

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Get the Facts for Yourself

Do you believe in the public schools? Do you believe they should be supported and not crippled?

If you do, then you will vote for the state sales tax, for only by the passage of this tax, can the public schools of this state, city, town and rural, be kept open and properly functioning during the ensuing year.

This isn't sales tax propaganda. It's undisputed fact, which even the opponents of the sales tax can't deny.

Do you believe in a FAIR system of taxation? Do you believe any system of taxation that places an excessive burden upon ONE group of citizens, and no burden at all, on ANOTHER group, should be modified?

Are you opposed to tax evasion? Do you believe it wrong to allow thousands of parents in this state, for example, to secure free education for their children, and not pay a dime for it, while others pay taxes for the support of the schools, and may not even have children to educate?

Do you believe that unless the tax payers of this state are given some relief, not only they but the state will go bankrupt? If you do then you must be for the sales tax.

Do you believe that the only way the PRESENT tax payers can secure relief is by the passage of this sales tax. The law prescribes that the money raised by this tax must be devoted to a reduction of the school tax, which in turn can only mean a reduction of the property tax.

Do you believe that the only way, hundreds of thousands of tax dodgers and tax evaders in this state, can be forced to pay taxes—is by the passage of this sales tax.

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Can the state step in, take that retailer's cook stove, or shotgun, or wrist watch or what not, and if the retailer still refuses to pay, sell the article and get the tax due in that way.

Isn't that fair enough? Well, that's all this alleged "joker" the Journal claims to have discovered means.

Yet characteristically the Journal continues to bawl all over its editorial page about this un-American sales tax measure, and urges the farmers of the state—who will more than any other one class be benefited by the sales tax—to vote it down, OR they will have to hand over their cook stoves to the sheriff when tax collection time comes around.

PHOOEY!

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 in ink.

How to use disinfectants. Practically the only purpose for which gases, vapors or smokes are employed in modern disinfection is for the destruction of mice, rats or other vermin in a room, closet, hole, crevice, ship or case or bale packed for shipment or storage.



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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Bright Red. I am 72 years old. I notice when I cut my hair, my blood is transparent and the color of aniline red.

Answer—You are probably anemic. Send ten cents (coin, not stamps) and a stamped envelope bearing your address, for booklet "Blood and Health."

Painless Extirpation of Tonsils. Thanks you for suggesting Dr. as a physician skilled in diathermy extirpation of the tonsils. He did an excellent job for me.

Go to Hill. Every time I ride in an automobile going down hill I get a sinking sensation and have to hang on for dear life—it is not so bad if I am in the back of the car.

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

RETURNING from his vacation, President Roosevelt calls on congress to dispose of these six important measures before adjournment:

- 1. Monetary legislation. 2. Reciprocal tariff. 3. Revenue bill. 4. Federal deposit insurance. 5. Municipal bankruptcy bill. 6. Stock exchange control.

MONETARY legislation. What a wide range of possibilities that covers—free silver, green-back currency, paying the government's bills by starting the printing presses; making everybody rich without work by the simple process of stuffing his pockets with paper money.

ALONG this line, you know, we mustn't overlook the ultimate possibility of money so nearly worthless that you'd have to haul a wheelbarrow load of it to the postoffice in order to buy a postage stamp.

THERE is also the possibility of legislation that will RESTORE CONFIDENCE in the value of money—which would be a powerful stimulus to business and would go farther, probably, than anything else to restore prosperity.

RECIPOCAL tariff—what is that? Well, it amounts to saying to other nations: "Make it easy for us to trade with you, and we'll make it easy for you to trade with us."

REVENUE bill. How about that? Let's pass that subject over quickly, for it is painful. A revenue bill means raising the money, by TAXING YOU AND ME, to pay for all these things we talk so grandly about the government providing for us.

FEDERAL deposit insurance. What—of it? It means, presumably, continuation of insurance by the federal government, or by some agency under the supervision of the federal government, that when you and I put our money in the bank we'll get it back when we want it, or need it.

MUNICIPAL bankruptcy bill—what's that? Putting it with brutal frankness, it means taking over by the federal government of the debts of the municipalities.

That's the long and the short of it. How deep do the municipalities get so deeply into debt?

They SPENT TOO RECKLESSLY in the days when borrowing was easy and everybody was saying: "Let posterity pay."

Now WE'RE posterity, and the paying is hard. We'd like to have Uncle Sam take over our debts.

STILL, if Uncle Sam DOES take over our debts, they'll have to be paid, and PAID BY TAXATION.

Either that or they'll have to be repudiated.

STOCK exchange control. What is meant by that?

What SHOULD be meant is regulating the stock exchange in such a way that honest, legitimate business can use it to secure financing needed for legitimate expansion while at the same time preventing the hamstringing of sound business by RECKLESS GAMBLING.

It ought to be possible to do that, but it will take brains.

Brains and STATESMANSHIP—not peanut politics.

Visitor in Medford—J. M. McClelland, publisher of the Longview Daily News at Longview, Wash., was a business visitor in Medford Tuesday.

O. y. among the bright sophisticates Dillingham recruited for his comeback revue was James Shelton, another Paducah, Ky. boy, who seems a "riding Noel Coward" the words to one of his songs concern the champion gutter girl. She rests in gutters because she loves them. Beds simply do not appeal her any more. She is out to meet all comers for a gutter resting record, see ta-beum to duel But Walter Catlett, during the long run of "Sally," was first to make Broadway gutter conscious. In lifting his beaker of shandygaff he proclaimed always cry: "Choose your gutter."

Beefsteak Charlie's, about five pipe whiffs from Broadway, has since the days of Maud S. been the hangout for followers of the race track. Walls are lined with many currier and lives of past thoroughbreds. Horsemen in loud ties are always at the tables with their suspiciously golden ladies. Every unaccompanied gentleman is pouring over a dope sheet. The only restaurant that hasn't changed since

Meet Mr. Bones



Bonesetter De Luxe at New Fair. Albert P. Walter shown working on a moving skeleton to get it ready for the opening of the new World's Fair in Chicago May 28.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Richardson of Willow Springs district celebrate their silver wedding.

Minirel show at Rogue River is a huge success.

School heads warn parents that children taken out of school now "will have to make it up in the fall."

Twenty years ago today. April 18, 1914. (It was Saturday.)

President Wilson issues ultimatum that Dictator Huerta must salute American flag by six o'clock Sunday evening or he will put the matter before congress.

The Dr. Keene special tax committee will confer with Ashland property owners on the Pacific highway.

All the primary candidates are "out in the country searing up voters."

Paving at Central Point is halted when a freight conductor fails to set out a carload of cement.

Prohibitionists of county endorse candidates for election.

Sen. Bourne wires prospect for Crescent City harbor money is good.

Booze and Longevity. In your issue of Monday, April 16, bracketed on the front page, there appears the wonderful story of an aquatic centenarian. It comes as news from Port of Spain, Trinidad and tells how Peter Pollen of Conception celebrated his 100th birthday by swimming 35 yards under water and other wise frolicking with the mermaids.

"Splashing out again as gleeful as a schoolboy" he addressed his admirers on the bank: "My recipe for longevity in the tropics is to drink rum and smoke a pipe." The pipe may account for it, for it is so evidently a pipe-dream.

It reminds me of a story which appeared in the city press—also as a news item—before the 18th amendment went into effect. A man at the age of 108 had won a foot race over others not more than 40 years old. In this case longevity and vigor were credited to drinking two quarts of beer a day for years untold.

We immediately wrote to folks in the town mentioned, Hershew, Neb., for further particulars of that remarkable race and were informed that no such race was ever run and no such man was ever known there. Investigation of this latest case, or any case like it, would bring the same results. It simply means that the booze crowd is up to their old tricks in which truth is no part whatever.

E. A. OLDENBURG, 229 N. Bartlett St., Medford, Ore.

It's Another Conger. To the Editor: In answer to the many inquiries from those who believe me to be the Conger running for the nomination for county judge, will say that I am not a candidate for any office or position.

It takes so much of my time managing my own business that I have not even made up my mind whom I shall support with my vote for that exalted position. I might therefore be good picking for some smooth campaigning candidate who would like to practice the art of vote getting before the battle reaches its height.

I was a candidate for coroner in 1922, but not being fortunate enough to be elected, with the endorsement of the G. G. C., Banks and Penh, was defeated but not discouraged.

So here's hoping the best man win West Main at Newtown St., Medford, Oregon. April 18, 1934.

H. W. CONGER.

LOST LAKE. Hidden deep among high hills—Green bastions for hoodys's snowy peak— This crystal mirror of majestic heights, Where glacial snows forever rest, Long kept its margins undefiled, Its virgin beauty unrevealed.

Where glacial snows forever rest, Long kept its margins undefiled, Its virgin beauty unrevealed.

He who first trod its bordering edge Found neither trail nor footprints there.

So runs the tale: The Indian turned aside In superstitious reverence. As if it were a spirit lake Where his ancestral tribes once dwelt.

Oh, then it was a holy place, Where Nature's sovereignty prevailed; Above its shimmering expanse Ten thousand feet the up-piled mountain stood; Below, reflected, quivering, Inverted, wavering snowfields lay.

Its charm is gone; man's playground now. A camp-site littered, marred despoiled. Clamorous with shouting throngs and engine throats; Barge and boat and raft afloat; Its silence rent, its echoes broken A memory of beauty now, indeed— Lost Lake.

—A. C. C. in Portland Spectator.

Oregon Weather. Fair east and increasing cloudiness west portion tonight and Thursday, becoming unsettled on coast; cooler west portion Thursday; gentle east to south wind offshore, increasing Thursday.

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. April 18, 1924. (It was Friday.)

County court announces it "will not feed lazy husbands, with labor plentiful." After wives complain their mates balk at toil.

Registration for primary is heavy. Medford high band, in new uniforms, caves for state contest at Corvallis.

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Ye Smudge Pot

Dr. Wirt did all the talking. It was testified by witness yesterday before the house inquiry into the Virginia "revolt dinner party," when during the course of the conversation, the President is said to have been pictured as an "American Kerensky." Three women guests were also present. This is grounds for a nation-wide "O, yeah!"

"In against the Sales Tax, but if the schools close, who'll look after the children on bridge afternoons?" screamed a local Mama the first of the week in wild alarm.

SERMON ON TRIBUTE (Press Dispatch). LOS ANGELES, April 16.—(AP)—Karl Dane, who earned and spent \$1,500 a week when he was a film star in the silent picture days, may be buried in a pauper's grave.

Portland has taken steps for the regulation of beer-sandwich joints, that dot the roadside, and are popular with autoists. Much as the sandwiches may need it, it will be the beer that gets the regulation.

There has been an increase in the number of California tourists. All look like they knew where they were going, and able to get back to where they started.

Pedestrians continue to eye the courthouse lawn ominously. Many would rather see their footprints amid the new-born grass than their names in the Hall of Fame. There seems to be no way to accomplish the nefarious purpose, except to walk in one's sleep, and sneak down some night.

CAUSE AND EFFECT (Albany Democrat-Herald). John Swink went to Brownsville last week and had all his teeth (18 in number) extracted. So far, he had stood the ordeal well. John Swink had a number of young men hoisting his raspberry fields the last several days.

It now appears that the primary campaign will be waged without Scripture-quoting, manslaughter, hysteria, tantrums, or the creation of a vacuum in the county treasury.

FREE GASOLINE AND UTOPIA. The move by the state, to secure lower gasoline prices, is a step in the right direction, and may eventually result out to be very fine politically for somebody, who lurking in the background, waiting to pop forth as an independent savior of the people. It all may be the forerunner of Free Gas, state control of multitudinous gas sales, with the party in power appointing the oil-squirrels.

There is so much magic here in Free Gas, that it is a wonder no gubernatorial aspirant has thought of it. It should be a more catchy molasses than free electric lights. Besides, it ought to be much nobler to yank a tentacle off the Oil Octopus than blow out a fuse in the power trust. Gosh! how the votes would roll in.

The Oil Octopus has always been haughty towards the public, and it is about time they had their ears pinned back at the polls. They should be forced, by legislative enactment, to grant tick to all motorists. This they have steadfastly refused to do, except where the purchaser had established a reputation for paying honest debts without a legal argument. The O. O. knows that the run of the highway motorists will no more pay for a mile he has traveled than for a deceased horse. They are right about it, which is what makes the motorist mad.

Free Gas would present new problems. The pedestrians would want Free Shoes. It requires no nimble imagination to picture the Barefooted Marchers to Salem, from Portland, Ferry city and hamlet and crossroads would witness a display of corn, bunions and ingrown toenails. The population would be footsore, and sore every place else.

But there would be benefits. Oregon is not getting her share of new settlers, by providing Free Gas she would get them all, and show Los Angeles how to grow like a mushroom.

Don't Be an Easy Mark!

THAT last paragraph above contains a big "if." For the volume of hokum and misrepresentation shovelled out by the opponents of the sales tax, appears larger than usual.

One of the most persistent claims by the esteemed Portland Journal, for example, is that a "joker" lurks in the sales tax measure.

In great detail the Journal quotes Section 21, which it claims allows the state to render judgment against a sales tax delinquent, without a judicial determination, and thus every farmer of the state, if the sales tax passes, will be in danger of losing his all, from his milch cow to his cook stove.

This is typical Journalish hokum, for it contains a half truth, which the Journal builds up to represent the whole truth. That is—the sales tax law, like the state income tax law, the intangibles tax law, and the corporation excise tax law, provides that those who arbitrarily refuse to pay the tax, or dishonestly attempt to evade it, can be proceeded against at once.

But it does not apply to those who honestly dispute the amount of the tax, or seek a readjustment of it. The law allows all such persons their day in court.

BUT the hypocrisy and the downright intellectual dishonesty, of the Journal's claim, is clearly revealed to anyone who will think the sales tax situation over for five or ten minutes. Disregarding the fact that the provision against which the Journal complains, has been copied verbatim from three other state laws,—which the same Journal heartily and passionately supports,—it must be clear the provision can only apply to DELINQUENTS under the sales tax.

But how can the cook stove farmer be a delinquent under the sales tax? The answer is HE CAN'T BE!

Only the retailer can be a delinquent under this law for only the retailer pays the tax.

The farmer doesn't pay the tax to the state. No individual pays the tax to the state. Therefore no individual other than the individual retailer CAN BE DELINQUENT, TO THE STATE.

The individual whether a farmer or not, pays his sales tax when he makes his purchase—he has to pay it to get what he buys. Now if the retailer takes that tax money—only 1 1/2% of the purchase price—and puts it in his own pocket instead of paying it over to the state then—and then ONLY—

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

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