MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Voters are urged to VOTE EARLY, a week from Tues.—and before they go to the fishing hole, golf course, or bridge party. Every voter is urged to vote at least once, and help save the nation.

• • •

The C. Wig Ashpole boy was downtown Thurs. dressed up in his best bib & tucker.

• • •

Rain is badly needed to remove the fire hazard, expedite fall seeding and improve bird shooting.

• • •

V. Brophy, the Lake Crk. cowman, is back from a trip to Nevada, which was enlivened by a quadruple murder at Elko.

• • •

1937 model autoes are now on display, and make owners of cars over five years old feel more shiftless than last year.

• • •

A partisan pair has agreed to raise a beard, if their favorite loses in the election. This will serve the loser right, but it is terrific punishment for the non-combatants.

• • •

The pear crop that was ruined by the frost last April, only amounted to 1,648,435 boxes, late statistics reveal.

• • •

Donny Wilkinson is inside a new pr of overalls, and a sweater, for his winter's campaign against the Indains, in his neighborhood

• • •

A movement is on foot upstate to light the highways. Many night drivers allow they are too well lighted now.

• • •

H. Plewher's honest watchdog punished last week for the slaying of one of P. Scheffel's roosters, went hunting Thurs., and has been cured of chasing both chickens and Chinese pheasants.

• • •

Most of the gas silos now have equipment, that pumps the gas, and adds up the cost, leaving the smiling attendant nothing to do but smile and take the money.

• • •

Plans have about materialized for Weed Control in this county. Many hope the weeds mind better than the liquor has.

• • •

The Literary Digest, and the Vern Canon straw vote polls, are farther apart than heretofore supposed two different theories could get. The Canon poll admits there is a Republican party.

• • •

Dock Robinson, the J'ville sheik is still reading blood-&-thunder literature, full of kissing and killing, and villians who smoke opium.

• • •

Hissing presidential candidates was quite lively the past week in all the movies. Young and old do it, and is a sign of god sportsmanship.

• • •

The wrestling matches at the Armory tomorrow night will be boxing.

• • •

S. Morris, the T-Rock tiller poked his chest out farther recently, when the President announced, he too, like Mr. Morris was being chased by Wall St. The local resident was pursued by predatory wealth in the last Sales Tax campaign. Both out-ran Wall St.

• • •

Quite a number of rural residents have been putting up sauerkraut, and getting ready for hog-killing.

• • •

John Puller of Ashland towned Tuesday. He doubts the accuracy of the straw vote polls, otherwise everything is Okay.

FEAR NOT

Newspapers make politicians; yet newspapers fear government control.
Government said good banks were safe; yet some bankers fear government.
Fear Not.
Publish the news; tell the truth.
Lend money to worthy men, and cure unemployment.
Truth and credit bring good times.
FARMERS AND FRUITGROWERS BANK.
(Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.)

Myrna Loy's Christmas gifts are already in the making. She knits quilts and sweaters for her friends.

Those "Broken Promises"

Alfred E. Smith says that, if he had known what President Roosevelt was going to do in the White House, he would have voted for Hoover in 1932.

The implication in this, and in the speeches of Republicans dealing with the "broken promises" issue, is that Mr. Roosevelt won the presidency under false pretenses.

Mr. Roosevelt has broken some of his promises. For instance he promised to cut expenses. He also promised that if needs of the unemployed required appropriations which would keep the budget out of balance he would not hesitate to spend whatever was necessary.

Prolonged unemployment forced Mr. Roosevelt to the point where he had to break one promise or the other. After making a brief stab at economy, principally through reducing veterans' payments, he broke his economy promise and embarked on the spending program, taking his chance on being able to justify his choice between these conflicting pledges.

However, the broken-promise charge takes on the broader and more sinister implication that Mr. Roosevelt tricked the democratic party and the country and that, after he was elected, he pulled the New Deal out of the hat, sneaking his own program across and betraying conservative democrats. That is the core of Mr. Smith's indictment of Roosevelt.

Mr. Smith, who left the Chicago convention in 1932 before it was over—his feet already were beginning to itch—missed hearing Roosevelt's acceptance speech to the convention. That is too bad. Otherwise Mr. Smith could have saved time and begun walking the other way right then, because Mr. Roosevelt warned the country that democrats like Mr. Smith would find themselves out of step with him.

That notice, and Mr. Roosevelt's opinion of the Tory philosophy, were given to the convention in this passage of his 1932 acceptance speech.

"There are two ways of viewing the government's duty in matters affecting economic and social life. The first aces to it that a favored few are helped and hopes that some of their prosperity will leak through, sift through, to labor, to the farmer, to the small business man. That theory belongs to the party of Toryism, and I had hoped that most of the Tories left this country in 1776. (Applause and cheering).

"But it is not and never will be the theory of the democratic party. This is no time for fear, for reaction or for timidity. And here and now I invite those nominal republicans who find that their conscience cannot be squared with the groping and the failure of their party leaders to join hands with us; here and now, in equal measure, I warn these nominal democrats who squint at the future with their faces turned toward the past, and who feel no responsibility to the demands of the new time, that they are out of step with their party." (Applause and cheering).

Then Mr. Roosevelt mentioned briefly some of the things in his mind. He wanted to break "foolish traditions." He was concerned about "enormous corporate surpluses." They were going into Wall Street speculation and into over-expanded plants instead of being used to reduce prices, or to increase wages. He also remarked significantly that an inadequate share of those profits was distributed to stockholders and that very little was taken by taxation. Almost four years later his undistributed profits tax plan went to congress.

Mr. Roosevelt also spoke of the need of cheaper credit, regulation of security issues, public works, shorter hours, withdrawals of millions of acres of sub-marginal farm land, soil erosion control, reforestation and conservation work as an unemployment aid, reduction of crop surpluses through planned production with "immediate emergency measures" to be followed by a permanent voluntary reduction program, aid for mortgaged home owners, reciprocal tariffs, "work and security" for labor and "bold leadership in distress relief."

Speaking of the republicans, he said:—"While they prate of economic laws, men and women are starving. We must lay hold of the fact that economic laws are not made by nature. They are made by human beings." Forgotten men and women, he said, "look to us here for guidance and for more equitable opportunity to share in the distribution of national wealth." (Applause and cheering).

Finally:—"I pledge you—I pledge myself to a new deal for the American people. (Applause and cheering.) Let us all here assembled constitute ourselves prophets of a new order of competence and courage . . Give me your help, not to win votes alone, but to win this crusade to restore America to its own people." (Applause and cheering, ending in an ovation.)

You can't say he didn't warn us.—Raymond Clapper in San Francisco News.

NEW YORK, Oct. 23. — Thoughts while strolling. Not all newspaper men had to come to New York to be famous. Ed Howe and William Allen White, for instance. Ace of the style broadcasters: Carmel Snow. Inseparables: Osgood Perkins and trench coat. Lo, Another pompadourist: Hugh Baillie, the U. P. chief.

Fifi Dorsay is the sort of French type one always expects to see in the Paris music halls but never does. Not many in the theater accomplish so much and say so little as Brock Pemberton. The song-writers rash of "sweetie-pie" revives an old Civil war endearment.

No boulevardier ever gave New York the go-by like Sailing Baruch. Most continental looking of the first nighters: Jules Bache. The elk-hound—Rex Cole's favorite pooch—is gaining favor with dog fanciers. The town lost a real social rendezvous when snide politics closed the Casino in the Park.

Orchestra leaders come and go, but Armand Vecsey is still fiddling at the Ritz. John McClain—social cherub with the Long Island set and longshoreman with ship news reporters. Robert Taylor reaches the peak of that Rudy Vallee rage of five years ago. And Rudy is still there, heigh, ho!

What's become of Francine Larrimore? A frisky Scottie puppy having a time for himself in a 47th street window blocks traffic. Overheard: "As much chance as I have to waltz with Ginger Rogers." Won't be long until we know who's who at the White House. Then what?

Among enthusiastic ringsiders at baseball, hockey, football and prize fights are those smartly habited fellows who run the haberdashery shops in and around Bradway. In most instances they are native New Yorkers—alerts who have saved up in clerkships and started on their own. They are celebrity worshippers and nothing pleases them more than an autographed picture for their window. Such as: "To Milt from your pal—Jack Dempsey." They are hefty spenders in the cafes——plump, diamond ring wearers with hair an brosse—and seem to favor those dark-timbered chop houses to which they squire ravishing blondes who stress the artifices of cosmetics and call them "Daddy."

New York is the most "bath-conscious city" anywhere. A morning and evening tub are a rite with thousands. And this zeal is likely responsible for the "Pour Le Bain" shops on the upper East Side—satiny salons that deal solely with bath-room nicknacks. Soap with initialed monograms in all colors. Bath salts ranging from $1 to $25 a bottle. Rubberized headrests for those who like to read in the tub. Terra cotta robes that match the towels, etc., etc.

Sign of the times in the Positions Wanted ads: "Valet five years at liberty, is now willing to valet, wait on table, drive the car, air the dog and run erranda."

When I was a copy serf on the vanquished Evening Mail, a shawled Apple Mary visited the editorial room each noon with a spacious basket of apples, oranges, bananas, chocolate bars, candy, cigarettes and chewing gum. The Park Row saga was she owned a row of all-alike apartment houses in New Jersey. Anyway fluctional, a kindly soul, indulgent with credits and interested in our affairs. Recently I recalled her in this column and today a letter from Apple Mary's only granddaughter, who writes a boarding school hand and says she was not only educated at Apple Mary's expense but was left $14,000 by her. She added: "Grandma worked to the last, coming home in a snow storm in which she caught a cold that ended in pneumonia." Probably many self-sacrificing Apple Marys.

On the Evening Mail copy desk was an odd semicircle of newspaper nonentities. The atrobilious Simon Legree in the slot had a fierce black VanDyke and was in constant jitters. He was sub rosa to the staff "Black Mike." There was an honor graduate of Yale, now a trembling antique in skull cap, who brought the same lunch the year around—a thin cheese sandwich. A former cable editor of the Herald, white-mustached and loaded with disdainful garrumphs. An Apollo who spent evenings pulpiteering at John Callahan's Bowery mission. Mostly journalistic derelicts, not through drink, but beached by the cruelty of years in what is a young man's game. I was the only youngster, stranded on its shoal because in despair I would work for a pittance. I never pass that Fulton street corner without a shudder. So depressing I cannot help but ring down the column curtain on a down beat. The News Room Blues!

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Comment of the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

IN CAMP: Strawberry Flats Weather still distressingly beautiful. Hunters pretending to crave rain, hail, snow and high winds. Pretense none too convincing. Any good poker player could see it's 90 per cent bluff.

Camp darned comfortable.

CLEAR, dry, warm, altogether marvelous weather, which makes the woods noisy, isn't so hot for the deer hunters, but does no harm to the campfire sessions. A little noise never hurt a campfire gabfest yet.

Joe Sherk, whose father was a big rancher in the Steins mountain country in the early days, is the camp historian. Whenever he pauses somebody prods him with a question, and he goes on.

Joe rode the ranges through all his early years, and is a mine of information.

SOUTHEASTERN Oregon (Joe says) was a hectic country in its youth, with all the faults and all the virtues of a hectic, frontier land.

There were three waves of bad men—those who came in when the country was opened up by the white men, those who were run out of Texas when law and order hit the Lone Star state and a third crew that came in when the notorious Hole-in-the Wall country in Montana was swept out and cleaned up. Each wave of bad men had to be tamed by the better element, and the bulk of the taming, as Joe tells it, was done with a six gun.

It is a thrilling saga, fit subject for campfires in the wide open spaces.

THESE bad men lived hard and One of them (Glaize by name) walked one day into a saloon in Burns. The ingrained caution of the outlaw sat hard upon him, and he entered furtively, turning his back to no open doors and carefully avoiding windows. He walked up to the bar and ordered a drink, and when it was poured he raised the glass to his lips. It was then that retribution overtook him.

Two doors opened, one to the right of him and one to the rear, and from each a six gun roared as he whirled at the sound. Still holding the glass in his left hand, he reached for his own gun with his right, brought it into action, firing twice from the hip, each shot dropping an assailant.

Then he sank to the floor. Each of the shots fired at him had pierced his heart, but the hot life within him refused to be stilled until he had struck back.

TWO cowboys quarreled over a calf. The quarrel was settled thus: They took a handkerchief, knotted its corners to form a ring and with their left hands each grasped the knotted bit of cloth. In their free right hand they held their knives. Standing thus, toe to toe, they fought it out.

When it ended, both were dead.

AMONG the big cattle outfits there was a flaming loyalty. If you worked for a man, you were his man. If he quarreled, you backed his quarrel—with your life if need be.

If he called upon you to "side" him, you sided him, winning with him or dying with him. Unless, that is, he chose to settle his quarrel alone. In that event, you stood by to see that nobody interfered.

Such was the code of the country.

ONE by one, the bad men died—practically all of them with their boots on. In Southeastern Oregon, as elsewhere throughout the West, the solid better element, slow at first to wrath, seeking only to be left alone to build a future for themselves by hard work and careful planning, took the situation into their capable hands when conditions became unbearable. The bad men were bad and tough, but when they got their dander up the good men were TOUGHER.

It is thus that civilizations are built.

IT IS a fascinating tale, this saga of the Southeastern Oregon country, and if you would hear it at its best get Joe started some night out in the sagebrush country, with a mahogany wood fire glowing and the stars looking down out of a cloudless sky and the coyotes howling out on the rim rocks.

It will be worth your while.

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, Calif.

WHAT! NO GARBAGE CAN?

From the sanitary viewpoint the most satisfactory garbage disposal for municipalities is the following: All garbage must be wrapped in paper and placed in a receptacle having a tightly fitting cover. The receptacle is placed in the alley early enough in the morning to be collected by trucks which traverse only the alleys and not the streets. The trucks when loaded are covered over and driven directly to a disposal plant where the garbage is dumped into burners and immediately burned. This system, when properly carried out, approaches the ideal. It is difficult to conceive a better method of garbage disposal which would be practicable for village or city.

But the individual householder may use a better method. There is now available a practical gadget, powered with electricity, which not only disposes of all kitchen refuse or garbage as fast as it accumulates but also does away with the garbage can, which has always been an unpleasant encumbrance upon good housekeeping. In doing away with the garbage can the new kitchen waste unit does away also with a real menace to health, the housefly. For even under the most nearly perfect conditions described, the garbage receptacle as well as its contents undeniably attracted and encouraged the breeding of flies.

With such a kitchen waste unit installed, all the waste or garbage of an average household may be completely ahredded or pulped and discharged through the sewer outlet in a few moments daily. After all, why not use the sewer for disposal of kitchen waste just as we do for human waste?

In practice it has been found that this method of garbage disposal does not tend to clog the sink drain. The shredded or pulped garbage rather serves to keep the drain scoured out, much as does coffee grounds which experienced housekeepers empty down the sink drain for that purpose.

I am not prepared to pass on the economical question but I can and do recommend the installation of such a unit for disposing of kitchen waste through the sewer as one more step in home sanitation.

In small communities disposal of garbage by feeding to hogs is as unobjectionable as buying or plowing under. Hogs fed largely or entirely on garbage make quite as good meat, from the sanitary viewpoint, as do hogs fed with grains. Pork, by the way, is as wholesome as any other meat, and compares favorably with any other meat in flavor, nutritive value and digestibility. The American people know what's what when they consume more pork than any other meat.

The best way to dispose of garbage in camp, or in a country or small village place, is by daily burial in the garden. Each day's accumulation must be spread in a trench and well covered with earth to guard against attraction of and breeding of flies. The buried garbage makes the best soil for fertilizer for any garden.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

So That Is Toxemia?

My boy 13 years old has toxemia so that if he has a sore or skin broken it does not heal and gets infected easily. Does he need doctor's care or can we take care of it ourselves? . . . (Mrs. F. D.)

Answer.—The "toxemia" notion is silly. If immediate application of tincture of iodin to scratch or other break of skin, and then simple protection against contact with unclean or infected surfaces does not bring about prompt healing, the boy needs medical attention, and there is nothing you can do yourself.

Vicarious Sweat

Once a week I take a steam bath, perspiring for about twenty minutes in hot room, then a shower, gradually cooler, then go home—all in about an hour. Some people say this is dangerous and will send up blood pressure. . . . (W. A.)

Ans.—Unless you are in bad condition it is not dangerous. I believe an honest sweat, obtained by working or playing or exercising briskly, would do much more good.

Iodin

I have tried your iiodin ration and find it O. K. Have discovered a method of preparing a water solution of 4 per cent strength which is stable—have kept some for over four years. Glad to send you a sample if you wish. . . . (M. H. G.)

Ans.—The ordinary tincture is entirely satisfactory, I think. One drop or no harm if two or three drops, in a glass of water, once or twice a week—everybody's iodin ration.

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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.

News Behind The News

(Continued from Page One)

livery before election day. Red tape, that's what it was, he said.

For amusement, he and his sympathetic friends turned on the radio to hear Mr. Roosevelt's address of the evening. They were startled a few minutes later when the dejectd ghost writer leaped three feet in the air, shouting, "that's mine."

The White House had held up the bureaucrat's speeches for a good reason. The president had decided to use the best parts of them himself.

The ghost went to bed whistling.

Tune in KSL every evening. Monday thru Friday 8 p.m.

MILK YOUR CHILD KEEPS WELL AND STRONG

THROUGH WINTER WINDS AND WINTER SNOW, OUR RICH PURE MILK MAKES CHILDREN GROW.

CAMPBELL'S DAIRY
PHONE 1289-L OR TELL THE DRIVER

CONG. MOTT JOINS ROSEBURG FIGHT ON VET HOSPITAL

ROSEBURG, Ore., Oct. 24.—(AP)—Congressman James W. Mott has joined Senator Charles L. McNary and Governor Charles H. Martin in urging modification of the veterans' administration order of conversion of the veterans' facility here into an N.-P. hospital, according to a message received here this morning.

Mr. Mott advises the Roseburg chamber of commerce that he has wired General Frank T. Hines urging that neuro-psychiatric facilities be provided in addition to the existing hospital and domiciliary facilities rather than by conversion, pointing out the need for continuation of present facilities.

He was not in Salem yesterday when a Roseburg delegation conferred with Senator McNary and Governor Martin, but information was left at his office and, acting upon the report given by the Roseburg group, Mr. Mott reports that he has wired General Hines as follows:

"Order converting Roseburg facility to mental hospital is seriously objected to by many peple of Oregon. We feel that all existing services to veterans now offered at this facility are needed and urge modification of order to include mental hospital as an addition to present Roseburg facility and not as a substitute for it."

Join
ETHELWYN B HOFFMANN'S
Hosiery Club
Every 13th pair free

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
October 25, 1926
(It was Monday)

Campaign in Oregon faces quiz upon charges filed by George Putnam, editor, of Salem.

Supreme court rules President Coolidge had right to remove Portland postmaster without consent of senate.

James Neff, truck driver, is held up at Third street crossing by lone bandit and relieved of $15.

Pear shipments to date total 1295 cars, and 291 cars of apples have been shipped.

Medford high grid squad to play Klamath Falls here Saturday. Players vow they will score more than 50 points. They are irked by Pelican boasts.

Seven collisions occur Sunday evening at street intersections, resulting in nothing more serious than bent fenders.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
October 25, 1916
(It was Wednesday)

Great ovation given President Wilson on visit to Cincinnati.

New crisis arises in Mexico.

In the person of Mrs. Laura J. Alming, who resides on a farm nearby, Phoenix has furnished the oratorical surprise of the campaign. Without fireworks or hysteria, with quiet ease, Mrs. Alming wins the confidence and sympathy of her audience and aways them with a subtle and effective eloquence. For an hour at Phoenix Tuesday evening she held her large audience spellbound as she enumerated the reasons why every woman should support Woodrow Wilson.

Cost of living increases in city, "due to conditions abroad."

Rumanians offer stubborn resistance to German invasion; another lull rests over the western front.

Be Correctly Corseted
in an ARTIST MODEL for
$5.00, $7.75, $10.00, $12.75.
ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

J. B. COLEMAN
Republican Candidate for
COUNTY ASSESSOR
JACKSON COUNTY, OREGON
Paid adv.

JACKSONVILLE CLUB
IN JACKSONVILLE
Dance Tonight
Good Music. Good Food

ARLISS DONS TURBAN AND SWORD . IN THE KIND OF A ROLE HE MAKES FAMOUS!

Starts TODAY For 3 Days!

His most colorful characterization since "Green Goddess" . . . as the fascinating, woman-hating Rajah . . . who made women and nations fall under his magic spell!

GEORGE ARLISS in "EAST MEETS WEST"

"East Meets West" at 2:00 - 4:40 8:30 - 11:10

2 BIG HITS

"One to Every Bachelor" at 3:30 7:20 - 10:00

Plus On The Same Grand Bill
Once to Every BACHELOR
WELL-SPICED COMEDY-DRAMA!
He married as a "business" proposition—but he found that business began to improve rapidly!
NEIL HAMILTON
MARION NIXON
Raymond Hatton • Aileen Pringle

Complete Shows 1:45 - 3:15 6:45 - 9:45

Hunt's RIALTO

Mats 25c
Eves 35c
Kiddies . . . 10c