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The Land We Live in

THE 1930 U. S. census bulletin on Oregon, just received, contains some interesting information. The total population of Jackson County is 32,918, fifth in the state, only exceeded by Multnomah, Marion, Lane and Clackamas. Klamath County comes next, approximately 500 less.

In average intelligence Jackson leads the entire state. Its illiteracy percentage is only 0.3, while the average for the state is 1, with Klamath 2, Jefferson 4.2, Sherman 3.7 and Multnomah 1.1.

In Jackson County there is almost a perfect balance between rural and urban population. In urban population the total is approximately 16,000; rural population, slightly over 17,000. The urban population of the entire state is approximately 490,000 and the rural population 464,000.

THERE are only 141 aliens in Jackson County compared to over 500 in Klamath, 250 in Lane, 550 in Clackamas, 432 in Marion. Out of Jackson County's total of slightly less than 33,000 inhabitants, over 31,000 ARE NATIVE BORN WHITE. ALL OTHER RACES, including negroes and Orientals, only total 200.

These statistics are very interesting. They emphasize the fact that, even more valuable than this district's natural resources, are the kind of people who live here,—the high type of citizenship that Jackson County enjoys.

It calls attention once more to one of the main reasons why Medford and Jackson County are such delightful places in which to live.

What Price, Motor Cars?

"NINETY-NINE THOUSAND killed, 10,000,000 wounded." Is that a belated report from the world war? No, it is the official report of the "accidents" in the United States during 1930.

The cost of all this carnage is placed at \$3,250,000,000, approximately the annual cost to this country of the World War. Leading the list of course comes automobiles, causing 33,000 deaths, one-third of the total,—certainly an astounding figure.

LAST night a roadster dashed around a curve in Siskiyou Heights, skidded, turned over twice, and finally came to rest on its side, in a resident's front yard. The car was a total wreck, and that the young people inside escaped death was simply one of those things—truly a miracle.

Speeding did not cause this accident, but careless driving DID. The car was probably not going over 35 or 40 miles an hour, but the driver tried to take a sharp curve at that speed, with the inevitable result.

THIS accident is cited to bring home what we believe to be the main cause of American motor cars killing twice as many people as any other country in the world. It is not so much the SPEED at which our cars are driven as the WAY they are driven.

The fact is few people—particularly few young people—REALIZE, that the motor car is not only a medium of locomotion, it is a DANGEROUS WEAPON. It should be used with just as much care and circumspection as a loaded gun, for regardless of speed, whenever it is moving on a highway, it ALWAYS has potentialities of death and destruction.

It may be a sudden curve, it may be the "other car," it may be wet pavement, it may be this or it may be that, but whatever it is,—eternal vigilance on the part of the person at the wheel, is the only price of safety.

The World War Isn't Over

SPEAKING of the World war, some people seem to think it ended over 10 years ago. They are mistaken. It has never ended. It is still going on,—i. e.: the death struggle between France and Germany.

They are no longer fighting with tanks and Big Berthas, shock troops and airplanes, but they are fighting with words and politics and money,—especially money.

It is literally, at the present moment, a war to the death. The people of France are just as determined to conquer Germany under Paul Doumer as they were under Raymond Poincare; and the people of Germany are just as determined not to be conquered (and eventually do a little conquering on their own account) under von Hindenberg as President, as under von Hindenberg as Field Marshal.

THE spirit is the same, only the material expressions of that spirit have changed.

And until the SPIRIT changes, there is no hope for peace in Europe, nor any real financial stabilization, anywhere in the world.

So once more the League of Nations comes in. Until this international association, or SOME OTHER, can step in as a mediator between France and Germany and persuade them to adjust their differences peacefully instead of fighting over them the war to the death will continue.

It is now clear the moratorium did not prevent the final catastrophe, but merely POSTPONED it.

Talks To Parents
 EXPENSIVE DISCIPLINE
 By Alice Jackson Peale
 While dad worked on flower boxes for the front porch, Carl, beside him at the work bench, made swords and revolvers to outfit his gang who were coming to play with him that afternoon.
 When he had finished quite an armory of weapons, he ran off proudly to show them to mother and to brandish them before the eyes of two admiring little girls who lived next door.
 Father's voice calling him to come back, put away the tools and sweep up the sawdust, fell upon deaf ears. Just as Carl was executing a splendid thrust at an imaginary enemy, father appeared.
 He grabbed the boy by the collar and marched him off, saying, "Now, young man, either you'll clean up, or I'll keep everything you made this morning."

GRANTS PASS SLAYER GETS DEATH REPRIEVE
 BOISE, Idaho, Sept. 3.—(AP)—Governor C. Ben Bosha today reprieved John C. McClurg until the next meeting of the board of pardons to save him from hanging on September 11 for murder of his bride of two months, Mary Emerick McClurg, formerly of Ole Hum, Wash.

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 the Mail Tribune.

SHORT COURSE IN SKETEEROLOGY

All along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Texas the mosquito called "Aedes sollicitans" (sort of suggests the famous Ladies from Hell) breeds in brackish water and it is a long distance in pursuit of prey. In recent years this breed of mosquito has established itself inland in some places, as in oil fields and about gas wells, where salt water is brought to the surface.



The common breed of mosquito in villages, towns and cities is "Culex." In the southern states another breed called "Stegomyia" is common near habitations, but "Stegomyia" is a swampish and breeds only in fairly clean water, such as the rain barrel or open wells or cisterns. "Culex" is not so particular, and will breed profusely in any convenient drain, ditch or open sewer, even when cleaner breeding places, such as old tin cans or bottles under the weeds, or obstructed eaves, are available.

Of course all mosquitoes must have standing water or liquid to breed in. The water must stand there for at least a week or ten days for one generation of mosquitoes to bloom.

Also of course, unpleasant old incense still put up with the mosquito nuisance in the belief that the varmint breeds in any shady spot in the deep grass or weeds. That is not so. Unless there is a pool or a little can of water under the weeds or grass, or perhaps a little pond, fountain or brook with stagnant water, the varmint simply can't multiply or survive long.

But before you consign your neighbor to the place where all bad neighbors ought to go, for his inconsiderate maintenance of the neighborhood mosquito nuisance from the open cistern or fountain pool or rain barrel or bird bath in his yard, look well into your own case troughs and see that you are not growing the varmint yourself. I speak with emotion about this, for I passed all one summer in a terrible passion over the open fountain in my neighbor's yard, only to discover toward autumn that I had been breeding my own in an eave trough blocked with dead leaves in the garage. I feel ashamed whenever I meet my neighbor now, after all the ill luck I wished him. I didn't know, but all along he kept some goldfish in his pool, and they take care of the tender young mosquito larvae or wigglers quite efficiently.

If you have to have a pool or reservoir of standing water near your abode, either stock it with goldfish or minnows (minnows preferably), or cover it with a screen to prevent access of the female mosquitoes when they seek a place to deposit their eggs, or at regular intervals spray upon the surface a thin film of crude oil or kerosene or old motor oil of any kind. The oil film on the surface of the water smothers the wigglers, so they will never grow up into adult mosquitoes.

If people only knew it, the cost of screening homes in a community is often much greater than would be the cost of an intelligent campaign

MOON of DELIGHT

by Margaret Bell Houston

SYNOPSIS: By posing as Senorita Flores and refusing a reward for a necklace she said she had found, Juanita Basora wins social acceptance from the owner, Mrs. Gabreau. Thereby Jason Divitt, who had stolen the necklace, sees his cigarette girl for his major thievery plans. When Mrs. Gabreau, Mrs. Basora's grandniece, takes her to the Casino ball, she tries to discover her identity. How different from Divitt's gambling house, where Mrs. Gabreau, Mrs. Basora's grandniece, takes her to the Casino ball, she tries to discover her identity.

Chapter 18
GABREAU'S ERRAND
 WHEN Gabreau came down stairs, Conchita was washing the dishes after a late breakfast, having waited on Molly and Divitt herself.

"I tell you you are not well," she crooned. "I think they will not send you on errands mebbe today."
 That suited Gabreau very well. He would not eat breakfast, but drank some coffee. Then he went out into Rondeau street, passing along Royal, entering the shop where he had taken the picture to be framed.

Pierre put down a cup of black coffee as Gabreau entered from the narrow street. But the dwarf, so intent upon his errand, only nodded at the cheerful greeting from Pierre.
 Pierre had many things in his shop beside frames. There were old carved sofas and chairs, vases and lamps and clocks, bracelets and brooches and rings whose histories went back for centuries—hundreds of things that could be bought for a song.

Gabreau had paused before a case of old weapons, curious relics, some with corroded blades and gems in the hilts. Pierre came over to him, pointing out the beauties of an old scimitar.

Its thin steel curve was fire-red through the rust. Pierre's face reflected his enthusiasm over it—but evidently Gabreau was not interested.
 But Gabreau knew what he had come to buy—the dirk with the smooth sharp blade and the handle that fitted snugly into the hand.

Pierre nodded, taking it from the case.
 "Tell you, mistress," he said, "have another table like de lit' rosewood one she buy. I be please' she come and see him."
 Gabreau took his parcel, sang down the price and went out.
 "Now you be hearful, baby!" Conchita crooned that night. "You have not eat, you have not sleep. You have not de strength to go with Umberto. You mus' let him do de work. You let him tek de chances."
 Gabreau heard what Mrs. Conchita had gone down stairs he removed the dirk from its place behind the framed picture, and thrust it in his belt. From the armoire he took an old black satchel, placed a wrapped parcel within it and went down the stairs.

He knew where Ledbetter lived—in the great bachelor apartments. In the days before Molly had turned the dive into the Parlors he had carried certain parcels to this house, parcels similar to the one he carried now. The bottles in this parcel were empty, but they would serve. The door man would no doubt remember him. People always remembered him.
 Gabreau, arriving at the apartments, was told that Mr. Ledbetter was not in. "He will be in later," Gabreau said.

The door man did not dispute this. He appeared to divine the nature of Gabreau's errand, said to the elevator boy, "Take this up and put it in Mr. Ledbetter's apartment." But Gabreau would not surrender his satchel. The door man signaled him to go up with it.
 The elevator boy knocked at Ledbetter's rooms, and presently unlocked the door, switched on the light, waiting while Gabreau went in and set a bottle on the table. "Tve got tek one on de next flo'," said Gabreau, his hand on the latch of the door. He himself turned off the light, closed the door. He came into the hall, "I walk down," he said. The elevator bell was ringing, and the boy left him.
 Gabreau started up the stairs, came down, walked back to Ledbetter's door. It opened at his touch. He released the latch again, went in and closed the door, turned on the soft light of a single sconce.
 He had never seen such a place. Richness of walls and hangings, of lamps and paintings, dirans and deep chairs. Gabreau stole across the rugs, opened the door upon a

near Klamath Falls. A log rolled over his leg, fracturing it. Bob is in the hospital now.
 J. Frank Carson spent Wednesday in Medford.
 Tom Collins visited friends here last week. He returned to Evans creek Friday.
 Mrs. Richards will board at J. B. Jackson's. Miss Mitchell and Miss Severance will board with the Larsons.
 Mr. and Mrs. Jackson spent two days in Prospect this week.
 Rustlers club met at Mrs. John Clark's Thursday afternoon. They tied a quilt for Mrs. Clark.
 Mrs. Glenn Pruitt went to Medford Wednesday.
 Mrs. Eliza Simerville of Eugene is visiting relatives here.
 Mr. and Mrs. Jim Jackson of Oakland, Cal., are expected here the last of the week.
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REESE CREEK
 REESE CREEK, Ore., Sept. 3.—(Special)—Mrs. Lamb was taken to a Medford hospital last week. It is thought her injuries received when in an auto accident a few weeks ago are quite serious.
 The state crew finished filling the Crater Lake highway between Eagle Point and Trail August 27.
 Lewis Robertson and family of Medford visited Mr. and Mrs. Gus Carlson August 30.
 Mrs. W. E. Fulton and father, Mr.

Foster of Denver, Colo., motored to Crescent City August 27, returning by the old road through the big redwoods.
 Herb Haight is improving slowly from an infected bone in his hand. Mrs. W. Mynor has been quite sick with intestinal flu.
 School will start September 7 at Reese Creek. Books are being furnished by the state this year.
 Mr. and Mrs. James Gray of Los Angeles visited Mr. and Mrs. Jack Grow. They expect to return home by the Redwood highway.
OLD MINING TOWN HAS BUSINESS AREA FIRE
 PLYMOUTH, Cal., Sept. 3.—(AP)—Six business buildings were destroyed, three others and three men slightly injured when fire swept this old mining camp early today. Damage was estimated at \$50,000.

Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
 September 3, 1921.
 (It Was Saturday)
 Don Newbury is admitted to the Oregon bar, and will practice in this city.

The sky is overcast with clouds, but the chilly wind is holding back the rain.
 Eric Wood's stolen auto is found near Edgewood, Calif.

The Portland Telegram prints a picture of Attorney Frank P. Farrell of this city, recently named bonus commission attorney.

Free auto camp conditions are called a "disgrace" in letter to editor.

C. C. Lemmon, Horace Bromley, Raymond Fish and Buster Coleman go to Klamath Falls to defend the Medford tennis title. Rawley Moore and Robert W. Ruhl were unable to make the trip.

Judge William Colvig yesterday celebrated his 77th birthday.
 Charles W. Palm announces that he will build a modern one-story business block at Main and Fir streets.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
 September 3, 1911.
 (It Was Sunday)
 Bartlett crop of valley near end, and consists of 38 cars.

Harry L. Walthor of Yreka, Calif., is named general manager of the Rogue River Electric company and will assume his duties at once.

The grand jury, L. Niedermeyer, foreman, recommends that charges be made in the courthouse at Jacksonville to eliminate office congestion.

Peter Bozus, charged with the murder of Christ Spanos, is indicted for attempting to bribe District Attorney B. F. Mulkey. Mike Spanos, son of the slain man, was to receive \$500 for agreeing to the plan. Bribers are trapped by the prosecutor.

Bear creek bridge to undergo repairs for winter traffic.
 First fall meeting of the commercial club offers pumpernickel and cheese as an epicurean dainty to lure the members to attend.

KLAMATH FALLS, Ore., Sept. 3.—
 (AP)—The Weyerhaeuser Timber company filed suit in circuit court here Friday seeking foreclosure of a mortgage against the Ochoco Land and Timber company of Wisconsin.

Beautiful Women Love New Powder

Beautiful women, admired for youthful complexions, use MELLO-GLO, the new wonderful French process face powder. Purest and smoothest powder known. Stays on longer. No flaky or pasty look. No grime or grit. MELLO-GLO prevents large pores and never smart or feels dry. Blends naturally with any complexion. Demand Mello-glo—Jarmin & Woods Drug Store.

5-Volt 13-plate Battery, \$8
 2-year guarantee . . . \$8
 Battery Recharging 50c
Severin Battery Service
 1322 No. Riverside

WE DEVELOP FREE FILMS
West Side Pharmacy

Rebuilt Batteries \$3.00
Batteries Charged 50c
Service Electric Co.
 Phone 1279 111 S. Holly St.

W. W. WALKER
 824 East Main St.

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POSTERIAN

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NOW PLAYING
'This Modern Age

SUNDOWN STORIES

THE RABBIT'S STORY.
 By Mary Graham Bonner.

They had come back from riding through the sand storm, and now the Little Black Clock told them that if they went down to the end of the garden path that they would see a friend of his who was expecting them.
 "I'm not coming with you as I have a good many things I must do," the Clock said.
 So John and Peggy followed the Little Black Clock's directions, and there, sitting up on her haunches, they saw a black and white rabbit.
 "Oh, Bunny dear," said Peggy, "you are so adorable."
 The rabbit might have been frightened, but the Little Black Clock had already told her that the children would be gentle and would not hurt her, and the rabbit was glad to be able to tell the children one or two things she had in her rabbit mind.
 John at once went off and found a very fine carrot from the vegetable patch in the garden, and Peggy found some clover which she knew the rabbit would like.
 The rabbit nibbled a bit of the carrot, took a bite of the clover and then put the rest aside to take home to her family.
 "They're back of a brier patch near by," she said, and she spoke, her nose wiggled and her whiskers trembled—but not with fear.
 "The Little Black Clock gave me this chance to talk to you," the rabbit continued, "and I do want to ask you to ask your friends not to go rabbit hunting or rabbit trapping. If they kill us outright it is not so terrible, but oh, how we dread those terrible traps."
 "And tell your friends that we are as gentle as any creature could be. We never go hunting."
 Tomorrow—"Rabbit Continues Talking."

Communications

Interested in Pear Pie.
 To the Editor:
 Certainly am very much interested in the drive you have started on pear pie, etc.
 This certainly looks like a very constructive move.
 The advertising plan for winter pears includes a very thorough drive along this line in other markets, and I would like to keep posted on what you do in Medford as it will give us a very fine working basis.
 Very Truly Yours,
PAC. PEARGROWERS' COUNCIL.
 William H. Horsley, Secretary,
 Seattle, Wash., Sept. 1.

BUTTE FALLS

BUTTE FALLS, Ore., Sept. 3.—(Sp.) Mr. and Mrs. Whitney and three daughters moved into the Mathew house last week. The three girls will be in high school.
 Henry Francis cut his leg last week and had stitches taken in it. He has to have it operated on, due to infection setting in.
 Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cory and daughter Frances are visiting Mrs. Cory's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Merle Barnard. They are from Oroville, Cal.
 Mrs. Frank Hoover and son went to Eugene Tuesday morning. Frank will return soon.
 Mrs. Harold Hildreth of Portland is visiting relatives here.
 Miss Elizabeth Simerville of Eugene is visiting relatives here.
 Mr. and Mrs. Jim Jackson of Oakland, Cal., are expected here the last of the week.
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