

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot. Tax paying is the order of the day. Fine weather prevails for it and same is not as excruciating and horrid as a couple of years ago.

Atty Wm. McAllister has come out for the legislature. Bees—both honey and political—started to buzz in bushes and bonnets.

Down from the forests primeval Thru was Earl Ulrich, the Prospect mountain-william, on his.

Robins are once more in our midst. Some look gay, and some are wing weary and travel stained, after a winter in Calif.

The sheriff of Siskiyou co. was here in the middle of the week visiting, and went home alone.

Next Friday is the 13th, and four days later comes the 17th of Owey Patton.

The wild flowers have started to bloom in the dells and, as usual, the main colors are white and yellow.

The Dubb Watson boy is now able to fry a hamburger, which his Paw can't get out of eating.

The gentlemen farmers are all playing golf which improves their stance between the plowhandles.

One of the prominent corners will have a new building, instead of a billboard, or a gas station.

Eino Hemmila, the magic lantern manager, is the bouncing father of a baby, who in about 18 years will need a \$120 graduation dress.

Democrats have started sacking each other. If the people want to go back to the "days of Hoover" when truck drivers got \$15 per diem, and 700 Medfordites had both time and cash to run up to the Salem basketball tournament, and revel for a week.

Gals are sporting new spring hats and coats. They wear their hats slapping on top of their heads, instead of the left ear, and put both arms in the sleeves of the coat.

Willis Mahoney of K. Falls was here Tues., running for the U.S. senate.

The local Nipponese maintained their Oriental stoicism well during the Tokyo revolt, and kept right on sawing wood, mopping floors, waiting table, pressing pants, frying steaks, and keeping a stiff upper lip.

A number of rural dentists report they are troubled with stunks under the house, and are obnoxious with their atomizing.

"How's Your Mother?—How's Your Father?" in last week's Colliers, most informative and entertaining reading in a long time. Deals with the "Dopplan rainbows and the emotions of the old, along with the "magnificent interest" of the young in their pension dreams.

Judge Reed of G. Hill was up the middle of the week, bestowing violets from his garden.

Peoria Hill Gates is talking onions—the other fellow hoes them.

The bh season closed Fri. The Tigers did noble, and better than expected. All season long they had the fighting spirit, but not the height. Next year the coach expects to flaunt long-legged athletes at the foe. It is no disgrace to be built close to the ground, but length is vital under the fishnet.

The Young Democrats are going to give a home talent play, and the Young Republicans may retaliate with a male quartette.

Editorial Correspondence

LOS ANGELES, March 5.—That March lamb has already started to growl and grow whiskers. Three days ago it was 55 in the shade, this morning it is 55 in a cold damp fog, and quite appropriately we met the lion tamer walking down Hill street on his way to Pershing Square, with his \$3 raincoat buttoned up to his chin, and his damp pith helmet pulled down over one eye.

What a pal is Frederick March! Late yesterday he rushed into Judge Bogue's court at City Hall, in a French officer's uniform and with make-up all over his classic features, to testify on behalf of the Cagney brothers. Frederick swore he heard Jack Warner say he would not think of putting Jimmy in more than four pictures a year (whereas he did put him in five), following which he hurried back to rehearsal in Hollywood, causing quite a flutter in the hearts of the assembled feminine pulchritude. It is always fair weather when the movie stars stick together.

A hasty survey of the Hall of Justice across the street from the City Hall, certainly confirms that dictum of the late Rudyard Kipling, that the female of the species is more deadly than the male. It also casts a revealing light upon the morals of Los Angeles, and why criminal justice in the land of the free and home of the brave is such a scandal and disgrace.

Take the case of Miss Frances Mabel Willys, 38 years old, for example, whose ancient and obvious profession is sugar coated under the respectable title of "housekeeper." Perhaps some of the readers of the Mail Tribune will recall the unsavory tale that came out of Los Angeles, last December, when Miss Willys phoned the police there was "a dead man up there." Upon arrival of the officers the middle-aged woman confessed the murder of her 62 year old "sweetheart", displayed a blood spattered hammer and proudly observed the crime rated a front page headline as another Clara Phillips case.

But how different it is now less than three months later. Miss Willys—demurely dressed in black, she seldom raises her eyes, says nothing. True her lawyers admit she killed the venerable dentist, but not in a drunken rage because he was "all through, his money gone", but in self defense. In fact the doctor started to beat her with a hammer, after a terrific struggle she was able to wrest the weapon from his hands, and striking out blindly happened to crack him over the scene with it. That's all. She did not intend to kill her friend and benefactor. She not only loved him but had been a mother to him. Her frankly written confession of the crime? Why the police plied her with liquor and gave her the third degree. She pleads for acquittal and the chance to start anew on the ground of self defense! . . . And needless to say two smart criminal lawyers, are at her elbow, building up and stage directing this outlandish farce with more than an even chance of getting away with it.

Only a few steps down the hall is another woman on trial for her life. She is Hazel Glab, whose husband, a wealthy real estate man, was shot down in front of his luxurious home in the Van Nuys district eight years ago. Suspected at the time, Mrs. Glab was never indicted because of lack of evidence. But recently new evidence was discovered, certain witnesses who supported her alibi then, have since turned state's evidence, and the state is expected to have a strong case against her. Mrs. Glab presents a natty appearance, in a suit of green velvet and fur trim, with a sable cape over her shoulder. Because of the defendant's social prominence and the unusual features of the case, the court room is packed, with a long queue at the door waiting to get in,—mostly women.

On the same floor and just around the corner, is Murdress No. 3, whose husband was found dead with a bullet through his head and also one through his right arm. But did friend wife kill him? No, no! Hubby was tired of life and killed HIMSELF! In fact this is not a case of murder at all but suicide,—observe the powder burns, ladies and gentlemen of the jury. Off hand one might believe it difficult to convince a jury that anyone could shoot himself through the right arm and then send another bullet through his head, but they underestimate the cunning and resourcefulness of the up-to-date criminal lawyer. A human being can be made to do anything, if there is sufficient money in it. . . . And yet we wonder at the law's delay, and why this country is a paradise for murderers—and murderesses!

It was a refreshing relief to return to the Cagney hearing in the City Hall, where Jack Warner was again on the stand. No crime here, just the question of a few hundred thousand dollars and the validity of a movie contract. Yes this man Warner has a way with him. He is a sort of enlarged edition of Al Jolson—has Al's exuberance and smile—he also suggests Jack Benny. One would not be surprised if he burst into a Mammy song, or grabbed the mike and smirked "play, Don play!" Nevertheless things did not appear to be going so well for him. He made a hit with your correspondent, but there is no doubt the movie boys and girls, in the court room and outside are against him.

Imagine the folly of paying out good money to see synthetic drama in the theatres up town, when you can get the real thing, down at the Hall of Justice, for nothing! R. W. R.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 7.—A letter: "I am 20, born up a New York section considered quite ultra, have a trust fund income of \$3,000, will inherit an estate considerably over a quarter-million and live at present with my parents who provide a good home and pay all bills with no questions asked. That as you might say, is riding top gait. My genealogical background is one of culture. I was graduated from one of the superior finishing schools in Paris and spent six months afterward on a tour of the world. Certainly one could not ask for more, and I don't."

"My talent is inclined to the literary. As a mere dabbler I have sold three poems and two stories to high-grade magazines. That Nature has bestowed certain gifts is evident. Since 16 I have had several beaux, young men of my world, personable in every way. Yet I have been in love but twice, but each time passionately. Once with a deck steward of no education and no particular appearance on a coast-wise steamer. The other time with an electrician's assistant of about the same mental and physical caliber of my deck steward. In each instance a runaway marriage was avoided by a calm dash of

lecturing my father. He only asked me to wait awhile and in the interim my ardor cooled. Dad was right but I am satisfied that eventually I will elope and be on the sorrowing end of a badly contracted union. This letter probably should go to a Love Lord Department. I have written you because I read your column, like your philosophy and two days ago found myself facing the old problem. This time it is a mild infatuation—my infatuation always begin that way and expand—with, as you might expect, a young policeman. It all began when he found my lost dog, but in the intervening hours I have met him once and also telephoned to his home. So the danger point has been reached. "It's likely that I shall go to my father as I always have and he will talk me out of it. Then I will go back to the old routine until I make a dunce of myself again. I am fairly well versed on the topics of repression and inhibitions and my problem is not one of sex. I have yielded to sly hand-holding in darkened theaters and, now and then, a brushing kiss or so in a taxi, but nothing more. I am in every sense "a good girl." I smoke moderately and never sip more than half a cocktail at a sitting. I detest vulgarity. "So what I wonder, knowing full well you have no answer, is the something that is trying to force me to make a mope of what should be an extraordinarily happy life? Some day I shall break the hearts of several, including that of some innocent man, and my own. I am not conceited enough to believe that the deck steward, the electrician's assistant and the policeman are not worthy of me. I am, however, sensible enough to know that I could not be happy with them. It just isn't in the cards."

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.

SOME SIMPLE REMEDIES FOR ASTHMA

In California and Western Medicine last year three physicians of a noted medical family published a paper they had presented before the State Medical Association earlier in the summer. Can't name the doctors because it is unethical, in my judgment. You see, they have a racket. They don't call it a racket. No indeed. None of the big shots work this racket and figuratively thumb their noses at the quaint Code of Medical Ethics (no longer a Code, by A.M.A. edict, but just a set of Principles), care to acknowledge frankly that it is an advertising racket. But I say it is nothing else but free advertising without let or hindrance by the comical old Code of Medical Ethics or even an audible at-at from the plodding practitioners in the profession, is the only apparent reason for the private pay "clinic." Bear in mind, the term "clinic" originally signified precisely what Webster says: "Instruction of a class of medical students by the examination and treatment of patients in the presence of the (ouch, this is embarrassing, coming from the meticulous lexicologists) pupils." Anyway they were students at first.

Subject of the paper was asthma. Interesting observation the authors made was that there is a lowering of the level of sodium in blood and tissues, and an increase in the proportion of potassium in blood and tissues, in asthma. They infer that this change of metabolism is due to deficiency of the adrenal gland secretion. They note that normally the feeding of adrenal gland (fresh raw gland from beef, or adrenal extract, or injections of adrenalin or similar preparations from the gland) brings marked relief to the asthmatic sufferer, but similar relief comes if the sufferer from asthma takes considerably more than the ordinary daily ration of salt in one form or another, everything as salty as may be palatable.

However, it is not certain that more sodium (salt is sodium chloride) will be assimilated or utilized in the body just because one takes more salt. The nameless authors advance the idea that the adrenal gland cortex secretes into the blood something which regulates sodium metabolism, as thyroid gland secretion regulates iodine metabolism and parathyroid gland secretion regulates calcium metabolism. On this basis, a heavy salt intake should enhance the effect of adren-

alin or adrenal gland treatment in asthma. A heavy salt intake is desirable in any case, whether the patient receives adrenal treatment or not. Aside from fortifying the effect of adrenal gland medication a large intake of salt improves the feeling of well being, improves the bowel function, lessens the frequency of the asthmatic attacks. If preferred, the increased salt intake may be in the form of a solution of a teaspoonful of salt in half a pint of water (glassful) one-half hour before meals, instead of salting foods heavily. If the morning dose proves too laxative, it may be given after breakfast. I've never had asthma. I've never had a half pint of salt water. I dunno which I'd druther. Which would you?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

What Is Excess? You said arbitrarily that if a wife does not like her husband's drinking of course it is excess. Conversely, if the husband does not approve of his wife's drinking, smoking, familiarity with other men and scant immodest dress, is that not excess? (G. S. G.) Answer—I should say it is. Breath Odor Please tell me the strength of the chloramine solution you recommend for removing odor from the mouth of a four month . . . (M. K.) Answer—For mouth wash, use a 1 per cent solution, or say one chloramine tablet dissolved in a wineglassful of water. The same strength solution is used for cleaning wounds.

Arteries I think you once mentioned a treatise on arteries which you have? If I am right I'd like to get a copy of it. Please tell me what it is and how to get it. . . . (W. W. O.) Answer—One booklet in the Ways of Health series, titled "Building Vitality" deals with arteriosclerosis and other questions that trouble folks who are on the toboggan. Another, "Regeneration Regiment" interests those who are perhaps prematurely old, a bit stale and in need of renovation or rejuvenation. A third, "Design for Living" is for poor folks who have permitted themselves to accumulate superfluous slacker flesh. No. 17 "Chronic Nervous Impotition" strives to disabuse the dumb lay mind of the nerve nonsense. No. 6 little lesson is "Last Brady Symphony" outlining and illustrating exercises which help you get fit. Any or all of these should be helpful to one in the incipient stage of hardening of the arteries or cardiovascular degeneration. (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.

DR. COOK CLAIMS HE IS DAMAGED IN POLAR BOOKS

NEW YORK, March 7.—(AP)—Charging depreciation of his claim to discovery of the North Pole in 1908, Dr. Frederick A. Cook today filed a \$125,000 damage suit in supreme court against the Encyclopedia Britannica, the Viking Press, the Houghton Mifflin company and Jeanette Mirsky, a writer. Vilhjalmir Stefansson and Donald B. MacMillan, explorers, contributed to two of the books of which Dr. Cook complains, but they are not named as defendants. The suit contained three causes of action. The first named Miss Mirsky and the Viking Press for publication of the book, "To The North." Dr. Cook charged that the book accused him falsely of fraud, misrepresentation and obtaining money under false pretenses. In this action the complaint asks \$50,000 damages. A second cause asks \$25,000 damages for a four-line reference to Dr. Cook in the Encyclopedia Britannica which closes with the statement: "Claims universally rejected." In the third cause of action, Dr. Cook named the Houghton Mifflin company for publication of the book, "How Peary Reached the North Pole," by Donald B. MacMillan.

Plan Townsend Strategy WASHINGTON, March 6.—(AP)—The House Townsend pension bloc decided today on a new study of strategy by which it hopes to obtain enactment of the McGroarty pension bill. Representative Monaghan (D., Mont.), chairman, named a subcommittee to review the bill and recommend improvements.

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

THE world, these days, is full of alluring schemes for living happily without labor. These schemes are not new. Greenbackism was one of them. Free silver was another. God further back into history, the Mississippi Bubble was such a scheme; promising wealth for everybody without effort. They all SOUND rosy, but they won't work.

PERPETUAL motion is a rosy scheme that has intrigued men's minds for centuries. The patent office at Washington is full of perpetual motion devices. On PAPER, many of these devices are so convincing that one can hardly help believing in them. But they are all alike in this respect: IN ACTUAL PRACTICE they won't produce power.

WHY not? Well, consider this: Water will FLOW DOWNHILL over a wheel and produce power. But no amount of theory, no amount of argument, no amount of logic will induce the water to CLIMB THE HILL of its own accord and flow down over the wheel again.

COAL, burned in a furnace, produces heat and heat is power. But after you've burned the coal you have nothing left but ashes. If you want more power, you have to have more coal.

WATER, heated to the boiling point, produces steam, and expanding steam will move a piston, thus producing power; but after the steam has PASSED the piston no amount of oratory will cause the same steam to go back and do it all over again. To get more steam, you have to have more heat.

NATURAL law says that when the sun rises daylight begins and when the sun sets darkness begins. Natural law says that wealth is created by the application of labor to natural resources. No man-made law can alter or repeal these natural laws. Congress can no more pass a law CREATING prosperity for everyone without work

than it can pass a law that will prevent the sun from rising.

WHEN the white man came to America, there was little wealth. Why? Because the Indians did little work. The wealth that has been created since the white man came to America—the greatest body of wealth ever created in the world before in a similar time—has been created by the WORK that has been done. If America had remained in the hands of the Indians, there would still be little wealth. THE politicians like to make us believe that by passing a law THEY can make us all happy and prosperous, because that makes them look like benefactors of mankind and as benefactors of mankind they should be entitled to VOTES. They CAN'T.

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hostel is being laid in this present program. The current scheme would, in effect, transfer the corporation taxes to the individual tax payers. It would abandon the corporate tax system and set it up within the individual income tax system. As any tax expert can tell you, that would put all the corporate and individual income right out in the open in one place. Jacking up the rates later would thus limit present evasions, produce heavier revenue. Mr. Roosevelt's advisers think far ahead.

Borah Campaign In Oregon Is Authorized

PORTLAND, Ore., March 7.—(AP)—Colonel Thomas R. Hamer, former congressman from Idaho, laid plans today for a mass meeting designed to form a Borah-for-president club in Oregon. He was authorized to map such a program at a meeting of 14 friends of the much-mentioned Republican presidential candidate last night. Hamer told the group he expected 2,500 persons would sign petitions favoring Borah's candidacy within two weeks.

BELGRADE, March 7.—(AP)—The Stojadinovich cabinet resigned today and the premier began the task of reorganizing his government.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY March 8, 1926 (It Was Monday)

Harry Fredette is named president of the Medford baseball team for the coming season. Team is organized and will start practice soon. Milo Eggers, notorious run runner trapped in Tacoma, Wash., home. Weather turns cloudy, with promise of rain.

Mann's style show to open tonight at Craterian. Sailor Jack Wood and Ralph Hand to wrestle at Gold Hill Thursday night.

"Cowardice of Congress on Prohibition" scored by Senator Taggart in senate.

State tournament to open Thursday, and Medford high will play its first game with Marshfield at 4:30 p. m. that day.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY March 8, 1916 (It Was Wednesday)

The battle at Verdun grows in intensity, with heavy losses by both sides. Railroads ask \$10,000,000 for Oregon-California land grant lands. Rail employees vote in favor of eight hour day.

The last basketball game of the season will be played Friday night between Medford and Ashland high schools.

New buildings erected last year in Medford totalled \$146,413.

Rosenberg Bros. buying sheep in upper Rogue country, for their Central Point flock.

Villa, Mexican bandit, raids Columbia, New Mexico, killing nine American civilians and seven soldiers.

Every watch repaired here is given the micrometer test. Jno. W. Johnson.

EQUIP FOR SAFETY Firestone TIRES 37¢ PER WEEK Firestone

Warner Bros. will present for two performances only MAX REINHARDT'S FIRST MOTION PICTURE PRODUCTION "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" FROM THE CLASSIC COMEDY BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE accompanied by the immortal music of FELIX MENDELSSOHN The Players James Cagney Joe E. Brown Dick Powell Anita Louise Olivia de Havilland Jean Muir Hugh Herbert Frank McHugh Ross Alexander Verree Teasdale Ian Hunter Victor Jory Mickey Rooney Hobart Cavanaugh Grant Mitchell Augmented by many hundreds of others in spectacular ballets directed by Bronislava Nijinska and Nini Theilade The music arranged by Erich Wolfgang Korngold The costumes by Max Ree. The entire production under personal direction of Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle SOUTHERN OREGON PREMIERE Thursday, March 19th HUNT'S CRATERIAN THEATRE