

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry

A Misallipmi mob, displaying more of the hyena and the tiger, than customary upon such barbaric occasions, Tuesday lynched two negroes, charged with murder and robbery.

The Young Democrats of Oregon convene this week-end. High hopes are held both the commonwealth and the Young Democrats will survive the colossal event.

The five rulings simply take all of the wind out of the sails of the President's court packing bill.

The hay crop of the valley is exhausted—some at \$10 per ton. Dad burn if the farmers will have to raise another one.

A member of the Methodist Federation for Social Service predicts another depression in five years, and a war within ten years with Japan.

In crossing the street yesterday, O. John Patton, the former big league ballplayer, escaped an oncoming truck by a speedy return to the curb.

Thirty-two defendants have been found guilty of stealing Kansas City, Mo., votes in the November mandate.

"Car salesmen have been as thick as flies in the summer time. This has been a record in history for free demonstration rides."

The T. Slate Johnston doe, "Harpo" while chasing jackrabbits Tues, was mistaken for one by a coyote, and mislead being a hasty meal by a half and a thin one.

The J. Cochran Robins have moved into their new nestalov, erected on a courthouse window.

A Portland citizen, 82, marched to the altar yesterday for the first time. It can't be said he didn't put up a good struggle.

GOVERNOR PIFFLE. "Governor Piffle thinks (or so he thinks) A man can say "So what" to anything.

"Does anything mean anything," he winks. "So long as the butler answers when we ring!"

The sun one morning rose up in the west (Or so he thought), and what did Piffle do?

Noted the curious fact, resigned the rest To God, and went on lacing up his shoe.

The Governor (aboard his private yacht) Reckons the whole to-do a hoodlumbore—

A matter of those who've got and those who've not, And clatter of ragged newsboys shouting WAR.

And all so much "So what" to him—so what Has Piffle got to go on living for?"

LAWN MOWERS sharpened We call and del. Sime Bros., Tel. 261. 23 N. Fir.

The Spring Dumping Abuse

SPRING is here, according to the almanac. The weather man doesn't know it yet, but practically everyone else does.

And the householders are acting upon it, clearing up the debris that a long winter had deposited.

In other words clean-up time is here.

And as usual most of cleaners-up are doing the job right. Also, as usual, some of them are doing the job wrong.

Among the latter are those who are packing the empty tin cans, broken dishes, discarded boxes, etc., etc., in the back of the family chariot, and under the cover of night, dumping the same, along the highways and byways, particularly the Old Stage road and in the Jacksonville sector.

WE don't know why that part of the county, should be the favorite dumping ground for Medford, but it is. Every year complaints come to this office from residents toward the west, who find their front-yard approaches decorated with imported refuse, and this year is no exception.

Only a short time ago we had a call from a prominent resident on the Old Stage road, asking Ye Editor to do something about it.

Well what can we do? There is a law against it, and this law should be enforced. But it is difficult at night, to catch anyone in the act, and barring that, to identify the malefactor is practically impossible.

Up to date none of the garbage scatterers have been public spirited enough to tag their contributions, with any identifications slips, saying: "This decayed junk came from John Doe's place, what are you going to do about it?"

NO they don't do that. So the county court which is properly exercised over the practice, finds its official hands tied, so to speak.

They would like to round up the culprits and put them in the calaboose, but with the shock troops at their command, they see little chance of doing it.

Therefore it's up to the press. Well we can think of only one thing to do that we haven't done before (quoting the law and demanding its enforcement) and that is to suggest that those who have debris which they wish to dispose of, and prefer spending a dollar on gasoline to fifty cents for its removal to the city dump, transport same to the city dump themselves.

S. P. Strike Not Likely

IT'S about a ten to one bet, there will be no strike on the Southern Pacific. In fact the genial and obliging Rosey, has placed a wager of 200 to one, with the present writer, to this effect.

How come? The walk out has been ordered for tomorrow evening at six, and the railroad union spokesman declares, if the union demands are not granted at that time, out they go.

If this isn't a bluff, the probable answer is the Southern Pacific will grant the union demands before they will let their lines be tied up by a strike. That is why all S. P. officials are so confident no walk-out will occur.

BUT a more compelling reason is, the existence of the railway labor act, which provides that if mediation of the board fails, the president shall name a three-man commission, to investigate the situation, and report to him within 30 days.

For over a decade this Act has been in force, and during all that time it has prevented any serious railway strike. President Roosevelt has named such a commission,—an excellent one,—and it isn't likely that railway union leaders will defy this commission, disregard the provisions of the Act, and take issue with the government.

THERE is nothing compulsory about this act, or punitive in character. It is essentially voluntary.

But it has worked in the past, and there is every reason to believe it will work this time.

As before stated in this column the Railway Labor Act has demonstrated what can be done to settle labor difficulties in the railroad industry, peacefully. The example set, should be followed, in all industry in the United States.

The Road to Ruin

RAYMOND CLAPPER, of the Scripps-Howard press, was one of the few political columnists in the country to favor the president's Supreme Court proposal.

No longer is Brother Clapper for packing the Supreme Court. He has switched over 100 percent.

"The court plan should now be dropped. There never did seem much need for tinkering with the Constitution, as far as these matters are concerned and there is less reason now. The trouble was in the court. That appears to be correcting itself. . . . Roosevelt can afford to sacrifice the form since he has gained the substance. Results are all that we seek to insist upon: more is merely to give rein to vindictive pride. . . . Then, too, the rules of the fight forbid you to keep on punching after your man is down. Of course if he gets up again—oh well, skip that."

That coming from one of the pioneer supporters of the proposal is pretty strong stuff.

In fact as far as we can observe no one is for the Supreme Court packing action, except the president and a small group of partisan die-hards, like Farley, John L. Lewis, Cummings, Ashurst and the rest.

The only situation comparable to it, politically, in the present writer's memory, goes back to President Wilson when, IN TIME OF WAR, he demanded a partisan democratic congress, and later, insisted upon the League of Nations pact, without the crossing of a "t" or the dotting of an "i".

It not only has its source, as Clapper says, in "vindictive pride", it is as we see it, a course of action, which if persisted in, will politically speaking, ruin both the president and his party.

As an ardent supporter of President Roosevelt in the late campaign, and a devoted believer in his New Deal, we—to express it mildly—hate to see it.

We even feel disposed to paraphrase that plea of the faithful retainer in the ancient Elizabethan tragedy:

"Oh may some power still save him from himself!"

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, Calif.

PINEAPPLE PREFERRED

Some simple souls sternly take a dose of grapefruit, lemon or the juice thereof in the belief that it keeps one thin or even reduces corpulence. I wonder how this strange property came to be ascribed to grapefruit and lemon.



Perhaps some sour face who had never been exposed to a psychology imagined, vinegar (dilute acetic acid) is so sourness caused a prodigious pucker to pass through the entire body and take up slack everywhere.

I have nothing in the world against lemons or grapefruit. In fact I grow 'em both (one tree each). But please don't ask me to eat or drink any lemon or grapefruit in any circumstance, except when a mere dash is mixed in with edible things as in a fruit punch or cocktail or in a salad.

Wherever a dish or a recipe calls for vinegar, I prefer lemon juice, because vinegar (dilute acetic acid) is not utilized as a food, but acts as an acid in metabolism, while lemon juice (dilute citric acid) is oxidized and utilized as a food in the body and leaves an alkaline residue or ash (calcium carbonate). Try lemon juice in place of vinegar in salad dressings or as a condiment and you'll soon find that it is quite as pleasing and perhaps more acceptable to the stomach.

In nutritive value, that is, fuel value, calories, there is little difference between orange, lemon, grapefruit and pineapple—each yields approximately 200 to 225 calories per pound.

They tell me grapefruit grown bitter and you really do not like it, but I'd almost swear nux vomica could be extracted from any I have ever tasted.

Of course, there is no objection that I know of, if you prefer grapefruit. No accounting for tastes. But



NEW YORK, April 15—Joe Louis has become the sartorial hot diggity along 7th and Lenox avenues. The combined razzle-dazzle of Duke Ellington, Cab Calloway and Bill Robinson almost suggest mourning in contrast to the brown-skinned fighter's dressy didoes.



In his formative fight in 1935, he was a bright-hued tie. But all of a sudden he jumped the gun and with a resounding blooey, blooey, cracked the spectrum. He is Harlem's style setter.

And has the most elaborate wardrobe that color-conscious Harlem has ever seen. He sports pearl white Homburgs in Jimmy Walker's jaunty set dip and wears high button shoes with dove gray tops, to say nothing of giraffe skin gloves at \$15 a smack, which Gary Cooper popularized.

His pantaloons are live-pleated, sweeping from his hips to a thin and graceful cuff, his vests saved off to here and his shoulders padded out to there. One of his shirts is blood red, which he wears with a grass green tie, which gives you the general idea.

Incidentally, Louis for some reason or other has lost considerable face with the New York sports writers. Since his ascendancy he was showered with praise until his fight with Bob Pastor and then the panegyrics were turned off suddenly—like water by a tap. The hosannas turned to hoots almost as venomous as the jeers for Max Baer when he toppled from his pedestal.

But Louis, no matter his pugilistic standing, remains the Bon Bon Buddy in the Black Belt. He is considered the social leader along Strivers Row and Sugar Hill, and right now, of course, paces the fashion fare. Already there is a neon-signed Joe Louis Toggery, expatiating styles in the neighborhood of uptown. He is known as "Chappie." That's his manager, Joe Blackburn's name for him.

HELP 15 MILES OF KIDNEY TUBES

To Flush out Acids and Other Poisonous Waste Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 Miles of tiny tubes of filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste. Frequent or scanty passage with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may cause the beginnings of raggish rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, dizziness, loss of energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, indigestion and diarrhea. Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give kidney relief and will help the 15 Miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

A recent water wagon wager. At one of the bars one late evening somebody sighed he was tired of it all and was going to chuck intoxicants for at least a month. Several others were so minded and so ten of them deposited a \$100 check each as a solemn pledge of abstinence. Those who failed forfeited their deposits. All dropped out of the race before the final day save Miss Long, and when they gathered to see her collect, she waited until five minutes before the final hour, then downed a cocktail and handed each pledger his check. Not many men would have been so generous.

Thingumbob: Marie Tempest received letters from Oscar Wilde almost every day he was in jail, but disliked him so she tore them up as received. . . . They would be worth a fortune today. . . . Jimmy Johnston, the fiery prize fight promoter, is one of the town's most confirmed tea addicts. . . . Clare Boothe Luce has dedicated the novelized version of her hit play, "The Woman," to her schoolgirl friend, Buff Cobb. (Copyright, 1937, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY April 15, 1927 (It was Friday) A. B. Cunningham, on visit to Dayton, Ohio, wires he is headed for home.

Cooler weather after sudden spurt of mercury to 90 degrees comes to city. County court offers a reward for persons caught dumping rubbish along county roads.

LaMurie Beck, 10, and Gordon Benson, 9, wins "black bottom" contest at the Craterian. Plane patrol of Oregon forests next summer is now assured.

New Orleans now in grip of flood; business ceases. President Coolidge silences reports that Secretary Herbert Hoover to resign from cabinet.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY April 15, 1917 (It was Wednesday) Club formed at Lincoln school to aid war orphans of Europe. French opens great offense in western front; British recapture Lens; huge gaps cut in German line.

Huge throng attends funeral service of "Diamond Jim" Brady in New York City. Auto traffic over Siskiyou is delayed by slide near Dollarhide bridge. Home guards to be formed at high school tonight.

"The first car over the Siskiyou" has been arriving almost daily for the past three weeks, and each driver courts an announcement to this effect in every paper along the route regarding the hard road to travel.—(Ashland Items).

HARVEY J. FIELD

(Continued from Page Nine) many years. He has been active in civic affairs, having served on the city budget committee on several occasions, and was chairman of the committee last year.

He is past master of Medford lodge No. 10, and a past commander of Malta Commandery, Knights Templar. He is well known among the shoe craft on the Pacific coast and has many friends among the traveling men who offer their congratulations upon the fine store.

FREE! Friday & Saturday A Pure Silk Secrete Service Slip • Shadow proofed • Wrinkle proofed • Rip-proofed • Lace trimmed • Sani-proofed • Color, tea rose A Real Buy at \$1.95 One of these Slips given free with every Coat, Suit, or Dress \$9.95 and up. We save you money on every item you buy in our store. This extra special you can't afford to miss. The BAND BOX 223 East 6th Phone 160

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FOOD NAUSEATED HIM HAD NO APPETITE AND WAS LOSING WEIGHT Sick With Heavy Stomach and Suffering Distress of Indigestion, Hotel Manager Gets His First Relief With Williams S.L.K. GOOD health, the key to life's happiness, is your rightful heritage. Indigestion robbing you of the best years of your life? If clogged up bowels and sluggish kidneys are poisoning your system, undermining your general health, causing you physical distress to the extent that you have lost normal interest and pleasure—it is time to take Williams' S.L.K. even though you may have tried so many other things you think your case is hopeless. Get a bottle today at Health's Drug Store. Aids Trouble That Was Becoming Alarming Mr. H. L. Goodloe, who has lived in Stockton, Calif., 19 years and is manager of the State Hotel there, was becoming alarmed about his condition as he grew steadily worse and could find nothing to help him. It was after taking two bottles, Mr. Goodloe was greatly relieved. I completely—utterly—satisfied from your very first bottle return the empty bottle and carton and your money will be refunded. The trial will cost you nothing! Money-Back Guarantee Williams S.L.K. Formula is guaranteed to get quick, wonderful results from Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Kidneys—or your MONEY BACK! Get a bottle today from the Health Drug Store and if you are not completely—utterly—satisfied from your very first bottle return the empty bottle and carton and your money will be refunded. The trial will cost you nothing! —ADV.

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