

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
 "Everyday in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
 Daily Except Saturday
 Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
 25-37-23 N. E. St. Phone 15
 An Independent Newspaper
 Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.
 SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 By Mail—In Advance
 Daily, one year, \$3.00
 Daily, six months, \$1.75
 Daily, one month, \$0.40
 By Carrier, to Advertisers, to Portland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on Highways.
 Daily, one year, \$3.00
 Daily, six months, \$1.75
 Daily, one month, \$0.40
 All terms, cash in advance.
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 Official paper of Jackson County.
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Ye Smudge Pot
 By Arthur Perry.

The esteemed Oregonian attributes \$1 wheat to the Lord; J. Wesley Bates, the chin-wacking whiz, to Iowa going west, and our favorite farmer weds the happy phenomena to a speech, he made at the Grange hall last December. The Democratic party holds the Lord would have been helpless without their co-operation. In any event Lady Luck gets no credit, though largely responsible.

The Aumville, Ore., bank robber, 52 hours after he poked the cashier in the ribs with a pistol, was in a prison cell at Salem. Great is the pointing with pride at the swiftness of justice. This yegg had ran completely out of money, friends and lawyers. Therefore, he was a fine place for justice to display its speed. As a rule, if a well-dressed criminal is 62 years old, it takes justice that long, to get him where he belongs after conviction.

The best O'Yeah! snort of the week is the report that the mayor of Portland collapsed from overwork in a dentist's office.

A 12-year-old girl flew an airplane upstate yesterday. For some reason the general public has as much faith in a 12-year-old girl aviator as they have in a 11-year-old girl evangelist.

June is about finished, and the shivers, flies, and current jelly output is below normal.

TAKE THAT! YOU PUP!
 (Oklahoma City Times)
 To the unmitigated reprobate who maliciously abandoned with part of a sign at 4033 Main last night I offer malevolent wishes for a discordant career culminated by prolonged habitation in the proverbial hot place.
 The Riverside Lock Shop.

Almee Sempie McPherson, evangelist, is back on the front pages again, this time to procure a divorce from her baritone husband. He does not sing any better than he looks, and Almee seems to have been dealt the worst of it again. She has been in several sensational messes, accompanied by torrents of publicity. Almee will be remembered for the good she has accomplished in this world, rather than for the headlines that came to her when skeletons popped out of family closets, through no fault of her own.

QUIZ ON HELLRAISING
 Q—Do you know anything, Mister Wagontongue?
 A—I know my name 'aint Wagontongue.
 Q—Well, what is it then?
 A—You're so smart, find out yourself.
 Q—Will the witness answer the question without any lip, backtalk, sass, or banfulness?
 A—My name is John Elmer Wagontongue.
 Q—So you were trying to fool me, were you?
 A—Not necessarily, I just wanted to fool you.
 Q—You think it would be a feather in your cap?
 A—Not necessarily, I don't wear a cap.
 Q—Now this is a case of hellraising, ex parte. I will ask you if you have any prejudices against hellraising?
 A—I think that a little hellraising is related by the best of men, and that it is all right if they don't get caught.
 Q—Have you ever been caught?
 A—Not quite. I would have been if I had been there.
 Q—Then you think, to be good is to be lonesome?
 A—I have never been lonesome, and do not propose to be.
 Q—Now getting back to the question of hellraising. If I can get it out of you without the use of firearms, I would like to inquire just what are your views on hellraising, if any, and how much, and when last you engaged in hellraising, and why the hellraising, which is last before us, and raising if you have any notions on hellraising?
 A—I don't understand the question.
 Q—Answer the question. Neither do I.
 A—Well, I will tell you. I am not opposed to hellraising. There is just as much heaven-raising as hellraising, 100 years from now nobody will know anything about the hellraising. I don't blame the hellraisers, but I think they should have done a better job of it.
 Q—Have you ever raised any hell?
 A—You don't know my wife.
 Q—But you have no wife.
 A—Well! Well! Well! You finally raised something right!

We Must Advertise
 THE statement at last night's meeting, by Professor J. C. Moore of O. S. C., that pears have greater medicinal values than any other common fruit, and the Bose is particularly efficacious in the diet treatment for anemia, is a matter of genuine importance.

Professor Moore has reached these conclusions after extensive experiment and research, and his findings, we are told, coincide with known experiences in the medical profession.

But important and interesting as this information is, transmitting it to the pear growers of the Rogue River valley, does not benefit the industry. The only way this information CAN benefit the industry is to "tell the world about it." And the only way to tell the world about it is to advertise.

NO people in the world are as keen for health, and all foods that will contribute to health, as the people of this country. Once establish the truth of Professor Moore's statement in the popular mind, and the domestic demand for pears would treble overnight.

But to establish the truth takes money, and money is still rather scarce in the pears industry.

NEVERTHELESS, this report merely emphasizes what this newspaper has maintained for many years, that the best bet for placing the pear industry upon a permanently prosperous basis, is through advertising. The medicinal value of pears, provides a perfect spear-head for such a campaign.

The start for such a campaign would have to be on a small scale. But we believe the results of even a small effort, would be so plainly beneficial, that the industry as a whole would soon be sold on it, and the resources for continued publicity, would grow like the proverbial snowball.

THE palatable qualities of pears are well known. We have pear pies, pear salads, baked pears, pear butter, and—we have been told,—pear wine. And to the palatable and vitamin qualities of pears, their demonstrated medicinal value and watch Old Man Supply and Demand get busy!

But the world has to know about it. And we repeat the only way to tell the world is to advertise.

Politics!

MR. Norman Davis, European ambassador-at-large is consulting with President Roosevelt somewhere near the Bay of Fundy today.

Even without radio communication we wager the following imaginary conversation does not come VERY far from the reality:

Mr. Davis: Mr. President, I feel that I must resign. The press reports that I was on J. P. Morgan's favored list, and that I was paid \$35,000 for my services in negotiating the Chilean loan, are true; and while reflecting in no way upon me, personally, I realize as well as you what the popular reaction will be, and am convinced that it will destroy my further usefulness. My belief in my continuance in public office will not only cause you personal embarrassment but political injury. I greatly appreciate the confidence you have placed in me, and sincerely regret my inability to serve you and my country further. But politics is politics Mr. President. In justice to myself and to you, I must step out.

The President: My Dear Norman, I know just how you feel and respect you for it. I would be lacking in candor if I tried to imply that I am surprised at your request. It is just what I would expect, under the circumstances of a man of your integrity, loyalty and high sense of public duty. As you say the circumstances to which you refer reflect in no way upon you personally. When you negotiated the Chilean loan you were a private citizen, the money paid you was for services rendered—a payment to which you were entitled, and the taking of which did not involve the least impropriety. When you were placed on the Morgan list, also, you were not in the employ of this government, that was a private business matter—everyone who knows you KNOWS—that such a favor instead of making you either unduly lenient toward, or favorable to, the donor, would have had precisely the reverse effect—in any matter concerning them and involving you in your official capacity. But as you say,—politics is politics. And in such a position as I hold politics can't be disregarded. Were this a matter only between you and me as individuals, I would not only refuse your resignation, I would insist upon your continuing in my employ, for I appreciate the great value of your services, and I would pay no attention whatever, to the false and malicious charges made against you. But neither of us, in our respective positions, can act as individuals; we owe our first duty to the people of this country, and if we are to serve them usefully, we must not only consider what is true, but what our political enemies can make them believe to be true. I know that with the facts what they are, the opposition will not only ring the changes on you as ambassador-at-large, being a tool of J. P. Morgan, and a beneficiary of the international bankers, but nothing we might say, or do, could convince the people at large, that such unfounded charges are NOT true. Therefore I shall accept your resignation, with extreme regret, and my sincere appreciation of what you have done.

Mr. Davis: Thank you very much, Mr. President. We understand each other perfectly. Might I inquire when my resignation is to take effect?

The President: Not at once,—you remain in office as you are, until this thing blows over a bit. Congress has adjourned, thank God. You can step out anytime that suits your convenience, before it gets together again. Meanwhile let's have a bite of lunch.

Mr. Davis: I have no doubt you enjoyed your trip up here.

The President: Did I enjoy it? It was grand, Norman, perfectly grand!

A Rapid-Fire Police Force

IF THE present speed and dash of the Oregon state police continues, the Northwest Mounted and the Texas Rangers will soon be boasting that they are almost as good, and paintings of the Oregon police in their natty outfits will be gracing the covers of the popular magazines. For the Oregon police are most certainly getting their men.

Solution of the Aumville bank robbery and lodgement of the culprit in the penitentiary, all within fifty-four hours, is an achievement for which they deserve full credit. Coming after the Aurora bank case and a number of lesser cases, it gives the impression of mechanical perfection in pursuit and capture.

Lucky is the state or the city that in these times has fearless and devoted police service. In the middle west for a number of years past, we have had the amazing spectacle of Chicago and Milwaukee standing side by side—one the most corrupt and crime-ridden city in the United States, the other probably the freest from crime. Milwaukee has had police guardianship comparatively free from politics and corruption, and though Milwaukee is only a drive of a couple of hours from Chicago gangsters never flee there for refuge. It isn't healthy. And Oregon likewise will be an unhealthy place for criminals if the present record of the state police continues. It is swiftness and certainty of capture and punishment that dissuades the holdup man and the gangster, not severity of laws.—Oregonian.

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, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

CHRONIC PROGRESSIVE ARTHRITIS.
 Three or four years ago French physicians discovered that extraordinary improvement followed injections of parathyroid extract in cases of chronic deforming, disabling arthritis. The French physicians called it P.P.O. It is a chronic deforming rheumatism—but then they keep up many quaint customs in the old country.



Let our Scotch readers, if any, try to procure a trial package of the new rheumatism treatment, we had better explain here that no layman can get the remedy. Voila.

Patients experience a feeling of well being after the first few injections, and presently find they have increased facility of movement, greater flexibility of the affected joints. This effect appears half an hour after a dose and lasts for many hours.

The effect of the parathyroid injections in chronic disabling arthritis is comparable with the effect of insulin injections in diabetes. The remedy is effective only so long as each dose acts—but the patient profits by the benefit gained while the dose is acting. The patient's general metabolism is improved.

You know, if you take an Iodin Ration. You know if you play the Last Brady Symphony.

Just as every sufferer from diabetes should have the benefit of insulin treatment, so every victim of chronic disabling arthritis should have at least the careful consideration of the new ideas or principles of treatment by his physician.

There is another new idea which has brought real benefit in many cases of chronic disabling arthritis. That is insulin treatment. English physicians have found that such patients experience gratifying relief when given insulin long enough to bring their weight up to or near the normal. No miraculous results should be expected, but just a gradual improvement in general and local condition. Not a few bedridden patients have been restored to a fair degree of activity by this method. Improves the metabolism, you see. (If I make that crack a time or two more it will begin to look like a racket.)

Don't get yet. I have still another practical suggestion to offer. This is different from the other two ideas, in that you can try it yourself (Oh, you Scotch subscribers!) without benefit to physician. Just lay in a stock of calcium lactate tablets. Take ten grains after food three times a day for at least ten weeks. If it does good, another ten weeks course of it along in the summer or autumn. If it does no good, it at least can do no harm. This remedy goes well with the parathyroid treatment, by the way, and so far as I know it does not interfere with the insulin treatment. Calcium lactate occasionally upsets the stomach, but usually goes down all right, especially if it is first dissolved in some hot water, and that mixed with cold water in a glass, or the taste covered with a little orange or lemon juice of syrup. This is one of the suggestions little lesson No. 12 in the ways of health, "The Ills Called Rheumatism." Send a dime and a stamped envelope bearing your correct address and ask for the booklet.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY
 By O. O. McIntyre
 NEW YORK, June 29.—Few express the mid-west notion of the hurrying New Yorker so neatly as Herbert Bayard Swope. Flushed, red-headed and twitchy, he seems eternally meeting life on the gallop. St. Louis born, he won fame as an international reporter and then as executive editor.

His career might be epitomized in an alternative headline "Swope Swirls" Or conjugated: "Swope, sweep, a w a o k."

When he goes down a tinker aisle it is with a last minute dash to a train. Yet with all this yeastiness no person can look more successfully brittle than Swope. So tense.

The spring gait is not only of body but mind. As city editor his decisions had the steely click of a roulette ball and as a citizen his drop-in at a soda fountain has the bluster of Edmund Kean. He is a lover of crowds, a dower of doctrine and like all robust, a passionate devourer of red air.

There's a legend he is the most prolific user of the telephone in town.

Wherever he breezes, he first glances at the telephone and if none is about is unhappy. So unhappy, indeed he will not stay. Only while flashing, does he relax this feverish pitch and they have to drag him away to it at times.

Likely the most temperamental dog extant is a Scotch terrier owned by the artist Howard Chandler Christy. A fierce brawler if the canine exigencies demand, he is so hearted when it comes to a personal snub. If his master makes a face at him, he alinks to some darkened corner and it takes an hour of coaxing to restore his joy in living. A whipping causes him to snarl defiance, but making a face sends him cowering.

Booth Tarkington once owned a French poodle that was the acme of gentleness. One day the novelist in removing a venerable banjo from a trunk, twanged it. The dog flew at him bristling in a bare-fanged rage. It required arduous persuasion to calm him. So long as the pet lived no one could go near that banjo.

Thingumbobus: Harry Hirschfeld carries a box of chocolates to munch at the theater. A new Pullman car is named Amon G. Carter. Postmaster James Farley never takes a drink or smokes. Edward L. Bernays is a nephew of Freud. Albert Morris Bagby, the morning musicalist, was List's only American student at Weimar. Mrs. Roy Howard collects oddly shaped bottles. Greenville Kiessler, lecturer, walks five miles daily. Eddie Peabody, banjoist, relaxes by going to parties with his banjo. Basil Woon's Paris apartment has more telephones than any other in the French capital.

It was Christopher Morley who worried over mysteriously stenciled boxes he used to see on way to work. "I Gross Tom Cats," until he learned they were tomato catsup. There is similar perplexity in front of an art shop on Madison avenue now and then when slim crates of something or other bear an abbreviated label: "Twist Neck Mdrns." It sounds very sinister!

I have a distant relative who has always grabbed the tail-end of every fad. Just when she masters some new art to teach others there's a sudden shift in national consciousness. It was true in pyrography, then in this and that until she opened a Tom Thumb golf course. About six months ago she wrote she was delving deeply into technocracy and I knew technocracy was ephemeral. Meredith Nicholson also had a kinsman who spent five years fashioning the perfect panicle guard and just when it was patented and ready for marketing bicycles went out.

Tales continue that Jimmy Durante

10c DANCE Sat. Nite
 HOWARD LEWIS presents his Musical Ramblers
 Medford's largest and finest Dance Band, featuring a rhythm that'll make you pick 'em up and lay 'em down.
ORIENTAL GARDENS

Wanted Used Cars
 We Will Make an Attractive Allowance On Your Old Car As Part Payment on a New Car!
Armstrong Motors
 38 No. Riverside Chrysler and Plymouth Headquarters for Southern Oregon
 Just when one is able to convince himself a little he is still a bouncing juvenile he runs into somebody he has not seen in 20 years. I did today and I wondered if he was assailed by the same idea. My thought of him was: "Old fellow, you have begun to curl!"
 (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)
 Thirty-three trucks, for use in the forest service work at the CCC camps, arrived in Medford yesterday, according to announcement made today by Karl L. Janouch, assistant supervisor of Rogue River national forest. The trucks, all Chevrolets, will be placed in each camp, with about eight to each location.

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A Fairer Loan to the Borrower
Lower Interest Rates!
 It Will Build this Community
 Bring in new capital to relieve Home Owners Here.
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PREPARE FOR THE 4TH AT TODAY'S PRICES
Buy Those Tires NOW!
 Rubber and Cotton advancing steadily—More people going back to work—Greater demand. TODAY'S LOW PRICES MAY BE HISTORY IN A FEW DAYS
CAUTION!
 Do Not Be Satisfied With Ordinary First Line Tires
 WHEN YOU CAN GET
Goodrich Safety Silvertown
 WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY
 AT NO EXTRA COST
 THINK OF IT! A Tire That Is Three Times Safer
Come in Today—See for Yourself THE TIRE ALL AMERICA IS TALKING ABOUT
 EXTRA LIBERAL TRADE-IN ALLOWANCES ON YOUR WORN RUBBER BETWEEN NOW AND JULY 4
 You and Your Family's Safety Demand the Best
Special Sale of Auto Accessories
 Ask for our Big Dodger listing these Bargains!
 Tube Repair Kits, as low as 10c
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 Floor Mats, as low as 79c
 DeLuxe Top Dressing, 1/2 pint, as low as 34c
 A.C. Oil Filter Cartridge, as low as \$1.98
 V-Type Fan Belts, as low as 43c
 Drop Center Rim Flaps, as low as 12c
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