

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
 "Everyone in Southern Oregon
 Reads the Mail Tribune"

Daily Except Saturday

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ROBERT W. NUBB, Editor

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The Real Southern Oregon

ARTHUR PERRY of the Medford Mail Tribune, in his column, "Ye Smudge Pot," offers the opinion that the other districts believe "southern Oregon in general, and Jackson county in particular, is a region of renegades, and violent men of dark crimes, where there are blotches on the sun, and blood on the moon." And this he denies with patriot vigor, while appealing to Oregon citizens to remember the natural beauty and charm, and the regional virtues, of one of the loveliest and most neighborly sections of the commonwealth.

The Oregonian probably is as well qualified as any other newspaper, not published in southern Oregon, to speak for the opinion of general observers. And while it is undeniably true that the troubles of Jackson county have been much in the press of late, as matters of current news, we find nowhere even the vestige of a conclusion that southern Oregon is largely populated by desperadoes. Indeed, a contrary opinion prevails, and this opinion has it that a great majority of Jackson county citizens, law-abiding and reasonable, has been at grips with a minor and cantankerous element that did not scruple to employ criminality to serve its mistaken ends. The rest of the state has always believed that the better citizenship of southern Oregon must surely prevail, as it is now prevailing.

Other regions of the state, as Mr. Perry more than intimates, have in their times been stirred by serious factional disorders, by crimes and bold misdemeanors, and are in no position to point the finger of disdain. What The Oregonian would wish to establish, is that these regions have not indicated southern Oregon as a community lost to a proper sense of citizenship. There has been a deal of sympathy, but little of criticism, and much of hope—and faith—that justice and the better citizenship would restore order. The disorders in Jackson county, which culminated in ballot theft and murder, are at an end. They were the misfortune of southern Oregon, rather than the manifestation. And the state at large realizes this.

The real southern Oregon remains unsmirched—as the friendly, hospitable, more than lovely district it has always been, where fine citizenship is the rule rather than the exception.—Oregonian.

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, 285 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

PAMPERING IN CHILDHOOD MAKES 'EM GROW UP NEUROTICS.

In his interesting little book "Life Begins at Forty" Walter B. Pitkin says: "Our schools of childhood are wonderful; from kindergarten to high school they are the finest ever. Americans are at their best in handling children—and at their worst in dealing with ex-children who ought to be handled as grownups. The shame of our land is the high school, and the world's worst joke is our standard liberal arts college. Our ablest are there disabled. . . . Everything is done to prevent life after twenty. Algebra is taught under compulsion to millions who can never use it even in intellectual play. Athletics are organized and commercialized to the point at which all fun and all benefit to the individual evaporate. . . . Only the robust and the well-balanced come thru with flying colors. They finally discover that their education began after leaving college."

Mr. Pitkin is a professor in Columbia university. He is losing his job if he doesn't watch out! He had better leave to us lowbrows the business of ridiculing the teaching of algebra to high school children. We don't know any better. But a university professor!

Some children are doomed in infancy to a neurotic life. Their parents, nurses, aunts, teachers train them for it. These misguided ones pamper and coddle the unfortunate youngsters and vainly strive to protect them from encountering the sharp edges and prickles which children must learn to deal with.

As a result of studying and heeding the suggestions in your pamphlet on the subject I am definitely cured of constipation of 20 years standing, for which I am deeply grateful. (J. A.)

Answer—You mean education corrected the morbid psychology which kept you enslaved to physics. In the great majority of cases constipation is just a bad habit. Send a dime and a stamped envelope bearing your address, for the pamphlet, "The Constipation Habit."

Thick Nails
 Please tell me what to do for thick nails on my great toes. I can't cut them even when soaked in hot water. (L. M. D.)

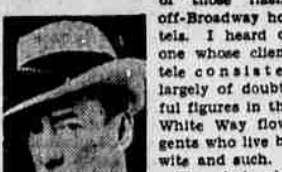
Answer—Go barefoot a few hours a day.

Ed Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 285 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, July 15.—While recovering was being done in the family bedroom, I decided to spend a night in one of those flashy off-Broadway hotels. I heard of one whose clientele consisted largely of doubtful figures in the White Way flow, gents who live by wits and such.



The clerk who roomed me asked me in advance, although I carried toilet accessories in a hand grip. The bell-boy was the alert type of hustler who inquired solicitously if I might be needing anything to drink. And seemed annoyed when I replied ice-water would suffice.

After looking about the room and doubtful of ability to sleep I went to the lobby and lounged in one of the deep-cushioned wall divans. The lobby was milling with after-theater crowds, the usual sort, but perhaps my imagination was keyed up to regard it as a little more tense.

A hard-bitten misanthropic blonde with a forlorn poodle and continuous cough, took a seat near and watched the revolving door expectantly. Her wait was rewarded by a chunky fellow, sporting a Brazil diamond, who chirped: "Lo, Kitten!" They talked in whispers. And he went out. A gigolo!

I was interested in her part of the drama of a Times Square night. Her cough had an alarming rasp. In a minute or so she went up in the elevator and soon came down again. Without her poodle—eyes kohled and lips freshly reddened. I followed her across Broadway and eastward over 44th street. Midway the block she stopped to talk to a man unsteady on his feet, an easy pick-up. They walked off quickly.

In front of the Lamb's, Pat, the night elevator man for more than 30 years, was trying to tag a vagrant breeze. Pat is one of life's Tommy Pops who brings to the bleak security of his job sudden murmured wisdom and shy humor. On the downhill coast he is content to rub elbows with and run inglorious errands for stage celebrities. Pat lost many friends the past few years—friends who idled a moment to exchange confidences: Wilton Lockye, Winchell Smith, James J. Corbett, Fritz Williams, William Courtenay, Willis P. Sweetnam and the more youthful Jack Donahue who would do a diminutive version of an old Irish jig for Pat. If no one were around.

Arnold Bennett, most accomplished of promoters, would enjoy the Roaring Forties in that dead calm before the city swims up from its deep well of sleep. Shady hotels now and then erupt couples, aheepally furtive. A Belasco theatre marquee. Taxis swerved in to her but quickly shot away. Sprawling figures, mouth agape, in a Hippodrome away. A single light blazed in the lobby of the Algonquin. The attendant at an all night shooting gallery in Sixth avenue yawned, reached in an upper shirt pocket for "the makins!"

Back in my rented hotel room again visions through the thin partition disclosed a gay session next door. Someone trying to dial Abe Lyman's band in California. Abe is an old pal of his. Floating bits of conversation. "Eddie picked up some smart money in New Orleans and sent for Clara. . . . Keep quiet will you, this house dick is no Santa Clara. . . . That flat-chested Drop Stitch Annie has been gunning for him since his wife died. . . . Let's barge up to Harlem, pop a few referers and hear Gladys sing!"

I had dozed off lightly when the phone tingled. A feminine voice: "You Mitch?" When I replied negatively a bit ungraciously she snapped "Don't get Tiffany." And hung up. Next door a lady attained the weeping stage. She was going back to Muncie, Ind., and never "see this rotten town again." No us to try sleeping. I dressed. A pair of military hair brushes had vanished.

Dawn comes ugly to Broadway. Harshly. Roysterers were plotting another drunk down the hall. A man shouted an oath across a court. In the foyer south-western, rheumatic and dripping, paused to look up with spaniel docility. "A phib, main-in, air!" one called. Out on the streets the comic and grotesque seemed to come up like a leadstool. A newswoman shadow boxing. A shuffling derelict picking some horrid fragment from a restaurant refuse bin!

Reid, Murdock and Co., canners of the Monarch Brand Bartlett Peas will be reprinted at Medford this season by Myron Root.

ADVANTAGES OF SALES TAX TOLD BY MR. KEATING

Not an Additional Tax But Substitute For Burden Of Property And Personal Levies Is Revealed In Talk

About seventy persons from various parts of Jackson county were present at the sales tax address at the courthouse Friday evening by Rodney Keating, field executive of the property tax reduction committee of the state, who explained the advantages of such a tax, and answered numerous questions concerning the measure to be voted on July 21.

In his talk, Mr. Keating, who was introduced by Jackson county representative, Earl B. Day, stated that the main argument for passing the tax is that necessary money now levied on the tax rolls has not come in, and the state is now facing an emergency—the tax delinquency is three times the present assessment.

Not Added Tax
 "The present sales tax," he said, "is not an additional tax, but is a substitute tax for the overburdened personal property taxpayers and the real-property tax payers. This is an emergency measure which expires by limitation July 31, 1935. It is a two per cent sales tax on retail services of a mercantile and a professional nature. There is also a rate of 2 per cent on manufacturers or wholesalers, but there are few concerns here which would be placed in the latter class," was Mr. Keating's explanation.

"There are certain exemptions from the sales tax, such as gasoline and farm products when sold by dealers or producers for resale which exemption practically excludes any farmer in Jackson county when selling his produce, unless he has a way-side stand and is considered a retailer."

"This also includes the farmer shipping fruit, who does not pay a tax of any kind," was Mr. Keating's answer to a question put to him during the discussion of the measure.

Misinformation Spread
 He related to his audience that much misinformation has been spread about the county with relation to the farmer and the sales tax.

Mr. Keating went on to say that the farmer is a producer and is selling hay or produce for resale or to another farmer who is using the hay or grain for further production. The measure also provides a \$50 a month exemption on cash receipts of every business under the sales tax jurisdiction, and in many cases, the merchant will find his exemption of personal property tax and the three mill state levy on real property, will in many cases offset the sales tax of two per cent.

"The money coming in under the sales tax is to be distributed for the balance of the year as follows:
 1. Administrative purposes.
 2. \$1,487,918.16 in payment of second half property taxes due the state from the counties.
 3. \$518,897.23 to sinking fund of world war veterans' state aid commission in lieu of half-mill tax provided by law.
 4. \$250,000 to fund for relief of unemployment.
 5. One-half remainder apportioned to counties in proportion to valuations of taxable property.
 6. Remaining residue to remain in state general fund."

Fifty-Fifty Division
 "Next year, and the first half of 1935, every dollar that comes in under the sales tax, will be distributed, with fifty cents going to the state, and fifty cents to be divided on a proportionate ratio basis among the 38 counties of the state," was information given by Mr. Keating.

"This will give the counties money each month to carry on the governmental functions and school operations."
 "All the money going to the state is to be used to retire the real property taxes now levied, which amounts to 5 1/2 mills," he explained. The money accruing to the counties also goes to relieve the county and local taxes. According to figures available, under the six million dollar

Pressure is Low—Much water is being wasted by residents of the city, by letting it run into the street when watering lawns and gardens, it was reported yesterday. A number of Medford people have also turned the water off, until the return whistle is blown. With the water on throughout the city, a decidedly low pressure in the result, making it difficult to fight fires, it was pointed out.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County history from the files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
 July 16, 1923
 (It was Sunday)
 Curtis J-N plane catches fire at Ashland field, and aviator jumps.

Fire Chief Elliott warns citizens not to pile sawdust on the sidewalks.

Unsettled weather follows a short heat wave.

Togger Bill Isaacs has been cast for the leading baritone role in "Iolanthe." President Walther of the C. O. C. announces that "anybody who does not buy a ticket to the pageant is a traitor to his city, his country, and the valley."

800,000 lady bugs to be distributed to orchards to kill the wooly aphis.

Sheriff Terrill's bloodhound has a paw crushed in the kitchen door. The sheriff chased three men "playing horses around the courthouse, into a recent house, last night, from whence they disappeared."

Twenty Years Ago Today
 July 16, 1913
 (It was Tuesday)
 Local cigar dealers boost sale of new Turkish cigarette, with offer of a miniature Turkish rug with each package. The editor of this paper gives testimony that he has smoked one of the rugs, and found it better than the cigarette.

Carl Y. Tengwald becomes first sergeant in Co. 7—known then as the Sleepy Seventh.

Mining operations humming in the Gold Hill district.

H. Chandler Egan, the expert golfer, to be given a dinner at the University club, and Reginald H. Parsons, president of the Medford Golf and Country club will make a speech.

"What Sayest Thou," at the Star; "Women Must Weep," at the Page, and "The Light in the Window," at the Ugo. The illustrated songs at the Star have been discontinued, until the singer's throat gets well.

estimate by tax commissioners, real estate taxes are to be reduced about 5.8 per cent and if more money comes in, greater reductions can be expected.

Mr. Keating also stated that three states are now in legislative session at the present time contemplating a sales tax similar to that now before the voters in Oregon. A great many states have enacted a general sales tax during the past year. "The inequality of our present tax system has broken the backbone of Mr. and Mrs. Taxpayer today," Mr. Keating said.

Emergency Measure
 "The legislature this year," he went on to say, "made every attempt to solve the tax situation, and the answer was a substitute tax or a sales tax as an emergency measure. The sales tax relieves and wipes off the books property taxes now working hardships on many merchants and farmers today. No bill was ever written that favored the farmers more than the present tax which is being given the people for adoption or rejection next Friday."

Mr. Keating said that he had not had a decided change of sentiment during the past three weeks regarding the sales tax, and many people now see the light and will vote for the sales tax. The number is 312 on the ballot, and voting this will be giving relief to the taxpayers in Oregon, and will help keep the schools open.

"Over one thousand school districts in Oregon today will only receive one-sixth of the taxes now levied, to operate on this fall. This means closing of schools, and many other objectionable features."

In closing, Mr. Keating said, "Remember this is an emergency measure, citizens of Oregon to be lifters instead of leavers, to put away party and personal prejudices, and rise above the great debt burden now on the state."

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Friday was a holy terror for heat, and Jackson county was roasted on its foundation.

No trace has been found of the witness, who busted open Peoria Hill Gates' safe, like it was a punkin.

J. Frank Wortman of Phoenix towned Tues., Wed., Thurs., & Fri. His winter stand of whickers are still intact. Mr. W. is still inflated with Bryanism and thinks he is a Young Democrat, like Porter Neff, Frank So Dous, and Kelly the Elder.

It now develops that the parties who purloined Dub Watson's car did not steal it—they just drove it away. Mr. Watson is an accessory to that theft, inasmuch as he left the key in the car, but forgot to leave the engine running.

Anybody in need of a plain lawyer, phone the undersigned. We will not call the opposition learned, if he is not.

The fair sex are wearing high top boots, and pajamas, depending on the distances they are going.

The \$15. non-breakable glasses purchased by your cor, in a moment of lapsus noodus, can't take it. Wed. they became breakable with out any notice. This is the first time they have been badly fooled since we bought an auto on the well-known easy payment plan.

The chise lawn sprinkling system is now ready to rain.

It looks like Young America in these parts, would have to walk if they live less than a mile from the schoolhouse, next fall. Contrary to expectations and predictions, walking will not ruin the rising generation.

Dock Robinson, late of Jville is going up to Portland, to cool off, and recuperate from getting caught in the social whirl at 84.

A glimpse was caught of Tomus Sween one day last wk. He was looking fine and natural. He has been looking fine and natural lately, as have some, who feel they have been too much in the evidence.

Col. Abrams, T. Waterman and a party whose name is forgotten flared across the landscape last week in the fashionable, wrinkled, and hot looking white trousers.

The wrestling match Thurs. eve. was well attended. The main event was won by Gentleman Ted Thye, who knocked the wind out of the foe, by scientific and gentlemanly use of his shoulder. At one stage of the fracas he put his ft. in the face of the enemy, and spectators could hear the belted work crack. It must have been a pleasure to be defeated by such a gentleman.

More new juggernauts are grading the hwy's.

There will be an election Fri. and people hope it will be over when it is over, and not keep the masses running to meetings until snow flies.

Barley is in demand, and those who planted it in the field, instead of discussing world problems at the Bill Gore corner, will have a gold mine, without the handicap of a gold mine, when the work is all done in the fall.

P. Callison, UoCo. mentor was here Fri. and left an impudent note on our desk reading, "When do you work?" This is our reward for leaving a note on Mr. Callison's desk last spring, asking, "when don't you work?"

Del Cotehall and boy, indulged in an argument in front of Jens Jensen's Wed. eve. the fur not flying with any great severity. They wretched from Prohibition to Golf without losing a word. The father looked at his boy, like a disappointed attorney when up a stump.

"Scientists report nebulae areas of the sun contracting and cooling"—(Sacramento Bee). The present state of the weather proves the claims of the scientists.

SCHERMERHORN'S FATE IS DEBATED LONG BY JURORS

(Continued from Page One)

Attorney Newman also attacked the testimony of O. O. Clancy, jail inmate, who testified to Schermerhorn's purported visit to the county jail for conference on the evening of the vote stealing.

Hall's Testimony Stressed
 Attorney Von Schmals in his argument for the defense, stressed the testimony of Harley Hall, Little Apple, apple farmer, and member of the Jones jury, who testified that Wesley McKelrick had told him ten days before that the crime would be committed, and that Schermerhorn would "know nothing about it." Attorney Von Schmals declared, referring to the opening argument of the state, "never in my life have I heard such an argument."

High spots of the address of Assistant Attorney General Moody for the state were:
 "Counsel for defense, admits that Schermerhorn was unfortunate in his associations. He did his own choosing, he picked his friends. Like Old Dog Tray, he is a victim of bad company."

"I thank counsel for his compliment upon my imagination, and that I should be writing fiction instead of practicing the law. Truth is stranger than fiction. Nobody would believe, if they did not know it for an absolute fact, that under the nose of the sheriff, and within earshot of the county judge's office, ballots could be stolen, until as one of the Sexton's said, 'The yard was full of them.'"

What Was Sheriff Doing?
 "What was Schermerhorn doing around the courthouse from eight to eleven o'clock that night? Who was he with? What was he doing? He was in the rear, coming around the corner. He was with Oliver Martin, one of the guards, and Jones, the convicted mayor of Rogue River."

"Why was Schermerhorn conferring with the leaders—Brocheen, Jones, La Dieu, Glenn and Febel—in his private office, about the procuring of bonds for ballot-theft charges before they had been arrested?"

"He was all around the courthouse that night, and what does this jury think of his actions?"
 "The defense attempts to impeach the testimony of Clancy with a doctor's record, and the state proved that Schermerhorn knew Bunch was in jail on the day and date that the records show he was.

Schermerhorn's alibi is that he went to the 'News' office to tell them what they already knew—that the editor of that paper had been arrested. He went to the Mail-Tribune to tell them too. And, all he talked to there was the night watchman. He was trying to cook up an alibi."

Alibi Prepared
 "Why did he tell Olga Anderson and Mary Sweeney, on the night of the robbery that he was going to the county jail and then get on the stand and deny it? Why did he tell these women, 'I've got to be in bed by 9:30 and a few days later tell them not to forget it?'"

"Nobody but Schermerhorn benefited by this crime, directly. There were others interested—but Schermerhorn was the direct beneficiary. They did just the things that were necessary to stop the recount, up to the time of the robbery."

"Old man Fleming has never told all he knows about this crime. Other state witnesses have followed the same course. . . . They were trying to protect themselves."
 "All that is necessary is the use of common sense, as you would use in your own private affairs, to arrive at a just verdict. Symmetry is not for the just administration of our laws."
 "The state cannot protect the inno-

cent, if jury will not convict the guilty.

Says Guilt Proven
 "The state has proven the guilt of Gordon L. Schermerhorn beyond any possible show of reasonable doubt, conclusively and completely."

Cross-examination of Schermerhorn was fairly short Friday afternoon. Schermerhorn admitted that La Dieu, Glenn, Brocheen and others involved, had conferred with him in his private office, following the ballot robbery, relative to providing bonds in anticipation of arrest. The accused sheriff admitted he had not reported this to the district attorney or state police.

Schermerhorn contended that his attendance at the meeting in the county court offices with many of the central figures in the crime, was for the purpose of arranging bonds for L. A. Banks. The state contended it did not require from five to nearly seven o'clock, to prepare a page and one-half of typewritten matter.

Schermerhorn also admitted that Elton Watkins of Portland, his attorney in the recount suit, was present in the county judge's office. This had never been mentioned by any of the other witnesses.

Schermerhorn also corrected himself at one stage of his testimony when he said, "that was after I was up in the jail."

Slip of the Tongue
 The denial brought from Attorney Moody. . . . "O! that is just a slip is it?"

Schermerhorn denied he had been in the county jail that evening, as the state has held.

Sheriff Perry Webb of Douglas county, and Deputy Grant Perry, testified that they removed T. Jackson Bunch from the county jail to Roseburg on February 22. John Glenn, former jailer testified that it was on February 19th. Records of Jackson and Douglas counties were introduced to show that Bunch was incarcerated here, as Clancy testified he was.

W. J. Looker, court reporter, was also called as a rebuttal witness for the state.

Carl Y. Tengwald, National Guard company officer, was called to testify to the good character of the Sexton brothers, while members of the company.

HOGAN PLANNING TICKET SERVICE

To afford Medford investors the privilege of following the vagaries of their favorite stocks, sale by sale, M. N. Hogan announced yesterday he would install ticker service in his office in the Liberty building where additional space for a customers' room with quotation board is now being arranged.

A Great Vision

To the Editor:
 I was way up high on a mountain top, and down below was the ocean. I could see it plain, and the waves were rolling high. Such great waves and high breakers! Of what I could see, the whole ocean was so rough that no ship could have sailed at any other time like that instant, and be safe.

Great monstrous black clouds hovered over the surface in phantom-like forms. They moved with swift rapidity. Such unusual realities!

With another guy standing beside me, we gazed down on the sight in awe! Who wouldn't have been awestricken, could it be described as wonderful as it all was?

Everything was too plain to fade out of my vision. What was the queer, most unusual serenity we felt over the whole surroundings? Maybe an earthquake. Lo, and behold, the earth did shake as a volcano!

Then I saw written signs in the heavens, which explained all, and which put fear in my soul. One sign read and almost seemed to talk for itself, "The Coming of Christ." Another said, "The Resurrection Day."

Then just as plain as day is distinguished from night, the whole atmosphere broke into one accord, singing a joyful song of praise and sternerly. The entire universe was singing. Such beautiful strains of music! It still rings in my ears, oh, the peace that surrounded me, and still does. It makes my heart rejoice, and is a feeling that can only be there for me to know. It could never be explained as beautiful as it all was. It must be seen with your eyes through a vision or in reality, and be felt through every fiber of your body. Maybe anyone who reads this may have that chance some day in reality!

In the skies, then, Jesus and His Angels from Heaven appeared. It seemed that He was shaking hands with all His children whom He was going to take home with Him!

Jesus shone so bright—His Great Power lighted His whole being with a radiant glow! He was plainly a creature, but His Presence was so great that it did not matter one particle.

At last the Almighty had come to take His children home! Would I be among His children?
 A great fear struck me at first, but like a bolt of lightning His Peace and Consolation stole over my whole being, and I felt so divinely secured in His Holy Presence.
 He was near, He came over to me, and spoke in the most tender, loving tones, "Verlie." In feelings of reward, I responded with all my heart, "Jesus!—I'm so happy!"
 As He started on to another after shaking hands with me, He said, "You are beautiful, child. Me—beautiful! But surely all of God's faithful children are beautiful to him!"
 A Great Vision
 As I stood there in amazement among all the millions of people, He

BARBERS WILL MEET TO ORGANIZE GROUP

CHAMBER COMMERCE

John Moffatt, chairman of the Retail merchants committee of the chamber of commerce has called a meeting of Master barbers for Tuesday evening, at 8 p. m., in the chamber of commerce offices it was announced yesterday.

Purpose of the meeting, according to Mr. Moffatt, is to organize a barber's sub-committee of the retail merchants committee, as it is believed that the chamber of commerce can be of material assistance to those who depend on barbering for a livelihood. As has been done with other branches of the retail trade of this city.

"We are not trying to form a lot of sub-committees to make our retail division top-heavy," stated Mr. Moffatt, "but we will, when circumstances justify, organize the various retail groups into separate bodies in order to bring about better results. After all it is results which we are after and the success of our retail committee can be assured if we can get each branch working together in a harmonious manner."

It was announced also that the plans are under way to perfect another sub-committee of the retail merchants division composed of beauty parlor operators and it is expected that this new group will be organized very shortly.

Remain at Union Crk.—P. W. Cleator of Portland, recreational engineer for the forest service, will spend a week at Union creek, doing recreational planning work. He plans to journey to the camp today.

SWIM — DANCE
 at
TWIN PLUNGES
 "The Fun Spot of Southern Oregon"

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 Medford Made Batteries
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