

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Quill Points

The fact that people no longer feel romantic love is clear to several great scientists, all of them old married stiffs.

Divorce may not be an evil, but you'll notice that a divorce town attracts no Sunday school conventions.

If isn't the responsibility that makes a young father look glum. It's because he no longer gets all the petting.

But if Capone was selling stuff illegally, why give him 30 days to sell the rest of it?

You see, if we lend Europe money to buy from us, the profits will make us so rich we can afford to cancel her debts.

Americanism: Voting for bonds to build gorgeous highways; blaming the wretched politicians when the bonds come due.

Things move so fast in Europe that Uncle Sam never knows whether tomorrow will make him a Shylock or a Savior.

Maybe a gangland movie doesn't promote other crimes, but it prompts a lot more gangland movies.

About all you can say for glass furniture is that the edges don't turn brown when you forget a cigarette.

Removing the teeth will cure some things, including the foolish belief that removing the teeth will cure everything.

The law-abiding citizen is much like anybody else except that he doesn't know what a "grand" is.

Yet many a high hat covers a low brow.

The honeymoon is over when they spend money for breakfast though they haven't a drop of gas in the tank.

IS LOCAL LABOR BEING EMPLOYED?

A SUBSCRIBER, in answer to our Sunday editorial stating that local labor is being exclusively employed by the California Oregon Power company at Prospect, came into the office today, with the license numbers on six California cars, one Washington car and one Illinois car, as refutation of such a claim.

As 700 men are employed at Prospect, a total of eight outsiders is not a bad proportion. We referred this report to officials of the power company, however, and they have started to check them up.

Jack Thompson, in charge of this construction, declared that his order to give preference to local labor was a strict one, and that if he found it had not been carried out he would take summary action.

HE FURTHER explained that there were a few cases where former employees of the company had gone to other states, returned here when they heard of this new construction, and had been engaged because of their familiarity with the work. It has also been necessary to call in a few trained men from the outside for special technical work, and he believed these two facts would explain the outside cars enumerated.

Mr. Thompson stated that before any applicant for work can secure it, he must prove he is a resident of Jackson, Josephine or Klamath counties,—the local territory where the company operates,—and that preference is always given to married men with families to support.

WE CALL attention to this fact for it illustrates how misapprehensions may arise, when based upon incomplete information. When the work at Prospect first started a representative of the Mail Tribune investigated the system of employment and reported the system explained by Mr. Thompson as being scrupulously carried out. Incidentally, he found scores of men, thrown out of work when the Owen-Oregon mill closed down, placed upon the Copeo payroll.

The contention, we made therefore, that this Prospect construction, at this time, is of vast benefit to Southern Oregon, and will continue to be of great benefit, as long as it continues, was absolutely correct.

INCIDENTALLY, if Governor Meier had not vetoed the bill at the last legislature, allowing the California Oregon Power company to construct a \$5,000,000 unit in Klamath County, there would be another large payroll in Southern Oregon now, to reduce unemployment at the present time. As everyone knows, because of this veto the payroll will be transferred to the state of California.

Perhaps from the standpoint of those who believe in public ownership and operation, "cheap light and power at no cost to the taxpayers," his veto was justified. We are not regarding the matter from the standpoint of politics, but from the standpoint of good business—from the standpoint of dollars and cents at the present time.

IS THERE A SUBSIDIZED PRESS?

WE DON'T believe even Rufus Holman, state treasurer, would deny any of the facts cited above. But he would not doubt fall back upon the demagogic plea that no one should believe anything they read in the "subsidized press."

Oh, it's a great world, mates! If you don't happen to approve of EVERYTHING Governor Meier does,—if you have the temerity to question the wisdom of some of his official acts, while approving others,—then you are a member of that iniquitous ring of journalistic corruption,—the subsidized press.

According to the best information we can obtain, to subsidize the press "is to purchase newspaper support and assistance by the payment of a subsidy."

Now that is a very serious charge. And we don't believe a man of Mr. Holman's standing would make that charge against any portion of the Oregon press, without some evidence to support it.

MIGHT WE THEREFORE ASK, NOT ONLY ON BEHALF OF THIS NEWSPAPER, BUT EVERY OTHER NEWSPAPER IN THE STATE, THAT MR. HOLMAN SUPPLY THAT EVIDENCE, AND SPECIFY THE NEWSPAPERS WHICH ARE SELLING THEIR SUPPORT FOR A SUBSIDY.

Such information would be of great interest to the people of this state and of particular interest to the newspapers. There is an Oregon state editorial association composed of practically every newspaper in the state. This association has a code of ethics, and can be depended upon to proceed against any member, guilty of selling its editorial support, to any individual or any group of individuals, to any little business or any big business,—or for that matter being false to any of the basic ideals of American journalism.

Would it be too much to ask that the state treasurer place his charges of a subsidized press, supported by the evidence, before the officials of that association, AT ONCE, so that at the next meeting, those newspapers guilty of selling out, may be publicly exposed, expelled from that association, and suffer the disgrace and financial ruin, that they deserve?

THAT'S a fair request, isn't it? It seems so to us. And it also seems fair that those who have been making these serious charges against the press of Oregon, so many months, either fish or cut bait,—either file these charges before the proper authorities, so those accused may either prove their innocence or admit their guilt; or frankly admit they have no evidence, that the charges are untrue, that the mudslinging is nothing but politics, and cheap contemptible politics at that.

The people will probably not object to gangland's fake silver coffins as long as the contents are genuine.

About the only thing wealthy Americans now spend their money as freely for as ever, is an acquittal.

The best explanation of Hollywood marriages is that the continuity experts are busy at something else.

Two influences that promise a great future for the Diesel engine are German genius and the gasoline tax.

Baldness is a sign of an active brain. So that's the reason women don't have to shave their chins.

Of course sufficient publicity can make you a celebrity, but why covet anything that is enjoyed in equal measure by a yeast cake!

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 to the point. In the last number of the Mail Tribune a reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of the Mail Tribune.

CONSERVING THE VISION OF NEAR-SIGHTED EYES

Whether it is because the postoffice authorities are more vigilant in preventing the use of the mails for fraud, or because the litty is becoming less glib and better informed I don't know, but certainly I do not receive so many inquiries now as I did formerly about mysterious "eye exercises" that mail-order firms offered customers—exercises purporting to strengthen the eyes and do away with the need of spectacles.

Young persons with myopia (near-sightedness) almost always wish they could get along without glasses, and so these humbug "natural" methods appeal strongly to them. I am just an ordinary doctor, not an oculist or eye doctor—optical, optometrist, or as we doctors call him—and in fact I think ophthalmology as a special field of practice is rather backward as compared with other special branches of medicine. The trouble is, so many ophthalmologists are conceited enough to think they can be otologists (ear specialists), rhinologists (nose specialists) and otolaryngologists (throat specialists). The ophthalmologist needs today is a few ophthalmologists.

Young persons with near-sightedness must realize that for them the conservation of vision depends mainly upon the amount of rest their eyes give them now while they are young. This means that all unnecessary strain of the eyes should be carefully avoided. To avoid strain, if you are near-sighted, always wear your glasses when you read or do any kind of near work with your eyes. It is a fortunate thing for the vision of near-sighted eyes that the child requires resting from time to time and a change of glasses to suit the changing focusing power of the eye at rest. That is, it is fortunate if the test of examination is made by an ophthalmologist (ocular physician), for he will put drops in the eyes to put the accommodation or focusing effort at rest, so that the test will show just what the resting eye sees without any strain, conscious or unconscious, on the part of the patient. It is a distinctly beneficial thing for near-sighted eyes in a young person to be kept under the effects of an eye drop for a week or more now and then, as a complete rest for the eyes.

To give your eyes the greatest possible amount of physiological rest and prevent strain, dodge all close work you can do for a week or more now and then, as a complete rest for the eyes. To give your eyes the greatest possible amount of physiological rest and prevent strain, dodge all close work you can do for a week or more now and then, as a complete rest for the eyes.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Training the Child for Health. Please accept our thanks for the rules for care and preservation of the teeth which you so graciously sent for the use of our teachers in the dental hygiene campaign, and also for the article in your column. We hope you will write more along that line—it takes a lot of time to get this newer knowledge across. It took me about two years, aided by my then city doctor, Dr. —, and your help, to get the parents to consent to immunization of our school children against diphtheria. —Mrs. F.

Answer—I'm glad to know we're getting some newer knowledge of hygiene over to the school children. As a rule they get only antiquated ideas. Alcoholism. If a man had both legs smashed up, would that fact that he has never drunk at all make any difference in regard to the saving of his legs from amputation?—N. W. A.

Answer—If you compare him with a man similarly injured who has been a hard or steady drinker, other things being equal the teetotaler would unquestionably have the better chance. (Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

SUNDOWN STORIES
The Play Spirit
It was time for Billy, aged 3, to go to bed, but he was playing hilariously when the clock struck his bedtime hour.

THE HAZY AFTERNOON
By Mary Graham Bonner
The Little Black Clock certainly had been turning the time, back for the children had been spending all their recent hours for adventure with the Indians.

Parents often fail to realize how necessary it is for a child to behave in the spirit of play even when he is in the act of obeying the wishes of his elders. Obedience comes easier when he does it in fun and in his own way.

Ye Poet's Corner
To the Rogue River. The Rogue, it steals our hearts away As it ripples and glistens In its blue array On to a bright and perfect day.

It inspires us with romance, With thoughts of love, The kind that is pure and true That comes from far above.

Each night you sing us to sleep, As we tarry along through the day. We care not to pine or to weep, You Rogue, you steal our hearts away.

They're headed south for Panama, are Puffy and the Bun; They're racing neck and neck as each one gives his ship the gun.

Let's set a prize," shouts Puffy, "for the winner of this race." "The prize I want," cries Bunny, "is a nice, soft landing place."

A decrease of 48 per cent in tobacco acreage has been reported from sections of Wayne county, N. C.

SAO PAULO, Brazil.—(UP) The world's largest snake farm, the Butantan Institute here, is facing a problem difficult to solve—a lack of snakes.

PHOENIX, Ariz.—(UP) A memory for signatures resulted in two wartime friends locating each other one being in Baltimore, Md., and the other in Phoenix.

EXIT by Harold Bell Wright

SYNOPSIS: Because his watch chain is found beside the bank cashier's body, Martin Revis is jailed for the murder and the theft of \$25,000. Yet others near the bank that evening included Martin's son-in-law, Bruce, headed for the station, and Pierre, who had landed in half-dozed desperation after a stuporously leading Bruce the savings set aside for his stage training. Pierre does not know that his estranged father, Tony Donovan, is back of the gold mine scheme for which Bruce wants the money. After Martin's arrest, Anna tearfully shows Tony and Pierre a letter from Bruce, who had left ostensibly on a short business trip, saying that he won't return. Frankly, Pierre had insisted that Ann and Pierre were more than friends.

Chapter 24
A DESERT MYSTERY
DRIPPING SPRING is a spot in the Nevada desert. The nearest human habitation—is Jimmie Harrison's camp in the Biscuit Hills may be called a habitation—is a day and a half to the west and south by a faintly marked trail. Red Butte, a typical desert mining town, lies two days east by trail across Burro Mesa. Red Butte touches civilization by way of a road 80 miles to Red Butte Station, which is on a railroad.

The vast expanse of Burro Mesa slopes imperceptibly toward the west and a slight depression, beginning in the central part of this great plain, deepens into a draw, and becomes at last a canyon which opens out onto the lower desert levels where the mesa ends in a wall-like declivity.

Dripping Spring, in the mouth of this canyon, is known only to a few venturesome prospectors and their kind. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast to the Ohio village where Pierre Donovan had grown to manhood, and it is no wonder that the soda fountain clerk amid such surroundings was bewildered and dismayed.

The end of the day was near and the pack-saddles, bed rolls, and cooking utensils lying about indicated a camp for the night. Pierre, tired and begrimed from a long march on the hot desert trail, was searching among the thinly scattered weeds for something to make a campfire. Often he paused to look wonderingly around.

From that lonely spot the desert stretched away until in the mysterious distance earth and sky became one. The sun was almost touching the higher peaks of a mountain range so far away that it appeared as a gray-blue cloud; but in all the sky there was no cloud. And the land lay as empty and silent as the sky.

The loneliness, the silence, to Harriet Noel's son, were appalling. Suddenly the silence was broken by a rich Irish brogue. "Come away out of that now, Kate! Ye blunderin' she-devil av a burro! Can't I never learn ye to keep yer dirty nose out av the spring? 'Tis five years and more that I've been waterin' ye at this place, and niver a time that ye did not try to spoil the drink fer yer betters."

The voice came again: "Hey, you Jack, look to yer feet willist I put yer hobbles on. Now git on the lot of ye."

There was a sound of blows and scurrying hoofs, and then from around a rocky corner came a man of the desert. His age might have been anywhere from 40 to 80. His lean stony body was as straight as a gun-barrel and he walked with the easy, tireless movement of the old-time prospector. The years he had lived under the fierce desert sun had marked his features with innumerable lines; desert skies had given his blue eyes a serene courage and an unwavering fidelity. In one hand he carried four load ropes, in the other a cloth-covered canteen, dripping wet from the spring. Tossing the ropes on the nearest pack-saddle he took the canteen to Pierre.

"Av all the jack-asses I've ever known in my long career—an' I've known a lot, animal and human—sim four old burros av mine do be the most exasperatin' limit! And 'at's the truth or my name's not Jimmie Harrigan! Have a drink?" Pierre smiled. "Thanks, but I filled up at the spring when we first arrived."

"Sure ye did, but have another anyhow. Too much water will be an experience that ye'll remember wid pleasure when ye're out in that dangid old desert yonder."

Pierre, with a laugh, raised the canteen to his lips. "Speakin' av water," the desert man continued, "there do be tracks av strange burros down around the spring. The beasts never come from my place and they did not come from Red Butte or we would have seen their signs these last two days. I'm thinkin' 'tis more than likely thim burros belong to the two men ye're lookin' fer."

"You think Bruce Carey and the man he is with are near here?" cried Pierre eagerly. "No, lad, 'tis certain I am that Colorado Hill and his friend Burnes, that you think is the man Bruce Carey that ye're so wishful to find, are not in this neighborhood. 'Tis like I told you—I seen thim men wid me own two eyes a-headin' toward Mother Mountain. They ain't come back or they'd be here, or at least their tracks would. Now, the only water-hole on Mother Mountain is Blackwater Tanks. Sometimes there's water at the Tanks, and sometimes there is not. These burros bein' here at Drippin' Spring may have come back from Blackwater Tanks because there's little or no water there right now."

"Blackwater Tanks is no more than a hollow in the rocks, and not thim water like Drippin' Spring here. And that water-hole may be dry, we've had no rain for so long a time."

"But if there is no water the men would come back, too, wouldn't they?" "They would if—" The Irishman hesitated, then as if to reassure his companion, "it may be av course that there's a little water in the Tanks, and that Colorado Hill has turned his burros loose to save what there is for himself and yer friend, Bruce, knowing that the beasts would come back here to Drippin' Spring and that he could pick them up again on his way back to Red Butte after he and yer friend had stayed on Mother Mountain as long as what little water there is in the Tanks lasts. But I don't like it at all."

"Is there anything we can do, Mr. Harrigan?" "Nothin' more than to go straight ahead as ye planned. But 'tis well that ye have no burros to bother wid tomorrow. You can carry enough water to last ye to Mother Mountain and back here again. But 'tis on me mind that ye'll not get far 'til ye meet yer men on their way back to Drippin' Spring wid their tongues hangin' out. 'Tis a terrible bit av desert ye're headin' into, lad, and av I was not dead sure ye could niver findin' yer friend and Colorado Hill I'd niver let ye start out alone at all. But av ye do as I tell ye ye'll come out av it safe enough. Av ye make any mistakes ye'll niver come out."

"You have been awfully good to me, Mr. Harrigan," said Pierre, "I never could have found Bruce without you to show me the way. It was lucky that I met you at Red Butte."

"Sure, any lad wid the name av Donovan would have a claim on a Harrigan," returned the Irishman with a chuckle. "I only hope that this stranger wid Colorado Hill is the man, Bruce, that ye're huntin' for."

FLIGHT O' TIME

(Medford and Jackson County History From the Files The Mail Tribune of 20 10 Years Ago.)
TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
July 27, 1921. (It was Wednesday.) Earl Tully returns from coast, to learn that his auto was destroyed by fire.

Local garage man used for stored auto without permission owner, and assessed \$25. Soviet offers to pay war debt America if France will do likewise.

Government threatens to cut stamps from two to cents to meet a deficit declared Secretary Mellon. The home of D. M. Lowe, near fairgrounds destroyed by fire, to be backfire from an airplane.

Plan to stock Lake O' Woods black bass. Hopes of holding a county fair this fall disappear. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
June 27, 1911. (It was Thursday.) Time to spray for cooling mosquitoes.

Statistics show valley abounds most of its food and vegetables. War or peace in Europe is upon decision of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany on Moroccan demands. Shorty Garnett secures war for rowdies, in a spring wagon attempted to lasso him when drove his auto by them on Jacksonville road. They shot in the air and cursed Mr. Garnett in a vile manner.

First National bank secures insurance on bonds stolen in Creek Canyon train robbery. RAILROAD TRAIN WINNERS IN RACE WITH STORM

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—(UP) New York Central Railroad beat the storm here by 33 minutes. As the train left Utica, 350, ward Callahan, en route to Springfield, Mass., to East Canada, O., with her four children, became ill and the engineer urged to make a rapid stop at Syracuse.

Exactly 33 minutes after train arrived here, Mrs. Callahan gave birth to a baby girl. South Carolina farmers are fighting other stock on oats and their corn for hogs.

Twenty-five farmers of Meigs county, Ky., paid off their local farm loans with proceeds of the 1931 strawberry crop. Mrs. Claire Boothby of San Francisco says that the Fountain at Heath's Drug Store is the coolest place in Medford to have lunch.

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