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Ye Smudge Pot

The verdict in the San Jose, Calif., lynching is: Not Guilty, but don't do it any more.

Eastern capitalists are reported considering industrial development and investments in this state. If the legislature can't chase them out before they start, the whippersnapper candidates for governor, the Portland political nuts, and the Willamette Valley Populists will have something to fight beside the "lower barons."

Residents of Kings Valley, Go and Come, Defying Hip Bad Wolf!—(Herald Corvallis Gazette-Times.) Proof that Man may be out of beans, but never gasoline.

BAWLED AND CALLED (Press Dispatch)
Fox also told of asking aid from Richard Hoyt, a partner of Hayden, Stone & Co., which had done some Fox financing. When he received an unsympathetic response, Fox said he told Hoyt: "perhaps you would like to cut out one of my kidneys."

The farm strike in the Middle West has petered out. Burning a railroad bridge and shooting at the caboose of a freight train, failed to raise the price of wheat.

The movie maniacs are now looking for a rival to Mae West, the almighty hip gal. They will probably call her Fae East, when and if found.

THANKSGIVING
The time has come again for the annual chewing on the drumstick of a turkey, and the giving of thanks for the strength to chew the same. It does not seem like a year since last Thanksgiving. Time is travelling in a V-8.

There is really very little to be thankful for, outside of health. The healthier you are, the poorer you are. On the other hand, the Banker Ben Harder nurse has no more twitches and twinges than our own. The uneven distribution of wealth continues, and is why there is not more thankfulness. This will be remedied when all the wealth is divided up, the 1st and 15th of every month. The more you have the less you think of the idea. It would only amount to about \$145 per capita, in cash.

While the blessings have not come the past year in steady showers, there have been quite a few causes for rejoicing, mixed with the causes for regret.
The taxpayer can be thankful he is not having "fiscal economy" rammed down his gullet. He swigged a costly \$65,000 overdose of it. The experience ought to stop schoolhouse oratory about economy for a few months. The community also had the Keeley cure for political intoxication, as a result of the phibiscated extravagance. It also stopped wholesale going of farmers, by the bull.

Thanksgiving!

TOMORROW is Thanksgiving. But what in the midst of the greatest economic depression in world's history is there to be thankful for?

Believe it or not, the answer to that query, from an anonymous correspondent is

"Not much. Certainly for the man out of a job with a family to support, there is neither joy nor reality in this Thanksgiving."

No? Well let's stop a moment and think it over. And while we are thinking it over, let's read our history for the past two hundred years.

What was the lot of the common man in France during the gay and gilded reign of Louis XV? As Henry M. Robinson recently pointed out in his article "No time like the present" La Bruyere gives a realistic description

"Scattered about the country one sees certain animals, male and female; they are black, livid and baked in the sun, and they are attached to the soil which they dig, by almost invisible chains. They retire at night into dens where they live on black bread, water and roots."

Or glance over your Voltaire:

"The French peasant of Rousseau's day was a cross between a rodent and a beast of burden, 28 separate taxes payable to landlord, clergy and crown crushed him flat upon the earth, yet he dared not improve his soil but to buy a rusty plow, lest he be penalized by a still heavier tax. But taxes were not his only bane. After he had scraped his half acre of lifeless soil with rude tools, and sowed a few miserable grains of corn, his harvest was invariably trampled by a party of nobles dashing across it in pursuit of a hare? The peasant was not permitted to shoot or trap the deer and rabbits that foraged among his crops; these animals were the sacred property of the nobles and death was the penalty if a starving peasant killed a rabbit and popped him into an empty pot."

But THAT was in decadent and royalty ridden France! How about Merry England, under a constitutional monarchy half a century later,—AFTER the French revolution, and AFTER the Duke of Wellington had driven Napoleon to St. Helena? Again we quote:

"In the city of Leeds, 30,000 people live in rat-infested cellars, unprovided with water, heat, light or sewers. A dozen people eat and sleep in the same room. Water, the commonest of human necessities is doled out by the factory that controls the water supply, three quarts a day serves an entire family for washing, cooking and eating. . . . The English mill hand works 18 hours per day and receives \$2.50 per week. His wife probably works beside him, perhaps badly fed and ill, and gets 25 cents per day. . . . Children six years old tend spindles 12 hours a day, or drag coal from mine shafts not large enough to admit a man. If they have presents they get \$1 per week. If they are orphans they get nothing but their keep. The city of London has contracted to supply the great midland mills with foundlings, the only stipulation being that it be allowed to include one idiot in every shipment of 20 children!"

But this was over in Europe, 3000 miles away from the land of the free and the home of the brave. How about conditions at this time in the United States? Well, Professor Beard has a great deal to say about this, in his absorbing history of American democracy. To quote a few items at random:

"In the United States in 1800 the small farmer, the artisan and the manual laborer lived on the very brink of subsistence that most living persons would now despise. Diggers on the Pennsylvania canal for instance received \$3 per month for working every day from sunrise to sunset. If they lost a leg or an arm in their work that was merely their tough luck. If they were ill there were no doctors to attend them, no hospitals to which they could go, no organized relief of any kind. . . . In the year 1819 one seventh of the entire population of New York (today's equivalent would be nearly a million people) were paupers. They died like rats, thousands literally starving. Infant mortality was incredible. . . . In 1820 imprisonment for debt was universal in the United States. In the four prisons to which the debtors were sent, murderers, thieves and degenerates were locked in the same cell, with juvenile delinquents; they all starved, froze and rotted together. . . . One man remained in prison 30 years for a debt of \$150!"

And this was only a little over 100 years ago,—in the history of mankind, not the wink of an eye lash!

NOTHING to be thankful for! Just glance back over the page of history a hundred years, and it seems to the present writer that we as a people have a great deal to be thankful for. As Mr. Robinson concludes:

"For all its chaffings and imperfections, our age is superior in security, comfort, leisure and economic reward, to any other period or condition of life that ever existed in this sweating, tear-drenched world."

But this doesn't bring a job to the man willing and eager to work who can't find it; nor does it provide food and shelter for his wife and children.

But what are we as a people DOING, what is the government DOING,—the government that in another civilized country only about 150 years ago when informed the people had no bread, in fact were starving,—replied: "Let them eat cake!"

THE government is providing food and shelter, not only in direct charity, but by providing work to the needy at good pay. The people as a whole, fortunate enough to have what they need to eat and wear, are giving until it hurts to supply those less fortunate. In this supreme crisis the entire country, its government and its people, is united on one major purpose,—to see that no one starves, that no one needlessly suffers.

Meanwhile, thanks to this government, and thanks to the will and determination of its people, material conditions are steadily improving. The situation today is immeasurably better than it was 8 or 10 months ago. One does not have to be soft headed Polyanna, to feel certain, that from now on while there may be ups and downs, conditions WILL get steadily better.

THERE are still many abuses, many imperfections, much to be done in the way of human betterment,—particularly in perfecting a better method of the distribution of life's necessities,—but all in all, we maintain this is a pretty good world we live in.

And we further maintain that all of us, no matter what our present temporary lot may be because of an unprecedented economic condition, have good reason when the sun comes up tomorrow morning, to get down on our marrow bones again and be truly THANKFUL!

Communications
A Query is Asked.
To the Editor:
Has the Committee of One Hundred been dissolved yet? If not, why not?
CARY Y. TENGWALD,
Medford, November 29.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.
Signed letters pertaining to personal ailments and queries 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, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

TAN FOR BURNS.

Constant spray or a full bath with tannic acid solution is one of the most effective methods of treating severe scalds or burns. In reporting the laborious technique of the method, for extensive burns, Dr. Ronald B. Wells of Hartford says: "I have not had to resort to skin grafting in a single case treated by this method, and I am inclined to believe that the reepithelization in every difficult superficial burn may be more nearly perfect and leave less scarring when it is developed under the protection of an aseptic tan than when it is promoted from any form of a skin graft."

The achieving of an aseptic tan for the purpose is a task that demands the untiring care and skilled attention of doctor and nurse. The extensive burn is scalped, the patient is put immediately into a large tub of tannic acid solution, enough tannic acid in the water to make it muddy in color. Tannic acid is cheap and a great quantity is kept on hand for emergency treatment of burns. The temperature of the bath is regulated to suit the patient's comfort. Fresh water is run in and the solution drained out continuously, more tannic acid being added from time to time. Usually the patient experiences so much relief that he freely cooperates with doctor and nurse for the rest of the treatment.

Once the tannic acid bath has given this primary relief loose tags of burned skin are cut away with scissors and thumb forceps. Tops of blisters are trimmed or wiped off with sterile gauze. Unburned areas right up to the margin of burn are gently, but thoroughly scrubbed with soap and water. When the tub becomes grossly fouled it is drained, quickly cleaned and filled with fresh tannic acid solution. This mechanical cleansing is kept up as long as necessary—it is back-breaking work for nurse and doctor for a good three hours perhaps. The objective is mechanical cleansing of not only burned area, but of the entire skin surface, by which cleansing disease germs and the dead or dying tissues they live on have been completely eliminated.

The bath facilitates the removal of clothing, conserves body heat, combats shock, gives the patient much relief. While the patient is in the bath he is given as much fluid by mouth as he will take—water, coffee, orange juice, milk, weak tea, soups—to prevent dehydration or excessive loss of water from the body.

do what they know will protect family and community from further outrages, and make law and order that bulwark it should be of civilization.
MARY ELLEN RYAN.
(Ed. Note: We trust Canada, which has for so many years been able to maintain a fair semblance of law and order without treating what heeded Mary's advice and promptly abandon her soft-hearted and soft-headed aversion to mob violence.)

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County) history from the Flim of The Mail Tribune of 26 and 10 Year Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
November 29, 1923.
(It was Thursday.)
O. C. Boggs is retired as special prosecutor of Jackson county by the governor.

J. C. Mann entertains a number of friends with an old-fashioned oyster supper.

Five residents of rural areas are fined for not having their 1923 auto licenses. Two local citizens are fined for having no lights.

Medford defeats the Ashland high, 12 to 10, in the final game of the year, before a crowd of 2500. Halfback Cliff Daily wins the game with a spectacular 60-yard run. Fullback Senn, Tackle Dressler, and Guard Pruitt "did noble execution, and Quarterback Fabrick was a holy terror."

Christmas windows to be unveiled next Monday.

Man with eight children is arrested for operating a moonshine still.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
November 29, 1913.
(It was Saturday.)
A burlesque company is sought to give an engagement at the Page theater. "The public desires to note the human leg," observes the editor.

Whisper bill for standard apple boxes to be presented to congress.

Rails have been laid as far as Central avenue on Main street for the street car tracks.

"On Their Wedding Eve," featuring Clara Kimball Young and Maurice Costello, at the Star; "The Love of Lucy" at the Isis; "The Bandit's Baby, or 21 Years in Sing Sing," at the Isis.

Young delinquents of city are taken to the reform school.
Warrants Called for Payment.
Notice is hereby given that there are funds on hand for the redemption of School District No. 59 warrants Nos. 1087 to 1171, inclusive. Payable at First National Bank of Medford. Interest to cease December 31, 1933.
H. L. CARLTON, Clerk.
Prospect, Oregon.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS
HERE is a statement, made recently by a large Eastern publisher, which all business men will find interesting:

"Prosperity is being retarded by almost absolute prostration of the capital goods industries, which make the machinery and other equipment used in industry."

"CAPITAL goods industry" is one of those high-sounding terms that people use when they want to impress other people with the extent of their knowledge.

The trouble with these terms is that they go over the heads of common, ordinary people, such as most of us are, leaving us puzzled as to what they mean.

So let's see if we can get an understanding of just what this "capital goods industry" is.

IF YOU work in a sawmill, you know that it contains machinery. Likewise with a creamery, or a cannery—any sort of factory, in reality, or with a newspaper, which is about half manufacturing enterprise.

This machinery is known as capital goods, and the concerns that make it are known as capital goods industries.

Manufacturers—including sawmills, creameries, canneries, newspapers, etc.—aren't buying new machinery to any considerable extent right now, so the industries that make this machinery are in a bad way.

WHY aren't manufacturers buying new machinery? Is it because they don't need it? We can hardly believe that when we hear from competent authorities that at least half of the machinery used in American industry today is OBSOLETE.

Obsolete, you know, is another of these big words, meaning "out of date." With half of its equipment out of date, it can hardly be said that industry is not in need of new machinery.

SO WE get back to the question: Why aren't manufacturers buying new machinery? Here is one answer: Because they can't get the money.

WHY can't they get the money? Well, one of the principal reasons is that those who HAVE money

are afraid to lend it because they don't know what kind of money they will be PAID BACK WITH.

Expansion, he says, is OUT. Industry is already expanded far enough—too far, perhaps, because industry's capacity is already ahead of its market.

What is needed is more modern equipment, in order to make goods at lower prices, so that people can afford to buy them.

Get your new winter coat now during Adrienne's Thanksgiving Sale.

Special Turkey Dinner
5 course 50c
KOFFEE KUP CAFE
Opposite Roxy Theater

HOLY
We Are Thankful For A Real Sizzling Picture Here Until Friday Night
Mae West in "I'm No Angel" with Cary Grant
A Paramount Picture
Continuous Shows 1:45 P.M. to 11 P.M.
Prices Mat. 25c Till 6 P.M. Eve. 35c Kiddies 10c

15c STUDIO 15c ANYTIME THEATRE ANYTIME
Starts TOMORROW Thanksgiving
A Mad, Mirthful, Musical Comedy
That will make You Give Thanks that You Can Still Laugh
A Tuneful Riot Exploding with Girls
The world hung on their words. The blondes hung on their necks.
... AND THE REST IS HISTORY
BERT WHEELER ROBT. WOOLSEY in a Tuneful Sexpedition of Hysterical Importance
DIPLOMANIACS With MARJORIE WHITE
STRANGE JUSTICE With Marian Marsh Reginald Denny Richard Bennett Norman Foster