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Ye Smudge Pot

The coming week will see May Day, and a number of young ladies have asked their Ma's to wake them early, without a guarantee they will get up.

At a Kiwanian event recently, Jack Thompson picked out a good hat, and is now wearing John Mann's.

The state saloon has moved to new quarters, and the hegira was accomplished so efficiently, no crowd was as parched as the mid-west drought area.

Fishermen continue to his to the river, largely for the fun of going to the river.

Poison ivy and hay fever have started, causing victims to say, "Spring, bah!"

Juveniles addicted to playing dart games, are getting so they can dart before their Daddy catches 'em.

H. Corlies of Phoenix was in town the middle of the week, dressed to kill a base solo.

More citizens are honking horns on new autos, and hurrahing for Roosevelt. Several autos turned around in the middle of the block, before they noticed the traffic officer.

The bright sunshine brought out the leaves of the trees, and Gaiushevika in wash dresses and no socks. Young heat wave prevailed Fri.

Florida Bill Gates rid himself of a speech at the Coff. feast Thurs eve, which Phil Harrison took to his grave in his limo.

Horticulturists dilated on the merits and demerits of the 2 3-8 in. and 2 1/2 in. pear Mon, before high nabobs from Washington, D. C.

The speed idiots missed each other and all anemite and inanimate objects last week, thanks to good luck and a kindly Providence.

Golf is getting the best of bowling as a means of getting out of bringing in the wood or mowing the lawn.

The Gliseman are getting ready to make the welkin ring in May, with gladsome song, etc., etc.

Mustard greens are all the go among the epicureans, and in the rural areas they are cooked with hog-jaws. The mustard green is not vicious like the mushroom, and not liable to be mistaken for dog-fennel, as the latter is for a foodstool.

Joe, Neidermuler of the Jville area towed Sat. He reports the farmers could use a rain, but everything is coming on fine, nevertheless.

The Dub Watson boy is over the mumps, but still inflated over a new V-8.

Valley Republicans continue to gain, and are very impudent to both Old and Young Democrats.

Bankers and dairymen met last week, and spoke kindly of the cow and the dollar, and how to get the most of the former out of the latter.

The younger generation have started getting ice cream cones, for being upright and polite.

The government continues to be mis-run on the bank corner.

Groceries have started displaying zhubarb, green onions, red radishes, and other garden truck.

New Grand Inspector SALEM, April 27. (AP)—Frank McKennon of Imbler today was appointed chief of the plant division of the state agricultural department to succeed Charles A. Cole, who has held this office for many years.

Washington Pioneer Passes THORNTON, Wash., April 27. (AP)—E. B. Hughes, 71, one of the earliest pioneers of 1836 region, dropped dead at his home here today.

Are We Going Broke?

SCARCELY a day passes some politician in Washington doesn't get up on his hind legs and declare this country is going broke. With a record-breaking debt, national and local, and with millions still being spent, this declaration meets with considerable affirmation, and psychologically another nail is driven in the coffin of defeatism and despair.

But let's analyze this wall of disaster for a moment. Just how near is this country to the rocks of complete financial collapse?

TO determine this fact it is, of course, necessary to consider this country just as one would consider an individual, in a similar predicament. Let it be assumed everyone is saying John Jones is going broke. He is spending money like a drunken sailor, his debts are increasing, his income declining, he has one foot in a pauper's grave, the other will soon follow.

To determine the truth or falsity of that statement what do we do? Well we figure what Jones' total debt is; the rate at which it is increasing, we figure the income to set against it, the wealth of the man, and the extent of his credit.

Now when a man's credit is still good, we don't regard his use of that credit, as a sure sign of his moderate bankruptcy. Why should we then in the case of Uncle Sam?

Uncle Sam's credit today is not only good, it is about four A's excellent. Government bonds are not only still at par, but many of them above. True Uncle Sam is still borrowing money, but no one denies he has the credit to borrow still MORE.

NOW how about his wealth? Wealth, of course, is comparative, it is therefore illuminating to compare Uncle Sam's wealth, with other nations—with his contemporaries,—with those whose financial conditions are perfectly sound and solvent.

John Bull is a good example. Everyone agrees the United Kingdom has not only balanced its budget, but is operating at a profit, and is as far from national bankruptcy as it is from the South Pole.

Well let's look at his financial situation.

On a per capita basis—which is the only way to figure it,—Great Britain's total debt (national and local) is \$991, and this country's total debt per capita (national and local) is only \$370.

How about the tax burden? The total tax burden per capita in England is 33% MORE than in the United States.

How about wealth? This figure per capita in England is \$2,514; in the United States it is \$3,259.

How about the relation of national debt to wealth? In England this figure is 37.3; in the United States it is only 7.5.

How about income? In England the average income is \$415, in this country \$734.

THE relation between the financial condition of this country, and countries other than England, is even more startling and more favorable to Uncle Sam. In France, for example, wealth per capita is only \$1653, in Italy \$725 and in Japan (they are making money hands over fist in Japan!) \$636,—compared to \$3,259 here.

Now if any private individual could show a financial statement like that would his immediate insolvency be predicted? Credit excellent, debt per capita, low; the outlook for better business conditions and therefore income, at least good? Obviously not.

WE don't claim the country's financial situation to be perfect, we don't deny the present rate of expenditures and increase in debt, can't be continued INDEFINITELY; nor do we question, that the national budget should be balanced as soon as it can be,—that is as soon as the need of our people can be DEFINITELY known,—but we do maintain that— This talk about the country hanging on the precipice of bankruptcy—needing only a push to suffer complete bankruptcy—is a lot of hooey and does not conform in any way, shape or manner, WITH THE FACTS.

Straw Ballots and the Ladies

IT is surprising that Congressman Walter Pierce, the husband of such a charming and capable woman as Mrs. Pierce, should have such a low view of women politically. (Or perhaps that's the reason,—women in the mass, fall so far short of his realized ideal.)

At any rate, "Our Walter," wants all straw ballots made illegal, because they have an improper and pernicious influence on elections, particularly as far as the ladies are concerned. The ladies, in Walter's judgment, are chronic band-wagon climbers,—they neither analyze the issues nor carefully judge the candidates, but just try, like the inveterate gamblers they are, to pick the winner. Having picked the winner, they disregard every other consideration to be on the winning side.

So the winner in the straw ballot contest gets the woman vote, which is not as it should be. If Walter has his way, he will prevent the transmission of straw ballots through the U. S. mails,—the Literary Digest (at the Medford Mail Tribune) notwithstanding!

BUT if Walter is correct in his analysis of feminine political psychology, will such a prohibition help him much?

We doubt it. If the women vote CAN be secured, merely by convincing them a candidate is a winner, there are other ways to do this, than by sending straw ballots through the post office. There is the radio for example. There are hand bills, there are stump speeches, straw ballot bootleggers, and finally and perhaps more important, there is the ingrained disposition of the gentler sex, to laugh at locksmiths, and by fair means or foul, get their own way eventually.

If the women WANT to pick a winner before the ballots are counted, believe you me, Walter, they are going to do it. If they can't do it one way, they will do it another. You can put up all the laws you like, and get Jim Farley to help you; but if this political passion to be on the winning side is what you SAY it is, the gals will get the dope somehow, and just make a monkey out of you.

SO our advice to you, Walter, is forget it. After all with the country in its present mess, there are more important things than straw ballots to consider; more important issues to take up the time of congress, which has wasted too much time already.

And finally, Walter, it is possible,—we merely said POSSIBLE,—that you are all wrong in your diagnosis. It is our opinion, for example, that women vote just about as intelligently as men vote—and just about as stupidly. As we see it, there is practically no difference between them.

In which case of course the entire effort to prohibit straw ballots would be silly, and something less, Walter, than "much ado about NOTHING."

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, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

MORBID INFORMATION LEADS TO UNHAPPINESS

If a child inherits a social disease from its parents, asks a reader, how will it manifest itself?



In other words, the reader requests me to send symptoms of a social disease on approval. Wants to try them on, and if they suit his taste he'll keep them. If not, he'll have still another doctor's name to add to the long list of doctors who couldn't diagnose his case or help him.

There have been occasions when this cursed culture has displayed assorted symptoms as completely as possible with the avowed purpose of catching em young, so to speak, getting their interest or attention so we could influence their habits and perhaps prevent further loss of health. But from the first, believe it or not, Dr. Brady has had a conscience, and accordingly symptoms have not had much of a play here.

By "any social disease" the reader who submits the query means syphilis. This is the only "social" disease likely to be "inherited." A truth syphilis is not inherited, the too often it is congenital—that is, present at the birth of the child. It may be stated emphatically that while we know that syphilis may be transmitted directly from parent to child, there is no ground for the common notion that this disease may be transmitted "unto the third and fourth generation." I am speaking now of the specific disease which we recognize today as syphilis, and not of any consequences or concomitants of this or other serious disease.

So a child cannot "inherit" syphilis. Unless the child has syphilis when born, it will not develop any manifestations of the disease later on. The infection of the child by syphilis is a congenital infection, from the mother. Usually the father has the disease, infects the mother, and she in turn transmits the disease to the unborn baby. The spirochetes or causative organisms of the disease in the mother's blood pass into the blood of the developing child. Formerly it was the belief of physicians that in some instances a syphilitic father might transmit the disease to his child without infection of the mother, but we know now that this was an error of observation, as proved by the Wasserman blood test which shows that the mother in such instance has

wolfish hunger. The psychology of suggestion, of course. Pot on salad in a wooden bowl, a platter of green cheese, jars of floating pickles, bright yellow cheese and sliced pink salami attractively displayed will send any dyspeptic out ravenous. O, yes, and those stuffed tomatoes garnished with mayonnaise!

The accomplished gourmet usually tops a heavy meal—he's off on food again!—with a cafe parfait. There's always room for this fluffy, entrancing creation of Brillat-Savarin. But only a few places know how to serve it. I think of the Victor Hugo in Los Angeles and the Colony in New York. Liza, the Harper's Bazaar fashion artist, once introduced me to profiteroles as served to the King of Spain when he stopped at the Meurice. I had eaten many versions of profiteroles, but none comparable to these and I made such a pig of myself I've never cared for them since.

It is warming to get finished actors such as Tullio Carminati get on with a flourish in the movie. He was a leading man for Dux and Bernhardt and can dramatize handling his hat and stick to the butler. A dilettante to the tips of his kid gloved fingers. In contrast to a rather tedious run of jaw-breaking, bone-crushing tough guys, he's a refreshing as a shower on a parched day. In many ways, too, his rise is a cheer for strugglers up. He began his Hollywood career without being able to speak a word of English. And has brought a suave gentility to his roles not seen since the John Drew days.

The meticulously well-dressed Carminati also revives a theory of mine that a fellow should go on a sartorial binge now and then, even if he has to borrow the wherewithal. He should drop in at a swank haberdashery and let himself go. Shoot the piece for riotous pajamas, luxurious robes, silk box, shirts, ties and monogrammed what-nots. It's a splurge one rarely regrets. To know such things are around is dandy for the ego. Every man should wear but a few extra he never wears but has called as special treasures. Just for the feel of them!

John De Carlo, the chauffeur, has

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become a bird-man. That is he is raising canaries. John is a young widower with two growing boys. He doesn't drink, care for the movies or dance. While he raises canaries, his boys are raising goopies—the spelling is home-made—and carving in wood. There's more honest fun at their Astoria House than almost any place I know. They cannot wait until evening comes to be together. That sort of close-knit family life has almost gone out in cities.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS This big headline betrays the eye: "U. S. Silver Price Boosted." The dispatch that accompanies the headline adds: "Secretary Moneghau said today the treasury would continue to buy silver until it reached \$1.29 an ounce, or until treasury stocks acquired one-third of the total gold."

THE more silver the more money. The more money the more inflation.

And the more inflation the harder it will be to buy what you WANT with what you've GOT. Don't forget that.

HERE'S something new in the world: A couple down in Alameda steals an airplane, supposedly, in order to commit suicide in it. At any rate they had told friends they intended to fly out over the ocean and end all by diving into the water.

Suicide is crazy at any time, and in such a form it is crazier than normal.

THIS dispatch comes from Athens which is in Greece: "Two former generals convicted by courts martial of participation in the Venizelist revolt were executed by a firing squad at dawn today."

A good way to commit suicide in Europe is to lead a revolt and LOSE.

AND here's something both interesting and unusual—taken from a financial statement of one of the large corporations of the country.

"This company has an unusual force of workmen who average ten years service with the company. The average age of the employees in the plants is almost 40 years. We have over 50 years than men who are UNDER 30. High quality can be maintained with such a working force with a minimum of supervisory expense."

ACCORDING to a lot of crackpots a man's usefulness is supposed to end when he reaches 40, and after that he's just a lot of waste lying around in the way.

Yet here is one of the nation's great corporations BOASTING that it has more employees over 50 than under 30 and asserting that because of this situation it is enabled to keep quality up and costs down.

SO if you're over 40, DON'T DESPAIR. Instead, puff out your chest and go around with the comfortable knowledge that you've finally lived long enough to have learned how to be of some use to the world.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the files of the Mail Tribune of 10 and 20 Years Ago)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY April 28, 1925 (It Was Tuesday)

Ex-Secretary of State Hughes in speech cites "at adolescent pinks, whose youth precludes any consideration of their mental conclusions," and "border line thinkers, who blame the government for their own failures."

Enslava goes on the gold standard basis.

Mercury goes to 83 degrees, and rain predicted.

Labor shortage in the valley, with farm hands, carpenters and domestics in demand.

Medford Veterinary HOSPITAL 15 years experience in large and small animal practice. 225 N. Riverside. Phone 369

Miss Linnie Hanscom, city treasurer, resigns to resume old position with county assessor.

Procuring of new city water supply is called "a damnable plot of the Medford gang" by local weekly.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY April 28, 1915 (It Was Wednesday)

Allied armies laid on both sides of Dardanelles; French torpedo boat hits mine in Adriatic; German and Russian forces resume battle along Polish front.

The homecoming of the last week have brought out joyriders in squads and the attention of the juvenile authorities has been called to a number of young girls and boys who engage in the pastime without the knowledge or consent of their parents. Asblund is the Mecca of the party and the police of that city have taken steps towards curbing speeding.

Warm weather has caused they strawberries to ripen fast, and they will be ready for market by Saturday.

The first auto party to cross the Siskiyou this year arrived this morning from San Francisco.

Band concert, first of the season, will be held in city park tonight.

Warm on Coos Bay MARCHFIELD, April 27. (AP)—The thermometer here reached 85 degrees at 1 P.M., the warmest April day in ten years. The temperature was still climbing and the police of that city have predicted a record of nearly 90 degrees.

Use Mail Tribune want ads



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If you see thought much about blow-outs, just watch the papers—see how often people are killed and injured when tires blow out. But keep your name off the accident list. Get Life-Saver Golden Ply blow-out protection now. Stop and let us show you the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown. Let us show you how it makes you three times safer from high-speed blow-outs—how it hooks its deep-grooved tread, its big, husky cleats protect you from dangerous "tail-spin" skids. Remember, you get months more mileage and real blow-out protection with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns.



I'LL TAKE A CHANCE DEEP SEA DIVING BUT I DON'T WANT ANOTHER Blow-out

Says FRANK CRILLEY, FAMOUS DEEP SEA DIVER "The worst scare I ever had in my life came right on the Lincoln Highway when my left front tire blew out and sent me careening across the highway—But I'm through taking chances like these—my car is completely equipped with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns."

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