

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturday
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. Phone 15
35-37-39 N. 1st St.
ROBERT W. RUBIN, Editor
An Independent Newspaper
Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

How Can It Be Done?

IS there no bottom to Uncle Sam's pocketbook? Every day for month after month, millions of dollars have been handed out from Washington, for this, that and the other thing. A few millions here, a few millions there, a few millions somewhere else.

Where is it all coming from? How is it going to be paid back? We know we are on our way, but where are we going financially?

The inquiry is a natural one. And the bewilderment is natural, as long as one envisages Uncle Sam, as a long, lanky haysayed with chin whiskers, packing a wallet along with his plug tobacco, in a hip pocket.

But such a picture of Uncle Sam is for funny papers only. The REAL Uncle Sam carries no wallet. It would be more accurate to say that he carries an Aladdin's lamp. And AS LONG AS HE MAINTAINS HIS CREDIT, that lamp works,—all the old gentleman has to do is rub it, and ask for what money he wishes. With aforesaid credit unimpaired, sooner or later the people will pay it back.

But how will the people pay it back? Most of them are,—or claim to be—stony broke; cash is about as scarce, as trout streams in the Sahara desert.

Well none other than Professor Rexford G. Tugwell, Roosevelt brain trust, and presumably author of the present financial policy of the government, answers this question in the current American magazine.

The approximate cost of the national relief is placed at \$10,000,000,000—about what the allies borrowed from this country to finance the World war.

A \$10,000,000,000 recovery debt can easily be repaid in three years, he says,—if the program works.

With a 50 percent revival in business, Prof. Tugwell figures that the federal income should reach 5 billions a year.

"Assume," he says, "that our revenues in the first year of recovery were 4 billions, in the second year 6 billions, and in the third year 8 billions. Assume also that ordinary expenses continue at about 2 1/2 billions. In the first year, then, we should pay off 1 1/4 billions, in the second year 3 1/2 billions, and in the third year 5 1/2 billions. The recovery debt would be paid in three years, with half a billion dollars to spare."

HE goes into further details as to what results he expects from the National Recovery Act.

"The national income for 1928 was 82 billions, and the income tax yielded 2.2 billions. Let us assume, on the present state of progress, that the recovery measures will bring us back 50 percent toward the prosperity of 1928—and do this within a year. The national income, then, should increase from 40 billions to 60 billions for 1934, and the income tax yield should rise from 746 millions to 1.1 billions. Actually, when our income was 60 billions, in 1931, the income tax yielded 1.9 billions. We ought to be able to count on this much, and it is a substantial answer to those who profess so many fears at present.

"In addition, immense revenue is expected from liquors, with the repeal of the 18th Amendment, and from increased customs duties as international trade revives. It would not be extravagant to expect that, with a 50 percent revival, our total revenues might be 5 billions for the year.

"FIGURES like these are conjectural. No one can predict the percentage of recovery to be expected during any given period. But, assuming that the program produces substantial results, such an outcome is not at all fantastic. Our national income fell from 82 to 60 billions in two years, and to 40 billions in three years. The fact that it was once as high as 82 billions means that we have the resources, the factories, and the man power to produce that much. We have capacities we are not using. These are not lost. All we need is the courage and the intelligence to put them to work. And if we fell off 40 billions in three years perhaps we can get back in the same time. To quote further:

"The recovery plan is one way to get back to prosperity. If it costs 10 billions over three years to set us on a basis of 80 instead of 40 billions of income a year, our effort will have cost comparatively little. We shall have spent an average of 3.3 billions a year to gain 40. If you think about the country instead of any individual sacrifice which may be involved, this is worth working for heart and soul.

"It is a national effort. Government cannot do it alone. No few industrialists can help enough. The whole country has to go along. If it does, we shall get back to the 80-billion days in short order. And we shall pay the costs without particular pain to anyone."

There you are. Simple, isn't it?

The Saloon Again

A LREADY division appears in the legislature over control of the sale of booze.

Here is a suggestion to those who want private profit to enter into the sale of hard liquor. That plan means saloons. The selling may be under another name. But in the end, the same power that private profit in booze wielded in the past, it will wield again.

By some hotels, for example, the sale would be honestly and decently administered. But what about others?

Booze is irresistible. It inevitably has its way if private profits allowed to enter the traffic in it. Permit private profit, and it means saloons. Bring back the saloon, in whatever guise, and you will crucify the movement for scientific and civilized booze control.—Portland Journal.

SEA HIDES FATE LINDBERGH'S LEAVE OF WOMAN FLIER AZORES THURSDAY

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Nov. 22.—Restless waters of the broad Atlantic today apparently formed a grave for Mrs. Louise Thero Stanton, who boarded a plane and flew seaward to meet death wherever the craft's fuel ran out. The 30-year-old junior leaver had recently lost her husband in an automobile accident.

In notes left behind she asked that it not be called suicide—for "I particularly dislike the word 'suicide'—and explained she just wanted to go "out into space and find out what it's all about, and if there isn't anything—that's O. K. too."

Eads Fuel Oil Delivery has long hose and pump. Call 315.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.

signed letters pertaining to personal aetna and hygiene not to disseminate diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady or a stamped self-addressed envelope 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, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

WHO NEEDS SKIN OIL, FACE GREASE, OR COMPLEXION CREAM?

Sebum is peculiar oily substance secreted by the sebaceous glands of the skin. It is nature's own complexion cream. It is the only oil or grease that is necessary to keep the skin soft, clear and beautiful.

In normal young persons there is likely to be an increased functional activity of the sebaceous glands in the face which tends to correct excessive oiliness or shyness appearance of the skin and the excessive oiliness of the scalp and hair so commonly seen in healthy young persons. The condition is given various lugubrious names, which don't mean anything except that we doctors have to live, you know, seborrhea, pitriasis, steatorrhea, hyperidrosis oleosa—that's our five-dollar line; of course if you care to go higher...

The skin oil serves to keep the skin soft, flexible, smooth, warm and clean. It is waterlight, and it forms a thin, clear protective film over the surface, which catches dust and grime and makes it easy to cleanse the skin when these foreign substances accumulate on it.

The sebaceous glands are scattered over the entire surface of the skin and scalp but are larger and more numerous in certain areas, such as the scalp and the surface of the forehead. They pour out their sebum or oily substance upon the surface through the same duct that conveys the sweat to the surface from the sweat glands, and this common sweat and sebaceous duct empties into the surface of a hair follicle. The mouth of the duct is called a "pore," though of course that is not the correct name for it, since nothing is or can be absorbed or taken into the system through these excretory channels.

Don't let any bunk merchant or his subtitled "medicinal authority" fool you about that. Don't you see? Now if you are not tossing your head, but d. head in anger there may be room in it for a few plain physiological facts which are also health hints, beauty secrets and economy aids.

Your skins are normally richly supplied with skin oil, and therefore need no cream or other "beauty" products. Old skins are likely to run short on sebum and therefore require regular application of some suitable oil. So far as hygiene and esthetics are concerned, anyone can keep the face perfectly clean with oil or cold cream and never use any soap at all. Young persons with shiny or oily skin may use plain soap and water to scrub the face thoroughly every day or two in order to remove the excess sebum; but they should not negative this care by applying grease or cream of any kind. Older persons had better omit the soap and depend on oil or grease alone for cleansing the face.

A lotion which tends to correct excessive oiliness or shyness, may be applied once or twice a day: Dissolve 10 grains of resorcin in one ounce of any toilet water or one ounce of pure grain alcohol. Where the oiliness, shininess or redness is confined to the nose and cheeks, shake up and apply with the fingers the following lotion at night, allowing it to dry on and washing it off next morning: Zinc sulphate, one dram; potassium sulphate, one dram, and stronger rose water, four ounces.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Rolls Make This Man Dizzy
I am 61 and can turn a very neat somersault, only when I roll a few it seems to make me feel dizzy, sick or weak. Is this because of my age or because I am unaccustomed?—G. W. McC.

Answer—Because you are unaccustomed to having aside your dignity, with moderate but firm perseverance you will presently find you can roll 'em forward or backward and keep your head. It is excellent training for the circulation.

Well, Well, a Real Baby!
We have been married just three years and have two babies already. We hope to have five or six, and not too long apart. Please send any suggestions you have for the care and training of babies.—Mrs. G. E. R.

Answer—Had to read your letter over twice to make sure you were talking about babies, not automobiles. Send a dime (not stamps) and a stamped envelope bearing your address, and ask for "The Brady Baby Book." (Copyright, 1933, John P. Dille Co.)

Ed Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

turned from his Rhodes scholarship at Oxford, he set out in quest of a literary job. In those days as in these he found the path of the novice rocky. In despair one morning he turned to the want ads and saw a listing for a gentleman wanted a tutor for his son—a tutor who was a "Harvard man, a high churchman, and an athlete." Davis happened to be not one of these, but he got the job.

Stimile: "As informal as Jim Tully's haircut." And I like the sign on a 42nd Street auction room: "Step In Here Out of the Depression."

Among the odd flora of the professional literati is the Euridice Ernest Boyd. He is a sort of swagging Jo Davidson with a blackthorn stick, wide hat and shingly magnificent red beard, a Dublin-born scholar whose dandelion career has been devoted largely to French translations and considerations of Guy de Maupassant. A quondam theater companion of George Jean Nathan comprises his excursions uptown, but around Washington Square he is a tremendous do, an extra biological offspring of all the great literature. Such is the power of a wide hat and bright beard in the waffle shops and coffee houses!

From a radio magazine: "No one knows why McIntyre has never succumbed to enormous radio offers. Unless because of his writing quality. There are times when he is extraordinarily coherent, as darning and darning as Jean Cocteau. Then at times he seems tired of it all and his jumble becomes a thin mutter." Don't be ridic. Sometimes a man's best friend is his mutter! (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Williams, writer, for a million and one dollars. The dollar is for a slap in the face delivered by Miss McCormick. The million is for "humiliation and injured feelings."

The brawl in which the slapping occurred took place in Hollywood last week.

THE DIVISION of damages is probably fair enough.

The pain resulting from a slapped face subsides rather quickly. But the pain resulting from humiliation and injured feelings endures for a long time.

So, if one is going to value pain in terms of dollars and cents, humiliation and injured feelings are doubtless worth a million times as much as a slap in the face.

MRS. HONORE BOWBY-GLEDHILL, English noblewoman, gets crooked—or swacked, or oiled, or tight, whichever term you prefer—goes out in front of the Dead Fish cafe, up on Telegraph hill, in San Francisco, and cuts loose with a 22-calibre popgun at the Colt memorial tower.

She is arrested and charged with violation of the California gun law, shooting within the city limits and—possibly as an afterthought—being drunk in a public place.

What she thinks of these hally Americans after all that is probably plenty.

BUT mark this! She was released on bail. Her title came in handy there. If she had been an ordinary, common brawler, without name or prestige, she would have been permitted to cool off in jail.

MARY MCCORMICK, operatic star, gets mad all the way through and slaps Grace Williams, writer, in the face.

Mrs. Honore Bowby-Gledhill, English noblewoman, gets pickled to the eyebrows and starts shooting at the surrounding scenery.

When something elemental, like getting mad or getting drunk, breaks the veneer of so-called "culture," the Colonel's lady and Julia O'Grady are pretty much alike under the skin, aren't they?

Human beings are just human beings.

THIS Grace Williams, though, may be an exception.

Mary McCormick slaps her in the face, causing physical pain and great humiliation. If the veneer had come off, leaving her entirely human, she would have pulled Mary's hair and scratched her eyes.

Instead she goes to a lawyer and sues for a million and one dollars. That's doing it in the dignified way.

AND here's another touch of human nature for you: About nine people in ten will publicly commend Grace for keeping her temper and saving her wounded feelings by the dignified process of a lawsuit and PRIVATELY will feel a sneaking sympathy for Mary for LOSING her temper and going native.

Human beings are funny.

ANOTHER little touch of human nature in the news: The King of England publicly criticizes President Roosevelt's new policy—which, speaking broadly and leaving room for the necessary exceptions, is the same policy followed by England since she went off the gold standard.

IT's all right, you see, for England to "sell down" the pound when it serves her purposes to do so, but it's ALL WRONG when a competitor does the same thing—and the king of England, in spite of his crown and his ermine and the white light that beats about his throne, gets burned up and criticizes his competitor for doing the same things he has been doing, just like the rest of us.

Human nature is human nature, no matter where you find it.

BIG NEWS and little news—world-shaking events, and the little, trifling, sometimes commendable and sometimes contemptible, things that human beings do under the stress of this or that emotion. That's the daily newspaper for you—a mirror of the daily life of every-



ONE WEEK STARTS SATURDAY NOV. 25



Nothing else matters! Here's... M A E WEST in 'Q'm No Angel' with CARY GRANT A Paramount Picture Nov. 25 to Dec. 1



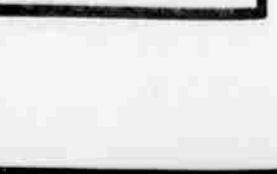
Starting TODAY For 3 Days

SHOULD SUCH WIVES BE BRANDED?



Richard DIX DAY OF RECKONING

with Madge Evans Conway Tearle Una Merkel Stuart Erwin Mat. 25c. Eve. 35c. Kiddies 10c. PHONE NO. 235



NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—I had no idea wrestling had become the brutal affair it is until watching a recent bout. In other days the tugging and straining and wrestling were fierce enough but there was always a suggestion of fakery. There can be no deception about the newer method. It's a killing business.

They take running jumps, head and feet first, into each other's midriffs. Heads are crashed with all the force of thrown bodies against the floor. They are hurled into audience laps. I saw one wrestler reel, his arms drop while his nightmare mind tried to grapple with a flicker of reality.

As he stood in an egg-netted-white daze, his opponent raced the length of the ring and sailed head-first into the pit of his stomach. He sagged with an agonized ooze while both lay prostrate and possibly wandering through some field rich with poeas. Finally they crawled toward each other like dying gladiators.

They slug, they foul, they even bite. There appears to be not a single rule of decent sportsmanship. The victor staggered to his feet with effort at a swollen smile while groping into the obscurity of a yelling crowd. The vanquished was carried out on a stretcher. And many of us aken at bullfights.

One of the staunchest of the editorial shop loyalities was expressed by the late newspaper artist, Morris Alshing. Before his banking days, George Buckley and Alshing were "tenting under the same rag"—a Chicago paper. While Buckley was making his remarkable recovery from a 22-months strapped-to-a-board illness, Alshing profusely illustrated a six-page letter to him daily, mailed it to his hospital and doubled the ante on Sunday. Doctors agreed this diurnal dose of cheerfulness had much to do with the astounding comeback.

Charles M. Schwab has long been one of the earliest risers along Riverside Drive, a custom he acquired in puddy days and which he never forsook. A few wayfarers who pass his mansion at 6:30 a. m. are likely to see him strolling along his lawn or wandering to the river edge to toss chips therein for his big police dog to retrieve.

Mrs. Schwab, lovely, silver-haired and enduring with fortitude an affliction that keeps her mostly in her chair, was proud—among all the golden wedding gifts received—of the duplicate of her wedding ring. Mr. Schwab gave her. The original ring was a plain gold band modestly flecked with garnets and two small diamonds. It epitomized large slices of self-sacrificing thrift in his struggling-up days.

Prosperity note: Lexington avenue now has a "Personal Nettle Commissionaire."

When Elmer Davis, the writer, re-

ATTENTION TURKEY GROWERS!

Receiving Turkeys Nov. 24-25-26 at Davis Transfer Co. South Grape St., Medford. References Bank of America, Cal. & Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 115-117 Washington Street, San Francisco, Cal.



Call 76 For FUEL OIL Any Kind—Any Amount Quick, Dependable Service VALLEY FUEL CO.