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Editorial Correspondence

EUGENE, Ore., Sept. 5.—(En route, Victoria, B. C., on Roseys excursion.) Everything is relative. If one had expected to see a real bout between Jack Dempsey and Jim Byrnes, the go here last night as a walk-away for the former.

But as no one expected that, but expected the Manassas Mauler to lay out the beefy behemoth from Marshfield in one or two rounds, everyone is talking about what a scrapper this Byrnes boy is and how close Jack came to having his million dollar comeback rudely terminated. It's all in the point of view.

Brother Byrnes stayed the four rounds, not only stayed, but in the final canto appeared to give about as good as he received. "Appeared to" should be underlined. For as a matter of fact, an inspection of the two gladiators after the match, demonstrated that appearances are deceiving. We saw Byrnes first, having an ice cream soda at the Rainbow with a group of Marshfield friends. His lip was out, his face red and puffy, and one ear swollen up like a toy balloon. If he felt any exultation over his showing he gave no outward evidence of it. He looked sad and thoughtful.

Half an hour later we saw Dempsey as he stepped out of the elevator at the Eugene hotel. Attired in a Scotch mist, moss green sweater, light trousers, freshly shined sport shoes, pear grey hat, he resembled that familiar "mold of fashion," Byrnes bright, and Byrnes skin clear as a bell, the last few hours might have been spent in a beauty parlor instead of the prize ring. We went to the "Rainbow" too, and with Gregory, sports writer of the Oregonian, and his male entourage, enjoyed an orange crush. Rather interesting that two professional fighters, spending their hours after the battle in a "sweet shop" taking ice cream soda and orange juice while their pals toyed with nut sundae and banana supreme! Shades of John L. Sullivan and Andy Volstead!

To return to "appearances" for a moment. The last time we saw Dempsey was in Phoenix, Arizona, when he refereed a Legion bout, and the last time before that when he fought Firpo at Madison Square Garden, and took that famous backhanded dive into the press box. So, looking at "appearances" Jack Dempsey looked 100 per cent better than he did at Phoenix, and at least 20 per cent better than he did in New York. In fact to the present flaccid authority, he never LOOKED better than he did here at McArthur Court last night. In short he looked like a million dollars. Lean as a panther, bronzed as an Indian, straight as an arrow, powerful back, tremendous arms and shoulders, legs lean, not an ounce of surplus flesh—as for a "tummy"—Jack has a wistful like a chorus girl. If appearances were final, we would stake our international sporting reputation upon the statement that Dempsey today can best any prize fighter in the world. But as above noted "appearances" don't count. In fact, in spite of all these sports experts bussing about, there is only just one man in the world who knows just how good Jack Dempsey is today and that man is Jack Dempsey. Even his medical examiner might be fooled. But Jack

has—or should have—"inside" information. Who said hard times? Certainly none for Jack—his depression proof. After the bout last night a couple of Eugene policemen came into the hotel lobby peering a couple of large black bags—cash from the show—they went up to Herb Owens room, and Jack Dempsey joined them. All came out with smiles on their faces. According to reports Dempsey received \$8000 cash money—over a thousand dollars a round. This morning he takes a special plane with his entourage for Salt Lake City to attend his brother's funeral. His net profits the past week have been close to \$50,000. And one can't walk two steps from this hotel and not be accosted by hang dog looking men who will mumble "Say mister, couldn't you give a man in a coupe for a cup of coffee?" We were dumber four times last night in one block.

Fifteen or twenty years ago Jack belonged to them—JUST A PLAIN BUM. What a transformation! And last night eight thousand men, women and children paid in \$12,000 just to see the ex-champion perform. Imagine the cups of coffee that could be bought with that!

McArthur Court is a beautiful building and a perfect place for such a show. There were almost as many women as men, good looking women, too. All the men were costless, and thanks to the popularity of rosin-egg blue shirts, the hall was a mass of blue and white. Over a concert band played at intervals. Incidentally the preliminary card was alone worth the price of admission. With their hero on the bill—how those aspiring young pugils would—the first two bouts ended by knockouts, while Mickey Dolan and Pats put one of their famous "lefts" on affairs to the delight of all present.

We have always heard Dempsey has a keen sense of humor. If so he doesn't let it work in the ring. Otherwise in the two bouts following his "draw" with Byrnes he would have laughed himself to death. Jack wanted to take Byrnes on for an extra round but the Coos Bay pride, so wisely vetoed the suggestion, so Jack Baxter of Eureka, 185, and Henry Glantz, 190, of Portland, came to spin spinning, as little white red drops come between his lips, and the last did his own spinning. Henry looked like a stuffed sweat-bent in bright crimson trunks, and knew just as much about boxing as an autogro. He sat down hard several times covering the seat of his sporty crimson trunks with resin, while Jack weaved about in and out and tried to get his face massaged with a few of the autogro's swings. Both boys were through before the end of one round.

Talk about easy money! If Jack thought up this million dollar comeback all by himself he doesn't need a manager. Fifty thousand dollars a week for doing what he likes to do is a hell of a lot better than receiving the cheers of the crowd, no training expenses, no worry, no nerve strain—just a few easy work-out with a few local "hams"—and the best sort of training for serious business later on with Carnera perhaps, or even Schmelling. Who said hard times?

Jim Owen, Paul Lay, and M. Van Kovenburg came up on the train from Medford. When we arrived at the hotel, met Moose Murhead, Mr. and Mrs. Heine Fluhrer, Miss Fluhrer, and U. O. Coleman—they had flown up in the Fluhrer-Murhead family plane, time a little over an hour. They are just hopping off now for the return. Heard Don Newbury and Dr. Hayes were here but didn't see them. Jim Owen was as tickled to see Jack Dempsey again as a kid at the circus. Jack remembered Jim and nodded at him and smiled—but Jim is such a modest little fellow he didn't even get up and shake hands.

Everyone here, says Roseburg has the soldiers' home cinched. No evidence presented, but coming from Roseburg's main rival, one is inclined to believe it. More anon. R. W. R.

Business Tide Turns A Brighter August

Another encouraging feature of the situation in the United States is the activity reported in retail trade. While sales, measured in dollar values, are somewhat smaller than a year ago, the decrease appears to be considerably less than would be expected as a result of the decline in prices. This impression indicates that the physical volume of business has increased and that consumers' supplies have been depleted to a point where more liberal buying is necessary, despite the contagious—and to a certain extent, unreasonable—habits of extreme economy that have been adopted since the advent of depression. This opinion has been further confirmed by the continued recovery reported in certain industries turning out consumers' goods. The textile industries and the boot and shoe industry and conspicuous examples of this improvement. Both of these branches of manufacture depend for their demand mainly on consumers' purchases of strictly necessary commodities. It had been apparent for some time that current buying of such goods was insufficient to offset the effects of wear and that, sooner or later, consumers would be forced to enter the markets on a larger scale, regardless of the trend of aggregate purchasing power in the meantime. As a matter of fact, the man who lives within his income never gets as much credit as the man who doesn't.—Louisville Times.

New Road Monster Cross-Country Run

A California highway freight company will send a huge truck and trailer across the country on a test run in an attempt to demonstrate the feasibility of a 7-day coast to coast freight truck schedule. This special truck, which has been christened "Angie," and its trailer have a total of 22 wheels, and the outfit is driven by a powerful motor. It may be quite possible for it to cross the continent in seven days. That would be fast motor truck time, but certainly not many drivers would care to dispute the right of way. And what, it may be asked, will be the fate of passenger cars that overtake and attempt to pass the road monster? The motoring public is almost unanimously of the opinion that the trucks and buses already operated on the highways are at least large enough and too numerous in some localities. State authorities who take that view of the situation are to be commended for restricting such use of one of the most congested highways in northern Ohio. Prosperity, perhaps, has booked recovery passage to this country on the Do-X—Arkansas Gazette.

FLIGHT O' TIME

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK From the Files of The Mail Tribune

Monday. Former Governor Oswald West speaks at the Presbyterian church on "Is Oregon Really Dry?" Allies send note to Sweden protesting in a firm and friendly manner against the way Sweden treats allied ships. British take third lines of defenses along the Somme. Henry Ford announces he will support Wilson for president. "What has become of the once famous Medford spirit that did things? Has the Medford of the 1920's not been driven out of the city?"

Tuesday. Col. George P. Mills is named postmaster of Medford, and will assume the office October 1. Alice Brady in "La Boheme" at the Star theater all week. The Hughes Non-Partisan league to be formed in valley. Football practice starts at the high school, under the direction of Coach Otto Klum. Ashland has a two weeks start. The prospects are bright. Sixteen thousand dollars raised for the construction of sawmill here. Chesterfield cigarettes—"they satisfy like a home-run with bases full"—advertised at a dime a package.

Wednesday. Survey of Greenspring Mountain road started. Allied arms continue to win on the Somme front. Greece maintains her neutrality, despite Kaiser's threats. "The Grater Lake March," written by Charles E. Root, will be featured in the theaters the coming week. Chesterfield cigarettes—"they satisfy like a home-run with bases full"—advertised at a dime a package.

Thursday. Farmers and fruitgrowers of Talent district launch movement for formation of irrigation district. Sportsman aroused by shakeup of game wardens, and reported illegal fishing at mouth of river. Lady in rage, breaks all the mirrors in the Florida rooming house with a frying pan. Company 7 starts fall drilling. J. Warren Kerrigan in "Sons of the Immortal" at the Star.

Friday. Prospects for a football team at Medford high poor, as only 17 men reported for practice, and they are all green and small. Ten rural credit districts are proposed for Jackson county. Sixteen thousand dollars raised for construction of sawmill here. Chicago and Detroit teams of the American league in nip and tuck race for flag. A. C. Allen to show "Fear Industry of Valley" in movies. Gov. Olcott rules that enforcement of the auto speed law up to local officers. Rogue river valley apples distributed in trenches along western front. Prosperity of country gives Wilson edge in presidential race. Thomas A. Edison comes out for Woodrow Wilson. Carl Tengwald and George Roberts journey to Grants Pass to see boxing coach, Fred Schmitt. Much-needed rain fails to develop from heavy clouds. Fishing reported poorest in Medford in Rogue river.

Ye Poet's Corner

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The Word: 'Colorful'

Down-Overlooked (New York Herald-Tribune)

For a word that has been done to death and yet remains in our midst, mortifying and about to become a public nuisance, we propose the word "colorful." The objection that it can be found neither in the New Standard nor Webster's New International Dictionary is the least that can be said against it. Many honest and vigorous words coined in the last decade, still awaiting admission with "crash" the dictionaries in the long run. The language is kept alive by such hardy parvenus, most of them urban slang. The dowdy and synthetic "colorful" will go in with these rough-and-ready newcomers: no doubt. Already it appears in the New Century Dictionary, which "aim at definite lines with ordinary use." We predict, however, that its fate lies with the topical words and phrases that come to be used with a disavowing smile. "Just as 'the Mauve decade' and 'the Gay 90's' sibe at days gone by, we prophesy recklessly that "the Colorful Decade" will some day characterize, with tongue in cheek, the 1920's that wore this bastard adjective to a frazzle. Another designation which might be given the period 1920-'30 from a word equally abused in its time is the word "sophisticated." But to an oncoming generation which will see the 1920's in good perspective, will the "sophistication" seem to have been real, or merely a sophistic assumption of worldly wisdom. No, "colorful" tags the 1920's more effectively. It is a feeble synonym for "picturesque" or "romantic" for qualities supposedly outgrown which were still dear to a period which neither innocent nor which which made colorful figures of gorillas, mist-colored tinges and watermarked paper for real money; took "art" into the bathroom, making its most intimate fixtures sky blue, pale pink or jade green. "The Colorful Decade" knew it all and fell for every seep, because it was grossly misled without knowing it. The dead past bury its dead adjectives.

Friday. Prospects for a football team at Medford high poor, as only 17 men reported for practice, and they are all green and small. Ten rural credit districts are proposed for Jackson county. Sixteen thousand dollars raised for the construction of sawmill here. Chicago and Detroit teams of the American league in nip and tuck race for flag. A. C. Allen to show "Fear Industry of Valley" in movies. Gov. Olcott rules that enforcement of the auto speed law up to local officers. Rogue river valley apples distributed in trenches along western front. Prosperity of country gives Wilson edge in presidential race. Thomas A. Edison comes out for Woodrow Wilson. Carl Tengwald and George Roberts journey to Grants Pass to see boxing coach, Fred Schmitt. Much-needed rain fails to develop from heavy clouds. Fishing reported poorest in Medford in Rogue river.

Scanning New Books

Extra Measure For the rest there are several good novels in this week's output. V. Sackville West's new novel "All Passion Spent," is filled with interesting characters, not an important one of which is under 80. They move gracefully through the pages, knowing everything so well that they could no longer afford to express it save in symbols. "Lady Siam" is a story of the East. "The Story of Julian," by Susan Erta, makes real the daily life and the personalities of another group quite as interesting, if different. Julian Probert and Hildegarde attempt to escape the troubles of their elders, which seem to hem them in on all sides. Miss Erta pictures them sympathetically.

"Charlotte Corday" is a newly published biography of the impassioned young woman who, after penetrating the bathroom of Marat by guile, penetrated his heart with a kitchen knife in an effort, she fondly imagined, to put an end to the terrors of Jacobinism. Mr. Mosley Corday, the biographer, naively admits in preface that he is a collateral descendant of the heroine and that, in response to the romantic aspirations of his family, he is preserving the ancestral heritage by taking the name as his own. This act stamps the work, first, as authoritative in its documentary sources, and that, prejudging its psychological conclusions, it is instructive and entertaining reading. "Charlotte Corday" is tastefully printed with one of the attractive types we have been privileged to see lately, and its binding, if you are not interested in the contents, matches the craftsmanship of the typesetters.

Five of Arthur Schnitzler's superb short novels have just been issued in a single attractive volume by Simon & Schuster under the title "Venezene Novelle." Schnitzler is pretty generally recognized as the master of this form of prose. The titles are "Fruiter Elias," "Daybreak," "Rhapsody," "Beatrice," and "None But the Brave." The book will appeal to the discriminating reader. "Speakeasy Girl," by Bobbie Merdith (Covell, Friede), is a high-powered tale of New York institutions underworld and much of the material that has gone into it apparently has been gleaned from the records of recent vice inquiries. In Genoa, the other day, somebody threw a bomb and missed the King of Italy by three hours. This is the first time. Somebody has missed the King since Masolini took office—San Diego Union.

The chief European question is how long it is necessary to punish the children for the sins of the fathers.—West Palm Beach Post. A peaceful revolution in South America is one where they merely decide to quit paying interest on their bonds.—Sacramento Bee. It is expected before the year is up, some one will have invented a bridge-building system that tells partner your business phone number and your wife's maiden name.—Detroit News.

The European situation is extremely complicated, but fortunately it is a great deal simpler than the official diplomatic explanations of it.—San Diego Union. Don't try to kid us any longer about that opportunity-knocks-bus-ness stuff. We've had at least a dozen opportunities during the past eighteen months to buy stocks at record lows.—The New Yorker.

Back to the Farm Where Men Can Eat

(Vancouver (Wash.) Sun)

Economists and mere orators have long prayed and thundered for a back-to-the-farm movement. It would seem that the movement has come. Real estate dealers and country boosters are pretty generally agreed that more and more people are seeking small farms in the hills where they can do up at least for the winter. Most of the prodigal farmers have tried living in the city and have found it less living during the much mentioned depression. They have discovered that working for wages has its disadvantages—chief of which is uncertainty. They have learned the high desirability of three square meals a day. They have discovered that the habit of eating is not lightly to be discontinued. Yes many wage earners have had to discontinue eating during the present paralysis. They have turned hungry eyes on the farmers and have seen that, though he receives little or nothing for the products he raises still he does not starve. For the fruits of the farm are actual, and edible, but the fruits of factory labor are actual only when there is a demand for them. And so it is that many a small wage-earner without a job has turned to the farm to live.

Alarmists are inclined to point the finger of fear at this slow ebb of the city population back to the farm at a time when governments and economic orators are warning farmers to produce nothing, since there is no market. But there need be no trembling on that score. The small farmers now returning to the soil do not, in the main, expect to raise large crops for sale. They are seeking sustenance for themselves and their families. Whether this is a permanent movement remains to be seen. It is surely a wholesome one.

Press Comment

MOBILIZING FOR THE DOLE. Mr. Kelly's dispatches from Washington make it clear that forces are being mobilized to make a drive on congress for the dole. The country will have to face the issue. That Germany has the dole and is in extremis economically points no lesson to our own advocates of it. That England's own government totters under the unbearable load that has been laid upon it through the dole teaches American agitators nothing. It is a prospect both amazing and dismaying.

There can be no majority in congress of members who, regarding its dole failure abroad believe in the dole as sound. But senators and congressmen will be swayed by clamor. They will be looking to votes at future elections. Advocates of the dole will use it as trading stock for other legislation. If a majority for the dole is mustered it will be because of such considerations as these. Advocates of it and agitators for it are organizing. Mr. Kelly says the "progressives" are for it. But there is nothing progressive about the dole. In the lands where they have it it has proved a measure of retrogression and further a measure of ruin to public affairs and to the spirit and morale of those who accept it and live by it. There is talk of starting it here.

THE FUTURE OF LOWER KLAMATH. Gratification will not be confined to Oregon and the northwest, when the senate committee on the conservation of wild life resources recommends the restoration of lower Klamath lake. We are assuming that such a recommendation will admit of but little argument, and that presently the lake may settle again in its immemorial setting, to call compellingly to the migratory waterfowl. The lake, as a restored natural resting and breeding area for waterfowl—for once it was one of the greatest in America—would be a considerable asset to the state. It is, we believe, now generally conceded that the reclamation project—how strange a term, so employed—was a grave error, and that much of the area thus barred to the plow is not truly fit for agricultural use. Without criticism of any honest endeavor to add to the extent of Oregon's arable land, it would seem that the remedy

for this mistake should have been applied when the department of agriculture first reported to the reclamation service, as it did almost at the outset of the experiment, that the project was not worth continuing. But the reclamation service, with more than \$250,000 invested, yielded to the offer of drainage district preferment—and the day of regret was there was stout opposition to every suggestion that the lake be restored. And this was usual enough, since a large amount of private money was sunk in the ancient case of Klamath. This attitude, however, has been attacked by a more liberal view—induced somewhat by realization that the lake bed would be of greater advantage were it to have its water again, and the myriad-winged flocks that were accustomed to frequent it. Such, indeed, had been the opinion of that former President Roosevelt, when in 1908 he designated the area a bird refuge. In all likelihood, though the failure of governmental departments to cooperate has cost our birds dear, the land may now be had by purchase from its private holders. Error has even a way of compensating itself, however, for since the lake was never actually reclaimed, the waters that once supplied it have been appropriated—and these rights also must again be acquired by the government before lower Klamath twinkles in the sun. It isn't hopeless. The problem is far from hopeless—now that the powerful interest of the senate committee is enlisted. We look forward with some degree of optimism to the declaration of that remedial project which should give the lake back to the birds—and the people. And when this is accomplished the ransomed lake should serve forever as a memorial to error rectified.—Oregonian.

TELLING THE WORLD. Rogue river, Oregon, is finding itself. In its peats that great valley, along with Hood River, has one of the premier fruits of the world. But the sales side of the industry has never been adequately pushed. Proof of this is the fact that nearly all of the product is marketed outside of Oregon. This is California or Arizona or Florida grapefruit that you find on the Oregon menu. Or it's California or Arizona or Florida oranges. Or it's pineapples or figs and sundry other fruits from the same states. Some 4000 cars of fruit roll into Oregon from California every year, while Oregon pears wait for Oregon consumers. But Medford women have appeared in the picture. They have started a movement among women's clubs to show the many ways in which Rogue river pears may be prepared for the table. They have an almost unparalleled fruit on which to apply their cunning. The Bone pear, the Comice, the Anjou and the Winter Nellis are fruit of the best food content and as toothsome as fruit can ever be, and it is this mighty asset that the Medford women have on which to base their campaign of selling Rogue river pears. They broadcast printed recipes for pear pie, recipes for pear-flavored ice cream, said to be delectable beyond compare, recipes for pear rolls, and so on and so on. And perhaps, along with these and all the other recipes, the women will tell the cooky world about raw pears in cream and sugar, a dish that to many an epicure is more delicious than any other fruit, a dish with a flavor that clings to the whole winter through as the fruit is brought from cold storage and alongside of which many fruits grown outside of Oregon are insipid.—(Portland Journal.)

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