

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot (By Arthur Perry)

Outlying gardens are being de-voided of new potatoes, by thieves too near starved to wait until the owners dig them.

The Fourth of July has been officially started, as the first sky-rocket has prematurely exploded and narrowly missed a guest while stopped over and picking up the cat.

For Sale—1929 Ford cabriolet, carefully driven, at a bargain. Owner has no use for it.

THE GREAT ENGINEER (Pseudonym East Oregonian) I will admit that if it snows ten feet on Cabbage Hill...

HURRAH FOR GHANDI! (Digby Jettings) Don't forget the Grange picnic at Seward's grove next Saturday.

GRANDPAV CLACKS UP (Paull, Idaho, Times) The stork visited Irvin Trinkle Monday morning and presented him with a new son.

YE OLDE FLIRT Perhaps you remember the old-fashioned girl Who often is touted as time's flawless pearl?

Reedport—Firland Lumber Co. formerly of North Portland, leased Reedport Mill Co. property from Port of Umpqua and will remodel mill for operation.

UNFORTUNATE BUT UNAVOIDABLE

THE irrigation situation in Southern Oregon is a regrettable one, but in our opinion unavoidable. The local district was the strongest in the state and was the last to bow to the inevitable, but the depression of this year was more than even it could overcome.

The trouble with irrigation in the West has been too high construction costs, too low yields; too much hot air, not enough cold calculation; too much promotion, too little preparation.

In some quarters the hope is still held that the government will come to the rescue, but from all we can learn this hope is very slim indeed.

It is we repeat, very regrettable. But the outcome, as we view it, is not a reflection upon the resources of this district or its integrity, but fundamentally upon the methods adopted by the Far West irrigation promoters at the outset.

BY ALL MEANS!

THE suggestion of Premier MacDonald that a moratorium be declared on war preparations as well as war debts, appeals to us as an excellent one.

Practically all the world powers, including this country, are spending more money for the next war, than they were spending before the last one.

With the entire world in debt, with taxes an increasing burden, what better time than the present for calling a halt on expenses which are based solely on the assumption that all our peace efforts are insincere, and another world war is inevitable.

A moratorium on war debts and a moratorium on creating debts for another war—what an excellent and logical combination.

Premier MacDonald's suggestion should be met by the same enthusiastic support in this country that President Hoover's suggestion met with "over there."

If she wants love, she wants one man to brag on her; if she wants a career, she wants a lot of men to brag on her.

Perhaps it was too much to expect prohibition to empty the jails, but it should empty the saloons.

Yet the same great minds that know depression was caused by the war are the ones that told us it never would come.

"What did man descend from?" asks a headline. Well, if you mean recently, we'd say a high horse.

Correct this sentence: "A job is property," said the governor, "and I shall call out the troops to protect the strikers."

England's unemployment figures are more reliable. None of the jobless over there drive trucks at night.

You can buy a sucker list, or you can insert little ad offering something for nothing.

Poor France! All that war debt to pay, and American tourists provide only 115 per cent of the money.

Another noise that cracks the nerves is the guffaw that drowns out most of a talkie comedy.

So an operation will end the use of alcohol. It might if you use what the surgeons call a "purse string suture."

PIERCE-ALLEN TO SELL U. S. TIRES

W. W. Allen, manager of Pierce-Allen Motor company, Medford, Oregon, announced yesterday that his company had been selected as local dealer for United States tires.

local tire man who has had six years experience in the tire business in this district. Mr. Deaver has lived in this city for the past 11 years with the exception of a brief residence in southern California.

MUTT AND JEFF—The Perfect Lover Should Have Everything



MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down. Includes 'Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle' and 'On the ocean'.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D. Signal Meters 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.

WHEN FATHER COMES HOME TONIGHT

He still has the habit, I find. Yes, after a long and trying day at the shop or on the road or in the office, home looks good to father.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I was interested in your article where you said all X-ray doctors are quacks. (Mrs. D. McG.) Answer.—I have never said or intimated such a thing.

Oil Heaters

Am I right in my impression that you do not approve of oil burners for heating houses? I think I saw some allusion to it in your column, but our dealer assures me that these burners are all right from the health viewpoint.

Cockroaches

Cockroaches and ants infest our kitchen the past few weeks. We have tried many things without relief. Please give us your advice.

Hospitals for Mental Disease

Have you ever known of anyone recovering from insanity so he could return home from the asylum and resume his former occupation?

Quill Points

The police do better in England because the people they work for aren't the same ones they work against.

What's in a name? Well, we got rid of saloons by calling them speakeasies.

There is as much reproof in the average home as there ever was. The only difference is that the parents get it.

If you advertise a lottery, that's wicked; if you print the winner's picture to attract suckers, that's news.

Another good co-educational institution is a flapper daughter.

American character in one sentence: "Why doesn't somebody do something about it?"

Wigram says opposites don't marry. There is abundant evidence that opposite opinions do.

Americanism: Growing because the federal government intrudes on state rights; yelling for federal aid.

If a cop doesn't arrest law-breakers, he is inefficient; if he gives you a ticket, he is impudent.

Smile for today: As happy as a fat woman who doesn't give a darn.

That government surplus of wheat doesn't seem such a great problem since the weather bureau has taken a hand.

American don't really agree on anything except the idea that Will Rogers is a college man and really knows better.

STUBBORNNESS—A HABIT By Alice Judson Peale A frequent complaint which mothers make runs something like this:

"My child is stubborn. It seems that the more I want him to do a thing, the more he refuses to do it. I've explained, I've rewarded, I've punished, but nothing does any good."

Stubbornness in children is particularly trying to the parent who works by direct action, because it thrives upon the very measures intended to correct it.

It is a habit which becomes more and more fixed and harder to eradicate, the more it is practiced. To the child it often is a form of self-assertion which he cannot bear to give up, no matter how apparently painful its results.

To win against superior odds is such a feat for the child whose whole life is dominated by others that he cherishes victory even though it brings down upon him the most complete disappointment.

The remedy for stubbornness lies neither in rewards, punishments, nor explanations, for under the circumstances these will mean little to him.

He must be helped through the kind of skillful handling which prevents a conflict of wills from arising.

The mother who hopes to cope with this problem successfully must make up her mind to give her child the benefit of consistent, reasonable treatment, the fewest possible commands and the least amount of interference with his own wishes.

So, an approach to the problem already more than half won is the little. The child simply is given fewer occasions when it is possible for him to exercise his obstinacy.

Life is pleasanter for him and, in consequence, given proper play opportunities, he soon finds more satisfactory outlets for his energy than fighting it out with mother.

Communications

Another Industry. Due to the faith and enterprise of two of our outstanding citizens the town of Medford has secured another manufacturing plant of no mean proportions and value to the city and surrounding valley.

The company has commenced business under the name of the Rogue River Spray Co., with headquarters in Medford.

Products manufactured by the company will fill a long felt want and should receive the fullest support of the citizens of the Rogue River valley.

FLIGHT O' TIME

(Medford and Jackson County History From the Files of The Mail Tribune of 30 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY July 2, 1921 (It was Saturday) Jack Dempsey knocks out Georges Carpentier in the fourth round. Frenchman no match for champion, and is outclassed from start.

Chief of Police Timothy, while looking for boys smoking cigarettes in alley, captures man wanted for forgery, wife desertion and desertion from the army.

Carl Wanderer, Chicago slayer of "The Ragged Stranger," sentenced to hang.

Idaho mob kidnap woman on tor and hides her in Nevada.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Bromley leave on auto trip to Los Angeles, Cal.

June weather normal in all respects, says weather bureau report.

First cantaloupes on market.

People attending Fourth of July celebration at Ashland advised to take own lunch.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY July 2, 1911 (It was Sunday) Abe Ruef, former "Boss of Frisco," now in San Quentin prison for graft, plays role of "Mut" in prison play.

Many orchards of valley named under new state law.

Medford friends receive word of the wedding of Sid I Brown and Miss Anna Cotter at San Francisco, June 29. They will make their home here.

Robert Pelouze, a "mere lad of the Brownboro district," wins first golf tournament ever held in the valley.

Fifteen special policemen sworn in to handle the rowd of merry-makers here for the Fourth of July celebration.

PUFFY

"We'll start rehearsals on the Fourth, since that's a holiday. And Mr. Horse and Mrs. Cow will have some time for play."

"We'll have much fun," he says, then adds, "and maybe lots of grief."

SUNDOWN STORIES

THE CIRCUS By Mary Graham Bonner Their plane had landed and the pilot motioned to John and Peggy and the Clock to get in.

In a few moments they were away up, landing on a platform attached to a dirigible up in the air.

Everywhere they could see great excitement. It was circus day, and all the people living here for the summer were going.

They were lined along the enormous platform, like a village in size, and there were mothers and fathers and uncles and aunts and boys and girls and dogs too, all waiting to see the parade.

Suddenly they heard the sound of a band. Oh, there was nothing to equal that! The sound came nearer and nearer and now they saw the parade.

The Little Black Clock had turned the time ahead, but this parade was much like the old circus parade although it was in the air.

Just as they had landed the Clock had told them that he would leave them alone for a little while. Sometimes, he said, he felt shy where there were great crowds and he knew they would be perfectly safe.

So Peggy and John stood and watched the marvelous parade. There were beautiful ladies riding beautiful horses, and the people seemed to think horses were as useful and interesting as Peggy and John regarded lions and tigers. But the dreadful thought came to John and Peggy that they would not be able to go to the circus without the Little Black Clock.

Then, suddenly, some one spoke to them.

Tomorrow—The Old Man

About New York

NEW YORK.—(AP)—Branded as "pulpit emblems," New York's racketeers seem to have turned from men of steel into boys of tin.

Since one Dutch Schultz had his hysterical breakdown in a police station, the shining armor of the underworld is tarnishing.

Public and press are calling the gangsters rants, rats and gorillas, instead of Little Caesars. Meanwhile the government is trying to administer the bitter income tax medicine here that Alphonse Capone swallowed without much protest in Chicago.

Gangsters Debunked The wisest ones of Broadway have suspected lately that the personal toughness of muscle men was a myth. They took too many bodyguards along to be brave.

Gangsters have rarely shot across my trail and vice versa. But the few pointed out to me in public places looked soft under their night club pallor.

One was at a ball in Madison Square Garden, surrounded by his hangers-on. The party was attended by a number of quite obvious sissies. Whenever one of those passed near the half-dozen gangsters the leader would shove him cringing into the crowd. The rest laughed loudly at the wealding's terror. It was a great joke.

But the supposed gorilla made one error in judgment. One fellow he pushed in the back was no softie. He happened to be a boxer of some standing. Turning with a snarl, the pugilist cuffed out in the gangsters' direction and the pack fell back like a set of tottering teapots. They quickly dodged away from that part of the garden.

Sympathy Al Jolson can't keep away from the race tracks. The horses, especially his own stable entries, fascinate him. It's a costly sport, fascinate him. It's a costly sport, fascinate him. It's a costly sport, fascinate him.

Times like these will at least benefit the little strip of lawn between the dining room and the garage.

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W. R. CRAUSE.

By BUD FISHER

