MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"

Daily Except Saturday.

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 23-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 76.

ROBERT W. RUHL, Editor.

An Independent Newspaper.

Entered as second-class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By Mail—In Advance:
Daily, one year.....$5.00
Daily, six months.....2.75
Daily, one month.....50
By Carrier, in Advance—Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on highways.
Daily, one year.....$6.00
Daily, six months.....3.25
Daily, one month.....60
All terms cash in advance.

Official Paper of the City of Medford.
Official Paper of Jackson County.

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MEMBER OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION 1935

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The emergency session of the legislature, apparently intent on introducing bills covering everything but their own much-needed abolishment, adjourned over the week-end. The recess was for the purpose of attending a football game Saturday afternoon in Portland, instead of going to church in Salem Sunday morning, as rumored.

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A German psychologist reports he finds "husbands are happiest if their wives are unhappy." A lady, who is no psychologist, but deeply versed in the ways of the brutes, reports this is also what makes them happy.

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There is considerable scolding of the Roosevelt Boys, over the radio, and in the press, for the speedy and reckless manner in which they drive their high-spirited autos, on, at least one occasion, narrowly averting an entanglement with a locomotive at a crossing. One facetious eastern paragrapher alleges the sons of the chief executive travel wherever they journey at 60 to 80 miles per, because they are trying to catch up with their Ma. So far, the boys, in their motoring, have known enough not to pick up a hitch-hiker, and get hit in the head with a monkey-wrench.

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A brush fire roared over southern California, causing $6,000,000 damage, and giving a number of He-film actors an excuse to have their pictures taken in their undershirts and BVDS.

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A CAST-IRON NOGGIN.
(Chico (Calif.) Enterprise)
Though it was all up hill, he gathered such momentum en route that his brakes wouldn't hold and skidded into a camp wagon and as he dived beneath it to climb up on the hounds, he struck the king bolt with his head, shearing it off as though by a cold chisel.

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"LANDON MILKS COW IN BUSINESS SUIT"—(Siskiyous Messenger Hdline)—What the dressy Bossy is wearing.

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Hermy Offenbacher of the Applegate towned Sat., dressed in his Sunday coat, and his Friday overalls.

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Hog-Corn farmers voted overwhelmingly for the continuation of Santa Claus in governmental affairs, via payment for hogs they do not raise. The next referendum will be to reimburse the consumer and the worker for the pork-chops he can't afford to buy.

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The tears and cheers of Saturday's football battles have died and been dried. A number of teams came out the little end of the horn, and just as many survived with their goal lines "unsullied." The usual number were "defeated but not beaten." The UofO was to all intents and purposes massacred, as completely as during the long years when they worried more about the preservation of their traditions, than the accumulation of touchdowns.

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There was an election last Saturday. The voters did not pour out voluminously. They were not mad at the district attorney, and had not been lied to for seven months.

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A DYNAMIC MOUTHFUL.
"A lot of goggle-eyed, moss covered iron bound conservatives will try to take charge of the Republican party. The hard-boiled reactionaries are now flying a kite with the name of Charles A. Lindbergh on it. No more charming personality has appeared in two decades than Col. Lindbergh, but the country has a right to know where he stands. We have a charmer in the White House now, and we don't want to change him for another. If the incumbent charmer had declared three years ago that he would be standing where we find him, he would be polishing his pants in his private law office instead of on the big fat chair in the White House. — (William Allen White in Princeton University paper).

Wedding Night in Jail.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—(UP)—Dermott Kelly, 20, and his bride of a few hours, Mary, 18, spent their wedding night in separate cells last night. Married at Waukegan, they expressed happiness too noisily at a party in their apartment here.

Editorial Correspondence

VICTORIA, B. C., Oct. 24.—When we were here three or four months ago we discovered something about Wednesday afternoons on this tight little isle. Don't try to do any business during that period of mid-week. For it's a holiday. Everything shuts up at noon on Wednesday and you can't even buy one of Mr. Rogers' Victoria creams until the next morning.

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That was one reason we scheduled this flying visit to start on the afternoon of Thursday. But we were to learn another lesson. Never try to do any business on Thursday in Victoria or any other part of Canada, if that Thursday happens to be the last Thursday in the month of October. For that Thursday is Canada's Thanksgiving Day, with turkey, all the trimmings and not a wheel stirring except on the family Chevrolet. We never knew Canada had a Thanksgiving Day before, but we know it now and will never forget it. We have been wandering about on deserted streets for over eight hours, talking to ourselves and wondering why in the heck we came.

Not that our business was so important, but time is. And we never found a city where there is so little to do when the stores close up as in Victoria. There was a football game but it was held before our boat landed at one-thirty p. m. There was a motor cycle climbing contest on a hill about six miles from the city, but we had seen all we cared to see of that strange form of recreation in the news reels. In most cities, in such a predicament, there are always the movies—that most restful and diverting medium for killing time. But not in Victoria—at least not on the last Thursday of the month of October. We visited every movie house in the place and not only were they all packed to the doors but there were long queues outside waiting to get in. One of these mob-pulling attractions was "Night Life of the Gods" combined with "Charley Chan in Paris." (Tell that to Gene Childers and see if even he doesn't smile and buy you a nickel cigar!)

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Yes, Sir. Not only was this the case all afternoon, but following tea at the Crystal Gardens and a walk along the sea wall, we tried the early movies around seven-thirty. There were the queues again, looked like the same ones.

Now we like the movies as well as the next man, in fact we put ourselves down as a couple of movie fans, but we have never yet seen the movie we would stand in line for, for more than five or six minutes and then only if we thought there was better than an even chance of winning that $300!

So we didn't attend the movies, we didn't attend anything, we simply resumed our "street walking."

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However, there was one compensation. In fact the older we get—and who doesn't?—the more convinced we are, that only excepting the force of gravity perhaps, the law of compensations is the most constant force in human life. It is always working. In fact, we have a pious idea that one of the secrets of successful living is to concentrate one's attention on this beneficent element in our mundane existence. It is so useful in easing one safely and comfortably over the chuck holes and through the unwanted detours in life's journey.

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At any rate, if we had found something to do in Victoria on Thanksgiving afternoon we would never have run into Isadore Bacharach on the sea wall, directly in front of the Empress hotel, and thus discover a scheme far better than the Townsend plan to insure perpetual prosperity.

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Isadore—he spelled out his name for us,—proved to be something new in our experience, a Hebrew tramp. He looked the part in both directions,—a two weeks' growth of black beard on a decidedly Hebraic face, ragged clothes and ragged overcoat several times too large, but a pair of good shoes, strong and comfortable looking. We noted the shoes as he came toward us where we sat on the recessed seat along the sea wall. Two other things we noticed, the man had a bunch of wadded newspaper in his breast pocket, where a handkerchief usually protrudes, and the clearest brightest pair of large brown eyes one could imagine—so fresh and clean in that dirty unshaven face, they gave one a shock like running into a couple of clear mountain springs bubbling up in a mucky swamp.

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He pulled out a bunch of soiled wadded hotel folders and time tables from his overcoat pocket and asked us, jerking his head in that direction, if the Black-ball ferry was running to Port Angeles. Having taken the ferry for Port Angeles last July we happened to know that it only ran during the tourist season and was closed up for the winter.

This started a conversation which wandered along close to an hour, and gave us enough material for a book entitled "How To Enjoy Perfect Health And See the World On Nothing a Day."

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Isadore Bacharach—the name he adopted after reaching the U. S. A.—left Syria three years ago, arrived in New York as a stowaway, walked from New York, with the assistance of the C. P. R. through Canada to Vancouver and had been on Vancouver Island three weeks. He walks from ten to fifteen miles per day, always sleeps in the open,—and subsists almost exclusively on water and meat. He prefers goat meat to anything else, and for some time, lived on wild goats in the north part of the island. Meat, he claims, can always be secured in city or country, without cost. He sometimes has to pay a few cents for dog meat but not often. The open air life, he claims, has made him immune to all diseases of civilized man. He could take a bath in t. b. germs and never get so much as a cough. He has no aches or pains. Before he left he had to wear thick lensed glasses, now he can see like a hawk without any glasses at all. To prove it he read the name of the boat coming in the harbor when it was at least 400 yards away—the "Princess Joan." He has everything he wants, is absolutely independent and free, the entire world is his, and he is seeing it at a cost of about two cents per day. He collects time tables, hotel and tourist pamphlets and only works when he has to,—which isn't often,—as he can live on five or six dollars a year. He is enroute to California for the winter, and is looking for the shortest boat trip to the mainland, which will also be the cheapest,—so he was sorry to learn the Black-ball ferry is tied up for the winter.

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Yes, it sounds a bit fishy, but that's the story Isadore told—as to those pockets full of time tables, folders and what not, they are proof of where he has been, when one of these days he returns to his Syrian home, and recounts his travels to family and friends!

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So that's the life of the "blanket stiff." Perfect health,—never an ache nor pain,—jaunting around the world at two cents per day. Was Isadore spoofing tourists in front of the Empress? Maybe. But he and his folders and time tables went on their way, and never asked a dime.

—R. W. R.

$30,000 HOT JEWELRY DISCOVERED BY POLICE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—(UP)—Police were confronted last night with a situation of the man-bites-dog variety. They held a man and woman in custody on whom they had seized $30,000 in jewelry, but no one had reported any theft. The prisoners wouldn't talk.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

SING SING RECRUITS MORE INTELLECTUAL

OSSINING, N. Y., Oct. 28.—(UP)—Sing Sing is going intellectual. During the past year 26 college men have been imprisoned and 202 new prisoners are high school graduates, authorities disclosed today.

BUCKINGHAM'S HOME-MADE CANDY. Whip Cream Fudge. Reg 40c lb., special 25c lb. The Crest, 235 S Central.

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.

UNDULANT FEVER FROM INFECTED MILK

Milk may be perfectly fresh, rich, attractively bottled and capped, perfect in taste and served in the most cleanly manner, yet contain the germs of undulant fever.

Cases of undulant fever, (Malta fever, Mediterranean fever, Gibraltar fever, as it has been variously known) occur in every state in the country, in Canada, Denmark, Sweden, and other European countries, in Tunis, Algeria, New Zealand, South Africa. The disease was probably brought to this country in 1905, when the U. S. Bureau of Animal Industry imported some goats from Malta, selected from the finest stock on the island, to be used to build up healthy herds of milk producers in this country. Several of the officers and men who drank the goats' milk on the voyage fell ill with Malta fever; two who had boiled the milk before drinking it escaped the illness. The goats were slaughtered shortly after arriving at the quarantine station here, but a woman at the station had already contracted the disease.

There is so much similarity between the germ of contagious abortion in cattle and that of undulant fever in man, that some bacteriologists believe the contagious abortion germ, not rarely present in cows' milk, may cause undulant fever in man. The present agitation for compulsory par-boiling (pasteurizing) of all milk is based largely on this assumption.

Undulant fever is bad business. It is called "undulant" because the course of the illness, which at first may be mistaken for typhoid, influenza or rheumatic fever, is characteristic— a run of feverish illness, then a period of comparative relief and improvement, followed by another run of fever, and so on, perhaps for months and months.

A blood test, analagous to the Widal test for typhoid fever in man, is readily made by the bacteriologist, and this test definitely shows whether the cow harbors the germs of contagious abortion. Well administered public health departments everywhere now require this test of all herds where the milk is to be sold raw. I like milk raw, and if the cow has been given the tuberculosis test and the blood test for contagious abortion (Bang's disease, Veterinaries call it) and has not reacted to either, you may deliver me a couple of quarts of the raw milk every day.

One magazine writer advocating pasteurization of all milk as a measure of prevention against undulant fever, asserts arbitrarily that "All statements that the food value of milk is appreciably lessened by pasteurization have no basis in fact The only vitamin that is affected by pasteurization is vitamin C . . ."

That statement is as confusing as the whole agitation of which it is a part. No one imagines that par-boiling improves milk or renders it more effective in nutrition. The sole purpose of pasteurizing or par-boiling is to destroy the harmful germs the milk is likely to contain.

If I am in doubt about the source of the milk, I prefer to bring the raw milk to a boil for one minute myself—then I know the milk has been made safe to drink.

The only raw milk I recommend is Certified Milk, or Grade A Raw from cow or herd that has been both tuberculin tested and Bang's disease tested.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Beer

I am a girl 16 years old, five feet four inches in height. I would like to know the answers to these two questions:

1. Is ordinary beer fattening?
2. Is it harmful. I drink about two bottles a day. I like it very much. I weight 116 pounds. I drink plenty of milk and water too. But mother thinks beer is harmful and will interfere with my health. (Miss B. C.)

Answer—You are fixe or six pounds underweight. Your mother is quite right. Better switch to milk, the real health beverage, before that craving for alcohol grows up.

Fruit Seeds

I have been told twice recently that eating fruits with seeds, such as grapes, whole currants, berries, figs, or accidental swallowing of pips when eating orange, cantaloupe, etc., will cause appendicitis later on . . (C.G.)

Answer—On the contrary, the seeds of the first four fruits tend to prevent appendicitis. The larger pips or pits, accidentally swallowed are quite harmless.

Refreshing

You say the skin cannot absorb liquids. How account for the extraordinary gratification I felt in bathing when I was parched with thirst and could not drink the water which was suspect? (C. H.)

Answer—Certainly you absorbed no water thru the skin. The gratification was probably from the cooling and refreshing effect of the bath.

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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, Oct. 28.—Diary: To breakfast came Nina Ayres, Pauline Taylor and Polly Grimes. Later talking to W. S. Maud, who wrote "The Old Boat Rocker," and up the avenue in a sudden skelp of rain to sit with Ryley Cooper, just back from his Buffalo Bill assignment in Hollywood.

Home and a sprig of the most exotic posies ever I saw from Irene Hayes, a bird of paradise effect, and Ewing Galloway bargled by, newly from Kentucky on his first vacation in 15 years. Typing a stretch and to Margaret and Brock Pemberton's tea.

Dinner with my lady p. a place we selected in passing because it looked cozy, called Chez Jean, and I squandered a pretty sum for crepes Suzette. So to Conde Nast's where came a mighty gathering to celebrate new operatic honors that have befallen George Gershwin.

Royal Brown is regarded by magazine editors as the ace of the "love interest." His dreamy canoe drifting in the moonlight romances are sure fire circulation builders and his career an epic of courage in affliction. As a Boston reporter 20 years ago he became stone deaf. He now lives in a fling of portable houses along a bleak stretch of Cape Cod, a life of shy remoteness. He married a girl reporter whose lips he has learned to read and she is interpreter when editors call. Brown, now 50, away from his typewriter, spends most of his time in a fast motor boat.

Josephine Baker, the sand-toned gal from deep Harlem who went to Paris, became a famous dancer and annexed a waxed mustached Italian count, finds her return to America something of a triumph. And has been invited to many smart teas and after theatre binges. She appears in gasping creations and rattles away in French like a born Parisian. Josephine has salted her earnings, too. And has a peck of jewels to boot.

Personal nomination of the most expertly typed man-about-town — William Rhinelander Stewart.

Ex-King Alfonso seeks Americans almost solely in his lighter moments in Europe. His especial liking for Yankees began when Alexander Moore became American ambassador to his country. Through Moore he became familiar with draw poker and later chummy with several Americans, including Erskine Gwynne, for incognito rounds of Paris. For several years he has been eager to visit the states, particularly Hollywood. He is a pronounced movie fan and among his favorites are Loretta Young, Marion Davies, Joan Crawford and Ruth Chatterton. For laughs he likes the flitterings of Edward Everett Horton.

The most auspicious up-from-the-sidewalk hero of the night clubs is Eddie Gaar, the impersonator, now wangling fat pay as a polished floor entertainer in evening dress and silk hat. Not many years ago he was a night club employee, but in one of the most inconspicuous posts. He opened and closed auto doors for arriving and departing guests.

The Rialto again has two of its former stage favorites—Lee Tracy and Jimmy Durante—after several sabbatical years in Hollywood. In the manner of Walter Huston, another forthright actor who won film distinction, they come back to their early love. Like Houston, they were appearing in too many pictures and too often miscast. Houston's experiment resulted in a flood of new movie offers.

Bagatelles: Dean Harper, of the Texas University, is a red tie fancier . . . Frank R. Adams was the last of Ray Long's friends to see him alive . . . Morris Gest appeared in the London Savoy recently without fuzzy hat and black bow tie . . . Nobody recognized him . . . Lily Pons' parrot can imitate Popeye the Sailor Man . . . Frazier Hunt started for the Ethiopian war on two hours' notice.

Bob Davis was talking about the passing of red-hot profanity. It's rarely heard any more, save on barges and docks. As a matter of fact, some of the most sizzling epithets are cussless. We had a grizzly, choleric character—Grandpa used to say he looked as though he had been chewing tobacco all day against a strong wind—in our town, who, when angry, would snort: "Snarlfrocket!" Try it out loud the next time you fly into a real rage. It's the real thing.

(Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate)

PROHIBITION CUTS ALCOHOL DEATHS

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—(UP)—Repeal of prohibition has decreased the number of deaths from alcohol by 20 per cent, repeal associates, an organization which advises states on how to frame liquor laws, said last night.

It published the results of a survey conducted among physicians. This survey, according to repeal associates, confirmed census bureau figures showing that the death rate from alcohol during the prohibition years was 3.44 per 100,000 and since prohibition 2.75 per 100,000.

One physician—Dr. F. J. Douglas, Utica, N. Y.—said he believed more persons were drinking now than before repeal but that there were fewer cases of chirrhosis of the liver and other ailments attributed to alcohol.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

AN American sailor in Shanghai (which is in China) is alleged to have pulled down the flag at a Japanese shrine and trampled upon it.

Japanese consular authorities are declared to have demanded apologies for the alleged insult.

(Please note the use of the words "declared" and "alleged." The report comes by way of the Japanese news agency, which quotes its correspondent at Tsingtao. You can't always tell about these foreign news agency reports, because you cant' always tell what is propaganda and what isn't. In most foreign countries news is "doctored" by governments. It is only when news is free and independent that it can be relied upon.)

BUT if an American sailor did actually did pull down a Japanese flag at a Japanese shrine and trample upon it, he should be severely punished.

If your son should desecrate and befoul something your neighbor held sacred, you would turn him over your knee and give him a spanking he wouldn't soon forget. (You would, that is, if you are right kind of parent.)

The same principles should apply to nations.

SIX thousand delegates assembled in Chicago for the first annual convention of Townsend clubs are told by their leaders that they have back of them 21 million people—"enough votes to elect any congress or any President in 1936."

They are urged to elect a congress and a President who will make the Townsend plan into law.

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THE Townsend plan proposes to pay to everybody over 60 $2400 a year. There are supposed to be 10 million people over 60. $2400 a year to 10 million people would be 24 billion dollars a year.

That, of course, would bankrupt the country and ruin everybody. Spending 24 billion dollars in three years has nearly bankrupted us.

DO the Townsend plan supporters WANT to bankrupt the country and ruin everybody?

Of course not! For the most part, they are sincere, honest and well-meaning, but MISGUIDED, people who have been told by the politicians that a nation can spend itself rich.

It is the politicians, and not the masses of Townsend followers, who are at fault in this matter.

YOU can't blame anybody past 60 for wanting $200 a month. And you can't blame anybody who believes it is possible to pay 24 billion dollars a year to the 10 million who are past 60 for going after it.

The fault lies with those who have made millions of innocent old people believe that such a thing is possible when it ISN'T.

(Continued from Page One)

two big new dealers are already behind the project.

You may hear much more of this shortly.

Miscellaneous tax receipts have been sliding for 60 days in the treasury daily statements. As a result, stories have gained wide circulation that business is easing up. A couple of congressmen have hinted as much publicly. The truth seems to be almost exactly opposite.

If you dig into it, you will find that nearly every item of excise taxation has increased. The decrease in the total is due to two factors, a sharp decrease in capital stocks tax receipts and the repeal of the bank check tax. The decrease in capital stocks taxes is due to a new regulation permitting delay in payments. In the end, they will probably amount to more than last year.

The only business taxes showing any significant decrease during September and October are those on autos and accessories. That is due to the pre-season lull. If the number of cars now being sold around here is any indication, government revenues from this source will be far more than estimated before the end of the year. One local dealer has sold 50 per cent as many cars during the last three weeks as during the whole of last year.

The rest of the excise taxes are running generally about 10 to 15 per cent above last year, which is exactly how business is running.

President Roosevelt looked much better after his vacation. He was not only bronzed, but it appeared that he had been required to let his belt out a notch or two. More obvious was the improvement in his disposition. He had been rather sharp and sarcastic on occasions before he began his vacation.

Note—The president got all the fish-catching publicity during his trip by sending his 134-pound fish to the museum. Unheralded and unnoticed was the fact that his bodyguard, Gus Gennerich, caught one 16 pounds heavier, which will not be mounted in a museum.

New deal politicos will confess off the record that they are very fidgety about Georgia. That is what is behind arrangments now being made for Mr. Roosevelt to deliver an address there around Thanksgiving. The site in mind is Tech stadium, at Atlanta, which is under Governor Talmadge's nose.

Their apprehensions have been lessened by private word from a most influential Georgia leader that he can "take" (his word) Talmadge any time the new deal wants him.

QUINTUPLETS GET FIRST MEAT AT 17 MONTHS OF AGE

CALLANDAR, Ont., Oct. 28.—(AP)—The Dionne quintuplets, 17 months old today, added meat to their diet for the first time.

It's only a small quantity of carefully selected and prepared veal liver served once a week but it marked the youngsters' first move toward a grown-up diet.

The liver and Marie's development were highlights of the famous babies' 17th month. Marie has progressed remarkably mentally and physically in the past four weeks, Dr. Allen Roy Dafoe, their physician, said.

Within a few months Marie, who was the smallest of the five when they were born May 18, 1934, and has lagged since, will equal her sisters in every way, the physicians believed.

The bit of liver they are fed is only a morsel for the Dionne children. They eat all they are given and often they cry for more. Sometimes they get it.

Their main diet consists of vegetables prepared in several ways, fruit, bread and butter and milk—plenty of the latter, Dr. Dafoe emphasizes.

Thriving on that fare, three of the youngsters—Yvonne, Annette and Cecile, front runners in the weight-derby—are attempting to walk and occasionally manage a few steps.

TOWN ENDS RUMPUS BY ALLOWING PIGS TO PARK AT HOMES

CLAWSON, Mich (UP)—The local village council has ended a squabble that threatened to split the town by declaring that villagers may sleep with their pigs, cows, milk goats and chickens if they desire.

Recently the council received numerous complaints that persons were taking animals into their homes with the approach of cooler weather.

An ordinance was passed providing that persons keeping livestock within the village must have modern barns with cement floors, drainage and all the niceties a city-bred cow or pig might demand. Furthermore, they declared all barns had to be at least 75 feet from any house.

Enraged livestock owners banded together and circulated petitions declaring the ordinance worked a hardship on them and that their livestock was necessary to enable them to live on their present earnings.

Some 249 names on the petitions caused the council to reverse itself to the extent of allowing livestock keepers to build their barns as close to their own homes as they liked—as long as they were not within 75 feet of the home of any neighbor.

Weather.

Northern California: Increasing cloudiness, followed by light rain tonight extreme north portion and Tuesday in north portion; snow over northern mountain ranges; cooler Tuesday; moderate west wind off the coast.

Oregon: Occasional rain, turning to snow tonight; Tuesday local snows and clearing; colder Tuesday and in northern and central portions tonight; freezing temperature north portion tonight; fresh to northwest winds off the coast.

He Found Out.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 28.—(UP)—William Robinson, 37, phoned headquarters and reported a murder. Fifteen patrol cars roared to the spot, but nobody was found. Today, Magistrate Vincent Sweeney fined Robinson $10. As a taxpayer, he had wanted to see if the police radio cars were worth the money.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Oct. 28.—(UP)—Malcolm Solsberg, 4, seated in front of his home Sunday, was about to lick a lolly pop when his police dog puppy fell from a second story balcony into his lap. The dog was uninjured, but Malcolm's extended tongue was cut by the puppy's paw.

For Hose that Wear out
NOLDE & HORST
Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

October 28, 1925
(It Was Wednesday)

League of Nations restores peace in the Balkans between Greece and Bulgaria.

Local merchants agree to close at 11 o'clock on Armistice day.

Jackson county cities to observe "Apple Week."

Mid-west shivers in record cold; forest fire rages in north Jackson county.

Highway commission orders tonnage of trucks reduced on Jackson county roads.

State P.-T. A. adopt resolutions condemning "rodeos and wild west type of entertainment."

The first fog of the season came last night, and was quite dense. Three minor auto crashes were reported.

Children warned "not to get too boisterous celebrating Hallowe'en."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

October 28, 1915
(It Was Thursday)

Children of the Roosevelt school to have a Hallowe'en party.

Greece denies treachery to the allies; Germany insists that one of the peace terms shall be a "free passage down the Danube."

Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Porter and W. A. Folger return from a trip to the San Francisco fair.

Delinquent taxes in Jackson county show gains over last year.

Drive for sugar beet acreage continues.

O. A. C. football team arrives at Lansing, Mich., for game with Michgan State Saturday.

Probation Officer Charles B. Gay starts round-up of boys who refuse to go to school.

HOME HAZARDS WORST FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—(UP)—Chicago safety organizations started a home inspection drive today because "only 9 per cent of all school child fatalities occur while pupils are going to and from schools, whereas 32 per cent occur in the home" due to insecure porch railings, unscreened fireplaces, littered and unlighted stairways, careless placing of matches and hot liquids, and other home hazards.

PASTOR GIVES RULES FOR KEEPING YOUNG

AUBURN, N. Y.—(UP)—This prescription for keeping young was given Kiwanians by the Rev. George E. Davies:

Keep your eagerness for new experiences.

Keep the confidence of youth.

Never despair.

Do not try to keep up with youth in your living habits.

Take to heart youth's ability to overlook petty annoyances.

Make a life, not a living.

RAY HUSON IN CAVALRY HILL MILITARY SCHOOL

PORTLAND, Oct. 28.—(Spl.)—Cadet Ray Huson, son of Mrs. Ina M. Huson of Medford, has been accepted as a member of the cavalry at Hill Military Academy, here, according to Joseph A. Hill, president of the academy.

The cavalry, under supervision of Harold C. Tobin, major of U. S. A., retired, familiarizes the cadet with the proper care and use of a horse. Cadet Huson is one of a group preparing for a horse show and society circus in the near future.

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