MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"

Daily Except Saturday.

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 23-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 18.

ROBERT W. RUHL, Editor.

An Independent Newspaper.

Entered as second-class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By Mail—In Advance:
Daily, one year $5.00
Daily, six months 2.75
Daily, one month 50
By Carrier, in Advance—Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on highways.
Daily, one year $6.00
Daily, six months 3.25
Daily, one month 60
All terms cash in advance.

Official Paper of the City of Medford
Official Paper of Jackson County

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
Receiving Full Leased Wire Service.
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or otherwise credited in this paper, and also to the local news published herein.
All rights for publication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Advertising Representatives
M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY
Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland

MEMBER OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Messrs. Loeb and Leopold (the former deceased) rich Chicago youths, and life term prisoners in Joliet, Ill., prison, for the "thrill slaying" of a boy 11 years ago, turn out to be more reprehensible than supposed. It is now revealed they purchased "favors and luxuries" from prison guards, some of which they never paid for, per promise.

• • •

Millinery workers of New York City threaten a strike that may cause a shortage of spring and Easter bonnets for the ladies. The milliners want shorter hours, and more pay, and the right to do as they please about wearing the work of their own hands.

• • •

Yesterday a groom of last October talked to his mate like he voted last Friday, but crawled back under her thumb in time.

• • •

Boy bicyclists have adopted the practice of using their hands to play harmonicas, instead of steering their vehicle. They don't pay any more attention to a tune than where they are going.

• • •

Salem dispatches relate that the governor's request that for the sake of economy no new automobiles be purchased has been followed by one department buying ten new ones.

• • •

Railroads of the land make the cheering announcement that in 1935 not a single passenger was killed in a train accident. They might add that neither were any of their locomotives knocked off the track at crossings by speed idiots.

• • •

The groom is one of the heroes of the world war, having met Lawrence Williams, a brother of the bride, in France.—(Sammes Bar Jottings)—Well! War is war!

• • •

Newspaper reports of how the veterans will spend their bonus when received, indicate it will be expended for new roofs, back taxes, pants, beans, lodge dues, debts, subscriptions to foreign missions and other laudable purposes. No veteran interviewed so far has announced his inclinations to do otherwise. Just by way of variety, and coming close to the truth, some reporter should locate an ex-doughboy, with the intentions of buying a bottle of Canadian whiskey, and throwing the balance at the meadowlarks and the sparrows.

• • •

A Columbus, Ohio, citizen seeks a divorce on the grounds his wife served him a boiled inner tube for dinner, press dispatches state. Science, for all its smartness, has yet to invent a hind-tire that is edible and tasty, and as much cupboard as rubber.

• • •

IRATE SUBSCRIBER IRKED
(Klamath Falls News)

"I am one of the nitwits who snowed the sales tax under, and I'm proud of it, and I deeply resent that remark, YOU know, or at least you should know that that sentence is false. I don't expect you to admit it, but you undoubtedly know it just the same."

—+—

Upstate radio sopranos, fiddlers, Utopian orators and piccolo cowbell players rested last night, and did not rend the air, as there was nothing of importance or interest to be broadcast, requiring their "butting-in."

• • •

Quite a number of kids are over the measles, after the measles have been all over them.

• • •

Due to the return of winter, spring flowers that bloomed wish they had not, and robins are down in the mouth.

• • •

ROMANCE VS. UTILITY.

To the Editor: I am known as a widow twice of Virginia, have four children, two small, and two of school age, am looking for a husband. I can live on the place and take care of things alone. Would like to hear from men who are not over forty years of age, single men that have no children, that have farmed and would be willing to live on a farm and take interest in the place and help as a life companion. Call and see me before cropping time. One with horses preferred, as I have none. I have all except horses and a true husband.—(Love Agony Column.)

The Boy and the Movies

A YOUNG mother is greatly worried about her young son, and the movies. The young man is allowed to see one movie a week and invariably picks out a wild western thriller.

This the young mother thinks is undesirable and unnatural. A western melodrama now and then might not be so bad, but when there is "nothing else but" she envisions her young hopeful developing into a gun-toting desperado, or a city gangster in short order.

In an effort to guide the young man into the proper entertainment channels the mother recently decided to take him to a less exciting and more helpful movie herself, and point out to him the worth while qualities of the same.

This was done but the son was not impressed. The movie wasn't so bad perhaps for grown-ups, but for him it was boresome and stupid. As he explained it there wasn't enough "trouble" in it.

• • • • •

THIS only alarmed the mother all the more, so in a spirit of exalted righteousness and fine maternal responsibility she issued an edict banning wild westerns for a month, on the assumption that if the young man were taken off the too highly seasoned movie fare, for an extended period of time, his taste would return more nearly to what she regarded as normal, and more in harmony with his entirely respectable inheritance.

To her surprise and dismay however, this prescription met with no success whatever. Friend son, decided if he couldn't see the movies he liked he wouldn't see any at all, but would spend his Saturdays just playing around with the kids.

Which he did.

And the first Saturday he played around with the kids, little Rollo put on a melodrama of his OWN, the big climax of which came when one of his little playmates was tied to a stake, in the corral, a fire built around him, and the big rescue scene, came off just half a second too late to prevent a good pair of shoes being ruined and another mother in the immediate neighborhood being reduced to a condition of more or less permanent hysteria.

Whereupon the family problem became even more acute.

• • • • •

THIS burning at the stake of a neighbor's child of course was just another indication of the deleterious effect of the blood and thunder movies, and the edict against them should be made permanent. Hereafter no movies at all for little Rollo, unless they were viewed first and could come under the heading of refined and educational. The boy must at all hazards be saved from a life of lawlessness and crime, which his tastes and actions plainly indicated.

• • • • •

WHEREUPON, of course, fond Mama made a serious and very stupid mistake.

Not that we hold any brief for the galluping, two-gun, shilling shocker "western",—they are exaggerated, crude and rather silly—but on the other hand, they are harmless. They don't make the normal American boy wild; the normal American boy by nature is wild—the more normal and healthy he is, the more certain he is to be, in early adolescence, a young barbarian.

If for this perfectly natural impulse toward action, excitement, adventure, he can find no outlet in one direction, he will find it in another.

Far better this should be found in a "western" at the movies than, as in the case of Rollo in an amateur "burning at the stake" scenario in the ranch corral, or as the writer recalls trying to put on a realistic scalping scene by running amuck with grandpap's razor.

• • • • •

SO we advised this particular young mother to forget about the little theatre movement and the uplift as far as her young son is concerned, and let him WITHIN REASON, go to the movies that APPEAL to him. Let her meanwhile read up on child psychology and learn, that boys are boys. They must go through a more or less uncivilized stage, just as little girls must go through the baby doll and pigtail stage. And there might be far more injurious outlets for their energies and cravings, than in cheering the gun-toting hero, as he shoots down the leader of the horse thief gang and as virtue triumphs grabs up the wilting heroine, and rides safely to riches and romance, on every Saturday afternoon!

(Continued From Page One)

ere made sure that he did not get very much.

The recent photo (taken by another sharp eye) showing the president rubbing his nose to relieve the mark of eyeglasses, would have been similarly unobjectionable, except that a caption writer put a headline on it, "Ponders Over Farm Problem."

The unstated fact is the White House is suffering from campaign touchiness, thought the photographers were getting to familiar, decided to call a halt.

Note—The photographers are saying that the next time the White House wants a newsless picture taken they will decline to make it, but they won't.

When Mr. Roosevelt assembled his tax advisers again the other day, the name of Mr. Morgenthau's special assistant, Cy Upham, was among them. The White House explained that Mr Upham was Mr. Morgenthau's silver man.

What Mr. Upham knows about silver concerns mainly whatever change he may have in his pocket from time to time. He is Morgenthau's confidential contact man with congress.

That fact offers added explanation why Mr. Roosevelt has made so much of a mystery of his tax plans during the last two weeks. He has been trying to find out how much of a tax program he can get away with.

Back in his mind still are all those inheritance taxes and higher income rates upon which congress turned him down last year. They will probably remain in the back of his mind, because his chances are less promising this year than last.

Behind the revival of housing talk (Tugwell's Cincinnati speech) is a report which Mr. Roosevelt has on his desk, or in a drawer. It recommends a ten-year program for upwards of 750,000 new homes at an average price of $4,000 on cash-down payments as low as 5 and 10 percent. The RFC mortgage bank would finance at low interest rates whatever private banks do not want. A federal appropriation of $350,000,000 is requested. The plan is modeled in England's low cost housing system.

It was submitted by the committee for economic recovery (a friendly new deal organization of business men) but what gives it prominence is the inside understanding that Mrs. Roosevelt likes it, and is behind it.

The campus custom of walking non chalantly around in zero weather without a hat has been taken up by many new dealers, and lately by the president himself.

In an open car, lidless, Mr. Roosevelt drove through a cold wave the other day to see his old adviser, Louis Howe, at Naval hospital.

Similarly, the president took an open car in near-zero temperature to inspect a new government building.

Note—Howe is strong er, but will be unable to resume his duties any time soon. He has a telephone at his bedside, but is still inactive.

Most frequent new deal visitor in the senate galleries is Mrs. Morgenthau. She attends all important sessions, is rated as an important executive influence. Under Secretary of Interior West is still functioning as Mr. Roosevelt's confidential contact man with congress, but not prominently. He has never been given specific duties in the interior department. The internal revenue bureau has not made it public, but has officially ordered that income taxpayers be refused the right to deduct processing taxes, on the ground that the consumer did not pay them. They should consult Agriculture Secretary Wallace, who say the consumer did.

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.

EVERYBODY'S SANITATION.

A medical colleague writes:

I have noticed that a great many people spit all over the streets and sidewalks, apparently not considering it bad manners and unsanitary. As the day goes on, undoubtedly, other people walk on this sputum spreading contamination from shoe to shoe. Another thing I notice frequently is that individuals sneeze and cough into other people's faces at close range.

What is your opinion of people who use the same knives and forks when eating, also the same cup or glass for drinking?

Your clever articles reach a multitude of people, and I know they are extraordinarily beneficial. However, I realize that important things must be repeated many times.

The manners of the masses are outside of my province.

I can't get excited over the possibility of the spread of disease from the practice of spitting on the sidewalk. In fact I doubt whether any disease is spread in that way.

Sneezing or coughing open-face (that is, without troubling to cover or mask nose and mouth) when other persons are within spray range, is in my opinion a prolific means of spreading whatever infection you happen to have or happen to be coming down with.

But a still more important source of infection, which the medical correspondent does not mention at all is polite conversational spray—this probably accounts for ten times as much CRI (common respiratory infection) as does open-face cough or sneeze spray. Now and then, despite the teachings of our public health authorities, a layman actually understands that it is unfair to spray those around him when he is coming down with cri, and even knows that conversational spray is quite as dangerous as open-face sneeze or cough spray, if the victim comes within range. Cough or sneeze spray has an effective range up to ten or twelve feet; conversational spray has an effective range of from two to five feet. By range I mean the distance from the face of the ailing one to the face of his victim; the distance the visible or invisibly fine droplets of moisture or secretion from nose, throat or mouth, germ-laden, will carry. Remember, too, that in this mode of infection the virus or germs so carried will not have time to dry out or to be affected by exposure to sunlight, cold, oxygen (all of which are detrimental to germ life). It reaches the mouth of the victim fresh, warm and virulent. As nearly ideal inoculation as is conceivable, short of kissing.

The common drinking cup likewise holds no terrors for me. As a matter of training or habit, I prefer an individual cup or glass, or one which has not been used, but I'd never go thirsty out of mere repugnance to take a drink from the common dipper or what have you. I doubt whether infection is ever conveyed by the common drinking cup. I'm not so indifferent toward the common knife, fork or spoon. But who doesn't prefer to wash these first, if they have been used by another? A mother feeding her young child? Even in such circumstance, they should not share the utensils if either has the cri.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Cryptorchidism.

Son, 8 years old, has undescended testes. One physician advised operation. Another advised injection treatment with hormone. Which is the better course? . . . —H. H. H.

Answer — I'd try the injection treatment for a month or two. Surgery, at best, is not always quite satisfactory. In many instances the testes descend spontaneously about the eleventh or twelfth year.

What With Orange Juice?

Ben Told orange juice is not completely effective if followed immediately by other food or liquids, but that at least half an hour should elapse . . . D. R. C.

Answer—That's some diet quack's notion. Anything you please to take with orange juice will digest as well as it would if half an hour elapsed. Many children like, and assimilate perfectly, even milk mixed with orange juice or other fruit juice. (Copyright, 1936, John F. Dille Co.)

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

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—The most recent feminine triumph on the radio has been achieved by the ever vivacious Lois Long. In a few weeks she

was switched from one of straggly fill-in periods to the most auspicious of the Sunday evening hours.

Miss Long, a minister's daughter, is endowed with ability to do modern interpretations of the modern scene in the manner of Noel Coward and Dorothy Parker. She has an ironic but good-natured outlook upon everything and a saving grace of always kidding herself.

Her tours of the night clubs and cafes set down under the pseudonym "Lipstick" gives the impression she is a sour-visaged harridan viewing the carryings on of the town with venerable alarm. She is in truth a rosy-cheeked, smartly dressed lady of 28.

She was married to the equally talented Peter Arno when each was unknown and the romance clabbered with the first mutual taste of fame. But they remain pally. Miss Long entering a room is a study in whirlwinds. One suspects she is the inspiration for the music goes round and around theme.

There never was a period in postwar madness when New York was so expressive of an around-the-clock giddyap. Dawn breaks noisily at the reigning haunts, the Stork club, El Morocco and various Tonys. Lucius Beebe tells of bumping into a sabled stay-out during a recent moon-fade and inquired when she expected to get some sleep. "Next spring," she trilled, bounding into a taxi for the next stop.

Those strictly tailored evening clothes for ladies are, however, one sensible salvage out of the winter insanities. In one quick chuck all the variants of frou-frou have been abandoned. The result is a sort of feminine dinner suit with long skirt, shirt waist of metal cloth and a bolero jacket of wool. Especially distinctive adorning such regal types as Katharine Cornell or Ina Claire.

A popular cocktail spot of the moment has the combination of a scholarly woman owner who reads from the original Greek, speaks four languages and is her own bartender. She is Elvira Peroni, of Italian birth, and a graduate of the College of Torono. She came here to work on an Italian newspaper, and in relaxing moments acquired a talent for blending sundry tipples for her friends. Not long ago she decided to capitalize this gift and opened a restaurant in the West 50's.

The young and tousled red-haired Burgess Meredith has become more than any actor of his time, the Hitalo's No. 1 Boy. He is standing up the public nightly to see an insipid dramatical declamation, just because of the stark terror of his realism. His recent marriage diverted a matinee idolatry that threatened to eclipse anything since the John Drew days. Although Meredith to ordinary eyes might be a casual of the waterfront. His tumble of hair is an uncombed sprout and the disorder of his dress would drive a Hawkins to hemlock. He is a perfect realization of that seldom Thespic attainment "a natural." O, yes, he has promised his bride to raise a mustache.

And there are hallelujahs in the exciting world of the theater for the triumphs of Bide Dudley's daughter Doris, a beautiful, slim blonde with the grace of gazelle. Two stage bits have won her a movie contract. It seems yesterday I paced, in fumbling effort at comfort, up and down in front of a hospital with her distraught father one portentious night when she was experiencing the miracle of birth. "If it's a boy," he mumbled, "I want him to be a newspaper man. If a girl, a great actress." If critics are to be believed, Destiny seems to have heard and heeded his desire that night.

Thingumbobs: Lowell Thomas relaxes at dancing academies . . . Rudyard Kipling acquired his writing form studying the Bible . . . Dean Cornwell has twice abandoned a $60,000 a year income to wander and paint what he pleases . . . Miriam Hopkins likes to sit and dream while someone improvises at the piano.

Several of us felt in a hugging mood toward a homespun, napkin-tucked-in-the-collar diner at Theodore's who was tearing into a gorgeously garnished order of the evening specialty—quail on toast. A waiter captain sidled up to inquire if everything was O. K. Without looking up, he nodded and exclaimed: "No grub better than partridge on light bread."

(Copyright, 1936, McNaught Syndicate.)

Accessories Of Bright Hue Are Fashion Feature

Startling but effective use of colored accessories worn with otherwise somber costumes was described by Mrs. E. T. Burelson, who returned to Medford with Mr. Burelson yesterday after spending ten days in California. Bright green gloves are frequently seen with mannishly tailored suits. Or the gloves may be red to match a gay purse, and sometimes milady's hat will be a different shade.

Gray and navy blue are outstanding in the fashion color chart for spring apparel. Strictly tailored suits worn with conventional or sheer blouses are the popular ensemble for street wear right now, according to Mrs. Burelson. Skirts are noticeably shorter than last year for daytime wear. Spring coats feature imported tweeds, wool fleece and camel's hair fabrics.

All types of printed frocks were shown at the style revues which Mr. and Mrs. Burelson attended at the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles, January 29 and 30, and at the Palace hotel in San Francisco, February 3. Merchandise selected in the southern state for Burelson's store is already arriving in Medford in readiness for early spring shoppers.

KICKERNICK
Undergarments that fit at Ethelwyn B. Huffmann's.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

HERE'S a very, very significant headline:

"President Orders Cancellation of Over Billion Dollars Granted by Congress."

THE billion referred to is money AUTHORIZED by congress, but not spent yet—which means sthat this particular billion won't be added to what we owe.

It is significant because it is a straw in the wind indicating that the end of the spending spree is approaching.

ANOTHER significant headline:

"Senator Borah Makes Formal Declaration of Candidacy."

In other words, (Teddy Roosevelt's words) Borah's hat is in the ring.

A LOT of people don't like Borah—especially the former big shots of the Republican party. (The Old Guard, the newspaper writers call them).

But a lot of people DO like Borah, and believe in him. A lot more who are not so keen for Borah personally will vote only for a man of his type. That means, probably, that if Borah isn't nominated somebody will HAVE to be nominated whom Borah will approve.

That would be good for the Republican party, because it would mean a change of leadership.

AN INTERESTING headline:

U. S. Population Now Over 127 Millions."

This 127 million figure, of course, is only a guess, for we actually count noses only once every ten years, and the last count was in 1930. We won't do it again until 1940.

It is assumed by the statisticians that if we've grown as fast since 1930 as we grew in the corresponding period before that time, there are now 127 millions of us.

OUR increase in population since 1930 is estimated by the statisticians at 4 per cent.

That is quite an increase, but it isn't ANYTHING LIKE the increase in the years when the population of the United States was increasing most rapidly—back in the decades just before 1900.

There has been a distinct slowing down.

BACK in those years before 1900, we asked first:

"How many of us are there?"

Now we're inclined to ask:

"How are we going to FIND JOBS for all of us?"

ALONG that line, here is a thought brought out by the campaign for wooden boxes now being waged in Southern Oregon:

For each ONE worker required for the manufacture of fiber boxes, SEVEN workers are required for the manufacture of wooden boxes.

Consider that the next time you get goods shipped into a lumber country in a fiber box.

Editorial Comment

DONNA DIES FOR A DOG

The dog poisoner is not only a mean and cowardly criminal, judged by any standard, but is always a potential murderer. Repeatedly this newspaper has urged the authorities to more resolute action in putting down this common crime, while giving warning that, unless the poisoning of dogs was rebuked by appropriate punishment, the time must come when a child would die in agony intended for a dog.

Now this is what has taken place in Roseburg, where a four-year-old girl, winsome and innocent, is dead by means of poison spread for dogs. The furtive hateful moral monster who prepared the poison cannot rightly plead in the silence of his own conscience, nor aloud in court if he is taken, that this murderous result was accidental. Out of evil nothing save evil issues. The child lies dead as the natural consequence of a most unnatural, anti-social and malevolent action—a consequence to be foreseen, and shunned in horror, by any person in whom there remained a sense of moral responsibility. You may well call it murder. It is nothing else.

On its own merits the law against dog poisoning, which provides drastic penalties, should long ago have been vigorously enforced. And because of the self-evident hazard to children, when poison is spread for dogs, official zeal for this enforcement should have been stimulated. Yet this newspaper, in whose files may be found hundreds of accounts of dog poisoning, has not printed any account of an arrest, prosecution, conviction and punishment. Year after year the crime of dog poisoning, in this city and elsewhere, has been suffered to stay unsolved, undeterred and unrebuked.

In explanation of this lamentable record it is advanced that the crime is difficult to trace. So is murder. Yet murder, or its equivalent, must inevitably proceed from the lesser crime—and now it is here. It is not a dog that is chill and silent down there in Douglas county. It is a little girl named Donna Lou. Well?

Public sentiment ought to do something about dog poisoning hereafter. It should demand, when dog poisoners begin their hateful operations, that they be hunted down at any cost or effort, and sent to the penitentiary—before they poison other dogs and another child. You say the death of the little girl in Roseburg may teach dog poisoners to mend their ways? You are pleased to be optimistic. For it won't. Not dog poisoners. In their meanness of heart, their moral obliquity, they will understand only the lesson of harsh and unforgiving punishment. — Portland Oregonian.

Press Comment

Donna Lou

Donna Lou Marsters, only 4, at Roseburg, passed over the great divide, the victim of a dog poisoner.

Illness of the child, who died in convulsions, was at first shrouded in mystery. But vital organs sent to the University of Oregon for examination revealed the presence of poison and established the fact that the child fell by the hand of a dog poisoner who has been active in Roseburg for several weeks.

How could an outrage be more horrible! How could human act be more condemnable! An innocent child, playing about her home, childlike, contacts the death drug and is swept into eternity!

And what is the human wolf who goes about slaying dogs in secret with his poison but a fiend, a hater, an animal in man's shape?

Than the dog, what friend is more faithful to man, more obedient to his wish, more devoted to his welfare! Often the bereaved dog lies for weeks on his master's new-made grave and refuses to leave the spot. The howls of a dog recently led to the discovery of a double murder. Many a faithful dog has died that his master might live.

There are tears in Roseburg for little Donna Lou. There are regrets, state-wide, for the tiny victim and her family.

And there is only contempt, disdain and disgust for the poisoner who sacrificed little Donna Lou. — Oregon Journal.

1936 Jury List

(Continued From Page One.)

Furry, Robert S., Phoenix, farmer.

G.

Gaddis, Katherine A., Medford, housewife.
Gallatin, Louis H., Talent, laborer.
Garrett, E. G., Medford, Rt. 2, laborer.
Garrett, Geary E., Medford, Rt. 3, farmer.
Garrett, Marah, Eagle Point, farmer.
Gates, Leah A., Medford, housewife.
Getchell, Alice, Medford, housewife.
Gillespy, James H., Central Point, rancher.
Gilman, Geo., Medford, Rt. 3, farmer.
Glass, Elbert L., Trail, farmer.
Goddard, Delbert C., Talent, farmer.
Green, Lena, Medford, housewife.
Grenbemer, Wm., Ashland, granite cutter.
Grieve, Katie May, Eagle Point, housewife.
Grim, Walter C., Medford, laborer.
Grissom, Everett, Climax, farmer.
Grubb, Mamie B., Ashland, housewife.

H.

Hall, Eleanor, Gold Hill, housewife.
Hallgren, F. E., Phoenix, merchant.
Hamilton, Eva Nealon, Medford, reporter.
Hammond, Sarah, Medford, housewife.
Hansen, Harry O., Medford, coal dealer.
Hansen, Vida Henry Ashland, housewife.
Hansen, W. M., Eagle Point, farmer.
Hartley, Anna, Medford, Rt. 2, housewife.
Hartley, Roy C., Ashland, truck driver.
Hatlett, Thomas T., Medford, Rt. 3, farmer.
Heard, Lena E., Ashland, housewife.
Heft, Earl, Central Point, Rt. 1, orchardist.
Helm, Herman W., Ashland, Rt. 1, farmer.
Herman, Michael M., Medford, hardware clerk.
Holst, John D., Sams Valley, lumberman.
Hoover, Elsie, Medford, Rt. 4, housewife.
Hopkins, Elmer, Ashland, Rt. 1, farmer.
Houston, M. A., Medford, Rt. 2, farmer.
Howard, Geo. W., Medford, salesman.
Howe, Rena M., Trail, housewife.
Howell, Frank, Medford, carpenter.
Hurst, Wm., Eagle Point, laborer.

J.

Jerome, Josephine, Medford, stenographer.
Johnston, Frederic S., Medford, carpenter.
Jones, Joe J., Medford, mechanic.
Joy, Albert C., Ashland, truck farmer.

K.

Kell, Chas., Gold Hill, laborer.
Kellogg, Katherine J., Medford, Rt. 2, housewife.
Kelly, Fred W., Medford, retired.
Kelly, Louise, Medford, stenographer.
Kelsoe, J. W., Medford, Rt. 4, carpenter.
Kleinhammer, Arthur S., Jacksonville, farmer.
Klingle, Frank, Lake Creek, farmer.
Knips, Elmer W., Medford, meterman.
Krease, Grace Fulton, Medford, housewife.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
February 6, 1926

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Tuttle return from a trip to San Francisco.—(Table Rock Tablets).

Upstate areas threatened with floods. Willamette river rises five feet in day, and O. A. C. campus is awash. At Salem 2.05 inches of rain falls in 24 hours.

"Modified dry laws" is the objective of "face the facts" conference at St. Joseph, Mo.

Medford high defeats Grants Pass quint, 29 to 3, in rough contest.

President Coolidge's new tax bill, which includes reductions, splits congress. Vice-President Dawes wars on "senate tom-foolery."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
February 6, 1916

George Austin of the agricultural department of the Utah-Idaho Sugar company for the past 26 years will give a series of addresses to the farmers of the galley on the practical side of beet culture.

New tax laws make it easier for the taxpayer, by permitting half payments of taxes.

Franklin high of Portland next basketball opponent of Medford high.

Home of Joe Cave on Beekman avenue destroyed by fire. Mr. and Mrs. Cave awakened by the crackle of the flames and were unable to save any of the household goods.

George Henselman and Hugo Lundberg to represent Medford high in debate with Ashland on "Shall the United States adopt the Swiss system of military training and service?"

Nightly Meetings In Phoenix Church

PHOENIX, Feb. 6.—(Spl.)—Special meetings are being conducted each evening at 7:30 o'clock, at the Presbyterian church, for a period of two weeks. All in the community are invited. Rev. Mallory speaks each evening.

Ladies' Aid society met at the home of Dr. Susie Standard this afternoon.

Adult Endeavor society was re-organized Sunday night. Meetings will be held each Sunday evening.

Rummage Sale Is Planned Saturday

EAGLE POINT, Feb. 6.—(Spl.)—A rummage sale will be given in Medford Saturday by the Eagle Point P.T. A. and extension unit. The sale will be located at 42 South Central in the space formerly occupied by the Handicraft Shop. Proceeds will be divided between the two organizations, the P.T. A's share going to the nurses' fund and the unit's share helping to send a delegate to the home interest conference to be held at Oregon State college next week.

TWIN FALLS, Idaho, Feb. 5.—(AP)—Brief funeral services were held here today for R. Clyde Beach, 69, pioneer Lewiston and Twin Falls business man, formerly of Pendleton, who was found dead in his hotel room here Sunday night.

CONSTIPATED After Her First Baby

Finds Relief Safe, All-Vegetable Way

She had given up hope of anything but partial relief until she learned of famous all-vegetable NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy) But now after years of chronic constipation and biliousness—what a change! New pep—new color and vitality—freedom from bowel sluggishness and intestinal poisons. This all-vegetable laxative gently stimulates the entire bowel, gives complete, thorough elimination. Get a 25c box. All druggists. NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Slip Hubby a Valentine, Along With the Bills

He Likes to Be Surprised

SWEM'S

Valentine and Gift Shop

SAN FRANCISCO'S MOST DISTINGUISHED HOTEL

LUXURY FOR LESS

THE CLIFT — always a great hotel — has been completely rebuilt to new standards of beauty and comfort . . . yet here rates are as modern as the hotel • Guest rooms from $3.50 • Buffet apartments from $5 Apartment suites from $10 and $15

THE CLIFT

Need Building-Up?

WHEN you're in need of a tonic, weight below normal and you feel tired out and weak, follow the advice of Mrs. Bess Swanbeck of Route 4, Spokane, Wash., who said: "I used three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to build me up after an operation and I can truthfully say the 'Discovery' is what helped me to regain my appetite and strength. I have induced two of my friends to use this tonic and they both say it helped them after two weeks' trial."

New size tablets 50 cts. Liquid $1.25. Large size, tabs. or liquid $1.75. Go to your neighborhood druggist today.