

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

The announcement by Gov. Meler that he may heed the urgings of friends, and run as an independent for another term causes the suspicion to arise in political circles that the governor urges easy, and is able to resist everything but urging.

In the midst of all the other "woe it won't make any difference, but a "female Bing Crosby" nightly rends the atmosphere very radio.

One out of every 10 persons in New York City is on the relief rolls. Tuesday 97,000 people tried to see the Detroit-Yankees baseball game. Owing to lack of seating space, 72,000 made it. This is a fair attendance showing, and proves that prosperity is liable to show up any place where there is fun.

The state liquor commission is now confronted with a sanitary problem, viz: Lapsick prints on the rims of beer-glasses, used by lady patrons. It seems that the kias-proof rouse, is not efficacious in feminine gurgling. An edict might be issued directing that everybody wash his own stein, but it would be unconstitutional on the grounds that people who shunned anything akin to dishwashing in their own kitchens could feel the same way about it in der bergarten. The ladies are always presenting a problem. The last time it was making the tired business man waver by sitting on his lap in public drinking places.

Somebody is always writing to the metropolitan papers bemoaning that the "constitutional rights" of radical aliens "are trampled upon." May feel that the "radical alien" has no rights except to behave himself, and go home if he don't like the American form of government, or general conditions in the U. S.

THAT SETTLES THAT. (Chicago Tribune.) A few years ago it was customary for Mr. Rockefeller to make some sort of birthday pronouncement. (In 1932, speaking as a veteran of seven major economic depressions, he said: "Prosperity has always returned, and will again.") This year, a family spokesman said, there will be nothing of the sort.

PROFITTEERS WILL GET LIMIT. FROBERT WARNER (Halling) Cautiously "canonize" Times. You just bet they will, and we don't think much of Ben. Borah's proposal, "to deter them with 'public condemnation.'"

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 16.—If you do not understand what the government has been doing to sliver you need not feel that you are thick-headed. The government itself has had some trouble finding out what it was doing.—(This paper)—Don't fret what the Brain Trust is doing.

WORRY. There are just two things to worry about. Either you are successful or you are not successful. If you are successful there is nothing to worry about. If you are not successful, your health is good or you are sick. If your health is good, there is nothing to worry about. If you are sick, you are either going to get well or die. If you are going to get well, there is nothing to worry about. If you are going to die, you are either going to heaven or not going to heaven. If you are going to heaven there is nothing to worry about. If you are going to the other place, you will be so damn busy shaking hands with old friends, you'll have no time to worry, so WHY WORRY? —(Progress)

Trees Make Glass Paper WAYNESBORO, Pa. (UP)—Red maples, quaking aspens and gum trees of Pennsylvania forests, long considered useless for lumber or firewood, have found a place in industry. Tests by two paper mills reveal pulp from the trees makes a good grade of glass paper.

A New Pension Idea

A NEW cure-all for our economic ills has been found. The discoverer, appropriately enough, is a physician—Dr. F. E. Townsend, who for the past few years has been caring for the indigent sick in Long Beach, California.

Dr. Townsend's scheme is known as the "Old Age Revolving Pensions" plan, and according to report it will be presented to the next session of the congress, with several hundred thousand signatures.

President Roosevelt has endorsed the principle of old age pensions. He has not, as yet, endorsed this particular proposal. Supporters of the plan however are confident he will. We are inclined to doubt that, for the president is opposed to a national sales tax, and it is proposed to finance this plan in that way.

However, the proposal is so ingenious and unusual, it deserves comment—if for no other reason than to show along what lines some of our amateur economists are thinking these days. Briefly the idea is this:

Dr. Townsend would require all men and women in this country at the age of 60, on a pension of \$200 per month. A married couple at or above that age, for example, would receive \$400 per month.

In return for this generous gratuity, the individuals would agree to send ALL that amount, within the thirty days following its receipt. They would also agree to work no more—just enjoy themselves, as they wished, provided they did not travel abroad or engage in GAINFUL occupations at home. Only criminals—convicted felons—would be ineligible to receive this golden manna.

IT is estimated approximately 8,000,000 people in this country would qualify on such a pension list. This would only cost Uncle Sam about \$1,600,000,000 per month, or approximately \$20,000,000,000 a year!

And this amount could be raised—so the prospectus says—by a sales tax not exceeding 10%, at the source—that is to say an excise tax on manufacturers.

TALK about stimulating purchasing power! This "FORCED" draft on purchases would put nearly two billion dollars a MONTH into the channels of retail trade! There would be no way out. That amount would have to be spent every 30 days.

And as criminals are not eligible it would of course cure the crime wave. (With \$200 a month assured at the tender age of 60, what potential Al Capone would sacrifice that income, for the hazardous occupation of—say hi-jacking?)

Unemployment? There would be none, with millions of people giving up their jobs and professions at the three-score mark every year.

Poverty? With every 60-year-old couple assured \$400 per month for the remainder of their days, how could Brer Wolf come in at the door?

We quote further, from the prospectus: "This plan of Old Age Revolving Pensions interferes in no way with our present form of government, profit system of business or change of specie in our economic set up. It is a simple American plan dedicated to the cause of prosperity and the abolition of poverty. . . Humanity will be forever relieved from the fear of destitution and want. The seeming need for sharp practices and greedy accumulation will disappear. Benevolence and kindly consideration of others will displace suspicion and avarice, brotherly love and tolerance will blossom into full flower and the genial sun of human happiness, will dissipate the dark clouds of distrust and gloom and despair."

In short there, made to order, for this harassed and perplexed human race is another Utopia. The only fly in the ointment, is Dr. Townsend's Utopia isn't the first one; nor will it be the last. Ever since Man emerged from the jungle, he has been building a better world in the field of the imagination, but somehow when tested by experience, these "Heavens built by human hands" have failed to click. Many have been tried. Utopian colonies have been established, so have idealistic Brookfield Farms, and Artists' retreats; but to date none of them has worked.

We don't believe Dr. Townsend's scheme would, at least not as he imagines, for that nuisance factor—that pesky imponderable known as human nature—always interferes.

However, the plan is worth study and consideration,—and perhaps who knows?—it may contain somewhere within it, the answer to the forgotten man's prayer.

WE must leave the matter of expert analysis, however, to the brain trusters and the economists.

The only obvious flaws we can detect are two: first the \$20,000,000,000 a year, with which to super-charge the purchasing power, would not be paid by the manufacturers but by the people; and, second, the people, under 60, who would not be DIRECTLY benefitted by this generous "dole", have enough difficulty in meeting their monthly bills, and taxes, as it is!

It Should Be Done

CRATER LAKE PARK should really be an all-year-round resort,—a summer resort in summer; a winter resort—or at least a recreational point—in winter. All that is needed to achieve such an end, we are told, is keeping the highway open.

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, 205 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

A BUSINESS WOMAN GOES FLABBY. I am a business woman forty years of age. Now that's an admirable way to begin a letter. I'll bet she is a good business woman. It would take many women half a page to tell as much.

For years I wore corsets, but for the last two or three a corsetette.

Now I find my abdominal muscles are becoming flabby. I wonder if I should try to get a corset to correct this defect or could you give me some girl control exercises which might help. Is it possible a person's organs may slip down as they get older? What would remedy such a condition?—E. N. Mc. A.

What is a corset? Old Dr. Webster tells all about corsets and corsettes, but washes his hands of it at that point. I gather that a corsetette is a set of stays of the vintage of '24 or later. It was about '24 that they began parking corsets, wasn't it? But no parking. We are anxious to save the lady from the humiliation of resuming the wearing of armor.

By following the advice hereinafter given, any girl or woman in good health can discard all corsets or brasses or stays by any other name and enjoy better comfort, better health and a better appearance.

First, it is always a mistake for a girl to begin wearing any support, brace, arch, prop, splint, binder, belt or corset. Why do girls begin wearing such things? First because women always have worn 'em, second because the agent or saleswoman assures 'em they look so much better in the latest model of armor, third because being credulous creatures they still believe the wearing of some such garment or appliance restrains or molds them into the correct standard, and indeed they spend millions annually for education that teaches just that.

With fair physical training, which is part of the schooling of any girl but which is pretty largely ignored in the present educational program, a woman's own muscles will support her better than any artificial contrivance can and insure her a more graceful appearance, too.

If a woman can afford daily walking, say from three to eight miles daily, that is the best of all exercises. Swimming and tennis are fine, and even golf is better than just sitting or riding or driving, but walking is the most valuable daily physical training to keep a woman trim and fit.

Housework, especially washing and ironing and scrubbing, is good health exercise, provided the movements are

adorned. Oscar Hammerstein and his conical skull lid, pudgy Er-langer with cap abet, Ziegfeld and his lavender and belasco his backward-to collar. St. Goodfriend and his slope-pipe dier, etc. Of that thundering theatrical period only Lee Shubert, C. B. Dillingham and Morris Gask remain. Shubert and Dillingham active and Gask marking time.

One of the theater's most confusing anomalies is Brock Pemberton, the gum looking Kansan, regarded as one of the shrewdest in the business. Sometimes he does not foster a production for three years. The most serene of the time-binders, he makes few false starts. When he produces a play, it's a play. And a clean-up.

The ace movie scenarist shares nothing of the personal popularity and public acclaim that befell the successful playwright of the theater's flash day. A. E. Thomas, a Bayard Vellier, Paul Armstrong, Eugene Walter, Clyde Fitch, George Broadhurst, Max Marsin, Eugene O'Neill, James Forbes, J. Hartley Manners and the rest got the better restaurant tables and advice first night seats. And were pointed out with awe wherever they went. The playwright's step from his box for a curtain speech and the star's fluttering kiss at a first premiere provided one of Broadway's thrilling spectacles. Few remember the name of a screen playwright.

Clyde Fitch was the Noel Coward of his day. An exquisite, he had a powder puff manner more noticeable in those roving days than in his an-drogynous era that followed. Yet his daintiness was somewhat a mask as a bully of the town once discovered in the Holland house foyer. He sought Fitch there about an insult to a lady friend in a line of a play. Fitch almost stamped him to death, flicked a handkerchief from his pocket to dust off his hands and minced off in his mignon way.

I enjoy chummy taxi charioteers even to the sort hailing a fare as Buddy. One this evening after a few blocks swerved to the curb and with a smirk suggesting cap in-quired: "How about a nifty blonde?" Despite the sudden affatus to long lost worldliness, I affected a reproof and bade him hurry on. After settling the tariff and feeling I had been a trifle abrupt I bestowed a cheery goodbye. He called back: "Good night, friend!"

A group of his holidaying crossed Washington bridge just before sunrise the other morning New York stretching southward in the pearly dawn seemed a clean, unwritten page. A thousand and one things—murder, lust, robbery, betrayal and what not—that people would be discussing before graying dusk were locked in the calm grayness. Then a smouldering short-lived pinkness and, as though the city had suddenly flung off a wrap, clear daylight! Daylight pure and white, like snow before treader into mud.

Nearly all the picturesque figures that gave the East vivid charm and coloring have gone over the horizon. Only a handful of theaters try to keep what is left of the tradition going. In the shrunken one thinks of that sturdy old crew, everyone of whom wore a trademark of per-

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—Thoughts while strolling: "Smile." "As difficult as parting the sea, a smile is a feat." "What becoming restraint Mrs. Jimmy Walker has shown." "Beat of My Heart" is a grand walking tune. Broadway calls automobiles "the slots." "Whatever became of Count Salm?" One word description of Pauline Lord—twisty. Nobody ever touched Caruso as a celebrity promoter. Those griers along West 47th street get to let you in on a good thing. Mrs. Paul White and Janet Gaynor bear a resemblance. Valentino's favorite restaurant, The Colony. An ale house calls itself "Waterloo Pub." Ferdinand Pecora steps from a roadster. Why do orchestra drummers crouch over instruments? Boats to Italy are jammed to the guard rails. Touching to see those bleak huddles of eviction furniture at the curbs. Somehow I always expect to see Martin Conboy in a six-gallon hat. Rene Hayes, the Kansas City red-head, who made Park Avenue flower conscious. What happened to the Chester Erskine slated to wear the mantle of Charles Frohman? Now it's who killed Billy Patterson and Dillinger? One of my favorite people—Edgar Selwyn. Acute tip for Fall. The cut-ups in Gallipoli called them dirty shirt hiders. Does Lucius Boomer know Lucius Beebe? Or Gene Markey know Dean Harkey? That parlor magician, John Mulholland. Be well if he could vanish the depression. Wonder if Vallee eats yeast!

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS THE U. S. postoffice department announces to the public that it hopes within the next three years to establish airmail routes to Europe, Hawaii and Alaska.

Sounds a bit fantastic, doesn't it? But airmail routes over the LAND would have sounded fantastic to the pony express riders.

I TOOK all summer for the ox-team pioneers to make the trip from the Missouri river to Oregon and California, and after these pioneers had established settlements here months were required to get mail from the Atlantic seaboard.

The other day E. M. Bulb received an airmail letter just 35 1/2 hours after it had been mailed in BOSTON.

A COUPLE of generations ago, Jules Verne started the world with an imaginative account of a trip around the world in 80 days.

Now leisurely tourists, intent on killing time make the circuit of the earth in 60 days, and anyone really in a hurry can do it nicely in a couple of weeks.

GETTING near home, Lindsey and Jesse Applegate, back in the '40s, led an exploring party down through Southern Oregon, across the Cascades and back across Northern California, Nevada and Idaho to a junction with the Oregon trail near what is now Boise. They took all summer for the trip, and made good time at that.

Now casual tourists would make the trip in a couple of days and think nothing of it.

ED YANNICE started from a point up the other side of Spokane the other morning at 5 o'clock, and at 7 the same evening he pulled into Klamath Falls—364 miles from his starting point.

He wasn't trying to break any records. He was just going somewhere. Yet in 12 hours he covered ONE-THIRD of the entire distance covered by the ox-team pioneers in their record-breaking jump from the Missouri river to the Pacific Coast.

MEASURED in terms of speed, the world surely is moving along. Yet your children, or at most your children's children, will live to see the time when what we now regard as speed will be looked upon as mere crawling.

Aircraft, ascending into the stratosphere and so freeing themselves from air resistance, will cross the continent in a few hours, so that their passengers may breakfast late in San Francisco and dine early in New York.

WE SPEAK of the distance covered by man-made devices within a certain space of time as SPEED. Astronomers smile at such a conception.

Light, they tell us, travels at a speed of 186,324 miles per SECOND.

AND we speak of the space between two points on the earth as DISTANCE. Again astronomers smile.

Light, traveling at a speed of 186,324 miles per second, requires approximately eight minutes to come from the sun to the earth.

THE sun is relatively CLOSE. There are stars so far away that it takes thousands of years for their light to reach us.

YOU see when light rays fall upon the retina of your eye you hear when sound waves strike upon the drum of your ear.

Light waves travel much more rapidly than sound waves—as you know if you ever watched the puff of steam from the whistle of an engine a mile away and then waited for the sound to reach you.

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 August 17, 1924. (It was Tuesday) 415 cars peared shipped east to date.

All records for rainfall broken by a downpour of 1.8 inch, which fell late yesterday, ending all danger of forest fires for the time being.

Skakiyo county will have exhibits at Jackson county fair.

Democratic candidate for vice-president, Charles W. Bryan of Nebraska comes out for government ownership of everything. Republicans astounded.

County court besieged by pleas of stranded motorists for funds to get back home. Applicants told, in most cases, to find work in the orchards.

ALLIES clash with German arms, in first great battle of European war on the western front; location of the battlefield is kept secret by censors.

FOUND—But off end of axle which holds wheel on buggy or hack. Owner may have same by paying for ad.

Hoke cannery starts canning tomatoes.

Public schools of Medford to open September 7.

Three men are held up in Espee yards, by two men, and the total loss is \$80.

Water rates for suburban dwellers fixed at a minimum rate of \$1.75 per month.

Accompanied the President to the ship, hurriedly discussing a lot of last-minute business.

Friends out in the country poured letters in on Howe, sympathizing with him, until he began to write in earnest. Replying to one friend, he stated: "I decline to be buried until I am dead."

Howe feels better and is more chipper than at any time since he has been in Washington. (Copyright, 1924, by Paul Mallon.)

Hand Pump Exhibited CHICAGO (UP)—Hero of many a village fire—that's Rapid No. 3, an ancient hand-pumped fire engine, used in Plymouth, Mass., about 1830 and brought to the Ford exhibit at a Century of Progress from the Ford museum at Dearborn, Mich. The old fire fighter has been retained with all its equipment, even to leather buckets, a speaking trumpet and red wheels.

News Behind The News

(Continued from Page One)

The Tugwellians tried to make peace with Senator Smith of South Carolina on the sidelines a few days ago, but there is to be no peace. You may recall that Senator Smith was Professor Tugwell's severest critic at the last congress. When Tugwell was arranging to speak recently in Smith's state, an emissary went to Smith and asked the senator to appear with Tugwell and to introduce the professor. The answer was no, emphatically no.

Instead, on the eve of Tugwell's appearance, Senator Smith issued a statement blasting all dictators.

Mr. Roosevelt's political maestro, Louis Howe, picked up a weekly news magazine not long ago and read that he had been writing on a bed in the White House as Mr. Roosevelt left for Hawaii. He did not recall writing or being in bed, as he had ac-

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TONIGHT! BIG INIATION DANCE MEDFORD ARMY Sponsored by Fraternal Order of Eagles 30c Per Couple Oregon Lumberjacks Orchestra

Rule, and what the rugged individualists did to its author is well known. RAMSEY BENSON. Ashland, Ore., Aug. 17.

Another instance is the Golden Rule, and what the rugged individualists did to its author is well known. RAMSEY BENSON. Ashland, Ore., Aug. 17.

Sarah Palfrey Engaged BROOKLINE, MASS. (UP)—Sarah Palfrey, the Wightman Cup tennis heroine, is engaged to marry Marshall Palfrey, Jr. of Boston, Harvard graduate and son of a former Harvard medical school professor.

Tree Make Glass Paper WAYNESBORO, Pa. (UP)—Red maples, quaking aspens and gum trees of Pennsylvania forests, long considered useless for lumber or firewood, have found a place in industry. Tests by two paper mills reveal pulp from the trees makes a good grade of glass paper.

Communications To the Editor: An early instance of regimentation is the Ten Commandments, and I decrease Moses was properly warned that all business wants to be let alone.

More "Regimentation." An early instance of regimentation is the Ten Commandments, and I decrease Moses was properly warned that all business wants to be let alone.