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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.
Southern Baptists in conference assembled voted smoking as "un-Christian," but shouted "No! No!" when urged by a young minister to approve the Gagan anti-lynching law.

Just before the ball game remarks of Dewey Hill, manager of the Prospect team, to the captain of the Chiloquin squad, and the arbiters, Sunday afternoon:
"Now Mr. Uitch here don't know much about umpiring, and maybe your man don't either, so let's take their decisions as they come, and not scalp 'em, even if they do need it."

"A man nowadays is nervous if his wife approaches with a hat in her hand. He doesn't know whether it is a new one, or one he accidentally sat on."—(Oakland Tribune)—Dulling the joy of husbandry.

Wild flowers in all the leading pastel shades, now available on hill and dale.
JOURNALISTIC KICK-BACK.
(L. K. Review Examiner)
"One result of our outburst was a trip to the dump by several individuals during the past week, all of whom came back saying 'lots worse things than we said'—but of course they don't have to print what they say."

Mole-hills are appearing in many lawns. As yet, no politician has come along and made a mountain out of any of them.
Labor objects to Henry Ford urging employees not to join unions. It seems no worse than unions telling employees not to work for Henry Ford.

The CoCo. has launched a drive for new enlistments, with a chance to win a sergeantcy of a committee in three months.
"Few men can take their mind off the job of driving when the speedometer shows 80 miles per hour while at 25 and 30 they often launch into long lectures on varied subjects using one or both hands to gesture with."—(Dorris (Calif.) Times)—And how!

A copious rain fell last night, and was not in response to prayers of agriculturists. A low area off the coast, and tilters threatening to cut hay is blamed for the moisture, of which there seems to be no special need. As long as it came it was welcomed, and gave farmers an excuse to come to town, and go to the circus. It also gives space idiots their last chance to do fancy stunts before summer, if any, sets in.

The Elix cat is ailing, and is not himself. He has a hacking cough, for which all the brothers have a certain cure.
OFFICE GIRL'S LAMENT.
There's a charming little office, and I try to keep it nice,
For wheezing, growling patients who invade my paradise,
They track in mud and saw-dust,
Flit their feet on the floor,
When leaving with a curt "good-night" they never close the door
The children grab the magazines and tear the covers off,
Their mothers lean across my desk to talk and sneeze and cough,
Because there are five sub-trays, I find matches in the vases,
And smile and nod and smile some more at unresponsive faces.
But I love the little office, and I clean the carpet's face,
Remove the burnt out matches from each uncomplaining vase,
Restock and set the magazines, and rearrange the chairs,
Then, trembling, wait another patient's tread upon the stairs.
—(E. B. C.)

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Buy HOLDE & HORST HOSIERY at
Kethwyn B. Hoffmann's,
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A Great Opportunity

THERE will be a national Boy Scout jamboree—the first in 27 years,—in Washington, D. C. starting June 30th. To date only ten scouts have registered for the trip, from the Medford district. The period for registration has been extended from May 15 to June 1st, and it is to be hoped that during the next ten days, this rare opportunity for a cross-country trip of 7000 miles, and participation in the greatest Boy Scout gathering in nearly three decades will be made available to at least twice that number. As far as that goes, 100 Boy Scouts could be accommodated from this section of the coast.

THE main obstacle of course is the expense,—which must be borne by parents or friends. But the total cost of the trip per scout, is only \$165 and this includes not only de luxe train travel of over 7000 miles, 12 days in Washington, D. C., but side trips to Atlantic City and Philadelphia; several days in New York city, Niagara Falls, Canada, Detroit and Chicago; stops in San Francisco and Salt Lake City, going East, and a day in Portland, on the return.

All this travel will be first class, the boys will be guests at the best hotels, every expense even including laundry, will be taken care of, by the sum above mentioned. One doesn't have to be an expert on costs, to realize that this is one of the greatest bargains, in educational and recreational travel,—leaving the advantages of attendance at the national encampment in Washington, D. C., out of consideration—ever offered, anywhere, at any time.

NOTHING is more fun than travel, in comfort and with congenial company and under conditions where in every community visited, the assembled hosts will outdo themselves to give their young visitors the best possible time. And nothing is more broadening and educational, than such travel,—certainly those who attend will enjoy an experience from which they will profit, physically and morally and which they will never forget as long as they live. Parents moreover can be assured their sons will be taken care of, in every direction, as far as health and safety are concerned, dependable and intelligent leadership being supplied for every Boy Scout.

ACCORDING to a reliable local authority on travel costs, such a trip under normal circumstances would cost at least \$400 per person. Here is a 60 per cent saving, and attendance at the National Scout Jamboree, thrown in for good measure.

We are calling attention to the matter, simply because we believe that if parents of Boy Scouts, throughout this section, clearly realized what a rare opportunity is offered, their sons, more of them would decide a better way to invest \$165, could scarcely be found. But the time is short. Registrations for the trip, will close the first of June.

"Honest Jim"

WITH all his faults, we can't resist a certain sneaking liking for Jim Farley.

He is just another practical politician,—another graduate of Tammany Hall, ever loyal to the mercenary and sordid traditions of that time-honored institution BUT,—

He is so turned forthright about it. He is so utterly free from pretense and hypocrisy. He is so entirely and completely, all the time, and under all circumstances,—plain Jim Farley and no one else.

One can't help but have a certain respect for a man like that. One may entirely disapprove of his methods, and his standards,—as this column does,—yet it is possible to disagree with him completely and still grant the essential decency and integrity of the man.

TAKE his attitude on the Supreme Court issue, for example. It would have been entirely orthodox as such things go, for Jim to have played both ends against the middle. That is, he could have joined with those who place the so-called court-packing technique on a high ethical plane—a worthy effort to achieve a true democracy, where the judicial authority would yield to the popular will. "Vox populi, Vox Dei" and that sort of thing.

And at the same time he could have pulled wires and brought the boys into line with patronage and pelf.

But not for Jim. From the outset, he called a spade a spade, and made no attempt to camouflage the dirt.

"Let them talk," said Jim, "when it's all over the plan will go through as is,—for we got the votes."

FOR once in his life, Jim, apparently, stubbed his toe, as a prophet. At least according to the latest report, the administration HASN'T the votes, as far as six new justices are concerned.

But how does the President's political body-guard react to that? Just as one would expect. Says he:

"Well, when Senator O'Mahoney comes down here to the White House wanting help on his sugar bill, his conscience won't be bothering him will it? Or when Pat McCarran wants aid for his state! It's all in the viewpoint."

It certainly is. And Jim Farley's view point is ever the same. Others may poke their hands in the clouds, and join the uplift,—Jim keeps his big feet flat on the ground, and passes out what it takes to get in the votes.

And he makes no bones about it.

WHATEVER history may record, as far as Jim Farley is concerned, it will never suggest he was a crook or a hypocrite. It will never deny, that while he was false to the precepts of political idealism, he was never false to his political alma mater, or to himself. He has played the political game as he was taught to play it, not for the benefit of the political harp-tunglers, but for the benefit of his party and his chief. And, from the standpoint of that school, he played it invariably on the up and up.

That may not be much from the standpoint of statesmanship, but from the standpoint of practical politics, it is a lot.

To Make Champagne
SEBASTOPOL, U. S. S. R. (UP)—Construction of a champagne distillery with an output of 4,000,000 bottles a year has been started in Crimea, near the city of Sebastopol.
Sousa's Son Dies.
SAN DIEGO, Calif., May 18.—(AP)—John Philip Sousa, Jr., 56, son of the late bandmaster and composer, died of a heart attack today at his home.

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, 263 El Camino, Beverly, Calif.

PREPATERNAI HYGIENE
I am an expectant father, writes an eastern correspondent, if you know what I mean . . .

Boy, I know. What is more I might add that you haven't experienced any anxiety yet. Being an expectant father, I know your child's play compared with being an expectant grandpa—a grand-primpa—think I did enough for you. There is one bit of advice I want to give right at the outset. It is this. Put the case in the hands of the best doctor you know at the earliest possible moment and permit no one else to interfere or offer suggestions of their kind. I followed that course with my first baby, and it gave me a great deal of comfort and assurance. Only coincidence that I picked myself as the doctor—naturally I would, don't you think? Another great advantage in employing a physician early is that you shift onto his shoulders all the worrying—a doctor may do a good deal of quiet worrying but it is all more or less in the line of duty or business with him, so it doesn't break down his health. I think I did enough for you, worrying for my first baby, but for a creche of ordinary babies, but throughout the ordeal I was sustained by the knowledge that ours was the best doctor in the county. (I hope this does not come to the eye of that doctor who wrote the other day about my unadulterated egotism).

This correspondent continues: I am naturally quite nervous, and fear any excitement or undue anxiety at this time might have a bad effect on my health and the baby's. For the benefit of myself and other young men in a similar predicament, please suggest suitable diet, exercise and whatever other good hygiene you think the expectant father should have. (T.J.L.)

The expectant father should take a bread and milk diet supper or dinner whatever you call the main meal, two or three times a week, to give the little woman a rest from now and then we catch ourselves studying one another appraisingly. Some day I suppose one of us will crack the ice, swing off into a waltz, and learn that we both came from the same crotch-of-the-creek.

NEW YORK, May 18.—(AP)—A medical man in San Francisco writes me there are more victims of anoxia than almost anyone realizes. Anoxia is the medical term for those afflicted with a lack of smell. With some it is congenital, and with others often the result of chronic sinus affection.

Those victimized with color blindness, achromatopia, generally become aware of it as they mature but those with anoxia seldom discover the fact for the reason that it does not reflect on anyone but the unfortunate individual. Genus is often so touched. Maeterlinck, Goethe and Swinburne. Almost everybody has had dinner or lunch in a restaurant with someone who has difficulty in reaching a decision as just what he wishes to eat. Frequently an embarrassed interview will usually turn to the waiter and say "O, I'll just take the same."

Actually he never knows whether he has humming bird wings or corned beef and cabbage. Some diagnosticians say that the people who use such expressions as "I'll take the same," "I really don't care what I eat," "I'll merely eat to live," are usually anoxic. The only time I've ever felt I'd become anoxia is when passing the Fulton Fish Market.

Another frequent affliction which many endure with patient resignation, I hear, is a buzzing in the inner ear. It is sometimes a prelude to deafness but not always. It sometimes goes on for a lifetime and nothing can be done about it. Lord Northcliffe was so afflicted and so were Cecil Rhodes and Cyril Maud. Many soldiers under trench fire acquired the buzz during the World war and it never left them. At times victims have fits of melancholia, but that is about all.

The one person I knew with color blindness was the late Arthur Somers Roche and he never liked to admit it. For instance he would, if shown some color inquire "It is brown, isn't it?" And when told it was green would carry it to a better light and say, "Oh, yes, I see."

Most private libraries are cold and formal in the manner of art galleries—so much so the word library has become anathema with architects who build the fine city mansions and elaborate country homes. Instead, the library is now called the "book room," and the effort is to make it cozy, indeed to make it the most inviting in a large establishment, with comfortable, deep-cushioned chairs, floor lamps and a huge open fire.

The tight-lipped aloofness of city dwellers is always a puzzle to those more or less attuned to the garrulity of a small town. For six years I have been a fellow passenger on the apartment elevator three or four times a week with a neighboring tenant. Often we are the only occupants, and

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

DICK Merrill and Jack Lambie complete their round-trip flight from New York to London, leaving New York on Sunday and getting back on Friday. It was a quick trip and a LUCKY trip. In the present stage of aviation development, anyone who can fly over the Atlantic and back and STAY ALIVE must be regarded as fairly lucky.

NOTE, however, that this is Merrill's SECOND round trip over the Atlantic, and he is STILL alive. It has been only a few years since attempting to cross the Atlantic even one way was practically equivalent to suicide. Flying over oceans in small planes is still far from safe, but it is a lot safer than it was a few years ago. Progress is being made.

GLOOMIER story of the year: A convict in a Texas prison camp, tired of WORKING, pays a fellow convict five dollars to CHOP OFF HIS FOOT, so he won't have to work any more. Beat that, if you can.

WITH so many people wanting to work, and unable to find the opportunity, it is depressing to hear of a fellow who is so anxious to avoid work that he will pay to have his foot cut off.

THE world has made a lot of progress since cave man days, and ALL THE PROGRESS that has been made has been the result of willingness to work.

Those who have been unwilling to work have merely held us back from getting FARTHER. ANOTHER depressing story: A 23-year old convict, PAROLED from the Illinois state penitentiary, goes on a murder tour of several states and slays three people before he is rounded up by the police.

It's depressing because we'd LIKE to think that when a man is paroled from prison he is so grateful for his good fortune that he reforms and goes straight ever after.

Ye Poets Corner

"May Wind"
Since dawn the wind has been blowing.
And all the sweet May day,
Swaying the rose boughs and carelessly throwing
Their dainty petals away.

And nature has answered the greeting
Listened to all it might say
Was it a warning that spring days
Are fleeting,
Quickly passing away?

The trees have nodded in assent
And aged pine seems to be
The sage of them all, and slightly bent
Has answered with dignity.

And a little shower of applause would pass
Through the boughs of cottonwood
And fragrant blossoms were over the grass
Out where the locusts grow.

Clouds that floated over head
Were as fragments of drifted snow.
Where a winter's storm just ended
At some blue lake below.

Down where the willow banked
Stream flows
It passes but does not stay
And pale gold sunlight shifts to show
Stones, mosscovered and gray.

Fields of grain and grass billowed on
And out to the highway ran
As days in swift succession gone
Failed to return,—and never can.

So it sabbily into the sunset went
And passed with the sweet May day
Even winds that blow will be different
In another year: from today.

Musings of an Old Lady
I sit down alone at even
The shadows around me fall
Me thinks I see your face again
And hear you faintly call.

You come to me in the shadows
As the shades of night draw nigh
I feel your presence near me
Almost I can hear you sigh.

LAWN MOWERS sharpened. We call and del. Sims Bros. Tel. 261 23 N. 1st.

News Behind The News

(Continued from Page One)
boiled—"adamant" is the popular word—about the supreme court packing bill as he is being represented.

The best way to describe it is that court packing is still "must" legislation, while the remainder of the program is "ought" legislation. The terms "must" and "ought" are supposed to have been used by the president himself.

But the real reason why Mr. Robinson announced there would be no compromise on the court "just yet" (and then asked newsmen to scratch their heads) is because it might sound bad in this: An intricate technical situation has developed among pro-court-packing senators. Under terrific pressure from the White House and Postmaster-General Farley, they have been rapping and talking their approval "must" and "ought." They are definitely out on the waves and some way must be found for them to get back safely in preparation for a "compromise." Furthermore, none of the congressional conferees was able to suggest a breeches buoy, guarantee against personal damages. They were not even able to say that any pillow like a two-justice bill would lure the boys to jump. In fact, they were unable to offer a single proposition which could be counted on as safe and sure.

This really leaves the matter in the negotiation stage with no end in sight. Of course, the president will have to continue to be "adamant" until some kind of deal is made. If one can be made.

The senate line-up on the court has not changed materially despite the coming of pro-packer Berry and the firming of Senators O'Mahoney and McCarran as anti-packers. Presidential check-men now count 43 votes sure, and eight or nine more possible. The giving of them selves the benefit of doubt, but they say they can get these eight or nine by the use of political weapons or political sugar. Some waverers may need nothing more than a personal invitation to the White House, and a presidential pat on the back. Others may require more substantial handling. These are just prospects, however, and the immediate situation is decidedly unfavorable to the president.

You can get a line on how the debate is going to run from the fact that a certain Republican senator has concluded preparation of a court speech which will require two days to deliver. He has condensed his thoughts so this radical content because he expects interruptions which will extend his initial effort to five days. If every senator followed this course, the debate would last from three to fifteen months. (Presidential advisers are counting on two months).

It is therefore premature to talk or think of filibuster. If ordinary debate is certain to string out from two to three months, the opposition will not even have to consider extra-dilatatory tactics for a long time yet.

Latest authentic word on wages and hours legislation is that it is nowhere near ready for submission to congress. This comes from a presidential authority and not from his unofficial attorney-general who are supposed to be ready with something to submit to the president.

It is now said the legislation probably will be presented in three or four bills, rather than bundled into one package. The bills may be segregated into: Anti-trust, wages-hours, child labor in interstate commerce, and prices. No one knows when Mr. R. is insisting on his \$1,500,000,000 for relief. He will get it after a struggle.

The president wants the farm tent plan to start with \$10,000,000, instead of \$20,000,000, and he probably will get it. The small amount will just be a wedge for future expenditures.

BUTTE FALLS, May 18.—(Sp.)—Baccalaureate service was held at the church Sunday evening. Rev. Smith delivering the sermon. Miss Cooper's pupils presented a cowboy play at the grade school Friday morning. All the other grades enjoyed the entertainment. The stage settings were realistic. Your town-saunter, Mrs. Jess Rogers' two sisters and families from California visited her on Mothers' Day.

Eather Moore is valedictorian and Cleo Richman is salutatorian for this year's graduating class. The commencement exercises will be given on Thursday night. There are 11 graduates.

Ms Hazel Moore plans to go to New Mexico soon after school closes.

Don't Sleep When Gas Presses Heart

If you want to really GET RID OF GAS and terrible bloating, don't expect it to be relieved by the usual stomachic with harsh, irritating alkalies and "gas tablets." Most GAS is lodged in the stomach and upper intestine, and is due to old poisonous matter in the stomach which is not being led with ill-causing bacteria.

Thousands of sufferers have found in Adieria the quick, efficient way to rid their systems of harmful bacteria. Adieria acts on the stomach and cleanses the bowels, making life miserable. You can't eat or sleep. Your head aches, your back aches, your constipation is shallow and pimply. Your breath is foul. You are a sick, grumpy, nervous wreck. Adieria does not gripe—is not habit forming. Jarmin's Drug Store

Flight 'o Time

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

May 18, 1927 (It was Wednesday)
Atlantic steamer reports it sights wreckage of lost French plane. No trace of aviators. State convention of Lions to be held here next Friday and Saturday. Hubbard Brothers advertise "haying tools."

New law requiring auto driver to come to a dead halt at all main highway intersections, goes in effect June 3. Petitions circulated to put county unit plan on ballot at next election. North Carolina school declares "huge tax surplus is Republican plot."

Bath, Mich., school is dynamited, causing death of 37 persons, by crazy man. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

May 18, 1917 (It was Friday)
British continue heavy gains on Western front, and Germans burn towns as they conduct strategic retreat. Appeal made for funds to feed Belgian babies and orphans, and receives quick response. Use of bran for bread urged to save flour for soldiers.

Famine threatens Germany, and hints of revolution. Brig-Gen. John J. Pershing to command first American division in France. Drag For Body

OREGON CITY, May 18.—(AP)—State police and deputy sheriffs dragged the Willamette river near Oswego for the body of George T. Wetland, 23, of Portland, who drowned Sunday while swimming.

Weather. Northern California: Fair tonight and Wednesday, warmer in the interior Wednesday; moderate to fresh northwest wind off the coast. Oregon: Unsettled tonight with lower temperatures in interior; Wednesday, fair; moderate northwest wind off the coast.

Phone 542 We'll haul away your refuse City Sanitary Service

MY WHOLE FAMILY LIKES THEM

"I never have any trouble about likes and dislikes in cereals. I serve every one in my family Kellogg's Corn Flakes. They prefer them all the year around."

Crisp, delicious Kellogg's Corn Flakes taste good at any time of the day. Serve them for breakfast, lunch or the children's evening meal. Kellogg's are made better. Taste better. Packed better. At all grocers. Served in restaurants everywhere. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

SAY "Kellogg's" BEFORE YOU SAY "CORN FLAKES"

Insist On Delicious Lost River BUTTER

TONIGHT Doors Open 7 O'clock-Show Starts 8 O'clock NEAR JACKSON SCHOOL

BARNES and SELLS FLOTO COMBINED

ALL NEW THIS YEAR

2 All SPECIAL TRAINS Downtown Ticket Sales Circus Day at Health's Drug Store, Medford Bldg.