

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
 "Evening in Southern Oregon
 reads the Mail Tribune"

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THE ONLY WAY TO REDUCE TAXES

IT IS really rather a surprising thing that Governor Meier should ever have favored the Indiana plan of tax control. For Governor Meier is a firm believer in the intelligence and wisdom of the people of Oregon, and his strength lies in the support he receives from them—not from the politicians or big business, but from the masses,—from the rank and file.

He has the people with him. But this Indiana plan is built squarely upon the assumption that these same people are not competent to rule themselves.

The Indiana plan, for example, would transfer control of taxes in Jackson County, from the taxpayers of Jackson County, to a bureau in Salem, the people of the county would have nothing whatever to say about their own affairs.

OBVIOUSLY the only justification for such drastic action—such an essentially un-American proposal—would be the conviction that the people of Jackson County couldn't be trusted to manage their own affairs, that a bureau in Salem would have to do the job for them. What would be true of Jackson County would be true of every self-governing unit in the state.

We repeat, it is difficult to understand how Governor Meier ever came to favor this Indiana plan, which is such a complete repudiation of the political principles, upon which the strength of his administration is based.

THAT he now realizes his mistake, is indicated by the fact that his state tax committee refused to accept the Indiana plan, and has so modified it that both its purpose and spirit have been completely changed.

Instead of placing tax control in a Salem bureau, or leaving it where it was in the taxpaying unit, it is put in the hands of a joint committee, made up of the state tax commission on one hand, and the local tax committee on the other,—a majority of this joint committee to determine the final outcome.

This is a compromise which, like most compromises, we fear will satisfy neither side.

AS A matter of fact, in our opinion, the ONLY WAY TO REDUCE TAXES,—IS TO REDUCE THEM. We don't believe calling a special session of the Legislature is going to help materially, and we don't believe this modified Indiana plan is going to help materially.

What is going to help—and the only thing that can help—IS THE FORCE OF PUBLIC OPINION! Instead of a special session and passing more laws, making this force more effective, we fear it will, by arousing various political and personal antagonisms, make it less so.

THE FOREST FIRE SITUATION

THE forest fire situation in Southern Oregon is a serious one. With no rain in prospect, with the hot period in full blast, and with many unemployed, everything conspires to defeat the forces of forest protection and conservation.

In normal times many fires are set to provide employment, in the mid-summer between the growing and harvest periods. But this year, with hundreds out of work, this temptation is increased many fold.

Last Saturday we printed an editorial from a Santa Barbara paper showing the necessity of forest conservation, as a vital factor in the growth and prosperity of the Pacific Coast. The value of the standing timber destroyed is really a minor item, compared with the effect on the rainfall and the productivity of the land.

OREGON'S greatest natural asset lies in its standing timber and the rainfall it insures. Every destructive forest fire not only represents a loss to the owners of the timber, but a future loss to every resident of the state.

It has been suggested that the only way to eliminate incendiarianism at this time of year would be for the government and states to join in forming a permanent forest fire department, large enough to handle any fire situation without volunteer aid.

This would seem to be rather an extreme measure and an expensive one; but perhaps something of the sort will have to be done, if the ultimate destruction of our forests is to be prevented.

The prospect of enemy invasion by air will cause few shudders while fliers who cross the ocean are worth a 7-column head.

Traffic lights are like business. The red may hold you up, but it's the yellow that makes you hesitate before stepping on it.

Note to fathers: It takes a lot of vanity to fear that a boy less ornery than you were, won't turn out as well as you did.

Among the short term bonds that need greater security are the bonds of matrimony.

You never fully realize the power of love until you see how it holds up traffic on a Sunday.

Russia's success isn't surprising. Any group of sensible Americans could work wonders if the others would mind.

Don't worry about the younger generation. If youngsters had always obeyed their parents we would still be living in caves.

Talks To Parents

By Alice Jackson Peale

A 14-year-old boy who is somewhat small for his age but, because of good intellectual endowment, already in his second school year of high school, has been begging his parents for the last year to allow him to wear long trousers.

All the boys in his class wear them and tease him because he is still in knickerbockers. His parents have told him that he is much too small to look anything but ridiculous in long trousers, and that he had not yet reached the age when he should resign himself to knickerbockers for another year.

If the boy's dressing were merely a matter of appearance, his parents would be entirely right. But to him, the question is how he is dressed means much more than how he looks.

Undoubtedly his small stature, placed as he is among a group of older and bigger boys, has already made him feel physically inferior. To have this inferiority further emphasized by his clothing can only add to his humiliation.

As soon as a child arrives at the age where the conventions and opinions of his playfellows become of importance to him, it is only fair to take them into account.

Long trousers for boys, lipstick and alk stockings for girls, are not simply a question of good or bad taste, of becomingness or unbecomingness. To the child they are a symbol of his "belonging" or "not belonging."

For him it is all-important to belong to a group—a group—a leader, a good luck and personality are with him, or just a blessedly inconspicuous member.

In dressing your child take into account his prejudices and feelings. It is more important that he should feel happy in his clothes than that he should look well in them.

Personal Health Service
 By William Brady, M. D.

Special 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. Only one or two questions may be answered. No reply can be made to questions not conforming to instructions. Address: Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

RECOVERY FROM MASTOIDITIS.

About half of all cases of mastoiditis go on to complete recovery without special treatment, often without having been recognized as mastoiditis.

Pain back of the ear or tenderness to pressure upon the bone directly behind the ear, or swelling of the surface in that region, may indicate mastoiditis, but in many cases no such signs are found and in some cases these signs are totally lacking.

More or less involvement of the air cells in the mastoid bone accompanies most cases of inflammation of the middle ear (otitis media). When such acute middle ear inflammation "breaks" and discharges matter from the ear, a very profuse discharge usually indicates mastoiditis. If the discharge can be seen to pulsate it is certainly mastoiditis. An ear discharge persisting for many days or weeks after a "gathering" has been made, is indicative of complicating mastoid infection, especially if the patient has slight fever a little while every day.

The reason why mastoiditis is regarded with anxiety is that it involves the risk of infection getting into the brain cavity, through the very thin bony wall between the seat of trouble in the mastoid process of the temporal bone and the meninges or membranes covering the brain. There is also the danger of a meningitis or inflammation of these brain coverings, but also the danger of septic sinus thrombosis, or infection in the great vein-paths within the skull.

Fortunately these dreaded effects occur only rarely, compared with the frequency of mastoiditis. It is well to treat every case of acute earache where inflammation is assumed to be present, as a potential mastoiditis, as indeed it is, and save all the fuss and bother of chiselling into the mastoid cells later on.

Mastoid operations, by the way, were formerly done too hastily—I mean the surgeons were a mile too eager to get mallet and chisel into play in such cases. Today, I am as sure, the practice of most good doctors and surgeons in dealing with this troublesome condition is quite conservative.

Doctors should be conservative in treating such cases, particularly in young children, for the outlook for spontaneous recovery is always best where the patient is a young child. Some of the older folk, who have suffered or rather tolerated chronic running ear for many years and dilly-dallied with it, seem to have little resiliency when they develop mastoid complications, and with them it's oh, behave, it's nothing today and gone tomorrow. More than once when I have been at a loss what to do with a recalcitrant old body with chronic otitis media.



we have settled it all by just burying him. I recall only one infant that failed to recover from mastoiditis and in that case we operated.

Aside from the treatment of the acute ear inflammation there is no special remedy for mastoiditis. I don't think I'd submit to a mastoid operation myself unless some good family physician sanctioned and urged it, on his own information and belief and without conviction of a specialist.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
 Oh, Brethren, Listen.

During the past 15 years (Harvard, 1915) I have removed upward of 20,000 tonsils surgically. About five months ago I visited in New York and in Philadelphia and saw the work these men are doing with diathermy. I came home determined to use it in my own practice. I am now advising all of my patients from 10 years upward to have their tonsils removed by this method.—(M. D.)

Answer—Your conversion, Doctor, reminds me of the story of the oculist who destroyed a bushel of eyes (*) before he finally mastered the cataract operation. It will be interesting to know how many of your last thousand tonsillectomy patients return to have their tonsils extirpated in the modern way. (*) They were pig's eyes the doctor bought from the butcher.

Tin Doctoring in School.

I was told by the school nurses to get glasses and I've got them, but I can't see very good and some people have told me that if you wear glasses once you will always have to wear them.—W. P.

Answer—My advice, son, is that you should give your eyes better consideration, for you're going to need them for many years. Go to an oculist—that is, a real doctor who limits his practice to eye diseases—for examination of your eyes. The doctor will tell you whether you should wear glasses any of the time or all of the time. No one else is competent to advise you about it.

Wife Ought to Fit Up a Stable.

I smoke two cigars every night after supper, but it seems I must expectorate after each puff of smoke.

Answer—Quit yourself with a small flock of pipes and a canister of good old (tobacco manufacturers write in for terms), and spend the difference for a new suit and a new hat for the wife.

Radium, Fibroid, Sterility.

I had radium used successfully for fibroid tumor four years ago. I was told then I could never have another child. However, I gave birth to a baby in September. This was 11 years after the birth of my first baby. It was a very easy case and very difficult. Is this likely to be due to the radium treatment, and is it likely to happen again?—Mrs. H. P.

Answer—No.
 (Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

SUNDOWN STORIES

THE DEEP OCEAN.
 By Mary Graham Bonner

John could hardly wait for the adventure the Clock had promised. Not only was he going to use his magic and turn the time ahead into the future, but he was going to let John see deep ocean diving, and let him go down and see the ocean floor.

The Clock was waiting for John and Peggy at the end of the garden. Peggy and the Little Black Clock were going along too, but they were not going down with the divers.

In a short time the Clock had taken them to the coast, and they all went into a boat with the strange-looking divers. The children had never seen.

They wore costumes that looked to John like queer submarine boats. There were windows in the costumes and tanks attached to them, and breathing tubes and air pumps, and attached to the arms were ready-made hands with hammers and hooks.

The Little Black Clock explained that these would be useful in digging out reefs and chests from sunken vessels. And these extra hands would be worked by the divers' hands inside the costume.

Attached to the legs of these outfits were claw-like feet, which would help the divers over rocky and slippery places.

And then to John's excitement they put one of these strange outfits on him, and down, down he went with one of the others until he was at the ocean's bottom and it was very dark.

He was so glad that he did not feel afraid. And now he stopped feeling the valves that had helped him go down.

They had let the water in just so much, and he knew that when he was going up again, he would blow the water out with compressed air. But now he was on the ocean floor.

In dressing your child take into account his prejudices and feelings. It is more important that he should feel happy in his clothes than that he should look well in them.

Quill Points

An amateur is a man whose score isn't news.

A good citizen is one who breaks the right laws.

Environment makes the man. Any long life is a home run if the field is small enough.

New York carries millions of rats to the city's island dump, but seldom, alas! the right ones.

Europeans would be sordid dollar chasers, too, if they had wives bent on keeping up with the Joneses.

"Her, Bruce," cried Pierre desperately. "Ann has been urging me all along not to let you have my money. She wants me to go to school to prepare myself to be an actor, as I have always planned—as mother planned for me before she died."

"Sure, I know. That's Ann. She would make any sacrifice for you, Pierre. But just the same she feels it. I know I oughtn't to have told you, but she's crying because after all she's done for you and all she's been to you you haven't seen your way to help me get the start in life that would mean so much to her. She thought you cared more for her—for us—that's all."

"Good Lord! Bruce, I never thought of it that way!"

"That's what I've tried to tell Ann, Pierre. I told her you didn't realize what it would mean to her."

"That's right. I haven't realized what it would mean to Ann."

"I know you haven't, and she knows it, too, but it hurts just the same."

SEES LAKE AGAIN AFTER 46 YEARS

CRATER LAKE (Special)—Just as time has left its mark on his aging brow, the passing years have brought many changes to Crater Lake, John G. Miller, Klamath Falls, learned Sunday on his first trip to Crater Lake National park since 1885, when he found trip from the Klamath Falls took 10 days by horse over roads that were hardly good trails, winding through the woods.

Mr. Miller has a brother, Farrell, of Medford, employed in park service and visited with him much of the day. The latter made his first visit to the lake in 1885, but he has been averaging a trip a year since that time. However, it was only last week that he took his first rim drive, circling the lake for a distance of 25 miles.

ROCKAWAY—Christian church edifice completed.

IN VACATION TIME

Don't forget to keep in touch with the old home town when you leave for your summer vacation. Have your Mail Tribune forwarded to the new address. Phone Main 75 and the matter will be promptly attended to.

WATCH THIS SPACE

A subscriber of the Mail Tribune may appear here in a row. Only subscribers' names will be published and, during the course of this offer, all subscribers will be given an opportunity to receive FREE shows as GUESTS THIS PAPER.

NOW PLAYING

"Their Mad Moments"

by Harold Bell Wright
EXIT

"But I'm all packed to go in the morning!"

"You haven't bought your ticket yet."

"That's so. I suppose I could have my old soda fountain back."

"And you would go right on making your home with Ann and me. It isn't as if you were giving up your plans to go on the stage. Pierre; it's only putting it off a few months."

"Sure, I know. A year wouldn't make so much difference. Are you certain, Bruce, that this gold mining investment is all you say it is and that you won't need my money longer than a year?"

"If I wasn't sure do you think for a minute I would propose letting me invest your money in it?"

"But I haven't very much money, Bruce. I figure that there's barely enough for me to scrape through school and live until I can land some sort of a part in some play."

"I know what you have, Pierre. I looked up your account in our bank. You drew it all out this afternoon too."

As if in a dream Pierre slowly drew a package of bills from his pocket and gave it to Bruce. "I—I never realized that Ann," he said.

Bruce, as he put the money in his pocket, said: "She would give me the devil if she knew I'd told you. You'll never regret this, Pierre; it will make us all rich."

"Yeah," returned Pierre, "I'm awfully glad I can do something for Ann."

Before they could say anything more Martin Bevis entered with hat and cane. "That Camden train goes at 7:30, doesn't it, Bruce?"

"Seventy-four," answered Bruce.

"Oh! Well, we can walk as far as the bank together. I've got to find that blasted 29 cents yet tonight."

Ann, coming in with the bag she had packed for Bruce, asked, "What time is it now, Pat?"

As Martin drew his watch from his pocket a massive old-fashioned Masonic charm came loose from the guard and fell to the floor. Martin cried: "I've dropped my Masonic charm," and began hunting for it. Ann and Pierre went to Martin's assistance. Bruce moved to the desk at the farther end of the room and began hurriedly to write a letter.

"Here it is!" cried Ann, recovering the charm and giving it to her father.

The old bookkeeper handled the emblem fondly. "I wouldn't take a fortune for that," he said proudly. He handed it to Pierre.

"Pierre, examining the charm, 'Presented to Martin Bevis by his brother Masons in token of his services as Worshipful Master of Orchard Hill Lodge, number 25, November 30, 1893.' Fine!" said Pierre. "I don't wonder you think a lot of it."

Martin received the charm from Pierre's hand and regarded it with fond admiration. Then he remarked: "The spring in this blessed snap is weak. That's how it came loose."

"Haven't you better leave it at home, Pa, until you have it fixed?" asked Ann.

"No," Martin returned impatiently as he fixed the snap. "I have never been without this sacred emblem a minute. I'll just bend this spring a bit and it will hold all right until I get a new one. I never would find that 29 cents to balance my books tonight if I was to leave my lucky charm at home." He called to Bruce. "Come on, Bruce; it's time we were going if you expect to catch that train to Camden tonight!"

Bruce finished the letter he was writing, placed it in an envelope, which he sealed and put in his pocket.

"Goodbye, Ann—" he kissed her hurriedly.

"Goodbye, dear; you'll be sure to come home on the morning train, won't you?"

He laughed nervously and, turning hastily, offered his hand to Pierre. "Well, goodbye, old gent."

Pierre, shocked at Bruce's manner and the indifference of his farewell, shook hands silently.

Bruce, with a laugh, caught up his bag and rushed after Martin.

Suddenly Pierre grasped the full import of the situation—Bruce was going away with his school money—his own plans to leave for New York in the morning were wrecked. Staring as if in a run after Bruce, he called with quick excitement: "Bruce, oh, Bruce—wait a minute, please!"

(Copyright 1928, by D. Appleton and Co.)

The tape measure that Pierre uses Monday cannot gauge the significance of the discovery to which it leads.

FLIGHT O' T

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
 July 20, 1921
 (It Was Wednesday)

Local interest in the murder case at Roseburg, many residents knew Dr. field. Sheriff requested for Dr. Brumfield in this case.

Water restriction invoked in council.

City urged to advertise national scale, its glories nears.

Phillip Forrester who from the county is by the jailer over the head, stick of wood, returns in case of Sheriff Terrill, and experienced in unfastening handcuffs by which the attached.

Complaints about the locomotives doing so much tilting while standing at the receives, the consideration, Espie, officials, who pass put a stop to it.

31,192 people travel over roads in three days state shows.

The mint industry in K county has a big future, now on sale.

July 20, 1911
 It Was Thursday

A want ad in the Mail Tribune, "Wanted—Reddied hot spell," was printed. This morning the dropped seven degrees. Mail Tribune want ads get quickly.

First auto reaches Crater rim.

Col. Ray, Judge Colvig and Reddy lunch campaign for congress meet in Medford.

Police raid a poker game South Front street and \$100 in quarters.

Forest fires fill valley blanket of smoke.

"57 Varieties" Helme build pickle and vinegar factory.

Teeth Interfered With HOORICK FALLS, N. Y. (UP)—Before Joseph 69, committed suicide, he his false teeth so he could the barrel of a rifle in his body. The teeth were found behind.

Notice

Notice is hereby given that undersigned, A. R. McBlanch E. McIntosh and P. Whoolsey have this 17th of July, 1931, dissolved the partnership heretofore existing under the name of "Black Cat" at 40 South Central Avenue, Medford, Oregon, that said A. R. McIntosh has purchased the interest of the said P. R. Whoolsey and assumed the liability of debts contracted by said firm.

A. R. MCINTOSH,
 BLANCH E. MCINTOSH,
 PEARL K. WHEELER

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 BLANCH E. MCINTOSH,
 PEARL K. WHEELER

F. J. SPAULDIN
 482, Iowa St., Ashland

You are invited to present the pon at the Mail Tribune office receive two

FREE TICKET

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MAIL TRIBUNE

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