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reads the Mail Tribune"

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Very Important News

TWO news items today may have an important effect upon promotion of world peace.
One relates to the visit of the French Premier to Berlin,—the first official visit of a representative of France to the capital of Germany since the Franco-Prussian war.
The second is the announcement that following this visit, Premier Laval will accept an invitation from President Hoover to visit the United States.

These two announcements give the first real ray of hope, that a genuine re-approachment between France and Germany may eventually be attained; and that France may join the United States in making the disarmament conference in Geneva in February, an outstanding success.

FRANCE today is the most powerful nation in Europe, and she alone holds the key to the return of peace and prosperity in Central and Western Europe.

With the sincere co-operation of France, everything can be done; without it nothing can be done.

The fact that the head of the French government has agreed to pay a friendly visit to the government of its traditional enemy; and later visit the United States, pledged to a thorough-going disarmament pact, is, we think, the most hopeful sign for a return to sanity and well being in the civilized world, since the signing of the Locarno pact.

And That Is News!

THAT was an excellent speech Senator Borah made yesterday at the University of Idaho regarding the necessity of disarmament, and "a revision of the war treaties which are poisoning the whole life of Europe." One is really inclined to lose all faith in human nature when, so shortly after the most devastating conflict in modern history, practically all nations involved should be spending more for armies and navies than before the "war to end war" started.

But in some ways the most interesting feature of this address was the Idaho senator's tribute to President Hoover.

As everyone knows, Senator Borah was one of the most effective workers for the Republican ticket in the last presidential campaign. But after election there was a complete estrangement, the chairman of the foreign relations committee leading the shock troops against the administration, time and again.

In speaking of the European situation, however, the senator from Idaho said:

"Within the last six months Europe has twice been on the brink of a fearful disaster. The President led out in one instance and performed a service to all humanity in doing so."

This is hardly a fulsome tribute,—no more than the President's initiative in calling for a war debt moratorium deserved. But coming from Senator Borah it is of considerable significance, for it demonstrates that even the President's opponents don't deny his recent success in the sphere of foreign affairs.

UNDOUBTEDLY, as above indicated, President Hoover's next big effort in this direction will be to secure a similar moratorium in armament building, and make the Geneva disarmament conference as great or even a greater service to humanity, than was the mid-summer moratorium.

If he should succeed conspicuously in this effort, it MIGHT prove to be the miracle for which the hard pressed leaders of the Republican party have been so patiently waiting.

We said "might," for such "manna from on high" is hardly probable.

The possibility, however, lies in the fact that the real foundation of this world depression lies in the fear of complete chaos and confusion in Europe. A GENUINE re-approachment between Germany and France, and a GENUINE army and navy holiday would undoubtedly remove this "fear."

Such transformation might then prove to be the spark needed to start the machinery of business recovery in this country, change the entire psychology of the American people, and—MIRACLE OF MIRACLES—render President Hoover's re-election in November as certain as his re-nomination in June.

"Rogue River Rhapsody"

AS DR. BOTLER said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did," so we say of these fall days in Medford and the Rogue River valley,—doubtless He could, but we don't believe He ever HAS. To our mind it is the PERFECT season,—the virtues of every other season with none of their defects. Brilliant sunshine from a cloudless sky of blue,—air like wine,—color in the hills—no heat, no dust, no cold—

What a place to live in, and what a joy to be ALIVE!

SUNDOWN STORIES



THE PACIFIC
By Mary Graham Bonner.
"I've turned the time back to a September 23 of the year 1813," said the Little Black Clock.

"And my magic is going to take us to a place far away. We're going to go to an lath-mus."

"That's a neck of land joining two continents," said John with great delight.

"Right!" about, so the Little Black Clock. The Clock always made the children feel they were quite bright.

Now the Clock's magic had taken them to a place some distance away. The scene had changed. It looked very unlike any place John had ever seen before, and the Indians and strange animals and oddly dressed people reminded both the children of old pictures they had seen.

"Are we going to watch something being discovered?" Peggy asked.

"Oh, who is that man?" John inquired.

"We're going to follow him," said the Little Black Clock. "His name is Balboa."

"We have to go up this very high mountain."

Through a forest of ferns and trees and bushes the man whose name was Balboa led the way, followed by his men and many Indian chiefs.

The traveling was so difficult, but the Clock said Balboa had already gone through thick jungles to reach this far and had not let anything stand in his way.

At last they reached the mountain top, and there below them, on the other side, was a great, wide, sparkling magnificent ocean.

"The Pacific ocean!" whispered the Little Black Clock excitedly.

Tomorrow—"Southern Ocean."

Phoenix Endeavor To Attend Social

Today

By Arthur Brisbane
More Pounds, More Smiles
Gold and Gloom
Cool in Washington.
Hung Up, Forever.

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WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—A little currency inflation, as Cyrus H. K. Curtis suggested recently in one of his newspapers, is sometimes useful.

"Poor England," sliding down from a gold basis, automatically inflates her currency. A pound worth less, means more pounds, and more pounds, until inflation goes too far, mean more cheerfulness. London's stock market yesterday was cheerful, British securities rising.

Not so here, where we sit in our five billion dollar pile of yellow gold, clinging to our darling gold standard.

Wall Street, with "short selling" restored, and bears active, saw stocks go sliding down. Who can explain finance? Merit could not, if he came back, nor the Witch of Endor, much less any banker.

Britain's pound dropped to three dollars and ninety cents, from a normal gold value of four eighty-odd, and London's markets were cheerful.

No amateur should "put his finger between the bark and the tree," as the French have it. No amateur in finance should tell Wall Street what to do. But if the stock exchange really wants to discourage short selling, which means conspiracies, and attack values, why not make short sellers pay \$25 or \$50 on every share of stock borrowed for short sales? Or would that be belittling?

Today this beautiful city, Washington, after a broiling summer, enjoys a cooling breeze, and cheerfulness.

Fruit stands sell deliciously ripe peaches and pears, very large, for five cents. Taxi cabs, in some kind of local rate war, take you anywhere in Washington for twenty cents. And everybody is amazingly polite. Nearly everybody is on a payroll, and Uncle Sam keeps his help, although he does not pay as well as he should.

In the hot weather, President Hoover eats his luncheon on the rear balcony of the White House, overlooking the Potomac, and facing the tall white Washington monument, constant reminder that this is a stable country, in spite of Wall Street's wild war dance.

Even more stable than the Washington monument, and as truly American, are the people, young and old, waiting in the executive offices, where reporters gather, to shake the President's hand.

There are placid women from the middle west, wholesome young girls that will soon be back in school, old men with beards that want to tell the President they knew General Grant.

The country and its ambitions are real to them. The White House is the center of earthly glory. The President is the greatest man in the world, with 99 per cent to spare. To shake his hand, see him smile benevolently, much delighted to meet you, is for Americans, genuine and unspontaneous, as exciting and eternally memorable, as for an Arab to look upon the Kaaba Stone at Mecca, or for a Buddhist to see Gautama's tooth, solemnly carried on the back of an elephant in its golden howdah.

Some Americans, gone but still here, interest you, as you pass their portraits within the White House, that was once their house. Woodrow Wilson, looking very young, handsome, hangs in a golden frame in the main hall. When you have known him at work, dictating to the world, financing half of it with American money, ordering obedient millions of men and billions of dollars, it seems strange to see him there, hung up, for ever, on the right side of the door not to move, unless another President shall order it; the quiet colored servants that once jumped and shivered at his approach, passing him without a look.

We are such stuff as dreams are made of, indeed, and when our little life is rounded with a gift frame, to which no one pays attention, it is pitiful.

General Grant, framed inside of Woodrow Wilson's door, has withstood time better, and he is inside the room, not out in the hall. He is a rugged person, with his shirt front, gold chain, stubbly beard, who drank hard when he had no important job, and fought hard when there was fighting. He looks over to the left at Jefferson, with hair almost white.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1. Difficult	2. Worship	3. Snatch	4. Operative solo	5. Genus of the common fox	6. Stage character	7. Lark or plump	8. Substantive	9. Established a prior claim to	10. Merrily	11. Depressions between mountain peaks	12. Important	13. Drug-yielding plant	14. American Indian	15. Egyptian deity	16. Discolored place	17. Kind of galler	18. Exist	19. What	20. Distance	21. The Indian mulberry	22. Forward	23. Small beds	24. Boon character	25. English manu- facturing city	26. Long stick	27. Eat sparingly	28. Ovis	29. Pertaining to an era	30. Substance of which cheese is made	31. Book of the Bible	32. Sacred honor	33. Archais	34. Small fresh-water fish	35. Postpone	36. Lamb's pen name	37. Resound	38. Rub out	39. Engrossed	40. Down	41. Possession	42. Deception of the beautiful	43. River: Spanish	44. Mark with spots	45. Toward the sheltered side	46. Manager	47. Above and touching	48. To muss	49. Give forth	50. Mark with degrees	51. Fabulous bird	52. Entire amount	53. Year apart	54. Honey gatherer	55. Lift with a lever	56. Light over- garment	57. Escape art- fully	58. Ending of the past tense	59. Pronoun	60. Spanish cash	61. English cap- tal: abbr.	62. Old musical note	63. Tear apart	64. Held a season	65. Note of the scale
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IN THE RAID'S WAKE

KIRK stood for an instant as the cry broke the stillness that the raiders had left in Divitt's court- yard.

Then, as the babble of broken words and weeping sounded in his ears, he found the stair leading to the room whence it came, and entered its open door.

The room was lit only by two candles, burning on a sort of shrine. A woman knelt by the bed, sobbing, moaning. On the bed lay the dwarf whom Kirk remembered—the boy whom they called Gabreau. The woman did not lift her face as Kirk

Communications

To the editor:

I am much pleased with your new feature, "Comment on the Day's News." Mr. Jenkins knows his stuff and it is good stuff. We cannot get along without Brisbane and I think we are going to feel the same way about this new departure. But I do not think you have told us who Mr. Jenkins is. If you have I have mis- taken it. If it's no secret we would like to know something about him.

A. W. SHEPHERD
R. F. D. 4, Sept. 23.

Ed note: To Subscriber Shepherd, many thanks. Apparently he overlooked the announcement in this paper regarding Mr. Jenkins. Mr. Jenkins is the former editor of the Eugene Register, who recently purchased an interest in the Mail Tribune, and is now conducting the "Days News" comment in this paper, similar to the column he conducted for many years, and with conspicuous success, in Eugene. As we remarked editorially a week ago, we believe that with both the Brisbane and Jenkins columns the Mail Tribune has the most interesting and comprehensive interpretation of the world news picture, local and national, on the Pacific coast.

Says Somebody Blundered.

To the Editor:

The Rogue river pear, and incidentally, Medford are getting much advertising through your columns and the good work of the Fruit association, but one of the best opportunities for national advertising has just been overlooked by the shortsightedness of your local Chamber of Commerce.

Just recently a convention of representative women from all over the United States was held in Portland. There were delegates from almost every state in the union, four provinces of Canada, and a delegate from the Hawaiian Islands. In all over 1500 users of pears.

The entertainment committee had arranged, months in advance of the convention, to have placed in each delegate's room at the hotel, a basket of fruit—Hood River apples, Ashland peaches, Medford pears, Albany pears, Salem nuts.

Through someone's error at your local Chamber of Commerce, only two boxes of GREEN pears arrived. The committee was forced, at the eleventh hour, to go out and buy ten boxes of inferior Yakima pears to represent Medford and the Rogue river.

Having until recently lived in Medford, and being justly proud of Rogue River valley and its resources, I was very much chagrined and disappointed to know that such an excellent opportunity for national advertising was lost.

I am most cordially yours,
EMMA B. ROBINSON,
1793 S. Church St.,
Salem, Ore.

Pear Pie Is Great!

To the Editor:

My first thought after reading your editorial in the Oregon Journal was: Pear pie may be new to this editor, but certainly it is not new.

MOON of DELIGHT by Margaret Bell Houston

"I cannot read," she said. "And Gabreau, he cannot see moon now. . . . Molly point to where de paper is hid, but I think she mean de white shawl. I not find de paper till Juanita have go away. . . ."

Kirk, holding the paper near the candle, saw Juanita's picture. He put the paper in his pocket. . . . God grant that Gabreau was right—that she had gone to the police—that he would find her. God grant—

He turned back to the bed. "You'll be all right, old scout," he said to Gabreau.

A faint smile flitted across the gray-pale face.

"I am de blood—"

Conchita's shrill cry filled the court as Kirk went out the little gate.

Juanita sat in her cell in the old jail. Kirk was beside her, her hands in his. Outside the guard paced up and down. Now and then he looked at them. The girl had spoken but once since she had entered headquarters at midnight.

"I am Beatriz Montega," she had said then. "Wanted in Vera Cruz for murder."

They had communicated with Vera Cruz. Would hold her without bail till extradition papers could be procured.



Juanita sat in the old jail, Kirk beside her.

came in, but the boy lay staring at him by the light of the candles.

"She have gone," said Gabreau, and the woman raised her wet, distorted face.

"You have keel him!" she screamed. "You have keel my Gabreau."

"Hush, Maman," said Gabreau. "He is not de police. He have come to find Juanita."

"Where is she?" Kirk asked.

"How we know?" Conchita groaned. "De men have come and ron thoo de place. Day hont de hooch. And when dey come to Juanita's room Gabreau he will not let dem go. He stand in front de do, and when dey try git past he pull his gun. Day shoot him. . . . Day shoot my Gabreau."

"Did they take Juanita?" demanded Kirk.

"Juanita, she is not dere. Juanita she have go befo' dey come. Day keel my Gabreau—"

"Hush, Maman," faintly. "I am de blood of Napoleon."

"Dey git Divitt," said Conchita. "De police have tek Divitt and all de peoples what do not brak thoo de lit' gate. . . . Dey kerry dem way."

"But Juanita escaped!" Kirk spoke quickly, but not with relief. It would have been better had they taken her. He would know where to find her.

Gabreau was speaking—slowly. "I think I know where Juanita have go. . . . When she see you know she is here I think I know where she go. . . . But Juanita is good—like Madonna. She is here, but she is good."

"Where has she gone?" demanded Kirk, jealous of the shortening breath.

"He thank she have go to de police," Conchita took up the answer. "He thank she not keel now. De police dey hont her for what she do—somewhere befo'. Always she is 'frail dey will git her. Now she not keel."

Conchita turned to the commode, found an old paper amid the confusion of a drawer, handed it to Kirk.

However, after asking for pear pie in a score of eating places and being told they had none—after asking 29 individuals if they had ever eaten pear pie and finding only five who had, I came to the conclusion that though pear pie positively is not new, it surely is not common.

And this condition exists in Oregon, the pear center of the country. You are right if Los Angeles had the edge on pears that Oregon has. She would move her L. A. city limits to the frontiers of civilization, in other words, Chicago.

Certainly your idea for putting Medford on the map with pie is not only original, but timely, and the kind of pie, it seems, is new to most people so you will have a clear track. An interesting thing lining up the pie eaters and finding out why they don't demand pear pie. What a jolly idea! I wish I had thought of it myself.

And now I add my favorite pear pie recipe. Like apples, the tarter and quicker cooking pears make the best pie. Proceed as for good

apple pie, till you get to spice. Instead of 1/4 usual, add 1/4 teaspoon ginger and two teaspoons of lemon juice. Vary according to individual taste. A dish fit for kings and the good people of Oregon, though they seem not to know it. Here's wishing you luck in telling them and the rest of the world about it.

ANN MARLIN,
185, 13th St., Portland, Ore.
September 23.

Beekkeepers of Alexander county, N. C. report the largest crop of honey since 1916.

Mrs. G. H. Winslow of Pasquotank county, N. C., raised 299 chicks out of 300 hatched.

Ford Model A.
AA Generators . \$5.00
Expert Armature Rewinding
Prince Auto Electric Shop
1322 No. Riverside

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

A hunter with a 5-point deer called yesterday, and invited one and all to walk downstairs and behold the majestic horns, and the noble hilt left by the bullet at 200 yards. Some of the more vulgar viewing the remains were unable to keep their greedy eyes off the thick steak area.

From the south comes a new organization into Oregon, to fight communism or whatever else tends to undermine or overthrow America. It limits its own membership to whites. Conditions are ripe for its prosperity. Cotton needs customers.—(Oregon Voter)—The return of the 616 nightgown, \$4 to the King Kleagle era.

Control your melancholy! Oregon is listed as a "backward state in the maintenance of art centers," not to mention industrial circles.

The frost and the pumpkin have held their first reunion of the year.

A harmonious fight is now raging in the state highway condition.

The free-born American, and upstanding citizen of Jackson county who last Monday evening drank three (3) glasses of home-made beer and ate two (2) limburger sandwiches with a thick slice of onion between each, will be himself again in time to participate in the Tule festivities.

DOOGONE IRRITATING. (Winston Jettings)
If you want to see a fellow close up like a clam, watch him get a letter from his best girl, with the withering information that, contrary to his requests, he will not be allowed to come Sunday.

The pancake, or triscone variety of Eugene's hair are gaining in popularity among the fair sex, who look like One-eyed Connolly, or a Dutch comedian in the larger modes.

The suspicion arises that the non-skid soap for baths will work like the well known non-skid hind tires.

Everyone seems to have a scheme for restoring prosperity. The greater the failure a man has made out of his own life, the more convinced he is of his ability to save society.—(Salem Capital Journal)—Twice over thus!

The latest Hoover story is so downright insipid, and devoid of humor, that even lifelong Democrats refuse to cackle.

JUSTICE. (Fredonia Journal)
While Deputy Sheriff Wilkins was putting up a big sign down at the Four Corners warning people with automobiles to go slow through the town, he met with a funny accident by falling off the sign in front of an automobile and getting both legs broke and his shoulder badly crushed. The automobile run over him before he could stop.

Grandma Sophrina Woodpecker has her pantry full of bit-bits for next winter, and no hungry jaybird is ever turned from her oak tree.

HOMEY NOISES.
The sound of a lanchkey at night and the quick, welcome footfall; The push of the wind against wood and a spattering of rain drops; The sound of a small waking bird saying, "Hi! here is Day again!" The clug of a bottle on porch; And the voice of the milkman; The "percing" of the coffee below; And the knife on the breadboard; The sound of a car as it stops; And as swiftly goes onward;

The sound of the whistle at noon—All homely sounds are sure; So many, and all part of life. And if silent—how dreadful! —(Oakland Tribune)

Jury Trial For Roseburg Slayer Is Judge's Order

ROSEBURG, Ore., Sept. 25.—(AP)—Circuit Judge J. W. Hamilton today announced the murder trial of Cecil Beckley will be heard by a jury instead of by the court.

It had been decided earlier, in view of Beckley's confession that he killed his wife and step-daughter, that the case would be reviewed by the court alone, to determine the degree of guilt, and that then Beckley would be sentenced. Such provision was made by a statute passed in 1926.



Now the Court's magic had taken them to a place some distance away. The scene had changed. It looked very unlike any place John had ever seen before, and the Indians and strange animals and oddly dressed people reminded both the children of old pictures they had seen.

"Are we going to watch something being discovered?" Peggy asked.