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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Ferry.

THE OVERHEAD.
To the Editor:
I see by the paper where Atty. G. Newbury has written a letter to the paper complaining that the awnings in front of the stores are so low that he and other long-legged citizens bark their noggin when they fall to un-er-ave in time. This is too bad. However, it is cheaper for the elongated to scrunch a bit, than it is for the merchants to go to the expense of elevating the awnings to the point where those with an ample supply of legs can stretch with comfort and impunity.

Atty. Newbury argues (which is his business) that the limbs of trees are whacked off 10 feet from terra firma, so the awnings should be the same distance up. Several have eliminated overhanging limbs, by cutting down the tree. This saved going to the distant forest five miles away, and getting a load of wood. This required half a day, and it only took the tree 30 years to have a limb big enough to hang over the sidewalk. I hope the merchants do not close up their stores to keep from raising the awnings. When they cut the tree limbs off ten feet from the ground the kids have just that much farther to fall when they reach the tree-climbing age.

Atty. Newbury could see from his summit to the sidewalk he would note that youth with wheels is prone to leave their bicycles where they dismount, generally in the middle of the sidewalk. I have seen bicycles piled up in the middle of the sidewalk as high as the "White Seal" corn. Why does he not register a protest against this evil? It is bad for the baby buggy traffic. After the navigator has worked her way through a jungle of bicycles, she encounters a jungle of diplomats standing on the corner admiring the Russian government, and cursing their own. They cannot fit over the sidewalk impediments like over the individual can shrivel when he comes to a low-hanging awning. Bicycle racks are provided, but like church pews, they are seldom filled. There is a lot of things in this world that need fixing worse than the awnings, but Atty. Newbury is to be congratulated on scating up a controversy over awnings, as the people have had nothing to argue about since the Depression. I have tried not to make this letter over his head.
Yours truly,
JOHN P. CITIZEN.

Editorial Correspondence

ROCKFORD, Ill., July 18.—Both local and Chicago papers today, plaster front pages with news that the "big union" leaders in San Francisco have sued for peace. It's about time! We agree one hundred per cent with the remarks of General "NRA" Johnson, made at the University of California, when he received a Phi Beta Kappa key—said remark being featured also in the same papers.

An industrial strike against specific grievances is ONE thing. A GENERAL strike in sympathy with a local walk out is quite ANOTHER. The first action is—or should be—a conceded right of organized labor. But the second action is nothing of the sort. It is, as General Johnson well says, a threat to the community, a menace to orderly government, it is civil war. "When the means of food supply—milk to children, necessities of life to the whole people are threatened,—that is bloody revolution.

"We learned during the war, that there are worse weapons than great guns, and that economic strangulation is the most potent of them. One side of a warring business element can no more use it, than it could go into the street and shoot down innocent bystanders in cold blood with machine guns.

"You just can't do this in a free country. It just won't work. If the responsible elements of organized labor do not purge themselves of this blight immediately, they will set back the clock of labor organization 10 years!"

Strong words and absolutely true ones. Interest in the rights of labor, sympathy for the underdog, were never stronger, than they are today.

But there is a limit and this limit has long since been passed in this longshoreman's strike on the Pacific Coast. Unless the leaders of organized labor, clean their own house, throw out the professional agitators and communist trouble makers, who are plainly trying to "USE" organized labor, for their own selfish and destructive purposes, then the proper law enforcement agencies, supported by an aroused public opinion, will do it for them.

We certainly hope that this report from San Francisco proves to be true. When the public welfare is at stake, when peace and security, when the very lives of children and the ill and helpless are involved, then there should be no issue between labor and capital in this country.

The action of the general strike committee, in now advising arbitration,—after arbitration had been refused,—indicates, that as far as the RESPONSIBLE labor leaders are concerned, there is none.

For over a week now this labor situation on the coast has been the outstanding national issue. The Chicago Tribune has its own representative in San Francisco, and carries from four to eight columns of strike news every day, often with special telephoto illustrations.

Yesterday, we motored up to Sank City, Wisconsin, a quaint little village on the banks of the Wisconsin river to see an old friend, stopping in Madison for lunch. The Madison papers were issuing street extras on the latest strike developments. Lunched on the terrace of the University Memorial building, which looks out directly on the blue waters of beautiful Lake Mendota, being pretty well surrounded by summer school students and professors. The one subject of conversation was the San Francisco situation. We were not surprised to overhear some comments, expressing doubt of the truth of press reports, intimations that the vested interests were trying to take advantage of the longshoreman's strike, to destroy organized labor, under the guise of putting down the Reds.

Throughout the country in university circles similar comments may no doubt be heard. A great deal of whangdoodle has been spoken and written concerning Bolshevism in American colleges, yet for downright PREJUDICE against what might be termed the "UPPER dog," and illogical bias in favor of the "UNDER,"—nothing short of Communist headquarters can equal the campus of the average fresh water college. But it is ACADEMIC. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that eight out of ten of our college boys—and girls—GRADUATE as radicals (in theory at least) and after four or five years' contact with the real world, discard their advanced political theories, along with other products of an impractical and sophomoric idealism. The unreal world of academic theory is one thing; the real world of fact is always quite another.

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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address: Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

DRAFTS ARE DRAUGHTS.
Gratitude for the benefits I and my family have received from your teachings. Before adopting them I experimented with these fearsome things called draughts, at the same time keeping beyond conventional spray range of people who showed symptoms of cold (pardon: cili). I found that even a cold draught thru an open window on a heated room did not even cause stiff neck... altho I had been advised I was very susceptible to illness of this nature, having had chronic sinus infection some years ago... For more than a year now I have not had c-c-i, and my children were never so free from such illness. No wonder you are unpopular with all of your profession. My family hasn't needed a doctor for nearly two years! It is certainly wonderful to think that one need never have another c-c-i if careful to keep out of range of those who have them... (Mrs. R. A. C.)



I'm not so unpopular with all the docs. For that matter, what doctor ever was popular with his colleagues? But you'd be astonished if you could see some of the letters physicians write to me. I'm astonished myself. I have a fat file of physicians' letters, some of which sharply criticize certain of my teachings, and not without merit I fear, but altogether they manifest a spirit which is just the opposite of that which Mrs. R. A. C. imputes to the profession. It is still just as true as ever that good doctors are constantly striving to diminish their own business.

A draft never causes any illness. I'm prepared to maintain that. I've against any and all superstitions or traditions to the contrary. But a draft often causes a stiff neck or lame arm or other muscular stiffness or soreness. Let no run away with the notion that I say draughts are harmless. All I say is that draughts never cause any of the illnesses the old folks attribute to them, directly or indirectly. And I don't care if your old fogey physician or health adviser holds himself out as the voice of "science."
The correspondent concludes with a mixed pile of smoked motor glasses. A smudgy sign proclaims "25 cents." In his 70's few who bowl along recognize him as once owner of Long Island's most pretentious road house. Ten years ago he quit and invested his fortune in guaranteed mortgages. And there he is!

Jules Brulator is New York's most persistent first nighter. He was a first nighter back in the Diamond Jim, Dolly Sisters day and has out-first-nighted many who came after. Since his marriage to Hope Hampton he has continued down front on the aisle. He's not on the free list and it's estimated his long period of premiering cost him more than \$100,000, thus establishing him as the theatre's first patron.

The star system still rules the box office. Helen Hayes dropping out of her hit play is an illustration. The week before her exit the intake had been \$28,000. The first week of her layoff it dropped to \$9,000 and the show closed until she can return to the cast.

Walter Huston's box office tug in the movies went suddenly off shortly before his New York stage experiment. No reason. So a bit bewildered he came to New York and his great success "Dodsworth." This sent the movie moguls into quick huddle and Huston is back making a picture again—as a feeler.

The 38th street sidewalk where I

waited today gave a sudden lurch. It developed I was standing on trap doors over an elevator that was coming up. As the entire street seemed rocking in seismic way all I could think of was: "What a laugh for Los Angeles!"
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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.
THERE is evidence, as these words are written, that calmer counsel is prevailing in the strike that has disrupted the Pacific coast. Overtures for arbitration of the points at issue have been made, and unless something occurs to arouse angry passions again it seems probable that these overtures will be accepted by both sides.

HERE in Southern Oregon—which is more or less of a country community and therefore apt to think along common-sense lines—we are certainly pleased at the prospect that calmer counsel and common sense have an opportunity to prevail and bring about a settlement of the costly strike.

INCIDENTALLY, have you noticed that on important issues the country districts are generally apt to think straighter and more sanely than the big cities? Believe it or not, the country districts are the ballast that keeps the ship of state on an even keel.

ANOTHER thought, in connection with the calmer counsel that seems likely to prevail in the strike:—What a marvelous thing it would have been for the WHOLE WORLD if calmer counsel could have prevailed at the time back in 1914 when the Germans broke over the Belgian border, and as a result they had RETURNED HOME—instead of going on and precipitating the most disastrous war in history.

If that had happened, we should all be immeasurably farther along the road to progress than we are now, and much of the terrible suffering and disappointment of the past 20 years would have been avoided.

Calmer counsel in moments of passion is a great thing. BUT LET'S change the subject. We've probably talked too much about the strike in the past few days for our own good.

The strike isn't the only thing that is going on in the world. TWO DISPATCHES from England catch the eye. One relates that Great Britain plans to double her air forces within the next few years—adding at least 50 squadrons to what she has now.

The other tells of a great highway tunnel, the longest in the world, more than two miles from portal to portal, that has just been completed under the Mersey river. All the biggest things in the world, you see, aren't in America.

DOUBLING the British air forces has to do with war. Completing the great highway tunnel under the Mersey river has to do with peace. In the long run, the completion of the Mersey highway tunnel will be the most important, although it will get much less notice.

BABE RUTH is hit by a batted ball, and suffers a severe contusion of the leg. Quite properly, the item draws space on the front page, along with the latest strike developments. That's fine. Babe Ruth's injury is a NORMAL interest, such as we are

concerned with in times of happiness and prosperity. If we were more concerned with such things now, and LESS with strikes and communists and impending wars, it would be better for us.

THE PRESIDENT is approaching Hawaii, which sheds a special interest upon that island territory. Here is a curious fact regarding the Hawaiian Islands, which perhaps you didn't know: In the 34 years since they became an island possession, the treasury of the United States has collected from them, in taxes of all sorts, the rather considerable sum of \$185,000,000 and in the same period federal administrative expenses in the islands have amounted to \$35,000,000, leaving a theoretical cash profit of approximately \$150,000,000.

That's certainly more than can be said for the mainland. Over here we have the notion that we ought to get back from the federal government about ten dollars for each dollar of taxes we pay.

WE CAN'T, of course. We can't take more water out of a barrel than you pour into it. But that is what the politicians have taught us to expect.

ures enacted during this administration did not come before the supreme court before it took the usual summer recess. The first case of the kind during the next sitting is expected to be that between the AAA and Chicago milk firms.

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allowing them six years within which to redeem property. This looks pretty good to the farmers and, according to the reports, they are waiting to see how the new law works before taking further proceedings under the old plan. A big test case to determine the constitutionality of the novel mea-

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and the Domino Club Review
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NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, July 20.—Thoughts while strolling: Whenever La Guardia talks I can't see anything but his tongue. Does anyone use those rocking slotter any more? Suggestion: Why not put an end to the New York boxing commission. Or better—end all boxing. Eddie Cantor makes statements on everything. One word description of James Montgomery Flagg—lanky. Most of us are wandering around seeking the blue horizon. Whatever became of the gergette blouse? And water spaniels? They say George Horace Lorimer encouraged Bernard Baruch to become a literary man. Alexander Wolcott's rubbery walk. Add debonaire men about town—Harry Hamilton. French dissemblers are flocking as fast to New York as immigration laws allow to open shops. If they won't come to Paris, Paris will come to New York. The sour expression of Western Union messenger boys airing kiyodoles from smart hotels.

That attractive awning at Peggy Hoyt's Octavia Roy Cohen is usually just back of starting on a cruise. Nobody can look so right-tipped as Frank Case. That comes from saying "No" to actors. Blanche Ring is one of the old-time trouperes who always has a job. These every half hour funeral processions over the 59th street bridge. The skittish brightness in Queenie Smith's eyes. Major Boxes is always giving parties for widows of old friends. The widows are too often forgot. Now for a hot grapple with a long, cool lemonade.

The well seasoned sporting editor is an amazingly human encyclopedia. Most of them in New York have come up from copy-running. In-stained, secluded and hard-boiled guys, the set down and outers always find elchly for the quick touch. Their capable heads are packed with figures and data. Any athlete's record can be spun off as quickly as that. They mostly select and direct but when exigency demands can, between the future of editors, sit at a typewriter and slant out one of those unpredictable robust stories that remains long in memory. Ed Frazine, for example, or Bill Barnsworth.

Incidentally, the top yarn of the Carnera-Baar brawl was a sympathetic study of the Eborlan Carnera on the eve of the battle that cost him his crown. The piece was turned out in the running fire of a news room by Bill Corum and is another reason Boonesville, Mo., should be on the map as Corum, Mo.

He sits on a traffic pile on a broad boulevard leading into Forest Hills. On top of his little box in front are a stack of summery beach caps and

WAR clouds lower over Europe. "It will take a war to save the Democratic party from defeat in 1916. It will lift industry from the present stagnation." says Republican solog from KADAM.

All forest fires in the county now under control. Threatened strike of big league ball players is averted.

The case against George Hilton of Central Point for driving a wagon over a concrete road before it was finished is dismissed.

Pear estimates show yield under control. DeVoe confectionery is robbed.

All kinds of legal blanks for sale, for rent, no hunting, no trespassing and other cards for sale at Commercial Printing Dept. of Mail Tribune.

WINDOW GLASS—Five wall window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cash Works.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
July 26, 1924.
(It was Sunday.)
Investigation starts into sale of Klan nightgowns to Oregonians at fancy prices.

Arthur Neas leaves on trip to Portland. Horace Bromley defeats C. C. Lemmon in fast tennis tourney tilt.

L. E. Wakefield, while returning from Prospect by auto, ran over a rattlesnake three feet long and possessed of six rattles and a button.

Attorney Gus Newbury has returned from a trip to San Francisco. Work starts on cleaning up the debris of the first-awing Page theater, and three new storefronts will be built.

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