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Ye Smudge Pot (By Arthur Perry)

Antos are now steered by radio. So it seems. This will enable the autist to drive his car out in the country Sunday, while he goes to church.

TWO door model T Ford sedan Trade for wood. Tel. 2823W or call 2455 Trade. (Salem Statesman.) First signs of a long, hard winter.

A Nebraska lady has disposed of her husband, by buttering his moon sandwich with rat poison.

The campaign will not amount to much, until the candidates start quoting Scripture, or think up something to make the women voters bawl.

"I am forced to the conclusion, with so many boys engaged in tree squatting, that after all, Darwin might have been right" (John P. Sousa, famed bandmaster, as quoted in an interview.)

"Mrs. Mollie Green is driving her husband to work every morning" (Mollie Jettings.) One way to solve the unemployment problem.

It is getting along towards the season of the year when hunters go forth into the hills, yawn, and get shot for woodchucks.

One of our decided blondes has decided otherwise.

"Dear Mrs. Thompson: My daughter is a junior in the high school, and feels languid. She has no boy acquaintances, and does not smoke cigarettes." (Agony Col. Portland Journal.) It can't be plain fatness.

The foundation of the Coffington is being fixed so cats can't get under the floor next winter.

Farmers report the theft of watermelons, that the thief cannot be traced with a hand saw.

It is only a trifle over a month until human beings interested in this neck of the woods, can shake off the small occasions by the dullness of life, and the fish not biting by going to the county fair and beholding a thrilling, blood stirring, exhilarating harness race, if the contestants ever get started.

SATIRE (Kansas City Star) Voltaire tells of a party shipwrecked on a deserted land. The men march for days hoping to find a settlement. Finally as they are exhausted and in despair they come on a gallow where a skeleton is swinging in the wind. The wanderers fall on their knees and exclaim, "Thank God, at last we have got back to civilization!"

"Marriage License—Elmer Archer Touts vs. Mary Alice Swift, 21 and age. (Malheur Enterprise.) paper accidentally tells the

WOOPEE! The Baptist church down they are having "big meetings" which means revival services each morning and night and prayer meetings at the homes. The new preacher, Mr. Lavender, is doing his preaching and has won numerous converts. One night last week I am told, a good woman from the country "got religion" during the preliminary singing and leaped to her feet with a joyous shout that made the electric fixtures tremble, shouting, "It is common among the Methodists, but the Baptists weren't used to it and the shock nearly felled them. One lady had to be given first aid and one girl had to be carried out. Some of the more impressionable young men were in the aisle and out at the door before the second shout. Every neck in the congregation was strained. And yet the infant asleep in the good woman's arms didn't so much as winkle." (Fountain Inn Tribune.)

LA GRANDE, July 30.—(P)—Joseph Brent Brishars, resident of Union county for 52 years, died yesterday at Cove on his 72nd birthday. He had been a merchant at Cove for the past ten years and previously had farmed near Elgin.

Stunt flying is opposed by the Professional Pilots' association of Los Angeles.

PRESIDENT HOOVER STARTS TO FIGHT

GOOD for President Hoover. We are glad to see him talking back to the pack of yapping trouble-hounds snapping at his heels.

For over six months this constant yapping and snapping has been doing on. The President has done this, and done that, and been responsible for every ill that human flesh is heir to, from punctured inner tubes to broken aches.

With Congress in session, tariff bills, peace treaties and the like to attend-to, the President has had no time to waste on his pestiferous critics. But with Congress adjourned and the major calamity thus removed, he can devote some time to the minor ones.

So he appoints another commission—this time to study the unemployment problem. Anticipating the inevitable howl from the aforesaid pack, he comments as follows:

"The persistent criticism which my appointment of certain commissions has aroused does not disturb me. President Roosevelt appointed 107 commissions; President Taft, 63; President Wilson, 160; President Harding, 44; President Coolidge, 113, while I in 16 months have appointed a maximum of 40.

"As we need the best brains of the country to assist the government and in the co-ordination of public affairs, I shall appoint others. The willingness of our people of specialized knowledge to give such voluntary service as this requires is one of the most gratifying qualities of our citizenship."

The unemployment commission will be made up of members of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, the American Federation of Labor, the Manufacturers' Association, the Industrial Conference Board, the Railway Employees, the National Bureau of Economic Research, and the Hoover Committee on Economic Changes.

Some idea of the high quality of public service, which will animate this committee, may be gleaned from the fact that the members will receive no remuneration, but will pay all expenses out of their own pockets.

THIS will not stop the sneers and jeers. The popular habit of lambasting the President for everything he does, or doesn't do, is too deep seated in a political psychology which a business depression has produced to expect a transformation to fair play over night.

But such a statement, so obviously sound and true, will go far toward clearing the atmosphere, and rendering the President's position a stronger one. Even more important, it will dispel the illusion that this is open season for Presidents, and that the present occupant of the White House is such a poor politician and such a good Quaker that, regardless of how maliciously or unjustly his enemies assail him, he won't fight back.

THERE is nothing belligerent about Mr. Hoover, and nothing "showy." He has employed no political gun-men, he has organized no collegiate cheering section. But when his enemies assume the man who fed Belgium in spite of the German army, is going to meekly bow before the wolf pack, and let them get away with it, they have another guess coming.

President Hoover has started to fight back, and unless we are greatly mistaken, he is going to keep it up. Before his administration is over we venture this prediction:

The wolf pack may not disappear, but the full cry spirit will be greatly lessened; and the loudest ones (invariably the most cowardly ones) will soon be looking furtively here and there, for a good run to cover.

TIME TO CLEAN UP MAIN STREET

WE HOPE the plan to replace the gutted Russell store with a creditable office building materializes.

A mass of charred ruins on one of Medford's most important business corners is a depressing spectacle, and at the height of the tourist season poor advertising. Regardless of new construction, the sooner it is cleared the better.

But with the Page theatre ruins still standing,—after Heaven only knows how many years,—city clean-up opponents have an argument in favor of inaction, which is hard to answer.

WHY INSIST UPON CLEANING UP A FIRE AFTER TWO OR THREE MONTHS, WHEN THERE HAS BEEN NO CLEANUP AT RIVERSIDE AND MAIN IN TWICE AS MANY YEARS?

Unless we are greatly mistaken the city has condemned the old Page theatre ruins at least half a dozen times. Razing of the walls within a certain period has been repeatedly demanded, but there they are today, and there they have been since (metaphorically speaking) the Year One.

RESIDENTS of Medford have become so used to the Page ruins that they pay no attention to them. But we wonder what tourists think,—out of town visitors,—particularly those who come here, from year to year, and find the eyesore, still standing, in what we proudly, and properly, call the "biggest little city on the coast."

APPEARANCES are not everything, but they ARE important. We hope the new office building at Bartlett and Main goes through, and we would like to see a new building at

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

CROSSWORD puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down. Includes 'Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle' and a list of words like 'Tuber', 'Auction', 'Hasten', etc.

13x13 crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1-13 in the top row and 14-26 in the first column.

the southwest corner of the Bear Creek bridge. But we are even more interested in the immediate problem of cleaning up our main business street and, following the example of other progressive communities regarding fire ruins:

NOT as monuments to preserve. But as symbols of disaster to promptly REMOVE.

People are much the same everywhere. And if King Carol had acted the same way over here, someone would have "crowned" him.

Quill Points

Bridal song: "I ain't gonna work no more."

If you work hard and leave your widow a big fortune, it may take her relatives five years to rob her.

And doubtless some bedbugs are concerted because their ancestors came over in the Mayflower.

Happy thought! Malaria germs cure parents, and maybe make bite would cure "jake" paralysis.

A normal man never feels wholly useless and neglected except when there is a new baby or a hen party at his house.

The middle class is the one whose table manners reveal a rigid determination not to seem middle-class.

How shocking when a party leader uses party funds to buy stocks instead of votes.

You can tell the Americans of English descent. The English drive on the left side of the road.

Americanism: Making whoopee while the other fellow sweats at his batting practice, cursing your

hard luck because you can't get a bit.

But the outcome of the next war will depend on whether there is parity of viscera.

A man gets married when he has income enough to pay the bills; a woman gets married because she hasn't.

There was a national hook-up in the old days, too, but it didn't furnish any information except that husbands were clumsy.

The unfairness of a treaty that authorized America to build only twice as many ships as congress will authorize!

The two states that relieve us of the income tax burden are the state of Florida and our present financial state.

One paper says that Walter Hagen, the proffer, shot a kangaroo in Australia, but doesn't explain whether that is two or three under par down there.

Correct this sentence: "We Americans are level-headed people," said he, "who never expect to get something for nothing."

Personal Health Service By William Brady, M.D.

Winged 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. Queries out conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

FIRST WEEK'S DIET FOR AMBULATORY PATIENT WITH PEPTIC ULCER

Here is the menu for a week, for patient under medical treatment for duodenal or gastric ulcer, as given in our new Guide to Right Eating, to be issued shortly. Readers desiring a copy of the guide please send a stamped addressed return envelope of full size and four cents in stamps.

ROUTINE 1 Menu for One Week.

- Mornings—Purged prunes, Cream of Wheat with milk and sugar, Toast and butter, Milk. 10 o'clock—Milk and Graham crackers. Noon—Two poached eggs on toast, Purged spinach, Toast and butter, Baked custard, milk. 3 o'clock—Ice cream, Egg nog. Evening—Cream of spinach soup, Purged peas, Toast and butter, Canned pears, Milk. 8:30 o'clock—Purged prunes, Top milk. Mornings—Canned pears, Wheatena with milk and sugar, Soft cooked egg, Toast and butter, Milk. 10 o'clock—Baked custard, Malted milk. Noon—Cream of pea soup, Poached egg on toast, Gelatin and top milk, Milk. 3 o'clock—Gelatin and top milk. Evening—Milk toast, Purged carrots, Toast and butter, Prune whip, Milk. 8:30 o'clock—Graham crackers, Purged apricots, Milk. Mornings—Purged apricots, Strained oatmeal with milk and sugar, Toast and butter, Milk. 10 o'clock—Egg nog, Baked apple without skin. Noon—Cream of spinach soup, Purged peas, Toast and butter, Chocolate junket, Milk. 3 o'clock—Junket, Canned pears. Evening—Rice and milk, Poached egg on toast, Toast and butter, Applesauce, Milk. 8:30 o'clock—Baked apple without skin, Top milk. Mornings—Purged prunes, Cereal with milk and sugar, Toast and butter, Cocoa. 10 o'clock—Buttermilk, Custard. Noon—Coddled egg, Purged asparagus, Prune whip, Milk and cream. 3 o'clock—Buttermilk, Rice pudding. Evening—Cream of asparagus soup, Purged peas, Toast and butter, Baked custard, Milk. 8:30 o'clock—Canned pears, Graham crackers. Mornings—Purged apricots, Cereal with milk and sugar, Toast and butter, Milk. 10 o'clock—

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of The Mail Tribune.) July 30, 1920 Forest fires in northern California alarm Yreka, Calif. Long needed repair of Main street paving starts. John C. Mann new annex visited by large crowd.

Fishermen demand "return of fish to Rogue river" in long resolution.

Ashland "shoots off" fireworks in Lithia park, in connection with sham battle by Boy Scouts.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of The Mail Tribune.) July 30, 1910 A. C. Allen adds kangaroo to zoo at Hollywood orchard. Burrell orchard ships carload of pears to Chicago.

Medford defeats Glendale, 8 to 5, in hard battle.

Central Point—"Waste of water will lead to the meter system, and wailing of teeth."

Citizens complain of "English sparrow pest."

SUNDOWN STORIES

By Mary Graham Banner. Geology, or G. as he liked to be called, had asked the Little Black Clock to bring John and Peggy to hear more of what he had to tell them, and the Little Black Clock was only too glad to do so. He so loved having John and Peggy meet all sorts of creatures and have all kinds of adventures. "Have you ever heard of bed rock?" Geology asked John and Peggy. "Well, that is where I have my sleeping place. Everyone has to have a sleeping place, so I chose bed rock. When members of the family are sleeping down there you've got to use dynamite to wake us up. Maybe you don't know, but bed rock has layers—we call those layers our sheets and blankets of our earth bed." From somewhere now came the sounds of voices singing: "You see the sky above you. At least you think it's so. But if you could see through the earth, You'd view the sky below."

Press Comment

A KLANSMAN RECALLED

Recall of Mayor Charles Bowles of Detroit by a majority of over 30,000 at the special election Tuesday, marks another instance where a Ku Klux Klan service has collapsed in a natural death of scandal, for Mr. Bowman was elected as a Klansman and endorsed by the Anti-Saloon league. The recall proponents made charges the mayor had "tolerated lawlessness"; that he had impaired efficiency by dismissal of faithful public servants; and that his police chief is a "dishonest and politician" and unfit for the office he holds. They also attacked the administration of the municipally owned Detroit street railway under Bowles, particularly his dismissal of Frank Couzens, son of Sen. James Couzens, who had opposed Bowles when the latter sought to raise fares and had attacked the method of awarding insurance contracts. It was openly charged that both gambling and bootlegging privileges were bartered under Bowles' protection. The result in Detroit is similar to the aftermaths that have followed in Indiana and elsewhere, in fact wherever the Kluxers had secured control. And this is because the type of politician who is willing to capitalize religious intolerance for office, is the type that invariably exploits the office for personal gain.—Salem Capitol Journal.

LA GRANDE, Ore., July 30.—(P)—The temperature rose to 98 degrees here yesterday and another scorching was expected today.

MUTT AND JEFF—You Can't Put Mutt on a Geography Diet

Cartoon panel 1: Mutt and Jeff talking. Mutt says: "IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO GO TO THE POORHOUSE. BUT THEY HAD TO MAKE THE TRIP TOUGHER BY PUTTING A HILL IN FRONT OF IT." Jeff replies: "How CAN WE RAISE SOME DOUGH?"

Cartoon panel 2: Mutt and Jeff talking. Mutt says: "YOU COULD MULTIPLY ME BY A MILLION AND I'D STILL BE BROKE: IT'S TOUGH WHEN YOUR APPETITE REFUSES TO JOIN A HUNGER STRIKE!" Jeff replies: "I'M POOR BUT HONEST—THAT'S WHY I'M POOR!"

Cartoon panel 3: Mutt and Jeff talking. Mutt says: "YOU POOR MAN: HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A NEW ENGLAND BOILED DINNER?" Jeff replies: "LADY, I COULD EAT A BATH MAT AND USE POISON FOR SAUCE!"

Cartoon panel 4: Mutt and Jeff talking. Mutt says: "LADY, IF THAT'S A NEW ENGLAND BOILED DINNER YOU LEFT MASSACHUSETTS, VERMONT AND CONNECTICUT OUT!"

By BUD FISHER