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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

The campaign is rapidly degenerating into a bragging contest, as the candidates save the farmer, from 22 to 34 times daily.

M. Flewler, the demon baker, has rid from SP, and LA. in his flying machine.

It is feared that there will be no heavy frosts from now on, which, with the bountiful rains, will leave nothing to cuss and howl about but Hoover.

Tomus Swem is drilling a bunch of Episcopals to present an amateur play.

Many of the Intelligent Voters have torn out their wiring for free electricity again and declare they will not be fooled again until the next time.

F. Zybce, the J.V.'s serf, has greased up his mowing equipment for the alfalfa having, come next June.

A Chicago singer gave local music lovers an eye and ear full Thursday night at the ha.

As many steno-graphs have been promised jobs, after the vote is counted, as men have been promised deputy-ships.

Fletcher Fish, the boom day tenor, is in the throes of housecleaning, and slaps a mean broomhandle up against the parlor rug.

The peak of the agony will be reached next week, when the straw hat hounders forget where they hid last season's sun and wind tanned headgear.

There is some talk of reviving the Sanity League, which was organized here in the spring of 1912.

Tender ples are running across the country roads, in front of city autos, and some have met the fate of a milk fed turkey the latter part of November.

The Danubian Union, which is fretting Europe, is causing no excitement among the Main Stem statesmen.

J. Kort Hall Fri. reported some peculiarities he has noticed about the local weather. Several times Mr. Hall has got up at 2 a.m. to smudge, and a flock of clouds from Ctr. Lk. fooled him. He should have a better view of the northeast end of the county from his boudoir.

This year the people will try and have an election, without anything on the ballot, for or against the sacred fish of the Rogue.

Money, which was formerly plentiful with everybody, continues scarce and elusive.

The courthouse is beginning to look like something. Many builders, who never built anything, feel it will fall down, and think it would have been more economical to have purchased a second-hand circus side show tent, for the county officials to loaf in.

Radishes are on the market, mostly the red marble type, as the long white ones are late again this year.

A large representation of hayseeds were in town Sat.

People have started to catch poison ivy, and it is very disgusting particularly to the fair sex, as it will not associate with rouge and other popular cosmetics.

Buildings are on the increase around here. They are French, English, Boston, and screw-tail.

It now develops that the Hawaii honor murder case, is a good example of what gossip can do to a community.

To new houses were built within our borders last yr. which is a fair showing considering the bum conditions, and the general groaning.

Three big-bugs of the Espee, were here last wk. All displayed a dignified and effete despondency, and saw no hope worth mentioning.

The weather has been rather frigid for pear blossoms and the bare-legged washer sex.

The heir and scion of William Heath has been named William.

The Lesson of the Fire

MEDFORD is lucky. Had yesterday morning been dry and windy, instead of still and wet, probably nothing could have saved the city's entire shipping section. As it is the \$200,000 fire loss, regrettable as it is, can only be viewed as a blessing in disguise. The destroyed buildings, will certainly not be replaced by wooden structures of similar barn-like proportions, and the industrial section will consequently never again be as serious a fire menace as it has been for so many years.

THE disaster emphasizes the necessity of strictly enforcing the fire ordinance regulations in the congested downtown business district. Far better to tear down a few of the tinder shacks, than run the risk of a conflagration of even more serious proportions than suffered early Saturday morning. A few hundred dollars sacrifice in this direction, may mean the saving of hundreds of thousands dollars later on.

SATURDAY morning's experience also brings into sharp relief, the wisdom of those who last fall, opposed the hysteria for economy that would have crippled the efficiency of Medford's fire and police departments.

As the Mail Tribune stated at that time: "Conditions demand the utmost economy in all public expenditures. But the same conditions demand, maintenance of adequate police and fire protection. With the crime wave steadily increasing, with the numbers of unemployed and desperate growing here and everywhere else by leaps and bounds, this is no time to give way to a penny wise and pound foolish policy. Instead of needing less fire and police protection, we are going to need more. We have an efficient police department, we have such a well organized fire department, that for five years we have enjoyed a steadily decreasing insurance rate. Whatever we do, let's not seriously impair the effectiveness of these two departments. Such action would be false economy. It would not be properly protecting the property and lives of our people, but would be subjecting them to risks, which this community can't afford, particularly at this time."

What was true then, is even more true now. The appropriations for these departments were slightly reduced, but the ill advised demand to cut them below the margin of safety, fortunately was denied.

Police and fire departments merely represent necessary insurance protection. One major crime, or one serious fire, may cost the people more, than the premiums on such insurance through a long period of years.

What "Are" We Going to Do About It?

ACCUSED of robbing the city of New York of a million dollars, Boss Tweed, shifted his league from one side of his mouth to the other and inquired:

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" The people of New York—as the saying goes—"did plenty." They put the Boss in prison where he died penniless and disgraced.

Boss Crocker, in a similar role, asked the same question: The people of New York forced him into exile in Ireland.

ACCORDING to the report of the Seabury investigation, the people of New York have been robbed of more money in ONE YEAR than in the days of Tweed and Crocker, they were robbed in TEN. More than that, where Tweed and Crocker represented a small minority—a ward gang so to speak—the present plunderbund operating there, represent a large section of the city's population. They not only have their stations in the underworld, but in exclusive Park Avenue; they have not only invaded police headquarters, they have invaded the courts. Mayor Walker is the nominal ruler of New York. But in reality the greatest city in the land is ruled by the underworld—by organized crime.

And the attitude of this underworld is precisely the attitude of Bosses Tweed and Crocker,—an attitude of contempt and insolent defiance.

"What are you going to do about it?"

"WELL what are we going to do!" That, in this newspaper's opinion, is the most important question in this country today. Far more important than whether Mr. Tweed-Dee or Mr. Dweedle-Dum—is to sit in the White House. Even more important than just WHEN the depression is to end.

For this question strikes at the very heart of our national existence. It is a question of whether this is to remain a country "of the people, by the people for the people"; or a country of the criminals, by the criminals and for the criminals.

It can't be both. It must be all one thing or all the other. And in our opinion the time has come for the people of this country to decide which it is to be.

If a foreign foe were knocking at our gates, we wouldn't sit about speculating about who is going to be the next President—or dog catcher,—wondering when business will pick up, if it ever will,—and all that sort of thing. We would be busy, each one of us, doing what we could do to protect our homes and repel the invader. Those who couldn't fight would be helping those who could. We would all be doing our bit in a common cause.

That is the war habit. Unfortunately we have no similar peace habit. And yet the danger to this country from organized crime, is as great as if the "barbarians" WERE at our gates. In one sense the danger is GREATER. For the army of organized crime, is within our gates, scattered with their saved-off shotguns, their automatics and their Maxims, throughout the length and breadth of the land, within a stone's throw of our firesides and homes.

TO the leaders of this army, Tweed and Crocker were amateurs—mere pikers. For they only robbed the people—these up-to-date professionals not only rob but kill them,—kidnap them—ravish them—Neither our homes, our law-abiding citizens, our girls or our babies are safe. But—

"What are YOU going to do about it?"

WELL WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT!

LET things slide! Keep on glorifying our Al Capones,—frankly admit as we have virtually admitted in this Lindbergh kidnaping case, that we the people are powerless—that the police are powerless,—that if we want the law enforced, if

we want our stolen children returned—we must first bargain with the uncrowned King of the underworld!

Or are we going to do, AS A NATION, what the people of New York did as a city, half a century ago—Serve notice on our present day Tweeds and Crockers, our Capones and "Caesars" that whether or not the outside world is ever to be made safe for democracy, this country is going to be made safe for decent men and women.—

AND THE DECENT MEN AND WOMEN OF THIS COUNTRY ARE GOING TO DO IT.

That sort of spirit,—not what is going to win the election, or what will end the depression—is the supreme need of the nation!

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 letters not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of the Mail Tribune.

WHO NEEDS A PERIODIC HEALTH EXAMINATION?

Examination? Now and again a fellow gets a bit balled up in this job of instructing and advising all and sundry about health, happiness and the pursuit of what have you. Say there are seven hundred, or, clients, followers, suckers waiting in the ante-room. Well, by the time you finish off correspondent No. 239 you begin to grow a trifle bored and your thoughts wander over onto the bowling green and first thing you know you are answering some fool question with consideration only for the correspondent's happiness and make at all for the general welfare. That won't do at all. In this job the general welfare must always be kept in mind. For instance, I answered a query one day by saying in my opinion it is fine for a girl's health to go in swimming whenever and wherever she can enjoy a swim. A little later I came in for a severe censure because I failed to warn the general public about the danger of swimming in polluted water.

Recently I have made a similar error in giving advice about routine medical, health or physical examinations for school children. In various communities the health authorities are endeavoring to carry on a general examination of all school children for evidences of tuberculosis. The method is to give each child first the skin tuberculin test, and then to make careful physical examinations and also X-ray examinations of all the children who show a positive reaction to the skin tuberculin test. A small proportion of the children who show such a positive reaction are found to have incipient or early lung tuberculosis. By thus recognizing the existence of the actual lung involvement before the child's health is much impaired, the health authorities are in a position to institute proper treatment or general hygienic measures to insure recovery or to prevent the child from becoming a chronic invalid. Obviously this means a great saving of money for the child's parents, and for the state, too.

I have been urging parents to cooperate with this endeavor of the health authorities and to believe the child who is so examined is fortunate. But after all, the method is too costly to carry on in this manner. It costs real money to make X-ray negatives of the chest and to interpret them. It costs too much to

apply the skin test to all the children in a given school or class, when perhaps only two or three out of several hundred have any active tuberculosis. So I now apologize to the public for my attitude in reference to these tuberculin tests. I believe such examinations should be reserved for children who are evidently below standard for their age and class in physical development and "spunkiness." The cost of the examinations should be borne by the child's parents, not by the community.

Likewise I think all so called periodic health examinations are silly and extravagant. I myself would not pay out good money for any such examination unless I believed or feared my health was not quite up to par. As long as you are perfectly content your health is absolutely sound never mind a periodic examination, unless your's anxious to show the doctor what fine shape you have.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The Constant Wrecks. You say that a person with true asthma has attacks, with complete relief between attacks. But where a person has it every night and never any interval of relief at all, how would you answer that? —M. J.

Answer—That is not asthma. Empyema. Girl operated on at age of 10 years, and part of a rib removed, for pus in the chest. She got entirely over it, and she is now 21 and seriously in love. But there is still some pus left in the chest near the heart, which causes it to race when she gets hurried. —M. J. E.

Answer—If the operation would healed these can't be any pus left. If there is, then I don't understand the case at all and am unable to offer any advice.

The Gas Bill. We tried out plain farmer's wheat as a breakfast cereal, on your suggestion, and we liked it, but oh, boy, when the gas bill came in at the end of the month we quit buying it. You have to cook it about three hours. So we now buy coarse cracked wheat instead. —M. G.

Answer—And you pay somebody for coarsely cracking it. Why not have your own coffee mill and crack your wheat if you prefer it so? Or let the morning's supply of wheat soak overnight in cold water, and then cook it 40 minutes, in the water it has soaked in.

(Copyright John F. Dille Co.) In the dark via small islands and such is hard to handle, but even that has been largely reduced. Fifteen treaties with foreign countries have been a great help in controlling importations all along our borders. One more is in the making. Fifty-eight appeals to the supreme court in effort to break down the prohibition law have resulted in failure.

Of 105 attempts in various states only three succeeded. These few and much more has been accomplished. Yet we know we have a large per cent of substandard politicians, three of which—only conducting a poll—were especially commended for their efforts by an organization from 40 foreign countries swoop to break down the prohibition law in the United States and boasting of fabulous sums being used for this purpose.

MRS. DORA A. PRICE, Medford, April 22.

Ye Poet's Corner

THE CARELESS WORD Many a word is said in jest. That causes a lot of pain; Causes, of course, but so uncalled Where there is naught to gain.

Consider the feelings of other folks As you would wish them to If they might cause by a spoken word Grief that would come to you. —W. L. Huffman.

LAWNMOWER COMPLEX BRINGS PRISON TERM

PORTLAND, April 23.—(AP)—Acy Buster, who has a passion for lawnmowers, must spend six months in jail and pay a fine of \$500 because of his addition. He pleaded to a charge of larceny by bailer after several owners had testified that he had borrowed their lawnmowers and had failed to return them. He served a sentence for a similar offense last year, police said.

Music Firm Head Dies In Portland

PORTLAND, April 23.—(AP)—Fred A. Seiberling, 64, president of the Seiberling-Lucas Music company here, died in a hospital today. He had been in business in Portland 40 years.

Today

By Arthur Brisbane
Going Through Ohio.
David S. Ingalls' Story.
Our Lovely D. A. R.
Financial Fairy Tale.

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This is written on the Pennsylvania "Broadway Limited," going through Ohio, past Crestline, Mansfield, Wooster, and on through Salem to Pittsburgh where they say it is a bad sign when you can see the sun at noon, or the moon at night.

Many years ago, at Wooster, this writer thought he would become a great railroad man. But his handwriting left much to be desired, and he was invited to start handling things in a freight office. A cousin, Walter Mullins, had tried newspaper work on the Philadelphia Press, and liked it, so this individual went into Charles A. Dana's New York Sun office, and glad of it, and grateful to Wooster, having done in newspaper offices better than he could probably have done in freight offices.

You observe big barns in Ohio, standing beside small farm houses, with elaborate lightning rods on the barns, none on some of the adjoining houses.

In the fields there is comfort for Wall Street brokers whose exchange seats have fallen low. Sheep, well shorn, are accompanied by little white spots, each a new born lamb. As the lambs come back to Ohio grass each spring, so the two-legged lambs will return to the stock ticker, in due time.

Ohio is to be congratulated on having a man worth while to vote for, in the May primaries. David S. Ingalls, assistant secretary of the navy, in charge of aeronautics, is candidate for governor on the Republican ticket, and this is part of his story.

His father told him about Darius Green, who tried to fly, and fell. Young David, not yet ten years old, believed his father's statement that men would fly some day and decided to try it.

He made wings, jumped from a tall apple tree to fly, as he had seen young robins do, and injured his spine. When the big war came, that injury made it impossible for him to take the ordinary soldier's job, marching up and down, riding on a horse or looking after a cannon.

But the injured spine did not keep young Mr. Ingalls from sitting down and operating the controls and machine gun of an airplane. He went into the American service, flew well, and fought hard. The only American naval ace in the world war, official reports show that he brought down five enemy planes and was awarded the distinguished service medal.

Mr. Ingalls is a rich young man, but that did not cause him to look for "a soft job" in the war. He picked out the hardest, most dangerous.

He is picking out a hard, dangerous job now in politics, and this writer wishes he could vote for him. Any American that tries to fly before he is ten years old, and then flies for his country well, and fights well, is the right kind of American. There are many such in Ohio, and doubtless they will vote for him.

Daughters of the American Revolution often surprise you. Recently they said it was a great shame for American children to be "rubbing elbows with the children of immigrants." Those esteemed "daughters" must be descendants of immigrants, or red Indians.

Now the daughters ask that all foreign born out of a job be deported, "through a presidential decree of emergency."

The Daughters' ancestors, when they first arrived, were out of a job and it might have been helpful if some of them had been deported.

But honest aliens, men and women, now in this country under guarantee of decent treatment, will not be deported unless this has become a dishonest government.

For a fascinating financial fairy-tale, read the history of Ivar Kreuger, Swedish genius of financial legend-maine. Kreuger had "actually" received nearly one thousand million dollars. Also "one can sum up the activities of Kreuger in recent years by saying that he transferred from the United States to Europe \$500,000,000."

He lent \$500,000,000 to various European countries, "he always carried one million crowns in his pocket," and, very interesting touch, "he had no vices except the company of pretty women and champagne with every meal."

BUSTER AFTER HIS 'WATERLOO'



Endeavoring to convince reporters and photographers that his airplane "retreat" with his two sons after an argument with his wife, Natalie Talmadge, was all in fun, Buster Keaton of the films struck this "dead pan" Napoleonic pose when grounded at San Diego, Cal. The boys are Joseph, 11 (left), and Robert, 10. "I just wanted to see who's boss," said Keaton.

The comparatively small loss of Swedish investors, some sixty millions, will be felt keenly. Americans are so used to being swindled by their own "high finance," through foreign bonds, watered stocks, and otherwise, that a few hundred millions more or less will hardly be noticed.

Mr. Stimson, secretary of state, is in Geneva, the Lord knows why, talking to other nations about what they should do about the size of their armies, etc. What business is that of ours?

The negro in the woodpile appears when the French say they cannot accept Mr. Stimson's suggestions, because he makes no provision, if you please, FOR THE UNITED STATES TO JOIN WITH FRANCE, IN CASE FRANCE EVER GETS INTO A WAR.

Would you want a better joke than that? President Hoover might tell France and the rest of the world that we are going to attend to OUR business, protect OUR country, let them do as they like, and try to make them sorry if they interfere with us.

New York City had a little riot, on Thursday. So-called "reds" wanted to talk to the mayor about unemployment. They met a reception committee of policemen, mounted and on foot. Fifteen of the unemployed will be busy for some time, attending their wounds.

We should be forceful in the suppressing of wicked anarchy, but careful about sending mounted police to "trample and beat men and women," as the New York Times heading describes it. Little incidents sometimes grow into big events, as New York authorities may learn from reading an unexpurgated history of the French Revolution.

New York courts have just sentenced four bandits to long terms in Sing Sing prison. Three of them were eighteen to nineteen years old, the fourth twenty-two. One will meet two brothers in Sing Sing. The new bootleg-crime industry gets its recruits very young.

Talks To Parents

SETTLING QUARRELS. By Alice Judson Peale. Most of the difficulties which children encounter in their play with one another are best left for them to settle.

Even if the settlement is rough and none too fair, it is better for them than one more just imposed from without by a higher authority.

Only when a real impasse has been reached, when advantage is being taken of one too young and weak to defend himself or when there is danger of physical hurt should an adult take upon himself the role of arbiter and judge.

And then he must be scrupulously fair, scrupulously impartial. Each child must be permitted to tell his side of the story fully, without interruption.

The decision should be given with a minimum of lecturing, moralizing and blaming. Only when children feel that the adult has been fair will they carry over a better spirit into their play.

Most important it is to appreciate the undercurrents which lie below the immediate quarrel. With brothers and sisters one almost can be sure that there are little jealousies, long standing grudges, old rivalries, which from time to time will break out in quarrelling until the children have outgrown them, made new adjustments and left them behind with other impediments of childhood.

For this reason quarrels between brothers and sisters are seldom really settled; they are weathered, rather, the same difficulty in another form will crop up again and again, next week, next month and next year.

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 April 24, 1922. (It was Monday.)

Ku Klux Klan raid on home in Ingleside, Calif. Home results in gun play, and three wounded.

Ashland to give auto tourists free shower baths and fuel.

Barnes circus here May 3.

Three candidates for governor visit city.

Salvation Army record for year splendid.

Joe Gagnon talks of building railroad to coast.

Citizens warned to trim limbs of trees over sidewalks.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY April 24, 1902. (It was Tuesday.)

Editorial says: "There is mourning in the ranks of the standpat Republicans, as the returns show that his favorite son, Dr. J. M. Keene has again been defeated for the vice presidency."

William H. Gore is elected chairman of the committee to build a railroad to the Blue Lodge mine.

Evidence at Titanic hearing shows life boats and life savers in poor condition, and near panic prevailed when liner hit iceberg.

April rainfall to date 3.85 inches—a record for the month.

Fight raging in Jackson county Democratic ranks, and many threaten to vote the Republican ticket in fall.

Frost danger for year held at end.

TRADER DENIES RAIDS BY BEARS

WASHINGTON, April 23.—(AP)—A veteran Wall Street trader, Matthew C. Bruen, testified to the senate banking committee today that under certain conditions short selling could depress the stock market, but he denied there had been any bear raids in recent months.

Committee members leaned forward over the long table to hear every word, as the gray-haired operator gave an inside story of playing the market and told of being as much as 125,000 shares on both sides of the market at various times.

Bruen said short sales could depress the market by creating a supply in excess of demand, and drew a laugh when he added he expected to "get shot" when he returned to New York for that admission.

Optimistic



Maj. Granville R. Fortescue, who is convalescing in New York after a long battle against pneumonia, expressed confidence that his wife and son-in-law, awaiting trial in Honolulu for the killing of a native, would be acquitted.