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ROBERT W. HULL, Editor

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OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

A Week-End Off

PATRICK'S CREEK, enroute to Medford from Corvallis, via Waldport and Marshfield, July 16:

Halted here by the heat,—after two days on the coast, starting with a cold fog and followed by a colder north wind, striking inland, from Smith River, was like going from a cold storage plant, into a Turkish bath. Such a shock demands time for adjustment.

The phone connections with Medford here are via Crescent City and very bad. But finally after spending an hour in a torrid phone booth, had the message repeated and heard the news of the Sheriff Schermerhorn verdict. **THE JURY DID ITS DUTY**—an unpleasant duty, but one that had to be performed. No one gets any joy out of these things. But no one gets joy out of major operations. Nevertheless they have to be performed at times,—and once started they must be completed, if the patient's life is to be saved. A malignant cancerous growth was implanted in the body politic of Jackson County. A large portion has been removed. In a short time now the operation will be completed. Then the wounds incurred will be quickly healed, the suffering forgotten, as health returns, and Old Man Jackson County,—like King Richard,—will be himself again. Never again will he allow a disease to run so long. At the first symptom swift and decisive action will be taken, instead of waiting until the patient has been forced to take to his bed.

"In all the world no trip like this". That is from an illustrated tourist folder. But it is literally true. A swing around the circle, through the Rogue, Umpqua, Willamette valleys, to Corvallis, to attend the annual state editorial convention, then to Waldport, where the crabs and oysters come from, and down the new coast highway to the Redwood "cut-off," feeds the eye on a scenic panorama, that for variety, color and charm, can't be equaled anywhere in the union. Anywhere in the world, for that matter. This circle has EVERYTHING. It has the pastoral beauty of rural England,—around Corvallis the park-like rolling wood-land beauty of the chateaux country in France,—it has wooded lofty mountains, it has lakes—gem like bodies of translucent water, with forests of fir coming down to the water's edge,—it has the sea, with rollers breaking on rugged castles of solid rock, it has the warmth of mid summer; it has the cool fogs and chilly winds of fall; it has wilderness; it has modern and thriving cities—and it has—or soon will have—highways that can't be surpassed anywhere. But at the present time, because of the late season, this year, the valleys are more beautiful than we have ever seen them. Great masses of green from the tops of the hills, to the very edge of the highway,—the dark greens of fir and pine, cedar and hemlock; the light greens of grass and grain; moss and ferns and wild flowers everywhere, deep blues and purples, gold and dark red—in fact another bromide comes to life—it's a picture no artist—not even another Corot,—could paint.

The editorial association meeting was both interesting and entertaining. Claude Ingalls, editor of the Corvallis Gazette-Times,—where the convention was held—surpassed himself as a genial and thoughtful host. Many problems were discussed—and as usual not solved,—but valuable information was secured concerning them. The principal item on the agenda was the New Deal, and how it will affect the newspapers—just what if anything the newspaper code, in the Industrial Recovery act, will mean. The upshot of it was that no one knows. The question is still in a state of flux. The newspapers don't know just where they are going in the New Deal, but they know they are on the way. In this, we believe, they are not unique.

Everyone of course wanted to know about the situation in southern Oregon. They were told—with better results we are sure than was the case, when the writer made a trip north, four or five months ago,—when none of the newspaper men seemed able to understand the situation—or particularly inclined to make the effort. Saw Paul Keily, able and temperamental editor of the Oregonian, who accurately analyzed the Medford set-up, in his paper the following morning. Also George Putnam of the Salem Capital Journal, who perhaps because of his long residence in Medford, as former editor of this paper, had the right slant from the start. So did Claude Ingalls of the Corvallis Gazette-Times, whose clear analytical mind always cuts to essentials of a situation. In fact throughout the state press as a whole, it is now pretty generally realized the local "civil war"—was the age-old conflict be-

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.

THE PORTAL SYSTEM.

Blood has approximately a pound of fluids for ten pounds, or one ounce for ten ounces of body weight. Dogs have a pound of blood to 13 pounds of body weight. Man has a pound of blood for each 14 or 15 pounds of weight. Approximately a quart of blood enters the liver through the portal vein and exits through the spaces between the cells of which the great gland is composed. After the blood has seeped thru these so-called "capillaries" it is again collected into veins and carried on by the great vein (vena cava) to the right side of the heart, which then pumps it thru the lungs.

Accompanying the process of eating (smelling, seeing, tasting, chewing, swallowing and digestion of food) there is a normal engorgement or congestion of the portal system, the liver. It is only with overeating, too hasty eating, unnatural stimulation of taste or appetite with condiments and highly spiced foods that this engorgement of the portal system becomes abnormal. It explains how overeating aggravates or predisposes to stiffness of the nose and throat or the various chronic troubles lumped into the meaningless name of "stomach trouble." It explains how the same sin aggravates or predisposes to hemorrhoids.

The blood in the portal system seeps thru the liver, much as water seeps thru a sponge if you squeeze the sponge and then release the pressure on it with the sponge in contact with the water.

When you take a moderately full, slow, steady breath or inspiration, especially with your mouth wide open, the diaphragm (a muscle) flattens down upon the liver like a tarpaulin being tightened down upon a straw-stack, and squeezes blood on thru the liver into the great vein toward the heart. Then when you let the air out again, still slowly, steadily, thru the wide open mouth, without any muscular effort whatever, the sponge expands and draws fresh blood in from the veins of stomach and intestine and esophagus. Thus this natural manner of breathing, belly breathing, not only promotes better general circulation, but also aids the portal system and improves the function of the liver. Not any kind of "deep

breath" exercises, but only the natural way of breathing, which I call belly breathing. Detailed instructions for practicing belly breathing will be sent on request if you inclose a stamped envelope bearing your address. No clipping will suffice.

Bear in mind simply that each inspiration or full intake of air has the effect on the general circulation and on the portal circulation of a suction pump drawing the blood from all the veins on toward the heart. On the other hand such unnatural or forcible expiratory effort as coughing tends to retard the return of the blood through the veins to the heart.

When I advise breathing with mouth wide open I do not mean to imply that this is the right way to breathe ordinarily. Ordinary quiet breathing should be done through the nose, of course.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
Bruce Sargus asks: Notice, a non-surgical biliary drainage and regulation of the diet and general habits brought complete relief to this patient. When the patient came to me he was planning to undergo operation. A few years ago many such cases were treated with operation, and the end result were often disappointing. . . . F. S. R. M. D.

Answer:—Yes, a few years ago the brass surgeons were plying a busy trade, but the public is getting more enlightened now. The "non-surgical biliary drainage" is accomplished as well by skillful manipulation of the diet, as it is by more spectacular means. But in the more serious cases it is certainly preferable to an operation. Operators in the "clinic" racket cut into the gallbladder on suspicion; patiently pay on the installment plan—B they've got down and as much as the eviscerator can spare later.

June and October, What.
 Please advise whether a couple with 12 years difference in age should marry.—S. J. F.

Answer:—If that's all the authorities have on them, marriage isn't imperative, but I've known instances where the advantage proved a success despite such differences.

Bellows Inflates, Blow Button.
 I followed your belly breathing exercise for several months and I wonder if I overdid it. I noticed as I inhaled the air goes down too far and causes bulging in the lower part as indicated in the drawing.—C. S.

Answer:—That is O. K., and quite as it should be. People with h.b.p. and trouble in getting to sleep nights, send s.a.s. for B.B. exercises.
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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 17.—Diary of a modern York: Breakfasting with Stuart Price. Then walking a short distance with Keats Speed and Harold Anderson, who wrote the famous editorial "Lindbergh Flies Alone." Thence to my quarters to hear that a motorist deliberately ran over a neighbor's dog and went all sick inside.

In the afternoon Harry Mack Reed and Willis Wood Williams, Plattsburg, Mo., youths attending Princeton and Yale, called. And I remembered their mothers as two of the fairest maids of our town. Jimmy Durante wires me earnestly he has no gone Back Bay but is the same old Jimmy, hot-cha-cha and all.

To Billy and Phyllis Seaman's spread for the William Gations and a goodly gathering of stage folk. And Sam H. Harris introduced a politely cold-muffin lady as beautiful as ever I saw, but whose name I did not catch. So home and my wife read "Anthony Adverse" to me, a noble tale.

Frankness comes to street begging not without appeal. On West 45th street today a blowy fellow tumbled out of a doorway, extending an empty bottle implored: "Cap gimme 15 cents to fill this. I don't want a drink now, but in the morning when I'll sure feel terrible."

The swankiest gesture in book publishing was accomplished by William K. Vanderbilt in his privately published account of his eight month cruise below the equator in his yacht Alva. The edition was limited to 1,000 copies and only 50 more were offered for sale—and, these, owing to elaborate and costly illustration, were within purse reach of only blue-chip nabobs. Vanderbilt himself navigated every knot of the 30,000-mile voyage.

I know a man who has written the frankest autobiography ever penned. He has set aside a sufficient sum in his will for publication posthumously in case his publisher balks. He spares no one, not even himself, and gives astonishing insights into the celebrity racket. He expects it to have a sale of 100,000 copies at \$2 each, profits going to his widow.

Personal nomination for the most refined taste in clothes on the screen—that of Myrna Loy.

Broadway's topsy-turvy romance once more reaches placid waters. Neil Andrews, rich young manufacturer, and Dorothy Hall, platinum star, again married, are seen everywhere in perfect accord after a trial divorce six months ago. The cross currents of the New York way of life have tossed them on the rocks, but have given much headline importance. One week they were like this and next as far apart . . . as this. During separation they tried to appear indifferent, but sometimes during the evening they would manage to appear in the same spot with different escorts. And that would tickle the tabbers.

The best of Christopher Morley's musings in "Mandarin in Manhattan" I believe, is this: "Excellent fellow was that friend of mine who, needing a motto for his sundial, inscribed it: 'It is later than you think!'"

Thingamabobs: Al Jolson's first stage appearance was with Ed Ruth's Burlesques . . . Montague Glass's plays are billed in Russia "by Montague and Glass" . . . Crystal Ball, the actress, lives in New York's oldest apartment house, The Stuyvesant . . . Rose Coghlan also lived there . . . Ed Edwin Booth's parents . . . Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt Belmont is considered the best woman speaker in New York . . . John Erskine's dining room is colored in black and white . . . William Muldoon told friends before his passing that tobacco was the greatest foe of humanity . . . Max Baer is listening to the advice of no one but Jack Dempsey, his idol.

I smiled inwardly but superiorly at a sweet young thing at tea who never having imbibed, was pressed to take a drink. As a Jeeves came along the lady next the sweet young thing asked for a Martini with lots of Martini in it. The s. y. t. requested "A Bronx with plenty of Bronx, please." I say I smiled yet I was the bright boy who ordered from a Paris cafe menu Fourneau Chateaubriand and filet mignon, receiving, naturally, three steaks!
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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

THIS paragraph in yesterday's news must have caught your eye. "The stock market whirled upward today in the heaviest trading in more than THREE YEARS. The day's turnover of 7,450,000 shares was the biggest for any rising market in the history of the stock exchange."

NOTE this further sentence: "Prices, however by what seemed to be an insatiable demand for stocks from MAIN STREET and Wall street, were carried \$1 to more than \$10 higher at the best."

"Demand for stocks from Main Street." Our grandfathers wouldn't have believed that, would they? They looked upon such stock speculating as a vice peculiar to Wall Street. But then a lot of things are happening that our grandfathers wouldn't have believed.

CONTROL of all business by the government, for example—including price fixing, wage fixing and the frankly announced determination to put out of business the price cutter, the wage cutter and the chiseler so that legitimate business may no longer be called upon to meet this type of competition.

ANOTHER sentence from the financial news: "Without help from commodities, which were mostly sluggish, or from business and trade news, which was colorless, bulls built their own price structure." **WHY?** Well, they believe conditions are improving, and they are hastening to ANTICIPATE the improvement.

SO MUCH for stocks. Now a word as to commodities: The Coast representative of a large Eastern clothing house has just received this message from his sales manager: "I have just returned from New York, and conditions there were beyond all my expectations. I don't want you to sell any goods at the present time at all, except to someone who is a regular account of ours and to whom we have sold before. We will not accept any business from new accounts, as it would be worse to sell people and not deliver than not to have sold at all."

SOUNDS like the old days, doesn't it? What makes it sound MORE like the old days is the fact that every merchant in the country is receiving, almost every day, notices of INCREASES in the price of merchandise.

All of a sudden, there are MORE buyers than sellers, and so prices GO UP. Prices ALWAYS go up when there are more buyers than sellers.

WHAT will come of it all? Will the kite go too high and then fall back? Nobody knows. But this much is certain: Unless buying power, which in the main, depends upon wages, keeps pace with rising prices, the bubble will burst.

IT CAN'T be otherwise. People can't go on paying high prices unless they have something to pay them with. And if people CAN'T PAY high prices, because of lack of earning power, markets will disappear and business will crash.

SPEAKING of the commodity market, here is an interesting little sidelight: The price of rye passed the dollar

mark recently, rising 25 cents a bushel in three days. That is a pretty stiff increase. **WHAT** is responsible for it? Two things seem to be. Beer, they say, is creating an added demand for rye bread. Then it appears that there will be no processing tax on rye. Price is affected chiefly by supply and demand, and a lot of things affect supply and demand.

INCIDENTALLY, a farmer here in Southern Oregon held over 1500 sacks of rye. The price last year was around 60 cents a sack, and now he can get 90 cents. He did pretty well by holding.

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 17, 1923
 (It Was Monday)
 Cloudburst and hail hit the Rogue river valley, in unusual July storm. Lake Creek and Applegate districts suffer most. Attorney Gus R. Newbury puts on a dishpan at his place on the Applegate, when the storm started, and when it cleared there was three inches of water in the pan.

Santa Valley reports an unusually large number of skunks.
 Tourist travel continues heavy.
 T. E. Daniels buys an interest in the McCurdy Insurance company.
 Dr. J. J. Emmens has recovered sufficiently to take about walks and ride in a new model Ford.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
 July 17, 1903
 (It Was Wednesday)
 I. W. orators in Portland become "Mulgur in street talks."
 Mrs. Bob Fitzsimmons appears at Page theater.

The present season will break all records for tourist travel to Medford and Crater Lake, declares Court Hall, who is operating the Crater Lake auto stage.
 "I have hundreds of inquiries and requests for bookings," said Mr. Hall "and it begins to look as if we could not handle all the business offered. Two cars are filled for Thursday and the prospects are that we will have all we can handle."
 Many tourist cars are arriving daily both from California and Portland. The road to the rim of the lake will be opened Saturday.
 Two youths arrested for stealing a set of harness.
 Rogue river fishing improves.
 Shortage of labor for haying and fruit picking reported over county.

Trail

TRAIL, July 17.—(Spl)—D. E. MacLean, who has been visiting several weeks with his friends Mr. and Mrs. B. Morgan, left by train for his home in San Francisco Thursday.
 Carl Stevens has been home on a furlough, visiting his mother, Mrs. H. L. Johnson, and friends.
 Mr. and Mrs. Keava E. Hutchinson and little daughter Shirley, of Klamath Falls, were visiting over the week-end with his parents here.
 Messames Ralph Watson, Bill Burke, Bob Morgan and Ed Pence were shopping in Medford Wednesday.

Carroll Watson and friend Richard Rudolph are making hay on the Ralph Watson place.
 Mr. and Mrs. C. Oden and friends Mr. and Mrs. D. Miller, of Passadena who are staying at Casey's Camp, visited at the S. W. Hutchinson home Sunday.
 Mr. and Mrs. Porter, who are stationed here at the Mission, visited their brother's family Friday.
 We are having some warm weather these days, registering above 90 most every afternoon. However, we had delightfully cool weather the forepart of the season.

For Sale: Good Electric Refrigerators. Cheap. Leonard Elec. Co., Holly Bldg.
 Call the Southern Oregon Credit Bureau. They can tell you why pays its debts promptly.

The Ferry Twins Answer Barton's Tax Arguments

To the Editor:
 Mr. Barton's communication on the sales tax was answered so well editorially in the Tribune of July 11 that it seems hardly necessary to write more about it. However, too much cannot be said in favor of the sales tax. So we present further facts to overcome Mr. Barton's arguments. It is his opinion that the sales tax will be benefited by the sales tax since they will pass it all on to the consumers and at the same time will profit by a reduction in the property tax. However, large stores raise their prices in proportion to their TOTAL tax bill, so when the sales tax is substituted for the property tax, they will pass no more taxes on to the public than they do at present. Also he forgets that property taxes will be reduced not only on the property of large retailers, but also on that of consumers.

Mr. Barton seems to be misinformed when he states that the farmers pay 81 per cent of the property tax and that they would also have to pay much of the sales tax. Figures from the Oregon Tax commission show that the farmers pay only 24 per cent of property taxes. Moreover, the sales tax is purely a substitution levy, so it will not raise the farmer's taxes. In the name of all that is logical, which is the more just and desirable—for farmers to pay 29 per cent of their income in property taxes, or for

them to pay merely 2 per cent in their expenditures through the sales tax? The picture of the farmer burdening the polls under the burden of property taxes to vote down the sales tax, is like the man who complains about his neighbor's radio in the midst of the deafening din of his own musical efforts.

Mr. Barton says that if retail stores were not to pass on the sales tax that they would go bankrupt. However, according to the "Oregon Water": "If the sales tax falls, the general tax and warrant confusion throughout the state will have a far WORSE effect on business than would the PASSAGE of the sales tax."

Mr. Barton states that the sales tax would be fair if it were based on ability to pay. We are not considering the sales tax in the abstract, but in comparison with the property tax, which it will replace. The sales tax at its worst is infinitely better than the property tax. The sales tax would relieve the class most overburdened at the present time—namely, the property owner, and at the same time would spread the tax burden over all classes of people. It is inconceivably sound to make all contribute to the government in proportion to spendable income.

Respectfully,
 ELIZABETH FERRY
 FRANCES FERRY
 Rogue River, July 15.

Griffin Creek

GRIFFIN CREEK, July 17.—(Spl)—Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Burgess have as their house guest for the summer Miss Ruth Bowne of New York.

Lester Taylor and children of Eagle Point and his father, mother and uncle from Cottonwood, Calif., spent Sunday and Monday caring for the place Mr. Taylor recently bought from C. C. Bohl.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Sylvia left for an extended visit at Santa Barbara. They have spent some time here at their place which Mrs. Harris and sons have rented.
 Ray Vogel returned home Wednesday from a two weeks' visit at Brookings.
 Lawrence and Dale Pick of Jacksonville spent Thursday and Friday with their aunt, Mrs. J. D. Brown.
 Friends will be glad to know that Mrs. H. C. Best is improving since she went to southern California. She now plans to visit her son, Charlie, at Reno, Nev. before she returns home.
 A. J. Hornby came up from Brookings Wednesday to make plans for moving back here to their place.
 Sheet Metal Work of all kinds—Brill Metal Works.

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Kidnaping reigns as the leading crime. Not enough kidnapers have been caught to throw any light on their alibi, but it probably contends that the victim was detained, not for money, but just to have an unreluctant visited with him, and his captors really meant him no harm, if he behaved and met their demands. The kidnapers is the lowest and cruelest of all criminals, with the heart of a rat and the soul of a bat. Death is too mild for such. But there are some (not yet kidnaped) so ornery, that if kidnaped the kidnapers would pay them to go home.

It is now asserted by theologians, that Hell is abolished. But all the ways to get there, and raise it, remain.

The bit of pavement that was slicked with ice last January, is now the soggiest, and pecked the most with French heel prints.

It now develops that the two transient brats on trial at Grants Pass for slaying an officer, through their counsel, are objecting to the publicity attendant upon their crime. The press is unitedly against all crime, and therefore are wholeheartedly caused by those who get caught. The press never inspires a burglar to his prowling, but most crooks blame the press for their incarceration and subsequent conviction. It would be the part of wisdom when contemplating a felony, to first get the advice of an editor. It would spare the expense of a lawyer, later, in most cases.

Herm Offenbacher, the Applegate tiller towned Sat. and visited with Judge Coleman, who has taken his fried chicken and his biscuits. His honor rules that Mr. Offenbacher can create a biscuit that will make any woman ashamed of herself. Be that as it may, your court, happens to know that His Honor can cause a biscuit, that makes everybody ashamed of themselves.

THE WOMAN OF IT ("Polygam")
 The building over there isn't much for looks, friends, but there's a funny little story connected with it. Back in the eighteen-nineties, after the United States government had put its claw down on polygamy and told the plural wives they had to quit living with their men—well, some sympathizing Gentiles built that place as a refuge for the homeless women. It was expected they would flock to it by the hundreds, but only two came. Only two!

An oyster truck, owned by Japanese, came through Sat. night. The Nipponese raise the oysters in Washington and haul them to San Francisco in the truck, which is a masterpiece of mechanical art, but a trifle annoying to pass upon the paved way of the taxpayers, the people, and paid for, without knowing it was to be a speedway for motorized barns, and bankrupting of the railroads, among the largest and surest of tax remitters. This truck runs on fast freight schedule and is constructed so it does not have to slow up for the sharp curves. There is not room enough in Japan for the truck.

THE HEAT
 The man sat in the burning town
 Whence all but him had fled.
 Of heat that seared the country brown
 In coolish glaze he read.
 He read the tales of Record Heat
 And No Relief in Sight.
 Yet in his calm and high retreat
 It was a breezy night.
 He thought how on many a country porch
 In many a frame hotel,
 The day had been a day to scorch,
 And how the night was hell;
 "Oh, let me be as lucky," he said
 "With the mercury as proof,
 That it's hotter far in a country bed
 Under the sunbaker roof."

"Here it is like the boreal pole,
 Or like a skating rink."
 He laughed, serene in all his soul,
 And poured himself a drink.
 The magnet in the burning town
 When all but him had fled.
 He closed the draughty window down,
 And coolly went to bed.
 (Oakland Tribune)