

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

Arkansas women, suffering from the delusion that they are smart and economical at the same time, are reported as making the keystone of their lingerie out of flour sacks. This is thrift and stinginess that should warm the heart of Cal Coolidge, and inspire some Oregon male to make himself a pair of BVD's out of a gunnysack.

Reasons continue to accumulate for the defeat of Cong. Hawley. In the last analysis, it seems that Cong. Hawley did not get enough votes.

Placental enthusiasts have started to chatter about "the fishing industry of the valley." The "fishing industry" is on a par with the loafing industry, except that you don't get your feet wet.

Anybody with the itch for office, who can find the courthouse in the dark, is qualified to be a lawyer, and anybody out of money able to distinguish between a dime and a dollar, with one eye shut, ought to make a liberal banker, with other people's money.

The artisan well has decreased in flow so a special council meeting was held this week to make some immediate plans.—(Heppner News). It ought to help a lot.

A depressed journalist drifted thru Wed., in a sad state of indignity. He denied he made the Atlanta "Constitution," the Baltimore "Sun," the Kansas City "Star," the Chicago "Tribune," and the Detroit "News" what they are today. Also he had never been the right-hand man of William Randolph Hearst, the left-hand man of the late E. W. Scripps, or manager of the Paris office of the Associated Press.

There will be a general drift of citizens on the Gaddeth Day to the Pacific ocean, and the Redwood forests hard by. Both are outstanding projects of Nature. The redwoods are mighty in their solemnity and beauty. Some surmise that our outstanding egotist and self-hater could stand in their depths, as night descends, and feel a slight sense of insignificance. On the other hand, the esteemed Pacific ocean, instead of inspiring awe, would bring forth a demand to know why so much salt had been used in its waters, when tramp autoists have no salt for their beans, if they had any beans.

"CARE IN GIVING CREDIT. ADVICE TO MERCHANTS"—(Hillside Albany Democrat-Record). It seems so unnecessary, and like painting the lily.

Of late, due no doubt to the times, there has been an IWW tinge to some of the orators and their orations. Too many of the down-trodden, trod themselves down, and insist on remaining that way, by their own efforts.

Four men this week have honored the inside of the county jail with their presence.—(Fendleton East Oregonian). What might be called glorified incarceration.

A number were defeated for precinct committeemen, in the late primary. This is the lowest form of disaster that can overtake a free-born American.

Even if beer is legalized, it would be a year before the breweries could get going, and their product would be fit to drink, according to reports. This would make no difference to the millions who have been guzzling home brew.

TODAY'S BIG SOB J. Percy Brown, a hardworking resident of these parts, who has just finished an extended stay in the Salem area for asphyxiation, had his revolver shot out of his hands last night when the brutal authorities discovered him in the bank in the vicinity of the main vault, one knob of which had been broken off. Brown accidentally had his pistol pointed in the direction of the officers, who did not ask for any explanation of his presence in the bank. This is a fine howdy-do, when peaceful citizens are imperiled. What if Brown had no business in the bank at midnight? He had as much right there as the officers, or the bankers. Brown is entitled to free speech, and the right to explain his presence in the depository. Instead of being shot down like a man for a deer, the whole affair is enough to make the blood boil, and will be an issue in the fall campaign.

The World Moves on

THE bankruptcy of the esteemed Police Gazette, at the age of 65 emphasizes the change in American moral standards, since the early 90's.

In the radiant youth of us "older boys" the Police Gazette ranked No. 1 on the parental "Index." With its wasp waisted chorus girls, its "Champagne Charlies", and muscle-bound prize fighters, it was regarded as the last word in lascivious depravity. As a result it was bootlegged on Main Street, surreptitiously cached in the barn, and to be caught with a copy, meant a somewhat painful demonstration, that to spare the rod spoils the child.

Through the passing years the Police Gazette did not change. But American moral standards did, particularly those of the younger generation. And news stand literature changed also.

SO the dime novels of Nick Carter, gave way to true detective stories, and the Police Gazette to a perfect flood of pulpy literature, from "Movieland" through True Confessions, to Snappy Stories.

The Police Gazette succumbed, not because it was too naughty, but because it wasn't naughty enough. It passed out of the picture, because it failed to keep up with the times. Not only with the new note in sex appeal; but the new note in literature. For the Police Gazette remained incorrigibly romantic; the new generation demanded realism, and a stark frankness.

So the "Bad Boy" of the McKinley era declined. And as it staggered on, the big city tabloid, delivered the "coup de grace."

O Tempora, O Mores! "What's not devoured by Time's devouring hand? Where's Troy, and where's the Maypole in the Strand?"

Why Not "Go the Whole Hog?"

THAT man in La Grande pulled a good one. Instead of voting for Mr. France, or writing in the name of President Hoover, he wrote in the name of Al Capone.

A good joke, of course. So good, the conservative A. P. sent that item all over the world.

Yet we wonder if that "Unknown Voter" was so much a practical joker, as an excellent satirist.

With the cry of "turn the rascals out!" resounding, with this overwhelming popular demand for ditching EVERYTHING that is old, for ANYTHING that is new, why not go the whole hog, and cast a ballot for America's arch-criminal and Chicago's temporarily deposed Beer King.

NOT a bad idea. In the first place it may show some people the absurdity and dangers, of letting this blind spirit of revolt go too far. In the second place, the further the pendulum swings in the wrong direction, the further—and the sooner—it will swing in the right.

For in this dance of life, action and reaction are the same. There is only one certain thing,—that the further we go in one direction, the further we will go in the other.

Swinging to Capone and the worst now, will mean swinging to genuine statesmanship and the best, later on.

So why not have a few more Capone votes, and get this virus entirely out of our system. The more extreme the malady, the more complete the cure.

Even Homer Nods

"I am just as optimistic now about business as I was pessimistic about it before the crash in 1929. My optimism is based not on hopes or wishes, but on facts. The law of action and reaction is now working to bring about gradual improvement. From 1929 to 1932 we had reaction—decline. From 1932 on we shall have action—improvement—even though the gain will be gradual.

There are two sets of signals to watch: First, those who say the track is being cleared; and second, those who say the train is coming. Here are some that mean a clearer track. (1) Debts have been reduced. It was excess debt that caused the 1929 collapse. (2) Expenses have been cut—individual, corporation, everything but government expenses, and those must come down. (3) Wages and rents are coming down. Many say that if wages are reduced there is less buying power. On the contrary, with everything else reduced, lower wages spread employment, stimulate circulation of money and increase total buying power. (4) Idle funds have piled up. The track is clear for reinvestment and loans, as confidence returns. (5) Commodities and securities are very low. (6) The Glass-Steagall bill and the other emergency measures are clearing up frozen credits, bolstering weak spots and halting deflation."

The only fly in that ointment is that it was written by Roger Babson three months ago.

Fishing improves in the Rogue. Fine weather forecast for Memorial day. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY May 27, 1912. (It was Sunday.) Co. 7 to hold a banquet. Fire blight in California pears scores local orchardists. Medford defeats Grants Pass, 6 to 1. Earl Tully hits single in ninth to score Walt Antle. Ralph Burgess struck out 12 men. Star theater presents sensational trap act. "Lust for gold driving nation to destruction," declares Maryland senator in speech. Seven cyclones in Kansas in a day. Damage slight. Burglar arrested in Portland confessed to robbing section house here. All our Leather Goods for graduation gifts. 25 to 50% off. Office Stationery & Supply Co. Railroad walkout threatens to tie up nation's traffic.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Year Ago.) TEN YEARS AGO TODAY May 27, 1922. (It was Saturday.) Portland refuses to adopt anti-mask ordinance as curb on Klan activities. Horses reported poisoned in the Lake Creek district. Seven local families to leave on auto trips to east as soon as school ends. Four articles on "tariff closure" printed in Mail Tribune. Former resident becomes a number at McNeil's Island prison. Railroad walkout threatens to tie up nation's traffic.

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

THE SEVERAL DEGREES OF IMMUNITY

In view of the probability that you have many other readers entertaining ideas similar to mine in this respect, writes our Chicago reader, may I suggest that you write an article dealing specifically with an explanation as to how varying degrees of immunity could exist without resistance? Although I am only what you would probably consider a more than usually dumb layman your writings about immunity versus resistance intrigue me and I always believed you up to the point where you began to tell of various degrees of immunity. To my small mind it seems that if a person is only partly immune that in itself implies there must be some sort of resistance. Either that is true or else I do not know enough about the English language to understand the meaning of the two words. (W. R. O.)

That's the way I like 'em—diffident, dumb and docile. The term used to express the idea is immaturity. In scientific writing or speaking it is customary to call it resistance, that is all right. The only point I am trying to make clear is that we know immunity can happen, but we do not know and cannot determine in any instance whether an individual has resistance. When you can neither define nor detect nor measure a hypothetical factor you are justified in doubting that it exists. That's my argument all complete. I doubt that there is any such condition or influence as resistance.

As this idea of resistance is conceived by the old fogies in medical and public health literature, it is bafflingly intangible and has no specific application. They just conjure up some vague state of resistance that protects the lucky son of a gun who happens to have it from all and sundry maladies that are going around. Of course that is a ridiculous fancy, but how is the poor uneducated layman—uneducated in elementary physiology and pathology—to see the absurdity of it when the eminent health authority solemnly warns him about keeping his resistance up?

Perhaps the best explanation I can make for the different degrees of immunity is to remind you of the parable of the seed which fell on stony ground and the seed which fell on good ground. The ground has various degrees of fertility or of barrenness. Ground in which the seed grows poorly has a degree of im-

Greater efficiency hath or could have no man than this, unless he should bring his live lions to Chicago and shoot them on the lake front. P. K. Wrigley, carrying on the business of his father, the late William Wrigley, Jr., is a good thermometer of business conditions. Everybody that sells anything also sells his product. His father used to say he had one hundred and ten per cent distribution, one hundred per cent of those that ought to sell chewing gum, and ten per cent that had no business selling it.

Two hundred thousand small distributors have folded their tents like the Arabs and no longer distribute. But Mr Wrigley says business conditions satisfy him, thanks to the fact that he lives up to his father's advertising motto, "Tell 'em quick and tell 'em often"

Other advertisers might borrow that slogan. Dr. Rachelle Yarros, intelligent young woman who supervises family consultation for the Illinois Family Hygiene league, asserts positively that husbands do not want to be flighty and uncertain. They want to settle down permanently, they want to be faithful, they are at heart almost as monogamous as the wild gander that never takes a new mate when the goose dies, but spends its life, mourning, although eating heartily.

In fact, Dr. Yarros says, men that have not found the right woman and settled down to permanency, are pitifully lonely. Mr. Gus Sanger, kidnaping gangster, has made a discovery important to kidnapers, namely that the kidnapers should attend to one thing at a time. He and his comrades kidnaped Dr. Max Gecht and wife. They deprived the wife of all her clothing, and chained her to the foot of the bed, that she might not escape, but offered no other violence. Foolish Gus Sanger, mixed love-making with kidnaping and arranged to meet Mrs. Gecht on her return to private life.

That intelligent lady, who believes in punishing wrongdoers, encouraged him sufficiently to secure his arrest and that of his gang. One escaped, two will go to prison for life. So susceptible Mrs. Sanger turned state's evidence and got off. Managua reports that United States marines have killed 17 Nicaraguans rebels. Airplanes helped in the killing. Doubtless the Nicaraguans had

done something that justified our going down there to punish their brigands. Might it not be a good idea to have other marines sent to our big cities to interfere with the activity of home-grown brigands? We have some.

Roy Knight and Edward Nelson, convicts in the Stateville prison suffering from painful burns on face and arms, illustrate the fact that it is difficult to enforce prohibition. They had a little soup can and a length of rubber hose in their cell and made "fairly palatable" alcohol out of sugar and potatoes, until their cell exploded and burned them. Warden Hill greeted them, "Sometimes the boys get pretty thirsty down here."

Mr. Rufus Dawes is cheerful about the big "Century of Progress" exposition now sure to open on time June 1st, 1933. That will be a good thing for Chicago and the two political conventions next month have caused all hotel rooms to be engaged and will put a great deal of money in circulation.

Politicians have money and make it circulate. Jenkins' Comment (Continued from Page One) It will interest this mother, and it may interest you, to know that many of the biggest men in the United States, started life as newspaper carriers.

Charles O. Dawes, for example, big banker, former vice-president of the United States, former ambassador to England, head of the Reconstruction Finance corporation, one of the ablest and most liked men in America, was a newspaper carrier when he was a boy.

Who can say how much the business training Miss received in his early years has helped him in reaching the high place he now holds?

THIS newspaper is proud of its carrier boys. It is interested in their success. It accepts as a definite responsibility the opportunity to provide them with this kind of business training. All our leather goods, special for graduation gifts. 25 to 30% off. Office Stationery & Supply Co.



by Julia Cleft-Addams Jenny turned sharply—and a man looked down into her eyes.

Chapter I A LOST ICICLE

JENNY REVELL looked down from her high window-sill, that was still warm from the summer sun, and watched the daylight creep step by step a way from the corner of Eyle Street. Soon it would be dark.

She had never, in all her twenty-four years, grown quite indifferent to the coming of dusk; it called all manner of little magics, little flickering fantasies into her mind. In the country, she thought drowsily, evening comes like a bat, everything darkens under its wings, but in the city it drops like a dragon's gleam with light and awirl with enchantment.

"Jen-nee!" She signed a little and turned away from the window, rubbing her eyes with her hands like an awakening child. Midway between the window and the voice that she still gaily calling, stood a tall mirror alight on its stand. She hovered before it, despairingly conscious that she seemed barely twenty, when she was actually 24 today, and far more competent than anyone believed.

"Jen-nee! Getting ready?" The shadows she loved were crowding into the room but still she dawdled at the gazing mirror. She saw a tumble of pale-gold hair, so silvery blond and fine that it lay like gossamer about her face. Her dark brows and her dark long lashes painted little shadows on the faint flush of her skin; they gave mystery to her eyes. Very wondering eyes, wide-set and of that pansy-black that has purple in it, under the sun.

But here came George from her bath; fresh, glowing, scented. "Jenny! We shall have to pretend we thought they said supper instead of dinner—oh, you've left the blinds up!"

Jenny blinked. The light by the mirror, the light by the dressing-table, the two lights over the bed—with a clicking rush George had turned them all on. The room that had been full of velvet twilight was now a stream of color. Color was everywhere; and most glowingly of all, in George. George was color.

George, thought Jenny, looked most wonderfully aglow tonight. The thick creaminess of her skin seemed to have a golden tone under it. Her eyes had the amber gleams in them that Jenny loved; even in the shadow their brown was not dull or slow. She picked up the bright enamel brushes and her splendid arms moved up and down like flails. George's red-brown hair was short and she meant to keep it so.

"Which shall I wear, George, the blue or the biscuit-colored lace?" "The lace! My dearest kiddie, are you mazed? That dejected rag at Milli's?"

It was a tremendous relief to hear George's easy laugh. "But the blue is really a dance-frock."

"I know, love. But strange to say, people do dance quite often, of an evening, in this naughty little old hamlet. Especially at Milli's. . . . What an amazing infant you are!" Jenny chuckled. It was a sweet, deep, sudden sound, more appropriate, somehow, to George's throat than to Jenny's. "You call me a scatter-brain but do you know what you've forgotten?"

George, halfway into her frock was struck rigid in the midst of fold upon fold of apricot velvet. "Jenny! Oh, Jenny, whatever possessed me to forget!" She flashed into the frock and threw her arms round the younger girl. "Many, many happy returns, Jenny-sweet! Jen, I didn't forget altogether! Wait—look!"

A little breathless, Jenny waited. George was rooting energetically on the floor of the wardrobe and presently she swung out a flat, jade-strung box, stamped superbly—"Parfite."

"Oh, but you shouldn't have!" stammered Jenny. "Parfite is most terribly expensive." "Open it, pet, and put it on. Ryder Vale is always worth looking nice for. Besides, there's that unknown stalwart he's bringing with him. . . . It fits you quite wonderfully. And here are the shoes to go with it. . . . They fit, too." Jenny, blinking again, gazed at herself in the long glass. It was a silver dress—silver touched with a faint, cold green and, where it dropped to the silver shoes, with an even colder, steely blue.