

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturday
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
15-21-59 N. W. St. Phone 175
An Independent Newspaper
ROBERT W. KOHL, Editor
Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.
Official paper of the City of Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 8, 1919.
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M. C. MOENEN & COMPANY
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NRA MEMBER
Ye Judge Pot
The professional friends of the farmer, of which there are entirely too many, have started tearing their shirts over the sales tax for relief of the schools. The hysteria and oratorical frenzy of the politicians should not be taken seriously. They will always find something to throw a fit over. It is much better that the said professional friend of the farmer, and savior of the state just before an election, be annoyed, than to have the public school system fold up, like an Arab's tent. It is just a question, whether Little Johnnie is going to be taught his arithmetic, or the notions of gente, thinking of running for governor survive. It now looks like the common sense of the people will prevail over the hell-raising minority, captained by Forsland and Williams. They will walk the Valley Populists. They will walk. "The people have no money for a sales tax," Sen. Staples answered the plaint last Saturday, in the legislature, sufficiently, and as follows:
"When I see thousands of people at prize fights in Portland and tens of thousands at football games, I realize the people are able to pay a sales tax for their schools."
Possessors of \$20 gold pieces awoke the other morning to discover the coin was only worth \$19.95. This left the unfortunate owners 10c losers, and in a cold sweat. However, all were able to control their emotion, and none threw the depreciated currency at the birds.
REASONABLE, LOGICAL
(Los Angeles Times)
She testified that from her home she saw people "going around stark naked."
"Haven't you ever visited the Ari Institute in Chicago and seen nudes there?" asked Hoffman, on cross-examination.
"Yes, I have," said Mrs. Angiers. "But they weren't hobnobbing with each other."
"... she was neither very attractive, nor homely." (Press Dispatch)
—She was one or the other, so quit being evasive, and make up your mind.
An old-fashioned one-man auto top was in town Monday, and required the combined efforts of five men to get it up.
THE ABUSED DEFENDANT.
(Wichita (Kan.) Beacon)
Click had fallen off a wagon on his head when he was 4 years old Attorney Harding said. He was the covering object of the bullying intimidation of swaggering 2-gun men, unwillingly implicated in the kidnaping case.
But above all emphasized by Harding, it was the cunning vampirism and deceitful ways of a woman that led him to accede to the demands of the kidnapers.
It begins to look like some of the leaves would have to get out of the gutters the way they got there.
The Dub Watson boy, who last summer held to the theory that Santa Claus "was a man dressed up," has regained his faith in the old boy, and quit crawling under the house with his best clothes on.
A couple of gents who did not know prohibition is no more, were wobbling on the Main Stem Saturday.
The golfers still outlast the bowlers. Unlike a golfer, no bowler, as yet, will arise at 3 a. m. to bowl and pretend he likes it.
The price of turkeys continues low enough to keep people from saying: "We'd rather have chicken."
Students registered at the Alaska School of Mines for the winter mining course ranged in ages from 18 to 65 years.

Not Enough, but Something

ALTHOUGH the legislature did not do as much as we hoped regarding delinquent taxes, it did something. The penalty remains at 8 percent, but a discount is given for tax payments in advance, which should tend to bring out the cash from those tax payers who are lucky enough to have it. There are more of the latter than most people suppose. Members of the state tax commission have an imposing list of people of means, who have not paid their taxes, though perfectly able to. They have preferred to keep their money in the bank for other purposes and let the county hold the sack. Why pay taxes when by not paying they can borrow the amount from the county at only 8 percent. Moreover bank credit is sometimes hard to get nowadays. Under the present law the counties are compelled to allow it.

AS the law now stands, taxes may be paid quarterly. The first quarter due March 15th must be paid in full at that time. If the tax payer wishes to pay the second quarter also he is given a discount of 1 percent; if he wishes to pay the third quarter he gets a discount of 2 percent, and if he feels extremely flush and wishes to pay his entire tax on March 15th, then he enjoys a discount of 3 percent. But after the 15th of March no discounts will be allowed, on any payments.

OBVIOUSLY such a measure will go far toward discouraging the vicious and selfish practice of people with money, forcing the county into the banking business. The individual who CAN pay more than a quarter of his taxes the middle of March, will naturally do so. Those who are able to pay all their tax at that time, would be foolish not to. For not only would the 8 percent penalty be avoided, but a 3 percent discount would be gained.

EXPERIENCES in other states have shown, however, that a penalty interest charge greater than the current price of money, is necessary to put the matter of tax payments upon a sound business basis.

Unless there is a marked improvement in general business conditions, and a consequent improvement in tax payments, the next session of the legislature will probably find it necessary to increase the penalty of non-payment as well as continue the present cash discount.

Nothing Can Convince Him

MANY people suffer from what is called a "fixed idea." It is usually a prejudice so firmly imbedded in the individual's nature, that no arguments however rational and convincing can dislodge it. Such an individual not only won't see. He can't. His essential nature—his ineradicable blind spot—prevents it.

Such a person is Ray Gill, master of the state grange, as far as a sales tax—ANY sales tax—is concerned. At least that is the only explanation of the man, that we can dig up. For those who know him best never question his honesty or sincerity. But when it comes to the sales tax he simply refuses to face the facts, and it is perfectly obvious that no arguments however convincing, or how widely accepted by the people at large, will ever MAKE him face them.

He has the fixed idea that the sales tax—any sales tax—which has been so successful in California and at least a dozen other states, is somehow not only basic, but MORALLY wrong. It is, he feels, inherently and fundamentally wicked.

He also has the idea, similarly IMPACTED, that somehow, somehow, the necessary tax money to keep open the public schools, and keep the state solvent, CAN be secured from other sources,—and when he is shown by convincing evidence there are no other sources—at least none that can raise the required CASH,—he still holds to that original contention.

NOT only during the last campaign but during the present session of the legislature Mr. Gill was repeatedly asked to present some plan,—ANY plan—which he would recommend to do, what the governor of the state, the tax commission, the members of the legislature, and practically every serious student of Oregon's tax problem, believe only SOME form of sales tax CAN do.

Mr. Gill has refused to do so. He first favored an increase in the income tax. That increase has been made until Oregon has one of the highest income taxes in the country. He then favored a public utility tax. But that tax is included in the present measure he so bitterly opposes.

But now in today's Portland Journal he apparently falls back upon the idea there is no need to do ANYTHING. At least he intimates as much when he claims the delinquent tax situation is improving, and that with public works money, wheat allotments, farm loans and other features of national relief, it should continue to improve—until we assume there is no tax delinquency, and our governmental machinery including our public school system, can go on, as they did, before the depression started.

THIS certainly shows an inspiring spirit of optimism. But is such optimism warranted? Can bills coming due be paid on it, can schools ready to close, unless needed revenues are forthcoming, remain open, on the assumption that in another six months there will be a general stampede on the part of the taxpayers, to pay up their past and present taxes?

That familiar line about not facing a theory but a condition is certainly true today. It can't be too often repeated that what is demanded is cash—ready money. It does no good to levy new taxes if those taxes CAN'T be collected. The great advantage of this tax on sales and public utility receipts is the CASH CAN be collected—it is paid every day and paid in full. It is there in the treasury when it is needed. And if our schools are to be kept open that is where it must be.

BUT for Mr. Gill, and those like him, who refuse to favor a sales tax of any kind, and also refuse to present any workable substitute for it, this new tax measure would be operating withing 90 days, and from that date the necessary revenue would be available.

Upon the CERTAINTY of such revenue the schools could be properly financed at once. And even Mr. Gill admits they need the money now.

In the explanation of his stand in the Journal he says: "The critical time for the schools is now, NOT next winter." Then why not help them NOW, instead of holding up this

measure by referendum and waiting until next WINTER? Will Mr. Gill answer that? Undoubtedly he will, answer it as he answers all the other questions on taxation, by merely repeating what he has said so often before. That he is AGAINST the sales tax!

Personal Health Service

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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 263 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

HANDS UP AND SAVE A LIFE.

In any emergency where a person is rescued from submersion and resuscitation is attempted it must be conceded that life hangs by a slender thread and therefore it is only humane to consider seriously the weight of every recommendation that a n intelligent person may make concerning the method of treatment. I don't mean that the operator or the person in charge should listen to the advice or suggestions of casual bystanders or official busybodies at the moment of emergency—it is too late then to argue or to change your method. All this ought to be studied out as part of one's preparation to serve in such emergencies. It belongs in the course of instruction in first aid.

I have explained here many times why the method of artificial respiration taught by American Red Cross instructors is wrong. I have challenged the representatives of the organization to explain why the method has been modified under the approval of the Red Cross. No one seems to know, or apparently care, who made the change in the method or why. But the American Red Cross instructors follow a different method from that which was devised and given to the world by Sir Edward A. S. Schafer, the famous Edinburgh physiologist. It is comical to imagine any of the pet medical proteges of the ladies who rule the Red Cross venturing to change the method which Schafer devised. Nevertheless, some one (I suspect one of the photographers who was making a picture of the thing for the papers was anxious to get the pretty girl's face in the picture) some one has made the change, in a quiet way, as Red Cross life saving methods are usually revised, and we shall never discover who or why.

If any reader doesn't understand what we are talking about, I'll send him or her an illustrated booklet "Resuscitation" on receipt of ten cents in coin and a stamped self-addressed envelope. This explains the correct method, and pictures it, as Schafer taught it; it also explains the faulty method taught by Red Cross first aid instructors or "life-saving" instructors, as they purport to be, and shows

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

NEW YORK, Dec. 11—In the manner of Arnold Bennett's journal: "M. and I, arising late, walked to a Tudor City tea room for breakfast. A chintzy place with a charming conspiracy to please. On a roundabout way back to our chambers we saw Chamy Templeton, quite large in his 30's, but still extraordinarily beautiful.

There was on the Helen Gould avenue corner a kindly professor from whom I articulated a course of French lessons 2 years ago, paying still extraordinarily beautiful. There was on the Helen Gould avenue corner a kindly professor from whom I articulated a course of French lessons 2 years ago, paying still extraordinarily beautiful.

Back at my desk, in sudden seizure, I tapped out my column in 28 minutes but the top of my head feels queerly. As it does when I read too long in bed. At a tea, Lucy Virginia Long, Jean Norris and Hattie Belle Johnston fell to discussing the most fittingly named dramatist. A playwright makes his name well sounding. But it's a graceful coup to have one like Sir Arthur Wing Pinero.

We dined with the Will Hayes and over the coffee Cobble and Alberti Campioni, a young hotelier of Rome, told the best dialect stories I have heard. Cobble's were in Japanese, Chinese and Portuguese cant, his bargaining Chinese wood-chopper being an unbelievable realism. Signor Campioni's contribution was of a French banquet at which a German, Englishman, Swede and Frenchman spoke. We left for a play at 9:05.

At the entrance I spoke to Thomas Meighan, far handsomer than in days of cinema stardom. Also talked to Brock Pemberton who seemed enjoying catching a cold. Exiting, Rube Goldberg, affecting vague recognition inquired: "Are you in the same line?" So to a restaurant party and sat with Rosemond Pinchot and Mrs. Grace

Calling Floyd Gibbons on the phone about another matter he told of the horrible wiggly things he saw magnified millions of times in a drop of vinegar. So graphic I will be a long time tasting vinegar, a favorite condiment. There came a note from Charles G. Norris in Singapore that he is rounding into Paris to holiday with Gilbert White, the painter.

Dennis McFweeney was here a moment. Extraordinary how enthusiastic he is after many years about the singer John McCormack. Of course, he is his manager but the fever is so genuine. I was a press agent, cum grano salis, for several biggity-buggity years ago but such intimacy made my patrons actually grotesque. In fact, I would soon grow contemptuous. Weather coolish.

Hartman there, beautiful in a Merry Widow hat and across the table eager Boy Davis, just from Russia, with usual tropes and metaphor told impressions, all favorable. But I was more intrigued with Grover Whalen's gray checkered shirt nor would he confide whence it came. Jogged home long after midnight with the Henry Sells in a horse-drawn gig. (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS
A THESE words are written, both houses of the legislature have passed the Knox bill, which puts the state of Oregon into the liquor business, and the governor is expected to sign it.

SO, BARRING local complications, we may expect to see the state of Oregon, which for some 18 years has been FIGHTING the liquor business, seeking to the best of its ability to PREVENT all sale of liquor, going into the business on its own account and passing liquor out over its counters to the public.

That will not be the least of the changes of a changeable time.

THE Knox bill has two purposes—one moral; the other economic. The moral purpose is by giving the state a monopoly of the sale of hard liquor to take PRIVATE PROFIT out of the business. Large private profits are regarded as the tap root of the evils of the liquor traffic, as it existed before prohibition.

The economic purpose is to sate for the state ALL of the profit on the theory that the state needs the money and can get it in no other way.

THIS writer, speaking for himself alone and not seeking to influence anyone else's opinion, is in agreement with both of these purposes, but has been unable, in spite of considerable earnest effort, to work up any great degree of enthusiasm for the Knox bill.

LET us consider, for a moment, the legal complications. The attorney general has held that it is unconstitutional, because of the home rule amendment. If the courts sustain that opinion, the legislature will have to meet again and do its work over.

In the meantime, there will be no liquor laws, except such as the cities provide. Outside the cities, there will be none.

THERE is another complication. Suppose the Knox bill is upheld by the courts—or goes unchallenged—and the state embarks in the liquor business. It will have to acquire a stock of liquors, which will run into a lot of money. It will have to make leases in every place where it goes into business. It will have to acquire some sort of fixtures for these places.

Taking them all together—liquors, leases, fixtures; everything required for launching a wholly new enterprise—its commitments will run into a large sum of money; probably more than its profits for the first two or three years.

No new business could possibly hope to liquidate its entire original outlay short of that time.

NOW let us suppose that six months or a year or a year and a half after the state goes into the business the Knox bill is re-referenced and beaten.

Here in Oregon, you know, the people can do ANYTHING they wish. There is no way to insure permanence of any kind of legislation, for under the initiative and referendum the people can undo anything they or their representatives have done.

In that event, the state would be left with its investments and its

away. I had a surge of horror she might be going for a policeman. I shall address no more strange damsels in public parks.

A venerable rhot, ridding up twigs along the paths, told me a curious thing about squirrels. When one is mangled under a motor and hurriedly removed, all the squirrels in every far reach of the park go into hiding for days, sometimes a week. How the tragic news spreads is a topic for fascinating reflection.

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COMMITMENTS—including leases—on its hands, thus facing inevitably a heavy total loss.
WHAT is here said is not intended to undermine confidence in the Knox bill. If it is upheld by the courts, it will be the law of the state. It will then be up to all of us to do the best we can with it—to make it as successful as possible.
But let us not fall into the error of thinking that because we have PASSED A LAW the liquor problem in Oregon is all disposed of and all our troubles in that direction are over.
That isn't true.

packages wrapped in tissue paper may not reach their destination in the shape they were mailed.
The foothills are white with snow, and a gentle rain falls in the valley.
Prof. Irving Vining of Ashland sustains slight bruises when an auto in which he is riding overturns near Myrtle Creek, when it hits loose gravel.
Coach Frank Callison has faint hope that he will be able to build a "state championship football team," and is gloomy over the basketball prospects.

Recall petitions for councilmen circulated in city.
Gas company finds gas is being stolen from its mains and will prosecute.
"Who Ran at the Battle of Bull Run" at the Star; "The Next Generation" at the Isis; "She Fooled Me Too" at the It.

All registration in county under old law is invalid.
Socialists will nominate a full ticket in this city, and also adopt a platform.
After being sold three times to Ad Wolfast, former lightweight champion, Mose Barkdull sells the Fred Heath ranch to a Los Angeles.

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WITH—ESTHER RALSTON—ALEX KIRKLAND
GAVIN GORDON—ZALE HAMILTON
LAST TIMES TODAY—
She lit the fuse that started the POLICE WAR ON BLACKMAILERS!
FROM HEADQUARTERS'
with GEORGE BRENT MARGARET LINDSAY
ALSO—VICTOR McLAGLEN in "LAUGHING AT LIFE"