

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Member of the Oregon Press Association 1937. Ye Smudge Pot. By Arthur Perry.

KIPP—GENTLEMAN DOG. Kipp, a handsome canine of the Chesapeake strain, belonging to H. Flewber, the demon baker, is the recipient of praise and praise these days, because last Sunday he saved the life of a duck hunter, who, battling for life in icy Klamath lake, reached shore and was in danger of being drowned. Kipp will never receive the full measure of praise due him for his bravery. His master has photographs showing Kipp in many poses—sleeping, alert, panting, and with his mouth shut, ready to bark, looking wise, and seated. But none of the poses give a full view of his tail, a highly ornamental and vital accessory of any dog, and, just now the portion of Mr. Kipp's anatomy, in which public interest is centered.

Man and his dog have long been a favorite topic of editors, the world over, and now would be a good time to reprint Sen. Vest's famous speech on dogs, but it is not at hand. However, recent comment of the New York Times is at hand, and is as follows: "A large city is no place for dogs, or for people, either. One can't, as a rule, raise vegetables, chase squirrels, climb mountains, take a walk without being stopped every minute or two by traffic lights, or do a number of other healthful and natural things in a city. One can't even go out and bark at the moon without attracting unfavorable attention. One needs turf to walk or run on, not cement; one needs trees, with the wind making noises in them; one needs room to run in when one wants to run; one needs all sorts of outdoor smells, among which the odors of soft coal and gasoline are not included. "We didn't start out this way, the dog and us. The dog came somehow out of the wolf pack and lay down beside our fire. In our caves, in our huts, he took the job of protecting us from his friends and acquaintances who still preferred to be wild. When he misbehaved we kicked the daylight out of him, but in time we learned to love him. "Now all this is changed. We have got cities, and though individually we may move out into the country if we choose, collectively a huge number of us, for one reason and another, stay in town. We cannot be such good animals in town, and neither can a dog, but we find something here that tethers us. There are on leash to fame or fortune, music, plays, the stimulation of kindred minds, the excitement of competition, certain comforts and conveniences, or just a job. The city takes us out for walks, but it doesn't let us run and bark—not it. But since we have to be here, and mostly tramp the hills no more, nor range the forest, nor see the dawn trembling on the edge of the sky, except when we are on our way home from a hard night's dancing—since these things are so, we hope that some landlords, at least, will let us keep our dogs. We have been chums for a long time, the dog and ourselves. We have been through a lot together and have had bad times and good times, and though they build our cities with five streets on top of each other, and all the houses of steel and glass, and gyroscopes pepper the sky, and we live on synthetic bones, still there will always be, for many of us, a place for a dog in what we call our homes."

Adverse comment has been directed at a collegiate stunt at a Portland football game last Saturday wherein 11 husky lads chased a pig between halves. It is held to have been cruelty to animals, and a vulgar display of wealth, at the present price of pork chops.

A California lady, contemplating suicide, left a farewell note sending "love" to 11 gentlemen friends by name, instead of referring the coroner to page 58 of the city directory.

S. F. Turkey Prices. SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 18. (AP)—Not prices paid producers for live poultry delivered San Francisco: Dressed turkeys, loose, young toms under 17 lbs., 24 1/2 lbs. and over, 24; young hens, 25 1/2-26.

More Fiddling!

THIS is one of the most important sessions of congress in recent years. Although there was considerable criticism of President Roosevelt for calling a special session, it is now clear, that his reason, or his political instinct—perhaps both—were entirely sound. For between the time he decided to call congress together, and the date set, what is now termed a business "recession", suddenly struck the nation.

There is no agreement regarding the exact cause, no agreement regarding the precise cure, but there is agreement, that the only hope of immediate betterment, lies in remedial legislation, by congress. And yet what is congress doing, and what has it done since it convened? NOTHING!

THE House is milling about like a cat chasing its tail, while the Senate is taking its ease, as the more loquacious solons, from the solid south, conduct a filibuster on the anti-lynching bill. In fact conditions have reached such a pass, that leaders in both houses, blandly predict, that no legislation of any importance will be passed until after the first of the year.

SUCH indifference to their political responsibilities, such a disposition to fiddle while Rome burns, is nothing short of appalling. If during the next six weeks, the congress refuses to enact any important legislation—or at least give the country some idea of what that legislation is to be—the consequences, social and economic, may well be disastrous. Unless the members of the congress soon snap out of it themselves, and get to work, the people of the country should, and in no uncertain terms demand that they do so. And President Roosevelt should aid them, by asserting his leadership, and cracking that verbal whip, he knows so well how to use, resumed.

Let the members of congress know they were called together for a purpose, have a most important job to perform, and if in such an emergency as the present one, they can do nothing but twiddle their thumbs and engage in oratorical shadow boxing, they better shut up shop and go home!

Defending a Lost Cause

It is particularly galling that this valuable time in the senate should be wasted because of the anti-lynching measure. There is no hope of defeating this bill. Everyone in the senate including those who are trying to talk it to death, are quite aware of this fact.

President Roosevelt favors the bill, as do practically all members who live above the Mason and Dixon line. It will pass on the first senate roll call, and nothing can stop it. Yet these gallant defenders of Judge Lynch and worshippers of the good old days "befoh dee wab" persist in satisfying their egos, and their more radical black-baiting constituents, by conducting a filibuster, day after day, which they know is bound to fail.

If a high moral principle were involved, or if there were some hope of accomplishment, such a procedure at the very start of an important session, would still be regrettable, but would at least be UNDERSTANDABLE.

BUT neither fact is true. The proponents of lynching have no moral ground to stand upon, even the tradition that the black man in the south can only be ruled by terror, is being more and more discredited, by the enlightened and responsible leaders of the modern south. And finally wrong or right nothing can be done about it. In continuing this filibuster, the senators from the south are not only wasting the time of the senate, but their own time.

"Cactus Jack" Garner is a southerner, but an exceedingly wise and influential statesman also. We have an idea that before many more days are wasted, he will persuade his colleagues from Texas and other members of that club, they better rest their larynxes, and allow the business of the senate to be resumed.

More Action, Less Talk

WAR in one direction resembles Mark Twain's weather. There is a great deal of talk about it, but very little DONE, about it.

In all the world, even on the Japanese general staff, you will find no responsible person who will publicly uphold war. From the time of General Sherman's dictum down to the present day, everyone has been against war,—even those who engage in it.

And yet it continues, and at the present moment is rather more vigorous and formidable, than at any previous period in 20 years. PERHAPS if there were less talk against war, and more action, something could really be accomplished. Not that anti-war talk can do any harm, but in that area there is no chance of any argument, so we doubt if it does any good. (And aren't certain people inclined perhaps to consume all their constructive activities against war, to conversation and let it go at that! Under the delusion something has been accomplished.)

At any rate we would like to see the real honest-to-goodness enemies of war, try the technique of the medical profession, for a change.

DISEASE is as universally condemned as war. But the medical profession don't merely talk against it, and let it go at that. They do something about it and particularly in the direction of discovering what the causes of this disease or that disease are, and if possible removing them.

Why not do the same toward war? Let's take it for granted that everyone is against war,—which is true,—and go on from there to a serious effort to determine what CAUSES war.

We have a pious idea that if the problem were scientifically attacked, it would be discovered, that man is by nature, as peaceful an animal as he is a healthy one. That fighting between modern nations is no more normal or inevitable than plagues of cholera, or the black death—and war will decline, just as such disease will decline, not by oratorical opposition, but by establishing the causes, and as far as is humanly possible removing them.

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.

START THE FURNACE AND BEGIN COUGHING

The melancholy days are come, the drier of the year, for a large portion of the population. From now on, until the furnace fire is put out in the spring, the respiratory mucosa, the membrane lining nose, throat, sinuses, ear, bronchial passages and lungs will be under considerable strain, from the extreme aridity to which it is subject for the seven or eight months out of every year that the climate drier than the desert of Sahara.

Dr. Oeler was mistaken about a number of things, of course—that's one reason why he was a great teacher and why his name and his book are still revered. He was mistaken when he opined that cold and dampness caused chronic bronchitis, winter cough of the aged. He was mistaken when he attributed the greater prevalence of chronic bronchitis in England to the more uniform heating of houses in the United States and Canada. Uniform heating is one factor of air-conditioning. If we can conceive of chronic bronchitis, chronic sinusitis or any respiratory trouble vaguely designated "catarrhal" as already established (lightning in the case), then we agree that uniform heating, an equable climate, an atmosphere not subject to extreme variations is the most comfortable and the most healthful for the patient. Dr. Oeler mentioned Egypt and Southern California as the most nearly ideal climates for persons subject to winter cough. Alas, chronic bronchitis has been known to develop even in Southern California. Unfortunately who move to Southern California or go there to spend the winter are so obsessed by the cold bog that they still spend a large part of the time indoors and even have heat on, and so they fail to enjoy the climate they sought.

It is not cold nor dampness that accounts for the greater frequency of chronic bronchitis in England. It is the greater amount of sunshine in the United States and Canada that explains why people in this country are less subject to chronic winter cough. England is considerably farther from the equator than the United States. The winter sunshine in England, what little penetrates the clouds and fog, contains much less ultraviolet than the winter

remains as is. Yet there always remain distinguishing lines recognizable to the expert. James J. Walker is an accomplished Jimmy the Penman. His chirography suggests a steel engraving. The most difficult to decipher is that of Noel Coward's loop the loop. The most attractive feminine handwriting is that taught and practiced by the fashionable boarding schools near Philadelphia. Old-time telegraph operators had a swing that was graceful, and, of course, made for swift writing. Kathleen Norris has mastered a beautiful penmanship, something unusual for those to whom writing is a trade.

During a stretch of newspapering in Dayton, O., years ago, I was, for economic reasons, billeted with a donkiss fellow in a dingy room of an equally dingy boarding house. It would at least make the man less difficult to live with. (Copyright, 1937, 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, Nov. 18.—Theodore Dreiser seems determined to become an utter recluse from the world. Never a mixer with his fellows, he has for the past ten years slowly a severing the remaining ties. Only a few established friends see him. And now and then he darts into a midnight movie.

When he bought an elaborate off-the-main-high-way estate deep in the Mt. Kisco hills a few years ago, he bulwarked his increasing isolation to a pretentious fireside he invited only a select group. His apartment at the uptown Ansonia was closed.

Now Dreiser has deserted Mt. Kisco for what is known as "a scientific monastery" near Cold Springs Harbor, L. I. He is living in a mere shack with bare floor, no pictures on the wall and not any of the modern conveniences, such as telephone and radio.

Other scientists live there for \$2 a week. Dreiser has found their companionship stimulating and believes the world of science is the only one wholesome and clean. He is not alone in his about-face and return to the simplicities. Many artists and writers are burrowing back.

No one is more interesting than Dreiser from the sidelines when defending a cause. It's really an act. He is the picture of autism, rage, rocking to and fro and folding and refolding his handkerchief. Now and then he lashes out like a viper's hiss, his gony eyes fairly glinting rage. No one I have known seems to express such bitterness toward those he thinks have exploited the weak. His early battles with poverty still rankle, and yet many of us have had the same disillusionments without his unhappy reaction.

The paying teller of a large bank tells me the average person changes his signature several times before reaching 50, but after that it usually

GET UP NIGHTS? FLUSH KIDNEYS WITH Juniper oil, buchu leaves, etc. Makes the urinary tract healthy. Irregular, smart or burns, etc. frequent desire, get up nights, or if kidneys are sluggish, causing backache. Use juniper oil, buchu leaves, etc., made into little green tablets called BUKETS to flush the kidneys, just as you would use castor oil to flush the bowels. Help nature eliminate troublesome waste and excess acids. Ask any druggist for the best box of BUKETS. Locally at Heath's Drug Store, Jarman's Drug Store.

my roommate who was sound asleep. He was a forger, with four convictions, yet only 26 years of age. Evidently forgery is a difficult habit to shake. In the past year the same fellow was embroiled in the New York newspapers for bouncing rubber checks around a fashionable section of Boston, where he was quite a one.

Thingumbob: Edgar Wallace, was extremely sensitive about a stone deafness. . . . Lady Astor is a Donald Duck enthusiast. . . . Nijinsky, the famous dancer, mind gone, sits day after day at the window of a Swiss sanitarium, rocking a rag doll. . . . He does not even recognize his wife. . . . A movement grows to make organized baseball give Babe Ruth a managerial chance or those fostering it will deny their attendance. . . . Henry Mencken and George Jean Nathan have a cocktail together now and then, but with formality. . . . The buck Ward Morehouse led in an Idaho hunt hangs at "No. 21."

Contributed: A gent in a bright yellow shirt And a necktie so purple it hurt: So I said, "Why, Migawdi! It is certainly Odd." He showed his green socks and said (Copyright, 1937, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS A READER of this column said to this writer the other day: "When are you going on another trip and write about it? I enjoyed your sketches of the high desert. I like travel stories, but I'm not so hot about all this political and economic philosophizing."

THIS writer, who doesn't give two hoots about politics except as it affects the state of the nation and the ability of its people to earn a living, who no longer cares what party governs the nation so long as its economic views are sound and workable and who would rather write travel sketches than to eat, would LIKE to travel all the time and write about what he sees.

But one's living, you know, has to be earned.

ANOTHER reader (referring to these same desert stories) remarked while they were being printed: "When are you going to quit running around and get back to telling us what is going on in the world? Soon, I hope."

One man's meat, you see, is another man's poison.

ANOTHER reader said only last night: "I read this column of yours regularly, and sometimes agree with it as much as 50 percent. Well, if he agreed with it all the time he'd probably quit reading it. A friend you can't start an argument with isn't very stimulating."

THIS scribe used to write long-winded editorials about what OUGHT to be written about. It wasn't much fun, and nobody much read them.

Several years ago he turned over a new leaf and began writing briefly of whatever came to mind and saying exactly what he thought, regardless of whether ANYBODY agreed. Oddly enough, people began to read the stuff almost immediately.

So that's that. Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

NOTICE TURKEY RAISERS

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MEDFORD POULTRY & EGG CO. 4th and Fir Streets. Phone 16

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a valiant battle against it. They said it would mean, not more safety, but less, and greater, shipping costs. It was, however, backed by railroad labor. It now appears that labor isn't as interested in "safety" as it is in what goes into the pay envelope. At least when the railroads, after the long-drawn out arbitration in Chicago, finally agreed to an increase in the base pay of the men, the railroad brotherhoods agreed that they would let the "70-car bill" rest, if not rest, on the rails.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY November 18, 1927 (It was Friday) Middle west and east swept by storms. Blizzards rage in Illinois and Indiana.

Women who stole geranium plants is sentenced to jail.

Box of home-made beer is found by police on Main street. Owner asked to claim property.

Pioneer ladies feature Talent Community club meeting.

Rains retard all farming in the Table Rock district.

Eden Valley Growers report fine crop of walnuts.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY November 18, 1917 (It was Sunday) Railroads agree to turn their properties over to the government for operation in emergency.

Italians defeat Germans along the River Plate.

Seelye Hall is promoted to a corporatorship in the aviation division.

Fine weather the past week has caused motorists to take long trips. Those without cars are lured into hiring taxis.

Time to spray for peach blight.

First shipment of tobacco kits for soldiers sent from this county.



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No. 9 of A Series Showing Man's Friendliness To Man... Presented In A Spirit Of Friendliness... By Schenley's RED LABEL... The Friendlier Tasting Whiskey.

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Schenley's Friendly Red Label Blended Whiskey FRIENDLIER TO YOUR TASTE. PINT 90¢, QUART \$1.70. SCHENLEY'S RED LABEL is milder, more palatable whiskey that you'll find friendlier to your taste.