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Ye Smudge Pot
 By Arthur Perry.

Colleagues of a number of Northwest colleges and universities are observing "Hell Week" this week. It seems a fair, maximum amount of the same for the rest of the population.

An Ethiopian has been discovered in a local woodpile, when he should be fighting on Daggah-Bur-Rah front, with nothing to Rahi about.

H. Flewler, the demon baker, is back from the badminton convention at Spokane, and on the way back encountered a number of efficient delays. He is an expert at the game, and it is his only activity he cannot get after with a monkey-wrench or a screw-driver.

Objections to changing the primary election from May to September are now coming fast and frequent. It is claimed the farmers would be too busy pitching hay in September to vote. This is also the month in which more interest is apt to be manifested in shooting deer than in nominating a clean Democrat for constable. It is also argued that if a farmer was really in earnest about voting, nothing short of becoming enmeshed in the internal mechanism of a three-shaft machine would keep him from the polls. May also has its detriments. Agriculturists have been known to stop greasing a mowing machine, with the alfalfa ready to cut, to hold conversations with Nature and a fishing pole. The chief concern over a farmer being too busy to vote, comes from the metropolites, and fears he will not make it to the September voting are groundless. They have never seen them heaving in the harvest time to wrestling matches, Pomona, stock shows, committee meetings, Santa Claus nights at the movies, the whatever offering of cement. The farmer's wife is more apt to be too busy putting up peaches to vote.

Hobias Deuel, the woodyard tycoon, is splitting the wind in a new automotive go-cart.

George Gates' boy, Phyll, has come to the dignity of long-pants, and wearing his Grandpa's necktie.

This is the evening when the quints of Medford and Ashland clash and up to this hour, no non-combatants has been hit with a pop-bottle, or egg, and no barn painted. It used to be that citizens about this time were jittery with a "Just-Before-the-Battle Mother" complex, and could eat no supper, if they did go home for it. A basketball game no longer causes civic paroxysms, as of yore.

The police are being "benched" for permitting chickens to run at large in the big area.

The main campaign issue may be the Administration versus the U.S. Supreme Court. This will simplify matters, and the people can decide whether they want their vital legal decisions from "nine old men," or nine mad Democrats.

All the Outdoor Girls are still mad about skiing, and come home with their hands as red as if they had washed the supper dishes.

THE PICTURE AND THE FACTS.
 The legislature considered this to be an emergency act, founded in equity and mercy, to yield through proportionate contributions from the whole people of the state between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 each year, to be matched dollar for dollar by the federal government to insure comfort and security to those unable to buy that boon for themselves. That was the so-called sales tax act upon which the voters are to pass final judgment on January 31. It was a tax conceived for the benefit of the aged, needy, poor and helpless. The legislature could find no other source upon which to draw, other than an act which measures the contributions of those who contribute in direct ratio to what they actually buy and not what they need for their own comfort and sustenance.
 The law was not enacted to house public officials, fat with taxpayer's salaries, but to feed the helpless needy. It was, and is, an emergency act—yet there are those who strive for its defeat and for the hunger of the aged who have no pomp and power of political preference to sustain them." (B. E. M.)

Looking Forward

THE Republican national convention at Cleveland this year will certainly be worth the price of admission. The fight for the presidential nomination, will probably be the most thrilling and sanguinary contest, since the Chicago convention of 1920 which resulted in the 11th hour victory of Senator Warren G. Harding.

The two outstanding candidates when that convention opened were General Leonard Wood and Governor Lowden of Illinois. But for the single-handed efforts of one man, one or the other of these two estimable gentlemen would have been victorious. That one man was Senator Borah of Idaho, who by spilling the beans concerning the purchasing of southern delegates, had the satisfaction of seeing Messrs. Wood and Lowden kill each other off.

AT this writing it appears inevitable, that political history will repeat itself. Senator Borah promises to be an even more pestiferous fly in the ointment this year than he was 16 years ago. For he will be an active candidate for the nomination himself, with a sizable bloc of delegates, which he will be able to control, until he desires to release them.

There is little likelihood the senator from Idaho will be able to secure the nomination himself. But there is every likelihood, he will be able to prevent the nomination of any candidate he doesn't like. And he won't like any candidate put forward by former President Hoover, or the Hoover faction in the Republican party.

IN short, the internecine conflict between the Wood and Lowden forces in 1920 promises to be duplicated this year, by a similar conflict between the Borah and Hoover forces, at the Cleveland convention. It is a ten to one bet, neither will win; but it is equally certain, they will succeed in killing each other off. Borah doesn't like Hoover, and Hoover doesn't like Borah, but they will both be factors in the convention, which must be reckoned with. Their struggle for control, during the first part of the convention at least, will supply the fireworks.

And then if political history DOES repeat itself, and the inevitable deadlock has been reached, the time will arrive for the ushering in of the dark horse, some acceptable candidate, behind whom the opposing factions can unite.

WHO will it be? Knox, Landon, Dickinson, Vandenberg, or some horse even darker, who like Harding, at this period before the 1920 convention, had not been seriously considered? No one knows. Any prediction at the present time, is only a guess—and a poor guess—for between now and June so much may happen to alter the situation.

Still Looking Forward

ONLY slightly less interesting than the fight for the nomination will be the struggle in the committee named to write the party platform.

Two of the chief indictments against the Democratic party will undoubtedly be extravagance,—the waste of money,—the mounting national debt, etc., etc.,—and

Radicalism, socialism, crack-potism,—recklessly casting the ship of state adrift from the solid moorings of true Americanism.

The first will call for a ringing declaration in favor of federal economy, balancing the budget, sound money, etc., etc.

The second will call for an equally ringing declaration in favor of upholding that sacred citadel of our liberties, the Constitution of the United States.

So far so good. But—

ASSUMING when the convention convenes, unemployment will still be a major problem (eight or ten million people still out of work, and in need of food and shelter).—will the Republican convention go on record as opposed to a continuation of federal relief, or a transfer of all relief from the government to the local communities, and—

Will the convention take a definite stand opposing any modification of the Constitution through amendment, seeking a further centralization of power, in the hands of the chief executive and the congress in Washington?

There will be strong pressure brought to bear, for both these policies, and to be consistent in its blanket opposition to the Roosevelt program, such commitments, specific in character, should be made, but here is our prediction:

Few if any of them will be incorporated in the Republican platform.

WHY? Because the excessive expenditures of the Roosevelt administration have been for one paramount purpose,—RELIEF,—and until conditions in this country become far better than they are today,—no administration in this country, Democrat or Republican, would DARE to discontinue that relief.

Nor is it probable any administration would go on record as opposing a modification of the fundamental law,—securing an amendment to the Constitution, for any purpose, farm relief or what not,—which in the opinion of the people of this country as a whole, had become necessary for this country's growth, stability and higher welfare.

IN fact the Democratic party can, and probably will, pledge itself to sound money (certainly American money today IS sound). It will undoubtedly advocate a balanced budget, and as soon as the necessity of wholesale relief passes and business takes up the slack, the budget will be balanced. It can also pledge itself to monetary stabilization, just as soon as world conditions render stabilization, a stimulant rather than a deterrent to American recovery. But none of these things can be—or in the opinion of the present administration should be,—done NOW.

TO sum up: That fight in the Republican Platform committee promises to be a tough one, because, as the discussions pro and con, continue, it will be increasingly apparent, that lambasting the Roosevelt program, from A to Izzard is ONE thing; presenting a concrete, definite and specific program of procedure to take its place is quite ANOTHER!

So we predict the final platform will be essentially a negative rather than a positive declaration, and instead of the New Deal being knocked for a loop, as the conservative element in the party would like, (and talk of doing now) it will by implication at least come off, surprisingly well.

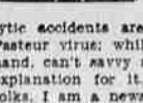
Personal Health Service

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.

OF SERUMS FOR PARALYSIS THERE IS NO END

Unlike newspaper doctors and certain health department savants, level-headed physicians are still in doubt as to whether the paralysis which not rarely occurs after Pasteur treatment is due to the vaccine injected or to the pre-emptive rabies which the Pasteur virus purports to prevent. The health department as a rule, on the one hand, appears to know intuitively or by divination that such paralytic accidents are not due to the Pasteur virus while, on the other hand, can't savvy any other rational explanation for it. But, remember, folks, I am a newspaper doctor, and that's pretty low as status is rated in the medical world. I mean a doctor who holds forth in the newspapers regularly and unblushingly is practically a quack whereas if he jumps in only when a good occasion presents for a leading or well known representative of the profession.



The material injected in the Pasteur treatment to prevent alleged rabies is a variable suspension of dried spinal cord of a rabbit which has died of some hypothetical disease presumed to be rabies which was inoculated into the original rabbit from a dog which was presumed to have died of rabies. It is all quite complicated and perhaps a bit too deep for a mere newspaper doctor to grasp anyway, but I have said enough to give you a rough idea of the nature of Pasteur treatment, and to make a few more bitter enemies for myself. Ordinarily I should call it a day, but there is still something—what was I going to say?—oh yes, earnest, level-headed physicians still give Pasteur treatment to persons excited about dog-bites, and on the same basis up and coming practitioners now believe in and administer convalescent serum as a remedy in poliomyelitis, or virus or vaccine of one kind or another as a means of immunizing against poliomyelitis. We can't wait for the cause of poliomyelitis to be determined, the specific germ, virus or whatnot to be isolated and identified and attenuated and standardized as to potency or virulence. The newspapers have to have news.

Well, what of it? No one has determined the cause or discovered the germ, or virus, of smallpox, yet we vaccinate people by the thousands and immunize them against smallpox. Well, what of that? We don't

Another survivor of that illustrious staff is Albert Payson Terhune, the strapping six-footer, who in his day probably turned out more newspaper and magazine stuff in a given time than any one before or since. Some weeks 60,000 words. He worked so furiously, one arm became useless. His now famous dog stories resulted from an evening of chitchat around the open fire at his Pompton Lakes, N. J., camp. Ray Long, then editor of the Red Book, was there and Terhune began to spin romances of colles he was raising. When he finished, Long said: "Why don't you write some of those, Bert?" And he did.

There was a legend that a newspaper man, if he applied to the city editor, Charles Chapin, when he arrived at the Evening World at 6 a. m., was fairly sure of landing a job. During a workless stretch I was there at 5:30 awaiting him in the outer hall. He was widely three-sheeted as an ogre who fairly gulped cubes raw but my bride had spent most of the night in prayer and I was desperate. So I tackled him. "You've heard that early bird catches the worm egg about me, too?" He inquired. I confessed I had. He didn't give me a job. It was July and they were laying men off, he said. But he showed no gruffness. Perhaps because my voice trembled into fluky uptakes. He was quite sympathetic. In a scrap book I have a letter he wrote from his Sing Sing cell. I had gotten on a bit and, remembering my appeal, he clipped one of my columns across which he wrote: "Perhaps it was better I could not give you that job after all."

I barged into that O, so spiffy pajama salon in ash gray and silver that caters to such spruce-uppers as Tony Biddle, Tullio Carminati and William Rhinelandt Stewart today. One of the models was a crepe silk of coral pink purified and sashed in black. And there were bedroom slippers lined with dyed pink rabbit fur. Complete with monogram \$95 plus sales tax. I tried to appear interested but I know I could never sleep in that outfit. I'd want to sit up all night and look at myself in a mirror.

But high in shopping for sleeping garments is attained in the robe of multi department—or rayon I think they call it—in the Galeries Lafayette. I went on a bust there one spring and came away with a whisker bag for S. S. Van Dine, mistake curries for Roy Howard, an old-fashioned night shirt with a stiff bosom for Irvin Cobb, a rubberized stone stopper for Bob Davis and a set of slumber mittens, roughly palmed for scratching, for George Buckley. Just a card!

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Comment

on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

KING GEORGE is dead. King Edward rules.

Note, please, that when King George died Edward, Prince of Wales, eldest son of George, was IMMEDIATELY proclaimed king.

Under the theory of royalty (which was discredited by the founders of our nation) that fact is very important indeed.

WHY is it important? In order to answer that question, it is necessary to go clear back to the beginnings of the institution of hereditary royalty, which is one of the oldest institutions in the world.

We of America are contemptuous of royalty, with all its silly trappings, but an institution that has endured as long as that of royalty must have had some good reason for existing.

It did. The institution of hereditary kingship, under which the eldest son of nearest blood relative of the dead king becomes IMMEDIATELY the new ruler provided the world with some measure of STABILITY OF GOVERNMENT.

BACK in the dim beginning of time the chief was the ruler. The chief won his office by the strength of his arm and the cunning of his brain.

While he LIVED, there was government and established authority, and things went on from day to day much as they had gone before; but when the chief DIED, and while a new chief was establishing his title by means of his strong arm and his cunning brain, there was ANARCHY.

Human beings learned early that under ANY kind of government they are more secure in their lives, persons and property than under NO GOVERNMENT.

SO, seeking security for themselves, human beings evolved the system of hereditary rulership, under which by common understanding and consent the eldest son of the dead chief became immediately and automatically the NEW CHIEF, thus avoiding the period of anarchy and bloodshed and universal insecurity while a new chief was establishing his title to power.

It was thus that the institution of royalty had its beginning.

YOU will note, of course, that under the institution of royalty a SON becomes of immense importance, because if the dead chief had no son the line would be broken and there would be CON-TENDERS for the office and title of chief.

That is why, down through the ages, the birth of a son to the king has been cause for popular rejoicing and why the LACK of a royal son has been regarded as a public calamity.

So, it follows, one of the first duties of a king is to beget himself a son.

NOW, please, note this dispatch from London: "The British Empire is without a queen and without a Prince of Wales."

The queen of England is the wife of the king of England, and the Prince of Wales is his eldest son.

The new King Edward is a BACH-ELOR.

SO, you see, the new King Edward has his job cut out for him.

While he was only a prince, it was permissible for him to be a gay and carefree bachelor, wandering over the world as the goodwill salesman of his empire, the most envied of "catches" and as such the quarry

of every scheming mother of a daughter.
 But today the world is changed for him. The drab and heavy burden of responsibility has settled down upon his shoulders, and his first and greatest responsibility is to get himself a wife and then beget himself a son so that the royal line may not be broken and government in the British empire may go on without a rift.



(Continued From Page One.)

and heard nothing about it. Not only that, but Mr. Coolidge also neglected to offer any vehement criticism of the New Deal.

Those who are closest to him say the Washington stories are correct. It was not a specific incident which caused him to resign, but an accumulation of spending policies with which he could not go along.

Incidentally, the resignation was presented long before it was announced. He let Mr. Roosevelt hold it up and fix the time.

Whether Al Smith has lost weight in his old New England stronghold is a matter of dispute among the authoritative. Some say his row with Father Coughlin last year has hurt him. It is generally agreed that Coughlin has fallen off in these parts, but probably not as much as in the rest of the country.

Townsendites are on the up. The movement is comparatively new in these regions and still has the advantage of fresh appeal. Such an educational leader as the assistant superintendent of schools in Boston (Dr. Frederick Gillis) came out for the plan a few days ago, although he doubted its "feasibility"—his word—at the present time.

The fact seems to be that the Townsendites will be a surging political influence in the developing presidential campaign, but not a dominant one.

The most thoroughly retired of all retiring Bostonians is probably the most influential one—Professor Frankfurter. His advisory relationship with the president is confidential, and he lives his life accordingly.

He handles his classes daily at the Harvard university law school, slips off to Washington occasionally getting in and out of the White House without publicity. There are also telephones available to be used. With it all, he lives in the cloistered seclusion of the confidences of his clique of friends here, in New York and Washington, all the young lawyers he has helped along.

He does not talk freely with newsmen, even to two of his good friends on Boston papers. Concerning political-economic subjects, he lets his books speak for him, and they speak loudly enough. He is highly respected locally, even by his political adversaries.

No national political character has been so elusive since Colonel House functioned in a somewhat similar, but more official way, for Woodrow Wilson.

DOG FREEZES TO DEATH STANDING UP IN IOWA
 MANCHESTER Iowa, Jan. 24.—(AP)—A small cattle man claim lower cold spell temperature than Manchester's 25 below, but residents defy them to match this: A dog frozen to death standing up, was found at the fairgrounds. The cold apparently killed the animal as he walked through the snow.

One Industry Death
 SALEM, Jan. 24.—(AP)—Death of Sandy P. Peterson, city marshal of Junction City, was the only fatality due to industrial accidents reported to the state industrial accident commission last week. Peterson was injured on October 14, last year. There were 544 accidents reported during the week.

KLAMATH JUNIOR C-C NAMES NO. 1 CITIZEN
 KLAMATH FALLS, Ore., Jan. 24.—(AP)—Percy Murray, creamery man and chairman of the Klamath union high school board, won the junior chamber of commerce ballot for the community's outstanding young man in 1935.

Weather
 Northern California: Fair tonight and Saturday, with local fog on the coast; frost in interior tonight; gentle northerly winds off the coast.

Oregon: Fair tonight and Saturday but with considerable fog or clouds; no change in temperature; gentle variable wind off the coast.

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 24, 1926
 (It Was Sunday)
 Roald Amundsen, discoverer of South Pole, defends claim of Dr. Cook he discovered the North Pole.

Oregon defeats Washington, 84 to 30 at basketball.
 Scarcity of labor for orchard pruning reported in valley.

National radio week observed in southern Oregon.
 Annual Firemen's ball to be held next Wednesday. Fire truck parades over city to advertise event.

Miss Grace Short of Ashland, and Dan Watson of this city are wed at Ashland.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
 January 24, 1916
 (It Was Monday)
 Councilman John C. Mann moves that the recorder's office in the city hall be repaired and renovated, and it is referred to the health committee.

German mass troops for spring offensive on the western front.
 County Judge Tom Velle recovering from an attack of appendicitis.

Robert Ebel of the California-Oregon Power company has been transferred to San Francisco.
 Valley fruit exports past year total 480 cars.

Ebert (Irish) Coleman is named member of high school efficiency corps.
 President Wilson declines to campaign for "votes for women."

Nurse Killed In Auto-Truck Crash
 OREGON CITY, Ore., Jan. 24.—(AP)—Elsie Kaltenbach, superintendent of the Portland Open Air Sanitarium, met sudden death early today when her automobile crashed into the rear of a truck on the super highway north of here.

Two other sanitarium nurses and two emigrants from the German cruiser Emden riding with her, received severe injuries.

Bill White Says New Deal Through
 SEATTLE, Jan. 24.—(AP)—William Allen White, noted Kansas newspaper editor, enroute to his home today after a trip to the Orient, believes the Rooseveltian new deal is "all washed up with no place to go."

He expressed his views on the new deal in an impromptu address here last night at a banquet given in his honor by the Washington State Press club.

Portland Mayor Hits Bond Issues
 PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 24.—(AP)—Every bond issue is a cut in salaries, Mayor Joseph K. Carson told the Willamette democratic society here. The mayor decried interest paid on Portland's debt.

He also said "what Oregon needs more than anything else is leadership, not political but a leadership of business men."

"NATIONAL COAL"
 Burns Longer
 Costs Less
 It's Distinctive
 Medford Fuel Co.
 Tel. 631

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—Thoughts while strolling: Swell for a causeless expletive: Dashiell Hammett! And a grand description of Joe Louis by Bill Corum.



"Fighting is the only gag he knows." Burns Mantle has the innocent expression of a school boy. After 20 years first nighting.

A turner of heads on the avenue: Larry Tibbett. Story going around: Will Rogers refused \$50,000 to endorse a certain chewing gum. It was the one brand he didn't like. Lenox Lohr, N. B. C. head, is a ringer for Leon Errol. What became of the Normandies? Study in staidness: Constance Collier.

Radio voices that seem tired: Bing Crosby's and Martin Downey's. For the Look the Same 18 Years ago Club: George Jean Nathan. Among minor arts: The breast pocket handkerchief display by Billy Gaston. Walter Lippmann writes a column when he feels like it. And generally rings the bell.

Add apple checkers: Arthur Hopkins. Zoe Beckley and Percy Harwood. Not many women speak their mind so capably as Dorothy Thompson. Glory hole for autographists: Lindy's. Only thing in New York that hasn't changed in my time: Hotel Lafayette. Nativette: Martha Dean often blushes, broadcasting.

High hat on the dead pans: Cardinal. Pleasantly named peak—Brandywine Summit, Pa. Memory: Grandmax yearly visitors from New York, the frock-coated traveling politician. And pecking at him with the hired girl from the kitchen. Be fun to see Robert E. Sherwood in Scotch kilts.

One of the now lonely survivors points to the Grim Reaper's devastating sweep of the old Evening World staff, the liveliest in town, during the years 1917-1918. The departed are: E. C. Chapin, J. H. Tugend, Gene Bertrand, Nicola Greeley Smith, Lindsay Dennison, Bozeman Bulger, Jack Godfrap, Werra Werra MacLaughlin, Ernest Rodington, Harry Halsewood, Frank Marney, Will Van Benthuyzen, Charlie Somerville, Arthur W. Clark, Johnny Pollock, Remsen Crawford and Joe Jackson.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!
 Rev. M. E. Lewis, Engineer Evangelist
 Friday, 7:30: "THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION"
 Sunday 11 a. m.: "Excuses"
 Sunday, 2:30: Mass Meeting, "THE RECKLESS RUN"
 Sunday 7:30: "Single Trackers"
 FREE METHODIST CHURCH, cor. S. Ivy and W. 10th

DR. A. R. HEDGES
 Chiropractic and Naturopathic Physician
 Extends a Cordial Invitation
 To Southern Oregon People To Attend The
OPEN HOUSE
 SATURDAY JANUARY 25
 AT HIS ATTRACTIVE, WELL EQUIPPED
HEALTH INSTITUTE
 SECOND FLOOR JACKSON COUNTY BUILDING & LOAN BLDG.
 126 EAST MAIN STREET