

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.

Big-bugs of Oregon Democracy will rally here tomorrow, and, at this stage of the fracas, it would be hard to find a more pleasant bunch of patriots and statesmen.

The major portion of the population with the use of both their hands, are busy playing "Handies."

Peoria Bill Gates ate walnuts with the Applegate Grange last Wed. evng. Candidates and politicians working for the farmers, get fried chickens, and first crack at the gardens, thereof.

KNOCK! KNOCK! . . . Who's there? . . . Eino Hemmilla! . . . Hemmilla unto himself!

Ab. Banwell of the Chamber is rusticated at Prospect.

The Elks feline has returned from the hospital, and is meowing about its operation.

H. Childs is flaunting a tish-tish-hair mustache.

The wrestling matches at the Armory tomorrow night will be stupendous, with nothing barred but strangle-holds, and cross-cut saws.

Vets of the late war have been up to Reg. all week in convention assembled, reliving the old days and most of the nights.

A machine was slated to perform at the golf link, that knocks a ball as far as golfers claim they do.

The eyes and nostrils are a wee bit chilly, but the temperatures are warm enough to buy blankets for next winter at all leading stores. John Mann has fall coats for the women-folks on display.

C. Wig Ashpole is splitting the wind, in a new auto.

Magier Richard Schuhard, bicyclist, like the G. Codding kid, stops at all intersections, to make sure the approaching motorist won't make black marks on the pavement.

H. Scheffel has averted going to Salem to live.

Hunters have started oiling up their trusty rifles to bag the elusive buck.

The Older Girls are all tending to their knitting these days.

There has been no shivaree down the Main Stem for a month. This is either due to the lack of marriages or the fact that your corr. took at the offense.

Citizens of Yreka, Cal., are raising whalers for a Gold Rush, and a rush for the barbershops after it is over.

This is National Beef Month. September and October are expected to be more so.

The Dobb Watson boy is now in the selling end of the newspaper business, and enjoys his work, and the yelling required, to negotiate a deal.

The men of Medford high have started pigskin grill.

Marsh Garrett of the E. Pl. district has acquired a white-faced Hereford bull, that he can out-run to the pasture fence, he hopes.

J. Kort Hall is busy with his peers, and giving a good imitation of perpetual motion.

E. Jackson street will be paved. This is a much needed improvement, and by Oct. 1 speed idiots will be catapulting through the bridge railing, or missing it completely.

Knox Shares the Wealth!

HOWARD FISHER, cartoonist for the Oregon Journal, has an offering in the Saturday issue, entitled "What changes time has wrought!"

Colonel Knox, G. O. P. vice-presidential candidate is depicted jumping off a cliff, through a thunder cloud, holding aloft a banner reading "We are going to have a real 'share-the-wealth' development in this land!"

On the brink of the cliff is a conventional figure of plutocratic Big Business—plug-hat, paunch, dollar-sign pants and everything—yelling in lachrymose distraction: "Merciful Heavens, where is that man leading us!", while from aloft Uncle Sam looks down in alarmed amazement.

THE inspiration for the cartoon, was the recent statement made by Governor Landon's, team-mate, that he, TOO, is for a share-the-wealth program.

Isolated from its context this WAS a startling and surprising declaration, from the opulent owner of the Chicago Daily News, but not to anyone who read the speech in its entirety.

Time HAS wrought great changes,—and probably greater ones in the offing,—but not in the direction of Big Business, and the dynamic but fascistic Colonel Knox.

BIG Business does not judge speeches by isolated phrases, it judges them in their entirety. There were consequently no shivers of consternation and alarm, at the corner of Wall Street and Broad, when the text of that Knox speech at Huntington, West Virginia, was released.

Not only familiar with it but they like it. It is nothing new. It has been preached by Republicans in at least three presidential campaigns, perhaps more, has in fact been in perfectly good standing since the days of Mark Hanna.

BRIEFLY it is this,—Big Business and the increased concentration of wealth in this country, as a menace to Democracy and American institutions is a myth,—a horrendous bogey man erected by the radicals and demagogic Democrats, out of whole cloth in an effort to get votes. It doesn't exist. It's all, make-believe and fake.

Why? Because, who owns Big Business,—A. T. & T., U. S. Steel, General Motors, General Electric, etc., etc.? Morgan and Rockefeller, the Vanderbilts and DuPont, Wall Street and the Upper Bracket group? No! The great and glorious middle class owns them—the clerks and the school teachers, the widows and orphans, the small town business and professional men,—their savings have gone to buy stocks in these large institutions, and they represent by an overwhelming figure, a vast MAJORITY OF THE STOCKHOLDERS.

Moreover many of these large corporations, sell stock on favorable terms to their employees—give them a financial interest in the business,—and it was THIS practice that Colonel Knox stressed, highly praised, and declared if elected, he would do everything to promote.

This was his justification for adopting Huey Long's familiar slogan, Share-the-Wealth!

NO, that portly and somewhat apoplectic old gentleman, with dollar signs on his pants, suffered no heart palpitations, when these familiar sentiments, came over the stock ticker.

Far from it. The more generally common stock is held, the more widely it is distributed to the rank and file, up to a certain point, the better for him, not only from a business, but from a political standpoint. For every holder of stock has a vote, and when his pocketbook is concerned he votes RIGHT.

But emphasize that "UP TO A CERTAIN POINT." That point is passed whenever there is any danger of the CONTROL of that stock, (which means the control of the policies and practices of that company) passing from a certain inside group.

Let that point be reached and who is urged to buy stock? No one. But those on the inside in danger of losing this control do buy it, and assuming the company is a profitable one, they will pay almost any price for it.

THIS is not demagoguery, it is merely stating a FACT, and anyone who knows anything about Big Business in this country, the way it is constituted and the way it works, KNOWS it to be a fact.

The problem which Big Business represents politically, is NOT who owns the stock but who CONTROLS it—and how that control is used as far as fair profits, fair prices and the welfare of the country is concerned.

his pants, up above, pointing a stubby forefinger at the tableaux below,—head back, mouth open, his fat sides shaking with ribald laughter!

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.

DISEASES CAUSED BY POLLEN. In the good old days we looked quizzically upon individuals who became asthmatic from proximity to a dog or cat; pitted the inept neophyte rich who suffered hives from their earlier researches in sea food; classified as snobs or fusts those who made much to-do over the annual stage of hay fever.



patients with idiosyncrasies of hysteria. Instead we regard any characteristic susceptibility or peculiar sensitivity as a challenge to diagnostic and therapeutic skill. From egg white gastroenteritis to chocolate migraine, the physician today has to be ever on the alert for allergic troubles.

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

NEW YORK Daily by Day by O.O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Aug. 15.—Highlights as the 20 year passed: Ziegfeld, harassed by debt, spraying his office at intervals with an \$18 an oz. scent from Araby.

Wilton Lackays in a battle of wits—and carrying off all honors. Chaplin at a Ned McLean party in Hollywood letting himself go when the crowd thinned—and the realization that here was the world's grandest mimic. A fine talk with Doris Kenyon in her garden at sundown.

Salmon Eggs for Finns PORTLAND, Aug. 15.—(AP)—The fourth shipment of the eggs of the famous Columbia river Chinook salmon in as many years soon will be speeding toward Finland, where an attempt is being made to turn the American fish into a Finnish industry.

Youth Drowns ASTORIA, Aug. 15.—(AP)—Carl Gustaf Fredin, 20, of Deer Island, drowned when he fell off a piling at Bradwood.

DELICIOUS FOODS— Prepared Under the Personal Supervision of— William Curtis Are featured by the— Hotel Medford Dining Room and Coffee Shop

The incomparable cuisine of this hotel is personally supervised by Mr. Curtis, formerly head chef of Tall's smart San Francisco restaurant, the Washington Hotel and fashionable Rialto club of Seattle and the Georgia Hotel of Vancouver.

DINE TODAY AT THE HOTEL MEDFORD P. G. DENSON, MANAGER

encountered. Will Hays in years of intimate association, never speaking ill of a human being. Yet always under fire.

Sinclair Lewis dropping in at my apartment at the Ritz to meet his publisher, Alfred Harcourt with the finished ms. of "Dodsworth" and remarking: "I don't know whether it's any good or not." Don Byrns writing his most prized complaint from Dublin about a Cosmopolitan vignette. Weekly poker games at the Majestic with Dr. George Dorsey, Ray Rohn, Harry Stator, Clare Briggs, H. T. Webster, Herb Roth and K. C. B. Listening to Sime, of Variety, when he grew reminiscent. How he knew Broadway and its phonies.

Lunching at the White House with the Howers two days before he left for Palo Alto, and my thought: "He will not live a month." Charles M. Schwab standing beside his invalid wife receiving guests at his Golden Wedding anniversary. George Gershwin and Irving Caesar, both unknown, dropping in and Gershwin playing his favorite composition, "Nobody But You." Long afternoon chats with the learned Meredith Nicholson. Gene Tunney, with no air of brag, telling me at Miami Beach before his match with Dempsey how confident he was of victory. Winne Sheehan's private office bath—the first I ever saw—in the Fox studios on 10th avenue.

Ex-King Alfonso, on an inspection tour of the Europa at Southampton, reaching down to pat my Boston, Billy. Bumping smack into hales Paderewski in a leafy dell in the Bois. Lunching at the little inn at Doorn, Holland, to await a sight of the Kaiser returning from Haarlem—and the gnome-like waiter who once sold peanuts at the Polo Grounds, Vernon Castle, riding down Broadway in an open sports car, hales and with a pink tie sport shirt. Gilda Gray introducing the honky-tonk shimmy to a Social Register crowd at the Rendezvous. The O. O. McIntyre Handicap at the Agua Caliente dog races—and I suspected by Louella Parsons. Knocking about the pubs in Houndsditch with "Spike" Hunt.

Oregon strolling through Chapultepec Park on the fringe of Mexico City—and the paralyzed sidewalk beggar who resembled a clock with his tongue. Will Rogers, the last time I saw him, leaving a dinner party in a gag humor to make a banquet speech. Marc Connelly dropping around to a hotel where I was present, for "items" for The Morning Telegraph. My speech, whoopee, at Bob and Pat Brinkner's wedding breakfast. Ray Long's dinner for Edgar Wallace and the fake murder Jim Quirk staged.

Dancing a waltz with Irene Castle. And did I tell her around! Starting for Tokeneke at midnight with Arthur and Ethel Roche and lunching near dawn before a great, open fire. Watching W. R. Hearst's changeable expression listening to a Roosevelt speech by radio at Cobbie's. The 10-foot alligator H. T. Webster sent as a gag from Florida. The mist slowly revealing the lovely fields of Norway on the boat train to Paris, and Henry Bell's: "And there are still smart boys who do not believe in a Higher Power."

Rube Goldberg's cockeyed cartoon statuery in his home in the West 70's, across, ahem, from Schwaba. Ring Lardner standing glumly to harmonize until dawn with a suddenly organized barber shop quartette. Frank Ward O'Malley complaining on Park Row one blue Monday that the orange juice in the Bronx cocktails was killing him. (Copyright, 1936, McNaught Syndicate)

Capital Awakes PORTLAND, Aug. 15.—(AP)—Inquiries involving capital investment of \$313,000 were received at the land development department of the Portland chamber of commerce in July. R. H. Kipp, manager, said today. The inquiries totalled 318.

Champoeg Meet Set PORTLAND, Aug. 15.—(AP)—A meeting of the Champoeg Park commission will be held August 19 at Champoeg, Milton A. Miller, park official, said today.

Comment on the Day's News

FROM Irun, in Spain, comes news that five rebel planes have bombed San Sebastian (held by government forces) while a rebel warship lies in the harbor with decks cleared for action, ready to bombard the city. Irun is a rebel source, so news coming from it favors the rebel side.

FROM Madrid, seat of the government, comes this dispatch: "Collapse of the fascist revolution against Madrid's communist-socialist regime within a few hours was forecast by the government." What the news is from Spain, you see, all depends on where it comes from.

MEANWHILE, note the more or less inconspicuous rumor, printed in the papers the other day, that "some western European power" (not named) is backing the fascist revolution in Spain. It certainly sounds reasonable.

SECRETARY of the Treasury Morgenthau, after a conference with the President and congressional leaders, gives out a statement that taxes will not be increased and "may be slightly reduced."

Election day, you know, occurs on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, and voters the country over are nervous about what taxes are going to be. So, until election day is past, it is advisable to give out reassuring statements.

IF the government of the United States goes on spending at the rate it has been spending and IS SPENDING STILL, taxes will have to be increased. No matter what the secretary of the treasury says.

THIS headline meets the eye: "Thongs Gather in Kentucky to Witness Public Hanging." It is estimated that by the time the hanging takes place the throngs will number somewhere around ten thousand.

SPEAKING for himself alone and not wishing to reflect the opinion of anyone else, about the last spectacle this writer would care to attend would be a public hanging.

ESTER PARK, Colo., Aug. 15.—(AP)—Gov. Alf M. Landon issued today an itinerary of the return leg of his first eastern campaign tour, adding 15 platform appearances in Illinois and Missouri to more than 30 scheduled for the eastbound part of the trip.

The presidential candidate continued to remain close to the ranch near here, where he and his family are vacationing. Except for an occasional conference with aides, he did little but rest for the campaign trip to start August 20.

Virtually rid of a slight cold, he contracted at Topeka last week, Landon looked forward to next week, when he planned to devote some time to his favorite sports—fishing and horseback riding.

Good buys in Used Wood Ranges, Palmer Elec. Store.

Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY August 16, 1926 (It was Monday) Attorney-general renders opinion holding that O-C. grand lands, not taxable, nor amendable to extension on the tax rolls of land grant counties.

Eugene to hold Trail-to-Rail celebration next week in honor of completion of the Natron cut-off to Klamath Falls.

Roof and floor of Rogue River canyon damaged by fire; will not halt operations.

The Hall-Mills murder case in New Jersey thrills the nation. The widow of the Rev. Hall, her brother, and a cousin, are charged with his slaying while holding a trust with a choir singer.

Movement started for the re-establishment of a Commercial club at Gold Hill.

A Buick car driven by John Denson of this city, turns over twice on the 401 ranch, without injury to any of the occupants.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY August 16, 1916 (It was Wednesday) Basic eight hour day is employed on nation's railroads as a means of averting strike.

British unable to break through German defenses on the Western Front.

Charles Evan Hughes, Republican candidate for president will pass through this city tomorrow afternoon at 3:50 p. m., and will speak from the rear platform of his car.

City water is muddy due to a heavy rain at Fish Lake. Water Superintendent Olin Arnsperger, said.

Chief of Police Hittson returns from the hills with the first deer of the season. Two calves killed by hunters on Lake creek.

To Sufferers from ARTHRITIS SCIATICA, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO and Allied Ailments Due to Over-Acid Conditions. Genuine RO-MARI (from the United Kingdom) Now In MEDFORD. A Famous Novelist MR. HUGH WALPOLE writes: "In November, 1934, I was attacked in both hands by arthritis. I was in hospitals in Hollywood, New York and London, getting worse all the time. I had altogether some fifteen doctors. They did everything possible for me. Nothing gave me relief. When a friend introduced RO-MARI I was in such agony I was willing to try anything. Within two weeks the swelling had gone down. I AM NOW COMPLETELY WELL. This is an exact true account of how RO-Mari helped me."

Stiff Sentence Meted MEMPHISVILLE, Aug. 15.—(AP)—Charles Dotson, who recently escaped from the Washington county jail, and two accomplices were given prison sentences ranging from one to fifteen years by Circuit Judge Frank R. Peters.