warm and she roughed it in a cape of Imperial Russian sables." Rather dicker, what! Dramatic actresses for some reason are often afflicted with astigmatism. Nazimova and Bertha Kalich had to learn directions all over again when moving from one theater to another. Bernhardt once said that 10 feet away everything was a blur. Lenore Ulric is also very near sighted. Duse could see well in daylight but artificial lights dulled her vision to an opalescent haze. Then, of course, there was Ben Webster, who, during his last tragic years in Louisville, was led out to bench before the curtain arose and went through his hilarious. Few knew he was stone blind until his death. The former Pitt Widener is also in a fog without a lorgnon yet is one of the most prodigious readers in the Social Register. Likely no Atlantic liner purser has the "following" of the Normandy's Henry Villar. He has been successively on the same job on the France, Paris, Ile de France and now in his



Kentucky is famous for fast horses, beautiful women and...

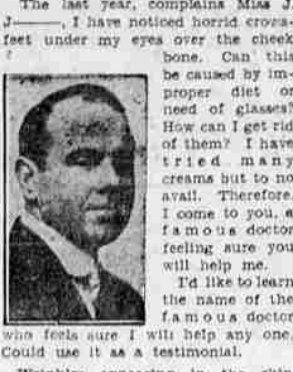


Blind Man Loses \$1 in Debt Touch
ST. LOUIS, July 2.—(AP)—"Where's the nearest church?" a feminine motorist asked John Miller, blind, as he heard a motor car stop beside him at the curb. "Thanks," the voice replied to his directions. As the gears meshed Miller felt a debt hand lift his purse from his pocket. It contained \$1. Business Caller.—According to the Ashland Tidings, Bob Dodge of that city made a business trip to Medford Monday morning.

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, 263 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

CROW'S FEET AND OTHER MARKS OF SENILITY



The last year, complains Miss J. J., I have noticed horrid crow's feet under my eyes over the cheek bones. Can this be caused by improper diet or need of glasses? How can I get rid of them? I have tried many creams but to no avail. Therefore, I come to you, a famous doctor, feeling sure you will help me. I'd like to learn the name of the famous doctor who feels sure I will help any one. Could use it as a testimonial. Wrinkles appearing in the skin when a woman is never mind how old spell one thing—senility. Crow's feet, this pains me as much as it does you, but stay with us a while and maybe you'll learn something to your boy friend's satisfaction. Miss J. J., naturally enough, gives no hint whether she is 16 or 90, but it doesn't matter at all. I don't care what a woman's chronological age may be, what concerns me is how old she feels. Let me feel of her artery, you know, take her pulse in that knowing way a wise doc has, and while I'm pretending to count I will judge the tension and force and so on I'm really determining the texture and elasticity of her skin and the condition of her hair and the presence or absence of the arbus stitilis in her lovely eyes, and pretty soon I have a very good idea how long she is likely to live. A man is as old as his arteries and a woman is as old as her skin. I have reached the conclusion in my own mind that arteriosclerosis is a nutritional deficiency. This is just my notion. No one is compelled to accept it or even to take it seriously. By the same line of reasoning I infer that those crow's feet and other wrinkles appearing in the skin before one is really old enough to deserve them, are likewise a nutritional deficiency. Especially vitamin G deficiency, but vitamins never occur singly in nature and I believe it is always more efficacious to take a good ration of all the vitamins whenever there is reason to suspect a deficiency of any of them. There is just as good ground to believe that such premature wrinkling and sallowness and dryness and hardness of the skin of a woman of age 30 or 40—at which age a woman

should be at her very top condition in every way—is due to hypochromic anemia. In many cases and is remedied by larger doses of iron than we formerly deemed necessary in any case. Still, I am not convinced in my own mind that the iron alone produces all the good results of such treatment in such cases. I suspect the gain in health, vitality and appearance may be due to the increased intake of vitamins in the more liberal variety and quantity of foods the patient takes under the effects of the iron, or something like that. Anyway, you Dumb Doras who monkey with creams and lotions in the hope of doing anything to incipient wrinkles had better buy some medical advice and save the same expense. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Seasickness. I heartily recommend your method of preventing seasickness to all my friends. My wife had always suffered even on a short ride on a lake boat, but she followed your instructions strictly when we went to Europe, and never had any trouble going or returning, although there was some rough weather which upset a lot of hardened travelers. —J. G. Answer.—Thank you. I am glad to send the instructions to anyone who asks for them and incloses a stamped envelope bearing his address. Tough Timbo. Have been giving our 10-month-old baby baked potato, spinach and carrots. Can you suggest other vegetables that would be good for him? At times he gets constipated, but as babies go he is some tough timbo. —A. G. C. Answer.—Green peas, sweet potatoes, squash and turnip, pureed or mashed or baked or otherwise well cooked, and run through coarse sieve. Banana, well ripened, is excellent food for a baby and a daily ration of it will prevent constipation. Send 10 cents coin and stamped envelope bearing your address, for copy of Brady Baby Book. Distilled Water. Is it injurious in any way to drink only distilled water? Has distilled water any virtue or any curative value that natural water does not possess? Answer.—No. No. (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., 263 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

culum of charm schools. His greatest asset is never forgetting a name of face, plus his expertise in bringing the right people together in the cocktail lounge while the ship is on its first leg. He is in his early 40's and very bald. Many seasoned voyagers do not name his liner in discussing their voyage. They merely say: "I'm sailing with Villar."

The seasonal fad for darkly shaded shirts with collars to match—Bill Corum's is jet black—has made an all-white shirt almost a curiosity. The displays are in coffee-brown, Prussian blue, salmon pink, seal gray and among gayer sprites a few of ruby red. The first colored collarist I ever beheld was the late Tommy Gray about 10 years ago. He had just come in from England with a grass green impetuous and a pearl derby. And did I romp to the McCrory Brothers! From Seattle: "The last time Bob Davis was here he ordered a stack of hot, ringed 'em with little pig sausages, heaped German fried apud on top and poured syrup over the whole works." Go on. Don't mind me. I like to see you out about this way. (Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate)

Comment on the Day's News

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON: The federal deficit at the end of the present fiscal year—fiscal year meaning financial year—is 28.7 per cent less than it was expected to be. It amounts to \$3,472,847,894.00, whereas President Roosevelt estimated in his budget message to congress last January that it would be \$4,800,418,338.00. FAILURE to spend for emergency purposes at the rate forecast in the budget message is said by government officials to be responsible for the decreased deficit. CHEERING NEWS? Well, for the present, perhaps. But don't expect too much of the future. The deficit is smaller than expected THIS year, because emergency spending has been slower than estimated. Next year, which will be ELECTION YEAR, spending will be much faster. There will be votes to be influenced then. NOTE, please, that the deficit for the present fiscal year is nearly three and a half BILLION dollars. Your grandfather can probably remember, if he is still alive, when the entire cost of running the government of the United States was not much over a half billion dollars! Your

Flight 'o Time

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY July 2, 1925 (It was Thursday) Storms of the city will be closed Saturday, July 4, and not be open until Monday. New high school bonds sold at premium by school board. First apricots of season reach the market. Shortage of all kinds of labor reported. Orchards threaten to draft men from street corners to complete necessary work. Santa Barbara, Cal., hit again by slight earthquake with slight damage. Medford people start begins for hills for July 4 holiday. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY July 2, 1915 (It was Friday) Porfirio Diaz, long dictator of Mexico, dies. German U-boats sink five British merchantmen in the North sea; more life allies will soon start "great offensive." Slightly cooler weather is promised for the Fourth of July. Yesterday the mercury soared to 102.5 degrees. The heat is retarding the second growth of alfalfa. Crater Lake lodge was opened for the season yesterday with 10 guests. The P. & E. will run an excursion to Butte Falls July 4.

Editorial Comment

Mr. Lampman's Book. Many readers of this page, having admired and followed the writings of our colleague, Ben Hur Lampman, during more than a dozen years, will welcome the word that he is author of a full-length work of fiction, issued this past week end by the Metropolitan Press. They will be eager to know whether he has been able to sustain through the intricacies and length of a book that rhythm and richness of imagery which characterize his essays and which make his editorial writings, we believe, unique in America. Nor will they be disappointed. In "Here Comes Somebody," the fantasy of "Lisbeth and Jumble," Mr. Lampman's rich style has been extended to the narrative form, and the poetry of it, while less crowded than in the essays, in the end becomes even more effective. It was said of a great French composer of music that most composers did what they could with music, but this one did what he would. Mr. Lampman is deserving of the same compliment where words are concerned. He commands them, where most of us are commanded by them. And in the book the poetry is only the covering. The adventures of "Lisbeth and Jumble" are as varied, with as deep a meaning, as those of Alice when she went traveling in Wonderland. We can think of no other book with which "Here Comes Somebody" might rightly be compared. The rest we must leave the readers to discover for themselves.—Oregonian.

WORMS Threaten All Children

Most mothers believe their children safe from Round Worms. Yet as many as 49 out of every 100 children in certain groups had worms, said U. S. Government experts who examined over 2,000 children. Both city and country children are open to infection, because not only fruits and vegetables, but flies, water, pets and playgrounds are sources of infection. Prevention is almost impossible. Many different signs point to Round Worms: Loss of weight and appetite, pale face, irritability, itching of nose or fingers, grinding of teeth in sleep, vomiting, etc. Try Jayne's Vermifuge. Millions of mothers are grateful for this medicine; a doctor's prescription famous for 105 years; 49 million bottles used. Jayne's famous Vermifuge and Tonics can be had at any drug store. The Largest Bottles for the Money. Druggists Recommend It.

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