

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturdays
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
25-27-29 N. W. 8th St. Phone 16

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
Receiving Full Lead Wire Service
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or its wire service in this paper and also to the local news credited to it.

MEMBER OF UNITED HEADLINE ASSOCIATION
MEMBER OF AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS



Ye Smudge Pot

Politicians report difficulty in cultivating the fool spirit in humanity this spring.

Dock Robinson, the Sultan of J'ville is totting a cane, as well he may, since J. H. Cooley defaulted on his chicken dinner proposition.

The confounded doggone power trust has subsidized the Prospect ball team by loaning them a field upon which to execute the national game.

Ernie Britt of J'ville ran into the Herb Hanna basement Taurs. Mr. Britt at least showed a little originality, and did not run into a phone pole.

Barring Fate, and barn painting, the football team next fall will be the best in years, with Titans weighing around 180 pounds in the line and in the backfield.

The Wig Ashpole igloo won a cash prize for its fine appearance last week.

The racing match Thurs. evng was well attended, and as it was mostly something else, was thoroughly enjoyed.

A number of gents who have been wishing they were in Russia, will never make it, unless they use the depot, instead of a street corner, as a starting point.

J. Curtis Barnes was abroad Fri. pm. looking for an argument, and found it. Mr. Barnes said: "I find myself in disagreement with everything and everybody, including myself." He puts up a good, honest homespun argument.

The fair sex has been overcome with bicycling, and a bevy of same can be seen any evening peddling around the outskirts of the fair city.

Benjamin Harder of the 1st Nat., has a new hat in the popular dove grey mode, with the brim turned down conservatively on the side.

Henry Egan, the golfer is en route to England to play golf. He don't mind playing golf, but hates to go to England.

Rain will soon come to quench the parched earth, as a number of farmers have started haying.

J. Kort Hall is making excellent progress with his annual fretting over what will not happen to his peers.

Knee pants drunkards show a decrease for the week. Some say the kids have toned down, and some say the beer has been toned down.

The first straw hat, and the first summer furs showed up Fri. on the male head and around the female neck.

A tiller towed Thurs., causing the taxes and looking at new autos.

Husbands continue to startle and amaze their better halves by mowing the lawn without use of threat or force. It has not been learned what they want to get out of, or where they want to go, but it will avail them not, as their wives are onto such chicanery. If the writer can see through such hypocrisy, a woman ought not be fooled.

A motorist was nabbed Wed for attempting to go faster in an auto on Oakdale avenue, than a high school man, and promised never to do it again.

Presbytery to Meet. BEND, Ore., April 14.—(AP)—Pastors of Presbyterian churches of interior Oregon will convene here Wednesday, with more than 30 delegates expected to attend the session and that of the women's presbytery.

A Real Loss To Medford

"One by one they drop away As others take their place But the steady march of life Goes on, at undiminished pace."

This depression has frequently been compared to war. The analogy certainly holds good locally, when casualties are considered. Since that fateful October day in 1929, Medford's death list reads like a community Hall of Fame.

And now Dr. J. J. Emmens, after a gallant fight against overwhelming odds, has joined "the great majority."

TOO BAD, TOO BAD! He was greatly needed not only by a devoted family group and a host of affectionate friends, but to the community as a whole.

Really in the prime of life, at the height of his professional powers, he was in a LITERAL sense of the term, a genuine municipal asset.

A dynamo of energy, devoted to his profession, he brought sufferers seeking health and relief to his city, from all parts of southern Oregon and northern California. Up and down the coast he was known as one of the most brilliant operators, and skilled diagnosticians in his line. Unusually successful in his profession,—Dr. Emmens at the same time, probably did more outright charitable work than any other specialist in this part of the state.

A TIRELESS worker—too tireless for his own good.—Dr. Emmens at the same time, was never too busy to give of his time and energy, where any movement vital to the development and betterment of Medford was concerned.

For several terms he served on the city council, and could have gone far politically had he so desired, but he wisely decided to devote himself to his chosen profession. Whenever there was something to be done in a civic way, however, there he was—always "on call."

It is hard to become reconciled to a death like this—only 52, and in a thousand ways so greatly needed.

But life is quite apparently NOT something to be UNDERSTOOD. It's something to be LIVED,—gallantly, joyously, USEFULLY!—up to the very end!

And—come to think of it—that strikes us as rather a fitting epitaph for Dr. Emmens.

Michigan Sale Tax Succeeds

OPERATIONS of Michigan's Sales Tax are so successful that state taxes on real estate have been reduced from \$3.57 per \$1000 assessed valuation to 60 cents during the last year, and it is expected that it will be "wiped out entirely" by next year, according to an official letter from the Michigan State Board of Tax Administration.

Not only is the tax relieving property tax payers of \$32,000,000 of taxes a year, but it is now so favorably thought of that J. E. Mogan, managing director of the Michigan tax board, writes that "property owners as a whole, would very much oppose any return to the old method of assessing real estate for general state purposes."

In releasing the letter for publication, Paul T. Shaw, chairman of the Oregon League, stated that requests have been sent to the governors of the various states asking them to supply unbiased factual information concerning their own sales tax experiences, and that their replies be made public as rapidly as they are received.

A digest of Michigan's Sales Tax experience and purpose for which the tax was designed, as outlined in the Michigan state board's official letter follows:

"Your letter of March 29th, addressed to the governor of Michigan has been sent to this office for reply: 'Michigan always raised its funds for general state purposes by a levy upon real estate. Last year it became evident, early in January, that there would be not less than 50 per cent delinquency in property tax collections. The state levy for the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1933, was for \$23,500,000, and this amount had been appropriated and expended, and it found itself with a \$15,000,000 overdraft.

"The legislature took cognizance of the desperate condition of the real estate property owner and enacted a law under which he had until 1935 to pay his delinquent taxes without penalty. All this was necessary legislation, but in no way could it help the state secure vitally needed operating funds or reduce the overdraft.

"So the legislature passed a General Sales Tax which levies 3 percent upon the seller of tangible personal property. It anticipated \$22,000,000 of revenues and moneys were allocated as follows: \$12,000,000 for emergency welfare relief, \$15,000,000 for general state purposes, \$750,000 for the university and state college, \$15,000,000 for common school relief.

"The state tax on real estate has been reduced from \$3.57 per thousand valuation to 60 cents, and it is expected that the state tax on real estate will be wiped out entirely at the next session. We are collecting, at the present time, approximately \$2,000,000 monthly. Business has taken a decided upturn. Obviously, our collections should increase.

"Some opposition developed immediately from the farmers and certain industrial element, but it has now been almost eliminated.

"We do consider the Sales Tax a success, and I am of the opinion that property owners as a whole would very much oppose any return to the old method of assessing real estate for general state purposes.

"Signed, J. E. Mogan, managing director, Michigan State Board of Tax Administration, April 6, 1934, Lansing, Mich."

KLAMATH MURDER DRAMA READY TO START TOMORROW

(Continued from page one) Medford, for many years an intimate friend of Manning. He will be tried by David R. Vandenberg of Klamath Falls and Mark Weatherford of Albany.

Judge Wilson was assigned to hear the trial after Judge William M. Duncan of Klamath Falls voluntarily disqualified himself. Judge Duncan, in a letter to the supreme court, said he had taken the action to quiet rumors he was seeking publicity in his campaign for re-election, and end the reports he was prejudiced. He was a close friend of both Manning and Horan.

Two Pistols in Case Four bullets were fired from two pistols discovered in the death office. One revolver was turned over to authorities by Manning when he called the sheriff's office to say he had shot Horan. The other was found in Horan's left hand. Horan, officers said later, was right-handed, and that Manning is left handed.

Each weapon had been fired twice. Two bullets struck Horan. The others, from the pistol found in Horan's hand, scarred the back of Manning's chair and a bookcase in the rear of the office.

The state was expected to say Manning fired all four shots and then placed a weapon in Horan's dead hand.

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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

WHO ISN'T AFRAID OF THE BIG BUGABOO?

The great nostrum vendor took a cue from the tobacco and cosmetic companies; if they could buy the names and pictures of society leaders who couldn't he make similar use of famous specialists? So he sent out a scout who dickered a bit and reported it was they came rather high in America. All right, said the boss, we'll go over and see what Harley Street specialists can do for us. Even the Harley Street specialists were rather difficult to sign up. So finally the medicine magnate thought himself of Vienna and Berlin—and kicked himself for not having thought of these places in the first place. Why, the doctors there are in desperate straits and can be had at ridiculous prices. Thus the agent "contacted" a struggling physician who, eking out a living by serving as assistant instructor in a clinic, had at least the atmosphere to warrant assumption of the title "Professor." The agent borrowed a barber coat and had the "Professor" put it on and pose for some pics, holding a fake X-ray picture of somebody's innards. All for \$100 complete—of course not including the agent's expenses. In this country a mere society woman draws down from \$400 to \$200 for posing for one pic, and saying she insists on having only Ace cigarettes in all her beds.

No doctor in Europe is too obscure to metamorphose into a famous specialist if an American bank merchant chooses to use the beggar's name to impress the suckers. But there is much more than mere misrepresentation in the trick. There is very good psychology in it, for the nostrum vendor's business, the picture and the ominous words ascribed to the great specialist serve to keep the ignorant American public thinking of the bugaboo of "auto-intoxication." It keeps the great wisecracking population anxious about the imaginary absorption of "toxins" waste matter in the colon and hence eager to resort to whatever cathartic the philanthropist and his "eminent specialist" suggest.

A little shrewd psychological suggestion like that reaches millions of morons with loose change to squander. A little lesson in physiology like this falls on more or less deaf ears. Besides keeping alive the bugaboo of auto-intoxication and colonic absorption of poisonous products of putrefaction, the glorification of the

Drinking Mate Have you any information about the mental state of natives of South America who drink mate habitually? (R. L. D.) Answer—Mate is akin to tea—the leaves are harvested from the shrub or tree which grows wild along streams in Paraguay and is cultivated in various South American countries. A cupful has virtually the same effects as a cup of tea. Perhaps some natives allow the beverage to ferment to produce an intoxicating beverage. A cupful of freshly made mate contains about as much caffeine as does a dozen glasses of a popular soda fountain beverage or half a cupful of coffee.

The Dwindle Urge I am 54 years old, medium height, enjoy excellent health but I think I am getting too heavy. Always have been rather inclined to aldermanic proportions, but I am now 30 pounds above standard weight. (C. H. M.) Answer—Send 10 cents in coin (no stamps) and a stamped envelope bearing your address, and ask for "Design for Dwindling." Hay Fever From Everything But Hay Sincere thanks for advice given last spring to hay fever victims. Gave daughter, 15, calcium lactate from June 1 to October 1, and she found relief, and so did three adults in my household. (Mrs. A. S. P.) Ans.—Glad to send the instruction to anyone who asks for it and encloses \$1. a. e. (Copyright, 1934, John F. Dille Co.)

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

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, April 14.—Well, the entire household, ganging-up on the master, finally got rid of the red slipper. I hope they are satisfied. But it's a wrench to learn one's wife, after the roll of 50 many trustings years, is just a doll with a sawdust heart. She investigated the mutiny. Those slippers have been a part of me for 14 years, pals in sunshine and shade, and now they are at the corner of midnight for a morning paper. With their peep-holes, runner heels and flapping soles not even the ash-man will give them a glance. Poor red slipper! Pale little! I'll wear the new one, faithful in my fashion. But my heart will be far away. My trouble is I'm not head of the house. Just a man of putty. Look, when I press my finger to my cheek the impression remains I can't even gnaw at a hang-nail without someone screaming "Stop that!" They couldn't come to me and say "Don't you think it would be dandy to have a new pair of slippers?" Not that! No, they must wait like shouls until I am dead to the world, snatch and hurl them Heaven knows where. A wonder they didn't think up Dutch wooden shoes to take their place.

I can sit here humped over hour after hour, day after day, year after year, working my fingers to the bone and what happens? Haven't you heard? The minute I fall asleep, they make away with my comfortable slippers. I suppose if I drop into a nap here at my desk, they'll yank out my bridge work. Folksy little family. Always clowning!

Try to put down imperishable words for posterity wearing tight new slippers! Well, that's what I'm doing and not a wince. Watch my fingers fly over the keyboard like a hen picking up corn. Keep the music playing, that's all I ask I'm always pale this time of day. Just a unit of bio-chemical behavior anyway. Pay no attention to me. I'm dandy. I want everybody to be happy and live a long time. See, I'm going into a pas seul. Watch me jigsky on one toe. Don't fear me. I'm just swell. No pain, pulse normal, respiration simply elegant.

Where was I? O, yes, an intelligent and respectable gentleman, named Harry Silvery, who is still living at the age of 80 and upwards was in his coffin in the township of Cunningham, Mass., west of Bunker Hill, I'm a little mixed up. The food I packed away for breakfast makes me glibly. You know, the vapour! It couldn't be these tight slippers. They are fine. My dear wife got them for me as a surprise. Just go ahead and do whatever you are doing as though I

wasn't here. I'll collect myself in a minute. I feel so silly, getting faintly this way. An appalling bit of biography: "He swooned in tight slippers."

Communications

SALEM, Ore., April 11.—A group of women here have organized a movement called the Women's Square Deal League of Oregon, and have made public the following announcement: "We are asking all Oregon to join us and help secure jobs for self-supporting women and girls as their conditions are distressing and very serious. This group of women resents to become subject to charity or become a burden to the nation or state. We refuse to sacrifice our sons to war and our daughters to prostitution. Someone has failed, but—women shall not fail! While this is not a political movement, yet, it is most important that we prove all candidates for the coming election and make our votes count for the best. This is not a radical protest but an earnest effort and hope. Since the women of this nation have been left out of the reconstruction program we are claiming our constitutional rights to protect and maintain our homes. We are now making an appeal to all employers of women in the state of Oregon, as fair-minded citizens, to lay-off married women, also single women who have other means of support, replacing them with self-supporting women who must have work. Let us have your consideration and cooperation. —The Square Deal League. Note: Every assistance and advice possible will be given those who wish to cooperate and organize writing to headquarters: Mrs. Ross Butler, 726 North Liberty street, Salem, Ore.

Mr. Conger States Position To the Editor: I noticed in yesterday's paper, the report the "Good Government Congress" endorsed certain candidates for office and among them my name appears for County Judge. Will say, I have not solicited this endorsement nor had any connection with this organization at any time. However, I appreciate support from any source and will extend the same fair treatment to every voter. H. E. CONGER.

Bath Tub Fall Fatal PORTLAND, Ore., April 14.—(P)—A fall in a bathtub at her home proved fatal to Antoniette Edered, 27. She suffered head injuries when she fell last night, and died today, the coroner's office reported.

Aid for Women NEW YORK, April 14.—(P)—The camp for unemployed women suggested by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Secretary Frances Perkins has been so successful, it was announced today, that it will be continued and enlarged this summer.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

SAM INSUILL, after trying for years to run out on his troubles, is finally headed back to the United States to face the music. Poor Sam! He is learning, much against his will, the old, old lesson that it's easier in the long run to face your troubles than to try to run away from them.

A TRAIN at Miami—properly pronounced Me-ah-mee—narrowly misses an automobile and trailer containing General Hugh S. Johnson and a lot of other big shots. So the headlines flare all over the United States. If it had been you or I, no attention would have been paid to it. The bigger the people concerned, the bigger the news.

WHY? NOT because the newspapers are engaged in a conspiracy to pay attention only to big people. That isn't it at all. It is because more of us know about the big people than about the "little ones"; so news about big people interests the largest possible number of our readers.

WE hear from Washington again that the Chicago board of trade needs regulating. Possibly it does. As to that, this writer doesn't pose as an authority. "But this much is certain—as we know from experience during the past year: If the grain and produce exchanges are regulated to the point where they can no longer function, the result will be serious derangement of the grain and produce markets.

THE stock market has a certain gambling feature. But it serves a useful purpose in the financing of industry. The grain and produce markets have certain gambling features. But they too serve a useful purpose in the marketing of the country's grain and produce.

If we regulate the stock market and the grain and produce markets to the point where they can no longer function efficiently, WE shall be the principal sufferers. WE have regulated the railroads to the point where they can no longer run their OWN business. Before they can make a move, they have to ask some government agency for permission.

The result has been STEADILY INCREASING railroad rates. Regulation is all right up to a certain point, but BEYOND that point it ISN'T all right. Regulation isn't a cure for everything.

PORTLAND LAWYER WITH LOST WILL SCORES RELIGION A sardonic denunciation of Christianity and all religion was permanently recorded by the late Michael J. McMahon, 82, lawyer and educator whose will was admitted to probate here today.

Instead of the usual "in the name of God, amen," his last will and testament expunged just five days before his death declared every part of dogmatic religion untrue. McMahon styled himself "the last survivor of the McMahon family of Ann Arbor, Mich."

His will read in part: "Through a liberal education, obtained in public schools and non-sectarian universities of this nation and Europe, being free from all superstitions of religion, deluded by no hope for immortality in an imaginary heaven and fearing no punishment in an imaginary hell; knowing that the greatest myth and grossest hallucination ever inflicted on the human race is the Christian religion; knowing that plain common sense convinces every intelligent, educated human being that every part of dogmatic religion is untrue; that there is not now, never has been and never will be a god of any kind or description; I make, publish and declare my last will and testament."

He directed that his body be disposed of in a manner least injurious to the living, without ostentation, eulogy or flattery.

SEALS CATCH FISH AND SEA GULLS ROB THEM BOSTON.—(UP)—Sea gulls, hovering over Boston harbor, espied half a dozen seals romping in the waters below. A seal would dive and come to the surface with a fish in its mouth. The gulls, watching hungrily, apparently decided it would be easier for them to let the seals do the fishing. So, when a seal appeared with a fish in its mouth, a gull would swoop down, snatch the fish and fly away. This happened several times before the seals disappeared.

All kinds of wet blankets for sale for rent. No hunting, no trespassing and other cards for sale at Commercial Printing Dept. of Mail Tribune.

LEFT HAND TURN CAUSES MISHAP

When Ray Arhart of Medford made a left hand turn off the Pacific highway about a half mile north of the city limits, his car struck that driven by Freda Gebers of Grants Pass, at 8:20 o'clock last evening.

Although Miss Gebers and several of her passengers were taken to the Community hospital for treatment, none of them was injured. Mrs. Arhart, riding with her husband, suffered a slight scalp wound, and was treated by a doctor called to the scene of the accident.

State police investigated the accident, and according to their report, Arhart failed to signal before making the turn toward his residence.

Huge crowd attends opening of the Mail Tribune extension school. Prink Callison, coach of the high school, expects to sign a contract for next year in a few days.

The M. & M. holds a gingham dress sale. Road to be blasted through the snow on the road to Crater lake.

Record sale of Tanlac in city during March. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY April 15, 1914 (It Was Tuesday) Sam Small, famed temperance lecturer to speak at Page.

Engineers plan a further survey of the railroad to Crescent City. Ample apology or bloodshed ultimatum sent to Mexico by President Wilson.

Salaries of all local teachers cut ten per cent. Final day for filing for office sees five candidates for sheriff, and one for county treasurer and county recorder, on the Republican ticket.

Three Democrats for the jobs swear, "they will be efficient, economical, and uphold the policies of Woodrow Wilson."

Willis Stockham, nine years old, spends the night away from home, causing the police and parents to worry. The lad appears at the Jackson school as the janitor was opening up the building. He refused to tell where he had been. His father is employed by the Espes. (Ed. Note: In his high school days Stockham was a star athlete.)

tion figures, who left the state department when his friend Professor Motley did and took a foreign trade job in the RFC. The job did not amount to much.

When the Russians go Burgeois, they do it in a big way. Their new embassy proved that at its first reception a few days ago. It will go down in history as one of the outstanding social events of many seasons.

State Secretary Hull was frightened, when he was routed out of bed by a long distance telephone call from Ireland the other midnight. His European traveling salesman, Richard Washburn Child, was there, and Hull has been privately worried about Child's flair for publicity. The call happened to be about another matter.

The idea has been broadcast around the country that Mr. Roosevelt has second sight because he took his vacation when he did. The truth is he had planned to take it earlier but threatened strikes delayed him. Mr. Roosevelt is very close to Harry Hopkins, OWA director, who is slated for a bigger administration job shortly.

3 Midget Photos 10c Peasley Studio

STARTS TODAY 15' ROXY 15' Continuous Shows Sunday 1:30 to 11 P. M.

BEAUTY

Soul Deep, Reaching Into Your Heart.



DOROTHEA WIECK

A WOMAN'S WOMAN IN "CRADLE SONG" The soul of Womankind finds its voice in her loveliness.

ALSO Screen Souvenirs—Bad Genius—News