

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
 "Everyone in Southern Oregon reads the Mail Tribune"
 Daily Except Saturdays
 Published by
 MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
 25-27-29 N. IV ST. Phone 15
 ROBERT W. HULL, Editor
 E. L. KRAFT, 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, \$1.00
 Daily, month, .75
 By Carrier, in Advance—Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Bluff and Blyden.
 Daily, month, .75
 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 to this paper and also to the local news published herein.
 All rights for publication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.
 MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS
 MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
 Advertising Representatives
 M. C. MOHRNSEN & COMPANY
 Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.
 MEMBER
 2d OREGON STATE ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot
 By Arthur Ferry

A pine knot has been successfully crossed with a peacock, and the result is his own fault.
 The halo bestowed on Silas Marbury is a little too small. While out in the timber day before yesterday, it dropped off into the mash barrel.
 Oakland, Calif., has a murder for love and \$40,000 insurance—mostly the latter.
 Prosperity managed to get around the corner long enough Wed. eving., to attend a prize fight. Contributing to the delinquency of the taxes can be stopped by putting boxing gloves on the tax receipts.
 The G. Fabrick boy has returned from Chicago, where he went to laundry school and learned how to reduce the potency of the soap-suds, the delinquency of shirts, Chem-luxy has done wonders for the laundries and at the present rate by 1939 will be able to wash sins away.
 Prof. Yarborough of Harvard declares that "civilization is in its infancy." This is a very good guess.
 We wonder what the Depression is doing to the guy who rolled a peanut up Pike's Peak with his nose, when Prosperity was at its height?
 A man called this am, who was smoking a 5c cabbage, which the country got when it yelled for a nickel cigar.
 There should be a law against a wife attempting to cut her husband's hair, with additional and adequate punishment, for the husband submitting to the atrocity.
 THE COMPLETE SIZE-UP
 (Scribner's Magazine)
 What the people obviously want is a hero. We are in both parties and all factions, completely bereft of heroes. Not in a long time were the people so ready to listen to a ringing voice. There isn't a voice with a ring in it to be heard—not even a misleading one. There isn't really a party, or part of a party with a promise in it.
 "It appears that the action was taken without due process of law." (Roseburg News-Review)—What! No writ for an argument on the re-argument of the argument?
 Gaston B. Means, whose meanness in the Lindbergh kidnaping had, baited him in both parties, is an interesting and outstanding case. He talked a millionaires out of \$104,000, in itself no mean feat. If Gaston tries to sell the warden the prison during his incarceration, he will close the deal. He possesses a positive genius for meanness and if his ability had been directed into legitimate lines, he would have made a fine politician.
 A miner has come in from the hills digusted as he could only pan \$8 per day. He is convinced there is no Klondike concealed in yonder hills.
 "I may be forced to buy a new auto," said a citizen yesterday with sham sadness and weakeningly.
 Sociologists are fretting because "of the widespread decline of marriage and fears are felt for the future." The way to stop this is to start a rumor there is going to be another war.
 The three Oregon delegates to the Republican convention who voted for J. I. France for president, probably had one eye on the Portland post-office.
 IT'S COME TO THIS
 The looks of trade are mute, the stars
 Look down upon a stagnant land.
 Our fires are banked, and empty cars
 Upon the sidewalks stand—
 While man, with heavy heart and sad,
 Walks among ruins, baffled, lost,
 As some devouring angel had
 Decried a havoc-wasting;
 Nor sees the ever-widening sky,
 The arch where hope and distance meet,
 Nor feels the ageless company
 Of earth beneath his feet.
 Lift up your eyes, O haunted one!
 The rain of heaven descendeth still!
 Still flings his challenge to the sun
 The lone tree on the hill.
 (Poetry)

Not So Fast!

THE general reaction of the renomination of Hoover and Curtis among the political wisecracks is "good night!"
 The American people have had four years of Hoover and Curtis—in many ways the hardest and most disheartening years in this generation,—and at the present moment it is inconceivable that any considerable number of them, will vote for FOUR YEARS MORE.

NEVERTHELESS in politics, more than in any other human activity, it is folly to count one's eggs before they are hatched. The Chicago convention didn't improve the Republican chances in any way, but the Democratic convention may succeed, where the G. O. P. failed.
 If, for example, the Democrats should nominate Governor Roosevelt, and stage as bitter a fight over the wet-dry issue, as now seems probable, Democratic harmony and morale will be seriously shattered. The radical Dry bloc throughout the country, represents a steadily declining minority, but it is a militant and resourceful minority, which will have to be reckoned with in the presidential campaign.

IF Governor Roosevelt should try to straddle this issue, as he has the Tammany issue, the Republican party will profit materially, not because the Republican prohibition stand was clear cut, (for it was not) but because the radical Wets have pinned their hopes on the Democrats, and if their hopes are dashed, their resentment against the Democrats will far exceed their resentment against the G. O. P.

THERE is another important factor. The business depression is now at the lowest ebb. If economic conditions should grow worse, nothing could save Hoover and Curtis, but if they should—as seems likely—grow no worse, and perhaps grow better, then there would be a transformation in popular feeling, that the Republicans would quickly profit from.

In fact, if general conditions SHOULD grow materially better, the campaign cry that this improvement was the result of President Hoover's prompt action, and changing horses in the middle of the stream, would plunge the country back in the slough of despond, might well prove irresistible.

SO our advice to those who with the renomination of Hoover and Curtis, are already celebrating a Democratic victory, is to hold their horses for a time.
 Not only is everything fair in love, war and politics, but nothing in them is certain. The only safe time to celebrate a presidential victory (as Chief Justice Hughes will agree) is about three days after the first Tuesday in November!

Not the Local Postoffice

THE touchy state of the popular mind is clearly shown, by the reaction of yesterday's editorial condemning the Federal Employees League for opposing President Hoover's economy program.

Although no mention was made in that editorial of the local postoffice boys, the aforesaid boys not only took it to refer to them, but so did many of our readers. We are reliably informed that many irate citizens have panned the post office force for fighting a reduction in their pay; and we don't need to be informed that the lads at the post office have panned the Mail Tribune, for what it said.

WE regret this misunderstanding and hasten to point out that we were condemning the leaders of the Federal Employees League and NO ONE ELSE! The communication came from Washington, and we supposed the organization was made up of employees in the various federal bureaus and departments.

In that supposition, no doubt, we were correct. For the post office employees do not belong to this organization, and there is no disposition among them to oppose the Hoover economy measure, which gives them an 8 percent cut in pay. They expect to take it and like it.

WHAT we said about this league, however, STANDS. Any organization, official or unofficial, that is fighting the President's effort to reduce expenses, this paper uncompromisingly condemns. There is no more reason why any individual, or group of individuals, should refuse to assume their share of the financial burden the depression has imposed than to refuse to assume their share of the fighting burden that war imposes.

We are all in the same boat! It is up to each of us to do his share. We have no patience—and we believe the people have no patience—with any organization that asks everyone else in the country to take a rap in the pocket book, but because of the political strength of that organization REFUSES TO TAKE A RAP THEMSELVES.

We are glad this is not the attitude of the local postal force, we are glad they don't belong to the above mentioned organization, and we trust that with a misunderstanding thus removed, our mail will continue to be delivered with the OLD TIME SMILE!

Law Versus Lawlessness

"GENTLEMEN, it is difficult to climb up, but it is easy to fall. For thousands of years, the human race has struggled upward toward greater liberty and a finer justice, for the common man. Once destroy the faith in our courts of law, our WILLINGNESS AS A PEOPLE, TO PEACEFULLY ABIDE BY THE DECISIONS of those courts, and civilization ends. In a thrice, gentlemen, we fall, back to the muck and slime and slaughter of the jungle, from which it has taken us countless centuries to climb. Far more dangerous to our institutions, gentlemen, than the hardened criminal, is the citizen who refuses because a ruling has gone against him, appeals NOT TO A HIGHER COURT, for final adjudication, but to the prejudices and passions of the mob." (The capitals are ours.)
 This is an extract from a speech given before the state bar association of Illinois by Judge W. B. Carpenter, nearly 30 years ago!
 And that statement, so true then, is true today and will remain true as long as this government of ours endures!

Today
 By Arthur Brisbane

The Shouting Is Over. No Issues, Only Offices. The Winger Problem. No Mortgage Moratorium.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 16.—The shouting and voting, nominating and endorsing, parading and singing, demonstrating, real and pretended, are over until 1936. As for the Republicans, it is Hoover and Curtis, nobody else had the faintest chance at the head or tail of the ticket.
 A week from next Monday the Democrats begin their nominating and demonstrating, and later the fight will be on.
 Next January nobody will remember much about it.

Henry Ford who says convention issues did not amount to much, is right. There were really not any issues. There was a prohibition fog, much carefully ignoring in speeches of everything that men discuss in private, depression, crime, racketeering.
 Luckily, as Mr. Ford says, "Conventions can't give the people anything and they can't take anything away from the people." Everything depends on what the people themselves are, not on the particular individuals chosen to hold office.

There is a problem in this coming election, that Republicans perhaps have not sufficiently considered. It is the problem created by those that "have been to the cleaners" or, as others express it, that have been put through the wringer.

The writer talked this morning to one, fresh out of the wringer just back from the cleaners, as thoroughly wrung out and dry cleaned as any man in the whole depression.

He is justice of the peace, has been mayor and is leading citizen of a small town twelve miles southeast of Chicago. He said: "I have just turned back my last seventeen lots to the original owners, after paying all I had left on them. There are thousands of people around here who are going to lose their homes, to say nothing of their investments. If the government had worried half as much about us as it has worried about Europe, we should be much better off."

"They gave Germany and other Europeans a moratorium on their debts of billions. Why don't they give us a moratorium on small mortgages?"

It does no good to tell such a man, fresh from the cleaners, that for Europe to go bankrupt would be desperately dangerous for the United States.

He is not interested in Europe, but in the seventeen lots, last of his property, just taken from him, and in banks that failed "taking my savings of a lifetime."

Six or eight million men out of work are not the only Americans that should make Republicans thoughtful.

The army sent to the cleaners presents a problem.

Congratulations to the publisher of Christian Science Monitor, on the devotion of news agents that sell his paper in Chicago. In front of the Blackstone hotel the lady selling the Monitor is dressed in the height of fashion. Silk stockings, skirt not too short or too long, fine complexion, pleasant smile if you buy a paper, just as pleasant if you don't.

In front of the union railroad station, a young man is selling the Monitor. He, like the lady near the hotel, has "made his demonstration." Well dressed, efficient, polite, a fine salesman. You are tempted to acquire importance in their eyes by telling them, "I was one of Mrs. Eddy's pallbearers."

But, while it is true, any suggestion of death is "unscientific."

Ramsay MacDonald, at Lausanne, lets it be known that "the United States has encouraged us to believe that it will co-operate." He does not say in what. The United States is expected to "cancel its share of the war debts."

It that doesn't happen, Europe will probably cancel them for us.
 Crime here writes its usual daily chapter. Gangsters raided Sam Hare's roadside house called "The Delta." In a gun fight one man is killed, two others and a woman wounded, and a gambling annex in "The Delta" is revealed out in the country.
 Three hundred customers were disturbed by the killing. The gangsters were attracted by a fifteen thousand dollar "bankroll."
 Fathers' day is approaching, and on a neatly printed pamphlet, the Western Union Telegraph company offers a selection of telegrams that you

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 of The Mail Tribune.

HONEST FOLK SWEAT BUT NOBODY EVER PERSPIRES

Why don't you write a book and title it "No Such Thing?" a correspondent inquires. Such a book by you would make an entertaining reading. And honestly I don't know whether the correspondent is serious or just sarcastic.
 It does seem as tho I am forever asserting there is no such thing as cold, rheumatism, nervous breakdown, indigestion, etc., etc., but if so, I believe it is necessary, for we must remember that the most prevalent ailment in this country is BILLINGS COMPLAINT—people knowing so many things about health and pathology which ain't so.
 The correspondent was prompted to make the suggestion when he read an article in which I said that no one ever perspires. Of course, I meant that no one breathes thru the skin. Sometimes a charlatan finds it convenient or necessary to have his pupils imagine the skin breathes, as this lends color to his explanation of illness or the way his method of treatment "purifies the system" or some such hocus-pocus. But physiologists have never discovered any evidence that the skin can absorb air or anything else, unless it is punctured or broken.
 A lady whose credulity is amazing, in view of her evident general intelligence, cited a number of proofs that the skin absorbs things, among them a notorious nostrum which she informed me has been used for many years as a salve applied on the surface for the cure of whatever the victim might happen to have. The lady might as logically say that a horse chestnut in the pocket has been used for many years as a cure for rheumatism.
 If I should write a book entitled "No Such Thing," I shall include in it a chapter enumerating things which do not account for illness, and among these things I shall include overwork, run down condition, nervousness, indigestion, biliousness, night air, dampness, drafts, change of weather, climate, season, your age, tomatoes, acid fruits, wrong combinations of foods (whatever they may be), toothless, open winter, hard water, red or dark meat, plums, veridigris, rust, green apples, cucumbers, proximity to putrefying animal or vegetable matter, auto intoxication, vague "impurities retained in the system" and high blood pressure.
 There are still extant a few payalicians who perpetrate a diagnosis of "protein poisoning" from time to

time which serves as well as a "heavy cold" does to soothe the anxiety of the public to find the real nature of the illness becomes evident.
 I did not include acidosis in the list because acidosis can happen in the course of certain illness, but only as a consequence of disease and never as the cause of it.
 Unquestionably a large number of people who complacently feel they know something about these health or medical matters would debate one or another of the statements with me or any other doctor or expert who might agree with me. Proverbially it is only the ignorant who dispute education. This applies with special force to popular ignorance of physiology and hygiene. It is chiefly because of universal popular ignorance of human anatomy and physiology that belief in absorption thru the skin is so common.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Fishskin.
 A cream or ointment you recommended for one of our girls has completely relieved her of "fishskin." I have it, too, and I write to ask if you will please give me the formula. (T. C.)
 Answer—That's where I made my mistake, calling it "fishskin" when I might have called it Ichthyosis and charged \$10 for the prescription. Many young women have the rough scaly yellow dry patches of skin especially over the elbows and knees. The less soap and water the better for such trouble. Only oil for cleansing the skin. This recipe is beneficial:
 Salliepic acid 10 grains
 Glycerin 1 dram
 Lanolin 2 drams
 Benzoinated lard, enough to make one ounce.
 If the benzoinated lard is fresh and a good grade of lanolin is used, the drug will turn out a fine cream. It is most economically dispensed in a collapsible tube. Apply to the affected patches of skin a pea-size quantity of the cream once a day.
 I Save Your Fuel and Enjoy Your Cereal

Maybe this suggestion will help to save fuel. We learned this in the hard times we had in Germany. Put your cereal on with less water or milk than usual. Let it boil 5 or 10 minutes but keep cover on tight so all the steam stays in the pot. Any small pot with a tight fitting cover will do. Then wrap the pot in 10 or 15 sheets of newspaper and cover with a heavy towel or small blanket. Let stand on wood-p surface overnight. In the morning the cereal will be well cooked and still warm. (Mrs. F. F.)
 Answer—Thank you. Good sense and good economy.
 (Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

may send to your father on a special fathers' day blank.
 A sign invites you to examine the fathers' day messages, choose and send the one you like best.
 Everything is made easy for us in America. The florist, every year will remind you in advance of your wife's birthday, and your own wedding day, that you may order flowers and avoid trouble.
 Fortunate is the son who can send to his father this message, not included in the telegraph company's list: "I thank you for the good example you have always set before your children and wish that I had proved more worthy of it."
 Make your preparations to attend the Chicago fair next spring and bring your children. The fair will be ready and its record of scientific achievement in the past hundred years will supply a valuable education.
 The great courage and civic pride of Chicago's citizens to raise the money, to finance the fair at this time and the ablest men and women here devoting time and concentrated hard work to it, deserve recognition. You should not fail to see it.

There is so much ill in the best of us. And so much good in the worst of us. That it ill becomes any of us. To find fault with the rest of us."
 There is an eternal truth that ought to be known to each and every one of us who is disposed to find fault with others. It is God's own findings in the matter, and there is no appeal from the decision of the Judge.
 "Therefore thou are inexcusable, O man, whoever thou art that judgest; for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things." Romans 2:1.
 JOS. M. JOHNSON.
 Central Point, June 16.

Jenkins' Comment
 (Continued from Page One)
 freely that it is a wild and reckless fool.
 Here is a prediction:
 This younger generation, which we have eyed with suspicion, will pull us out of the morass of gloom and doubt in which we are now mired.
 That has been true ALWAYS in the past, and it will be true again.

Communications
 Sick of Mudslinging!
 To the Editor:
 Will you allow me a little space in your paper in which to call attention to some very important matters which have been of serious concern to many of the citizens of Jackson County during the past several months? As you know, there has been so much bickering, backbiting, fault finding, slandering, vilifying, charging and counter charging, denying and counter denying, mudslinging, wrangling, twisting, traducing, defaming, and other calumnious and howling, both in our newspapers and among "professional" politicians, that it seems like someone should call a halt, and ask that for a little while, at least, we might have a stay of that kind of venomous spew.
 Of what use is it all, anyway? Who is made better or wiser by any such harangues, mousings and scurrilous

Wills His Brain



Harlow Gale, 70 (above), retired teacher of psychology at the University of Minnesota, has specified in his will that his brain be given to Dr. K. D. Lasley of the University of Chicago, an old friend, for experimental purposes.
 No, sir. And if Febl should get in he won't stay there long. Some of us boys here will start a recall on him the next morning. Perhaps Medford can forget what Febl did in the past, and falls for his sob stories about being his chief backer is one of the richest men in Jackson County, but Ashland won't. No, sir. We are going to show that boozie up if it's the last thing we do. And I ain't a relative of Prescott, either.
 B. R. H. (Name on file)
 Ashland, R. F. D.

Patronize Home Printers
 To the Editor:
 The business men of Medford are being solicited today by another out-of-town representative of a printing firm for business that is being done by local printers at the same prices and of times lower.
 Business men are again asked by local printers not to order from any representative, who has the work done out of the city and to tell the solicitors they can get what they want a home, hereby maintaining home payrolls.
 HOME PRINTERS.

Wanted—Men of Honor
 To the Editor:
 This is such a fine poem and so appropriate at the present time, thought you might like to print it.
 AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.
 Medford, June 16.

WANTED
 God give us men! A time like this demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and willing hands.
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a will;
 Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
 Men who can stand before a demagogue,
 And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
 Tall, man, sun-crowned, who live above the fray;
 In public duty and in private thinking;
 For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
 Their large professions and their little deeds,
 Mingle in selfish strife—lo! Freedom weeps.
 Justice raises the land, and waiting
 Wince sleep!
 —Joshua Gilbert Holland.

Talks To Parents
 THE SCAPEGOAT
 By Alice Judson Peale
 A 4-year-old boy climbed on a chair to reach the mantel shelf and fell, hurting his knee.
 Furious he turned to his grandfather: "You made me fall, you mean old thing. Why did you do that?"
 This type of mental reaction is common enough and by no means confined to children. It tends to be characteristic of all of us at any age. Psychologists call that mechanism by which we blame the environment for those things which displease us in ourselves, projection.
 The little boy had fallen and hurt himself. The thought that he was responsible for his own pain was unpleasant. Immediately therefore he substituted another thought—that his grandfather sitting 16 feet away had caused him to fall. With this idea he could nurse his bruise and continue to hold himself in unimpaired regard.
 A jealous little boy will say that his playmate hates the cousin who has come to visit when in reality it is he himself who hates him.
 He will say "wasn't that cruel" upon seeing someone pull the kitten's tail when he himself was itching to do so. This mental mechanism frequently makes the child say things obviously not true.
 But he is not then deliberately lying, he is only using unconsciously a psychological device which enables him to avoid responsibility for his own actions.
 Where this is clearly so the adult may help him to accept his responsibility by making him see that his mistake is not overwhelmingly serious.

Boy Drowns In Fall From Log
 PORTLAND, Ore., June 17.—(AP)—Clayton Emerson, 8, of Portland, slipped from a log boom and fell into the Willamette river and drowned here last night. The body was recovered 20 minutes later by the harbor patrol. While returning from the scene of the drowning the harbor patrol found the body of an unidentified man floating in the river.

Flight 'o Time
 (Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Year Ago.)
 TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
 JUNE 17, 1922
 The Southern Pacific and the Central Pacific railroads are divorced by a decree of the supreme court.
 School election warms up.
 Men needed for night work in sawmills.
 Texas cantaloupe crop ruined by flood waters of Rio Grande.
 "Yellow Men and Gold" at the Hiato.
 Heavy auto tourist travel on Pacific highway.
 \$200 a day license proposed for street carnivals.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
 JUNE 17, 1912
 (It Was Monday)
 Nash Hotel corner astounded by the sight of a man in golf pants. The Mail-Tribune irreverently calls the garb "tight-fitting knee britches."
 Bud Anderson, "Pride of Medford," to fight Abe Labell of San Francisco, June 24.
 Ralph Burgess pitches Medford to an 8 to 2 victory over Ashland. "Burgess is improving, as he is doing what the older heads tell him." The older heads were Puz Isaacs, Court Hill, Jack Gill and Shorty Miles. Earl Tummy "played third base like a big leaguer, and is over his stage fright."

CHESTER WOOD IN PORTLAND SHOOT
 PORTLAND, Ore., June 17.—(AP)—Two Californians won the first events of the northern division of the Pacific International Trapshooting association's tournament here yesterday.
 Carl Vining of Sacramento, shattered 98 out of 100 in the 16-year event and G. N. Zenigraff, also of Sacramento, hit two 25's for a perfect score in the handicap event. He was set at 22 feet.
 C. D. Ray, of Empire, Ore., won the Roy & Mollin trophy in the doubles. He cracked 23-24 for a 46 total in 60 attempts.
 H. Croissant of Grants Pass shot 94 in the 16-year event and 40 in the handicap; Chester Wood of Medford shot 88 in the 16 year event and 46 in the handicap.

Modern Cinderella
 Dorothy Wilson, 18, was just a typical in a Hollywood studio until she carried a manuscript to an executive. Shortly afterward she was assigned a part as an actress.

Perfect Cuts
BECK'S BUTTERNUT BREAD
 Every housewife who has sliced our bread remarks that it cuts so evenly and leaves very few crumbs. That's why it makes such delightful sandwiches.
 Buy it fresh daily at your grocer or

BECK'S BAKERY