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Another Charge Refuted

IF THE Mail Tribune answered all the falsehoods circulated against it all the misrepresentations made concerning it, there would be no room in its columns for anything else.

For many months—in fact for many years—our morning contemporary has been conducted on the principle that THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE A SUCCESS OF THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS, IS TO ABUSE ITS COMPETITOR.

We haven't the space to itemize the list of our crimes (as charged), but we believe that the recent diabolical attack of a fiend in human form, is the only outrage for which this newspaper HASN'T been held directly or indirectly responsible, by the opposition.

All of which is rather amusing, and for the reason above stated, only deserves to be ignored.

BUT now and then something is charged, which can't in justice to this paper be ignored, for it has a sufficient APPEARANCE of truth to be believed, unless it is refuted.

On Saturday, for example, the News stated the Mail Tribune and Ashland Tidings had refused to print a communication from Attorney M. O. Wilkins, candidate for district attorney, and therefore, charges:

"The Tribune desires to feed its victims, that is its benighted readers, with only one side of any political question, which is proof that they are controlled by a special privilege class, who wish to put over special privilege candidates."

The Mail Tribune did not print the Wilkins communication for the reason that it contained approximately 1100 words, whereas it is a rule and has long been a rule of this paper, that PURELY POLITICAL COMMUNICATIONS must be condensed to approximately 300.

Mr. Wilkins apparently knew this, for in his communication he wrote, that if his offering exceeded our space limits he would bring the matter treated before the people, in his speaking campaign.

We have written Mr. Wilkins, what we inform all correspondents, whether they favor or oppose this paper's policy, that we will be glad to give him space if he will reduce his communications to conform with the long established rules of this paper.

IT would probably severely tax an adding machine to total the number of communications, printed in this paper, from the "other side" during the past 15 or 20 years. In fact we have often been criticized by extreme partisans for being too fair to the opposition.

BUT this is the Mail Tribune's policy and has always been its policy. We are always glad to give ANYONE a hearing, provided they comply with police and libel regulations,—and the subject matter is proper—but we do exercise the right to reject communications of unreasonable length. This is also the Ashland Tidings rule. It is the rule of practically every daily newspaper in the United States.

SO this charge of subsidized press, of unfair press, etc., etc., is just as true as other charges brought against the Mail Tribune by the Daily News from day to day.

It is all a rather transparent—and to us pathetic—effort on the part of one business to pull itself out of the mud, by continually THROWING MUD at its competitor.

Honesty in Politics

HONESTY is not only the best policy, it is an inherent trait in human nature. People in the mass are invariably honest, the dishonest man is the exception.

Unfortunately there are many exceptions, particularly during a political campaign. There are candidates in this community, and every other, who having no just cause, manufacture one, out of their imagination, distort facts, garble the truth, make false accusations against their opponents, and behind a smoke screen of falsehood, expect to ride into public office.

THANKS to the depression, and a consequent atmosphere of discontent, resentment and suspicion, there is this year, more justification for this expectation than usual.

The people are resentful, they are anxious to find a goat. Therefore they are more inclined to believe the worst of their fellowman, than would be the case under more normal conditions.

Nevertheless honesty, even in politics, continues to be the best policy. For chickens always come home to roost. As Lincoln said you can fool some of the people, all the time; all the people some of the time, but NOT ALL THE PEOPLE ALL THE TIME!

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again—
 The eternal years of God are hers;
 But error wounded writhes with pain,
 And dies among his worshippers.

Sooner or later the honest man, whether in public life or out, wins the battle, and the dishonest man is beaten. This is true here and everywhere else; it is true in politics and out of politics.

So those who tell the truth and know their cause is just, should not be disheartened. Just as truth telling is inherent in human nature, so the survival of truth is a law of Nature.

Not only does the falsifier fight against an opposition that continually increases,—because fewer and fewer people continue to be deceived,—but he fights against the "eternal years of God" and a fundamental law of Nature.

So EVENTUALLY the garbler of the truth, even in politics, always fails, and in this valley, so torn by needless dissension and strife, a recognition of that fact should help all right thinking people at the present time.

WILBUR ON HASTY BUILDING VALUES
TRIP TO CRATER PROTESTS LISTED

Ray Lyman Wilbur, United States secretary of the Interior, visited Crater Lake yesterday and was enthusiastic in his praise of the world wonder in early autumn setting.

He continued to Klamath Falls, where a banquet was held in his honor last night, and will go on south, before leaving for Washington, D. C.

Dr. slabs \$1.00 per tier. You haul 'em. Med. Fuel Co.

Today

By Arthur Brisbane
 Hard To Be Brief.
 The Mellons Do Business.
 Yes, All Will Come Back.
 Earthquake, Down Below.

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In dealing with news, wisdom would write few lines about many things, not many words and lines about few things.

But that is difficult. A few possess brevity. Mr. Will Rogers is one. Montesquieu, as illustrated in his "Spirit of Laws," was another Cromwell, in his letters, a third.

Perfect condensation in Genesis described the creation of the world in fewer words than it takes a reporter to tell about the funeral of a woman too fat to be carried downstairs, her coffin lowered out of the window.

Charles E. Du Bois, jeweler of Tuckahoe, New York, not able to explain the disappearance of his wife and asked if he had killed her, was embarrassed. Yesterday he killed himself. Suicide is confession.

Mr. Mellon's company sends a million dollars worth of aluminum wire to Russia in trade for gasoline. Perhaps he will use the gasoline to make more aluminum or carry around what he makes. Russians are hard pressed for food and farmers would be glad to trade wheat, potatoes to get gasoline for their cars. But they are not ORGANIZED.

The wise Mellon brothers can always do business somehow. They suggest the man who raised rats and cats. He fed the rats to the cats, skinned the cats, sold the fur and fed the skinned cats carcasses to the rats. He always sold furs, never had to buy anything.

At the request of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, you will be glad to know that his health is good—Mr. Knickerbocker will answer the question: "Can Europe come back?"

That question was asked when Attia came marching from the East and when the Black Death killed one quarter of all the people in Europe, also when, after Waterloo, England was called bankrupt. And the continent worse than bankrupt.

The answer always has been, and the answer is now: "Yes, Europe will come back." And, in case it interests you, the United States will also come back and you will ask yourself, with bitterness, "Why didn't I buy something, when prices were low?"

Germany, by the way, is coming back without waiting for others. 300,000 young fighting Germans, well trained by the "Steel Helmets," are taken over by the German government in such a way as to evade the Versailles treaty.

And Germans are laying the keel of a third "pocket size battleship," a kind that the Versailles treaty permits, and, in spite of its smallness, more efficient than the bigger, more expensive cruisers built by England and the United States. It will outshoot and outrun them.

Violent earthquake shocks in New Zealand, just under your feet, "minor shocks continuing regularly every few minutes," make us realize how grateful we should be for earth's average stability.

Lands, islands, rise and fall, even continents slip around on the hard core of the earth like non-floating soap on the floor of a bath tub. The whole thing is wonderfully managed.

A gentleman in Cleveland advertised a lecture "for women only" on "married love." The police forbade the lecture. Five hundred angry ladies almost tore down the auditorium, and proved their business capacity by getting in "refunds for tickets" 602 more than they had paid.

Disappointed ladies may go to Reno and hear lawyers deliver lectures on "married love" free, and enlightening.

Wall Street is blossoming out in all sorts of virtues. The Stock Exchange is particular about this and about that, even about short sellings to knock down prices.

Now the committee on business tells brokers they must not talk about politics, or send to customers anything that might seem like propaganda for either important political party.

The United States has a gigantic supply of rubber on hand; Mr. Litchfield, Mr. Firestone and other tire makers have not tried to resist the temptation to buy rubber at four cents a pound, and lower. You are told that "synthetic rubber," made scientifically, without help from the real rubber tree, "amounts to little or

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.

APOLYTO WALL PAPER INDUSTRY

May 28, 1932, the subject of the article in this column was "A Case of Wall Paper Poisoning," which had occurred in England. I quoted the findings of the analyst — one-third of a grain of arsenic in the 7-year-old child's body, and his observation that the arsenic was given off in gaseous form from the wall paper in the home of the little victim, due to the effects of spores of a kind of mold that grows vigorously on damp paper. The wall paper was dyed green with either Paris green (copper arsenite) or Schweinfurt green (arsieto-arsenite of copper).

I called particular attention to the fact that the arsenic had been absorbed by inhalation of the gas formed by the mold—test some "authorities" explain that it was absorbed through the pores of the skin. So far, so good. But I went on to state that "arsenic is an ingredient in many wall papers, in the ink or color, especially in green papers." That was where I tipped over the apple cart. The wall paper industry of the United States didn't like it a bit. And I don't blame the wall paper industry. I should have limited my assertion to apply to wall paper manufactured twenty or thirty years ago or earlier. Or I should have explained that the use of arsenical colors in the preparation of wall paper and artificial flowers is now only of historical interest in the United States—the aniline colors having been universally adopted in these industries here.

No doubt much wall paper still on the walls of old houses contains a large amount of arsenic and gives off arsenic compounds in gaseous form from the action of mold upon the paper. But the present wall paper industry is not responsible for that, so I offer this explanation and apology.

While modern homes have no arsenic in the wall paper, if they have any wall paper, it is probably true that the hazard of chronic arsenical poisoning from domestic and industrial sources is much greater today than it has ever been before. Fur workers and wearers, greenhouse workers, orchard and garden workers (arsenic in sprays), hide handlers, taxidermists, makers or handlers of sheep dip, glass makers, smelters, etc., are exposed. Arsenical compounds are much used in preservatives and insecticides, in baths, powders, sprays, Persistent conjunctivitis, coryza,

nothing." That will sound strange a few years hence, when science will make all of our rubber synthetically, the rubber trees growing in peace, untapped.

Good Republicans, including Mr. R. W. Robey, suggest that alleged Democratic plans to help the farmer would mean a paternalistic attitude toward agriculture and a burden on the treasury." Another good Republican reveals the fact that the treasury recently handed to Mr. Dawes' bank in Chicago NINETY MILLION DOLLARS to help it out of trouble.

\$10 handed to a farmer is "paternalism." \$90,000,000 handed to one bank is "statesmanship."

Witch Hazel
 In my twenties I did much yachting off New Jersey and Long Island coasts. In the spring when I started in I bathed my face, neck and shoulders with witch hazel several times a day. I never suffered from sunburn. (C. E. K.)

Ans—Harmless, though I do not believe it will prevent sunburn. (Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)

to where the men were working like ants building sidewalks.
 "See those sidewalks being built?" he demanded.
 "Yep, I see 'em," the inspector returned.

THEN Bill played his big trump. He drove the inspector all over town, up one street and down the other. Any everywhere—if you looked in the right places—were house numbers.
 "See those house numbers?" Bill barked.
 "Yep, they're there all right," the inspector admitted. "How the devil did you ever get a numbering ordinance through your city council and get your numbers up so quickly?"
 "Oh, we don't let any grass grow under our feet here," Bill answered.

SO the inspector recommended carrier delivery, and his recommendation went through and Klamath Falls got what it was after. At least, that's the way Bill tells the story.

Those were the great old days in this town. We of the later years have certainly missed a lot that was GOOD.

Jenkins' Comment
 (Continued from Page One)

"Sure!" the inspector responded; feeling that the buck had been passed and the incident closed.

BUT he didn't know Postmaster Delzell, and he didn't know the people of Klamath Falls.

Bill hustled around and got a lot of property owners along one or two streets to let contracts for new sidewalks. Which settled the sidewalk question.

But the job of numbering the houses remained. It looked like quite a job. But Bill was equal to it. He hatched up a scheme that for quick results was certainly a honey.

He went around to the hardware stores and had them dig up all the house numbers they had on hand and order some more for quick delivery. Then he took the public into his confidence.

The upshot of it all was that the loyal people of Klamath, who wanted carrier delivery of mail and didn't care how they got it just so they GOT IT, came down to the hardware stores and picked out such numbers as at the moment happened to strike their fancy and took them home and nailed them up on their houses—seeing to it carefully that they were out in plain sight.

The fact that there was no sequence to the numbers didn't bother anybody a bit. It wasn't sequence of numbers that people wanted. It was carrier delivery of mail.

And they were relying on Bill Delzell to get it for them.

CAME the next week, as they used to say in the silent movie titles. And came also, back from the Lakeview country, the postoffice inspector.

Bill nailed him as soon as he arrived in town, and hustled him out

Recall Circulator Denies She Is Employed by Anyone; Admits She Gets 10 Cents per Name

Editor's Note:
 On Friday morning the Ashland Tidings called this office, and informed us Mrs. Adah Deakin, circulator of the Norton recall in that city was on the phone, and asked if we would like to speak to her.

We spoke to her. We asked her if she was receiving ten cents a name for her work as circulator and she said she was. We asked if she would tell us who paid the ten cents.

She said she would not, but that she would explain the entire arrangement in a communication she was mailing us, which is printed below addressed to the Ashland Tidings.

This communication may explain everything to Mrs. Deakin's satisfaction, but it explains nothing to this paper, and we fear nothing to the people of the county.

How can a person who had admitted to this newspaper, and to persons in Ashland before witnesses, that she is being paid ten cents a name for signatures, declare at the same time no one employs her. Isn't securing names at ten cents each, a form of employment?

Answer—There is no known way to distinguish negro blood from white blood. The legend that a black baby (throwback) may be born to white or light gray parents some generations after an admixture of black or dark gray blood is not borne out in actual life. The offspring is always as white as the average of the two parents. The blood of a negro is in all respects identical with the blood of a white person.

Crude Attempt to Dry Up
 Please give your opinion of the advice in this magazine article. It strikes us as an unphysiological suggestion. (D. S. M.)

Ans—The advice, which purports to be medical, is that children should have no milk or other liquid after 3 or 3:30 p. m., so that they can remain dry over night. It is not only unphysiological but irrational. The bed-wetting child should have milk at the evening meal and reasonable amounts of water to drink if thirsty. If your child wets the bed, write in, give the child's age, enclose a stamped envelope bearing your address. We will mail you instructions for correcting the habit. Instructions will not be given unless you make it clear you are the parent or guardian of the child.

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Ed. Note—Our correspondent need have no fear. The Mail Tribune will support a candidate for county judge when the entry list is closed.

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.
 Fender and body repairing. Prices right. Brill Sheet Metal Works.

Flight 'o Time
 (Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of '99 and 10 Year Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
 September 18, 1922
 (It Was Monday)
 After a courtship of 50 years, Chicago swimmer marries Albany, Ore. woman, both 73 years old.

Divine healing controversy rages.
 Dry law enforcement cost county \$2716.85 in August.
 H. O. Frohbach elected secretary of Scenic society.

Independent league issues statement that "we will not be kluxed, though the democratic and republican party of the state are."
 Crater Lake hotel closes for the season.
 Stolen auto recovered. It was driven off by mistake by a well known lady.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
 September 18, 1912
 (It Was Monday)
 Organization is perfected with W. H. Gore as president, for survey for railroad to the coast.
 A Kansas country girl slays the city man who betrayed her, and the jury acts accordingly.

Coiffures for the living models at the Ketterer style show will be arranged by Madam Roope.
 Comice sell for \$3 per half box.
 Jackson county fair opens.
 County health officer tests water used in city school. Writer to the editor wants to know, "do the taxpayers pay for this?"

Scientists, returning from trip to Crater Lake, loud in their praises and thanks.
 Miss Bertha English and Ralph G. Barwell are wed. The bride's bouquet was caught by Miss Hazel Davis. Earl S. Tully was best man.

VALLEY PIONEERS TO MEET SEPT. 29

Change in date of the annual gathering of the Southern Oregon Pioneer Association was announced yesterday. Because of the inability of B. F. Irvine of the Oregon Journal, former Jacksonville boy, to attend on September 22, the meeting has been moved forward to September 29.

The all day meeting will be held at Jacksonville and a record attendance of pioneers and sons and daughters of pioneers is anticipated. Basket dinner will be served at noon, in accordance with the established custom, and other program features are promised in addition to Mr. Irvine's address.

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DAKOTA PIONEER DIES AT ASHLAND

Horatio Franklin Wilson of 886 A street, old time resident of Jackson county, died at his home in Ashland Saturday. He is survived by his widow, Anna Wilson, of Ashland; a brother, George O. Wilson, of Kittery, Maine, and a son, Irvin Wilson, of Sacramento, Cal.

Mr. Wilson was born in Maine, April 8, 1849, moving to Minnesota while a small boy. At the age of 32 he was married to Cora F. Egan and moved to the Dakota territory in 1888.

At that time Dakota was a frontier country and Mr. Wilson established a homestead on the Missouri river opposite the Sioux reservation, known as Standing Rock agency, the army post being Fort Yates.

During his stay in the territory he accomplished very friendly relations with the Sioux Indians, many times having them in his home. He also acted as a teamster in government service at the time the renegade, Sitting Bull, left the reservation with a few of the unruly Indians.

About 1897 he moved to the small town of Winona, S. D., entering the general merchandise business as a new and second hand furniture dealer. He remained in that business until 1916, when he retired. He resided in Medford until 1925 at 225 Beatty street.

In 1925 he and his wife went to live with their son at Boca, Cal. Mrs. Wilson died that year and Mr. Wilson came to visit old friends in Medford and Ashland. In 1927 he was married to Anna Murray, she being 77 and he 78 years of age.

Mr. Wilson is survived by a host of friends, cultivated through his kind and generous nature.

Funeral services will be held in Medford Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the Conger funeral parlors with interment in the Odd Fellows cemetery. A. G. Bennett will be in charge of the service.

Dry slabs \$1.00 per tier. You haul 'em. Med. Fuel Co.