

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 28-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 75. An Independent Newspaper. Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 8, 1879.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S UNFORTUNATE HANDICAP

IT IS unfortunate President Hoover hasn't a more active sense of humor. Not so unfortunate for the country, perhaps, as for the President. Take his recent brush with the newspaper boys, for example.

In some way the report leaked out through the press that the President in hurrying back from the Rapidan to the White House exceeded the speed limit, and also that the President's watch dog had nipped at the leg of a U. S. marine.

The President, it seems, was annoyed at these unauthorized reports and, as secret service men got busy, ferreting out the leak, the newspaper boys were given a severe talking to and a rigid censorship was threatened.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S annoyance was natural, for he has enough troubles without being harassed by press correspondents snooping about and reporting incidents without the presidential O. K.

But it was no time to show his annoyance, and a man with a sense of humor would have laughed the affair off, and gone along with more important matters as if nothing had happened.

President Coolidge was similarly annoyed when the news of his electric horse leaked out, but even this dour New Englander had the good sense to conceal his chagrin and admit that the joke was on him.

But President Hoover appears to have no ability to unbend at such a time, and maintain a proper sense of proportion. As a result, the newspaper boys are miffed, the chief executive disgruntled, and that spirit of comradery and understanding which should exist between the White House and the press gallery is knocked into the middle of next week.

TOO bad. President Hoover is one of the most capable, conscientious and altogether worthy characters ever to occupy the White House. His profound knowledge of Europe and his grasp of the intricacies of international finance and economics, are particularly valuable to his country and the world, at this time.

Had he a sense of humor he would be perfect. But this "blind spot" from which he suffers, it seems to us, not only places an undue burden upon his shoulders, but in its cumulative effect, places a needless obstacle before him, in almost every path of national accomplishment.

FOR LADIES ONLY

WE ARE not going to tell you how to vote at this bond election on Wednesday. We may be dumb but we are not as dumb as that. We are merely going to ask that you DO VOTE, that you vote, NOT as some "know-it-all" male tells you to vote; but as you believe, after securing all the facts, a good citizen with all the welfare of this city at heart, SHOULD vote.

For the result of this election is going to depend upon you, and from the nature of things should DEPEND upon you. For the essential issue involved is not so much a matter of good business, as of good housekeeping.

SEWAGE disposal is not a pretty topic for conversation, but as a housekeeper, you appreciate its importance. You know what a bad sewage system may mean in your home from the standpoint of cleanliness, self respect and good health; so you also know what it may mean in a city—and does mean in Medford at the present time.

Just look at the matter from that standpoint, regard the city problem just as you would regard your own HOME PROBLEM, for that is not only good sense, but the very best citizenship.

AND don't accept what someone else says—whether that "someone" is for or against this bond issue. Find out the facts about this city sewage problem just as you would about your home sewage problem,—for yourself.

Look up the figures at the city hall, check up on the six sanitary engineers' reports, compare the costs of the proposed system with costs of similar systems, ask your own physician about the situation, and if you have any doubts about Bear Creek, take a walk or a drive along it.

THAT'S all we ask. That the women of Medford go into this matter for THEMSELVES, secure all the information on both sides for THEMSELVES, then go to the polling places Wednesday and vote for THEMSELVES,—vote not as someone may tell them to vote, but vote as they want to vote—as they believe it is right to vote, in view of the conditions as they actually exist.

Fair enough, isn't it? For, as we said at the outset of the campaign, so we repeat at the end,—the function of a newspaper, as we see it, is not so much to tell the people how to vote, as to furnish them with all the information available, so they may vote intelligently,—vote in their own self-interest.

With the people—and particularly the women—knowing the truth about this sewage situation, we shall be perfectly content with the outcome Wednesday.

IT'S A CITY IMPROVEMENT

A SUBSCRIBER asks why this new trunk sewer isn't paid for by the property owners on the east side instead of by the city as a whole. Simply because this is not a lateral sewer but a trunk sewer; it is not a benefit to the East side only, or the West side only, but A BENEFIT FOR THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY,—and incidentally an imperative need FOR THE ENTIRE CITY. Laterals to it will be paid for, as they have always been paid for, by the property owners directly benefiting, and no one else, but the main sewer and the sewage disposal will be paid for by all the taxpayers as is equitable and right for all THE TAXPAYERS' BENEFIT.

So live that when your monument is dedicated the newspapers won't drag in nil nisi bonum to show off their Latin. Once more the peach growers have an unmarketable surplus which is sufficient to supply those who won't get any. This is the season when relatives yearn to be with you because it is too hot to do their own cooking. At that the chief result of higher freight rates will only be more and larger busses. Perhaps it is foolish to expect men to end wars until they can end church rows.

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 to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

HOW GOES THE BATTLE WITH TUBERCULOSIS

In June, 1931, that most interesting and readable of all "health" magazines, Journal of the Outdoor Life published as the leading article Mr. J. E. Stocker's famous story entitled "How I Won the Battle With Tuberculosis in My Own Home".

Mr. Stocker's narrative of his own experience was so faithful and so sensible that it immediately became a classic of health literature. It has been reprinted as a pamphlet and distributed to many thousands of readers who are vitally interested in such a battle, either their own or a friend's. Not only the National Tuberculosis Association, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., which publishes the Journal of the Outdoor Life, but various local public or semi-private health or tuberculosis organizations have actively circulated Mr. Stocker's narrative, and no doubt it has helped many a fortunate invalid to win his way back to health.

Well, now just 10 years later, in the June 1931, issue of Journal of the Outdoor Life, published monthly at 370 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., at \$2 a year or 25 cents a copy, (and worth the price, I think, just as interesting reading matter, whether you are particularly concerned about tuberculosis or not), another happy warrior, Fannie Benson Rogers, tells her story, and it seems to me that Mrs. Rogers has made a bull's eye. "If I Had Only Known in the Beginning What I Know Now" is the title of Mrs. Rogers' narrative, and I urge every one who is now fighting the battle or who contemplates doing so or who has a friend or relative who is fighting the battle to get Mrs. Rogers' story and read it over and over. If you do not subscribe to the magazine you can at least buy the June, 1931 number, or if you can't find it and do not care to send to the N. T. A. for it, perhaps the story will be separately published in reprint or pamphlet form for 10 cents a copy.

A lot of people who write to ask me where they could get Mr. Stocker's story when I recommended it, made a sad mistake in the title. They put some such title as this on it: "How I Cured Myself of Tuberculosis in My Own Home." I get kinda peeved about that, for Mr. Stocker carefully explains in his story how foolish it is for any tuberculosis patient to attempt to be his own doctor. Then I was further peeved by the red tape the various tuberculosis organizations managed to throw around the distribution of this story in pamphlet form, particularly by the habit some of them had of sending their Nosy Parkers or "social service" snoopers or somebody to the homes of some of our readers who, at my suggestion, sent the nickel or dime to their local tuberculosis society for the pamphlet. Because of this unpleasant activity of the tuberculosis organizations I was finally constrained to cease recommending the pamphlet.

Now I feel that in recommending Mrs. Rogers' story I am doing good for all who follow the suggestion and read it. But at the same time I warn our readers I can't guarantee the purchase of some pamphlet will not bring some prying "investigator" around to see whether you are getting "adequate care" or something. There is the story. If you want it without any strings, sink two bits in the June number, and nobody will know just which of the many interesting things in the mag you wish to see.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Gasoline for Foot Itch. My brother says you had an article recently about the use of gasoline for athlete's foot. I have this trouble and I can find nothing to relieve it. (T. L. O.) Answer:—It is foot itch, if you please, or ringworm of the foot, or trichophytosis if you want a fancy name. Immerse the foot for 10 seconds in ordinary commercial gasoline (don't use ethyl), once daily for three successive days.

Manipulations for Chronic Arthritis. What do you think of daily massage and movements by the physiotherapist in the treatment of chronic arthritis deformans? (O. T. S.) Answer:—I think such treatment is advisable in most cases, of course always under supervision and direction of the physician.

Safe Reduction. Please suggest some simple but safe method of dieting, not to reduce but to keep one from accumulating excess weight. (T. L. O.) Answer:—Try no meat Friday, no faters Monday, no bread stuffs Saturday, no sweets Sunday. If that is not explicit enough, send a stamped envelope bearing your address, 10 cents, and ask for "Corrective, Protective Diet." No reduction diet or advice given unless I deem it advisable. I do not deem it advisable unless the applicant bears the title of Mrs. or gives his or her age, height and weight and I am satisfied reduction would be beneficial.

Quill Points

A scientist is one who discovers evidence to convince himself that the ancients were right about something. About all you can say for people who visit Europe in quest of naughtiness is that they're darned hard to satisfy. Note to June brides: No man enjoys being chivalrous to a creature who can lick the world by herself. There's one way to get back the money paid as gasoline tax. You can buy stock in a Diesel engine. Radio advertising can't be very effective. You can't use a girl's legs to illustrate it.

You have no idea how many prosperous-looking men are down to their last dime until you try to borrow five dollars. A free country is one where anybody can put up a sign ordering the public to refrain from something. If we must have crooks, we prefer the kind that can be jailed without depriving some Sunday school class of its teacher. There are two ways to train a child: Give it a good example, or set a bad example that gives it a pain in the neck. Americanism: Girls attending college to acquire culture; college graduates reading true confession magazines. One reason why sin no longer shocks people is because nobody can smell onions if everybody eats them. But if big business runs America why does it employ methods that no business could survive? The movies are facing another slump. They can't think up any rottenness new enough to afford a kick.

THAT'S ALL! MUM! If he has liquor in his car, he's half-shot; if he's merely suspected of having liquor, he's shot. And a good five-cent cigar would afford some relief, too. Correct this sentence: "I pet 'em all myself," said the youth, "so I'll be satisfied with a used model when I marry."

SUNDOWN STORIES

The Bat Leaves (By Mary Graham Bonner) John and Peggy wondered how the Little Black Clock would suggest that the bat leave the brightly lighted room. All he did was to turn out the light. They sat there in the dark, and then the Little Black Clock spoke: "BATS are frightened when they fly into a brightly lighted room by mistake. They can see so much better in the dark, and the bright lights dazzle them and make them nervous and wretched. You've noticed that bats fly about crazily when they come into the house, and then people try to hit them and are very cruel. In a few moments we'll turn on the light again and you will see that the bat has left. When a bat comes indoors, just turn out the light for a little while, open the windows and it will give the bat a chance to get out. A bat will never do any harm, and yet people are anything but polite to a bat. This was why I wanted to have you along with me for I did not want any one else to frighten the bat any more than he was already frightened by being in the room. Peggy and John were glad to know this and they tried it many times afterward and found that it always worked. "Maybe you'd like to visit some bats and see how devoted the mother bats are," the Clock suggested. "I'd like it, I've never been afraid of bats," said John. "I'm not either," chimed in Peggy. "Are we going to some caves?" "I think we'll see some who live in trees," said the Clock. "Trees!" repeated the children exactly at the same moment.

Talks To Parents "DOG IN THE MANGER" By Alice Judson Peale Teddy, aged five, has been given a fine variety of carefully selected play materials. He has been taught to take the best of care of them, and with great pride shows to the visitor the orderly shelves of blocks and toys in his nursery. It is only when other children come to visit that there is trouble. Being an only child, he has a very strong sense of his property rights. He is outraged at the sight of another child playing with a toy that belongs to him, even though, at the moment, he is busy playing with something else. His parents, who have succeeded so ably in teaching him to care for and be proud of his possessions, have not taken equal pains to teach him that nothing is sweeter than to be a dog in the manger. It is admittedly difficult for a child who is accustomed to having everything to himself to accept graciously the fact that others may share his pleasures.

Parents can do much to help by providing as much companionship as possible and by early showing that they expect him to share and take turns and to be quite happy when some other child enjoys what he at the moment has no use for. The dog-in-the-manger attitude should meet with firm disapproval at all times while every indication of generosity should meet with warm appreciation. The parents of an only child should realize that they are bringing him up under great handicaps. Of course, nothing as quickly corrects his unreasonable selfishness as the kind of play with other children that goes on under the wise and skillful care of the nursery school or kindergarten teacher.

Classified advertising gets results.

EXIT by Harold Bell Wright

SYNOPSIS: After Harriet Noel chooses a theatrical career instead of marriage to Tony Latour, he too turns to the stage. Then, billed in the same show with her, Tony bitterly retires to Orchard Hill upon discovering her engagement to their manager, Roy Donovan. To the village later comes Harriet with her little son, deserted by her husband, Donovan. Harriet dies, and the young boy, Pierre, is killed by Bruce, the stepson Donovan had placed in her keeping. Their rivalry for Ann Basis ends in Bruce's marriage to her. Pierre, boarding at their home while working in a soda fountain, Tony and Ann are indignant when Bruce and his father urge Pierre to invest in a mine. The mine left by his mother for his stage training. "Father Tony," said Ann. "Let me take your hat." "As the old actor seated himself, he gave her his hat, but clung to the manuscript almost as if frightened. "No, I'll just keep that if you don't mind." She smiled at his agitation and said gaily, "I'll bet it's a good-by gift for Pierre—some kind of a book about the theater, or plays, or actors, I suppose." The old gentleman looked up at her in sudden agitation—almost fear. "Hasn't Pierre told you about it?" "About what, Father Tony?" "Why—why, about this, Ann," he held up the manuscript, watching her face with anxious eagerness. "No, Father Tony, Pierre hasn't said anything to me—what is it?" The old actor was disturbed by this and answered hurriedly, "Oh, it's nothing, Ann—nothing at all." Handling the manuscript he made as if to speak about it, hesitated then asked anxiously: "You are sure that Pierre hasn't changed his mind about going away to school?" "I should say not—Pierre wouldn't change his mind about that!" "And he is really leaving for New York and the American Academy of Dramatic Art this afternoon," Tony reflected. Then, playing the part of a villain.

Chapter 12 TONY'S DISCOVERY THE indolent summer air stole with so little energy through the open window of the room where Ann was ironing that the muslin curtain barely stirred. The young housewife, dressed in low-necked, sleeveless dress of cool blue gingham, had set up her ironing board in the large living and dining room because it was cooler here. The open door into the kitchen gave her ready access with her irons to the stove. As she worked she was thinking of Pierre—of Pierre and Bruce and herself. For nearly two years, now, Pierre had been a member of the Carey



"But, Father Tony," Ann cried, "I love Pierre."

household, and Ann had looked after him as she had looked after her husband and father. Ann had come to feel that she knew Pierre almost as intimately as she knew her husband. She told herself that she understood Pierre better than any one except Father Tony. She was conscious, too, that Pierre supplied a need in her life which Bruce could never satisfy. Bruce, the capable, hard-working bank clerk, was bound to be rich some day, everybody said. Ann was proud to be Bruce Carey's wife, but suppose—suppose she had married Pierre? Sometimes she wished that Bruce were a little ruder like Pierre. Some day she and ruce would have children. She opened the first would be a boy. They could name him Pierre.

The front door bell rang. Ann stepped into the kitchen and placed her iron on the stove. Then coming back through the living room, smoothing her hair and touching or dress as women will, she went out to the front hall, returning a moment later with old Tony Latour. The old actor's clothing was breadbare but carefully brushed; he wore a wide flowing tie and the usual flower in his lapel. In one hand he held his ancient hat, in the other a manuscript.

As they entered the living room, Ann said cheerfully, "I thought you would be coming over this afternoon, Father Tony. We are going to miss Pierre terribly, aren't we?" Peering about anxiously, Tony asked with nervous eagerness, "Is Pierre not in?" "He just left," Ann returned. "I was going down to the store to tell Orchard Hill good-bye and to teach his understudy at a soda fountain the technique of riving a nut sundae artistically. After Tony, you would die to see me act the way that new soda clerk serves the customers. You know Pierre waits on people as if we were acting in a play. Everybody says he is as good as a show."

They laughed together and Old Tony said admiringly, "Always the actor, Ann, always the actor. The y was born to it. His mother—" "Come sit here by the window, play materials. He has been taught to take the best of care of them, and with great pride shows to the visitor the orderly shelves of blocks and toys in his nursery. It is only when other children come to visit that there is trouble. Being an only child, he has a very strong sense of his property rights. He is outraged at the sight of another child playing with a toy that belongs to him, even though, at the moment, he is busy playing with something else. His parents, who have succeeded so ably in teaching him to care for and be proud of his possessions, have not taken equal pains to teach him that nothing is sweeter than to be a dog in the manger. It is admittedly difficult for a child who is accustomed to having everything to himself to accept graciously the fact that others may share his pleasures.

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FLIGHT O' TIME

(Medford and Jackson Counties History From the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY July 13, 1921 (The Day Was Wednesday) Two Medford boys help kill and capture China pirates in the low sea. Espree agent predicts valley will ship 1,000 cars of fruit this year. Poorest fishing and the fishermen in history in the Rogue. Wild blackberries have started to ripen in the hills. Tom Fuson returns from Denver, where he thought met Jack Dempsey, world champion bruiser, only to discover he was the victim of a Frisco spook resembling the champion.

It is just revealed that Chauncey Florey, county clerk, and his deputy, Miss Mildred Neil, were married July 8.

William H. Gore is elected president of Medford National bank. Ernest Webb and Lenora Gibson are wed. Lee L. Jacobs assumes cashiership of Farmers and Fruitgrowers bank.

Plan to make the annual county fair a pear show. Lightning causes three forest fires in county. Mercury rises to 102 degrees in old record equaled. First valley Bartlett's sell \$4.10 per box in New York.

COMMUNICATIONS Explains Range War. To the Editor: In regard to trouble between sheep and cattle men in Jackson county, I would like to explain facts as they are, for I have been in a position to know for the past ten years just what the situation was, from being interested in large amount of land in the south part of Jackson county, and especially in that part of the county where this is taking place. I have cruised and been over this land many times, much of which is in stock range.

There is plenty of feed and plenty of range there for all stock owned in that part of Jackson county, but over in California, south of there, they have more cattle sheep than they have grazing so they drive some 2,000 head of cattle from California into Jackson county to graze free on Jackson county land, owned by Oregonians.

For more than ten years I have owned 1,000 acres there of the best grazing lands, with many mountain springs, and have had charge of 5,000 acres more of non-resident land. These California cattle are swarmed over these lands every summer, to be driven back to California in the fall after fattening on Oregon grass.

They have never, in all that time offered or attempted to lease or buy an acre, or pay a cent for the same. These are the men who are causing the present trouble. They never pay a cent of tax in Oregon, but come here to take advantage of our liberal grazing laws.

The present trouble was caused by the Phelps brothers, natives of Jackson county, going up in the district and buying 1,000 acres of land, 4,000 acres more, to make a sheep ranch and a home, and become taxpayers of Jackson county. They were promptly warned by California cattlemen and warned to keep out of that district and threatened with lawsuits if they settled in Oregon where the Californians run their cattle and where they neither own or lease a foot of ground.

Since the Phelps brothers had moved and settled in Jackson county, the California cattlemen have leased a few acres adjoining them and between their land and their leased land, to trap some of their sheep on, and have also posted "No Trespass" notices on some of the land that Phelps hold lease for.

The final result of this trouble brought on by parties outside the state will be that Jackson county will have to make use of the Oregon law the same as Malheur county in eastern Oregon, and ban all stock driven from other states to their free range. What this is done, there will be plenty of feed for all Oregon owned stock.

E. T. MERRILL Classified advertising gets results.

Fruitgrowers! Waste Paper

75 to 100 newspapers in a BUNDLE 10c Mail Tribune Office

Classified advertising gets results.