

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.
The delightful heat continues and Humdingers, Inc., proclaim to the world they would rather perspire like a golf player in 104 degrees in the valley, than sweat like a section hand in 89 degrees in the mountains.

PERILS OF SITTING.
(Pasadena Calif. News)
Mrs. Fannie K. Jackson of Sierra Madre, who was bitten by a spider recently and narrowly escaped death from the poison injected into her body, probably received the bite from a nest of black widow spiders which had been laid in the bottom of a chair in which she was accustomed to sit.

A number of pasture owners have sneaked out under cover of darkness and tacked up "No Hunting" signs on the premises without getting the hammer shot out of their fist.

Bill Bowerman, the favorite gridiron and maple floor athlete of all the pretty girls and the homely boys in high school (1925-1928) is now the plucky mentor of a Portland school. Everybody hopes William don't run into the 160-pound line and 170-pound backfield of "Old Medford" this fall, if they all can keep from painting enemy teams and getting spotted.

The district attorney is behaving himself, so it is no longer necessary to restore law and order by advocating his impromptu hanging.

Hoover Opposes New Deal

THE striking thing about ex-President Hoover's article in this week's "Post," is not that he attacks the New Deal,—that was to be expected,—but that he attacks it under the banner of American Liberalism.

The use of that term is quite confusing. There is nothing of a liberal nature in the article,—that is nothing liberal from the standpoint of contemporary politics.

Mr. Hoover's attack is throughout the accepted thesis of the outraged conservative. The New Deal is, he declares, a challenge to American liberty, through its various codes it is Prussianesque "regimentation," and the granting of such extraordinary powers to a President is inviting dictatorship.

This is nothing new. The same sort of talk has been going on for many months in business and professional circles. We don't mean the former President doesn't make a case. He does. All the objections he cites to the New Deal, are perfectly valid ones—from the CONSERVATIVE standpoint. But it is as far from the case of what could properly be called "American Liberalism," as Sandy Hook is from the Golden Gate.

WHY then, does he use the term? Probably for two reasons. First it is good political strategy. It disarms those who would try to classify him, as a reactionary fighting the battles of the Old Guard. And, second,—probably the more compelling reason,—because Mr. Hoover HONESTLY believes, true American Liberalism is essentially the free, unregulated play of rugged individualism.

It is this free rugged individualism, the former President believes that has made this country great, and must be sustained, if its greatness is to continue.

Many people share this view. Experience may even demonstrate it to be the RIGHT view. But it certainly is NOT the Liberal view.

THE Liberal view is that so-called rugged individualism,—each for himself and the devil take the hindmost,—is what gave us our Insults and Teapot Domes, our wildest banks and fraudulent securities,—gave us indeed the economic disaster in history,—and that a planned economy including a fairer distribution of wealth, must replace it to keep the capitalistic system from destruction.

To accomplish this there must be a certain amount of what can be called "regimentation,"—national discipline and control,—so that rugged individualism may not get out of hand again, and the disaster of 1929 be repeated.

WE ARE concerned at the moment with discussing the rights and wrongs of these conflicting doctrines. What most interested us in President Hoover's first article was his claim to being the spokesman of American Liberalism.

Whatever he may be, he is not that. He is speaking for himself and for those thorough going conservatives in both parties, who believe with him, that those good old days of before the World war CAN be brought back,—that no new era has dawned, no New Deal is needed—all we have to do is let Nature take its course, and pick up the threads of peace and prosperity where they were dropped, going on serenely to an even brighter and more golden destiny.

The Barnes' Shelter Tax

PEOPLE who really think out the Oregon tax problem to its logical conclusion, are coming more and more to the belief that SOME form of sales tax is the only solution.

The proposed 20% tax limitation won't solve the problem. If this constitutional amendment passes, it will merely complicate it,—render the situation so critical, that a sales tax will be the only alternative to handing the land back to the Indians,—and everyone will see it.

Then why don't those favoring a sales tax,—including this newspaper,—favor this 20% tax limitation?

We can't speak for the others, but our answer is,—we don't believe conditions have come to such a pass in Oregon, that it is necessary to completely wreck our tax structure, to show the immediate need of its repair.

Such a procedure strikes us as both foolhardy and stupid. It would be like pulling a rail out of the S. P. tracks, and ditching a train, to show some section foreman, that new rails were needed on a certain curve.

Conditions from a tax angle are bad in this state, but we can't believe they are as bad as that. Why not make the repair and avoid the disaster, instead of staging the disaster first, and then making the repair. That's a case—and a tragic case,—of putting the cart before the horse.

IF THIS view is correct—and we believe it is,—that some form of sales tax must be adopted eventually to save Oregon from bankruptcy, in the present emergency,—then we are inclined to agree with Mr. J. C. Barnes that his form of sales tax is the best bet.

For it has this great advantage,—both from the standpoint of equity and political expediency—it removes the burden of the sales tax from the individual of modest means,—that is, the small home owner.

For the Barnes sales tax proposal includes what he calls a shelter value offset. This would mean that what the small home owner would pay in his sales tax would be more than overcome by what he would save on his property tax. The state would be saved by the tax revenue, and the condition of the average man would be improved.

With this burden removed,—with the main objection of the individual of small means eliminated—we believe that a sales tax in this state would pass.

And after all, it profits nothing to talk about a sales tax, and point out its ultimate necessity, if the people of the state, will persist in voting down such a measure every time it is presented.

So this paper's advice regarding the tax problem is this: First defeat the 20% tax limitation. Then pass the Barnes form of sales tax with the shelter value offset.

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 5.—(AP)—night from head injuries received Mrs. Adeline Wilson, 61, who recently when she fell down the basement moved to Portland from Ridgefield, steps at her home. Mrs. Wilson is Wash. died in a hospital here last evening by a son and a daughter.

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 in 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.

ANOTHER TRICK DIET FOR REDUCTION HAS ITS BIRTH DAY.



And now the best of all food fruits, the one that comes in a sterile package, the luscious, nourishing, sustaining, satisfying and never cloying banana, has come upon bitter days, for the public health.

In this cruise reduction regimen, which a politician attempted to sell to the public by staging a newspaper touted diet marathon, the victim is allowed six bananas and a quart of skimmed milk daily for ten days.

According to the master minds that contrive this banana and skim milk regimen the obese patient gets 940 calories from six large bananas and 100 c. c. (liter) or approximately a quart of skim milk. City hicks may prepare their own skim milk by pouring off the top fourth of a quart bottle of the milk, or if they prefer they may use buttermilk in place of skim milk.

Buttermilk or skim milk yields half the number of calories from milk yields. It is fair to credit 370-380 calories to the skim milk or buttermilk (four glasses), but 569 calories is a rather low estimate for the six large bananas. Credit 700 calories to the bananas and 375 to the skim milk or buttermilk, provided you take four glasses with the 1 1/2 bananas at each of the four meals in the day. That makes less than 1200 calories a day.

Even a frail adult lying abed should lose on such a scanty ration. One up and about,—well, frankly I think the banana skim milk regimen is not a great improvement over the "Katie" regimen which is now obsolete and the "18-day" diet which sent so many foolish young women to the hospital or sanatorium.

"Some hunger, and weakness during armed lunch rooms of New York realize just how much of a backing they are in the literary blaze. Most every established writer, who has tried to wedge literary chinks in niches of his regular job, has dashed off things while sipping coffee and sandwiches in these cluttered places. Something about the wide arm rest suggests writing. Anyway it is history that many plays and poems had their germs in the hurried scrawlings of the on-armed lunch rooms. This column, for instance, began to scratch there.

Passing the dwindling and almost desolated theatrical ticket agencies—there are only four or five left—reminds me of the most colorful agent of all, Louis Cohn. He passed from the scene about ten years ago, an unusual figure on an unusual street. Chunky, freshly barbered, bedimmed, immaculate, he was a close cronny of George M. Cohan, Sam Harris and Elsie. There were few showmen who did not ask Cohn to look over their show before bringing it to New York. Great actresses, en passant, used to look in at his cubby-hole 43d street office to say "Hello Louey." He could not read or write. But only Sam Bernard, his most intimate friend, and a very few others knew this.

When Cohn visited cafes, he was a spender and went to the best. He would gaze at the menu, sometimes, would gaze down and inquire: "Captain, what's the choice dish this evening?" In this way he would worm out his order. His language was slangy and his own. Every beautiful woman to him was "a doll." Much of the Broadway phrasing Damon Runyon exploits in his stories was picked up from Cohn, long his friend.

And it was Louis Cohn who re-templated an old saw to fit the Broadway credo: "One good burn deserves another." (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Bill Corum, sports writer, has dared what every sports writer decides to do but never dares. He has no telephone in his uptown apartment, even having the usual building connection smothered. Nobody that wants to reach him must do so by messenger or telegraph. The only inconvenience he has found so far is that on the butler's day off he has to go out for the groceries.

Another rumor to perk vaudeville hopes concerns the oft-repeated plans to revive the Palace with two-a-day bills. The same rumor includes the Chicago Palace. Word is said to have gone out sub-rosa to many standard favorites to be an tap—adding, with great wisdom, to have entirely new acts. If the story goes, the experiment works out in New York and Chicago additional big city vaudeville houses will be added.

Clerks in the 43d street candy stores learn something of the psychology of a purchase. Young suburban husbands who have quarreled at breakfast with their wives usually take home a box of chocolate-coated marshmallow cherries. The Romeo is always attracted by the box more than what goes in it and the settled married man is a steady buyer of hard candies. The most extravagant male buyer are those who, once drinkers, are on the wagon. And fat women, as it might be supposed, buy three times as many candies as thin. Fresheners are found as candy, as are writers and almost all who lead sedentary lives. Godfathers are seldom customers.

And we often wonder if the one-

ing the first three or four days of the milk and banana diet are common and must not be regarded too seriously. So says a physician who advocates this diet for reduction. Having experimented considerably on the now not overweight dog who conducts this column, I desire to testify that hunger and weakness are pretty serious when one is experiencing such sensations. Further I can assure all fat folk that one need not suffer any great hunger or weakness in the simple process of getting rid of thirty pounds of slacker flesh. I know, for I have tried it. This admission that the banana and skim milk regimen may be expected to cause some hunger and weakness condemns the method, in my estimation. The physicians who employ or advocate such a reduction regimen simply do not grasp the essential significance of nutritional obesity or the simple, logical way to correct this common fault of nutrition. Abhorrent as it may seem, some of these physicians can learn something to their patients' advantage by watching this column.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
TINY Broken Vets.
Nice, physical culture, swimming. Using cold shower so much she developed tiny blotches of broken veins here and there over hips and legs. (Mrs. L. J.)
Answer—Cold shower had nothing to do with it. Material in some of us predisposes to varicosities. Physicians skilled in treatment varicose veins can obliterate them by injection of the venules—using binocular loop, extremely fine needles and painstaking technique.
Cryptorchidism.
Our doctor advised that our son, aged 10, should be operated on, for undescended testicle. The day before the operation was to be done the doctor said he'd have to wait till he could send away for a special instrument. Then finally he said it would perhaps be best to put off the operation for a year or two. (C. W. R.)
Answer—In most cases of cryptorchidism or undescended testicle, the condition spontaneously corrects itself at 12 to 14. So I think the doctor's final decision was right. Wait, and meanwhile let the doctor see the boy from time to time. (Copyright 1934, John F. Dille Co.)

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

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY
By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—Editor and Publisher is to the newspaper fraternity what Variety is to show folk. A sort of Bible.

A few weeks ago it rounded out 50 years of service, going back like Variety, its weaker competitors on its way up. Today it stands practically alone in its field.

The weekly records the various shifts in the editorial rooms, a hall new Dennis O'Malley and McCutcheons and chronicles the passing of those who go on. So steadfast is its devotion to high ideals that to be signed out for an accolade is a mark of distinction in the craft.

The editor is Marlen E. Pew, whose groundwork in newspapering includes everything from newsboy to editorial direction. He is dynamite to all sorts of free space grabbing and any gestures that tend to lower the standards of the profession he loves.

In his middle 50's, he was born in Niles, O., and his formative days were spent in various capacities with E. W. Scripps enterprises, covering as a reporter nearly all exciting assignments of his active period. His recreation is lecturing at schools of journalism.

Bill Corum, sports writer, has dared what every sports writer decides to do but never dares. He has no telephone in his uptown apartment, even having the usual building connection smothered. Nobody that wants to reach him must do so by messenger or telegraph. The only inconvenience he has found so far is that on the butler's day off he has to go out for the groceries.

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CENTRAL POINT GRANGE ENTERTAINMENT FRIDAY

At the regular meeting of Central Point Grange Friday evening, William Greenleaf, well known reader and entertainer, will present a program of impersonations, readings and dramatic selections. Miss Ingeborg Wallace, one of southern Oregon's outstanding pianists, will play two selections. Miss Wallace has recently returned from several weeks' special study in Portland.

The Grange program will begin at 8 o'clock and will be open to the public.

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IS EPILEPSY INHERITED? CAN IT BE CURED?
A booklet containing the opinions of famous doctors on this interesting subject will be sent FREE, while they last, to the reader writing to the Educational Division, Dept. S-318, 545 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

LABOR DAY, which means a two-day holiday, and in this age of convenient and not too expensive transportation a two-day holiday means going somewhere.

What better place to go, down in this country, than to Lakeview's annual round-up?

(Here's a confession: This writer, who must be dumb, would rather work at his job than to take a holiday. But if one can't work, because there's nobody around to work with, taking a trip is the next best thing.)

SHOW starts off with calf-riding contest, for boys. Looks easy, but if you think it is just try it someday when you haven't anything else to do. Calf can get a peculiar twist to his backbone that makes a bad bucking horse turn green with envy.

Calf's hurricane deck not built for riding purposes, anyway. Barges up like barrel, instead of down like ham-mock. But boys do good job of sticking on.

ANOTHER event is pony race for boys under 12. And do those boys ride! No pulling of horses in that race. The riders are out for blood.

If the races on the big tracks were ridden in the same way, they'd be much better worth watching.

UP AT PENDLETON, which is one of the greatest shows on earth, the riders are professionals, and so are the horses. The horses, as a matter of fact, seem to crave applause just as much as the riders.

None of that stuff down here. The riders are just boys in off the range, and it's the same way with the horses. No show tricks. Just hard bucking and good riding.

That's what makes the Lakeview round-up so good. It's the real thing.

SHOW ENDS. Crowd goes back to town. Everybody out for a good time. Boy! It's nice to see people having just plain good time again. Past three or four years have been so full of gloom and doubt and worry that at times it has looked as if people might have forgotten how to have good time.

THEY HAVEN'T—thank the Lord! EVENING comes on—cool and fresh after a hot day. Streets crowded. Lakeview band giving concert on lawn of beautiful old Lake county courthouse. Playing good white man's music, and getting big hand from the crowd.

THEN, in street intersection on courthouse corner, Indian dance. One of features of evening, begins. Drum throbs with barbaric rhythm. Crowd drops white man's music like hot potato, and gathers in tight ring around Indians, who at first are plainly self-conscious and backward, but warm to their work.

GET the picture: A little knot of Indians, surrounded by comparatively vast numbers of curious whites. Indians not too sure of routine of ceremonial dances they are attempting; plainly trying to remember things long since forgotten.

Odd note: Indian girl, gaily blanket, and beneath her blanket trim, silk-shod ankles and white, high-heeled shoes.

LET'S go back some 75 years. Down on Fandango pass, to the south of here, an emigrant party, coming over the rise and seeing Goose lake, then full of water, thinks it is Pacific ocean, and stops to celebrate end of long, hard journey.

Wagons drawn into circle, fires lighted, and fandango danced far into the night.

FROM the darkness, Indian eyes watch every move—hot, angry eyes, as yours and mine would be if we watched invaders coming into our country.

Then, back in the hills, possibly not too far from this very spot, a war dance—not halting and hesitant, but fierce and sure; designed to fan warlike passions to the point of strike.

And after that, when the emigrants have gone tired and happy to their beds, with the vigilance of even the lookouts temporarily relaxed, the swift attack which leaves the emigrants stretched lifeless on the ground.

And then more dances, dances of victory—and again no halting or hesitation.

next 75 can possibly bring changes as great?

BUT let's get back out of the past, and quit looking into the future, which will take care of itself, if we only take good care of the present.

If we of today will just do our job well, we can trust posterity to do an equally good job, and if both we and posterity do a good job we won't need to worry about the future.

And if you want a little relaxation while you're doing your job, you'd better plan now to see the Lakeview round-up next year. It's well worth seeing.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County leads in race for "Queen of Jackson County Fair.")

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
September 5, 1924
(Medford)
Miss Clara Coleman of Jacksonville leads in race for "Queen of Jackson County Fair."

Fifteen incendiary fires reported in Applegate district forests. Three hunters fired for hunting a deer with a spotlight. William Jennings Bryan to speak at Ashland next week.

Central Point votes bonds for new fire equipment. Butte Falls occupies a unique place in the school world of Oregon. A large district with rich timber resources has made it possible for the progressive people of the community to establish a wonderful school system.

THE Associated charities have three families on their list in need of work and food and ask citizens to assist in alleviation of distress.

Titanic battle raging at Verdun, on the way to Paris; coal and wood shipments from New York to allies increase. Grants Pass railroad to coast starts operating on the 15-mile stretch.

With the fashion-originating centers of Europe embroiled in a devastating war that threatens to swing back the pendulum of civilization a few centuries, we may expect surcease from the hobble, the Tango skirt and the thousand other fashionable cranks that have so added to the high cost of living. Let us hope that now there may be some sanity to fashion and a return to the simplicity of our forefathers, in which event we may recall the old proverb, "It's an ill wind that blows no good."

(Editorial.)

Two more outstanding Washington newsmen have joined the new deal, one to handle the anti-crime campaign in the justice department and the other to handle tariff publicity for the state department.

That recent Hyde Park baseball game, in which Professor Tugwell and Mr. Hopkins stood out with such a distinct lack of brilliance, was played with a soft ball. Next week they will play with a bean bag.

The question of new deal supremacy on the golf links is yet to be determined. President Roosevelt's secretary, Steve Ardy, tied with the republican publicity man, Warren Wheaton, in a tournament here recently.

Copyright, 1934, by Paul Mallon.

Public Funeral For Mrs. Mooney
SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 5.—(AP)—Funeral services for Mrs. Mary Mooney will be conducted publicly either Friday or Saturday, at the request of her son, Thomas J. Mooney.

The 86-year-old woman died Sunday after a long fight to clear the name of her son, Tom, serving a life sentence in San Quentin prison for the San Francisco Preparedness Day bombing.

Apollo Piano Studio, 128 N. Holly. Modern, European conservatory methods. Harmony. Beginners and advanced.

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If you wish to be permanently relieved of gas in stomach and bowels, take Basolman's Gas Tablets, which are prepared especially for stomach gas and all the bad effects resulting from gas pressure.

That empty, gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach will disappear; that anxious, nervous feeling with heart palpitation will vanish, and you will again be able to take a deep breath without discomfort.

Always on hand at Strang's Drug Store

Communications

It Isn't Right
To the Editor:
According to the Mail Tribune, the motorist who dodged in front of P. A. Tracy's car and wrecked it Saturday was fined \$25, while just above this item, a man had been fined \$100 and costs, 30 days in jail and his operator's license taken away from him.

I wonder how they arrive at the penalty? The fellow who wrecked out car (a 1927 Ford but all we had was driving a borrowed car, old driver's license, crossed in front of us 30 feet ahead of the intersection. He didn't seem to see; 'twas just like a youngster jumping out in front of a car; he was there and a crash was unavoidable. Still, he had the nerve to say, "Well, Tracy, why didn't you dodge?" I wonder if that isn't what a lot of these reckless drivers think. I broke the windshield with my face had three stitches taken in my upper lip. It could have been serious, but it isn't slight to my way of thinking.

MRS. TRACY.
Medford, September 5.

BICYCLES—We pay cash for used bikes. Medford Cycle, 23 N. Fir.



More Paint to the GALLON!

Sounds funny but you do get far more paint in a gallon of Lowe Brothers High Standard than you get in a gallon can of cheap paint. Because it covers more surface, because it lasts longer, because it cuts down painters' time on the job. Come in and get the facts before you do any painting. It will pay you.

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