

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 23-27 N. Fir St. Phone 74. ROBERT W. RUIHL, Editor. ERNEST R. GILSTRAP, Manager.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: By Mail—In Advance: Daily, one year, \$1.00; Daily, six months, \$0.75; Daily, one month, \$0.25.

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MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The Mayor of Klamath Falls, who appears to the U. S. Senatorship, via the vote of the Old Folks, on a platform boasting, among other things, his inability to eat the Constitution, has received a hint from the Old Folks that they may be unable to swallow him.

A number of basketball fans this evening will tune in on the boss soprano of the Little Giant pill program, in the hope they will get the O.S.C.-UorW. game.

"This is a real matter," said Supervisor Adolph Uhl. "I think we ought to keep out of it—reprehensible as it may be," reported Supervisor Adolph Schmidt.

All up-to-the-minute dancers are stepping the "Follow the Fleet." This is a complicated dance, in which the beginner is apt to get kicked 17 times, before he can untangle.

Due to the resemblance of March to May, a number of almond blossoms are ready to be killed by the first frost.

A "conspiracy" has been discovered in Illinois to put water in the milk. The defendants allege the adulteration did not impair the quality of the product.

The Democratic press recalled Wednesday that three years ago the banks were all closed. They forgot to recall that about the same time everybody was going to drink himself rich, and, at the same time cut the taxes in two.

The metropolis—ten days ago excited over the coming of a female sea-lion—is now battling to keep its proposed new airport from being a "white elephant."

An upstate conference learns that children are obtaining beer. For some time it has been suspected that something stronger than an ice cream cone was causing 16-year-old boys to yell all Saturday night.

Hunting for wild flowers is the order of the day. As yet nobody has been picked for a dandelion.

The first mole-hill of the season has been noted on an Orange street lawn. There is some talk of converting it into a WPA project, and make a mountain.

THE POLITICIAN. I go to meet Occasion at the gate; I take the tide upon the first of flood. I know the fickle zephyr's every mood. And I anticipate the will of Fate.

I trim my sails to catch the earliest breeze. With eye upon the windward anchor, too. I want to do what men want me to do.

And please men by approving what they please. I strive to seize first what the people seize. And first abandon that with which they're through.

I yearn to be drum major of mankind. And march before the music in parade. And play the tunes that men desire played.

And drum them where their fancy is inclined. I faint would march where most men are arrayed. And lead where most men follow on behind.

Editorial Correspondence

LOS ANGELES, March 5.—Jimmy Cagney has red hair. Otherwise in real, as opposed to reel life, he looks exactly as he does on the screen. And he talks and acts no differently. He is nervous, abrupt, incisive, with an accent that connotes early life along the Boston waterfront, more than it does his Irish ancestry.

Down at the City Hall, Jimmy is accusing Warner Brothers of breaking his contract, by forcing him to make five pictures a year instead of four, as Mr. Jack Warner promised. Mr. Jack Warner, who took the stand in all the vigor and opulence of returned prosperity and ripe middle age, accuses Mr. Cagney of breaking the same contract, by refusing to appear in any other pictures for Warner Brothers under any circumstances, unless he was given more dough—in fact "a lot more dough."

"Dough, not fewer pictures," is what is bothering Jimmy in Brother Warner's opinion. Through his brother Bill Cagney, who for six months has been acting as his agent and manager, Jimmy as emphatically denies this and maintains, he is only worried about his reputation, his art, his standing, and more than four pictures a year would kill the goose that lays the golden eggs—goose in any other pictures for Warner Brothers under any circumstances, unless he was given more dough.

All of which is quite amusing and diverting,—far more so we imagine than attending the matinee performance of Edith Wharton's "Old Maid" at the Biltmore theatre, which would have cost us \$2, whereas attending the Warner-Cagney drama, cost us nothing more expensive than pushing through the standees at the door with a borrowed press badge. Moreover, we had the pleasure of sitting amidst a fine assortment of perfumed and over-dressed movie stars,—we were able to recognize none of them, but the boy on our left with rolled down socks and side burns was kind enough to point out a very alluring miss, in a cerulean blue ensemble he said was Joan Blondell's "stand in." However that may be so much elegance and fragrance gave an added touch to the court-room atmosphere.

We were interested in Mr. Jack Warner, who was on the stand when we entered. He was a symphony in dark brown, including his attractive and well molded face,—brown suit, brown tie, brown shirt of a slightly lighter tone, and a good healthy tan, through which, the rich red blood flows. He was near the end of a long cross examination, but was the picture of coolness, nonchalance and self possession. He had that unmistakable but elusive "something" that usually accompanies the financially secure and physically vigorous man. One felt no matter what happened in that court room he would never be flurried, never lose that poise—he lived among the Olympians, and this court business really was rather childish and amusing.

Not so the Cagneys,—Jimmy and Bill. Bill followed Mr. Warner on the stand,—he was pale, nervous, not quite at his ease,—rather reminded one of a little boy who had done something naughty and had to face teacher after school. Not that he stuttered or stumbled—he told a perfectly clear and coherent story—expressed himself rather well in fact,—but one felt instinctively he was not quite sure of himself or of his ground. Jimmy was nervous also, and while his brother testified kept running one finger around his collar, as if it were choking him a trifle.

No doubt there is a reason—other than the native calibre of these two prominent Hollywood figures—and that reason we surmise is the Cagney boys are in bad. We may be entirely wrong of course—the judge may rule in their favor,—but our hunch is he won't. At any rate, the case is interesting in bringing out what we believe has happened very frequently in Hollywood since the movie industry became one of the largest and richest industries in the United States.

Not so long ago Jimmy Cagney was doing the "twice a day" circuit and glad to get \$100 a week. Overnight, so to speak, he popped into prominence and fame. And with fame and prominence came money—more than he had in his wildest moments ever dreamed of. His salary bounced up to \$1400,—and the contract that he or Brother Warner violated, called for \$3000 a week, while the option two years hence stipulated \$4500!—not a year, or a month—a WEEK!

With that money came many other things. Swimming pool palaces, Rolls Royces, and of course, an agent and manager—the latter job being filled by brother Bill. Now a movie agent in Hollywood is a little like a walking delegate in a water front labor union,—it is up to him to do something—and keep on doing something. If he doesn't, then why give him a salary—the old vicious circle!

So Brother Bill figured he had to make good, and proceeded to do so in the direction of upping Jimmy's pay check. Not only upping THAT, but serving Warner Brothers with various and sundry COMMANDS,—such as control over how many pictures Jimmy should make; who should direct him, what the story should be and who should make up the supporting cast. Yes, all that came out during the afternoon session, in one way and another.

In short—and to wit,—all that sudden affluence went to Jimmy's head, and to Brother Bill's as well,—they decided they had the world by the tail, and all they needed to do was, pull it— Whereupon, up popped the devil in the shape of the Warner Brothers, who had had experience before with just such delusions of grandeur, and instead of listening further to what THEY had to do, proceeded to tell the Messers. Cagney what they COULD do,—i.e., to the mark or jump in the lake!

All of which, as above indicated, may or may not be correct, but at least is the impression we got from attending this hearing today, and serves to fulfill the obligations of OUR present contract with the Medford Mail Tribune to provide something for the editorial column at least five times per week,—and buy our own postage stamps!

ALAMO REMEMBERED IN TEXAS CEREMONIES. SAN ANTONIO, Tex., March 6.—(AP)—Texans remembered the Alamo today and the 180 heroes who died within its walls 150 years ago. Patriotic ceremonies included presentation of flags from 35 states and six foreign countries whose sons were slain within the Pecosstone building in Texas' war for independence from Mexico.

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, Calif.

SMOKE COSTS REAL MONEY

Smoke in the atmosphere over a city injures the health of every man, woman and child in the city. It increases the cost of living. It imposes a tax of from four to twelve dollars a year on every resident. It diminishes materially the growth of plants and therefore makes food more expensive. Experiments carried on at Leeds, England, showed that lettuce grew four times as fast in a clear district as it did in a smoky district.



Smoke in the atmosphere absorbs the ultraviolet of sunlight. Baltimore health department found there was 80 per cent more ultraviolet light in the country than in the city. Chicago health department found there was a loss of from 43 to 51 percent of the ultraviolet light in Chicago on smoky days.

New Lake Pittsburgh. Famous for smoke and soot. And grime and grime, well, famous that way. The Mellon Institute studied the pall and made some estimates of the results. For instance the proper stoking of furnaces would prevent a loss of fuel due to imperfect combustion of about \$2.80 a year for each person in the city.

O'Connor who conducted the Insulator's survey, estimates that the extra expense of cleaning clothes, laundry and dry-cleaning due to the pall in Pittsburgh is \$4.10 a year for each person. The expense of repainting, repairing, replacing hangings, repairing residences and other buildings and washing windows soiled by smoke amounts to \$2.26 per annum per person. The loss due to damage of merchandise in stores by smoke in the air is \$3 a year for each person.

The U. S. Public Health Service found that 296 tons of smoke and dust were deposited in Washington, D. C., a comparatively smokeless place, per square mile per year. 154 tons of which was carbon and 142 tons ash. In Pittsburgh, the Mellon Institute investigation indicated, the annual deposit of dust amounts to 1,031 tons to the square mile. The outlook is even darker in Baltimore, where 1,800 tons of dust is deposited over a square mile in a year. Salt Lake City is fairly bright, with only 250 tons of dust per square mile per annum. If you want to get out from under your smog, you should go to Colorado Springs the insignificant trace of smoke comes from the cigarette stubs the weaker

sex throw away. Or sojourn in Southern California of Southern Florida where there is no smoke at all to speak of, save the seasonal smudge when they are heating the orange groves.

As a question of economy, comfort and health, would it not be wise to spend, say, ten cents a year per person, on a systematic program to eliminate at least the great excess of smoke pollution, which is quite unnecessary in any case and intolerable in a residential district?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Flowers for the Blondes. German chamomile flowers are good for rinsing blond hair. This rinse, I find, gives the hair a real tone and it is not dangerous either. (M. C. R.)

Answer—Thank you, Chamomile tea is not so good for the purpose as an infusion of the dried chamomile flowers—still better a percolation. That is, boiling drives off the pleasant odor or aroma and part of the medicinal value, just as boiling ruins coffee. Itchy No Sabee. My husband has the same trouble described by C. M. R. in your column such and such a day. . . . (Mrs. J. O. P.)

Answer—Well, let him itch then. If he is so blamed modest he can't bring himself to mention it in a private letter. Correspondents who don't mind mentioning the nature of the trouble are welcome to the monograph "Pruritus," if they inclose stamped addressed envelope to carry it. Pruritus is medicable for itching without visible cause. The monograph also deals with old fashioned itch, erythema, and one or two other conditions where the cause is evident.

Vitamin A. Will you kindly give a list of foods rich in Vitamin A. Also, when you speak of cod liver oil for those troubled with what the doctors call rheumatism, should a man 80 years old take cod liver oil? If so, what does and how often? . . . (P. D. J.)

Answer—Liver, kidney, raw carrots, cheese, fresh cream, butter, egg yolk, alfalfa, escarole, whole milk, condensed milk, evaporated milk, young green peas, green peppers, oysters, fresh pineapple, canned pineapple, raw spinach, orange, orange juice, raw tomato, canned tomato, tomato juice, whole oil, wheat, wheat embryo, mid-rib, cantaloupe, green leaves of celery, onion, lettuce, romaine, sweet potato, young clover, yellow corn. The patient should take cod liver oil as his physician directs.

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.

as this and my share of New York goes to the first asker—with a moth-eaten raccoon coat to boot. Probably no layman is so stoked with accurate medical knowledge as Henry L. Mencken. He can discuss the human anatomy like a lecturing professor and surgeons find that, given a complete history of a case, he becomes a really expert diagnostician. He can quote medical phrases as technical as cyclopedias on the subject. This learning came from living so close to Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore and being on friendly visiting terms with various staffs, plus a natural interest in physiology. Most of his midnight companionships—the hour he likes to relax—are with physicians and surgeons sharing his favorite repast, pretzels, cheese and tall beakers of Pilsener.

Those fly-up-the-creek Broadwayites who gather on the old Palace corner at 4 p. m. Look alike: Martin Mooney and Jimmy Walker. Kate Smith chuckles over every joke about her weight. Shrewd lady!

With a bright yellow tie Groucho Marx could pass for F. P. A. Mayor La Guardia is one of the sitters-on-one-foot. Like Charles Laughton and Col. Joe Hatfield. Giving away cash and autos has business beyond control in bars and night clubs. Wash Eugene O'Neill would quit being gloomy a while.

Prettiest smile among the movie stars: Spencer Tracey's. To every cop Edward G. Robinson is a symbol of the heights a "harness bull" may attain by being on the level. No one has ever given the fitness to official greetings Grover Whalen did. Vincent Lopez has the glossiness of a seal coming up from a dive. Slick looking fellow No. 2: George Wrangell, society scribbler. Another winter such

Year after year the inevitable sign of Spring for New Yorkers is not the robin tugging at the Central Park worm, but rather the annual blurb of fashionable tailors. It reads about the same: the burden being that all men shortly are going to crack the cocoon in raiment that will pale the satins of the old minstrel parade. We shall fare forth, fra, in mustard-tone vests, plumbed pants and belotrope jackets. There will probably be a dash of Indian yellow at our throats, dotted with ox-blood red, and it would not be surprising if most of us carried pink sun parasols. And what happens every year? Most of the males go right on selecting another blue serge suit. That's what happens.

Britain has more dressy gadgets in a day than America in a year. The bank clerk in silk hats, morning coats and ledger-ruled trousers. The white derbies, pullovers, the Cockney pearl buttons, Ascot ties and so on without end. I met up with a Londoner in a downpour of a Loch Lomond boat one time with various impedimenta strapped over his shoulders, binoculars, telescopes, cameras, magnifying glasses, etc. But his coat is what I'm getting at. It started modestly around the neck, but on its way downward it spread to the circumference of Piccadilly Circus. And could be hung with almost everything, including a kiddie car. Long live the Burberry boys!

I was thinking today of the bird on the aisle who used to snore loudly through the song "Please Go Away and Let Me Sleep!" when the repertoire show came to town. And when the performer suddenly stopped, called for the bouncer and the disturber was roughly propelled to the back of the house, he would begin to sing the chorus in a clear, high tenor. All of fell for the "plant" like a hod of brick. Pan at the crossroads.

Gene Ahern, the folksy cartoonist, who has America's finest set of etchings, decided not long ago to have a little rural retreat to vary life from his Hollywood home. He invited his friends for a house warming at a place, "Lakeside View." Two days later he cancelled the invitations by telegraph. "I saw a fellow approaching the lake with a blotter," he explained.

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French re-take ground lost at Verdun. President Wilson works in solitude to map European course. The man who has been amusing himself for some time by trying to play a tune on the honk horn of his auto paid Judge Gay a fine of \$5 yesterday. He frequently disturbed the peace at night, as well as during the day, his principal overture being performed generally after midnight. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

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ADRIENNE'S Downstairs Specials for Saturday. WOOL SKIRTS. Marked at a substantial discount! BARREL SWEATERS. Finest wool, reinforced necks. All colors. \$1.25 values. \$1.00. LOUNGING PAJAMAS. Values to \$4.95. Saturday special \$1.95. SMART 2-PIECE PAJAMAS. \$5.95 values \$2.95. Upstairs Specials for Saturday. New shipment of coats and long sleeved swagger suits. \$22.50 values \$16.95. Spring Print Dresses. New arrivals in prints and long sleeved tailored Marilyn silk frocks. \$12.95. Values to \$16.95. SUMMER FORMALS. Prints, net, lace and organdie frocks in charming new colors and styles. \$10.95.

HEATH'S FOR VALUES! ENOS SALT 21c. ALKA SELTZER 49c. CONGOIN 33c. CREOMULSION 98c. DYKON \$1.39. GEM AND EVEREADY BLADES 27c. EX LAX 23c. PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM 23c. TEK TOOTH BRUSH 39c. LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE 19c. LYSOL 21c. UNGUENTINE 39c. PERTUSSIN 51c. SPARKLET BULBS 10 for 75c. CHOCOLATE VITAVOSE 43c. The Store That Fills Prescriptions. Ladies' Rest Room in Basement. Heath's DRUG STORE.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 6.—Thoughts while strolling: No one can be so showy with a violin as Rubinoff. A humorist the public rarely sees: H. I. Phillips. Silver fox cape: have pushed out of the milk aisle. Per Rubie actors can put the hay into their stuff like Chic Sale.

Add Mona Lisa expressions: Alice Hughes. Whatever became of Gus Ghy? Those fly-up-the-creek Broadwayites who gather on the old Palace corner at 4 p. m. Look alike: Martin Mooney and Jimmy Walker. Kate Smith chuckles over every joke about her weight. Shrewd lady!

With a bright yellow tie Groucho Marx could pass for F. P. A. Mayor La Guardia is one of the sitters-on-one-foot. Like Charles Laughton and Col. Joe Hatfield. Giving away cash and autos has business beyond control in bars and night clubs. Wash Eugene O'Neill would quit being gloomy a while.

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No fooling! In Whisky or Cigarettes - I go for MILDNESS! STRENGTH APLENTY yet smooth enough to sip! Even blindfolded anybody can tell Cobbs Creek! People want mildness! In their whisky as well as their cigarettes. Mild flavor, yet with all the "lift" of a full 90 proof. That's what people want, and what they are getting for very little money in Cobbs Creek. Switch to mildness once—and you'll never return to harshness! CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHIL. PA. Cobbs Creek BLENDED WHISKY. 70c FULL PINT FULL \$1.30 QUART. 20% Whisky one year old. 80% grain neutral spirits. Try it... MILLIONS SAY COBBS CREEK IS WHAT WE SAY IT IS... Mild!

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