

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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MEMBER OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.

Three members of the "Manhattan String Quartet," an American musical organization touring Europe, were pummeled last Saturday in Rome, Italy, to salute a fascist funeral procession, it is alleged to have been the cause of the attack.

The Canadian reciprocal tariff treaty, regarding which so much is being said in the daily press apparently sways Oregonians, in six different sections of their pocketbooks.

A few healthy ticks in this area causes a voter to revise his political thinking overnight. If not before darkness sets in, the treaty is another example of an incurable democratic passion to tinker with the tariff.

The tax laws to an Oregon legislator, both feel they are under divine orders to monkey with them to their hearts' content. It is admitted the "Presidential charm" will be forced to work overtime in the next campaign to convince the worker, with his pay cut, or his job gone, that "the reciprocal tariff" is good for him.

The Klamath county moral vice squad has engulfed a merchant on the grounds his suit club is "a lottery." By the end of the week, it is predicted, it will not be safe to buy a ticket on a church bazaar raffle.

The I. Coleman boy, John, visited his Paw yesterday at work, and cried for a drink of water, until he got an ice-cream cone, his original objective. Among the better bridge players, this is called the "masked approach."

K. Shimoda rode a bicycle up the Main Drag Mon. eve. in auto traffic. He steered an erratic course, as if the driver of the nearest 4d had a ju ju hold on him.

A Boston psychologist says man is the only creature that makes plans for the future. On the other hand, beavers, squirrels and honeybees may not use much imagination, but their plans work out a lot better than most of ours do.

The Eugene Chapter of the Communist party of America has been fairly busy writing letters to editors of late. There is something about a Eugene radical that makes him seem funnier than a Portland nut.

A brisk south wind wadded over the valley late yesterday. As it could do no damage to this year's fruit crop, some of the more fretful orchardists had it blow off next year.

An Ohio girl advertises for a prospective husband who is "rich, handsome, sober, educated and moral." However, we assume that others may apply with a fair chance of favorable consideration.—(Trenton [N. J. Gazette].) By substituting honest for "rich," the qualifications the lady seeks are all found in an Oregon candidate, while attending an Epworth League picnic.

The police are reported to be hunting for a youth, with keen eyes, and a steady right hand, who by adroit use of six inches of wire, has been cheating slot-machines before they could cheat him. Under his magic touch the contrivances still tickle too regularly. A posse of citizens are also reported hunting the master-mind, to find out how he does it.

The Dub Watson boy is over the measles that were over him, but is still too weak to till the wood-box.

Movies of Admiral Byrd's second expedition to the Polar regions, are on tap at the Rialto, the No. 2 magic lantern palace of G. Hunt. Throughout most of the epic portrayal of man's daring, the harpy eyes only look as cold as a girl, after a ride from Astland in the rear seat of a motorcycle, in the current kind of weather.

Legal business has forced Atty. B. H. Hunsford, the younger, to run up to Eugene at 4 P. M., and it is feared he will be forced to keep on running north to the Old Oregon-Washington football game next Saturday.

Be correctly oriented in an Astor Hotel by Shelby B. Hoffmann.

The World Moves On!

It only shows the folly of yielding to one's prejudices! In the days of our youth, for example, the skunk was universally shunned, detested, and condemned. This odoriferous animal ranked below the snake, for in our ancestral habitat, there were no venomous reptiles. At the old Garrison school it was not uncommon for a nice little boy, to bring a nice little garter snake to school, and arouse considerable excitement and envy thereby. But no nice little boy (or bad little boy!) ever thought of doing the same with a skunk. That simply wasn't done for various and sundry reasons. By common consent the skunk was outlawed.

But that was 40 years ago and some 2000 miles away. How different it is in the year of our Lord, 1935, and in this salubrious and forward looking Rogue River valley!

YESTERDAY, for example, the present writer visited the dog hospital on North Riverside avenue, where the family pooch was to consume a bowl of barium, and if the X-ray revealed certain internal conditions was to submit under ether, to the approved appendectomy.

Upon entering the portals, we were greeted not by the doctor nor his assistant, but by a strong and unmistakable fragrance of the mephitic mephitic, alias that musteline mammal b. o. commonly known as SKUNK.

Yes, it was strong and unmistakable. Peering through the mist for some sign of life we finally found a door ajar, and within the doctor's assistant properly attired in the clinical white and just removing her gas mask.

"You wish to see the doctor? Well he is in the back yard, just completing an operation,—yes it started in here but you can smell it I guess. Something went wrong. We are conducting all hospital work outdoors for the present."

SO outdoors we went. Yes there was the operation just being completed. The skunk was still asleep but everyone else was wide awake. With scalpel poised, the doctor rose from his semi-recumbent position, and greeted one of his best customers, with that unmistakable aura of professional triumph surrounding his fresh and keenly efficient countenance, which is invariably the sign, of a difficult and precarious surgical job, finally crowned by complete success.

"It's all over and he's all right now," said the doctor, to the two young lads, standing at his side,—the two young lads promptly beaming with relief and gratitude, as is customary, with those nearest and dearest to the patient, when the crisis has passed, and a return to health and normalcy is assured.

Whereupon it developed that times have completely changed since the gay and early 90's, as far as the lowly and despised skunk is concerned. Not only as a valuable fur bearing animal is the skunk highly prized, but as a cherished family pet!

WE have the word of the doctor's assistant for it. This particular skunk was (or is now) a pet, and there are many others, facing the same beneficent fate, or who have already matriculated, via the operating table.

"They are just like cats," said the assistant earnestly, "only better. They are extremely affectionate, faithful, and cleanly. Deprived of their capacity for offensively odorous excretions, many people now prefer them either to the domestic dog or cat."

BUT how does the skunk like it? (One should always look at BOTH sides of these questions.)

According to the same authority the skunk doesn't complain, in fact seems to be temperamentally inclined toward domestication, and extremely adaptable in any normal household.

Of course, if there is a family dog around there may be initial complications. At the first few meetings the skunk may display certain signs of perplexity and frustration, but as the experience is repeated, these manifestations become less and less pronounced, and with proper care family skunks will eventually play with family dogs, with just as much amiability and exuberance, as family cats often do.

SO that's that! It just shows, we repeat, the folly of yielding to one's early prejudices or believing that anything we may have accepted as true may not, as time goes on, prove to be untrue.

The despised musteline mammal of yesterday, is the adored family pet of today, curled up there in the easy chair before the fire, probably with a ribbon around its neck, snoozing away as peacefully and contented as can be,—a joy and comfort to young and old.

SO THE DESPISED THEORIES OF YESTERDAY MAY BE THE ACCEPTED PRINCIPLES OF TOMORROW. The world, ladies and gentlemen, do move.

It also shows that when material runs low, to the inquiring mind, there may be, editorially speaking, more than one way to skin a cat!

P. S.: Nothing written above is to be taken, directly or indirectly, as evidence that the doctor mentioned is, in any way, shape or form, now, in the past, or in the future, soliciting the skunk trade.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—The ancient camaraderie that existed back stage between players and scenic shifters and resulted in a closing night jollification by all connected with the theater is but a memory. When a show closes today there is scarcely a goodbye.

The sea-saw between unions and producers has produced this tension. EVERYBODY carries a chip on the shoulder and usually there is a storm brewing. Richard Mansfield, testiest of the stars, had a sentimental regard for those who made up the house staff, front and back.

He rarely spoke to a fellow player

On his last estate near New Bedford, Mass., Col. E. H. B. Green, son of the famous Hetty, has a Boston letter that is the apple of his eye. When feminine visitors show the best special attention he disappears without command and returns with a packet in his mouth to drop at their feet. The packet contains a vanity case with the Boston's head done in cloisonne.

Cole Porter seems to have edged Noel Coward completely out of the spot as the reigning ultra-sophisticate. While he has none of the conversation acrobatics of the Englishman, he has been able to stay it so expressively with song he has become

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.

PULLING THE LEG OF THE SCIATICA PATIENT

The sciatic nerve extends from the lower part of the spinal cord down the back of the hip joint deep in the buttock and thru the back of the thigh to the leg and foot. As those who have had sciatica will readily believe, it is the largest nerve in the body, being nearly as broad and half as thick as your thumb. It supplies sensation to the hip joint, motion to the large muscles of thigh and leg and sensation to the skin of thigh and leg.

Sciatica is pain in this nerve, whether due to inflammation of the nerve (neuritis) or to some irritation of the nerve as by pressure upon it or strain or functional fatigue (neuralgia).

Of course there is no such condition as "sciatic rheumatism"—that is merely a name to give the trouble when you don't know what is the matter.

Strain, sprain or weakness and relaxation of the sacrospinous junction, "slipped intervertebrales" as the catopaths called it before we regulars got onto it, give rise to symptoms frequently mistaken for sciatica. This should be ruled out by special test in the preliminary examination.

Sciatic neuritis is comparatively rare. It may occur from general toxemia from alcohol, lead, arsenic, or from diabetes or syphilis; sometimes from pressure on the nerve by tumor within the pelvis. Treatment depends on the cause of the neuritis.

Injection of normal salt solution or other medicines into the sciatic nerve trunk or into the space around it has given prolonged and grateful relief in many cases of sciatic neuritis. Sciatic neuralgia generally calls for REST as the paramount remedy. Not just sitting or lying about, but rest in bed with the limb of the affected side in extension, either the familiar Buck's extension or better Hodgen's suspension, for a period of a week, more or less.

Then when the pain subsides and muscle spasm relaxes and the distortion of posture or relations of leg and body or spine and pelvis and femur becomes normal, either a well fitted corset or plaster cast or a wide sacrospinous belt or straddle may be applied for support, and the patient instructed

almost a cult. Smart party throws angle for him. Such honors are not particularly new to Porter. The South Bend, Ind., lad with the Buddha guise was something of a white-haired boy in London's Mayfair before attaining his New York celebrity. And along the French Riviera.

Ambitious interstereours out-country will be heartened by the sudden writing recognition for James Street, a young New York reporter. His formative days were spent jumping puddles and loafing on a lard can in front of a Mississippi crossroads store. He came to New York less than two years ago and a few weeks ago sold at first offer the first book he ever tried to write. A publishing house took it on strength of the first six chapters.

Street's recognition is a publishing phenomenon, rare but not without precedent. As I recall, a worthy predecessor of the same name, Julius Street, received a check for his first effort. Sinclair Lewis sold his first story with ease. Vina Delmar, too, and Edward Dean Sullivan, Octavus Roy Cohen, Edison Marshall and Edgar Wallace.

O, yes, one of the long established and popular book critics, Harry Hansen, as though answering the accumulative jeer of an army of authors, "If you know so much about books, why don't you write one yourself?" did that very thing recently. A reviewer writing a book or a dramatic critic writing a play is at least a gesture in bravado. Hansen's fellow reviewers received his book kindly but with no excess of enthusiasm. One thing upon which all agreed heartily: He is still a first rate critic.

It's one of those little gas-house candy stores where the doorbell goes ping. Shelves with a scatter of jarred candy, assortments of highly colored penny drinks, thumbod copies of out-dated detective magazines. From the gloomy rear appeared a reticent fellow with hair, steel spectacles and a shoulder shawl. I stopped in to use his telephone. "A telephone?" he rasped in high squeak. "What do I want with a telephone? And he turned back into his cloister with a door slam. 1935!

He-Man Stuff: This is one of those invigorating days when I feel I could almost look down from the top of the Empire Tower without feeling fainty. (Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate.)

Communications He's Right This Time. Your comments that concern Madison's idea of reducing the rate of profit are interesting but unconvincing. He would reduce the prices of all commodities but one and retain the price of that one—namely labor.

This is "some" problem. Just how it is to be brought about, how to regulate economic laws of commodity production, you have failed to mention. How—perhaps because he forgot to see in his "Atlantis" article. All of which reminds me of a book written by Glenn Frank, president of the University of Wisconsin, another admirer of yours.

Frank's scheme of organizing the "ism" under which so many of us

vegetate is to lower prices and raise profits, and what would happen to profits, and what would be the incentive to production he did not seem to have space in his thick book to inform us, nor was there space to outline how to realize this economic heaven. Great dictatorial powers of the magnitude possessed by a Hitler or a Mussolini must accomplish something in this direction for a time—but only for a time. These dictators for the restoration of profits have accomplished much toward their recovery by raising prices and cutting wages, but when other countries do likewise (and they will) profits will again be in the doldrums and production again at a low ebb.

But who wants an open dictatorship for America? Certainly not R. W. Hull. R. HEGNER, Gold Hill, November 17th.

Specifications For Talent Sewer Out TALENT, Nov. 19.—(Sp.)—Specifications for the Talent sewer have been printed and are on file with the city recorder. They constitute a voluminous document of 286 pages and describe everything in connection with the sewer.

INTERMEDIATE TEACHERS WILL MEET ON SATURDAY Intermediate teachers of Jackson county will meet Saturday, November 23 at 1:30 p. m., in the office of the county school superintendent in the court house, Miss Ida O'Brien, superintendent of the Lincoln training school in Ashland will meet with the group.

Weather Northern California: Rain tonight and Wednesday; slightly warmer to night in south and central portions; snow in higher mountains; strong southerly wind off the coast, with occasional gusts north of Point Sur. Oregon: Rain west and rain and snow east portion tonight and Wednesday; slightly warmer interior tonight; strong east and southeast winds off the coast, possibly of gale force.

Comment on the Day's News

THE big news of the day this is written is that the Canadian-American trade treaty has been signed by President Roosevelt. Its details are still unknown, but in the West it is SUSPECTED that it involves material lowering of the tariff wall between the two countries. This suspicion is strengthened by Secretary of State Hull's enthusiasm for the new treaty.

Secretary Hull is an ardent advocate of lower tariff duties. THE industrial and manufacturing East, generally speaking, wants lower tariff duties—even free trade—between the United States and Canada.

Canada has comparatively little manufacturing, and what it has is represented largely by branches of big American concerns, located across the line to escape tariff duties. It is thus apparent that Canadian manufacturing would not compete seriously with American manufacturing.

Materially lower tariff duties, approximately free trade, would open up the Canadian market to the manufacturing industries of the American East.

IN the West, a different situation exists. The West is chiefly agricultural, and American agriculture is directly competitive with Canadian. In this competition, the odds are on the side of Canada, which has newer and cheaper land. Canadians can grow crops that will show them a profit at prices that practically ruin farmers on the American side.

SUCH manufacturing as there is in the West consists principally of sawmilling, and the sawmills on the American side come into direct and disastrous competition with Western

Canada, where sawmilling is ALSO the principal manufacturing industry. Canada has cheaper stumpage and cheaper labor, and her competition is felt seriously by American mills in the West—especially in the fir districts.

Pine isn't so hard hit, as Canada has relatively little pine timber. But pine isn't going to be helped by increasing imports of Canada lumber.

SO, you see, this is the situation: The industrial East isn't worried at all by lowering the tariff wall between the United States and Canada—rather likes the idea, in fact, as lowering Canadian duties on American manufactured products will increase the American markets for these products.

The West, however, is worried, for its agriculture competes directly and on not at all favorable terms with Canadian agriculture. That explains the interest of the West in this new and as yet secret treaty.

IN advance of knowledge of the contents of this new treaty, whatever is said about it is merely shooting into the air. What we of the West think of it depends upon its CONTENTS. But we can't be blamed for feeling worried.

Flight 'o Time Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 Years Ago

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY November 19, 1925. (It was Wednesday.) Fair weather predicted after week of stormy weather. Moonshiner sentenced to five years in state prison.

In a mid-week game the Medford football team defeats Roseburg, 102 to 0. This is a record score for the state. Eagle Point citizens file protest against the use of "stinky" on the

Crater Lake highway between Butte and Antelope creeks. The "stinky" was supposed to harden in the sunshine, which it did, but no allowance was made for wet weather. The road is now "a mess," according to Royal Brown.

Oregon turkeys now selling at 42 cents per pound. Transient auto traffic on Pacific highway continues heavy, with many pleas for gasoline filed with county court.

Twenty Years Ago Today November 19, 1915. (It was Thursday.) Valley people respond liberally to fund for the "Orphans of Serbia." Carl Y. Tengwall exhibits peramitons grown on the Westerling Orchard.

Drive started for 500 more acres to complete sugar beet campaign. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Knight and George Trechler and daughter Laura leave on trip to San Francisco exposition.

T. Slater Johnson is attending to business matters in Portland. Rain started to fall over the valley this morning, and if it keeps up for a week the farmers will begin to look cheerful again.

Meeting Tonight—The November meeting of the southern district of the Oregon Optometric association will be held tonight at the Willard hotel in Klamath Falls, with Dr. Robert E. Lee of Medford presiding. The subject to be discussed is "Light and Sight."

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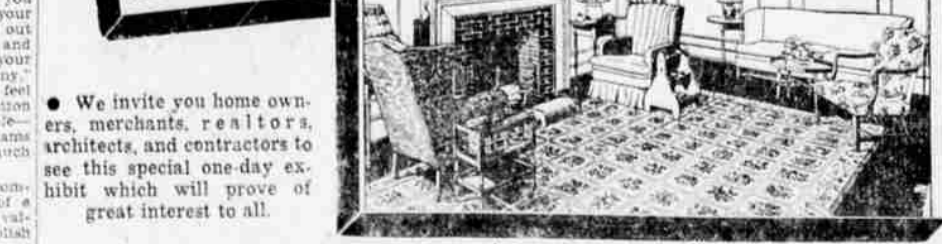
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FREE ADMISSION TO THIS SHOW!

IT'S HERE From Chicago!! SEE THE CELOTEX EXHIBIT Wednesday, Nov. 20 SPARTA BLDG. MAIN AND RIVERSIDE 10 A. M. to 11 P. M. Timber Products Company and Porter Lumber Company are proud to present this traveling exhibit of CELOTEX products to the people of this community.



• You are cordially invited to visit this modern exhibit of wall and ceiling decoration. See how simple inexpensive treatment for finishing living rooms, bedrooms, dining rooms, reception halls, your office, shop, show room, tavern or theatre can be so practically applied. • Learn how CELOTEX builds, insulates, decorates, and subdues noise, delivering four necessary services at one, low cost. CELOTEX can be used everywhere for new interiors as well as for modernizing. • We invite you home owners, merchants, restorers, architects, and contractors to see this special one-day exhibit which will prove of great interest to all.

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