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Ye Smudge Pot

Many young men, unable to protect themselves, are running around in the fashionable abbreviated G-string bathing suits...

President Hoover thinks he can run any of his new-fangled Prosperity, via the War Debt moratorium, down the pocket-books of his ardent haters...

From now on, globe circling aviators will land on the want ad page... (Emporia, Kan., Gazette.)

"SPECTACULAR PANTS REMOVAL SALE"—(Ad Cosa Bay Times.) The weather is just right for the take-off.

AN IRKED, PEEVED LADY (Sage Standard) NOTICE—If the bum who left his hat on my piazza last Sunday morning will call at the Standard office...

The next political cataclysm at Salem, will be staged at the opening of the deer hunting season (unless it rains). The combatants will be the hunters, keen for setting the country on fire and shooting each other, incidentally and accidentally, to death.

There is not a finer stand of weeds, anywhere, than along the Jville Highway. They are 4 1/2 high, and sway rhythmically in the faint evening breeze...

Whatever because of the state inspector of fire hydrant nuts?

"Jack Hammel, a resident of Albany for many years, will celebrate his 81st birthday anniversary at his home in Albany tomorrow in a quiet way."

It is refreshing to realize that with the diplomatic pow-wowing in Paris the past 10 days, no diplomat elected to make a fight "for the hegemony of Poland."

MAGAZINE GIRLS Girls described as remarkably beautiful. Girls with ravishing, melting charms. Girls whose lips are ripe and luscious.

Girls with ivory rounded arms; Girls in filmy clinging raiment; Girls in bathing suits so sweet; Girls who love without any payment; Girls with microscopic feet; Girls whose lovers are in the navy; Girls whose parents live at the Ritz; Girls with hair so bright and wavy; Girls whose antics give you fits; Girls whose eyes are deep and misty; Girls whose husbands beat them up; Girls (as a rule) by Chandler Christie; Hunting a Pomeranian Pup; Girls whose lot in life is lousy; Drinking their misery to the dogs; Girls whose fortune, it seems, is only— A pair of remarkably handsome legs; Every story, about a girl—every girl's best— Tell us a story of something to eat, and give the girls a treat. (Exchange)

MR. FRANK SIMONDS AND WALL STREET

A local theatre via the talkies Mr. Frank Simonds is giving his opinion of the war debt moratorium, which, as this paper announced yesterday, has finally been accepted by France.

Mr. Simonds will never win a beauty prize, nor get far in an Atwater Kent audition. He has nothing above his eyebrows but freckles, and his vocal chords have apparently never recovered from the gas attack he suffered in the Argonne.

But when he talks about war debts, people who wish to be well informed should listen, for the former editor of the New York Tribune, and world-famous war correspondent, when it comes to all phases of international politics, KNOWS HIS O-N-I-O-N-S.

MR. SIMONDS emphasizes the point that we made when President Hoover first released his epoch-making announcement, namely, that this moratorium is not primarily in the interest of Germany or any other foreign power, but in the interest of the United States; that it is not so much a gesture of altruistic statesmanship, as it is a practical demonstration of sound business sense.

As Mr. Simonds remarks, without this year of grace, Germany would not only be unable to pay its war debt to the allied powers, but would in all likelihood collapse and go Bolshevik. Such an outcome would inevitably throw all Central Europe into chaos and confusion, remove Germany permanently as a purchaser of American products, and eventually bring about an industrial panic in the United States that would make 1930 look like the banner year of the late lamented Golden Age.

MR. SIMONDS might have gone farther and remarked that his view is also the Wall Street view. Now we can throw all the brickbats we wish at Wall Street—this has been a popular pastime with certain politicians since Bryan's cross-of-gold oration—but of one thing this financial center of the world CAN'T be accused, that is of being misled by any sentimental gesture from the White House or anywhere else.

Wall Street IS hard boiled. And, incidentally, it has the most efficient fact-finding bureau in the world today. If this moratorium mean what the Hoover-haters are trying to make it mean, sacrificing money due the United States,—THAT COULD JUST AS WELL BE PAID THE UNITED STATES,—for the benefit of alien bond holders and a few domestic money lenders, Wall Street would know it; and instead of welcoming such a notion would fight it to the last ditch,—for, true enough, money is what it worships.

BUT Wall street knows the real situation in Germany and in Europe, in some directions it probably knows more about the reality of the Bolshevik menace than even Mr. Simonds knows. And it knows that this moratorium will go further toward removing this menace and stabilizing Europe, than any other action that could be taken at this critical time.

And it also knows that with Europe stabilized, the worst phase of the present depression, as far as this country is concerned, is over, and that nothing can thereafter prevent a steady—though probably not a rapid—recovery.

So it approves this war debt holiday as Mr. Simonds approves it, and orders full steam ahead because it knows that this action justifies full steam ahead.

When an idealist like Frank Simonds, and a case-hardened realist like Wall Street agree on the desirability of some international policy, the man in the street can be pretty sure that it IS desirable.

FARM BOARD STRIKES BACK

THERE are two sides to most questions and the farm board question is no exception.

There has been so much criticism of the farm board that we regard it as only fair to give the board's view of what it has done, and what it intends to do.

And the man to do that is Chairman Stone, whose statement from the farm board's standpoint is reported as follows:

"The better prices obtained by the producer through the operation of organized co-operative methods are not taken out of the consumer, nor ought they to be. What agriculture is trying to do, and what we are trying to help it to do, is to take advantage of production methods which have already been applied to industry."

"By that I do not mean such a thing as corporation farming, but I do mean greater efficiency on the farm, the more accurate adjustment of production to demand and the elimination of waste and lost motion in transferring the commodity from grower to consumer. It is by such methods that industry has been able to win greater returns for itself and at the same time lower the cost to the consumer."

"Right now there are too many processes and too many individuals between producer and consumer. A man who performs a service for the producer or the consumer has a place in the system and no one is going to drive him out of it. But the man who performs no service and is there merely for his own gain is a leech, and we are going to get rid of him."

"As an illustration of how co-operative marketing can benefit the producer and still not take it out of the consumer, Mr. Stone talked of Texas turkeys, telling how growers who had dealt with a co-operative set up under the board's guidance had received 20 to 21 cents a pound for turkeys last Thanksgiving's market, while those who sold to independent packers got only 15 cents."

"Nor did the turkeys cost a cent more to the consumer," he declared.

"They retailed at the general market price, and you can be sure they would have been sold at the same price had the packers got them for the 10 cents a pound they first offered."

"There are those, principally some of the grain traders, who don't like the farm board and the methods it is urging upon agriculture. Such sentiments, Mr. Stone explained forcefully, are mutual.

"The opposition of the grain trade he believed, is not based on

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS: 1. Adipose tissue; 2. Arrow; 3. Brazil; 4. Last Jewish month; 5. Lamb's pash; 6. Male sheep; 7. Copter; 8. Thrown on; 9. Large rope; 10. Cloth of ivory; 11. Soak up; 12. Sunburn; 13. Clusters; 14. Rubber tree; 15. Ancient Irish capital; 16. Most mature; 17. Regard too highly; 18. Mother of Apollo; 19. Clear gain; 20. Roman road; 21. Winglike; 22. Before; 23. Garden plots; 24. Wishee; 25. King of the Visigoths; 26. Ceremonial; 27. Japanese; 28. Porgy; 29. Shrewd; 30. Demos; 31. So be it; 32. Besure; 33. Tea tester; 34. Toward the sheltered side; 35. Publicly displayed notice; 36. Pass; 37. Shrewdly; 38. Piece of calves; 39. Eagle; 40. Article of food; 41. Funnel-shaped receptacles open at the bottom; 42. Spout oratory; 43. Color quality; 44. Assert; 45. Nerve network; 46. Long narrow board; 47. Chest bone; 48. Thick black liquid; 49. Native metal; 50. Ancient Phoenician city; 51. Turkish cap; 52. Labor; 53. Having small towers; 54. Wild plum; 55. Ancient Phoenician city; 56. Turkish cap; 57. Labor; 58. Having small towers; 59. Wild plum; 60. Native metal.

Grid for the crossword puzzle with numbers 1-60 indicating starting positions for words.

any question of right and wrong, but principally of self-interest. And as to what he charged were unfair attempts to discredit the board, he had this to say and he was emphatic in saying it: "I've always refused to do business with a man who tried to trade on someone's demerits. I've never bought from a man who tried to sell me something by knocking the other fellow. If the grain traders won't play on a fair basis, if they want a fight—they certainly can have a fight. Because we're going to fight for the farmer. That's what we're here for."

Sundown Stories

GOLDEN EAGLES By Mary Graham Bonner John and Peggy saw an enormous nest, built with large sticks as the nest of the bald eagles had been, but beautifully lined with small evergreen branches.

"They live farther away from people than the bald eagles do. They will never hurt people as long as they are left alone."

"Of course, if we disturbed them at their meals they would not like it, and if they were wounded they would show their anger, which is only natural, but they only ask to be left to themselves. And I think they are fair and right in what they want."

Tomorrow—"Eagles and Freedom" They were a little larger than their bald eagle cousins, and, although the younger one did not have the rich, dark feathers of their elders, the Clock said they would when older.

"We won't bother them," said the Little Black Clock, "as they are very shy."

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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.

HOW THE BRASS SPECIALIST WORKS

Almost every wisecracker invalid or valetudinarian these days has two afflictions which eventually become afflictions hard to cure. The first is possession and use of an automobile much more expensive than he can honestly afford, but which will be his after nine more payments. The second is an addiction to brass specialists.

Just what is a brass specialist, you may ask. Oh, dear, must I explain that all over. Well, listen: A brass specialist is almost any physician or healer who is far enough away or sufficiently stand-offish and pretentious to take from 50 to 100 berries out of the snob where an honest family physician would render the same or better service for ten.

There are a few real specialists in practice, very few indeed, compared with the epidemic of brass ones that scourges the country. A real specialist is a doctor who has served his apprenticeship in the ranks, in general practice, a family physician, for at least five or ten years, and then, having laid a solid foundation and found out what his own aptitudes are or what branch of work he seems best suited for, returns to school and pursues special study and research in that direction, and finally returns to private practice and announces to his medical colleagues only (not to the public) that his practice is now limited to whatever specialty he has chosen. His work comes mainly from his colleagues who recognize his honest attainments or ability in his chosen field and refer patients to him or call him in consultation whenever they feel his counsel may be advantageous for the patient.

His opinion, advice or treatment is carried out or considered by the patient's physician, the family physician; it is not given to the patient directly, unless the family doctor requests it.

The brass specialist not only does not cater to his medical colleagues; he catches whatever custom he gets by very sharp competition against the general practitioners of the community. He avails himself of the cheap advantage of popular credulity by posing as a specialist in the eyes of the public, and the public assumes that in order to pose as a "specialist" a doctor must be better than the average.

In a following talk I shall cite an instance from actual practice to illustrate what I mean. No names, of course, but a typical case report.

Meanwhile, I wish every reader would ask himself this question: "How does Brady dare make such talk in the press if he is not absolutely right in what he says?" And also this question: "Why the silence of the beneficiaries of the evil attacked, if there is any answer to the brass specialists in the regular medical organizations dare make Brady's charges?"

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Only a Sweet Memory. I sympathize with your lament about fried mush. I can tell you why it doesn't taste like the kind mother used to make. It is simply because the name corn meal is a misnomer as applied to the modern packaged article. I used to grind my own meal down in Indiana. I ground the corn and bolted it through one-sixteenth wire. The first meal that goes through the one-sixteenth wire screen is the old-fashioned corn meal that made the mush you hanker after.

Changing the numbers on a stolen car doesn't disguise it much. No two fenders are identical alike.

The first news pictures from Ford's place show that the way to make a farm pay is to hire 50 men to sod the lawn.

The depression isn't surprising. This country hasn't enough prohibition talk to depress anything or anybody.

How strange that prominent men are the only ones dumb enough to shoot themselves while cleaning a gun.

Correct this sentence: "I would not bowl you out, son," said the father, "if I had done such things in my own youth."

MISSION CASTOFF RISES TO SHAME OLD MATES SAN FRANCISCO—(7)—The Mission club here of the Pacific Coast league has reason to regret letting "Wille" Ludolph slip out of its hands several years ago. Ludolph, now working for Oakland, recently turned in a no-hit, 9-run performance against his old mates.

Mail Tribune ads are read by 20,000 people every day.

FLIGHT 'O'

(Medford and Jackson History from The Mail Tribune of 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO... July 7, 1921. (It Was Thursday) Ex-convict killed after kidnaped hood liver refused to surrender to...

Joe Gagnon of the Coast Line and the Pacific railroad engaged in a fight over the kind of engine to be used in the Main line and as a result service to Sacred Heart is impaired.

The mercury soared to 100 and hayers rejoice.

Arizona citizen visited band at night, opened a machine gun and "Furies of the Province" seriously.

Trout fishing in "Bois tourists from Maine."

Two members of the Order league testify to grand jury investigating sheriff's office.

Theda Bara, "siren screen" secretly wed.

TWENTY YEARS AGO... July 7, 1911. (It Was Friday) Celebrators returning to a fire that destroyed a fire of wood belonging to Gore. They three fire into woodpile.

Council will inspect of the Adkins block at Central.

Reddy's jewelry store at night, and policeman burglar with the booty.

Hill officials promise P. & E. over the hills and from here to the sea.

Weeks and McGowan prize for store front on the Fourth.

"Captious, carrying spirit by Grants Pass newspaper" reads a headline article made fun of celebration, and charged was charged for a glass of...

PUFF

"What can you do?" one of them and her and the "I do a trapeze act" he says, "upon a limb."

"And I," the German says, "am a master ring."

"I beg your pardon," Puff "but that's my job, old."

Talks To

FORCED CONFESSION By Alice Johnson... At the age of seven, Puff with his mother and sister stood grimly holding a straw hand.

The young apple tree was set out only a few years before had been found to be cut and hacked at the base.

She was convinced that it was the culprit and determined to win a confession.

Each child was questioned in turn proclaimed innocence. Being a mother of the old she refused to admit defeat.

The culprit would not confess until each child had been questioned was forthcoming.

It was Ted's turn first. His teeth but the pain was done it, even explaining it how he had used his new to accomplish the damage.

The resentment and hum of that incident has lasted years. From that time on has hated and feared his brother. But bitterest of all has been self-contempt for his cowardly confession.

Few parents today resort to brutal measures, but many still believe that it is right to force confession.

They do not realize that we bring confession from us subject our relationship to grave hazards.

The moment we attempt confession by any means, ever, we are tempting him and to hate both the child and himself for doing so.

No matter what a child has done, it is less important to be found out and punished that he keep his self-respect and his faith in the love and his parents.

Cash is King in the business. No. 5. All the stores have banned credit.

MUTT AND JEFF—A Dillar... a Dollar... A Ten o'Clock Scholar



By BUD FISHER

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