

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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THE BIG FIGHT

IN ABOUT ten hours from now a certain Lithuanian rough-neck will join the envied ranks of our American millionaires. Win, lose, or draw, Mr. Jack Sharkey, whose real name is something entirely different, will be presented with a certified check which will swell his bank account to seven figures.

While all lines of American business, from producing wheat to automobiles and steel ingots, has been in the doldrums, the gentle art of delivering a sleep-producing punch has not languished. Before the close of the year Mr. Sharkey's expert accountants will request him to pay an income tax on approximately a half million dollars; and this lad Schmeling, whom he promises to annihilate, will find consolation in the fact that his cash income for 1930 will exceed that of any of his fellow countrymen in Hamburg.

According to recent statistics, the American people are on a buyers' strike, particularly regarding luxuries. But, judging by reports from New York, tickets to a battle for a synthetic world's heavyweight championship are regarded as necessities. At least hundreds of thousands of dollars will be passed into the box office and, regardless of the quality of the performance, there promises to be no serious complaint.

AND in Medford, as in all other parts of the country, practically every radio will be turned in on the blow-by-blow reports from the Yankee stadium. Moralists may deplore, and the righteous complain, but the fact remains that we not only like our carnage, but insist upon having it.

It may seem a far cry from the Yankee stadium to the situation in Europe, but it really isn't. The elemental quality in human nature that makes prize fighting a prosperous business, when all other industries decline, is the same quality that makes the sabre-rattling Mussolini the idol and successful dictator of his country.

We can sign peace treaties and disarmament pacts to our hearts' content, but as long as the human animal thrills at the prospect of a good fight, and not only places the laurel wreath on the brow, but the bank account at the hand of the successful fighter, the road to world-peace is going to remain a rocky and tortuous one.

BROOKHART VS. MacNIDER

SENATOR BROOKHART's objection to the nomination of Sanford MacNider as minister to Canada is characteristic of the man. It is also characteristic of the Demagogic School to which he belongs.

The Iowa Senator does not deny that the former commander of the American Legion is well qualified by character and experience for this important post. He files no bill of exceptions against him.

He falls back upon the right of personal privilege. He declares that to him the appointment of MacNider would be "personally offensive."

Why? Because MacNider is his personal enemy in Iowa politics,—he doesn't like him,—it is entirely personal, not what might be defensible for his state, his country, or relations with our next door neighbor; but what would be pleasing to HIM.

SCRATCH the surface of all these professional trouble-makers and demagogues like Senator Brookhart, and you find the colossal egotist and ruthless self-seeker within. Invariably they pretend to be interested only in the welfare of the dear people, particularly the under-dog.

IN REALITY THEY ARE ONLY INTERESTED IN THEMSELVES,—whatever will thwart or embarrass their personal enemies add to their selfish prestige, or increase their pride or power.

THE astonishing thing—in fact, one of the most astonishing things in American politics—is the ease with which these demagogues get away with it, the surprising fashion in which the people fall for it, day after day and year after year,—the same old flim-flam, the same old "army game."

Small wonder it is becoming more and more difficult to get men of ability and achievement to enter public life in this country, when they see that methods any self-respecting man would scorn are the methods which (except under exceptional circumstances) can best be depended upon to win.

Heads Salem Commission. SALEM, Ore., June 12.—(AP)—Frank J. Derby has been elected chairman of Salem's new water commission, which will be in charge of the work of acquiring the plant of the Oregon-Washington Water Service company as a municipal plant.

To Hold Reunion. SALEM, Ore., June 12.—(AP)—The fifth annual reunion and picnic of the Veteran Steamboatmen's association of the west will be held at Champeo park Sunday, June 29. Steamboat transportation will be furnished between Portland and Champeo.

Portland.—Dr. O. F. Willing, Portland's golfing dentist and member of the Walker Cup team, will talk over KGW between 10:15 and 11 o'clock tonight.

Roseburg.—Mrs. C. C. Miles, 75, Chico, Cal., suffered several broken ribs and other injuries when the car driven by her husband turned over, following a collision with an automobile driven by R. E. Keller of Pendleton.

Harold Clifford, state game warden, said abandoned dams would either be removed or fish ladders constructed on them to insure future salmon runs.

FANCY WIFES. Professor Culbertson went out in the country Sunday for a drive and a dinner from home and had the thrilling sensation of getting stuck in the mud.

When we hear any one say I had no chance we feel like saying you had the air and sun shine and the 24 hours a day just the same as the rest but did not improve it.—(Iola (Kan.) Register).

Meanest Thief. PORTLAND, Ore., June 12.—(AP)—One of those "meanest" kind of thieves showed up here today. Mrs. B. Herren told police a junk dealer stole her son's large rubber beach ball as it rolled upon the sidewalk and drove away in his automobile.

Portland.—Harold Clifford, state game warden, said that during the summer 7,000 adult China pheasants will be loosed.

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 here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of the Mail Tribune.

SYPHILIS IN SECOND GENERATION.

So far as I can learn there is no scientific evidence that the disease syphilis is or can be transmitted to the third generation. In fact, it is now pretty well established that this disease is not hereditary. It is, however, sometimes congenital—that is, present at birth. The germ of the disease must pass from parent to child; only when that occurs can the child be born with the disease. It is true that the disease in the newborn child may escape recognition. But it is present, if the child ever manifests any evidence, even years after birth. In other words, there is no such thing as inheriting a vague taint or constitutional tendency which shows itself only after many years. The child has syphilis at the time of birth, or it has not.

Either parent or both may contribute the disease to offspring. Before the discovery of the germ of the disease and the Wassermann blood test, doctors, observing that in some cases the child had syphilis, the mother seemed to be healthy, concluded that it was possible for the father to transmit the disease to the child while the mother escaped infection. The old time doctors even formulated a "law" which conferred a mysterious immunity upon the mother even though her suckling had syphilis. (This law bore the name of the doctor who conceived it; a psychologist may tell you why I can't remember the name of the man now.) The Wassermann reaction has proved that the mother of a syphilitic infant is herself syphilitic whether

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down words. Includes a solution for yesterday's puzzle.

Grid for the daily crossword puzzle with numbered squares.

Quill Points

It might be worse. People haven't yet asked for a congressional appropriation to pay their taxes. Can you remember when the graduate's parents boasted about his diploma instead of his big-league contract?

Perhaps old-timers were more afraid of hell because they weren't so accustomed to it. Nature's intentions when she developed the kangaroo were to be easier to understand if the old ones could hunk to train their young.

It took a lot more than wet-eyed repentance to square the others who tried to get rich in Wall street. Now they're whispering that Mussolini is crazy. It does seem odd that he hasn't yet written any memoirs.

In the old days a ruler lived in dread of enemies. A president doubtless feels that way about some of his friends. Americanism: Feeling outraged because the darned common people have the impudence to think they can take a drink just because you do.

Medical men say modern life has increased craziness ten-fold, but how do they tell which was which in witch-burning days? No wonder a West Pointer prefers being a coach. In the army it would be years before he could sit back in a safe place and say: "Sic 'em."

That economist who says moderns have learned how to dispose of all by-products never lived in the plug tobacco belt. The radio is a wonderful advertising medium. It took ham and eggs five generations to conquer America, and look at Amos 'n' Andy.

Jumping from a plane probably doesn't give you a new feeling if you've ever made a threatening bluff and had it called. Now scientists say the desire to paint pictures is the normal mind's nearest approach to insanity. And we thought all the time those fellows just needed glasses.

Correct this sentence: "Don't disturb yourself," said the husband as he laid down his book; "I enjoy answering the 'phone.'" Commissioner Muirone's job, protecting property and life in the world's biggest, richest city, is "a business in itself." He has under him 19,000 men and a department that spends \$60,000,000 a year.

President-elect Julio Prestes de Albuquerque, of Brazil, coming to visit us, will be welcome everywhere. As head of Brazil's government, he represents a gigantic empire, magnificently typical of the wealth and greatness in America. Larger than the United States, with one water power much more powerful than Niagara, a soil of fertility indescribable, diamond mines whose blue-white products surpass all others, and, most im-

portant, an intelligent, patriotic, hard working people, our guest from Brazil speaks for a nation of whose friendship this country may be proud. What will be the future of a nation 65 times as big as England, its soil 65 times as fertile, with one magnificent plateau 1000 to 2,000 feet high, seven times as big as France, and a river so wide you can sail out of sight of land on fresh water? Brazil, rich, powerful, progressive for national defense, relies largely on airships, sure sign of intelligence.

Brazil's flying school, with its field in the suburbs of Rio de Janeiro, is one of the finest in the world. Chicago is proud, and says: "I not only WILL, but I DID." Chicago's population in the new census is 3,376,753, an increase of 672,048 in ten years. Second among the cities of the nation, Chicago starts on its fourth million. Everybody in Chicago—north, south, west or out on the lake, is sure that New York will be passed and forgotten before long.

To prove it, ticker tape and confetti in showers came from win-downs all over downtown Chicago yesterday. Wall Street continued its sorrow festival yesterday, stocks dropping, bears using unpleasant rumors in their battle against prices. One deal with an imaginary attack on morn concerned a big bank, another the life of the President. Results achieved by so much lying were not great, a few stocks dropping from one to eight points.

Grover Alexander, famous baseball pitcher, is "unconditionally released" by the Philadelphia National league club. It means that his day is done. He has been playing baseball since 1911, or 19 years, and the other players called him "Old Pete." Such is fame, when you acquire it with arms, legs, physical strength.

You are old and passed by after 19 years of work. It is otherwise when you make your reputation with your head. Then, after 19 years, you are, if you amount to anything, just beginning. And you may even have value after 50 years of work.

Henry Ford says that "more than ever" business and industry must depend on older men. When he was young he talked to old men, got their advice and paid attention to it. He is right about the importance of old men, but when you drive around the works with him, you find on the front seat, in the person of his manager, Mr. Sorenson, a YOUNG man, with the energy of two steam engines.

Young men for energy, old men for direction. Old men to direct, young men to DO.

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MUTT AND JEFF—The Third Man In The Ring Finishes Fourth



By BUD FISHER