

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily, Sunday, Weekly
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
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A. SUMPTER, Business Manager

DO AMERICANS CARE ONLY FOR MONEY?

THE recent Wall Street collapse appears to please some European observers, judging by comments in the European press. One French writer expounds as follows:
"The sensational drop in Wall Street securities is a major tragedy for the United States, comparable only to what the Great War was to Europe. For the average American regards money as more important than life. This evidenced by the number of suicides that have followed the panic. Nowhere else in the world would the loss of a fortune be regarded as the loss of everything worth living for, and render death such an attractive escape. We are told hotel clerks, in New York City, when strangers ask for a room, now invariably ask whether the room is wanted to live in, or jump out from. Perhaps this collapse may demonstrate to our friends that money grabbing is not everything after all."

AMERICANS do care for money—perhaps too much—but as a matter of fact the people of France, from peasant to plutocrat, care more. Americans like to make money, but they like to spend it; and above all they like to give it away. Money grabbers, who care more for money than life, would naturally not only get all the money they could lay their hands on, but keep it when they got it. But this certainly has not been true of America. In fact, in no country in human history has the giving away of money to worthy and unselfish causes reached such a high state of development as in the United States. We wonder if our French critic realizes how much money will be given away in 1930 by a comparatively few American multi-millionaires. The answer is \$2,500,000,000—rather a tidy sum. Here are a few of the items:

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO has received \$50,000,000 from the Rockefellers; Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford gave \$25,000,000 to the university which bears their name; George Eastman gave approximately \$25,000,000 to the University of Rochester, and Duke University will receive as much or more from the estate of the late James B. Duke. Gordon McKay bequeathed \$20,000,000 to Harvard, John W. Sterling gave an equal amount to Yale, and Henry C. Frick left \$15,000,000 to Princeton. Besides these major benefactions a huge sum in the aggregate has been distributed among both denominational and state-owned schools in small bequests as is evidenced by the fact that the University of California for ten years has received an average of \$1,000,000 a year from private sources.

The Rockefeller and Carnegie fortunes remain the two great sources of public benefaction. The Rockefellers, father and son, have distributed \$600,000,000 through the Rockefeller Institute, the General Education Board, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial, and the International Education Board. The \$350,000,000 Carnegie bequests have gone to 3000 libraries, 500 universities and colleges, Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, the Carnegie Hero Fund commission and other altruistic activities.

Among other great foundations of recent years are the Russell Sage Foundation of \$15,000,000; the Commonwealth Fund of \$38,000,000 established by Mrs. Stephen V. Harkness, and the \$20,000,000 Juilliard Musical Foundation. We don't know that a man who has a hundred million should be given any particular credit for giving away a portion of it. But at least he should be spared from being placed in the category of a sordid money grabber who cares for money and nothing else.

They have discovered that germs of the sleeping sickness live in the alligator's gums, but haven't yet found a way to utilize the discovery in boosting sales of tooth paste.

Americanism: Zealous meddling in another's private affairs; looking on in silent indifference while a few men waste earth's stores of oil and gas.

Censors should remember, however, that other people, interested primarily in the beauty of the lily, aren't aware of the dirt on the stem.

Mr. Roosevelt should avoid any reference to the good points of hell. It is a custom in Porto Rico to give a guest whatever he praises.

Nordies are superior people who must suffer in the sun or patronize a drug store to make themselves resemble a high yaller.

The life expectancy of four prominent Mexicans has been increased 20 years. They decided not to run for the presidency.

MUTT AND JEFF—Two Simon-Pures Compare Salaries



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, in care of this newspaper.

OUR BUMPER CROP OF MAKE-BELIEVE HE MEN.

A good medical authority, one without particular claims as a psychologist, has voiced the fear that the sexes are approaching each other, not only in physical characteristics but in mental or moral traits as well, and this seemed to the scientist a grim mind a premonition of the decadence of civilization. Effeminacy always does indicate the decline of a race, an empire, a nation. Signs of femininity in men are not so obvious to the casual observer as are signs of virility in women. It is difficult to say which sex, if either, has more deteriorated; perhaps each seems the worse to the other.

To our own generation women have shamelessly cropped their hair—I say shamelessly, because formerly they were ashamed to do so. They have not only adopted the artifices of the scarlet woman of old, but they now quite nonchalantly flaunt the use of these artifices and laugh scornfully or contemptuously at any individual who betrays dislike of it. An increasing number of women now shave regularly. Formerly women who smoked indulged privately and felt rather ashamed of it. Now by gosh they do so quite offensively and as publicly as possible. Drinking—we'll say nothing about that. But just a whisper about profanity and what was formerly the language one might expect to hear in the bar room or the barber shop; have you ever listened to a couple of flappers exchanging 1929 intimacies about boy friends? But these modernities are by no means confined to the once gentle sex. The youth today feels a pang of regret at the sprouting of a beard; he labors earnestly and hard to conceal as long as possible the fact that he has one. If he does occasionally sport a timid mustache it is by edict of custom or fashion only a ladylike suggestion of one; a real one would get the raspberry from all the boys with the latest marcelle, and the modern youth just can't stand raspberries. He devotes much thought and time and money to the pretty pastime of keeping his teeth pretty white, and his breath sweet enough to insure that social acceptance which every young man ardently desires. When he has perused his favorite magazine, and what is his favorite mag? Oh, don't ask—turn on the radio. In all his deflections and a personal contact with this modern map-ming is not so punctilious nor so immaculate, but he does yearn to be exquisite, like a movie hero.

It might give a real old-fashioned man some slight uneasiness to observe the increasing supremacy of women in such severe tests of endurance, courage and judgment as marathon swimming, cross-country shooting, airplane, pioneer exploring, big game hunting and the like; but not the he-flapper. We can and should do something to stop this dangerous trend. We can effect a radical reform in our educational policy. As a beginning in such reform we can eliminate all professionalism and outside sporting interest from public and high school athletics or physical training. We can make a reasonable grade physical test requisite for a passing mark in every grade of public or high school promotion. We can make a fair degree of proficiency in boxing, swimming or other accomplishment an essential for graduation from high school. In short, we can best combat the effeminacy of modern life by discouraging the "fast" weakness and developing in every boy and girl, if not actual athletic ambition, then at least a wholesome interest in and appetite for playing his own game.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Whooping Cough
Boy 3 years old. Baby 6 weeks old. Boy has been exposed to whooping cough. Is it possible for me to send him away, if he should come down with whooping cough, until he is over it, so that the baby will not catch it from him? (Mrs. M. M.)

Answer.—Unless the boy is to be isolated (kept from contact with all other susceptible persons) while

away, you cannot send him away. You can keep him from coming within range of the baby, whether he seems to be developing the disease or not. Keep the boy more than five feet away from the baby at all times, and the baby will be safe. Of course if the boy develops my cough, he should be kept more than 12 feet away from the baby, for an explosive or sudden cough can carry the virus as far as that. Whooping cough becomes communicable from the very beginning of coughing, and it is most contagious in the early days before whooping becomes noticeable. This is one of the reasons why every cough should be considered dangerous, and the child properly isolated from contact with other children until the nature of the trouble is known. The bacillus disappears from the sputum by the end of the fourth week of illness, and so progressive communities require no more than four weeks of isolation or "quarantine" as a measure of public health. Dogs and cats may carry whooping cough; may have it themselves. I believe the treatment of the child with whooping cough bacteria ("vaccine") even after exposure, tends to moderate the severity and duration of the attack.

Lost His Feet
Your advice on how to rid one of smelly feet with formaldehyde solution was so good I wish you would help me again. I am five feet and eight inches tall and weigh 187 pounds. I want to drop down to somewhere near my proper weight. (J. K. B.)

Answer.—Send a stamped envelope bearing your address, give age, height and weight and ask for reduction regimen.

Cocoa Versus Milk
Please tell me, can a year old child have cocoa? (Mrs. R. C.)

Answer.—No. I think it is better not to let any child have cocoa. If good milk is available. If the older school children are allowed cocoa at all, it should be only in milk, nearly all milk and just enough cocoa to impart a flavor.

Quill Points

The senate was indignant because one of its members accepted suggestions from private business. Now you tell one.

If only the smart salesman would stop overcoming your sales resistance and let you grab what you came for and be gone.

Another reason why the talkies kill "legitimate drama" is because the "original cast" in the film sent out to the sticks isn't composed of fourth-rate banes.

Correct this sentence: "Fretting is childish," said the he-man, "so I endure in patient silence until Nature makes me well."

There can be freedom for all. If one man is enjoying free speech, the other must listen.

Success: Quitting the farm to become a banker to get rich enough to retire and live on a farm.

The lower class in Europe will stand just so much. A Roumanian prince has beat up a taxi driver.

Americanism: Chasing dollars; feeling vulgar and inferior when rebuked by foreign gentlemen who merely chase pounds, marks, francs, lire, zloti and yens.

Senator Reed thinks the tariff bill is dead. It isn't that, senator. They all smell that way.

The silent drama is coming back. There's no great fun in hearing the kid say "Dad" once you learn he can do it.

The manners of America's vulgar rich seem awful to poor people in Europe. And Europe's rich are so considerate and courteous to poor Americans!

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS: 1. Expenses incurred in litigation. 4. Silly. 8. Small car in a garage. 11. Nature. 12. Pennsylvania truck port. 16. Nit up! collon. 17. Fa' into line. 18. Strive for superiority. 19. Biblical character. 20. Cross pieces. 21. Regular. 22. Lissenssa. 23. Hittite term-man biscuit. 24. Leave out. 25. Sleep as daz. 29. Constraining force. 32. Part of a base-ball field. 34. Showers. 37. Sill. 38. Mind. 39. Desire wrong. 40. Swiss hero. 41. Mail beverage. 42. Hide dwelling. 43. Demolishes. 44. Stayed. 45. Flib. 47. Extremist. 48. Musical entertainment. 49. Lusc. 2. Oil can. 3. Beckhons. 4. Decade. 5. Spasmodic ex-pirations, chiefly through the nose. 6. Flat. 7. Ireland. 8. Bind. 9. Dregs. 10. Handles. 11. Circle.

Grid for crossword puzzle with numbers 1-49.

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One)
manufacturer of consequence misrepresents goods. Americans are manufacturing rugs and carpets, superb in color and wearing qualities, that will take the place of Oriental rugs in time. Ask ones Simpson of Chicago for details.

Once the Romans drank only Greek wines, thinking their own inferior. Water, French aristocrats accepted only Italian wines, although their own were admirable.

This country's wealthy would drink only French claret and champagne, although we made good wines here until prohibition came along and sent the country back to the whiskey of Jefferson's day, only worse.

Before long Americans will realize that their own rugs and carpets are as good as any in the world.

Charles E. Hughes made a good speech on Wednesday, demanding more generous endowment of women's education.

Seven leading women's colleges have not one-tenth the endowment

of the seven leading men's colleges.

That is extremely foolish, for the mothers of the human race are at least ten times as important as the fathers.

Venizelos, prime minister and ablest man in Greece, knows what airplanes will mean when war comes.

He will establish a separate air ministry, and run it himself.

President Hoover, able engineer, ought to have a separate ministry as one of three branches of a national defense system, and be his own air minister. Nobody could do the work better. A sub-secretary could look after details.

Just now, as you know, the Red Cross is making a drive for more members, and more money. The President urges all to join.

Some busy gentlemen in Wall Street felt uneasy Thursday when a big Red Cross flag was seen floating over the stock exchange. It recalled, painfully, battle, war, sudden death.

The Senate, refusing to adjourn on November 23 by a vote of 51 to 34, will go on working at the tariff.

European countries, afraid of higher duties, had rejected to hear of the adjustment and a more or less feeble move to boycott Uncle Sam was abandoned.

It may be taken up again.

VIEW MOONEY STORY AS MERE FALSEHOOD

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) November 16, 1919.

Rome.—Poet D'Annunzio lands on Dalmatian coast with 300 soldiers and attacks Zara.

I. Martens, Bolshevik ambassador at Washington, arrested in contempt of joint legislative committee investigating Red activities.

New York.—Another crash on Wall street. Stocks drop from 19 to 50 points. Call money rises to 30 per cent, the highest rate since 1907.

Oregon City nearly destroyed by \$500,000 fire.

Gold Hill cement plant to open January 1st.

Dr. J. M. Keene suffers broken arm when team on his farm runs away.

James Mears, 12-year-old son of City Attorney and Mrs. Mears, painfully injured when struck by Ford car.

Twenty Years Ago Today (From files of the Mail Tribune.) November 16, 1909.

Fred N. Cummings, representing a Spokane syndicate, takes over Fish Lake company.

Bears are reported thick on Fish Lake pass.

Clarence Barrow called to Spokane by I. W. W.'s to defend their cases before courts.

Leonard Carpenter of Colorado Springs purchases 30-acre orchard of five-year apples and pears from W. T. York for \$15,000.

Burrell Nellis pears sell at \$3.27 per box in New York.

Communications

Another November Rhapsody. Mr. Editor: today, since last I wrote you; and now, isn't it wonderful to have the mind seriously impressed with a realization of the amazing distances we have traveled, along with our mother, Earth, during that time?

Rolling on her axis 17 miles a minute and over a thousand miles an hour from sunrise to sunrise, she keeps on an evenly balanced keel while steadily tipping on her poles, with the inclination of her axis to the plane of her orbit varying 23 1/2 degrees south to north and north to south each six months, exposing her bosom, north and south, to the light, warmth and energizing, creative rays of the sun; alternately pregnant with life to the north, then to the south; alternately afflicted with falling bloom and falling leaf into fall and winter's embracing sleep.

And all the time around the sun this planet flies with a speed of 19 miles a second, over 68,000 miles an hour, traveling the appalling distance of over 590,000,000 miles a year. Isn't that enough to make a fellow's head swim?

Still, you know, that's not all. The globe with its surface load of teeming billions of animal life is rushing along with the sun and solar system through space at a speed of 12 1/2 miles a second or 750 miles a minute and 45,000 miles an hour; bowling earth and its 394,470,000 miles distant in space from the place we were one year ago today.

Grasp mentally the enormous speed, the immensity of the distance we have traveled in one year—if you can.

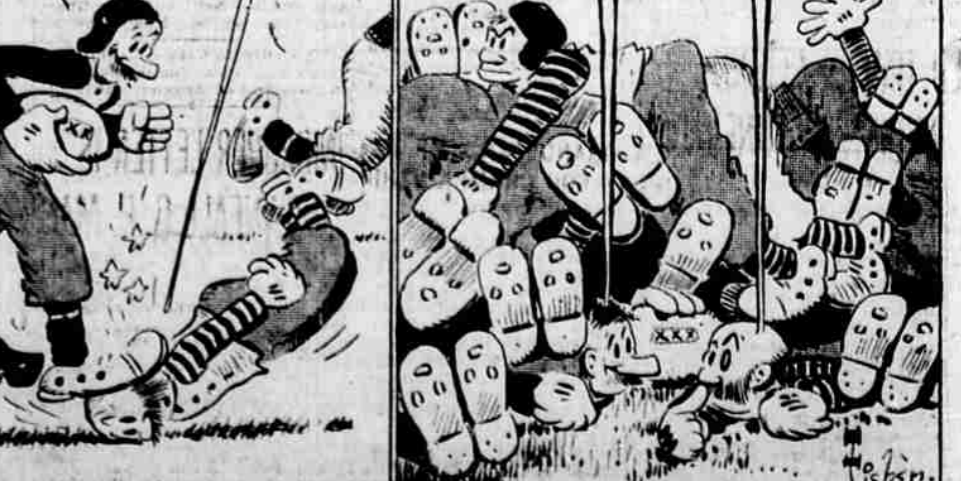
So overwhelming is that task, I'm going to get back to my little flower garden nook, where this time last year the goldenrods were in full bloom, the yellow flowers trying to keep up the yellow flowering flame, and now this year all the frost of each night is holding back the flower and the yellow is just beginning to show its fine tip ends outside the door, bravely pushing out defiantly against the Frost King's effort to wither and destroy, and the hope is that it will yet bloom this November in all its grace and beauty; its hues that are associated with materiality, golden yellow the spectrum color betwixt the green of spring and the orange of autumn's sunset clouds.

And human fellows, please remember that if you were swept in on the tide of life in November, your gem is the topaz.

In early times it was called topaz, writes French, "because people were only able to guess the position of the cloud colored jet, and from which it came," the mystic gem of the mystic month, November.

—W. W. T. (Name on file.)

By BUD FISHER



Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

From the front pages, and the editorial pages of the Portland papers, there seems to be a putrid condition existing in the metropolitan underworld, one queen thereof being arrested seven times, that show on the records, and is still as free as the meadow larks. Towards her soul-searching counsel, the Portland police maintain an attitude of childish indifference the papers allege. It is hoped, in view of the facts, that next spring when the primary election gets hot, no candidate for governor, full of a suddenly acquired righteousness, will try and round up the church vote with the ancient slogan: "The Portland police all belong, and are back of me to a man."

FARMER MUST LEAN ON SELF, ORANGE APERS (Solein Statesman.) This is quite a feat, but can be accomplished if the farmer is beside himself.

The blankety-blank-blank blanketed bow-legged Boston bulldogs! say all red-blooded he-men, after seeing one of the same in his blanket.

STOCKS DROP TO NEW YOWS FOR YEAR (Gullion Portland Press.) Correct. And How!

Uncle, 85, called today and was melancholy. His brother, 89, will be at his house Thanksgiving, and under the seniority rule, will get all the turkey gizzards.

Update authorities are puzzled about the problem of working to do about two maidens, 18 & 17, walking to San Francisco, who tucked out in wind, ambition, and finances half-way to the goal. The lassies should be made to walk the rest of the way to Frisco. Autolists are losing their chivalry, when young ladies with the wanderlust are compelled to walk over a block before they catch a 300-mile lift.

No former Texas jurist has murdered anybody since the first of the week.

The early morns are colder than a barber's hand.

A reward is offered for the apprehension and conviction of the unknown heartless and careless "institutional" in the presence of H. Flewler, the baker, with a baked reputation, who immediately became infatuated with the word "institutional" and now employs it with or without provocation. Mr. Flewler is now working on "institutional co-ordination," "institutional efficiency," "institutional delivery," "institutional advertising," "institutional harmony," "increase of the institutional sets," and "institutional dynamics."

The drought continues in the local supply of snappy stories, with no sign of relief.

Our interest in the football game this afternoon between "Old Oregon" and "None-Too-Young Oregon State" is neutral, which is just the way the wide-awake Portland Chamber of C. feels towards another railroad in the state. A great deal has been said about "Oregon's two-ton tackle," who are about as vivid as a box car, and in the Stanford game, about as effective. The Stanford team, being brainily coached, ran around them, instead of into them, as expected, running up an ungodly score thereby. Oregon State has been handled by every team of any importance in the conference and Old Oregon artfully dodges the same fate. Instead, they (or she) played the minor holy terrors, and then bravely and boldly claimed to be a contender for the championship of the northwest. Impartial observers declare that the politicians on the Eugene campus are worse than those at Corvallis. This is a decided advantage.

Your corr. told City Engineer Frank Dillard yesterday that Oregon State would maul "Old and Mighty Oregon" tomorrow, on the gridiron. Our old friend Mike Hanley was in the road, but we were fiercely surveyed.

PORTLAND.—Police were informed a truck load of live turkeys was stolen from a farm near Enterprise, Ore., and was headed toward Portland in a new truck carrying a Texas license plate.