

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
 "Every one in Southern Oregon reads the Mail Tribune"
 Daily and Sunday
 Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
 25-27-29 N. 7th St. Phone 12
 ROBERT W. KUBEL, Editor
 E. L. KNAPP, Manager
 An Independent Newspaper
 Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 By Mail—In Advance
 Daily, year \$7.00
 Daily, month \$1.00
 Daily, 3 months \$2.50
 Daily, 6 months \$4.50
 Daily, one year \$7.50
 All terms, cash in advance.
 Official paper of the City of Medford.
 Official paper of Jackson County.
 MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
 The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or otherwise credited in this paper and also to the use of the name "Associated Press" in connection with the publication of such dispatches herein as also reserved.
 MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS
 MEMBER OF ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES
 M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY
 Office in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

Fight in the Open!

ONCE more we rise to a point of order and announce that anonymous communications are NOT printed in this newspaper.

This has been the policy of the Mail Tribune for many years, but "believe it or not" unsigned communications continue to come in. We do not insist upon printing the names, but we do insist on knowing the identity of the writer, with the understanding the name will be placed on file and, only on demand, revealed to interested parties.

WE WELCOME opinions, written or verbal, complimentary or uncomplimentary, pertinent or impertinent, as long as they do not exceed 300 words, are clearly written on one side of the paper, and conform to the postal laws regarding obscene and libellous matter.

We PARTICULARLY appreciate communications, dealing with controversial topics of local interest, for we regard one of the most valuable functions of a newspaper, the supplying of an "open forum" where, through the exchange of conflicting opinions, a clearing of the atmosphere and a better understanding on all sides, may be reached.

BUT they must be bona fide letters, from people who not only have opinions but are willing to stand by them. The person who wishes to hide behind a screen of anonymity to throw his brickbats or bouquets will have to find another medium of circulation.

So step up, ladies and gentlemen! Nothing we like better than letters to "Ye Editor." But observe the rules. And whatever you do—

DON'T FORGET TO SIGN YOUR NAME.

Get Busy,—Pie Makers!

SEVERAL months ago the Mail Tribune started a campaign for pear pie, which met with a success far exceeding its most sanguine expectations.

Pear pies are now being sold regularly in local hotels and restaurants, and the popularity of the delectable dish is steadily spreading throughout the state.

The next important step in making this success permanent and establishing pear pie, as a regular feature of the American menu, is to determine how to make the BEST pear pie, then standardizing the product and, as far as possible, maintaining its quality.

TOWARD this end the Mail Tribune, during its cooking school which starts this week, will make a special feature of pear pie. It will give a valuable prize for the best pear pie.

The local traffic association, made up of prominent pear growers and shippers, which has enthusiastically supported the idea from the outset, has generously donated a \$10. cash prize, as a special feature of the pear pie contest.

So here is a chance for local pie makers, to benefit themselves and benefit the community, by getting busy on producing the best pear pies they can manufacture.

THE MORE PIES THE MERRIER, AND THE BETTER PIES THE BETTER!

It Was Ever Thus!

YES, yes, times ARE terrible! Uncle Sam has never been in such a jam before, and all signs indicate "the worst is yet to come." Read, if you please, the following summary of our sad situation:

It is a gloomy moment in history. Not for many years—not in a lifetime of most men who read this paper, has there been so much grave and deep apprehension. In our own country there is universal commercial prostration and panic and thousands of our poorest fellow-citizens are turned out against the approaching winter without employment.

In France the political caldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty. Russia hangs as usual like a cloud, dark and silent upon the horizon of Europe, while all the energies, resources and influences of the British empire are sorely tried, and are yet to be tried more sorely, in coping with the vast and deadly Indian insurrection, and with disturbed relations in China.

Of our own troubles no man can see the end. If we are only to lose money and by painful poverty taught vision, no man need seriously despair. Yet the very haste to be rich, which is the occasion of this widespread calamity, has also tended to destroy the moral forces with which we are to resist and subdue the calamity.

Now doesn't that fit the case exactly? Of course it does, in spite of the fact that it is reprinted from—

October 10 issue of Harper's Weekly, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, 1857!

SUNDOWN STORIES



By MARY GRHAM BANNER
 The King Penguins were certainly handsome. Their plumage was of such a rich, dark black color and their white chests made such a fine contrast.

They were a greenish touch to the black of their coats while they wore golden feathers back of their heads as well.

None of the lady penguins were called Queens. Every member of the family was a King.

"We love it here in South Georgia in the sub-Antarctic," one of the Kings told John and Peggy. "Old King mother's stay on the ice when their babies are born and they lay their eggs there too."

"Don't the babies feel the cold?" Peggy asked. "I should think they would rather have a warm nest or crib."

"Penguin babies love the cold," said the King Penguin. "Nor does any harm come to them even when their fathers have friendly fights with each other while they are holding the eggs upon their feet. A father Penguin knows how to keep

the egg safe in the soft skin beneath his feet. And we love a friendly fight once in a while.

"Will you stay around a little while? Maybe you'd like to hear some Penguin history."

Peggy and John wanted to hear Penguin history more than anything. History of creatures such as these always interested them.

So one of the King Penguins who had heard this suggestion offered to start the history talk, and many others said they would help.

So John and Peggy sat upon the rocky land and listened to the Penguin history as one Penguin after another told it. But they did not feel the cold because of the specially made suits the thoughtful Little Black Cock had given them.

Tomorrow—"Penguin History."

Dictator's Aide Has Hard Luck In Short Term

MADRID—(AP)—Sebastian Castedo, last minister of economy under the Primo de Rivera dictatorship, has been dubbed the hard luck champion of Spanish politics.

He is in Madrid's model jail, awaiting trial as a result of an investigation by a congressional commission of Primo's regime.

Castedo had been a minister only a few days when the dictatorship collapsed in January, 1929. He had been in office only long enough to spend a goodly sum for uniforms and regalia. The sole chance he had to wear this finery came when he took the oath of office and posed for a photograph.

Krypataglow, kodak glass supreme The Peaslees, opp. Holly theater.

Coats refined and remodeled at the Fashion Shop, 424 Medford Bldg. Tel. 1181.

Today

By Arthur Brisbane
 If All Lights Went Out.
 One Dull Little Boy.
 So He Goes to Miami.
 Science Goes On.

Copyright King Feature Synd. Inc.

Acting Governor Wolber of New Jersey, Edison's state, supports enthusiastically the suggestion made by W. R. Hearst, Jr., to President Hoover that on the night following Edison's funeral, all electric lights be extinguished for one minute to remind the country of its debt to Edison.

The dullest would be impressed, and made to realize the value of Edison's work, if suddenly, instantaneously, electric light in every city could be changed to utter darkness. Millions, by the way, would probably get in that moment a view of the sky, and the stars, at night, for the first time in a long while.

Edison, a little boy of ten, was already working at new ideas, "trying to invent things." His teachers complained that he was "absent-minded," did not pay attention, called him "dull."

Many other little boys suffer from so-called "absent mindedness" which in reality is proof of a mind trying to work on its own problems, in spite of constant interruptions and exactions.

Fathers and mothers and TEACHERS ESPECIALLY should remember it.

Mr. Alphonse Capone, bootleg-prohibition "big shot," is convicted and Judge Wilkinson will probably sentence him to Leavenworth penitentiary for several years. But sentencing him does not mean SENDING him.

Legal technicalities and delays will postpone the "sending" for several years.

Meanwhile, Mr. Capone, whose speciality is not cowardice, orders several suits of clothing "tropical weight" for his approaching journey to Miami's sunbaths.

How different from the game of racketeering. You read about the "tropical weight" suits, and then about a certain bootlegger and racketeer, who had refused to take the hint of a bootleg organization and retire from the beer trade.

He was sentenced not to Leavenworth but to death.

Two men called on him. One grasped his hand firmly, saying, "Hello, Max," while the other pressed a gun against Max's head and fired five bullets.

After he dropped, to make sure, they fired more bullets, then left.

Racketeering does not recognize any appeal. The law may have to come to that.

Men come and go, stocks rise and fall, governments dwindle and pass, SCIENCE GOES ON.

Bell Telephone scientific laboratories have developed a new air gauge to interest you. You know that the atmosphere presses on us, living at the bottom of the air, as the water presses on fish living at the bottom of the ocean. No living man could carry half the weight that his body carries, without knowing it, in atmospheric pressure.

Messrs. Jaycox and Weinhart, engineers of the Bell Telephone laboratories, have invented an air gauge that will measure air pressure within ONE-TRILLIONTH. That divides the usual pressure by 1,000,000,000,000. The pressure on your body would be reduced to one trillionth of normal, if you could go to the top of our atmosphere, and you would instantly explode. That is one ordeal to not on our first journey to the moon, or Mars.

The League of Nations, having dragged in Uncle Sam to share with it the hostility of Japan, practically orders the Japanese out of Manchuria. Japan wants to know why years of treaty violations by China are overlooked and only Japan criticized.

What interests the United States is THIS:

Suppose the League of Nations gave us that sort of order some day. Suppose it had ordered us out of Cuba when we went there after the Maine was sunk. Suppose it had ordered our marines out of Haiti recently? Should we feel inclined to obey?

Why should we join the league in giving orders to the Japanese empire, when we know that we should not be willing to have the league giving orders to us? We should defy such orders, as Japan probably will defy the league.

It is the intention of Japan to at-

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 to 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.

NOW, LISTEN, YOU POOR BOOBS.
 A reader sends this Silver Star letter:
 Dear Sir:
 A few months ago I wrote and asked you to send me a pamphlet how to cure the constipation habit. I followed your wonderful advice and now have a natural bowel movement every other day, sometimes every day. Haven't taken a physic since. So you can imagine how grateful I am to you. I was in a terrible condition. I spent hundreds of dollars for doctor bills and for physica. I would take physica sometimes as often as three times a day. Every new dose that came to my notice I would try, enemas and what not, nothing seemed to take effect any more. I thought I would have to die.

So after reading your pamphlet I made up my mind to give it a trial and not take anything. The first day I was in misery. The tenth day for the first time in 20 years, I had a natural bowel movement, and I believe I've never been so happy in all my life as I was then when I realized that I had won the battle.

Thank you so much for your wonderful advice. (Mrs. C. R.)
 Probably the reason why this habit victim was in misery, she says, for so many days was that she merely gave my advice a "trial"—a trick she had tried a thousand times before and invariably in vain. So her psychology was stacked against her. How she managed to stick it out so long under the circumstances is more than I can surmise. As a rule four or five days bring victory—if the slave of habit can hold out that long.

After fifteen, twenty, thirty years of more or bad habit, wrong thinking, morbid introspection, it is not easy to reform in a day. You have to give it a fight. Whether you put up a good fight or a wabby one depends on your own character or will power, which, naturally, is feeble to begin with, since you've never exercised it in respect to leaving the alimentary tract alone. You've interfered with that function habitually for so many years that you've developed a conditioned reflex, as psychologists or physiologists would say, and hence your alimentary apparatus simply won't function unless you do something or take something to release the brakes, or as physiologists would say, to relax the inhibition.

But never mind all that psychological stuff. It is merely a lotta hifalutin words anyway. If you're a victim of the constipation or physic habit, and if you will undertake to

restrain from your usual dose of enema or whatever artificial you habitually employ, for a period of five days, you can free yourself forever from that habit. If I had you under lock and key where I was certain you could not get your dose, I could and would guarantee this result for you. But human nature is pretty weak and not many slaves of the physic habit have the pluck our reader had.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
 Snuffing Boric Acid
 In reply to the inquiry of Mrs. A. M. about the cause and cure of sinus trouble you said those were two of the things you hoped to learn some day. But you gave me a better answer than that. Up to a year ago I would "catch cold" every time the wind changed, and my tonsils would block up with yellow mucus. I don't know whether this was sinus trouble or not. Anyhow in one of your letters you suggested snuffing a pinch of boric acid powder into each nostril once or twice a day. I tried it out for several days, and I have not been bothered since. (G. G. B.)

Answer—That was a suggestion sent in by a correspondent, and as I remember it was for simple chronic rhinitis and not for sinus trouble. I am glad to know you found it helpful. I do not think it can do any harm in any case, if tried out for a few weeks.

Mineral Water
 I enclose the report of an analysis of a mineral water. Please give me your opinion of it. I have friends who recommended it, but would like to have your advice whether it is a "safe and sane" tonic. (G. W. J.)

Answer—According to the chemist's analysis the water contains much gypsum and common salt, with a dash of hydrogen sulphide, the gas that makes eggs notorious. Perhaps an occasional beaker of such water is harmless, but my imagination is not elastic enough to comprehend any reason why anybody should drink such water if plain water is available.

Camphor Bags
 I find that many persons in our neighborhood place camphor bags on a string and fasten them around children's necks with a sincere belief that infantile paralysis will be prevented. These people seem to ignore recognized precautions against infection. (B. O. E.)

Answer—Yes, they would. The use of the charm helps to relieve their scruples about neglecting the proper protection of the children.

Going Native
 I would like to have my ears pierced. Kindly let me know of a competent physician. (Mrs. A. H.)

Answer—Any doctor can pierce your ears—if he will. There ought to be a law against it, and another against tattooing except to conceal scars or other defects. (Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

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
 October 20, 1921.
 (It was Thursday)

Dr. R. M. Brumfield is found guilty of murder of Dennis Russell, laborer, and iron nerve of dentist breaks when he is returned to his cell.

J. Court Hall reports that he earned his first dollar, selling socks and suspenders back in Ohio.

The first edition of the Medford 11 Times, with Ariene Butler as editor, is issued.

Pay E Diamond home on the East Side is damaged by fire.

Rain is falling and duck hunters die for the Klamath lakes.

High officials of the Copco inspect valley holdings.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
 October 20, 1911.
 (It was Friday)

Owney Patton and Col. TouVelle make offer for holding world series here. "If it's good weather they are looking for." Games postponed three days account of rain.

Eugene Ely, aviator, who flew at south end of Oakland avenue in exhibitions here, falls to death during fight at Macon, Ga.

Boston minister charged with feeding sweetheart poison, so he might marry heiress. Case shocks the nation.

At Pocantico Hills, where he and his father lived, Mr. Rockefeller persuaded the citizens to build a new \$100,000 public school, and he pays half.

Talks To Parents

COMMUNITY RESPONSIBILITY
 By Alice Judson Peale
 Two children plinking with their parents waddered off by themselves on property owned by a chemical company.

SAM

BY FREEMAN LINCOLN

"I'm rich!" Fourth gasped, telling his step-mother Sam Sherrill that his invention had proved successful. Sam Sherrill, who had been so poor, and charged Fourth with taking money to promote it from Eugene Fry, who is interested in him. Sam is actually head of the family, for her mother settled her complete charge of finances and property after her death to her son, Eugene Fry, who had been so poor, and charged Fourth with taking money to promote it from Eugene Fry, who is interested in him. Sam is actually head of the family, for her mother settled her complete charge of finances and property after her death to her son, Eugene Fry, who had been so poor, and charged Fourth with taking money to promote it from Eugene Fry, who is interested in him.

"I will," said Peak crisply. "The fact is that Fourth has struck oil. He is being backed by the A. A. Burke Manufacturing Company, which is a legitimate concern doing legitimate business. They have studied Fourth's circuit breaker and have come to the conclusion that it is practical. As a result, they have done three things. They have paid him a very tidy sum for his patent right; they are giving him an eminently respectable salary to help them in the work of simplifying the device; they have agreed to pay him a small royalty when the product finally goes on the market."

"Yes!" said Sam politely. "And are the larger rivers still running toward the sea?"
 Peak laughed. "I don't blame you for feeling that way, Sam, but the whole business is true, just the same."

There was a prolonged silence and then Sam murmured: "You must come out some Saturday for a spin on our new yacht."

"It isn't quite that bad, but it's bad enough. Fourth has acquired himself a sizeable chunk of money. Isn't it amazing?"

"Not at all. Things like this happen to me every day. Call me up in the morning, will you please! My head may have stopped spinning by that time."

"It had better stop spinning before then. Unless I'm very much mistaken, old dear, you owe your stepfather a very handsome apology!"

Sam apologized to Fourth. She apologized in spite of the fact that the whole thing seemed incredible. Fourth accepted her apology wholeheartedly, for he was in need of someone to whom he could express something of his very natural exultation.

They were to live and entertain in a way that would make the world sit up and take notice, he told her. "And there's another thing this money will do!" he cried. "It will give me a chance to laugh at those people who have been hinting that you are marrying Peak Abbott on account of his millions!"

"Oh," Sam said mildly. "Have they been saying that?"
 "I'm sorry, Joan." He was instantly repentant. "From now on any fool will know that you don't have to marry Peak Abbott, or any other man, for his money. As far as money is concerned, Joan, you're absolutely free!"

Sam nodded slowly. "I hadn't thought of that. I'm free." She looked up with a peculiar little smile. "That's an amusing idea, isn't it?"

The days went on, but the atmosphere of unreality persisted. In a sort of dull wonder Sam watched Fourth hurry through his breakfast so that he could be off to work. She saw him come home, night after night, exhausted but happy. She looked at the new rugs and furniture in the living room with the same sort of polite incredulity that she regarded the two new servants in the house. None of it was true, she told herself over and over, and one of these fine mornings she would wake up to find that the dream had ended.

Nelson felt the same way. He had been at home late one afternoon when Sam had dropped in to visit Martha, and had stood by quietly while the two girls had exclaimed in unison over the many conveniences of the new apartment. Then when Sam had said that she must go, he followed her out to the little coupe at the curb.

"Look here," he had demanded with a frown just as she was about to put her foot on the starter. "I wish you'd tell me just what is wrong with this whole business—with everything that has gone on around here in the past few weeks."

"Oh," Sam shrugged. "You're talking about Fourth's money. It's rather remarkable, I'll grant you, but I suppose it's true."

"I'll say it's remarkable! Can you imagine a fortune falling into our laps, and more particularly can you imagine Fourth being responsible for me. I'm completely defeated!"

"I know," Sam nodded. "I've been in a sort of fog, myself. I keep telling myself that it's too good to be true, but still—"

"Exactly. It can't be true, but there it is, staring us in the face." He scowled. "Are you sure that this invention business is on the level?"

(Copyright, Freeman Lincoln)

The new money affects Sam's attitude toward Peak. "Let's not quarrel," she tells him tomorrow.

for his needs, protects him against physical dangers. . . .
 What provisions does your community make to safeguard its children? What responsibility does it require of the owners of dangerously attractive property?

In the last analysis, the matter may be one of law, but public opinion stripped off their clothes and jumped in.

One of them died before he could be rescued, the only shortly after he was dragged out.

The parents brought suit. The case was decided against the parents, the court holding that since the children were trespassers, the company was under no obligation to post warning signs or to protect them from the dangers of the pool.

The decision was made by the United States Supreme Court 10 years ago.

Consider next to it the Children's Charter of the 1931 White House Conference on Child Health and Protection, which, among other things, demanded "for every child a community which recognizes and plans

Action Without Harm Whenever Constipated

Here's a way to be rid of constipation and its ills—a way that works quickly, effectively, but gently. A candy Cascaert at night—the next morning you're feeling fine. Breath is sweetened; tongue cleared; biliousness, headaches, dizziness, gas vanish. Repeat the treatment two or three nights to get the souring waste out of your system. See how appetite and energy return; how digestion improves.

The action of Cascaerts is sure, complete, helpful to everyone. They are made from cascars, which doctors agree actually strengthens bowel muscles. All drug stores have the 10¢ boxes.

Colds
 At first sign of a cold, take NATURE'S REMEDY—the active that thoroughly cleans your system. It's the one quick way to get relief and guard your health. Mild, safe, purely vegetable. TO-NIGHT pleasant—SO. ALRIGHT
 The All-Vegetable Laxative
 New
 TUNE UP FOR THE WINTER! Quick relief for sour stomach, acid indigestion and heartburn. Toms are antacid. Only 10¢.