## MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily and Sunday
Published by
MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
25-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 75

ROBERT W. RUHL, Editor
B. SUMPTER SMITH, Manager

An Independent Newspaper

Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 8, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By Mail—In Advance:
Daily, with Sunday, year.....$7.50
Daily, with Sunday, month.....75
Daily, without Sunday, year.....6.50
Daily, without Sunday, month.....65
Sunday, one year.....2.00
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Official paper of the City of Medford.
Official paper of Jackson County.

A. B. C. average circulation for six months ending March 31, 1930, 4322.
Daily average distribution for six months to March 31, 1930,—4875.
Present net paid A. B. C. 4159.
Present press run, 4965.

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

Advertising Representatives
M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY
Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.


## Smudge Smoke

The frost is pretty well out of the ground, orchardists report.

A birdman flew over the city Friday morning about 2:47, and awakened slumberers who were unable to get hold of him.

Scientists of the northwest gathered here the first of the week, and had a gala time, with their bonhomme comraderie. Edward W. Carleton, the pearist attended all their meetings, and was highly interested, as it was a good chance to get out of plowing and kindred orchard duties. Mr. Carleton was particularly interested in the thesis on "Stone Fruits and Congoleum-Odo Tau." This may be a flabbergasting text to the layman, but Eddie is a Harvard boy.

The Coleman and Lawton gas silo installed another pump last week. Times are tough, but the populace still buy gasoline and go to picture shows, and none of the bootleggers are laying.

Fat dogs are riding in the back seat. The most popular style of dog is of a pert appearance, and vivacious.

Eme Britt of J'Ville was over Fri. by himself, and Thursday with Dock Robinson. They tried to sell your corr. a lot in the old historic town.

Wig Ashpole has installed a modern awning over the front door of his meat-house.

One of the aspirants for high office has started to weaken in the knees, but his lungs are still robust.

An unconfirmed report was circulated Sat. that a tourist had caught a fish in Rogue river. Secrecy is maintained about the location of the feat.

The annual water shortage has hit the vale, and the pessimists are having a fine time making the "Eden of America" another Sahara. The grass has started to dry up, as it always does in the summer.

Quite a few have new 8-cylinder autoes, in which to travel down to the poor farm later.

### SUNDAY MORN

I know not whether I be right
Or whether I be wrong;
All that I know is what I sing,
And this is all my song:
To rise at six on Sunday morn
Makes Sunday very long.

And this I know, that six a. m.
Is not the time to chat
Of where the puppy slept last night,
Or whither roamed the cat.
The time is most inopportune
For talk of this and that.

Let him who was not suffered thus
My drowsy mouring mock—
Perchance his inexperience may
This mystery unlock:
Why little boys on Sunday morn
Wake up at six o'clock.

Exchange.

Jim Mulcahy, one of the Espee big bugs visited here the mid. of the wk. There is considerable nip in the early mornings for July. Quite a batch of the boy graduates are being groomed for the campuses.

Join the Navy: You may not have the chance later.—Detroit News.

Then, too, the new tariff will keep out a lot of that cheap foreign coin.—Brooklyn Times.

In the good old days the man who saved money was a miser. Now, he's a wonder.—Louisville Times.

One reason why we stopped playing golf was because we could never lose the ball in a shady place.—Dallas News.

A modern nation is one that boasts of labor-saving devices and deplores unemployment.—Thomaston (Ga.) Times.

In order to believe in the party system, it is not necessary to approve of the sort that are thrown most prevalen tly just now—Detroit Free Press.

Einstein thinks space is just matter in another form. This is the most charitable explanation of the human head yet suggested.—Brooklyn Times.

Everything is relative, of course, and we see that a bone dry in New Jersey is a congressman who comes out for the legality of home-made applejack.—Detroit Independent.

## MEDFORD'S GREATEST ASSET

DID you notice that news story in this paper a few days ago about Mr. and Mrs. George Phegley of Grinnell, Iowa? If you didn't you missed a good feature story, with an excellent moral.

Mr. and Mrs. Phegley decided to sell out in Iowa and settle in California. They motored west over the northern route, and on the last leg of their journey stopped in Medford over night.

The weather was hot, they were tired and thirsty. Having found drinking water a serious problem on their cross-country pilgrimage, they inquired if Medford water was pure and safe to drink.

They were told it was not only safe to drink, but was by official analysis the finest drinking water on the Pacific coast—100 per cent pure, piped direct from the mountains—"a mountain spring in every home."

They looked at it running from the Chamber of Commerce fountain—clear as crystal, the basin where it flowed—as clean as a hound's tooth. They drank their fill and found it tasted as good as it looked.

"What wonderful water!" they both remarked.

* * *

THEY spent the night, no doubt, enjoying a typically cool and refreshing sleep. In the morning, there was Medford water again, in the tub, clear as a bell, without a fleck of sediment in it.

"What wonderful water!" they remarked again, and by common consent they decided that a city that had such water, deserved further investigation.

So they looked about, talked with a few people, were well impressed by what they saw and heard, and 24 hours after their arrival, had secured a residence in Medford and decided to make this their permanent home.

* * *

AS ABOVE stated this story points an excellent moral. In fact two of them. First it demonstrates the practical value of Medford water, in securing new settlers. Second it brings into sharp relief the contention so frequently made by this paper, that Medford is overlooking one of its best bets, when it fails to place ornamental drinking fountains and rest rooms on the Pacific highway.

What if Mr. and Mrs. Phegley had not decided to spend the night in Medford, as scores of tourists undoubtedly do. They would have driven on south competely ignorant of this city and what it offers. California would have secured a new family, Medford would have lost one.

How many potential Mr. and Mrs. Phegleys are passing through Medford every day? Certainly hundreds of them. Attractive fountains and rest rooms on the Pacific highway might not stop all of them—certainly would not make all of them permanent residents—but they would make it impossible for them to continue their journey and NOT KNOW THAT MEDFORD HAS THE BEST DRINKING WATER AND THE BEST WATER SYSTEM ON THE ENTIRE PACIFIC COAST.

And a certain percentage of them—perhaps a higher percentage than most of us suspect—would decide with Mr. and Mrs. Phegley that a place with such water, is the place in which they wish to live.

* * *

CAN you imagine any city in California with such an asset as Medford possesses in its water, saying practically nothing about it, forcing tourists and other visitors to prowl around and find it out for themselves!

* * *

### UTTERLY INCONCEIVABLE!

WHY—if Los Angeles had a water system like Medford, no one could step across the state line without knowing it—not only knowing it, but having it dinned into his ears and shot into his eyes, as long as he stayed within a radius of 500 miles.

We laugh at Los Angeles humdingerism. And it is carried to extremes—often farcial lengths down there. But just as we would like to see less of it in Los Angeles, we would like to see more of it up here, particularly as far as telling the world about our water supply is concerned.

### MORE SENSATIONAL SKULLDUGGERY

SENATOR MOSS, staunch ally of the battle-ship trust, deplores the fact the people of this country know so little about the London naval reduction treaty.

He then proceeds to declare—with as straight a face as his physiognomy allows—that in refusing to make public all details concerning the negotiations, President Hoover is "sacrificing the sacred Constitution of this country up the altar of secret diplomacy."

Here is another piece of typical demagogic buncombe—practically the sole product of the Upper House of Congress these days.

* * *

NO ONE knows better than the erudite Senator Moses, that in withholding secret correspondence concerning this treaty, President Hoover is not only entirely within his constitutional rights, but is following out the tradition and practice of every President, since the time of Washington.

Treaty making is the Presidents business, NOT the Senates. The Senate has nothing to do with negotiating, writing or signing treaties. All the Constitution provides is that before becoming effective a treaty must be ratified by the Senate.

* * *

IF IT were not for the popular ignorance regarding this treaty and treaties in general, which the New Hampshire senator professes to regret, he would never have dared to talk as he has since the treaty debate started. He and Hiram Johnson and all the rest of them would have been laughed out of court—by a people properly enlightened.

Senator Moses is very thankful the people of this country know so little about treaty making, and pay so little attention to it. This ignorance allows him and his fellow conspirators, to pester the President please the Big Navy nabobs, and garner some fortuitous political profit for themselves.

A more perfect example of hypocricy, insincerity—DOWNRIGHT DISHONESTY—than Senator Moses exhibited in his attack on the President and the naval treaty, could scarcely be imagined. It struck the low point in the moral decline of the Upper House, for the present session—which is about as damning as state as could be conceived.

The prize extremist is the Dry who wants to abolish the American flag for having bars.

It isn't familiarity that breeds contempt for righteousness.

## Fifteen Years Ago This Week

(From the files of The Mail Tribune)

**Monday**

A silk petticoat was found this morning by the police, hanging on a fence on South Riverside, and considerable mystery is attached to the find.

Users of Fish lake water complain the irrigation ditches are full of young trout, which they can eat, under the law.

The police last night chased out three beggars, and this morning there were 11 new beggars on the street.

Several dog owners of the city are evading the ordinance providing for the muzzling of dogs, by putting a contraption on the hounds, which leaves the lower jaw free, and able to bite.

**Tuesday**

The Medynski plan is the chief topic of conversation on the street corners.

T. E. Daniels has returned from a well-earned vacation in the south, as lively as ever.

A. S. Rosenbaum and Ben Garnett and wife motored this morning over the Pacific highway as far as the state line. Mr. Garnett said that he was thunderstruck by the beauty of the route, and has become a rabid good roads booster.

William J. Bryan, assures local Democrats, he will speak in the city park the evening of July 29.

**Wednesday**

People who present checks for tickets at the Southern Pacific depot, need not be surprised if they are refused, as orders have been issued to reject, unless the presentee is personally known to the clerk.

Governor Dunne and party of Illinois stop at Medford, and are driven by auto to Ashland to catch their train. Governor Dunne was amazed "by the beauty of Medford," as he had been told, "This was just a water-tank."

John Connor and "Grandpa" Thomasen report to police they were robbed on the Bear creek bridge by a pair of giant thugs, who relieved them of $48. Victims described robbers as weighing 250 pounds each, and over six feet tall.

**Thursday**

John Austin Hooper, arrested at the Dalles, Ore., as the lone bandit who held up the Rogue River bank last March, is "a Jesse James with a real record for crime, according to Portland Telegram.

Further operation of the Blue Ledge mine still an undecided issue.

Owing to the extremely hot weather, and the heavy use of cream, there is apt to be a shortage of ice-cream, which is more popular than beer as a quencher of the throat.

Police disperse orators indulging in spirited discussion of the merits and demerits of William Jennings Bryan, soon to visit this city.

**Friday**

1300 excursionists drown when steamer "Eastland" overturns at Chicago dock.

5375 acres of land in the valley sign up for irrigation, through a canvas by the Water User's league.

Police place ban on pratice of "rushing the can" in downtown alleys.

Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Emmans will leave August 1 on a three weeks' trip to Lake Tahoe.

**Saturday**

Farmers of valley urged to build core silos.

Mrs. John P. Sousa, wife of famous band director, visits Crater Lake.

Emil Mohr of the Hotel Medford is confined to his home, with what he calls rheumatism, but his friends call gout.

Hills in Willows Springs district swept by damaging fire.

Fred La Kley, staff writer of the Portland Journal describes Crater Lake, "As masterly gem of all Nature's rare jewels."

## Press Comment

### AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

Colonel Leland made the shortest address at the mining congress Tuesday morning, and one which stated a truth self-evident to every mining man at the session once he stopped to think about it.

Did they remember, the Colonel asked his hearers, the mining sections in which they had labored where water was hauled in by pack train, where wood was non-existent and where the climate was created in a furnace?

His hearers did.

Did they recall, the Colonel continued, how the least hint of a gold strike in those ill-fated localities had been sufficient to send scores of prospectors and mining scouts out on the trail to suffer heat and privation in search of mineral wealth?

They certainly did.

What would the response have been like, he questioned the audience of miners and engineers, had word got around in such a locality that nearby was a place where timber was everywhere, where streams ran with water all the summer long, where the climate permitted a miner to enjoy his work, and where there was a tenth of the mineral wealth there is right here in southern Oregon?

They knew, and their grins showed they were appreciating the Colonel's point.

Why then, he demanded, didn't the same thing happen here?

Why indeed?

The Colonel got the biggest cheer of the season, but nobody answered his question.

There isn't any answer.—Grants Pass Courier.

Baker's chamber of commerce merchants committee has refused, and very properly, we believe, to endorse the proposal that business men and others wear old clothes and beards while the state American Legion convention is in progress in that city. Some disthgushing insignia will be worn, but it will not be scraggly whiskers not yet the trousers of a past decade. Baker will prefer to be dressed up when the legionnaires arrive.

The decision, it may be believed, will meet with the entire approval of the ex-service men, although, of course, the ex-service men as guests would probably be polite enough not to criticize the appearance of their hosts even if they were wearing hairy disguise and clothes rescued from the rag man.

Actually, there is no logical connection between whiskers and an American Legion convention. Even if there were, this business of pigeon-holing the razor in preparation for a celebration is getting to be rather an old story.

It started, as far as we can remember, in California several years ago. Last year they did it in Eugene. It is no longer unique or distinctive, and the discomfort of it to a man accustomed to going clean shaven might even be effective in lessening the holiday spirit.

Perhaps something of this sort may have been in the minds of the Baker merchants when they made their decision. Or, it may be that they felt, in the light of general beard culture, that the absence of facial hirsute growth might be in itself distinctive.

But at any rate they will be entirely out in the open when the ex-service men arrive in August. And their guests, when again they meet their hosts in after years, will not be forced to pass them by unrecognized.—Bend Bulletin.

Prohibition should amount to something, now that Amos Woodcock has taken command of its enforcement. Woodcock is a game bird.—Los Angeles Times.

It is reported that American grapefruit is becoming popular with the British. The British will find that a monocle affords only half protection.—Arkansas Gazette.

Dr. Fernando Perez the Argentine ambassador to Italy, is said to have invented a device which will detect the difference between the work of an old master and a fraudulent canvas. If it succeeds, it will make Dr. Perez very unpopular in many wealthy American households.—Boston Herald.

June is the delightful month when the amateur gardener learns whether the radishes he planted were rhubarb or nasturtiums.—Detroit News.

Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh are heir-conscious.—Miami Herald.


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