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NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION
NRA
Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.
LITTLE GREEN TENTS.
THE LITTLE GREEN TENTS, WHERE THE SOLDIERS SLEPT, AND THE SUMMER DAYS, AND THE WOMEN WEAR, ARE COVERED WITH FLOWERS TODAY; AND BETWEEN THE TENTS WALK THE WEARY FEW, WHO WERE YOUNG AND STALWART IN SIXTY-TWO WHEN THEY WENT TO THE WAR AWAY.
THE LITTLE GREEN TENTS ARE BUILT OF GOD, AND THEY ARE NOT LONG, AND THEY ARE NOT BROAD, BUT THE SOLDIERS HAVE PLENTY OF ROOM, AND THE GOD IS PART OF THE LAND THEY SAVED, WHEN THE FLAG OF THE ENEMY DARKLY WAVED, THE SYMBOL OF DOLE AND DOOM.
THE LITTLE GREEN TENT IS A THING DIVINE, THE LITTLE GREEN TENT IS A COUNTRY'S SHIRINE, WHERE PATRIOTS KNEEL AND PRAY; AND THE BRAVE MEN LEFT, SO OLD SO FEW, WERE YOUNG AND STALWART IN SIXTY-TWO WHEN THEY WENT TO THE WAR AWAY. (Walt Mason.)
Orators of the state are now leveling their larynx at the high school graduates pouring forth into the world, to battle for a chance to place their academic noses upon the economic gristle, and, never, were the chances for that so bleak. The youth are inflated with advice on citizenship, clean living, thrift, honesty, all the virtues, and the best road to happiness. No speaker has admonished youth to keep a stiff upper lip, as did the pioneers, and not spend every waking moment worrying, as all their kith and kin have been doing excessively since 1929, to no good end. The depression has fattened and furred long, upon a surplus of fancy fretting about something that never happened.
O'Rourke and Barnes split. O'Rourke gave the Irishman 9 rounds, and Ross 1; Barnes gave Ross 11 and McLarnin 2. Referee Forbes gave Ross 13 and the Irishman 1.—(Press dispatch)—How strange! O'Rourke votes for an Irishman.
SOME CHICKENS RETURN HOME. (Albany Democrat-Herald)
While sweet home opponents of the sales tax—and there were many of them—were opposing ratification of the measure on the ground that it afforded Louis W. Hill a bigger lump sum property tax saving than it gave to the smaller property owners, the authorities of Sweet Home union high school district were importing the very same Mr. Hill to pay his delinquent school taxes, so that they could pay the teachers before the pedagogues left town on their vacation, which, otherwise, would be a fundless one.
A probe of the power trust has started at Salem, to determine where the money is procured to pay the taxes and the wages, and secure an independent candidate for governor.
The stork flapping over the province of Ontario, Canada, last Monday delivered quintuplets, to a family in the village of Callendar. No doubt, with characteristic inefficiency, the stork showered the surplus blessings upon the poorest family in all the province of Ontario.
A new high in political pledges is made by Mrs. Nevada Benson, candidate for sheriff of Tulsa county, Oklahoma. If elected, she would be sheriff, she will divorce her husband so she may devote all of her time to the office.—(Cut caption, S. F. Call-Bulletin)—The nation's worst case of tech for office.
Fire Engine for Sale.
UPLAND, Cal.—(UP)—Some individual who accepts the offer of this city may fulfill his suppressed desire. The city has asked anyone who wants to buy a fire engine to drop around at the city hall. It is being replaced by a larger model and the highest bidder will be the owner of his personal fire truck.
Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

Editorial Correspondence

NORTH COAST LIMITED, Enroute East, May 28.—It's really hot outside. But cool as the proverbial cucumber in here. The reason—the car is air conditioned. Not the entire train—but, that, says the Pullman conductor, will come later—only the diner and the observation car. This is written in a compartment in the latter, donated as a courtesy to the travelling newspaper man. That is what is known as service. The Northern Pacific is famous for it.

We were due at Spokane at 7:15 this a. m. but arrived at 8:15, just an hour late. The reason given—by the dining car steward this time—was a small engine. "Can't pull a train like this up the grade with a small engine" said he. The engine looked big enough to us. But for two hours before we reached Spokane the North Coast Limited puffled like an elderly asthmatic and barely crawled, up the grade.

From a car window Spokane hasn't changed. We recognized the old city hall, the court house and the imposing Davenport hotel,—also the Spokesman Review tower, where we wrote editorials for a couple of years back in 1909 and 10. They had a dining room on the top floor of the building in those days, and we can still remember the India rubber flapjacks. Commodore Perry was a reporter on the paper then, as was Walter May, the latter now manager of the Portland Chamber of Commerce. Walter was always a hustler, and with half a chance even in those days could have talked either William Jennings Bryan or Billy Sunday down. Which reminds us of one late afternoon, at Jackie Wirth's—but that's another story and too long to recount here. Besides only the few old timers who knew Jackie would be interested. But THERE was a talker, too, and a good one.

We are sorry for people who don't like to ride on trains—or who can't, comfortably. A few moments ago in the smoking room, the man we were talking with leaned back heavily, dropped his hands and suddenly became as pale as milk. We jumped for a cup of water,—but he waded it away, and produced a weak, sickly smile. "Just car sick" he explained, "I am going back and lie down." Tough luck. He is going through to New York, too.

And then a middle aged woman reading a copy of the New Yorker, bored to tears with a cross country train trip she has taken "50 times" and the fact the company couldn't afford a compartment. "It's barbaric" she volunteered, "riding in an open Pullman during hot weather." They do things so much better abroad."

She is New York buyer for a large Seattle department store and "when business gets better" will take a plane.

We have always enjoyed train trips—like to see them go by, like to get on them—the romance and glamour of "youth in flight", has never completely gone. The reason may be merely the "Gypsy foot." Some are born with a desire to roam, and others aren't.

But there are so often interesting people on board,—and if they aren't interesting—one wonders about them anyway. There was the young woman—well perhaps not so young—perhaps 30—who boarded the train at Portland last night and stayed on the back platform, smoking cigarets and looking at the moon. A delegate to the Professional and Business Women's convention, we surmised—called back home for some reason. This morning a tall, well built chap boarded the train at Spokane, volunteered the information he was a resident of Idaho and was bound to Missoula on some engineering job. A half hour later, he and the lady delegate were consuming ginger ale high-lights, in the club car, on a wholesale scale, their conversation flowing as fluently as if they had been pals for years. Well perhaps they HAD been. But one wonders!

Some people have no curiosity in others—or in anything else. We can understand how travel in the heat—or in the cold—would be tiresome to them. They are probably better neighbors than those who have. But our advice to them is to stay at home and never venture in the newspaper business.

Before leaving Portland last night ran into a well posted amateur politician at the Imperial hotel. He whispered into the editorial ear that neither organized labor nor the Grange are pleased with Messrs. Joe Dunne and General Martin. They are regarded as Power Trust men. (Ye-ah!) And Charley Thomas is to run on an independent ticket in the fall, and clean them both up (Ye-ah again!) . . . However we wouldn't be greatly surprised. We are not so well posted on Dunne, but we know well enough that General Martin isn't a Power Trust man—or anyone ELSE'S man. But neither is he an ANTI-Power Trust man or a demagogue. An election in Oregon would be out of character with no one chasing the Power Trust as Ed Binns chased the Beef Trust so many years. So if Charley T. doesn't do it, probably someone else will.

And a picture of Chan Egan in Meier and Frank's store golf window—captioned "a real champion"—Chan with pipe in mouth against a background of tall firs.

The North Coast Limited is chugging up the grade now, along a paved highway. During the last half hour at least 10 motor cars have whizzed by as if the N. C. L. were standing still. This is a fine train and as trains go a fast one, but it's no "zephyr"—which is on the front pages of the Sunday papers after its record breaking run from Denver to the Chicago Fair. One of these days the N. P. will have its "Zephyr" and it will be a different story—and a better ad for the railroads.

A flash of bright color in the foothills—instead of a ball game, they are having a Sunday rodeo. Bright yellow shirts, crimson ones, white chaps, 10-gallon hats, and a high fenced corral, in which are the bucking broncos—they don't look very fierce,—it's hot,—their heads hang down just a few inches above the dust, . . .

Along the cool banks of the Flathead river now—there's a family fishing party on the rocks—one can see the lunch baskets, but no fish,—fishing isn't very good now—one of the fishermen wears trunks—as the train passes, he waves both hands and dives in—the swimming appears to be OK, anyway. R. W. R.

REIMBURSE KLAMATH TIMBER CONTRACTOR
WASHINGTON, May 30.—(AP)—An award of \$16,000 was voted by the Klamath (Oregon) Indian reservation last night to Milburn Knapp. . . . for losses suffered in 1913 when the interior department revoked a permit given him in connection with a contract to cut timber on the award of \$16,000 was voted by the Klamath (Oregon) Indian reservation last night to Milburn Knapp.

Personal Health Service
By William Brady, M.D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to disease, should 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 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

THE DDS AND THEIR CRYOPHOBIA.

Persons who have chronic rhinitis (catarrh to you), whether the trouble is intermittent as in ordinary chronic rhinitis or constant as in hypertrophic rhinitis (enlarged turbinate bodies), and also persons who have chronic sinusitis, react abnormally to everyday environmental conditions which give normal persons no annoyance or discomfort. These subjects of chronic trouble in nose or throat emit loud complaints whenever they experience such discomfort or annoyance and tell the world they are "taking more cold." To all appearances they are well folk, and their food, their draft, their change of weather or their dampness or chilliness does impress the uninitiated observer.

They stuff up and run at the nose or begin coughing, sneezing, hawking or complaining on slight provocation or none at all as it seems to well folk around them, and eventually they impose upon every one the necessity of deferring to their whims about heating, ventilation, clothing and other things in order to avoid disputes.

I contend it is all wrong to allow the pathological minority to have their way about everything and compel the healthy majority to submit to all sorts of unwholesome conditions just because the near-invalids like things that way. They have no more right to take such advantage of family and friends or associates in work or business than has the bird who procures for himself a soft and easy path thru life by practicing nervous impotency.

With the aid of a simple headlight and nasal speculum any doctor—any ordinary general practitioner or family physician—can find out for any DDD (demon draft dodger) why he makes himself such a nuisance, why he invariably has the delusion he is "taking cold" if he gets his feet wet or sits in a draft, or encounters a sudden change of weather or wind without extra clothing. By such examination the doctor discovers whether the trouble is simple chronic rhinitis, enlarged turbinates, sinusitis, polyp, adenoid hypertrophy, or what-not.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY
BY O. O. McIntyre

LOS ANGELES, May 30.—We spent most the day at Will and Betty Rogers' ranch, a 15-minute spiral through the canyons from our tavern. The 800 acre estate sprawls in up-wind as a down-shoots all over the mountainous countryside. For example: On one sun-baked plateau a polo field. In a cool ravine a golf course.

Down to the cast-iron door scraper, it expresses the homespun simplicity of the Rogereses. Every touch is superbly mellow with wholesome, oak-bosomed Americanism. In the living-room chandeliers are a double-tree and neck-yoke of pioneer days, more charming in their 40 rusticity than a glittering Delmonico drop. An enormous window from which Catalina etches its faint tracery on lucid days was an inspirational gift from Ziegfeld. The floor checkers a bright mosaic of Navajo rugs and the walls bristle a hedge-podge of spurs and riding quirts from Argentina to Canada. Mounted brass and silver bossed saddles from all over. Rogers has the four most famous Charlie Russell westerns, also a plunging cow-boy bronze of himself by the famous plainman painter. Over the mile-wide fireplace stretches a set of Texas longhorns, the gift of the always generous Amon Carter. And best of all, in a corner is a Ghetto hurdy-gurdy, exquisitely discordant.

When we arrived Bill was just jogging over a ridge with our aunt and others in a three-seated buckboard, reminiscent of an ancient berlin and drawn by matched dappled mules. Exploring a canyon, they rode a moment with Death. On a down grade, the gig ran upon the mules, bolting them into a hell-for-leather dash. A coolly competent cow-hand, taken along for emergency, saved the day and a few necks by jockeying the runaway into an impasse. I thought it venturesome comedy, a ranch gag for tenderfeet, but Bill dragging me to one side gasped "I'm plum scared!" He was a statue in chalk.

Rogers at home is arterially himself. A contrast to Irvin Cobb's study in orange hues. To Will Hays in snow white riding costume. To Fred Stone roughing it in Benham plaid. Rogers wore frequently washed 70-cent overalls, a buckskin shirt and a sombrero from a lost age. He does not chew gum at home. His eyes follow his wife in dog-like humility and she can render him mute and confused with a fleeting glance. The most self-effacing celeb-

vampishly kohled, dropped in at Doris' with her tall, tweedy, joke-muffing English husband. The screen's wickedest lady never smoked or sipped a drink during her professional career and is still unusually temperate. A modified Dot Parker, however, she gives a quippy perk to every party. Out in Cincinnati we claimed her as a local product, but she fixes her birthplace emphatically as "below the Mason-Dixon line." And has a Southern accent.

At the hotel a box of beautiful flowers for my wife's aunt, with a card: "The best sport ever turned out in Gallipoli—Will Rogers." It pleased Bill that she lost her hat twice but not her head in the wild ride down the mountainide.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS
IN April of this year, the people of Oregon used 49,985,848 gallons of gasoline, as compared with 47,718,103 gallons in April of last year.
If increasing use of gasoline is a sign of increased buying power, times must be getting a little better in Oregon.

IN round numbers, there are a million people in Oregon—the actual number is somewhat under that, but for purposes of easy figuring a million is near enough.

So, you see, consumption of gasoline in this state in April of this year amounted to about 48 gallons PER PERSON, as compared with 47 gallons per person in April a year ago.

SOMETHING else worth noting: On the gasoline consumed in April of this year, the people of Oregon paid \$2,440, 271 in taxes. This was paid in the form of a sales tax, a little at a time, and for that reason it was paid without much protest.

THAT is the beauty of the Sales tax in times like these—it is paid in cash, a little at a time.

HIGHWAY construction is a big item of public expenditure in Oregon, as in other states. The gasoline tax, along with automobile license fees, goes in this state toward construction and maintenance of highways. Thus those who USE the roads pay for them.

COURT costs are another large item of public expenditure in this state, as in all others. Court costs are caused chiefly by those who break the laws.

THE trouble is, of course, that there are some things we can do and others we can't. Making law-breakers bear the bulk of the cost of our courts is one of the things we can't.

THE Oregon State Motor association estimates that a yellow line can be painted down the center of Oregon's main-traveled-highways at a cost of \$25 per mile.

From the standpoint of additional safety and driving ease, it says, this center line is equivalent to a TWO-FOOT widening of the highway.

THE motor association says in a bulletin just issued: "It has been demonstrated by a close check on state police accident

Ye Poet's Corner

A Monument of Love.
What are flowers on a grave?
We see them everywhere.
What are costly monuments,
Unless your love is there?

Faith in life and until death
Is the monument that gives
Peace to the dead and comfort
To those who afterward live.
Give of your love and faith
To those you love while here.
Let this be your marble shaft:
To show you held them dear.
—By Mary O. Carey.
Talent, Oregon.

Freeze Aided Maple Sugar
CHARDON, O. (UP)—A sudden shift of temperature to the below freezing point, after farmers had thought warm spring weather was definitely here, brought maple sugar producers \$50,000 worth of additional sap because of the "freeze."

No, I Didn't Have That Covered by Insurance

Let us see that you are fully protected. Turn all your insurance cares over to us and we will see that you are fully protected at the lowest possible cost.
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606 East 11 St., Grants Pass Near Postoffice

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