

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturdays.
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
24-27-29 N. 7th St. Phone 14
ROBERT W. RUBLE, Editor.

Entered as second-class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.
Subscription Rates:
By Mail—In Advance:
Daily, one year.....\$4.00
Daily, six months.....\$2.50
Daily, one month.....\$1.00
By Carrier, in Advance—Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and other highways.....\$4.00
Daily, one year.....\$4.00
Daily, six months.....\$2.50
Daily, one month.....\$1.00
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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

The first candidate for sheriff in Oregon appears on the political horizon in Douglas county. His fitness for the position is listed in the Roseburg News-Tribune, out of his own mouth, as follows:
"I've looked over my qualifications for the office." Poster said, "and the only one I can find is that I'd like to have the job."

The present batch of weather is receiving no compliments unless you consider calling it weather, a compliment.

It now develops that the gent held in an Idaho jail, as the kidnaper and murderer of his divorced wife, is not a World War veteran, as reported. It is not thought this discrepancy will prevent his attorney from refighting the Battle of the Argonne until the jury breaks down and awards an acquittal.

"NOTWORTHY GATHERING OF BANKERS HERE"—(Herald Del Norte Triplet)—They talked about unworthy note gathering.

The Dub Watson boy will soon be a daring young man on plenty in bicycle. The rigors of walking eight blocks to school will thus be eliminated.

O. Chase of Prospect towed the 1st of the week. He states that the cold weather is causing no suffering as the matter don't have to watch Dewey Hill, the ace hired man, play baseball in it.

CIVIC SNUB REPORTED. (Burns Ore.) Herald)
Automobiles are no plenty in and about town that the horses are wondering what the trouble is that they are left out when there is a dance or cattle show.

A bevy of gypies went through town and a citizen Tuesday, the police hear.

The leading Democratic papers of the state have discovered "the object of Hoover, and the Republican party, is the defeat of President Roosevelt." This is damnable, if not downright ghoulish.

The prediction of Prohibition leaders that the nation will be dry by 1945 is regarded as "a joke by the wet folks." It is not as funny as the 1933 claim that the return of beer and whiskey would make auto driving safer and cut the taxes. There was also the possibility of everybody drinking himself rich.

A number of rural residents have stuck their pigs, and are eating backbones, and spare-ribs, and pancakes piled 9 high.

The Efficiency Tea Club met Tuesday with only three members in attendance at the home of Mrs. J. Moore. (Juniper Creek Items)—How things go.

Letter-writers to the editors of the state have reached the stage where they take "unbrage" instead of "exception."

THE GUY IN THE GLASS. When you get what you want in your struggle for self, and the world makes you King for a day. Then go to the mirror and look at yourself. And see what that guy has to say.

He's the feller to please, never mind all the rest. For he's with you clear up to the end. And you've passed your most dangerous, difficult test. If the guy in the glass is your friend.

You may be like Jack Horner and "chisel" a plum. And think you're a wonderful guy. But the man in the glass says you're only a bum. If you can't look him straight in the eye.

You can fool the whole world down the pathway of years. And get pins on the back as you pass. But your final reward will be heartaches and tears. If you've cheated the guy in the glass.

—(H. C.)

Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 2.—Variety is the spice of life. After ten days of balmy weather, making an overcoat superfluous, the weather man broke the monotony this morning by laying down a cool, damp fog, in which we set out for a luncheon date across the bay, at Roso, near San Rafael. The ferry boat, with whistle tooting at frequent intervals, two lookouts at the prow, and the captain with his red face projected from an open window in the pilot house, proceeded in due order up the bay, and past Aletraz Island—where Al Capone is now up the star boarder,—to Sausalito, without mishap, but a very noisy trip with fog horns all around and an overcoat with the collar up very comforting.

Have made this ferry trip many times, but usually on Saturday or Sunday, when the boat is packed with Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, nature lovers and other lovers, also week-end hikers. This being Monday—and a blue one too,—was surprised to find anyone in walking costume, but there was one—a middle-aged man, in knickerbockers, a knap sack, walking stick and shepherd dog on a leash. He explained that hunting was bad in Marin county during the week-end, with so many people tramping about, but on Monday and Tuesday he had had good luck with rabbits and was going to try it again. Surprising news. We didn't suppose there was any fauna in Marin county wilder than a pet chow.

Fog turned to rain at Roso, and luncheon was served in rather a dismal atmosphere, but everyone assured us it was probably bright and sunny in San Francisco. They were HALF right. When we returned to our hotel, the sun was peeking through the clouds every now and then and everyone assured us, there had been no rain.

Surprised to find an invitation awaiting us to meet the consul-general of Soviet Russia at afternoon tea at the Union League club on Post Street. Now there was some juxtaposition! Soviet Russia and the Union League club! We have heard of explosive mixtures before but never that one. Talk about alphabet soup with a kick in it—mixing U. L. C. with U. S. R. R.!

However, Kipling said only part of it. Not only are the Colonel's lady and Julie O'Grady sisters under the skin—but the Colonel himself and Jack O'Grady are brothers under their B. V. D.'s also. Yes indeed,—human nature is much the same all over the world, regardless of race or gender.

We found the consul-general of Soviet Russia an extremely boyish, amiable, intelligent and interesting person—perfectly outspoken, candid and almost—we said almost—convincing. There are two sides to every question, and two sides of course, to the question of Bolshevism. The consul-general naturally gave one side,—HIS side. To get the other side one would have to go over there and see for himself, and thus arrive at the truth, which without first hand knowledge and from this distance, is impossible.

Let it be stated at the outset, this was not a special privilege granted the Mail Tribune, there were several newspaper men present, the guest of honor being Mr. Norman Deuel, about to leave for Moscow to represent the United States in that country. Much that was said was "off the record" and therefore not for publication.

However, it may be interesting to give a brief summary of SOME of M. Kalkoviche's remarks concerning his own country:

At the outset the consul-general emphatically denies Stalin is in any sense a dictator, as Mussolini and Hitler are dictators. He is merely the executive head of the Communist PARTY,—he has greater prestige and moral authority than President Roosevelt for example, but not as much ACTUAL power. His word has great weight because he is extremely wise, has demonstrated his wisdom. (Stalin was right for example, about going slow, Trotsky was wrong). And only because of this fact does he wield the power in Russia, which makes him virtually supreme at the present time. Let the members of the Soviet one lose confidence in Stalin, and he would go just as Trotsky went. It is admitted the Soviet party represents a minority in Russia,—only about ten or fifteen per cent of the people are members,—but it does represent the present RULING class in the country. Only individuals of capability, force and demonstrated leadership, can GET IN the party.

Moscow is the fastest growing city in the world! That fact, not Bolshevism, is the cause of housing difficulties and food shortages. Conditions are improving all the time. By February the rouble will be stabilized, prices ditto,—the standard of living materially raised.

Will there be war with Japan! Only if Japan declares war. Soviet Russia is for peace.

No fun in Russia? Nonsense. There are 57 theaters in Moscow alone,—a dozen operas,—the orchestras far better than in the United States, the singers just as good in spite of the fact the U. S. A. imports most of the best artists from Europe—and he people admitted free. Also free medical attention in case of serious illness. Industrial production slack? Not at all. A young miner, in his 20's has started a new movement in the Russian coal mines—competitive production—the more the individual produces the greater he becomes. Yes, they get a trifle higher pay. But money is incidental,—service to the state is the thing,—etc., etc., etc. . . . The super productive worker is the Russian Lindbergh!

Well, so one could go on for considerable time—and space. It is the Russian view of the situation and very interesting,—but it could scarcely be termed impartial. We would be far more interested in an interview with Mr. Deuel when he returns from Moscow than with the Soviet consul-general's remarks here and now.

However, a very interesting, gracious and attractive young man,—decidedly American in appearance, manner and viewpoint,—and (what we didn't suppose Soviet Russia could produce)—a born DIPLOMAT, as he demonstrated many times during the evening.

—R. W. R.

LADY LIONS SEW FOR DOLLS TO BE GIVEN AWAY ON CHRISTMAS

A highlight in the activities of the Lady Lions took place Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Larry Evolving, on Jacksonville Highway, when a majority of the members gathered there to sew for a large assortment of dolls which varied in size from two to twenty inches. Mrs. Pennington's spacious living-room became an annex to Santa's toy shop for the evening but none were prepared for the surprise which followed the dimming of lights when old Santa himself slipped quietly down the broad chimney of the great stone fireplace, pack and all.

After surveying and approving the work in hand, he generously opened his pack and amid a hush of expectation, distributed neatly wrapped packages to all those present. Apparently Santa has been touring Medford in disguise, collecting samples from all Medford stores, from pills to Post Toasties, which were revealed when the "gifts" were opened. Even Santa had a hearty laugh over his prank.

Refreshments were served later in the evening by the hostess and her assistants. Effective lighting and sparkling Christmas decorations played their part in encouraging the beneficent work in hand and the evening was pronounced a complete success by all who attended. As a result, many lovely dolls will find as many happy little mothers among Medford's less fortunate little girls when they discover that Santa has not forgotten them, after all.

"KICKERBUCK" Undergarments that fit at Edgewood B. Hoffmann & Co.

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, 245 E. Calamba, Beverly Hills, Cal.

HEART FAILURE FROM DEFICIENCY OF VITAMINS

At least in the medical world I have observed that the tailor made man frequently accepts ready made ideas. In no case is this more evident than in the non-descript hand-me-downs some-how or other to think for himself. "Even the physician with a very large practice will use only a few cases as a pattern," opines Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, in a recent contribution to a new magazine, "only a few cases a year in which he will suspect that the symptoms are due to too great narrowing of a diet. Usually such a patient is old; he may be a recluse who cooks for himself, or a psychopathic food crank who is fussy about eating and is full of prejudices, or he may be a red-nose bum who has been trying to live on wheat. Not infrequently the patient has peptic ulcer or colitis and has been living too long on milk and little else. . . ."

For a rare avia it seems this patient the busy doctor may suspect as suffering with vitamin deficiency bona up with astonishing regularity! In fact, if I may venture to interject a remark in the "Yehbut" manner, it is quite likely that many of the valentudinarians whose complaints are so plausibly explained in Dr. Alvarez's book, "Nervous Indigestion" (Hober) would snap out of it if they could somehow get an optimal ratio of vitamins for a year or so.

Dr. James S. McLeaster, in his textbook "Nutrition and Diet" (Sounding, 1934) makes a pertinent comment: "Subminimal diets which fail just short of adequacy may, without producing outspoken disease, lead to chronic gastritis and enteritis with impairment of neuro-muscular control of the intestine. Indeed there is good reason for believing that chronic vitamin B deficiency of this character is responsible for many of the obscure, indefinite digestive disorders—disorders which so often destroy the happiness of the patient and baffle the physician. We are accustomed to call these patients neurasthenics and chronic intestinal invalids, whereas most of them are sorely in need of food of the proper vitamin content." In addition, it is possible that many obscure nervous disorders, particularly of the so-called "functional type," result from a failure of the diet to provide vitamin B in sufficient amount. . . ."

One imagines Dr. Alvarez wears custom made clothes.

Dr. D. H. Haiman and H. S. Davidson expressed the opinion in an article on Beriberi Following Dietary Voluntary Dietary Restriction (J. A. M. A. June 16, '34) that some of the cases of slow heart failure or loss of consciousness.

I never saw a cockroach in my life until we moved into our new house last November. It is a sad thing, there were a million there to receive us, in the two months more millions have joined them. . . . (F. T. D.)

Answer—Send ten cents coin and stamped envelope bearing your address, and ask for booklet "Unhidden Guests," which deals with roaches, fleas, bugs, beetles, ants, worms, moths, Hoes, etc. (Copyright, 1935, John P. Dille Co.)

Ed Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send their letter direct to Dr. William Brady, 245 E. Calamba, Beverly Hills, Cal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—Restaurants in Manhattan, like hotels a few years ago, have reached the saturation point. Scores are dangling by thin threads. Dr. D. Haiman and H. S. Davidson expressed the opinion in an article on Beriberi Following Dietary Voluntary Dietary Restriction (J. A. M. A. June 16, '34) that some of the cases of slow heart failure or loss of consciousness.

The debacle, however, has had little effect on established places. Not many had to hang up shutters. Conducting a restaurant is one of the hazardous callings. Without experience it can dwindle a bank account as quickly as backing a play.

I notice the celebrated Claremont Inn, overlooking the Hudson from an upper Riverside knoll and especially delightful amid the slippery shadows of dusk, is dark and forlorn again. Several times it has bloomed into activity with a crack band, gaily unbrellaed terrace tables but soon languishes. If it cannot be made popular it should be preserved for tourists, who will give an excellent food, leisurely service and without cringing madmen trying to blow the lining out of slip hints.

Two surprising depression skyrockets, however, are the spread of the Longchamps restaurants and the comeback of the Hotel St. Regis. The first Longchamps went helplessly bankrupt down town and the hotel, best creditor, a produce man, took it over to see what he could salvage. He "battered" tipping by adding 10 per cent to the check and went in for an eye and stomach appeal with geometrical window displays of vegetables, the pick of his crop. Each one, there are half a dozen, has become a success and the produce man makes more with them than selling produce.

The St. Regis was once one of the ten hotels. Then came the night of years. During the halcyon days it was sold by the Astor estate to the Duke estate which put six million dollars into refurbishing. But it did not click and went back to the Astors for interest on the mortgage and accrued taxes. Vincent Astor began to toy with it as a hobby, revamped and suffused life. Until this new blood, it had degenerated into a mausoleum, but with the money of Vincent Astor's name and before the force of ideas from high priced helpers they are beginning to talk of the St. Regis set as they do the Colony set.

Among the patrons of the rejuvenated St. Regis dining rooms are Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Balsan, she who was later the Duchess of Marlborough. Also—and most important of all—Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly, born Gertrude Vanderbilt. She rarely appears in public places. No one really reaches the Olympian peak of New York society until they have been at a Thursday night dinner at No. 1 East 71st street, Mrs. Twombly's town residence. These dinners are the nearest to Buckingham in America. Solid gold plate and a footman behind almost every chair.

Over in the non-ton section of Sutton Place is a pert little shop called Repairs, Inc. It's a mending place for the rich, and one of the depression adjustments. They mend everything from ruffs to ear flaps. Mrs. Richard Rodgers, wife of the song writer, started it just for the fun of the thing and soon had to add several clerks. People who used to throw things away now repair them.

Thingsamobobs: Frank Buck is a sucker for afternoon tea. The dude . . . Carl Van Doren reads more books than any other critic. . . . Mussolini has had 16 attempts made to take his life. . . . Clark Gable is the nearest rival Valentino ever had in setting New York's feminine contingent dizzy.

Dining alone, he suddenly clapped his hands sharply and with a high piccolo scream pushed his plate away and swished out. Phil Baker asked the waiter captain what was the trouble. He replied: "Mad with his own perfume. I reckon."

Still Coughing? 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.)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

CHRISTMAS is in the air down here in the city. The big stores are making active preparations for it; believing, evidently, that people are going to have some money to spend for Christmas gifts this year.

It's early yet to guess at the buying, but the window shopping is heavy. Market street is packed every night with onlookers, and even the ritzier districts along Grant and Post are pretty well crowded in the evenings.

It's no uncommon sight to see limousines with liveried chauffeurs drive up to the curb and discharge four-coated occupants who cross the sidewalks and plaster their noses against the plate glass as eagerly as the holl-oollot over on Market.

At the Christmas season, in particular, the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are surprisingly alike under the skin.

The big stores have gone in heavily this year for animated displays in their windows. And are they animated!

Hale Bros., up on Market, have in their corner window a wrangler or orchestra that is a mechanical work of art. Three whiskered cow waddies sit on a bench playing a violin, an accordion and a harmonica and beating time with their feet, while off to one side another chapped and spurred header hand spins a rope around his head. Some kind of contraption plays canned music with the true coyote howl flavor and, believe it or not, those top hats sitting there on the bench beat accurate rhythm with their feet, hands and heads.

It's all mechanical, run by a motor hidden away somewhere. And does it go over big with the populace! They darn near have to call out the police reserves to handle the traffic jams.

FARTHER on down the street, the Emporium has a gnome village window that is about as clever as things get to be. Every figure is animated, and they are amazingly lifelike.

Over on Grant avenue, O'Connor-Moffatt have a replica of their 1888 Christmas window, set inside, and outside this replica are onlookers dressed in the fashion of 1888—all mechanically animated. The knock-out of this group is an over-lubricated gentleman in a high hat with a lady's garb sticking out of his overcoat pocket. This potted dude brings howls of glee from the crowds outside. He really is as lifelike as the devil.

These puppet shows are good. It's a wonder the theaters don't put up a howl.

SPEAKING of the shopping district, they're actually showing already what the well-dressed woman is going to wear when it gets hot next summer—and here it isn't winter yet. This is getting to be a topsy-turvy world. We'll be meeting ourselves coming back one of these times.

ANOTHER item of casual interest: The price of cocktails is going down.

When the skids were first pushed under prohibition, they got almost anything that might be asked down here for an alleged cocktail, and even as late as last summer the price was stiff at around two bits with lots of takers for everything offered.

Now the average street price seems to be about 15 cents, with a few conscientious price cutters knocking it down to 10.

This, of course, refers to those who cater to its common folks on the street. In the tupper places the minimum price is still two bits for the simple snifters and whatever the traffic will bear for these red, white

and blue concoctions with the educated names. COMMON, ordinary drinking liquor of the sort designed to inspire the meek and lowly bookkeeper to spit in the boss's eye, still runs a lot higher in California than in the state stores of Oregon.

News of this is beginning to seep out, and there's a lot of talk around of adopting the state store system in California.

There's nothing, you know, that grieves people harder than having to pay too much for their vice.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY December 5, 1925 (It was Saturday) Medford high defeats Salem high 18 to 13, in a thrilling battle before record crowd at Van Scoey field. A long pass from Dunn to Singler in the last quarter decided the issue.

The game was featured by the broken field running of "Racy" Moore and the line plunging of Barney Senn. Conrad booted a place kick that gave Medford the edge in the second half, after the first ended in a 6-6 tie. The battle was fast and fierce and full of thrills.

The 17th dance orchestra is formed in the valley. "Do Your Christmas Shopping Early" signs appear in all windows.

The heavy fog of the morning is dispelled at noon by bright sunshine. Wave of petty thieving hits city.

William Hammett, the plumber, is confined to his home with a severe cold.

Twenty years ago today December 5, 1915 (It was Sunday) Women resume fight for votes as congress convenes. Equal suffrage meets defeat in many eastern states elections.

London holds "peace efforts of Henry Ford are unwelcome." France firm there will be no peace until "Alsace re-won."

Tom Flynn leaves for the coast with a sign on his auto: "Crescent City or Bust."

Police warn motorists "to turn on their headlights at night or face arrest." The drivers fear they will run down "their Presto-lite tanks, and run around town without them," the police report.

Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco closes gates. More boys than girls attend Ashland high school, census shows.

News Behind The News

(Continued From Page One.)

he was being pushed into a cubby-hole. The passing of Peck, therefore, means only the official confirmation of his unofficial ousting, which occurred some time back.

The angle that it represents the final retirement of the Baruch key men (Johnston, Peck and Moley) is somewhat stale. Only Professor Moley of that group is still on top standing, but this administration's leniency permits its ex-friends to quarrel with it without serious consequences.

The only practical effect will be to terrorize further the New Dealers who differ with Mr. Hull. His belt is nearly full of scalps and he is reaching for one's important hat.

It may be only a diplomatic move, but the British admiralty is quietly calling in its naval reserve officers from the merchant marine. Officers and engineers from the Gunard and other British steamship lines have been ordered to report immediately to Portsmouth. It is the first time since the world war that any such call has been issued.

The move has caused far more concern among U. S. diplomats than the more obvious ones which have gone before. They believe American business men who might be affected by another war scare should proceed cautiously during the next ten days.

President Roosevelt moves fast, leaps far in single jumps. His hop from poverty to riches a few days back was one of his swiftest and longest.

After visiting the rural resettlement project of 70 families at Pine Mountain Valley, Georgia, he motored to the estate, "Blue Springs," of Carson Callaway, "big southern mill owner," to spend the night. A marine detail was sent over from Warm Springs to guard the place for that occasion.

The only significant thing about it apparently is that no one thought it was sufficiently significant to be mentioned.

Mr. Roosevelt is keeping in closer touch than you know with the government defense of the AAA in the supreme court. He took the government brief, as well as some other briefs in question, to Warm Springs. The purpose may have been to aid him in preparing his December 9 address to the American Farm Bureau Federation at Chicago—the day upon which arguments also start on the processing tax in the supreme court.

Several incoming congressmen are looking forward to the coming session of congress as a rest. Representative Sam Hill of Washington was so worn out with seeing constituents and trying to get jobs that he went to bed as soon as he returned to Washington. Another arrival reports that he spent the recess answering two telephones in his home office constantly, all day long. He likewise wilted.

ROXY 20% ANTIMONY 10%

Today and Friday She Lived in a Private World of Her Own! In her heart lived a memory of love the thought impossible to recapture

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

CHARLES BOYER

JOAN BENNETT

JOEL McCREA

HELEN VINSON

ALSO COMEDY scenic - News

FLUSH OUT 15 MILES OF KIDNEY TUBES

Medical authorities agree that your kidneys contain 15 MILES of tiny tubes or tubes which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. Kidneys should empty 2 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste.

If you have trouble with too frequent bladder passages with scanty amount causing burning and discomfort, the 15 MILES of kidney tubes may need flushing out. This danger signal may be the beginning of uric acid, backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes and dizziness.

Don't wait. Ask your druggist for DOAN'S PILLS, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 MILES of kidney tubes. Get Doan's PILLS.

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE 100 PROOF STRAIGHT RYE WHISKY 75c FULL PINT Pennsylvanian Whisky at its best! A Superb RYE bottled from the Barrel Distilled and bottled by CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.