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Ye Smudge Pot
 By Arthur Perry

BLUES: CAUSE AND CURE
 We have been requested to write something cheerful about the depression, and after a week of deep study on the subject have come to the following conclusion, which were reached after interviewing many, who seemed to be enjoying the current misery and mess as much as a big funeral.

Everybody is poor, or pretending to be poor and about two jumps ahead of eternal disaster. This is what keeps the Hard Times ticking, and as a cure it is suggested that everybody be rich, or pretend to be rich, as it is no more trouble, and a lot more cheering than continually pleading poverty. The poorest man met June 20, according to his own sad story, happens to be the richest man, or nearly so, in many a mile. The poor, who have always been with us, are now outnumbered by the pretenders of poverty.

The hard luck story is quite prevalent, and is not helping the situation any. The teller of the hard luck story is legion, and he invariably adds to the general woe, by whitening down his voice to a pathetic whine, and lengthening out his face, to get the proper dramatic effect. The saddest recital was by a man who was unable to catch any fish until an 487 fishing reel arrived from London, Eng., which ought to be here before now, as it was ordered in plenty of time. We have heard nobody admit, when looking for pan-cakes or sympathy.

"I have nobody to blame but myself. I spent it when I had it, and I wish I had it now. The next time the getting is good I am going to hold on."

The fair sex are just as gloomy, and as much addicted to the mania for mourning as the sterner sex. Some have been reduced to four new dresses this spring and summer, and probably will have nothing to wear next winter. On top of this they have not won a cent in a bridge game since the Lord knows when.

Just at present the main thorns in the flesh are the lack of work, and the lack of money, and the latter lags in the deepest. History does not record a period when everybody was working, or there was no lack of money. There has never been a time in this fair valley, when everybody was working, even if they could, and everybody always had room for more money at the top.

Just at present, the dependency is increased by the approach of auto license buying time, which always causes sharp pain in the abdominal region of the pocketbook. With some, of course, it is a case of gas or beans, and it is no fun motoring if the stomach is empty. The rascals who insist that the auto license be purchased will get theirs the next time they come up for election.

There is no telling how long the present melancholy will continue, but the fashion notes say nothing about midnight black being the popular color for fall wear. The situation is worse than if the streets were thronged with forlorn souls in the throes of a crying jag. There is nothing so distressing as an emotional fellow with a crying jag.

According to the Democrats, there will be no Prosperity until Beer returns. The Republicans argue that it is more important that the masses get hold of a shovel, instead of a stein, and a handful of pretzels. It is doubtful if beer would abolish poverty, any more than the Hoover threat to do this very thing in 1928. Instead of putting a chicken in every pot, the idea is now to soothe all woes with a keg on every back porch. Also the Democrats promise to make everybody happy. Heretofore this has been attained by individual effort, but now the new congressman will provide it.

There are several things needed worse than beer. For instance, Faith, Hope, Confidence, Gumption, and Cheerfulness. All these traits have been hit by hail, frost, and blight.

In summation, the best lawyers say, it is ordered that all forget the Depression. Don't worry, something else will show up to maintain the worrying.

Brownsville—Brownsville Drug Co. completed remodeling front of building.

Roosevelt's Last Chance

IT LOOKS dark for Governor Roosevelt. The announced decision to attempt the repeal of the two-thirds convention rule, is a confession of weakness and desperation.

Were the Roosevelt forces not convinced that victory under the established system, is IMPOSSIBLE, they would not try to overthrow a procedure so deeply imbedded in party tradition and sentiment.

TRUE the Roosevelt forces have the votes to repeal this rule, for only a majority is needed. But Democrats are funny that way. They take their party traditions seriously. And by and large they are incorrigibly sentimental.

Even with a majority pledged, it would surprise no one familiar with Democratic psychology, to find these pledges break completely under the stress of a sufficiently eloquent appeal.

DEMOCRATIC conventions are like that. The stampe to the unknown William Jennings Bryan, after his cross-of-gold speech, provides the classic example. The way the delegates in San Francisco over a decade ago shook the rafters with their cheers for Bryan, and then voted against everything he proposed, was only another demonstration of the party's emotional instability.

One can always tell in advance what Republican conventions will do. One can never tell in advance what Democratic conventions will do. The Republicans are always matter of fact and conduct their conventions, like so many directors of the U. S. Steel corporation. The Democrats are always romantic, and conduct their conventions, like their spiritual forefathers conducted a Kilkenny Fair.

AS we see it, Governor Roosevelt at the present writing has ONLY ONE CHANCE IN FIFTY of securing the nomination. That chance rests solely upon his ability to dramatize his position so effectively that the under dog appeal will be lost somewhere in the emotional shuffle.

Perhaps somewhere among his delegates there is another William Jennings Bryan who can do this job for him. If there isn't, then "Cousin Franklin" is beaten before he starts.

Why Not Try a Club?

IT IS amazing how the blind spot in eastern magazines persists, when the Pacific Northwest, and particularly Crater Lake, are concerned.

A summer never passes that the Mail Tribune doesn't point out at least ONE eastern magazine that has never discovered Crater Lake, or having discovered it, doesn't hand it over to the state of California.

Now comes the July issue of the Ladies' Home Journal with an article entitled "Pack up your family and go," illustrated by a tourist map of the country. If the article has any value, it is as a comprehensive summer vacation GUIDE.

Yet neither on the map nor in the text can one find Crater Lake—a national park if you please. Nor is there any sign of Mt. Hood, the Columbia River highway, Mt. McLaughlin or the Oregon trail. Wyoming and Arizona rodeos are mentioned, but no word of the Pendleton Round-Up—the PAPA OF THEM ALL.

In fact Oregon is entirely ignored, the only other state in the union similarly treated, is Idaho.

THE Medford Chamber of Commerce has sent a vigorous protest to the editor of the Journal. No doubt other protests will follow.

But we doubt if these protests will do any good. For some unknown reason there seems to be no way of registering Oregon upon the editorial mind east of the Rocky mountains. Perhaps some progress might be made, if instead of sending John Branch Riley with a movie outfit, we sent him east with a spike studded club!

Disgraceful!

WHY doesn't congress adjourn! The longer it stays in session the more dangerous it becomes.

Yesterday without even a record vote it passed a bill providing a \$2,300,000,000 relief program.

The country DOES need relief. But it doesn't need pork barrel graft, it doesn't need waste, it doesn't need the dole.

The first thing to do is get idle men to work. Second, is to get them to work upon projects that have some use, and real social and economic benefit.

Some provisions of this bill are good, but more are bad, and some are positively rotten.

No doubt members of the senate knew this. But they wanted to get credit for passing such a measure, and then pass the buck to the President, who unless the measure is radically changed, will HAVE TO VETO IT.

THIS venal and spineless procedure has been going on long enough. We are sick of having congress pass everything that any political minority demands, and force the President to do what any self respecting legislative body should do—as a matter of patriotism and duty—for THEMSELVES. We believe the people are sick of it, too.

Far better have no congress at all, at this critical time, than one that does nothing but play cheap politics, and put the entire burden of good government upon the shoulders of ONE overworked man.—The President of the United States.

Today's Guest Editorial

The Mail Tribune, thanks to the courtesy of the American Legion, is printing a series of guest editorials written on important questions of the day by prominent citizens in various walks of life. The Mail Tribune offers these editorials as an interesting feature but does not necessarily endorse the sentiments expressed.

Number 5
 By THOMAS S. GATES
 President, University of Pennsylvania
 Experience has shown that in time of national emergency the country possesses no greater asset than the university graduate. His heroic deeds in defense of his country in 1917-1918 are known to all. It is also known to those who have studied the subject that this young man paid a frightful cost in life, and the coun-

training at a minimum cost to the people and assure adequate protection for the price paid.

Had something of the sort existed in 1912, in 1915, in 1920, or in 1927, not only would the country have been saved hundreds of thousands of lives needlessly sacrificed, but would not now be staggering under the debt resulting from war entered into on the spur of the moment with only such preparation as may be acquired in that length of time.

Existing international conditions today conclusively demonstrate that war unfortunately is still possible. Until an accord between nations is reached looking toward a more general disarmament nations must give thought to defensive measures to insure themselves against costly and disastrous wars. Certainly one of the soundest activities in this direction is that which contemplates the training of young men. Not only do they learn something concerning military tactics, but disciplinary and character building qualities are acquired which are of significant value in the making of good citizens.

Tomorrow: Rev. John E. Shea.

Today

By Arthur Brisbane

New Witch Broth,
 Wales Will Remember,
 The Terrible Mystery,
 The Deaf Man Shouted.

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Witch ladies put many queer things in the cauldron for their terrible broth,

"Eye of Newt, and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog."

Also, you remember, the baby's finger, fillet of a fenny snake, adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting.

All that is nothing to the "stop Roosevelt" broth now being concocted in Chicago. Every baleful ingredient is mixed in that strange soup.

If the New York governor escapes the dish prepared by the "stop Roosevelt" crowd, he will prove himself an able politician.

Which of the following happenings would be called "news?"
 In New York a lawyer, 65 years old, jumped to death.

In Chile socialistic and communistic experimenters inaugurate a curfew that stops everything at 10 p.m. Theaters close at eight-thirty.

A new comet has been found near the South Pole, of tenth magnitude, visible to the naked eye. If it wishes to keep out of the depression it should STAY near the South Pole.

Von Papen, Germany's new chancellor, proposes privately a military alliance between France and Germany.

Some Americans, veterans and others, will exclaim "What do you know about that?"
 We do not know anything, except that it is not improbable.

The Prince of Wales was 38 years old yesterday and looks back over a busy year.

In it he took up fast motor boating, book collecting, motorcycle driving.

Two of his barns in Canada were burned, he was ill several days, got a new dog to replace the old one, played Santa Claus with white whiskers on Christmas, set the fashion for spotted ties and turned down soft collars, even with a "morning coat" and stovepipe hat.

He met Amelia Earhart, discussed flying with her, installed a radio in his airplane, attended the Doumer funeral.

These things he will forget. But never will he forget that in his 38th year he made a hole in his.

What is a "telescope"? It is a mysterious word that certain energetic makers of automobiles, and Arthur Kudenor, who looks after their publicity, have been muttering and whispering mysteriously for some time.

News from Detroit, whither Mr. Kudenor has just flown in his two-engine Sikorsky, reports that the

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.

WHY TOBACCO DESTROYS YOUTH

Some persons insist that a smoke quiets the nerves. Now let's see what that means. A normal, healthy young animal naturally desires physical activity, play, romp, run about, fight. A sensible animal naturally desires rest, a soothing, day-dreaming, just sitting around, vegetating.

Certain drugs have narcotic or sedative or depressing action on the nerve centers. Tobacco is such a drug. That's what it means when a confirmed smoker says a smoke soothes his nerves or quiets nervous tension. It dulls his natural desire for physical activity, and enables him to take it sitting or lying down when he should be running away or fighting. It makes the young animal for the time being an old one.

Athletic coaches invariably forbid even occasional use of tobacco by the young aspirants under training. Even the untutored youths who go in for professional boxing know from experience that smoking lessens a boxer's chance to win his bout. Diminishes his resiliency, shortens his wind, lowers his endurance.

A great many youngsters whose home training has been neglected (and I'll explain just what this means presently) begin smoking mainly for the sake of nonchalance or finding something to do with the hands to cover consciousness of inferiority.

There are laws prohibiting the sale of tobacco to children, but something more impressive than a law is required. Every parent should exact a pledge from his child at an early age, say 12 years, against the use of tobacco before the age of 25 years—not 21 years, for the majority of children do not attain full development of adulthood until they reach 24 or 25 years of age.

Exercise, play or work is the healthful substitute for tobacco in youth. Activity, not dignified quiet and repose, is the natural state and index of youth.

Habit is a characteristic of old age. The senile are creatures of habit. Every smoker, young or old, should

mysterious "terraplane" has to do with the launching of a new automobile.

Newspaper publishers will greet the information pleasantly since it means important advertising.

It takes courage to start anything new just now, more particularly a new automobile. But there is always room at the top, and opportunity, for there is no crowd there to impede your movements.

Last night in Dublin's Phoenix park, well known as the scene of a great political tragedy, a scene very different was arranged. Two hundred and fifty thousand men, in military formation, sang before a high altar, in the presence of Cardinal Lauri, Papal legate who presided at the great outdoor demonstration. A special choir of men led the singing of the great army of 250,000. Microphones and amplifiers added to the volume of sound.

Once, goes the story, it was suggested that all the earth's inhabitants unite in a great shout, at the same moment, that men on the moon, if any, might hear it. When the moment came, all but one man kept perfectly silent, waiting to hear the great noise. The one man that shouted was stone deaf.

We who worry about small things ought to remember our blessings, including the usual quietness of the world's big oceans. Mexicans are reminded of it by an earthquake 400 miles out in the Pacific, west of Cuyutlan. The floor of the ocean, rising, sent a great tidal wave inland, killing 34 in Cuyutlan, carrying many out to sea. We should be grateful that oceans and lakes behave so well, making tidal waves so rare.

The slightest check in the earth's turning on its axis would send waves a mile high all over the earth, sweeping away everything that men have done. That would cause a real depression.

Williamette—Corner stone laid for new site of United Presbyterian church.

Local news item from Hickville on Hudson: "Inspector—, one of the most popular—, is a patient at the— hospital where physicians are striving to ward off an attack of pneumonia. The inspector caught cold last Friday and was removed to the hospital on Sunday."

Answer—You can see pictures of people catching cold in any almanac or announcement of the cold cure people, but here is a rare one of physicians striving to ward off pneumonia.

Superstition Still Rampant
 After my sister's baby was born the doctor snipped a web under the baby's tongue and said that would prevent lisping. Now my 4 year old boy does not lisp, but sometimes he does not enunciate clearly and my sister's husband's people say I ought to have the web under his tongue cut. . . (C. M. A.)

Answer—Sheer superstition. Even if there is a web that is not there in all babies it has nothing whatever to do with lisping, or with any other speech defect.

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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 24, 1922
 (It Was Saturday)

Hot weather continues with no relief in sight.

Bob Hart home from Harvard military school in Los Angeles.

Christian church to hold Sunday services on the Rogue.

Wife of Gov. Len Small of Illinois overjoyed at acquittal of husband of graft charges, stricken.

City and county in turmoil over Klan attempt to recall Sheriff Terrell. "The courthouse gang is fighting for its life," says Klesgie Hoogstraat.

Butte Falls to hold big barbecue July 4.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
 June 14, 1912
 (It Was Monday)

Bryan lays defeat in democratic convention to "Wall street plot."

Major Canon orders Epee to slow all trains down to ten miles per hour in city.

Ed Staples of Ashland and Attorney Fred Mers of this city, announce divorce from republican party, because of the way Col. Roosevelt was treated in Chicago convention.

Fight fans of city in hysteria when Bud Anderson, "pride of Medford" knocks out Abe Labell of San Francisco in eight rounds. Citizens all but lynched, when he hinted to Court Hall and Moose Barkdull, "that Leach Cross would polish off Bud in less than five rounds."

Special Epee excursion to Coletstin Sunday, \$1 for round trip.

Jenkins' Comment
 (Continued from Page One)

go up and down from year to year. So, you see, in years of general prosperity, when prices of the things that gold will buy are high, gold mining doesn't pay, because it costs too much.

But in years of depression, when prices of the things that gold will buy are low, gold mining DOES pay, because the gold that is found in such times will buy a lot of other things.

SUPPOSE you were a prospector back in 1928 or 1929. The food you ate and the clothes you wore cost a lot of money. Besides, you could get a job almost anywhere at wages that would amount to a great deal more over the year, in all prob-

ability, than the gold you could expect to find.

But now it is different. Your food and your clothes cost much less, and jobs at good wages are scarce and hard to find. And the gold you may take from the hills will buy an unusually large quantity of the things you want after you get it.

So prospecting again looks like a good venture to you. That is why there are so many prospectors in the hills.

IN THE past, huge sums in gold have been taken from the hills and the gulches of Southern Oregon. Was ALL the gold found in those days?

You can answer that question, of course, as well as anybody else, for no one knows with any certainty. But it is a safe guess that if you could see all the gold that is left in the hills of the Southern Oregon country, our eyes would glitter.

Roseburg—G. B. Becker established independent market here.

Wallowa—Shall Mercantile Co. installed line of refrigerator showcases.

Tillamook—Repairs to be made to lower end of sewer to Trask river.



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