

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.

The State Treasurer reports he has on hand \$11,500,000 of public funds. The banks do not yearn for this huge sum at a two per cent interest, and it is begging for an investment. Instead of a bloc begging for a chance to spend it. The efficient state official is unable to find a user—at least one, inclined to remember where he got it. This is no mean pile of political pap, not to be thrown at the birds with a steam-horn, in the careless spirit of the times. It proves the state is not clinging by a whisker to the brink of bankruptcy as mournfully claimed by the oratorical apostles of disaster. The state treasury vaults, like the bank vaults, are 'pot-bellied' with cash. The people can pay for March to ruin, with the comforting knowledge, they will never make it.

The innocence of Bruno Hauptmann, convicted slayer and kidnaper of the Lindbergh babe, granted a 30-day reprieve by the Governor of New Jersey, is no subject for fervid argument in these parts. Once upon a time, about nine years ago, three nice appearing murderers were duly tried and convicted in Jackson County. Their defenders flooded the editor, with letters demanding a re-trial, and denouncing the carriage of justice, and protesting the railroad of innocent youths to state prison. By a twist of circumstances these letters were published on the editorial page. In the edition that printed their full and complete confessions on the front page. It was a sad finish with no room, for an IP.

"Pittsfield, Mass., tells of a mouse and cat that play together 'cunningly' . . . Some day that cunning mouse will go down the wrong hole, and it will be the cat's throat." —From "Today," Arthur Brisbane's Column.—\$250,000 a year stuff.

"Never mind. The mighty oak was once a nut, like you." —(Bigsbee, Ariz. Times). Niftiest wisecrack in several weeks.

The police are now in hot pursuit of a coterie of slot-machine cheaters — to punish, not praise them.

The new flat-beel shoes for women, in the dim and unstrained male eye, appear to be 25 of an inch higher.

No chickens aimlessly wandering across business and residential streets have to date been scrubbed beneath the wheels of an auto. This speaks well for the humanitarianism of our speedsters, in their murderous haste. It also indicates a pedestrian, crossing the street, should look as much as possible, like a rooster, for his own good.

A majority of last spring's babies are now smart enough to wink for visitors.

American women are spending close to \$1,000,000 per day to attain beauty. A beautiful thing about this spending, it is their own. At husbands' money—not the governments. The same report estimates there are approximately 100,000 beauty doctors in the land. They ought to get a higher percentage of cures, it often seems. There are no homely women, according to popular legend. In these kind of times, it is assuring to see the fair sex flock to the beauty parlors. They do not act like the menfolk, who during the height of the depression cut their own hair, and let their whiskers grow.

WHOOPERS IN KANSAS A young man who bore the earmarks of one who had spent a great deal of time in the rural district walked into a Cherrylavie grocery store the other day and asked for a 10-cent bottle of vanilla. He told the shop-keeper that he needed it just as it was. As soon as the purchase was secured, the youth took out of his pocket a carefully folded white handkerchief, removed the cork from the bottle and poured a small amount of the liquid on the cloth. The clerk must have shown his surprise, for the boy smiled pleasantly and explained, "There's going to be a sociable out our way tonight." (Cherrylavie, Kan., Republican).

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Editorial Correspondence

PORTLAND, Jan. 20.—It's all in the mood. If one is in a mood for excitement—whoopee—color—stimulation—Portland is apt to be disappointing. Or if a newspaper man is looking for copy, the metropolis of the state of Oregon is likely to be poor pickings. Portland men, somehow are not disposed to run around the streets biting dogs. But if one is in the mood for relaxation, rest, peace and quiet, there is no city on the coast that can surpass the soothing, soporific and salubrious village sprawling over the wooded hills, and nestling along the shores of the muddy and meandering Willamette. There isn't a shock in a carload. Portland is today, so emphatically, what it always has been, and what it probably always will be. It may grow—it has and of course it will—but one feels it will never CHANGE. This has its Disadvantages of course, but it also has its advantages. As before stated it all depends upon what one is looking for—upon the mood. Suffice it to say, after three days of a newspaper convention it fitted our mood like an old shoe, and we are grateful.

There is the Portland hotel for example. Our first visit to that comfortable and capacious refuge for the stranger, was made over a quarter of a century ago. Yesterday we wandered up the Morrison street entrance—strolled within—the circumstances were strikingly different—and your correspondent needless to say, had completely changed—but had the Portland hotel? NOT A BIT OF IT.

There were the colored bell boys sitting on the bench, perhaps not the same ones but they looked the same—behind the desk we swear the same room clerk was standing—there were the same paintings on the walls, the same writing room, the same telephone booths, yes and the same dining room, the same colored carpets, the same chandeliers and same light and attractive chairs, the only difference was that first visit, was just after the morning train arrived from the east and the place was crowded with breakfast being served,—this visit was at three in the afternoon and on a Sunday, with no one—or practically no one—around.

But that was the only difference, not a difference in setting, atmosphere or character, just a difference in time.

Is there any city on the coast,—or in the country,—where one could enjoy such a delightful nostalgic experience as that, except in Portland? Boston, Massachusetts perhaps if one dropped into the old Parker House, but we don't believe anywhere else.

And THAT is Portland! In this world which is changing so rapidly and at times harshly, it is reassuring, to find something that flatly refuses to change, and at the same time still goes on—it shows such stability and tenacity—yes and charm!

Not much charm in a walk down Front street, but stability and tenacity there as well. It is like a journey into the past,—in fact strolling from the Morrison to the Burnside bridge, in that deserted thoroughfare, we felt as if we had accidentally struck some abandoned movie set of the early 90's down in Hollywood. Old office buildings, five and six stories high, empty except perhaps for a tin shop or a fish market on the first floor—the old fashioned cornices, the stately but dilapidated mansard roofs, names of the buildings up high, cut in the dark gray-green weather beaten stone,—(names of well known pioneers no doubt long since gone),—no life at all,—but like an old oak, dead at the heart but still standing—externally at least defying the ravages of time.

Had a Victoria with a bewhiskered coachman on the box, or a young blade in a long frock coat and a lady in a poke bonnet on his arm suddenly appeared,—there would have been no surprise as far as we were concerned. As before stated it's all in the mood. Perhaps for some reason, we were particularly impressive at the time, but we doubt it—we think it was merely PORTLAND.

We did find some news, just a little. The rain stopped and it cleared, actual sunshine in a bit of blue sky. If that in Portland in the month of January isn't news, then what is? And to date it has continued, with no use for coat or rubbers.

Also news, to-wit: The Oregonian and Journal are agreed on a political question—they both are fighting for the late primary date in the state of Oregon tooth and nail—and particularly the Journal.

One doesn't often find the Journal opposing the state grange and organized labor. And less often do you find the eminent Mail Tribune agreeing with Messrs. Gill, Zimmerman, et al on ANYTHING.

But we do oppose the change of the primary date because it destroys the presidential primary entirely, and puts political power back again into the hands of party bosses.

There was a time, we admit, when we would have favored that, but with recent developments in this country and the world, we have a renewed faith in Democracy, and a new determination to see it not only retained but strengthened.

Fascism, Nazism, Communism—let other countries experiment in those directions if they wish, but let this country stick to democracy and put the power where it belongs in the hands of the rank and file—the PEOPLE. The people will make mistakes of course, but they will correct them too and through the exercise of power through the years, they will by EXPERIENCE learn more and more wisdom in the use of it.

So we don't agree with the Oregonian or Journal, which will be a great DISAPPOINTMENT to them when they learn of it! R. W. R.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—A gag of the well-coaring balloons in the mining town is now one of the diversions of the New York boys. When desert rats and hard-panners came to camp for a binge, they received, when they had reached the sleeping stage, the "hot foot." A man on the snoring boozers around the big belled stoves in the groups of Cripple Creek during the gold rush, it inspired several shootings. The "hot foot" is an old-fashioned match stuck in the shoe sole and set afire. When it burns to the end, there is a scream and epileptic fit.

Heat against leather creates a sting like suddenly stepping on red-hot iron. Such plucky stunts as the Stork club, El Morocco, etc., have a hot footing almost every dawn. The baby-faced Donahue boy in his cherubic innocence may apply it to Alred Vandenberg and so on.

Not long ago they tossed a dinner for Abe Lyman. He had just reached a misty-eyed interview in the aspect of thanks when his face froze in sudden horror. Then he let go an Indian shriek and leaped high. Jack Dempsey crawled under the table and bestowed the "hot foot."

Sherman Billingsley seems to have sustained the after-midnight popularity of his Stork club for a strictly Broadway clientele, longer than any other of the current crop. A runner up and starting the same type of patronage is the dawn oasis El Morocco. Each is a sort of melting pot for Broadway and a pinch of Park avenue "slummers" and a bonanza for the chatter writers. Texas Guinan caught the same crowd when she was hullo-suckering the multitudes.

One of the multilong memorial windows in The Little Church Around the Corner to George and Elizabeth in this House of the Lord. George, born in slavery was one of the fortunate negroes to find refuge in the edifice. A conscientious worker, he remained there until the end of his long life bowing hundreds of communicants to their peas. His wife was the janitress and kept the church pin-neat and shining.

Until his passing few of the thousands he made laugh knew Clarence Day was a helpless invalid. His hilarious drawings for his equally hilarious plays were executed with a pencil attached to a contrivance he moved slowly and painfully with the upper part of his arm, the lower part being impotent from arthritis. His "Life With Father" has been a best seller many months and one of his most comical skits was written three weeks before the end.

Ring Lardner, toward the last, toiled in the same agonizing fashion and created similar laughs. A nurse in a

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.

ALL THE THEORIES OF LONGEVITY

In the prayer of Moses (Psalm 90) the average age of man was three score and ten years, only by reason of exceptional vitality did some men live to be eighty years of age. Moses himself was 120 years old when he died. Luigi Cornaro, about the time of Columbus, managed to attain the age of 102 years and wrote a book about the art of living long. Cornaro's ideas were mostly sound, as we view the matter today—he counseled moderation in eating and temperance in everything.

Metchnikoff conceived the theory that the ripe old age which many natives of the Balkans attained was due to their fondness for soured or fermented milk. He popularized the practice of drinking skim milk (milk from which the cream has been removed) which is first boiled five minutes, then cooled to body temperature or thereabouts, then sored with a culture or "starter" of lactic bacilli, of the Bulgarian strain and allowed to sour or ferment for a while—Metchnikoff advised a pint of this beverage, and he believed it would maintain a vigorous growth of lactic bacilli in the colon, which is a normal and desirable state, for when there is rigorous acid bacillus fermentation in the colon the field is unfavorable for the activities of less desirable or possibly harmful germs whose growth and multiplication constitutes putrefaction. Metchnikoff himself died from heart disease short of the scriptural three score and ten years. Later a different strain of lactic bacilli, called Acidophilus bacilli, was introduced and milk beverages containing these Acidophilus bacilli became popular. However, it is probable that plain buttermilk or ordinary sour milk is as efficacious as any such artificial lactic bacillus medium, both as a prophylactic and as a remedy, though these natural foods or beverages do not come with all the impressive hoop of the sciences like.

Still later the endocrine gland theory of longevity or prolongation of youth or rejuvenation captured the popular imagination, thanks to the skillful play given this idea by numerous charlatans. Even I cannot attempt to discuss in a paragraph a subject that fills books. But I can say that the sensational miracles promised by various in the Sunday supplement, and the "hot foot" that is expected in any circumstance from ductless gland treatment or operation of any kind is a temporary stimulation which, after all, is far short of actual rejuvenation. The well advertised Steinach operation (vasectomy),

hospital whether he had gone in life's twilight for a brief change of scene, tells of the electric glow in his room all night while he crouched on the bedside at his typewriter, sometimes tapping out no more than a half dozen words an hour. It so happened the last piece he wrote was a burlesque of this column, a side-splitting travesty of exquisite ridicule but without malice. Such a kindly fellow was Lardner that he asked Harold Ross to ask if I minded. I was, of course flattered.

The newspaper crowd after several weeks is still in a glow over the clean beat of the unassuming Times reporter, "Desc" Lyman. In the Lindbergh exile. His victory was the triumph of a reportorial trust. A memorable and needed lesson in ethics. He had won Lindbergh's confidence and never lost the sense of its precious rarity. When the auspicious moment came for him to score the scoop of his generation, it was accomplished with all the serenity of the fine friendship that inspired it.

A mechanical age has made the scoop, or as Park Row terms it, beat, little noticed outside newspaper circles unless it has the importance of the Lindbergh story. I recall a murder confession we bottled up on a mid-west paper to release with an early a. m. extra. Afterward a rival reporter discovered the "murderer" was a nut who would confess any murder mentioned. So we couldn't crow.

On the avenue late I wandered to a Saks window where so many were adjusting a mink creation on a dummy. He flicked the fur, twitched the collar and tilted his head, robin-like, in appraisal. Finally his glance caught mine and he backed sheepishly into the store. And I felt siller than usual myself, somehow.

(Copyright, 1936, McNaught syndicate.) Thief Steals Clothing FRESNO, Cal., Jan. 22.—(AP)—While Gail Michael of Klamath Falls was recuperating in a hospital here from illness, a thief stole his clothing at his hotel. Friends of Michael in obtaining clothing to start for his home today.

Asadahi Heads Architects PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 22.—(AP)—Fred Asadahi of Portland again heads the Oregon chapter of the American Institute of Architects, as a result of last night's election. Carl F. Gould, Seattle, architectural adviser for the state capitol, was an honor guest.

"KICK-ERNICK" Undergarments that fit at Eshelwyn B. Huffmann's.

ECZEMA Itching and Burning quickly subdued and healing of the angry skin aided with Resinol. Sample free Resinol A. Ballo, Md.

Resinol

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

PRESIDENT Roosevelt, speaking in New Jersey, says: "If we can boondoggle our way out of the depression, that word (boondoggling) is going to be enshrined in the hearts of the American people for a long time." (Please note the use of the word IP—which, although it contains only two letters, is one of the most important words in the language).

WHAT is "boondoggling," anyway? Well, of course nobody knows exactly, except that it is a term of ridicule applied to the useless riddling around and monkey business that have characterized so much of the new deal.

Hauling a pile of dirt from one side of the road to the other, for example, and then hauling it back again—just to provide work, whether useful or not—is boondoggling.

Hiring hundreds of thousands of government employees to do things that DON'T NEED to be done, that we can get along just as well WITHOUT as we can get along WITH, is boondoggling.

These needless government employees, whose wages must be paid out of taxation, create nothing useful, and so the burden of their wages is just a hindrance and a handicap on those who are LABORING USEFULLY.

Boondoggling, you see, is just that—a hindrance and a handicap.

JUST how do people get out of depressions? By way of answering that question, let's ask another: If you fell into a hole in the ground, such as an old gravel pit, how would you go about getting out?

Boondoggling would get you out, you might sit down at the bottom of the pit and smoke a cigarette and build a few play houses out of the larger pieces of gravel and after that you might trot around from one side of the pit to the other in order to make yourself thing you were busy.

All this money business would keep your time occupied, but it wouldn't keep you from getting hungry or cold, and it wouldn't get you OUT OF THE PIT. Only hard climbing will do that.

Boondoggling won't get us out of the depression.

BOONDOGGLING costs money, it costs more than we can raise by taxation, so its cost has to be added to WHAT WE OWE.

It is useless, and we get nothing out of it. It is just like borrowing money at the bank to buy yourself a pink elephant to keep in your back yard. When it came time to pay back the loan at the bank, the pink elephant in your back yard would not be much help. Neither will the boondoggling.



(Continued From Page One.)

year. Three cruisers and a couple of destroyer squadrons. Perfectly harmless—except it disclosed the main body of the fleet would remain in the Pacific this year.

The announcement came the same day that the Japs were putting on their high hats at London. Of course, it was interpreted abroad as the answer of the U. S. to the Japanese disarmament refusal.

Since then, Mr. Swanson has clipped his telephone wires and gone into complete retirement.

An outstanding new deal official was philosophizing among friends the other day about the personnel weakness of Mr. Roosevelt's administration and the burden it has put on the president's personality. Said he: "The original basic purposes of NRA and AAA could have been written constitutionally. The grouping of the larger industries to stagger employment and eliminate such things as child labor and oppressive hours would have been constitutional, if composed by men of the legal caliber of Chief Justice Hughes or John W. Davis. Also, they could have written a constitutional AAA in the first place."

"The extra failure of the NRA was had administration. General Johnson is one of the best writers in the country and one of the worst administrators. The original NRA idea never included anything like the Blue Eagle."

"Think of what would have happened if that bureau could have been administered by Al Smith, Chester Davis, Mr. Hoover, or even Mr. Roosevelt himself."

In depression depths, the then President Hoover once mourned that what the nation needed was a song He suggested it to George M. Cohan, who wrote one. Somehow, it never caught on.

If that was what was wrong with the country, it has now been cured. New dealers, however contend they cannot be blamed for "The Music Goes Round and Around." They say they have enough to answer for, without that.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY January 22, 1926. (It was Friday.)

Spanish aviators reach Canary Islands in flight across the Atlantic to Rio Janeiro.

Charleston dance craze and crossword puzzle fad sweep city and valley. Puaywillows reported blooming along Reese creek.

Eight new residences built past year in Jacksonville.

Phoenix Foreign Mission society to sew garments for poor of China.

California bootlegger who tries to sell moonshine to local police is nabbed.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY January 22, 1916. (It was Saturday.)

High wind sweeps city and valley, does some damage to telegraph wires.

E. M. Wilson is elected secretary of the Taxpayers league.

R. E. Nealon has taken the agency for the Mail Tribune on route No. 2 and the district north of the river, and will collect on subscriptions, take in renewals and transact any other business connected with the paper, thus saving the patrons the inconvenience of a trip to Medford.

Mary Pickford in "Rags" at the Page; "His Girl Ran Away With a Drummer" at the Star.

Charles Evans Hughes looms as probable republican presidential nominee; Democrats plan to re-nominate Woodrow Wilson, with "Thank God He kept Us Out of War" as main plank.

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 22.—(AP)—The eleven persons arrested for carrying banners near a dock here during a reception for the German cruiser Emden will have a hearing January 29 before Municipal Judge D. E. Long. They were released on their own recognizance.

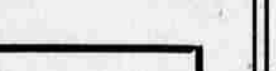
ANCHORAGE, Alaska, Jan. 22.—(AP)—Anchorage's new dog pound charges strays \$2.50 a night—a rate slightly higher than that for a room and bath at the best hotel here.

Don't Forget . . . You can get Safety Deposit Boxes at LAWRENCE'S. Open from 8:00 to 5:30.

SPENCER CORSETTE Tel. 1534-L.

HELPS AVOID MANY COLDS

Especially designed aid for nose and upper throat, where most colds start. Used in time, helps prevent many colds.



VICKS VAPO-ROL

Keep AHEAD of the JONESES

THERE'S just one way to be "better off" than the other people on your street. . . . In order to keep ahead, you must think and act first. And that can be done by any one who decides to do it, whatever the family income.

For instance, some people are smart enough to buy things when prices are down. Right now, of course, you can find sheets and towels and other supplies for the house at lowest-this-year prices. And that isn't all . . . Some time this winter you will find underwear for the children, gloves for yourself, pajamas for the head of the house — and many, many more things offered at 'way-down prices.

All sorts of special buys will keep bobbing up, if you watch the advertisements in this newspaper—and keep thinking ahead, and buying ahead.

Where will you get all the money, you ask? . . . Well, it doesn't take MORE money to be better off, this way. Actually it takes LESS. The pennies you save by timely buying add up to dollars in the end.



inspired several shootings. The "hot foot" is an old-fashioned match stuck in the shoe sole and set afire. When it burns to the end, there is a scream and epileptic fit.

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ECZEMA Itching and Burning quickly subdued and healing of the angry skin aided with Resinol. Sample free Resinol A. Ballo, Md.