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Will Germany Join France?

HOPES of an accord between Germany and France, have so often been aroused, and so often dashed, that today's announcement from Lausanne, will be received with considerable skepticism.

As has often been pointed out in this column, the ONLY HOPE for peace and a return of prosperity in Europe, lies in a Franco-German entente. As long as the fires of their ancient grudge are kept burning, eventual collapse of European civilization, will be threatened.

THE accord now reported, virtually wipes out the problem of European war debts and reparations. Germany's debt is reduced approximately 90 percent, all payments are extended for three years, and final liquidation, based upon a bond issue, at one percent—a bond issue that Germany's creditors must take—practically amounts to cancellation.

Chief credit for this leniency toward Germany must be given President Hoover. It was his disarmament demand, that brought it about. Now France will undoubtedly point to her concessions to Germany, and ask in payment, that her war debt to the United States be written off the books.

AT ANOTHER time, such a demand might be granted for the sake of world peace and rehabilitation. But during a presidential campaign, there is slight chance that it will be.

Consequently there is more than an even chance that this accord, like many of its predecessors will be broken on the rocks of super-nationalism and partisan politics.

TOO bad! The fact that a presidential election should come at THIS TIME is not only a tragedy for this country but for the world. When a moratorium on politics, is more sorely needed than at any other time during the present decade, not only is a moratorium impossible, but at the most critical time, the hysteria of partisanship will be at its height.

Slight hope for economic or social betterment in this country or the world until after the first Tuesday following the first Monday of November!

Al Smith and Borah

IF NOSES could be counted we have a pious hunch that a vast majority of the American people feel toward the presidential campaign, very much as Al Smith and Senator Borah do.

Al Smith doesn't like Roosevelt, but he is going to support him, because he regards any Third party movement as futile, and sees no justification either for deserting or fighting his own party.

Senator Borah doesn't like Hoover, but he also regards a Third party as futile, and refuses to desert or fight, the party to which he belongs.

Unless we are much mistaken, the rank and file feel the same way.

They have no enthusiasm for Hoover; they have no enthusiasm for Roosevelt, but realizing this is a government by two major parties, they can see no real justification for deserting or fighting the party of their choice.

SO pretty well bored by the entire situation, and disgusted with partisan politics and politicians, in general, they are at the present moment sitting on the fence, cheering for neither side.

Whether or not there is sufficient dynamite in the prohibition question to blow them off the fence, only the progress of the campaign can disclose. There is no doubt that party lines will be broken, to a certain extent,—many bone-dry Democrats will NOT support Roosevelt; many wringing wet Republicans will not support Hoover. But whether this split will be widespread and general, only the future can disclose.

OUR guess is it WON'T be. For a vast majority of the people of the country, have little more use for the wringing wets than the bone dries, but take a stand on middle ground, based upon what they regard as best for their country.

If this guess is correct, then a vast majority of Republicans will follow the example of Borah and a vast majority of Democrats the lead of Al Smith. Contrary to all pre-convention predictions, the November battle will be fought out essentially on party lines.

What a Joke!

THERE is considerable doubt as to who financed the college-university consolidation measure, and just what interests are behind it, but there is no doubt the campaign in its favor is being engineered by a group of individuals who regard themselves as very slick politicians.

First there was that melodramatic hold-up at the point of a gun in the Portland office building, when 20,000 signatures were stolen. This clever bit of stage management, put the measure on the front page, without extracting a dime from the advertising fund.

THEN came the usual "follow up". The completed petitions were rushed from Portland to Salem, in an armored car, with machine guns at the port holes, amid a ballyhoo, that would have made the publicity man of a Hollywood "First Night" envious.

Again the front page! Just as excitement over this coup d'etat started to die down, it was announced that the armored car contained only blank petitions, while the real petitions were sent through the ordinary channels. (Ah! Comic relief!)

Now comes the inevitable clean-up by one Henry Zorn, who broadcasts to every newspaper,—mimeographed before the "shilling shocker" started—the following significant statement:

"The bill will be on the ballot in the November election and because of the last incident in its preparation—the hold-up and stealing of 20,000 names at the point of a pistol—it is openly asserted that it goes before the people with the support of thousands of voters who would have probably been against the bill in the election, had it not been for the employment of thugs to obstruct filing the petitions."

Oh! YE-A-H!

Why should thousands opposed to the measure, before the holdup, be in favor of it now. Did that holdup change the character of the bill, or do the slick politicians behind this measure, think the people of Oregon are a lot of unthinking rural saps!

It IS to laugh!

Today

By Arthur Brisbane
 Mr. Rockefeller at 93.
 A Little Politics.
 The Forgotten New York.
 Beware the Actinic Ray.

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Many happy returns, and many more birthdays to John D. Rockefeller, who is ninety-three years old today. He predicts that he will live to be a hundred years old, and will probably live beyond one hundred, for he has made a science of wise living.

The world wishes him as many years as he chooses. He used the energy of his youth accumulating hundreds of millions, and with the assistance of his son has given away hundreds of millions, to education, science, and a ceaseless fight against disease.

More important than this, John D. Rockefeller has demonstrated the importance of organization in industry, as opposed to wasteful competition. History will remember him gratefully for that fifty thousand years hence.

Governor Smith has said that he will support "the Democratic party," without mentioning candidates, and Governor Roosevelt, "not looking too close," accepts with gratitude Governor Smith's qualified assistance.

Yesterday, Mr. McAdoo was talking "mysteriously" with Senator Hiram Johnson, and some Democrats hope that the senator will support Roosevelt. Borah and Johnson have said they would not support Hoover. But both might hesitate about walking out of the party to support strange idols.

New York, where this is written, is a city of great towers, bridges and tunnels, great fortunes and energy. All the world knows about THAT city of New York.

There is a "forgotten New York," corresponding to Governor Roosevelt's "Forgotten Man," not so well known. You see part of it walking along South street, north of the Brooklyn bridge, at the edge of the East river, where the big ships come in, unload their cargoes of bootleg products, and hurry away.

You pass the James Slip Gospel mission, with enormous signs that tell you "Prepare to Meet Thy God," "Where Will You Spend Eternity?" "Be Sure Your Sins Will Find You Out," etc. Two places is closed now, but there will be a meeting for seamen at seven this evening. There aren't any real seamen along there, except bootleg seamen, and they are too busy.

You see men lying in the hot sun on the sidewalks. One is in a drunken sleep, his opened hands covered with callouses prove hard work, his nails broken. He has given up looking for a job for the day.

The next man, also asleep on the sidewalk, has the red handle of a toothbrush sticking out of his hip pocket. There is more hope for him, perhaps.

Beyond, five or six men using one end of a large packing case, are playing cards, while more look on. They are gambling, otherwise there would be no spectators. All are poor, but poverty does not prevent gambling.

Just beyond them with a large sash and a man in filling boxes with cracked ice and thousands of huge gray shrimp from Florida. You are in the fish market.

You pass blank store fronts, with men going in and out. Those are speakeasies. Even they complain of depression, as do bootleggers, and other important industrialists. All along the East river, along the North river, in slum streets, that run down to both rivers, you may study the forgotten New York, finding strange and savage creatures without visiting any African jungle.

A mania for caps made of white cotton, selling at twenty-five cents apiece, has created work for 2,700 men and women in New York City. The idea will spread. Young gentlemen who feel that white caps make them look like commodores of yacht clubs, have forgotten about the "bare head craze."

To make the thing permanently successful, manufacturers should put a black or dark green lining inside the caps, to exclude actinic rays. White keeps out the heat, but admits actinic rays harmful to the brain. Read a book about the effect of sunlight on white men in tropical countries.

The happiest individual is an African, with a white cloak and white turban. The white keeps out the heat, the black skin keeps out the actinic rays.

Philip S. LaFollette, son of Robert, a second time candidate for governor of Wisconsin, says:

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.

ALL PERSIFLAGE ASIDE, WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

There seems to be an interminable humorous side of this question of cri, common respiratory infections, coryza, grip, flu, catarrh, or whatever you prefer to call it. Formerly I endeavored to resign myself to it and to smile wilyly at the more or less hackneyed comments everybody feels impelled to make whenever the subject comes up. For I had a kind of grim hope that in good time the joke would become so old and worn that even the dumbest would cease repeating them, and then at last maybe we could teach the wiseacre lally something for the benefit of the health of the community.

But I am growing despondent. I fear the lally has little sense, and the some of these annual bulletins of our esteemed health commissioners or public health departments, warning the dumb folk about exposure to inclement weather or wearing insufficient clothing, would appeal to the risibles. So lately I have been devoting all my leisure time to the business of thinking up something biting or sarcastic to say when the old jokes are sprung. So far not with much success; the worst I can think of seems entirely too mild to suit the requirements.

However, in case anyone out there does get caught up on cold humor, for instance the mother of an actual child or perhaps we should say the actual mother of a child or, if it is not too great a strain on credulity, actually the mother of two separate and consecutive children (we can give the special credit for twins), I have a plain, practical question to ask, and I dare say no one who reads this, be he parent or not, will have the right answer ready to give offhand.

Here is the question:

What is the first thing you should do when a child develops the familiar symptoms of cri, grip, flu, d-temper, etc.?

No. No. Sorry, but you're wrong. Certainly not. Well, let me give you a hint. I'll tell you that what you should do has a long 'i' in it.

No, I hardly thought you'd hit on the right answer. It would not be natural for you to do so, after all these years of humor you have indulged in or had served in lieu of the knowledge we have of the subject.

I'll give you another hint. The first thing you should do in any such case, is to breathe into the bag.

Swimmers Are Deaf
 Please tell me why so many swimmers are deaf? I am fond of water sports. Many swimmers I meet say they've lost their hearing thru swimming. (Mrs. F. A.)

Answer—Infection by germs contributed to the pool, by one swimmer who should be excluded. Persons having any chronic ear infection, chronic sinusitis or chronic nose or throat trouble, should be excluded from swimming pools. Some swimmers wear loosely packed earplugs of lamb's wool to exclude water from the ears. Some wear a spring nose clip to exclude water from the nose. Both are good precautions, when you swim in a pool.

Cleft Palate
 I was born with cleft palate. No other instance in family as far as we have been able to trace. If my baby will my children have a similar defect? (M. C. A.)

Answer—There is no evidence that such congenital defects are inherited. (Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Carbon Dioxide for Hiccough

Dr. Lewis A. Golden gave us this simple method of relieving severe, prolonged hiccoughs. Place over the nose and mouth an ordinary paper bag such as shopkeepers use, and hold it snugly upon the face with both hands. Breathe into the bag. As the oxygen in the bag is used up it is replaced by carbon dioxide. In several minutes of breathing the concentration of carbon dioxide becomes sufficient to relieve the hiccough. If the hiccough returns, put on the bag again.

FAVORITE TOYS
 By Alice Judson Peale

A girl of 6 long had been in the habit of going to bed with her teddy bear held in her arms.

Her mother decided that it was time this habit ceased. She took the bear and in the child's presence thrust it head downward into a suitcase, locked it and put it away in the store room.

The little girl was inconsolable. Her bear was unhappy, he couldn't breathe all shut up in the suitcase, he was lonesome, he was frightened. She knew he must be crying.

Every evening she cried for her toy for a long hour before going to sleep. Several times she woke up crying in the middle of the night. But the mother held out sternly for a lesson in independence which she thought it high time she should learn.

But at what cost was it learned? How can one know what part the teddy bear played in the little girl's imaginative life? For what other deprivations in love or pleasures had it become a substitute?

How much indeed she may have regarded it as a part of herself torn from her, or as a real, comforting friend to whom she turned upon always when all others deserted?

Children's favorite toys are more than wood or stuffed rags and sawdust. The child imbues them with life and living qualities. They play a part in his emotions.

When we rob a child suddenly of a beloved toy because to us it seems to represent tendencies that he should have outgrown, we may be causing him to return within himself to satisfactions even more infantile than the one of which we thus forcefully deprived him.

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.

The Importance and Value of the Citizens' Military Training Camp
 W. N. Doak
 United States Secretary of Labor.

The basic, and to me, irrefutable argument in behalf of the value of the citizens' military training camp lies in the fact that it is a part of the youth of our country for the task of defending that country from assault from without.

I have literally no patience with those who argue that preparation for defense makes for war. The mercenary, the bootlegger, the man who respects the benefit of his own labor would be, criminally foolish not to take some means to protect, in case of necessity, that which he honestly has acquired.

There is another side to this matter of providing military training for the young citizens of this country. It has been proved beyond cavil that military training in the schools makes not only for physical, but for mental integrity. The first lesson in military training is honor. The value to the youth of outdoor life hardly can be estimated. It makes for physical vigor and for that kind of enjoyment which can not be found within the confines of a city's walls.

Records of these training camps have proven their worth. They should be continued as an asset not only to the youth of the country, but to the country itself. Paraphrasing, one might say that a sound Americanism loves the military camps for the enemies they have made. Many of the opponents of the citizens' military training camps are of disruptive tendencies. In their sight, nothing that is as good, and therefore, nothing that is as worth defending.

If the American people ever get into a mind to believe that what they have is not worth a fight to keep it from the hands of the aggressor, the people are lost and with them the country is lost.

Sunday, Rev. Gill Robb Wilson, Past National Chaplain, The American Legion.

Memorial Stamp
Honoring Doumer

PARIS-(AP)—A new stamp bearing the effigy of the late President Doumer will be issued on May 6, 1933, first anniversary of his assassination.

The practice of issuing stamps in honor of distinguished Frenchmen has been discontinued, the last to be so honored being the scientist, Pasteur.

Picture frames made to order. The Peaseys, opp. Holly theater.
 Phone 542. We'll mail away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

German Sea Force
Shown To Silence
East Europe's Talk

BERLIN-(AP)—Germany's "rest-pocked" fleet is being paraded in the North and Baltic seas this summer for the edification of bathers.

The massing of her sea strength there may serve also as a gentle reminder to neighboring countries that, even though small, the fleet must be reckoned with.

The parade is not an unusual affair, but extreme nationalists on both sides of the Polish-German and Danubian rivers. Besides, it has been delivering broadsides into the other camps and the fleet's presence may quiet some of the wild talk.

Accompanying the flagship "Schleswig Holstein" are two ships of the line, four cruisers, four torpedo boats

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County) History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 24 and 10 Year Ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
 July 8, 1922.
 (It was Saturday)
 Brush fire rages on Griffin creek.

Mails to proceed despite nationwide rail strike, now in deadlock.

Copco workers hold annual picnic on the Rogus.

Ashland's hopes for new hotel given stimulation.

Ford and Fordson tractor caravan heads this way.

Announcement of the engagement of Miss Dora Herman of Grants Pass to George E. Gates of this city is made.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
 July 8, 1912.
 (It was Monday)
 Final attempt made for harmony in ranks of G.O.P.

Sen. Bourne gets \$100,000 appropriation for Crater lake park.

Valley farmers advised by O. A. C. expert, "to hog off their surplus wheat."

Vote for Ashland State Normal election sought in 1914 election.

European scientists to visit Crater lake and "linguists" wanted to drive autos or ride with professors.

Many local firms introduce the loose leaf ledger system.

Talks To Parents

FAVORITE TOYS
 By Alice Judson Peale

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Ye Poet's Corner

Medford Water-Faucet Springs

Out from the mountain
 And down thru the hills
 Into the cottages out to the mills
 All of its God-given goodness it brings
 This drink of Faucet-Springs.

If off on business or pleasure we go,
 To any old spot you might name,
 What of its difference and what of its fame,
 We are glad to get back to the
 Freshness it brings.
 That drink at the sink from the cool
 Faucet Springs.

Many a tourist finds happy surprise
 Drinking where traffic jostles and
 hums,
 As bubbling from street and park
 fountains it comes
 And all of its native goodness it
 brings
 Down from the sweet mountain
 springs.

To the north, to the south,
 To the east, to the west,
 I know the spot where the water's
 the best.
 Too bad if you miss the refreshment
 it brings.
 That drink from Faucet Springs.
 MRS. RAY SLOANEKER.

Spain's Highways Decay.
 MADRID-(AP)—Concerns operating motor trucks complain that Spain's road network constructed under the monarchy at a cost of \$100,000,000, is falling into decay because the republic does not spend enough for maintenance.



"KIDNAPED"

THE daring operations of a fiendishly-clever band of abductors terrorized the country. A famous actress and two prominent business men were kidnaped the same night in New York. A few days later the gang struck in Chicago and three more wealthy men disappeared.



The victims' relatives received shrewd, cynical instructions—a demand for \$100,000 "board money" for each of the six. The nation was outraged but helpless, the police frantic in their futile efforts to apprehend the criminals.



This is the setting for the intriguing, thrilling story of adventure

Gambler's Throw

by Eustace L. Adams

JERRY CALHOUN stepped from the cockpit of his airplane into the midst of the desperate struggle between the forces of the law and those of the kidnapers. He enjoyed a venture but NANCY WENTWORTH was one of the gang's victims and that fact made it all the more thrilling for Jerry.



This unique serial of rapid-fire action and suspense

STARTS MONDAY JULY 11th

Don't read the first chapter unless you want to finish the story, because once you start, you won't stop before the rousing conclusion.

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The MAIL TRIBUNE

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