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**Ye Smudge Pot**  
 By Arthur Perry  
 Until after primary election day, May 20, there will be a steady increase in the number of scallawags, pursued by candidates, trying to catch "despoilers of the people," as they want to do some despoiling themselves.  
 April 1 was a fine day,—no foetus.  
 E. Teela Marshall, a scribbler of nation-wide prominence is spending a few days in the valley visiting old vistas. He spent his youth here, and shot his thumb and ear for a duck. He now votes in Georgia.  
 More new autos are noted than suits of clothes, owing to the economic situation.  
 The corn acreage of the valley this year, from the outlook, will give everybody 11 roasting ears, or one (1) full pint.  
 Old Oregon is out a football coach again. In hiring a new one, great care is being exercised for fear he will know what he is doing.  
 The local social whirl is whirling—but that is about all.  
 Money continues scarce owing to the Hoover administration, and there is considerable complaint about the deficit. Never before was money so scarce.  
 The Methodist church was sold Friday, to a Wall Street bank that never made a contribution to a foreign mission.  
 Many fishing poles were unheated Fri., as the pleatocratic enthusiasts made ready for their life's work, viz: catching a fish.  
 Spring dresses are viable on the streets. The skirts have a semi-flounce and hide more of the so-called shapely feminine than in 1931. Black is a favored hue, and cigarette ashes loom up pre-eminent, one hears.  
 A homely touch was added to the village life Thurs. pm., when three steaks were set down on the edge of the sidewalk (a la J'ville) to discuss national and European issues, and the current raciality in the ether.  
 One of F. Bybee's muley cows succumbed to the inevitable last week, from making a hog of itself, when the oat bin was left open.  
 The hills were never greener, and the same goes for the populace.  
 There is a rumor that a promising young man (and a preacher \$2, six weeks ago, and keeping his extravagance and foolishness sub-rosa.  
 Country hens are setting. The old time rural trick of putting a door-knob under a motherly pullet is being revived.  
 Peoria Bill Gates forgot himself Wed., and went home before the dining carpet was thoroughly thumped with a broom-handle.  
 The struggle for existence continues grimly, and is mixed with merry chasing of the dollar and the dime.  
 Dr. Salade of Central Point and Philadelphia, has returned from Calif., where he was forced to spend the winter.  
 All Pooled Ds ypassed without anybody getting fooled, more than usual. A young man with a nose-width mustache announced no woman could fool him, and all the fair sex present registered their "Haint he wonderful" look.  
 The pupils of the G. Hill school went on the warpath last week. Blame is attributed to the spring fever, congress, and the unsettled condition of the world.  
 Votes should be counted, like the candidates count their audiences.  
 The G. Fabrick boy who is back east assimilating fine pts. on tearing into the laundry, celebrated a birthday April 1. He has two months to serve, and has been a model student.  
 Tom Johnson is going to start up his mill. This indicates there still is a Santa Claus.  
 A timely rain fell Sat. as all the plowers were in town.  
 Desirable houses always in first class condition for rent, lease or sale. Call 108.

**Medford Needs Another Club!**  
 MEDFORD has many clubs, but at present the largest and most active might be termed the Medford Gloom club. Its members have no stated place of meeting, but whenever two or more of them get together, they take a morbid delight in broadcasting the gloomiest bit of news they can muster. As one well-known citizen remarked to the writer, he hates to roam about the city streets, for he is so bombarded with bad news that he always returned, feeling so much worse than when he ventured out. He maintained, that if he SHOULD meet a person with a smile and a cheering bit of information, he would probably fall over dead. The shock would be more than his susceptible heart could stand.

OUR suggestion to this person was that instead of meekly lying down before this Gloom club barrage, he oppose it, by starting an ANTI-GLOOM club of his own. We pointed out a truth not generally realized locally, that Medford is not the only place with a Gloom club. In fact they exist everywhere in this land of the free and the home of the brave, at the present time.

Even more significant, Gloom clubs elsewhere are larger and more vociferous, than they are here; for the simple and sufficient reason that—BELIEVE IT OR NOT,—conditions elsewhere are worse than they are here.

AS expected this bit of information did not cheer our downhearted interlocutor in the slightest. He smiled sadly and heaved a sigh. Obviously he didn't believe a word of it. He had listened to that sort of humdrum hooey before. And he would have departed unconvinced if at that moment a third party had not joined us,—this time another well-known citizen,—who probably had never called himself a capitalist, but nevertheless IS one.

MR. CAPITALIST was feeling very frisky. He pulled a check out of his pocket and registered a 20-karat smile, while he delivered himself of the following words:

"See that check. It's a dividend from a local concern, received today. I got another dividend yesterday, also from a Medford company, that has never passed one. Do you want to know something? If I had invested ALL my money right here in Medford two years ago, instead of only a small portion, I would be just twice as well-off as I am today. That's the literal truth. I have investments in various stocks and bonds all over the country, most of them in the Midwest, and they have declined all the way from 50 to 99 per cent. During the past year at least half of them have paid no dividends at all.

"On the other hand I invested in some industries here purchased a little business and residence property, haven't lost a cent—and I haven't lost a cent in rent. If I ever get my money out of the stock market I am going to invest it right here, where I can keep my eye on it, and where I know what conditions really are. I tell you I have faith in this country, not from the standpoint of local pride or Chamber of Commerce boosting, but from the standpoint of a business man who knows values when he seems them, and who from actual experience knows that such faith is justified."

THE above is no figment of the editorial imagination. It's a true story. The conversation, as related, actually occurred. What was the result? Our lugubrious friend, strate to relate, did not fall over dead. Nor did he throw his hat in the air, and execute an improvised "buck and wing." He just stood there, let the glad tidings sink in, then he murmured something about that being good news and walked on.

HE may not be elected President of the Medford Anti-Gloom club, but we know this much; he is now a charter member. And as luck would have it, he read in the Mail Tribune that night that the Timber Products company has decided to reopen its lumber mill on a two-shift schedule, and a certain Building and Loan organization the same day, declared its regular 6 per cent dividend.

The Medford Gloom club is not going to immediately disband. But if a Medford ANTI-GLOOM club is not formed to give it a run for its money, the people of Medford will have only themselves to blame.

**The 'Good Old Days' Have Gone!**

WE realize it is somewhat presumptuous for a newspaper man to tell a railroad man how to run his business. Nevertheless we believe the railroad men of this country need SOME ONE to tell them how to run their business for to date they have clearly demonstrated they don't know how to do it, THEMSELVES.

In fact our mind it is as plain as the wart on a pickle, that the railroad men, particularly the high priced higher-ups, are asleep at the switch,—and have been for many moons. They haven't even awakened to the fact that this is a gasoline age, in the air and on the land. And any industry that doesn't realize this fact and act upon it, is headed for the dump heap, whether Uncle Sam throws the frozen assets, or lets them go.

WE may be doing the rail executives an injustice, but doubt it. To our mind it seems painfully apparent, that AS A WHOLE, their only idea of solving the railroad problem, is to turn the world backward, restore the good old days which have gone, and which every well-informed person realizes WILL NEVER RETURN.

The world CAN'T be turned backward. The world HAS to go on. This is not only a well established principle of business progress, it is the fundamental law of Nature. And if the railroads persist in refusing to acknowledge it, they will not only be ruined, but deserve to be.

WE haven't the space to go into this matter in the detail its importance deserves. We are merely going to call attention to one phase of it, the refusal of the railroads to cash-in on their greatest single asset,—their rights of way, by putting a large fleet of light, fast, gasoline-driven cars on them, instead of reserving them for a few heavy, ponderous, slow-moving trains.

In these rights of way, free from corners, traffic congestions, detours and big city traffic, the railroads have a tremendous advantage over motor busses and private cars.

But to date they have made no effort to cash in on this advantage and as far as we are aware, have no intention of doing so.

The idea is not original with us,—though we have referred to it many times before. Only a few days ago Brisbane called attention to the fact, when he stated Harvey S. Firestone re-

cently equipped a 12-cylinder Lincoln car, with a steel-flanged rubber tire, which travelled from Miami to Jacksonville, Florida over the rails of the Seaboard line, at an average of 75 miles per hour.

Such a car could travel from Medford to Portland over the S. P. rails in approximately four hours. Let Rosey tell you how long it takes the Shasta to cover that same distance over the same right of way!

IN SHORT, the S. P. could in this way provide a FASTER, MORE COMFORTABLE AND SAFER TRANSPORTATION at less cost per mile, which is precisely what they must do, if they are to compete successfully with other transportation mediums, in this gasoline age.

WE realize every railroad big wig in the country will say this can't be done. "What do the Firestones, Brisbanes and Fords know about the railroad business, anyway!" Nevertheless here is our prediction—the day is not far distant when the "Firestones, Brisbanes and Fords" will demonstrate IT CAN BE; and these same railroad big wigs will then be wondering how they could have wasted so much time looking backward, and praying for those "good old days" to defy all the laws of man and nature, and RETURN!

**Personal Health Service**  
 By William Brady, M. D.

Signet 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 here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

WHAT, PLAIN WHEAT AND FIT TO EAT?  
 Here is a communique from the Baltic sector—you know, up in Minnesota. A. M. J. introduces himself by reminding me that he has been a follower of my column for many years, and long ago he placed a couple of discarded mats on the garage floor and he has a regular habit of rolling himself a dozen or more somersaults every morning, just to keep his spirits up.

Besides that, he takes two table-spoonfuls of wheat each morning as a breakfast dish, usually with sugar and cream. He declares he hasn't required a laxative for years. This hard-headed Dane (I guess) offers a sensible suggestion for timid folk who still imagine wheat is not quite fit to eat until it has been put through some kind of process. "Sometimes I find the wheat is not as clean as it should be, so I drop it in a cup half filled with water, and with a spoon swirl it about so the grass seeds and chaff come to the surface and may be readily poured off. After this I put more clean water on and set on stove until it is near boiling, and then I have a breakfast food as good as any, and better than most of the insipid breakfast foods I have tasted. It costs about one cent a pound."

At this time, thinks our friend—and I second his motion—when the government is called upon to donate several million bushels of wheat to the needy, this method of cleaning and eating wheat seems worthy of wide publication.

For years I have been recommending the habit of sowing wheat daily. I have printed here from time to time the experiences reported by readers who have found plain wheat, as grown by the farmer, a remarkably satisfactory staple. Some of these have told us how they prepare it—some boil it for hours in a double boiler—that is, the wheat in a vessel which stands in a second vessel of water. Some grind the wheat in a coffee mill and others prefer to take it unbroken. Some like it cooked very little or not at all.

Many have felt squeamish about eating wheat as it comes from the threshing machine, such as you may buy from the farmer, or from a feed or seed store. If the grain does not look perfectly clean, wash it before you eat it.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS  
 Sunlight on Scalp  
 This statement appeared in a newspaper: "It is criminal folly to expose the head to brilliant sunshine for any length of time. This should be remembered by those who go without their hats." Will you please comment on the statement. (L. R. O.)

Answer—Maybe the man who issued the statement was stuck in a hat factory. Anyway, I like to give my head all the sunlight I can get, stand short of sunburn. Sunlight is always beneficial to scalp and hair, provided the exposure is not long or intense enough to produce sunburn. There is some unfounded fancy that ultraviolet rays may penetrate the skull and affect the brain, but we know that ultraviolet rays have feeble power to penetrate even thin skin.

Seasick  
 Sorry I can't report I had a grand trip, thanks to your seasickness preventive. On the contrary I felt sick most of the time. But when I took the medicine strictly according to instructions I was able to remain on deck though it was tough and got many a time. (L. S.)

Answer—If you return, try going without the medicine and compare results. It is impossible to estimate the effects of the treatment. While nearly all who report after they have tried it report favorably, probably a lot who have tried it are kind enough not to report at all.

The Anti-Aluminum Propagandum  
 Is it true that the use of aluminum cooking utensils is the cause of (one disease and another)? I have heard this so many times that I decided to write you. (Mrs. L. P. G.)

Answer—I have pointed out the unreliable character of that propagandum many times. Any time you are cooking or serving something good to eat in aluminum ware I'll be glad to drop round and help you eat it.

Talks To Parents  
 Play Materials  
 (By Alice Judson Peale)  
 The mother of a 6-year old boy writes asking what play materials are suitable for him and especially what ones will be able to use for some time.

For indoor play he should have a set of floor blocks. These he will use in endlessly different and constantly more elaborate constructions for two or even three more years. They need not be expensive. A carpenter can cut them and they can be sandedpaper at home.

The unit size of the blocks, of which there should be at least four dozen, should measure 6 1/2 by 3 1/2 by 1 1/2 inches. There should be some blocks half and some twice the unit size in length.

There should be also at least four curved pieces which when placed together form a perfect circle. These should be of the same width and thickness as the unit block.

Triangles made by cutting the unit block diagonally across down rods 1/2 to 2 or 3 inches in diameter, cut the length of the unit block are also desirable.

Besides blocks for indoor play the child needs water color paints, crayons and modeling clay. A small work bench with a good saw and hammer and plenty of soft wood and broad headed nails to work with are highly desirable, although these require much supervision until the child has learned some skill in using them.

For outdoor play he needs opportunities for climbing, swinging, jumping and balancing. A back yard with low cratched trees pro-

vides much of this.  
 A swing, large packing boxes, a ladder, planks and a horizontal bar will do good service. He also needs an express wagon, a push car or skates and balls of different sizes.

**Ye Poet's Corner**  
 SPRING  
 Feel the warm wind from the plain;  
 Hear the happy robin sing,  
 Proclaiming, oh, in the way,  
 Spring has past this way today.

See the violets on the hill,  
 Hear the brooklet's merry trill,  
 Foamy clouds and glistening rain;  
 Winter's gone, it's spring again.

Feel the evening's lazy chill,  
 From clinging snowdrifts winter's frill,  
 Tinging odor of fresh turned sod;  
 Spring is a pool, reflecting God.  
 MRS. H. W. CROCKER.

**PORTLAND BUILDING ON INCREASE FOR MARCH**  
 PORTLAND, Ore., April 3—(AP)—Permits for the construction of a \$1,950,000 federal building here, and for an administration building for the veterans' hospital at a cost of \$800,000, brought Portland's building permit valuation for March to the highest figure reached in many months. The March valuation was \$2,319,650, as compared with total for March, last year, of \$677,750.

The office of Flood Insurance Service and Chauncey Finance, U. S. Commissioner, now located on the 4th floor of the Liberty Bldg.,

**Today**  
 By Arthur Brisbane  
 Imitate Me Says England  
 His Horse, For Comany.  
 Study of Stupidity,  
 Surprise for Best Minds.

France and England balanced their budgets, the British with fifty million dollars to spare.

And British authorities say that America should take Britain as an example to imitate.

It would be a pleasure to adopt the British suggestions, if we could adopt some other European methods.

If we could postpone paying what we owe, as France and Britain are postponing, or abandoning, payment of money borrowed in the United States, it might be easy for us to balance our budget.

If the ten billions that, like a pack of fools, we sent to Europe during the war hysteria could come back, there would be no trouble about our budget.

England and France give a good imitation of the late lamented Abe Kabbible, who was invited to play poker in "a gentleman's game," no poker player compelled to show his hand.

To the question: "Did you win?" he replied: "How could I lose?"

A thousand clergymen die, after lives of useful devotion, and the world hears nothing of them. All the world will hear of the Reverend Dr. Uriah Myers, who died yesterday, aged 85.

That Dr. Myers spent his life working for others would not attract attention, but he owned a horse that lived to be 53 years old. Almost everybody was interested in that. And he believed that he would meet his old horse in heaven and that will interest everybody. He quoted the Bible in support of his belief.

The red Indians believed that they would have horses in heaven, and dogs, to hunt real bison. Mohammed taught his followers that they would have a wonderful heaven, with young ladies, not their earthly wives, made of solid musk; they, the men, changed into angles 30 feet tall.

Buddhists believe that, in place of an active heaven, they will attain Nirvana, and be free from struggle and striving forever.

Many in this depression would take kindly to that Nirvana idea.

Here is news to worry our power companies and public utilities generally, more than anything that could come out of Russia.

The New York East Methodist Episcopal conference, dropping politics, demands "extensive state and federal public work to provide jobs" and, the part that will worry our best minds, these Methodist brethren demand public control of private industrial production, shorter hours and STATE OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC UTILITIES.

The Methodist church has political influence, and if you doubt it try to get the average congressman to admit that he is opposed to prohibition.

Perhaps the Methodists have heard that citizens of Jacksonville, Florida, which owns its own light and power plant, pay with one exception the lowest rates in America for light and power, and make a profit of one million five hundred thousand dollars yearly to lower taxes.

The one exception is Seattle, Washington, which also owns its light and power plant.

How strange if the Methodists should run prohibition with the left hand, power, light and public utilities with the right hand.

Prof. Walter B. Pitkin publishes "A short introduction to a history of human stupidity," in 500 pages.

You cannot expect much of a race that is only twelve thousand years from the late stone age. Professor Pitkin offers the fact that eighty-four out of every hundred persons are practically penniless when they reach the age of 65, as stupidity proof number one.

Stupidity, says the professor, is to "lack sensitiveness." Plato, Thomas Aquinas, Leonardo da Vinci, and Goethe are far removed from stupidity, because of their great sensitiveness.

Professor Pitkin does not say, but it is true, that stupidity promotes peace among human beings. If they were not so stupid they would not be so patient about a system that gives the great majority too little, and a few too much, in a land where there is enough for everybody.

Russia discovers that paying everybody the same wages, on the theory that we are all brothers, except

a few that run the country, does not work well.

Those more industrious and more intelligent will be paid three times as much as the others. Eventually there, as in America, some Russians will get a thousand times as much as other Russians, and that will be the beginning of real Russian prosperity.

**Communications**  
 The World Court and League  
 To the Editor:  
 Some time ago we said something about the attitude which you appeared to entertain toward the League of Nations. Perhaps I was a little severe, even though I did not mean to be so. Apparently she, the League, was to blame for doing so little but we must remember that when she was born, January 10, 1920, she was a homeless, helpless and naked waif. Even those who gave her birth, the delegates at Versailles, showed but little pride in her. America, whose president showed the most eagerness in her conception and birth, to America's everlasting shame DISOWNED her. She was left in the helpless condition in which she was born until in 1923 her few friends built her a house to live in, the World Court, into which she promptly moved and in which she has since lived. All Governments live in or exist in the mind of a judiciary or court body. After 1923 she was not homeless but she was helpless and naked. For a year later, 1928, through the initiation of America and France, the Peace Pact was made. All the nations signed the pact. I in the act of signing the pact, I wonder if all the nations did not enter the World Court, the home of the League, and become as one with the League? If they did, and I almost believe they did, circumstantial evidence proves that they did. We wonder at the futile antics of the bitter enders and extreme nationalists in their frightened filibustering efforts to keep America out of the World Court for fear of it being a back door to the League, when in truth America is leading in the same house with the League.

The League is not, as some thing, a super-state but she is a helpful state. She has long been able to confer, mediate and sanction. Later, power for justice, mercy and hope may be added.

Recently the Peace Pact has given her negative or non-police powers, two of which are economic boycott and social ostracism. Although these are negative powers they are just as efficient as affirmative or positive powers. You may, and doubtless will, ask: Why is not the League using them? Answer: It is up to her administrators. Mostly, but not all, she has not developed her muscles by exercise; does not know how to utilize the powers that are hers. Give her time. What the nations can do to help her, but which I fear they will not, is to send industrialists, not politicians, to constitute the who administer the cosmic government, which she is.

Through the provisions of the Peace Pact, the world has outlawed war. What and how will she outlaw politics? Answer: When the nations do what the League only has power to use, namely, negative or non-police power. Unfortunately the past has educated the people only how to use police power to make peoples good. The slogan has been too often used, "The only way to make people good is to kill them." Minus that "kill them." Only good men are dead ones." Pardon me for insisting that such teaching borders on murder. The League is the only government that is non-political. That is why I like it. It is not a super-state but it is as it should be, a helpful state. Its object is to help states, or nations, to settle their differences. Don't worry; it will do what it was intended to do, but we should be patient. Give her time to grow. When the nations become as she is, non-political, and then, of course, the delegates sent to Geneva will be industrialists, not politicians, and the administration will be in full accord with the one for whom they administer.

Hoping I am better understood, I am, yours for a better society,  
 D. M. BROWER.  
 Ashland, April 2.

**Flight 'o Time**  
 (Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 29 and 10 Years Ago.)  
 TEN YEARS AGO TODAY  
 April 3, 1922  
 (It was Sunday)  
 Marshal Joffre of France to pass through city and agrees to let Ben Sheldon drive him to Ashland in his auto.  
 Congress votes to cut out appropriation for free seed.  
 Walter (Moose) Muirhead of Gold Hill on visit to San Francisco to assist in capture of armed robber.  
 Japan agrees to quit Siberia.  
 Horace Bromley has operation for appendicitis and is very sick.  
 Federal authorities investigating Ku Klux Klan bluff hangings, find that Arthur Burr, colored, was seized when released from the county jail, and his jailer is excoriated from any collusion with band of men. Burr was taken to the top of the Siskiyou and told to run, which he did, after being threatened. Kleagies deny they know anything about the "furies of the province."

GRANT CHARGES HURLED AGAINST THE "COURT HOUSE GANG" BASED ON LEGALITY OF SPENDING COUNTY MONEY FOR ROAD SIGNS.  
 Espie builds siding with capacity of 1000 cars.  
 Pears nearing full bloom.  
 City to build new septic tank on Bear creek.  
 Thousands homeless, millions in property lost in Mississippi floods.  
 Senator Robert M. LaFollette to speak here April 18.  
 Fourth Fry Falls.  
 PENDLETON, Ore., April 2—(AP)—Alfred Deining was recovering in a hospital here today from a bullet wound in his head, inflicted, police said, in the man's fourth suicidal attempt.

Portraits of distinction The Pea-rya, opp Holly theater.

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**NOTICE**  
 Former depositors of Jackson County Bank can secure statement of checking account and canceled vouchers by calling at the Jackson County Bank this coming week, starting April 4—between the hours of 9:00 a. m. and 4 p. m.  
 Dr. Chas. F. Johnson has moved his dental office from the Phelps Bldg. to the Jackson County Bank Bldg.

**COUNT**  
 THE  
**YELLOW BOXES**  
 —Real Proof That Country People Read the Mail Tribune