

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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MEMBER OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.

An Oregon City attorney recently delivered a lecture on the subject: "Jury Verdicts and Their Relation to the Increase in Crime." Speaking of relations, in a couple of Portland trials, it looked like the defendant was the father of the verdict. Two more pedestrians report they have been the victims of jocular motorists, who pretended they were going to run over them, but didn't. While they were crossing the street, it exercised them considerably. They vowed the next time they were going to pretend to jump. This would be folly. They were advised to jump, and pretend they didn't.

EDITOR: Mr. Morgan, you have delayed a long time, you say, in sending your letter to the Forum. Let me say that I believe you would have done a lot better if you had never written.—(Portland News-Telegram)—Low opinion note.

It is now understood next summer's weeds on an outstanding vacant lot will be combated by building a service station on it.

The Fred Erickson boy is back from being lost in Crater Lake National park on a pair of skis. He was cool in time of danger, and attached no more significance to the incident than a ride home from school in an ice wagon.

Shoppers are now running around with their arms and hip-pockets full of Christmas joy. The lady who confessed she was present during a portion of the Bremerton mass murders was acquitted. Her male companion, on what was intended as a burglary, was convicted of first degree murder. The lady feels now the experience has been a lesson, and she will no longer run around nights with gangs of criminal tendencies.

A number of Oregon cities, according to their home papers, are on the verge of civic hysteria. The causes of war range from "who is going to print the delinquent tax list, to the way the mayor parts his hair. In a couple of instances the nuttiness has reached the stage where crusading editors write fierce letters to themselves, defending their own brave stand against corruption in the courthouse, and noble fight for the taxpayers and the poor. In last Thursday's editorial, it is the old hokey. It always works, so peace and common sense have no chance.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dinges of Lexington were in Heppner Monday. Mrs. Dinges is rather interested in the knitting idea.—(Heppner News)—By way of casual mention.

THE STORMY DAY. "Sonny, come sit by the fire and me—the soot in the chimney burns; gold and rose the flame leaps free, like bloom from a faun's urn. Now Summer is slain in the crimson glade where the wee tree-frogs are mute, and autumn mourns as an Indian maid while Pan lays down his flute. There's a glow outside where the raindrops race to splash on the woodruff's house—let's hope that Fortune has fixed a place for the bad little burglar mouse."

Sonny, have cheer—here he books and things—we'll toast our shins by the fire and we'll talk awhile of knights and kings in the Land of Heart's Desire. Sir Guy the Bold of the blameless blade shall sing at his Princess' bow, and Robin shall walk the greenwood shade, and Hubert storm the tower. There's a murk outside where the raindrops chase to the wind and the eerie wall—let's hope that Fortune has fixed a place for the brave little band of quail."

Sonny, come sit by the fire and me, while the storm shouts down the flue—he shears the flowers and strips the tree, and brags of what he'll do. But we won't mind the timber—let's hope that Fortune has fixed a place for the brave little band of quail."

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Frank A. Munsey, famed publisher, following operation for appendicitis. Christmas mail at postoffice heaviest on record.

Four auto accidents on Main street at noon, cause slight damage. "The driver must look out for the car in front of him," said the chief of police. "He can't expect anybody to do his thinking, at an intersection."

Christmas tree sponsored by the P.-T. A. to be given on Library lawn, Christmas eve. Kaiser plans gigantic and colossal drives on all fronts to end the war. Sportswear fail to endorse bill for clothing Rogue to commercial fishing. Hall Taxi company, books space for 80 tourists to Crater Lake next July. German losses in dead and wounded in war to date, total 2,287,083, Berlin reports.

The Price of Peace

It is gratifying to note the Honorable Neville Chamberlain, chancellor of the exchequer in England, agrees with the Medford (Ore.) Mail Tribune, Yasser! In commenting in parliament, last night, on the abandonment of the Ethiopian deal, and the international situation resulting from it, the "strong man" of the British cabinet declared:

"Without invoking military sanctions the League of Nations can not be effective in restraining Italy." Absolutely true. And the sooner this fact is realized the better. Not that financial and economic sanctions may not be exceedingly embarrassing to the victim, and act as a material deterrent; but they can't be made EFFECTIVE unless they are supported by military sanctions.

In other words at the present stage of world development, the only way we can secure world peace, is to be willing to fight for it.

DOES this reduce the organized effort to secure world peace to an absurdity... an admission the only way to avoid war, is to invoke it!

Not as we look at it. It is no more absurd, than an admission equally true, that the only way we can establish and maintain peace, between individuals, is to be willing to exercise force against those who insist upon breaking it.

That is done every day in our domestic affairs. Policemen don't parade our city streets unarmed delivering orations on the virtue of law observance; and urging the populace to behave.

Whenever trouble starts, whenever any individual decides to be a law unto himself, and violate the covenant of a law-abiding citizen; the police proceed to meet the threat of force WITH force,—and a greater force. That is all that prevents modern civilization from degenerating into anarchy.

What is true of individuals is equally true of nations, which are merely large aggregations of the same individuals.

Moral suasion is not enough. It never has been enough between individuals, we see no reason to expect it ever will be between nations.

TAKE the present European situation, for example. Disregarding the League of Nations of which it is a member, disregarding the Kellogg pact which it signed, violating its treaty of amity and peace with Ethiopia, Italy is engaged in a war of conquest, in eastern Africa.

Obviously there is only one thing, that can stop this war: meeting the force which Italy is exerting with a greater force. War? Yes. But a war to end war.

Notice to the world, that any nation that dares to openly violate the covenant of the League, will have the other members of the League to deal with,—not in the direction of righteous preachments and diplomatic notes of censure, but in the direction of force,—armies, navies, air fleets and machine guns.

That is the only thing that will stop Italy in Africa. That is the only thing that will stop Japan in China.

IF the civilized world is not willing to fight for peace, it simply is not willing to pay the price that peace demands.

There is nothing new or revolutionary in this idea. Internally it is accepted as an axiom by every stable government in the world today. How long would any government enjoy internal peace and tranquility, if it refused to employ force, to maintain them?

Not very long. As far as this country is concerned, the criminal underworld under such conditions, would have control of the government in a week.

Well what is true NATIONALLY, is also true internationally. That's all.

Don't Forget Christmas Seals

THE Jackson County Tuberculosis association has mailed out to residents of Medford and Jackson county, the new Christmas seals and asking that checks in payment be returned. This association and this movement are worthy of every citizen's support. It is probably true that a dollar spent for these seals goes farther and does a bigger work than any other dollar spent during the year.

Tuberculosis in Oregon last year claimed hundreds of lives. Without the work of this association it would,—as it did, a decade ago—have claimed hundreds MORE. In Jackson county the seal financed clinics have been held from time to time, free examinations have been made by experts, preventive measures explained, and at local expense children with tuberculosis have been cared for.

Medford and Jackson county are benefitted by this work in proportion to what they give. It therefore behooves all of us who have not sent in our checks to do so, and be just as generous about it, as our resources allow.

Every contributor may rest assured his donation helps save lives. Certainly no investment can pay greater dividends than that!

Medford and Jackson County, history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY December 20, 1925 (It was Sunday) Al Melvin, star athlete of the Medford high school, will return to the basketball squad after the first of the year. Coach Callison reports, Arno Laing and Don Herriot are also in suits.

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Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D. Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to discuss diagnosis or treatment will be answered by the 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 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

ABOUT TO DYE, I SALUTE THE COSMETIC INDUSTRY. Of the inquiries coming to this column the proportion referring to cosmetics is noticeably smaller than at any time for twenty years back. I don't know how to interpret this, but I believe it indicates that cosmetics are better today than they ever have been before, and that one may now dye or bleach his hair or tint his complexion or use depilatory or rouge or other beautifier with a reasonable degree of safety.



Many reports of poisonous or unpleasant results from the use of cosmetic nostrils have appeared in medical literature in the past ten or fifteen years, and it may be that such occasional happenings have led some of us to regard all such preparations as injurious. That is not a fair conclusion and it is not smart. I used the masculine gender above. Of course, girls and women are the great users of cosmetic or "beauty" aids, but these days an increasing number of persons of another sex are indulging in permanent, facials "in everything, where formerly they hesitated to get a manicure in view of men.

Man or woman who can perhaps hold a job longer or get a better chance in the world or make a more pleasing appearance by the use of any such cosmetic artifice, makeup or disguise would be a ninny if he or she failed to take advantage of the opportunity.

Unfortunately there are still certain cosmetic preparations which contain dangerous or poisonous chemicals and these objectionable items inevitably tend to give all cosmetics a bad reputation, especially as the makers of honest, high class cosmetics seem to have no ethical standard by which to restrain unscrupulous ones.

There is a need for some sort of advisory, if not a censoring board or commission to set up a code of ethics and rules for the guidance of the cosmetic industry, a reasonable and sane code which will not only remove the stigma which has grown up in the mind of the medical profession, but which purchasers of such commodities are entitled.

Apparently there is an inclination on the part of certain self-appointed censors to exaggerate the danger involved in the use of certain cosmetic preparations. These unlogical but aggressive actions sometimes give the general public a wrong impression; they gave me a wrong impression of various popular cosmetics, which I have latterly learned are actually unobjectionable when properly used. Doubtless I passed my bad impression along to many other persons. This is one of the reasons why I think a "censor" or a board of counselors should be selected by the cosmetic industry itself, and the rulings of this authority obeyed in a way which would win popular confidence and respect.

If I believed my greying hair might prevent me from holding on to a job, I'd have my hair dyed even if the dye contained lead, which I doubt is a poison, but which I know would poison me when used in that way.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS He Goes for Fruit. I eat four to six oranges a day and drink grapefruit, juice and lemon juice every day, and usually I eat a pound or more of grapes a day. I am feeling in fine health. Should body floats. Fearful, out fear a human. Nobody gives furs more dash than Margaret Pemberton. Wonder if John D. Jr. and his wife ever discuss household expenses. Study in neatness: Ed Thorngerson's mistakes. John Horgan is not merely well dressed. He's a production. Add hairdresses that make New York New York: The theatre program telling the audience how to behave. They used to giggle but now they applaud La Guardia at the news reels. Name for a clod: glump. Louis Sobol looks twice his age with hat off. Heart-break for someone: A dog slips leash and is off in the crowd. Offshoot of the Major Boxes craze: An Amateur Hour game and a rubber gadget that squeaks "All right, all right!" Jaw jitters: James Hilton and Pat O'Brien. Mad urge: To slip up behind the

Warble and Grow Thin. I am now nearly fifty pounds overweight. I'd like to try Caroling, which I remember you advised for a sister.—Mrs. O. T. Answer—Karel diet is out. Send ten cents and three-cent stamped envelope for "Design for Dwindling."

Ed Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 E. Camino Beverly Hills, Cal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre. NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—Thoughts while strolling: Who remembers when dancers held each other at polite distance? Blyth Daly habituated for a center in the park. That Ole Bill taxi driver with the catfish mustaches, near the St. Regis. Jane Cow's plucky pose. Look-alikes: James Gleason and Courtney Ryley Cooper. An interesting discovery of Don Clarke's: Without fear a human. Nobody gives furs more dash than Margaret Pemberton. Wonder if John D. Jr. and his wife ever discuss household expenses. Study in neatness: Ed Thorngerson's mistakes. John Horgan is not merely well dressed. He's a production. Add hairdresses that make New York New York: The theatre program telling the audience how to behave. They used to giggle but now they applaud La Guardia at the news reels. Name for a clod: glump. Louis Sobol looks twice his age with hat off. Heart-break for someone: A dog slips leash and is off in the crowd. Offshoot of the Major Boxes craze: An Amateur Hour game and a rubber gadget that squeaks "All right, all right!" Jaw jitters: James Hilton and Pat O'Brien. Mad urge: To slip up behind the

urbane Ben All Haggin and whisper: "Want a guide, sir?" Few of the newspaper crowd so sadly missed as Tad, Ellis Parker Butler could switch his name around any way and it would sound o. k. And pronouncing Chic Zndor sounds like the last despairing gasp of an auto.

A singer of blues songs in a Miami cabaret writes me she cured herself of stammering since birth by practicing this tongue limberer one hour every morning: The deed is done. And done it is. And wig was he that did it. Let no one know that knoweth not. Nor do it again that did it.

Barry Benefield takes whatever they give authors for topping in self restraint. He has not read a single review, and most are laudatory for his recent "Valiant is the Word for Carrie." He admits he's itching to write through them but is motivated by a selfish interest. He does not want to confuse his own standards and be tempted to please many masters instead of pleasing himself. Even when they filmed "Chicken Wagon Family" he did not go to see it.

Overheard at "No. 21": "I'm reading The Life of Lola Montez." "O, yes, I know—she's the one who married Eugene O'Neill."

Celebrities often select strange names for pets. Alice Brady's three wire-haired pooches are Jessie, Nina and Sammy. Lavina Madder's Scottish is "Mourning Becomes Electra." Walter Conolly's spaniel, "Butter." Irene Franklin's Sealy, "McGillivuddy." and Mrs. Frank Craker's Pekie, "Hunch." Then Thyra Santer Wins-

low's poem, "Oslo," Dorothy Parker's rachstrud, "Robinson," and Mrs. Pat Campbell's white ball of fur, "Mood Beam." Don Russen's enormous Great Dane is "Sweetie," Ruth Weston's Sealyham, "All's Quiet on the Western Front." Tallulah Bankhead's fawn peke, "Annie," and Jack Barrymore's monkey, "Clementine." Then, of course, the Prince of Wales' Carin, "Cora."

I notice The Black Cat again blazes at its original crouch under "El" in The Village. It was likely the first Bohemian restaurant to be flavored with replicas of Montparnasse cafe characters. Such as Sonia the cigarette girl, Tiny Tim and his tray of soul candy and Bobby Edwards and his cigar box ukelele. In the same neighborhood Grace Godwin's Garret spluttered a candle glow and each Sunday night the Fred Dayton's had free spreads for those fumbling for a toe hold on the literary ladder. Many are "big names" today.

At Grace Godwin's I saw for the first and only time husky John Reed who was setting off for Russia to die so tragically. The same evening a timid little man with thick glasses and a squint came peering in. The world now knows him as Leon Trotsky.

One of the steinway built girls, stepping from a bus, was slipping into what looked like a hard fall, but righted herself before the crash. A platform clown yelled: "Ex-free, New York escapes earthquake!" (Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate)

PORTLAND, Dec. 20. — (AP) — A wood truck struck and fatally injured Andrew Christensen, about 83, here last night. State Patrolman

Waldron said Paul G. Wilson of Beaverton was driver of the truck.

REDMOND, Ore., Dec. 20.—(AP)—The new farmers' warehouse here burned to the ground at an estimated loss of \$5000. Cause of the blaze was undetermined.

Be correctly coseted in an outfit Model by Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.

Announcing the Opening DANCE from 9:30 until 2

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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 20, 1925 (It was Sunday) Al Melvin, star athlete of the Medford high school, will return to the basketball squad after the first of the year. Coach Callison reports, Arno Laing and Don Herriot are also in suits. Herbert Hoover, secretary of commerce, urged motorists to save tires, "so America will not feel the grip of the British rubber trust." Frank A. Munsey, famed publisher, following operation for appendicitis. Christmas mail at postoffice heaviest on record.

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to The MAIL TRIBUNE Will Solve Your Christmas Problem This is a gift that will be a daily reminder of your good will toward the whole family throughout the year. The Kids will certainly enjoy reading the Comics and sport page from day to day. The Older Folks will enjoy reading the news of the day and following the daily features appearing in the Tribune. SUBSCRIPTION RATE FOR ONE YEAR By Mail \$5.00 By Carrier \$6.00