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A Critic Is Answered

A BITTER critic of the sales tax takes this paper to task for being inconsistent. Last Friday, for example, we stated: "the farmer can't be delinquent on the sales tax for he doesn't pay it."

THE apparent inconsistency lies in the fact that the term "farmer" was used in TWO different senses and the sales tax in TWO different ways. In ONE editorial the farmer was considered only as a RETAILER—that is a farmer who engages in the retail business.

As very few farmers are in the retail business—that is sell direct to the consumer, regularly and in large quantities—the farmers of this state, can't as a class, lose their cook stoves if the sales tax passes, as the Portland Journal charged,—which was the subject of the editorial in question.

WE have no doubt, for example, that some opponents of the tax will maintain from the above that farmers who DO engage in the retail business, and therefore have to pay a sales tax to the state, may become delinquent and therefore may lose their cook stoves, milk cows, radios, etc., etc.

Let's examine that for a moment. Take the farmer who, let us say, runs a highway refreshment stand, or a meat market, or a feed store, or what not. He will have to pay a tax of 1 1/2% on his sales to the state. But he can't take that tax out of his sales.

ONLY if he violates the law,—either by failing to collect the tax or having collected it putting it in his own pocket, and refusing to hand it over to the state. That's the only way. Is anyone going to cry his eyes out over the predicament of a farmer or anyone else who tries to tap the till and filch money that belongs to someone else?

BUT (and this query actually CAME from a farmer in Jackson county the other day) how about the farmer that can't pay his sales tax AS A CONSUMER—a purchaser? Can't the state proceed against him and grab his few remaining belongings?

Impossible, of course. We repeat, the farmer as a purchaser does not pay the tax to the state, and therefore can't be delinquent. He pays it to the retailer when he makes his purchase—if he doesn't pay it he doesn't get his goods—it is really a part of the purchase price. So we return to our original proposition which is this:

What the farmer can't be delinquent on the sales tax for he doesn't pay it. No individual pays it, but the retailer. So only the retailer can be delinquent.

And all the proceeds of this tax go to reduce the school tax, city and rural—it can't be used in any other way,—and consequently reduces the tax on every farm and every piece of property in this state.

It is perfectly inconceivable to us how any farmer in this county—or any other—who understands this sales tax, CAN be opposed to it. It is so plainly in his interest—as it is in the interest of all those who believe in maintaining our public school system, and in a more equitable system of taxation.

The demand from Portland that Dr. Rexford G. Tugwell, assistant secretary of agriculture, resign, because in a speech made before a women's club in Washington last January he said:

"American women should follow Mrs. Roosevelt's example and serve wines in their homes . . . one of the oldest and quietest roads to contentment lies through the conventional trinity of wine, women and song."

furnishes a striking example. We don't recall that speech and have no copy of it, but we are willing to wager none of the women who heard that speech, would favor demanding the resignation of Dr. Tugwell on moral grounds.

And we also wager if the Portland pastor will read the speech in its entirety he will be glad to forget the incident. For the subject of the speech was temperance. And it is reasonable to presume that the learned gentleman's approval of serving wine at dinner, was that wine is preferable to cocktails or whiskey.

It is also fair to assume that his endorsement of the old German proverb, was not an endorsement of night club hilarity, or gin stimulated whoopee, but was recognition of the fact that through the ages association of GOOD wine, GOOD women and

GOOD singing, has been possible, and has not been morally reprehensible. It is as unfair to judge a speech by one isolated extract from it, as to judge a carload of wheat by one kernel.

Personal Health Service

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to discuss 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.

THE COLD CURE IDEA WILL NOT STAND ANALYSIS.

From long experience in trying to teach the laity elementary hygiene and how to keep well I know that a good many of you eggs will not continue to give me your attention unless I pop off a remedy now and then. I find that some of the people are curious to know what causes this and that ailment; others beg to inquire where the cure is; there is a cure for it; but all prick up their ears and listen attentively if we say anything about a cure or a remedy. That's natural enough. When we're well what do we care about the nature, cause or prevention of disease? And when we're sick we're interested in nothing but to get well again as quickly as possible.

From time to time, thanks to the kind friendship of some one in the news distributing business, some plausible cut and dried method of treating "colds" gains wide publicity and there are always plenty of wiseacres who are ready and waiting to try the latest treatment for anything. Some of the methods of treatment or the plans of medication are built upon observations which to the unsophisticated layman, probably sound reasonable enough. One of the more recent plans includes rather heroic medication with saleratus, sodium bicarbonate, on the theory that "acidosis" is a factor of "colds." All I can say about that is that in my judgment that theory is absurd and fits for a charlatan to juggle with to impress and intrigue his customers, but scarcely suitable for the real doctor. You see, so far as we know, the condition called "acidosis" (which means a lowering of the alkali reserve in the body below the normal level, but of course not an actual formation or accumulation of acids in the blood or tissues, for that would be incompatible with life) — so far as our knowledge goes, "acidosis" occurs ONLY as a consequence of certain disease conditions and in starvation or deprivation of food. Any respiratory infection serious enough to produce a medical acidosis would be too serious for the patient to treat himself. If I had a cold and didn't know as yet what it was to be, I'd rather take my chances without treatment than disturb my metabolism with large doses of soda or other alkali.

Another common "cold cure" is aspirin or similar coarser derivative which kills pain or other distress, deadens sensation, lowers fever. If I were in considerable distress from pain I'd take a nip or two of aspirin.

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS. AMONG the transients that for three long depression years have been drifting from place to place many are mere boys.

THESE are interesting questions. And the transient relief service has some interesting answers—answers gleaned from actual experience. ONE of these mere boys comes from a good home in the South—a well-to-do home.

FOR a year, he drifted aimlessly. Then he formed a casual acquaintance with another young fellow. Happening to mention that he came from the South, his friend asked what town, and upon being told answered: "Why, I've been there often; just a few months ago, in fact."

THE boy mentioned names—among others, his mother's, without adding that she was his mother. He was told that his mother had died.

HERE in Southern Oregon, he fell seriously ill. The transient relief service started hunting for his relatives—a difficult task, for he had given an assumed name. But they were located, and some of them came on here. From them he learned that his casual friend had been mistaken; that his mother had not died.

ANOTHER boy came from a large Coast city, where his father is a moderately well off small business man. But he had never given the boy ANY spending money. So he started out to earn his own.

THE father, after sending many wires, was located, came on, heard the whole story, and now the boy is headed back home.

OTHER boy's father is a sea captain. And the boy, not too surprisingly, wanted to go to sea, like his dad.

THE father wouldn't hear of it; wanted to make a musician of his son; asserted that the life of the sea is a hard life and that no son of his should follow it.

THE boy was found—came back again to Southern Oregon. He was given a ticket home, where he was met by his father, who made good on his promise, got him a job on his ship, and now he is happily at sea, working like a beaver.

ANYway, the boy is happy, where he wasn't so happy before.

AND so on. This director can go on telling these tales indefinitely, for his experience since he began his job as transient relief director has been rich with them.

THEY give us something to think about.

BIRTHS. Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Powell of 622 South Central, a son, weighing six pounds, 13 ounces, at the Community hospital, April 27.

STOP GETTING UP NIGHTS. Lax the Bladder with Juniper Oil. Flush out the impurities and excess acids that cause irritation, burning and frequent desire. Juniper oil is pleasant to take in the form of BUKETS, the bladder laxative, also containing Buchu leaves, etc. Works on the bladder similar to castor oil on the bowels. Get a 25c box from any drug store. After four days if not relieved of "getting up nights" go back and get your money. If you are bothered with backache or leg pains caused from bladder disorders you are bound to feel better after this flushing and you get your regular sleep. BUKETS guaranteed by Jarmin Drug Store and Health's Drug Store.

Fiesta Drum Major



Jean Carter (above) will be drum major of a civic fiesta in Beverly Hills, Cal. The occasion is in celebration of the dedication of a new postoffice and federal building there. (Associated Press Photo)

Communications

A Dry View of Things. To the Editor: The following statements are from the pen of a Washington, D. C., journalist:

"Youth seems to be paying the penalty of the rashness of the generation which has been in control since the war. Washington, on the very day the president returned from Florida, gave a sad picture, which caused usually brazen citizens to stand startled and amazed."

"That evening one of the fraternalities of the great Central high school of the city of Washington held a dance in the ballroom of the National Press club at the heart of Washington, two blocks from the White House. This room had been rented and was filled with high school youths, boys and girls, most of whom were not out of the nursery when the armistice was signed. They had never seen an old-time saloon until this year, and they never had tested themselves out to see what they could stand."

"In a generation of journalism during my college days and since, I have never seen so many children who were just dead drunk. It was a new sight—a sad sight—and it was an evidence of a new and raw deal the people who are past 25 years of age are handing over to the youth who never knew what poison there is in a liquor bottle."

"In the nine leading countries of Europe during a study of conditions on five different trips, the writer has never seen such a sight of drunkenness. In fact, in the past three weeks we have seen more drinking and drunkenness than during the 12 years of constant traveling over this nation preceding prohibition repeal."

"The youth today are paying a terrific price for the moral slump which the United States suffered as regulated in the twenty-first amendment. The morning following the high school party, two blocks on the main avenue of Washington had the wreckage of three serious motor smash-ups and the pavement bore the great dark red stains of human blood, which told the story again that alcohol and gasoline make a fatal combination—yes, that the liquor traffic is harder on youth than war."

"In the light of this, many good people who voted for the 21st amendment and many others who stayed away from the polls and did not vote against it should hang their heads in shame."

Only Three Flags. To the Editor: One year ago, on April 30, 1933, the day was set aside as "President's Day," and the flags were put out along the sidewalks in "honor" of the occasion. But yesterday, April 30, 1934, when I was up town at 9:30 a. m., there was not a flag in sight, although the American Legion had sold a few window cards to some of the business houses.

I asked the Chamber of Commerce why they didn't have the flags out and they wanted to know "Why?" JOHN GRIFFIN. Medford, April 30, 1934.

Special Convocation of Crater Lake Chapter No. 32 R. A. M. Tuesday, May 1st at 7:30 P. M. Work in R. A. degree. Refreshments. Visitors invited. O. W. DeJarnett, H. P. GEO. ALDEN, Secy.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History From the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Year Ago.) TEN YEARS AGO TODAY May 1, 1924. (It was Thursday.) A Jacksonville wine cellar was padlocked by Sheriff Terrill.

Major Martin, leader of the Army mail flight, is reported missing off Alaska. Portland icemen go on strike. Baptists of the valley pass resolutions denouncing war and the return of the saloon.

A Jackson county convict, employed as a trustee at the state pen, escapes. 5,500 telephones in the city and valley, new phone directory shows. "No body" is using his neighbor's phone," say phone officials.

2,984 hoboes pass through Ashland so far this year, and not a robbery reported. "Traffic Human Souls" at the Page; "The Sea Wolf" at the Star; "The Adventures of Kathlyn," No. 6, at the Isis, and "Hell to Pay, and No Pitch Hot" at the Win.

The H. Weinhard Ice depot announces it is ready to serve "sanitary ice." Irate Foothills creek miner throws a kerosene lamp at his son, and is fined \$1 in justice court.



MORTON TO BUILD ON 4-CITIES VIEW. The popular lookout point, "Four Cities View," formerly owned by P. S. Thurston, has been purchased by Oliver Morton of Morton Milling Co., Medford, who intends to build a residence there.

Mr. Morton has had a well drilled which has an 800-gallon per hour flow. Mr. Thurston has made a road to another point which has an equally wonderful view, and the public is invited to visit this point as the best and most accessible viewpoint of the Rogue River valley.

When I told them, they put out their flag. Ed Brown put their two flags out. I talked to two of the leading American Legion officers and they didn't know anything about it. "Some patriotism!" Well, the results were—three flags out on sidewalks at noon. I remain, a veteran. ARNOLD R. PRYOR. Medford, May 1.

John Questions Claim. To the Editor: I see by the papers that B. C. Armstrong of Josephine county claims to be the first white child born in Jacksonville, and claims as his birthday February 20, 1853. I want to say that no one, including myself, was the first white boy born in Jacksonville, whose birthday comes in 1853. If necessary I can prove it. JOHN GRIFFIN. Medford, April 30, 1934.

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NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, May 1.—(AP)—The permanent place Merlin H. Aylesworth holds as big chief of the radio is due largely to his silence. He broadcasts the world but keeps a still tongue in his mouth. Outside of his wife, no one knows his thoughts, although he is a talker for all times agreeable.

He listens to everybody and files away what he wants in a capable card-indexing mind. He prescribes no opinions save at board meetings, when they count. Men keyed to high industrial pitch declare Aylesworth accomplishes more work than any three men of his rank. This despite harassments of chronic insomnia.

Aylesworth, born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, almost 50 years ago, began life as a country lawyer in Colorado and was later identified in more impressive posts with public utilities. While he handles financial and executive affairs of the NBC he is no slouch as a pick-up of radio talk to year to year. He salvaged a man "Andy out of the jinx of small hook-ups in Chicago when they were working for coffee and cake. Like all small town boys whose fathers were church deacons, his nickname is "Deac." His diversion from work is golf, teaming up with his closest friend, Kent Cooper, the news chief.

Johnny Horgan, once a boy tender of the Ohio river show boats who became one of Cincinnati's best known hotel men, has out long from executive duties for a year to respond to a sentimental yearn to drift. In an automobile he will visit the scenes of his juvenile stage years, searching out those innocent vestiges that are life's footprints. Horgan, in his middle forties, is doing it in time. Most of us wait until too late.

I once crossed the Atlantic with a business man who had kept putting off a visit to his home in Wales from one year to another just to pile up a little more of what the world calls success. He was only going now because a letter informed him his mother was ill. Two days out he received a cable of her passing. It was too late. He remained on the boat at Southampton and came back to America.

At an occasional dinner place the waiters are young students helping to pay for tuition and board in this fashion. One I talked to last evening was from a city in Alabama, as his accent easily betrayed. He had a figure and a profile that would give Ronald Coleman and a few of the boys a twitch, plus that quality called personality. I lightly hinted a movie career which in no wise interested. He had been to but four times in his life and saw nothing to them. He was a theological student whose career was already decided to spreading knowledge and religious comfort to the poor whites of the south. He was happy as all with honest impulses are happy. A happiness that is touching and clean. From his waiter's job he was going to a free midnight Bible class for young men. I went to an after-theater party where there was a deal of drinking, sophisticated banter, etc., but all evening I could not get that young man out of my mind. He was the sort of son I would like to have.

BIRTHS

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Important—Read

The Handicraft Shop Closed All Day Wednesday. Watch Tomorrow Night's Paper for BIG Announcement.

HANDICRAFT SHOP 42 S. Central, Medford