

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

The doctors think another auto-flicker who picked up a footsore hitchhiker, will only be headsores a week or ten days more. The strike of Portland grammar school pupils and their parents continues and has been moved into the courts, instead of the woodsheds.

Assistants of the dictator of Louisiana have come to peace terms with the forces of law and order, press reports state. In exchange for voting the Democratic ticket, and behaving themselves while battling for the common people of Louisiana, and the nation at large, they will not be prosecuted for income tax evasion, and will be granted the privilege of naming the postmasters.

Following the loss of an election bet, Multhead cut his mustache. He soon discovered his extra money picking cranberries in spare time if desired. Phone Sea-side 704-7-11.

Tomorrow "Constitution Day" and the same needs fixing though nothing ails it. In a number of instances, it has conflicted with the notion of "New Deal" professors. The Constitution, in the past two years has lost caste, inasmuch as it cannot be eaten or spent by the masses.

Some of the more wide-awake metropolitan papers have started printing pictures of long-legged halfbacks and monster turkeys, as a change from shapely shanked ladies in abbreviated bathing suits.

A careful driver approached a railroad; he stopped, looked, and listened. All he heard was the car behind him crashing into his gas-lamp.

AND DON'T CALL 'EM SPUDS Tip to housewives: Buy potatoes enough to last all winter, and buy them right away. As soon as the alphabetical potato control law is put into effect the price to the consumer will rise violently while to the producer it will be lowered in the same ratio.

Coal Wage Plan Falls WASHINGTON, Sept. 14. — (AP) — Soft coal operators today rejected President Roosevelt's proposal for a 15-day extension of the present Appalachian wage agreement, which expires Sunday at midnight.

FLATTERER! YOU KNOW I'M NOT THE PRETTIEST GIRL AT THIS PARTY! WELL, YOU CERTAINLY HAVE THE PRETTIEST COMPLEXION!

ALL A CRAZY DREAM! STILL... MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO USE LIFEBOUY! NO BO. TO kill Evie's interest now! EVIE, PLEASE LET ME SEE YOU SOON. I'M NO GOOD AT ALL SINCE YOU THREW ME DOWN.

ON THE CONTRARY, YOU'VE IMPROVED!

How lovely her complexion! How simple its secret! Evie, she uses Lifebuoy — for face and hands as well as bath. Lifebuoy deep-cleanses pores! Yet "patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show it is more than 20% milder than

many so-called "beauty soaps." Warm days or cool, play safe — bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its purifying lather deodorizes — soaps "B. O." (body odor). Its own clean scent rinses away.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

THE COUNTY COURT AND COUNTY ENGINEER Paul Rynning today journeyed to the Wellen-Antelope and Big Sibley districts, to inspect road conditions, and see if an all-year road could be established in that section. The district has a rural mail service which is hampered in the winter by poor roads which delay the carriers, contrary to postal regulations, which require an open road at all times.

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Bill Hanley of Burns

THAT quotation from Corinthians, so frequently used in the burial service, has a peculiar fitness, when applied to the death of William Hanley, of Burns, the "Sage of Harney County," and one of Southern Oregon's most distinguished native sons:

"O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? Where, indeed, in the case of Bill Hanley? It was a peaceful death after a long and useful life, and it came immediately following what had undoubtedly been, one of the happiest and the proudest days that Bill had ever spent.

DEATH is never a welcome guest. But when a man has passed the period of three score years and ten, when his work has been done, and well done; and he can receive as William Hanley did, the recognition he deserved, and in just the setting he undoubtedly would have desired, and then tired out he can lie down and slip quietly into the everlasting sleep; who even among his closest friends, would have the close of his long and eventful life be otherwise!

WHILE the above quotation appears to us the fitting epitaph, we find in the news story written by some unknown reporter,—at least unknown to us,—and sent from Pendleton to the Portland Oregonian, an equally fitting tribute.

There is nothing in it of personal eulogy; no verbal incense is burned, or rhetorical bouquets scattered. There is no attempt at fine writing or recourse to the tremelo,—it is just plain reporting, simple, factual, objective, and yet it seems to us to tell the story that should be told; and gives the picture of Bill Hanley's exit from the stage of life as it was and as it should be given.

Here it is: PENDLETON—William Hanley, "sage of Harney county" and last of the vast Oregon territory's great cattle barons, died at 3 A.M. today at the residence of Dr. W. D. McNary, superintendent of the eastern Oregon state hospital, and president of the Round-Up association.

Uncle Bill, as he was affectionately known to thousands of Oregonians, must have passed on with peace in his heart. In his nostrils on the deathbed was still the tang of the range, mingled with the not unpleasant odor of horseflesh and cattle.

For only yesterday was "Hanley day" at the Pendleton Round-Up, so designated in his honor. Nothing daunted by a grave illness, he insisted upon attending the event. He sat with Mrs. Hanley throughout most of the afternoon in Dr. McNary's box, a broad smile lighting his weather-beaten countenance, through which a faint trace of pallor could be discerned, and his bright eyes sparkling with youthful zest and enthusiasm every so often as a contestant performed an exceptionally brilliant feat. The "hands" outdid themselves yesterday; they rode for Uncle Bill.

Mr. Hanley was happy and alert, but feeble. He had to be helped to his feet to acknowledge the plaudits of the huge crowd. It started to rain later in the afternoon and Dr. McNary, ignoring the guest's voluble protests, ordered a car driven up in front of the grandstand and bundled Mr. Hanley into it.

As the machine rolled out of the arena there came a tumultuous roar of tribute from the thousands of spectators. It was Bill Hanley's last round-up.

THE balance between the people of one nation and the people of another; not the balance between one group of nations and another group; not even the balance between imperialism and anti-imperialism, or between right and wrong.

Simply a balance between the will, the caprice, the pride of opinion of ONE MAN, and the spirit of freedom and independence of one nation, backed up by WORLD OPINION.

IT IS really an incredible thing, that in this supposedly enlightened day and age, such a situation could exist. Just one man—Mussolini. Whether there shall be war or peace; whether thousands of men should live or die; whether a portion of the world, and perhaps a major portion, should go forward on the path of reconstruction and human betterment, or plunge backward into the abyss of bloodshed and destruction, hangs upon the decision of just one human being,—the man who happens to be the military dictator of modern Italy.

IT is claimed in press dispatches the Italian cabinet decides thus and so. There is no Italian cabinet except Mussolini. He is the minister of war, the minister of finance, the minister of justice, he holds every portfolio that yields the slightest power. It is claimed public opinion in Italy is for war. What public opinion? There is none, except what appears in the press that Mussolini controls.

"L'etat c'est moi!" That is Mussolini. We grant the man's strength, his sheer animal courage, even a certain grandeur in the intensity of his "will to power," but what a commentary upon what we call civilization, that such a thing should come to pass.

It only shows how far on the road to madness the world has come, since—and perhaps because of—the World War. The war that was to make the world safe for Democracy, and has thrown it back, at least ten centuries, politically speaking, to the Divine right of kings—the right of one man to determine the fate of his people, and indirectly the course of the world.

Mussolini in Italy, Stalin in Russia, Hitler in Germany! Certainly the rest of the world should need no further lesson, of the folly,—the suicidal insanity,—of failing to correct those conditions which lead to one man control,—be it the Fascism of Italy, the Nazism of Germany, the communism of Russia, or any other of the "isms," which lead to the tyranny and dictation of ONE class over the others; and eventually the emergence of the "man on horseback," to dictate the policies and actions of that ONE class.

We still believe Mussolini will pause. That when it comes to the final show-down, even he will hesitate to defy world opinion.

But this is only our guess. It doesn't alter the fact that one man in this world CAN plunge that world into war, if he so wishes, and civilization to date has lacked the foresight and the intelligence to prevent it.

THESE 'BOY' ADS ARE PRETTY GOOD. EVIE'S ACTED SO COOL LATELY, I WONDER... BUT NO, I COULDN'T OFFEND.

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Personal Health Service

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, 285 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

SOME people say that our grandmothers had less toothache and more perfect teeth than we have today. In substantiation of this contention they cite examples among their parents and grandparents of old friends. I am inclined to doubt this claim. What do you say?—(S. V. S.)

FRANKLY, I don't know about grandma's teeth. Are the teeth in question your grandpa's or your grandma's?

I had thought that toothache, like cholera morbus and gout, had become almost extinct. Nowadays people have enough intelligence to seek dental treatment before the tooth is sufficiently damaged to ache.

Half a century ago a fairly large portion of the population still included a fair amount of undenatured food in their diet, and kept their teeth fairly sound.

In my opinion brushing the teeth has nothing to do with the question of conservation of the teeth. It is a nutritional question, primarily, and a question of regular dental inspection and treatment secondarily. If perfectly natural nutrition were attainable probably no dentistry would be required, but it is practically impossible in civilized life to follow a natural dietary regimen without frequent lapses to refined foods.

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Somerset Maugham has the most pretentious villa at Cap Ferrat. This is the cape that forms the Monte Carloward arm of Villefranche harbor—the place where Leopold of Belgium had his vacation palace. Maugham's villa is modernly geometric, of gleaming ivory stucco, featuring like a hut on a Pyrenean crag to a high point, with hanging gardens tumbling beautifully from it. It's The Thing on the Riviera to say carelessly: "As I was saying yesterday in Willie Maugham's swimming pool..."

First tweak of Fall in the air this evening. I found myself dreaming of the square at Santa Fe. Guitar music. Natives lolling on benches. Smoke from wood fires spuming straight up. Eagles wheeling at great heights. An Indian's calliope pony picking his way along a lonely trail. Insects in the dry brown sage. The sun in a swollen red blot.

Building servants were holding after lunch convulse today in the court. This phase through the windows. "The mountains of untold wealth and the valleys of want and despair." An English butler speaking. A Dobson gone communist!

REMEMBER, please, that these public employees have to be supported by the taxpayers—and the term "taxpayers" in one way or another, includes ALL OF US. If you don't pay these DIRECTLY, you pay them indirectly in the form of higher prices for what you buy. Taxes have to come out of EVERYBODY'S productive labor.

IN all the years from 1789 to 1913— from Washington to Wilson—a total of 24 billion dollars was appropriated by the federal government for all purposes; and that included four wars, the war of 1812, the Civil War, the Mexican war and the Spanish-American war.

IN THREE YEARS of peace-time, the Roosevelt administration will have authorized the expenditure of 24 billion dollars—as much in the last three years as in the first 124.

SOME more figures: The government of the United States, in the hands of the Roosevelt administration, is now spending at the rate of 26 million dollars a day.

Its income is NINE million dollars a day. That is to say, the government of the United States is running into debt at the rate of 17 MILLION dollars a day.

It is spending approximately three times as much as it earns. REMEMBER, this debt that is being piled up at the rate of 17 million dollars a day will have to be repaid out of taxation by all of us. In one form or another. NONE OF US will be able to escape his share of the burden.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, accepting the Democratic nomination at Chicago in 1932, said: "Revenues must cover expenditures. Any government, like any family, can for a YEAR spend A LITTLE more than it earns. But you know and I know that a continuation of the habit means the POORHOUSE."

FOR more than two years now the government of the United States has been spending vastly more than it earns, and there is no sign that the end is in sight.

It would be a fine thing for everybody if President Roosevelt would recast his own words of three years ago.

Ye Poet's Corner

WILL ROGERS (By Amy Carson Phillips) His native wit didst spring from Nature's soil— Man from the masses' heart was he brought forth— Simple in life, and rugged as the oak— A man of noble heart, of kingly worth.

He laughed the while he told men of their sins, And they laughed, too, but took the just rebuke, And profited thereby and better grew, And recognized a friend in his salute.

His was the homely speech of common folk, The unlearned and the learned didst to him bring Their problems, as the commoner and lord— His wisdom was a universal thing!

Noble his aim and true as time is true, He brooked no sham—as genuine as gold— As dauntless as the surging ocean wave— As dauntless, as persistent, and as bold!

He made no boastings, gave no idle word, That soon as said must needs be retracted, be, Humbly he worked, and humbly walked Life's way With mind and heart and sturdy conscience free.

He dressed his wisdom in colloquial speech That all who heard, indeed, could understand— He knew that diamonds need no setting rare, But shed their radiance on the plainest hand!

In questions grave he was a balance wheel, Self-seeking politicians feared his every word, Discerning as he did the false and real— They knew he read the tenor of their way.

He loved his fellow men as "Ben Abou," Whether they stood in high or lowly place— He felt some bond of kindly brother love; He found in each a certain kindly grace.

His friendly grin won him a million friends; With him a nation laughed, and thought, and wept! He turned the spotlight on the way of things, And roused the reason of the less adept.

What strange thoughts must sometimes have stirred his soul— Beset the mind of him who gave his smile, And set strange wonderings afloat within

This one, who gladly went "the second mile!"

EDITORIAL COMMENT Oregon's Foremost Citizen Although President Roosevelt has announced orders for the Works Progress Administration under Harry L. Hopkins to take over the works relief drive until the permanent public works program of Secretary Ickes reaches a greater volume of employment, he first approved Senator McNary's request for \$3,500,000 grant for a new capitol for Oregon. An additional request for \$750,000 for site is still pending, with the senator hopeful of speedy approval.

All of which emphasizes the invaluable service in behalf of Oregon that Senator McNary has rendered. It is largely due to his efforts, influence and prestige that Bonneville dam is being built, the coast highway bridges are under construction, reclamation, river improvement, flood and drainage and many other projects are underway. As Republican leader of the senate and its most popular member, supplemented by the fact that he is a personal friend of the president, he wields a greater power at Washington than any senator that ever represented Oregon.

Charlie McNary ranks as Oregon's most useful as well as most distinguished citizen. His senatorial career has been one of unceasing endeavor in behalf of his native state as well as the nation at large. He has not allowed partisan politics to interfere with his idea of public welfare in the national emergency.

Small wonder that Oregon's senior senator is proposed as a candidate for the presidency. He is by every test the ablest of those yet mentioned for republican nomination, as he is neither reactionary nor radical but a liberal, but as the Republican hope for 1936 is a foregone one, it is hoped for Oregon's sake he is passed by Stand-pat stupidity will probably see to that. Oregon needs him in the senate and he deserves unanimous re-election.—Geo. Putnam in Salem Capitol Journal.

Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 Years Ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY September 16, 1925. (It was Wednesday.) Bob LaFollette, Jr., son of "Fighting Bob," was winner of Wisconsin primary nomination for U. S. senator. James J. Walker, backed by Al Smith, elected New York mayor.

Terrific storm sweeps eastern Oregon; sheep killed and crops damaged. Two Portland men shot by Mc-Minnville dairyman, when he thought they were robbing his melon patch.

Jesse Winburn and valet arrive from New York City to spend a few days in the city and valley, and visit in Ashland. Indian summer weather comes to end with threatening skies and predictions of rain.

Gold panned in the streets of Jacksonville. George Gates goes to Portland to drive back the first "1926 Improved Ford" to be seen in these parts.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY September 16, 1915. Auto owned by R. E. Halley hit by Espee train at Bear creek crossing. The engine "died" on the track.

Steffanson, Arctic explorer from whom no word has been heard for a year, safe at mouth of Mackenzie river. Pioneers of Southern Oregon, at annual reunion tomorrow, will advance plan for housing of pioneer relics.

Owing to flagrant ignoring of the flagman's signals at the Main street crossing, the Southern Pacific has erected a couple of old-fashioned signs bearing the inscription "Railroad Crossing. Look Out for the Cars." The labeling took place this morning. The railroad now has a watchman and the warning signs at the crossing as a precaution. Letters have been written to a number of local autoists by the company, warning them that they will not be responsible for damages, as they have ignored the flagman. The names and number of the autos are taken when the flagman is ignored.

HOOD RIVER APPRECIATIVE. To the Editor: Yesterday I received a copy of the Medford Mail Tribune, which made very courteous and well-worded comments regarding the visit of a group of Hood River fruit men who recently were in Medford, with me, and I wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation to your paper and to your good self and your reporter for the copy of the paper sent to us, and for the many courtesies which were extended to us while we were in Medford.

We hope all of you may sometime visit the Hood River valley and the Applegrowers' association. We assure you that we will be glad to see you here whenever you might care to come.

SCOTT F. AITKEN, President Applegrowers Association, Hood River, September 13.

Communications

DRIVE IN FOR PLAN BOOKS And Planning Assistance FREE ESTIMATES BIG PINES LUMBER CO. PHONE ONE

TO PORTLAND BY DAY

COACH-TOURIST ONE WAY ROUNDTRIP \$9.88 \$13.05

Next time you go to Portland, try the train. Ride in a big, comfortable coach on the Shasta. Or go in a modern Tourist Pullman for the same fare, plus small charge for seat. On this daylight trip you arrive in Portland at 7:35 p.m.

BY NIGHT ONE WAY ROUNDTRIP \$9.88 \$13.05

You can save time by traveling while you sleep in a roomy, restful berth. These fares, plus berth charge, are good in luxurious standard Pullmans. Or you can go by coach for the same fares as shown for the daylight trip. This night train brings you into Portland at 7:55 next morning. Day and night trains returning, also.

Southern Pacific J. C. CARLE, Agent Tel. 34

COUNTY COURT EYES WELLEN ROAD NEEDS

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